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Seed-time and Harvest.

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CHAPTER I.



MRS STIRLING'S dining-room, when the hour for meals assembled the members of the household around the beautifully appointed table, with its glittering array of silver and china and glass and damask, was an apartment to make one wonder candidly whether the progress of civilization had not reached its acme.

Imagine such a room, on a morning in autumn, when the bright sunlight that poured in at the low French windows had not strength enough to render the absence of artificial heat desirable, but nevertheless shone in with a full radiance and added its welcome quota to the beauty and comfort of this charming apartment, and together with the glowing fire of coals in the polished brass grate, furnished the added luxuries of light and warmth. Imagine half a score of stately portraits, sociably grouped together on the walls; a high mirror, here and there; one or two finely executed representations of still life; a richly hued Turkey carpet under foot, and a delicately tinted frescoed ceiling overhead, and you have an idea of the room in which two ladies, to whom you shall at once be presented, were dawdling away the indolent hour that usually succeeds a well-prepared, well-served and well-enjoyed breakfast.

Mrs. Stirling, the monarch of all we have just surveyed, was universally alluded to by her

friends as *little* Mrs. Stirling, not only because the dainty dimensions of her hands, feet, head and stature inclusive were agreeable to this, but also because she was one of those dear pretty little women, to whom the application of diminutives and every species of endearments seem particularly appropriate. The last vestige of the morning meal had been removed by the gifted automata, who moved about with lowered voices and noiseless steps, and this small woman was seated in a great deep chair, near a warmly-curtained window, engaged in a deliberate game of *dolce far niente*. Her tiny feet were mounted comfortably on an ottoman, and her dainty hands lay, rings uppermost, on her lap. She was smiling at this moment, and the parted lips showed two rows of lovely little teeth. Plain-

ly little Mrs. Stirling's thoughts were of the very pleasantest character.

There was only one other occupant of the room, as has been already indicated, the master of the establishment having, half an hour ago, withdrawn to the scene of his busy life down town. Mrs. Stirling's companion, then, was a young lady—a tall young lady, very straight and erect, with rich brown hair and fine brown eyes, whose form and features of grave, self-possessed air made her, as the fore-mentioned critical friends had frequently remarked, a very fine offset to her companion's petite, blonde beauty. Miss Chesney was Mrs. Stirling's niece, though the difference in their ages was very inconsiderable when regarded in the light of that relationship. Mr. Chesney had been the eldest member of a large family, and Mrs. Stirling the youngest; so on that account, and also because of the system of diminutives already alluded to, Miss Chesney was in the habit of addressing her aunt as "Mamie," instead of "Aunt Mary," as might have been required, in the case of a larger woman.

Miss Chesney was standing at the window, toward which Mrs. Stirling's chair was turned, and without looking toward her aunt, she broke a short pause by saying:

"Mamie, should you be very much worried, if I told you I had determined not to go?"

Mrs. Stirling started up suddenly, and then sank back in her chair, with an expression of relief.

"No, dear; I should be amused a good deal, and perplexed a little, but incredulous throughout," she said.

"Don't take it in that way, Mamie," Miss Chesney said; "you make it so hard for me."

"Ethel, what can you mean?" cried her aunt, now fairly roused as she drew herself upright in her seat.



SINKING ON HER KNEES BESIDE HER, SHE TOOK BOTH HER SMALL HANDS WITHIN HER OWN.

"I really mean that I have determined not to go to Europe with you, and like a dear good little auntie, I want you to try not to mind," said Miss Chesney, turning toward her aunt and speaking with wistful earnestness.

"Try not to mind!" said Mrs. Stirling excitedly. "I will not for a moment harbor the thought that such an absurd thing is possible. The arrangements are all made and Mr. Stirling will engage our passage to-morrow. Ethel, don't tease me in this way. It is unkind of you."

For a moment, a hopeless, thwarted expression came over Miss Chesney's face, and then, with a little sigh of resignation and a look of determination mingled with much gentleness, she came over to where her aunt sat, and sinking on her knees beside her, she took both her small hands within her own, and with her eyes fixed gravely upon the piteous little face which Mrs. Stirling turned toward her, she said:

"Dear little auntie, my disappointment in not seeing Rome and London and Paris and Venice and the thousand other things to which I have looked forward is as nothing in comparison with the real regret I feel in depriving you of my companionship, upon which I know you have been good enough to set a high value; but you don't know how earnestly my heart and mind are fixed upon the disposition you have concluded to make of the winter of my absence."

And pray what is that?" Mrs. Stirling said in voice to inquire.

"I wish to spend it quietly in Fenly with your father," Ethel said.

Mrs. Stirling looked first extremely amazed, and then said in a tone of relief:

"Then I may yet count upon you for my traveling companion. As for your spending the winter in Fenly, it is simply out of the question."

"No, it isn't, Mamie. I have written a very serious letter to my father, begging him to let me go to him, and he has consented."

"Consented!" cried her aunt; "now, that's so like a man, and so especially like Edmund! He'll do anything to keep from being bothered."

"At all events, he has consented, and much as I hate to leave you, Mamie, I am determined to go."

Mrs. Stirling preserved an irritated silence for some time, and then said testily:

"And what do you propose to do with yourself this winter? Am I permitted to know?"

"I propose to do this, Mamie, to make the acquaintance of my father."

"I wish you joy of that enterprise," Mrs. Stirling said; "you'll fail there outright."

"I don't think so. I hope not. And if I do, I shall have the comfort of knowing that I have tried."

"In this one quarter," said her aunt, "you'll find that you over-estimate the power of your youth and beauty. Not Venus or Hebe could draw Edmund away from his instruments and books."

"If I were Venus or Hebe I should not try, but I am his child. And besides, Mamie, I don't want to draw him away from the pursuits that are his greatest source of interest

and pleasure. I can at least, I hope, sweeten his hours of recreation, and as to his hours of labor, if I cannot aid him then, I shall certainly not be a hindrance. Over and over lately it has hurt me and put me to shame to think how unworthy of me it is to be only an expense and care where I ought to be a comfort and support. Whenever I have time to think, which isn't often, I wonder if he is not neglected by the servants, and really in want of a woman's and a daughter's care; while for all these years I've been learning to sing and dance at a boarding-school, and since then have been doing little else than air these accomplishments in society. No, no, Mamie, I am right. I never felt the call of duty more imperative. I should never forgive myself if I shirked so plain an obligation, and besides it is my pleasure to go to my father as well as my duty."

"If you think he is going to thank you for your high-flown sympathy," Mrs. Stirling said, "you will find yourself finely mistaken."

"Perhaps it may be so at first. I can hardly help seeing that he looks on it as rather an infliction, which is forced on him by the urgent tone of my letter; but I trust in the end it will be different. Old Tulip will attend to the housekeeping for me, and I shall have less trouble and also less fear of incapacity in that quarter than my inexperience would otherwise cause me."

"Oh, Ethel, what a wild notion this is!" Mrs. Stirling cried in exasperation. Her niece did not reply, and so resuming the satirical tone she had used before, Mrs. Stirling went on:

"You have said that in all this you were ministering to him physically. In what other department do you propose to undertake him? The mental or moral?"

Ethel smiled good-humoredly. "Neither," she said. "Only I have been hoping I might give his mind a little relaxation by playing chess with him. I remember he used to be fond of that."

"And it is for this that you've spent so much time in the library, lately with Albert Gray. I had feared those hours over the chess-board foreboded something different," Mrs. Stirling said. "I should look upon them now, however, with the hope rather than the fear of such a thing. Ethel, perhaps you are engaged to him, and are remaining on that account!" she went on looking suddenly animated.

Her niece frowned slightly, and for a moment looked displeased.

"I have given you seriously and candidly my reasons for abandoning the European trip," she said; "they are simply these and no others." Then in a softer tone she went on:

"You surely know, Mamie, that I would have told you if there had been anything of that sort."

"Oh, Ethel, I don't know *what* to think," her aunt said chokingly, and then throwing herself back in her chair, she began to sob.

Ethel bent toward her and put one of her arms about her neck, soothing and caressing her with an action that was almost mother-like.

"Oh, Mamie, this is the worst of all," she

said. "You don't know how I mind grieving you so much. I wish I could spare you this, but, dear, it is right, indeed it is. Let me tell you what a sorrowful fancy I sometimes have. It seems to me that my sweet mother looks down upon me in sad disapproval. Indeed it is wrong for me to isolate myself so from my father. My place is at his side—to comfort and cheer him if I can, to care for him and serve him whether he heeds it or not. Dearest little auntie, don't make me feel so unhappy by crying in this way. I shall be quite content in Fenly, and shall have more time than now to remember you and think about all your goodness to me."

Mrs. Stirling shook her head and said brokenly: "Nothing ever disappointed me so in all my life. With your beauty and accomplishments, I hoped to see you so fully appreciated wherever we should go. And now, to think of your burying yourself in Fenly in the very flower of your youth and bloom! Don't tell me not to cry. I'll *never* get over it—never, as long as I live."

"But I shall not turn sour and sallow in one winter, Mamie dear. I shall practice and study and improve my mind, and that together with the physical exercise I shall take in that pure mild climate, and fresh country atmosphere, will return me to you in a few months, with my mind and my complexion equally improved."

"No, Ethel, you cannot make me see anything in this matter at all amusing. You will be utterly wasted there, but I know how useless it is to try to turn you when once you have set your head on a thing, so I'll stop."

"You make me feel so horribly wicked. I am as contrite as a criminal when you talk like that," said Ethel taking her handkerchief, and tenderly wiping away the tears from her aunt's lugubrious countenance. "You shall write me so many of your delightful letters," she went on, "and I shall have so much to tell you about my pursuits and studies, and I trust some pleasant things about father too, but perhaps not just at the first."

"Ethel," said her aunt, speaking in a tone of desperate determination, "I had rather you should stay here and marry Albert Gray or some of them. Albert is so nice, and so rich too that many a day might pass before you would meet with his superior in this country. Now if you went with me to Europe—"

"But Mamie, all the crown princes are married I believe, and you know you would never come down to the idea of my marrying *anyone's* younger brother, so where would be the use—matrimonially speaking—of the European tour?"

Mrs. Stirling suffered her features to relax into a slight reflection of the bright smile with which Ethel accompanied these words.

"I suppose Albert Gray—" she began.

"Never mind about him," Ethel said; "he does not affect the question in the least."

"What I meant to say was, that I supposed Albert Gray and your other friends will go to see you sometimes."

"Well, it's just as well if you don't say it, or think it, Mamie dear," said Ethel; "for I shall take pains to let it be known that such visits are not at all likely to prove acceptable."

Mrs. Stirling dropped her hands on her lap, with a little helpless sigh. The two small and jeweled members were immediately taken possession of by the tall young woman who knelt before her, and placed, one on either side of an earnest face, that was turned up to Mrs. Stirling with frank affectionateness.

"Mamie," said Ethel earnestly, "promise me one thing; don't encourage any of these people in coming to see me in Fenly. In the first place it's a great way for them to go, and it would look odd for any one to take that long trip, unless they felt for me some especial and peculiar interest."

"Well, but they do."

"In that case," Ethel said, "it would only trouble and worry me and would do them no good. I look forward to the perfect quiet and rest there with real pleasure, and this would so materially interfere with that."

"But Ethel you don't know what Fenly is. It is completely broken up by the war, and the people who made it a delightful place of residence once are scattered now. Since the war its inhabitants have been people with whom you cannot associate. Every one who has been able to afford it has gone away. There is hardly an exception to this."

"I know all that, but it makes no difference," Ethel said decidedly, yet smiling as she spoke.

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Stirling's two small children, who, being dressed for their morning walk, came in with their nurse, to be inspected, admired and kissed.

As Daisy and Bess were especial friends of Miss Chesney's, they very soon claimed her attention, and when they had been coddled and caressed to the usual extent and led forth again, neither the aunt nor niece felt inclined to revert to the late painful subject—the former choosing to preserve an aggrieved silence, and the latter feeling too wicked and contrite to venture any words of extenuation as to her conduct. She felt all the more self-reproached because she knew she had carried her point, and it was understood that her wishes in the case were not to be questioned further. Mrs. Stirling's pliability had been overcome by Miss Chesney's determination often enough in the past to bring about a pretty ready surrender on the part of the former, when an issue arose between them. But to conciliate her aunt as far as lay in her power, Miss Chesney allowed her to make just such plans as she chose for the disposition of the next two weeks of her time, and followed in every particular her aunt's wishes. This course committed her to a series of balls and dinners and receptions and operas, which, in their number and quick succession, were quite unusual with her, in spite of the gay life which she had led as an inmate of Mrs. Stirling's house. So, in seeing her beautiful niece surrounded as usual by the "best men" in society, and in hearing her appearance and talent and accomplishments praised above that of all others, Mrs. Stirling was, in a measure appeased, and bore her grievance with tolerable meekness. Still it was impossible not to feel a clamorous revolting of mind and heart at the idea of this splendid girl burying herself in the country.

Mrs. Stirling was nervously apprehensive lest the solitude and isolation of her life at Fenly might cause an increase of Ethel's old bent of serious thoughtfulness. From the time when she had left school and come to make her home with her aunt, the latter had had to fight against this tendency in her niece continually, and when she saw her now superbly dressed, the center of a group of the most high-bred and cultivated people in the room, and the admiration of them all—her handsome eyes brilliant with excitement and her cheeks flushed with animation, Mrs. Stirling's warm little heart rebelled against the desecrating idea of that girl's being, for a whole winter, amongst the unappreciative inhabitants of Fenly. But the poor little woman could do nothing but lament in silence—experience had shown her what a folly it would be to persist in an effort to change her niece's resolution.

And so it happened that the period that preceded Miss Chesney's arrival in Fenly was one of unusual gaiety and excitement—an unfit preparation for what was to follow. At Mrs. Stirling's urgent request, Ethel stayed with her until the last moment, and went with her on board the steamer. She felt sad at the parting, for the prospect before her had all the doubtfulness of a new and untrodden way; but she compelled herself to keep very bright for her aunt's sake.

As Mrs. Stirling embraced her for the last time, she said:

"Now Ethel, you'll keep your promise, and come to me as soon as I get back?"

"I will indeed, dearest," Ethel answered, with that caressingness of tone and look that so peculiarly characterized her intercourse with the aunt who was so much her senior.

With these last words they had parted, and in another day Ethel was on her way to Fenly.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW days later Miss Chesney stood on the deck of a shabby little river boat, straining her eyes to catch the first view of the smoky roofs and dilapidated buildings of the little town in which the first bright years of her young life had been passed. As the vessel veered awkwardly up to the landing and a nearer view of the town was afforded, the unlovely appearance of neglect and decay written upon everything that she saw, contrasted most unfavorably with the scenes of luxury and prosperity which she had just parted from; but Ethel associated every stone and tree and shrub with a remembrance of the beautiful young mother whom she had known and loved among these scenes, and who had given to them a shadowy splendor and value not their own.

Miss Chesney stood quite apart from the groups upon the deck, which were mainly composed of rough farm people, and with her high-bred beauty set off by the rich seal-skin coat and dark hat which she wore, she looked of a different species from these rough people, who regarded her with as much curiosity as if she had been. Presently she was near enough to distinguish the objects upon the shore, and a little later she was able to recognize her own arms upon a shabby old family carriage which was in waiting. She could not help being just

a little disappointed to see that her father had not come to meet her, but she soon conquered this, and when the venerable old negro whom she remembered in the days of her childhood looking much as now, came forward and greeted her with respectful warmth, she followed him to the carriage and not until she was seated therein, with Uncle Daniel on the box in front, did she ask:

"Where is my father?"

"He told me to say that he was too busy to come to meet you, but would see you as soon as you got there. He stays in his study closer than ever."

Ethel was very careful not to reveal even to the old negro the slight disappointment that she felt, and occupied the time of their drive with questions as to her father's habits of study and exercise and recreation, so that she might know how to order her course in such a way as not to interfere with them.

In about half an hour they had reached the house. Ethel looked up at the immense old mansion, with its air of neglect and dilapidation, with involuntary sadness, and as she followed Uncle Daniel through the high arched hall, hung with fine old paintings and engravings in frames of tarnished gilt, over the faded carpets that she remembered in their new freshness, she could not help a feeling of wonder that a man of her father's refined taste and ample wealth should care so little that this, the old home of his family, should be allowed to go heedlessly to decay. But then she knew how his scientific pursuits absorbed him, and also how utterly useless it would be to fit up the house for the good of visitors. Uncle Daniel led her into the library and left her there while he went to summon Mr. Chesney, who was as usual in his study. Ethel waited in anxious expectancy, and in another moment she heard her father's step. She felt her heart grow warm toward him, and she longed to go to him with a daughter's unreserved affection, but she controlled this desire, in order to learn if she could, how he would choose to be greeted. He advanced toward her quite quietly and simply, and received her with a kiss that was affectionate and fatherly, although there was some restraint in his manner. Ethel returned it in the same calm way, and after the first greetings were over, said quietly:

"I am very glad to be with you, father!"

"You will find it very dull, I fear," said Mr. Chesney; "and will most likely wish yourself with your aunt many times a day; but you know, my daughter, I gave you warning of what you would have to expect, and if you find the dullness unendurable I will do my best to get you an escort across the water. You can at any time join your aunt."

Ethel said nothing, but she felt conscious of a regretful fear that the procuring of such an escort would perhaps be the most welcome service her father could be called upon to perform for her; but she determined that, come what might, she would never make any such request.

Mr. Chesney then asked about her journey; inquired for his sister; kindly hoped she was not much inconvenienced by the poor accommodations on the boat, and then, having spent

about twenty minutes with her, suggested that she should let old Tulip show her her room, and rest until tea.

"I think I will go," she said, "as I am really quite tired, and, also, as it is my most especial wish to interfere in no way with your duties and the habitual disposition of your time. You will please me best by going on in your usual way, and making no sort of difference on account of my coming."

"Yes, I understand," her father answered; "and you will find me quite ready to adopt your suggestions. For your own sake, child, I preferred you should stay with your aunt, where you might have been happier; for, you know, I am always busy, and especially so at present, so I shall have to hold you to your promise of not depending on me much for society. Except at meals, I fear I must see very little of you just now. Be sure and let me know if you do not find everything comfortable, and if you should choose to refurnish one or two of the rooms and make them more habitable, why, you can do so—only I warn you to keep clear of my preserves!"

The last words were spoken with a slight smile, and Ethel forced herself to acknowledge that this offer of her father's was prompted entirely by a wish for her happiness and welfare, however coldly it was expressed.

"You are most kind," she said, "but I don't wish to annoy you with carpenters and upholsterers, and such people. Everything seems very comfortable and neat, and I like old things. I am perfectly satisfied and pleased with my home."

"It seems strange to me that you should have wished to come to this old tumbledown place, when you might have chosen your surroundings; but I hope you may not regret it. If new furniture and new pictures would afford you amusement, I should be perfectly willing and glad for you to have them; but, since you don't really seem to care about them, it is perhaps just as well to let things remain as they are, for you already know how isolated you will be from all society. Socially speaking, Fenly is almost a vacuum. Indeed, I have but one visitor. You were too young when you left to remember Philip Erle."

"Oh, no. I know very well who he is. When I have mentioned Fenly, people have sometimes spoken of him. He seems very well known!"

"I don't think there is such an able man in the State as Erle," Mr. Chesney said, "though he is quite young yet. His legal reputation is getting to be deservedly widespread. His occasional visits are really a pleasure to me, as we have many subjects of common interest. I do not see a great deal of him, however, as his practice absorbs him a good deal. He sometimes comes for a game of chess with me, and he is a sufficiently formidable antagonist to make the games very interesting."

They were still standing in the hall, and Mr. Chesney made a motion to leave her here; but Ethel stopped him with a bright, detaining look, and said, a little eagerly:

"I am so glad you still play chess, father. I have been practicing a good deal lately, remembering that you used to like it, and you have no idea how well I can play."

"Well, I will put you to the test some time. But now, my writing and your room are both waiting. I will see you at tea. Perhaps you think this first evening should be an exception to the rule you yourself laid down—that your coming was to make no difference in my pursuits—but I have an idea, fresh in my mind, which I am anxious to follow up, and so I must leave you."

"I assure you I had no such thought," Ethel said. "It pleases me best that you should let my home-coming be as small an interruption to you as possible."

After this she went to the other end of the hall, where old Tulip was awaiting her with a hearty welcome, and, after shaking her kind old hand with grateful warmth, Ethel accompanied her up the wide staircase to the room that had been prepared for her. She found it very large and perhaps a little gloomy, but a bright wood fire burned on the hearth, and between the parted folds of the crimson curtains the rays of an autumn sunset streamed brightly in. She spent nearly an hour in wandering with Tulip over the large house, pausing in many of the rooms to recall their associations with her mother, and then returned to her apartment and lay down to rest. But it was useless to try to sleep; her mind was too full of new aspirations and old remembrances. She got up soon and seated herself in a large chair before the fire, and surveyed calmly the events of her home-coming, which had filled her mind with such doubts and apprehensions. On the whole, she felt bound to admit that she had had no reason to be disappointed. What she had wished for most had been the approval of her own conscience in the matter of her duty to her father, and that had been secured. Then, too, she reflected, she would find leisure here for study and thought, and somehow she felt a comforting sense that her life would be more worthy of her here than when it was spent in such continuous rounds of dissipation and fruitless pleasures. Her heart was full of sympathy for her father, but she could but lament the fact, which she had partly foreseen, that he surrounded himself always with an insuperable barrier of reserve, which she feared would shut her out from the possibility of giving utterance to the affection and sympathy she really cherished for him. Then by degrees her mind wandered off to the scenes she had just left, and she became so engrossed in her meditations that she fell into a sort of dream, out of which she was roused by the falling apart of one of the logs on the fire before her. She stood up, and, for the first time, became aware that the room had grown dusky with the shadows of twilight. Looking at her watch she found that it lacked but half an hour to the time at which Tulip had told her tea would be served. She hastily drew the curtains and lighted the lamp, and throwing off her wrapper proceeded to arrange her rich brown hair with great carefulness. As she coiled the shining plaits round and round her head, she determined that her dress, which must perforce be simple, should be as scrupulously attended to as it had ever been in any period of her brilliant past. Her father might not appear to observe it, but he had, she knew, too much refinement to be in-

sensible to the charm of a gracefully ordered toilet.

When Ethel, dressed in a rich dark silk with fine laces, entered the dining-room, she found her father awaiting her, and she fancied that the habitual graveness of his face lightened just a little. It could hardly have been otherwise, there was such a spell of radiant youth and beauty hovering around her. The meal passed quietly. She could see that her father had acquired the habit of eating in silence, and she thought it best not to talk much at first. After tea Mr. Chesney went with her into the pleasant library, now cheerfully lighted and heated, and supplied her with some recent magazines, pointing out such articles as he thought likely to interest her; and then, taking down one or two large volumes from the shelves around, he began to make rapid notes, sometimes pausing to read several pages with deep interest. At ten he looked up, and seeing she had laid her book aside suggested that she should retire, saying she must be tired after traveling. Ethel took her light and looked toward him timidly, hesitating as to whether she might venture upon the familiarity of a good-night kiss; but he only bent his head slightly, saying, "Good night, my daughter!" and then immediately became immersed in his reading again. So she returned his greeting quietly and silently left the room.

That evening was a fair sample of the ones that followed. Mornings and evenings alike were monotonous and quiet, but in some way she extracted a degree of peaceful pleasure from them that almost amazed herself.

She obtained the consent of her father to the admission of her piano into the library, as it could not be heard in his study from there, and the great gloomy-looking parlors had been so long uninhabited that she shrank from entering them at all.

Accordingly the superb grand piano with its modern shape and shining rosewood case, was introduced among the old-fashioned furniture of the library, and most out of place and incongruous did it look there, as Ethel was bound to admit. She half feared that the effect would be unpleasant to her father, and, as this was to be her only innovation, she felt quite anxious to know how he would receive it. It was at first a great relief to her that he did not appear to observe it at all; but by-and-by a little natural desire came to her that he should ask her to sing and play for him, remembering what a power her music had been to her among the people from whom she had just parted; but he made no such suggestion, and mindful of her promise to him, she never opened the piano when he was in the room.

In a week's time Miss Chesney had accommodated herself so perfectly to her surroundings that it seemed to her perfectly natural to walk, and sing, and play, and study, and read, entirely alone, despite the fact that heretofore an hour's solitude was something almost unknown to her. She had supplied herself with books before leaving the city, and these, together with the magazines she had subscribed for, furnished her with reading matter. Then, for some part of each day, she practiced, and for another portion she occupied herself with

needlework. Then, too, she had letters to receive and answer, and somehow her days passed by quite contentedly. The thorough efficiency of old Tulip left her nothing to do in domestic affairs, and so she had not that claim upon her time. In fact, things were far less irksome than they might have been. She had made up her mind in advance to endure a great deal, and she found that there was less than she had at one time expected. A light carriage with one horse was placed at her disposal, and old Daniel took great delight in driving her about the country occasionally. Once or twice she had ventured out upon a walk alone, choosing very secluded paths, disliking to meet people who would stare and wonder at her, but she had not been able to avoid such encounters altogether. Her appearance was so handsome as to be always conspicuous, but here in this dull plodding little community, the cut and set of her plain dark clothes, and her self-possessed high-bred air made her doubly remarkable. Those of the inhabitants of Fenly who had been so fortunate as to catch a glimpse of the beautiful stranger, could not assert that they had seen anything in her appearance to encourage them toward acquaintanceship, presuming that they had had any such desire, and Miss Chesney had no visitors, except a few who were instigated to call upon her by curiosity or something akin to it. But these went for nothing.

CHAPTER III.

ONE day Mr. Chesney told Ethel that he had received a letter from a gentleman, with whom he had had much correspondence, saying he would pass the night at a point not far from Fenly, and as his home was in the far North, Mr. Chesney was very glad to embrace this opportunity of meeting him, as they were mutually interested in certain subjects which they were anxious to discuss. Assuring himself of the fact that Ethel would feel perfectly contented and secure with the faithful old servants, Mr. Chesney set off at once, in order that he might lose no time, as the gentleman was in haste to return to his home.

Soon after her father left, Ethel took from her trunk some pictures and photographs, which she had brought with her from the city, and scattered them about the library, hoping to make it look a little more cheerful. Among these was a large-sized picture of herself which she had caused to be prepared especially for her father, because her aunt had thought it very like her mother. It was a photograph of remarkable beauty of finish; the subject was one calculated to fire an artist. It was taken in full ball-dress, and the low corsage and short sleeves displayed her exquisite neck and arms to perfection. But one swiftly passed from these to the contemplation of the noble beauty of the face above. The hair was arranged in her usual style—a coil of braids round and round the head and off the face in front. After placing this picture on the mantel, Ethel left the room and proceeded to the solitary tea-table. That meal ended she went up-stairs for some work or a book, and while in her room Tulip came to say that Mr. Erle was below.

"Did you tell him father was away?" asked Ethel.

"Yes'm, but he wanted to know just when he would be back, and I said I'd find out."

"Did you tell him I was here?"

"No'm. I told him I'd ask Dan'l, but Dan'l don't know."

"Very well," said Ethel rising, "I'll go down and see him myself."

She had departed, that evening, from her usual custom of making a careful toilet for the evening, on account of her father's absence. So she was dressed more plainly than usual. But she was always beautiful—so beautiful indeed, that there was a conspicuous absence of petty vanity about her, as is sometimes the case with very beautiful people. They do not, as a rule, indulge in the frequent and eager interrogation of their mirrors, as is the case with those of their sisters whose beauty is more doubtful. Ethel did not even glance toward the mirror before descending, but walked quietly out of the room and down the fine old staircase.

It was to serve a definite purpose that she concluded to see Mr. Erle instead of sending him through Tulip the information he desired. She longed so to serve her father, in even some small way, that she suddenly concluded to avail herself of the opportunity thus offered her to test her powers at chess and ask Mr. Erle to play with her. She felt a little shy about advancing this plea for infringement upon his valuable time, for she knew he had many claims upon him. A fancy seized her to get a look at his face before entering.

The heavy door of the library was open, and through the wide aperture Ethel looked in.

Mr. Erle was standing very near her, before the fire. He held her photograph in his hand, and was scanning it with great deliberateness and close scrutiny.

As Ethel was about to enter and announce herself, she saw his lips moving, and pausing, she heard him say in a low tone:

"What a beautiful woman!" and then add after a short pause, "I wonder if she's as good as she is pretty."

For a few moments Ethel stood still, scarcely knowing how to act. He had had no intimation of her presence, and still stood looking fixedly and thoughtfully at the picture. She made a slight noise, which caused him at once to lay the picture down and turn toward her.

She expected to see some indication of surprise upon his face, as he thus confronted herself, instead of the old woman. The face he turned upon her was so grave and quiet in its expression, however, that it flashed upon her that he did not recognize her as the original of the picture.

She advanced and extended her hand, and after a quiet introduction of herself, she motioned to a seat on the sofa, which he at once took.

"I invite you to sit down," she said, "although my father will not return until to-morrow night; but, if you had intended to spend this evening with him, and if you have no pressing demand upon your time, I wish you would spare an hour of it to me, and forgive the liberty I take in asking it."

"With the greatest pleasure, Miss Ches-

ney," he said. "I came in for the sake of a game of chess with your father, and this evening having been set apart to that purpose, my time has no other claims upon it."

"In that case," Ethel said, "I can with less reluctance proffer my request. I have come here, hoping to be of some use to my father, and feeling with regret that I have allowed his anxiety for my comfort and happiness to separate me from him too long; but you can readily imagine how impossible it is for me to thrust myself upon him in any way, and how few methods I can find of accomplishing my great desire to make my presence felt agreeably by him. Before I came, one way occurred to me, by which I might accomplish this sometimes, and that was by playing chess with him. With that object in view, I practiced a great deal with one or two very good players, and really believe I play a fairly good game. If you would not find it very irksome, I wish you would consent to test my skill, for I know he regards you as a formidable antagonist. I fancy he thinks *my* pretensions to cope with him are quite absurd, and if you would give me an opportunity of testing the correctness of his idea, you would be doing me really a great favor."

"If the prospect of a game of chess were not always an enticing one to me," said Mr. Erle, "I should be quite disappointed at the extent of the favor you ask. This is merely pandering to my own wishes, and I should have been glad of the opportunity to do Mr. Chesney's daughter some real service."

Ethel gave him a candid look of gratitude from her beautiful honest eyes, and without saying anything further, she drew forth the chess-men, and as quietly as if they were old friends they sat down face to face, arranged the men, and began to play.

As the game progressed, Mr. Erle's expression changed. The look of pleasant interest it had worn gave place to the expression that was most natural to it—a look of deep thoughtfulness, a trifle stern. His dark brows contracted slightly. Evidently he was playing warily, and the game proceeded in perfect silence. Seen thus, one would have judged him to be a man of thirty-five, but, in reality, he was scarcely so old. He was large and strongly-built, with an unusual breadth of chest and shoulders; his skin was dark, even to sallowness, and his straight, close-cut hair was perfectly black, as also the small, well-kept moustache, but for which his face was clean-shaven. For the rest of his features, the nose was perfectly well-cut and straight—a tittle too short for strict ideas of beauty, perhaps, but not for the enhancement of the energy and determination which were the prime expressions of his face. The mouth, which was fully displayed by the clean, upward sweep of the moustache, which was twisted away from it, was firm, strong and delicate, and the teeth perfect in regularity, form and color.

Ethel, after a long pause, made a sudden move, placing her queen in jeopardy, with a boldness which argued either recklessness or conscious power. As she did so, her antagonist looked up and his eyes were unveiled. They were very striking eyes; not only handsome, but in a way remarkable—lighter in

color than the darkness of hair and complexion would have led one to expect, but still dark eyes—and very deep and brilliant in tone, though they would not have been called large.

The game proceeded a while in perfect silence, but by and by there came a look of half suppressed exultation into Ethel's face. She kept her lids carefully lowered, however, as she stretched out a fair and slender hand and settled a bishop in a new position. Mr. Erle moved, almost at once, without glancing at his antagonist. In another instant Miss Chesney's queen had made a triumphant sweep across the board as she said in a low tone, "Check-mate!"

Mr. Erle made a slight motion of the hand, in token of surrender, and leaned restfully back in the large chair he sat in. Much of the settled sternness of his face had vanished in that instant, and he turned to Ethel a look of cordial pleasantness that was not common to his features, and said heartily,

"Admirable, Miss Chesney, your triumph is complete."

Ethel looked at him, smiling brightly.

"Honor bright now," she said. "Did you do your best?"

