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Berne to Villeneuve.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.



"It must be," so we said to each other, "not unlike the vision St. John had of the new heavens and the new earth," that wonderful view of the Bernese Oberland from the terrace of the Schänzli. The lofty heights, crowned with perpetual snow, stood like a mighty barrier against the sky; the Finsteraarhorn, nearly 14,000 feet high, the Schreckhorn, the three white peaks of the Wetterhorn, the Monch, the Eiger and the beautiful Jungfrau!

We gazed in rapture until our eyes became bewildered, and we turned with relief to the lonely, yet more human, scene below. The old city of Berne has a strong flavor of picturesqueness and oddity, and has preserved its characteristic features better than any other Swiss town. The sidewalks of all the principal streets are covered with arcades, projecting from the second story of the houses,

while the broad Swiss eaves project beyond that, forming balconies, upon which, amid vines and blossoming shrubs, the Bernese women sit and sew or read and enjoy the gaiety of the outer world.

Delightful terraces, shaded by forest trees overhanging the swift-flowing Aar, which rushes along one hundred feet below the city; fountains, adorned with statues, are in every tiny square, the most curious of which is that of the Ogre, surmounted by a grotesque figure in the act of devouring a child, while several others destined for the same fate protrude from his pockets and girdle, and underneath stand a troop of armed bears.

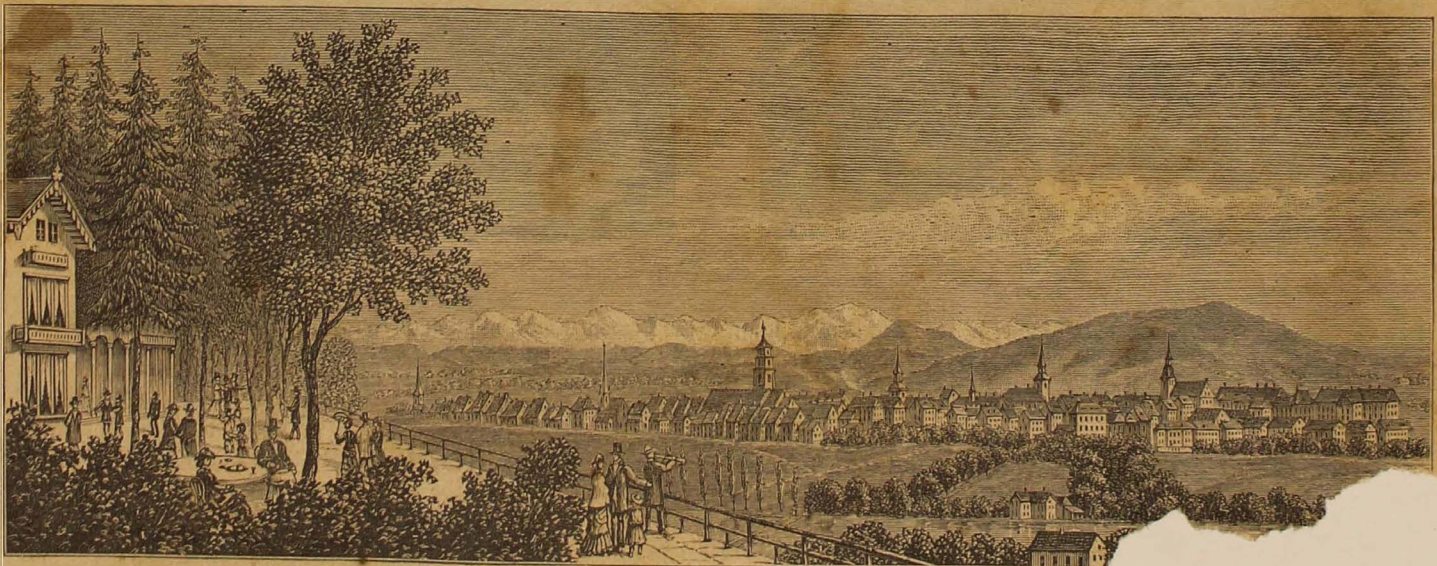
Indeed, this heraldic emblem of Berne is a constantly recurring object. No ancient Egyptians ever showed more profound veneration for this than do the modern Bernese for their bears. They are to be seen everywhere, carved in wood and stone, and in *propria persona* at the Bears' Den, close to the Nydeckbrücke. Several are kept there at the expense of the city, according to immemorial usage. Visitors are prohibited from offering any gifts, except bread and fruit. In 1861, an English officer fell into one of the dens and was torn to pieces by the male bear.

It happened to be a market day when we made our first acquaintance with Berne, and the streets were thronged with peasant women in their quaint attire, the broad hat, short skirt, black pointed stomacher with white puffed sleeves and a large silver chain hanging from each breast, passing under the arms and fastening behind.

The Museum of Natural History is the largest in Helvetia, containing chiefly indigenous animals and collections of native minerals and dried plants. Barry, the famous St. Bernard dog, who saved fifteen lives and then fell a victim to his duty, being shot by a belated traveler, who mistook him for a wolf, is preserved there.

The Federal Council Hall is a handsome edifice. The sessions of the two great national councils are open to strangers, and the speech of the president, the motions and resolutions, are always translated into French and Italian by an official interpreter.

But we could not linger forever in charming Berne with its fountains and terraces, its flowers and bears, so we took the train one morning, while the Bernese Alps lay like molten silver in the early light, and sped away toward Fribourg, which



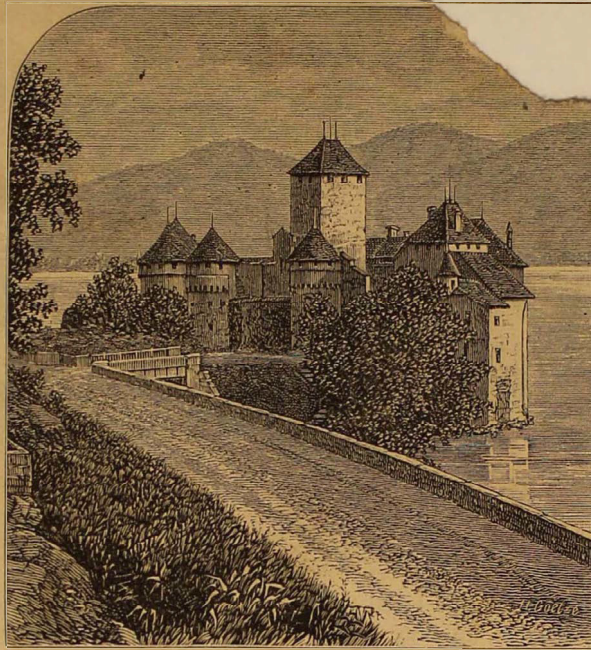
BERNE FROM SCHÄNZLI.

is very like the city we had just left, in position, being situated on a peninsula formed by the river Sarine. It also is an attractive place, with its steep streets, its lofty houses, and old watch-towers. In front of the Town Hall stands a linden tree fourteen feet in circumference, partially supported by stone pillars. There is a story attached to this tree, which makes it sacred in the eyes of the good citizens of Freiburg. It was originally a tiny twig borne in the hand of a young native of Freiburg, when he reached the city, breathless and wounded, to announce the victory of Morat (1476). "Victory!" was all he had strength to utter before he expired, and the tree now serves the twofold mission of commemorating the heroic conduct of the young soldier and the triumph of the Swiss.

Above the Sarine floats, so it seems, in mid-air, a suspension bridge 905 feet in length and 22 in breadth. It is suspended by four chains, upward of 1,300 feet in length, which form a single arch, the extremities being secured by 128 anchors attached to blocks of stone some distance below the surface of the ground.

We went to hear the famous organ, and the music spoke strange secrets to our souls; of life as we know it, with its sorrows, joys, hopes, fears, strifes, temptations, and triumphs—just the old story each middle-aged heart well knows.

As we rode south from Fribourg, the poetry of the music lingered with us, and was deepened by the exquisite view which glided be-



CASTLE OF CHILLON, LAKE GENEVA.

and scarred sides, rose in the distance, bathed in misty purple light, and Mont Blanc, dim and shadowy toward the south, with the blue sky beyond its snowy crest; and then, shooting out from a long tunnel, we came upon the crowning marvel—a landscape which might fairly represent the Garden of Eden. Blue-green Lemán lay at our feet, with its fringe of vine-clad hills, its thrifty, prosperous ports, its beautiful little towns, while the gray, unfriendly mountains, whose glaciers and peaks add such grandeur to some of the views, rose stern and forbidding on the opposite shore.

with honor.

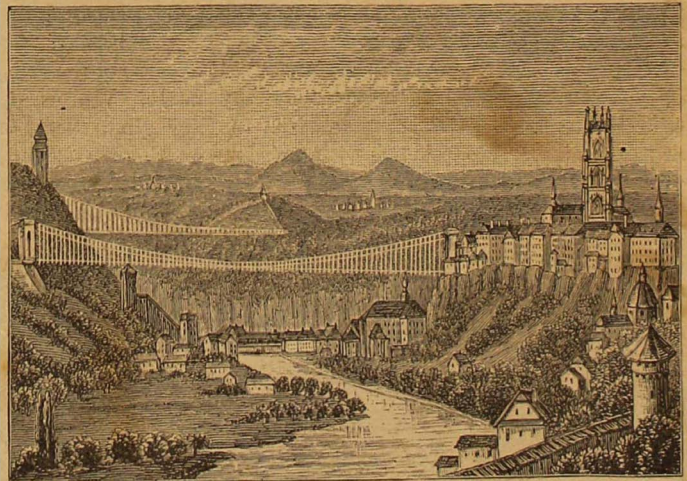
The view from the cathedral terrace, six hundred feet above the lake, is superb. The site of Lausanne is unequaled in Switzerland, combining such a variety of scene—water and land, hill and valley, ravine and cliff. No wonder it should have been for so long a period a favorite resort for travelers and students, or that its society should be distinguished for intellectual culture and social polish. Its schools are among the best in Switzerland, ample provision being made for the free education of the people in reading and writing, grammar, geography, book-keeping, history of Switzerland, linear drawing, philosophy and its practical application, and composition. These schools are sustained by

the people, and they are compelled by law to send their children to them between the ages of six and fourteen, under severe penalties.

There is, probably, no country in Europe which is so forward in matters of education as this tiny republic, for she uses nearly fourteen per cent. of her entire income in the training of her youth, while France appropriates only about four per cent., and Austria less than one. It is this free, universal system of education which has brought about such great intellectual activity, so that while Switzerland contains only about one per cent. of the popula-



MONTREUX.



FRIBOURG.

fore us. Glimpses of rocks, half hidden by foliage, snug cottages with enormous brown roofs, not unlike huge mushrooms, rambling old farm-houses peeping out from thick bowers of vines and flowering plants, orchards of thrifty apple and pear trees, dark castellated meadows whose velvety grass was the softest tufts. In May, young brooks descend—our sight

Lausanne, known in Roman times as Lausanium, is delightfully situated on the terrace slopes of Mont Jorat, overlooked by its cathedral on one side and its castle on the other. The cathedral, one of the finest Gothic churches in Europe, was commenced in the year 1000, and finished in about three hundred years. It has inscriptions within and without, and many remarkable tombs. Lausanne being Presbyterian, the cathedral of course has been adapted to

tion of Europe, she can boast of long lines of great and distinguished men, in all walks of literary and scientific eminence.

From Lausanne we took train, stopping long enough at Vevey to climb the hill to the church of St. Martin, that we might see the burial place of the regicides Ludlow and Broughton, the latter of whom read the death sentence to King Charles the First. After the Restoration, Charles the Second demanded the surrender of the refugees, a demand which,

however, the Swiss government refused firmly to grant.

Instead then of returning to the train, we took the shady path along the slope of the hill which winds among villas and gardens to Montreux, a lovely village nestling along the coast, and a favorite resort of invalids. The climate is delightful, figs and pomegranates ripening in the open air. The little town was alive with the music and banners of a target-shooting festival, a festivity which brings together not only the sharpshooters and merry-makers, but also the graver folk from the neighboring cantons. By this competition in target-shooting, and the practice of a hunter's life, the people have been educated in self-defense. In times of peace they have prepared for war—not by exhausting and expensive munitions and fortifications, and the keeping up of a vast army, but by making every man a soldier, with the devotion of a patriot, the fierce and stubborn bravery and self-reliance of the hunter, and the intelligence and quick wit of the commander. Of such stuff was the army made which, fifteen hundred strong, resisted the artillery of Charles the Bold for ten days, and repulsed the Burgundian troops with loss of glory, treasure, and life itself!

From Montreux it is a short half hour's walk to the Castle of Chillon, made so famous and interesting by Byron's genius and the sufferings of Bonivard. The castle stands on an isolated rock, sixty-five feet from the main-land, with which it is connected by a drawbridge. Above the castellan's entrance are the words, "Gott der Herr Segne den Ein und Ausgang." (May God bless all who come in and go out.)

The precise date of the building of the castle is uncertain, but historical records show that Louis le Débonnaire shut up the Abbé of Corcier in 830, in a castle from which only the sky, the Alps, and Lake Lemane were visible, and which could have been no other than Chillon. But the peculiar interest of the place attaches itself to Bonivard, the hero, the scholar, the man of letters, who, struggling for the freedom of his country, was made a prisoner and kept for six years in a dungeon which he never left a moment for fresh air or light. The only dim rays of light which enter the cell come through a narrow loop-hole in a wall of extreme thickness.

Though the story as told by Byron is a fable, there being no three brothers confined there together, and of course no dying one after another, yet there is the dark, vaulted chamber, low as the level of the lake, the stumpy stone pillars, the cruel rings to which the prisoners were fettered, and the earthy floor trodden smooth and hard with the restless paces of the chained patriots.

There were other sights besides that of Bonivard's dungeon to make one shudder, rayless cells where the hapless victim of political or religious cruelty was left to die of starvation; fearful oubliettes, where the prisoner was hurried down three steps as to the floor of a dungeon, but the fourth was to the bottom of a well ninety feet deep, where he was dashed to pieces on the rocks; the damp cell with bed and pillow of stone, where the condemned spent their last night on earth, and the place of execution where, in 1348, twelve hundred Jews were burned alive on the base suspicion of having concerted a plan to poison all the wells in Europe.

The upper portion of the castle is now used as an arsenal for the arms of Vaud, and for some cantonal curiosities. We bade adieu to Chillon with a thankful heart, for that our lives had been given us in days of freedom and enlightenment.

Sauntering along the high road we came upon Villeneuve, where the Rhone enters the lake through a large delta. In its rapid course from its rise in Upper Valais, it receives the waters of eighty smaller streams, all of which it empties into the lake, and then sweeping through the city of Geneva, it keeps on its course till it is lost in the blue Mediterranean, near Marseilles. In the lake, a short distance west of Villeneuve, is a little island, of which Byron says in his *Prisoner of Chillon*,

"And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view."

Long years ago, an English lady, an admirer of Byron, had it protected from the inroads of the waves by a stone wall, and three elms have been planted upon it, whose green boughs waved a pleasant "good-by" to us as we turned to wander slowly up the crooked streets fragrant with the purple blossoms of the Judas trees.

From Kent to Devon,

OR SUMMER RAMBLES ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

BY H. F. R.



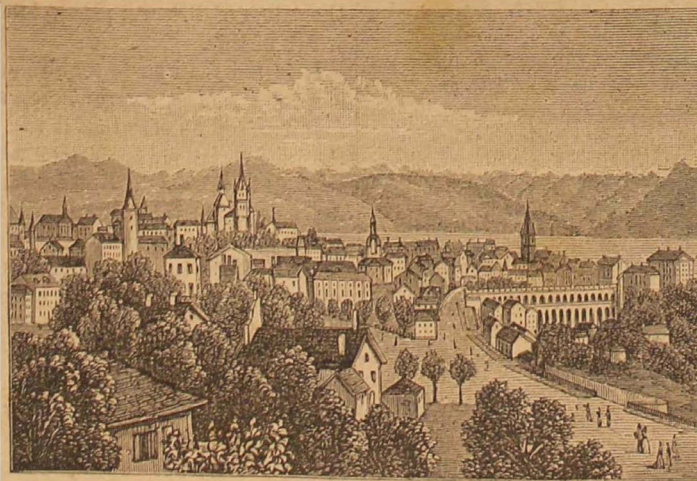
THE Isle of Wight is well named the garden of England, for in its mild air fruits and plants that would need the shelter of a hot-house on the main-land, only a very few miles away, shine in the many sheltered valleys which abound. But it might also be called England in miniature, for within its boundaries may be found every variety of scenery in the parent island—hill, valley, mountain, ravine, forest, moor, and many a rare view of sea and landscape.

The island is only some twenty-two miles in breadth from east to west, and about thirteen in length. The land trends upward toward the center, where it culminates in St. Catharine's Hill, nine hundred feet high. From east to west a ridge of chalk extends, which crops out here and there in cliffs or "knobs," from almost any of which a view of the surrounding sea can be obtained.

In the local term of the place the south side is called the "back of the island," and it is here that the most striking scenery is seen. The very names have a bold, romantic sound—Culver Cliff, Dunnose Point, Blackgang Chine, Shanklin Head, etc., are all cliffs or headlands of chalk or limestone rock; and the coast is indented by numerous ravines or "chines"—these being narrow indentations in the shore, with perpendicular walls, into which the sea thunders with astonishing force, the pent-up echoes rebounding from wall to wall, and dying away only to be again revived by the next incoming sea.

The island is nearly cut in two by the river Medina, which is, however, little more than a mountain torrent; in the western portion are wide uplands or downs, on which large flocks of sheep are raised.

There are many ways of reaching the Isle of Wight. The tourist may go by either of the three lines of steam packets that make daily trips; he may, if he wishes to be adventurous, go over in a fishing boat; or, fortunately, may make the trip, as it was the writer's good luck to do, in a friend's yacht. Leaving Portsmouth early in the day, one is soon outside, with every prospect of a quick run over. But the skipper shakes his head, and points to the south and east where a dull haze is seen. In a very short time the vessel is enveloped in a "channel fog," and heavy coats for the men, and thick wraps for the ladies are necessary for those who elect to stay on deck. These last are well repaid for their braving of a little discomfort, for in about an hour the fog clears away, and there suddenly bursts on the sight a scene from fairy land; where but a few moments ago was dull fog and sad-colored water is now blue sky, bright sun and lightly rolling waves whose tops break into laughing foam crests.



LAUSANNE.

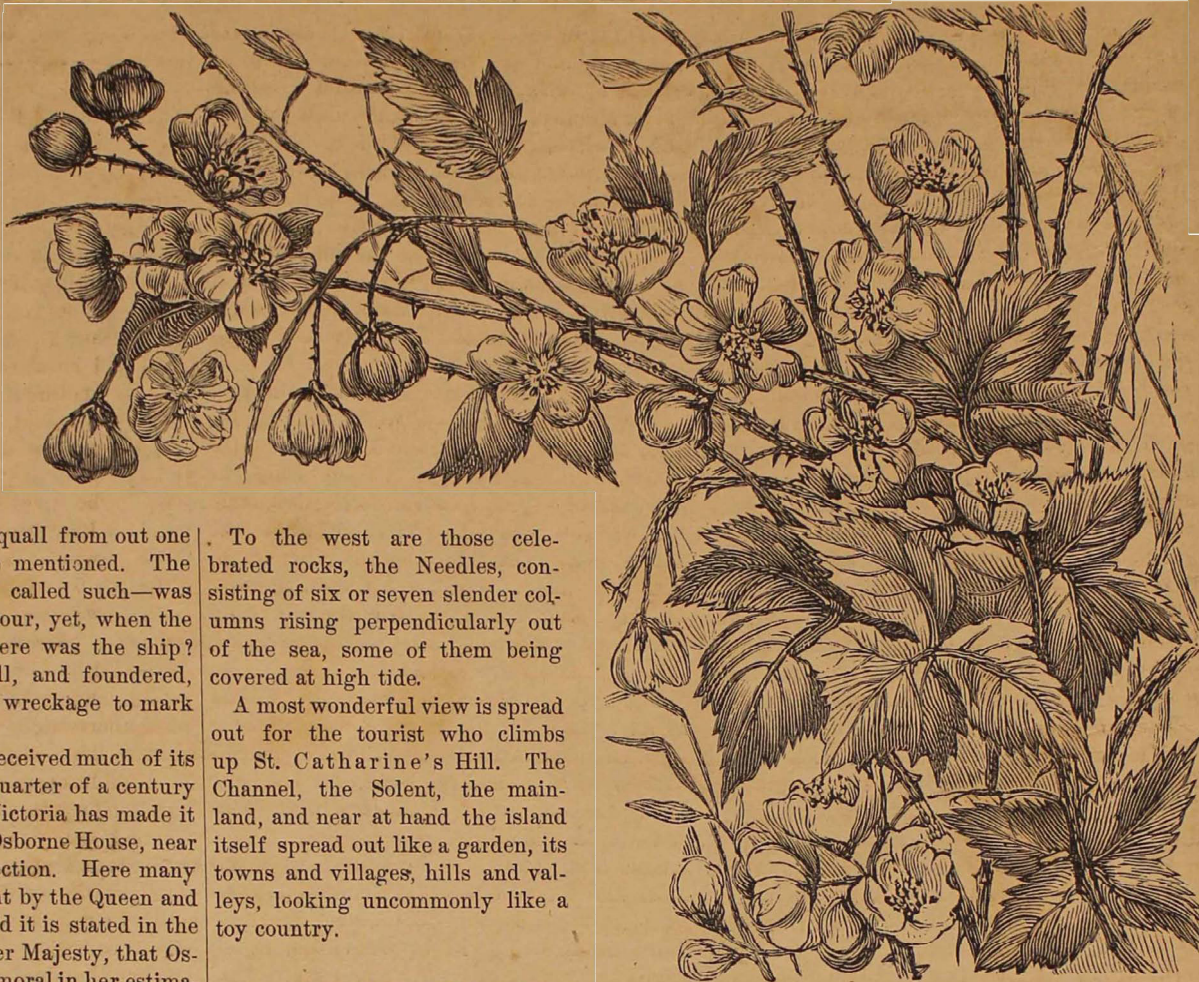
But the jewel in the view is the island itself which fairly shines in the brilliant sunshine and clear air. This rapid change from grave to gay, from storm to calm, has, however, its dark side; as witness the loss of the *Eurydice* a few months back. A ship homeward bound, standing up channel for Portsmouth, with all sail set, the admiration of the beholders on shore, is struck by a sudden

flaw of wind and a snow squall from out one of the many ravines before mentioned. The storm—it could hardly be called such—was past in less than half an hour, yet, when the sun shone out again, where was the ship? Gone, struck by the squall, and foundered, and only a few pieces of wreckage to mark her grave.

The island has perhaps received much of its notoriety during the past quarter of a century from the fact that Queen Victoria has made it her home, and looks upon Osborne House, near Cowes, with particular affection. Here many happy days have been spent by the Queen and the late Prince Consort, and it is stated in the book lately published by her Majesty, that Osborne is second only to Balmoral in her estimation. The mansion—it cannot be called a palace—is handsomely and comfortably furnished—nothing more—and might be readily mistaken for the residence of a wealthy commoner, rather than the abode of royalty. But the life of its inmates has always been a home life, pure and simple, and it is here, of all other places at her disposal in England, that its royal owner retires for rest from the cares of state.

In the castle near Cowes, Charles I. was confined for a time prior to his delivery to Cromwell for execution. Here the unfortunate Stuart was surrounded by a few—a very few—of his most devoted adherents, who were content to share his exile and brave the, in their eyes, dastardly Rump. Although sadly neglected, the rooms set apart for the king's use are still shown, and in one of them is the identical chair in which he was sitting at supper when the dispatch which was his doom was brought to him by his jailor.

There is but little commercial activity on the island, its exports being confined to sending early vegetables and sheep to the mainland, while the imports consist only of such supplies as are needed for the many visitors, who, as at Brighton, congregate here all the year round. Cowes, Ryde, and Ventnor are the three principal places for the pleasure seeker, though there are numberless charming nooks scattered through the island, where one may hide as secure from the bustle of the outside world as though in Arcadia. The capital is Newport, whose only importance is derived from the fact that it is where the elections for the two members of Parliament who represent the island are held.



To the west are those celebrated rocks, the Needles, consisting of six or seven slender columns rising perpendicularly out of the sea, some of them being covered at high tide.

A most wonderful view is spread out for the tourist who climbs up St. Catharine's Hill. The Channel, the Solent, the mainland, and near at hand the island itself spread out like a garden, its towns and villages, hills and valleys, looking uncommonly like a toy country.

The Language of a Tear.

BY MRS. L. A. W. C.

A LITTLE glistening tear
Lay in her eye;
My heart, with trembling fear,
Inquired *why*

THE little pearly drop
Had left its bed?
Was it to tell a tale
Just left unsaid?

IF pity for the pain
She fain would spare,
This makes thee, little tear,
Bewitching fair.

WHATE'ER its import be,
I own its power;
And claim a trembling hope,
If but an hour.

THAT clasp that wakened hope
To my fond heart,
And take the bliss it yields
Before we part.

THE sweet, mute speech I read,
Modest and clear,
And learn all I could wish,
E'en through a tear.

The Blackberry.



THERE are few things that are oftener mentioned with contempt than the bramble. "Worthless as a bramble," is an expression of the esteem in which it is held; but there are few who would despise the rich clusters of fruits with which the reader is presented in the picture at the head of this article; but they are the product of the contemned plant, for the Blackberry is a true bramble, and every farmer once regarded it as an unmitigated pest. But horticulture, which has worked many changes in the estimation of the values of different plants, has taught us the worth of this.

It is too familiar to require description, for it grows almost everywhere, and is often found on soil so poor that it will support little else, and thrives in spots upon which the crow, as it flies, is said to drop tears of pity. But, like most other things in the world, it is all the better for care and culture, and is well worthy of both, since it returns a full reward for all labor that may be bestowed upon it.

In England it was long regarded as of little worth. In the old *Rural Encyclopedia* it comes under the head of "Bramble," and its fruit is said to be "generally worthless," though a favorite with children of the rural districts because it may be had for the trouble of gathering.

In fact I may as well give up the point that it is not of aristocratic origin, and the high estimation in which it is now held is an instance of the effects of civilization upon the rudest children of nature. But, in order to effect this beneficent change, there must be something really worthy to work upon, and, in this case, there certainly was. In some of the species the blossoms have attained such beauty as rank as valuable ornamental shrubs for color, scent, and grace of form. Other kinds yield a delicious addition to our bill of fare during the season of their maturity, a delicately flavored wine and a most excellent and useful cordial. As a conserve the blackberry is much more valuable than the strawberry, of a less cloying sweetness, and retaining more of its original flavor. It is also much more healthful.

Wherever the plant is found it is distinguished by the same general characteristics. It seldom chooses a rich soil, but grows abundantly on sandy levels or among barren rocks. It abounds in the Scottish Highlands, in the boggy lands of the north of England, and most profusely in Norway and Sweden.

The family is divided into two classes—the "high bush," and the low, trailing kinds. The flowers, which mark it as belonging to the Rosaceæ, are either white or rose-colored. In this country they are, I think, always white, or very slightly tinted by a faint blush, but in England they are often pink, and sometimes double.

The species which abounds, as I have said, in the extreme north, is called the Cloudberry. It has small, black, shiny fruit, of a very delicate flavor. The berries are gathered in large quantities in the rural districts, and sold in the large towns, where they find a ready market, and it is a matter of surprise they are not more cultivated as an article of trade. The great obstacle, however, which prevents this is probably the trouble which it is found to give when the attempt is made to restrain its growth within bounds, for it is a natural vagrant, and, like one of our own poets, is "beset by the temptation to wander off into infinite space, and to emancipate itself from the prosaic serfdom to respectability and the regular course of things."

Indeed I never see a row of neat blackberry bushes without a feeling of sympathy akin to what one might feel for a gypsy child subjected to the misery of "prunes and prisms," and the slow torture of "deportment."

It may be more useful, for it bears better fruit, and it certainly is not nearly so beautiful as in native wilds, where every line is grace, and where it wanders at its own sweet will, guided only by the love of sunshine and free air. But I console myself by remembering that the law of growth, in matter as in mind, is irresistible, and that, pinch and trim and bind them as we will, the time will come when the trim line will be broken, and the green sprays will overleap the garden bound and make their way back to freedom and beauty.

There may be those who doubt its claim to loveliness, but English gardeners have domesticated a species which bears exquisite double blossoms of a bright rose-color. It is a luxuriant bloomer and a good climber, and may be trained, with fine effect, over walls or unsightly fences, where its nomadic propensities may be turned to good account. The flowers resemble very small roses, and bloom in thick clusters in June. This sort may be grown in this country, but in the latitude of New York it requires protection, and does not do well further north.

Of all the kinds which are grown for the fruit, in the United States, the "New Rochelle," or, as it is commonly called, "The Lawton," is the largest and the best. It was introduced to the notice of the public by Lewis A. Seacor, who found it growing by the roadside near New Rochelle, and, seeing its superiority to the ordinary species, determined to give it the advantages of cultivation. The fruit is intensely black, oval in shape, and very large, tender, and juicy. The canes are

very long, with strong spines. It is a hardy and vigorous grower, and soon makes work for the gardener who attempts its cultivation by forming a dense thicket of thorny canes, which gives formidable protection to its tempting treasure of glossy and luscious berries. In order to prevent the entire defeat of his plans he must prune closely, *pinching* off the ends of the new shoots, and keeping the whole plant uprightly bound, thinning on two sides especially, severely, so as to make the bush have rather a flat look. If thus treated the yield will be abundant, and its quality of the finest. Another sort, the "Newman's Thornless," is esteemed for its having so few spines, which is a great advantage to the cultivator. It is in other respects, also, an excellent variety. The drawing represents the "Rittatumy," a kind which is nearly equal in size to the "Lawton," and, with "Wilson," completes the list of the leading kinds.

The low Blackberry, sometimes called the Dewberry (*Rubus Canadensis*), is not much cultivated, but bears delicious berries, as who does not know who has had the delight of going "blackberrying?" It would be hard to find in after life many pleasures greater than we have felt in heaping our baskets with shining fruit. There is something about the very difficulty of gathering among the sharp thorns, that renders success an achievement, while even a moderate degree of perseverance was sure to be so richly rewarded that it was rather easy to be heroic.

When the vines grow among rocks they are extremely picturesque, and in the spring, covered with wreaths of snowy blossoms, or in the autumn, when the leaves assume a great variety of tints, from bronze to crimson, they afford a study for the artist's pencil.

I have called them berries, but those acquainted with botany know that the fruit is composed of a cluster of drupes, and that, like the strawberry, it is not a true berry. The good housewife should cherish the Blackberry among her most useful stores, for it is capable of being used in a great variety of forms, and is always acceptable to the palate, and wholesome and nutritious as well.

When we estimate all its virtues we are inclined to be indignant that it was ever ranked among noxious weeds, and thankful that no amount of persecution in the shape of plowing up, and burning down, succeeded in destroying its Bohemian race.





NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Elizabeth.

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

CHAPTER XVII.



THE day after Miss Cuthbert's departure from Woodville, Mrs. Bell arrived, and Keeting took the first opportunity of seeing her alone, and having a detailed explanation with her. To his intense disappointment and indignation, Mrs. Bell took exactly the stand that Mrs. Woodville and Miss Decourcy had taken, and made light of his affection for Miss Cuthbert, which Mrs. Bell characterized as a mere passing fancy which he must get over as young men did get over those things; and when she reminded Keeting in emphatic words that he would forfeit all claim to her fortune unless he consented to carry out her plans for his future, and was witness to the fact that this announcement seemed to make but little impression on her nephew, the old lady ended the interview by saying that if that consideration was of no importance to him, she would remind him of the fact that his word had been given to Miss Decourcy, and that whether he chose to recognize the fact or not, he was, as a man of honor, pledged to her until she chose to release him, which, as Mrs. Bell hoped and believed, Flora was too sensible a girl and too good a friend to him to do.

So Keeting had left his aunt with his last

hope of outward assistance and support utterly crushed, divining all too well that Mrs. Bell had been prepared by some one for his revelation, and had arranged her forces to accord with the others that were already ranged against him. The conduct of the three ladies, whom Keeting was forced to consider his three allied enemies, was to preserve toward him an even, civil, polite rôle; for all the world as if nothing had ever happened to break up the smoothness and harmony of their intercourse. There were no allusions to Miss Cuthbert made by any chance, and no one seemed to expect him to play the part of a lover to Miss Decourcy—their newly-established attitude toward each other were completely ignored, and no one seemed more completely free from all self-consciousness of this kind than Miss Decourcy herself. There was no denying the fact that Keeting was in a ridiculous position, and he could not disguise this fact from himself; and is there a man so strong in the sense of his own rectitude as to be superior to the idea of ridicule? Certainly Keeting was not; for the thought that those around him would be apt to criticise, perhaps with a free indulgence of the merriment that they concealed from him, any unwonted exhibitions on his part, made him conquer and overcome his desire to remain away from them and give his disappointment and regret free play, and constrained him to go through the various and tedious forms that the day's demands made on him. Besides, there was no occasion for any immediate action on his part; indeed no step could be taken just now, as he was waiting for an answer to his letter to Elizabeth. There were points touched upon in that letter about which he must be informed of Elizabeth's wishes and ideas before he could do anything. It had been a very loving and tender letter, and a very resolute one as well. In the mood in which he had written it, he felt equal to and anxious for any sacrifice for her sake, and many and varied as had been the states of mind through which he had passed since, he was eager and anxious now to carry out to the letter all that he had pledged himself to there. His love for Elizabeth had not diminished one whit since the hour of their tender parting; but, against his knowledge and consent almost, her tardiness in answering wounded him. As the days passed, and she did not write, he even began to have doubts as to whether her affection for

him was as strong a thing as he had believed it—such a tender, deep, true love as his for her. That was a letter, surely, that no loving woman could disregard. She might reprove and deny him perhaps, but, if she loved him, she could not ignore such a letter. It would be her duty even, he thought, to answer it. But still the days passed by, and Christmas was come and gone, and the new year was upon them, and still no letter. He was strongly tempted to write again; but it seemed so unlikely a thing that the letter should have miscarried, and he remembered so well Mr. Carr's irregularity about sending to the office, that he concluded to curb his impatience, hard as the task was, and try to learn that most difficult of all lessons, to wait and see.

Mrs. Bell had decided to return to New York before New-year's-day, for Miss Decourcy must be there to receive her friends on that occasion; and for the present Miss Decourcy was an inmate of Mrs. Bell's house, as her parents lived in a small town in the north of the State, which their brilliant daughter found endurable only for a portion of every summer, and considered a degree of stagnation not to be tolerated during the winter season. So, being tired of the idle and inactive life at Woodville, and feeling, furthermore, more than willing to be that much nearer to Elizabeth, if he should conclude after all to go and seek her—a thing that often seemed to him quite possible—Keeting agreed to the plans they made for him, and returned to New York in company with his aunt and Miss Decourcy. He parted with them at the door of his aunt's house, and was then driven to his own home. His family, as he knew, had expected him to make a certain announcement to them on his return from this visit to his sister, and he was quite unprepared to gratify them, which he found of course a little awkward and irksome; but seeing him in a reticent and uncommunicative mood, they forebore to question him, and went for their information to another quarter. Whether they got it there or not was a subject upon which Keeting gave himself but little concern.

It was New-year's-eve, and the weather, though cold, was delightfully clear and invigorating, and Keeting, dreadfully at a loss to know how to fight the tormenting thoughts which never could be successfully vanquished, ordered his horse and went out for a ride. The animal was very spirited, and, not having been used for some days, was uncommonly fresh as well, and it was about as much as Keeting could do to keep him under control. As he passed along the city streets, with his rein drawn tightly in, and his fine, straight form erect and alert with the necessity for wariness and skillful strength, he became conscious of the fact that a handsomely appointed carriage was approaching him, and, guiding his horse aside, he glanced indifferently at the interior of it to see if he would recognize an acquaintance. As he did so he felt his heart give a great leap, for, leaning back upon the satin cushions, and looking, oh! so fair and beautiful and pale, he recognized Elizabeth Cuthbert. His relaxed fingers dropped from the reins, and feeling his curb

removed, the liberated animal threw up his head and started off at a mad gallop. In an instant Keeting recovered himself and caught up the reins in a strong, restraining grasp, and in a few minutes more the horse had been quieted and brought under control again; but by this the carriage had passed far on its way, and although Keeting turned eagerly back and tried to catch some trace of it, he failed completely, and felt utterly baffled and disappointed. It had only been a moment's passing glance, but he knew it was she. True, she had not recognized him, her dark eyes being fixed upon some object directly ahead of her, and the familiar equestrian figure had quite escaped her view. Oh, how sad and weary she had looked—how fair and pale, and yet how lovely! He had forgotten just how beautiful she was, until this swift vision recalled her to him. But what was the meaning of her being in New York, and why was she riding all alone in that luxurious carriage, with its obsequious servants in attendance? Was this his poor, little, unprotected sweetheart, who had called him her only friend? What, in Heaven's name, could be the explanation of it? Tortured almost beyond endurance, Keeting thrust his spurs into his horse's side, and spent an hour in galloping fleetly through the park, scanning with eager, feverish eyes the faces of the passers-by, in the hope that once again that fair, pale countenance would shine out on him from its strange, unaccountable surroundings. But it was all in vain; and presently, tired and exhausted, and feverish in mind and body, he turned toward home. He found awaiting him a note from Miss Decourcy, requesting him to come and see her at once. Preoccupied and excited, he read it hastily and threw it down. His mind was too full of one absorbing thought to notice then that there was an indication of excitement and agitation in its hastily-worded contents; but after he had passed an hour in miserable, fruitless speculation, his excitement had somewhat spent itself, and he took up the note and read it over. As he did so his eyes grew brighter, and the profound gloom of his face lightened a little. It was a strange thing for Flora Decourcy to show signs of agitation, and might she not have something to communicate to him which might bear upon his present perplexity, and throw some light upon the profound darkness that surrounded him? The possibility flashed upon him that her revelation—if she had one to make—might be of a painful nature possibly; but anything would be better than his present suspense, and the bare chance of hearing something concerning Elizabeth roused him into new life and animation, and he adjusted his toilet hastily, and betook himself with all possible speed to his aunt's residence. The servant who admitted him ushered him at once into the drawing-room, where, as he was told, Miss Decourcy was expecting him. The moment he entered the room he knew that he had been right in guessing that he was about to receive some important piece of information, for Flora's eager eyes were turned toward the door in impatient expectancy, and in her face there shone the unmistakable signs of agitation.

"I have been waiting for you some time, Algernon," she said. "Aunt Bell has gone to bed with a nervous headache, and I have given orders that no visitors shall be admitted, in order that I may have an opportunity of seeing you alone. Algernon, I have a revelation to make to you which will surprise you a good deal."

She spoke in a very friendly way, calling him by his name, as they had always been used to address each other when not in the presence of strangers, having been thrown together from childhood. But Keeting took but little notice of her manner, being too eager to arrive at the matter of her revelation.

"Well, what is it?" he said, quickly; "good or bad, let me hear it."

"You must know that your late conduct with regard to me has put me in a most uncomfortable position," she began, "and one from which I would have willingly escaped if there had been any way of doing so without offending Aunt Bell, whom neither of us can afford to disregard. Of course my marrying you, when you felt such indifference for me and such a preference for another woman as you have expressed, was out of the question; but at the same time I could not consent to run the risk of breaking the contract your aunt had enjoined upon us, and I therefore refused, at her urgent request and command, to rupture the engagement. Your love affair with Miss Cuthbert I regarded then, as I do now, as a mere folly, which you will recover from. Of course I could not marry you under existing circumstances; but I fancied that that time was not far distant when, some fine day, you would come to your senses; and I confess I have enjoyed the idea of seeing you coming to sue humbly for what you hold so lightly now—for I expected, you see, that you would be very sure to repent and atone, and I undoubtedly expected that I would marry you in the end. I had preserved this expectation for so long that it gives me quite an odd feeling to tell you now that I harbor it no longer. Something has happened which seems to indicate that another road is before me."

Keeting, who had been listening with unconcealed impatience, regarded her with eyes of eager expectation now, seeing that the present pause was the forerunner of the startling information to which all this had been a mere preface.

"You will be surprised to learn," Miss Decourcy went on, with a sort of calm complacency, "that Edgeworth Darrell has been here to-day and made me an offer of marriage, which I may accept."

There was no misunderstanding the look of Keeting's face as he received, at last, the long-expected revelation; it was one of clear and patent disappointment and regret. Seeing these feelings written in such unmistakable colors on his face, Miss Decourcy, looking much surprised, burst into a little laugh. "Upon my word," she said, "you really look *sorry!* Well, this is a little more than I expected, I must say. Really such an exhibition is most flattering, and finds me, believe me, most grateful."

She ended with a little mocking air that seemed to challenge a reply, but Keeting

made none. He was bitterly disappointed, but he was, at the same time, so determined to hide this fact from his companion, that he rose and turned his back to her and walked the whole length of the drawing-room, and then returned and stood before her, saying as he did so:

"I sincerely hope you may be happy, Flora. Darrell is a man who will adore you, I know, and give you a heart that is far more worth your taking than I could ever offer you, for—you may make light of it if you choose, but all the same—that gentle, brown-eyed woman, who has vanished I know not where, has carried with her every atom of my heart's devotion. I congratulate you heartily now, and am I to congratulate the happy man to-morrow?"

"By no means," said Miss Decourcy, quickly. "Such haste as this would be unnecessary, as well as indecorous. Besides, I have not entirely decided as to my course. I have given Mr. Darrell no answer yet, but merely asked him for time to consider. Besides, there are certain conditions upon which my acceptance or rejection of Mr. Darrell's offer depend partly. And these conditions rest with you. You are to inform Aunt Bell of the fact that the rupture of the engagement between us, which has been such a mockery throughout, was your act, and not mine, and that at your special request I released you—for I have given her my word that I would not seek to break it off myself, and you are willing to admit that the initiative has been yours. Will you do this?"

"Willingly," said Keeting, heartily. "I know it will be for your happiness and good, and I am glad to do you such a service. Of my own happiness I say nothing. That, in some mysterious way, has faded from me, just at the moment when this act of yours sets me free to seek it. It is all a puzzle and a mystery, and if I have drawn a blank in the lottery, I can at least be glad that you have drawn a prize. I must go now, Flora. I wish I had it in me to say something suitable and kind to you, but I simply haven't. Good-night."

"Wait a moment. I want you to understand about this a little better. You need not expect to see me married to Mr. Darrell next week. Remember I have only said I would consider the matter. It took me so completely by surprise, for I thought the world at large looked upon me as being as good as engaged, and had ceased to expect that any of the pretty things that men have said to me by the dozen would ever take so definite a form as a proposal. However, the world at large has, fortunately, not been notified of the existence of that empty form that Aunt Bell calls our engagement, and so it need never know of it, or of its rupture, or the causes that led thereto. Algy, I fear Aunt Bell will be very angry; but there's some comfort in the reflection that she'll be angry with us both alike, and I don't very well see how she can disinherit us both, so I fancy that the result will be a division of the fortune after all. It is true that being the wife of Edgeworth Darrell will make me a richer woman than being the wife of Algernon Keeting,

and yet a hundred thousand dollars by way of pin-money is not to be despised."

It was a very evident fact to Algernon Keeting, as he reflected on his homeward walk, that the Darrell-Decourcy marriage was a settled thing. "How wonderfully the ruling passion will protrude itself," he said to himself as he walked along. "Flora has decided on this marriage from the self-same motives of ambition, and love of power and luxury and influence, which led her in her childish days to treat Aunt Bell with the obsequiousness and attention which caused her to single her out from amongst the whole of her husband's relations as her heiress, and the chosen instrument for executing her plan. Poor old soul! I am afraid it will go hard with her to have to give up thus summarily her cherished plan. And to think that at last I am free!" he went on, after a pause. "And what, in Heaven's name, am I to do with my freedom? Oh, love, love, where are you? Have you proved unfaithful to me, when we might be so happy now? If it is so, I must have it from your own sweet lips before I will believe it, and with liberty and freedom now in my hands, you must be far off, indeed, but I will find you!"

Thus, with his mind full of schemes for tracing up the clue he had got to Elizabeth's whereabouts, Mr. Keeting, having reached the end of his walk, threw away his cigar and entered his home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEW-YEAR'S-MORNING dawned on New York clear, crisp, and sparkling; the golden sunlight streamed in radiant splendor over all, both low and high, rich and poor together. But to two, at least, of the inmates of homes of luxury and ease, these brilliant exhibitions of light and warmth and cheerfulness brought neither joy nor peace. Perhaps it was to Algernon Keeting the darkest and most dismal day that had ever dawned on him, because it was all uncheered by the kindly light of hope. It was a heartbreaking thought, almost intolerable in its bitterness, that, being now free to work his will, he was utterly powerless to obtain the great boon that had been so immediately at his hand when he was hampered by restraining promises and pledges. He was, however, determined to use such means as he possessed to learn of Elizabeth's whereabouts, and, with that end in view, he wrote to Mr. Carr, requesting simply that he might be immediately informed of Miss Cuthbert's address. This letter dispatched, there seemed to be nothing to do but to wait, and the burden of this suspense and anxiety was a something almost intolerable.

Although Keeting had so large an acquaintance in New York, the idea of making visits this New-year's-day, as usual, was one that found no place in his mind. He was too utterly miserable and anxious to pretend to make himself agreeable and conversational—it was an effort he did not care to make. So, weary and tired of the house, he presently donned his hat and overcoat and wandered aimlessly out into the street, only to grow weary and tired of that as well. Strolling

listlessly along, he presently encountered a young man, who was coming toward him, eagerly scanning a lengthy list of visits which he held in his hand.

"How are you, Keeting?" he said. "We seem to have reached the same point in our visiting. I am just going into the Cuthberts—come with me."

"Thanks. I'm not visiting to-day," said Keeting. "You must excuse me."

"Not visiting! you! Why what does this mean?"

"Simply that I think it a stupid and senseless custom that I am tired of conforming to," retorted Keeting, rather impatiently.

"You don't say so!" answered his companion mildly, seeing that something unusual was the matter, and wishing not to prove a nuisance by prying into another man's affairs. "But come, you must make one exception," he went on, amiably; "you must come into General Cuthbert's with me. According to all accounts, you will find here something calculated to dispel any sort of weariness and ennui. A score of men whom I have met to-day have told me that Mrs. Sheldon has a cousin receiving with her, who is the loveliest creature in New York at this instant. I have not been in yet. Come with me, and let's see if it is a fact or a delusion and a snare, as lovely creatures are apt to be, by the way."

"What's the name of this especial l. c.?" Keeting asked, with a grudging interest.

"Cuthbert. She's a niece or something of the General's."

"Oh, I dare say I've seen her," was the careless rejoinder. "I met a batch of Cuthbert girls, who were something or other to the old General, at Newport, last year."

"But, indeed, this is not one of the same; I assure you she is something altogether new. She's been lying *perdu* somewhere all this while, and has never been in society here or anywhere else."

However, with all his inducements and persuasions, the gentleman could not prevail upon Mr. Keeting to accompany him, and so, having already wasted on him enough valuable time to accomplish several visits in, he turned away and joined the group of gentlemen who at this moment were going up the steps of General Cuthbert's house, and Keeting passed on his way.

Try as he might, however, he could not banish from his mind the impression that had been made there by what his friend had just told him. It was true that he told himself again and again that it was impossible that this Miss Cuthbert could be Elizabeth. Had she not assured him at the beginning of their acquaintance that the New York Cuthberts were nothing to her—people whom she did not even know? It was therefore highly improbable that this could be his little lost love, and yet the bare possibility of such a thing was enough to send the warm young blood coursing through his veins with the sudden exhilaration of hope. He tried hard to keep this new feeling down; but his efforts were utterly futile, and at the end of another half an hour he found himself returning by a hurried circuit to General Cuthbert's house, and then mounting the steps and ringing the bell.

The door was quickly opened from within, and Keeting found himself suddenly transplanted from the nipping air of the outside world to a scene of such brilliancy and warmth and beauty, that for a moment it quite bewildered him. The sound of pleasant, well-bred voices, raised in cheerful conversation and bright laughter, smote upon his ear. The odor of fragrant flowers was heavy on the warm, still air, and just before his eyes was a vision of such exceeding loveliness that a man might well imagine, as he looked thereon, that he had been transported to a fairer world.

At the head of the long drawing-room, at the right hand of the gracious little hostess, stood a tall young woman, clad in a marvelous long robe of flowing silk, circled once and again with flexible, waving bands of gold, crossing and girdling its milk-white, shimmering surface. Over the sweeping train behind, the gold braids interlaced themselves through the labyrinth of white *plissés* and flounces, and up the front the gold cords ran, confining and keeping in place a tissue of drooping white *crêpe*. The low corsage and short sleeves were bordered with the same shining garniture buried in a luxurious bed of filmy lace and tulle, and from out this lovely piece of millinery there came the smoothest, fairest neck, and the roundest, softest arms that ever Keeting's eyes had seen before. But, rising up above these, sweeter, fairer, lovelier than all, Algernon Keeting saw the pale, fair face of his beautiful, well-loved sweetheart. How exquisite she was! How lily fair and lily pure! There was something regal about the dainty head, small as it was—something commanding about the straight, slim figure, though it was most delicate and most womanly. Oh, she was *beau-teous* to look upon, fair to see! As she stood so, with her silken draperies falling heavy and rich about her, Algernon Keeting came forward, and at the same moment Mrs. Sheldon spoke his name.

Elizabeth had not been unprepared for this strange meeting, for she had heard that Mrs. Bell and her party had returned to New York. Some one had mentioned it to Mrs. Sheldon in her presence, and she had nerved herself for the possible chance of his calling at her uncle's house that day, ignorant of the fact that he would find her there. So it was with a very slight increase of the whiteness her fair face showed already, that she turned, in answer to Mrs. Sheldon's presentation, and gave her little, trembling, white-gloved hand into his. Mrs. Sheldon had forgot the unimportant fact that her cousin had met Mr. Keeting, and turning now to greet another visitor, she did not see the manner of their meeting. But for all the harm it could have done, she and all the world might have looked and listened, for their hand-clasp was so brief and slight a thing, and their muttered words of greeting were so few and formal that the most suspicious would have been disarmed. It was no time for explanations and confidences. People were coming and going every moment, and Miss Cuthbert must be presented to these, and bow and smile and talk with them, regardless of the passionate impatience and eagerness at her heart. Meanwhile Keeting did not join the groups who were constantly de-

parting by twos and threes through the open door, but stood apart struggling with the presence of a mighty joy, that yet, in its very strength and power, was tempered by a nameless fear. It was an overwhelming happiness to have found her—to be again so near his fair, young love that by stretching out a hand he could touch her—to be breathing the same warm air, and inhaling the same sweet fragrance of flowers. And yet—was this the same, the very same girl, who, only a few brief days ago, had uttered his name in such tender tones, and looked into his eyes with such a look of love and confidence that every other thought and creature in the world seemed to have been forgotten? Unnoticed in the flitting crowd that came and went, he lingered long, apparently occupied with the examination of the flowers in a *jardinière* close by, and now and then exchanging short remarks with the men who passed by. Once and again Miss Cuthbert's trailing robes swept almost against him, and she passed and repassed him on her way to and from the dining-room on the arm of some attentive and absorbed gentleman. Keeting observed that Elizabeth herself talked little, but her delicate face had become flushed and brilliant, and her eyes were shining with the subdued light of animation and excitement.

Keeting waited patiently; but "It's a long lane that has no turning," and the reward of his endurance came at last. Even in great storms there are lulls, as in all great and stirring things there are intermissions, and now, in the steady stream that had poured in and out of Mrs. Sheldon's drawing-room all day, there came a break. As the door closed behind a departing visitor, and Mr. Keeting was left with only Mrs. Sheldon and Elizabeth, he approached the former hurriedly and said:

"Mrs. Sheldon, I must protest that this is too much for Miss Cuthbert. You know I have been in the same house with her for a month past, and I know she is not strong. Pray allow me to take her to some quiet place, for a little while, where she can sit down and rest."

"Why, certainly. I ought to have thought of this before," said Mrs. Sheldon. "How forgetful of me! Pray go with Mr. Keeting into the library, Elizabeth, and don't come back until you feel rested. It tires even me dreadfully to keep this up for so many hours, and I can fancy how weary you must be."

If Keeting had looked, he would have seen all the pink color fade from Elizabeth's cheeks at these words of her cousin's; but neither that nor her beseeching eyes were visible to him, as, without looking at her, he offered his arm, and when she had laid her little hand upon it tremblingly, he led her across the wide hall and into the library beyond. But, when once they were there, the sudden haste with which she withdrew her hand and moved away from him were things that could not escape him. He turned to close the door behind them, full of the sweet thought that they were once more alone together, he unhampered by any pledge or promise that could separate them, and she, as he fondly hoped, as loving and as tender as of old.

He turned his longing eyes toward her, and

came and held out both his eager arms, standing just in front of her, and saying lowly:

"Oh, love, love, love, how I have wearied and longed and suffered for you; but we are together at last, and with the thought in view that we are to be separated never again, we can forget this bitter past."

Her slim hands hung idly at her side, and her lowered lids did not lift themselves at his bidding, as they had been wont to do. What was it that kept her still and silent so? It frightened him to see it. Was it only that she feared to trust the language of her eyes, or could it be that the old, mighty love was killed so soon, smitten by some blow that had been struck when his arm was not by to shield and protect her? Maddened by the thought he moved a step closer and threw his eager arms about her slim young form to draw her into his embrace, but, like thin air, she slipped from him, and took three hasty strides to where a table stood, and with her little hands clutched tightly upon this cold support she spoke to him in low, beseeching tones.

"If you were truly kind," she said, "truly considerate of me and truly my friend, as you claim to be, you would not come to me with words and looks like this! I cannot stay and listen to them; they are hurtful as poison, and I must shut my ears to such sounds, and shut my eyes to such looks. Oh, Algernon, you might have spared me this!" she cried, smiting her hands together, and raising her brown eyes upward, with an unconscious appeal for strength to the Source which could alone arm and fortify her against such assaults as this. "I was trying to forget," she said, "I was hoping that with new scenes and new excitements around me, I might cease to think of you, and of the dear, old, dead-and-buried words that once had passed between us. It was true that I was not succeeding, that the thought of you had never for one waking moment left my mind; but in the end I might have conquered, and by this act of yours you are making it so immeasurably harder! Oh, Algernon, this is not noble of you, it is not considerate and friendly, it is not right."

He had turned his face away from her—for what? To hide the look of utter joy and gladness that was on it, which, once shown, must have cleared away her doubt and grief and pain. It was wrong and cruel of him, and he knew it; but the sweetness of the anticipation was so keen that, at any hazard, he must prolong this joy one moment more. It was such an overwhelming delight to think that by a word and a look he could scatter her sorrow and fear to the winds, and summon her to the realization of the fruition of the hopes and aspirations which, till now, had seemed so impossible.

Averted as his head was, he could see that her slight frame tottered and moved unsteadily as she took a hasty step or two and sank down on a sofa. He turned and looked upon her then, and saw that the sweet face was drooped upon the trembling hands, and that the slender form, with all its careful shining garments crushed and forgotten beneath her, was prone and crushed upon the sofa, tremulous with the unspoken agony of a mighty

grief and sorrow. He moved across the velvet carpet softly, and sank down at her side, and called her dear old-fashioned name, in low soft tones, close to her ear.

"Elizabeth," he said, and held his breath and waited. But no answer came.

"Elizabeth," he said again, and this time as he spoke he laid a tender hand upon the bare arm next him. At his touch she started up and turned quickly from him.

"Algernon," she cried, in agony, "in Heaven's name, go, and leave me to myself." With one hand she covered up her eager eyes, that she might not see his pleading looks, and with the other she moved him from her. "If you have any mercy, go away and leave me," she cried beseechingly, "for I tell you that the struggle is too much for me. I have been ill, and I am weak, and I tell you plainly that I have not got the strength to bear it."

"Elizabeth, before I go you surely won't refuse to look at me," the young man said, taking a noiseless step toward her. "I make but one request of you, and that is that you will give me one last look. Surely you will not deny me this."

Thus adjured, Elizabeth slowly let fall her hand, and turned her great sad eyes upon him, and oh, the sight that met them as she looked. The calm, unruffled gladness of that gaze—the deep, unmeasured joy.

Bewildered and amazed, her hands fell heavily against her sides, and her sweet lips parted slightly in mute, perplexed surprise. With a sudden motion her lover sprang toward her and clasped her to his heart. No need to cry out and complain—no need to strive and struggle—she might as well have sought to free herself from iron bands as from those loving arms, whose touch could never fail to be most kind and tender, for all it was so strong.

"Keep quiet, sweet," he muttered softly, bending his head above her, till his warm breath fanned her cheek; "stop struggling and striving so to free yourself, my little captive bird, and be still and quiet, and rest. Listen Elizabeth," he muttered in a tone of softened, tempered triumph, "I have a confession to make to you again; as I wanted to tell you before that I was pledged—bound to another, separated from you—so I want to tell you now this glorious thing. Beloved, I am free! Of her own will she has given my promise back to me, and I am free! And behold the first use that I have made of my liberty is to come and throw myself at your feet, beseeching you to lay your chains upon me, and rivet them with bands that shall be broken never more. And now, my sweetheart, my treasure, my flower, why is it that you do not look up at me, and let me see in those dear eyes that have been wont to give me such sweet sympathy in sorrow and heaviness, a brighter and better sympathy for my fervent joy and love?"

At his words his lovely sweetheart lifted up her head, and for a moment a startled, puzzled, wondering look was on her face; but, in an instant more, a great wave of joy, pink-tinted and beautiful, swept across her face, and he knew that she understood!

He bent above her lower yet and kissed her.

"Oh, Elizabeth, my own, my own, how I have loved you! and, careless and light-hearted as people think me, how I have suffered for you! But this moment pays for all!"

She spoke no word in answer, though his own had called up memories of a mighty sorrow, whose pain had been no whit less keen and hard, because, woman as she was, she named it not.

She could find no words of hers to tell what she was feeling so well as the ones that he had used, so she only echoed fervently,

"This moment pays for all!"

And so we leave them!

(THE END.)

How Geniuses Eat and Work.

BY MRS. LIZZIE LEWIS.



THAT Rossini should be fond of macaroni is not strange, if we remember that he was a native of Pesaro, and that his mother was a baker's daughter; nor that Kant had an especial liking for turnips and pork, pigs' feet and dried fruit, for he was a Königsberger.

Lessing, the Saxon, would have sold his birthright for a bowl of pease porridge, in spite of Esau's example; Klopstock was morose and miserable if he could not have truffles, salmon, and trout; while Weiland, that Frenchman among the Germans, could not exist without his cakes and pastry.

Father Haydn, when the spirit of inspiration stirred within him, dressed in his best clothes, and put on the ring given him by Frederick the Great, and, thus attired, he passed hours at his desk, scribbling one undying page after another.

What a contrast to this was Beethoven's habit of walking his room in the greatest negligée, stopping at his table occasionally to write a few notes, and turning to the washstand to pour one cupful of water after another over his hands, without observing that the floor was sharing the fate of his hands.

Buffon could not write except in lace cuffs and embroidered court dress; Virginia d'Ancelet wore perfumed gloves when she wielded the pen.

Some writers require a certain odor to excite their imagination, and a story is told of Goethe, who one day called upon Schiller, and, not finding him in, sat down by his friend's writing desk to wait his return. He was soon driven away, however, by an intolerable perfume, which, upon investigation, he found proceeded from a certain drawer, which contained several decayed apples. To open a window and throw them out was but a moment's work! but what was Goethe's astonishment to be informed by Schiller's wife, that, without the odor from apples in a certain stage of decay, her husband could neither study nor write!

Socrates used to become so engrossed in

thought as to remain standing in the same spot for hours.

Ampère found motion necessary for the action of his mind. Rousseau's best ideas came to him when he was out botanizing in full sunshine; while Jacob Grimm declares that if lonely paths lead him over rivers or meadows, good influences always seem to overshadow him.

Dr. Channing's habit was, when writing, to stop once every hour, and, if in the country, to saunter around the garden a few times, or, if in the city, to walk about the drawing-room or library. Southey and Miss Edgeworth wrote in the common sitting-room; and Wordsworth composed his verses during his solitary walks, carried them in his memory, and got his wife or daughter to write them down on his return home.

Mrs. Somerville wrote her abstruse essays in her drawing-room, surrounded by her family, but so totally oblivious of her surroundings, that her husband once laid a wager with a friend that he could abuse Mrs. Somerville to her face, in a loud voice, and that she would take no notice. Accordingly, Dr. Somerville confided to his friend that she wore a wig, that she rouged, and such nonsense, all in a very loud tone, while the slandered wife sat placidly writing on amidst her daughters' laughter. Finally, Dr. Somerville made a dead pause just after uttering her name, whereupon she looked up innocently and said, "Did you speak to me?"

In some cases the motion of thought seems to hang on some mechanical movement, as with La Place, who always played with a ball of twine which his servant placed in his hand at the right moment; and with Madame de Stäel, who required a rose or a pencil in her fingers to excite her conversational powers.

Joaquin Desprez used to stick a wafer between his eye-brows, both as an aid to composition and as a warning to his servants not to speak to him. Just his opposite was a celebrated mathematician of Göttingen, who could solve intricate problems with twelve kettle-drums being beaten before his door.

Unlike this thinker was Rogers, the English poet, of whom Sydney Smith once said: "When Rogers produces a couplet he goes to bed;

"And the candle is made;
And the knocker is tied;
And the straw is laid down.

And when friends sent to inquire: 'Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected.'

Dickens, when at work on his *Christmas Chimes*, shut himself from the outer world, becoming, as he himself expressed it, as thin as a murderer, before he wrote the word "finis." Milton went to bed regularly at nine o'clock, and then sent for his daughters to transcribe his verses. Byron dictated his *Don Juan* at night with the aid of brandy and water; and Francis de Megeray, a French historian, created for himself artificial night when engaged in literary work, so that he would sometimes light a visitor to the door with a candle in broad daylight.

Such are a few of the vagaries of men of genius, proving what creatures of habit and education the very best of us are!

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

REAL WORK.



IF there is anything that could possibly destroy the future of our girls, and make women less good and less useful as women than they are now, it would be the enormous amount of pretense and rubbish that is made and talked in regard to their vocations, their employments, their capacities, their work, and themselves.

A weakly child, with half a dozen people to fuss over its every ailment, extol its every virtue, point out its every defect, and exaggerate every tendency, will not only continue weakly and ailing, but become in every other way, intolerable, and this is the danger of women, and the girls who are to become women, to-day.

What women have done so far, speaks for itself. What they are trying to do, is nothing original, or exceptional. It is what has been done, and is being done all the time, by very ordinary men, who do not set up for anything remarkable, or expect that the world will stand still, or go on the faster, for the little incidents of their individual careers.

Doubtless, there is more of a motive, and something of an excuse, in the fact that women are now doing some things for the first time that men have been doing always, and there is the advantage of stimulus to other women in what some have accomplished.

But, why not keep within the bounds of truth? Why make the woman, individually, and women collectively, ridiculous by fabulous stories and wretched exaggeration.

Women who do real work are not fond of having it talked about, any more than men. They know that there is no royal road to it, or in it, that it is rather dull, somewhat monotonous, and apt to be a little stony, but it is the road that all workers must tread, whatever their vocation, for real work is constant, unceasing toil and drudgery. It is not executed by letting off occasional showers of brilliant meteoric lights, such as attract the attention and win the admiration of the multitude.

Pretense, therefore, is much more apt to perform incidental prodigies, than the true and steady workers, and these rocket flights are duly chronicled, but no mention is made of the coming down of the sticks.

It is very, very doubtful, how far the entrance of women into the business of the outside world is conducive to the general public welfare; but it is certain, that it is only good for women themselves, so far as the work, and the obligations it involves, are fully and honestly met and performed. The great advantage to women in the increase of their opportunities, and even in the compulsory assumption of unaccustomed responsibilities, is the development of character. But it must

be remembered that in one sense what one sex gains, the other loses. If the woman takes the responsibility, the man is very apt to let her, and gradually loses the sense of it himself. He does not realize that with it, he loses the qualities which made the very soul and essence of his manhood, and that the woman is acquiring a strength at the inevitable loss of much of her love, her tenderness, and that spirit of repose and tranquillity which is Paradise itself to that part of the human race which nature and circumstance combine to render more or less dependent.

At present, it is not a question of whether it is best, from the larger point of view, for women to prepare for fighting the battle of life in any field where they can put their natural forces to the best use; they have no choice, the necessity has been forced upon them, and they must meet it.

Naturally, nine out of ten would prefer the direction of their own homes, the management of an income, the care of children, the building up of a family circle, and the rearing of a shrine to the household Lares and Penates, which are so dear to every woman's heart.

But very few women have this opportunity, and the number is constantly growing less. If they marry, they take the burdens of another, but they do not share their own. Or, they are made mere figure-heads to sit at table, without the power or the means to work out any expression of their own thought and tastes, their ideas, and principles of action in family and social life.

The majority of men do not recognize the social function of marriage. They have forgotten that it is not good for man to live alone. On the contrary, they think because it gives them more money for the time being to expend upon themselves, that it is not good for them to marry, and so they throw away their birth-right, their opportunity for becoming good citizens, the best experiences of life, for a few oyster suppers, more or less, and continued freedom to do what, after all, they do not care for, and either know as hurtful, or dislike as a stupid way of getting rid of time.

While this is all true, the fact remains, that women are in this and other ways, being driven into occupations, for which a few years ago they would have been considered wholly unfitted, and that girls are preparing to enter them in order to be equipped for those possible emergencies, which are daily assuming proportions that render them commonplace.

The preparation is good. There is no reason why a girl should not be prepared to earn her living in half a dozen different ways. There are a multitude of minor industries within her reach, which are not open to young men. But the better way would be to make herself proficient in them quietly, rather than keep talking about it, and never become mistress of any one of them. One year after leaving school, would suffice to give any bright clever girl the elements of book-keeping, millinery, dress-making, and cooking. If she had learned to draw at school, if she had studied the principles of chemistry, botany, and was somewhat versed in mathematics, she would find each and all of infinite advantage, in their application to these pursuits; and the

intelligence which she could thus bring to bear upon them would not only enable her to master their details more rapidly, but achieve superiority in practice and in position, if she chose to make either one a means of livelihood.

There need be nothing extraordinary in this; in fact, it is what every girl ought to know. It furnishes the common implements by which she can take care of herself under any circumstances, and which would be of daily and invaluable use to her, as wife and mistress of a household.

But so far our work is mostly talk. The one woman dentist, the one woman lawyer, the one woman doctor, is heralded far and near. Women editors are manufactured out of stray paragraphs. Glowing stories are told of the amounts of money realized by this, that, or the other woman, who has come to the front; stories which have generally only the smallest basis in fact, and which tell nothing of the long years of ill-paid toil, which preceded the measure of success.

Young girls reading this inflated stuff, and acquiring with their advanced education exaggerated ideas of their own place in the world, cannot accept circumstances as they find them, when the halcyon days are over and the hard facts of common life confront them. They have had exalted ideas of the work they have to do; they have absurdly overrated the work they have done. But to come down to hard-pan, and simply take up the life which has been led by hundreds of thousands before them, the life which means steady work in obscurity, unknown and unrecognized, from sunrise to sunset for daily bread, this they are not prepared for. It is not what the newspapers are talking about, it is not what the stories are written about, it is not what has been held up to them as an incentive during their school days, through their study hours, as a recompense for the effort of worrying over dull problems or extracting the roots from dead languages.

Our cultivation of work has been begun at the wrong end. Instead of the top, we should begin at the bottom. Instead of promises, we should teach performance. Instead of laudation, we should work in silence and obscurity until we have taken root and sprung up strong and healthy.

The first thing that girls inquire about in making an effort in any direction, is the amount of money they are to receive for their first crude efforts, which only good nature and willingness to help all who need help, tolerate; they want to be paid as much as the experienced worker, who has spent years and years in drudging obscurity before acquiring the position which hard work and devotion have given her. And so far from appreciating the kindness which is extended to them in assisting their first and halting endeavors, credit themselves with enhancing the value of whatever they touch, and consider themselves ill used by not obtaining at once that honor and recognition which is only given to great and exceptional genius, or to long and faithful effort.

It is in no spirit of fault-finding, or captious criticism, that this article is penned, but in

real sadness at what is discreditable to the truth and honor of women, and in real desire to save some young girls from the disappointments which await them, and inspire them with the true love of work for the work's sake. There is no disappointment in honest work, fairly mastered, and faithfully performed. On the contrary, satisfaction in it grows with every day and hour of life. Beginning without expectation, desirous only of performing a duty, developing our own faculties, and making them useful to others, we find a perpetual accretion of what is good, and sweet, and wholesome, in the human life around us, toward the roots that we have planted, and gradually, sometimes insensibly, they widen and deepen, and finally spring up, and bear fruit after their kind. It may be only a modest herb, it may be a vine, it may be a tree whose branches will bring healing to the nation.

But the work must be done for the work's sake, and not from the individual standpoint. The recognition must come at the crowning, not while the cross is being borne. Let the work be begun humbly, honestly, and truthfully, without expectation of doing more than merely fulfilling one's own part as an atom in the great universe, but determined to perform that little part, wherever and whatever it may be, well. Our work then, as our pathway, must be upward. If we reach no very high altitudes, we shall suffer no great disappointments, and our steps, as they are taken, will be planted on firm ground, ground that cannot be cut from under us, leaving an abyss yawning before us, or behind us, into which so many disappointed aspirants fall.

An Imperial Ball at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg.

BY MAJOR L. RAMEL.

Ex-Sub-Director of the Imperial Iron Mines, Czarnochef,
Russia.



THE first Imperial Ball of the season is an event which creates considerable excitement in the aristocratic circles of the Capital of the North, for it is the signal of the opening of a long series of private ones and *soirées dansantes*. It generally takes place in one of the last two weeks of November, and is attended by the *haute noblesse* in force. Tickets are sent by the Chamberlain of the Emperor to the number of 4,500.

It was my good fortune to receive one a few years ago, while on an official visit to the capital, and I gladly availed myself of the privilege of witnessing one of those famous

réunions. All gentlemen not included in the military or naval service are to wear a court dress which is so similar to the English one which has been so often described that I will pass it unnoticed. The ladies are also compelled to wear a court dress, which consists of what is called in France *une robe à la Joséphine*, which is simply a very low-necked one which exposes the shoulders, and portions of the breasts almost to the nipples, the dress also has no sleeves, and how the ladies manage to prevent the corsage from falling and exposing the whole of their charms has always been a mystery to me, for the *shoulder straps*, if I may be permitted to call them so, seem very inadequate to the task; however, be that as it may they do not fall, and bachelors are cheated out of the fairest portions of the feminine charms. Barring this peculiar style of dress, the ladies can indulge in all colors of silk or satin, and wear jewels, frounces, laces, etc., *ad libitum*, and I need not say that they make good use of the privilege.

The ball had been fixed for Thursday, the 25th of November, 1875. The winter had already set in in earnest, there being not less than forty-five centimeters of snow on the ground, and the thermometer indicated at four o'clock in the afternoon (or rather evening, for it was night already in this latitude), five degrees below zero (centigrade). At seven I entered a sledge, well wrapped up in a pile of furs, and drove down the Nevski Perspekt, a magnificent avenue, the finest in the world, then turning to the right after passing the grand and beautiful pile known as the *État Major*, following along the Admiralty Square to the southeast corner of the Admiralty Palace, you turn to the left and follow an avenue which separates the Admiralty from the Winter Palace, thence to the quay along the left bank of the Neva. It may not be amiss before conducting my readers into the interior of this noble palace, to give a brief account of it.

The Winter Palace, the residence of the emperor and his court during winter, stands on the left bank of the Neva, on the site of a house which in the reign of Peter the Great, belonged to his High Admiral Count Apraxin, who bequeathed it to Peter II. The Empress Anne after being crowned at Moscow, took up her residence in Apraxin's house, but had it pulled down in 1754, and rebuilt by Count Rastrelli by whom it was completed in 1762, in the reign of the Empress Catherine. A fire which is supposed to have originated from a defective flue, consumed the whole interior of the palace in 1837, notwithstanding the almost superhuman efforts made to save it. But it rose phoenix-like from its ashes more glorious than ever, and in January, 1840, the first grand ball was held in the present palace.

The huge pile is now some 470 feet long and 350 wide, and is four stories high.

The principal entrance, or *Perron des Ambassadeurs*, is from the quay that lies between the palace and the Neva, while a noble gateway in the center of the southern façade and directly in front of Alexander's Column, leads into the great court. Early as it was when I reached the palace, the approaches were already well filled with strings of sledges. A regiment of the Guard was drawn up in

front of the palace and several squadrons of dragoons occupied the Place de l'État Major. My *isvoschick* having driven his sledge to the main entrance, I alighted, and my servant led the way to the vestibule, where the invited guests present their cards of admission, and are then conducted to a large cloak-room, where the wrappers are taken off and checked.

That done, a servant in blue and gold livery conducts you to the foot of the Grand Stairs, a magnificent flight of marble steps that lead to the state apartments; at the head of which stands the famous Winter Garden, a magnificent conservatory, 120x75 and 60 feet high; here are tall palms, and a host of exotic plants. The whole is lighted by means of colored lamps hung in the branches of the trees, which gives the appearance of an enchanted palace. The light is soft and subdued and resembles a bright moonlight more than anything else.

Here young cavaliers and coy maidens come and rest among the charming nooks scattered through the intricate mazes of this artificial garden. Here and there one meets with pretty little fountains whose basins are alive with gold fishes.

Having passed along the side alley of the garden, you enter the White Hall, a magnificent room in white and gold; next comes the Gallery of the Field Marshals, hung with the portraits of those who fought against the great Napoleon, that of the Iron Duke occupying the upper end; from thence you are conducted to Saint George's Hall, the largest and most magnificent of the series, some forty in number. It is 140x80 and 45 feet high. The ceiling, which is divided into compartments beautifully frescoed, is supported by a triple row of magnificent white marble Corinthian columns. Here I found a large crowd already assembled, and a couple of friends who initiated me.

It being but little after eight, I had plenty of time to look around before falling into line to receive their majesties. This noble hall is hung with paintings representing the most important battles fought on land and sea, from the battle of Poltawa, 1709, to that of Kersk, 1855; victories as well as defeats, for Inkerman, Alma, and Balaklava stand side by side with Leipzig and the passage of the Berezina; but the most striking feature of this enchanting hall, is the bouquets of wax candles which encircle the marble columns, for which purpose over four thousand wax lights are used. The art of illuminating at night is nowhere so artistically done as in Russia, where candles are still happily preferred to gas; which latter every lady knows, does not produce that charming electric fire on 'jewels, or that lovely and soft tint to the complexion.

The guests continued to pour in. It was a fascinating scene to the stranger to see the charming dresses of the ladies in every imaginable color flitting past you with a musical rustle. To see the beautiful forms, so lithe and graceful, of the young ones, and the stately and majestic airs of the matrons, and the simperings of the dowagers.

"Who is that Juno?" we ask of our friend, as a lovely girl with raven black hair and sparkling eyes passes by us.

"That," replied he, "is the Countess Rumianzoff, and that young one yonder who is talking with that young captain of engineers, is the daughter of Count Paskevitch; she is worth two Rumianzoffs. Come, I will introduce you."

So saying, we crossed over and I was duly introduced. He had told the truth, for she was a Venus. Tall, lithe, and graceful, there was an innate nobility in the carriage of the girl's head, an innate grandeur in the gaze of her large black eyes, and in the lines of her finely proportioned head, which was of the purest Greek mold, that made her irresistibly striking and beautiful. She wore a Joséphine dress of two shades of moss-green silk and *crêpe de chine*, the skirt of the dress of lightest shade, with drapery and corsage of *crêpe de chine*. The neck was cut in the orthodox square shape, exposing her beautiful bosom to the nipples of her breasts, trimmed with an inner tucker of lace (*point d'Angoulême*). Her train was about eighteen inches long, and as she walked across the hall, swept with a majestic curve.

"I believe," said she, "that I have seen your portrait at Count Uruski's. Do you know him?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Then I am right; but, pray, is this your first visit here?" she asked.

"Yes, mademoiselle," I answered.

"Then I will show you the rules which our dear Tzarina Catherine laid down."

So she made a movement to cross the hall, and I, of course, offered her my arm. We went into the hall of Peter the Great, which contains a fine picture representing le Grand Monarque attended by the Genius of Russia, and thence into the Romanoff Gallery, which is richly frescoed and which contains the portraits of the reigning house since Michael Fedorowitch, and those of their consorts. At the upper end on the right and alongside the door which leads into the Neva Gallery is a white Carrara marble tablet which contains the following rules in letters of gold, and in French:

- "1. Leave your rank outside, as well as your hat, especially your sword.
- "2. Leave your right of precedence, your pride, and any similar feeling outside the door.
- "3. Be gay, but do not spoil anything, do not break or gnaw anything.
- "4. Sit, stand, dance or walk as you will, without reference to anybody, not excepting the Tzarina.
- "5. Talk moderately and not very loud, so as not to make the ears ache.
- "6. Argue without anger and without excitement.
- "7. Neither sigh nor yawn, nor make anybody dull or heavy.
- "8. In all innocent games, whatever one proposes, let all join.
- "9. Do not preach the gospel here, nor give lectures on morality.
- "10. Eat whatever is sweet and savory, but

drink with moderation so that each may find his or her legs on leaving.

"11. Tell no tales out of school, whatever goes in at one ear must go out at the other before leaving.

"12. Make love, dance and be merry, for tomorrow we die.

"A transgressor against these rules shall on the testimony of two witnesses, for every offence drink a glass of *cold water* not excepting the ladies, and further read a page of the *Telemachiade** aloud. Whoever breaks any three of these rules during the same evening shall commit six lines of the *Telemachiade* to memory. And whoever offends against the eleventh rule shall not again be admitted."

"What do you think of them?" asked Mademoiselle Paskevitch. I had no time to answer when Prince Dalgouski, the son of the late Minister of War, and the friend of Irving tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Allow me my dear Major to congratulate you." "What for?" I asked. "Oh! hear him, Mademoiselle," said he with a smile, and then to me, "Why, Major, for your good fortune in making the conquest of Mademoiselle."

"How do you know, Prince, that Major Ramel has made a conquest of me?" said she with an arch smile.

"Never mind how I know it, but come, *ma chère demoiselle*, what were you trying to do with my friend; give him a lesson of etiquette?"

"Yes, Prince," I replied, "Mademoiselle was kind enough to do so."

"Well, I intended to do so myself, and was hunting for you when I met you, but as I see that you have found a more able and agreeable teacher than I, I will leave you in her charge." By this time the band began to play a march and Mademoiselle Paskevitch said that it was time for us to fall in line to await the entrance of their majesties. So we returned to St. George's Hall and found a large and gay company already taking their respective places. "I shall leave you now, Major," said my fair cicerone, "as I have to take my place, but will be happy and I know father will too, to see you again. You can meet us in the Alexander Hall near the battle of Kulm." So kissing her proffered hand, I left and started toward the quarters assigned to the officers of the Corps des Mines. I had no difficulty in finding the place for Prince Dalgouski had very kindly sent me the Court Manual together with my *billet d'entrée*. The guests generally form into a double line two deep from the door leading into the grand corridor which separates the private apartments of their majesties from the state ones; and reaches according to the number present up to the Winter Garden and sometimes far into it. The first group nearest the door consists (see plan) of the Diplomatic Corps, including the ladies and foreign visitors, the Ambassador of France occupying the post of honor, that is the nearest the door on the right, while directly opposite is the British Ambassador, next the French are the Prussian, Italian, and American ambassadors, and next the British, the Austrian, Turkish, and so on. Then

* By Tretiakofsky, an unfortunate native poet whose muse was thus reviled.

come the princes, and a host of them there are; then the army and navy officers, counts, barons, and officers of the various departments, the officers and members of the Academy of Sciences, and others. One would expect that such a crowd would be unmanageable, but, on the contrary, in fifteen minutes each was in his appointed place. It was a grand and fascinating sight, this array of glittering uniforms, rich dresses, beautiful forms, and dazzling jewels. But hark! the imperial band strikes up the national hymn, the emperor is coming, every face is turned toward the door, and presently it is opened with great ceremony, and the Grand Master of the Household enters, staff in hand, followed by a retinue, then comes a pause, and the tall and majestic form of the Autocrat of the North appears in the doorway. He is dressed in the uniform of a general of the Guard, and the solitary star of St. Andrew shines on his broad chest. On his arm leans a noble-looking lady of perhaps forty (she looks only that, but is, I believe, forty-seven), dressed in a lovely white satin, with drapery and waist of blue satin of the lightest shade, the lower skirt trimmed with lace ruffles, headed with a band of embroidered satin, in gay colors. The overdress and corsage is trimmed with a single ruffle to correspond. The neck is cut low, in the orthodox fashion, but does not expose more than one-third of the two breasts, and, at the apex of the *échancrure*, between the breasts, she wears a magnificent brooch of huge diamonds, in the shape of a star. The dress is fastened in front with diamond buttons, and the overdress is looped up, on the left side, with a magnificent diamond pin. Her hair was dressed in curls and loose loops with flowers (roses and camellias) between, the whole surmounted with a noble diadem. She looked every inch a queen, and, as she made her appearance, a murmur of applause greeted her. She and the emperor bowed gracefully to the French Ambassador, and, saying a few words, repeated the same to the others; then they walked the entire length of the double line, returning on the other side of the hall, the band, in the meantime, playing national airs. This ceremony ended, the Imperial Guard band struck up Strauss's beautiful piece, "L'Invitation à la Valse," and couples began to form, the emperor taking for partner Lady Elphinstone, a young and lovely countess, and a relation of the British Ambassador. The sets being formed the emperor opened the ball by dancing with his fair partner "La Varsoviennne," followed by the empress with the French Ambassador, and the grand duke with Mademoiselle Von Manteuffe, the daughter of Marshal Count Von Manteuffe, the hero of Amiens, and the grand duchess with Count Grachioli. Next followed Gounod's "Marche Romaine," in E flat, and next Beethoven's beautiful waltz, "Le Rêve de Gertrude," in B flat, after which groups began to form in the various halls. Tables had been set in the *Salon de Réserve*, where the elderly gentlemen sat down to a game of whist or *écarte*, while the hall of Peter the Great was reserved for the matrons and dowagers. The young ones of both sexes who did not choose to dance made for the Winter Garden, and there, amidst the luxuriant exot-

ics and in the soft twilight, told to each other the old, old story. There was no formality, no pride or haughtiness—all were equal. The young lieutenant of artillery elbowed a mighty prince, and the daughter of the academician the grand duchess herself. The emperor went from group to group, and talked pleasantly to all, and joined in the hilarity, while the lovely empress and the grand duchess flitted from one hall to the other, talking, smiling, and nodding to every one. What a contrast with the stiff and formal balls at Buckingham Palace or Windsor! There one must always be on the look out not to turn his back to the queen, for it would be an unpardonable sin to do so, and no one dares to presume to address that haughty personage, lest he might get kicked out by some flunkey in red and gold. But here, at the Winter Palace, the emperor and empress, and the grand dukes, can be addressed by any one, and they do not care or notice whether one turns his back to them or not. After the opening waltz I went to meet my fair friend and found her, and she introduced me to her father, who was at that moment talking to General Kauffman. The count was very civil, and, in his turn, introduced me to General Kauffman. "Oh," said he, "I believe I have heard of you, Major. Are you not the author of that monograph on the geology of the Province of Daghestan?" I told him I was. "Then," said he, "I knew your father. I served under him as lieutenant when he built the bridge at Tulla. I am happy to meet you." But the band was beginning to sound the invitation to "Gertrude's Dream," so I asked the honor of dancing it with Mademoiselle Paskevitch, which she graciously granted. As we went back to St. George's Hall, she asked me, "Do you see that old gentleman near the sea fight at Revel? That is Prince Demidoff, and that general who speaks to him is General Ignatieff." "Who is that lovely lady by the caryatide yonder?" I asked. She smiled and said, "Oh, she is a *friend* of Edhem Pasha, a bearish looking Turk." We soon reached St. George's Hall, and were soon whirling around. The waltz over, I conducted her to a seat, and we were soon joined by a young nobleman, who came to claim her for the next. "You must excuse me, Major," said she; "but I promised to dance the next with Count —; but I will find you a partner." So saying, she left me with the Count, and then returned with a friend of hers, Mademoiselle Orloff, to whom she introduced me. We had just seated ourselves, and were drinking a sherbet, when the emperor passed, and stopped. "Ah! Mesdemoiselles," said he, "you seem to be enjoying yourselves." And then turning to me, who had risen, "Pray sit down, sir. I see you are a stranger here," and pointing to the Cross of the Legion of Honor on my breast, "and a Frenchman, too." "Your majesty must forgive me," said my fair friend, "for neglecting to present Major R. to you." "No apologies to me," said his majesty; "but you owe one to the Major."

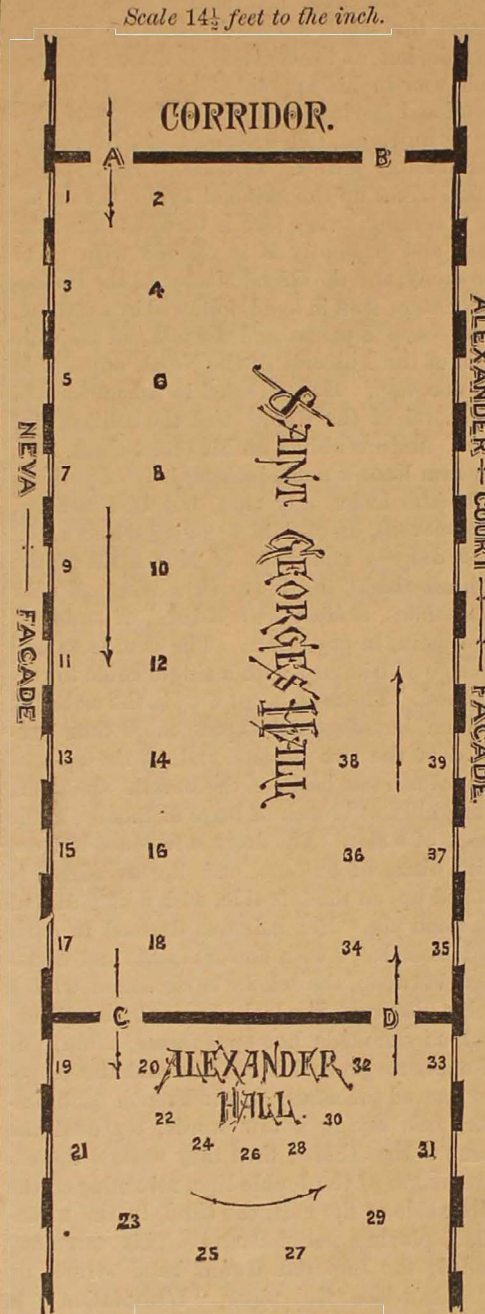
He smiled and bowed, and went to the next group. The next dance on the programme was a polka mazurka, and I led my new partner on the floor. We danced as freely as in

a private hall, and constantly elbowed some great gun. At twelve, supper was served in St. Andrew's and St. Michael's Halls. In the former were laid out *parterres* of delightful verdure, and exotics, and fruit trees, while a double row of tables extended down the hall, each overshadowed by a beautiful tree in full leaf, under which the ladies and their dutiful knights, in groups of eight, partook of an elegant supper. The table services were of sterling silver, and of the most exquisite designs. At the upper end, raised on a dais, stood the imperial table, which commanded the whole view. Champagne and other wines were served *ad libitum*, and justice was done to them by all. After supper the "Mazepa Galop" in E flat, by André Quidant, was started, in which all joined, then Gottschalk's "Rayon d'Azur Polka" in F sharp, and next, Wehli's "Marche Cosaque" in B flat, after which their majesties retired, and dancing flagged for a while, the young ladies and cavaliers preferring a ramble in the Winter Garden, or a *tête-à-tête* in some window recess. But toward three, it recommenced with vigor, and was kept up till five.

It would require a volume to do justice to this charming *soirée*, and a dozen to describe the various elegant toilets of the ladies. I have seen balls at the Tuileries during the empire; balls at Buckingham Palace, in the salons of Prince Metternich, at Vienna, and in Devonshire House, but the Grand Imperial Ball of the Winter Palace beats them all, not only in the richness and gorgeous appointments of the halls, but in the wonderful display of feminine beauty. Nowhere have I seen such an immense number of lovely faces and graceful forms assembled, and for richness and beauty of dresses, and grand display of noble jewels, it stands *ne plus ultra*. During the whole night, two regiments of the Imperial Guards are on duty in the adjoining halls, and their martial bearing and fine discipline attract the attention and command the admiration of all who are *connoisseurs* in military affairs. By half-past four, people began to leave, and long lines of sledges moved up to the *Perron des Ambassadeurs* as their respective numbers were called out by an imperial crier. Having danced the last two polkas with my fair young friends, I followed the crowd, and went down stairs, escorting them to the ladies' dressing-room, from which they soon emerged wrapped up in furs to the nose. I would surely not have recognized them if they had not called me, and we got into the count's huge sledge, and drove to his magnificent palace on the Nevski Perspekt, where he insisted on my coming in to "warm up," as he said. This kind hospitality to strangers is one of the admirable traits of all Russian noble families. They seem to take delight to make a stranger feel at home, and will suffer considerable inconvenience and loss of time to show him around. I have found the same warm-hearted hospitality in all classes: the middle, and even the poor and humble peasant will put the best of his humble and scanty fare on the table, and will give him the best bed and best room, if he has it.

Thus ended the most fascinating and brilliant *soirée* that I ever attended.

PLAN OF ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WINTER PALACE, showing the stations of the various Ambassadors, Nobles, Military and Naval Officers and others, while in line during the progress of their Majesties. From the *Imperial Court Manual*.



EXPLANATIONS.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 French Ambassador. | 21 Artillery Officers. |
| 2 British " " | 22 Infantry " " |
| 3 Prussian " " | 23 " " " |
| 4 Austrian " " | 24 Cavalry " " |
| 5 Italian " " | 25 Engineer Corps. |
| 6 Turkish " " | 26 Naval Officers. |
| 7 American " " | 27 " " " |
| 8 Spanish " " | 28 Judges of Imp. Courts. |
| 9 Swedish " " | 29 Counts. |
| 10 Portuguese " " | 30 " " " |
| 11 Dutch " " | 31 " " " |
| 12 Belgian " " | 32 Barons. |
| 13 Danish " " | 33 Academy of Science. |
| 14 Swiss Chargé d'Affairs. | 34 " of Belles Lettres. |
| 15 Princes. | 35 Corps des Mines. |
| 16 " " " | 36 " des Pontet Chaussées |
| 17 Ministry of Foreign " " | 37 Ecole de Médecine. |
| 18 " " War. | 38 Imperial University. |
| 19 " " the Navy. | 39 Members of the Bar. |
| 20 " " " Interior. | 40 Plebeians and ragamuffins. |
- A Door by which the Emperor enters.
 B " " opening on Corridor.
 C " " by which the Emperor leaves.
 D " " " he re-enters St. George's Hall.

Robert Johnson.

BY CHAS. H. WETMORE.



HE was book-keeper and general clerk in the house of Small, Pay & Grindem. His desk was old and shabby; was always inky and always dusty; it stood by a rear window, through which no sunlight ever gladdened him. No sunlight could reach him, for high brick walls towered opposite his window. Only a stale kind of daylight; a daylight that did not look new or clean, permitted him to do his duty. He was a conscientious fellow, and did his duty. To see him bent over his desk, when he was footing up a column of figures, would make one think he was an old man, hard at work. He looked like one on whom Father Time had laid a stern hand, as if in reproof. He sat, six days in a week, hour after hour, doubled over his books. He sat upon a three-legged stool, his feet stowed away in the dark under his desk. It is a wonder, from the bad storage they had, that they were not crooked; indeed, they were not as straight as they might have been.

Johnson's chest was perfectly flat. Leaning long hours over a desk had completely flattened it. Of late, a dry, hard cough troubled him; interfered with his duty; came in gusts that were more troublesome than noisy or noticeable. He rarely smiled. There was rarely anything said or done to draw smiles in Small, Pay & Grindem's house. But when he did smile, he looked young and handsome: it was a real good smile. Take him at his best, he was a handsome fellow.

Robert Johnson was thirty years old. Not an old man; but, bent over his desk, he looked old and acted old, and his dry cough sounded old. Old men cough like Johnson coughed. If one has been much in the neighborhood of Wall Street; in dingy, gloomy, sun-forsaken offices, led to by dark, narrow stairways, he knows, as well as I do, the counting-house cough. It is catching, for even lawyers' clerks have it and die.

Johnson would reach his desk at 200 Wall Street at nine o'clock in the morning. On a nail to the left of the smeared window pane, hung a real soiled linen sack-coat, limp and lost to all sense of dignity. He called it his "duster;" he always wore it in the office; it was badly ink-stained; he cleaned his pens on the left sleeve and on the left breast of the sack. You know, a sack-coat hasn't much style, and it gave Johnson a shapeless, shabby, slovenly appearance. But he was used to it, and hardly noticed how soiled and abused it looked. He hadn't even a sister to shame him into buying a new one and keeping it clean.

His father took him from public school when he was fifteen years of age, and then Small, Pay & Grindem took him to make a business man of him; found him apt, willing, reliable, quick, and enduring; placed him upon a high, stiff office-stool before a desk, and he stayed there fifteen years. Small, Pay & Grindem

knew how to break Robert into harness—knew how to put the drag on!

The first year he worked without pay. The third year he received two hundred dollars, having proved himself valuable to the firm. That year his father died, leaving no estate. The same year his mother died. He had no brothers or sisters. Gradually his salary was increased; at thirty he received eight hundred dollars per annum. He had been able to put a few dollars into a savings bank each month of late years, which gave a promising look to the future—unless the savings bank were to break and blast his courage. It is a pity that savings banks' directors are often rogues.

Small, Pay & Grindem were what might be called financial rag-pickers. They picked "paper" off the street. By a keen mental process they hooked out of rubbish generally something worth holding. When a financial storm threatened Wall Street, or actually burst upon it, sweeping out a house here and there, Small, Pay & Grindem, out of the *débris*, often snatched paper that was too good for rags. Small had eyes like a hawk and ears like a fox; he was always out on the street, looking and listening; he was watchful, shrewd, and undoubtedly smart—knew a good deal, but didn't tell all. Pay was a little man, with a long nose; he had what rude boys call a skating-pond on the back of his head; in cold weather it shone like polished wax; his head was narrow, but long and roomy; he was no hand for talking—put him down a hard thinker—but when he spoke he generally said something. Grindem had a cold, immovable face; powder wouldn't scare him, thunder and lightning didn't move him. He dressed his face with a business expression on Monday morning, and used the same during the week. His face never had a forgiving look, never showed trace of kindness or indulgence; probably he was never kind or indulgent. He had calculating eyes; was shrewd—called himself a self-made man, but he lacked warm blood.

The firm knew Johnson was a trump, but it did not tell him so. The policy of the three was to grind. They found he did work well, so they gave him more to do, believing he could stand almost any mental and physical strain. But after fourteen years of desk work, the clerk gave way in parts that indicated that the man was decidedly unsound; that his mental and physical forces were crippled; that it was not unlikely some day, while laboring over those teasing columns of figures, he might fall from his high, stiff stool, and lie upon the office's sandy floor, sore and worn, no longer fit to labor.

In a low, little eating saloon, approached by descending several stone steps, in the neighborhood where the post office used to be, Johnson used to lunch at noon. He would hurry to it from the office, hurry while he lunched, and hurry back to his desk. His conscience allowed him about fifteen minutes for this almost daily bodily abuse, and the firm allowed about the same time. It was lurching on the full jump; eating against time—an easy way to a hard death, so physicians tell us.

He did not think about getting married; or, thought only in this way; that if he had a

wife and baby there would be three pots to keep boiling, and fuel would be wanting. He was wedded to work in Wall Street, that was all. When he was twenty-five, he believed himself to be in love with Small's eldest daughter. It is an odd sort of thing to speak of, for he was not acquainted with the lady, but used to attend the same church that she did, and look down upon her from a far corner of a gallery. He looked down upon her bonnet—upon a splendid bonnet on the back of the head of a splendid woman, he thought.

Miss Small was then a stately creature, tall and well formed, had arch ways; also, many admirers, and was important in her "set." She had twice been engaged to be married, but broke away for reasons known only to herself. After a time, Johnson heard that she wed a young Wall Street stock broker, who wore a massive gold watch-chain with pendants that jingled musically. He had no gold watch-chain. He applied himself to work, and forgot about Small's daughter. He could not have loved her very well!

Robert Johnson's fifteenth year over a desk was one of real suffering. He coughed a great deal; in an adjoining room it sounded just like an old man coughing—subdued and laborious. He had dull aches in his head, in the front; he had a smart in his eyes, and his back ached; in his chest was a nest of aches that sorely tried his peace and comfort. Pain is such a monster that when it gets in a body, it seeks possession of the entire person.

When June was come his condition was unsafe. He tried to keep up with his work, but he could not. He made mistakes adding figures; his books were in arrears, and there were many erasures of sums total. He felt dumb, dazed and confused.

Small, Pay & Grindem, you have a life upon your hands I do really believe! When he came to you he was a hearty young fellow, quiet, sure, willing, and earnest, but you put the drag on, you heeled him, you drove a free horse almost to death, you always underpaid him; finally you winded him, broke him down. Will you try to restore him?

But Small, Pay & Grindem took another course. One day, late in June, about two o'clock in the afternoon—a busy hour in Wall Street—Johnson's head, about his forehead, experienced a numb, dead feeling; he was footing up a heavy column of figures, but he felt so queer and dizzy, he laid his head upon a book that was lying upon his desk, and fell asleep. He slept half an hour, and had mixed, unreal dreams. He dreamed he had bought New York Central stock at 105, and that in a fortnight it leaped to 210, and he sold and took the money. Then he dreamed that he was living in the country, near to an old mill; he heard the water running by his window. Another dream he had was that a great-aunt, out West, had died suddenly, and left him all her property, some of which was old, yellow-looking lace which he gave away as worthless. He was aroused by feeling a heavy hand upon his right shoulder. Grindem, with a cold, immovable face, was standing by him. Robert was awake and realizing in no time.

"It wasn't my fault, Mr. Grindem," said Johnson; "I couldn't help it."

"This sort of thing won't do," said the master. "You are well paid, and must work for it."

"I will do the best I can," said the slave.

"See that you do," said the master.

The following afternoon the thermometer showed how great the heat was. At 2 o'clock, the quicksilver had filled the tube to 98°. An angry sun hung over Wall Street, like an inflamed eye. About Johnson's window the atmosphere was stale and bad. The criminal at the desk laid his head upon a big book of accounts and fell asleep. He dreamed again of an old mill, and of running water. He dreamed also that the bank that held his savings had closed its doors—suspended—for all its directors were rogues, excepting two or three that were cowards.

On the 30th of June, Mr. Johnson was dismissed from the service of Messrs. Small, Pay & Grindem. I am sorry to say that the young man hung his head while the three passed sentence on him; hung his head as if he had something to feel ashamed of. But the man's spirit was broken; he was not strong enough to stand erect and brand the three old men as merciless.

Johnson's dismissal was a blessing in disguise. After a time he realized the blessing. For a week he felt stunned. He went about in an aimless way. The ink stain on the middle finger of his right hand faded and vanished, the first time in long years.

One day, desparingly, he made a call on an old physician who had been a near friend of his father. He told his story: it was a long one. The old man listened patiently. At the end he said:

"Robert, you are the very man I have been looking for. You remind me of your father; you have an honest face. I have a farm in Beeswax County, State of Maine. Things are a little out of shape about it—need looking after. I am growing old and stiff; can't go far from home. How would you like to lend a hand—not follow the plow, but order the plow?" Then he laughed heartily, coughed, and sat down. Johnson, too, laughed and coughed.

"I think you are the man," continued Doctor Quimby, thoughtfully. "It will do you a world of good; expand your chest, redden your blood, exalt you." The old gentleman paused. Then he said, suddenly,

"How do you like the idea?"

"I like the idea," said Johnson, and smiled, looking young and handsome.

"I like your looks," said the doctor. "You remind me of your father. By the way," he continued, "there is an old mill near the farmhouse, with a big, lazy wheel. I was born near that old mill. When I was a boy, I used to climb down under an old bridge and watch the wheel go round. I liked it better than playing marbles. I liked the honest laugh of the mill stream."

The old man sighed. He was thinking of his splendid freedom when he was a boy.

Johnson coughed. The doctor continued:

"Why don't you marry? Why don't you look about for a wife?"

The poor young man smiled, and said he had not thought of a wife.

Doctor Quimby left his chair and paced up and down his office in silence. Then he stopped suddenly, and said, working his body from the knee joints,

"See here! I know you can't live on love alone. You have an honest face. You remind me of your father. I am an old man. See! my hairs are all white; my pulse is feeble. I have money and no use for it. I am alone in the world." Here the doctor wiped away a tear. "Hold up your head and let me look at you," he said, abruptly.

Johnson raised his face and looked handsome.

"I like your looks," said the doctor. "You have an honest face. Now, you go down to the farm for six months. I will stay here and dispense a few more pills before I die. Get married. Tell me, and I will keep the pot boiling. Come in to-morrow."

He followed Johnson to the front door.

"God bless you!" said the doctor. "You remind me of your father."

Johnson wondered whether it was real or unreal. How very fortunate, he thought, that I remind him of my father. It was all real. Plans were furthered. Doctor Quimby gave Robert funds and instructions, and sped him on his way.