"I did, indeed," said Mr. Erle earnestly. "I saw it was necessary. But come, give me a chance of revenge," and he was re-arranging the men when Ethel stopped him.

"You must not think me either cowardly or ungenerous," said she, "but I had rather not play again. I should like the satisfaction of carrying to my father an altogether victorious record."

"But two victories would be more significant than one."

"You put it invitingly, as well as most courteously," said Ethel, "but I dare not take the risk."

So the chess-men were put by and their two chairs turned toward the bright fire on the hearth. After a little talk about chess, Mr. Erle said, "Miss Chesney, I have observed your piano, of course. Will you give me some music? I've heard none for months."

"Months!" said Ethel. "Hardly that."

"Quite that."

"And yet in my very limited knowledge of Fenly I have more than once heard music in the houses I have passed."

"You are more polite than I, I see," said Mr. Erle, "since you choose to dignify such sounds with the name of music, and though I disagree with you, I fancy the difference is rather one of courtesy than discernment."

He chose deliberately to show her that he expected a great deal of her. He wished her to know it while there was time to refuse. He felt that he had much rather she did not sing at all than that the voice should not match her person and manner. And Ethel, though she



SHE STRETCHED OUT A FAIR AND SLENDER HAND AND SETTLED A BISHOP IN A NEW POSITION.

knew his words expressed great fastidiousness, was yet not displeased. Indeed, her animated face and the new light of interest in her eyes showed that she was experiencing in anticipation that rare pleasure of addressing herself to a hearer whom she felt to be thoroughly able to appreciate and sympathize.

"Shall I sing or play?" she asked.

"Sing, if you please."

She turned to the piano saying, as she sat down:

"Do you care what I sing?"

"No; I had rather you chose."

Again and again Miss Chesney had sung in the presence of artists and connoisseurs, feeling that if it should be possible, flaws would be picked in her performance; but she had never sung with greater care or more perfect success than now, when this strange gentleman was her whole audience.

Her voice, at all times a rare one, was perfect that night. The first note of those passionate, pathetic tones had scarcely been uttered when Mr. Erle turned his back upon the singer, and, walking over to the fire, stood there quite still with his arms folded and his eyes cast down, until the last note died away and Ethel had risen. When she came over and stood at his side it was she who spoke first.

"I so rarely sing now," she said, not misinterpreting his silence, as a less discriminating woman might have done, "except to myself in the mornings; but don't you think it inclines one to melancholy to sing all alone, with no one to respond and no one to listen?"

"I should think it would be so with you," he said, turning toward her.

"And why especially so with me?" she asked. "Pray, don't suppose," she added quickly, "that I want to draw from you an opinion that my singing is in any way exceptional, but I wish to understand you."

"To listen continuously to the tones of such a beautiful voice, even though it be your own, must, I think, awaken longings for better things, and better times, and better people. The human voice, and yours more than any I have heard, has an effect upon me unlike any other influence. I scarcely know whether this influence be a happy one or not; it certainly makes one's aspirations purer, and perhaps for a time inclines one to nobler purposes; but then, on the other hand, it makes one so discontented with the events and people amongst whom one's time is, perforce, passed, and I am so conscious of having too much of that feeling already, that I suppose its effect is mostly hurtful. But, no, I cannot believe that either. If I am not a better man than I was before I heard you sing, Miss Chesney, at least I know I desire to be."

"Thank you," said Ethel simply; "no one ever praised my singing so much before."

She turned to seat herself then, and Mr. Erle, taking up her picture, asked:

"When was this done?"

"Not more than two weeks ago," said Ethel. "I had it finished with great care as I intended it for my father."

"And does he like it?"

"He has not seen it yet. I only took it from my trunk to-day. Do you?"

Mr. Erle, with his gaze fixed upon the picture in his hand, said:

"No, I cannot say that I do. It is not what I should call a satisfactory likeness."

His answer rather surprised Ethel, and she put a sudden interpretation on it.

"I suppose I look very different in dark colors," she said.

In a short while Mr. Erle rose to take leave.

"You have no idea how grateful I feel to you for this delightful evening," he said. "It is a whiff of warmth and light and civilization—" He checked himself rather suddenly, and then added, "I have so enjoyed your music."

"I am delighted," Ethel said, "to have had the pleasure of singing to such a sympathetic listener. Tulip has been my only audience in Fenly."

"Surely, you have sung for your father?"

"No. I haven't ventured to yet. I am afraid it might disturb him. You see I am trying very hard not to break in upon his pursuits and occupations. I am terribly afraid of making myself a nuisance, instead of being some small comfort and help to him, as I hope to be able to prove myself in time."

Mr. Erle now took leave, and in doing so he said:

"Mrs. Erle would call upon you, Miss Chesney, but her health is so very delicate that it is quite impossible for her to leave the house after the cold weather sets in."

"I should be very glad to know her," Ethel said, raising her frank eyes to his, but he was looking away just then. "I am so sorry to hear she is an invalid. It is such a heavy burden to bear."

Mr. Erle said no more, but offered his hand and responded to her cordial good night very quietly, and went away. Left alone before the sinking fire, Ethel fell to musing thus :

"What an uncommon man! Not like any one I ever saw before. I should think him one of the most earnest and intellectual men I have ever seen, and he is certainly one of the handsomest. I dare say people generally are afraid of him. I wonder I was not more so myself. He is stern, certainly. I wonder why! Does it come from sorrow or what? I wish Mrs. Erle *could* come to see me! Mrs. Erle! His wife or his mother—I wonder which! His wife, I dare say. She must admire him very much. He has such distinction, both of manner and appearance." Suddenly her eye fell upon her own photograph. "And so he don't think that's like me!" she went on. "I dare say it is flattered, but then that's much as I look in ball dress. After seeing this bedecked and bejeweled thing, how plain I must have looked in this dull, dark dress. It was odd of him to wonder, first of all, if I was good. He did not say clever, fascinating, pleasing, but good. He is unlike other men! One thing is strange, and that is that he has left me with rather a sad impression of him. I feel even a little bit sorry for him; yet there surely was no reason for that."

At this point Ethel lighted her candle and went to bed, where, in the quiet slumbers that soon came to her, Mr. Erle was speedily forgotten.

(To be continued.)

The Secret.

BY F. S. SALTUS.

I SANG with rapture to the passing breeze,
My dawning loves' supremest mysteries,
With the soft rhymes of passion beautified.
The graceful melody spread far and wide;
And as my song was soothing as a prayer,
The kind breeze lingered in the drowsy air,
And when the long confession had been heard,
It softly whispered it unto a bird.
A wee, brown robin on a willow tree,
That relished all, and made great sport of me;
Fearing the precious scandal might pass by,
It told it to the brilliant butterfly;
Which, idly dallying 'mid the dewy flowers,
Thro' the long, dreamy, languid summer hours;
Straightway flew off to prattle of my woes,
My hopes and sweet ambition to the rose.
Which, having heard the loving words I said,
Blushed in delight a purer, deeper red,
And rashly vowed within its crimson core,
To keep and treasure them forevermore.
But, like a luminous star of love and light,
The one I love chanced to pass there that night,
And gently plucked the dainty rose, to share
The silken splendors of her wavy hair.
And then the mystery I held so dear,
Must have been tempted from the rose, I fear.
For though I surely had no subtle part,
My secret fluttered to her ravished heart.
And like a dove that finds its shelter fair,
Lovingly, confidently nestled there,
Until its burden, longing to be free,
Escaping from her lips flew back to me.

The Book of Books.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY
OF OUR ENGLISH BIBLE.

FIVE hundred years ago, in 1380, the first translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular was made by Wickliffe, and this year, 1880, is to be celebrated the semi-millennial anniversary of that great event, so fraught with mighty consequence to the world; for had it not been for the English Bible it is a safe assertion that the Anglo-Saxon, with all his magnificent powers and possibilities of progression toward the ultimate goal of human enlightenment, would have fallen far short of his present high attainments.

In view, then, of the coming anniversary of an event so intimately bound up with the progress of our race, it will not be out of place to present a few of the salient points in the history of the Great Book. And first let us glance at the name itself.

"Bible" is the name given universally to the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. It is derived from the Greek *Ta Biblia*, The Books, and was bestowed by Chrysostom, in the fourth century, upon the collection of documents now recognized by Christians as containing all that has been revealed of the divine will and government to man.

After the return of the Jews from their Babylonish captivity, about 535 B. C., Ezra collected and arranged in their proper order all the sacred books or writings then known to him. These he divided into three parts:—The Law, The Prophets, and The Hagiographa. The Law is contained in the Pentateuch or five books of Moses. The writings of the Prophets are embraced in Joshua, Judges, with Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Isaiah, Jeremiah and his Lamentations, Ezekiel, Daniel, Job, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, and the twelve minor prophets. The Hagiographa, or "sacred writings," consist of The Psalms, The Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon. This division was made with a view to reducing the number of books to the number of letters in the Hebrew alphabet—twenty-two—and to this arrangement, as well as to the authority and divine character of the books themselves, Josephus refers thus: "We have not thousands of books discordant, but we have only *twenty-two* which comprehend the history of all former ages, and are justly regarded divine. *Five* of them proceed from Moses; they include as well the *laws*, as an account of the creation of man, extending to the time of his (Moses) death. This period comprehends nearly three thousand years. From the death of Moses to that of Artaxerxes, who was King of Persia after Xerxes, the prophets who succeeded Moses committed to writing in thirteen books what was done in their days. The remaining four books contain *hymns* to God (the Psalms) and instructions of life for man." This three-fold division of the Old Testament mentioned here by the great Jewish historian was ex-

pressly recognized before his day by Christ, and was also acknowledged by the writers of the New Testament.

From the time of the completion of the Old Testament by Malachi, the last of the prophets, to the publication of the New, there elapsed about four hundred and sixty years. Near the time of Christ a translation of the Pentateuch was made from the Hebrew into Aramaic—a language with which the Jews had become so familiar when in captivity that it almost usurped the place of their native tongue. Subsequently other portions of the Hebrew Scriptures were also translated into this Babylonish-Aramaean dialect, these versions or paraphrases being called *Targums*. They are ten in number, and the most important of them is the *Targum of Dukelos*, which was first printed in the year 1609, at Venice. They were, however, considered by some as of no vital importance, and, with other writings not in the canon, were consequently called apocryphal, ecclesiastical, and deutrocanonical.

Among the Greek versions of the Old Testament, the *Septuagint* is regarded as the most ancient and valuable translation. It is said to have been begun and completed in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, 284-286 before Christ. This Egyptian monarch, who was anxious to embody in one perfect whole the laws of all nations, for the library he had founded at Alexandria, sent to Jerusalem and obtained seventy-two learned Jews, six from each of the twelve tribes, who were skilled in Greek and Hebrew languages, and to whom he intrusted a compilation of all the laws of his nation. These learned men were shut up in a room, where Demetrius Phalereus, the principal librarian of the king, wrote down their version as they dictated it to him, accomplishing the work in seventy-two days. There are some differences of opinion among critics as to the time of this translation and the number employed upon it; but of its validity there seems to be but little doubt, as at the time of our Saviour it was quoted as authority both by Him and by the Apostles. This account of the origin of the *Septuagint* was not questioned until the seventeenth or eighteenth century, when biblical criticism may be said to have been in its infancy.

There were some early Latin versions of the Bible, the most celebrated of which is the *Vetus Italica*. In the fourth century this latter was revised by Jerome; but he being dissatisfied with the work, translated the Old Testament from the original Hebrew, which translation is now known as the *Vulgate*. This has undergone several revisions by the direction of different Popes, and has, for centuries been the standard Bible of the Church of Rome. It was first printed somewhere between 1450 and 1455, at Mentz, by Guttenberg. It was without a date, and was the first book printed with movable types. In the third century the *Septuagint* was carefully revised by Origen; and up to the reign of James I. of England several translations, revisions and versions of the Scriptures, all clustering round the original text, made their appearance, and were only set aside finally among Protestants on the publication of what

has been since known as "The Authorized English version." This was the work of forty-seven learned divines and laymen appointed by the king to revise the Bishop's Bible, which may be said to have been itself a revision of all the English Bibles that had preceded it. It appeared in 1611, in a folio volume printed in black letter, and with the following title :

The | HOLY | BIBLE, | Conteyning the Old Testa-
ment, | AND THE NEW, | Newly translated out of the
Originall | tongues : & with the former Translations |
diligently compared and revised by his | Maiesties
speciall Commanment. | Appointed to be read in
Churches. | Imprinted at London by Robert | Barker,
Printer to the King's | most excellent Maiestie, | Anno
Dom. 1611.

Strange to say that this version of the Scriptures, notwithstanding the announcement met so frequently on its title page, was never authorized by royal proclamation, by order of Council, by act of Parliament or by vote of Convocation ; nor is it known whether the words "Appointed to be read in Churches" were used by order of the editors, or added at the will of the printer. However this may be, the benign and universal influence of the version itself is ample evidence of its fidelity to the original, and of the divine source from whence the latter sprung.

Caedmon, a Benedictine monk of the seventh century, is said to have been the first who rendered any part of the Bible into the vernacular of the English of that period. There were, however, many paraphrases and versions by various other distinguished men, as the venerable Bede and Alfred the Great, all leading up to the more complete and perfect editions that begun with Wycliffe's Bible in 1380—which was the first translation of the entire Old and New Scriptures into English—and ended with the Authorized Version of the present day. Wycliffe's Bible was followed by Tyndale's translations, especially of the New Testament, 1525; and these again were succeeded by Coverdale's Bible, 1537; Matthew's Bible, 1537; Taverner's Bible, 1539; the Great Bible, same year; Whittingham's New Testament, 1557; the Geneva Bible, 1560, which was the first English Bible printed in Roman type, and the first broken up into verses after the manner of the present version, or in which italics were used to represent words supplied by the translators. After this came the Bishop's Bible, already mentioned, the series closing in the version made in the time of James I.

The whole of the New Testament was not written at one time, but in different portions and on various occasions. Six of the apostles and two disciples who accompanied them in their journeyings were engaged upon the work. That part of it known as the Gospels was written or composed by four of the cotemporaries of Christ, two of whom had been constant attendants on his ministry. The first of these histories was published a few years after the death of Jesus, and among the very people that knew him personally, and were witnesses of his life and conduct. The history called the Acts of the Apostles was first published about the year 64; and the Epistles were separately written by five of the apostles

from seventeen to thirty-five years after the death of the Saviour. One of these five, John, about A. D. 96, with the Book of Revelations also, which work completes the whole of the Scriptures of the New Testament.

All these histories and epistles were received by the churches with the greatest veneration : but from the manner in which they were first circulated, some of them were longer in reaching certain places than others, a circumstance which prevented their being received into the canon so soon as the rest. In consequence of this delay—and from the fact that a few of the writings were addressed to individual believers, or had not the name of the apostle added, a doubt obtained among some regarding the genuineness of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Epistle of James, the second Epistle of Peter, the second and third Epistles of John, the Epistle of Jude and the Book of Revelation. These, however, were subsequently acknowledged universally, and classed with the other portions of the New Testament, all of which had been received without dispute or misgiving from the beginning. In the second century, several apocryphal writings were published under the name of Jesus Christ, but these were rejected by the early Christians as heretical and spurious. On this head, Paley observes : "Besides our Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, no Christian history claiming to be written by an apostle or an apostolical man, is quoted within three hundred years after the birth of Christ by any writer now extant or known, or if quoted, is quoted with marks of censure and rejection."

The first manuscript English New Testament was that of Wycliffe, 1380, which was followed about two years later by the first manuscript Old Testament. The first printed New Testament was that of Tyndale, Cologne and Worms, 1525, 1526. The first printed Bible was that of Coverdale, Antwerp, 1535. The first portion of Scripture printed in England was the Seven Penitential Psalms, 1505. The first New Testament printed in England was Tyndale's, 1536. The first Bible printed in England was Coverdale's, Southwark, 1537. The first New Testament printed in Scotland was the Geneva, 1576. It was not published until 1579, when the Old Testament appeared with it. The first Bible printed in Ireland was the Authorized Version, 1714. The first portion of Scripture printed in America, and the first book of any kind, was *The Bay Psalm Book*, Cambridge, Mass., 1640. The first New Testament printed in America was the Authorized Version, Boston, 1742. The first Bible printed in America was the Authorized Version, 1752. The first Bible printed in America and having an American imprint was the Authorized Version, Philadelphia, 1782.

In consequence of the singular rendering of some word or words of the text, certain Bibles have been oddly named : In Matthew's Bible, 1551, the word *terror* in Psalm xci. 5, is rendered *bugges*, making the passage read, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the bugs by night." This is called *The Bug Bible*. In the Geneva Bible, 1560, Adam and Eve are said to have made themselves *breeches* of fig leaves, instead of *aprons*. This is designated *The Breeches Bible*. In the Bishop Bible, 1568, "is there no *traya-*

cle in Gilead," is found instead of *balm*. Hence the name, *The Treacle Bible*. In the Douay version, 1610, this word is rendered *rosin*, from which we have, *The Rosin Bible*. There is mention of one more Bible in which Paul is said to be called "a *knave* of Jesus Christ," Rom. i. 1., meaning thereby a servant ; but this, which is designated *The Knave Bible*, appears to have had no existence.

A few singular typographical errors also have crept into some of the versions of the Scriptures. Cotton Mather speaks of a Bible that appeared about 1702, in which David is made to say, Psalm cxix. 161, "*Printers* have persecuted me without a cause." In a London edition of the Authorized Version, 1653, 1 Cor. vi. 9, reads, "Know you not that the unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God." Paul in another Oxford Bible, 1807, is made to say, Gal. v. 17, "For the flesh lusteth *after* the spirit," while in yet another edition from the same press we find, Heb. ix. 14, "Purge your conscience of *good* works"—instead of *dead* works. In 1562, a Geneva Bible was published, and at the head of Luke xxi. we find, "Christ *condemne*th the poor widow," instead of *commendeth*, while in Matt. v. 9, we have "Blessed are the *place-makers*," for "Blessed are the *peace-makers*." In 1717, J. Basket published in Oxford an edition of the Authorized Version in which "The parable of the *vinegar*" at the head of Luke xx. appears, instead of "The parable of the vineyard." This edition, although beautifully got up, has, from the name of the publisher and its typographical mistakes, been called "A Basket-full of Errors." There is another Bible, published in Cambridge, 1805, called *to remain Bible*, in which the editor wrote the words "to remain" on the margin of the proof sheet, in relation to a comma which the proof-reader thought ought to be omitted in the passage, Gal. iv. 29, "persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now." The printer, however, settled the matter his own way ; for under the impression that *to remain* was to take the place of the comma, he incorporated it with the phrase and made it read thus : "persecuted him that was born after the Spirit to remain even so it is now." The most startling of all errors, however, is found in what is termed the *Wicked Bible*, an edition of the Authorized Version published in London, 1631, in which the seventh commandment, Exod. xx. 14, is made to read, "Thou shalt commit adultery." This dreadful blunder was pointed out by Archbishop Land to King Charles I., who fined the printers three hundred pounds, and ordered the whole edition to be called in and destroyed.

But, whatever the mistakes, grave or trivial, that may have occurred among compilers or printers of the Sacred Scriptures, they have been long since rectified. True, that at the present time both the Old and the New Testaments are undergoing a revision on this as well as on the other side of the Atlantic, not in relation to any doctrinal points, however, but simply as regards certain words or phrases thought to be capable of receiving a better rendering into English than they have had at the hands of those first employed on the Authorized Version.



A Neglected Country.

NEVER was a more remarkable instance of resolution unperformed than that afforded by the average American tourist in Europe. When the dreamy beauty of the south coast of Ireland refreshes the eyes that for ten days have seen only a waste of rolling waters; when the mummies which have given proof of life only by groaning under piles of shawls find blessed relief in the short stop at Queenstown, and appear on deck stylishly clothed and interestingly convalescent, and when the steerage passengers crowd the deck, wild with joy at sight of "the ould sod," then Mr. Smith resolves to investigate this book of living pictures of which the title-page promises so much.

But a certain elf called Go-Ahead, at once the bane and the blessing of the Yankee, drives him on to England. Here, after a few hours' meandering about dirty, modern Liverpool, the fast train carries him back two centuries by depositing him amidst the mediæval architecture of Chester, where he will dine in a quiet inn, with overhanging stories, many-paned casements, and swinging sign of the Boar's Head or King's Arms, and will horrify the natives by gobbling as for a wager. Honest John Bull, tête-à-tête, pauses, with mug of beer half raised, and open mouth and eyes, to shudder at this foreigner who eats off his knife.

After two weeks spent in tearing about London, Yankee Doodle rushes on to Paris. The sun burns his face and wears out his boots on Alpine scrambles; he goes perseveringly through miles of picture galleries, and by diligent study of the guide-book, stores his memory with high-sounding art phrases wherewith to impress Jones and Robinson at the club.

The lazy loveliness of Italy bewitches even the stirring and practical nephew of Uncle Sam, and in exploring the venerable ruins about Rome, or sailing on the sunshiny Bay of Naples, the last days of summer fly away, and inexorable time brings the close of vacation, and thoughts of the office, with its bare floor, three-legged stool, and dismal columns of debit and credit.

Perhaps, as green Ireland once more appears to the traveler homeward bound, he may feel qualms of conscience at having neglected a country full of interest to the artist, the antiquary, the student of human nature, the lover of beauty, whoever he be.

Along the south coast the sea dashes at the base of high, bold, rocky hills, destitute of trees, but covered with a rich growth of heather and golden gorse, behind which mountains, range behind range, fade into the summer sky.

The number of coast-guard stations and tall light-houses show the hidden dangers of these waters and the means used to counteract them, and seem to keep watch over the numbers of fishing craft, whose owners are taking advantage of fair weather and brisk breeze. They seek mackerel, one of the staples of the south coast, four thousand tons of which are caught weekly.

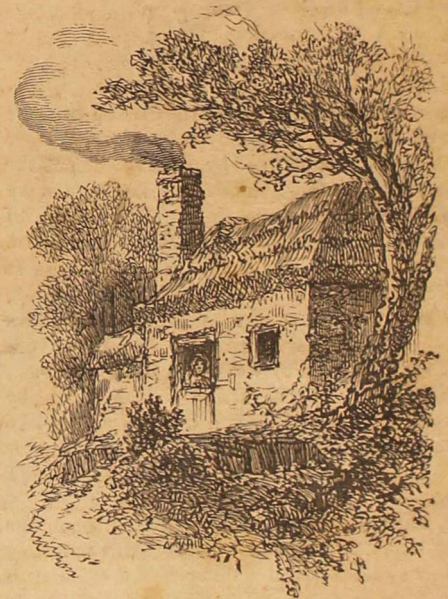
A wheezy little tug breaks scores of steamer friendships, separates the wise who visit Ireland from the foolish who do not, and, crowded with the former, puffs up the emerald waters of the Lee. This craft is characterized by a comfortlessness compared to which even a New England meeting-house seems palatial. Persons desiring seats must either mount to the summit of an unsteady pile of boxes, and astonish the beholders by coming down with a crash, or must try to keep from sliding down a pile of mail-bags, slanting and slippery as a Russian ice-hill.

Clinging to the sides of our temporary thrones, we admire the two grim forts, Camden and Carlisle, which excavated like Gibraltar in two opposite hillsides, keeping watch over Queenstown harbor. Cannon, in underground chambers, show their menacing mouths through holes cut in the solid rock, and the scene is enlivened by the scarlet coats of soldiers on guard or review.

Farther up the river is Spike Island, so called from its peculiar long and narrow shape, on which is a prison occupied by six hundred convicts, controlled by a small body of troops and a couple of officers, who enjoy their place of residence no more than do their victims in striped garments. More forlorn than "poor old Robinson Crusoe," who receives the sympathy of so many generations of children, they not only "reign in this horrible place," but also "dwell in the midst of alarms," outbreaks among the convicts being by no means unusual.

Our ardor to set foot on European ground, and that of the sons of the soil to stand on their native heath, is restrained by an unceremonious push and an ominous growl from the vanguard of a body of custom-house officers.

One, a ferocious-looking fellow, whose dress, or rather undress, consists mainly of rags and patches, seizes on his first victim, a young lady, demanding an instant and exhaustive turn-out of her belongings. He must satisfy himself that she is not corrupting the country by smuggling in the contraband articles, whisky and tobacco. She is filled with terror at the thought of delicate muslins, fresh silks, and the precious bonnet, the crowning effort of Madame Tulleruche, promiscuously dumped on a deck coated with melting, strong-smelling tar. Her father, better acquainted with Paddy's manners and customs, quietly tips a shilling to the official so zealous in his country's service. The present is received with a broad grin and a pluck at the tattered brim of what was once a hat; and the patriot, having frightened or coaxed similar contributions from other tourists, departs to drink to the prosperity of the vessel which has brought him in this silver harvest. The baggage of the steerage passengers displays wonderful ingenuity in the invention of artifices to conceal tobacco and escape the rigors of the law. Sewed into the inside of pillows, in the toes of boots, between the cloth and lining of a venerable relic announced to be "only me coat sure," the persevering delver in the box of a returning Paddy may find enough of the contraband article to cause a lively war of words between himself and the would-be importer.



CABIN EXTERIOR.

We, whose conflicts are over for the present, look on and listen with smiles growing faint and glassy, for fear is creeping into our souls. Forbidden to leave the tug till all luggage is inspected, we begin to despair of leaving at all, for the cohesion between our feet and the deck covered with tar fast melting under the noonday sun, is rooting us to the spot. Shall we be pried up with crowbars to the accompaniment of sounds of rending leather, or remain fixtures till night? However, with a long pull and a strong pull, we gain liberty and hasten to set foot on the, to us, unexplored shore.

When did we ever see meadows so green, trees so vigorous and leafy, streams of such crystal purity, or flowers in such profusion? Fields, checked by a profusion of blossoms of many colors, are separated by luxuriant hedges of snowy hawthorn or fragrant gorse.

Patches of yellow in the landscape are due to fields of rape, extensively cultivated as food for cattle, numbers of which luxuriate among



CABIN INTERIOR.

these fields, said to afford the finest pasturage in the world. Literally "in clover," their enjoyment is disturbed by no foreboding of the impending journey to Cork market, held every Friday. At a very early hour, this eventful morning, little carts come rattling into town, drawn by racks of donkeys, about as large as Newfoundland dogs, and almost as shaggy, which are treated in a manner which might well excite the sympathies of Mr. Bergh. They are driven by women in short petticoats, low shoes, and close-fitting white caps, or by men in knee-breeches, a coat in shape like the fashionable swallow-tail, and a peculiar square crowned hat, called in local parlance, a "caubeen."

The carts take up their station in the public square, and the owners prepare to vend from their wares. Often a difference of opinion as to the comparative virtues of "prates" or cabbage causes a shrill and long war of words between two neighboring old women, and, as "an Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting," champions soon volunteer and the combat thickens. If, however, "his riverence," portly, well-fed-looking, and benign, appear upon the scene of action, hostilities are suspended, and he is greeted on all sides by bob courtesies and plucks of the forelock. There is one subject on which the marketers are agreed, and that is their universal love of whisky and bakky. Persons of both sexes solace themselves with their short pipes at all hours of the day, but not till their merchandise is disposed of do they give themselves up to indulgence in the other preference. After

four or five o'clock, on market day, the streets of Cork, and the country roads adjoining, are frequented by wretches in various stages of intoxication, reeling socially homeward in company, quarreling or lying along the hedges in heavy sleep.

Could we follow the marketers home, we should find them return to a house probably of only one room, of ten feet by twelve, the walls of stone or mud, cracked in every direction, the floor of earth and lime trodden into a hard substance, the roof of thatch.

In this space, crowded together, live the entire family, and often a donkey, a couple of pigs, chickens, dogs, ducks, and a goat. Some, a little more comfortable, have a board partition dividing the live stock from the human inhabitants. A wooden table, and a chair or two, a bed, fearfully and wonderfully made, a few coarse blue earthenware dishes, a fire of peat so arranged as to send half its smoke into the room, and generally a picture of a saint executed in coloring which would horrify an artist, complete the interior arrangements.

Outside, the walls, gleaming with white-wash, contrast prettily with surrounding verdure, and the heather roofing affording a resting place for stray seeds, Aquarius, Pluvius, and the winds start on it a flourishing crop of weeds, while lustrous ivy, the glory of Ireland, runs riot over the whole.

Some of these dwellers in mud hovels have a balance at the banker's of one or two hundred pounds, scraped together by daily self-denial. Those owning several cows are often unacquainted with the taste of milk or butter, save that of sheep or goats, their own dairy produce being reserved for market. Meat to them is a luxury, enjoyed only once or twice a week, yet, in spite of meager diet, their life in the open air (for even the women work in the fields) renders them strong and hardy. The youthful Hibernian, bare-headed and



"WILL THAT PUT AN EYE IN HER?"



AN IRISH BEAUTY.

barefooted, spends the long summer days under the canopy of heaven, on amicable terms with the hens, waging war with the testy old gobbler, or taking first riding lessons on the back of the pig.

The beauty and vigor of many of these children render them fitting subjects for the easel of Meyer von Bremen. Flying curls of the golden browns or red browns, which painters love, catch the sunlight on their glittering rings; complexions of flower-like clearness and brilliancy glow through a mask of dirt which would extinguish any but an Irish child; and the delicate features of some of the little girls seem strangely out of place in the wretched hovels these little ones call home.

"With what a waste of beauty rare
Moves every day's machinery."

A few years of hard work in the open air, with constant exposure to sun and wind, coarse food and coarse usage, turns our little wayside daisy into a Hecate rather than the Venus she promised to be.

The demon of drink, seizing on her, or on one near and dear to her, degrades or imbibers her womanhood, till, in the coarse, blowed face of the woman of forty, no trace remains of the innocent beauty of ten summers.

Next to Lady Day, the great festival of the peasantry is Shrovetide, when are performed the nuptials of many blushing brides and gallant grooms, whose betrothals are brought about in a peculiar manner. The girl, as soon as she reaches marriageable age, is provided with a dower, the amount of which may tempt some swain to "sue for her hand," as the fairy tales say. He pleads his cause, not to his bride elect, but to a professional matchmaker, who gives him a flattering description of the maiden's charms, recommends the bridegroom to the girl's parents, and arranges all preliminaries for the young people, whose first sight of each other will probably be before the altar. If this meeting produces disgust in one of the parties in the contract, he or she will retire at the eleventh hour. An eye-witness tells of a gallant who, when the company was assembled in church, and the priest ready to

begin the marriage ceremony, discovered with dismay that his inamorata was blind in one eye. Revoking his bond he prepared to desert the fair one, but the father of the bride produced a ten pound note with the significant inquiry,

"Will that put an eye in her?"

"Begorra, yis," was the hearty rejoinder; the bond was re-established and the knot tied.

"Well, Pat, did Biddy get married to Micky yesterday?" inquired an interested spectator of this peculiar custom, on the day following Shrovetide.

"No, yer honor, sir," was the grinning rejoinder, "for when Micky seed her, I 'won't have her,' says he, 'for she's too deeply marked with the small-pox,' says he; but Jimmy O'Ryan, 'I'll have her,' says he, and troth he did."

The strangest feature to an American is the meekness and submission of the girls themselves, who will often, at the advice of parents or friends, marry a man distasteful to them.

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNY JUNE.

THE USES OF LEISURE.

THE "elegant" leisure which we read about as being enjoyed by many persons as a life-long possession abroad has not, fortunately, come, as yet, to many in this country. In fact, a "life of leisure" is a contradiction in terms: the very idea of leisure presupposes the existence and experience of work, for leisure that has not been made leisure by its antecedent, *work*, becomes idleness. One of the most noticeable things, however, in the society which Americans find in the foreign towns and cities which they frequent, is the number of persons living on small, fixed incomes, that life of "refined" leisure of which we, in this country, who are perpetually hurried and always driving from one thing to another, can hardly form an idea. Nor are we greatly fascinated with it when we do encounter it. It is true, there is more to be enjoyed in the old and long-settled countries in the grand accumulations of the past, the treasures of art—the perfection to which the perpetual demands of a cultivated class existing for centuries have brought all industries, and the solidity, the finish, for which we look in vain in the turmoil of tearing down and building up consequent upon our not yet settled or unsatisfactory conditions.