One breezy, July afternoon, he looked out of a window of a Boston and Maine Rail car, and beheld the blue, rolling ocean. Now and then he heard the roar of the surf as it drummed upon the sand. He saw a black-hulled coaster flowing eastward; he saw her tack. When she came about, she staggered for a minute, then her patched sails filled, and she bore away nobly. He thought it was a grand sight. He had never seen a splendid ship with all sails set, and the wind on her quarter. What a grand sight that is! He left the car at "Hollyhock."

"Hollyhock" station-house stood on a sand bank, not a tree near. The afternoon sun was scorching it; a sea-wind was trying to cool it.

"If you are Mr. Johnson, and are going to Doctor Quimby's farm, I will drive you over." He turned, and saw a pleasant-looking girl standing by his side. She was a real pretty girl; not very tall, nor particularly stout; but she wasn't thin. She wore a sundown, had rosy cheeks, smart, bright eyes, light-colored hair, which looks well in the sunlight. She was about eighteen. Her white pull-down hat had a single blue ribbon about it, with ends hanging down behind. She didn't wear braids that are so hideous to men's eyes. Looking at her, he recalled Bulwer's lines:

"And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again."

He was surprised and pleased, and followed her to where a carry-all stood. It was a shabby-looking turnout. An aged bay mare, of rakish-looking build, stood before it, hanging her head mournfully. A belated mail-train was approaching. When the express tore by, the old beast raised her ears, one at a time, slowly, as if she were sure some one with a wheelbarrow had just gone along. They set off at a jog trot, the bay mare unrolling scrolls of dust from under her clumsy, lumpy heels.

"I heard that you were coming, so I drove over for you," said the girl.

"I am very glad you did," said Johnson. "Isn't there an old mill near Doctor Quimby's farm?" he continued.

"Oh! a very old one," she replied.

"With a big wheel?" in an anxious tone.

"Immense," replied the girl. "A splendid old wheel! I love to watch it go round."

"And you will show it to me?"

"I will, certainly," she replied. There was silence, broken by her saying, "I am the miller's daughter."

"Oh, you are the miller's daughter!" and he leaned way forward to see her face. She turned it toward him, a sweet smile on her lips. There is no mock sentimentality in saying it was a sweet smile: it was sweet. Johnson smiled; then they both laughed.

"I am to nurse you, and make you well," said the miller's daughter.

"To nurse me?" he asked, surprised.

"Do; but why?"

"Doctor Quimby has ordered me to."

What does she mean? he thought.

They turned into a lane, flanked by rows of old cherry trees. Cherries were ripe, and the robins knew it. At a door of the farm-house stood the farmer's wife, in clean starched calico. The best room had been aired and cleaned. The window blinds were flung apart, displaying pink and white curtains, and a posy upon one of the sills. Upon a cart wheel, by a side door, tins were a-sunning and a-shining. A churn stood in a porch-way. A honeysuckle vine clothed the lattice. An old well curb was near. A hen with young brood centered about "Mary Ann's" clumsy heels, as hens and young chickens do about the heels of beasts. A turkey gobbler strutted importantly, and swelled his fine tail. A little dog barked. A cow, in the distance, lowed. Bees buzzed busily about the honeysuckle vine. It was pastoral. A row of poplars stood guard before the house; eleven in a row like soldiers wearing only side-arms. Of twelve that had been, only one of the soldiers had fallen, as yet, and that one at his post. Near a back door, a brook ran, overflowing with talk that was musical and sweet; playful talk like a child's prattle. Its laugh did Johnson's heart good. That night, he slept on a feather bed, tucked round about with linen sheets, the best in the house.

It took a few days to realize and understand his new life. Then he got into harness. He would take a long-handled rake, with ten wooden teeth set fiercely in a row, and go into the harvest fields. For an amateur, he performed well. Men with breasts brawnier than many have ever seen, grew to respect him. The play of the rifle upon the scythe's steel-tipped blade, and the reaper, gnashing its sharp, angry teeth, came kindly to his ears.

After working well, he rested well. He sought out the old mill and the immense wheel—sluggish, unwilling, like the wheel of a city 'bus. He heard the honest laugh of the mill water. A few weeks showed marked improvement in health. But his cough was still dry and hard; still a gusty cough.

Perhaps the miller's daughter tried to nurse him. They met frequently. But he always laughed when she asked about his health.

"I am too old to be nursed," he said to her one day. "But I feel ten years younger since I came here," he added. Early in September a letter came from Doctor Quimby, saying: "Are you married? Robert, I expect great things of you." These words plagued him. He took a walk late that evening. On the way, he was overtaken by a man, who joined him; a tall, bronzed-faced, good-looking young fellow, who owned a farm hard by; had cattle and horses and a bank account. Johnson accommodated his gait to that of the farmer, and gave him a pleasant good evening. But the man slouched along in sulky mood.

"See here, Mr. Johnson," he said, "do you think it fair for a city gentleman to come along and turn Lucy against me?"

Johnson was really surprised. "My good fellow," he said, "I have turned no one against you."

"You are a city chap, and she knows it."

"Keep a civil tongue or I will try and thrash you," said the gentleman.

The man turned and struck Johnson a cruel blow in the face; then the coward ran. That blow was fierce enough to keep Johnson in his room for a fortnight. Lucy became his tried and true nurse. When the wounded man recovered, he said: "Leave the assailant to me. I will punish him."

He had entirely overcome the effects of the cowardly blow. It was a lonely September afternoon, and he strolled down to the old mill; returning, he passed the miller's house and espied Lucy by a window, kneading bread. He stole in by a door, unawares. Her elbows were bare; she had very pretty arms; she was standing before a pine table; a long apron defended her calico frock; her bosom was dusted with flour. Her hands plied the pasty flour deftly, and she sang in a low key. Then she saw him, laughed, and bent her face over the dough-trough. He noticed what delicate, pretty ears she had; they were innocent of jewels or ornaments. Leigh Hunt says ear-rings are in the way of a kiss. I think so, too. She was quite helpless kneading the dough.

"Look up, Lucy," he said, "I want to speak to you."

She raised her face, blushing, smiling. He leaned over the pine table and kissed her on the lips. "I love you," he said. They were married one November noon, in Indian summer weather.

Doctor Quimby was at the bottom of it all. He ordained that, on the afternoon of Mr. Johnson's arrival at Hollyhock, a young lady should drive him to the farm, and that ultimately he should marry the miller's daughter. Mr. Johnson is at present the proprietor of a prosperous dairy-farm. He sends pure, new, sweet milk to a great city, and many a mother's chubby darling knows how good it is. He is also proprietor, in part, of a lad, who shouts at his play and has an increasing appetite. Once he quoted to his wife as follows:

"When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I would live till I was married. But when I knew you, and you nursed me," he continued, "I found you a dear little woman, and therefore to be won."

Oliver Goldsmith.



PERHAPS no writer of equal prominence is less read nowadays than the English classic whose name heads this paper. The contemporary and friend of Samuel Johnson, Garrick, Boswell, and Burke, his pen was a most prolific one. Hardly anything came amiss to it; from a child's toy-book to a philosophical treatise, all were treated with seeming facility. Yet to-day he is known only by his two principal poems, the *Traveler* and the *Deserted Village*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, which incomparable comedy will probably endure as long as the language in which it is written.

Oliver Goldsmith was born of parents of Saxon descent and Protestant faith, in the hamlet of Pallasmore, County Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728. His father was a clergyman of the Established Church, who had been educated at the school of Elphin, had married the daughter of his schoolmaster, shortly before taking orders, and eventually settled in the village named, where he eked out a scanty subsistence, partly as a small farmer and partly as assistant to the rector of an adjoining parish, by which he contrived to earn the sum of forty pounds a year. Pallasmore was then—and the same is true to-day to a great extent—as much isolated from the civilized world as the wilds of Africa, so that when our hero was about six years old, and his father was presented to a living in Kilkenny West, County Westmeath, worth two hundred pounds a year, it was hailed as a welcome change by all, and the family henceforth resided in a comfortable dwelling near the village of Lissay.

The childhood of Oliver gave no indications of his future brilliant intellect. His first instructor was the village schoolmaster, whose accomplishments were of the scantiest, but who possessed what was far dearer to the heart of the boy—an inexhaustible fund of legends, fairy tales, and the wondrous exploits of the Rapparee chiefs Baldearg O'Donnell and Galloping Hogan. To this early instruction may be traced many of the subsequent creations of his pupil's fancy. His education was further advanced, as he grew older, by attendance at several grammar schools, where he seems to have attained to some knowledge of the ancient languages. If we are to believe the accounts which have come to us, his life at this time was far from happy. Having suffered from an attack of small-pox while on a visit to a relative, his appearance was anything but prepossessing; added to this was an ungainly, stunted figure, so that his schoolmates, with the usual thoughtlessness of boys, were not slow to make him the butt of many a random jest. In addition, he was a dunce at his lessons, or at least showed no aptitude for study, the result being that he was "flogged

as a dunce in the school-room, and pointed at as a fright in the play-ground."

His elder brother, Henry, being at this time at Dublin University, several relatives contributed to extend the same advantages to Oliver, and he accordingly went to Dublin in his eighteenth year. He was, however, forced to enter as a sizar or poor scholar, the duties of whom were menial in the extreme, such as waiting on the fellows' table, sweeping, and so on.

At college, as at school, he was continually in trouble. His love of fun and mischief and dislike of steady application soon brought him into bad odor with his superiors. He was frequently disgraced in his class by playing the buffoon during recitations, came very near being dismissed for pumping on a constable, and was thrashed by his tutor for giving a party in his room to a number of young men and women from the city.

As a result of this caning he ran away from college. There is no doubt that this tutor, the Rev. Mr. Wilder, a man of most ungovernable temper, exercised a most unfavorable influence upon his pupil. Much might have been accomplished by one who would have drawn the young man's abilities out, so to speak, instead of exercising a repressing and chilling influence over him. Henry Goldsmith, however, induced Oliver to return to college, and effected a reconciliation between him and his tutor.

While our hero was leading a rather vagabond life in Dublin, his father died, almost penniless. He was now reduced to great straits, and managed to eke out a miserable existence by borrowing money, pawning his books, and occasionally selling a ballad, of which he wrote not a few. Owing to his desultory habits of study, he never obtained any eminence at college, and only just succeeded in obtaining his degree, February 27, 1749; nearly four years after his entrance. His education had fitted him for no calling, yet it was necessary that he should do something for himself. He returned home, but his friends could not assist him. At length, he appears to have decided on studying for the church, probably, as one writer has pointed out, because the expense was less, and because the standard of character was lower than that required for any other profession.

He spent two years of desultory reading, during which time he alternated between his mother's house and the village inn. At length he presented himself to the Bishop of Elphin for ordination, and here is given a remarkable instance of his want of mental balance. He appeared before the astonished bishop in a suit of scarlet clothes, and was, as might have been expected, promptly rejected. After a few months spent as tutor in a private family, which position he threw up on account of a dispute with one of its members over cards, he determined to emigrate to America. He set out for Cork, after having been supplied by his relations with £30 and a good horse. But again his evil star was in the ascendant. The vessel in which he had engaged his passage was detained by contrary winds, and when at last she did set sail it was without poor Oliver, who was engaged in a carouse with some boon

companions in the town. In a few weeks after setting out, he returned to Lissay on a miserable hack and without a penny in his pocket. Next he resolved to study law, and a generous uncle advanced him fifty pounds. Again he turned his steps toward Dublin, but was there enticed into a gaming house, and robbed of every penny. His mortification at these repeated failures was excessive, and as a last resource he thought of medicine. With this view he proceeded to Edinburgh, where he spent more than a year in much the same way as at Dublin University. At last, his creditors became importunate, and to escape the bailiffs he crossed over to the continent. He spent some time at Leyden, still under the pretense of studying medicine, but he left that celebrated university in his twenty-seventh year, without a degree, and with no property but the clothes on his back and his flute. This last, however, proved a good friend. He rambled on foot through France and Switzerland in a manner that is best described by himself:—"I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry, for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house at night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only lodging but subsistence for the next day." Arriving in Italy, however, his musical talents were at a discount, for the poorest peasant could both play and sing far better than he. But in a novel way he obtained food and lodging, which we shall let him describe in his own words:—"In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way toward England; walked along from city to city; examined mankind more clearly; and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture."

In Macaulay's essay the opinion is expressed, however, that this part of his narrative should be taken with a grain of salt; for Goldsmith was never distinguished for accuracy of statement where facts were concerned. Certainly it is hard to believe that one who made such a sorry showing during his own college career, should be able to dispute with any sort of success. This belief is still further borne out by what we know of him in his later and more prosperous days. It was Garrick who said of him that "he wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll"—referring to the well-known fact that while his writings are models of polished elegance, yet as soon as he opened his mouth to speak in company, he invariably covered himself with ridicule, and though this occurred times without number, yet he could not hold his tongue—he persisted in trying to do the one thing he could not do.

Early in the year 1756 the adventurer landed at Dover, penniless and friendless. "In the

middle of February he was wandering without friend or acquaintance, without the knowledge or comfort of one kind face, in the lonely and terrible London streets." In the next three years his life was a troubled one. He tried in succession a series of desperate expedients. He was strolling player, usher in a school, errand boy for druggists, a writer of pamphlets, and even endeavored to obtain a position as surgeon's mate on a man-of-war. In the end he became a contributor to the press—a most miserable calling in those days. In a squalid garret, in a locality which has long since disappeared before the march of modern improvements, he settled down, at thirty years of age, into a drudgery of the most wearing and degrading kind. Here he wrote for dear life, and often barely gained bread. This was probably the most prolific period of his pen—but very little, comparatively, has been preserved to us—a large part was of only transient interest; his *History of England*, his *Life of Beau Nash*, his *Polite Literature*, his articles on London society, are all worthy of mention, although the History has long been superseded as a text-book. Macaulay says: "He was, indeed, emphatically, a popular writer. . . . About everything that he wrote, serious or sportive, there was a certain natural grace and decorum, hardly to be expected from a man a great part of whose life had been passed among thieves and beggars in those squalid dens which are the reproach of great capitals."

Goldsmith was now on the high road to prosperity. He was constantly employed at work which, if it did not add to his fame, at least filled his pocket. At length, in 1764, he gave to the world his poem the *Traveler*—the first which had appeared over his signature, and it at once raised him to the front rank of writers, and the critics were unanimous in its praise. It had a rapid sale, and within a very short time ran through four editions—something unprecedented at that time. This was followed by the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and the manner in which this was given to the public is worth relating.

At the end of the year in which he published the *Traveler*, his rent was so far in arrear that he was threatened with arrest by the sheriff. In his trouble he sent for Doctor Johnson, who sent him a guinea by the messenger, and promised to follow in person. On entering Goldsmith's room he found that he had broken the guinea for a bottle of wine, and was scolding his landlady as he lay in bed. In answer to Johnson's inquiries, he said that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson looked through it, saw at a glance that there was something in it, took it to a bookseller, and, by the force of his recommendation obtained £60 for it, and soon returned with the money. The story goes that Goldsmith paid his rent and invited his landlady to bear him company over a bowl of punch. The novel which was thus given to the world had an unparalleled success—a success that has continued down to our own time—and probably will continue to be read while the language has a name. Lord Macaulay says it has "caused as much harmless mirth as has ever been caused by matter packed into so small a number of pages."

Some five years later, appeared the *Deserted Village*. Its success was only equaled by that of the *Traveler*. It is supposed to have portrayed life in the village of Pallasmore, where his father officiated in his young days, and who is referred to in the lines,

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich on forty pounds a year."

As has been pointed out by good critics, Macaulay among others, there is one glaring inconsistency pervading the whole poem. He says, "The poem is made up of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village; the village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and misery which Goldsmith has brought together belong to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had, assuredly, never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity, as his 'Auburn.' He had, assuredly, never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day, and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent; the ejection he had probably seen in Munster; but, by joining the two, he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world." To the candid reader this criticism will appear perfectly just; as a fancy sketch it might pass inspection, but as a picture of facts, it was open to just the objection that Macaulay urged against it, although, as a poem, he is loud in its praise.

In 1773 was brought out, at Covent Garden Theater, that incomparable comedy, "*She Stoops to Conquer*." Its success was instantaneous, although the author had to combat a mawkish public taste which, at that time, demanded that decorum should not be violated by so much as a smile. On this account the enthusiasm with which it was received was the more remarkable, and it netted the author a very handsome sum.

Besides the works just enumerated, he had been employed on several books for the use of schools—all of which have long since been superseded as text-books. Indeed, his method of compilation was so loose, that the wonder is now that any publisher should have been willing to publish them. He seems to have merely taken his materials from such books as were already in existence and translated them into his own inimitable style, and he unfortunately copied blunders and facts alike. Doctor Johnson said of him, that if he could tell a horse from a cow, that was the extent of his knowledge on zoölogy. In his history of England, he says that Naseby is in Yorkshire, and a most ludicrous story is told of him when he was engaged in writing his *History of Greece*. He asked Gibbon, the great historian, "what was the name of that Indian king who fought a battle with Alexander the Great?" "Montezuma," said Gibbon, in a spirit of waggery. No sooner said than Goldsmith wrote it down, and it would have gone forth to the world had not Gibbon affected to recollect that he had made a mistake, and told him that the right name was Porus. Also, in

his *Animated Nature*, he gives credence to all the nursery fables, and states as grave facts the existence of nightingales that talked, and of a race of giants in Patagonia, and monkeys that preached sermons to travelers. On another occasion, he maintained with great persistency before a considerable company, that he chewed his food by moving his upper jaw.

He was now, in the year 1773, at the height of his fame. He was the friend and companion of such men as Burke, Johnson, Boswell, Garrick, and Reynolds. His income was probably equal to that of any of his friends, and yet he was always in money difficulties, owing to his extravagance and thoughtless generosity. His health, too, began to fail—the result of his irregular manner of life. His custom when engaged in any literary work was to shut himself up, and take no pleasure or exercise until his task was finished. At its conclusion, however, he would plunge recklessly into all the gayety and riotous living of fashionable life. No constitution could long bear up under such a strain. In addition, he was harassed by the thought that he was heavily in debt. In his earlier days this would have troubled him but little—a few months of hard work would have cleared off his indebtedness. But now his powers refused to answer to the requirements put upon them. He had obtained advances from publishers on the strength of books which he was to write, but it was now highly improbable that they would ever be commenced. At length he broke down completely, and was attacked by a nervous fever, which was probably aggravated by his insistence on prescribing for himself. Failing to gain any relief, he was prevailed upon to call in two regular practitioners, but his weakness continued. His last words were in reply to a question by one of his attendants as to whether his mind was at ease, to which he answered "It is not." He expired April 4th, 1774, in his forty-sixth year, and was buried in the Temple church-yard, but all record of the place is now lost. A few of his most faithful friends followed him to the grave, it having been intended to have given him an imposing funeral; but when the extent of his indebtedness became known, this design was abandoned.

Shortly after his death appeared a poem, which is referred to by Macaulay in the following words: "Within a small compass he drew with a singularly easy and vigorous pencil the characters of nine or ten of his intimate friends. Though this little work did not receive his last touches, it must always be regarded as a masterpiece."

Doctor Johnson having written an inscription, it was placed on a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey at the expense of some of his former associates, and it is all we have to mark his memory. Little does he need it, however, for he lives again in the matchless creations of his pen.

Should this necessarily incomplete sketch awaken in any a desire to become more fully acquainted with Oliver Goldsmith, the intensely interesting biography by Mr. Forster, and also that of Mr. Prior may be mentioned as well worthy of perusal.

Isadora.

BY EDYTH KIRKWOOD.



SUPPOSE in all families there is always one to whom the others defer. In our case it was our eldest sister.

She was so pretty, our Isadora, and yet so frail and delicate, that it was no wonder Rick and I, with our healthy frames and overflowing spirits, should look up to her as to a higher creation. Papa died when we were all young, and mamma, like we others, made an idol of Isa.

So when, by railway failures, and one thing after another, we lost our money, we turned pitying eyes on our sister, and wondered how we could ever bear to see her wearing commoner clothes, or doing without the dainty luxuries it had been our delight to provide for her. But she was braver than we, and began at once to talk about ways and means, developing a practical faculty that we had never suspected, which astonished us all the more, because at that time we had none of it ourselves.

It was our delicate lady-sister who helped mamma to select the most suitable articles of furniture to keep, and she it was who ruthlessly laid aside the fine china and the useless ornaments that had formerly been her pride. "If we are to move into a small house," she said, "let us have it as pretty as we can; but these things would only be in our way. It would take too much time and strength to keep them dusted and trim when we should have to do it ourselves."

Rick and I looked at each other in speechless woe. A vision of dirty boys sawing wood, and slip-shod girls carrying heavy pails, passed before our mental vision, and we groaned aloud. That was our idea of people who did their own work.

But it never quite came to that. And, although since those days we have had to pass through our share of trouble, and some might even think we had more than our share, one sorrow was spared us. We never saw our lovely sister taxed by common toil, or weary unto death as we others came to be.

The excitement of moving into our little box of a house on the outskirts of a strange city, had so much that was novel that we made a frolic of it, and laughed ourselves happy as we picked out our rooms, or closets, as they seemed to us.

Everything was too large, and it was hard to cut over and fit things into shape; but in due course of time it was accomplished, and we began to find out that it was not so pleasant to put up with cramped quarters and one incompetent housemaid.

The piano and books made the parlor a haven of rest to us, where we gladly gathered in spare hours, and where we spent happy evenings, hardly missing the old-time gayety in the joy of being together. Rick and I kept ourselves in a continual state of expectation,

and the others in a constant state of amusement by our wild romances. "Nothing could be odder than the way we have come down," Rick would say, "so we shall come up as suddenly. An unknown uncle over seas may advertise for us, or one of the ruined railways may start to running again, and nobly insist upon paying all who lost by it, or—fifty things. The bell may ring sharply some fine evening, and"—

As Rick was saying this for the hundredth time, and had just gotten to that point, the bell *did* ring sharply, and we started, for the moment, really frightened.

"The unknown uncle!" I exclaimed.

Rick turned pale; mamma and Isa laughed.

The maid was out, so I went to the door. A tall, dark gentleman stood outside. He removed his hat politely, for which I thanked him in my soul; the courtesy was like a moment come back from the old days.

"Pray can you direct me to number thirty-six?" he asked. "I am a physician, and have been sent for to attend a patient at that address. The night is dark, the numbers seem irregular, and I am, I fear, all astray."

"If you will step in," I said, "I think perhaps my brother might direct you. He knows more of the neighborhood than I."

Mamma's sweet face appeared at the parlor door, and the gentleman, as he entered, repeated to her what he had said to me. When his eye fell upon Isadora he paused abruptly, then added: "I have had the pleasure of meeting you before, Miss Heath. You may have forgotten me—Doctor Stanley."

"I remember perfectly," said Isa, with quiet pleasure. "We met at my aunt's. Mamma, Dr. Stanley. My mother, sister, and brother, doctor."

"Will not you sit down?" said mamma.

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure, madam," he answered, "but I am called professionally, and I must not delay. At another time I shall, with your permission, do myself the pleasure of calling. In the mean time if my young friend here" (turning to Rick) "will kindly direct me, I will hasten on my errand."

I had Rick's hat all ready, and was holding it up behind the doctor with emphatic action and much facial contortion, to signal to my brother what I thought it his duty to do. Of course the stranger turned suddenly and almost caught me, but Rick, with a very good grace, accepted the hat and offered to show the way, saying, "the numbers are indeed very irregular, and it is only a step from here. Allow me to attend you."

They went out together, and I turned to my sister, demanding all she knew about the gentleman. Where had she seen him? When? How many times? But she refused to speak until Rick returned, which he did in a very few minutes. Our pleasures were now so few that we had fallen into a habit of sharing even little bits of news. Rick was glad she had waited, and said so. When he had thrown his hat on one chair and himself on another, she began:

"Don't you remember that large party Aunt Portia gave two winters ago, when Emma made her *début*? Well, it was on that

evening that I met this Dr. Stanley. He danced with me several times, handed me down to supper, and made himself very agreeable. I liked him because he had been to a number of places in Europe that we had visited, and it was pleasant to talk them over. He told me he lived in this city, but I had quite forgotten it. Aunt Portia seemed to think much of him, and—you know her way—I fancied she thought I took too much of his attention from her own daughters, and she was a little cool to me."

"Old dragon," growled Rick.

"I wonder when he will call?" I said. "From this moment we have an object in life. Every now and again the bell will ring sharply. We have yet something to live for!"

"Sis," said Rick, "I believe adversity has turned your brain. You are growing silly."

"Somebody must play king's fool," I replied, with a grimace which set them all laughing; "as well I as you."

The week passed, and another excitement stirred us up, so that we forgot to listen for the sharp ring. Aunt Portia and her daughters were coming to spend the winter in the city where we were. "Dear Emma's health," aunt wrote, "demanded a change of air. Dr. Stanley had treated her successfully once before when she had been suffering from the same malady, and she wished to put her under his care. It was nothing alarming; only a general debility," etc.

Mamma and Isadora exchanged significant smiles when this letter was read; but rising sarcasm on Rick's part and mine was checked, and we had to take it out in shrugs, and in veiled allusions to the Dragon of Wantley.

Then, when we had almost forgotten to watch for him, the doctor called. He had been waiting for a spare afternoon, he said. It did my heart good to see how bright mamma and Isa looked. And this was only the beginning. At first he called every week, then several times a week, and finally we began to miss him if a day passed without his coming. He fell in with our simple ways, and evidently enjoyed the home-like air of our little house. Mamma was too high-bred a gentlewoman ever to make any sham pretensions, or to show any shame of poverty. When for our evening meal we had only tea and bread and butter, our visitor was invited to partake without excuses; but the table was laid with as much precision and elegance as in the old days of profusion and plenty. Earth and seeds are within the means of the poorest, and our south window kept us in pretty flowering plants all the winter. A delicate bouquet, or a pot of hyacinth, narcissus, or violets, always adorned the table, and thus, by my mother's good taste, much that might have been unsightly or uncomfortable in our changed way of living, was prevented. I think Dr. Stanley enjoyed his cup of tea with us more than he did the costly viands that graced Aunt Portia's board in her elegant French flat.

Aunt Portia was kind to us, oh! very. But there is a sort of kindness that is harder to bear than cruelty. She was pleased to take a lofty interest in our little arrangements and contrivances, and she bestowed a lofty approval on our simple dress and altered

mode of living. "So sensible, my dears," she said. "So much better than straining to keep up in the old ways."

Emma and the others also called every week, always carefully attired in their plainest clothes, out of a mistaken regard for our feelings.

Rick made great fun of this. Especially was he amused when Emma the *délicate* came one day in a pair of lisle thread gloves which she had bought for the purpose. "Depend on it, sis," he said to me, "she had her kid gloves in her pocket, and slipped into some milliner's shop near by, to put them on before appearing again in fashionable quarters."

She came that day to invite Isadora to an evening entertainment at their apartments. "It is nothing very much, cousin," she said. "Our rooms are not large enough for anything more than a *soirée dansante*."

Isa hesitated. "I am not going out now at all, you see Emma, and I hardly think—"

"Oh, you must," interrupted Emma, unguardedly. "What would people say of us if you were not there. You really must."

Isadora colored and remained silent. Emma saw her blunder and bit her lip. "Pray do reconsider it, and decide to come. Mamma said I was to take no refusal."

"Better go, my love," said my mother gently. "But it will be hard for you to know what to wear. All your old evening dresses would seem too costly for your present circumstances."

"I could send something, perhaps," offered Emma. "How would an organdy do? I have one that I have never worn here. I will send my maid with it this afternoon, and you will have plenty of time to make necessary alterations before Thursday evening."

"Oh no, cousin," answered Isa hastily, "you need not, really. I can make over one of my own dresses so that it will do."

"But I insist. You really must permit me," and Emma was off in an airy way.

I had a great curiosity to see what was coming, and Rick kept watch with me until the maid appeared with the parcel. I took it from her. Hurriedly calling the others, I undid the string and beheld a faded, washed-out organdy of an old-fashioned pattern and an obsolete make.

Mamma smiled; Isadora looked as if she were going to cry; and I bubbled over with wrath.

"Shabby!" I cried. "Emma's maid would not wear such a gown at a servant's ball. Get an expressman to take it back, Rick, and be quick about it!"

"Gently, gently," said mamma. Of course Isadora cannot wear this dress; but we need not show any displeasure. Let us go to work and make over one of our dresses and quietly return this afterward with no comment whatever. It would do no good to show anger, and as little to shame our relations. The kindest way is always the most dignified."

But I refused to be pacified until Rick, throwing Emma's old finery over his head, went mincing about the room with the ruffles flapping around his legs in an irresistible way. He waved a palm-leaf fan in one hand, and carried a whisk broom up-side-down in

the other, for a bouquet, while he whistled a few bars of the Carnival of Venice. I had to laugh, and that was all he wanted. He threw off the dress saying: "Go to work, mesdames, and fish up something from the French trunks in the attic."

"My tarletan is better than *that*," I said, spurning the lilac ruffles that lay near me.

"The very thing," said Isa. "Why didn't we think of it? You only wore it once, and it is fresh, and quite simple enough."

"I should think it was," I replied. "Don't you mind how ma wouldn't let me have any more trimming, and I made such a fuss because I wanted lace? You will be all right in that. Every one will say: 'Ah, poor thing—only tarletan. Very suitable. A wonder she could get even that. Lost everything, you know. Mrs. Wylde is very kind to them, no doubt she gave her that dress, and—'"

"Shut up," cried Rick, "before you enrage me."

"Little sympathy you had with my rage, awhile since. I, too, can masquerade in Em's organdy, and make you laugh."

Mamma, however, quietly folded the dress, and laid it away. Then she went up-stairs and presently returned with my tarletan and her work-basket. We set to work with a will, and it was not long before the necessary changes were made.

We thought we could not afford a carriage, so, when the evening came, the dress was carefully folded and pinned up, and Rick and I started with Isadora for Aunt Portia's. Rick carried the parcel until we reached the house, and then I, acting as maid, attended my sister and dressed her. We had purposely gone a little late, so as to have more freedom in the dressing-room, and it was only a few minutes before Isa stood before me fresh and lovely in the simple dress, with a few white rose-buds drooping from her dark braids. That plant had been mamma's pet care, and I blessed the fortune that had sent the buds in time.

Sounds of music and dancing came from the drawing-room, and, as I opened the door and peeped into the hall, the smell of hot-house flowers came to me with an almost oppressive sweetness. Standing alone, not far from the door, I saw Dr. Stanley. Impulsively I called him. "O doctor," I said, "please come here one minute."

He turned at the sound of my voice, and glanced with surprise at my plain stuff dress and linen collar.

I read his thought and laughed. "I am only here as Isa's maid," I said, "but she is just arrived, and has no escort. Will you be so very kind as to give her your arm? I shall take it as *such* a favor. She does not know I've asked you. They hadn't the grace to ask mamma or Rick, and it would be lonely and awkward for her to enter by herself."

"I am flattered that you ask me," he replied heartily. "Tell Miss Heath, your sister, that I am waiting to attend her."

Isadora was pleased, and, after seeing her go, I waltzed solemnly by myself, once round the room, to the sound of the music, which came plainly to me, as the rooms were all on one floor. Then I waited quietly until two o'clock, at which hour Rick was to come for

us. I sat in one shaded corner. The fair, gay girls who came in every little while to look in the mirror, took me for a maid and scarcely glanced at me. One of them having disarranged a garland summoned me to help her to readjust it. I did so to the best of my power, at first with a little pang, and next in a better mood, with a keen sense of the fun I should have in telling Rick of my new character.

Isadora came in several times to say a word to me, and to ask if I were much *ennuyée*. I was not in the least so, for the music was good, and I could hear it so plainly. Isa looked glad to know I was not tired.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" I asked. "Do the people patronize you dreadfully? and do you dance much?"

"Every one is very kind," she answered, "and I have danced, I fear, more than I should."

"Why, are you tired?" I asked, suddenly seeing how pale she was.

"Oh no, not very. But I must go; I have promised this dance to somebody."

I felt fidgety after that, and was glad when two o'clock came, and brought Rick. Isa changed her dress hurriedly, and we three slipped quietly off. A coach was waiting for us at the door.

"Wherefore this luxury, this unheard-of extravagance?" I demanded.

"Mamma is a woman of sense," replied Rick. "She wasn't going to let you walk all the way home at this time in the morning, when there are no cars at all going our way. We shall have to make up the price of this instrument somehow. At least not instrument—conveyance. I'm so sleepy I can't talk straight. Come, Isa, tell us all the fun."

"Not a word until we get in," said Isa. "Mamma is up, of course?"

"Of course, with hot coffee ready and waiting."

Isadora did not seem inclined to talk, and the rest of the drive was rather silent; but, when we were all sitting-around the fire drinking our coffee, she gave an animated description of the party, and exerted herself to amuse us with the account. We were all, however, quick and peculiarly sympathetic in our feelings toward each other, and it was not long before I said:

"Isa, my dear, you might as well tell us in the beginning as let us find out for ourselves. Something went wrong."

"The Dragon of Wantley?" suggested Rick.

Isa was silent.

"Was there anything, my love?" asked mamma.

"I suppose I may as well tell you what annoyed me," she replied with a bright blush; "but it was a small matter, and I may have attached a mistaken meaning to it." She hesitated a moment, then added: "I entered, as I told you, on Doctor Stanley's arm, and danced with him. Then Aunt Portia and Emma introduced me to others, and the time went pleasantly until aunt asked me to play. She walked with me to the piano, and slipping a beautiful solitaire diamond ring from her finger, she placed it on mine, saying that it was loose for her and annoyed her. Would I

kindly wear it for her during the evening? I thought nothing of it until as I was playing I looked up and saw some one—Doctor Stanley, in fact—looking at the ring with a peculiar expression. When I finished my piece he stepped up to ask me to dance. I looked at my card and saw that I had promised some one else. ‘I am engaged, I answered,’ and at that moment the gentleman, a Mr. Dupont, came to claim the dance. Emma was standing by. ‘My cousin is engaged,’ she said, laughingly, to Doctor Stanley, and lifting my hand with the ring, she showed it, let it drop, and turned away. Now, I imagined an intention in all of this, for her manner was pointed; but I hate to say so, since I am not sure, and it seems unkind to blame aunt and Emma for what they may never have meant. One thing, however, is certain, Doctor Stanley did not come near me again, and I fancied he avoided me.”

“Where is the ring?” asked mamma. “Did you return it?”

“Oh yes, I did so before I came away. Aunt Portia thanked me for wearing it; but as she put it on I could not help seeing that it was not in the least loose.”

“I don’t know any expressions strong enough to mean what I think of her,” began Rick.

“No, no, hush!” said mamma. “Let us separate for the night with kind feelings toward every one. We are not all alike, and we must not judge each other.”

“Mamma, you and Isa are saints,” I cried; “But Rick and I are ordinary sinners. I’ll never sleep peacefully until I can have it out with my relations.”

“Nathless, let us try,” said Rick rising, and we all went to bed.

Isadora was not well in the morning. Mamma looked anxious, and hoped the doctor would come as usual; but he did not. Days passed, and still he did not call. Isadora drooped. She had taken cold at the party and her cough grew worse and worse, until mamma would not allow her to rise. I was on my way home, one afternoon, after getting some little thing I fancied would please her, when turning a corner I suddenly met Doctor Stanley. He stopped and spoke in his usual cordial way.

“I have been out of town for some little time,” he said. “I am now on my way to your house. All well?”

“Isa has a cough,” I replied. “She is not well enough to sit up.”

He started. “Is it serious? Who is attending her? Had you sent for me?”

“I really think, Doctor,” I answered, as I walked on with him, “that Isadora isn’t as strong as she used to be, and I think she is pretty sick now. We did not send for any doctor; but I know mamma will be very glad to have you see her. She was wishing you would come.”

We hurried on, and soon reached home. Isadora was indeed seriously ailing, and the doctor expressed deep regret that he had been away. I noticed that when he entered my sister’s room, he glanced at her left hand the very first thing. He wrote a prescription, sat talking for a while, and then left, saying that

he would call the next day. He did so, and for many days before Isa was able to be up.

We were very miserable during this time. Rick and I did our best to appear lively and to keep the house looking cheerful; but our hearts were heavy enough. Aunt Portia and Emma came oftener than usual, always very plainly dressed, and frequently with a package of farina or some such eminently useful article, which Rick and I invariably, after they left, put on a plate or in a large basket and took up to Isa with complimentary speeches that made her laugh until she coughed, and then mamma sent us out in disgrace.

At last our sister was well enough to come down-stairs, and a joyful evening we made of it. Thin and white she looked as she sat before the piano and ran her feeble fingers over the keys; but she was so glad to be down again, and we were all so happy that night.

Days and weeks passed, and things gradually fell into their old train, only Isadore rested more, and the anxious look settled on mamma’s face. The doctor came every day. Sometimes he took Isa out driving, sometimes he brought her flowers, and he always left her brighter and better.

One evening we were all together. Mamma and I were sewing, Rick was looking over a magazine the doctor had brought, Isadora was lying on the sofa, and the doctor sat beside her. I saw him stoop over her, and I heard him say:

“What has become of the beautiful ring?”

“That belonged to Aunt Portia,” I heard her reply.

Then he stooped lower and said something else which I did not hear, and I discreetly bent over the glove I was mending, and pretended to match my silk with exactness.

Presently the doctor came over to the table and, drawing his chair near mamma, said:

“Mrs. Heath, I think your daughter needs a change of climate. She does not gain strength as we could wish, and a softer air—say the south of France—would be like new life to her. I really advise it.”

“But, Doctor,” sighed mamma, “it is simply impossible. I would gladly, gladly do anything to make her well; but a journey like that is beyond our means now.”

“Suppose,” he returned quietly, “suppose you let her go with me.”

We looked up in surprise; but he waited for an answer, looking steadily at mamma.

She tried to speak, but faltered.

“I am in very serious earnest,” he said. “If you will give me your daughter, I will guard her as my life; I know what I am asking; I well understand what she is to you all, and I promise you that I will never separate her from you a moment more than is best for her. Let me take her away now, and bring her back in a few years. Do not feel that I am breaking your home circle; rather, I beg, receive me as one of yourselves.”

Mamma took Isadora in her arms, and what followed I never knew, for, surprised, glad, and sorry, all at once, I broke down and went crying out of the room.

Aunt Portia and her daughters expressed much kind and polite interest in the prepara-

tion for Isa’s marriage, and afforded us some last merriment; but they left town before the wedding, returning to their old home.

The doctor insisted on an early day, so they were married quietly one bright morning in a tiny church, where the sun shone through purple glass and crimson, and fell over them in vivid tints as they plighted their vows.

Oh, how lonely it was after they left. Mamma wandered about aimlessly; and I felt as if I could hardly get through the dragging days. But a new misfortune roused us. Rick lost his situation, through no fault of his own and, although he tried daily for another, he only, for a long while, met with one disappointment after another. I began to give music lessons to a few little scholars, and mamma took in some sewing, and so we kept going; but the maid was dismissed and the daily round of fatiguing household cares was added to our other work.

At last Rick found a place which he liked very much, and where he was well paid. From that time affairs brightened until they came to be what they are now; for his position improved, and a few months ago we moved into this pretty house.

Isa has never known anything about the very hard time. We have always written cheerful letters, pretending to have all sorts of happiness. Many a time as I folded those letters in the miserable days, I have said, with Andrew Fairservice, “The Lord forgie me the lie!”

It is five years now since Isa married, and she is coming home. Even as I write Rick is calling: “Sis, good news! The steamer is in; they will be here to-morrow! Put away your papers and come down.”

“I am coming, Rick, directly,” I reply.

And now I will close my desk while my heart is crying: “Isadora! my sister, my love! Oh, that it were to-morrow!”

The Lenox Library.

BY BOOKWORM.



CENTRAL PARK, near Seventieth Street, is flanked east and west by two buildings of striking exterior.

The one on the Eighth Avenue is a city museum of natural history, and, although large, is but a small portion of the one proposed. The edifice on Fifth Avenue, the Lenox Library, is completed, and is the gift of one citizen for the promotion of the people in art and literature.

Thus we have a triple alliance of nature, science, and art, through which let us hope there will be a continual advance on the part of the American public in those things which exalt a nation; nature occupying, as is right, the central position.

This magnificent undertaking for the cultivation of the public taste is enshrined in a noble building whose exterior speaks in classic

simplicity, if not with Doric sternness, of the ends its founder would promote.

Constructed of a light gray stone of massive proportions, there is slight attempt at ornamentation. The helmeted heads of Minerva and Juno look forth from either peaked façade of the two projecting wings, and here and there is a short column of polished granite. The iron-ribbed blinds of all the windows are usually drawn down, and the well-fitted flagging around the building is altogether unrelieved by tree or shrub or blade of grass, while the silence of the tomb rests upon the pile the greater portion of the week, save when, now and then, a solitary attendant plies his broom or brush in the front court.

This is a very great contrast to the lovely park opposite, where nature wears a constant smile, and the merry voices of children mingle with the chirping of birds and the soft rustling of foliage. Therefore the first impression the Lenox Library conveys is rather cold than otherwise.

But it is a good rule not to judge altogether by first impressions, and we should also remember that the Goddess of Wisdom must be diligently wooed if we would know her charms. She is of different character from open-bosomed Pleasure—so let us enter her courts, whose exterior is severely chaste rather than lavishly attractive, before we sum up our conclusions.

The name the library bears tells to all to whom we are indebted for the institution—one widely known and honored for his benevolence and philanthropy.

Calling to his side early in the year 1870 other men of mark in the community, he invited them to join with him in forming a body of trustees to receive his collection of manuscripts, books, engravings, and maps, together with some paintings, pieces of statuary, and other works of art. Then to enable them to erect a building to contain his gifts, he requested them to accept from him, in trust, the sum of \$300,000 as a building fund and a permanent fund out of which to pay for the current expenses of the trust. Since then he has made two additional gifts of \$100,000 each, and also defrayed sundry extra charges, raising the grand total of his magnificent money donations to \$550,000.

He then set apart from his landed estate eight full lots of ground on the east side of Fifth Avenue, between Seventieth and Seventy-first Streets, with two full lots in the rear, one on either street, thus giving a magnificent plot of ground in the best location in the city, making altogether a princely donation for the public good of over \$1,000,000, with an art collection of considerable value.

In process of time, ground was broken, and the noble enterprise begun. Great care was exercised in the construction of the building in every part, so as to render the treasures therein to be enshrined as secure against accident or injury as the skill and workmanship of man could make them.

When we enter the one door in the recess front we are received in a vestibule of about 96 feet in length, and 24 in width. It is paved with marble tiles, and skirted with dove-colored marble, and is probably to be used for

sculpture. It now contains a bust of Caracalla in white and colored marble, and another of his mother, Julia Pia, of the same materials. The library, a fine apartment of 108 by 30 feet, is entered from the southern end of this vestibule. The room has six recesses, each 24 by 6 feet, the windows being placed 10 feet from the floor, in order to secure the utmost amount of wall surface. The library, however, is not yet opened to the general public.

At the northern end of the vestibule is another noble room of the same dimensions. These apartments are floored in colored woods, but they need age to make them beautiful. Stairways ascend from the vestibule to the extreme right and left, the one on the south end leading to the second story reading-room, the gallery over the vestibule, and the picture gallery, 56 feet in length by 40 in breadth, and lighted from above. The stairs at the north end conduct to the mezzanine, or half story, which contains rooms for the superintendent and a way of ascent to the roof.

In addition to the collection of Mr. Lenox, there was received a contribution from Felix Astoin of New York, before the completion of the building, consisting of five thousand French books, probably the most complete collection of authorities on French bibliography to be found in this country.

The art collection was thrown open to the public on June 15, 1877, and free entrance may now be had on Monday and Friday of every week, summer vacation being excepted, the sole requisite being a notification by mail to George H. Moore, 1001 Fifth Avenue, when a card of admission will be sent in return.

In the north wing, in very handsome cases, are some old and rare books, among which is a copy of the "Expedition to Virginia," printed in 1588. There are also books printed in Rome in 1493, and in Pavia in 1494. There is a Latin Bible, richly illuminated, printed in Venice in 1476, by Nicholas Jenson; and an almost priceless treasure—a Bible annotated by Philip Melancthon; another, the sixth printed book bearing a date, a Bible printed by Faust and Scheffer at Metz, in 1462; a copy of the celebrated Mazarine Bible, supposed to have been printed by Gutenberg, in 1450 to 1455; a copy of the "Wicked Bible," as it styled, on account of a typographical error in Exodus xx. 14, the fault being the omission of the word "not."

There is also a copy of the first edition of King James's Royal Version, and of an Indian Bible, printed by Elliott, at Cambridge, Mass., in 1685.

Among other books is a magnificent edition of Shakespeare, issued from 1623 to 1685; a "Book of Hours," printed on vellum, at Paris, in 1528; books printed in 1474, at Bruges, by Caxton; a Latin Heptaglotton, printed in 1699; a Mohawk Indian Prayer-book, and two books of great interest to the student of history, "Feuerdank," and "Der Weise König." These latter set forth by letter-press and engraving the wooing of Mary of Burgundy by Maximilian I. of Germany, the grandparents of Charles the Fifth, and ancestors of Isabella of Castile; and also a copy of Petrarch, on vellum, richly illuminated.

Some of the autograph letters are interesting, one being from Cromwell, immediately after the battle of Worcester, and another having been written by Diego Columbus to Cardinal Ximenes, and dated St. Domingo, June 18, 1512. There is also a letter from Bonaparte, when First Consul, and one from Samuel T. Coleridge, as well as others from Burns, Southey, and Scott.

In this room there is also a small collection of porcelain, very small after the enormous collections of the old world, yet as a beginning, it is good. Fifty-nine pieces of ceramic art are suspended from the walls, comprising specimens of majolica and other ware from Sèvres, Dresden, and Munich, with mosaics and enamels from Rome and Florence. The subjects are old favorites, one being a copy of Rubens's celebrated Garland of Fruit upborne by Cherubs, in the Pinakoleck of Munich. Another is the renowned five cherub heads by Sir Joshua Reynolds, another Murillo's Beggar Boys, and Charles IX. on St. Bartholomew's Eve.

The picture-gallery contains one hundred and forty-three paintings of various degrees of merit. Famous names are represented—Landseer, Inman, Church, Bierstadt, Wilkie, Ver-net, Delaroche, Peale, Leslie, Rembrandt, Le Brun, and Turner.

The collection is good, and has been chosen with care and discrimination. Among the most pleasing is one representing the interior of a Spanish café, the quaint costumes, the natural attitudes, and the high colors forming a striking *tout-ensemble*. Another, "The Age of Innocence," is worthy of notice as the work of the famous Madame Le Brun, famous alike for her rare talents, her womanly graces and her more womanly wrongs.

Sir David Wilkie's "Blind-Man's Buff," we all know from woodcut or engraving, and yet we can look at it again and again with pleasure, and find ourselves smiling unconsciously at the predicaments in which the players find themselves.

The "First Grandchild" is a scene among French fishermen, and celebrates the advent of the first baby. The father is in his sabots, his soiled fishing clothes and south-wester. He sits smoking his pipe, a pleased, half-dazed expression on his ruddy, sea-bronzed face, as he gazes at his young wife who is knitting opposite him. A young woman, evidently the young mother's sister, stands behind the cradle, wherein, sound asleep, is the chubby central figure of the group, while just within the doorway are the old grandparents, renewing their youth in the pleasures of their children.

Nos. 32 and 34 are by Turner, and are the gems of the collection. The first is in light tints, and represents an English vessel stranded on the French coast. No. 34 is Staffa, Fingal's Cave, and is as dark as its companion piece is light. The commotion of the stormy waves, and the conflict of wind and sky, are wonderful. Turner's pictures are always mysteries at first sight. But patient and earnest looking, after a time, causes the painting to cease to be a picture, and makes it become a veritable bit of nature.

As, however, every earthly pleasure seems to have some alloy, so we found the Lenox Library had its hindrances to real enjoyment. In all the picture gallery there is not a seat of any description. The Louvre, the National Gallery in London, South Kensington, and Bethnal Green Museum, all offer comfortable seats, where the visitors can rest and study pictures or other works of art at their leisure; but there is no such opportunity here.

So too, in passing, let us offer a word of comment upon the admission by ticket. There is, we think, by far too much red tape in this arrangement. In all public buildings unnecessary restrictions are being more and more done away with. The entrance by card to the Lenox Library is but an empty form, and yet it is often a serious obstruction and annoyance. We have known delicate ladies to come a long distance to visit the Library, only to meet an unexpected and painful rebuff, because not provided with the necessary bit of paste-board.

The great galleries and museums of Europe, with their priceless treasures, have long since discarded this absurd regulation. An entrance to the reading-room of the British Museum, the Royal Library of Bavaria, and the Sorbonne, at Paris, is most easily and simply obtained, and if the trustees of the Lenox Library desire to aid the growth of public intelligence and culture, they too will leave red tape to be measured by other and less splendid institutions.

A Sailor's Story.



IT WAS in the last voyage I ever made before coming to lay up my old bones ashore for good, that what I am going to tell your honors happened. *Nancy* our ship was called, hailing from Cork, bound for Van Diemen's Land; and we were lying in the Mersey, waiting for our passengers. The captain was short of hands, and we got two or three aboard before we sailed. Among them was a young fellow who gave his name as Bruce; nigh upon twenty-four years of age, or thereabouts, seemingly. He shipped as an ordinary seaman; but it was easy to see there was a difference betune himself and the others, from the talk and the ways of him. A fine-looking young fellow, too, as eyes could wish to see; tall and broad-shouldered. Well, your honors, we weren't very long after leaving port, and the *Nancy* getting well out to sea, when there was the world's commotion on board. And what was it but a poor little stowaway they had discovered crouched up hiding under the fore-hatch, and were hauling out to bring him to the captain. A bit of a chap he was, with rings of golden hair curling all round his head, a purty oval face,

an' the great large blue eyes lifted up pitiful an' swimming in tears; for he was frightened out of his seven senses, the cr'ature, when he was caught, and the rough fellows pulling at him. Before you could turn about, Bruce was alongside; and 'boys,' sez he, 'lave go of the child; there's no harm in him. Don't drag him. I know who he is, and will make it straight with the captain.'

"A bright handy little fellow he was; active as a bee, and willing an' ready to do any odd job that turned up on board. The men would have liked nothing better than to make a pet and a play-toy of him; but he was as shy as a bird, and made no freedom with any one, keeping hisself to hisself. The captain took to the young 'un wonderful. He was a family man, you see, with a wife and childer in the Cove of Cork; and he'd have little George in his cabin-painting, and coloring picters, and such like. The boy could do 'em beautiful! Helping the steward was what they kep him to chiefly; but for rough work on deck, or anything o' that kind, he was too tendther entirely. 'Twasn't fit for the donny little white hands of him, bless you! Bruce, it seems, had known the lad afore, and used to have an eye on him constant, to see he got good treatment; not that many on board the *Nancy* would have harmed little George. One day a big surly brute of a boy we had in the ship told him to do something that was beyond his strength, and was going to kick him because he wasn't able. Bruce, who was never very far off, somehow, rushed at the fellow, his face afire with rage. 'You cowardly rascal,' he cried, grabbing him by the collar and shaking him till you'd think the teeth would be shook out of his head, 'you offer to do that again—you dare to lay a finger on that child—and I'll break every bone in your body.' There were a good many jeers among the men at the way Bruce watched and spied after his 'little brother,' as they nicknamed him; but they said nought to his face. There was something about the young man that made folks keep their distance. 'Twasn't for any likeness betune 'em they were called 'brothers.' The young one was as fair as a lily, and bright and smiling; with hair that, when the sun was upon it, looked for all the world like shining gold; and Bruce was dark-complexioned, with black locks and a grave countenance.

"The voyage was a fair one. Nothing to make a remark upon till it was well nigh over; and then a sudden squall came on. Ugly customers they are, them squalls; and you're never safe from them in those latitudes. They'll spring up upon you so sudden and with such violence, that if you're not as quick as thought, 'Davy's locker' would be the word for the ship and every soul aboard. In a minute all hands were turned up, and orders sung out to shorten sail. It was no end of a hurry. In less than no time the royals and top-gallant sails were furled, and a reef taken in the topsails; every man at his best along the yards. Little George—always ready to help—jumped into the fore-rigging to get aloft and stow the fore-royal. Bruce was after him like a shot. Too late! Whether the child missed his footing or got

giddy, none could know; down he fell, on to the deck. There wasn't stir or sound—his neck was broken!"

Here the old man paused and took off his hat. Extracting from it a cotton handkerchief rolled in a wisp inside, he passed it across his brows before he resumed his story.

"I am an aged man, your honors, and I've seen, I daresay, as much trouble an' grief an' heart-scald as any one else in this sorrowful world; but never, before or since, did I meet the equal of Bruce's despair when he seen the 'little brother' lying dead forenent him. He flung himself down on the deck, convulsed-like with agony; and when he come to, he wound his arms about the corpse, and keeping every one off, and not letting man or mortal touch it but himself, lifted it up and staggered off like one that was drunk.

"And then it all came out. Little George was Bruce's wife. They had known each other from childhood, and had been promised to one another and hand-fasted from since they were boy and girl. Both belonged to the best of families; and the parents and friends on all sides were agreeable to the marriage; but the young man's father got into money troubles by reason of a bank that broke; and her people seeing he had no means of supporting her, wouldn't hear of their marrying. All was forbid betune them, and they were parted from one another. But they couldn't live asunder; so, like a pair of young fools, as they were—God help 'em!—they ran away and got spliced unknown. Bruce, as I call him still—though that wasn't his right name—thought if they could only get to Van Diemen's Land, he'd easy make out a living there for the both of them; and she too with such good hands for picter-drawing and the like. So they came in the manner I've told you aboard of the *Nancy*; for there was no other way they could sail together, not having a penny in the world. The young man had their marriage lines, which he showed the captain; and her weddin' ring, that she wore round her neck, the cr'ature! tied with a blue ribbon. And he had papers and letters and docyments proving the birth and station of him and herself, and the grand folks they come of. He was twenty-three years of age, he said; and she coming up for eighteen; though you'd never think but what she was much younger than that, by reason of being so fair and innocent-looking, and seeming small and slender in boy's clothes.

"It was a sorrowful sight when, the day after the accident, the remains of the poor young thing were brought on deck, sewed up in a hammock; and we were all gathered round to hear the funeral service read over them. There wasn't one of the crew that wasn't grieved to the heart for our little comrade, that had made the voyage with us, and brightened up the old ship with purty ways—blithesome as a robin and sperrity. Even the big lubberly boy, that no one thought had a soft spot about him, was crying like rain, skulked behind the rest; and there was moisture in the eyes of many a rough old salt, and brown hands brushed across them.

"But never a tear, good or bad, did Bruce shed. He stood beside the corpse, the living

image of despair, with gray haggard face and parched lips; his eyes wild and bloodshot, with a kind of stony glare in them that wasn't natural. We none of us liked his looks. The captain took hold of him by the sleeve and spoke some pitiful words, trying to rouse him a bit; but lord! you might as well talk to the dead in their graves. He didn't hear or notice anything.

"At last the part of the service was come to when the remains are slipped off into the sea; and at that he gave a great start; and setting his teeth, with one leap he was over the side, reaching the water almost as soon as the corpse. Down to the bottom they sank both together—the living and the dead—and disappeared! God pardon him, poor fellow! He had to go with her.

"Yes, your honors, 'twas a sad occurrence; but there's an old saying, that no good comes of going agin' the will of them that reared us. It brings, sure enough, neither luck nor grace."

Dubosc, the Model.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH, BY A. E. K.



ALL Paris has heard of the liberality of the old model Dubosc, once so famous in studios, who, dying recently, left a fortune of twenty thousand francs to that class of young artists adjudged most worthy. This sum he had succeeded in accumulating through a profession which generally brings its followers to the narrow bed of a hospital.

We are obliged to state that this term "model," is a simple antiphrasis outside a special circle, very restricted in its application, and rarely signifies a "model of all the virtues."

The painter and sculptor make two categories of heads. The head of the well-to-do citizen, who pays the artist, and the head of the model whom the artist pays. A capital difference, constituting for most artists the great divisions of humanity.

The profession of a model is a good one, one of the rare callings wherein women gain as much as men. Morning, noon, and night, between the *séances*, you may meet troops of women, principally Jewesses and Italians, going to and from the studios on the Rue d'Assas, the Rue Notre Dame des Champs and others, where artists most inhabit. Often a whole family from the Pontine Marshes, graded in size like organ-pipes, obstruct the side-walk. The little girl serves for the *Pasqua Maria* of M. Bonnat. The big sister is a Neapolitan flower-girl for M. Curzon. The brother is a shepherd for M. Lévy. The mother is a Cornelia, or a Charity at choice,

while the father hurries off to *pose* at the *École des Beaux Arts* as a model for expression.

A professor at this school made an engagement with one of the Italians lately imported, to come to his studio. The man was punctual, made his bewildered way through corridors and halls, when he opened a door and suddenly rushed away with a cry of horror. He had stumbled into the anatomy room, and had found himself face to face with the corpse of one of his countrymen, which the student was preparing to dissect. In vain the professor called "Eh! Giacomo Presto, Presto!" The more he invited and encouraged, the faster the other fled. He never paused until at the Rue St. Jacques; he barricaded himself in his attic, blowing like a porpoise. "Eh! Corpo di Baccho, is that the way one is posed in the *École des Beaux Arts*?"

We shall have nothing to say of the occasional model, he for whom the studio is only a last resource. It is this class that furnishes the tricky model, always seeking a new way to make an artist lose his time and money, always full of pretexts and stratagems to begin late and end early. The only "model" worth considering is he who makes it a serious business. The perfected model is the one who began to *pose* when he was almost a baby, and he has been successively, according to his age, "Cupid," "Christ with the Doctors," "Adonis," "Achilles," "St. Joseph," "Belisarius." No need to fear that such an one will desert when you are in the midst of your "Dying Epaminondas." He is in love with art and artists. He is interested in the pictures for which he has posed, and watches their fate at the Salon. You find him there on the varnishing or opening day, big with pride, before the picture or statue which is making a sensation, listening to the opinions of critics with a knowing air, and as if he were labeled "this was the model."

Often this perfected model has acquired a facility and a practiced eye which makes him a valuable aid to an artist. He finds the desired expression and action on the first trial, often he suggests them. He judges the work as it grows before him, he gives advice, generally good, to the artist.

The model of the old school is classical; if he cannot count back to David, as did Dubosc, he goes back to Baron, Regnault, to Vincent, to Guerin, or at least to Ingres. That was the golden, the heroic age for models. At that school of the nude figure the model had his full value. He lost much of it with the military painting of Horace Vernet and his followers.

In the time of Dubosc, the model was paid three francs for a sitting of five hours, now he is paid five francs for four hours. The work has been shortened and the pay increased. How was it then that Dubosc was able to gather such a fortune? Perhaps he may have increased it somewhat by judicious speculations, but it was amassed chiefly through small and rigid economies, redeemed from avarice by the great object he held in view.

As long as he worked at his trade Dubosc never wasted a moment of his time. Much

in demand, he filled his ten hours a day. If the artist was late, so much the worse for the artist, Dubosc left the studio on the stroke of the hour. His dinner was usually a piece of bread and cheese. He slept in a hammock to save the use of bedding, he lodged in miserable houses, in garrets without fire, and died at the house of a coal heaver.

As a model for the figure, Dubosc had few rivals. Without beauty, he was yet perfectly proportioned; he had above all a perfect passion for his work, he inspired and stimulated the artist, he excelled in taking an attitude and keeping it. You will find the head and torso of Dubosc in hundreds of pictures and statues.

Perhaps one other model was more illustrious than Dubosc, Cadamour who died in 1846, at the Hospice des Ménages, and who carried his love of art, or perhaps his confidence in his own beauty, so far as to ask on his death-bed that his skeleton might be preserved by the "*École des Beaux Arts*." Cadamour was a Venetian, and came to seek his fortune in France, during the time of Louis XVI., carrying his possessions on the end of a stick. He finally drew up in Paris, and began to haunt the studios, a short time before the Revolution. He was soon seized upon by David, who used him as "Leonidas," and as "Romulus" in the "Sabines." He posed as "Acis" for Girodet, and from him went to Gros. The artists actually contended with each other for his poses, and this with the enthusiastic praise he heard of the beauty of his figure, fairly intoxicated him, and toward the end of 1830, he had printed on his cards, "Cadamour, King of Models."

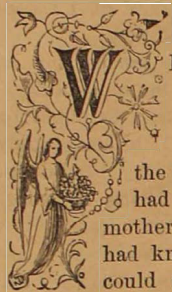
But the growing fame of Dubosc troubled him, and, although he affected to despise his rival, he was extremely jealous. One day the two men found themselves face to face in the studio of Paul Delaroche. To the great delight of the bystanders there began a duel of words, each twitting the other with his anatomical defects. Cadamour declared that Dubosc lacked the clynosternoid-mastoid muscle. Dubosc retorted that Cadamour had an extra bone in the metatarsus, and displayed so much science, and used such a profusion of technical terms, that the enemy was completely routed and put to flight. After this Cadamour grew melancholy; he refused to pose except for the head, and left the field clear to his rival. He was seen at the Salon of 1845, distributing his cards, as his custom was, but he died soon after. What is the end of all these models? Not always a good one. Sometimes you meet them as *concierges* or in the livery of a servant. The famous model Nicholas was known during the Revolution, as "Jourdan Coupe-tête." Alfred, called the "Model Parisian" became a wrestler. Bryozomwsky known as "La Polonais," to avoid his horrible name, finished his days as a barber. Many take up the nocturnal hook of the ragpicker. Often the masters who have employed them allow them a small pension. Those are few who, like Dubosc, can save ten thousand francs income; and the saying, "Art leads to everything, especially to—the hospital," would seem to be particularly true of models.

Sergei Michailitsch and I.

(From the Russian of LEO TOLSKY.)

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

I.



WE were in mourning for my mother, who had died early in the autumn, and had passed, Katja, Sonja, and I, all the winter in the country. Katja had been an old friend of my mother and my governess, whom I had known and loved as long as I could remember anything. Sonja was my younger sister.

The winter had been sad and dreary at Pokrow, our old country house. It was cold, and the wind swept the snow in thick drifts as high as the window ledges; the window panes remained frosted for days together, and we seldom walked or drove. Visitors came but rarely, and the few who did come brought neither merriment nor amusement in the house. They all wore mournful faces, and spoke with bated breath, as if they feared to waken some one; they never smiled, but sighed and wept when they observed little Sonja and I in our black dresses. It was as if the Angel of Death was ever hovering in the air—as though the atmosphere was ever oppressed with his dread presence. My mother's room was kept closed, but I never passed it without feeling something invisible in the cold, empty chamber drawing me toward it.

I had passed my seventeenth year, and my mother's intention had been to go to St. Petersburg that winter, that I might be formally introduced into society. My mother's loss had been a great grief to me, but I must confess that in the midst of my sorrow for her, I also felt a painful shrinking from the idea of spending a second winter in the deathlike solitude of the country. After a time the mingled emotions of grief, loneliness, and ennui reached such a degree that I scarcely ever left my room, never opened the piano, or took a book in my hand. When Katja would urge me to occupy myself with this or that, my answer was always the same, "I cannot; I have no heart for it," while a voice within me said, "Why try to make anything of myself, since the best days of my life are slipping by so drearily?" and to this depressing query I had no reply to make, save—tears.

I heard them say I was growing thinner and was much altered, but I cared nothing for that. Why should I trouble myself on that account if I was to be forced to pass the remainder of my life in this cheerless solitude, and this very thought seemed to take from me all strength or desire to escape.

Toward the end of the winter, Katja began to be seriously concerned about me, and resolved to take me from Pokrow as soon as possible. But money was necessary for the accomplishment of such a purpose, and we did not yet know how much would be left us after the settlement of our mother's estate, so we waited day after day for a visit from our guardian.

Finally, in March, he came. "Thank God," said Katja, one day, as I slipped like a shadow from one corner to another. "Thank God, Sergei Michailitsch has come. He has sent word he will be here to dinner. Pray arouse yourself, dear Mascha," she added. "What will he think of you? and he used to love you so much."

Sergei Michailitsch was one of our neighbors and an old friend of my dead father, although much the younger of the two. Apart from the fact that his arrival might change our mode of life and afford the possibility of our leaving home, I had loved and revered him since my babyhood, and Katja wished me to exert myself, because she knew it would cause me more pain to appear before him in an unfavorable light than before any of our other acquaintances.

Not only because I, as well as every one else in the house, from Katja down to the smallest stable boy, loved him, but also because of a remark which my mother once made in my hearing, to the effect that she would be glad for me to have such a man as Sergei Michailitsch for my husband. At the time it seemed to me an absurd idea; my ideal was different; he was young, tall, slender, pale, and melancholy; Sergei Michailitsch, on the contrary, was no longer young, he was large, strong, and always merry. Yet in spite of this difference, my mother's words kept constantly recurring to my memory, and six years before, when I was only eleven, and Sergei Michailitsch still said "Thou" to me and called me a spring violet, I occasionally asked myself with inward trepidation, "What shall I do if he wishes to marry me?"

Shortly before dinner, for which Katja had prepared a cream and spinach sauce, one of his favorite dishes, Sergei Michailitsch arrived. I saw him through the window as he drew near the house in his small sled, and I hastened into the drawing-room, intending to act as if I had not expected him, but no sooner did I hear the stamping of his feet in the hall, and his loud, cheery voice answering to Katja's softer one, bidding him welcome, than I forgot my resolution and ran to join them.

He was holding Katja's hand, talking rapidly and laughing gayly, but as soon as he caught a glimpse of me, he became silent and stood quite still, not offering me a word or sign of greeting. I was very uncomfortable, and felt myself redden.

"Can it be possible! Yes, it is you, but how changed," he said at last, drawing me to him with both hands in his simple hearty fashion. "How you have grown! Our little violet has altered into a full-blown rose!" He pressed my hand so tightly as to be almost painful. I thought he would kiss my hand, and had leaned* towards him, but he only gazed at me steadily with his bright, kind eyes.

I had not seen him for six years, and found him also greatly changed. He was older, browner, and wore a heavy beard, which was not becoming, but he retained the same simple, frank manner, and the same strongly-

* It is customary in Russia for the gentleman to kiss the lady's hand, and she returns the salutation by kissing the gentleman's forehead.

marked features, kind, honest eyes, and pleasant, almost childlike, smile.

Five minutes later he had ceased to be regarded as a guest, but was one of the family, even to the servants, who expressed their delight at seeing him, by their eager attention to his wants.

He did not act as the other neighbors, who deemed it their duty to sigh and groan as long as they remained with us. On the contrary, he was talkative and merry, not making the least allusion to my mother, until I thought such indifference astonishing, and in so intimate a friend, almost unpardonable. Later I knew it to be, not indifference, but thoughtfulness.

After dinner, Katja had tea served in the small parlor which my mother had generally used for the purpose. Sonja and I sat near her, and old Gregory brought Sergei Michailitsch one of my father's pipes. As in other days he commenced to smoke while walking up and down the room.

"How many melancholy changes have taken place here—when I think of it," he said, suddenly pausing in his promenade.

"Yes, yes," replied Katja, covering up the samovar, and looking at Sonja and I as if half disposed to cry.

"Do you recollect your father?" inquired Sergei Michailitsch, turning to me.

"Very little," I answered.

"What a blessing it would be if he was with you now," he said, slowly and thoughtfully. "I loved your father dearly," he added softly, a dreamy expression coming into his eyes.

"The dear God called him from us," said Katja, throwing her napkin over the tea-caddy, the tears dropping slowly into her lap.

"Yes, sad changes have transpired," repeated Sergei Michailitsch, turning away. "Sonja, come and show me your toys," he said abruptly, going out into the large hall. With eyes full of tears, I looked after him.

"There is one true friend," said Katja.

"Yes, indeed," I cried, my heart feeling unusually warm and comfortable through the sympathy of this good man. The sounds of Sonja's laughter and his jests reached us from the hall. I sent him a cup of tea, and presently we heard him open the piano, and strike the keys with Sonja's tiny fingers.

"Marie Alexandrowna," he called, "come here, pray, and give me some music."

It pleased me to have him use this simple, yet authoritative manner, so I arose and went to him.

"Play this," he said, placing a copy of the Adagio of Beethoven's Sonata, *quasi una fantasia*, on the rack. "Let me hear how you play;" and taking up his cup of tea, he went to the other end of the room.

I felt, why I am sure I cannot tell, that it would be impossible to do otherwise than as he bid, or, indeed, even to make any apologies for want of practice or bad playing. I seated myself at the piano and began, though I greatly feared his verdict, for I knew he not only loved but understood music.

The Adagio expressed the very emotions awakened in me by the conversations over the tea-table, and my rendering of it appeared to

satisfy him. The scherzo he would not permit me to play.

"No; that would not go well," he said, coming to me. "The Adagio was not badly done. You understand music, I find." This moderate praise was so delightful that I felt myself coloring. It was a new and agreeable sensation, the having my father's old friend talking to me as an equal, instead of as a child.

When Katja went up-stairs to put little Sonja to bed, he told me of my father; how he had first made his acquaintance; how the bond which united them had grown firmer with each added year, until death came for one, while I was still a child in the nursery, busy with my kittens and toys.

For the first time I felt as if I knew my father, a noble-hearted, amiable man, created to love and be loved. Afterward, he questioned me regarding my studies and my favorite occupations. He was no longer my jovial, fun-making playfellow, as I had remembered him, but an earnest, serious man, showing me sympathy and esteem. It was pleasant, yet I felt an occasional dread lest something I might say would induce him to think me unworthy to be my father's daughter.

On Katja's return to the drawing-room, she complained to Sergei Michailitsch of my apathy and dullness—something which I had carefully abstained from mentioning.

"So she failed to tell me the most important thing concerning herself," he said, shaking his head, half jestingly, half reproachfully.

"What was there to tell? It is tiresome to remember and will pass away." In truth, I not only felt as if my melancholy would vanish, but as if it had either already done so, or had never existed at all.

"It is sad not to know how to endure solitude. Are you a fine young lady?"

"Yes, I am, indeed," I laughingly replied.

"No, you are not, but a very naughty one, who is only happy as long as she is receiving homage, but relapses into weariness as soon as left to her own devices."

"You must have a fine opinion of me," I said, to try to cover my embarrassment.

"No, it cannot be you are so like your father for nothing," he continued. "You have music, which you understand, books, various studies—your whole life is now open before you and you must work to prepare yourself for it, that you may have nothing to regret hereafter. In another year it may be too late."

The remainder of the evening he talked with Katja on business matters.

"And now good-bye, my dear friend," he said, taking my hand.

"When shall we see you again?" inquired Katja.

"Not before spring. I am now on my way to Donilowka (our second estate), to see how affairs go there, and then I must go to Moscow, greatly against my inclinations. In the summer you will see me frequently."

"Why do you intend to be away so long?" I asked, mournfully. I had expected to be able to see him daily, and was so disturbed by this blow to my hopes that all my sadness returned instantly. This must have been

visible in my voice and face, for Sergei Michailitsch said: "You must keep busy and the winter will soon be gone."

His tone and manner were cold and quiet. "I will examine you in the spring," he added, letting my hand drop and turning away from me. In the vestibule, where we accompanied him, he hastened to put on his fur coat, and avoided looking at me. "I wonder why he does so?" thought I. "Can it be he fancies that I care for his attention? He is certainly a good man, very good, but that is all."

That evening Katja and I were very wakeful and talked a long time, not of him, but of the coming summer, and forming plans for the ensuing winter. The mournful "why" did not enter my mind, it seemed so unmistakably a fact that we lived in order to be happy.

Our old, gloomy Pokrow had been suddenly flooded with light and sunshine.

II.

SPRING came at last! My melancholy had vanished, and in its place had come a whole train of dreamy, yet objectless, hopes and longings. My entire mode of life was changed. I busied myself with Sonja; I enjoyed my music as never before; I studied with fresh zest; I wandered through the green garden alleys, or sat under the shade-trees dreaming and hoping and thinking of—God alone knows what.

Sometimes I would remain by my window the whole night long, especially if it was moonlight, or wrapped in a cloak, would slip quietly out of the house, so that Katja would not hear me, and roam up and down the terrace, or even occasionally make the circuit of the garden in the soothing stillness of the night.

I find it difficult to recall many of the reveries in which my imagination reveled, and when by chance I do succeed in remembering some of them, I can scarcely realize they were the product of my own brain, they are so weird and far removed from the realities of life.

Toward the end of May Sergei Michailitsch returned. He came to see us the first time, quite unexpectedly, as we sat on the terrace where Katja had ordered tea.

The garden was quite green; the nightingales had built their nests in the shrubbery near by, and they were celebrating the close of the bright warm day with their sweetest songs. The bushy syringa trees were covered with their fragrant white buds, just ready to burst into loveliness and perfume, and the thick foliage of the birch walk was illuminated by the red light of the setting sun, while the terrace already lay in the cool shadow, and the night dew sprinkled the grass-plots.

Silly Nikon drove before the terrace with his water-casks, and the cool stream flowing from the watering-pots formed dark circles on the freshly dug earth. On the round table the brightly polished samowar shone and steamed, while pretzel and sweet rolls lay invitingly on the white damask.

Katja moved the cups about with her plump hands in true housewifely fashion, while I,

who was very hungry after my bath, could not wait until tea was ready, but was eating my bread with fresh thick cream. I wore a linen blouse with open sleeves, and had a white cloth tied over my damp hair.

Katja was the first to observe his arrival. "Ah, Sergei Michailitsch, how glad I am! We were but just speaking of you."

I jumped up and tried to escape, but he caught me just as I reached the hall door.

"You are surely not going to stand on ceremony in the country?" he laughingly asked, looking quizzically at my head-dress. "You do not object to wearing it before Gregory, and I am just the same."

I thought very decidedly that Sergei Michailitsch and old Gregory were two very different persons, though I did not say so.

"I will only be gone one moment," I replied, breaking away from him.

"But what objection have you to your toilet? I find it very picturesque."

"How oddly he looked at me," I thought, as I hurriedly dressed myself. "Thank God he is back again! Now we shall begin to live."

One hasty glance in the mirror, and then I ran down-stairs, and not caring to conceal the haste I had been in reached the terrace quite out of breath.

Sergei Michailitsch sat by the table discussing business affairs with Katja. He smiled when his eyes met mine, but did not interrupt his conversation. He reported having found our property in excellent order, and that we need not remain in Pokrow longer than the following autumn, but that then we could go either to St. Petersburg for Sonja's education, or to Switzerland and Italy for our pleasure.

"I wish you could go with us," sighed Katja. "I am afraid if we went alone we should lose ourselves, as did the babes in the wood."

"How gladly would I travel over half the world with you," he answered, half in jest, half in earnest.

"Very well, then," I said, "let us make a voyage round the globe together."

"And what would become of my mother and my business? But now tell me what you have been doing since I left."

When I told him of my occupations and amusements, and that I had not had the least shadow of loneliness to annoy or disturb me, he praised and caressed me with words and looks just as if I had been a child and he my natural protector. So it seemed quite right to tell him, not only of all the praiseworthy things I had done, but also of others which I knew would not please him, as if I had been in the confessional and he had been the confessor.

The evening was so lovely that we lingered on the terrace after the removal of the tea-things, and the conversation interested me so much that I did not notice how by degrees the busy hum of life and labor ceased.

The whole air was full of the odor of flowers: The nightingales sang in the syringa bush near at hand, and the blue starry sky bent close above us.

I first observed that night had crept over

us, when a bat flew suddenly under the sail-cloth covering of the terrace, and struck my white head-dress with his whirring wings. I pressed into the corner and was on the point of uttering a shriek when he vanished into the darkness of the garden, from whence he came.

"How I love your Pokrow!" said Sergei Michailitsch, changing the conversation. "I think I should like to spend the remainder of my life sitting thus."

"Do it then," said Katja.

"Yes, do it indeed," he repeated. "Life will not allow it."

"Why do you not marry?" asked Katja. "You would make a good husband."

"Because I am fond of sitting still?" he laughingly inquired. "No, Katherina Karlowna, for you and for me, it is too late to think of marriage. All my acquaintances have long since ceased to regard me as a marriageable man, and I myself—still longer—truly!"

These final words it seemed to me had been uttered with forced vivacity.

"What nonsense! Thirty-six years old, and the book of life already closed."

"Yes," he said. "To be able to sit still is now my dearest wish; and certainly some very different ambition would be required if I dreamed of marriage. Ask her," indicating me by a nod of his head. "We must, you and I, marry her to some good man, and then we can be happy in seeing hers."

In voice and words there was an undercurrent of bitterness which did not escape me. For some time he remained quite silent, and neither Katja nor I broke the stillness.

"Imagine," he began again, moving uneasily on his seat, "imagine, if you can, that I, through some unhappy accident, had married a seventeen year old maiden, like Marie Alexandrowna here. I fancy I have found an admirable example—the very best of examples." He laughed, and so did I, though I could not tell why.

"Now tell me, truly and honestly," he continued, looking at me steadily, "would you not think it a great misfortune to find your life, still young and fresh, bound to that of an old worn-out man whose chief idea of happiness was rest and quietness, while in your heart and mind, God alone knows what longings and aspirations are fermenting?"

This question made me most uncomfortable. I was silent, for I really was at a loss for an answer.

"I am not making you a proposal," he laughingly said. "But tell us frankly if it is of such a one as I have described that you dream when you wander alone in the twilight through the garden walks. Such a husband would be a serious incumbrance and unhappiness would it not?"

"Not an unhappiness, but—" I commenced to say.

"But assuredly not a happiness," he said quickly.

"No, and yet I may possibly deceive myself."

"Say no more; you are right, and I am obliged for your frankness. I am glad we have had this conversation, and though the

unhappiness of such a marriage might be very great on the side of the young girl, yet on mine the misery would be much greater."

"What an odd fellow you are," said Katja as she went indoors to order supper. "Years do not seem to have made the least change in you."

After Katja left us we were as still as nature about us. There was no sound save the song of the nightingale, and his music was not in broken bursts as it had been the night previous, but in subdued, long-drawn tones which flooded the whole garden with delicious melody. For the first time that season a second nightingale replied from a distant thicket, and for a moment the first singer was silent, and then both voices united and floated in quiet majesty over the world of night.

The gardener went by to his bed in the tool-house; two shrill whistles were heard from the high road, and then all again became silent. The evening breeze began to stir in the foliage, the marquise rocked gently to and fro, and with the agitated air fresh perfume came floating over the terrace.

The silence was painful to me after the conversation just detailed, but I did not know how to break it.

"How beautiful is life!" he said at last. I breathed deeply.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Life is beautiful!" I repeated, and we fell again into our profound silence. My discomfort increased, for I fancied I had offended him by acknowledging that I thought him old, and I yearned to make an apology or explanation, but I did not know how.

"Good night!" he said, rising suddenly. "My mother expects me home to supper. I have scarcely seen her to-day."

"I wanted to play you a new sonata."

"Another time," he said quite coldly. "Adieu!"

I was now convinced that I had hurt his feelings, and it grieved me sorely, though I knew not how to make amends.

Katja and I went with him to the steps of the outer court, where we stood watching him till he was out of sight and the echo of his horse's hoofs had died away in the distance.

After two or three more visits from Sergei Michailitsch, the odd, uncomfortable feeling with which this conversation had inspired me quite passed away. He usually came two or three times a week, and I soon became so accustomed to these visits, that I not only felt disappointed if he failed to make them, but even as if I could not endure life without them.

He treated me now as a dear friend, gave me advice and sympathy, scolded me occasionally, laughed at me not a little, yet I always felt, despite his cordiality and kindness, that there was a whole world of thought and feeling buried under the surface, in which I was allowed no share.

From Katja I heard that besides the care of his mother, who lived with him, the management of his own estate and our guardianship, he had other business affairs which were just then causing him much trouble and annoyance. But never could I inveigle him into saying one word of his own concerns. He

would always wrinkle his forehead in a curious fashion, as if to say, "Pray, let such matters alone! It cannot concern you!" and turn the conversation into a totally different channel.

At first this vexed me, but after a while I grew accustomed to hear him speak of only what related to us, and found it natural and agreeable.

Another thing which tried me at first was his marked indifference to my personal appearance. Never did he indicate by word or glance that he deemed me pretty; on the contrary, if any one complimented me in his presence, he would wrinkle his forehead and laugh scornfully. The fashionable dresses and coiffure with which good Katja loved to adorn me on special occasions, called forth only sneers and ridicule from him, which vexed Katja and confused me.

Poor Katja could not understand why he would not look at me, when most becomingly and tastefully attired; but I soon comprehended his reason. He wished me to be quite free from vanity, and so soon as I made this discovery I put aside every vestige of coquetry in dress and deportment, though after a while I fear I began to coquet with simplicity itself. I felt sure that Sergei Michailitsch loved me, though whether as child or woman I did not stop to ask, and since I did not wish him to guess I was not all he would have me, I commenced to deceive him, involuntarily, and in the effort to seem better than I was, I think I really grew better.

I knew that my personal appearance was so familiar to him, that no deception would be possible; but he did not know my soul fully, and in this way I might deceive him. How happy I was one day when he said to me with an emotion which he strove to conceal under a jesting tone:

"Yes, I really believe there is something in you!"

And what was the occasion of this speech, making my heart dance for joy, and filling me with pride and satisfaction?

Only because I had either said I could understand Gregory's love for his little grandchild, or because some story or poem had moved me to tears, or because I preferred Mozart to Schulhof. It seems strange to me now, in looking back, to see with what unerring instinct I chose the good and true, although I could have given no specific reason for doing so.

Sergei Michailitsch never interfered with my amusements or occupations, yet it only needed a certain peculiar movement of the eyebrows, to make what I loved utterly distasteful to me.

So it happened that my thoughts and ideas at that period of my life were scarcely to be called my own, but rather of Sergei Michailitsch, only loaned to me to brighten and illuminate my otherwise dull existence.

Unconsciously, I looked at every one with changed vision, Katja, Sonja, the servants, even my occupations appeared in a new light to me.

Reading, which once had been only a way of killing time and making me forget my loneliness, now became my chief delight, be-

cause we read together books he selected. Teaching Sonja had formerly been a heavy task, but her progress became, under his supervision, my greatest pride.

To commit to memory an entire sonata, once seemed an impossibility; but now that I knew *he* would hear it, and perhaps praise me for it, I could repeat the same strain fifty times without fatigue, until poor Katja, in despair, would put cotton in her ears to keep out the sound.

Katja too, whom I loved as a part of myself, became a new creature in my eyes. Then it was I first realized it had not been her duty to be mother, friend, and slave for Sonja and me; then, for the first, I understood the self-denial and devotion of her loving nature, the amount of my indebtedness to her, and the utter impossibility of ever making any adequate return.

I learned too to think very differently of the servants and workpeople on the estate. I had lived in their midst for seventeen years, yet the idea that they could love, and hope, and suffer as I, had never once crossed my mind. But one day Sergei Michailitsch said that the only real happiness was found in living for others. I was puzzled by the remark at first, but by and by his meaning became apparent, and a whole world of new pleasure opened before me without interfering with any of my own especial joys.

It frequently happened that summer that I was unable to sleep after I went to bed. Sometimes I would get up and sit on Katja's bed, telling her over and over again how happy I was, which was quite unnecessary, since it must have been plainly visible to all observers. Usually she would say that she too was happy and satisfied with her life as it was, but occasionally she would be sleepy, and then she would scold me and order me to bed, where I would perhaps lie awake for hours, thrilled through with the shadow of coming happiness. Sometimes my heart would be so full that I would arise, kneel down for the second time to give thanks for the blessings with which my life was crowned. How still it was at such times! Only the regular breathings of the sleeping Katja, the monotonous ticking of my watch, or the buzzing of some imprisoned fly!

My dreams, my longings, and my prayers peopled the darkness for me, sat by my bed, hovered over my pillow, and every thought was of *him!* every emotion for *him.* Yet how little did I then fancy it was love!

III.

ONE afternoon at the end of the harvest, Sonja, Katja, and I went out in the garden to our favorite seat under an old linden tree. It was near the high road, across which we could look into the fields, and beyond into thick woods.

Sergei Michailitsch had not been to Pokrow for three days, but we were certain of his coming that afternoon, for he had promised the overseer to visit the harvest fields. About two o'clock we saw him riding here and there amid the throng of busy reapers. Katja or-

dered cherries, of which he was very fond, and then she leaned back, put her handkerchief over her face, and went to sleep. I broke off a twig of the linden to fan her, while watching the path over the field whence I expected him to come.

Sonja sat on a stump of a tree, building a bower for her doll. The day was hot, the air motionless. Now and anon I could hear a faint roll of thunder and see a zig-zag flash of lightning from a bank of dark clouds edging the horizon.

On the road opposite us, great wagons heaped with grain went creaking by, and after depositing their burdens, came rattling back, the peasants standing in them with cracking whips and fluttering blouses. From the dusty fields came the sound of many voices, and I could see the women binding the yellow sheaves in clear relief against the sombre green of the woods beyond. It was summer changing into autumn before my very eyes.

But while so many were laboring wearily in the dust and heat, Katja slept on under her soft cambric covering; a dish of black, juicy cherries stood temptingly on the garden table; the ice water in the glass pitcher danced in rainbow colors in the sun, and I was so happy!

What have I done to deserve so much? I thought. What can I do to share it with others?

The sun was sinking behind the linden grove; the dust in the field was laid; the distant hills grew purple with the coming twilight; the last wagon-load of grain drove by, and with pitchforks on their shoulders and sheaves of wheat in their hats, the laborers went singing home. But Sergei Michailitsch did not come!

Suddenly, his tall form appeared in an entirely different direction from the one in which I had been expecting him. With bright face and lifted hat he came swiftly toward me. When he saw Katja was asleep, he pressed his lips together, nodded to me, and walked on his tiptoes. I saw instantly that he was in one of his merriest moods—moods we used to designate as "mad joy."

"Good-day! How are you? Well?" he asked, pressing my hand.

"I am particularly well," he replied in answer to an inquiry from me. "I am but thirteen years old to-day, and am ready to play horse or climb trees. But what has poor Katharina Karlowna done that you should be thus punishing her nose?"

I then discovered that I had displaced Katja's handkerchief, and that my twig was tapping her innocent face. I laughed.

"No matter, for when she wakes she will be sure to declare she has not been asleep at all." I whispered, more for the pleasure of using a confidential tone than from fear of disturbing Katja.

He grasped the plate of cherries as if it had been forbidden fruit, and went to Sonja's play-house, taking a seat on her doll. Sonja was indignant, but he only laughed and teased, declaring she was out of temper because he would not give her all the cherries.

"Shall I send for some more, or shall we go for them?" I asked.

He took the plate, put Sonja's doll on it, and so we went to the hot-house,* Sonja running behind, pulling his coat till he restored her doll.

"You are certainly no violet," he said, "and yet when I came in your neighborhood to-day, something like the odor of violets seemed to surround me, not the strong perfume of hot-house violets, but the faint, delicious breath of the first dark blossoms which peep out from the melting snow in the early spring."

"How have things gone in the fields to-day?" I asked, to hide the sweet emotion his words awakened.

"Exceedingly well; these people are so trusty; the better one knows them the more cordially one esteems them."

"Yes," I rejoined, "before you came to-day, I watched them at their work, and felt ashamed of my easy, useless life contrasted with theirs, so full of toil and hardship."

"Do not coquet with such feelings as these, dear friend," he said, seriously. "God forbid you should ever know by experience the life these people lead. But where are the cherries?"

The hot-house was locked, and none of the gardeners to be seen. Sonja ran to get the key, but Sergei Michailitsch would not wait. Climbing on the wall, he lifted the net, and sprang under.

"If you want some cherries, hand me the plate."

"No, I wish to pick them myself. I will go for the key, Sonja will never find it."

But at that moment an irrepressible longing to see him when he fancied himself unobserved came over me. I crept upon tiptoe to the other side of the hot-house, climbed on an empty tub which stood there, and leaning over the wall, peered through the whole house with its old knotty trees hanging full of black, luscious fruit. After a moment I saw Sergei Michailitsch leaning against an old tree, his eyes closed, his hat off. Suddenly, he shrugged his shoulders, opened his eyes, and smilingly uttered a word. This word so surprised me that I felt ashamed of my espionage, for it sounded like "Mascha!"

"It cannot be," I said softly to myself, but just then he repeated still more tenderly, "Dear Mascha!"

I heard it distinctly the second time. My heart beat so violently with the rush of joyous emotion that I was forced to grasp the wall to keep from falling.

But my involuntary movement was heard. He looked up, blushing deeply. Our eyes met, and I laughed when his face brightened with pleasure. This was delightful to me. He would from henceforth no longer be the old, loving uncle, to be obeyed and revered, but a man like other men to be teased and tormented.

* In Russia fruit trees are reared in houses, whose roofs are replaced by nets in warm weather.

For a minute or two, not a word was uttered, then he grew grave. The smile on his lips and the light in his eyes died away. He turned to me with brotherly coolness and said, "Get down, you might fall and hurt yourself. And smooth your hair; what a sight you are!"

My heart sank. Why should he treat me thus? and a desire to try my power over him took possession of me.

"No, I wish to pick cherries." I replied, taking hold of the nearest bough with both hands, swinging myself over the wall and into the hot-house before he could say a word.

"What folly!" he exclaimed, and indeed my own act had made me most uncomfortable as soon as committed. We both were silent until Sonja returned with the key and released us.

When we got back to Katja, who declared (as I had predicted) that she had not been asleep at all, I felt more at ease, while Sergei Michailitsch resumed his old fatherly tone and manners. But this did not deceive me, for I recalled a conversation which had taken place a short time before.

Katja had said that while it was perfectly proper for a man to declare his love, all the world would scorn a woman who should do so, unasked.

"Not so," rejoined Sergei Michailitsch. "I believe it often happens that a man neither can or dares say he loves."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh! it is as if people expected some marvelous change at the moment of utterance. I think men who do must either deceive themselves, or what is worse, deceive others."

"But how is a woman to know she is loved if a man says nothing?" persisted Katja.

"That I know not. If the feeling is there it will not fail to show itself. When I read a novel I can never help fancying what a foolish face Lieutenant Stretski or Sir Alfred De Vere must wear when they say, 'I love you, Elenora!'"

I knew at the time this jesting was a mere cover for some hidden feeling, but Katja was extremely annoyed in hearing her heroes of romance so disrespectfully handled. "Eternal paradoxes!" she impatiently exclaimed. "Tell me truly, Sergei Michailitsch, have you never told a woman you loved her?"

"No! never have I fallen on my knees before any woman, neither do I ever intend to," he made answer gayly.

"He need not say he loves me," I thought, recalling the scene in the hot-house. "He loves me, I know, and all his artifices will not change my opinion."

After tea I opened the piano. The only light in the large, lofty room was that given by the two wax candles on the piano; the rest of the saloon was in darkness. Through the open windows the soft air of the summer night stole in; all sounds were hushed except Katja's regular foot-fall as she paced the hall and the impatient pawing of Sergei Michailitsch's horse, waiting for his master.

I played Mozart's Fantasia Sonata, and

though I was thinking of Sergei Michailitsch and not of the music, and stopped before the Scherzo, I felt I had done well. While I was playing, the moon rose, and shining through the open windows flooded the room with its silvery light. Katja stopped at the door once to say it was against conscience to break off in the finest part of the composition, besides which I had played very carelessly.

Sergei Michailitsch replied that I had never played so well, and he began to walk out and in from the moon-lit room to the dark hall.

"What is the matter with you to-day?" said Katja, with a puzzled face. He gave no reply, except to look at me and smile.

"What a night it is!" stepping through the low window into the garden. We followed, and indeed I have never seen such a night since. The full moon was just over the house, and the shadows of the statues and marqu e fell upon the grass-plot and paths in front of us. The glass roof of the conservatory shone in the white light, while the broad garden alleys stretched out between the flower-beds and were lost in the hazy distance. At our right hand, in the shadow of the house, all was black and mysterious, but the more vivid in contrast were the fantastic tips of the silver poplars, which seemed, as if with outspread wings, preparing for flight into the deep blue heavens. "Shall we take a walk?" I asked.

Katja assented, but said I must have overshoes.

I replied coolly that it was not necessary, for Sergei Michailitsch would give me his arm; just as if that would protect my feet from the dewy ground. However, no one seemed to find anything out of place in my remark. As we walked down the avenue, it was as though every object had been petrified into motionless and changeless beauty, and for an instant, sky, air, and garden seemed strange and foreign to me. But by and by it was our own garden again, with its familiar flowers and trees, its mingled lights and shadows; it was *his* slow, regular footstep which kept pace with mine, Katja's creaking shoes, and the lady-moon of other nights looking on between the interlaced boughs of the linden grove.

"Ah! there is a frog!" cried a voice near me.

"Who said that, and why?" I wondered, until I recollected it was Katja's voice, and that she was afraid of frogs. I saw the tiny fellow hop away from my feet and sit motionless in front of us, so that his small shadow was clearly reflected on the path.

"You are not afraid?" questioned Sergei Michailitsch. I glanced up. There was a gap in the trees where we stood, and I saw distinctly his bright, kind face. He had said, "You are not afraid," but the words I heard were, "I love you, beloved! I love you!" and light, shadow, eyes, and land, all repeated again and again, "I love you!"

We walked until Katja said it was time for us to go in. I had compassion on the poor soul, for why was she, too, not young and happy and beloved?

We returned to the veranda, but although

the cocks had crowed, and his horse neighed more impatiently than ever, Sergei Michailitsch lingered. Katja refrained from again reminding us of the lateness of the hour, so we sat and talked of indifferent matters till the cock crew for the third time, and the dawn began to glimmer in the east. He took leave of us as ordinarily, but I knew he was mine, never more to be lost!

IV.

THE Fast of the Assumption had begun, and as my birthday occurred toward the close of that week, it seemed but natural that I should prepare for the reception of the sacrament.

Sergei Michailitsch did not come near us the whole of that week, but so far from feeling hurt or annoyed at this negligence, I was glad, only hoping for his coming on my birthday.

Every day that week I rose with the lark, walking alone in the garden, seeking to recall my sins of omission or commission in days past, so that I might refrain from again falling into like errors.

After an early breakfast the carriage would drive up; Katja or one of the maids would get in with me, and we would drive the three miles to the church. When I reached there, I remembered that prayers were offered for "all who entered in the fear of God," and I took great care to ascend the two or three grass-grown steps with a reverential mind.

There were usually only ten or twelve persons present, principally farm laborers or peasants. I tried to return their salutations with friendliness and humility, and always bought from the sacristan (an old soldier) a lighted candle to place before the holy picture. Through the chief door of the Holy of Holies* I could see the altar-cloth which my mother had embroidered. Over the holy screen stood the two angels which had seemed so grand to my childish eyes, and above them floated the dove with the golden glory, a never-failing source of wonder and admiration to my infant mind.

Behind the choir railing stood the font in which I had been baptized. The priest wore a stole made from my father's pall, and he read the mass in the same monotonous voice in which I had heard him baptize Sonja, read the burial service over my father and mother. The same old women whom I had seen at church for years were there, leaning against the wall, gazing with tear-dimmed eyes at the sacred picture over the choir, murmuring their prayers with their toothless mouths. There was nothing new to me in all this; indeed it was holy to me through old and tender associations, but in these days it seemed to have a new and strange significance.

I joined in the prayers with devotion, praying earnestly that God would enlighten me, when I did not understand, and to forgive when I erred through ignorance. When

* In Russian churches, the Holy of Holies, into which no woman must enter, is separated from the body of the church by a screen or wall, with three doors.

the priest said, "The blessing of God be with you," it was as if actual bodily comfort and security had been received, and my heart had been flooded with light and warmth.

When Katja was not with me, I always returned home on foot. It was a real pleasure to be able to step out into the wet, dirty road, as if I was gaining some spiritual good by a sacrifice of my personal comfort.

One evening I overheard our good pastor tell Katja that the peasant Simon had been to the parsonage that day to beg for a few planks to make into a coffin for his daughter who had just died.

"Are they so poor as that?" I asked.

"Very poor; so poor they have not salt for their bread," he answered.

I felt as if something sharp had pierced my heart, and telling Katja I was going out for a walk, I ran up stairs, gathered together all my money (which was not much, it is true), and ran through the garden toward the village. I reached Simon's hut unobserved, laid the money on the window-sill and knocked. The creaking door was opened, and a voice demanded, who was there? I shrank away and ran home as quickly as I could, trembling with excitement.

In the intervals between the church services I spent much time in reading the Gospels, and the more I read them, the more simple and peaceful seemed the story of that God-like life, the more firm and stable the hope of a future life through Jesus.

I cannot tell how good and loving every one was to me at this time; even Sonja, whose lessons were more or less of a trial to me always, now took exceeding pains to be studious and obedient.

In thinking over all those to whom I might have given offense, in order to ask their forgiveness before receiving the Holy Supper, I remembered a lady in the vicinity, of whom I had made fun a year before in the presence of one of her friends, and who since then had never visited us. I wrote to her, acknowledging my fault and begging her forgiveness. She returned a note, in which she exonerated me and accused herself. I wept for pleasure, as I read the simple, kindly missive. Now I began to understand why Sergei Michailitsch had said that true happiness was only to be found in living for others. I dreamed no more of society, or of travel, but of quiet, home-life in the country, of self-abnegation, of love, and peace.

I partook of the Holy Supper on my birthday, and I left the church in such a frame of exaltation that I dreaded the return of my old life. We had scarcely alighted from the carriage after the service, before a well-known cabriolet thundered over the bridge, and I recognized Sergei Michailitsch. He congratulated me, and we entered the hall together.

Never had I felt such ease in his presence as on that morning. It was as if I moved in a world quite above him, of which he knew nothing. I opened the piano, but he closed it, putting the key in his pocket and saying, "Do not play to-day, there is a harmony in your soul better than music."

During dinner he announced that he had come not only to congratulate me, but to say good-by also, as he purposed starting for Moscow the following morning. He looked at Katja as he said this, but I saw his eyes sweep my face as if he feared to see trouble there. But I made no remark, so confident was I that he would not go.

Sergei Michailitsch wished to leave soon after dinner, but Katja had lain down, and he was obliged to wait to say good-by to her. Being very warm in the drawing-room, we went out on the veranda.

We had hardly taken our seats before I began the conversation which was to decide the fate of my love. Where my quietness and self-possession came from I do not know. It was as though another were speaking by my voice.

Sergei Michailitsch sat opposite me, leaning against the balustrade and picking the leaves from a twig of syringa which he held in his hand. When I began to speak he let the branch fall, and leaned his head on his hand, an attitude which quite as frequently indicates disturbance of spirit as repose of mind.

(To be continued.)



An Honor Well Deserved.

WE are glad to learn that Mr. B. F. Reinhart's latest work, the beautiful picture of "Consolation," which we described in our last issue, is in process of reproduction, and will thus be placed within the reach of a large class of admirers of artistic works of the highest class, as the copies will be sold for ten dollars each. The process by which the chromos are being made is unequalled for clearness and faithfulness in the reproduction of details, and we understand that so confident is the lithographic artist of the perfection to which he has brought his methods, that by the terms of his contract with regard to this picture, he binds himself to lose his labor, should a committee of experts be able to distinguish the original painting from among five of his chromo copies.

This is a great test, and we sincerely hope the work will stand it, for it is rarely that the composition of a picture appeals so strongly to human sympathies as this one by Mr. Reinhart, and it would be hard to confine to one favored gallery or drawing-room, what is so evidently meant for all mankind.

Correspondents' Class.

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

"A. HAMMOND."—Take your box with divisions in it. In one of these make a pale tint of Indian yellow and crimson lake; in another a tint of French blue; mix a little of the other with it, so as to make it pearly; charge your swan quill brush pretty full with this pearly tint, and then work in the crimson tint, gradually adding a little more Indian yellow as you approach the horizon; carry the tints down to the edge, varying with burnt sienna, or more yellow, or the pearly tint, according to the nature of the subject. When dry, if the

colors are not blended sufficiently together, or if too dark, pass the flat brush, with clean water, backward and forward, to subdue and soften them. The whiteness of the paper will thus be removed by a graduated tint, which may be made available as an undertone for the colors that come over it. The sky may now be delicately tinted with pure French blue, and clouds formed. The distant hills can be carefully painted in with pearly gray, and increased with more color as you proceed toward the middle distance, adding more or less madder, brown and yellow ochre, as the subject may require. The distant hills may be strengthened, if required, with a little French blue, and perhaps warmed with a little crimson lake. Let the foreground be paler than the general tone; the sky and hills should be finished before the trees are commenced. Have a free touch, leaving little openings now and then for the light to strike through; beginning at the top and working downward, with your brush pretty well charged, varying the greens as you wish them; making them with gamboge, raw and burnt sienna, and Prussian blue. Increase the tone of the shadows with another brush, but with the same color, only adding a trifle more blue, and some crimson lake to make a neutral tint. The foliage that catches the sunlight should incline to a yellow tint. Paint the trunks and stems with Vandyke brown. Repeat the tints on the foliage when dry, until the required form and depth are obtained. For winter trees, cobalt blue and Vandyke brown, mixed, make a good color to paint in the network and branches of fine trees. Some artists, in finishing their paintings, use gum to bring out and enrich colors. Never use gum water in the sky or distance, as it washes off so readily, and disturbs every color near it. In finishing up the picture, you are referred to the different methods of producing effects by wiping out and scraping. The opaque white is very serviceable in finishing, or for assisting in the introduction of figures in the foreground. Parts can be penciled in with white, and stained over with the requisite color.