But on the other hand there is nothing more wearisome than this same finish, this same-

ness, this monotony. Those who live among them care little for fine cathedrals, old pictures, "art" coal-scuttles, and wonderful old mantelpieces. They find little time or opportunity, after all, to enjoy their "leisure," for there is one eternal effort to get the most out of small resources—to make ends meet, and put the best foot foremost in the little circle to which they are confined by the narrowness of their means. "Why not increase their means, then?" a dozen bright young readers will ask. Because the growth of population and the advance of modern civilization has circumscribed effort, and rendered it there, as it may be here in the future, not only hard to compete with others, but apparently fruitless and useless to do so. When labor and capital are so little productive that it does not seem worth while to risk the one or employ the other, except from necessity or decided inclination, a class will naturally grow up whose only business is to take care of what they have got, and grade and adapt their living to their means. Cut off from all association with the active interests, looking at the world from the position of outsiders, having no part or lot in the interests which absorb other men and women, it is easy to see that such lives must, after a while, run in a very narrow groove. The scarred hero of a hundred battle-fields goes for the daily quart of milk, while his wife mends the children's hose, and wonders if their shoes will last until the arrival of the next quarterly or monthly payment. Certainly, leisure to be enjoyed must have been earned; and it must be the exception, not the rule of life. Such leisure is as necessary and as useful as work, and, indeed, we cannot do the best work unless we have time to recruit our worn and wasted energies, gather up our resources, enlarge them, and keep informed as to the states and conditions of the world about us. These, then, are to a great extent the uses of leisure. It is no mere quiescent state—it is an opportunity for relaxation, enjoyment, for the gathering together and upbuilding of the forces for fresh efforts. People are just learning that there is no position in life so hard as that of doing nothing—nor is there any such thing as taking hold of work and doing it in a dilettantish sort of way. Work is too good to be so treated; it gives its best only to those who love it, and it makes itself so valued and precious that leisure is cared for less for itself than for the added interest and strength it enables us to put into the serious occupation of daily life.

The worst use to which we can put leisure is to fritter it away idly in wearisome and unimportant efforts to find amusement. It is not always being idle not to be at work. We may find health and strength in hours spent in doing nothing but drinking in life-giving draughts of out-door air, and quiet, tranquil, retrospective rather than introspective, thought. But we find nothing that is worth having in the repetition of folly and scenes of frivolity or dissipation, and the better way is to cut them short, and determine not to waste time or strength in what is valueless, if not positively mischievous, to one's self or others.

It has been intimated that one of the uses of leisure is to enlarge the boundaries of one's life and thought, and associate it with the life and thought outside of our own. Books are the best help in this direction, and they are the best aids to the enjoyment of leisure, because they are independent of almost all circumstances. Friends are lost, but books remain, and acquire additional interest and value to us as we grow old, if they are of a kind to improve, as the best books do, with age. Books should be chosen with fully as much care as personal friends, and they should be cherished and *kept*. No one who has a proper idea of the value of books will ever want to "borrow" a choice edition of a choice author. There are books, and editions of books, which seem made for distribution, but these are not those which have become our personal friends. When a lover of books has accumulated a small library (a large one is useless), and made himself thoroughly acquainted with them, he will have books for every mood, and he will grow into a sense of companionship with them—more close and more sweet than it often falls to the lot of human companionship to be. The source of rest in it, and reliance upon it, is perfect, because the fellowship of books is always the same, and is not affected by moods or circumstances.

One of the very best of earthly possessions is a collection of permanent books, the works of authors that lose nothing by the lapse of time; and it will be seen that this standard reduces the number of works, even in this book-making age, to very small proportions, and that one may go back a long distance to complete the list without making it too large. What is to prevent the poorest from having the choicest friends when books and pictures will make them so? I stood in the house once of a poor man after his body had been taken out for burial. It was very plain, some would call it common, of meager proportions, and isolated for the advantage of fresh air. But within the uncarpeted room were priceless treasures of books and engravings, the accumulation of his working-life. He was by no means a hermit, but he loved the great works of other men's minds, and he used them in the intervals of his daily labor to enrich his own. He did not seek society, but after a little, society of the very best kind sought him. It grew to be considered a treat, even among cultivated literary people, to spend an evening with him, and talk about books and about history as it relates to art, and the growth and development of the human. For the world, since its earliest dawns, was an open page to him, and the master minds, those that have controlled thought and influenced action, were familiar to him as brothers. Seeing such names inscribed upon his shelves, looking at his walls which held no costly frames, but glowed with the light of rare prints and fine engravings of old masters, the poor apartment became suddenly illuminated and made stately by the presence of an illustrious throng. It was no longer where he lived, but with whom he lived, and his daily associates were Homer, and Dante, and Shakespeare, and Goethe, and Schiller, and Milton, and others of the great dead, whose work has inspired all

that has been worth doing in those which have come after them.

This man was an artisan, yet how much nobler than many a prince from the use to which he put his leisure!

But it is not well to force one's self into a certain groove simply because others have occupied it. Daily work is usually imperative, and not always agreeable; but leisure should, as far as possible, satisfy the heart and the taste—the only essential condition is this, that it should have definite purpose, take a definite direction, and be cultivated with a certain amount of faithfulness and steadfastness, such as we put into work itself. To some, perhaps, this will make it seem too much like work, but it must be remembered that we only get pleasure out of our play, in proportion as we put into it the rectitude and strength that we put into our work. There are very many persons, both men and women, who take up a pursuit and make hard work of it through the sheer necessity of their natures, which forces them to put their thought, their activity into something, and to do whatever they do at all with all their might. Strangely enough, this capacity for hard work is very apt to come with mental, moral, and material advancement, and this is the reason why so many rich men are the unpaid drudges in literature, public life, art, and philanthropy in this country, and particularly in England. Laziness is nearly always found among the very lowest and poorest classes, those that need to work the most; but when they get into the region of strong desire and capacity to perform good, skillful work, they leave behind their poverty and their degradation.

The majority of rich young men do not take kindly to a life of absolute inanity. They become muscular, they drive coaches, they cruise about in yachts, they cultivate an art or a profession. A man who is absolutely lazy, listless or demoralized by affluence will be pretty certain to have come up from very low beginnings, to have had few resources, and no distinctive or decided tastes in any useful or beautiful direction. It is indeed only the very poor who have any real leisure. The poor man is at liberty when he gets through with his day's work; his wife is not, but he is, and he resents most bitterly any attempt to infringe upon this privileged time, and is always talking of the hours of work as a hardship, and stirring up agitation to reduce them. Yet, what does he do with the hours he has to spare? smokes, lies around, sleeps, spends them in a bar-room or in listening to some political demagogue. If anything happens to him his wife is penniless, his children paupers, for every shilling has been spent and there never was enough. Such men, moreover, always have large families, many more children than they can maintain, for the same lack of manly character which leads them to consider idleness better than work, prevents them from assuming or even realizing their responsibilities.

Yet the very successes on the part of other men, which they resent, are achieved by hard work, and by making use of every moment of leisure, as well as the time embraced in the working hours. A shoemaker who died re-

cently in Vermont, was not only very poor, but in ill-health. He commenced doing the only thing he could, taking early morning walks, and this interested him in botany. He found the best work upon the subject was in Latin, he began the study of Latin to aid his botany. With his new interests, and out-of-door studies (always taken before the work of the day began), his health improved; he mastered Latin, French and grammar, received the degree of A.M. from two colleges, and became a leading authority in botany. This shows how the leisure, and what was really a severe affliction for a poor man, were turned to useful account, and no help asked of anybody.

I recall now two men, both poor, but one of whom came of good parentage, the other of poor extraction—not what would be called "shiftless," in the Yankee sense, but a family destitute of resources, who could never do anything but eat up what they had, and trust to Providence to get more. The first was a delicate man, and a mechanic, a tailor, whose work was injurious to him to the last degree. To offset it he hired a little house with a garden, in a healthy suburb, and removed with his family. All his leisure after that, night and morning, was spent in his garden—which he dug, planted, watered, weeded, and in short, cultivated entirely himself. To his family it gave the luxury of small fruits and vegetables in abundance—and to the poor tailor it gave comparative health. His wages were very small, averaging from four to ten dollars per week, and upon this he reared six children, so that they became a credit to him, and in time he bought his house and garden, and at his death at sixty-nine, left it to his wife and children, who were able to retain it as a home, and to whom the steady growth in value afterward brought competence in the absorption of the garden into a city.

The second man, a chronic grumbler, always trying to get rid of work; always spending his poor stipend as fast as he received it, and in a way to get the least out of it, lived wretchedly for fifty-six years, and finally died in the poor-house; declaiming to the day of his death against the hardships and cruelties of a system which "drives" a man there, after he had been a steady worker for thirty-five years.

One of the men most distinguished in literature in this country does all his literary work after business hours; it is in fact the occupation of his leisure. Another, a mere dry-goods "floor-walker," died an honored member of several learned and literary societies, owing to the use he made of his leisure, and his attainments gave him the *entrée* of the very best society. Other men work farms for amusement, and still others cultivate some artistic industry. One well-known musical artist in New York city sedulously pursues the art of wood-carving, and also of painting as a recreation, and not only fills his own house with beautiful things, but those of his friends. A book-keeper upon a meager salary, with a wife and three children, has a passion for "tinkering." He is always seizing ideas, and endeavoring, in a modest way, to reproduce them. His little apartment of four rooms in a not

very savory neighborhood, afforded little encouragement or apparent opportunity for the display of taste or ingenuity. But he began by extemporizing a convenient closet, by arranging with a slat, a few nails, and an old calico dress, a wardrobe, and he found such pleasure in his own efforts, that by cultivating the acquaintance of a paper-hanger and carpenter in his neighborhood, and getting some odds and ends of paper, and a few boards cheap, he has finally succeeded in producing a picturesque interior, with dados and square Eastlake mantelpiece upon which is gradually accumulating fans, vases, and bits of crockery, not expensive, but as decorative as much of the rubbish that costs a great deal more. The financial resources of this family are no greater than that of another I wot of, which is making constant appeals to charity, and presents a most pitiable and forlorn exterior and interior; yet the former lives in a little world of refinement and cultivation of its own, which will exercise an influence upon its whole future, and be gained simply by the way the father spent his leisure.

A great deal of the detrimental influence in our lives comes from the public opinion which makes a heaven of play, and a hell of work, when it is exactly the other way. It is always of greater importance to us how we are taught to spend our leisure, than our working hours, for these are pretty likely, if we are taught at all, to be occupied with regularity; but our leisure is supposed to be our own, to do what we please with, and for boys especially, who are to become men, and who are not held to the performance of multifarious household duties, as are women; it is of the greatest importance that some direction should be given to their tastes, or their habits, for if they are rich it will preserve them from temptation, and if they are poor, it will put resources in their lives, which will be a perpetual blessing to themselves and others. One of the best things of this age has been the successful efforts to establish "summer" schools, "vacation" voyages and expeditions, in which the continued improvement and cultivation of the pupil is the object. Boys of from ten to fifteen years of age, or older, ought not to spend four or five objectless, purposeless months in the year, or even months filled with idle "hanging around." The months out of school are golden opportunities which should be improved by adding to his knowledge and useful stock of experience. City boys may spend several summers most advantageously in actual farm-work, in assisting in gardening, in learning all about fishing, and how to manage boats, on the island of Nantucket, for instance; while a country boy would find it his interest to learn enough of the trade of a carpenter and wheelwright, to be able to keep himself in an emergency, and might learn some of the ornamental arts to his own future benefit and that of his family. There is no capital that pays so well as time well invested, and why should we not use our leisure for our own benefit rather than our own destruction! Let us gather up these fragments of precious time, and see to what good use we can put them, so that we may be living witnesses of the results.



June.



MEET by the departing May, who greets and welcomes her, this new month of JUNE comes over the hills with the morning sunshine to carry on the work of beauty.

The lark and linnet sing their early songs as she descends into the valley.

Through pastures where thick-fleeced flocks await the shears; through fields of tall maize with its long, green, curling leaves; through meadows where clover, scarlet poppies and well-grown grass stand ready for the scythe, and within whose boundaries is heard the piping of the plover; through lanes where clematis and hawthorn hedges shelter the trailing arbutus, sweet-briar and ferns; past cottages about whose porches climb the ivy, jasmine, sweet pea or honeysuckle, and whose windows are framed with roses; through gardens odorous and brilliant, with their pinks and fuschias, wall-flowers and verbenas, marigolds and tulips, violets and crocuses—flowers gay but reverent, and mutely breathing the eloquence of love and praise; among beds of strawberries and dangling clusters of half-ripe cherries; over lawns dotted with daisy blossoms; through dells mossy and well-watered, where yellow dandelions, crimson-belled foxgloves and blue forget-me-nots keep each other company, making a unity by their contrasts; over fragrant banks of myrtle and thyme; along the solemn aisles of groves—God's first temples, as they will be the last—whose pillars are the hoary trunks of trees, whose arches are the blending boughs of oak, beech, elm and chestnut, whose spires are the maple, whose turrets the pine and poplar—temples whose feathered choristers "pour forth a flood

of rapture so divine" as to fill the listener's "heart with psalmody and the ear with song"—through all these fair scenes JUNE has come, reaching at last a glen where she is screened from the heat and glare of the day—a glen

"All paved with daisies and delicate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels."

Here is a little stream, fringed with flowers which "bend over to kiss it."

"And on this stream, whose inconstant bosom
Is pranked under boughs of enduring blossom,
With golden and green light slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,
Broad water-lilies lie tremulously,
And stary river buds glimmering by,
And around them the soft stream doth glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance."

Stretching idly here, she dips her warm hand and sees upon the bright surface one of nature's loveliest fictions—overhanging foliage and a mimic sky with floating white clouds. Meantime the thrush and blackbird sing duets for her, the bee hums merrily, the butterfly goes gayly by, and the squirrel sits against his tail as if it were the back of an arm-chair, and wonders whether he may venture to be friendly.

Now there is a rustle among the leaves, a ripple on the water, and the cheeks of JUNE are touched by breezes soft and fragrant as the first kisses of love.

Thus she dreams the sultry noon away, and waits not impatiently for the hour of the cuckoo and the nightingale.

And her musings—shall I write them down?

Well, she is thinking of the toiling hosts of men, women and children, who concern themselves with little else than their avocations. She is thinking, too, of more fortunate ones, whose aims are nevertheless very sordid, and who sum up the whole of life in the two words, utility and remuneration. She is regretting that we show so little enthusiasm in

our worship of the beautiful. To encourage this worship is her special mission. And JUNE visits us in vain if we remain as narrow and groveling as before. Nature's first claim on our attention is her beauty. Under this she hides all her utilities. The earth's surface is covered with soil, but over this God has thrown a beautiful garment of green, with which the summer months, and especially JUNE, interweave and mingle leaves, blossoms and flowers of every hue by which the eye can be delighted. Nor does the matter end here, for all this is an illustration of how our lives may be redeemed from coarseness and idealized.

Over all its necessities and struggles and utilities we may throw a sentiment, a romance, a poetry, which shall make our existence nobler.

Contrary to Longfellow, things are largely what they seem. The healthiest lives are surrounded by pleasing illusions. Of course we must make substantial provision for ourselves; but if we stop there we are no better than the beasts, for they also live to eat and drink. We owe it to God, who has given us greater endowments, to cultivate and refine our natures. This is only to be done by a study of the beautiful. One may say, "I can appreciate what is beautiful the moment I see it, and without study." But this is an error. Our power to appreciate depends largely upon cultivation. What is beautiful to a barbarian is often offensive to the civilized. Study of paintings and sculpture, study of the human form and costumes will develop our love of beauty. Nor does it stop here. The immediate object is to please, but it refines also, and affects the character of the beholder. The good effects of the architecture and sculptures of ancient Greece were seen in the people. The minds of mothers being filled with beautiful images, their children were born beautiful. And art in our American homes will be

reproduced in the handsomeness of future children. This is a sound theory and worthy of attention. It is to be regretted that the New York public art museums and galleries are so few. Meantime, however, JUNE invites us out. The landscapes and sunsets belong to everybody; flowers are within reach of all. The healthy poor can get out to Hoboken, Greenwood and Central Park, while for the sick the Flower Mission provides bouquets which come to their bedsides like pure breaths from heaven. I wish that every room of every tenement house had its jardinière. I wish that every father or son returning from business would forego his cigar, and patronizing the flower stand, would bring home a rose or a bunch of violets instead. The refining influence of such a custom would be incalculable. Indeed I sometimes wish we had a Floral Religion; surely it would help the growth within us of Love, Modesty, Purity, Patience and Charity:

"Flowers that bloom
Tended by angels even from their birth,
Filling pure hearts with beauty not of earth,
And heaven-born perfume."

JUNE is thinking, too, of our overworked and worried lives. She wonders why we are so attached to our treadmill existence. I have heard that horses which pull a pole round a circle mixing mortar or crushing ore get so used to it, that sometimes on Sundays or holidays, instead of careering freely over the pasture field, they go to the circle and walk round and round when there is nothing to do, from mere force of habit. Too many of us have grown wonderfully like these horses. We walk the streets without once looking at the sky; we work and fag the year round, and consume ourselves with useless worries. The word *leisure* might not be in the dictionary for aught we know of it. Is it not better during these glorious JUNE days to lay aside our tasks and burdens, and get out for a while under the blue sky, where our eyes can be filled with new sights and our minds with new thoughts? It is sinful to wear our hearts and bodies away by sheer bad management. Given that there are mouths to feed and obligations to meet, and that days are precious, could we not, by mere prevention of waste during the colder months, put to our credit enough of time and means to warrant a JUNE holiday? Leisure does not mean loss but re-creation and length of life. Therefore it is not necessarily laziness, but often a positive duty, that we lie in the country on a JUNE day and exclaim with Longfellow,

"Oh, gift of God, oh, perfect day,
Whereon shall no man work but play,
Whereon it is enough for me
Not to be doing but to be!"

Or with Lowell,

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in time,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

And the children, God bless them, toiling in close workshops and sewing rooms, are they not entitled to the enjoyments of JUNE? Heaven will surely reward the benevolent hearts who provide means for the trips which give even the poorest an occasional breath of country air. It is something to see their pale faces flushed for even one day, when—

"Forgetting awhile all their trials and strife,
The dull cheerless factories, the long toiling hours,
They sing the glad strains of a blithe country life,
Mid the brooklets and meadows, the forests and flowers."

This is a tempting month, and it were easy to prolong her praises, but we must take leave of her:

"Oh! glorious JUNE! In the calm shady wood,
Where timid hares start from each fern-covered nook,
I've idled bright moments in lone solitude,
Ay making thy beauty my heart's lesson-book.
I love thee, fair month, thou, the softest of all
The sisters who link the rich jewels of time;
And bless thee that thou on life's toilers didst fall
The fragrance of roses, of myrtle, and thyme;
Or bring them the notes of the sky-loving lark,
The music of cuckoos, the humming of bees,
Till the toil-weary soul leaps forth from the dark
To worship its God in His temple of trees."

FLORENCE GRANGER.

Was She Right?

BY "CORR."



No, Doctor! It is all very well to talk about adaptability, congeniality and all that; but I don't believe in it. I don't understand it. I think it sufficient if Lucius and I comprehend each other well enough to get along respectably; we can do without any tremendous amount of love. What is love, any way? It is, in my opinion, simply good fellowship, and nothing more. I think Lucius very handsome, he admires me. I respect him, and think he is interesting, but I am by no means crazy about him. I am going to commence as I expect to live—moderately.

"Well, Lucia, it is too late to alter matters now. But in one thing you are wrong. With Lucius, love or marriage is no friendship. He possesses the worst of faults; uncontrollable jealousy. See to it that your gay, foolish ways do not awaken that slumbering demon. I tremble, child, to see you so thoughtless."

"Good, kind friend! Would that I might realize all the happiness that you wish me! But see! it is time I was in the hands of my impatient bridesmaids."

"It is the chime; the hour draws near
When thou and I must sever;
It may be for many a year,
And it may be forever."

"This is the last lecture you will ever give Lucia Gaines. When you speak to me again,

I will be Lucia Kuhne. Give me your blessing and good-by!"

The good old doctor's eyes were moist, but he smiled as he said playfully,

"Begone then! Look beautiful; that is all that is expected of a bride and a butterfly."

* * * * *

The ceremony was to be performed at nine o'clock, and the last guest had arrived some time before that hour. But no one regretted coming in too early, for it was evident that the night was growing stormy. It was mid-winter, and an unusually severe season for Mississippi. The wind raged and shrieked through the oaks, scattering their brown leaves like frightened birds. Here and there a blind escaped from its fastening and beat wildly against the house. The moon was full, but, obscured by thick clouds, served only to increase the deepening gloom of the night, by casting a dead luminous haze over the strange scene.

"I don't mind marrying on such a night," said Lucia gayly, to the assembled bridesmaids, as, her toilet completed, she drew aside the curtain and looked out; "but I hope the 'powers that be' will give me better weather when I come to die."

"Oh for gracious' sake, Lucia! Now don't commence your wild talk. I am afraid to look out now; and if you talk about dying I shall be as white as my dress before I get down stairs," said one of the girls.

"I beg your pardon, Sadie! But you needn't care. It is not your time yet."

At this moment, a tap on the door announced the arrival of the bridegroom. Lucius Kuhne was strikingly handsome. Of magnificent stature, elegant carriage and faultless features, he might easily captivate the fancy of a less giddy girl than Lucia Gaines. But there was a cold, repellant glitter in that black eye; a stern, cruel expression in that firm mouth; an unearthly pallor in that marble-like complexion, which ought to have warned any woman against trusting her happiness in his keeping. There was no tender lovelight in his eye as it rested upon the fair girl who placed her white-gloved hand upon his arm, but a gleam of intensely gratified pride. There was pride in the cold and critical survey which he made of her toilet in the moment preceding the general movement to the parlor. In that moment, perhaps, the first serious thought which had entered Lucia's mind concerning her marriage, came when she saw how calm and collected was his manner. But she crushed it back. There was a frightened feeling at her heart that perhaps she had expected something more than good fellowship from her betrothed, but she would not confess it even to herself.

The wind howled, and the icy sleet rattled against the windows, filling the pauses between the low and solemn words of the marriage service; but all within was warmth, light and beauty. It is true there were sad faces, but these are seen at every wedding. It is true that old Dr. Hardtack turned his back on the whole proceeding, but then he was always eccentric. People said, "Why should they not be happy? Both so rich, so handsome, and so talented." But

was there not an undercurrent of apprehension in all this reassurance? The words were at length all spoken; the vows which bound these two almost indifferent souls together for time and eternity were solemnly sealed, and the gay revelry of such occasions fairly commenced. Brilliant as a humming-bird, and almost as volatile, Lucia was the life of the assembly. The morning had come again ere the parlor was deserted by the joyous guests; and a bitter morning it was, but Mr. Kuhne was not to be deterred from his contemplated departure. It was part of the programme for them to leave on the cars for Mobile on the day after the wedding; and it is not to be doubted that he would have gone if an Arctic snow-storm had burst upon them. Lucia seemed determined to take life easy. The weather was nothing to her, she said; and so they left the dear old home of her birth, the doting mother, and fond sisters. No dark foreboding of a tragic future seemed to dim the happiness of the young bride. Life seemed, for her, full of joy and light.

* * * * *

Five years passed rapidly away, but Lucia had not returned to her home. She wrote often; her letters were as gay as ever, perhaps a little more reckless, but no one could have guessed that she was unhappy. She had become the mother of a beautiful boy whom she loved with idolatrous devotion. She said but little of her husband; sometimes she did not mention him at all. But she gave frequent accounts of gay balls and dinners in almost every letter.

Five years had indeed produced changes—changes fearful to contemplate. From a thoughtless, happy girl, she had changed to a yearning, heart-hungry wife. She had realized that love is not “good fellowship” alone. She had found her husband incapable of true love. Proud of her he certainly was; and intensely proud of his connection with the Gaines family. Selfishly passionate, cruelly jealous, coldly exacting, he made her life anything but a summer day. But she was not a woman to carry her heart on her sleeve. It was frequently remarked that Mr. and Mrs. Kuhne were a model couple. He kept up all his bachelor habits and associates; often away for weeks on pleasure trips, leaving Lucia at the hotel where they boarded. She did not appear to feel neglected. As brilliant and beautiful as ever, she seemed to rise above the anxious fears of a slighted wife. There was one, however, at the hotel who did see beneath the surface, and this was Dr. Sinclair. Called in professionally, he was shocked to find that the admired and beautiful Mrs. Kuhne was, at times, a great sufferer from a strangely complicated nervous disease, and he alone knew how cruelly she was neglected. And thus there sprang up a dangerous sympathy between them. How dangerous neither of them knew, for both were true and honorable. No thought of wrong ever entered their hearts. She was deeply grateful for his kind and courteous attention; he was justly indignant that any man should show so little regard for a woman as Mr. Kuhne showed for her. But the world is very hard to the unprotected and helpless. People began to hint and whisper; and at last

one night when Kuhne came home from some protracted jaunt, he overheard a laughing remark from some thoughtless person referring to the doctor and Kuhne's pretty wife.

Rushing to her room, he hurled the most bitter and malignant reproaches upon her. He denounced her as a vile and wicked woman, swearing that he “would tear Sinclair's guilty heart from his bosom.” He swore that he would murder him before her eyes if she dared to speak to him again. She sat like one stunned by a deathly blow. That her fair fame should be assailed was bad enough, but to have her husband's faith in her honor thus fail at the most trying hour was overwhelming. She felt that he meant to kill Dr. Sinclair. All the powers of her mind were bent upon finding some method of preventing the crime. She had no guilty love for Dr. Sinclair; she only desired to save the life of a good man, and to keep the stain of human blood from the hand of her husband.

He left her, uttering the most fearful threats. Scarcely able to think at all, she hastily scrawled a note to Dr. Sinclair, praying him to leave the city.

The evil genius that seemed to preside over her fate appeared determined that she should not escape. Kuhne met the waiter with the note in his hand and compelled him to give it up. It was the confirmation, to him, of his worst intent.

Lucia sat in her room, a prey to the most agonizing suspense. The night drew on until at length exhausted nature gave way, and she slept. How long she never knew, for her waking was one of horror.

Kuhne stood beside her, pistol in hand, the picture of demoniacal fury.

“It is done!” said he.

“Oh, my God! Lucius, what have you done?”

“I have killed him!”

“Is it indeed true? Is my husband a murderer? Kill me and your child then, for the day in which you are ruined ought to be our last.”

“Have you no tears for him?”

“Tears! If I had tears they would fall for my ruined, ruined husband. Oh lost, mad, infatuated man! Do you know that you are ruined? For God's sake fly while there is yet time!”

“Lucia, don't you care for him?”

“Care for him? Poor murdered friend! God forgive me that I can have but one thought now; and that is that every moment lessens your chance of escape!”

“Well, I am almost sorry that I killed him. But the poor devil is dead. I don't know that I care to escape. I'll take my chances.”

Lighting a cigar as he spoke, he threw himself carelessly upon the sofa as unconcerned as if he had only shot a troublesome dog.

Lucia knelt by her sleeping child in indescribable agony. All the wifely instincts of her nature were aroused. She did not love him, yet she felt that she must save him from a murderer's doom. And thus the officers found them when several hours later they came to arrest him. Lucia felt that she was going mad; yet the officers called her heartless when she bade him a tearless good-by,

and urged him not to despond. Kuhne was himself surprised, and something like love moved his heart when he saw how nobly she stood by him who had achieved her hopeless disgrace. And thus it was through the long and shameful trial when the prosecution strove to fasten infamy upon her. She braved the sneers and contumely of public disgrace with the same fearless, undaunted brow she had shown to the world as an unloved and neglected wife. She spent her own fortune and his also to save his life and prevent his being sent to the penitentiary. And she succeeded. He in the meantime was sinking rapidly into consumption, the prey of bitterest remorse. Not remorse for having killed Sinclair, but for having doubted her. When too late he had learned to love her, and he knew that his days were numbered: At length, after long dreary hours of waiting, and nights of hopeless watching, he was free.

Free! As if a man whose soul was seared with the brand of “murderer,” whose life was ebbing slowly and surely away, whose name was a reproach, and whose presence a contamination, could be free.

The shadow of a murdered man between them, the horror of the past to look back upon, the certainty of approaching and most likely a hopeless death ahead; they returned to the home they had left with such bright prospects before them, to find its doors forever closed against him. But she would not forsake him. Though urged by family and friends to leave him, she clung to him to the last, and earned their bread by her needle. Between watching and nursing him as he sank slowly and surely to the grave, and working day and night for food, her health, never robust, failed more and more, until, after that fearful week in which he fought hand to hand with the death angel, he yielded at last because there was no escape. They carried her home from that hopeless grave to die.

Yes, she is dying. In the same old room where years ago she stood a thoughtless bride, she lies as life slowly slips away. The same true mother, now broken and feeble, hovers around her bed and smooths her heated pillow. The same old Dr. Hardtack sits by her side with a strange softness and gentleness of manner as he strives in vain to relieve her sufferings. All the same except the black shadow of disgrace that rests on every heart. All the same except the wan and weary sufferer. Yes; one thing is new: the bright, gazelle-eyed boy who will not leave her side, but crouches closely to her ear and begs her to let him die too!

“Draw back the curtain,” she is saying, “and let me see the night. I said when I was married that I did not want to die on such a night as this; but my wish was not granted. Oh, friends, it is good to die! It is sweet to slip out of a hard, suspicious world. It is a blessed privilege to hide myself in Him who died for all. But raise my boy right. Do not let him dance away his day of grace as I was doing. Dear Saviour keep —”

The voice ceased. She is dead.

THE LEGEND OF ASHFORD.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

QUIET little Ashford town
Has a story of its own :
Told with pride, when stranger eyes
View its streets in pleased surprise.
Truth to tell, the town is fair,
With its branching elms in air,
With its walks, that lead away
Far where forest shadows play,
With its smiling homes which stand
Flower-bedecked on either hand,
And its look of long descent
By the ivied church-tower lent.

TRANQUIL in these latter days,
Staid and sober in its ways,
It has memories of a time
When it thrilled to strains sublime.
Ashford's sons have never yet
Failed to recognize the debt
Patriots owe their native land.
Where she sends them, strong they stand,
Bear the flag, 'neath any sky,
Live for her, or nobly die.

SO the village archives keep
Muster-roll of all who sleep
Calmly, after conflicts brave,
'Neath the green grass of the grave ;
And the older people know
Much that happened long ago,
Weaving by the winter fires
Legends left them by their sires,
Tales of witches, ghosts, and signs,
Midnight raids, and mystic lines,
Till in shuddering delight,
Closes down the stormy night.

FAVORITE themes of lavish praise
Are the old Colonial days,
When in powdered wig and gown,
Came the Judge unto the town ;
When in pomp of ruffled lace,
Moved the parson through the place ;
When the good wife homespun wore,
And the lady walked before
Robed in velvet like a queen,
Queenly too, in gracious mien.

THEN, the whipping-post was reared
Soon as village site was cleared ;
Then the stocks were often seen,
Ominous, on the village green ;
Little heeded was the plight
Of the luckless caitiff wight,
Doomed by justice there to be
Held in grip of misery.
Little pity found the scarred
Victim of a sentence hard.
Wisdom had its narrow way ;
Woe to him who went astray ;
Church and state together frowned,
And a prison girt him round.

OFT, when Sabbath hours were o'er,
Monday found the rod in store
For some vagrant not at church,
Trapping game or seeking perch,
And by practical dissent,
Daring public sentiment.

MEN were driven to God in herds,
And a hail of awful words
Thundered from the pulpit shrine,
Fell as if from One Divine.

FASHION 'tis those by-gone days
To enwreath with florid praise,
Fashion to decry our own,
Fling at folly's pile a stone.
Crimes, alas ! we have, and sins,
Yet the future muse who spins
Out our thread of history,
Fair and golden, strong and free,
Surely of these years will write,
"They were aureoled with light."

LOVE inspires both tongue and pen,
Love uplifts the fallen. Men
Band like brothers to relieve
Those whom evil fortunes grieve.
Not the lurid flames of wrath
Have the power the gospel hath,
Sweet with Christ's compassion, given
To attract to peace and heaven.

WITH a mediæval cast,
And a flavor of the past,
Ashford gossips tell with pride
This tradition undenied.

'TWAS a tempest-brooding day,
Foam-capped waves swept o'er the
Bay,
Wide the clouds their banners spread
In the gray sky overhead,
Fluttered fitful snow-flakes down
On the meadows bare and brown.
Met upon the shivering Green,
Now an eager throng was seen,
Waiting till the rod should fall
On a man despised of all.

QUAKING there he stood, with none,
Plea to make for him ; alone
Dwelt the graceless ne'er-do-weel ;
Doubtless he would lie and steal,
Since to church he would not go ;
He had sunk all shame below.
Even children jeering passed,
Crying, "He'll be paid at last."
Children, reared themselves in school,
Under hard and rigid rule.