"N. P. B."—Dissolve salt in soft water, float your engraving on the surface, picture side up; let it remain about one hour. Your screen, box, or table should be of bird's-eye maple, or other light-colored, hard wood; varnish with best copal or transfer varnish. Take the picture from the water, dry a little between linen rags; then put the engraving, picture side down, on the varnished wood, and smooth it nicely. If the picture entirely covers the wood after the margin is cut off, so that no varnish be exposed, lay over it a thin board and heavy weight; leave it thus in press over night. If you wish but a small picture in the center of your wood, apply the varnish only to a space the size of your picture. Dip your forefinger in salt and water, and commence rubbing off the paper; the nearer you come to the engraving, the more careful you must be, as a hole would spoil your work. Rub slowly and patiently, till you have taken off every bit of the paper, and left only the black lines and touches of your picture on the wood, in an inverted direction. Finish up with two or three coats of copal varnish.

"B. G."—1. Varnish your shelves with cabinet varnish. Make it as follows: To one gallon of alcohol add six ounces of gum sandarac, three ounces of gum mastic, one half ounce turpentine varnish; put all in a tin can, and in a warm place, occasionally shaking. Twelve days or so will dissolve the gums. Strain, and it is ready for use. This varnish is good for any sort of wood work, violins, etc.

2. Jennie June's Cook Book will probably answer your purpose. The Household Department of the Magazine is a treasure in itself. Many housekeepers take a blank book and collect receipts from its columns.

A correspondent writes:—"Some of your readers may like to know of the following simple method for PREPARING SKELETON LEAVES.

"The old method of preparing skeleton leaves by macerating them in water for several weeks, rubbing away between the fingers all the decayed matter, and then bleaching them in the sun, was enough to tax the patience of a Job, and was not only tedious, but very frequently unsatisfactory, for some of the more delicate veinlets having become too soft, they were apt to be rubbed away with the cellular matter.

"The new method, which I can honestly recommend, has many advantages over the old plan; very little patience is needed; it is cleanly, and the skeleton is ready for mounting or placing in the vase in three or four hours.

"First dissolve four ounces of common washing soda in a quart of boiling water, then add two ounces of slaked quick lime, and boil for about fifteen minutes. Allow this solution to cool, afterwards pour off all the clear liquid into a clean saucepan. When the solution is at boiling point, place the leaves carefully in the pan, and boil the whole for an hour. Boiling water, sufficient to replace that lost by evaporation, should be added occasionally. The epidermis and parenchyma of some leaves will separate more readily than others. A good test is to try the leaves after they have been gently boiling about an hour, and if the cellular matter does not easily rub off between finger and thumb beneath cold water, boil them again for a short time. When the fleshy matter is found to be sufficiently softened, rub them separately but gently beneath cold water until the perfect skeleton is exposed. The skeletons are at first of a dirty white; to make them pure white, and therefore more beautiful, it is only necessary to bleach them in a weak solution of chloride of lime. I have found the best solution is a large teaspoonful of chloride of lime to a quart of water, if a few drops of vinegar is added it is still better. But do not allow them to remain too long in the bleaching liquor, or they become too brittle and cannot be handled without injury. Fifteen minutes is quite sufficient to make them clean and white. Dry the specimens in white blotting paper beneath a gentle pressure.

"Simple leaves are the best to experiment on, the grape, ivy, poplar and beech make excellent skeletons. The best months for gathering specimens are July and August. They should never be collected except in dry weather, and none but perfectly matured leaves should be selected.

"L. P. L."

QUESTIONS.

"COR. CLASS:—Can you give me full directions as to painting flowers in water colors? 1. Colors and materials? 2. Paper, its preparation? 3. Green leaves? 4. Yellow flowers? 5. Blue flowers? 6. Purple flowers? 7. Scarlet flowers?"

"MARIA J—"

"COR. CLASS:—Will any one inform me the kind of paint used in painting on Bristol board after painting the design with glue?"

"MRS. J. E. H."

"COR. CLASS:—Will you inform 'Laura' the method of preparing fish scales for making flowers and ornaments, and oblige Mrs. L. A. L."

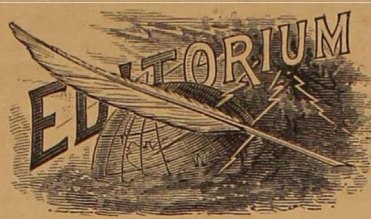
"COR. CLASS:—1. Can you tell me how to paint a photograph by that new method of pasting it to a concave glass, and then making it transparent with oil? 2. Can you give me a list of colors for the same purpose?"

ARIVLE."

"HEALDSBURG.

"COR. CLASS:—Can decalcomanie be used with good effect on white silk? Would it do to use it in place of painting on silk jewelry? Will you please give me the process, and also a few hints in using water colors for silk jewelry?"

LAURA."



New Industries.

DURING the past few years there has been an astonishing reduction in the prices of nearly every article of daily use and consumption. To be sure, many of them had reached, previous to that time, an abnormal altitude, and were bound to find a lower level with the return of hard money, and a legitimate basis for business operations. But these are not what we desire to call attention to now. The directions in which the most important reductions have taken place have been by specializing certain departments, and applying machinery to production, so that articles are now turned out by the gross, where they were formerly by the dozen, and are so much more readily available as to have multiplied purchasers in almost the ratio of increased production.

Take, for example, the single item of straw hats. Formerly, one new one during the season would have been considered a liberal allowance to each member of any family. In fact, they were frequently cleaned and re-cleaned for several years in succession, not only for the mother, but also for each of the children. The every-day head gear, the hack, was a sun-bonnet made of cotton or gingham, and the prettiest ones, when stiffly starched and ironed, their narrow ruffling quilled or goffered, were considered dressy enough for afternoon calls and tea parties, in the country.

The straw and leghorn hats, which were only used for church going and ceremonious occasions, cost more in the first place, but they were infinitely more durable, perhaps because they were taken much better care of, the ribbons always rolled up and pinned, and a thin old linen handkerchief kept for a covering, even in the recesses of the bandbox, when the bonnet was not in use.

Now, straw hats are literally turned out by the ton, and are bought by the dozen. The first cost is not much; from fifty cents to a dollar will buy very respectable school and every-day hats, for either girls or boys, and from one to two dollars, hats ready trimmed, that are quite good enough for Sunday-school, and church wear. But the aggregate cost of the number of hats purchased in a family is very large, much larger than formerly. The every-day straw hats are now knocked about, just as the sun-bonnets were formerly. The imperfectly cured braid splits and cracks in two weeks under such hard usage, and in two months has found a place in the ash barrel.

The same is true of made-up clothing. Outfitting stores for ladies and children are filled with masses of cheap cotton and woolen garments, run together so that they drop apart almost before they are put on. They are cheap, almost, as dirt, and everybody buys them, because they are so cheap; but no one feels the richer for having them, because they are of so little account after they have got them. They add constantly to the mass of accumulated rubbish in a family, and after being thrown about for a while, they finally, like the old straw hats, find their way to the collector of refuse.

The single item of tomatoes, among the provisions, perhaps affords as good an illustration as any of the specializing process, and its power of transforming a little incidental product into an important branch of industry. The prolific na-

ture of the tomato, its cheapness, and its availability in the canned form, have within a few years increased the demand for it as a vegetable, probably, one hundred to one. The production of the cheap cans alone, in which fruits and vegetables are preserved for table use, is a new department, which in itself creates another, that of the collector of the empty cans, which are no longer useful when they have been once unsealed and their contents disposed of. It is a trial to many a thrifty housekeeper to throw away anything which has not been worn out, and old cans, broken hats, and what is called truck of various kinds, developed by modern methods, has been allowed to accumulate in many a closet and cellar, because the mistress of the mansion could not find it in her heart to at once throw out what only the day before had cost money to bring in. Still, it had to come to that finally, and if she had entered into the subject a little more closely, or only watched from her window for an hour or so, after the refuse barrel had made its appearance on the sidewalk, she would find the representatives of half a dozen professions, poking about with sticks, and engaged in disinterring those specific articles which find the place and furnish the motives for their separate vocations. Some collect the straw hats, some the rags, others the cinders, and still others cans and broken bottles. Sometimes a genius will come along who has different receptacles for each of these species of *débris*, but he is a Vanderbilt in his way, capable of carrying on complicated concerns, and may own a brown stone front up town, and send his children to boarding-school.

Quite recently, a woman was discovered, a widow, who, left penniless, in desperate need, applied herself to this mode of making a living. Being a woman of resources, however, and intelligence, she soon found she could make more by hiring children to go out and collect for her. At the present time, she does a flourishing wholesale junk business, and her two little girls have a French governess.

A "Summer Holiday."

(See page Engraving.)

THE pleasant peculiarity which strikes one in looking at the scenes of by-gone days, of which a "summer holiday" is a felicitous example, is the cordiality and good-will with which all joined in the festivity, from the highest to the lowest, from the oldest to the youngest.

The fun is of a boisterous, and not over-refined kind. A group on the grass in the foreground are playing "hunt the slipper," and the boys, some of them at least, are making the most of their privileges. But the old grandam is seated near by with her stick, and a chubby little grandchild, and an aged grandsire, perhaps the pastor of the village, is assisted toward the midst of the merry-making by a maiden, who is probably his daughter. Some of the party are eating and drinking, and a gay group are dancing to the sound of the pipe, while my lord and my lady recline beneath the spreading branches an old oak tree, and examine the illuminated pages of a book of the troubadour songs of the period.

Life was not always so peaceful or Arcadian in those old feudal times, but it is comforting to think that in all times there have been the household ties, the sweet human affections, the friendships, and the associations which make the spot where we have lived and loved so dear to us. Doubtless evil passions crept in, and sometimes despoiled the fair picture; but we will not let them intrude upon this charming one of a summer holiday.

The Gospel of Work.

It has been a question for some years past what to do with the girls. Old ideas, which ordain that the woman should stay at home, have been modified by the simple fact, that thousands of women and young girls, in these modern days have no home, except such as they can make for themselves, and have been compelled to solve their own problem in the best way they could.

When the necessity for actual bread and butter for ourselves, and others who may be dependent upon us, is pressing, there is no time to weigh abstract questions, or make nice distinctions. A drowning man catches at whatever will enable him to reach *terra firma*, and the instinct for life is just as strong in drowning women. With many it was drudgery or death, and they submitted to the drudgery. Their experience, however, has taught them a lesson, and they determined that their daughters, if they had any, should be better equipped than themselves, for fighting the battle with the world, that is forced upon them.

And, it must be said, that the young women are coming to the front nobly. The question of what to do with them, they are answering for themselves; they are doing whatsoever they can find to do, and generally with all their might.

They are gradually becoming the majority, as teachers, clerks, saleswomen, and superintendents of departments in large establishments. Largely increasing numbers are also employed as book-keepers, telegraph operators, journalists, and short-hand reporters. Wherever they obtain a foothold their conscientiousness and devotion enable them to keep it, and in the department of industrial art, they have really created a new industry, in painting, wood-carving, and artistic needlework.

Work is solving the problem of existence for our girls, and at the same time, developing a strength of character which will tell favorably on future generations. Work has been called the saviour from moral degradation, but the taking hold of it with earnestness and a steady purpose is also evidence of moral elevation. A purposeless life is never a good life, and the advantage which men have had over women has principally consisted in the fact, that work was considered honorable for one, and not for the other.

Instead of what shall we do with our girls, the question will soon be, what we shall do with our boys. It is not the girl's fault that she is forced to occupy a man's place, and fight the battle for herself and others. Men have stepped down and out to such an extent, that women have been largely compelled to shoulder their responsibilities, and it is only the instinct of self-preservation that has roused women of all classes to a conviction of the necessity of thorough equipment for all the emergencies that may arise, and a realizing sense of the folly of that false pride which would leave their daughters at the mercy of circumstances, public and social, which wreck so many lives.

"Off a Lee Shore."

(See *Frontispiece in Oil.*)

THIS vivid "bit" reminds one strongly of Turner, and illustrates the poet's line about a "painted ship upon a painted ocean." Its strong lights and dense shadows can only be appreciated when lit up by the sun's rays, or a brilliant shaft of light from a reflector. The effect at a proper distance, under these circumstances, is very striking.

The Close of a Useful Life.

THE death of Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, who was editorially connected with *Godsey's Lady's Book* for upwards of forty years, removes another of those old and respected names which have been most widely known and honored in American homes. Mrs. Hale, like most of the pioneer women writers and editors of the present century, was not consciously trained for the task, but was forced by the necessity of supporting her five children, when left a young widow, to seek some other resource than that of the needle for keeping the wolf from the door. The early education, however, of the young women of that day, and especially their habit of reading a few of the best books, instead of many worthless ones, formed perhaps as good a preparation as could have been made for her life-long work of conducting a lady's magazine, within the limits which the ideas of the time demanded. That she performed her duty faithfully and well, the readers of two generations know; and that she not only executed much other good work, but left the imprint of a pure and noble mind upon many efforts made for the advancement of women and public good.

Summer Holidays.

THE great secret of health and pleasure is change, not perpetual or incessant change, but occasional change from the routine of ordinary existence to something that is quite different in its influence upon the mind, as well as the body. People who have no settled home or settled life, do not enjoy change, because restlessness and uncertainty are every-day facts, and the most agreeable change to them would be fixity—the settling down into quiet, uneventful routine.

The most of us, however, are bound by certain necessities to regular modes of life and habits of thought and work, and the best use to which we can put the few weeks more or less of the occasional holiday that nature demands, is to get out and away from our usual surroundings, and make the change as complete and thorough as possible. Those who live by the sea, or in its atmosphere, should go into the mountains, or some rural interior where the resinous air comes laden with the odor of pine woods, rather than the salt of the ocean.

People who live in cities go to the country, but it is quite as useful for those who live in the country to come occasionally into the city. It is almost a misfortune that the rich dwellers in fine houses go to great hotels, and watering-places. It would be better for them to camp out in the woods, build their own fires, cook their own meals, and allow the hard-worked wives and daughters of farmers in thinly populated districts to taste, for a brief period, the delight of living in a crowd, and having dainty food provided without personal superintendence.

But this would be revolutionary, and we have no desire to carry the doctrine of change to such conclusions. All we ask, in the interests of health and prolonged enjoyment of life and work, is, that every one shall bear the fact in mind, that change is a law of our being, and that the pressure of modern life makes this change from the routine of a working existence, more necessary than it ever was before, if we would escape the dangers which surround us. Suicide and insanity are the foes which threaten the weaker human elements in our modern civilization, and it is only by careful adherence to the laws of temperance, regularity, and change, that we can live out our day, and enjoy the sunset of life in peace and tranquillity.

"Tell's Chapel."

(See page *Engraving in Tints.*)

WE could not do a better service to our readers than in presenting them with the charming picture embodied in the present number, of the chapel of William Tell, or what has been known as "Tell's Chapel," on the shores of the beautiful bay of Uri, in Switzerland. Every one is interested in that romantic country, so famous for its picturesque mountain scenery, its brave, independent men, and honest, true-hearted women, and among all the traditions of its past history, none has seized more strongly upon the imaginations of the people throughout the world than the story of William Tell. The chapel was one of the objective points of all tourists, and though the old building of which we present the picture had begun to crumble, and detach itself from the rock from which it had never been completely isolated, and has since been taken down, yet its frescoes and external symbols, consisting of a bell, bearing date of 1590, and having on it the figures of three confederates taking an oath with raised right hands, have been removed with great care, and very successfully, and will be transferred to the new edifice, which already approaches completion; and will be further embellished with figures illustrative of the story of William Tell and interesting contemporaneous facts in Swiss history.

Uri is one of the three older cantons, Schwytz, and Unterwald being the other two, from whence issued the independence of Switzerland. Near the gorge-like bay of Uri, with its mountain peaks rising straight up out of the water, is the Grütli, a green, or meadow, where thirty men belonging to the three cantons above mentioned, met in November, 1307, and took a solemn oath to free their country from the Austrian yoke without retaliating the injuries they had suffered. There is a legend to the effect that the bursting forth of three springs hallowed this oath. The rising took place the following year. All the military strongholds were seized, and the invaders expelled in a spirit of faithful adherence to the pledge that had been taken. In 1858, the owner of the Grütli undertook to build a hotel on his property, but was prevented by a subscription among the children of Switzerland, who raised double the amount of money required for its purchase.

The Valley Farm.

(See page *Engraving on Steel.*)

WAS there ever a prettier picture of dewy coolness and freshness than this of a valley farm in Cornwall, England? The gnarled and knotted branches of the old trees enshrine the homestead, and throw their protecting arms about it as if they loved it. The fat, sleek cattle wade contentedly through the brook on their way to be milked. The pretty daughter of the house is being paddled home from her berrying expedition in the woods. The light shadows are beginning to fall upon the uplands, the swallows are flying homeward, and the entire scene is so utterly sweet and restful, as to make one almost ache with longing to be able to enter in, and make a part of the seeming overflow of all gentle and kindly influences. And indeed, a Devonshire valley farm is the abiding place of many virtues. Its foundations are built in the solid stone, and are firm as the everlasting hills. Within its cool recesses are miracles of clotted cream, and sweet grass butter, and fresh eggs worth their weight in silver. Its cleanliness is something to be reveled in and remembered; its lavender-scented sheets will never be forgotten, and its abundance of all living, vital, healthful forces, constitute it a world in itself, or rather a Paradise into which we may hope and pray no serpent will ever enter.



My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"This is what I call a lark," says Jennie with great satisfaction, as the whole housekeeping class embarks on one of the Hudson River boats for a short trip.

I have written to the old lady at whose cottage near Nyack I boarded one summer, asking permission to bring some friends to spend a few hours with her, and we are off on what looks like a pleasure excursion, but which I sagely believe will take on something of the nature of a business trip.

Just before our boat reaches the landing, I discover and point out the little old-fashioned house of Aunt Betsy, as everybody called her.

"Can we get a carriage at the landing?" asks Miss Kitty, a little anxiously.

"A carriage would be of small account for so many of us," I answer. "We should fill three, and really I think we are all able to walk the mile, and shall enjoy it too."

"Of course we shall," said Sophie Mapes. "I for one, wouldn't miss the treat of a country ramble for anything."

"It would be very unfeeling to call on the old lady in a procession of three carriages. She would be sure it was a funeral stopping at her door."

The walk is an enjoyable one, and we are in such excellent spirits that the distance seems nothing, and before we expect it we are at the gate of Aunt Betsy's little garden. She sees us and comes down the path to meet us, gaunt and grim in appearance, but in reality warm-hearted enough.

"Sakes, what a heap of girls!" is her greeting, as she peers through the lilac bushes at the little crowd behind me.

"Yes, Aunt Betsy," I say, squeezing her bony brown hand. "I have brought some of my friends to lunch with you; but don't look so startled; every one of us carries a basket, as you see. We've brought our own refreshments; all we ask is the use of your table and the pleasure of your company to lunch."

"I declare," vows Aunt Betsy, trying her best not to smile.

"Its going to be a kind of donation party, only the donations are going to be eaten up by the awfully hungry people who bring them," says Jeannie, in her pretty smiling way.

Aunt Betsy has to draw in the corners of her thin lips to keep from beaming. "There's been parties of that kind given to ministers 'fore now, an' that's all the good they done. Folks brought their victuals and set to work and ate them up, and made a sight of work besides," she rejoins.

"But," says Jennie, not daunted by a speech which sounded not altogether gracious, "we don't mean to make any work. If you will lend us plates and things to use, we'll wash all the dishes when we get through."

"I ain't any special objections to lending you all the dishes you want," says our hostess, "but I'm free to say, that I ain't willing to have anybody wash up china in this house but myself. I've done it steady without help ever since I could stand alone, and I always expect to, no matter how big a fambly there is, nor how hot the weather happens to be."

"I remember your beautiful old china," say I, "and I am not surprised at your care of it. To tell you the truth, I am glad you insist upon washing the dishes yourself, for I want my young friends to see you do it, and take a practical lesson in the art."

"I should say all of these girls were old enough to know how, already," says Aunt Betsy, "and I'm sure they look smart enough."

"I should think anybody could wash dishes," says Jeannie, trying to look very practical. "All you have to do is to dip them in hot suds and wipe them dry. It's as easy as wink."

I very hurriedly change the subject, for the contempt written so legibly on Aunt Betsy's puckered face is alarming. The girls busy themselves emptying their baskets and depositing the contents in the beautiful deep blue dishes, and old gray china plates that make the old-fashioned dresser look like a section of an art exhibition.

Aunt Betsy spreads a clean cloth over the extension table, the only modern thing in the house, and sets out small plates of India ware and tiny egg-shell cups that make some of the girls scream out in ecstasy, and run to look on the bottom for cabalistic explanatory marks. Our hostess is quite in the habit of seeing summer boarders wake to rapture at the sight of her valuable china, so she takes our admiration kindly.

"It really seems like tempting Providence to use such lovely things," says Bessie Mead.

"I should like to know why?" says their owner.

"Because there is such a risk of their getting broken."

"I do no who's going to break them," says Aunt Betsy.

"Servants break ours," affirms Bessie, "Mamma has to match up, as she calls it, our ordinary china every year. She says they crack and nick it using too hot water to wash it in."

Aunt Betsy accompanied a disdainful toss of her head with a very expressive sniff, but uttered no comment.

I, being familiar with her moods, say nothing then, but when the girls become enthusiastic over a helmet creamer with real country cream in it, I take the favorable moment to urge my request that she give us a lesson in dish-washing. She consents, and I am in rather a hurry for the lunch to begin and end, so the lesson by example may be taken.

Eating is a slow process, however, with such a jolly chattering-crowd as we are. We seat Aunt Betsy at one end of the table to preside over the chocolate, of which we have brought a jar, and Sophie Mapes has made ready for use by pouring on boiling water. It is the nicest preparation of chocolate which comes any way, but with thick cream in the bottom of each fairy cup it is a drink for goddesses as Jeannie says, indicating the application of the title to us all, by a graceful sweeping gesture.

But we finish at last, and Aunt Betsy begins to make her preparations for clearing up; she scrapes the crumbs and scraps from all the plates into one, picking out the bits of cold chicken and tongue to save for Julius Caesar, the cat, who has gone into seclusion with great suddenness, in high disgust at the invasion of so large a party.

We all help to carry the rare china into the kitchen, and then in attitudes of respectful attention wait to see dishes washed by a mistress of the art. Aunt Betsy had grown quite genial by this time, and evidently enjoyed being the center of attraction.

"Taint likely I can teach such smart-looking girls anything new," she blandly observed. "Most likely every one of your mas keeps a hired girl too

to do the heft of the work, and you don't need to wash up the things only just on occasions. I wouldn't blame you though if you insisted upon tending to the best china yourselves, unless your mas always do.

The picture Jeannie's imagination conjures up of her elegant mamma washing dishes, is so entertaining that the effort at suppressing all visible signs of mirth, makes her lose her balance and drop off the table she has perched upon.

I hasten to say, that we should all be only too glad to wash the best china and do a hundred other things, if we lived in flats or in country houses, where working in the kitchen did not involve so much going up and down stairs. "I make my own bread," I continue, rather afraid my audience will think I am not much of a housekeeper, "and do all the fancy cooking, such as desserts, cakes, and 'flummery' of all sorts, and I have a hand in the getting up of nearly every dinner, but I have to leave a good deal to servants."

"Well," resumes Aunt Betsy, pouring warm water into her dish-pan and stirring it with a piece of brown soap, "I feel for you if you have to leave anything to them careless hired girls. I'd just as soon have a man come in and crack up my china with a hatchet, and make one job of it and have the worry over to wonst, as to have one of them reckless creturs take hold and destroy it piece by piece, nicking, cracking and breaking till there warn't a whole piece left."

She works away as she talks, and we watch the system there seems to be about every movement. Into the dish-pan of warm soapy water she dips first the tumblers, next the cups and saucers, and then all the other dishes in the order of the cleanest first, saving the dirtiest till the last. Her dish-cloth is not a dirty rag, but a square of linen neatly hemmed and as white as a tablecloth. Two large milk-pans are upon a table near her, and as she washes each dish in turn she puts it in a pan, placing the pitchers, bowls, and other large pieces in the middle, and ingeniously arranging the plates, saucers, and flat dishes about them so that they stand upright supporting each other. The tumblers she stands upon a little inclined shelf at the end of the sink, with little lengthwise grooves hollowed in it. The spoons and forks she leaves to the last, and after washing the latter with careful attention, wiping each time with the dish-cloth, she puts both spoons and forks wherever she can find room for them between the dishes.

Having gone so far, she goes to the stove, and taking from it the tea-kettle, she pours the hot water from it over the dishes that are piled in the pans. Very slowly and carefully she lets the stream run over each dish, and then goes through the same showering of the glasses, the water running from them into the little grooves and down into the sink.

"Is that the way you wash your dishes?" asks Jeannie, "and what do you do next?"

"Wait and see," is Aunt Betsy's calm reply, as she pours the dish-water out of the large pan, and with a little brush draws the crumbs and other accumulation into a corner of the sink, and takes them up. She turns then to the dishes, and one by one takes them out of the pan. They are nearly dry, just a few drops of water or steam on the surface and a little wet place where they rested in the water on the bottom of the pan. With a clean dry towel she wipes off the moisture, and lays the plates and saucers in piles, and carries large pieces to the cupboard or dresser, where they belong, without laying them down first. Each article is as polished and shining as bright new silver, and the hot water has dried on them so quickly, that as Jeannie says approvingly, "wiping them is mere fun."

Preparing Autumn Leaves and Ferns, etc.

BY C. G.

A GREAT improvement on the old and tedious method of preparing autumn leaves by means of pressing under weights, and final dressing with oil or varnish, is found by curing them immediately after they are gathered, by means of wax or spermaceti, and this may be done in either of two ways.

1st. Heat a smoothing iron quite warm, but it must not be hot enough to "siss" when touched with the wet finger, rub lightly over a ball of wax or spermaceti, and iron both sides of your leaf, taking care that each side gets a thorough coating.

2d. Melt your wax or spermaceti—spermaceti is rather the best—in a glazed earthen cup or bowl, just hot enough to be perfectly liquid; dip in your leaf or fern, and lay on a smooth, flat surface to dry.

To such ladies as are in the habit of making wax flowers, the bits of *waste wax*, no matter what color, may be used as a substitute for spermaceti in the dressing of autumn leaves. It is now too late for the preparation of the beautiful maple leaves, the most deservedly popular of all autumn leaves, but many of the hardier kinds of leaves still remain. The dark green trailing vines of the *blue myrtle*, smilax, and the variegated *euonymus*, are lovely, preserved according to the above methods, and make charming additions to the toilet, looking as fresh and glossy as if newly plucked.

The leaves of the beech tree, after they have turned entirely brown, if gathered and treated according to the preceding directions for autumn leaves, and then made into crosses, wreaths, frames for small mottoes, pictures, etc., resemble leather work.

But by far the loveliest ornament in rustic decoration I ever saw, was made as described below.

Searching through the woods early in November, in quest of leaves and mosses, I came upon a maple tree with one low, bending branch, just in reach of my eager hands, and the coloring of whose leaves was dazzlingly brilliant with tints too exquisite for any artist's pencil save that of the Great Master. How to preserve this treasure in all its loveliness was the subject of several hours' study, when I finally hit upon the following:

First I pinched off all the leaves from my branch, and dipped them in liquid spermaceti, and laid them on a flat surface to cool, and when they were dry, I placed them between a few newspapers, with old books on top for weights, for a few hours, to make sure that the leaves would not curl up. Here and there on the rude, thick branch, from which I had taken the leaves, I glued little shreds of wood-moss. Next I procured some fine annealed wire, and cutting it in bits of the desired length, wound them with narrow strips of grayish green wax—such as is used in making wax flowers—and with these I attached my leaves, as nearly as possible in their former places on the branch. From a little bird's egg, found early in the spring, I made a mold of *plaster of Paris*, and with a few sheets of robin's egg blue wax, I turned out four wee eggs; these I put in a *real nest*, and placed in the "crotch" of my maple bough, and the whole, placed above a picture in my parlor, is the admiration of all beholders.

Readings—No. 2.

BY CHADWICK.

"Oh! Mrs. Whipple; it is a piece of good luck to have met you on my way to the library, for I know you can tell me of some book to get, suitable for the mother of seven children. I want something high principled, with a religious undertone, and still sprightly."

"Mrs. Mainwaring's *Journal*' would please you, I think, Mrs. Beck," replied the lady addressed. "It is a record of the struggles and experiences of a mother who aimed to bring up, in the fear of God, nine of her own children and two half-orphans thrown upon her."

"Then, tell me also of something for Miss Beck, whose confinement with her father is wearing upon her."

"Miss Mitford's *Letters and Life*' would interest her, perhaps," said Mrs. Whipple, "as the said lady's existence was wonderfully merged in that of her parents—her father's, particularly."

"And for Charlie, who is studying geology, and filling the house with specimens?"

"Get '*Aunt Margaret's Visit*,' a London publication, written by Miss G. M. Sterne."

"Mrs. Eustis is coming to pass the evening with me, and we would like to read together some good periodical article. What can you recommend?"

"In the November and December numbers of the *International Review* is a fine article on '*Successful Mediocrity*,' by Albert Rhodes, United States Consul at Rouen. I am sure it would interest your friend," replied Mrs. Whipple.

"Thank you, thank you," said Mrs. Beck. "You are more valuable than a living encyclopaedia, for you put us in possession, not merely of the definitions of the words, but open to us fountains of intellectual pleasure."

Ornamental Work.

JET CROSSES, FRAMES, ETC.

A DECIDED novelty in crosses, frames for small pictures and similar ornaments, and one that strongly resembles carved jet, can be made by pounding thick black glass into fragments, heating them very hot in the fire to soften the sharp edges, and then attaching them to the surface of the article you wish to decorate, by means of strong glue.

In making picture frames or crosses, a light wood foundation is preferable to cardboard, as it is less likely to warp.

Blue, green, crimson, or other colored glasses may be substituted for black in making ornamental work, if the surface of the article first be colored the same shade as the glass. A very transparent glue must be used to fasten the particles.

MOTTOES.—Exquisite mottoes can be made as follows: Cut a piece of very stiff cardboard the desired shape and size of your motto. Give the upper surface a thick coat of mucilage, and over this press the thickest and best *pure white cotton wadding*. When this is firmly attached and the gum quite dry, gently pull off the *smooth* upper surface of the wadding, and very gently pull up, here and there, that which is attached to

the cardboard, and sprinkle with diamond dust, such as is used for wax flowers, and you have what looks like snow. This for the foundation.

Having ready your letters or other designs for the motto, cut in *thin* cardboard, cover them with glass of the desired color—different colors mixed are pretty—fasten on the cotton foundation, and frame with a border of black glass. Christmas and New Year's mottoes are very pretty with the *border* and *lettering* made of evergreens mixed with white and scarlet berries.

Another beautiful motto is made by covering a heavy cardboard foundation with pale blue frosted plush or velvet, the lettering, etc., made of white cotton wadding frosted with diamond dust, and the frame of motto made of white glass.

Exceedingly unique and rustic looking mottoes and other ornaments by fastening on to a cardboard foundation the dry greenish-gray moss found on wood's bark as a background, and making the lettering, designs, etc., of light green moss, that has been pressed for the purpose, and tiny autumn leaves, and such pressed flowers as retain their colors. Frame with cedar spray or the slender branches of the pine-tree from which the needles have been removed.

MOSS FRAMES.—Very pretty frames for small photographs or engravings may be made of the wood's moss before referred to, that is found on the bark of most forest trees, and in profusion on that of apple-trees.

To make these frames, make stiff cardboard foundation, attach the moss with glue, commencing with the lightest shades of moss for the inside edges of frames and the darkest for the outer edges.

Now go over the surface of the moss with a brush that has been dipped in very thin mucilage, and whilst yet damp sift over it diamond dust or the fine glass that may be had at any glass factory.

ARTIFICIAL MOSS.—Take green single zephyr, shaded in the skein, or you may mix the shades to suit yourself, and split it carefully.

With a medium-sized steel crochet hook, knit a foundation chain of seven stitches, strips a yard or more in length in single crochet. When you have knit as much as you think you will need, wet it thoroughly in the following solution:

One cup of warm soft water, one tablespoonful of alcohol, one teaspoonful of strong spirits of ammonia, and the whole stirred with a bit of white soap until it makes a slight lather. When thoroughly wetted, squeeze out the strips, and press between thick cloths or papers with heavy warm irons until every bit of moisture has been absorbed. Let it lay a few days, the longer the better, before using. When you wish to use the knitted strip, overhand it very closely lengthwise of one edge with green thread or zephyr, cut the other edge of the entire length, wasting as little as possible. Now cut in slits, half an inch apart, unto within one eighth of an inch of the over-seamed edge, and ravel out, and you will find that you have a lovely imitation of moss. Sew in alternate strips on your foundation for frame or mat, and you may frost if you choose, the same as the *real* moss.

This artificial moss is especially pretty for lamp mats, or as a binder for rugs that have been worked on burlaps canvas. For this latter purpose it is pretty knitted in shaded brown. Instead of the crochet hook this moss may be made with coarse steel knitting needles in garter stitch.

Gardening.

BY BUSY BEE.

EGYPT seems to have the honor of first leading in garden culture, and from that country it was introduced into Rome, and as far back as 534 B.C. the fame of the garden of Tarquin comes down to us. The gardens of Assyria and Babylon were very celebrated in ancient times. In modern ones those of France and Italy are well known. In Spain the oldest garden was that attached to the palace of the Moors in Seville. The hanging garden of Limerick, Ireland, has some celebrity.

The first thing to be done

in a garden is, of course, to prepare a right soil, in which authorities seem to agree, that as a general rule a mixture of clay and sand, giving preponderance to the sand, is the best. Excavate the soil to two feet, and if gravelly fill with good loam, but if clayey fill with gravel. Bulbs require common building sand, and should be planted from two to six inches deep.

Time for digging.

If possible a garden should be dug in dry weather, and most gardens need little manure, the chief danger lying in giving them too much. For a very moist, slimy soil, lime is good; but never put lime and manure together. Perennials should be set deep, and the earth should be brought well up to the collar of the plant.

Sowing seeds.

The soil for seeds should be light, rich, and finely pulverized. A good way is to even the ground with a piece of board, strew the soil over the seeds for the eighth of an inch (sweet peas an inch), after that press the earth down with the board. Leaf mould from the woods sifted on, or mould of decayed refuse hops, will start the seeds more quickly. All sorts of seeds may be sown the last of April or the first of May; the hardy kinds you can put in earlier. For starting seeds in the house shallow boxes are very useful. May is generally the time for putting out lilies, peonies, and other hardy plants; also for planting seedling verbenas in the open air—putting out geraniums.

What a florist told me.

That in a dry time it was better to give plants a good soaking once a week, than a little water every day. That August is the month of months for layering roses—taking new shoots about a foot long, and slitting slantwise to prevent splitting off, mixing sand with the soil, and keeping the layers well covered. That fuchsias, to slip well, must be cut off with a heel, and not straight across. That short cuttings are more likely to live than longer ones, and they should be cut off just under a bud. That pots are just as good for shading young plants as some arrangement which admits more light and air, and at the same time turns off the sun's direct rays.

That hellebore and whale-oil soap were both excellent destroyers of the insects that infest fuchsias and rose-bushes.

That charcoal in water will keep flowers fresh a longer space of time.

That the secret of successful growth in cuttings is to maintain greater heat at and around the root, than on the plant.

That some plants require twice as much water as others.

That pure sand, kept moist, answers better to root cuttings in than half sand and soil.

That lemon verbenas are best propagated by layers, making a slit in the layer on the upper side, not on the under, which renders it more likely to snap asunder.

Law as it Relates to the Family —The Right of Courtesy.

BY LILLIE DEVEREAUX BLAKE.

As was said in our last article, on the widow's right of dower, the old English common law forms the basis of all the jurisprudence of this country. In article I., section 19, of the Constitution of New York, it was formally adopted as the law of this State, "subject to such alterations as the legislature shall make concerning the same."

This old common law consisted of a body of enactments dating back, many of them, to the feudal ages, and all based, where women are concerned, on the idea, originally a humane one, that a married woman should have no existence separate from her husband, and that all the property should, on marriage, become his.

As Blackstone, in his lucid commentaries on these laws, says, "The husband and wife are one, and that one the husband." In a less enlightened age, the complete protection given to the wife probably compensated, in a great degree, for the loss of liberty, and laws which to-day seem oppressive were originally framed as a kindly shield.

The right of dower, or the life use of one-third of the husband's real estate, was given to the widow as a provision for her comfort; but the corresponding right secured to the husband far outweighed that given to the wife, as he was, by the common law, which prevails in nearly every State in the Union to-day, secured in the right of "tenant by courtesy," that is the absolute use, for his life, of all his wife's real estate.

In many States no statute enforcing this right can be found among the laws, but as the common law always steps in as authority where there is no special enactment to abrogate it, we find the old privilege thus stated in Blackstone's *Commentaries*:

"Where a man marries a woman seized of an estate of inheritance—that is of lands and tenements in fee simple or fee tail—and has by her issue born alive, which was capable of inheriting her estate, he shall, on the death of his wife, hold the lands for his life as tenant by the courtesy."

It may be of interest to explain that the expression "tenant by the courtesy" came from the fact that it was a law not known on the Continent, and hence anciently, when English and French laws were more closely allied, this privilege was spoken of as giving the widower the right of tenant by the courtesy of England.

This law, as was explained in the article on dower, applies only to the real estate. A wife, as well as a husband, has the right, in this State, to bequeath her personal property as she pleases, while if she dies intestate, leaving children, her personal property is distributed precisely as a husband's would be under the same circumstances—one-third to the husband, the remainder being divided into equal portions among the children.

But if a woman possessed of a fortune marry, and if within a year she and a baby child both die, her husband will, in nearly every State in the Union, become possessed of one-third of her personal property, and have the entire use of all her real estate for his life.

Very singular results sometimes flow from this law. We know of one instance where a young man wooed and won a beautiful girl who had inherited a large fortune from her grand-uncle. At the time of the courtship, she was living with her parents on the handsome old family homestead, which was in reality hers. After a brief engagement, she was married, and in less than a year died

in giving birth to a child, which survived its mother only a few hours. The husband, as the bride-wife left no will, became possessed at once of the homestead and all the other real estate, and the surviving parents were forced to seek another home, and reduced in their old age from wealth to absolute poverty. It is almost needless to add that the young widower lost no time in marrying again, and bringing a stranger to enjoy his wealth.

Of late years, in this State, since a married woman has been given the right to make a will, it has been contended that this right might be held to conflict with the right of courtesy, but the main body of rulings has been on this point, as they usually are on all points, in favor of the old usage.

Women of Yesterday and To-day.

A BRILLIANT LIFE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE old-fashioned custom of writing long letters, filled with the details of one's personal and social life, had much to recommend it. It is unfortunate that it has nearly gone out of existence, notwithstanding cheap postage and rapid transit. Instead of the leisurely epistle of our grandparents, we have now the touch and go of the postal card, or the tiny folio of note paper, scrawled over in haste, and bearing nothing but commonplaces. We rush through our correspondence in the fag ends of our time, and the letter-making spirit is dying for want of proper encouragement. It is doubly a pity, for not only do we lose an element of pleasure and of culture, as we yield to the pressure of the unromantic present, but we are joining in a crusade against the future. What will not the readers of the coming days miss from the memoirs, which the press shall send forth for their perusal? The abundant charm of those which are now published, certainly lies in the grace, spontaneity, and variety of the letters they contain.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble, having, as she tells us, "come to the garrulous time of life, the remembering days, which only by a little precede the forgetting ones," has given the world the reminiscences of her youth. They fill a thick volume, in which is not one dull page. She could not have compiled them so successfully as she has, but for a happy providence. She came into the possession of a collection of her own letters, addressed to one dear woman friend, written during a period of forty years, and amounting to thousands. They really formed a history of her life—a life most vivid, intense, and picturesque—and as well, they afford another evidence, were it needed, of the strength, sincerity, and beauty of friendship between women.

Fanny Kemble was born on the 27th of November, 1809, in Newman Street, Oxford Road, London. The Kembles are illustrious in the annals of the stage, and Fanny, growing up under the shadow of her father, and of her aunt, the great Mrs. Siddons, was predestined to a successful career. She always thought, however, that she owed quite as much to the peculiar organization of her mother, and to her careful training, as to the traits inherited from her father's side.

Her mother was the daughter of Captain Decamp, an officer in one of the armies sent by revolutionary France to invade republican Switzerland. Her grandmother, Captain Decamp's wife, was the daughter of a farmer near Berne, and from her early home, you could see the Jungfrau

range. Mrs. Kemble's love of forests, of mountains, of running water, of kindling autumn colors, and dazzling winter snows, has always been a predominant characteristic, and she fancies, with probably much reason, that it is the blood of her Alpine grandmother, which throbs in her veins, and claims kindred to the wild, the beautiful, and the mysterious in Nature.

Captain Decamp, like many others of his nation, sought a home in England, when the storm of the revolution had spent its fury. Here he endeavored to support his family by exercising his gifts as a teacher of the flute and as a draughtsman. But health failed, and after six years of bitter struggle with poverty and disappointment, he died, leaving a wife and five little children, of whom the eldest, Fanny's mother, was not yet in her teens. Through her childhood, this little creature had been accustomed to acting, having begun to personate juvenile characters under a celebrated French elocutionist, Le Texier, while still almost a baby. She had been the pet and protégée of the aristocracy, and George the Fourth had often held her on his knee. Bravely the young girl assumed the position of the family bread-winner, and before her marriage, and for some years after, appeared frequently on the stage, where she was always a favorite. But her dramatic gifts were not her only or highest claims to regard. She was a fluent talker, and a graceful writer. She sang and played with rare and exquisite ability. She was a capital horsewoman, and walked so well that people stationed themselves on provincial promenades to gaze at her. She was a devoted wife and mother; she knew how to make home happy, and, not the least of her endowments, she was an excellent cook. "Well do I remember," says Mrs. Kemble, "the endless supplies of potted gravies, sauces, meat jellies, game jellies, fish jellies, which filled the shelves of her store-room." This good mother, like many another who shall read this sketch, did not encourage in her daughters much attention to this useful branch of household knowledge. She thought them better employed in acquiring lady-like accomplishments, and perhaps underrated the value of what came to herself so easily. Many a time later on, however, would one daughter, keeping house on a southern plantation, have joyfully exchanged all her boarding-school attainments for the skill which would have produced a wholesome and palatable dinner.

Mrs. Kemble's childhood was a joyous one. During her earlier years she managed to give not a little trouble to her parents and teachers, for, joined to her cleverness was a good-natured contempt for authority, and a sweet-tempered indifference to punishment, which made it very difficult to keep her in her proper place. A friend one day asked her, "Fanny, why don't you pray to God to make you better?" "So I do," was the quick reply, "and he makes me worse and worse." Her father, proud of her childish beauty, one day took the opportunity to buy for her a particularly pretty cap, in which, during her mother's temporary absence from home, he insisted on displaying her to company, "In consequence of which," she avers, "I am a disgracefully dress-loving old woman of near seventy, one of whose minor miseries it is, that she can no longer find any lace cap whatever, that is either pretty or becoming to her gray head."

Her school days were passed partly in France, and partly in England; and at sixteen she was a beautiful girl, with fine eyes, teeth and hair, a vivid complexion, and good features. At this time, owing to her mother's scepticism concerning vaccination, she was purposely exposed to the small-pox, which she took so violently that she nearly died, and from which she suffered great disfigurement. When first she was to appear on

the stage, her mother said sadly, "Well, my dear, they can't say we have brought you out to exhibit your beauty!" Yet, plain as the face had grown, it did not always look so! The intellect, the *esprit*, the brilliant, sparkling, effervescent womanhood back of it, made it often very beautiful, so that a friend said one day, "Fanny Kemble, you are the ugliest and the handsomest woman in London."

Though coming of a family of distinguished actors, Mrs. Kemble was never able thoroughly to love the theatrical profession. Acting she enjoyed, and was able to lose herself in her part, and to enter into it with an *abandon* and identification, which were the truest evidences of genius; but the stage was not to her taste, and she acknowledged that she never studied heartily, nor put her whole soul into her vocation. Later, I shall quote a very emphatic statement of her feeling about the matter, which always jarred to some extent upon her fine sense of what was due to womanly reserve. Sometimes at the very flush and height of her triumphs, when hundreds were gazing at her breathlessly, there would come upon her a vehement desire to drop the assumed rôle, and out of herself say something to the people. The impulse—one of those curious ones we all have at times to do impossible things in impossible places—was never yielded to; but, if she could have obeyed it, what do you suppose would have been her little sermon? Just this: "Be good! be good!"

Ah! how much she enjoyed in one day, in one night, in one year, this lovely English girl, with the French strain in her body and soul. How she loved dancing, and music, and riding, and rapid exercise, and the tilts of gay conversation! Could she ever give up dancing, she thought, or riding, little knowing, says the quiet old lady, reviewing her youth, "how easily they would give up me!"

When she arrived at womanhood, her parents had met with reverses, and needed her assistance. Her duty to them, made her go on the stage, taking naturally the family profession. Had she been free to follow her inclinations, literature would have enlisted her, for she had the student's bent; she possessed an affluent vocabulary, and wrote with precision and purity. It is a positive pleasure to linger over her pages, so perfect in the style, and so unconsciously are its ornaments worn. One is continually meeting with surprises of word-painting, with delicate bits of criticism, and with philosophical reflections on men and manners. Besides, at the period of Mrs. Kemble's entrance on mature life, her father's house was sought by a band of gifted young men, whose names have since been known wherever the English tongue is spoken. Thither came her brother's friends and college mates, among whom were Arthur Hallam, Alfred Tennyson and his brothers, Frederick Maurice, John Sterling, Richard French, William Donne, the Romilleys, the Mackins, William Thackeray, and Richard Monckton Milnes. Of this group, Sterling was most magnetic in manner, and apparently richest in promise. Hallam seemed already invested with light from the other world, and Tennyson, having just published his earliest poems, was the theme of much criticism, some sapient reviewers condemning his polished verse savagely; while others, among whom were the Kembles, discerned in it that prophecy of future greatness which has been so royally fulfilled.

The profits of literature must be slowly reaped, and they who desire its harvests must await them with unwearied patience. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kemble could not see the furrows of care deepening on beloved brows, and not use her utmost endeavor to lighten their burdens. Having learned the part of Juliet, and practiced it with her parents for auditors, she made her first appearance, the description of which is sufficiently

graphic. Let us read it, as the *débutante* herself remembered the scene, after many years.

"My mother, who had left the stage for upward of twenty years, determined to return to it, on the night of my first appearance, that I might have the comfort and support of her being with me on my trial. We drove to the theater very early; indeed, while the late autumn sunlight yet lingered in the sky; it shone into the carriage upon me, and as I screened my eyes from it, my mother said, 'Heaven smiles on you, my child.' My poor mother went to her dressing-room to get herself ready, and did not return to me, for fear of increasing my agitation by her own. My dear Aunt Dall and my maid and the theater dresser performed my toilet for me, and at length I was placed in a chair, with my satin train carefully laid over the back of it; and there I sat, ready for execution, with the palms of my hands pressed convulsively together, and the tears I in vain endeavored to repress swelling up into my eyes, and brimming slowly over, down my rouged cheeks, upon which my aunt, with a smile full of pity, renewed the color, as often as these heavy drops made unsightly streaks in it. Once and again my father came to the door, and I heard his anxious, 'How is she?' to which my aunt answered, sending him away with words of comforting cheer. At last, 'Miss Kemble called for the stage, ma'am!' accompanied with a brisk tap at the door, started me upright on my feet, and I was led round to the side scene, opposite to the one from which I saw my mother advance on the stage, and while the uproar of her reception filled me with terror, dear old Mrs. Davenport, my nurse, and dear Mr. Keely, her Peter, and half the *dramatis personæ* of the play (but not my father, who had retreated, quite unable to endure the scene), stood round me, as I lay, all but insensible, in my aunt's arms. 'Courage, courage, dear child, poor thing, poor thing,' reiterated Mrs. Davenport. 'Never mind 'em, Miss Kemble!' urged Keely, in that irresistibly comical, nervous, lachrymose voice of his, which I have never since heard without a thrill of anything but comical association. 'Never mind 'em! Don't think of 'em, any more than if they were so many rows of cabbages!' 'Nurse!' called my mother, and on waddled Mrs. Davenport, and, turning back, called in her turn, 'Juliet!' My aunt gave me an impulse forward, and I ran straight across the stage, stunned with the tremendous shout that greeted me, my eyes covered with mist, and the green baize flooring of the stage feeling as if it rose up against my feet; but I got hold of my mother, and stood like a terrified creature at bay, confronting the huge theater full of gazing human beings. I do not think a word I uttered during this scene could have been audible; in the next, the ball-room, I began to forget myself; in the following one, the balcony scene, I had done so, and, for aught I knew, was Juliet; the passion I was uttering sending hot waves of blushes all over my neck and shoulders, while the poetry sounded like music to me as I spoke it, with no consciousness of anything before me, utterly transported into the imaginary existence of the play. After this, I did not return into myself till all was over, and amid a tumultuous storm of applause, congratulation, tears, embraces, and a general joyous explosion of unutterable relief at the fortunate termination of my attempt, we went home."

It is worth the while of young ladies who look upon a triumph of this kind as the summit of earthly ambition, and who envy the queens of the drama, to read and ponder the suggestive remarks with which Mrs. Kemble concludes her account of this turning point in her life.

"And so my life was determined, and I devoted myself to an avocation which I never liked or

honored, and about the very nature of which I have never been able to come to any decided opinion. It is in vain that the undoubted specific acts of great actors and actresses suggest that all gifts are given for rightful exercise, and not suppression; in vain that Shakespeare's plays urge their imperative claim to the most perfect illustration they can receive from histrionic interpretation; a *business* which is incessant excitement and factitious emotion, seems to me unworthy of a man; a business which is public exhibition, unworthy of a woman."

The solid results of this venture on the part of the gifted young actress were very gratifying. They speedily raised her family above the need of pinching economy, and placed them in ease and luxury. Invitations into the best society, and the admiration of the great, were freely bestowed upon the favorite of the day, and London was at her feet. But, partly owing to native good sense, and partly to the wise and judicious candor she met with at home, her head was not turned, and she remained a simple-hearted girl, spending her mornings in study, reading profound books, and piously pouring her golden gains into her mother's lap.

Not the least charm in Mrs. Kemble's autobiography, is her way of saying bright or thoughtful things in passing. Thus, about matrimony: "A well-assorted marriage, as the French say, seems to me like a well-arranged duet for four hands; the treble, the woman, has all the brilliant and melodious part, but the whole government of the piece, the harmony, is with the bass, which really leads and sustains the whole composition, and keeps it steady, and without which the treble, for the most part, runs to time merely, and wants depth, dignity, and real musical importance."

And thus, concerning delight in nature: "The colors of a patch of purple heather, broken banks by road-sides, through which sunshine streamed, often mere effects of light and shade, return to me again and again like tunes, and to shut my eyes, and look at them, is a perfect delight to me. I suppose one is in some way the better, as well as the happier, for one's sympathy with the fair things of this fair world, which are types of things yet fairer, and emanations from the great Source of all goodness, loveliness, and sublimity. Surely God loves beauty, for from the greatest to the smallest, it pervades all his works."

The impression produced upon the mind, by reading the life of so large a woman—large of soul, wonderfully receptive, large in her opportunities and generous in the use of all her powers—is upon the whole ennobling. It gives one an idea of the immense room for progress and experience, which may be found in a life of seventy years. It is not possible here to touch upon her friendships, which were strong and steadfast, and which run through the woof of her story, like triple-twisted cords of gold. She met nearly all the people of her times whom most of us would most have wished to meet. She was held dear and prized highly by Mrs. Jameson, Bryan Proctor and his wife, Laurence, Lady Byron, and others equally conspicuous for genius or goodness. Her acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott was delightful. On our own shores she found a congenial friend in Miss Catharine Sedgwick, and captivated the hearts of many whose names are eminent. Indeed, this peculiar spell of pleasing and attracting lingers with her still, since what she chooses to call "old woman's gossip," has drawn around her, in her age, a host of new admirers.

Her marriage to Mr. Pierce Butler was infelicitous. It took place on the 7th of June, 1834. With a single sentence stating the fact, she closes her *Records of a Girlhood*, from which I have drawn the materials for this narrative.

What Women are Doing.

The Woman's "Central Club," of California, is forming branch clubs throughout the State.

Women are Liked as Members of school boards. In Edinburgh, Miss Blyth and Miss Stevenson, who have been members of the two previous Boards (since 1873), were recently re-elected. At Liberton, England, Miss Redpath, a member of the late Board, was re-elected.

Mary Hall has been made a commissioner of the Superior Court of New Haven, by the appointment of Judge Beardsley. It is the first of the kind in the State.

Miss Mary Putnam took the prize in the life class at Cooper Institute for a head, which according to the judges showed "breadth and delicacy" of treatment.

The Vigorous Figure Drawing for which Miss Jennie Branscombe received a prize at the Academy of Design, was on exhibition at the June meeting of "Sosis," at the Club Rooms at Delmonico's.

Value of Prime Donne.—Upwards of £1,000 (\$5,000) was returned at the box-office of Her Majesty's Theater in two days, in consequence of the disappointment caused by the illness of Mme. Etelka Gerster and Mme. Christine Nilsson. Such is the value of *prime donne*.

Mrs. Martha B. Maret, of New Haven, left an estate of about \$167,000, and among her legacies was \$500 to John K. Carroll, a newsboy, who did her a service once when her house was on fire.

Miss Georgianne E. Watson, formerly a teacher in the English Department of Vassar College, has recently been appointed Professor of English Literature and Moral Science in Clinton Liberal Institute, which is located at Ft. Plain, N. Y.

Selma Borg is achieving marked success in her efforts to introduce the old time and wonderful music of Finland and Sweden in this country. Her concerts in Philadelphia, New York, Providence, New Bedford and Boston, have been rich and rare treats to all lovers of characteristic music.

In Woman's Words for May appears a sketch and likeness of Dr. Annie D. Ramberger, of Philadelphia, the first American woman who has been graduated from the Dental College of that city. She has been practicing her profession since 1874. Among the decorations on the walls of her office is a certificate of the Centennial Exhibition awarded for her mechanical skill in dentistry.

The Paris Gazette des Femmes gives a list of French women who have obtained the academic degrees. There are five doctors of medicine, three licentiates of science, two bachelors of science and letters, six bachelors of science, and twenty bachelors of letters. These degrees have all been conferred since 1866.

A Lady Overseer.—The township of Hood Grange, England, in the Thirsk Poor Law Union, has but one ratepayer in it, Mrs. Ann Leckonby, who is overseer, she renting the whole of the land in the parish. The highway rate is charged to her, and she nominates the guardian for the parish, the present guardian being Mr. T. W. Lloyd, of Cowesby Hall, near Northallerton, the Chairman of the Thirsk Board of Guardians.

The Indian Mother's Devotion.—Emma, a promising young Indian girl at the school at Red Lake, died on the 23d. A runner was sent to tell her mother, who was making sugar thirty miles away, and she started in the evening on her lonely march to the agency, through forests of pine—whose dark tops seemed to chant a requiem to the departed—through swamps, over deep unbridged rivers, in the darkness of the night, without food, without sleep or rest, and she reached the agency soon after light.

The Demand for the Right of representation dates as far back as the time of Moses, when the five daughters of Zelophehad demanded from him a position in Israel. Their father and brothers being dead, and possessing no male relative, they justly considered that they ought to have a voice in the council, in consideration of the property they were left alone to administrate. There is nothing new under the sun.

Miss Irish is a Young Lady only twenty years old, who has been employed as Assistant Librarian in the Department of the Interior, and has been doing the foreign correspondence in that department. She knows German, Spanish and Italian, and is credited with uncommon tact and discretion in conducting the correspondence. When her father—now Chief of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving—was connected with a legation abroad, Miss Irish, then a child, was much petted by Auerbach, the novelist, and since she has grown up, she has made a translation of one of his novels, which pleased him so greatly that he wishes her to translate all his later works.

Lessons in Housekeeping.—Several young ladies, among them Miss Lulu Wickham, daughter of the ex-Mayor, and the daughter of Mr. Wm. E. Dodge, jr., have been of late giving gratuitous lessons to the elder girls of the Five Points House of Industry in housekeeping, and yesterday the first exhibition of the proficiency of the pupils was given. Sixteen girls were seated at a table, and in turn they practically illustrated various phases of household work. From boxes they drew miniature breakfast materials; cloths were laid on miniature tables, and then the tables were set to the sound of the piano. Miss Wickham asked a series of questions regarding the setting of a breakfast table, and the girls replied in song. The setting of a dinner table and bedmaking followed, and the girls were duly warned to keep their fingers off the rims of tumblers, and not to leave bed clothes untucked at the foot of a bed. Miniature washtubs appeared, and the girls sang as they rubbed, a chorus of

"La, la, la,

Up and down we rub the clothes,

With all our might and main,

Rubbing spots away;

And splish, splash, splash, off goes a stain;

Splish, splash, goes the stain,

Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la."

A Curious Case has just been tried in Paris. Mme. Pourcher, a very good-looking woman, was placed at the bar on the charge of cutting and wounding, with intent, etc. It was shown that the prisoner, a laborious, honest woman, and mother of five children, had an unfaithful husband. One morning she armed herself with a revolver, and awaited her rival at the door of her house. When Mlle. Augustine saw the injured wife, she fled, and darted up the stairs of a neighboring house, hotly pursued by Madame Pourcher, who fired, but unfortunately shot a man named Chollet instead of her rival. Mme. Pourcher acknowledged her crime, and declared "that her intention was to kill Mlle. Augustine, who ate the bread of her children. Neither tears nor entreaties had had any effect on her husband." After hearing M. Pourcher and Chollet, who had recovered, the Solicitor-General rose, and in feeling terms asked the jury to record a verdict "such as morality even more than humanity demanded." The judge also took the extraordinary course of demanding the acquittal of the prisoner. It is hardly necessary to add that Mme. Pourcher was at once released, and her husband was condemned to pay Chollet \$200 damages.

The Girls' Friendly Society, begun in London, has some twenty thousand members, and three hundred and forty-four branches. Sister societies

have also been established in Scotland, Ireland, and America. Its object is to assist young girls leaving home and going out into the world to earn their bread, either as domestics, or in industrial establishments.

The Nursery and Child's Hospital, founded upward of twenty-five years ago in this city, by Mrs. Cornelius DuBois, has, in its City Home, and Staten Island Branch for sick children, an average of one thousand inmates. Attached to the Home is a Kindergarten for children of three years, and a school for those who have reached five years of age. At the latter they are taught reading, writing, cyphering, sewing, and mending, and their proficiency before reaching ten years of age would shame many children of fortune. Mrs. DuBois is still the First Directress, but is assisted by an active and efficient corps of Lady Managers. The "Branch" consists of fifty acres of land upon the most beautiful part of West New Brighton, two main buildings, and fourteen cottages, including a "Sanitarium," or Winter Room, inclosed with glass. The institution owns all this, and its Home in the city is quite free from debt, and has a surplus in its treasury for some needed improvements.

Women Practitioners in Berlin.—The passer-by in Berlin may see three signs, bearing the names of those to whom this near proximity can bring no harm. Dr. Tiburtius, chief army surgeon; Frau Dr. Henriette Tiburtius, Amer. Dentist; Fr. Franziska Tiburtius, Dr. Med. for women and children.

Dr. Tiburtius is one of the most busy of dentists, to whose care the Crown Princess of Germany and the Princess Friedrich Carl intrust their children, and who is especially sought by the upper circles; she is no less the tender, loving mother and an excellent hostess.

After her day's work is fulfilled, she bathes and takes care of the children, oversees her domestic affairs, which are conducted upon a pleasant as well as economical basis. In the cosy winter evenings, she finds time to receive a circle of men and women who meet there in stimulating and sympathetic companionship.

Not only has Dr. Henriette Tiburtius opened a way for the study of women, she is a brave and philanthropic woman, and has quietly performed many deeds of benevolence. The most important is the establishment of a dispensary for poor women and children, in which the first two female physicians settled in Berlin have become active pioneers—Dr. Lemus and Dr. Franziska Tiburtius.

The example of this courageous and skillful woman, remaining ever the attractive, tender, and loving wife, induced her husband's sister Franziska, at that time a teacher in England, to decide to study medicine. After she had prepared herself for two years by strict scientific instruction, she went to study in Zurich, where she passed a brilliant examination, worked practically in the hospital at Dresden, and now dwells with her brother and sister as a practicing physician. The three practitioners dwell together, united in love, esteem, and work.

The following letter, written by a young married lady in the sixteenth century, who had eloped with the son of an earl, and cut herself from the fortune which she should have received from her father, a rich city man, shows that wives in those days were fully alive to what was due to themselves and their position. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Spencer, her husband's name Mr. William Compton:

My sweete Life,—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I supposed that it were best for me to bethink or consider with myself what allowance were meetest for me. For, considering what care I ever had of your es-

tate, and how respectfully I have dealt with those, which, by the laws of God, of nature and civil polity, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £1,600 per annum, quarterly to be paid.

Also, I would (besides the allowance for my apparel) have £600 added yearly (quarterly to be paid) for the performance of charitable works, and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow: none shall lend but I: none borrow but you.

Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let. Also, I believe that it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a hunting, or hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of these said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse.

Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches—one lined with velvet, to myself, with very fair horses, and a coach for my women, lined with cloth; one laced with gold, the other with scarlet, and laced with watch-lace and silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen; one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed, not only carriages and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all; not pestering my things with my women's, nor their's with chambermaids', or their's with washmaids'. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away with the carriages, to see all safe; and the chambermaids I will have go before the grooms, that the chambers may be ready, sweet and clean. Also, for that it is indecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country; and I must have two footmen; and my desire is that you defray all the charges for me.

And, for myself (besides my yearly allowance), I would have twenty gowns of apparel; six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six others of them very excellent good ones. Also, I would have put into my purse £2,000 and £200, and so you to pay my debts. Also, I would have £6,000 to buy my jewels, and £4,000 to buy me a pearl chain.

Now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel, and their schooling; and all my servants, men and women, their wages.

Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and all my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So, for my drawing-chamber, in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

Also, my desire is that you would pay your debts, build Ashby House, and purchase lands, and lend no money (as you love God) to the Lord Chamberlain, which would have all, perhaps your life, from you. Remember his son, my Lord Walden, what entertainment he gave me when you were at Tilt-yard. If you were dead, he said he would marry me. I protest, I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty, to use his friends so vilely. Also, he fed me with untruths concerning the Charter-house; but that is the least; he wished me much harm; you know him. God keep you and me from him, and such as he is.

So, now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what that is I would not have, I

pray, when you be an Earl, to allow me £1,000 more than now desired, and double attendance.

Your loving wife,

ELIZ. COMPTON.

An Enterprising Woman.—Madame Charlotte Erasmi, a German widow with six children, earned a competency for herself, and built up a great business house, in the quaint old town of Lubeck. Some ten or twelve years ago, she started a tiny shop for the sale of canned fruits and preserved meats. She canned the fruits, meats, and vegetables herself, and they were all of superior quality, and presently came into good demand. Madame Erasmi was a woman of great energy, intelligence, and business tact. Step by step she enlarged her factory and her sales, shrewdly and carefully, until the tiny closet which at first held her earthly possessions grew to fifty times its original size. She educated her children, meantime, in the best schools in Europe, and brought them up to be a credit to themselves and society. Her business now included the preparation of ship's provisions, potted meats and fish of all kinds, canned asparagus and other vegetables, canned fruits, jellies, fruit syrups, Liebig's extract of meat, and near a dozen different canned soups. She has a branch house in London, has a large trade in New York, and sends her goods all over the world. Her business card reads as follows: "Charlotte Erasmi, Court Purveyor to his Majesty Emperor William I., Factory for Canned Provisions." Kaiser Wilhelm himself wrote her a letter of commendation, and she has received prize medals and certificates from Lubeck, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Rheims, Berlin, and from the World's Exposition at Vienna. Her eldest son, now of age, has taken his place as partner, and two other sons are to be admitted to the firm as soon as they are old enough and wise enough. Madame Charlotte, however, although now wealthy, herself remains at the head of the house.—*Woman's Journal*.

Harvard Education for Young Women.—The effort to open Harvard Medical School to young women has failed, but a "private" collegiate course has been organized by the professors of other departments, which offers instruction in Greek, Latin, English, German, French, Italian and Spanish, Philosophy, Political Economy, History, Music, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Natural History. The details as to chemistry are however postponed, because there are peculiar difficulties in providing laboratory instruction, which requires more room and appliances than any other. On the other hand, there is an added department in which instruction is promised if needed, namely: Sanskrit and Comparative Philology. This makes fifteen departments offered, in thirteen of which details are given. This comprises every department taught to undergraduates in Harvard College, with one exception, that of Fine Arts. This would seem a singular exception in the case of women, but for the fact that it is a comparatively new department, that the building is yet to be erected which is to accommodate it, and that its head, Prof. Norton, makes his contribution to the course by offering a class in Dante.

In almost all of these studies the young women will have the instruction, not merely of the assistant teachers of the college, but of the senior professor of each department. This is indeed the case in every department but four—Philosophy, Political Economy, History and Physics. In these instances, the omissions are for different reasons, and they have in some cases been well supplied. Two hours a week are the general provision in each study—one only being offered in some cases; while three are the general provision for the young men of the college, reduced in some cases to two. "Eight hours a week in advanced and ten in elementary studies will be considered a full year's course."

YOUNG AMERICA

That Little Oddity.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I would the gods had made thee poetical."

At the end of a month Penelope began to feel as if she had always kept store. She followed Miss Prissy's directions very carefully, and developed a "trading bump" which drew forth that shrewd old lady's warmest admiration; at least trade thrived rather than decreased, under the new management. A great many came to the store from curiosity to see how a daughter of Parson Wentworth, who had been thought to hold himself haughtily aloof from "common folks," would demean herself behind a counter. Friendly interest in Miss Prissy brought a great many; and the academy girls all came to see Penelope, and the arrangement of the new goods was so tempting that nobody went away without buying something.

Sometimes Penelope grew very tired; the school-girls wanted to see everything in the store, and twenty-five in an afternoon wanted her opinion as to just what shade of ribbon was most becoming to them, and the women from the mills thought their calicoes were higher than they were at Dobson's, and would probably fade, and wanted a little piece of each pattern to try, and insisted upon her looking into every box and bundle in the store to match buttons or tape which they bought of Miss Prissy five years before. On such occasions Penelope wished earnestly that Providence had blessed her with some other talent than a "trading bump." But as a general thing she rather enjoyed her work, and none of her friends turned the cold shoulder upon her, as Miss Prissy had predicted.

Once in a while she heard "O, how could she! and "I thought Penelope Wentworth had more pride!" from some of the academy girls; and once Toote Ilsley confided to her that Stephen had written to Sarah and begged her to coax Penelope not to do "such an absurd thing."

"And Sarah said Steph was a goose to think she could influence you if he couldn't," reported Toote, "for you cared twice as much for him as you did for her!"

But these were trifling annoyances, Penelope felt, especially as funds were running very low at the farm house. Aunt John's allowance was not even offered, and without her liberal share of the profits of the business they must have gone without many needed comforts. It was better than poverty or dependence, though even Stephen might be against her! Miss Prissy's condition remained about the same, and might for years, the physicians said. Sometimes her mind seemed as clear and active as ever, but at others she was a little rambling and incoherent in her talk. But with Penelope managing her affairs and coming to her bedside every few hours, to tell her just how things went on, and Rebecca and the parrot always at her elbow, Miss Prissy certainly had not lost all enjoyment of living.

Penelope and the parrot were not intimate; she had never quite forgiven him for shrieking after her that Stephen Ilsley was a perfidious monster, though he seemed to wish to atone for it now by putting his head on one side, and saying, "Pretty Penelope! pretty Penelope," as soon as she came in sight.

Joel brought Penelope over every morning, and came for her at night. Miss Bumpus declared that the house seemed like "Sahary Desert" without her, but Lily, still absorbed in her writing, seemed scarcely to notice her absence.

Business throve so that Miss Prissy insisted upon hiring an assistant. She "did not want Penelope to wear herself out as she had done; she had found that there was no sense in it;" so Sally Waters, a "smart" little Yankee girl from the mills, was installed behind the counter, and Penelope found much more time to devote to the friends who called on her.

One morning early, very soon after Penelope reached the store, Ju Junior made her appearance for the first time since Penelope had been there. She had been ill, with a slow fever, and this was the first time that she had been out for six weeks.

She sent the carriage on without her, and announced that she meant to make a long enough stay to make up for not having been able to come before.

"The doctor didn't want me to come out today, but I coaxed him into saying I might. I wanted to be the first to tell you the news. I suppose by to-morrow it will be in everybody's mouth. I am engaged to John Sylvester!"

For a moment Penelope doubted the evidence of her own ears. Gatty had written her that she need have no fears about Mr. Gross, and as to John's constancy to Gatty no shadow of doubt had ever assailed her.

"Well, I don't know why you need to look so astonished!" said Ju, a little irritable. "Of course it isn't what could be called a fine match for me, but then I know I could never love anybody else, and Papa has given his consent. You know I told you last fall that I was sure John cared for me, but dared not tell me so, and I was right, for when I was so very sick—I thought surely I was going to die; I wouldn't have done such a thing for the world, you know, Penny, if I hadn't thought so—I wrote him a letter, telling him that I had suspected, for a long time, that he loved me, and that I returned it with all my heart! I don't think I should have been ill if it hadn't been for my worrying about his not declaring himself, and of course I told him so, and asked him not to forget me when I was dead, and never, *never* to trifle with any other girl's affections!"

"O Ju!" gasped Penelope, her face growing as scarlet as if she had written the letter to John Sylvester.

"Why, as I said, Penny, I shouldn't have done it if I had not been near dying, and hadn't been sure, too, that he loved me! Well, he came right up to see me, of course, and he was dreadfully pale and silent, so overcome at the thought that I was dangerously ill! But he asked me to marry him, and went to Papa at once, and I was so happy that I got well right away! Now, Pennyroyal, I shall never tell anybody else in the world of this, but I know you won't tell!" Ju decided, on that occasion, that Penelope was growing as unsympathetic as the other girls were, and she should never take her into her confidence again.

Penelope understood it all perfectly. Ju had not been dangerously ill, except in her own imagination, but she had given honest John Sylvester to understand that she was dying of love for him, and he, cherishing an old-fashioned, chivalrous respect for women, had not thought it possible to do less in honor than offer her his hand.

Penelope did not attempt to offer any congratu-

lations; to refrain from showing openly the contempt she felt was all that she was capable of. And yet poor Ju was quietly unconscious of having done anything unwomanly. She had not, as it certainly appeared, been guilty of a vulgar ruse to entrap John Sylvester into a marriage with her. The truth was that her naturally vivid imagination had been allowed, by the utter idleness and monotony of her life, to run riot for so long that the boundary line between fancies and realities had grown very shadowy to her. It was sweetly romantic to be dying, and send for her lover, who had never dared to confess his love, and Ju persuaded herself that she was going to die, as firmly as she had before persuaded herself, with even less reason, that John Sylvester was in love with her.

She did not, after all, make a long stay with Penelope, finding her so very unsympathetic.

The next caller on that morning was another member of the Squire's family, who had never been in the store before since Penelope's reign began. Both believers in Women's Rights, Miss Prissy and Miss Judith Ilsley held each other in supreme contempt. And when she wanted a ball of tape or an ounce of worsted Miss Judith preferred to send for it, or to go without it, if need were, rather than to encounter Miss Prissy's sharp tongue, which was no respecter of persons. Since poor Miss Prissy was laid low, displeasure against Penelope, who had not carried her request with regard to the church to the Shaftesbury Mills minister, had kept Miss Judith away from the store. It must be something of importance which had led Miss Judith to overlook her wrong, and honor her with a call. Miss Judith was in battle array. She wore a new coat, made exactly like a man's, and had a huge roll of manuscript under her arm.

"Penelope, you are young, and you have been under bad influences, but I did look for something better in you than the bondage to despotism and slavish fear of public opinion which I find. Why didn't you ask Mr. Judkins about the church for me? Why didn't you come to my lecture?"

Miss Judith always pounced upon Penelope, as a cat does upon a mouse, and Penelope felt the same desperate longing to get away which the poor mouse must feel.

Happily, Miss Judith did not wait for an answer. "Perhaps it was just as well that you didn't, though the presence of a few respectable people might have kept that degraded set in order. But I am not sorry that everything happened as it did, since it proved to me what a brave and true friend of the cause Mr. Judkins is!"

Penelope could scarcely repress a smile, as Miss Judith uttered the last clause, in as sentimental a tone as Ju Junior ever made use of. But when Miss Judith went on to say that she was to lecture again that evening, Penelope looked at her, in incredulous amazement.

For the delivery of her first lecture had produced the liveliest and most exciting scene that Shaftesbury had ever witnessed. She had chosen her lecture with the "felicitous" title, the Great Unwashed, with which to make her debut in Shaftesbury Mills, and had used such very plain and forcible language with regard to their filthy and degraded condition that the angry passions of the mill people had risen. They assailed her first with laughter and jeers, and, as those had no effect, with angry threatenings, and finally with mud from the streets, and Miss Judith was borne out, in a fainting condition, in the manly arms of Mr. Judkins.

After that nobody thought that Miss Judith would have the courage to try it again, but it seemed that she had. The Squire had long ago adopted the policy of leaving his strong-minded sister as far as possible to her own devices. Her

neices had tried ridicule and coaxing alike in vain. Now, Miss Judith seemed to have found a sympathetic soul in Mr. Judkins, a young man of twenty-eight, distinguished by a very red face, and Uriah Heep-like humility.

"Yes, indeed, I am going to give them to-night either 'Man the Oppressor,' or 'Womanhood trodden under the Iron Heel of the Despot.' I am going to leave the choice to Mr. Judkins' judgment. I am now on my way to the Mills to consult him. I stopped to ask you to be sure and come, for I have some hopes of you still, Penelope Wentworth! You are not so silly as those neices of mine. I suppose you have heard that Ju, who promised once to be a little like me, is going to darn the stockings and scrub the floors of that poverty-stricken John Sylvester, for her board and what clothes he may please to give her! That's a nice situation for Squire Ilsley's daughter to accept, isn't it? You'll come to-night, won't you? There'll be no disturbance, not the slightest. I have yielded to the request of Mr. Judkins, who is a noble friend of the cause, and am going to explain to them that I had not the slightest intention of wounding their feelings the other night. It was only a slight misunderstanding, anyway, but it has been grossly exaggerated by enemies of the cause—grossly exaggerated! Be sure you come, Penelope; it is for your own good I ask you. I know you are likely to get a very perverted idea of the glorious cause here."

And with a glance of lofty scorn directed toward that part of the house where poor Miss Prissy lay, Miss Judith took her leave.

"I wonder if Miss Judith and Ju Junior are not a little bit alike, after all!" was the burden of Penelope's meditation after she had gone.

The news of Ju's engagement had sped very rapidly, Penelope found. That and Miss Judith's lecture, printed notices of which were stuck up all over the town, were the topics of conversation among her customers that day. Excitement ran high among the young ladies on the subject of the engagement, for nobody had ever seen John Sylvester pay the slightest attention to Ju Ilsley, or indeed, to any young lady, except Gatty Wentworth.

It would not take long for the news to reach Gatty, thought Penelope, and what would Gatty say?

She knew what Gatty said, in a week. It was a very short letter which they received, though Gatty's were usually lengthy epistles, and announced her engagement to Maurice Gross!

"I haven't forgotten that I told you I wouldn't marry him," she wrote, "but things have changed very much since then. Uncle John is on the eve of bankruptcy, and Mr. Gross is his largest creditor. That is the secret of Aunt John's great anxiety. I can do a great deal of good by marrying him—and I don't really care what becomes of me!"

Penelope "howled" over that letter, and Lily even abandoned her literary pursuits for a whole day to "make melancholy" over it. Penelope at length found comfort in the fact that Gatty's wedding was not to take place for at least six months. Something might happen before six months were passed to prevent it from ever taking place. Penelope and Lily were both sure from the tone of Gatty's letter that she had heard of John Sylvester's engagement. It was nothing to her; she had no right to care whether he married anybody else or not, since she was too horribly worldly and ambitious to marry him, said Penelope, but her thoughts of Gatty were not so hard as her words.

Neither Stephen nor Kitty had been home for the winter. Penelope received, occasionally, a hurried little note from Stephen, in which he informed her that he had become a "dig" in view

of his approaching examination. He never spoke of Rose Germaine, but Kitty's voluminous epistles were full of her. Kitty's school friendships were not wont to be of long duration, but this did not seem to grow cool, in the least degree. She was going to spend the spring vacation with her dear Rose Geranium, who lived with a crusty, stingy, old bachelor uncle in Connecticut. She was not going because she expected to have "much fun," but to share Rose's martyrdom, since the unpleasant old uncle would not let her go to Shaftesbury.

Miss Judith's second lecture did not create so much of a sensation as her first, but it was, in the opinion of that unfortunate Social Reformer herself, even more of a failure; for her audience consisted of the devoted Mr. Judkins, five small boys, and a half-witted scissors grinder, known as Silly Seth. A mob of the rougher mill operatives hooted around the windows. It was reported that the Squire had hired the mill people not to go, as the only plan that he could devise to put a stop to Miss Judith's enterprise.

Even Miss Judith's lofty spirit gave way at this, and she ignominiously took her bed, and saw nobody save Mr. Judkins, who visited her to administer spiritual consolation, it was supposed.

The Squire rejoiced over her defeat, but rejoiced too soon, for at the end of a month Miss Judith's drooping spirits revived, and she announced that she was not going to leave the women of Shaftesbury Mills in their degrading bondage to the male sex, without making one more effort in their behalf.

But Mr. Judkins counseled delay. Miss Judith had never been in the habit of heeding anybody's counsels, but Mr. Judkins seemed to be an exception.

The winter slipped away, and spring stole unawares upon Shaftesbury. Penelope made a hurried trip to Boston, this time alone. She let none of her friends in the city know that she was there, and she encountered none of them. Gatty had declared her approval of Penelope's business enterprise, the first word of commendation which Penelope had received, and from the most unexpected source, but acknowledged that Aunt John was in absolute terror lest some of their acquaintances should discover it. So though she longed to see Gatty, Penelope decided not to run the risk of disgracing her. Aunt John was apparently willing that Penelope should "work for her living," if it did not disgrace her, for she made no remonstrance, and sent them no money. Owing to the prosperity of the business, Penelope found that she could afford to spend some money upon herself, and she had made such surprising haste in overcoming her horror of style that she bought two dresses, and carried them to a fashionable Boston dressmaker to be cut. One was a white Swiss muslin, and was to be made with ruffles, and puffings, and sashes, and ruches; no amount of elaborate trimming which the dressmaker suggested seemed to Penelope too much. The more stylish that dress could be made the better. And this was the girl, who, scarcely more than six months before, had wept for fear that her sister Gatty would "get stylish."

But this white dress was for no ordinary occasion. Stephen Ilsley was to graduate at Harvard, this summer, and Penelope was going to Class Day! She had hesitated when first asked by the Squire's daughters, who were all going with a shrinking dread of meeting Rose Germaine, and all Stephen's stylish friends, but the temptation of such a good time was too strong to be resisted, especially when his sisters' entreaties were supplemented by an urgent letter from Stephen, written in the old bon camarade style, which had someway grown a little constrained of late.

If she were going, Penelope did not mean to disgrace Stephen by being "a dowdy," and besides

that she was too honest not to acknowledge to herself that she wanted to look her very best.

That dress was left with the Boston dressmaker to be made; the other, not intended for so momentous an occasion, Penelope carried home to make herself, for she had not yet earned so much money but that the strictest economy was necessary.

The buying of pretty dresses as presents for Lily and Mis' Bumpus, and one of the gay neckties which were dear to Joel's heart, gave her enough pleasure, Penelope thought, to pay for all her work. She had never had any money to spend before, and felt that she was in danger of losing her wits entirely in the new delight. She felt that she could not get away from the "pretty things" she wanted so much, except by shutting her eyes, and putting her fingers in her ears. And even after she had started on her way to the railroad station, she yielded to temptation and rushed back to add a lovely chromo and a book to her store of presents for Lily; and while in the store a book entitled "Hair-breadth Escapes by Field and Flood," caught her eye, and she could not help buying it for Joel; to be sure it would not suit his taste quite so well as if nobody had *escaped*, but it was impossible to find a book which was merely a list of calamities, and the title sounded as if there were enough people killed to afford Joel great enjoyment.

(To be continued.)

What Did He Make?

BY M. B. L.

A. BOUGHT 250 barrels of flour, at \$6.50 a barrel, on 24 days' credit. On the same day he sold the flour and took in payment a note for \$2,000 on 90 days. He at once discounted the note and paid for the flour. What did he make, money being worth 7 per cent.?

A good business question, combining present worth and bank discount.

In the first place, 250 bbls. at \$6.50 per bbl. will cost \$1,625, if A. waits 24 days. If he pays to-day, he pays the present worth of \$1,625.

The interest of \$1 for 24 days is .004 2-3, and the amount is \$1.004 2-3.

The present worth of \$1,625 is as many dollars as \$1.004 2-3 is contained times in \$1,625, or \$1,617.45. So A. had to pay \$1,617.45 for the flour on the day he bought it.

Next find the proceeds of \$2,000 for 90; add three days' grace, making the time 93 days.

The bank discount on \$1 is \$.0180 5-6, and for \$2,000 is $2,000 \times .0180$ 5-6, or \$36.17. The proceeds are the difference between \$2,000 and \$36.17, or \$1,963.83.

That is, A. took his note for \$2,000 to the bank and received \$1,963.83 cash, allowing the bank to keep \$36.17.

Now A. proceeds to pay his debt of \$1,617.45. Of course what he has left is his gain.

$\$1,963.83 - \$1,617.45 = \$346.38$.

To find the rate of gain or gain per cent., say he made \$346.38 on \$1,617.45. $346.38 \div 1,617.45$.214+, nearly 22 per cent. The answers may be summed up as follows:

Present Worth = \$1,617.45.
Bank Discount = \$36.17.
Proceeds = \$1,963.83.
Gain = \$346.38.
Rate = .214+

One Morning.

BY FAIRFIELD.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

EARLY one morning before breakfast, a little child stood at the nursery window looking into the street. At that hour of the day, however, there was very little to be seen. The blinds of the houses opposite were closed, as at night; the front doors were shut, and on each stoop, just where the carrier had flung it, lay the twisted newspaper beside the milk pitcher, in the doorway. No children were playing on the damp sidewalks. In fact, the street was not yet awake.

But this cheerless prospect somewhat brightened when a milk wagon, with its tin cans clashing against each other, rattled noisily down the roughly macadamized street; and, though the cart passed rapidly out of sight, its clatter still continued to disturb the quiet morning air.

The next object that met the child's gaze was a repulsive looking rag-picker, himself the best exponent of his occupation. The child watched him with commingled curiosity and disgust, while he stood by a mud-puddle and eagerly hooked out the bits of rubbish on the nails of his long stick, and carefully placed them in either of the two baskets hanging from the strong bamboo on his shoulder.

"Is it really true," queried the child, "that those dirty old rags can be made into nice, white paper, like what I print letters to grandma on? Mamma said they could." By this time, the old Chinaman had left the mud-puddle, and soon he turned the corner of the street.

The child's attention was quickly transferred from the rag-picker to a hideous old Italian organ-grinder emerging from the alley in which he lived. That alley, whose mysterious depths she had never been permitted to explore, was the home, or the rendezvous of a motley collection of Italians. But of all its denizens, glaziers, painters, vegetable venders, "junk" men, peddlers, beggars, cripples, the old organ-grinder was, in truth, the strangest, most extraordinary character.

Short, almost dwarfish in stature, he looked still more diminutive from bending under the organ on his back. His head, apparently scorning the interposition of a neck, sat squarely on his high shoulders, and was covered with iron-gray hair and beard. The least remarkable feature of his appearance was his dress, yet even that was peculiar. His limbs, curiously misshapen, thrust themselves uncouthly into view, as he struggled along under his burden. One arm was much shorter than the other, and in place of the fingers that had never grown on its stump, a shape of leather was fastened, enabling him to turn the barrel crank. The other had but one finger, the little one at that, and both arms hung crooked from their sockets. His legs were twisted, and his huge club feet seemed in a conspiracy to trip him up.

This monstrosity of a man exerted a great fascination over all the children in the neighborhood, and especially over the one now watching him.

Time and again, though invariably punished for the truancy, she had slipped away from her nurse and followed him along unfrequented streets, and threaded her way through the crowds of people who fell back to avoid his uncanny touch. He never smiled, and when, after grinding out weird discordant sounds, he presented his little tin cup for alms, his eyes glared so fiercely under his shaggy brows that his childish audience trembled with a nameless terror.

As the child at the window gazed upon this deformed creature, his inexplicable fascination be-

gan to work upon her. She felt impelled to escape into the street, and follow him, she knew not whither.

But the sound of some one stirring in the next room caused her to start, and so the spell was broken. When she looked again for the Italian, he and his burden were not to be seen. The street was now quite uninteresting, and at last the child grew tired of watching for something more to pass before the window.

She turned to look around the nursery. It was in order, and so quiet looking! The toys were in their box; the doll lay in her cradle, her clothes on the little sofa; and the books were in their places on the shelf. Clearly, there was nothing here to amuse her, for she had learned by experience not to disobey her mother's injunction to displace nothing before breakfast.

Impatiently exclaiming, "Oh, I do wish the bell would ring! I'm most starved to death!" the child turned once more to the window. Then, for the first time, she noticed many motionless flies, some frozen on the glass, and a few scattered here and there on the window sill. One, in particular, caught her attention. It was a large blue-bottle fly, quite dead, and lying on his back. She gently poked him with her finger, but he showed no signs of life. Perhaps at any other time, like Dionysius, she might have found amusement in pulling off the fly's wings, legs, and head, but now she had no such inclination. A great thought overwhelmed her. She had learned in the Sunday School "Infant Class," the story of Saul and the Witch of Endor; of Jarius's Daughter, and of the Widow of Nain's Son—their meaning she had interpreted in her own way.

"Perhaps, if I ask Him," said she to herself, "God will bring this poor fly to life again."

Then, without waiting for doubts or misgivings to weaken her faith, she tenderly laid the dead fly in the palm of her chubby hand, and kneeling down, began to pray: "O God, O Father, please make this poor fly alive again. He is dead; and dear Father, do make him alive again, so that he can walk on the ceiling, and fly out in the garden again. O God! please do: for Jesus' sake. Amen."

And the little eyes that had been closed so reverently during the prayer, then opened—to see what? A miracle!

The fly actually was stretching his legs; after making several futile efforts, he succeeded in turning over, and finally he spread his large wings, flew upward, and settled upon the window sash.

Just at this moment the nurse opened the nursery door, and seeing the child near the flies at the window, exclaimed: "What's this, Miss Eliza? Tormenting the flies again, I'll be bound! Your mother shall hear of this immediately! Breakfast is ready."

But the child was wrapt in her own thoughts and did not heed the chiding of the nurse. Down she went to breakfast, and then to school, her heart o'erflowing with a great joy; for had not God heard and answered her prayer?

Possessed by this all-absorbing thought, her mind wandered from her lessons; and her instructress noticing her abstraction, imperatively demanded the cause. Hesitating a moment, the child approached the teacher, a harsh, stern woman, and rigid religionist, and attempted to reach her ear.

"Speak out, Miss; don't whisper, unless it is something of which you are ashamed," commanded the autocrat of the school room.

For a wonder, the child was not abashed by this rude reception, and she succeeded in mounting the sofa, the teacher's seat. Then said she in a low tone,

"This morning, I found a dead fly on the win-

dow sill, and I prayed to God, and He made it alive, and it flew away. I am so glad."

"Nonsense, child," was the harsh and injudicious reply. "The fly was not dead; he was numb with cold, and the warmth of your hand revived him. Go; attend to your lessons."

At these words, the joyful expression died away from the little girl's face; she slipped down off the sofa and resumed her seat. The gladness, too, had left her heart, and all day long she sadly thought: "May be God didn't answer my prayer after all."

South Africa.

BY MARY B. LEE.

JUST now there is war going on between England and the natives of Zululand, South Africa. It is strange in how many lands the inhabitants of the British Isles seek a home, and what severe contests have taken place with the natives of those various lands. In India, how the natives fought for their rights and how the British defeated them. Here, in our own land, the Indians were fought many a time and oft, and the contest continues.

In Zululand, white men are fighting the blacks to-day, and the periodicals show us pictures of the contests between them.

Now what does Great Britain own in South Africa? Cape Colony lies between the parallels of 28° and 34° south latitude. Since 1866 it has included British Caffraria. In 1806, Cape Colony was conquered from the Dutch, and now covers about 200,000 square miles, with a population in 1869 of 566,158, of whom 187,439 were Europeans. A short railroad runs from Cape Town into the interior as far as Wellington. Natal is also an English colony. It has a sea-coast of 170 miles, and only one good harbor; Port Natal, Zululand, lies north-east of Natal on the Indian Ocean. In 1867, the discovery of diamonds brought many fortune hunters to Cape Colony. The diamond fields lie north of the Orange River, near its confluence with the Vaal. The "Star of South Africa," a diamond found shortly after the opening of the diggings, was sold in its rough state for £11,500 sterling.

South Africa has a fertile soil, pleasant climate, and many resources. The Zulus dislike the advance of the English, and are fighting bravely for their rights. There was a terrible slaughter at Isandula, a scene of utter confusion followed the fight. The fugitives tried to escape toward the Buffalo River. So our white brothers from England are slaughtered, and slaughtering in return.

It appears that the present Zulu King, Cetywayo, as well as his father and uncle, had shown great deference to the English, and had carefully refrained from incursions into Natal or British Caffraria. On the other hand, they had always claimed a part of the Transvaal, and have often attacked the Dutch settlers on the western frontier. Yet the Zulu King submitted this question of ownership to British arbitration, and the Natal Commissioners was given in their favor. But the delivery of the land was saddled with the most insolent stipulations. The Zulus were informed that their great army must be disbanded and discharged, and not to be called into the field without the consent of the British government.

Sir Bartle Frere acted upon his own responsibility in making this stipulation, but the mischief cannot be undone. At this date the British have fallen back to the Tugela River, that is to the Natal border.

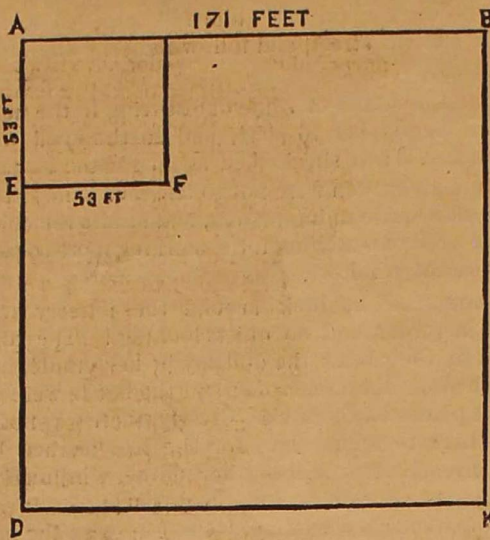
I'd be a Fairy.

BY GRACE BOYLAS.

I'd be a fairy, as blithesome as spring,
 And flit through the air on a gossamer wing.
 My chariot a cowslip, or tiny bluebell,
 By butterflies drawn over valley and dell.
 In a lily of silver, with stamens of gold,
 I'd slumber, when evening its shadows enfold,
 And zephyrs would rock me, and lull me to rest,
 While wrapt in my dreams, in the lily's fair breast.
 I'd sip the sweet dew drops, that glisten like gems
 In the hearts of the flowers, on their leaves, or
 their stems.
 I'd trip through the glen, in the fresh morning
 hours,
 Peeping here, hiding there, 'mong the hedges and
 bowers.
 The birds of the forest would warble in glee
 Their merriest melodies gladly for me,
 And butterflies spread out their wings on the
 grass,
 That their queen on a carpet of velvet might pass.
 The sunbeams would linger and shine in my hair,
 Of yellow and gold, on my shoulders so fair.
 The shimmer of fireflies, would guide me along
 To fairy halls, glowing with fragrance and song.
 Or happy I'd live in a moss-covered shell,
 In the blue depths of ocean, where sea-maidens
 dwell,
 With music of waters above my bright head,
 Re-echoed as soft as the dirge of the dead.
 And down with the waves, in the caverns, I'd go,
 Where seaweeds and mosses so beautiful grow;
 Where soft-tinted pearls and the coral so red,
 Lie mingled and strewn o'er the old ocean's bed;
 Where diamonds, and rubies—with exquisite
 dyes—
 And amethysts—bluer than fair azure skies—
 With pebbles entwined in the sparkling bright
 waves,
 Lie, treasured forever, in crystalline caves.
 I'd gather the rarest, and with them, I'd deck
 My dimpled white arms, and my snowy white
 neck.
 I'd dance o'er the wavelets, a happy, bright elf—
 As happy as Puck, or Titania herself.
 I'd go in the hovels, where sorrowers pine,
 And fill every heart with the warmest sunshine.
 Should any weak mortal 'neath sorrow's load fall,
 His burden I'd bear, on my shoulders so small.
 I'd flit through the world like a sunbeam of light,
 And chase away sin, and the darkness of night.
 All life I'd transform to one long summer day,
 Had I only the powers of a kind-hearted fay.

Two Squares.

A SMALL square lies with one angle in the angle
 of a larger square. The excess of the side of the
 larger square above that of the smaller is 118 feet;
 the excess of the square itself is 26,432 square
 feet. What are the contents of each of the two
 squares?
 This problem may be solved by an algebraic
 formula, also by a knowledge of mensuration.
 First make the drawing.
 Here is the small square with one angle in the
 corner of the larger square, 118 feet is the differ-
 ence in the length of the sides, or the distance
 from C to B. 26,432 square feet is the difference
 in the surface of the two squares.



Now by a practical knowledge of mensuration,
 we can solve the problem. Draw the lines F H
 and F I, making the square F H I K. A C = E F,
 as they are sides of the small square. C B = F H,
 as they are opposite sides of a rectangle.
 Therefore F H is 118 ft. long, and 118 ft.² will
 give the square F H I K.
 118² = 13,924 sq. ft. Subtracting the square F H
 I K from A B D K - A C E F, we have left the two
 parallelograms, C B F H and E F D I, or 12,508 sq.
 ft. Since 12,508 sq. ft. = two equal parallelograms,
 1/2 of 12,508 sq. ft. = 6,254, or one parallelogram.
 Now since we have the area and one side, we can
 find the other side. 6,254 ÷ 118 = 53 ft., or C F or
 A C, the side of the small square; and 118 + 53 =
 171, the side of the large square.

53² = 2,809 sq. ft., area of small
 square.
 171² = 29,241 sq. ft., area of large
 square.
 Next take the formula: "The sum
 of two quantities, as (a+b), multiplied
 by their difference, as (a-b), equals the
 difference of their squares, as (a²-b²).
 Conversely, the difference of the squares
 of two quantities, as (a²-b²), is divisible
 by the sum of the quantities, also by
 their difference, (a+b) and (a-b)."
 Let x = the side of the large square;
 and y the side of the small square.
 Then x - y = 118 ft., and x² - y² = 26,432
 sq. ft.
 By the formula, 26,432 + 118 will give
 the sum of the quantities, or x + y,
 which is 224 ft. Now since 224 is the
 sum of x + y, and 118 is the difference of
 x + y, subtracting we find twice the
 value of the less.

$$\begin{aligned} x + y &= 224 \\ x - y &= 118 \end{aligned}$$

changing the signs and subtracting,
 $2y = 106$
 $x = 53 = \text{side of small square.}$

53 + 118, the difference, equals 171, the
 side of large square. Then squaring as
 before, we get the areas of both squares.
 The formula for (a+b)² may also be
 applied. The square of the sum of two
 lines equals the square of the first plus
 twice the product of the first by the
 second plus the square of the second.
 Thus (53+118)² or 171² = 53² + 2(53 × 118)
 + 118² = 29,241. The problem is an in-
 teresting one, both to illustrate the al-
 gebraic formula and the geometrical
 drawing.

There is still another method, by equations.

Let $x - y = 118$
 $x^2 - y^2 = 26,432$

Transposing y in the first equation,

$$x = 118 + y$$

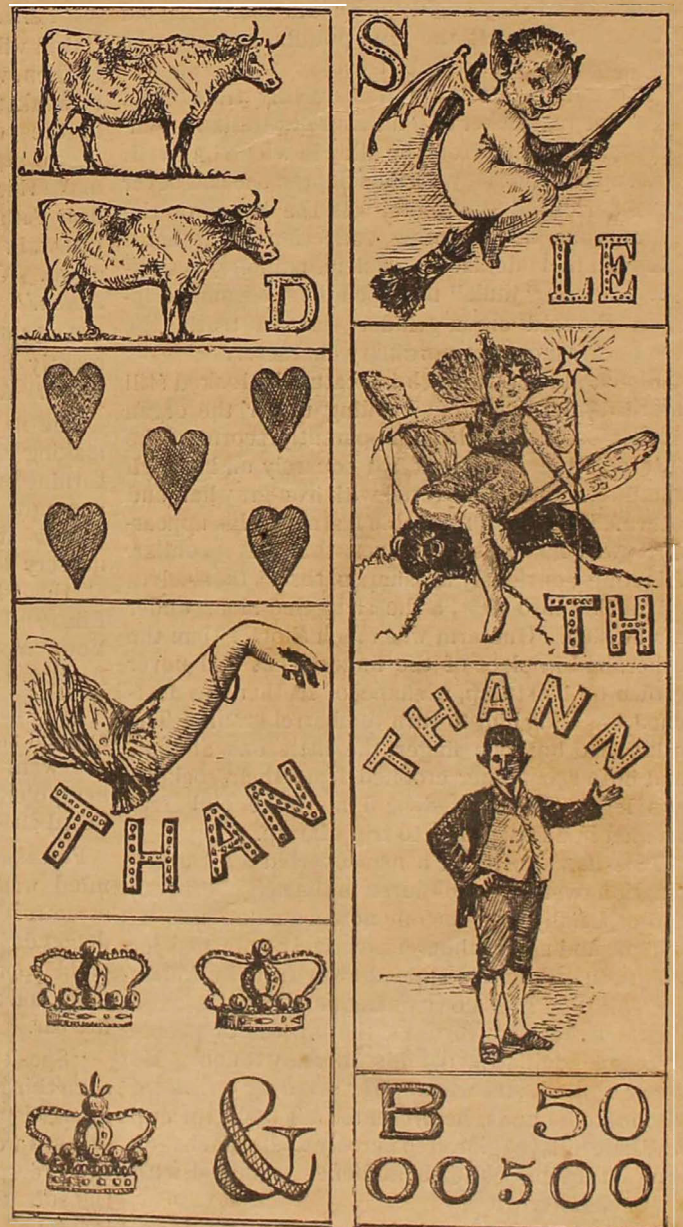
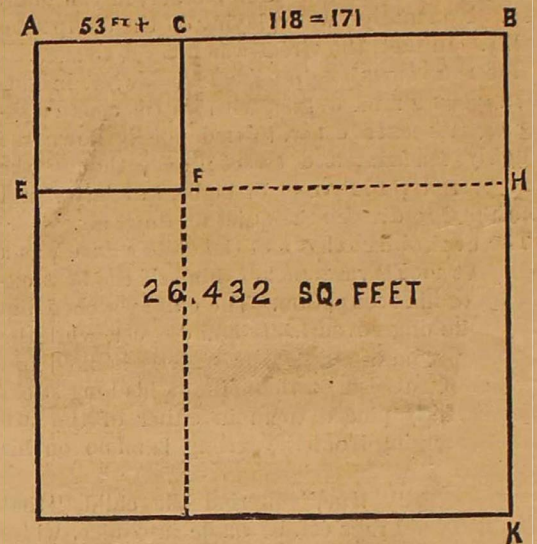
Squaring, $x^2 = 13,924 + 236y + y^2$. Substituting this
 value for x² in the second equation, we have

$$13,924 + 236y + y^2 - y^2 = 26,432$$

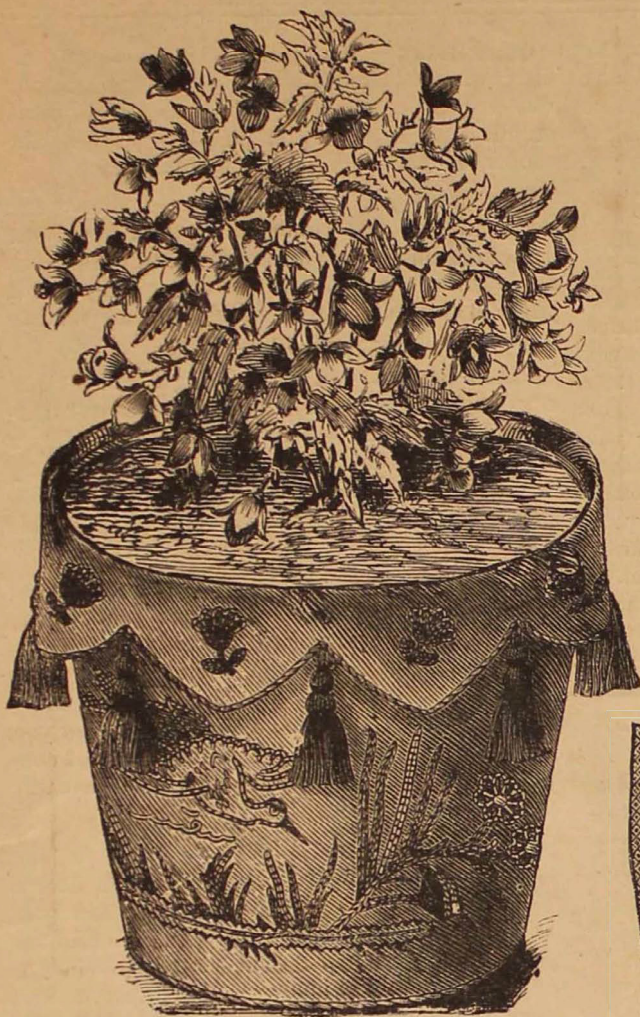
$$236y = 12,508$$

$$y = 53$$

$$x = 118 + 53, \text{ or } 171$$



ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—SOLUTION IN OUR NEXT.