SUDDEN, as the lashes fell,
Came a voice. No deep-toned bell,
Clear, sonorous, ever broke
Silence with such regnant stroke.
"Stop," it called, in brief command ;
"Lift no more the cruel hand.
Loose the victim. Is it well
God to serve in mood of hell?"

OUTLINED sharp against the storm
Loomed a rider's stately form,
Horse and man seemed blended there
Like a Centaur carved in air.
Low upon the haughty brow
Drooped a plume as white as snow,
Waved his hand with gesture high,
Pointing sternly to the sky :
"Men of Ashford, devils' work
This ye do. The demons lurk
Laughing near, as their desire
Ye express—not His, who higher
Than our low severities
Scorns such futile tools as these.
By no scourge shall men be taught
Gentle deeds and kindly thought.
Cease your bitter taunts and jeers ;
Christ wants none but volunteers."

FLASHED the fiery steed away,
Lost amid the darkening day,
Faster now the soft flakes flew,
Who it was none ever knew,
Whence the rider, grand and high,
Pictured brave against the sky,
Why his message; problems these
Oft discussed round aged knees,
When the glimmering golden hair,
Veiled them at the evening prayer,
And the childish voices sweet
Begged a story as a treat.

NEVER more on Ashford Green,
Idle crowds have gathered, keen
To observe some miscreant there,
Cringing in a weak despair.
Relic of the antique days,
Long the post compelled the gaze
Of the curious and the wise.
In forgotten dust it lies,
Having had its time, at last
It is moldering with the past.

YET they hold all wholesome law
Still in Ashford town in awe,
Happy are its homes which shine
On its beach of silvery line,
Blithe its lovers saunter still,
Over valley, over hill,
And in storm or sunny day
Ashford goes, to church alway.

The Trumpet-Major.

BY THOMAS HARDY, AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MAD-DING CROWD," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NIGHT AFTER THE ARRIVAL.



JOHN continued his sad and heavy pace till walking seemed too old and worn-out a way of showing sorrow so new, and he leant himself against the fork of an apple-tree like a log. There the trumpet-major remained* for a considerable time, his face turned toward the house, whose ancient, many-chimneyed outline rose against the darkening sky, and just shut out from his view the camp above. But faint noises coming thence from horses restless at the pickets, and from visitors taking their leave, recalled its existence, and reminded him that, in consequence of Matilda's arrival, he had obtained leave for the night, a fact which, owing to the startling emotions that followed his entry, he had not yet mentioned to his friends.

While abstractedly considering how he could best use that privilege under the new circumstances which had arisen, he heard Farmer Derriman drive up to the front door and hold a conversation with his father. The old man had at last apparently brought the tin box of private papers that he wished the miller to take charge of during Derriman's absence; and it being a calm night, John could hear, though he little heeded, Uncle Benjy's reiterated supplications to Loveday to keep it safe from fire and thieves. Then Uncle Benjy left, and John's father went up-stairs to deposit the box in a place of security, the whole proceeding reaching John's preoccupied comprehension merely as voices during sleep.

The next thing was the appearance of a light in the bedroom which had been assigned to Matilda Johnson. This effectually aroused the trumpet-major, and with a stealthiness unusual in him he went indoors. No light was in the lower rooms, his father, Mrs. Garland, and Anne having gone out on the bridge to look at the new moon. John went up-stairs on tip-toe, and along the uneven passage till he came to her door. It was standing ajar, a band of candlelight shining across the passage and up the opposite wall. As soon as he entered the radiance he saw her. She was standing before the looking-glass, apparently lost in thought, her fingers being clasped behind her head in abstraction, and the light falling full upon her face.

"I must speak to you," said the trumpet-major.

She started, turned, and grew paler than before; and then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, she swung the door wide open, and, coming out, said quite collectedly and with apparent pleasantness, "Oh! yes; you are my Bob's brother! I didn't, for a moment, recognize you."

"But you do now?"
 "As Bob's brother."
 "You have never seen me before to-day?"
 "Never," she answered, with a face as impassable as Talleyrand's.
 "Good God!"
 "I have not," she repeated.
 "Nor any of the —th Dragoons—Captain Jolly, for instance?"
 "No."

"You mistake; I'll remind you of particulars," he said dryly. And he did remind her at some length.

"Never!" she again said desperately. But she had miscalculated her staying power and her adversary's character. Five minutes after that she was in tears, and the conversation had resolved itself into words which, on the soldier's part, were of the nature of commands, tempered by intense pity, and were a mere series of entreaties on hers.

The whole scene did not last ten minutes. When it was over, the trumpet-major walked from the doorway where they had been standing, and brushed moisture from his eyes. Reaching a dark lumber-room, he stood still there to calm himself, and then descended by a Flemish ladder to the bakehouse, instead of by the front stairs. He found that the others, including Bob, had gathered in the parlor during his absence and lighted the candles.

Miss Johnson having spent some time before John re-entered the house to say that she would prefer to keep her room that evening, was not expected to join them, and on this account Bob showed less than his customary liveliness. The miller, wishing to keep up his son's spirits, expressed his regret that, being Sunday night, they could have no songs to make the evening cheerful, when Mrs. Garland proposed that they should sing psalms, which, by choosing lively tunes and not thinking of the words, would be almost as good as ballads.

This they did, the trumpet-major appearing to join in with the rest; but as a matter of fact no sound came from his moving lips. His mind was in such a state that he derived no pleasure even from Anne Garland's presence, though he held a corner of the same book with her, and was treated in a winsome way which it was not her usual practice to indulge in. She saw that his mind was clouded, and, far from guessing the reason why, was doing her best to clear it.

At length the Garlands found that it was the hour for them to leave, and John Loveday at the same time wished his father and Bob good-night, and went as far as Mrs. Garland's door with her.

He had said not a word to show that he was free to remain out of camp, for the reason that there was painful work to be done, which it would be best to do in secret and alone. He lingered near the house till its reflected window-lights ceased to glimmer upon the mill-pond, and all within the dwelling was dark and still. Then he entered the garden and waited there till the back door opened, and a woman's figure timorously came forward. John Loveday at once went up to her, and they began to talk in low yet dissentient tones.

They had conversed about ten minutes, and were parting as if they had come to some painful arrangement, Miss Johnson sobbing bitterly and turning to re-enter the house, when a head stealthily arose above the dense hedgerow, and in a moment a shout burst from its owner.

"Thieves! thieves!—my tin box!—thieves! thieves!"

Matilda vanished into the house, and John Loveday hastened to the hedge. "For God's sake, hold your tongue, Mr. Derriman!" he exclaimed.

"My tin box!" said Uncle Benjy. "Oh!—only the trumpet-major!"

"Your box is safe enough, I assure you. It was only"—here the trumpet-major gave vent to an artificial laugh—"only a sly bit of courting, you know."

"Haha, I see!" said the relieved old squireen. "Courting Miss Anne? Then you've ousted my nephew, trumpet-major! Well, so much the better. As for myself, the truth on't is that I haven't been able to go to bed easy, for thinking that possibly your father might not take care of what I put under his charge; and at last I thought I would just step over and see if all was safe here before I turned in. And when I saw your two shapes my poor nerves magnified ye to house-breakers and Boneyes and I don't know what all."

"You have alarmed the house," said the trumpet-major, hearing the clicking of flint and steel in his father's bed-room, followed in a moment by the rise of a light in the window of the same apartment. "You have got me into difficulty," he added gloomily, as his father opened the casement.

"I am sorry for that," said Uncle Benjy. "But step back; I'll put it all right again."

"What, for heaven's sake, is the matter?" said the miller, his tasseled nightcap appearing in the opening.

"Nothing, nothing!" said the farmer. "I was uneasy about my few bonds and documents, and I walked this way, miller, before going to bed, as I start from home to-morrow morning. When I came down by your garden-hedge, I thought I saw thieves, but it turned out to be—to be—"

Here a lump of earth from the trumpet-major's hand struck Uncle Benjy in the back as a reminder.

"To be—the bough of a cherry-tree a-waving in the wind. Good-night!"

"No thieves are like to try my house," said Miller Loveday. "Now don't you come alarming us like this again, farmer, or you shall keep your box yourself, begging your pardon for saying so. Good-night 'ye!"

"Miller, will ye just look, since I am here—just look and see if the box is all right? There's a good man. I am old, you know, and my poor remains are not what my original self was. Look and see if it is where you put it, there's a good man."

"Very well," said the miller good-humoredly.

"Neighbor Loveday! On second thoughts I think I will take my box home again, after all, if you don't mind. You won't think it ill of me? I have no suspicions, of course;

but now I think on't there's rivalry between my nephew and your son; and if Festus should take it into his head to set your house on fire in his enmity, 'twould be bad for my deeds and documents. No offense, miller; but I'll take the box, if you don't mind."

"Faith! I don't mind," said Loveday. "But your nephew had better think twice before he lets his enmity take that color." Receding from the window, he took the candle to a back part of the room, and soon reappeared with the tin box.

"I won't trouble ye to dress," said Derriman considerably. "Let en down by anything you have at hand."

The box was lowered by a cord, and the old man clasped it in his arms. "Thank ye!" he said with heartfelt gratitude. "Good-night!"

The miller replied, and closed the window, and the light went out.

"There, now I hope you are satisfied, sir?" said the trumpet-major.

"Quite, quite!" said Derriman; and leaning on his walking-stick, he pursued his lonely way.

That night Anne lay awake in her bed, musing on the traits of the new friend who had come to her neighbor's house. She would not be critical, it was ungenerous and wrong, but she could not help thinking of what interested her. And were there, she silently asked, in Miss Johnson's mind and person such rare qualities as placed that lady altogether beyond comparison with herself? Oh, yes, there must be; for had not Captain Bob singled out Matilda from among all other women, herself included? Of course, with his world-wide experience, he knew best.

When the moon had set, and only the summer stars threw their light into the great damp garden, she fancied that she heard voices in that direction. Perhaps they were the voices of Bob and Matilda taking a lovers' walk before retiring. If so, how sleepy they would be next day, and how absurd it was of Matilda to pretend she was tired! Ruminating in this way, and saying to herself that she hoped they would be happy, Anne fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIX.

MISS JOHNSON'S BEHAVIOR CAUSES NO LITTLE SURPRISE.

PARTLY from the excitement of having his Matilda under the paternal roof, Bob rose next morning as early as his father and the grinder, and when the big wheel began to patter and the little ones to mumble in response, went to sun himself outside the mill-front, among the fowls of brown and speckled kinds which haunted that spot, and the ducks that came up from the mill-tail.

Standing on the worn-out mill-stone inlaid in the gravel, he talked with his father on various improvements of the premises, and on the proposed arrangements for his permanent residence there, with an enjoyment that was half based upon this prospect of the future, and half on the penetrating warmth of the sun to his back and shoulders. Then the different troops of horses began their morning scramble down to the mill-pond, and, after

making it very muddy round the edge, ascended the slope again. The bustle of the camp grew more and more audible, and presently David came to say that breakfast was ready.

"Is Miss Johnson down-stairs?" said the miller; and Bob listened for the answer, looking at a blue sentinel aloft on the down.

"Not yet, maister," said the excellent David.

"We'll wait till she's down," said Loveday. "When she is, let us know."

David went indoors again, and Loveday and Bob continued their morning survey by ascending into the mysterious quivering recesses of the mill, and holding a discussion over a second pair of burr-stones, which had to be re-dressed before they could be used again. This and similar things occupied nearly twenty minutes, and looking from the window, the elder of the two was reminded of the time of day by seeing Mrs. Garland's tablecloth fluttering from her back door over the heads of a flock of pigeons that had alighted for the crumbs.

"I suppose David can't find us," he said, with a sense of hunger that was not altogether strange to Bob. He put out his head and shouted.

"The lady is not down yet," said his man in reply.

"No hurry, no hurry," said the miller with cheerful emptiness. "Bob, to pass the time we'll look into the garden."

"She'll get up sooner than this, you know, when she's signed articles and got a berth here," Bob observed apologetically.

"Yes, yes," said Loveday; and they descended into the garden.

Here they turned over sundry flat stones and killed the slugs sheltered beneath them from the coming heat of the day, talking of slugs in all their branches—of the brown and the black, of the tough and the tender, of the reason why there were so many in the garden that year, of the coming time when the grass walks harboring them were to be taken up and gravel laid, and of the relative exterminatory merits of a pair of scissors and the heel of the shoe. At last the miller said, "Well, really, Bob, I'm hungry; we must begin without her."

They were about to go in, when David appeared with haste in his motions, his eyes wider vertically than crosswise, and his cheeks nearly all gone.

"Maister, I've been to call her; and as 'a didn't speak I rapped, and as 'a didn't answer I kicked, and not being latched the door opened, and—she's gone?"

Bob went off like a swallow toward the house, and the miller followed like the rather heavy man that he was. That Miss Matilda was not in her room, or a scrap of anything belonging to her, was soon apparent. They searched every place in which she could possibly hide or squeeze herself, every place in which she could not, but found nothing at all.

Captain Bob was quite wild with astonishment and grief. When he was quite sure that she was nowhere in his father's house, he ran into Mrs. Garland's, and telling them the story so hastily that they hardly understood the particulars, he went on toward Comfort's house, intending to raise the alarm there, and

also at Mitchell's, Beach's, Cripplestraw's, the parson's, the clerk's, the camp of dragoons, of hussars, and so on through the whole county. But he paused, and thought it would be hardly expedient to publish his discomfiture in such a way. If Matilda had left the house for any freakish reason he would not care to look for her, and if her deed had a tragic intent she would keep aloof from camp and village.

In his trouble he thought of Anne. She was a nice girl, and could be trusted. To her he went, and found her in a state of excitement and anxiety which equaled his own.

"'Tis so lonely to cruise for her all by myself!" said Bob disconsolately, his forehead all in wrinkles; "and I've thought you would come with me and cheer the way?"

"Where shall we search?" said Anne.

"Oh, in the holes of rivers, you know, and down wells, and in quarries, and over cliffs, and like that. Your eyes might catch the loom of any bit of a shawl or bonnet that I should overlook, and it would do me a real service. Please do come!"

So Anne took pity upon him, and put on her hat and went, the miller and David having gone off in another direction. They examined the ditches of fields, Bob going round by one fence and Anne by the other, till they met at the opposite side. Then they peeped under culverts, into outhouses, and down old wells and quarries, till the theory of a tragical end had nearly spent its force in Bob's mind, and he began to think that Matilda had simply run away. However, they still walked on, though by this time the sun was hot and Anne would gladly have sat down.

"Now didn't you think highly of her, Miss Garland?" he inquired, as the search began to languish.

"Oh! yes," said Anne; "very highly."

"She was really beautiful—no nonsense about her looks, was there?"

"None. Her beauty was thoroughly ripe—not too young. We should all have got to love her. What can have possessed her to go away?"

"I don't know, and, upon my life, I shall soon be drove to say I don't care!" replied the mate despairingly. "Let me pilot ye down over those stones," he added, as Anne began to descend a rugged quarry. He stepped forward, leapt down, and turned to her.

She gave him her hand and sprang down. Before he relinquished his hold, Captain Bob raised her fingers to his lips and kissed them.

"Oh, Captain Loveday!" cried Anne, snatching away her hand in genuine dismay, while a tear rose unexpectedly to each eye. "I never heard of such a thing! I won't go an inch farther with you, sir; it is too bare-faced!" And she turned and ran off.

"Upon my life I didn't mean it!" said the repentant captain, hastening after. "I do love her best—indeed I do—and I don't love you at all. I am not so fickle as that! I merely just for the moment admired you as a sweet little craft, and that's how I came to do it. You know, Miss Garland," he con-

tinued earnestly, and still running after, "'tis like this: when you come ashore after having been shut up in a ship for eighteen months, women-folks seem so new and nice that you can't help liking them, one and all, in a body; and so your heart is apt to get scattered and yaws a bit; but of course I think of poor Matilda most, and shall always stick to her." He heaved a sigh of tremendous magnitude, to show beyond the possibility of doubt that his heart was still in the place that honor required.

"I am glad to hear that—of course I am very glad!" said she, with quick petulance, keeping her face turned from him. "And I hope we shall find her, and that the wedding will not be put off, and that you'll both be happy. But I won't look for her any more. No; I don't care to look for her—and my head aches. I am going home!"

"And so am I," said Robert promptly.

"No, no! Go on looking for her, of course—all the afternoon, and all night. I am sure you will, if you love her."

"Oh! yes; I mean to! Still, I ought to convoy you home first."

"No, you ought not; and I shall not accept your company. Good-morning, sir!" And she went off over one of the stone stiles with which the spot abounded, leaving the friendly sailor standing in the field.

He sighed again, and observing the camp not far off, thought he would go to his brother John, and ask him his opinion on the sorrowful case. On reaching the tents he found that John was not at liberty just at that time, being engaged in practicing the trumpeters, and leaving word that he wished the trumpet-major to come down to the mill as soon as possible, Bob went back again.

"'Tis no good looking for her," he said gloomily. "She liked *me* well enough, but when she came here and saw the house, and the place, and the old horse, and the plain furniture, she was disappointed to find us all so homely, and felt she didn't care to marry into such a family."

His father and David had returned with no news. "Yes, 'tis as I've been thinking, father," Bob said. "We weren't good enough for her, and she went away in scorn!"

"Well, that can't be helped," said the miller. "What we be, we be, and have been for generations. To my mind she seemed glad enough to get hold of us."

"Yes, yes—for the moment—because of the flowers, and birds, and what's pretty in the place," said Bob tragically. "But you don't know, father—how should you know, who have hardly been out of Overcombe in your life?—you don't know what delicate feelings are in a real refined woman's mind. Any little vulgar action unreaves their nerves like a marlin spike. Now I wonder if you did anything to disgust her?"

"Faith! not that I know of," said Loveday, reflecting. "I didn't say a single thing that I should naturally have said, on purpose to give no offense."

"You was always very homely, you know, father."

"Yes; so I was," said the miller meekly.

"I wonder what it could have been," Bob

continued, wandering about restlessly. "You didn't go drinking out of the big mug with your mouth full, or wipe your lips with your sleeve?"

"That I'll swear I didn't," said the miller firmly. "Thinks I there's no knowing what I may do to shock her, so I'll take my solid victuals in the bakehouse, and only a crumb and a drop in her company for manners."

"You could do no more than that, certainly," said Bob gently.

"If my manners be good enough for well-brought-up people like the Garlands, they be good enough for her," continued the miller, with a sense of injustice.

"That's true. Then it must have been David. David, come here! How did you behave before that lady? Now, mind you speak the truth!"

"Yes, Mr. Captain Robert," said David earnestly. "I assure ye she was served like a royal queen. The best silver spoons were put down, and yer poor grandfer's silver tanket, as you seed, and the feather cushion for her to sit on—"

"Now I've got it!" said Bob decisively, bringing down his hand upon the window-sill. "Her bed was hard!—and there's nothing shocks a true lady like that. The bed in that room always was as hard as the d—'s!"

"No, Captain Bob! The beds were changed—wasn't they, maister? We put the goose bed in her room, and the flock one, that used to be there, in yours."

"Yes, we did," corroborated the miller. "David and I changed 'em with our own hands, because they were too heavy for the women to move."

"Sure I didn't know I had the flock bed," murmured Bob. "I slept on, little thinking what I was going to wake to. Well, well, she's gone; and search as I will I shall never find another like her! She was too good for me. She must have carried her box with her own hands, poor girl. As far as that goes, I could overtake her even now, I dare say; but I won't entreat her against her will, not I."

Miller Loveday and David, feeling themselves to be rather a desecration in the presence of Bob's tender emotions, managed to edge off by degrees, the former burying himself in the most floury recesses of the mill, his invariable resource when perturbed, the rumbling having a soothing effect upon the nerves of those properly trained to its music.

Bob was so impatient that after going up to her room to assure himself once more that she had not undressed, but had only lain down on the outside of the bed, he went out of the house to meet John, and waited on the sunny slope of the down till his brother appeared. John looked so brave and shapely and warlike that, even in Bob's present distress, he could not but feel an honest and affectionate pride at owning such a relative. Yet he fancied that John did not come along with the same swinging step as he had shown yesterday; and when the trumpet-major got nearer he looked anxiously at the mate and waited for him to speak first.

"You know our great trouble, John?" said

Robert, looking stoically into his brother's eyes.

"Come and sit down, and tell me all about it," answered the trumpet-major, showing no surprise.

They went toward a slight ravine, where it was easier to sit down than on the flat ground, and here John reclined among the grasshoppers, pointing to his brother to do the same.

"But do you know what it is?" said Robert. "Has anybody told ye?"

"I do know," said John. "She's gone; and I am thankful!"

"What!" said Bob, rising to his knees in amazement.

"I'm at the bottom of it," said the trumpet-major slowly.

"You, John?"

"Yes; and if you will listen I'll tell you all. Do you remember what happened when I came into the room last night? Why, she turned color and nearly fainted away. That was because she knew me."

Bob stared at his brother with a face of pain and distrust.

"For once, Bob, I must say something that will hurt thee a good deal," continued John. "She was not a woman who could possibly be your wife—and so she's gone."

"You sent her off?"

"Well, I did."

"John!—Tell me right through—tell me!"

"Perhaps I had better," said the trumpet-major, his blue eyes resting on the far-distant sea, that seemed to rise like a wall as high as the hill they sat upon.

And then he told a tale of Miss Johnson and the —th Dragoons which wrung his heart as much in the telling as it did Bob's to hear, and which showed that John had been temporarily cruel to be ultimately kind. Even Bob, excited as he was, could discern from John's manner of speaking what a terrible undertaking that night's business had been for him. To justify the course he had adopted the dictates of duty must have been imperative; but the trumpet-major, with a becoming reticence which his brother at the time was naturally unable to appreciate, scarcely dwelt distinctly enough upon the compelling cause of his conduct. It would, indeed, have been hard for any man, much less so modest a one as John, to do himself justice in that remarkable relation, when the listener was the lady's lover; and it is no wonder that Robert rose to his feet and put a greater distance between himself and John.

"And what time was it?" he asked in a hard, suppressed voice.

"It was just before one o'clock."

"How could you help her to go away?"

"I had a pass. I carried her box to the coach-office. She was to follow at dawn."

"But she had no money."

"Yes, she had; I took particular care of that." John did not add, as he might have done, that he had given her, in his pity, all the money he possessed, and at present had only eighteen pence in the world. "Well, it is over, Bob; so sit ye down, and talk with me of old times," he added.

"Ah! Jack, it is well enough for you to

“speak like that,” said the disquieted sailor; “but I can’t help feeling that it is a cruel thing you have done. After all, she would have been snug enough for me. Would to the Lord I had never found out this about her! John, why did you interfere? You had no right to overhaul my affairs like this. Why didn’t you tell me fairly all you knew, and let me do as I chose? You have turned her out of the house, and it’s a shame! If she had only come to me! Why didn’t she?”

“Because she knew it was best to do otherwise.”

“Well, I shall go after her,” said Bob firmly.

“You can do as you like,” said John; “but I would advise you strongly to leave matters where they are.”

“I won’t leave matters where they are,” said Bob impetuously. “You have made me miserable, and all for nothing. I tell you she was good enough for me; and as long as I knew nothing about what you say of her history, what difference would it have made to me? Never was there a young woman who was better company; and she loved a merry song as I do myself. Yes; I’ll follow her.”

“O Bob,” said John; “I hardly expected this!”

“That’s because you didn’t know your man. Can I ask you to do me one kindness? I don’t suppose I can. Can I ask you not to say a word against her to any of them at home?”

“Certainly. The very reason why I got her to go off silently, as she has done, was because nothing should be said against her here, and no scandal should be heard of.”

“That may be; but I’m off after her. Marry that girl I will!”

“You’ll be sorry.”

“That we shall see,” replied Robert with determination, and he went away rapidly toward the mill. The trumpet-major had no heart to follow—no good could possibly come of further opposition; and there on the down he remained like a graven image till Bob had vanished from his sight into the mill.

Bob entered his father’s only to leave word that he was going on a renewed search for Matilda, and to pack up a few necessaries for his journey. Ten minutes later he came out again with a bundle in his hand, and John saw him go diagonally across the lower fields towards the high-road.

“And this is all the good I have done!” said John, musingly readjusting his stock where it cut his neck, and descending toward the mill.

CHAPTER XX.

HOW THEY LESSENERED THE EFFECT OF THE CALAMITY.

MEANWHILE Anne Garland had gone home, and, being weary with her scramble in search of Matilda, sat silent in a corner of the room. Her mother was passing the time in giving utterance to every conceivable surmise on the cause of Miss Johnson’s disappearance that the human mind could frame, to which Anne returned monosyllabic answers, the result, not of indifference, but of intense pre-occupation. Presently Loveday came to the door; her

mother vanished with him, and they remained closeted together a long time. Anne went into the garden and seated herself beneath the branching tree whose boughs had sheltered her during so many hours of her residence here. Her attention was fixed more upon the miller’s wing of the irregular building before her than upon that occupied by her mother, for she could not help expecting every moment to see some one run out with a wild face and announce some awful clearing up of the mystery.

Every sound set her on the alert, and hearing the tread of a horse in the lane she looked round eagerly. Gazing at her over the hedge was Festus Derriman, mounted on such an incredibly tall animal that he could see her to her very feet over the thick and broad thorn fence. She no sooner recognized him than she withdrew her glance; but as his eyes were fixed steadily upon her this was a futile maneuver.

“I saw you look round!” he exclaimed crossly. “What have I done to make you behave like that? Come, Miss Garland, be fair. ’Tis no use to turn your back upon me.” As she did not turn he went on—“Well, now, this is enough to provoke a saint in heaven. Now I tell you what, Miss Garland; here I’ll stay till you do turn round, if ’tis all the afternoon. You know my temper—what I say I mean.” He seated himself firmly in the saddle, plucked some leaves from the hedge, and began humming a song, to show how absolutely indifferent he was to the flight of time.

“What have you come for, that you are so anxious to see me?” inquired Anne, when at last he had wearied her patience, rising and facing him with the added independence which came from a sense of the hedge between them.

“There, I knew you would turn round!” he said, his hot, angry face invaded by a smile in which his teeth showed like white hemmed in by red at chess.

“What do you want, Mr. Derriman?” said she.

“What do you want, Mr. Derriman?”—now listen to that! Is that my encouragement?”

Anne bowed superciliously, and moved away.

“I have just heard news that explains all that,” said Festus, eyeing her movements with somnolent irascibility. “My uncle has been letting things out. He was here late last night, and he saw you.”

“Indeed he didn’t,” said Anne.

“Oh! now. He saw you and Trumpet-major Loveday courting in that garden walk; and when he came you ran indoors.”

“It is not true, and I wish to hear no more.”

“Upon my life, he said so! How can you do it, Miss Garland, when I, who have enough money to buy up all the Lovedays, would gladly come to terms with ye? What a simpleton you must be, to pass me over for him! There, now you are angry because I said simpleton!—I didn’t mean simpleton, I meant misguided—misguided rosebud. That’s it—run off,” he continued in a raised voice, as Anne made toward the garden door. “But I’ll have you yet. Much reason you have to be too proud

to stay with me! But it won’t last long; I shall marry you, madam, if I choose, as you’ll see.”

When he was quite gone, and Anne had calmed down from the not altogether unrelished fear and excitement that he always caused her, she returned to her seat under the tree, and began to wonder what Festus Derriman’s story meant, which, from the earnestness of his tone, did not seem like a pure invention. It suddenly flashed upon her mind that she herself had heard voices in the garden, and that the persons seen by Farmer Derriman, of whose visit and reclamation of his box the miller had told her, might have been Matilda and John Loveday. She further recalled the strange agitation of Miss Johnson on the preceding evening, and that it occurred just at the entry of the dragoon, till by degrees suspicion amounted to conviction that he knew more than any one else supposed of that lady’s disappearance.

It was just at this time that the trampet-major descended to the mill after his talk with his brother on the down. As fate would have it, instead of entering the house he turned aside to the garden, and walked down that pleasant inclosure, to learn if he were likely to find in the other half of it the woman he loved so well.

Yes, there she was, sitting on the seat of logs that he had repaired for her, under the apple-tree: but she was not facing in his direction. He walked with a noisier tread, he coughed, he shook a bough, he did everything, in short, but the one thing that Festus did in the same circumstances—call out to her. He would not have ventured on that for the world. Any of his signs would have been sufficient to attract her a day or two earlier: now she would not turn. At last, in his fond anxiety, he did what he had never done before without an invitation, and crossed over into Mrs. Garland’s half of the garden, till he stood before her.

When she could not escape him she arose, and saying, “Good afternoon, trumpet-major,” in a glacial manner unusual with her, walked away to another part of the garden.

Loveday, quite at a loss, had not the strength of mind to persevere further. He had a vague apprehension that some imperfect knowledge of the previous night’s unhappy business had reached her; and, unable to remedy the evil without telling more than he dared, he went into the mill, where his father still was, looking doleful enough, what with his concern at events and the extra quantity of flour upon his face through sticking so closely to business that day.

“Well, John; Bob has told you all, of course? A queer, strange, perplexing thing, isn’t it? I can’t make it out at all. There must be something wrong in the woman, or it couldn’t have happened. I haven’t been so upset for years.”

“Nor have I. I wouldn’t it should have happened for all I own in the world,” said the dragoon. “Have you spoke to Anne Garland to-day—or has anybody been talking to her?”

“Festus Derriman rode by half an hour ago, and talked to her over the hedge.” John guessed the rest, and, after standing

on the threshold in silence awhile, walked away toward the camp.

All this time his brother Robert had been hastening along in pursuit of the woman who had withdrawn from the scene to avoid the exposure and complete overthrow which would have resulted had she remained. As the distance lengthened between himself and the mill, Bob was conscious of some cooling down of the excitement that had prompted him to set out; but he did not pause in his walk till he had reached the head of the river which fed the mill-stream. Here, for some indefinite reason, he allowed his eyes to be attracted by the bubbling spring whose waters never failed or lessened, and he stopped as if to look longer at the scene; it was really because his mind was so absorbed by John's story.

The sun was warm, the spot was a pleasant one, and he deposited his bundle and sat down. By degrees, as he reflected, first on John's view and then on his own, his convictions became unsettled; till at length he was so balanced between the impulse to go on and the impulse to go back, that a puff of wind either way would have been well-nigh sufficient to decide for him. When he allowed John's story to repeat itself in his ears, the reasonableness and good sense of his advice seemed beyond question. When, on the other hand, he thought of his poor Matilda's eyes, and her, to him, pleasant ways, their charming arrangements to marry, and her probable willingness still, he could hardly bring himself to do otherwise than follow on the road at the top of his speed.

This strife of thought was so well maintained that, sitting and standing, he remained on the borders of the spring till the shadows had stretched out eastward, and the chance of overtaking Matilda had grown considerably less. Still he did not positively go toward home. At last he took a guinea from his pocket, and resolved to put the question to the hazard. "Heads I go; tails I don't." The piece of gold spun in the air and came down heads.

"No, I won't go, after all," he said. "I won't be steered by accidents any more."

He picked up his bundle and switch, and retraced his steps toward Overcombe Mill, knocking down the brambles and nettles as he went with gloomy and indifferent blows. When he got within sight of the house he beheld David in the road.

"I've been out looking for ye, captain," said that retainer. "Have you been able to hear anything of her?"

"Nothing."

"Well, it is of no consequence at all, and no harm will be done. Maister and Mrs. Garland have made up a match, and mean to marry at once, that the wedding victuals may not be wasted. They felt 'twould be a thousand pities to let such good things get blue-vinned for want of a ceremony to use 'em upon, and at last they have thought of this."

"Victuals—I don't care for the victuals!" said Bob, in a tone of far higher thought. He went on to the house, an interest in the announcement growing up in his mind in spite of his assertion of indifference.

His father appeared in the opening of the

mill-door, looking more cheerful than when they had parted. "What, Robert, you've been after her?" he said. "Faith, then, I wouldn't have followed her if I had been as sure as you were that she went away in scorn of us. Since you told me that I have not looked for her at all."

"I was wrong, father," Bob replied, throwing down his bundle and stick gravely. "Matilda, I find, has not gone away in scorn of us; she has gone away for other reasons. I followed her some way; but I have come back again. She may go."

"Why is she gone?" said the astonished miller.

Bob had intended, for Matilda's sake, to give no reason to a living soul for her departure. But he could not treat his father thus reservedly; and he told.

"She has made great fools of us," said the miller deliberately; "and she might have made us greater ones. Bob, I thought th' hadst more sense."