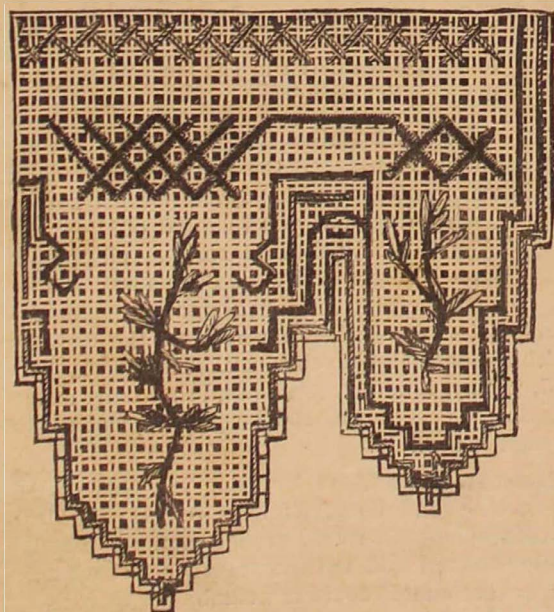


Flower-pot Cover.

CUT a foundation of card-board to fit the flower-pot loosely. Cover the card-board with cloth. Trace on the cloth the design you wish to embroider, and work principally in chain stitch.

The scollops are not lined, only caught up lightly on the wrong side, and the edge finished with a worsted cord and heavy tassels.

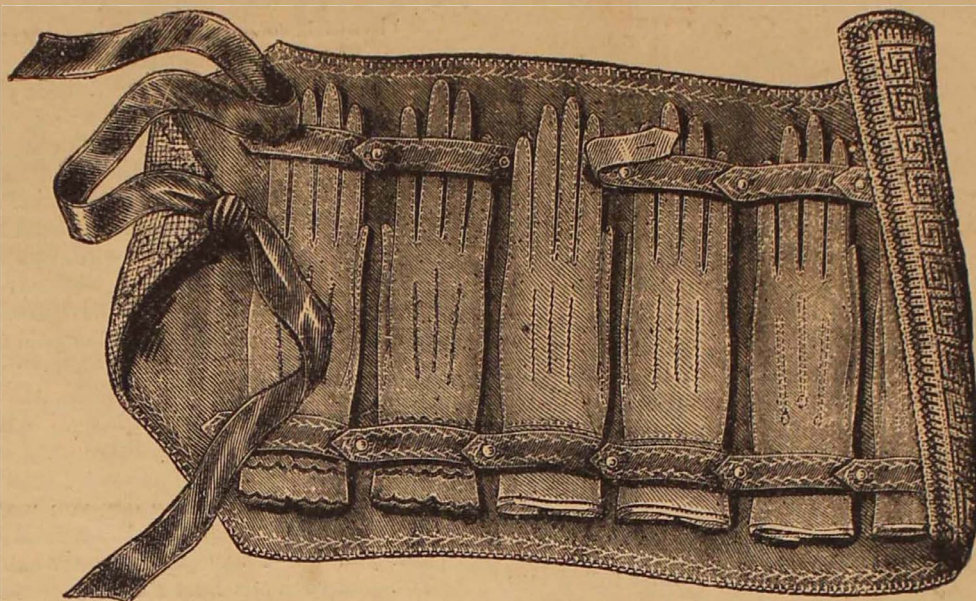
Cretonne figures set on the cloth make a pretty cover for flower pots.



Lambrequin.

THIS simple little article is made of silver perforated paper or canvas. The longest point is the center, so by working another short point on the opposite side, you have it complete. If it is not long enough, add still a shorter point on each side.

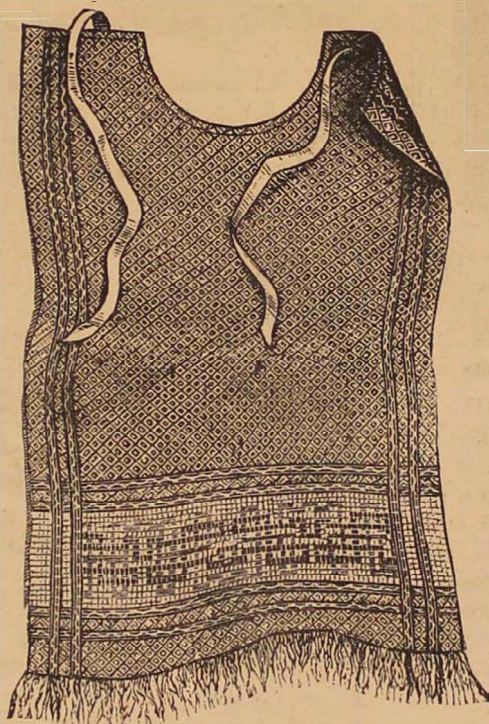
Work the pattern with blue, gold, and black chenille, and a very pretty addition would be small chenille tassels on all the sharp points.



Glove Case.

MATERIALS: Silver-colored leather canvas; lilac cashmere or Llama; 1 1/4 yards lilac sarcenet ribbon, 1 inch broad; black and lilac Berlin wool in two contrasting shades; twenty-four little enamel buttons; white sewing silk.

The outer covering of the case consists of a piece of silver-colored leather canvas, 21 inches long, and 6 1/2 inches broad, sloped off equally on each side, and measuring 16 inches in length at the sides. The pattern worked in cross and loose stitch in Berlin wool. The lining is lilac Llama, fastened with wide button-hole stitch in white silk, ornamented with herring-bone stitch of the same silk; 1 1/4 inch from the edge on each side are straps of white Llama, 3/4 inch broad, which button over each other to form six divisions for placing gloves. At the sloped end is a ribbon with a knot, and two uneven ends for fastening the case when rolled up.



Child's Table-bib.

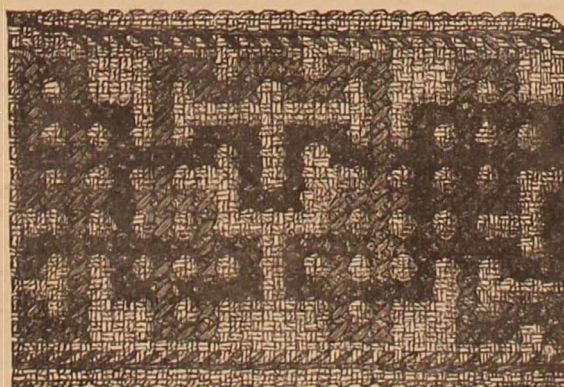
A DECIDED improvement on the old-fashioned bibs for children is made of a towel. Purchase the desired length towel to cut two bibs, cut it in half and hollow out at the top.

It is better to get the towel all white, and work a fancy border in colored worsteds.

The pattern below will be found simple and effective.

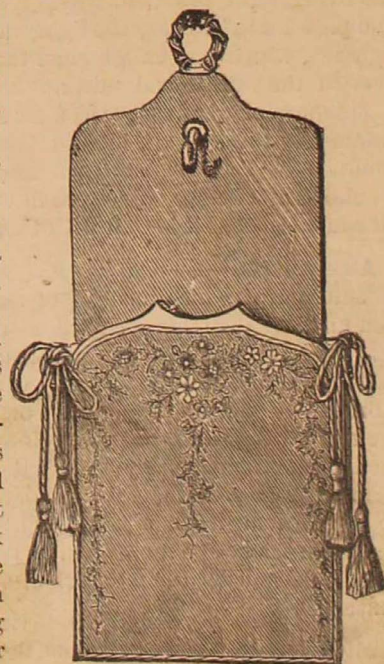
Bind the neck with white tape, and cat-stitch with color.

Be careful not to get the towels too wide, or the bib will always be over the hands.



Hanging Card-Receiver and Watch Case.

TAKE two pieces of card, 10 inches long and 3 1/2 inches wide, and cut the ends pointed as the design shows. Cover both pieces with velvet or silk, and embroider a vine of flowers on one end, or if preferred, paint in water colors. Overhand the two pieces together and finish the edge with gilt cord. Make a ring of twisted cord at the top. Bend the card up at 3 inches to form the rack, and fasten at the sides with cord and tassels. Twist a large hook with gilt wire and sew an inch below the ring at the top, for the watch.



DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

An Important Truth.—Those who blow the coals of others' strife are apt to have the sparks fly in their own faces.

Judgment.—The hardest thing for a man to do is to own that he has made a mistake in his judgment. It is an impeachment of his weak side—his mind.

Over-confidence.—The most difficult people to get along with are those who are always perfectly sure that they are in the right, and equally sure that you are in the wrong.

Conduct me, Zeus, and thou, O Destiny,
Wherever your decrees have fixed my lot.
I follow cheerfully; and, did I not,
Wicked and wretched I must follow still.

—*Cleanthes.*

Enjoyment in Nature.—I had rather teach my child to be happy with the things of nature than to leave to him the wealth of an Astor. He who can enjoy nature has an inexhaustible gallery of the best pictures, and a theater for the most agreeable amusement and ennobling instruction.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Scolding.—As an appliance for the improvement of our friends, a habit of scolding possesses no appreciable virtue. The effervescence of ill-humor in yourself, it can have no healing or soothing qualities for others. The tendency of it is only evil. The presence of this spirit should never fail to remind us that we are wrong, and that we are on the wrong road to set any one else right.

Tact.—Tact is the great lubricator of life; it oils the machinery, smooths away trouble, looks far ahead perhaps to see it, and turns things into another channel. But, however tact avoids the necessity of falsehood, it does not suppress the truth; it simply prevents references to the facts. It has a sort of self-respect, which does not blazon its affairs abroad; it does not consider itself using a deceit when merely keeping its own business in its own breast.

Human Greatness.—We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him. He is the living light fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near; the light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this, not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary, shining by the gift of heaven; a flowing light fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness, in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them.—*Carlisle.*

Amusements.—No man has a right to call that an amusement which, instead of recreating, uses him up more than his occupation did. No man that amuses himself to-day, but that should be the better next day. Whatever sets you forward tomorrow, no matter what press, or pulpit, or all the rest of the world but yourself may say, that's the true amusement for you. That which would be an amusement for a cathedral organ, would not be an amusement for a jews-harp. Let not any man's conscience be more than a ruler for himself. You can't be the monarch of other people's consciences.

Self-Help.—Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of any one; and you'll succeed five thousand times better than one who

is always beseeching some one's patronage. No one will ever help you as you help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one perhaps; but, carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another, and stand firm in that while you chop still another out. Men who made fortunes are not those who had five hundred dollars given them to start with, but started fair with a dollar or two. Men who have by their own exertions acquired fame have not been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have stretched out their hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love, do their own wooing. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brain. Say "I will!" and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have it to say: "I have dragged you up—I have made you what you are." Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all.

Quite Ready.—"Can you tell me," asked a pundit, "why a conundrum that nobody can guess is like a ghost? Shall I tell you now or next month?" "Now, if you please." "Well, sir, sooner or later everybody must give it up."

New Mode of Transportation.—Tommy has heard all about the wonderful elevator which Mr. James has had put up in his large seed warehouse, and rushes home with the news. "Oh, ma! if you will come up to Mr. James's with me you can have a ride on a—a—alligator!"

Papa's Present.—At the wedding of a rich banker's daughter, among the wedding presents ostentatiously displayed was a thousand dollar bill, a present from the doting father to his darling daughter. After the guests had departed, the old man coolly rolled up the bill and put it in his waistcoat pocket, and that was the end of it.

Rather too Plain.—A plain spoken woman recently visited a married woman, and said to her, "How do you manage to amuse yourself?"—"Amuse!" said the other. "Don't you know that I have my housework to do?"—"Yes," was the answer, "I see that you have it to do, but as it is never done, I concluded that you must have some other way of passing your time."

Wouldn't Melt.—While escorting a lady home the other evening, a popular doctor attempted to relieve her cough and sore throat by giving her a *troche*. He told her to allow it to dissolve gradually in her mouth. No relief was experienced, and the doctor felt quite chagrined the next day, when the lady sent him a trousers' button, with a note, saying that he must have given her the wrong kind of *troche*, and that he might need this one.

Alive Now.—A well-known popular preacher was accosted the other day in a railway train by a gentleman who had just a nodding acquaintance, by the remark, "Do you believe all that about the prodigal son and the fatted calf?"—"Certainly I do."—"Well, can you tell me whether the calf that was killed was a male or a female calf?"—"Yes, it was a female calf."—"How do you know that?"—"Because," looking the querist in the face, "I see the male is alive now."

He never smiled again.—"What," the young man asked the young woman who was waiting for him to ask for his hat—"what do I put you in mind of?"—"A French clock," she said, softly. And pretty soon he arose and went on his way. The next morning he called upon an eminent horologist and asked him what was the distinguishing trait of a French clock. The horologist said, "Why, it never goes." And the young man was sorely cast down, and he grieved, and told no man of his hurt.

Personal.—A professor, lecturing on the effect of the wind in some Western forests, remarked: "In traveling along the road I even sometimes found the logs bound and twisted together to such an extent that a mule could not climb over them; so I went round."

Last but not Least.—Sabbath school concert. Subject, "God's Providence." *Teacher*—"Why, children, the good Lord cares for even the little sparrows you see hopping about your doors, can you not tell me in what ways He cares for them?" "Feeds them," "tells them how to build their nests," "gives them wings to fly," are some of the answers given; when all are done, a little mite of a fellow, away in the back part of the room, pipes out, "He dives 'em feeders."



THE YOUNG LADIES OF TO-DAY.—No. 1. Devoted to Flower Missions, Mission Schools, and the improvement of the race generally.

SPICE BOX

Aristocratic.—A certain aristocratic lady won't take a newspaper because it's made of rags.

His Appointment.—My friend Jones recently went to London to get an appointment. He got one. It was a disappointment, however.


Out with the Tide.—"We are going out with the tied," said a young man to a friend, as he filed down the church aisle after a wedding. "In that case," said a lady in front, "you can afford to get off my train." And he did.

Depressed.—"What's the matter, John? You look very much depressed. Has your bank burst?" "No; but my sweetheart and I have had a quarrel, and I'm so afraid she'll make up with me that I don't know what to do."

HORROR OF FASHIONS

BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE 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.

WITH the developments that are constantly taking place in every department of science, art, and industry, it can scarcely be expected that fashion should go backward, or tend in the direction of that simplicity which belonged to a period when the spinning-wheel turned out the cloth or the linen, and the hand-loom toiled laboriously at the costlier fabrics, the use of which were confined wholly to the rich and great.

In those days linen was made for a life-time, and cloth to be used by children's children, fashions changed but slowly, and not at all among those who earned their daily bread by honest work, and the world was very different from the present time, when wealth is so much more widely distributed and machinery has made fabrics so cheap that it only pays to mend them from the cost of making, not from the money spent upon the material itself. Besides, a constantly increasing population must be employed, why not in producing new and pretty things? Money must be spent to be of any service to the world at large, why not in buying and using what is beautiful and attractive?

There is nothing that money can buy that is not perishable. All that we ought to consider is whether we have a right to use it to gratify our tastes: if we have, dress is as legitimate an object as furniture, paintings, fine grounds, or an elegant establishment.

For the majority of women dress is hardly a matter of choice; they must, to a certain extent, do as others do of their age and in their position, or they attract unpleasant observation. Individuals cannot stem a popular current; they are carried along by it, and quite rightly, and naturally; for this is the way all growth and development are perfected. A seed planted in the ground might rebel against any change in its conditions—it has become accustomed to its soil and surroundings, it feels that it is thriving very well, and is naturally afraid of being pushed out into daylight, into a new and broader life. But it cannot help itself; change, growth, is a law of its being; its business is to prepare for it, and adapt itself to its new conditions, not grumble and retard them.

This is a lesson for us all through life, and as

applicable to dress as anything else. How many narrow-minded, obstinate men, "set" in their ways, thinking they know it all, and that wisdom will die with them, make life a burden and a misery to their wives and daughters by charging upon them the results of natural change and growth as a fault, and compelling them to an existence of isolation or deception. They know they make more money than their forefathers did, but they want to spend it on increasing their land or swelling their bank account. They have no idea that the "women folks" have a right to any part of it, or any share in the "earth's increase," as a natural inheritance. It is well worth while, nowadays, for young women to bestow upon their own dress some of that time, patience, and consideration which they have been accustomed to devote to fancy work. Materials are very reasonable in price, paper patterns are now obtainable with as much ease as a spool of thread, and are designed and cut with such accuracy that nothing further is required except adaptation to the slight inequalities of individual figures. There is no obstacle, therefore, to the cultivation of charming taste, and even originality in their dress, by young women, though they may not have a superabundance of pocket money. Taking a well-cut design as a basis of operations, they may diverge from it in any way that suits their fancy, after they have learned how to do so with safety, and by saving themselves all expense in making, be able to indulge in more dresses, as well as more of the accessories of dress. Light and diversified colors are much more used now than for some years past, and freshness, frequent renewal, is essential to their attractive appearance. Let our girls, therefore learn to be their own dressmakers, if they would dress beautifully and fashionably.

Models for the Month.

A VERY pretty and seasonable design for the present month will be found in the "Athalia" overskirt. It is very ingeniously arranged to give the effect of side paniers, and graduated puffs at the back, which are separated by bands, and terminate in a square end which falls low upon the skirt. It

is an extremely graceful model for grenadine, or barege, and may also be used for muslin, silk, or plain woolen tissue. Less than a yard of a contrasting material, or figured fabric, will trim it, with the exception of the ribbon loops, which may be added or not as preferred, but which for the dress of a young lady would be, at least, desirable.

The "Camilla" polonaise is a revival of the "Marguerite" styles, with the side panier effect, and a simulated vest, formed of a self-colored material. The design is especially pretty in satine, in the Pompadour patterns, and also in the striped and figured foulards which have been so important a feature of the season's importation. Nothing could be cooler for summer wear than a polonaise of this description, made of striped and figured Chinese silk, with light tinted ground, and facing of plain, turquoise blue, Italian silk, edged with Breton lace. A simple flounced skirt, walking length, of either the blue or figured silk would complete a charming garden-party costume.

The "Valentine" blouse waist is the newest and prettiest of the plaited waist styles. Yoked waists had a short life, as they were not found suitable for really elegant or stylish dresses. This waist, however, with plaits massed at the back and the front, and ascending to the shoulder, is found particularly becoming and quite in the present order of fashion. The "Valentine" is particularly lovely in a material that can be trimmed with lace or embroidery, and this should be used as illustrated, as a more graceful effect can be produced. The embroidery should be bought by the piece, and as very nice qualities can now be purchased at one dollar and a half to two dollars for twelve yards, the quantity required would not render it so very expensive.

The "Kathleen" mantelet is one of the most graceful and elegant of the mantelet designs. The long ends gathered into points, and finished with small loops and ends of ribbon, are a distinguishable feature of the present season's styles, and are usually held into the waist by the broad belt of the dress, which starts from under the arms. The gore at the back is formed of Brussels net, embroidered with jet, or enriched with jet ornaments. The point at the waist may be held into

the figure by a belt, or silk gagoon, tied underneath. The outlining is executed by a black, plaited Breton lace, traversed by a narrow jetted gimp. The pattern may be made, however, in light chuddah cloth, trimmed with feather bands, and crimped fringe, or in black Sicilienne, trimmed with black cock's feathers, or in black camel's hair, trimmed with lace and jet, with a gimp ornament for the back.

Ladies bathe of late years much more than formerly, and a bathing suit is therefore an essential requisite of a summer outfit for the seaside. The "Brighton" is the newest and most approved design for this purpose. It is carefully cut and shaped, so as to admit of perfect freedom, and still preserve neatness of form and appearance. The sleeves are short, in accordance with the best usage, swimming and healthful exercise in the water being incompatible with the clinging weight of long sleeves about the arms and wrist.

Some daring young women have undertaken to follow continental usage, by adopting a Princess style of bathing dress; but this is rightly considered, by many, as an outrage upon good taste, if not decency. In Europe bathing houses are rolled upon the wheels down the sands and into the water, and the bather steps, or throws herself, directly into its partial concealment. When she is ready to come out she is exposed to no running fire of eyes or eye-glasses, but emerges only to be lost on the instant within the privacy of her little house on wheels.

In this country there is no such provision for bathers. Women, young and old, are obliged to run the gauntlet of crowds of spectators, who watch their every movement, until they are surrounded by the friendly waves, and a dress which shall afford a little drapery as well as covering to the limbs, is essential. The fullness of the "Brighton" is laid in three plaits, back and front, and there is no more than is necessary. Navy blue flannel is the best material to use.

In response to many requests, we illustrate in the present number our new styles of improved chemise drawers, and the Princess chemise, both of which are combination garments, and especially adapted to summer wear.

The chemise drawers are, in reality, three garments in one. That is to say, they are drawers, chemise, and corset cover; if a corset is worn. Ladies who are accustomed to wearing gauze flannels through the summer season, or at least a vest, will find this the best foundation for the corset, and in addition, the

improved chemise drawers, which, put on over the corset, answers every purpose of corset cover and chemise, and requires only the addition of a skirt, which may be attached by button-holes in the band, to the buttons which mark the line of the waist upon the illustration. Ladies who wear neither corsets nor flannels in hot weather, will find these garments exquisitely cool and comfortable. In the tropics they are made of the thinnest batiste, or nainsook, trimmed with insertions and edgings of lace, while in Europe, soft creamy India silk is preferred, which washes, in the hands of an experienced laundress, like white cotton cloth.

The "Princess Chemise" is a triple garment also; that is, it takes the place of short skirt, chemise and corset cover. Neither requires any more material than the ordinary chemise, and is no more trouble to make, the trimming around the bottom being a matter of means and taste.

Summer Mourning Goods.

HENRIETTA cloth is still the standard material for deep mourning dresses, all the year around. Milanese resembles bombazine, and Tamise cloth is like closely-woven delaine. Bayonnais is a fine quality of all wool French bunting, and *beige de santé* is a loosely-woven, all wool fabric, with a flannel finish. All these are popular, and make seasonable dresses. Byzantine is worn for the deepest mourning, and is a dull, semi-transparent fabric, silk and wool mixed, and closely woven like *barège*. Soft, pure, all wool *burège* is also worn for deep mourning, and combined for light mourning with satin striped *barège*. Satin striped Byzantine is also used in the same manner. Spun silk grenadine is the favorite among the thinner fabrics, and has the threads precisely alike both ways, and twisted alike. Iron grenadines are also

worn. Real Canton *crêpe* is used for over-dresses for light mourning, and French *crêpe de chine* is also popular, being less expensive, and lighter in quality.

Toilets for Mid-summer.

FIG. 1.—Toilet made of white India muslin, trimmed with Breton lace and insertion. The skirt is a demi-train, bordered with a deep, plaited flounce trimmed with Breton insertion, and surmounted by two very fine plaitings edged with lace, the upper plaiting headed-insertion. The overskirt—the "Athalia"—is trimmed with very fine plaitings edged with lace, and has bows of satin ribbon in front and at the sides, made of garnet, pink, and pale blue combined. The "Valentine" blouse-waist is profusely trimmed with lace, and has a belt made of ribbon, and fastened with bow matching the rest on the dress. *Coiffure* arranged high, with a braid and puffs. Skirt pattern, thirty cents each size. Pattern of waist, twenty cents each size. Overskirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—Costume of white nainsook, for a miss of fourteen years. This is trimmed with very fine plaitings, edged with Valenciennes lace, Valenciennes insertion, and bows of pale blue and rose-colored ribbons. The "Neila" polonaise is combined with a gored skirt to form the costume, and both views of the polonaise will be found illustrated among the separate fashions. Pattern of polonaise in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each. Skirt pattern in sizes for from four to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each.



TOILETS FOR MIDSUMMER.

Newest Hats and Bonnets.

THE large hats which have been such a feature of the summer styles, and which are extraordinarily picturesque and becoming, in conjunction with light summer costumes, will hardly be carried over into the fall, except for excursion purposes.

The more recent imported styles are comparatively small, and quite in the "Gypsy" or close "Cottage" form, with small upward brim. Large hats can hardly be worn without a considerable massing of the hair upon the upper part of the head to sustain them, and this is opposed to the present tendencies in regard to *coiffure*. Massive braids are no longer in vogue. Chate-laines have been displaced by soft twists of natural hair, which are loosely intertwined at the back, and disposed at the top in a puff, surmounted by a comb, or arranged still more informally without the aid of any comb whatever. Young girls arrange their hair in still more simple fashion, leaving the size and shape of the head undisturbed. This renders the employment of a large hat for any other save-shade purposes, almost impossible, so that there are special reasons why the smaller designs for city wear will be adopted.

It cannot be denied, however, that the large hats have a character and distinction which do not belong to the small bonnet, except in individual cases. There are examples in those recently received, where the poise upon the head is emphasized by the arrangement of the trimming, which consists of large satin loops, or ostrich feathers, set high and a little to the left side, so as to give an appearance of height and style, which is not only striking but distinguished.

The difficulty about the large and fashionable hats of the present season has been their weight. The light chips, and Florida braids of last year, have been superseded by coarse, heavy, English straw, which is faced with velvet, and frequently trimmed exteriorly with velvet also, in addition to plumes, and a metal clasp. The weight of all this upon the head, upon a hot summer's day, is injurious as well as very uncomfortable, and many ladies have found it necessary to lay aside the hats which have cost them considerable sums,

and fall back upon home-made affairs of drawn white muslin, or the sundowns, which were invented for bathing-hats, and were in cost next to nothing.

One feature of the new styles in bonnets may be considered at least as favoring economy; this is, their individuality and greater independence of the costume. It is true that many ladies carefully adapt the general style of their bonnets to that of their dresses, so that there shall be harmony, or, at least, correspondence, between them.



FASHIONABLE FANS.

But this is no longer obligatory. On the contrary, the bonnet is rather a point of departure, than a mere beginning, or a terminus. It crowns the costume rather than completes it. This fact will undoubtedly be more clearly emphasized in the fall and winter designs, and though no woman of taste would wear a bonnet that clearly outraged the rest of her toilet by its difference of color, yet distinction in color between the bonnet, or, at least, the trimming of the bonnet, and the dress, will probably be general. It may also be taken for granted that satin will be used upon velvet, and that strings will consist more largely of ribbon than of lace, at least for promenade bonnets, and will fasten under the chin. Small veils of the mask form have already been adopted.

Fashionable Fans.

No. 1.—An ivory fan, ornamented with a tea-rose held in place on one of the outer sticks by a silver holder.

No. 2.—A cherry-wood fan, ornamented with steel traceries. *Châtelaine* to match.

No. 3.—Black satin fan, with ebony sticks mounted with silver. The design is hand painted, and extends about two-thirds across the satin, and is carried down at one side on the sticks.

No. 4.—An ebony fan, with silver mountings, and *châtelaine* to match. The belt is of black Russia leather, with a silver buckle.

No. 5.—Fan of old-gold colored *crêpe*, embroidered with black silk and jet, and mounted on ebony sticks.

No. 6.— Fan of pale blue satin, embroidered with cream-color, and mounted with carved ivory sticks.

Walking Boots.

THE newest walking boots for ladies are cut on the same principle as a gentleman's shooting boot; the front of the boot and the tongue in front are cut in one, and the laced pieces open out wide, so that there is no pressure on the instep, and they are slipped on and off easily. This renders them very convenient for summer excursionists.

Summer Gloves and Mitts.

THE newest lisle thread gloves are made in all the light shades of gray and mastic, and are very prettily openworked in the same patterns as the stockings. They are long upon the wrist, and terminate in an elastic band, which extends two or three inches beyond the line of the wrist. They are well-shaped, but somewhat expensive, and as they are fine, and not very durable, cannot be considered economical wear.

Thread mitts in all colors are now imported, and are less expensive than the silk ones, while they are capable of more service. They are as long as twelve-buttoned kid gloves, and therefore, extremely well adapted for wear with summer dresses, which have elbow or shortened sleeves.

The *écru* mitts are the most useful, for they can be worn with any color, and also with black or white.

The present fashion of long gloves, long mitts, and half-long sleeves is a very expensive item for those who go much into society, and the *écru* mitts afford an opportunity of economizing on the sometimes dreadful item of long, light kid gloves.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Watch Chains.

No. 1.—The "Double Victoria" is the latest style of watch chain for ladies. It is of "rolled" gold, and is composed of small round links, and finished by a round slide and ornaments of polished gold, chased in the center on both sides and set with a single pearl. It has a polished bar which is worn through the button-hole, and a *châtelaine*, to which a charm may be attached. Price, \$7.50.

No. 2.—A handsome watch chain in "rolled" gold, measuring sixty inches in length, composed of double links finely chased. The slide has a real gold front and back, and is highly burnished, ornamented with red gold and chased. A raised polished ornament is set with pearls. Price, \$12.75.

No. 3.—A handsome *matinée* watch chain in "rolled" gold, which is especially convenient, as it can be detached by means of hooks at the back of the pin, and worn as a neck chain only, or as a Leontine chain, with or without the pin. The pin also can be used separately, and is very handsome, the groundwork being frosted and inlaid with black enamel. It is further enriched by a real cameo, set in a raised scroll, is surmounted by a single pearl, and rests upon a leaf in colored gold. Two large tassels of dead gold, set in highly burnished red gold, are suspended from the pin. Price, \$7.50.

No. 4.—A lady's watch chain of "rolled" gold, measuring sixty inches and a half in length, composed of round links worked into the form of rings. The slide has a real gold front, highly polished and richly chased, and has a cameo set

in a plain rim, and surrounded with polished balls. Price, \$9.

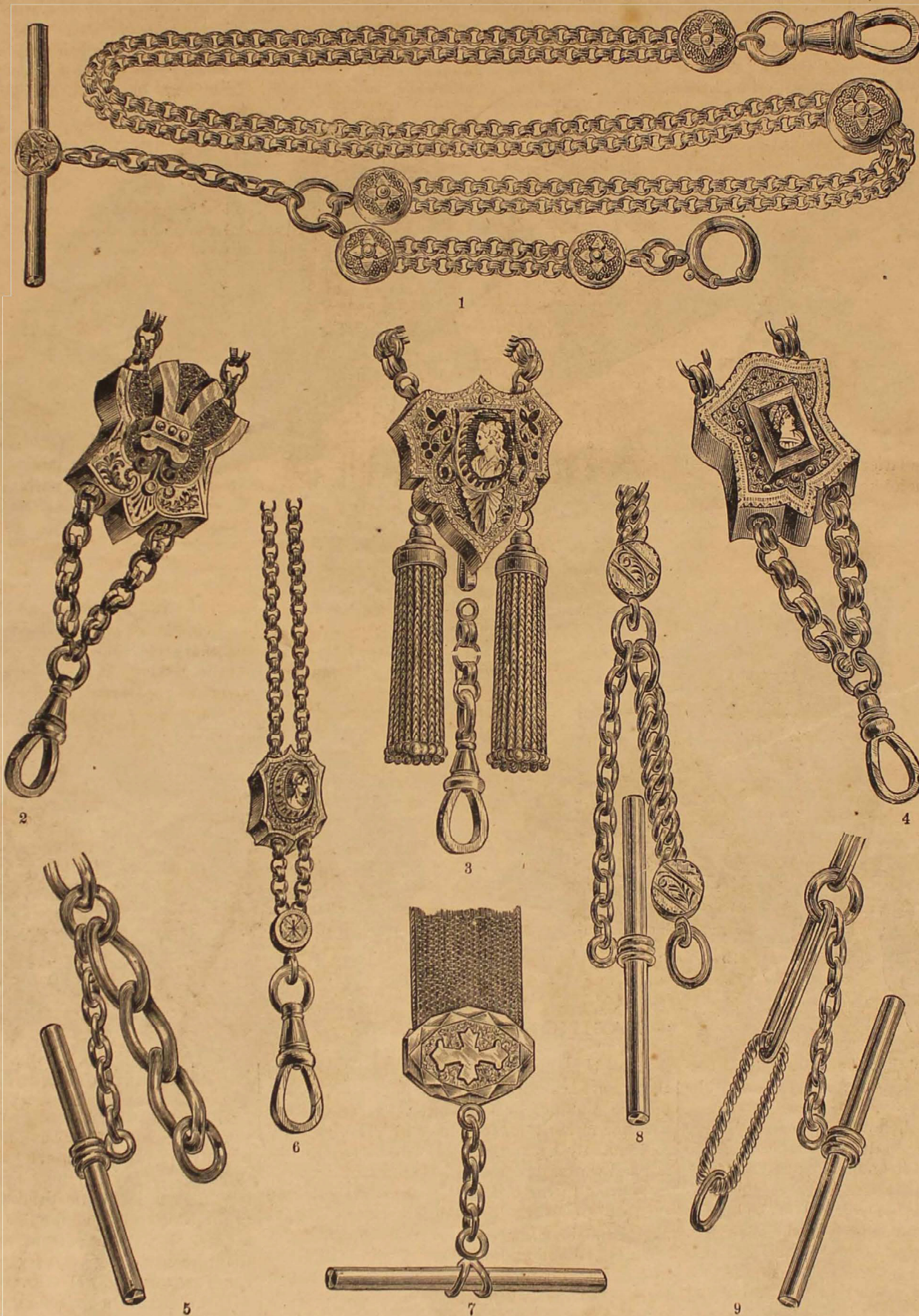
No. 5.—A handsome guard watch chain in "rolled" gold, for a gentleman. The links are twisted and are highly burnished. The buttonhole bar is also burnished and is supported by a fine

ally worn with white vests. It is composed of double black silk braid, and is secured at both ends with an oval ornament in "rolled" gold, highly burnished, with a cross on each side, set in finely chased gold. There is a similar ornament as a slide, and the buttonhole bar is connected by a small chain of highly burnished gold. Price, \$1.75.

No. 8.—A gentleman's guard watch chain in a very neat design. It has real gold front and back tips, and the bar has gold ends; every link being soldered insures great durability. Price, \$5.

No. 9.—A gentleman's elegant guard watch chain in "rolled" gold, highly burnished. It is composed of links about an inch in length, every other one being of twisted wire, and is light in weight. Price, \$4.

Many of these designs are facsimiles of those made in real gold, and can hardly be distinguished from them. The illustrations represent the actual sizes, and the goods are the best quality manufactured.



LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WATCH CHAINS.

ACTUAL SIZES.

chain. Can be furnished in either red or yellow gold. Price, \$5.

No. 6.—A lady's watch chain, measuring sixty inches in length. The links are small and finely worked, and the slide is of polished gold, chased, and set with a pink cameo. Price, \$6.

No. 7.—A simple guard watch chain, a style usu-

THE NEW PATENT GLOVES are fastened by a silk cord, which winds in and out of two rows of small riveted and ornamental buttons.

MITTS FOR DRESSY OCCASIONS.—Mitts are almost universally worn in place of long gloves for garden parties, afternoon teas, and semi-ceremonious occasions.

The Locket Collar.

Rows of Breton insertion sewn together are made into what are called locket collars, for tying closely round the neck with low, square dresses.

Bunting Costumes.

BUNTING has been so much improved in style and quality, and is now made in so many grades, that it is found exceedingly serviceable, less costly than grenadine, and much more serviceable than barege. Bunting is particularly useful as furnishing the happy medium needed for traveling dresses, and has been more used for that purpose during the present season than any other single material. It does not crease readily, and it stands moisture almost as well as debeige, while it is cooler and drapes easily.

Common bunting made up into costumes is usually trimmed with cheap silk, but the better qualities are only finished with rows of chain-stitching and buttons. Some show the contrast of a satin vest, but the majority consist of trimmed skirt and deep basque, simply made, and finished with but little attempt at ornament.

A suit of this kind, of black, navy blue, or gray bunting is most useful as filling up the interim between the heat of summer and the time for putting on woolen costumes, so that it is almost indispensable for ladies who are obliged to go out daily.

Dark cambries and dotted foulards are both utilized largely for traveling purposes, the former serving as well as the latter under an ulster, and in fact looking so much like it that the difference can scarcely be distinguished excepting by touch. But neither of these fabrics is suitable for long journeys, or cool climates, and are therefore employed for short trips, where no changes of temperature are anticipated, rather than for lake or mountain excursions.

The ulster has become an indispensable part of the regular traveling outfit, but is cut into the figure so as to render it much more shapely than those that were seen at first. Ladies' ulsters are as well supplied with pockets as those of gentlemen, but the triple collar is sometimes replaced by

a graceful hood, and there is often an insertion of kilting in the lower part of the skirt at the back, which is confined by straps, and lends a certain ease and character to the garment which add much to its appearance.

A leather belt and pocket are also useful and pretty. The bag holds tickets, change, and handkerchiefs securely, so that a man is not essential as ticket bearer and change carrier.



VALENTINE. BLOUSE-WAIST.

Valentine Blouse-Waist.—A simple, practical design, a blouse-waist, disposed in plaits both back and front, and confined by a belt, which may be either of the material or of a fancy kind. It can be suitably made up in all kinds of dress goods, excepting the heaviest, and is very desirable for summer fabrics. The trimming can be of lace, embroidery, or ruffles, to suit the taste and the material used. Price of pattern, twenty cents each size.

New Ties.

SCARF ties of Indian muslin, folded double, are gathered at each end with some three or four runnings, almost like a tassel, the lace at the extreme ends being gathered closely together. Bows of lace and India or *crêpe* muslin, about four inches across, are made in the butterfly shape. Another favorite style is a bow of the muslin, with a cascade of lace coming six or seven inches below; while others have a twisted end of muslin, on one side knotted, and a cascade of lace on the other. One of the newest things for converting an ordinary dress into demi-toilet is an upstanding ruff of lace, with narrow ribbon round it, tied in a bow in front. The lace is then brought down as a double drapery to the waist on one side, while on the other is the cascade of lace, headed by ribbon and *lisse* plaiting.

The Veste.

VESTES to wear with or without jackets over an ordinary bodice, give full-dress appearance at a small cost. They are made of white linen, trimmed with lace and embroidery, of black velvet, of India muslin fulled on to a plain foundation and caught down with pearls at intervals, of Pompadour muslin, and of the soft washing silks. They reach to the shoulder, fasten at the back, are narrow at the waist, and terminate in two square ends. They are always bordered all round with lace, having a cascade sometimes down the center of the front, and an upstanding ruff at the throat. They cover the front of the dress entirely. Sometimes they are made in one piece, of Duchess or Brussels lace. Another style, called waistcoat fichu, is a piece of muslin gathered at the waist like a baby's bodice, a ruff at the throat, a cascade of lace at either side, and bows of lace and ribbon at the waist and neck.



ATHALIA OVERSKIRT.

Athalia Overskirt.—Decidedly novel, and very stylish, this overskirt is short, with the apron open in the middle of the front, and very fully draped, giving the effect of *paniers* on the sides, and the back very *bouffant*, being separated into two full puffs, by broad bands passed across it. The design is desirable for all kinds of dress goods, and the trimming can be selected to suit the taste and the material used. This design is illustrated *en costume*, in combination with the "Valentine" blouse-waist. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



KATHLEEN MANTELET.

Kathleen Mantelet.—This simple and graceful mantelet is quite loose, in circle shape, with the back describing two points, and the fronts hanging in long tabs which may be left to fall loosely, or be held in by a belt passed around the waist, under the back piece. The design is desirable for silk, *sicilienne*, cashmere, chuddah cloth, and many suit goods of light quality, and can be trimmed to suit the taste and the material used. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.



COSTUMES FOR BATHING.

Costumes for Bathing.

FIG. 1.—This figure shows the back view of the "Brighton" bathing suit, the front view of which is illustrated on Fig. 5. It is made in dark blue flannel, trimmed with broad white braid. Net of oil silk, bound on the edges with red braid, and having a band of embroidery down the middle. The pattern of the bathing suit is in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

FIG. 2.—A bathing cloak, for use before entering and upon leaving the water. It is in circle shape, with a hood, and is made of unbleached Turkish toweling, trimmed with *point Russe* embroidery in black and yellow silks on red flannel. Broad-brimmed hat, of coarse leghorn braid. Pattern of cloak, thirty cents.

FIG. 3.—A favorite style of bathing suit, comprising a full blouse waist, a short skirt, and full drawers. Many ladies prefer this style for swimming, as the skirt can be easily removed when it is desirable to have less weight for that exercise, the drawers being attached to the waist, and the skirt buttoned on. The one illustrated is made in dark gray twilled flannel, trimmed with broad bands of scarlet. Rough straw hat, trimmed with red braid. Canvas bathing shoes. Pattern of suit in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

FIG. 4.—The "Victor" suit, made in dark blue flannel, trimmed with black braid. This design can either be used for a bathing suit or a street costume. Pattern in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, thirty cents each.

FIG. 5.—The front view of the "Brighton" bathing suit, the back of which is shown on Fig. 1. See description of that figure for prices and sizes.

FIG. 6.—The "Undine" bathing costume, for a miss of ten years. It is made of heavy all-wool suitings, mixed gray, and is trimmed with cross-stitch embroidery of red and white worsted on blue bands. Red and white striped stockings. Bathing hat of coarse straw, red and blue. Pattern of suit in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price twenty-five cents each.

Bathing Cloak, Net, etc.

No. 1.—Basket for carrying a bathing suit. It is of coarse straw, trimmed at top and bottom with a band of red cloth, pinked on the edges, and embroidered with black and old-gold color, ornamented at one side with a bow of red and old-gold colored ribbons, and lined with red cashmere, the lining extending above the top of the basket, and furnished with drawing-strings.

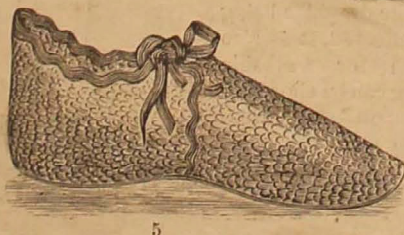
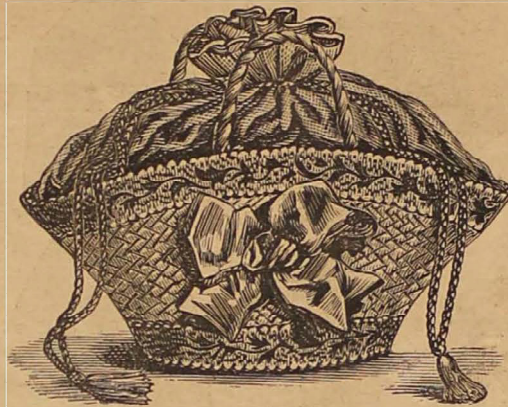
No. 2.—Bathing cloak made of unbleached Turkish toweling, trimmed with *point Russe* embroidery in black and yellow silks on red flannel. It is cut in circle shape, and provided with a hood.

No. 3.—Bathing net of oil silk, bound on the edges with red braid, and ornamented down the middle with a band of embroidery.

No. 4.—Child's bathing shoe, made of brown canvas and unbleached Turkish toweling.

No. 5.—Lady's bathing slipper, made of white canvas, trimmed with red braiding.

No. 6.—Bathing shoe made of Turkish toweling, bound with blue braid.



Our Purchasing Bureau

Offers itself as a medium for the purchase of ladies' and children's dresses, costumes and outfits, including every article necessary for a trousseau, from hosiery and underwear to jewelry. Our facilities as representatives of one of the oldest and best known houses in New York, are superior for buying at the lowest prices, while long experience is a guaranty for judgment in selecting styles and fabrics. From the many letters received we select the following for brevity:

"MACON, GEORGIA.

"MME. DEMOREST:—The box of trimmings was received in good time, and I thank you for your promptness and the skill and taste with which the selections were made. Mrs. Daniel, my dressmaker, and myself are both delighted.

"Inclosed please find in stamps the 12c balance due. Miss V. O. W."

"DEAR MME. DEMOREST:—I inclose you the amount due on the goods sent. I was very much pleased with them, and return many thanks for trouble and promptness. L. H. L."

Brighton Bathing Suit.—A most convenient, comfortable, and becoming style of bathing suit, cut with a yoke, front and back, to which the lower parts are attached in broad box-plaits, and side gores under the arms, and fitted by a belt worn on the outside. It can be appropriately made up in serge, moreen, or twilled flannel, as these materials do not cling to the figure when wet, and trimmed with braid, or bands of all-wool delaine, either forming the entire garniture, or in combination with rows of alpaca braid of a contrasting color. The one illustrated is in dark blue flannel, ornamented with rows of white galloon of different widths.

This design is illustrated on the full-page engraving. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



BRIGHTON BATHING SUIT.

BATHING CLOAK, NET, ETC.

BRIGHTON BATHING SUIT.

Cool Under-Wear.

We give in the present number illustrations of the combination under-wear which is so particularly adapted to comfort and convenience during the summer season. It may be made in French batiste, in nainsook or pink, blue, or cream washing silk. Nainsook is very nice for ladies who suffer much from the heat, for notwithstanding that it is so thin, it never wears out—that is, “hardly ever,” if the reader will excuse the adoption of this universal qualification.

Under-skirts, and particularly flannel skirts, are still cut with yokes that fit to the hips, and the flannel should be embroidered with a simple pattern to correspond with that upon the stockings, if these are embroidered. There is no end to the ways in which young women who have time and taste can beautify their own wardrobes, and these details of hand-work are much more distinguished as an addition to a simple toilet than any amount of cheap bought trimmings. It is always questionable taste to make a display of ornament, but it is a mark of refinement to have the under-wear as handsome as possible, consistent with permanent neatness and the means of the wearer. Long skirts, that is, trained under-skirts, are not now needed, but the short skirts, walking length, are prettily finished with fluted ruffles of the muslin, and the very short ones, used in place of flannel, with ruffles of Hamburg embroidery. When a “dress improver” is worn, flounces are sometimes buttoned upon it for dress occasions, unless a deep *balayeuse* is added to the back of the interior of the dress skirt as a permanent part of its finish.

Princess Chemise.—A decided improvement on the style of chemise formerly worn, this convenient garment is in “Princess” shape, partially fitting, and combines a chemise and short under-skirt, and, if the corsets are worn next to the flannel vest, a corset-cover also, in this manner taking the place of three separate garments. The neck is cut in Pompadour shape, both back and front, and the fronts are fitted with a long dart on each side extending to the bottom of the skirt, and deep darts taken out under the arms. There

is a short French back slightly fitted to the figure, to the lower edges of which is added a moderately full skirt. The fronts can be finished with a false hem, or lap, as illustrated; or the hems may be allowed on in the usual manner and carried all the way down. The best method of finishing the seams is to sew them up on the *outside*, open them and then lay over, on the outside, a bias band of the material, from one-quarter to three-eighths of an inch wide, which is to be secured by a row of machine stitching at each edge. This makes a neat finish for the seams, imparts additional strength, and serves as a support to the buttons from which the other skirts are to be suspended. The design is usually made up in white washable goods, but is equally appropriate for flannel or silk, and the trimming can be chosen to suit the taste and the material used. Pattern in two sizes, for ladies medium and large. Price, thirty cents each. The same design is in sizes for misses from twelve to sixteen years of age. Price, twenty-five cents each.



CAMILLE POLONAISE.

Camille Polonaise.—Novel in design, and very stylish in effect, this graceful polonaise is yet very simple in arrangement. It is looped to form *paniers* on the sides, that fall over a short draped apron, and the back is moderately *bouffant*. It is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, and deep darts taken out under the arms; and has a seam down the middle of the back and side-forms extending to the shoulders. A long plastron-collar has the effect of a small vest. The design is suitable for nearly all classes of dress materials, and is especially desirable for such goods as drape gracefully. The drapings being so simple and easily effected, it is also an excellent design for washable fabrics. The trimming can be chosen to suit the taste and the material used. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



PRINCESS CHEMISE.

Improved Chemise - Drawers.—This excellent garment is designed after the latest and most approved principles of hygiene and comfort. It combines two separate patterns in one, viz.: loose drawers, and a corset cover having the neck cut in Pompadour shape, front and back. The waist portion is about half-tight, and is fitted with a dart in each side of the front, and deep darts taken out under the arms, and has short back pieces ending a little below the waist. The drawers are cut in one piece with the waist at the front and sides, and are without any superfluous fullness, but have additional width allowed at the back, which is gathered and sewed to the lower edges of the back pieces. The corset is to be worn underneath, next the woolen vest; the ordinary chemise is dispensed with, and a short underskirt is to be suspended from the buttons at the waist. The design is appropriate for all kinds of white washing materials, or it can be made up in *foulard* or flannel. The trimming can be placed plainly around the neck, or the front may be ornamented with a plastron, as illustrated.

Pattern in two sizes, for ladies medium and large, price thirty cents each. The same design is in sizes for misses from twelve to sixteen years of age. Price, twenty-five cents each.

A WHITE India muslin scarf is a novelty for trimming round hats. It can either be wound around the neck as a scarf, or used as a veil, when necessary.

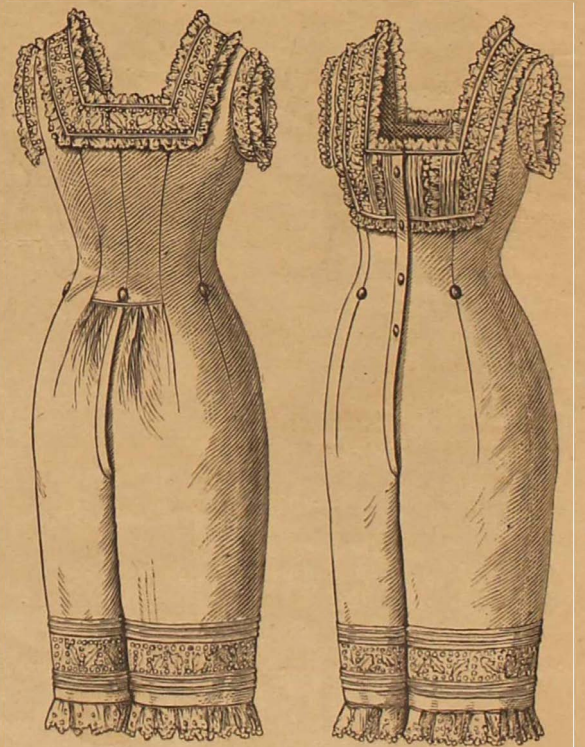
SHIRRED hats of *écru* batiste, trimmed with Algerienne silk, are worn to match costumes.

BLUE and blue-black cloth remains popular for ladies' riding habits.

BLUE and *écru* flannel dresses are worn by misses at the seaside.

ROUGH-AND-READY and Mackinaw straw hats are popular for seaside wear. Rough, black, straw hats have three rows of gilt braid near the edge of the brim.

BROAD belts are worn with most toilets and costumes.



IMPROVED CHEMISE-DRAWERS.

BASQUES are worn, made of a different material from the costume.

Brides' and Bridal Reception Dresses.