"Well, don't say anything against her, father," implored Bob. "'Twas a sorry haul, and there's an end on't. Let her down quietly, and keep the secret. You promise that?"

"I do." Loveday remained thinking awhile, and then went on—"Well, what I was going to say is this: I've hit upon a plan to get out of the awkward corner she has put us in. What you'll think of it I can't say."

"David has just given me the heads."

"And do it hurt your feelings, my son, at such a time?"

"No—I'll bring myself to bear it, anyhow. Why should I object to other people's happiness because I have lost my own?" said Bob, with saintly self-sacrifice in his air.

"Well said!" answered the miller heartily. "But you may be sure that there will be no unseemly rejoicing, to disturb ye in your present frame of mind. All the morning I felt more ashamed than I cared to own at the thought of how the neighbors, great and small, would laugh at what they would call your folly and mine, when they knew what had happened; so I resolved to take this step to stave it off, if so be 'twas possible. And when I saw Mrs. Garland I knew I had done right. She pitied me so much for having had the house cleaned in vain, and laid in provisions to waste, that it put her into the humor to agree. We mean to do it right off at once, afore the pies and cakes get moldy and the blackpot stale. 'Twas a good thought of mine and hers, and I am glad 'tis settled," he concluded cheerfully.

"Poor Matilda!" murmured Bob.

"There—I was afraid 'twould hurt thy feelings!" said the miller with self-reproach. "Making preparations for thy wedding, and using them for my own!"

"No," said Bob heroically, "it shall not. It will be a great comfort in my sorrow to feel that the splendid grub, and the drink, and your stunning new suit of clothes, and the great table-cloths you've bought, and all the rest of it, will be just as useful now as if I had married myself. Poor Matilda! But you won't expect me to join in—you hardly can. I can sheer off that day very easily, you know."

"Nonsense, Bob!" said the miller reproachfully.

"I couldn't stand it—I should break down." "Deuce take me if I would have asked her, then, if I had known 'twas going to drive thee out of the house! Now, come, Bob, I'll find a way of arranging it and sobering it down, so that it shall be as melancholy as you can require—in short, just like a funeral, if thou'lt promise to stay."

"Very well," said the young man. "On that condition I'll stay."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE DRAGOONS.

HAVING entered into this solemn compact with his son, the elder Loveday's next action was to go to Mrs. Garland, and ask her how the toning down of the wedding had best be done. "It is plain enough that to make merry just now would be slighting Bob's feelings, as if we didn't care who was not married, so long as we were," he said. "But then, what's to be done about the victuals?"

"Give a dinner to the poor folk," she suggested. "We can get everything used up that way."

"That's true," said the miller. "There's enough of 'em in these times to carry off any extras whatsoever."

"And it will save Bob's feelings wonderfully. And they won't know that the dinner was got for another sort of wedding and another sort of guests; so you'll have their good-will for nothing."

The miller smiled at the subtlety of the view. "That can hardly be called fair," he said. "Still, I did mean some of it for them, for the friends we meant to ask would not have cleared all."

Upon the whole the idea pleased him well, particularly when he noticed the forlorn look of his sailor son as he walked about the place, and pictured the inevitably jarring effect of fiddles and tambourines upon Bob's shattered nerves at such a crisis; even if the notes of the former were dulled by the application of a mute, and Bob shut up in a distant bed-room—a plan which had at first occurred to him. He therefore told Bob that the surcharged larder was to be emptied by the charitable process above alluded to, and hoped he would not mind making himself useful in such a good and gloomy work. Bob readily fell in with the scheme, and it was at once put in hand and the tables spread.

The alacrity with which the substituted wedding was carried out, seemed to show that the worthy pair of neighbors would have joined themselves into one long ago, had there previously occurred any domestic incident dictating such a step as an apposite expedient, apart from their personal wish to marry.

The appointed morning came, and the service quietly took place at the cheerful hour of ten, in the face of a triangular congregation, of which the base was the front pew, and the apex the west door. Mrs. Garland dressed herself in the muslin shawl like Queen Char-

lotte's, that Bob had brought home, and her best plum-colored gown, beneath which peeped out her shoes with red rosettes. Anne was present, but considerably toned herself down, so as not to too seriously damage her mother's appearance. At moments during the ceremony she had a distressing sense that she ought not to be born, and was glad to get home again.

The interest excited in the village, though real, was hardly enough to bring a serious blush to the face of coyness. Neighbors' minds had become so saturated by the abundance of showy military and regal incident lately vouchsafed to them, that a wedding of middle-aged civilians was of small account, excepting in so far that it solved the question whether or not Mrs. Garland would consider herself too genteel to mate with a grinder of corn.

In the evening, Loveday's heart was made glad by seeing the baked and boiled in rapid process of consumption by the kitchenful of people assembled for that purpose. Three-quarters of an hour were sufficient to banish for ever his fears as to spoilt food. The provisions being the cause of the assembly, and not its consequence, it had been determined to get all that would not keep consumed on that day, even if highways and hedges had to be searched for operators. And, in addition to the poor and needy, every cottager's daughter known to the miller was invited, and told to bring her lover from camp, an expedient which, for letting daylight into the inside of platters, was among the most happy ever known.

While Mr. and Mrs. Loveday, Anne, and Bob were standing in the parlor, discussing the progress of the entertainment in the next room, John, who had not been down all day, entered the house and looked in upon them through the open door.

"How's this, John? Why didn't you come before?"

"Had to see the captain, and—other duties," said the trumpet-major, in a tone which showed no great zeal for explanations.

"Well, come in, however," continued the miller, as his son remained with his hand on the door-post, surveying them reflectively.

"I cannot stay long," said John, advancing. "The route is come, and we are going away."

"Going away! Where to?"

"To Exeter."

"When?"

"Friday morning."

"All of you?"

"Yes; some to-morrow and some next day. The King goes next week."

"I am sorry for this," said the miller, not expressing half his sorrow by the simple utterance. "I wish you could have been here to-day, since this is the case," he added, looking at the horizon through the window.

Mrs. Loveday also expressed her regret, which seemed to remind the trumpet-major of the event of the day, and he went to her and tried to say something befitting the occasion. Anne had not said that she was either sorry or glad, but John Loveday fancied that she had looked rather relieved than otherwise when she heard his news. His conversation with Bob on the down made Bob's manner, too, remarkably

cool, notwithstanding that he had after all followed his brother's advice, which it was as yet too soon after the event for him to rightly value. John did not know why the sailor had come back, never supposing that it was because he had thought better of going, and said to him privately, "You didn't overtake her?"

"I didn't try to," said Bob.

"And you are not going to?"

"No; I shall let her drift."

"I'm glad indeed, Bob; you have been wise," said John heartily.

Bob, however, still loved Matilda too well to be other than dissatisfied with John and the event that he had precipitated, which the elder brother only too promptly perceived; and it made his stay that evening of short duration. Before leaving he said with some hesitation to his father, including Anne and her mother by his glance, "Do you think to come up and see us off?"

The miller answered for them all, and said that of course they would come. "But you'll step down again between now and then?" he inquired.

"I'll try to." He added after a pause, "In case I should not, remember that Revay will sound at half-past five; we shall leave about eight. Next summer, perhaps, we shall come and camp here again."

"I hope so," said his father and Mrs. Loveday.

There was something in John's manner which indicated to Anne that he scarcely intended to come down again; but the others did not notice it, and she said nothing. He departed a few minutes later, in the dusk of the August evening, leaving Anne still in doubt as to the meaning of his private meeting with Miss Johnson.

John Loveday had been going to tell them that, on the last night, by an especial privilege, it would be in his power to come and stay with them until eleven o'clock, but at the moment of leaving he abandoned the intention. Anne's attitude had chilled him, and made him anxious to be off. He utilized the spare hours of that last night in another way.

This was by coming down from the outskirts of the camp in the evening, and seating himself near the brink of the mill-pond as soon as it was quite dark; where he watched the lights in the different windows till one appeared in Anne's bed-room, and she herself came forward to shut the casement, with the candle in her hand. The light shone out upon the broad and deep mill-head, illuminating to a distinct individuality every moth and gnat that entered the quivering chain of radiance stretching across the water toward him, and every bubble or atom of froth that floated into its width. She stood for some time looking out, little thinking what the darkness concealed on the other side of that wide stream; till at length she closed the casement, drew the curtains, and retreated into the room. Presently the light went out, upon which John Loveday returned to camp and lay down in his tent.

The next morning was dull and windy, and the trumpets of the —th sounded Reveillé for the last time on Overcombe Down. Knowing that the dragoons were going away, Anne had

slept heedfully, and was at once awakened by the smart notes. She looked out of the window, to find that the miller was already astir, his white form being visible at the end of his garden, where he stood motionless, watching the preparations. Anne also looked on as well as she could through the dim gray gloom, and soon she saw the blue smoke from the cooks' fires creeping fitfully along the ground, instead of rising in vertical columns, as it had done during the fine weather season. Then the men began to carry their bedding to the wagons, and others to throw all refuse into the trenches, till the down was lively as an anthill. Anne did not want to see John Loveday again, but hearing the household astir, she began to dress at leisure, looking out at the camp the while.

When the soldiers had breakfasted, she saw them selling and giving away their superfluous crockery to the natives who had clustered round; and then they pulled down and cleared away the temporary kitchens which they had constructed when they came. A tapping of tent-pegs and wriggling of picket-posts followed, and soon the cones of white canvas, now almost become a component part of the landscape, fell to the ground. At this moment the miller came indoors, and asked at the foot of the stairs if anybody was going up the hill with him.

Anne felt that, in spite of the cloud hanging over John in her mind, it would ill become the present moment not to see him off, and she went down-stairs to her mother, who was already there, though Bob was nowhere to be seen. Each took an arm of the miller, and thus climbed to the top of the hill. By this time the men and horses were at the place of assembly, and, shortly after the mill-party reached level ground, the troops slowly began to move forward. When the trumpet-major, half buried in his horse-furniture, drew near to the spot where the Lovedays were waiting to see him pass, his father turned anxiously to Anne and said, "You will shake hands with John?"

Anne faintly replied "Yes," and allowed the miller to take her forward on his arm to the trackway, so as to be close to the flank of the approaching column. It came up, many people on each side grasping the hands of the troopers in bidding them farewell; and as soon as John Loveday saw the members of his father's household, he stretched down his hand across his right pistol for the same performance. The miller gave his, then Mrs. Loveday gave hers, and then the hand of the trumpet-major was extended toward Anne. But as the horse did not absolutely stop, it was a somewhat awkward performance for a young woman to undertake, and, more on that account than on any other, Anne drew back, and the gallant trooper passed by without receiving her adieu. Anne's heart reproached her for a moment, and then she thought that, after all, he was not going off to immediate battle, and that she would in all probability see him again at no distant date, when she hoped that the mystery of his conduct would be explained. Her thoughts were interrupted by a voice at her elbow: "Thank God, he's gone! Now there's a chance for me."

She turned, and Festus Derriman was standing by her.

"There's no chance for you," she said indignantly.

"Why not?"

"Because there's another left!"

The words had slipped out quite unintentionally, and she blushed quickly. She would have given anything to be able to recall them; but he had heard, and said, "Who?"

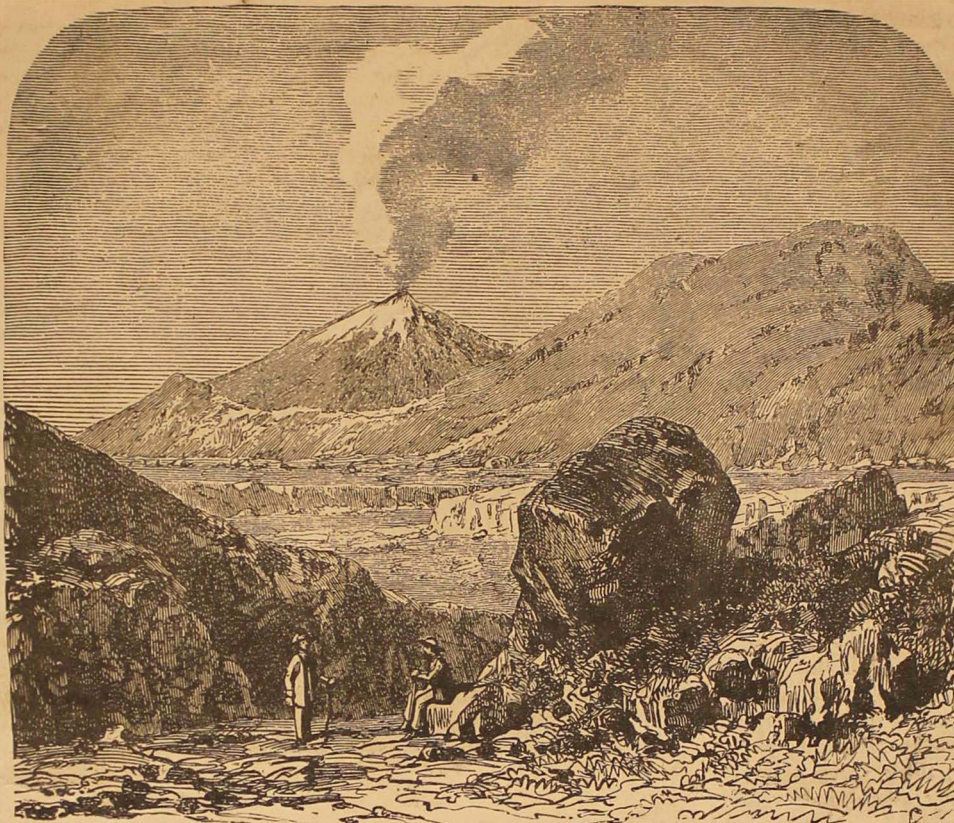
Anne went forward to the miller to avoid replying, and Festus caught her no more.

"Has anybody been hanging about Overcombe Mill except Loveday's son, the soldier?" he asked of a comrade.

"His son the sailor," was the reply.

"Oh! his son the sailor," said Festus slowly. "Hang his son the sailor!"

(To be continued.)



MOUNT HECLA.

settlers not only from Norway, but from Scotland, Denmark, and Sweden. The Norwegians took with them their language, customs, and idolatry, which the other colonists, being fewer in number, were obliged to adopt, Christianity being first preached in Iceland in 981, by Friedrich, a Saxon bishop, for whom Thorwald, a traveler and Icelander, acted as interpreter.

The new faith took with it a new spirit of intellectual development, which attained its greatest height in the twelfth century. Classical studies were pursued with the utmost zeal, and learned Icelanders traveled to Germany and France, to extend their knowledge in the schools of Paris and Cologne.

The bards of Iceland, too, were renowned throughout all Scandinavia, nor were the historians less famous. They became the annalists of the whole Scandinavian world, and the simplicity and truth by which their works are distinguished fully justify their high reputation.

After three hundred and forty years of a turbulent but glorious independence, the island was transferred to the Norwegian crown. Since that time the political history of the Icelanders offers but little interest, for with their annexation to a European monarchy, the vigor and activity which characterized their forefathers perished, the national spirit being still further subdued by a long series of calamities—plagues, famines, and volcanic eruptions—which, following each other in rapid succession, decimated the inhabitants and devastated the land.

Many times since the colonization of Iceland has its volcanoes brought ruin upon whole districts, but the eruption of Skaptar Jökul in 1783 was the most frightful upon record. The winter and spring had been unusually mild, and the islanders looked forward to a prosperous summer, until, in the beginning of June, repeated tremblings of the earth announced that the subterranean powers, which had long been silent under the icy mantle of Skaptar, were ready to burst forth. On the 11th June, torrents of fire shot out, and lava-streams poured down the mountain, flowing in a river fifty miles in length and twelve in breadth. The eruption of sand, ashes, lava, and pumice lasted till the end of August, when it subsided. But for a whole year, a dun canopy of cinder-laden clouds hung over the unhappy island, the sulphurous vapors so

Iceland.

BY L. P. L.



No sailors have ever been bolder navigators than the Norse Vikings, though they had to guide them neither sextant nor compass, charts nor chronometers. In 861, one of their number, being driven out of his course on the way to the Faroe Isles, discovered Iceland, and gave it the appropriate name of Snowland.

Some years later, political disturbances in Norway led to the colonization of the island, under the leadership of Ingolfr, a nobleman. As he approached the southern coast, he threw the sacred pillars of his old dwelling into the water, vowing to establish his new home on the spot to which they should be wafted by the waves. But a sudden squall separated him from his penates, and forced him to locate on a neighboring promontory, which still bears the name of Ingolfrsholde. There he remained three years, until one of the messengers he had sent to search for the missing pillars brought him word they had been found on the beach where Reykjavik now stands, and whither Ingolfr instantly removed, supposing it to be a divine summons.

Before half a century had elapsed, all the habitable parts of the island were occupied by



THE GRAND GEYSER.

tainting the grass of the fields, and the waters of the lakes, and rivers, and sea that cattle died and fish perished in their natural element. The vitiated air and want of food gave rise to a dreadful pestilence, and in many secluded valleys whole families were swept away.

The curse of monopoly too for a long period weighed down the miserable natives. The Danish kings, to whom Iceland was transferred on the amalgamation of the Swedish and Norwegian monarchies, hired out the fishing and trading to the highest bidder, until some twenty years since, when the ports were opened to merchants of all nations.

In natural scenery Iceland is a wonderful region, especially in summer, when the eye rests with delight on the green valleys and crystal lakes, the purple hills and snow-capped mountains rising in Alpine grandeur above the distant horizon. As the ice fields far surpass those of Switzerland, so too the lava streams of Vesuvius sink into insignificance when compared with the enormous masses of molten stone which have issued from the craters of Iceland.

The mud caldrons of Reykjalid, in one of the most solitary places in the north of the island, exhibit volcanic power on a gigantic scale. There are twelve of these seething pits, filled with a disgusting, thick, slimy gray or black liquid, all bubbling away, the largest being fifteen feet in diameter.

The Great Geyser is another wonderful work of nature. A mound formed of silica, deposited by the spring, rises some thirty feet above the surface of the plain, sloping on all sides a distance of one hundred feet from the border of a large circular basin in the center. In the middle of the basin is a pipe or tube, forming a gigantic funnel, which is sixteen or eighteen feet in diameter at the opening into the basin, but which narrows considerably at



THE CATHEDRAL AT REYKJAVIK.

a little distance from the mouth. The sides of the tube are polished, and so hard that it is not possible to break off a piece with a hammer. Generally the basin is filled with sea-green water, pure as crystal, and of a temperature from 180° to 190°. Before an eruption takes place, a loud detonation is heard, the water in the basin is violently agitated, the tube boils vehemently, and suddenly a magnificent column of water, clothed in vapor of a dazzling whiteness, shoots up seventy or

eighty feet in the air and showers water and steam in every direction.

A short distance from the Great Geyser are several pools of exquisitely clear water, tinting with every shade of purest green and blue the fantastic forms of the silicious travertine which clothes their sides. The slightest motion communicated to the surface quivers to the bottom of these crystal grottoes, imparting a sympathetic tremor of the water to every delicate incrustation.

The ocean currents which wash the shores of Iceland have great influence on the climate, so that the southern and western coasts, which are exposed to the Gulf Stream, remain ice-free even in winter, and enjoy a comparatively mild climate. Icelandic summer weather is very changeable, storms of terrific violence frequently occurring. The cool, damp summer is favorable to the growth of grasses, so that on some of the better farms the pasture lands are almost equal to the finest meadows of England, though few of the indigenous plants are of use to man. *Angelica archangelica* is eaten raw with butter, and Iceland moss is eaten when boiled in milk. The latter, too, is an article of export. Bread is frequently made of the seed of the sand reed, and oarweed (*Laminaria saccharina*) is highly prized as a vegetable.

Iceland is a rich field for the ornithologist, there being eighty-two native birds, besides twenty or more species introduced from foreign countries. The eider-duck is the most important. The chief breeding places are on some small islands not far from Reykjavik. These are private property, and have been in the possession of the same families for centuries. Great care is taken of the duck, a fine of thirty dollars being imposed on any one who should kill a bird. During the breeding season, all loud talking or noise is forbidden



REYKJAVIK.

The down is easily collected, as the birds are very tame. The female having laid five or six eggs of a pale olive green in a nest thickly lined with her own down, the collector removes the bird, robs the nest, and replaces her. She then lays three or four eggs more, and relines the nest, when again it is rifled, obliging her to line it for the third time. Then she calls upon her mate, who willingly plucks the soft feathers from his breast to supply the deficiency.

Skalholt, the ancient capital, is replete with historical interest. In the eleventh century the first school was there established, and there also was the seat of the first bishop. The cathedral was celebrated for its size, and in 1100, Latin, poetry, music, and rhetoric were taught in the school, more than they were in the large European cities. But nothing remains of its past glories but the name. The school and bishopric are removed; the cathedral has disappeared; three cottages contain all the inhabitants left of the extensive city, and the large graveyard is the only memorial of its former importance.

Reykjavik, the present capital, consists of a collection of wooden houses, one story in height, built along the lava track, with a few turf huts flanking it at either end. There is a public library containing twelve thousand volumes kept in a room in the cathedral, and books are lent freely for months, or even for a year, to inhabitants of remote districts.

There is also a New Icelandic Literary Society, whose object is to publish useful works in the language of the country. It receives an annual grant of one hundred and twenty dollars from the Danish government, which is its only resource, except the annual contributions of its members, yet it has published many excellent books, despite its narrow means.

There are three newspapers published in Iceland—two published at Reykjavik, and one at Akreyri, on the Polar Ocean. Perhaps in no country in Europe is elementary education more generally diffused than in Iceland. Every mother teaches her children to read and write, and every peasant, after his day's toil, loses no opportunity of inculcating in the hearts of his little ones a sound morality, in which he is ably aided by the pastors. Indeed, a visit to an Icelander's hut on a winter's evening would furnish an example to the people of more favored lands. No idler would be found; women and girls knit or spin, men and boys mend household utensils, or cut ornaments or snuff-boxes from ivory or wood with remarkable skill, while one of the family reads aloud, or relates from memory, poems or chronicles of the deeds of ancient heroes. This general education is one of the first things which strikes the stranger with astonishment, for in traveling to the Geysers his guide will probably accost him in Latin, or, stopping at a farm-house, his host will address him in the same language.

The clergy, while generally men of learning, virtue, and even genius, are usually miserably poor, the average income being only fifty dollars a year. They are, of course, obliged to perform the hardest work of day laborers to keep their families from starving. Their huts are scarcely better than those of the meanest

fishermen, and their dress corresponds more with their squalid poverty than with the dignity of their office.

We will finish our sketch of this far-off island of the sea, by a short account of Jon Shorlakson, a poor priest who, with a fixed income of only thirty dollars a year, and therefore condemned to all sorts of drudgery, made a translation of Pope's Essay on Man, and afterward, when nearly seventy, of Milton's Paradise Lost. A literary society in London, hearing of this, sent him a present of one hundred and fifty dollars, a small sum to them, but a mine of wealth in the estimation of the poor Islandic pastor. He wrote a letter in elegant Latin, expressing his thanks, and accompanied it with a manuscript copy of his translation. Unfortunately, this was not printed till some years after his death, which occurred in 1821.

Robin Red-breast and the Cherries.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

WHAT makes thy radiant bosom red,
Sweet robin red-breast, tell me true?
In some quaint legend it is said,
A sharp thorn pierced thy bosom through,
And then it bled,
And stained thy plumes of crimson hue.

IS it the red-ripe cherries' stain
I see upon thy red-breast sweet,
Not washed out through the summer rain,
Its cleansing showers on thee repeat?
The answering strain
Came from a bill yellow as wheat.

SOMETIMES 'tis love that lights the flame,
That burns upon my glowing breast.
Sometimes it is the blush of shame
For those who rob my sacred nest,
And those who aim
Their missiles at my peace and rest.

IAM a solo singer free,
The grass and buds and blossoms rare
Are notes that nature writes for me.
My mission is to banish care
With melody;
And cherries are my dainty fare."

OH, robin blithe, I like the notes
That come from thy green organ-loft;
Joy follows where thy music floats,
And hope is borne from croft to croft,
When happy throats
Join in the chorus sweet and soft.

HERE, where the ripest cherries grow,
Come peck and pluck the best, and eat
Long as they last, and fear no foe:
Thine is the song and mine the treat.
Thy breast aglow
Shall be the lamp to light thy feet.



1. SCHAFER. 2. FAUST. 3. GUTTENBERG.

Romance of the Art Preservative.

BY H. F. R.

IT is a somewhat remarkable fact, and one not generally noted, that the art by means of which the record of all the discoveries and achievements of every other science is preserved, has utterly failed to indicate with any degree of certainty the name of its own inventor. Books, pamphlets, treatises, and discussions without number, all devoted to this question, have succeeded in casting but very little light on the subject; and at this late day, in deciding as to whom belongs the palm of honor, we are met by a mass of conflicting and contradictory testimony that is enough to bewilder one. In fact, it is only with a not inconsiderable reservation that we can say that a certain personage was the actual first inventor.

To begin with, the fact stares us in the face that many hundred years before the Christian era block printing was successfully practiced by the Chinese. Marco Polo, the great Venetian traveler, who flourished 1252-1324, whose travels took him into the heart of the Chinese empire, and some say even to Japan, brought back glowing accounts of the manners, customs, and arts of those then almost unknown people, and among these accounts may have been a description, or even specimens of block printing. But be that as it may, it seems pretty clear that by the commencement of the fifteenth century any knowledge, if it ever existed, of the art, had been buried in the dust of those Dark Ages out of which Europe was just emerging.

There are four or five cities in Europe which claim that printing was first practiced within their walls, and each of these claims is put forward in behalf of a different personage. But the result of the best and most painstaking research confines these conflicting assumptions to the city of Haarlem, and to a resident of that city named LAURENZES JOHN KOSTER, and proves that the invention must have occurred about the year 1429, or, as some writers stipulate, not earlier than 1422 nor later than 1436.

The other places which have established a just but later claim are Mentz and Strasburg in Germany, but though the art was undoubtedly practiced at these towns at a very early

date, it was imported from Haarlem by men who had there first obtained a knowledge of it.

Adrian Junius, a learned man who lived and wrote in the sixteenth century, gives an account that, inasmuch as it represents largely the contemporary opinion as to the origin of the invention in question, has been received with general credence.

From this narrative we learn that John Koster inhabited a decent and somewhat aristocratic house in the city of Haarlem, situated on the market place, opposite the royal palace. His name was assumed, and was inherited from his ancestors, who had long enjoyed the honorable and lucrative office of coster or sexton to the church. As he was walking in the wood contiguous to the city, which was the general custom and mode of recreation of the richer citizens in the afternoon and upon holidays, he formed the habit of cutting letters with his knife upon the bark of the beech; with these letters he formed marks upon paper in a contrary direction in the manner of a seal, until at length he formed a few lines for the amusement of himself, and for the use of the children of his brother-in-law. This succeeding so well, he attempted greater things, and, being a man of genius and reflection, he invented a thicker and more tenacious ink than the one in use for ordinary writing, seeing that the latter was too thin for his purpose, and made blotted marks. With this ink he was able to print from blocks upon which he had cut figures and letters.

As may be easily imagined, the new art, while as yet only a mere pastime, soon attracted much attention, and Koster soon essayed a larger work than he had yet attempted—namely, a book. This, a volume of rude images and letters, entitled *Speculum Humanae Salvationis*, he carried through successfully about the year 1430. The leaves, as was common to all early books, were printed on one side only; then two were pasted together, in order that the blank side might not offend the taste of the reader. Koster soon found that there was a great source of wealth in his discovery. The rich flocked to his house to purchase copies of the first printed books, so that he was unable to meet the demand, and in proportion as the profits increased so did his love for the art he had brought to the light, and which already promised to work a revolution in the affairs of mankind.

He hired men to help him, to whom he taught the mysteries of the new craft, among whom was John Gensfleisch and his younger brother, called, for distinction's sake, Gutenberg. After continuing for some years to cut the letters and designs for his books on blocks, Koster at length conceived the idea of separate types. These, also, he invented, but they were always of wood, and were, as may be easily imagined, exceedingly clumsy.

For many years, until his death, Koster continued the business of printing, and after that event it was carried on by members of his family in Haarlem.

In one respect his employment of assistants was unfortunate, but for the world at large it was a most unmitigated blessing, for to that fact we owe the first dissemination of the craft, and its transplanting to other cities.

The man above alluded to, John Gensfleisch, after he had learned the mysteries of the art in all its branches, thought himself sufficiently instructed, and watched for an opportunity to turn his knowledge to his own account, notwithstanding the fact that he was bound by an oath not to break faith with his employer. As he could not find a better chance, he packed up a goodly portion of the types and other articles on Christmas eve while the family were away celebrating the festival, and stole away with them. He first fled to Amsterdam, thence to Cologne, until he could establish himself at Mentz, a more secure place, where he might open shop and reap the fruits of his knavery. It is a known fact that within twelve months he published the *Alexandri Galli Doctrinale*, a grammar at that time in high repute, with the same materials which Koster had used.

After Gensfleisch settled at Mentz he was largely assisted with money, etc., by John Fust, or Faust, a rich and highly respectable man, who, as a natural consequence, shared the profits with him. Subsequently, other persons were admitted to the partnership.

Some writers have given credence to the story that John Gensfleisch had married a daughter of Koster, and that she was a party to his despoliation of her father. There is, unfortunately, no means of ascertaining the truth or falsity of this; the latter part of it, certainly sounds rather improbable.

Gutenberg, the younger brother of Gensfleisch, continued at Strasburg for many years in various employments, and in many endeavors to successfully engage in printing books. He and some others did produce some small ones, but becoming involved in numerous lawsuits he quitted Strasburg in disgust and joined his brother at Mentz. All traces of his publications at Strasburg have long since vanished.

The new art soon spread over Europe. A press was established at Bologna as early as 1462; one at Paris in 1464; another at Rome in 1466; and far-away Iceland had its printing office in 1530, at which a Bible was printed in 1584. It soon crossed the channel, and in 1474 William Caxton, whose centenary was celebrated a short time since, having acquired a knowledge of the art in Germany, carried it into practice at Westminster, at the sign of the Red Pale. Though at the time over sixty years old, he was remarkable for his industry and perseverance, and, besides laboring as a translator and author, he introduced many improvements in the art. The productions of his press amounted to no less than sixty-four. To the west of the Sanctuary in Westminster Abbey stood the Almshouse, where the first printing press in England had been erected in 1471, under the patronage of the learned Thomas Milling, the then abbot. The first book produced here, according to some, was *The Game and Playe of Chesse*, but the *Dictes and Notable Wise Sayings of the Philosophers*, published in 1477, is the first book which can with certainty be maintained to have been printed in England; and although there is some dispute about the exact spot, there is no doubt that the press was first set up within the precincts of this religious house. Caxton

died in 1491, and the following entry in the churchwarden's books of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, is still on record: "Item, atte bureyng of William Caxton, for iiiij. torches vjs. vijd. Item, for the belle atte same bureyng, vjd."

The order of Jesuits were the first to introduce printing into the New World, which occurred at Mexico in 1536. The first book printed was the *Escala espiritual de San Juan Olimaco*, of which no copy is now extant; the oldest American book now in existence is the *Manual de Adultos*, 1540, of which, however, only the last four leaves are to be seen in the library of the cathedral of Toledo, Spain.

The first press in North America was set up at Cambridge, Mass., in 1638, under the charge of Stephen Dayl. The infant colony was indebted for this to the Rev. Jesse Glover, an English nonconformist minister, possessed of ample means, who had taken up his residence among his friends in New England. The first work issued was the *Bay Psalm-Book*, bearing date of 1640.

To recount how, for the last four centuries the power of the magic types has increased with gigantic strides is unnecessary. While undoubtedly there have been abuses of this power, on the whole the motto of the *Salem Register* fitly portrays the attitude which the printing press has ever assumed:

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence, and unbribed by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty and Law."

In conclusion, let me append the exact words of a placard issued by William Caxton, the founder of English printing, a fac-simile of which was exhibited at the centenary above referred to; premising that the "pies" referred to were the service-books used at Salisbury, so called because of the different colors in which the text and rubric were printed:

"A PLACARD.—If it plesse any man spirituel or temperel to bye any pies of two or three comemoraciōs of Salisburi use enprynted after the forme of this presēt lettre whiche ben wel and truly correct, late him come to westmonester in to thealmonestyte at the reed pale [red pale] and he shall have them good there."



ENGRAVING OF AN ANCIENT PLAYING CARD

Rubens.

(See Steel Engraving.)

PETER PAUL RUBENS, the greatest exponent of the Flemish school of painting, was born at Siegen, Germany, June 29, 1577. As a lad he was bright and intelligent, showing at an early age the strong bent of his mind. At sixteen he became the pupil of the then famous Adam Von Oort, with whom he was a great favorite, and constant source of wonder and delight. His next master was Otho Venius, the Spanish court painter, who so appreciated the genius of young Rubens, that he advised him strongly to go to Italy to complete his studies. At twenty-three he visited Venice, Mantua, and other famous art centers. At this time, had he not possessed true genius, which is after all only unfolded through patient perseverance and the hardest drudgery, Rubens would have been completely spoiled. He was handsome, brilliant, and of a poetic as well as artistic temperament, and open to the seductions of courtly circles, might have lapsed into the mere man of indolence and pleasure.

In 1609 he married his first wife, Elizabeth Brants, and settled at Antwerp. A famous picture in the Munich Gallery represents himself and wife—the latter a lovely woman—seated in a garden. In 1620 he was commissioned by Maria de Medici, wife of Henry IV. of France, to decorate the gallery of the Luxembourg palace with allegorical paintings representing the principal events in her career. The pictures, twenty-one in number, are supposed to have been executed by his large staff of pupils, from his own sketches.

In 1629, three years after the death of his wife, Rubens visited England as ambassador from the court of Spain. He was eminently fitted for his position, his appearance and manners being so prepossessing that he became a universal favorite. This took place during the reign of Charles I., who was a great lover of the fine arts. He and many nobles of the court became pupils of Rubens, as was also Vandyck, who has left us the best portraits of the unfortunate Charles. While in England he painted the allegorical picture of "Peace and War," to be found in the National Gallery, London. Here he was knighted, and in 1630 married Helena Forman, a girl of

sixteen. In 1633 he was sent on another embassy to Holland, but this was his last public service, for he became a martyr to the gout, a disease which caused his death May 30, 1640.

The works of Rubens, according to Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné," amount to eighteen hundred, and comprise history, portraits, landscapes, animals, and fruit and flower pieces. They are widely dispersed over Europe, the collection in the Louvre being particularly rich. But his finest productions are still in Antwerp, in the cathedral of which city are his well-

known "Descent from the Cross" and "Elevation of the Cross." The former is generally admitted to be his master-piece.

uriant life, the same vigor and enthusiasm, as in his historical pictures. "The Village Fête," in the Louvre, and "The Battle of the Amazons," in the Pinakothek at Munich, especially illustrate the energy he suffused into human actions, and the "Rape of the Sabines" and "Judgment of Paris," in the British National Gallery, have been called "perfect nosegays of color." At one time commissions became so numerous from crowned heads alone, that he had time only to design and put the finishing touches to the pictures which pass under his name, leaving the body of the work to be done by his assistants. In this manner were executed the series of pictures representing the apotheosis of James I., for the ceiling of the banqueting house of Whitehall, which was completed in 1635, and for which he received three thousand pounds, or about fifteen thousand dollars.



CULTIVATE TACT.—People without tact seem actually merciless at times. They never know what is best to say or do. They tread upon people's toes and open the closets where family skeletons are kept so often, that they earn the reputation of being spiteful. They ask over and over again questions which are obviously unpleasant to answer, and make remarks that are seen at once by all save themselves to be offensive.

"The Guardian Angel."

THIS is the copy of a group in marble by S. S. Wesmacott. The work is bold in design, and represents a little child who, wearied from the pursuit of wild flowers, has thrown himself down on a grassy bank and gone to sleep.

Back of the sleeping boy is seated the guardian angel, whose stern and somewhat rigid face shows an expression of anxiety, and whose arm is extended to ward off what the watchful eye has seen of approaching danger. The classic outline of the head and face is very good, as is also the startled attitude of the whole figure, which is admirably modeled. The child lies in an easy position, which has all the grace of utter unconsciousness. There is a great deal of imagination and genuine artistic merit in this charming composition.

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Art Industrial.

PAINTING ON CHINA.*

BY FLORENCE J. DUNCAN.

THE United States covers four million square miles of the earth's surface. It is walled eastward against the Atlantic ocean by chains of mountains two thousand miles long, and westward against the Pacific ocean by chains of mountains two thousand miles long; the very geography of the country compels unity. Our continent, by the structure of its surface, unifies the human race. All toil together, and build up the vast dominating future of the New World—a nation of laborers—each man, as he is born, putting his spade to the soil, his pick to the rock, his hand to the wheel.

Porcelain is still called by the name of the only country whence it came for centuries; it is said that the Chinese invented the manufacture of porcelain two thousand years ago; it is certain, however, that they still decorate their ware with patterns two thousand years old.

For many centuries porcelain came piece by piece from the country with the "great wall," and was called by its name, China; European potters, step by step, penetrated the mystery of its manufacture, and the one great difficulty with which they had to contend was the rarity of the materials. The United States Government surveys have found our great undeveloped West rich with these untouched treasures. Lusters for precious wares are locked up in the mineral ores. Mountains of sand stand sentinel till manufacturers come to transform their whiteness and purity into light for thousands of homes; there stands a stilled volcano of beautifully colored clays; here lie almost inexhaustible beds of kaolin waiting for modern Prometheus, and soils are strewn with gems holding brilliancy for the potter's and the painter's palette. On lands to be had for five years' cultivation, under the homestead law, lie all the material necessary for a glorious future for American art industry.

Women generally are opposed to emigration, because they know no other side to going west than the life of a farmer's wife, uncertain of needful help, but certain of hard monotonous labor—a life of isolation too often terminating in insanity. Farmers in sparsely settled territory complain of "spots that won't grow anything"—the most valuable part of their land—it is full of potash. Could women but see that there is future work for them, which will occupy the head as well as the hands—labor which from its very nature means association of laborers, a colony which must include cultured eyes and brains as well as hands—if they know that there is artistic employment for their daughters, a handicraft for their sons, and business for their husbands, part of its stock in trade being not only machinery, but thought, books, vases, pitchers, the literature of the past, the newspapers of the present—all may go west with their love for color, their taste; their husband's work is more valuable to them as it is touched by their own sphere, home, making it beautiful, adding to the refined surroundings of life. This wave of interest that has swept the country from north to south, under the guise of a "ceramic rage" among women, may be directed in a path which will lead not alone to individual prosperity, but to the dignity and civilization of the people. Seen in this light, an amusement of to-day which may lead to the occupation of to-morrow is no trivial matter.

* Unpublished MS.

The Japanese are many steps ahead of the Chinese in design; though it is but three hundred years ago that they captured a few Chihamen and made them work at manufacturing, and teaching the Japanese to make and decorate porcelain. Ask the price of Japanese *cloisonné* if you wish to see how successful this experiment of domesticating labor has proved.

Following the lead of our own quick-witted countrywoman with her Japanese fan, we find in addition to the brilliant color put on in masses, thus contrasting well with surroundings, that the Japanese do not repeat themselves in the same piece of work; when not a background the same form is not endlessly used, and even backgrounds are made up of several patterns. A few hints in observing the characteristics of Japanese design will help you to select that which may assimilate, especially as the aim of art industrial teaching is not only to recommend proper food but aid in its digestion.

The difference between Japanese and French china in presenting or suggesting ideas is as widely shown as in French and Japanese fans. I speak of fans particularly because American women have been quick to see this. French fans, when you pay a high price, are beautiful and effective, but many an "imported fan" is decorated here, and those who had not sufficient knowledge of art to decide for themselves, and yet could not afford for the indorsement of good taste by buying at Tiffany's, were quick to see that a Japanese fan could be bought of such a brilliant color that it contrasted with their dress and surroundings. It was so decidedly Japanese, and not an imitation of anything else, that no other woman could point it out as a cheap substitute for a more expensive original. I say it *was*, because the Japanese already are manufacturing monstrosities supposed to be specially acceptable to American taste.

We are having the same influence on Japanese manufacture that England has upon the East Indian. The Doulton ware shows how well some English artists studied, not copied, Hindoo achievements. The dots which you will soon notice as a feature of the Doulton ware are dealt with in a masterly manner by the Hindoos. The French have culled the cream of Chinese color and characteristics on some of French porcelain.

It is because we are surfeited with the similarity produced by the perfection of machinery, that this changefulness of form, this balance of color is agreeable. This rage for Japanese decoration springs from the same source as the respect for "handwork" which the mass of women have always fondly cherished, and has now become a feeling shared by the men who buy machinery. Women openly say they "don't want to wear what every one else does." This feeling has of course its ridiculous side, but it springs from a sublime sentiment. What is a desire for the display of individual taste but womanly approval of individuality? If you ask about the "careless (?) grouping" which many writers rave about as Japanese, thereby recommending, or seeming to recommend, carelessness, what do you think yourself about the beauty of the dress on which the stitches show? Those who recommend carelessness as an element of beauty are striving to impress you not to run into mechanical repetition of lines and forms, which affect a cultivated taste as stale soda water does the palate; for care, thought, purpose are just as necessary in a decoration as a seam in a dress. When that care and thought force themselves on the attention, like the stitches which show in the seam, care and thought give as little pleasure as a "studied attitude." Is it not a maxim of manners among women, "It takes art to appear artless?" Decorative art is no violation of human nature; it is a shorthand form of expression. Let us see how the Japanese

obey the principles. Put before your eyes a fan with its long palm-leaf handle.

Ornament must follow the line of construction.

The fan is bound with a narrow strip of crimson paper, which attracts the eye and defines the paper form at once. There is a ship, and one line of the sail follows the line of construction of one side of the fan; the side of the ship's body repeats another part of the fan. On the other side of the fan the ornament is exceedingly simple—a delicate blue color, strongest near where the sticks radiate from the handle, is crossed by the lines of the rigging of the ship. These lines, for they are only suggestive lines, "follow," *they are not parallel* to "the construction." A blackbird is flying down toward the ship; from the beak to the end of the wing, it is one subtle curve; it follows that part of the fan near the handle.

Colors must not be allowed to touch each other—must be separated by lines of white or gold or black or red.

The fan observes that oriental rule which is the charm of Persian carpets. If you closely observe a Japanese porcelain, you will see that a strong black outline defines every form and separates different colors. Examine porcelain painted in one color only, as that should be your first practice: a white bowl has what children would call a tit-tat-to pattern slightly curved to follow the construction of the bowl on the outside in a blue derived from cobalt. On the edge of the bowl is a strong blue line. The inside is decorated with a plant-suggesting form, and four curved grass-like lines follow the sides of the bowl in four different ways. Turn the bowl as you will, you will see something, some blue form is visible. Take the plant from the field or a florist, hold it under a light under a sheet of white paper; now compare the shadow on the paper with the Japanese blue ornament and you see their method of working.

A mass of color, a suggestive form suggested by drawings from nature.

Do you see from Japanese steps how you may make drawings from nature at once for porcelain? If you slavishly copy Japanese ornament, you will choke your fancy, stint your imagination, and narrow your individual talent. The variety of their work is so cheap and so plentiful that Japanese knick-knacks may be easily examined, and make it easy for you to study and adapt their beauties to your own use.

Very effective sets of china have been painted by artists who draw well on paper in one color. If your talent is for color, this talent only needs proper direction and appropriate instruction for the form it is to take in the careful outlines which must bind the exuberance of color into a beautiful whole. I should not say "stop" at any experiment you choose to make, because experience has shown that many sensible women who began painting for amusement found that they had some ability undeveloped, thus felt encouraged to draw, and studied as thoroughly as a man learning a profession.

Painting on porcelain is done in two ways—before the dish is dipped in the glaze, called "under glaze" painting, the other "over glaze" painting, such as you see on the dining table. You may begin to paint any piece of "china" or stone ware you may possess. If you wish to spend as little money as possible at first, simply buy one or two tube colors ready prepared for work, as you will not need so many materials as if you bought the cheaper powder colors and all the accessories.

Buy a tube of *La Croix sepia* or *bleu ciel* (sky blue), each 30 cents. Put some turpentine in a bottle to thin the color. You may use water-color brushes. With tracing paper trace the design you wish

on the plate, and afterward go over the outlines with crimson-lake, which will render them less trying to the eyes, for with all proper precautions painting on porcelain is very hard on the eyes. Select a room uncarpeted to paint in, and provide yourself with a covered box in which to place your work until it is dry, and when dry until you send it away to be burned. Dust is dreaded by the housekeeper, as it makes work, but to the painter on porcelain dust is the ruin of days' work. It is well to wipe off your plate with a cloth moistened with turpentine, before you place your tracing paper over it or draw the ornament in crimson-lake at once. Provide yourself with a bottle of alcohol in which to wash your brushes, a horn palette—for one of metal would injure your colors—a rest for your hand, a piece of wood, six inches wide and eighteen inches long, fixed to the table by a screw passing through both rest and table and kept in place by a nut. [A movable rest may be made by fastening supports to both ends of a piece of wood, which shall stand over the china you are painting and allow your hand to rest thereon.] You may manage with a wooden block or small piece of board. If you buy more than one color, your first step is to fill a plate or tile very full of your different colors and send it to be burned, having first marked each tint carefully. This is a guide for future use. The value of La Croix tube colors is this: they are vitrifiable colors ground in fat oil of turpentine, ready to use as you would oil or water-color tubes, only you thin the paint with turpentine instead of water or oil. Lists of La Croix colors may be had at any art-material shop.

As the proper mixture of the colors is necessary in order that the plate shall come out of the firing with the colors fixed and not blistered in spots, and as this grinding is careful work, you may perceive why La Croix colors are more expensive and convenient than the powder colors. Vitrifiable colors cannot be mixed as easily as water or oil colors, therefore do not squeeze out of the tube more than you shall need for a day's work. Prop the tubes up, as by letting them lie flat too much of the oil of turpentine comes to the top of the tube and impairs the ease and success of your painting. When it is necessary to dry your painting, place the painted plate or saucer in the oven, or, if you paint in a room in which there is no stove, a small kerosene stove will answer. Place a tin lid or stove-cover on the top of the stove over the flame before placing your painted plate there.

As you may with bands and dots and combinations of color produce decorative effects, even if you cannot draw well, add to the sepia and *ciel bleu* you already have the following La Croix tubes: *Bleu outre mer* (ultramarine blue), price, 45 cents; *Jaune à mélanger* (yellow for mixing); *carmin foncé*, No. 3 (dark carmine), 45 cents; *brun jaune* (yellow chrome), 30 cents; *ocre* (ocher), 30 cents; *vert pomme* (apple green), 30 cents; *émeraude* (emerald green), 30 cents; *noir d'ivoire* (ivory black), 30 cents; and *blanc Chinois* (Chinese white). These will mix with any other color, and give opacity and body. This is analogous in many respects to the use of white in illumination, the study of which will help you greatly in decorating porcelain, as many of the ornaments seen in illumination can be applied with little transformation.

Gilding is always done the last thing—always over glaze, never under glaze.* A bottle of gilding preparation costs one dollar. Gilt bands or decorations are put on at a reasonable rate where the porcelain is burned. The cost of burning a piece in New York is ten cents. Mr. Bennett charges twenty-five cents, as he does it only to accommo-

* Mr. Bennett has a vase with gilt painted under the glaze.

date students, and not as a business. It is needless to say the colors come out exquisitely.

A medium in painting is any liquid or material which will mix with powder colors, and then enable you to place the color on any desired surface. It is the means with which powder colors are made to gain your end, *i.e.*, painting on any special surface. The medium therefore varies with the surface. Volatile oils and liquids which evaporate rapidly like turpentine are valuable mediums. The oil of sassafras is the most volatile. The oil of lavender or, as the cheaper variety is called, the oil of spike, is the favorite medium or vehicle used by enamel painters. Decorators on china often simply dip their brush in turpentine to lay on the colors, as it is cheaper than the perfumed oils. If you wish to remove a color, your brush wet with alcohol will do it at once. The oil of tar is useful in painting fine lines, as it does not run. The odor of oil of cloves is, as you know, more pleasant than the oil of turpentine. The West India natural balsam called copiba is colorless, and useful to keep the color on your palette, whether of china or glass, while you are painting. All these oils may be bought at a reliable druggist's, as well as an art-material store. English and German colors may be bought in powder at the art-material stores. Professional decorators sometimes mix French and English colors, the French having more brilliancy, the English more delicate shades, and both firing at about the same temperature; but the amateur must be careful not to mix the colors of different manufacturers together, or use different kinds in the same dish. Flux, which is bought separately, must be mixed with each color when ground.

Powder colors are mixed by grinding them with a glass muller very finely, after pouring about as much oil of turpentine as powder on a ground glass slab; turpentine is added, as this sticky mass would soon become unmanageable without.

Tinting a cup all over is done with powder colors. The colors are blended with a dabber made by putting cotton in a tiny ball tied up in muslin, held by the muslin ends in the hand. After being thoroughly ground and allowed to dry the colors are put in small homeopathic medicine bottles. A china palette, with many little wells to hold the colors and a cover to keep it from the dust, will cost \$1.25. Colors may thus be kept for many days. No dust must be allowed in the color mixture. Strain through a coarse cloth after mixing as a precaution.

To take off an accidental speck of dust, use a needle fastened in a wooden handle. This cheap tool may be used to get the effect of a white design on a dark ground by using the needle as you would a pencil, on the colored ground; it scratches out the color. You may also use this needle in painting leaves. After the color of the leaf has been put on with one painting, scratch out the veins, thus leaving lines on the porcelain to paint darker or lighter veins with another color.

Where the painting on porcelain has made a village famous, the colors are burned after each painting; but those general facts in coloring found by experience in water colors, in staining woods or painting on paper, are analogous: for instance, if you wish to deepen carmine in illumination, add a touch of brown madder (maroon) or blue; in porcelain painting this produces brilliant results. Lines are painted on china at a trifling cost at the china burner's.

If you cannot easily procure oil of turpentine, make it by putting a few drops in a saucer for a few days, adding a little each day until the evaporation has left a thick oily substance on the saucer. It is always better to buy the oil, for as no dust must be mixed with it the above method is very difficult to insure perfect success.

The advantage of taking a lesson after experimenting yourself is very great, as the teacher then can advise so as to bridge over your *individual difficulties*. Mr. John Bennett, of New York (formerly superintendent of the Doulton School at Lambeth, England), charges \$5 for an hour's lesson, but in order to get the full value of his valuable advice it is necessary to have drawn a sketch-book full of flowers from nature, paying strict attention to the chief characteristics, *i.e.*, how the plant grows, the type of the leaf, and whether climbing or trailing, etc. If you write to the Ladies' Art Association, New York, you will also be told that this is the best preparation, but they, knowing the difficulties women have to contend with, knowing the deficiencies of art instruction all over the country, are well fitted to counsel you in your special difficulties, owing to the fact that they were the first in the United States to provide instruction in painting on porcelain. Letters from Maine to California are constantly received by them; for that reason, when writing for advice it is but just to inclose a money order for three dollars, for it cannot be expected that these artists will spend their time writing you the information they have paid for with money, brains, and labor of years to gain, for nothing. Brain furnishing ought to be paid for as well as house furnishing.

A vase ornamented with flowers painted by John Bennett, of New York, or a plaque with a face or animal by Matt. Morgan, of Philadelphia, would be of vast use to the beginner, and could be bought for from ten to fifty dollars. Both artists paint rapidly, both experiment all the time, and a decoration by one of them would be a constant lesson in the value of broad effects.



My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"WHAT little I can tell about setting a tea-table," I say to Miss Lucy Little, "you shall certainly hear this time. The other day our meeting was like Artemus Ward's lecture upon the 'Babes in the Wood;' he said all he had to say, and omitted to mention them at all."

"We have tea once a week," says Jennie, "because we dine in the middle of the day on Sunday. Mamma does not like it much; neither do I. But papa says it carries him back to his early days, and he always insists on having shaved smoked beef and great big doughnuts, because he used to have them at grandma's when he was a boy. He doesn't mind how much flummery the rest of us have, but he always eats his old-fashioned things, and has a good time. We used to have an awful time getting the doughnuts for him, for he could tell in a moment if they were bought at a baker's. Aunt Eliza used to send us baskets full down from the country as long as she lived."

"Why don't your cook make them," asks Miss Kitty, "if you must have such things?"

"She does when she knows how, but that doesn't often happen. No, we have given up trying the greasy abominations that professed cooks treat us to, and where do you suppose we get our doughnuts now? You need not try to guess. I make them myself every Saturday, and they are just as light as feathers. The first I made

were a surprise to papa, and he surprised me by giving me a ten dollar gold piece. I never saw him so delighted. I didn't promise to keep him supplied, but I have done so ever since."

"It must be awfully hard work," says Miss Kitty.

"No, it isn't; it's great fun to do anything that pleases papa so thoroughly."

"The labor we delight in physics pain," quotes Nellie Greene rather shyly.

"That's so," assents Jennie with an approving nod of her pretty little head, and then they all stop talking at my request, while I read them an extract from a very practical work on housekeeping, written many years ago.

"Having removed the colored cloth (if there is one) and wiped the table with a duster, spread on the white cloth as evenly as possible, observing that the center crease of the folds is exactly in the center of the table. Then place the large japanned waiter at the head of the table, and put on it a cup, saucer, and teaspoon for each person, and a small pile of three or four extra ones, in case they should chance to be wanted. Put the teaspoon in the saucer at the right hand of the cup. Back of the cups and saucers set the sugar bowl on the right hand, and the cream pitcher on the left, with the slop bowl in the center, leaving a place behind for the coffee or teapot. If there is an urn, its place is beyond the waiter, and there should be a stand for it either of worsted work or of oilcloth. If the spout is inconveniently low (as is sometimes the case) the urn may be elevated by a stand made of a thick block of wood nicely finished and stained in imitation of black walnut. The cups, of course, are filled directly from the urn.

"Apropos to the use of urns, I should like to say that it is very important to have them hot before the tea or coffee is poured into them, and it is absolutely necessary that they should be thoroughly washed and dried, and, if kept for only occasional use, filled between times with shavings or brown paper to absorb the dampness of the air.

"It is fashionable now," I go on to say, "among the people who are going back to old styles, to have a small brass teakettle which swings upon a standard over a chafing dish placed upon the waiter, and tea is made at the table, but I confess it is not a fashion I heartily indorse myself."

"Oh! I admire it excessively," exclaims Miss Kitty, with unusual animation; "the Loftyways in Philadelphia always have tea made on the table, and it seems so deliciously English."

"Well," I say, "I am too thoroughly American to like any custom better for being English, French, or German, but I do like the plan of making the tea at the table, because it seems cosy and home-like, and the beverage is likely to make a nearer approach to perfection than the kitchen decoction is apt to. It is the old-fashioned, clumsy brass kettle that I object to, for modern skill has introduced prettier inventions for table tea-drawing. But while we are on the subject of cooking at the table, let me say that if a tin or silver egg boiler is used to poach or boil the eggs at breakfast time, it should be filled with boiling water before it is brought in, so that the process may be short, and also to economize in the alcohol which feeds the lamp beneath the boiler. However, as we are trying to set a tea-table, we will not dwell upon the belongings of any other meal, but go on with our business. Having set the cups, saucers, etc., conveniently near the seat of the person who presides, place the necessary number of plates, knives, and forks, laying at each place a napkin in a ring or squarely folded, according to your family custom. Give also a tumbler, butter plate, and salt cellar to each person, unless your tea is to be entirely without solids or relishes, in which case

salt will be needless, and it will not be appropriate either to put on any condiments from the castor.

"The table will be more pleasing to the eye if a pretty harmony is observed in arranging the dishes placed upon it. The butter and cheese, for instance, may be placed diagonally opposite each other. Marmalade and jelly may occupy the other corners. A mat for a solid dish, if one is provided, may be situated at the opposite end of the table from the tea service. Flowers, if any are used, may be put in a low vase in the center, with cake and preserves upon each side, while biscuits and bread, or two plates of bread, are placed on the opposite sides. If oysters, salad, or other dish of the kind is present, the person helping it should be supplied with a pile of plates."

"Is it usual to have a change of plates at tea?" asks Lucy Little.

"It is quite common," I answer, "although there is no clearing off of the table at a family tea or any regular courses. If fried oysters, for instance are served, the plates they are put on may be put upon the clean plates at each person's place, and after they are eaten the plates may be removed, leaving those beneath for use during the remainder of the meal. If more changes are likely to be necessary, a fresh supply should be at hand. Preserves and berries should be helped upon glass plates similar to those used for ice cream. A bowl of pulverized sugar, a little pitcher of cream, and a spoonholder filled with teaspoons can be passed around upon a waiter to each person after berries have been served.

"I have known," I continue, "of families of wealth where it was the custom for one of the ladies of the house to superintend the setting of the tea-table, and it is, I think, a very excellent idea, for from the absence of heavy dishes and substantial it is easy to give it an air of elegance and almost poetry that the table prepared for other meals cannot have."

"I know a number of families," says Sophia Mapes, rather ruefully, "where not only the superintendence but the actual preparation is done by members of the family."

"All the better in the general result then," I say. "If you do the work yourself you have no stupid mistakes of others to correct, and a lady is more likely to do a thing pleasingly than a servant."

"Provided she knows how," remarks Jennie.

"You have shown that it is an easy matter for a lady to learn to do whatever she pleases," say I with an approving look, which appears to give Jennie pleasure; and indeed my young friend deserves commendation, for ever since she began to direct her thoughts to the subject, at her father's request, she has shown a steadiness of purpose hardly to be looked for in one so volatile as we have always considered her. She has displayed not a little energy and perseverance, and is becoming, as her mother tells me over and over again, a charming little housekeeper."

"Now do you think of any question you would like to ask before we retire from our tea-table?" I say to Miss Lucy.

"No, I thank you," she says, "unless it is whether it is polite to put a pitcher of water on the table or not."

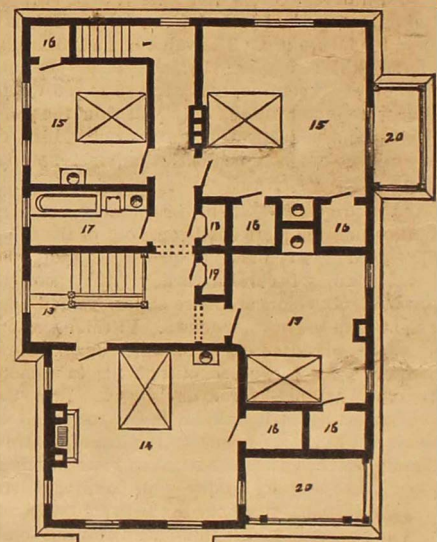
"That is a matter of convenience," I answer. "If there is a regular waiter, it is best to have the pitcher on the sideboard, and have it brought to replenish the glasses when they need it. I don't know whether I have said it or not, but, if I have, repetition will help to emphasize it, that no matter how simple or how elegant the table appointments may be, they must all be kept exquisitely clean, and glass, silver, and china be spotless and shining."

Architecture.

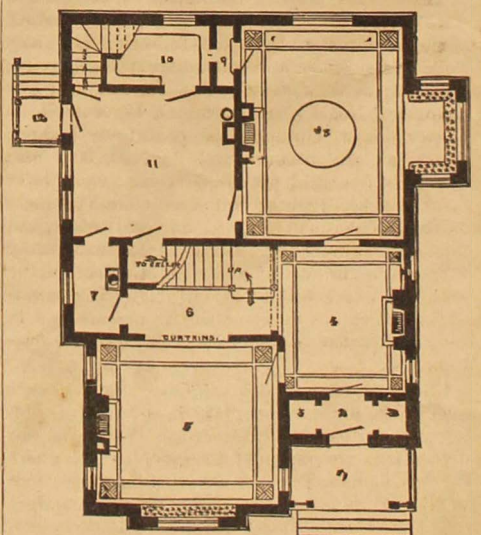
ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN FOR A DWELLING-HOUSE TO COST \$2,800.—The first story is to be built of brick, with facing of Ohio stone (rubble work) laid in red mortar. The quoins, window, and door jambs are to be of pressed brick, laid in white mortar. The second story to be built of wood as indicated:

- | FIRST STORY. | SECOND STORY. |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 Entrance Porch. | 13 Stair Landing. |
| 2 Vestibule. | 14 Family Chamber, 15'-4" x 14'-4". |
| 3 Closets. | 15 Chambers. |
| 4 Reception Hall, 11'x12'. | 16 Closets. |
| 5 Library, 15'x14'. | 17 Bath Room, 10'x5'. |
| 6 Staircase Hall, 12'x7'-6". | 18 Hall Closet. |
| 7 Toilet Room, 4'x7'-6". | 19 Linen " |
| 8 Dining " 13'-6" x 18'. | 20 Balcony. |
| 9 China Closet, 1'-6" x 5'. | |
| 10 Pantry, 8'x5'. | |
| 11 Kitchen, 13'-6" x 12'. | |
| 12 Rear Porch. | |

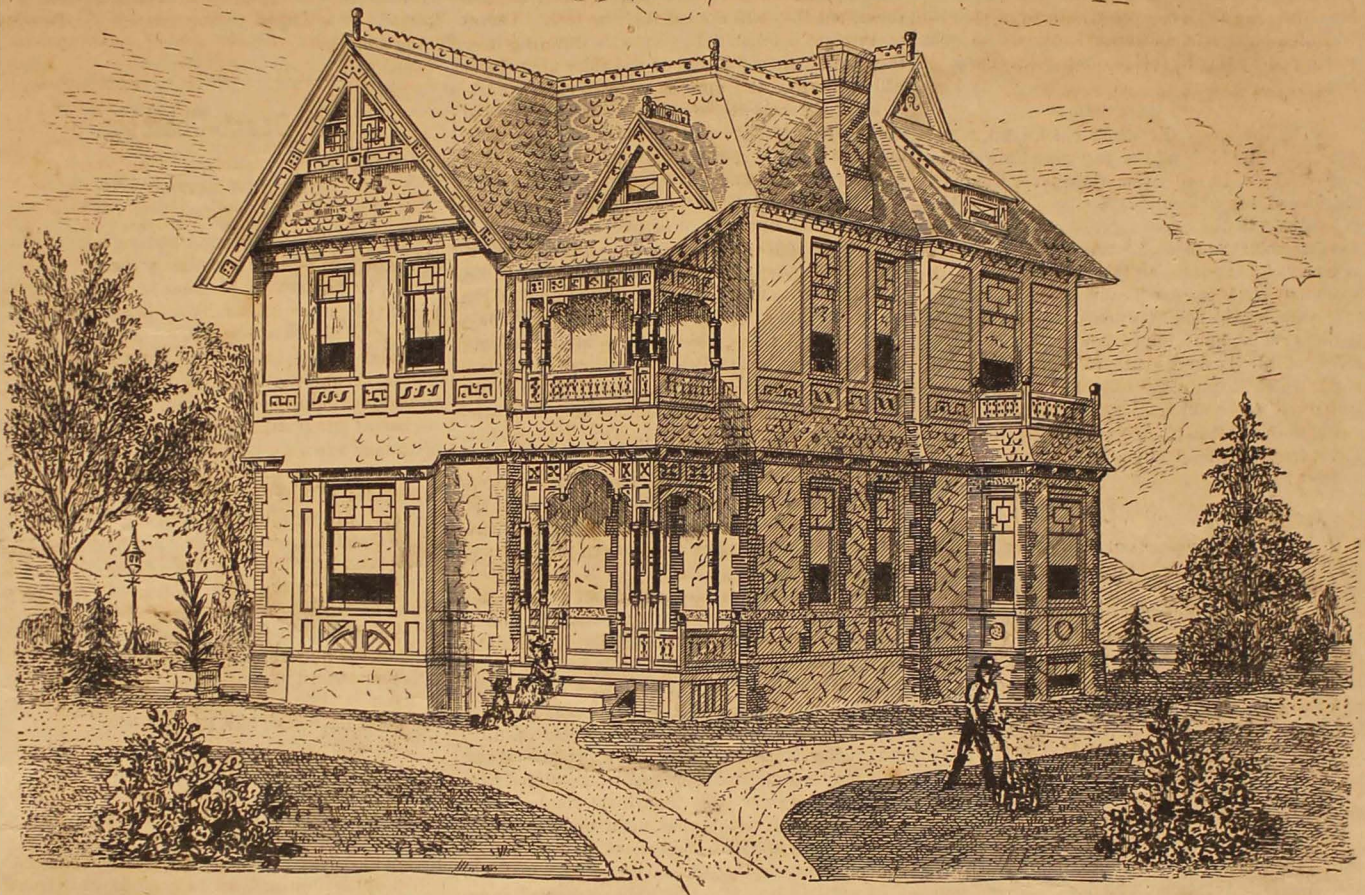
For further particulars address the architect, Mr. Geo. H. Blanden, Springfield, Mass.