THE richest bridal dresses worn recently have been made of white satin, trimmed with lace. The train is usually plain, or shows an edge cut out, or with corners turned back over a narrow, thick plaiting, which is lined with the balayouse. The front may be slightly full and bordered with a kilt plaiting, the sides trimmed with cascades of lace, dotted with flowers, or bows of white satin ribbon.

Upon some dresses, however, cut in the Princess style, the over-dress of lace, or lace arranged as scarfs, forms the entire drapery. The garniture consists of flowers in masses, and trailing fringes.

The prettiest bridal dress of the season was of rich white satin, covered with myriads of rows of finely plaited Breton lace, and garnitured with natural rosebuds and orange blossoms. No artificial flowers were used. The veil was attached to a full, close wreath of the same flowers, but the bouquet was composed entirely of white rosebuds.

The effect of the Breton lace is particularly soft and foamy, much more becoming to youthful brides than heavy point lace, which should never be worn until women have reached a matronly age.

A very pretty and much more simple bridal dress was of white barege, trimmed also with quantities of delicately plaited Breton lace. The garniture of this dress was white satin ribbon. No flowers were used except a great bunch of natural lilies-of-the-valley and white rosebuds, at the front of the *corsage*. Artificial flowers are not now considered *distingué*, as a garniture for bridal dresses.

Bridesmaids are beginning to adopt the English fashion of wearing large, quaint hats or bonnets. The six bridesmaids attendant at one fashionable wedding walked in twos to the altar, and were dressed in twos—that is to say, each two alike, but all of them in white, and each carried a bouquet of deep red roses, while that of the bride of course was white. Their bonnets were leghorn, large and quaint in shape, with indented brim, Breton lace strings, and trimming composed entirely of five white ostrich feathers. The two bridesmaids in attendance at another wedding wore Princess dresses of pale pink, a combination of silk and brocade, and large hats of the Gainsborough shape, trimmed with Breton lace and immense crushed roses.

A dress worn at a recent wedding by the mother of the bride, was of moonlight satin, square cut, with elbow sleeves and a long, plain train. Very fine old lace trimmed the neck and sleeves, and over the shoulders was thrown a very wide scarf of thin Venetian gauze, wrought most exquisitely with real gold thread, in an elaborate pattern of leaves and flowers.

A beautiful dress worn upon the same occasion, was a combination of turquoise blue silk, with a chintz foulard, the groundwork a shade between gold and copper color, what is known as Etruscan gold. The figures, tiny flowers and

leaves, in shades of pink, turquoise blue, and olive green.

A very rich bronze satin, worn on the same occasion, was trimmed with an Indian embroidery in gold and bronze, representing bugs or beetles, executed upon silk gauze of the same shade.

Dress Allowance for Girls.

If parents wish to inculcate habits of economy in their daughters, and induce them not only to put money to the best use in the getting up of their wardrobes, but to save by putting their own work into the making of their dresses and other garments, they will set aside for them a regular allowance, and require them to dress chiefly within the limits assigned them. What these limits should be will depend of course upon the means and position of the parents. Two hundred and fifty dollars per annum would be riches to one, while another would feel poor upon a thousand. The first-named sum may, however, be considered the minimum upon which a girl who goes into society can dress in the city, because there are not only the actual articles of clothing to purchase, but many small ways in which money is spent, for car-fare, postage, etc., which must come out of her allowance, and which would greatly cripple it, if placed on an exceedingly limited footing.

Even with this sum, if she wishes to feel at ease, she should, as far as possible, make her own dresses, as well as underclothing, excepting the very best, and carefully calculate the actual necessities of each season so that these may be provided for.

A girl restricted to an allowance, though it may at first seem ample, will soon find that she cannot afford to indulge all her whims, or her fancies, and she will learn, what some women are never taught, how money can be best expended in the purchase of a few articles that have real value, rather than in many, which only represent what is worthless and a mere encumbrance.

Of course, in considering the question of dress allowance, we are confined to the daughters of men of means; young women who earn their own living, or who are obliged to contribute perhaps to the support of others, can rarely estimate with exactness the sum they can afford to spend upon clothing, and even the cost of a calico dress may be dependent upon other and more pressing necessities.

The point of this article is simply this, that one of the most important things in this life is to learn how to spend money wisely. It is quite as much of an art as money getting, and as it is the lot of many women to spend the money for the joint benefit that another person has earned, it is at least desirable that they should know how to put it to its best use.

Besides, the growing temptation is to fritter away a great deal of hard-earned money upon trifles. Trifles accumulate and become a nuisance. They are rarely, if ever, used until they are worn out; but they break, become disabled, soiled—lose the little glamour which a capricious fashion throws around them—and are then left to add their quota to the pile of accumulated rubbish.

One of the secrets of life is to find out what we do not want: and a dress allowance furnishes one of the quickest ways in which young girls can learn the lesson, because every mistake they make in buying what they do not want is made



MISS'S WALKING COSTUME.

COSTUME made in garnet bunting, having the vest, collar and cuffs of the basque made of *satin pékin*, the stripes, alternately, garnet and old-gold color; and the *revers* on the basque, and bands on the skirt, of garnet satin edged with narrow folds of old-gold satin. The "Lucille" skirt, and "Floy" basque are combined to make the costume, and both designs are illustrated separately elsewhere. White chip hat, trimmed with striped satin matching that on the dress, garnet and old-gold tips, and pink roses. Skirt-pattern in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each. Pattern of basque in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

memorable by depriving them of something that is really necessary or desirable.

A girl upon two hundred and fifty dollars per year cannot afford to buy an evening silk oftener than once in two years, and then it must be simple in style. But it should be delicate in shade, so that it may be suitable for remodeling the following year, or covering with a thin overdress of muslin or gauze. The winter that she does not buy an evening dress she should purchase a winter coat, or complete walking suit, fur trimmed; and this also can be changed the following year by the substitution of velvet, or numerous rows of narrow braid, in place of the fur trimming worn the previous year.

A great saving is effected by a certain regularity in the purchase of standard articles, and standard fabrics, because they can be worked one into another, from year to year, whereas the fancy fabrics, which are only fashionable for the season, are independent of, and have no correspondence with, anything else, and are, therefore, almost a dead loss, when their brief *prestige* has departed. Wealthy men make a great mistake in obliging their wives and daughters to run bills, or continually ask for sums of money, which are given to them in uncertain quantities. Dissatisfaction is sure to exist on both sides, and no motive is furnished for economy and care-taking, as the chronic grumble accompanies the five dollars as certainly as the fifty.



PATRICE DRESS.

Patrice Dress.—This graceful Princess dress is very novel in design, and is tight-fitting, with side-forms back and front extending to the shoulder-seams, and the back pieces turned up to form loops. The front is ornamented with pointed tabs which meet in the center and are attached with bows, and the back pieces are cut with pointed extensions which are lapped over the back side-forms and held with buttons. The sides and back are finished at the bottom with a deep flounce, above which a sash is placed, which begins at the front edge of the front side-form, and passes round the dress, over the loop in the back on the left side, and under the other loop on the right side, and around to the other side of the front. The neck is finished with two large turned-down collars. The design is suitable for all kinds of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of colors or materials. Pattern in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Children's Fashions.

THE most thoughtful and intelligent of women are now very independent in the manner in which they dress their children, and there are constant improvements suggested and worked out by their own efforts and by their willingness to adopt any better way, which are well worth the consideration of all mothers who wish to put their strength and effort to the best use.

The underwear for children, for example, is now beginning to be cut all in one, in the Princess forms adopted by ladies. That it has not always been so seems an absurdity for which it is difficult to account. It is true that the drawers, upon very young children, need to be removed more frequently than is necessary for the preservation or the cleanliness of any other garment. But the creeping and rolling upon the floor, which render this a necessity, last but a short time, and the drawers are now worn so short and the stockings so long that children who are able to run about can wear them for two and even three days if necessary. Moreover, the reduction in the number and bulk of the garments to be washed by the family laundress is so reduced by using one combination article, instead of two or three with gathers and bands and buttons *ad libitum*, that one can easily afford a few extra changes of a complete garment as an offset to those which are not now required at all.

The effort has been to get rid of the unnecessary gathers, which crowded into yokes or more widely distributed in the bands of drawers, had made a bulky mass of wrinkled cloth for which there was no use, and which it has been the business of the dress to conceal. But the dress of children, as at present fashioned, while easy and graceful, is almost destitute of fullness. The form is outlined, if not as strictly as that of their older sisters, at least in such a way as to render the inequalities, even of underwear, conspicuous; and it is therefore desirable to simplify and render it as smooth and well fitting as possible.

The knitted underwear for children "took" at once, and doubtless stimulated the demand for cotton garments of an equivalent character. They are not, as yet, commonly introduced into the furnishing houses, but they soon will be, and in the mean time ladies can make them at home with great comfort and satisfaction to the little ones as well as themselves.

The summer dressing of children is now almost entirely restricted to the simplest fabrics—cotton, linen, and plain woolen. A great deal of lace and a great deal of embroidery is used. Both are of an inexpensive kind, and are selected for their durability, and because they wash and wear with the fabric itself.

Nothing can be conceived more suitable for the dressing of children who are to romp and play on the hills, in the woods, and by the sea-side, than the tweeds, the corded seersuckers, the dark-blue English flannel, the checked gingham, the striped linen, the figured satines, and the self-colored cambries, which are principally used in the composition of children's costumes. None of the large plaids or showy figures are apparent, which formerly blocked them out like a checker-board, or disguised them as Mandarins.

The dress is neat, simple, easy, compact, and graceful, and the Princess dresses of little girls are so made for the summer, that they can be employed as aprons the next winter, and thus finished and thoroughly utilized before they are out-grown.

One of the prettiest of the Princess dresses is the "Patrice." Notwithstanding its dressy appearance, it may be made in very simple materials of two shades of cambric, for example, or plain wool. The sash is not at all obligatory; in fact, in simple material, the dress looks better with a

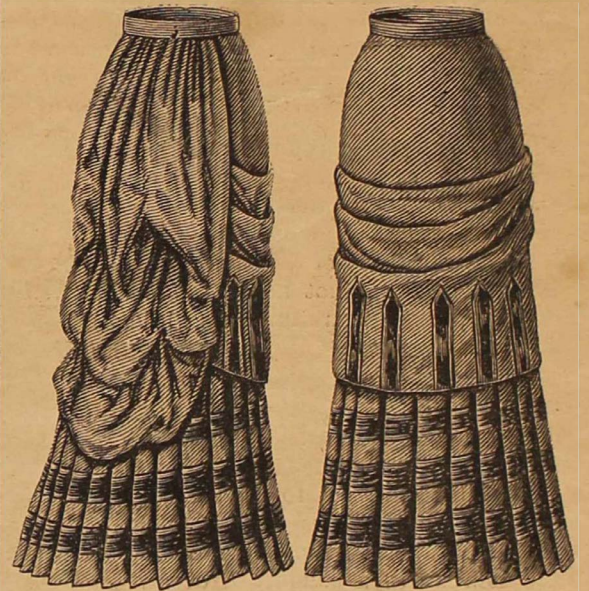
fold surmounting the flounce. But in a combination of silk and wool, a silk sash adds much to the effect. The bows, too, may be omitted if desired, and simple bands used as straps across the front. The design is good in almost any material, and may be used for girls from eight years of age.

The "Neila" polonaise is an extension of the blouse waist into a polonaise design, which is very pretty, and extremely well adapted to thin straight figures. It is not difficult to make, though it looks elaborate, the puff at the back being simply set on over the plaiting.

The "Lucille" skirt has formed the basis for one of the most fashionable styles of summer costume—the "Beulah"—and would be particularly pretty in dark-blue or wine-colored wool, or merino, trimmed with velvet.

The "Floy" basque is a pretty example of the vest and half-belt bodice, in which a combination of plain with striped material is used. The most fashionable style of the present season has been narrow striped satin, in different shades of gold and the color of the material, with camel's hair.

The "Undine" bathing suit is very pretty in gray or navy-blue flannel, trimmed with black or red wool, embroidered in white, or a plain or figured woolen braid may be used. The blouse is yoked only at the back, and is cut in one in the front, with a square neck that will be found both pretty and convenient.



LUCILLE SKIRT.

Lucille Skirt.—This graceful design combines an overskirt and a skirt that is trimmed with a deep kilt-plaited flounce. The apron of the overskirt is short, and is laid in plaits, while the back is very *bouffant*. The design is similar to the trimmed skirt given in the "Beulah" costume, and can be appropriately worn with any style of basque or waist. It can be suitably made up in all kinds of dress goods, and trimmed to suit the taste and the material used. Pattern in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

No more Starch for Babies.

BABIES have been starved long enough on such starchy foods as arrow-root, which contain scarcely any nourishment, nurses and doctors to the contrary, notwithstanding, and now a wise and kind public opinion has about concluded that they have been scratched and punished long enough by having starch put in their clothes. Soft wool needs no starch, neither does well washed linen or muslin, while the dainty folds of the robe fall with infinitely more grace if starch has not stiffened it, and prepared it to take on innumerable creases.



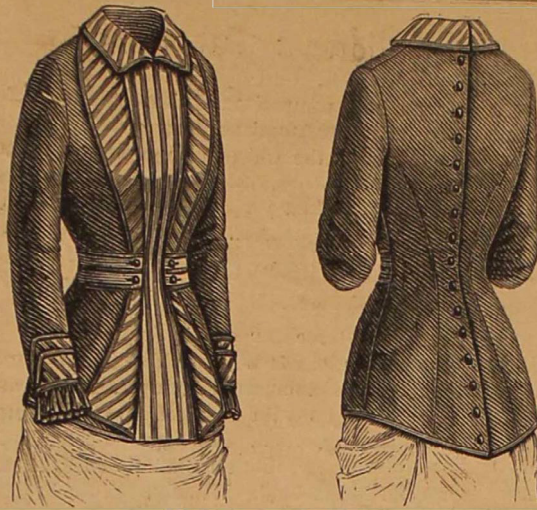
NEILA POLONAISE.

Neila Polonaise.—Very becoming to slender figures, this is a blouse polonaise, with a yoke back and front, to which the front and back pieces are attached in plaits. It has deep darts taken out under the arms, but it is made tight-fitting by a belt, and has short side-forms in the back, which extend to the yoke. The back is rendered very *bourré* by a large puff which is attached to the lower edges of the plaits. The design is suitable for all kinds of dress goods excepting, perhaps, the heaviest, and it can be trimmed to suit the taste and the material used. Pattern in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



UNDINE BATHING SUIT.

Undine Bathing Suit.—A sensible and becoming bathing suit for children, consisting of a half-long, sacque-shaped blouse, and full drawers. The blouse has the neck cut in Pompadour shape in front, and a yoke at the back to which the lower part is attached in gathers, and the whole is rendered tight-fitting by a belt. The lower edges of the drawers are gathered into bands and finished with ruffles. The design is appropriate for heavy serge, twilled flannel, moreen, or any material that does not cling to the figure when wet, and can be suitably trimmed with alpaca braid or bands of a contrasting shade of the material. This design is illustrated on the full page engraving. Pattern in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



FLOY BASQUE.

Floy Basque.—Stylish and very becoming, the "Floy" basque is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side of the front, and has side gores under the arms, and side forms in the back, rounded to the armholes. The front is trimmed to simulate a vest, and there is a short belt on each side extending from the back side-gore seam to the dart in front. The design is appropriate for a great variety of goods, and is particularly desirable for a combination of colors or materials. If made in two materials, no other trimming is required; but if made entirely of one fabric, the trimming should be selected in accordance with the goods used.

This design is illustrated *en costume* in combination with the "Lucille" skirt.

Pattern in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

THE ROUND CORSAGE.—There is an effort to revive the round Josephine corsage, either with or without a wide belt. Such a one, intended for a *débutante*, is of white barege over silk. The short, round bodice has three darts in front, and is made of barege laid smoothly upon a silk lining. The belt, three inches wide, is of gros grain in four folds, and fastened by a mother-of-pearl buckle. The sleeves are soft, full, short puffs, and the neck is finished by folds of barege *a la Grecque*, held in front, at the back and on the shoulders by sprays of pink roses. The silk demitrain has four box-plaitings around the skirt, and the overskirt is a long, round skirt of barege, simply hemmed and draped in folds which cover the silk above the plaitings. At the back it is caught into two full, soft puffs, separated by garlands of roses.

Shawl Case.—A most cleanly and convenient bag to be used when traveling, either as a shawl case, or a satchel to hold the various articles that are necessary for a short trip. It can be made up of stout gray linen, burlaps, or heavy canvas: either plain with cordings in the seams all around, or trimmed with bands of a contrasting color, or embroidery.

Price of pattern, fifteen cents.



SHAWL CASE.

LADIES' CLUB

IN reply to Mrs. "E. H. H."—Saw one third of the way around a common flour barrel, and within one and a half feet of the bottom. Then saw the remaining staves in a curve, gradually ascending so as to form the back and arms of the chair. Have the wires on which the cushion is to be placed stretched across the chair in different directions, within one foot of the bottom of the chair. This will also aid in more firmly securing the staves. Cover all with cloth and make a cushion of the same. Around the edge tack braid with white-headed tacks. A starch box covered with the same as your chair, after padding the top, makes a pretty addition to your room. "Mrs. J. E. H."

"A LOVER OF DEMOREST."—A "sewing silk" grenadine would be the most suitable for one going out of mourning.

"H. C. F." sends a reply also to Mrs. "E. H. H."

"LOTTIE LYON."—The dresses you mention could be furnished for about two hundred dollars, the jewelry from four to five hundred, of the very finest description.

"MINERVA A."—We believe the price of the series of designs for Art Needlework, published by S. W. Tilton & Co., and edited by Lucretia P. Hale, was fifty cents. The publishing house in Boston should be addressed.

"MRS. E. A."—The only way to make up a tarletan dress for evening wear, for a young lady, is to cut a "Princess Underdress" in white washing silk, or silesia, and mount the tarletan upon it in founces at the back, and perpendicular puffs upon the front, dividing the puffs with *rouleaux* of white satin. Above the founces at the back, and upon the bodices in front, the puffs can be extended, graduating in width toward the waist, so as to perfectly define the form. The number of the pattern is 2116. A pretty pattern for a figured percale, is the Laveuse overskirt, and "Valentine" blouse waist.

"JULIA."—Black tulle, and black *crépe lisse* are generally used for the interior of the necks of mourning dresses.

"MRS. P. Y."—The painted silk jewelry, necklace and ear-rings, illustrated in the May number, were given with full directions as to making, as an example of art ornamental work to be executed by ladies themselves, and not as put commonly upon the market. Such sets are only to be purchased as they are executed to order, and there is no standard of price. It depends wholly upon the delicacy of the workmanship, and the grade of the artist, and it is only here and there that one can be found who makes them. This should be a sufficient answer to the queries of several correspondents who have inquired concerning them.

"MRS. J. M. W."—The "Sconce" is a modern reproduction of an old-fashioned wall candlestick, with a mirror let in at the back. It holds two lights, and a pair of them are usually placed one on each side of a bureau, or mantel, or writing desk, that occupies a dark corner, in place of panels or panel pictures.

"STUDENT."—We do not know the novels you refer to, even by name. By very hard study a sufficient knowledge of French might be acquired to read a little without a teacher; but for pronunciation a teacher is indispensable. Fasquelle's Introductory French Course is an excellent text-book for a beginner. "Plaques" are plates of china or bronze or wood, upon which paintings are executed, or other art work, and which are then used for decorative purposes in the place of pictures in frames.

"MRS. ROSA F. T."—Grenadine is always worn more or less, and is very fashionable this season in different combinations of silk, satin, and velvet. A fashionable trimming for linen dresses is checked gingham, and brown and white striped. The most fashionable colors are combinations of *écru*, and mastic, with black, garnet, wine color, and prune. The Pompadour colors have been very fashionable in checks and clustered hair stripes upon gray grounds, and wood color is relieved with different shades of apple-blossom pink.

"MARIGOLD."—There are several species of sumach. The climbing sumach sometimes called poison ivy, and not always detected from the Virginia creeper; from this latter, however, it may be easily distinguished by

this circumstance. It bears its leaves in sprigs of *threes* while the Virginia creeper has five. There is also a shrub called poison sumach or dogwood; and it can be known by its pinnate light-green leaves with purple veins, its ashen-gray stems, its general prim slender appearance, and its fondness for wet places.

The smooth sumach bears its fruit and flowers in panicles, and unlike the other prefers dry sandy localities, and is only about three feet high, while the velvet sumach, sometimes called staghorn from the shape of its branches, attains the proportions of a tree. It grows in clumps and has crimson fruit.

"ORPHAN GIRL."—The principal summer resorts at which young women students are accustomed to go as waiters are in the White Mountains, the "Crawford" House, "Twin Mountain" House, the "Glen" House, and other stopping places in that region. In New York State, there is a somewhat famous resort in the Catskill region, and some few houses at Richfield Springs, where young women of a superior class are taken, but there is nothing like the numbers and organization in this matter that exists in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

"MAUD."—A good way to clean your cashmere lace tie, is to sew it carefully around the bottle, and put it into a vessel containing cold water, some borax, or a few drops of ammonia, and shavings of castile soap. Let it come to a boil, then take it out, and put it through clear water in the same way. It does not require bluing as this would destroy the creamy tint, but it should next be dipped and squeezed through a thin gum-arabic water, then set up to dry, still stretched upon the bottle, every point carefully pulled out, so that when it is taken off it will not need ironing.

"MINNEHAHA."—We cannot publish advertisements of business houses in this department. Lemon stains could not be taken out of the silk without injuring the fabric, except by dyeing.

"ROXY."—It is *Il Lago* instead of *Le Lago*, "Le" being French, not Italian. It means *The Lake*.

"E. H."—Address Lee & Shepard, Boston, Massachusetts, for the children's books you mention. We don't remember the exact prices. You will require both dusters and waterproofs if you go to San Francisco, as the changes are very sudden, and the dust severe toward the close of the dry season, at which time you will arrive. After that comes the rainy season, which corresponds to our winter, at which time waterproofs are indispensable. The temperature ranges from 60° to 85° all the year round, but becomes much more salubrious across the bay, at Oakland, for example, which has a most delightful climate. Your friend would have the right to retain her children in California until they reach the age of twenty-one, or as long as they are minors.

"STUDENT."—1. In the government of Cherson, Russia, in the bed of a river, a peasant found an egg of unusual size. It is equal to forty hen eggs, whereas the ostrich egg is equal only to twenty-four. It is of yellowish color, and being found between the clay and gypsum layers, is supposed to belong to the tertiary formation. The purchaser of this egg offered it to the Imperial Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburg, for 1,000 roubles. The Academy failed to buy it on account of lack of means, but asked permission to take a mold from it. The British Museum has bought this unique egg, to the grief of Russian students of natural science.

2. A great East African Company is to be formed in London on the model of the extinguished East India Company. Sir John Lubbock and Captain Burton are among its promoters.

"SUBSCRIBER."—1. Paris has now twenty-seven avenues, most of which, according to a French journal, surpass the boulevards, their predecessors. Nine exceed 1,000 metres in length. The longest is the Daumesnil, 3,033 metres.

2. The present boundary of the northwestern provinces of British India was established twenty-eight years ago. During this period there have been nineteen British expeditions to control the neighboring inhabitants, requiring the employment of 60,000 men.

"HARRIET."—Unusual distinctions have been conferred by the French government upon the Royal Society of Murano, under whose auspices a flourishing school in the art of glassmaking is conducted, on the Venetian island of that name. Within the last two years, the secrets (so vainly sought for) of the glassblowers of antiquity have been found out, and are reproduced by the deft and learned workmen of the Venetian Isles. So great is the gain to science that the heads of the most famous glass manufactories in Europe (as well as most

of the different museums) have bought samples of these revived arts of the ancients.

"GRADUATE."—A comparison of the requirements for admission to forty-four American colleges, made by Principal Nightingale, of the Chicago High School, shows that the differences are not great. He strongly advocates entire uniformity, so that preparatory schools may be conducted on a uniform basis. Mr. Nightingale finds that "in New England seventy-five per cent. of the students in colleges take the classical course; in the Middle States fifty-four per cent.; and West and South, so far as investigated, forty-three per cent. In the matter of Latin pronunciation, eighteen follow Yale in clinging to the English method, including Amherst, Smith, and Tufts; twenty-two go with Harvard to the Roman method, including Cornell, Michigan, Boston, and Wellesley; Notre Dame, like all Catholic institutions, uses the Continental method. Williams has the English in use, but the Latin department prefers the Roman.

"ALICE."—Pillow laces are divided as follows, in regard to styles: Medieval, with its grotesque groups, wreaths, and trees, down to 1550; Geometrical, with its squares and circles, from 1550 to 1620; Renaissance, with its flowing leaves and garlands, from 1620 to 1720; Rococo, with its stiff and disconnected bouquet and flowers, from 1720 to 1770; and Dotted, with its small flowers, "tears" and bees, from 1770 to 1810.

"ARTIST."—The museum of Prince Alessandro Torlonia, at Lungara, in Italy, is famous for its statuary. It contains 517 antique sculptures, among which the series of the emperors, or imperial busts, two hundred in number, is especially remarkable.

"NELLIE."—1. The Kit-kat Club was one to which Addison belonged. It took its name from Christopher Katt, a pastry-cook, who served the Club with mutton pies. Sir Godfrey Kneller painted a series of portraits of the Club members, to be hung in the room of meeting, and, in order to accommodate the paintings to the height of the walls, was obliged to make them three-quarter lengths; hence a three-quarter portrait is still called a *Kit-kat*.

2. A pessimist is one who fancies that everything is as bad as possible. It comes from the Latin *pessimus*, the worst.

3. The expression occurs in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, Acts 1, 2. "It were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scoured to nothing with *perpetual motion*."

"BEXAR."—A thin solution of gum arabic will stiffen fine fabrics beautifully, and for laces many ladies use lumps of cut sugar.

"HOMELY GIRL."—"Nativick Velvet Powder" is good for the face as well as the hands, and it may be used dry as well as wet. If water cannot be procured upon a little journey or excursion, a little of the powder, in which to bathe the hands and face, is invaluable for its cleansing and cooling properties, and as a protection from the tan caused by sun and wind. Perfect neatness and fastidious cleanliness go far to make up for the lack of personal beauty. If you cannot be handsome, be distinctive in your dress and appearance. Adopt that style of dress which is most becoming to you, and stick to it. As a general rule, plain women look best in black or white, or black and white—both.

"CLARISSA."—Colored embroidery upon pillow shams is very bad taste indeed. Of course pillows and bolsters are both used upon a bed that makes any pretensions to completeness.

"LITTLE COUNTRY GIRL" asks: "Can you tell me the meaning of the Unicorn on the English Coat of Arms?" The Unicorn was one of the royal badges of King James III. of Scotland, who struck gold coins called "unicorns" and "half unicorns." At the union of the two kingdoms under James I. and VI., the Lion of England and the Unicorn of Scotland were adopted as royal emblems, and, with the exception of Protector Cromwell, who used the Lion of England and the Red Dragon of Wales on his broad seal and privy seal, they have so continued to the present day.

"L."—A silk grenadine costume lined with silk and trimmed with black Breton lace, would cost you from seventy-five to one hundred dollars. The "Beulah" costume furnishes a very pretty design for a girl of thirteen, and may be inexpensively made in cambric, Scotch gingham, or linen lawn.

"BEE."—Scarcely any periodical in existence is in want of contributions. All are burdened with more than they can use of an inferior or mediocre character. Whatever comes that is better in its way than anything that has gone before, is sure of a welcome; but we do not care for the crude efforts of beginners.

"K. C. F."—One beige traveling dress; two washing suits, all to be made short; a dark blue or black silk, and two wrappers, one flannel, the other cotton, would be quite sufficient for a young lady, so far as dresses are concerned, for a two months' stay at the place mentioned. The most fashionable way in which you could trim your black silk is with hand embroidery executed upon black silk, or with a piece of rich brocade, the pattern imitating hand embroidery.

"A CHICAGO HOUSEKEEPER."—A binder will cost you sixty cents, sent post free, or a crimson and gold case for Demorest binding, one dollar. Thanks for your kind words.

"AN ADMIRER."—Dotted foulard silk is the coolest material, and most serviceable as well as becoming, for a stout, middle-aged lady to wear as a summer church dress, and the best way to cut it is with skirt and polonaise, the latter after a somewhat simple form, such as the "Seraphine" or "Renira." The best way to utilize the dyed brocade silk would be to combine it with cashmere, and make it up with a trimmed skirt and basque, the flounces being made of plaited cashmere. Teach the child to place the accent on the last syllable.

"A CONSTANT PURCHASER."—No large bustles are worn, of any kind. The panier effects are very moderate, and the two principal styles of bustles worn consist of one that merely fills the hollow in a back that is flat, and a second that is depressed at the back and raised upon the sides very slightly, so that the winged paniers will drape well over it. The first is worn with dresses whose drapery is massed at the back, the other with dresses that are straight at the back, and draped or arranged in paniers at the sides. Which should be worn depends somewhat upon the figure of the wearer. A lady who is flat, or what is called hollow in the back, requires the aid of a small, but, if her hips are large, she should not wear the side bustles, even though her dresses be arranged *en panier*.

"MYRA" asks, "Who was Lady Gordon?" Lucie Duff Gordon was the only child of John Austin, of whom Lord Brougham said, "If John Austin had had health, neither Lyndhurst nor I would have been Chancellor." Lucie was born June 24, 1821, in Queen's Square, Westminster, London. She was so feeble an infant that the surgeon only brought her to life by giving artificial play to her lungs. Her chief playfellow, as a child, was the late great philosopher, John Stuart Mill, whose father's house adjoined that of Mr. Austin.

In 1826 the Austins went to Germany, where Lucie learned to speak German as her own tongue. She was passionately fond of reading, but her education was of a very desultory sort. From her babyhood she was accustomed to hear the best of conversation, such people as the Mills, Carlyles, and Grotes being intimate friends of the family, and she a great favorite with all.

In 1838 she met Sir Alexander Gordon, who became deeply attached to her. As they were walking together, one day, he said, "Miss Austin, do you know people say we are going to be married?"

Lucie was vexed at the thought of being talked about, and annoyed at Sir Alexander's blunt way of repeating such a report, and she was about to give a sharp retort, when he added, "Shall we make it true?" In her straightforward, honest way, she said "Yes," and the matter was settled. About this time her first book was published—a translation of Niebuhr's *Greek Legends*.

She was married May 16, 1840, in Kensington Old Church. Her beauty and talents attracted a large circle of friends about her new home, most of them remarkable for scientific or literary acquirements, among whom were Dickens, Thackeray, Kinglake, Tennyson, Rauke, and Guizot.

In 1844 she published a translation of *The Amber Witch* and Feuerback's *Remarkable German Crimes and Trials*. In 1847 she and her husband made a translation of Rauke's *History of Prussia*, and wrote *Sketches of German Life*.

Lady Gordon's health giving way, she took a sea voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, in 1860. Her letters written from there show how kindly was her nature, and how large-minded her humanity. She returned to England, after a six months' stay, only to grow rapidly worse, when she was sent to Egypt, where the fine, dry climate at first seemed to arrest her disease. She lived there seven years, greatly beloved and revered by the Arabs, by whom she was called "Light from the Light."

The last two years of her life was a constant struggle against painful disease, but her interest never flagged in the poor people who surrounded her. She died in Cairo, July, 1869, and was buried in the English cemetery, although a tomb had been prepared for her by the Sheik

of Thebes, among his own dead. The remembrance of her beauty, simplicity, and sympathy for all in trouble or oppressed, still lingers in the hearts of the Arabs about Thebes and Luxor.

"LENA RIVERS."—A thin summer debeige would make you a pretty costume, trimmed with silk to match, and ribbon in the same shade, and also in the contrasting color. The ribbon should be satin, and used as loops or bows down the front for draping, and as ornaments at the wrist. Young ladies wear light colored mitts much more than light kid gloves in summer, and very pretty ones are now made of lisle thread in delicate shades and open work.

"A WOULD-BE PURCHASER."—One dollar and seventy-five cents untrimmed, ten dollars trimmed.

"L. V. J."—A linen grenadine like your sample should be lined with silesia of the same shade, and a mixture of blue and stone-colored ribbons used as garniture. Your other sample is not bunting, it is a sort of cotton and wool delaine, and would not pay for satin trimming. A good silk of the same shade or a shade darker would be much better; outside pockets have been discontinued. When employed they are invisible, simply arranged in the folds of the drapery. Some ultra-fashionables carry silk bags suspended by long ribbons upon the arm. Polonaises are still worn, though no one fashion obtains to the exclusion of others.

"IGNORANT GIRL."—At a formal dinner, the bread is cut in thick pieces, and one is placed beside each plate, or in the napkin. Afterwards it is handed round by the waiter. It is a matter of taste whether the salt be put in individual salt-cellars, or placed in stands at the corners of the table. Where the attendants are few, individual salt-cellars are best, as the salt does not need passing. The soup plates are always brought hot to the table with the soup, and placed by the side of the tureen, before the host or hostess, who distributes it with a ladle. If the dinner is served in the French style, the dessert, that is, the fruit, is placed on the table, and forms part of its ornamentation. The meat is taken to the side-board and carved by the servant, who passes it around upon a waiter with a dish of vegetables, and allows the guests to help themselves, the plates having been previously laid upon the table.

Birds are usually brought to the table upon a dish, and brought before the host, or they may be passed at option by the waiter, the meat plates having been previously removed, and smaller ones substituted. Fruit dishes are usually passed informally, from one part of the table to another, so that the guests can help themselves. The peel of oranges is usually divided, so that they can be more readily eaten. Pies and puddings are removed before the fruit is served. But if the coffee is brought to the table, instead of being served in the drawing room or parlor immediately on retiring from the table, the fruit is allowed to remain as it was before. Of course the guests should be permitted a choice between tea and coffee, and each cup as it is passed to a guest, should be accompanied by sugar and cream, so that they can put in more or less to suit themselves.

"C. A. R."—Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Broadway near 20th St., has all the materials for every description of lace work.

"MISS S. T. W."—You would probably find a garnet the most useful, and for a traveling dress, a brown camel's hair, trimmed with satin, and accompanied by a straw or felt hat to match, trimmed with satin. Have it good, and well made, and it will be most useful as a church and visiting dress after marriage, and would also be suitable for the wedding dress.

"HAZELINE NORWOOD."—Shirring would be much more suitable for your bunting dress than plaiting, and take less material. Self trimming will answer every purpose. The garniture of satin ribbon, in the same shade as the dress, and crimson would lighten it up very effectually. The "Birena" overskirt, or the "Panier" would either of them suit the material. But, perhaps, the "Isabel" costume complete would suit you better than overskirt and basque. The "Nerissa" is also a very pretty overskirt, and extremely well suited to bunting. A single flounce is all that is needed below it, and you could trim it with a fold of the same, put on with a double row of stitching. With the "Nerissa," a deep basque would be required. Your veil and mitts, or gloves, should be of a light color, or rather tint, but flesh color is too showy.

"MRS. A. G."—Fashionable brocade silks are small in pattern, and distinct in figure, though the surface is well covered. The best use to which you could put the silk like sample is to have it dyed black, and use it as a lining.

"A NEW SUBSCRIBER."—Normandy caps are still in vogue for little girls.

"FERN LEAF."—Sicilienne is pronounced, *sis-illy-en*. Valenciennes is pronounced *val-en-shuns*. Marguerite, *mar-guerre-est*. Alsatian, *al-sa-shun*. Bouffant, *boo-fanh*. Capote, *cap-pote*. Chine, *sheen*.

"VIXENS."—The shoes worn with white dresses should either be white, or the shade of the ribbon used in the garniture of the dresses. But this last is only admissible when the color of the trimming is very pale pink, or very pale blue. If black ribbons are worn, then black shoes may be worn also, but otherwise white is essential, and the prettiest boots and slippers are now made of fine ivory satine, which is quite equal in appearance to satin, and has the advantage of being less glossy. Gloves do not always reach the termination of the sleeve when very short or elbow sleeves are worn, but the nearer they come to it, the more fashionable they are. Natural flowers are considered much more elegant than artificial flowers. But the arrangement of artificial flowers as a garniture requires experienced taste. Your writing indicates good judgment, natural refinement, and a common sense that will take you through the world.

"LIZZIE J."—Your sample of Japanese silk represents a kind of goods that have been out of the city market for some time. The way to use it to the best advantage would be to combine it with plain silk of the brown shade. Use the silk for gathered flounces upon a brown lining skirt, and also for sleeves to a polonaise, which should be made of the Japanese silk. The latter should be draped upon the side with a bow of brown silk, or a cluster of ribbon loops matching it. Four yards of silk at a dollar and a quarter per yard would answer the purpose, and a costume very pretty and stylish in effect, arranged with comparatively little expense. Boneless corsets are \$4.50 and \$5.50 each.

"PETITE FEMME."—The most useful color for *one* silk, not black for a dark complexion, would be garnet; made simply, but stylishly, it would be suitable for the most ordinary occasions, while with the addition of a white lace fichu, or handsome lace cuffs and collar, could be rendered dressy enough for visiting or evening wear. White Irish poplin would make you a beautiful wedding dress, trimmed with satin and lace or chenille fringe. But the cashmere would be less expensive, and artistically arranged, is very effective. Do not get dead white, but a tint, ivory or cream. The prettiest and softest trimming lace is the Breton; but it is not so durable as the torchon. The prices for embroidery differ so largely, that it is impossible to give an estimate.

"AN ENQUIRER."—The "May Party" is a New England modification of the old English custom of the May-pole, and the election of a Queen of the May, the origin of which is lost in antiquity. Nearly all modern festivals that are not local grew out of old pagan rites and ceremonies, and the May-pole, and the crowning of the queen, was doubtless the outgrowth of the homage formerly paid to the Goddess of Spring or Flowers.

"H. A. F."—If you examine the ground of your objection to the staining of wood, you will find it has no real foundation. Why should it be any more false to produce a dark tint by staining, than a chalky whiteness by painting? Undoubtedly genuine dark woods are much the best, and the very highest fashion now ordains that houses shall be finished in the interior with natural woods, finely grained, and highly polished, but neither painted nor varnished. Modern taste condemns the flat glare of white walls and woodwork as inartistic, and wholly uninteresting, because destitute of ideas. Walls, and even woodwork must be suggestive, and if they remind us of something in nature, of something that is real and true, they acquire a character that does not belong to a merely blank white surface. This is the theory of the genuine woodwork, the unconventional wall-papers, and all the other accessories to modern interior decoration. There is one difficulty about staining, and that is the absolute necessity of having the mixture made durable, so that it will soak well into the wood, and put on several times, so as to give body. With your furniture, the walls of your parlor should be grained in black walnut; your dining-room should be grained in oak, and both walls should be tinted a soft gray or fawn color, which is much prettier than French gray.

A pretty way of arranging a bay-window, is to have shades to draw up and down, and lace curtains hung on a bar to form an alcove; a much more artistic way to hang your curtains than either cornice or lambrequins, would be to suspend them on rings from a gilded rod. If the curtains are woolen, a rod of wood, oak or black

walnut looks better, but for lace, gilt would be more suitable. Excellent curtains for chamber windows are made of fine unbleached muslin, with a deep border of dark blue or Turkey-red cambric. They should be fastened back with bands of the same, lined with stiffened muslin. There are very pretty dwarf book cases, the center of which can be used for books, where there are not a great many, and the sides for a cabinet, in which to keep bits of old china or little varieties of any description. But if you do not want anything so elaborate or expensive, have a set of black walnut shelves made, and suspended together by cords or twisted wire. Hang these in a convenient place, and drape them with a curtain of brown rep. Of course the finishing for sides and top can be made more or less ornamental, but by the exercise of taste and ingenuity a pretty addition to your sitting-room furniture can be made.

"MAGGIE."—The way to really improve your style, and correct the deficiencies of early education, is to begin, as you say, as near the beginning as possible. Have your writing materials and a pocket dictionary always at hand upon your own desk or table, in your own room, or where you can devote at least one hour per day to thought and study. Take Shakespeare or George Eliot, either one will do to begin with, and read only a page at a time, then think it well out, and turn it into your own words. Get at the meaning. In Shakespeare, a single line will often furnish food enough for thought. Consult your dictionary for spelling at every word, and your book for punctuation. Be content to make progress slowly, so that it is thoroughly. Do not distribute yourself over too large a surface, but find out what your own tastes are, and cultivate yourself in that direction. Life is short, and strength is limited, but the growth of interest and ideas is perpetual and infinitely extended, so that if we know and can do any one thing well, we have no reason to be ashamed of our acquirements. Your letter shows natural refinement, good taste and capacity, and we can easily imagine that you realize your own technical deficiencies more than others would be likely to.

LITERATURE

"Random Shots."—This is a collection of different stories and sketches by Max Adeler, the well-known humorist, whose "Elbow Room" and "Hurly Burly" are still fresh in the minds of the laughter-loving public. "Random Shots" comprises "The Tragedy of Thomson Dunbar," "Miss Hammer's Lovers," "Mr. Tombs, the Undertaker," and other exceedingly funny sketches. But it is not all fun. There are some truly pathetic stories like "The Shoals Lighthouse," that are characterized by genuine sympathy with the finest manifestations of human affection, and give evidence of a genius in which humor to pathos is very nearly allied. Max Adeler's wit is never coarse or vulgar. It simply overflows with good humor and the power of seeing the comical side of incidents in everyday life. "Random Shots" is a capital railroad companion, and has been issued in illustrated paper cover for tourists' uses, by J. M. Stoddart & Co., Philadelphia.

"Just One Day."—This pen photograph of one day, taken out of almost any busy mother's life, is executed with exceeding cleverness. It is at once true, tender, and pathetic, yet bubbling over with a broad and keen intelligence, which sees all that it is so impossible to make the other half of the world understand. To women, it is the lifting of the veil from a little bit of their interior life, which it presents in its sweetest and most attractive aspect; and yet, its truth and genuineness render it so sad, that even men might be won to understand that this incessant routine, this daily conflict with thousands of small forces, is not utter beatitude. The author, who chooses to be anonymous, has made a picture that every woman should possess, for in it she will find so much of herself that it will be quite impossible to tell where her own begins, or that of some other woman ends. In the reproduction of child-talk, "Helen's Babies," are nowhere beside "Just One Day." The limning is perfect, and without any moralizing or evidence of a purpose, a glimpse is afforded of the amount of patience, the line upon line, the day upon day, that is required to bring the man out of the boy, and the woman out of the girl. Mr. George R. Lockwood is the publisher.

The Art Amateur.—This is a new publication, devoted to the publication of decorative art, and art in the household. Its editor and proprietor is Mr. Montague Marks, an experienced journalist, Oxford bred, and for a long time the editor of a popular weekly in New York city. The *Art Amateur* has a definite purpose easily foreshadowed in the first number, which was issued for June. It gives us the "Rise and Progress of Art in the Household," the first of a series of articles on private galleries of paintings, a beautifully illustrated china department, and also one of wood carving. The typographical appearance of the *Art Amateur* is very fine, and it is an ornament to any center-table.

"**Yusuf in Egypt,**" by Mrs. Sarah Keables Hunt, is a very interesting story of an American family in Egypt, and of their visits to the Pyramids and other famous objects of that ancient and wonderful country. The style is modern and familiar, and the chat of the children photographs distinctly and accurately the various features which are new, striking, and picturesque in Cairo and its environs. *Yusuf* is a donkey boy, whom they employ, and to whom they become so much attached that he returns with them to their home. The book is very nicely illustrated, and has been issued under the auspices of the American Tract Society. It should be in every school library.

New Music.—R. A. Saalfeld & Co., 849 Broadway, have published among the favorite songs of Mme. Marie Rosa, "Where Has Eva Gone," and "Are You Dreaming of Me?" Among their other new and popular issues, are, "Down on the old Plantation," the "Celebrated Chop-sticks Waltz," and "I wish I was Somebody's Darling," which is dedicated to Mrs. Julia H. Pond.

Thoughts Selected and Arranged from Miss Mulock.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

ONE HALF of our women are obliged to take care of themselves, obliged to look solely to themselves for maintenance, position, occupation, amusement, reputation, life.

THERE ARE womanish men and masculine women, but the finest types of character among both sexes are often those who combine the qualities of both.

IN LITERATURE we meet men on level ground, and shall I say it? we do often beat them in their own field. We are acute and accurate historians, clear exponents of science, especially successful in imaginative works, and Aurora Leigh has proved that we can write as great a poem as any man among them all. Any publisher's list, any handful of weekly or monthly periodicals, can testify to our power of entering boldly on the literary profession, and pursuing it wholly, self-devotedly, and self-reliantly, thwarted by no hardships, and content with no height short of the highest.

IN THE LONG RUN, few women really competent to what they undertake, be it small or great, starve for want of work to do.

ONE of the very last things we women learn, often through a course of miserable helplessness, heart-burnings, difficulties, contumelies, and pain, is the lesson taught to boys from their school days, of self-dependence.

MANY a woman dare not dress comfortably, act and speak straightforwardly, live naturally, or sometimes even honestly. For will she not rather run in debt for a bonnet than wear her old one a year behind the mode? She is ever pursued by a host of vague adjectives, "proper," "correct," "genteel," which hunt her to death, like a pack of rabid hounds.

WITH ALL DUE respect for brains, I think women cannot be too early taught to respect likewise their own ten fingers.

THE NEEDLE, that dainty little tool, is a wonderful brightener and consoler, our weapon of defense against slothfulness, weariness, and sad thoughts, our thrifty helper in poverty, our pleasant friend at all times.

From the first cobbled-up doll's frock, the first neat stitching for mother or hemming of father's pocket-handkerchief, the first bit of sewing slyly done for some one who is to own the hand and all its duties, most of all, the first strange, delicious fairy work, sewed at diligently, in solemn faith and tender love, for the tiny creature as yet unknown and unseen—truly no one but ourselves can tell what the needle is to us women.

IT IS A GRAND thing to be a good needlewoman, and any one who ever tried to make a dress knows well enough that skill, patience, and ingenuity, nay, a certain kind of genius, is necessary to achieve any good result.

WE MUST HELP ourselves. Marriage is apparently ceasing to become the common lot, and a happy marriage is the most uncommon lot of all. We must learn the duty of self-dependence.

A SINGLE-HEARTED, pure-minded woman may go through the world like Spenser's Una, suffering indeed, but never defenseless, footsore and smirched, but never tainted, exposed doubtless to many trials, yet never either degraded or humiliated, unless by her own act she humiliates herself.

FOR THE SAKE OF "womanhood," the most heavenly thing next angelhood, young girls trust yourselves; rely on yourselves.

FEAR NOT THE WORLD; it is often juster to us than we are to ourselves. The world is hard enough, for two-thirds of it are struggling for dear life, "Each for himself, and de'il take the hindmost," but it has a rough sense of moral justice after all.

DON'T BE AFRAID of men, my dear little foolish cowards. Do you think a man, a good man, in any relation of life, ever likes a woman better for transferring all her burdens to his shoulders and pinning her conscience to his sleeves? Or, even supposing he did like it, is a woman's divinity to be man or God? Let us not be kept from doing any necessary or honorable thing by the ever-recurring thought, Gentlemen don't like such and such things.

IT IS GOOD FOR MEN, as well as for us, to have all the inevitable petty domestic pother got over in their absence.

LET MEN COME back to a quiet smiling home, with all its small annoyances brushed away like the dust and cinders from the grate. It might be as well, too, if the master himself could contrive to leave the worldly mud of the day at the scraper outside his door.

THE HOUSE-MOTHER! Where could she find a nobler title, a more sacred charge? All these souls given into her hand to be cared for in great things and small. Can anything be called small on which rests the comfort of the family? Good temper is with many people dependent upon good health, good health upon good digestion, good digestion upon wholesome, well-prepared food, eaten in peace and pleasantness. Ill-cooked, untidy meals are as great a cause of bad temper as many a moral wrong.

A REGULAR EARLY breakfast hour alone sets a household fairly agoing for the day.

IF PAPA should stay at home to cook the dinner and nurse the babies, it would assuredly be very bad, if not for himself, for the dinner and the babies. A man who is always "muddling about" at home is rarely a great acquisition to the world outside.

A VERY WISE LADY gives as her *sine qua non* of domestic felicity, that the men of the family

should always be absent at least six hours in the day. However strong our affections for the male members of the family, we must acknowledge this certainly as a great boon. A house where papa or the boys are always pottering about, popping in and out at all hours, everlastingly wanting something or finding fault with something else, is a considerable trial to even feminine patience. I beg to ask my sex generally, in confidence of course, if it is not the greatest comfort possible when the masculine half of the family, being cleared out for the day, the house settles down into regular work and orderly quietness until the evening.

WHAT WOMEN NEED to learn in their friendship is the sanctity of silence. Silence in outward demonstration, silence under wrong, silence with regard to the outside world, and often a delicate silence between one another. The greatest virtue a friend can have is to be able to hold her tongue.

If a friendship is lost past all renewal, bury it as solemnly and silently as a lost love. Men are far better than we in this. What is necessary to be said a man will say, but not a syllable more, leaving all the rest in that safe, still atmosphere where all good fructifies and evil perishes, the atmosphere of silence.

ANY LADY who willfully postpones payment beyond a reasonable time, or in any careless way prefers her convenience to her duty—her pleasure to her sense of right—who for one single day keeps one single person waiting for a debt which at all lies within her power to discharge, is a creature so far below the level of true womanhood, that I would rather not speak of her.

IF I PAY a low price for an ill-fitting gown or a bad bonnet, I encourage careless work and bad taste. But if I knowingly pay below its value for really good work, I am neither more nor less than a dishonest appropriator of other people's property, a swindler, a thief.

A LITTLE CHILD is not a creature to be philosophized upon, painted and poetized, nor a kissable, scoldable, sugar-plum feedable plaything, but a human soul and body, to be moulded, instructed, and influenced, in order that it in its turn may mould, instruct and influence unborn generations.

IF, in the most solemn sense, not one woman in five thousand is fit to be a mother, we may safely say that not two out of that number are fit to be governesses.

THE SMALLEST PERFECT achievement is nobler than the grandest failure.

NEVER LET WOMAN be moulded by her calling, but mould her calling to herself, being as every woman ought to be, the woman first, the artist afterward.

"Good Words."

A SUBSCRIBER WRITES:—"I think your Magazine is beautiful; I would be sorry, indeed, to have to do without it. I have made my home a bower of beauty with the pictures nicely framed, besides getting valuable hints from 'country kettle-drums,' and other sources. I have got you three subscribers, and wish I could do more."

A CHICAGO HOUSEKEEPER.

ANOTHER LADY WRITES:—"I like your book very much. I find that others do too, from the fact that so many wish to borrow. One lady lends me—in return; but I find mine is much the cheapest, because it is so much the best."

FROM ANOTHER WE EXTRACT THE FOLLOWING:—"In closing I would like to say, that your 'DEMOREST,' affords me very much pleasure, and, in my eyes, it is simply perfect. Jenny June's talks with girls contain so much good advice that I think no person can read them without being benefited."

L. R.