= SECOND FLOOR =



= FIRST FLOOR =



DESIGN FOR A DWELLING TO COST \$2,800.

Capitonnage.

A ROOM *capitoné* has its walls hung with silk of a kind especially fabricated for this purpose, and which is gathered into flat folds, meeting in a circular center, where a large medallion adorns it. Each section of wall is treated in the same way. The medallions are of metal, with porcelain vignette pictures, or simply of elaborately-wrought metal, gilt or silver-laid. The style being that of Louis the Fifteenth's reign, the porcelain medallions should have Watteau designs, which are always pretty, especially for boudoir decoration.

In hanging a wall which it is desired to hide or improve with *capitonnage*, cretonne will serve, and, by a careful upholsterer, can be drawn into symmetrical folds—if well and firmly attached on the four sides—which, by opening the circular center which forms the fold-cluster under the medallion, can be shaken free from every particle of dust. The style is extremely pretty, has a cosiness of its own, and, where there is any skill in decoration, gives room for beautiful flower designs on porcelain or ivory; for *grotesquerie*, if that be preferred—and there is much of that well suited to this style of hanging which has a leaning to the Japanese and Chinese oddities—or for the exquisite shell-adorned medallions now being revived from a hundred years ago. An unsightly wall can more easily be hidden and made beautiful by *capitonnage* than by any other treatment, unless it be simply paper-hanging. The piece *capitoné* may be suspended to a bar by rings, but this is much more costly. In this case the whole *capiton-*

nage is “simulated” and capable of being promptly removed, not being attached to the wall itself as are the bars.

Fan-Boudoirs.

A “FAN-BOUDOIR” is purely and simply a boudoir in which, instead of pictures upon the walls, there is nothing to be seen but fans—fans Japanese, Chinese, French, Viennese, “English-decorated;” fans of silk, of paper, of satin, of gauze; fans with serious subjects, comic subjects, painted, “India-ink-designed,” gilt, silvered, enameled; fans of feather; fans of ivory, of mother-of-pearl, of “rice-gauze paper,” of “shell-decoration,” large, small, medium, in circles, in rows, in scallops; fans—one might almost say—“tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible and poem unlimited.” The glory, however, of a fan-boudoir is to have either a *genuine* Watteau fan or one that has belonged to some historical beauty or sovereign, or—a lesser glory this—to have secured the entire tail of some magnificent peacock, to have had it made into an enormous oriental *panache*, and to have it covering one entire section of wall in all its gorgeous glory.

Blue.

THE FLOWER “GAMUT TYPE.”

We say deep blue and clear blue, but there are thirty different clear blues, and as many deep blues. Flowers are the most familiar objects, and

they vary the least in color; they contain all colors and all possible shades.

The least common color among flowers is blue. Let us begin with the flowers our gamut of blue. “Certain hyacinths will first give us a white scarcely tinged with blue; the Parma violet is of an extremely pale lapis blue; then comes the blue geranium of the meadows, then the Chinese wistaria, then the blossom of the flax; then come in order of shades the forget-me-not, borage, bugloss, sage, the cornflower, the nemophylla, the *anagallis morelli*, the *plumbago carpentæ*, the long-leaved larkspur with single flowers—there are double ones which are of a metallic blue—and at last the deeper shade of dark blue, almost black, the berries of the *laurustinus*.” With these sixteen flowers every one may have his gamut-type before his eyes.

The Violet.

Other flowers permit their perfume to be perceived in essences. Perfumers sell us odor of roses, odor of jasmines, odor of heliotropes, and of a dozen other flowers. “The violet alone refuses to separate its odor from itself; it is to be met with nowhere but in its own corolla. Perfumers are obliged to make with the root of the iris of Florence a certain false and acrid violet odor.”

The violet is born in the grass, says a French writer; but does it not exhale that delicious perfume which would reveal it even to a blind man? The violet, the modest violet, has covered the heads of the church, the bishops and the arch-

bishops, with its livery; black is the mourning of all the world; the violet has become the black of kings and the mourning of the purple.

The ancient poets pretend that when Jupiter had metamorphosed Io into a heifer, he gave birth to the violet in order to present her with a herbage worthy of her. What could be more beautiful than a plat composed entirely of violets? So Io fed on violets, and after her death she was worshiped by the Egyptians under the name of Isis.

From the French.

See in the grass the white chickweed, which gives the little birds all the year round a well furnished table. In order that they never want, the chickweed has a fecundity that no other plant possesses. In the course of one year the chickweed germinates, sheds its seeds, and bears others seven or eight times. Eight generations of chickweed may cover the earth every year.

It occupies the fields naturally, and invades our gardens; it is almost impossible to destroy it. Besides, of all the herbs naturally inhabiting the earth which dispute the soil of the usurpers we introduce, the chickweed is that which injures our cultivation the least. We might tolerate it, as it has scarcely any hold upon the earth with its fine slender roots.

The only open-air Winter Flower.

In January the calycanthus of Japan opens upon such of its naked branches as are seen through the snow, little pale flowers, yellow and violet, which exhale a sweet perfume, recalling at once the odor of the jasmine and the hyacinth.

This is the only flower that blooms in the open air during severe cold. The flowers soon wither and fall—its gray branches remain naked—the leaves will not show themselves before spring.

Flower Fashions.

Different flowers, says a French writer, arrange themselves differently in their buds. The petals of the roses cover each other by a portion of their sides; the bindweed is rolled and folded like paper filters. It is the same with leaves in the bud; those of the syringa are folded long-wise, half upon half; those of the aconite are doubled in their width from bottom to top several times over themselves; those of the gooseberry are folded like a fan; those of the apricot are rolled over each other. The vines, too, have their own fashion of climbing. The scarlet runner and the wistaria form their spirals from left to right; the honeysuckle and the hop twine about supporting trees from right to left, and that always without exception. Never will a honeysuckle or a hop twine round a tree by turning from left to right.

Never will a convolvulus or a scarlet runner or wistaria climb by making their spirals from right to left. The vine, the passion flower, the clematis and sweet pea, attach themselves by little elastic gimlets in the shape of corkscrews. The ivy ascends straight up, shooting little roots into the bark of trees or into the chinks in walls. So climbs the bignonia radicans, only it fastens its old wood, and lets its branches of the year droop with their clusters of long red flowers. The jasmine with its silver stars supports its new shoots upon its old branches. The briar and the periwinkle climb by the strength of the sap alone, fall back when they attain a certain height, immediately take root again by the point with which they touch the earth, and spring up again with fresh vigor.

The Rose-bush World.

With every leaf, with every flower, says a French writer, are born and die the insects which inhabit them and feed upon them, and likewise those which eat the insects themselves. Every flower which is born and dies is a world with its inhabi-

tants. On one inch of the branch of a young shoot of a rose-tree more than five hundred little reddish green insects assemble. They are aphides or vine fretters, and they never venture to travel one inch in the course of their lives. With a little proboscis they plunge into the epidermis of the branch, and suck certain juices which nourish them, but they will not eat the rose-tree. Almost every plant is inhabited by aphides differing from those of others. "Those of the elder are velvety black, those of the apricot are of a glossy black, those of the oak are of a bronze color; those of gooseberries are like mother of pearl; upon the absinth they are spotted white and brown, on the field sorrel black and green, upon the birch black and another shade of green, upon the privet a yellowish green, upon the pear-tree coffee-colored." Each little aphid changes its skin four times before it becomes a perfect aphid. One little aphid that lives on a rose-tree at the beginning of the warm weather brings into the world ninety aphides, and these, twelve days after, produce ninety more. In the fifth generation the original little aphid would be the author of five billions nine hundred and four millions nine thousand aphides—a tolerable amount. One aphid is in a year the source of twenty generations. The whole earth would be given up to aphides if they were not eaten by other insects, which in turn form the food of the birds we eat, and we in turn go back to earth, whose grasses and flowers produce and feed other aphides.

"Shaped like a tortoise, and about as large as a pea, quite at his ease on a rose-bush, is a little insect the naturalists call coccinella, but children know it as a lady-bird. Before it had its pretty polished shell of orange, yellow, black or red sprinkled with black or brown specks, it was a large flat worm with six feet, and of a dirty gray color, marked with a few yellow spots. This ugly worm came from an amber-colored egg, and was no sooner born than it set out in search of aphides. It establishes itself upon a branch covered with aphides, and eats as it likes until it suddenly fastens itself to some solitary leaf and fasts until it becomes a veritable lady-bird, innocent of all harm. Now it lets the aphides alone." But another kind of worm eats nearly an aphid a minute. With a kind of hollow trident it seizes them, sucks them, and throws away the dry skin every time. So the world will never be covered entirely with aphides.

One poppy plant produces 32,000 seeds, one tobacco plant 360,000, each of these seeds in its turn producing 32,000 or 300,000. At the end of five years, one would think the earth would be entirely covered with tobacco and poppies. A carp lays three hundred and fifty thousand eggs at once. Without going to Europe or traveling around the world, we find enough to astonish us on the branch of the nearest rose-bush or in the depths of the smallest neighboring stream.

A Costly Dinner Service.

A VIENNESE porcelain table service recently sold in Florence, consisted of two soup tureens, two bonbon holders for the ends of the tables, three basins for holding glasses, three coolers for champagne bottles, two vegetable dishes, two sauceboats, two sugar bowls, two salad dishes, two round preserve dishes, two octagonal preserve dishes, two square preserve dishes, two large round dishes, two medium round dishes, two small round dishes, two large oval dishes, two medium oval dishes, two little oval dishes, a flat vase or cup with handles, a radish dish, eighteen soup plates and fifty-one ordinary plates. The ground on the borders of the plates and dishes is blue, on which there is a rich decoration in gold

with little oval medallions in black and white on gold grounds. On all the other pieces the ground is in three colors—blue, delicate rose mauve, and white. The decorative pictures, 107 in number, are exquisite paintings, reproducing the *chefs-d'œuvre* in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna. The service brought upward of thirteen thousand dollars. It belonged to the famous San Donato collection.

Our Guest-Chamber.

BY GRACE BENEDICT.

FATHER has been buying a house for us over on Ormiston Hill. Small and plain and old-fashioned as it is, we find it very pleasant to be planning for a home of our own after living in a rented place so long. We have all been over to see it, and Miranda, who is quick with her pencil, drew a plan of the rooms, and took a number of measurements to study over at home so that we can dispose of our small store of furniture to the best advantage when we take possession.

Everybody has something to propose, some favorite idea to carry out, and if the state of our finances only permitted, I suppose that the carpenters and masons we can only wish for now would soon transform the place entirely.

Miranda's great concern seems to be about our guest-chamber.

"Which shall it be?" she asks musingly as she gazes at her plan for our second story.

Mother looked over at me and smiled, and then went on counting the stitches in her knitting. The question was so like Miranda!

"I cannot see how there can be any which or where about it!" exclaimed Jennie in that experienced tone that is often so very reproving to Miranda, and indeed to all of us, for Jennie being the youngest, and a great favorite with Uncle John and Aunt Rhoda, our rich relations, has had better opportunities than the rest of us to travel about and see the world.

"The south chamber is for mother, of course," Jennie went on to say. "There are the great closets she needs, and her favorite position between the windows for her bed, while father can have the open fire-place he thinks he cannot live without. How well it is the house is old-fashioned enough for that! As for the long west room, it seems to have been built on purpose for three girls who cannot afford to have each a room to herself. You see, Fannie (addressing me as the one who seemed most open to suggestion), there is no end of room in it. We can each have an opportunity to spread ourselves, and that is something new at least. Miranda can have the sunny end, and make it look like 1776 if she wishes, with some of mother's old furniture, or she can fit it up in Noachian style and give us a glimpse of the world before the flood. As for you and me, Fannie, we can occupy the other end with whatever this nineteenth century can furnish us in the way of black walnut and Trenton pottery, thankful that none of it dates any further back than my eighteenth birth-day."

"Your first suggestion is a good one," said mother. "I was wondering what we should do with that superannuated chest of drawers and the high-post bedstead. Isn't there a place for your grandmother's old corner cupboard, too?"

"Yes, indeed! Ghost and all," said Jennie. "The old clock will stand on the stairs outside and tell it when to wake up and tap, tap on those ancient doors on frosty nights, just as it did when you were a girl, mother."

"But what about our guest-chamber?" asked

Miranda, breaking in on Jennie's chatter. "We have four bed-chambers on this second floor and we have taken out titles for two. How shall we bestow the others?"

"Wait until I have done and you will see," said Jennie, drawing Miranda's plan toward her corner of the table, around which we four ladies had gathered. "This room over the hall, small as it is in comparison, is the best we can do for our friends. The triple window is very picturesque, and this little alcove will take in our best dressing bureau as well as though it had been considered in the architect's plan. We can drape them both with fresh clean muslin, loop away the curtains with ribbon, and touch up all the toilet arrangements with dainty pink as a contrast to the gray in carpet and walls. I'll embroider a set of mats to match, and all will go to make up the pleasantest little bird's-nest of a place we ever had. I can see it now! There's our handsome old china vases for the brackets, and the roses I painted for Madame Duping's exhibition will be all the decoration the walls need have till our ship comes in!"

Now, to tell the truth, Jennie's picture of our guest-chamber seemed to me absolutely brilliant—that is for us. We are not an ingenious family. We haven't what Aunt Rhoda calls *faculty*. We believe in decorative art as much as we do in the last satellite of Mars. But then we cannot decorate, and our poverty, which others find so often an opportunity for the development of genius in that line, is only a hindrance to us, since we cannot supply our deficiencies by a liberal patronage of other people's gifts.

It is very different with the Shannons, our next neighbors. A short purse has been a stimulus to them, an opening for the exercise of talents which otherwise might have lain dormant or found expression through their orders to artists and upholsterers.

No mere professional man can equal Lydia and Marianne in the versatility of their genius. Give them unlimited credit at a cabinet-maker's, and they would have so many improvements to suggest that one might think their whole habit of mind was kaleidoscopic, and the immediate re-arrangement of ordinary materials into some new and beautiful combination required only a thought.

But these are not the circumstances for the best display of their ability. They glory in difficulties. If there is a room to furnish and nothing to do it with but old boxes, barrels, faded quilts, and the like, with some pretty chintz, bits of ribbon, muslin and gay binding, some tacks, a hammer, glue-pot and scissors, with a boy who can handle a saw (he need not have brains, only muscle), and these girls will turn you out such luxurious chairs and lounges, such toilet-stands, brackets, work-tables and what not else, that you might wish all Middleton was poor if its homes could be as cozy and beautiful as theirs.

In fact, it has been whispered about among us that the Shannons have been put into print. I picked up a stray magazine the other day that gave a chapter on cheap decorative art, and the directions for knocking up a whole set of bed-chamber furniture were given in that easy, slipshod style that is so very aggravating in Lydia Shannon when she is displaying to me her latest wonder. How near, how cheap, how apparent to her must be the means we might use in beautifying our humble home!

"I could engage to furnish my room elegantly out of Mrs. Spendall's garret," said Lydia to me the other day. "What possibilities she has for Turkish mats and Persian rugs in those old chests! I positively ache to get into them!"

"I have no doubt of it, my dear," said I, meekly. "I wish you could rummage in ours. Perhaps there is a bower of beauty waiting there for your enchanter's wand."

"I dare say there is," said Lydia. "We ought to have gone prospecting there long ago."

I dare say Lydia would indorse Jennie's plan. Indeed I am sure she would—that is, as far as it goes.

But there sat Miranda, shaking her head as though brilliant conceptions were as plentiful in the Branleigh mansion as raindrops and dandelions in April.

"It's all pretty and delightful, Jennie, till the door is shut. Then what?"

"There's the windows for ventilation."

"Certainly, and when these can be raised and lowered, and a transom put over the door to secure a current of air, it will do. But let a damp east wind blow in, and nine out of ten of our visitors will fly to the sashes and shut them tight, if they have to live on a starvation diet of air all night, and poisoned at that. Think of Uncle John with a window open or a door unbolted!"

"He does not come often or stay long," persisted Jennie. "As if our friends could expect to have their whims considered as they are at home! I wish we could have a larger room; but when we cannot do as we would, we must do as we can. Isn't that true philosophy, sister mine?"

"Certainly, and it comes just in time to preface my suggestion. Let us give our friends the benefit of the large square chamber over the dining-room. Plain as it is, it is at least comfortable."

Jennie lifted both hands in dismay at the bare proposal, but Miranda only laughed and went quietly on as she will sometimes when a thing like this is "borne in" on her mind.

"We will give our pretty hall-room to the boys, because they couldn't and they wouldn't suffer for air in any room that had a window or a door in it. The wind might blow a hurricane, but they would have them both open."

"But, Miranda," exclaimed Jennie, "how can you be so absurd? How can we furnish that barn of a room, or make it pretty? The windows are in two sizes, the floor is uneven, the doors are unpaneled, and the chimney is neither in the center nor the corner. The room would need entire reconstruction."

"Certainly, with elegance as its chief requisite, it would. But put comfort first, and it expresses my idea of hospitality far better than the other. In the choice and furnishing of our guest-chamber, we should aim to make, as far as possible, a little temporary home for our friends, where, when the door is shut, their notions of comfort may rule unrestricted by ours. This room has most of the essentials for this. It is spacious, with air and light from two sides, secluded yet accessible, and possesses those sanitary treasures, an open fire-place and a transom over the door, while its large closet, if given unreservedly to our friends, would fully atone in a three days' visit for its plain, unpaneled door."

"Then as to furnishing. We should give our skill and strength first of all to the comforts we provide for our friends. How often we find a housekeeper satisfied when she has fitted up an elegant apartment for her guests without any apparent effort to suit its arrangements to the varying needs of its occupants. Imagine Uncle John shut up among Marianne Shannon's beautifully embroidered pillow-shams without any choice in pillows, or Father Holcombe left anywhere at any time to solace himself with rosewood and lace, and no blanket for his bed. The very thought of it would make the old gentleman uneasy the hottest night in August."

"Certainly it would, my dear," said mother, with a rheumatic twinge bringing her into present sympathy with our venerable friend. "People ought to have a blanket within reach all the year round."

"I'm taking notes," said Jennie, busy over her

memorandum book and pencil. "Under head of model guest-chamber I have two items, viz.: 'blankets, multitudinous, omnipresent; pillows, various; closets, indispensable and empty. Proceed, Miranda!'"

"In a panoramic memory of my trip last year with Cousin Annie," said our elder sister, "I recall two or three very uncomfortable nights which will illustrate my position exactly. The first of these was passed in a bed-chamber more elaborately decorated than any I ever saw. The ruling passion of our hostess was display. We counted, very much to her satisfaction, more than one hundred pieces of ornamental work done by her own fair hands in that one apartment. The toilet appointments dazzled and bewildered us. We saw a pin-cushion entirely too beautiful for pins. There were mats for bureau, washstand, table and floor, tufted, crocheted, monogrammed, quilted and braided; embroidered chairs and sofa pillows; tidies in variety; slumber roll and foot rest; vases, picture-frames, and gypsy kettle; shaving case, slipper case, and cases for clothes brush, dust brush, toilet brush, hand mirror and night-dresses; boxes for shoes, collars, hair-pins, jewels, perfumery, and matches; a beautiful lampshade which was a miracle of pin-holes and scissor work; a book rack in leather work, a towel rack in worsted work, and a photograph rack in spatter work; wall pockets, little and big, a fern basket, a bell rope, a castle in the air—"

"Stop there, please," said mother, with a comical expression of distress. "What was that last thing? I think I have taken in all the rest."

"A castle in the air. An indescribable cobweb of bristles and red sealing-wax which hung overhead and gently swayed with the faintest breath of air—the very picture, so you would say, of an aimless life."

"So I should think! Is your catalogue ended, Miranda?"

"By no means. Besides various minor fancies I cannot now recall, the bed, that crowning triumph of industrial skill, has not been touched upon. We had noticed its exquisite array of lace, pink satin, and embroidery when we made our first tour of discovery around the room with our hostess, but without any concern as to what should be done with all the finery when we came to sleep on it—since she assured us that a maid especially trained for such service would put it all safely away before that time, and dress our couch for its legitimate work."

"We retired late and unattended. Imagine our feelings when we entered our room and found those pillow-shams still in undisturbed possession! Enthroned in regal splendor high over the gossamer satin-lined spread, they seemed to mock the blessed angel of sleep whose visit we had so hopefully invited. We dared not lay a finger on them; we couldn't sit up all night, and, as every one else had retired, we must needs summon the mistress by way of reaching the maid who had so cruelly forgotten us."

"These worthies hastened to our rescue. Unfortunately for us, the undressing of that bed was so much more impressive in its scenic effects than the re-dressing of it that we failed to note what should be the first consideration in bed-making, viz.: the comfort of the sleepers."

"We were left alone and were under the coverlets before we found that the mattress was as hard as the floor, and the rainbow-tinted bedspread now on duty was insufficient for warmth in spite of the six thousand pieces of silk which had been sewed together to make it."

"We got up and began to explore the room, hoping to find in some gorgeous blanket-case, some decorated quilt-box or fancy counterpane receiver, the relief we needed."

(To be concluded in our next.)

YOUNG AMERICA

One New-Year's Call.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

POSEY threw down her book, leaned both elbows on the big table, and took a long look at Tom.

"Whew!" he whistled—returning the look with interest. "Now, then, what is it? You don't stare that way for nothing."

"*Sh!*" said Posey, warningly; and she screwed up her mouth and pointed to the door. "For pity's sakes! do keep still; you'll have Aunt Pitkin an' the two grandmothers in to send us to bed if you don't look out."

"Aunt Pitkin's gone to meetin'," said Tom, carelessly, tilting his chair back on two legs and commencing to whistle a jig, "an' Grandmother Dean's in bed long ago."

"Grandmother Badger ain't," retorted Posey, quickly; and she gave such a brisk nod that her two long braids of yellow hair flew up and down on her back in a decidedly lively manner.

"Grandmother Badger *is!*" cried Tom, bringing his chair down on all four legs with a bang. "I saw her putting on her nightcap an hour ago, when I peeked in her room to beg some string. So there, now, Posey Lefferts!"

"Hadn't you better go to bed?" squeaked out a faint voice just back of him, and a rustle of a silk gown coming in the door struck dire consternation into his very soul.

"Oh—er—ah!" began Tom, bouncing around.

"Yis—so I think," said another voice, as much like the other as it was possible to be; "they'd orter go to bed."

"What! those children up yet!" exclaimed Aunt Pitkin, taking up the refrain. "Goodness! it's well meeting's out early, or I don't know but you'd set up all night!" And she bustled in, pulling off her gloves. "Now then, off, both of you!"

"Grandmother Badger *was* abed, warn't she?" giggled Posey, as they tumbled up the back stairs with their candles.

"Well, *we* are, any way," grunted Tom. "So that's enough! It's mean as dirt, Pose, to hustle us off like— There! my candle's gone out."

"You can light it by mine," cried Posey, running up. "Yes, 'twas perfectly awful to send us to bed—and I'd got a lovely plan all ready to tell, Tom. Perfectly elegant!"

She looked so enraptured at the very idea, and her eyes sparkled so, that it made Tom almost wild to look at her—he was so crazy to know what it was.

"You might as well tell it now," he said, setting down his candle on the old-fashioned bureau, "or you won't sleep a wink to-night."

"I know it," said Posey, with a very big sigh. "Oh! dear, not a single wink."

"Tell on, then," said Tom, impatiently; and shoving a stuffed chair that had the slight disadvantage of having one castor out toward her, he flung himself down on a pile of boots on the floor and said, sociably, "There, sail in now, chick, and make yourself comfortable."

"It's awful wicked," said Posey, doubtfully.

"Aunt Pitkin and the grandmothers sent us to bed." But she came in nevertheless, and set her candle down on the bureau by the side of Tom's.

"What did you say 'twas?" said Tom, carelessly, after seeing her snugly ensconced in the depths of the chair. "The plan, you know."

"The *loneliest*," cried Posey, clasping her hands. "Now, Tom, say you will! Do, there's a dear!"

"How can I, till I know what 'tis!" cried Tom, wriggling impatiently on the boots. "Goodness! do tell, if you are going to!"

"Well, it's New-Year's," said Posey, wriggling in her turn, but with delight. "We can have an elegant time, as easy as not."

"*An elegant time!*" repeated Tom, scornfully. "I guess so—that's a pretty story! We had a nice time Christmas, didn't we?"

This remark seemed to bring up something unpleasant in Posey's mind, for she sat and ruminated over it for the space of two minutes.

"We *didn't* hang up our stockings, to be sure," she said at last with a very sober face. "But then, Tom, they were kind, and meant to be good to us. They gave us our books, you know."

"What did I care for books!" cried Tom, in high dudgeon, giving one old boot a fling into the corner. "'Twarn't Christmas at all, as long I couldn't have skates. That's all I wanted. And besides, what kind of books, I sh'd like to know!" He got up and began to walk up and down the room with his hands in his pockets. "I might as well tell you, Pose, what I did." He whirled around suddenly, and brought up in front of her.

"Not anything bad, I hope," cried Posey, anxiously. "O Tom, what was it?"

"I shied that memoir of somebody or other at a cat," said Tom, hanging his head so as not to meet Posey's blue eyes. "You needn't look so; 'twas a horrid old thing—even the cat dodged it, and—"

"Why, 'twas a real pretty book," exclaimed Posey, springing forward. "Oh! dear, you shouldn't a done it."

"You said yourself you wouldn't be hired to read it," retorted Tom, indignantly. "You know you did—so!"

"'Twas pretty *looking*, anyway," said Posey, retreating gracefully on to safe descriptive ground. "The red cover was real sweet, I thought."

"I don't care a cent what the *cover* is," said Tom, turning on his heel and beginning to prance up and down again. "That's just like a girl!" he added, contemptuously.

"And I'm sure a girl is just as nice as a boy, any day!" cried Posey, flaring up. "I'm tired to death of your always saying that, Tom Lefferts!" And she began to show active signs of speedily departing from chair and room, shaking the dust in scorn from her feet.

"I didn't say they warn't," cried Tom in alarm, seeing her preparations, and trembling lest she should go before the wonderful plan was divulged. "They're a great deal nicer than some boys. Don't go, Pose—and, besides, I didn't mean *you*. You're better'n a boy any time. You make twice as much noise."

"Do I?" said Posey, perfectly mollified by the equivocal compliment, and settling back again comfortably. "Well, Tommy, now here's the plan—"

"That's right—pitch in," said Tom, gayly, flinging himself again on the boot-cushion. "Now, then!"

"It's calls," said Posey, drawing herself up in a very important way, and watching keenly to see the effect on her brother's chubby face. "We've never been out New-Year's, and this time I—"

"You don't mean *me*?" cried Tom, interrupting her, and starting up in horror. "Not *me*, Posey Lefferts?"

"Yes, just *you*," said Posey, calmly, though she quaked like everything inside. "Why can't you, Tom, just once, be a little like other people?"

"The *idea!*" cried Tom, dreadfully incensed. "You know I never made calls in my life, and I *hate* girls!"

"Tom," said Posey, sweetly, "don't you think it's because they don't like you? You know you're so awkward in the parlor. You're always knocking over things."

"I guess I'm as good as anybody," exclaimed Tom in a huff, and squaring around on her. "I know *how* to make calls, only I don't like 'em."

"No, you don't know how," said Posey sadly, regarding him with such a look of extreme commiseration that he bristled up at once.

"Try me and see," he cried suddenly, drawing himself up to his fullest height; "then find out for yourself. I guess I can do it as good as any of the other boys."

"You can try," said Posey, with the greatest difficulty keeping back a shout of triumph at the success of her trap. "But I don't believe you can do it *good*."

"All right!" said Tom, without a wince, resolving with immense determination that it *should* be just right.

"And we'll dress up *delegant*," said Posey enthusiastically; "and you shall have the red waistcoat, Tommy, 'cause it's your first call."

"You said I'd burst it!" exclaimed Tom, in utter surprise at such obligingness in parting with the much-tussled-over treasure in their charade costumes; "and I certainly haven't grown any smaller, Po."

"I'll let it out down the back," said Posey, pleasantly. "Oh! yes, Tommy, the red waistcoat'll do."

"*Sh!*" said Tom, holding up his hand warningly. "You better scuttle off to bed, or I guess 'twill be calls!"

"Misery me!" cried Posey in remorse; and flying for her candle, she ran down the long hall to her own room; and Tom heard her say in a loud whisper, as she shut the door, "*New-Year's night!*"

New-Year's night was cold and dark. The hard snow lay on the ground in crisp surface, that crunched under the boot-heels of the unfortunate pedestrian who was forced to be without. The stars had retreated behind the clouds as if tired of shining in such raw, chilly weather; and altogether it was not such a night as any one would choose for any festivity out doors.

If any one had been there to see, they might have observed two little figures stealing down with wary, careful footsteps the back stairs to the "two grandmothers' and Aunt Pitkin's house."

But then there wasn't any one to see! So Posey and Tom crept out safely, and closed the door without even so much noise as a mouse would make.

When they got there, however, it all came near being spoiled by Posey bursting into such a fit of laughter over Tom's singular appearance that it was with difficulty he could shake her into anything like a sober state at all.

"Do stop laughing!" he implored in a terrible whisper, under an awful old beaver hat that looked as if it had protected Noah from the deluge. "I don't look any worse than you do, I'm sure."

"If you could see yourself," said Posey, faintly, and sinking down on the snow, perfectly exhausted.

"*Je-ru-salem!*" he retorted. "Well, if you could only catch a sight of your gown! Never mind, Po, we're a match—about as ill-looking a

couple as you'd want to meet. Come, do get up and let's start."

Posey smothered a final laugh, and gracefully accepted the kind attentions of her cavalier to arise; and the two callers departed in state well worth witnessing.

They turned down the long village street; Aunt Pitkin's long calico gown, which Posey had borrowed without the formality of asking for it, tripping her up miserably at every third step. A little black bonnet, with a long veil that floated behind, gave her a most melancholy air, somewhat relieved by an old-fashioned, many-colored table-spread that in elegant folds fell from her shoulders as a shawl.

"Your old waistcoat's a-burstin'," announced Tom, cheerfully, when they had gone some little distance down the road. "I wish you had it safe home again. There! don't you hear it?"

"It's a step on the snow," said Posey, hurrying on. "Sh!" and she tried to scud faster than ever.

"Which place shall we go to first?" whispered Tom, as they were hurrying along. "Let's try to get in to the Bassetts."

"No, you *don't*, my fine fellow!" said a voice close behind them that made Tom skip in astonishment, while all the blood in Posey's face fled, leaving her as pale as a ghost; and a firm hand, from which there was no getting away, grasped the gentleman caller by the collar.

"Lemme *alone!*" roared Tom, giving a terrible lunge to one side. But all of no use. The hand held on as if it *never* meant to let go.

"Do you s'pose I'll let such strange customers as you go prowling around?" said the man, giving the collar such a shake that Tom saw a thousand stars, although there weren't any visible in the heavens. "Why, I'm the new constable, 'pointed to-day." Here he straightened himself with such an air that, in spite of his misery, Tom could scarcely keep from bursting out laughing.

"We're—only—callin'," began Posey, with an awful gasp.

"I know it," said the man. "I've seen you—be'n watchin' you a-skulkin' along. Now you call at the Station House. *That's* the place for beggars."

Beggars! The children stood as if paralyzed for just one second.

"How *dare* you!" began Tom, glaring up in the big man's face.

"None of your sass to me," said the newly-fledged constable, delighted to show his power. "Now then, start, both of ye, as quick as you've a mind to!"

"I wish—we'd—never left—either of the grandmothers!" sobbed Posey, stumbling along in wretchedness, relentlessly urged on by their captor.

"Or Aunt Pitkin," said Tom, grimly. "If we ever *do* see them again, I guess we'll know better'n to be such geese!"

"They're just *lovely!*" wailed Posey, in such grief that it nearly broke Tom's heart; "and we've been *so* bad!"

"Well, I *never!*" cried a voice; and the first thing they knew, they all ran pell-mell in the darkness into a tall, gaunt woman going with rapid footsteps the other way.

"Oh, Aunt Pitkin!" cried Tom, giving such a joyful wrench that he broke clear away from the grasp on his collar, and precipitating himself into her arms. "Is it *really* you?"

"I think likely," said Aunt Pitkin, coolly. "There, there, Posey, child, you'll choke me to death. Who's this man, Tom?" she asked abruptly, pointing to the guardian of the peace, who had staggered back against the fence, regarding matters and things in general.

"He's—" began Tom.

"I was just a seein' 'em home safe," said the

man quickly. "Good evening," and touching his hat, he was off.

"I'm sure I'm *very* much obliged to you," said Aunt Pitkin after him.

"Oh! Aunt Pitkin!" cried Posey in horror, and stamping her foot in vexation, "he's an *awful* man. He said we were *beggars*, Aunt Pitkin! And—oh! don't let him go—*don't!*"

"And he was going to haul us to the Station House," said Tom, vindictively. "Now, Aunt Pitkin, just think of that!"

"Well, I don't think," said Aunt Pitkin, demurely, giving one keen glance all over their attire, "that he was so very far wrong after all. I guess we won't say anything about it, Tom," she finished with a little laugh, "but we'll start for home."

And start for home they did. And there, at the door, were the two dear old grandmothers!

"I'm glad you're home safe," was all they said. And the little wanderers went in to forgiveness.

And this was the only and the best call of the year.

Pompeii.

BY E. L. E.

POMPEII, although far-famed at the present day, was, at the time of its destruction, comparatively an insignificant city.

It numbered thirty thousand inhabitants, and bore so small a share in the struggles of the country that its name is scarcely mentioned in the annals of its subjugators. And yet it is the most important and almost only source of our acquaintance with ancient domestic life.

The town was built in an irregular oval form, extending from east to west, and surrounded by walls, which are, perhaps, the only part of the city at all calculated to resist that rapid decay which seems to hasten the disappearance of every other remain within their circuit.

They are built with a receding face of large stones, sometimes four to five feet long, laid in horizontal beds. They are partly well put together, but with an admixture of rubble-work and predominance of the species of brick-work called *reticulatum*, thereby resembling certain Greek works which have descended through a long series of barbarous possessors, and many centuries of ill repairs. Towers were built at irregular intervals, and between them, supported by a double wall, ranged the ramparts. But the nature of the repairs which have taken place in various parts seem to point out that these means of defense were kept up more for the sake of appearances than fear of attack; and the prolonged peace had given the inhabitants such confidence that the walls extending to the sea were entirely demolished.

The streets of Pompeii, bordered by pavement, are straight and narrow, not over twenty-three feet in breadth, some of the narrower lanes measuring only thirteen feet across.

They are admirably paved with large polygonal blocks of lava. At intervals, especially at the corners, are placed huge blocks of stone, slightly raised, and at a sufficient distance apart to enable the chariots and horses to pass between them.

These served as crossings, and the hollows in the center prove that the lava, not as durable as our modern pavement, yielded to the impress of the thousands of feet that daily passed over them.

In looking at these crossings we can only compare them to our stepping-stones across a brook, and funny pictures come before our minds of a modern belle daintily picking her way over them, in French-heeled boots and tie-backs.

The most interesting of the streets is that of the tombs. It approaches Pompeii from Naples, and both sides of the road, for nearly a furlong before entering the city, are occupied by tombs and public monuments, interrupted with shops.

This, although the principal entrance to the city, is not striking for its beauty, and is small in its dimensions.

The walls of brick and rubble-work are faced with stucco, which is covered with nearly illegible inscriptions of ordinances, etc.

The center archway is, in width, about fourteen feet, and might possibly have been twenty high; but its arch does not remain.

On each side were smaller openings for foot-passengers, four feet six inches wide, their height being about ten.

On the left, before entering the gate, is a pedestal, which appears to have been placed for the purpose of sustaining a colossal statue of bronze, some fragments of its drapery having been found there. This, possibly, was the tutelary deity of the city. On the opposite side of an arched recess, around and without which seats are formed in the center, was an altar or pedestal. This alcove, we may presume, was sacred to the god who presided over gardens and country places, as in it was found a most beautiful and exquisitely-wrought bronze tripod, supported by satyrs, with symbols emblematical of that deity.

The street of the tombs, as far as discovered, contains the monuments of those only who had borne some office in the State, and in some cases the ground on which they are respectively erected was assigned by vote of the public.

From this latter circumstance it may be inferred that this quarter (the east side of the city) was especially reserved for that purpose, while the general burying grounds were more removed from the city.

About a furlong distant from the city, toward Herculaneum, is the villa which has been named Suburbana, and which Bulwer, in his novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii," has rendered unusually interesting to the traveler.

In this work it is called the house of Diomed. In its subterranean vaults he, with his beautiful but bold daughter Julia, and many of their friends, sought shelter from the dreadful shower of ashes which threatened to suffocate them, and by carrying into this gallery a profusion of food and oil for lights, planned to remain till the worst was over. But, alas! they little thought how long would be their imprisonment, for nearly seventeen centuries had rolled away when the city of Pompeii was disinterred from its silent tomb, and in the house of Diomed twenty skeletons were found, together with coins, jewels, and candleabra, and wines hardened in the casks.

The earliest historical mention of Pompeii dates from B.C. 310. That its antiquity, however, is much greater is proved by its monuments, such as the wall of the town and the so-called Greek temple.

Founded by the Oscans, it soon became imbued with the elements of Greek civilization.

After the Samnite wars, in which Pompeii had participated, the town became subject to Rome.

It united with the other Italians in the social war, and after the termination of the war, B.C. 82, a colony of Roman soldiers was sent to Pompeii to whom the inhabitants were compelled to cede one-third of their arable land.

In the course of time Pompeii became thoroughly Romanized, and was a favorite retreat of Romans of the wealthier classes, some of whom purchased estates in the vicinity.

The final destruction of the city occurred August 24th, 79. It had previously been visited, in 63, by a fearful earthquake, which destroyed the greater part of the city; its temples, col-

omadés, theaters, and private houses were ruined on that occasion, and the Roman Senate even contemplated prohibiting its reconstruction. Permission, however, having been granted, the new town was rebuilt and had been completed but a short time when the terrible catastrophe of 79 overtook it, and it was buried beneath a mass of twenty feet in thickness.

The habitations of Pompeii are of various sizes, and have obviously been modified in their fittings by the nature of the situation, the caprice of the proprietor, and other circumstances.

Their chief peculiarity is the internal court, which provided the surrounding chambers with light and was the medium of communication between them.

Most of the Pompeian houses, such as belong to the wealthy middle classes, are entered from the street by a narrow passage, called the vestibulum, which leads to the court, surrounded by a covered passage, with the impluvium or reservoir for rain-water in the center. Beyond the court, or atrium, is a large apartment opening on to it, termed the tablinum.

This front portion of the house was devoted to its traffic with the external world, while the other portion was destined solely for the use of the family. Its center also consisted of an open court inclosed by columns, in the center of which was laid out a beautiful garden.

Surrounding these were the sleeping and eating rooms, kitchen, cellar, etc. The numerous well-preserved stair-cases prove that the houses must uniformly have possessed a second, and in some cases a third story, which were used as apartments for the slaves.

One of the most elegant of Pompeii's private dwellings, the "House of the Tragic Poet," is so called from two representations found in the tablinum—a poet reading, and a theatrical rehearsal.

One familiar with Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" would immediately recognize this dwelling as belonging to Glaucus, the Athenian; and the novelist's description of the image of a dog, formed by the most exquisite mosaic and inserted in the floor of the vestibule, would distinguish it among many others of equal elegance.

Not far from the house of Glaucus, we come to the "House of Pansa," another relic which Bulwer has made unusually interesting to the traveler. It is one of the largest in Pompeii, occupying an entire insula 331 feet in length, 125 feet in breadth. It comprises sixteen shops and dwellings facing the different streets, and may be distinguished from others by the mosaic, with the greeting "Salve," found on its threshold.

Perhaps one of the most interesting relics of Pompeii is the Amphitheatre, situated at the southwest extremity of the town, and detached from the other ruins.

Its external aspect is somewhat insignificant, as, in order to facilitate the construction, a considerable portion of it, as high as the second story, was formed by excavating the earth.

An uncovered gallery runs around the exterior, to which stair-cases ascend for the use of spectators in the upper places.

Three different series of seats may be distinguished—the first with five, the second with twelve, and the third with eighteen tiers. Above these was also a gallery.

This immense edifice, constructed before the birth of Christ, was calculated to accommodate 20,000 spectators, and in 79 had not completely recovered from the effects of the earthquake of 63.

Although situated at a short distance from the other ruins, it is well worth the extra walk, and should not be overlooked by the traveler in his visit to this curious city.

The Nine Lives of a Cat.

BY AUTHOR OF "SCRAPSEY."

CHAPTER I.

ALMOST my first recollections were those of being sunk in a bucket of water, and then thrown into the ash-barrel. Previous to this I had frisked around all day with my little brothers and sisters, pulling all the strings, and scratching all the people who handled me. I had very good times, and should have liked to have lived so always; but this woman that people called Mrs. Jones, took me one day with the other kittens and drowned me, as she supposed.

When I came to myself, I was all wet and mussed and had ashes in my eyes; when I tried to lick my fur, I got ashes in my mouth. I mewed to the other kittens, but they did not mew back to me, and I felt very lonely and unhappy. I stayed in the ash-barrel a long while, and I was very cold and hungry; but I was afraid to get out and go to the kitchen, where I knew it would be nice and warm. At last I heard Mrs. Jones coming, and was so frightened that I jumped out and hid behind the coal-heap. It was well that I did, for she threw more ashes into the barrel, and even if she had not noticed me, I should have got all the ashes into my fur, and had to lick it off, and my tongue was sore already with so much licking. At night I crept from my hiding-place, and got out of a hole in the cellar window up into the street, and found some bones in a barrel and some scraps of pudding which I ate. Then I felt better and thought I might yet have good times, but a big dog came along and frightened me so that I was glad to go back to my hiding-place behind the coals.

I lived this way for several weeks and was often hungry, while the coals made me so dirty that my tongue fairly ached with the amount of licking it had to do.

Once I came very near being killed by eating some poisoned meat that I found on Mrs. Smith's fence, and I afterward heard her boasting that she had put it there to kill the cats. I made up my mind that if ever I had a chance I would be revenged.

There was a dear little boy in the neighborhood, who used to feed me whenever he dared, but his mother was afraid cats would hurt her birds, and would scold him whenever he spoke to us cats.

One day I well remember how little Johnny Reeves came out to the fence and called me down to him, and gave me some chicken-bones out of his pocket; the bones were so nice, and I was having such a good time, and dear little Johnny was stroking my back, when down came a broomstick on me, and I climbed up the fence as fast as I could to get out of the way of that broom. Then I saw Johnny's mother boxing his ears and pulling out his pockets to see the grease, and I felt so sorry that such a good little boy should be so abused for my sake, and made up my mind that I would do him a good turn if ever I had a chance.

That very night the little angel came out with his mug of milk, and he called out very softly, "Pussy Grey! Pussy Grey! I've saved my supper for you. I am so sorry mother whipped you, Pussy Grey."

All the time I was drinking the milk, Johnny was stroking my back, and twice he kissed me. I have heard people say they would not kiss a cat on any account, but Johnny kissed me, and I loved him for it.

One day a dog flew at me and hurt me dreadfully, tearing my eye, and my fore paw, and my mouth. I fled from him and got lost, and feeling

very sick and lame, I crept down a hole I saw in a cellar-door, and down some stone steps where there was another door that was shut, and I went to sleep. When I woke I was in great pain all over, and I could not move, and I was very hungry too. I wished Johnny would come to help me. I had no other friend. But nobody came that day, and I thought I should die.

The next morning a lady opened the door and seemed surprised to see me; I should have run away if I could have moved, but my leg was too lame. This lady was a good friend to me; she took me up in her arms, and spoke kindly to me, and she gave me some meat and bread and milk, and then she took me and shut me up in what seemed to be a lumber-room. I stayed there a long while, and every day this lady, whom I heard called Miss Matty, came and fed me, and talked to me, and then shut me up again. When my leg began to get well, I wanted to get out, and roam about and be free, and I tried to slip past Miss Matty when she was going out of the door; then she would catch me up and put me back again, and say, "No, no, you poor little creature, I am afraid Timothy will kill you." I did not know anything about Timothy, and longed to get out, and one day I did, and I got up in the open yard, and the sun was shining, and oh! how nice it was! But why will not cats know when they are well off? I was basking there in the sunshine, when out came a great white cat and pounced upon me with long claws and stuck her teeth into me. I screamed, and out came Miss Matty calling out, "Timothy! Timothy! stop! you'll kill the poor little thing!" This then was Timothy, and my end had come. I was all cut and bleeding, and Miss Matty took me in her arms, and that was all I knew for a long while. Then I seemed to be just waking from a nap, and looking about, I saw ever so many cats around me, and they were all friendly, and I saw a great stream of milk running like a river, and I thought I should now be very happy. Then the largest of the cats came toward me and said, "Pussy Grey, you see around you the cats who have lived and died. All cats have nine lives,—one as a cat, and the other eight as rats; you have lived your one life, but you can go back to the earth as eight rats, and visit the people who have treated you well or ill, and do as you please. Then come here and live in these Catnip Meadows by the Milky Way."

Having thus spoken, this cat threw catnip all over me, and I felt real comfortable, and while arranging the exploits of myself as eight rats, I fell into a doze, and I will now narrate what those exploits were.

CHAPTER II.

THERE were eight of us little rats in the cellar of Mrs. Jones. Two stayed there and gnawed their way into the kitchen, and ate the bread and meat whenever they got a chance, and ate great pieces out of the children's aprons on the front where the sticky things were. The fun of it was, Mrs. Jones thought it was the washing soda had done it, and threw away all she had; and then she said it was the washboard, and took away the washboard from the servant, and her servant said she could not wash without it and went away; then Mrs. Jones had to do all the work herself.

But it was a bad day for us, for we made such a noise knocking down some dishes that she opened the pantry-door quickly and saw us, and then she got a Skye terrier, and he shook us by the necks until we were dead.

Two of us little rats went to live in Mrs. Smith's cellar. Now this was the lady who put poisoned meat on the fence to kill the cats, and we were bound to recollect it. We got into her kitchen pantry and ate the food, and ran over the cold

dishes that were set away for breakfast or lunch, and we nibbled at a barrel of potatoes, and we ate up through a barrel of flour from the bottom nearly to the top, and when Mrs. Smith opened this flour and saw what we had done, she sat down and cried, and then she said, "Oh dear! oh dear! I shall have to keep a cat." But the worst thing of all we did was to put poison in her pan of buckwheat dough, and this was the way we did it: we were running round one night in the kitchen, and my little brother rat cried out to me that he had found a bowl of buckwheat dough; so we ate just as much as we wanted, and then I proposed that we should get one of those papers on the pantry-shelf marked "arsenic," and strew it over the dough. There was not much in the paper, but we got enough in our noses and mouths while carrying it to kill us before another day was over. However, we lived long enough to see the fun, for in the morning Mrs. Smith and her family were all sick at their stomachs after breakfast, and the doctor came and said they had been poisoned, and gave Mrs. Smith a good scolding for keeping poison lying around.

Three of us rats went to live in Mrs. Reeves' cellar, and we tormented Mrs. Reeves just as all rats will do, by eating the food in the pantries, and the clothes lying round the kitchen.

One day little Johnny Reeves was tied into his chair, and we nibbled at the strings until he got out; he cried when he first saw us, but afterward he laughed. The worst thing we did at Mrs. Reeves was to cut off the lead pipes that supplied the house with fresh water. We did it in the night, and when Mrs. Reeves came down to the kitchen in the morning, the water was over her ankles, and wasn't it fun to hear her scream, "Oh! those rats, those rats; they will be the death of me some day yet." It was a fine day for Johnny, for his mother was so busy cleaning out the kitchen that she had no time to scold him, and besides she had no time to dress him for school, and he got a holiday. But for rats it was a bad day, for at night Mrs. Reeves sent to her neighbor Miss Matty, to please lend her her large white cat Timothy. Timothy came and killed us all.

The eighth and last rat went to live in Miss Matty's cellar, but never had any peace of mind except on those nights when Timothy was shut out in the back yard. It lived long enough, however, to reward Miss Matty for some of her kindness to dumb beasts, and in this way: Miss Matty had a beautiful bird, and had just left the room for a few minutes when Timothy woke from a nap, and was just about to spring at the cage when the little rat bethought him of how he had been ordered to serve Miss Matty, and out he ran from his hiding-place almost into the jaws of the cat. There was an awful growl, and Miss Matty came running into the room just in time to see Timothy killing the rat.

Pussy Grey having fulfilled her destiny, was free to roam in the catnip fields by the side of the Milky Way.
AUNT HATTY.

Little Ones and Their Need.—The love which every child brings with it is in itself the strongest indication of the needs of the child. Love is like sunshine; without it there can be no harmonious growth or development. As well expect a fruit tree to bear delicious fruit in a cellar as expect a child to grow up into symmetrical manhood or womanhood without love. As invariably we appropriate the sunniest nook in the garden to the nursery, so must the warmest and sunniest apartments of the heart be given to the little ones. Nurtured in an atmosphere of love, their various powers expand in unconscious but harmonious beauty.

Little by Little.

BY MARY B. LEE.

The proverb says: "Small beginnings make great endings." Even so, all great works have been accomplished by degrees.

Little by little Newton acquired the knowledge which made him the greatest philosopher of the world.

Word by word, little by little, blind Milton dictated his great poem to his daughters. Little by little had he acquired the learning which made him capable of writing that poem—"Paradise Lost."

Letter by letter, word by word, sentence by sentence, the child learns to read. Stroke by stroke, he learns to write and draw. Step by step he proceeds till he can read the most difficult works of the finest authors; and, if he has the ability, he may add to the literature of his country, as he can express his thoughts in pen and ink.

The student wishes to learn a foreign language. He must master it little by little, letter by letter, word by word, sentence by sentence.

St. Peter's, at Rome, is the largest church in the world, but it was raised stone by stone.

A house is built brick by brick, stone by stone, or plank by plank.

A canal is dug out shovelful by shovelful.

It is a formidable undertaking to stretch the telegraph wires across the continent; but post by post, wire by wire, and the work is done.

A railroad is laid rail by rail, little by little.

A book is a common everyday thing with us, in this United States, in this 19th Century. How few ever think of the mechanical labor involved in writing a book! The author can only make one letter at a time, no matter how fast his thoughts may flow. Hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month, he plods along before his work is ready for the printer. The type is set up letter by letter, word by word. The book is printed page by page, and the reader peruses it little by little.

Franklin said: "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." By little savings, great fortunes are accumulated.

In Nature, the same rule prevails. Little by little the mighty oak grows from the little acorn: great forests from tiny seeds.

Down at the bottom of the ocean, little insects are building mansions for themselves. Year after year, age after age, the busy insects work on, till the surface of the ocean is reached. Little by little the winds carry dust which forms soil, the birds drop seed, vegetation springs up, and the lovely coral islands become the home of man. The Bermudas, Florida Keys, part of Florida, and many islands in the Pacific, are examples of the work accomplished by coral insects.

Cell by cell, corpuscle by corpuscle, fiber by fiber, does the tiny infant become the full-grown man. Slowly, gradually, little by little, grows the body as well as the mind.

Pupils of the many schools of this great country, you are building up an education. Word by word you can master the spelling-book; rule by rule you will learn the grammar of your language. Country by country you will learn the geography of the globe. Date by date, year by year, administration by administration, you will gain a knowledge of the history of our country. Planet by planet, star by star, you may travel through space and behold the wonders of the Universe.

Case by case, rule by rule, example by example, the difficult study of arithmetic may be mastered. "To him that hath shall be given," are inspired

words. They apply to everyday life in every respect. The man who has succeeded in saving a little money, soon increases it. It has been said that a man finds it very hard to save the first hundred dollars. The first hundred saved, he has a little capital with which to make more.

From very small beginnings our rich men have made their princely fortunes.

Those who have improved their opportunities and learned what they could, find it easy to learn more. The more they learn, the more they want to learn, and the more they can learn.

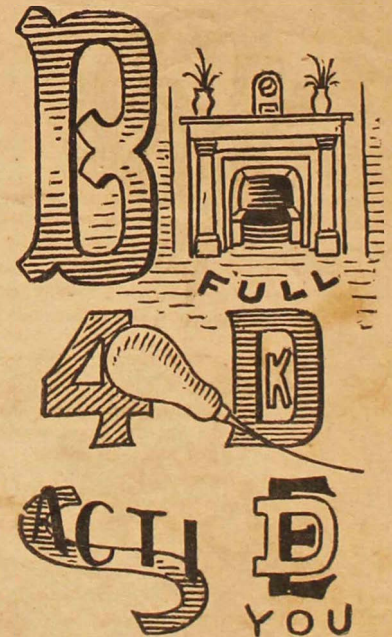
Like individuals, nations advance, little by little. At the close of the 12th Century the English were a nation of slaves, actually bought and sold with the land. To-day, the descendants of those slaves stand in the front ranks of civilization. England is the home of civil and religious liberty.

Christianity had a very small beginning. A small upper room in Jerusalem once held the whole Christian world. Now, consider the worshippers, the churches, the hospitals, the literature, the music, and the influence of the Christian world. An ordinary village in this country would furnish more believers than filled that upper room eighteen hundred years ago.

Little by little, very slowly indeed, those great frozen rivers—the glaciers—move along their valleys.

Even the great ocean is made of little drops of water, the lofty mountains of grains of sand. And the children sing:

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.
Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this Earth an Eden
Like the Heaven above!"



Solution to Illustrated Rebus in May.

ATTENTIVE minds bring great awards.

FANCY WORK.

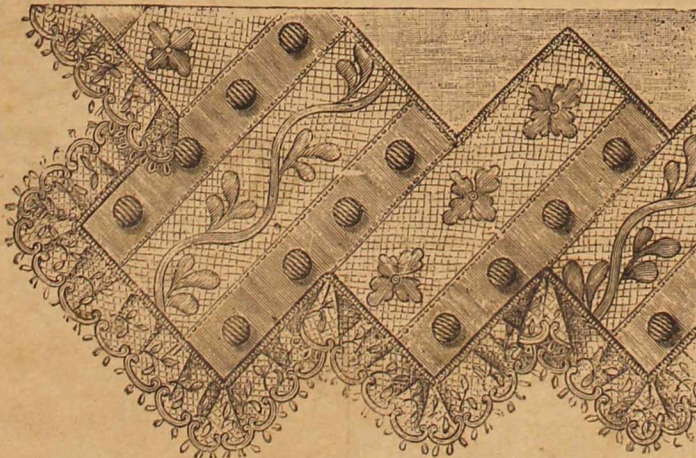


Receptacle for Soiled Linen.

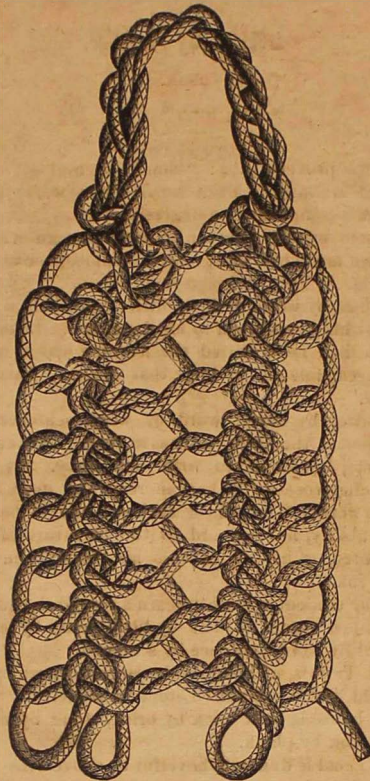
TAKE an ordinary flour barrel, line it with paper muslin, and on the outside cover it with cretonne laid in box-plaits. Around the top finish with a lambrequin made of turkey red, with cretonne flowers transferred on the center of each point. Cover the lid with cretonne inside and out, and put a full plaiting of the same round the edge. For the handle on top use an iron trunk-handle. The tassels on lambrequin are made of worsteds corresponding with the colors in the cretonne. By leaving the handle off the top, and having the lid made large enough to fit over, instead of the ordinary way, the barrel can stand in a room and be used for a table.



MONOGRAM, B. N.



BORDER FOR TOILET SET.



Curtain Band; Knitting.

WHITE CORD AND COARSE STEEL NEEDLES.

BEGIN by crocheting a loop loosely with 18 chain and 1 slip stitch. Then place the stitch on the knitting-needle, and knit to and fro as follows:—
1st row: Twice alternately cotton forward, and decrease 1 (that is, slip 1 as if for purling, knit 1, and pass the slipped stitch over the knitted one).
2d row: Twice alternately cotton forward, decrease 1; repeat the 2d row as often as necessary, cast off, and crochet a loop of 18 chain as above.

This is also pretty, used for a border on table-spreads or brackets, and hang tassels in the loops to form a fringe.

Border for Toilet Set.

THE center is made of swiss, the border of lace and satin ribbon, overhanded together. The embroidered spots on the ribbon are of twisted silk floss. A complete set comprises cover for cushion, mat for cushion to rest on, two side mats each side of cushion, and two mats for the brackets each side of mirror.

Wall Pockets.

VERY effective pockets or catch-alls are made of old straw wide brimmed hats. Buy at the druggist's or fancy dealer's a bottle of liquid-gilt, and put it all over the outside of the hat with a camel's hair brush. Let it dry thoroughly, and then line the brim with satin, and in place of a crown lining make the satin to form a bag and draw with a drawing cord and tassels. Turn the hat up on one side and put on a large bunch of dried grasses and ribbon, also a few wild flowers.

For those who have not seen them, childrens' little wooden pails with fancy pictures on or painted in water colors, and finished at the top, with satin frilled on to form a bag. They are very pretty and inexpensive.

Cap Basket.

A BASKET of this description is very useful for elderly ladies who dwell in the country and carry their caps when dining out, and it is also useful for carrying about fancy work, etc.

A round is formed of silver paper, it is lined, and at each side there is a crimson silk or satin bag, drawn with a silk cord. If preferred, cardboard covered with Java canvas and worked in cross-stitch can be substituted for the silver paper.

Chinese Penwiper.

TAKE a diminutive Chinese fan with very long handle, cover the fan with silk on both sides, then cut several pieces of black cloth and fasten each side of fan. For the outside cut off cardboard, cover with silk, and transfer a Chinese picture in the center. To complete the ornamentation, fasten a few light feathers turning toward the handle, and fasten with a fine cord and small tassels.



NOTE CASE CLOSED.

Note Case.

VELVET, cloth, or reps, lined with silk or glazed calico, may be used. Braid may be laid on, or any little embroidery pattern will serve to ornament the case, and the initials of the owner should also be introduced. The case is just large enough to contain notes in the ordinary size of note-paper, without folding. A button and loop of silk serve to close the case. A loop of ribbon is fastened inside, at the top, to hold a pencil.



NOTE CASE OPEN.



looking a little seedy; "but they're not half s'old as my hat." And it was three o'clock the next afternoon before Tom understood what he meant by it.

Note This.—Perfect confidence between parent and child is a seven-fold shield against temptation.

Revenge not always "Sweet."—Paying your debts is a good doctrine in money matters; as to revenge, it is not so moral, and certainly not so wise.—*Lord Lytton.*

We Mourn our Loss.—The loss of a friend is like that of a limb; time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.

Remorse of Conscience.—Remorse of conscience is like an old wound; a man is in no condition to fight under such circumstances. The pain abates his vigor, and takes up too much of his attention.—*Jeremy Collier.*

Take Care.—"The mind of a young creature," says Bishop Berkeley, "cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will be sure to use even that which is bad."

Remember.—Whenever it may be needed to mention anything to the disadvantage of another, let it be done with truthfulness, tenderness, humility, and with recollection of how much has been forgiven you.

Moderate.—The man who works so moderately as to be able to work constantly, not only preserves his health the longest, but, in the course of the year, executes the greatest quantity of work. So arises the saying, "Every man does more work in ten months than twelve."—*Adam Smith.*

Beautiful Things.—Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence.

The Better Education.—You can train the eye to see all the bright places of your life, and so slip over the hard ones with surprising ease. You can also train the eye to rest on the gloomy spots, in utter forgetfulness of all that is bright and beautiful. The former is the better education.

DOGS for sale, children given away,
O dear good lady, will you buy?
Blanche and Sweetheart, Towser and Tray.
They are better than babies that cry.
Spaniels, terriers, spitz, and pugs,
Harmless as those on your dainty rugs.

THIS dog will eat toast and sweet cream,
And wag his white tail with delight,
In the scale the child kicks the beam,
The delicate darling is white.
'Tis the dog that I mean—he's sweet—
Some might think he's a morsel to eat.

A POOR little girl in the street
Implores with a sorrowful cry
For a sou to buy something to eat,
Of a lady that's passing by.
But she's purchased a dog at the sale,
And she heeds not the sufferer's tale.

SPICE-BOX

How do you Know?—Kisses by telephone taste like a boiled china egg on toast.

Rather Significant.—"I'm astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start!" "Well, sir, I've been waiting for you to start for the last hour." And he went.

Ah!—Skating is very healthful exercise. It not only puts in play all the muscles of the legs and arms, but it creates bumps on the head for future phrenologists to feel of and report on.

Sold!—"Been having your boots half-sole'd?" asked Tom. "Well, yes," said Ben, who was

No Difficulty.—An article is going the rounds treating on the best method of putting away potatoes. A family of about eight, including three boys and three girls, can put away potatoes about as successfully as is necessary.

Putting it Gently.—Miss T—, a pretty society girl, has hands so red as to resemble boiled lobsters. "She is a most charming young person," said a wag, "but her hands are rather bashful."

The Force of Habit.—Scene—Ladies' boarding-school; sergeant drilling class. Sergeant: "Heads erect, shoulders square, eyes looking straight to the front; lean well forward on the fore-part of the feet, thumbs touching the seams of the trou— Ahem! As you were!" General titter.

The Idea.—Small child to youthful acquaintance: "Ma says I must not play with you, because my papa is an officer, and you are common children." Little Brown, in a rage: "Common children indeed! Mamma says my papa is a bankrupt, and that he will always remain one!"

The Hims.—"How did you like the hymns?" asked Charles, of his cousin, as they left the church on Sunday. "One of them was just splendid," replied she, with enthusiasm. "Ah! which one?" "The one in the next pew, with black curly hair and such killing black eyes. Oh! I think he was the most fascinating 'him' of all." Charley became too much confused to pursue the conversation any further.

A Crusher.—They were looking at the hippopotamus. Said she: "Augustus dear, did you say that was a horse?" "Yes, my love, I did—a river horse." "Well, isn't he made up wrong, or deformed, or something of that sort?" "Oh, no! That's the only model of blood-stock they have in Africa. He isn't very pretty, is he?" "Well, not very; but do you know he reminds me of you sometimes, Augustus dear?" "How, dear? When he shuts his eyes and drifts into those delicious phases of reverie?" "No, love; it's when he yawns."

What Women are Doing.

Mrs. J. H. Hackett recently gave a lecture on "What is Cruelty?" in which all the charm of voice, manner, and elocution was brought to the aid of a purely ethical subject.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe is not dead, to the profound joy of women everywhere, who could ill afford to lose so able a champion and worthy a representative.

The Duchess of Galliera, a lady distinguished by her munificent charities, has given her Genoese palace of La Salita di San Bartolomeo degli Armeni for a child's hospital.

Mlle. Colette Dumas, the pretty and piquant daughter of the novelist, has just entered society. She is very much admired at the entertainments to which her proud father escorts her.

A New Scholarship.—Mme. Lecon has presented £800 to the Ecole des Beaux Arts, for the foundation of an annual prize of architecture, in memory of her brother, M. Godebourg, whose name it is to bear.

Mary Custer lives alone in a shanty at Sioux Falls, Dakota, surrounded by books, which a careful education enables her to enjoy; but she earns her living at a washtub, refusing all offers of higher employment, and declaring that she only wants to be let alone.

Miss Abbey Langdon Alger, of Boston, has made a translation of Helen von Raowitz's "My Relations with Ferdinand Lasalle," a book which has made no little sensation in Germany.

Two or Three English Ladies have opened a soup kitchen in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, at Belleville, one of the poorest Parisian quarters, where such institutions are in great request.

Twenty-six Young Women are to be admitted as telegraphic pupils at Liege in the Central Bureau of Telegraphy. A preliminary examination of capacity will be held. The superintendent and assistant will have the duty of teaching them.

Viscountess Maynard, the grandmother of Miss Maynard who was recently presented at the English Court, for many years during her life distributed \$10,000 annually among the poor in the neighborhood of Easton.

The Class for Teaching the Art of Reading Aloud, founded by the Préfet of the Seine, is now open. Five professors have been nominated, one being Mlle. Delaporte, the actress of the Gymnase. Her method of instruction is to be that advocated by M. Legouvé in his "Art de la Lecture."

Miss Gabriella T. Stickney, who was for a number of years a compositor in the Chicago *Legal News* office, has, in addition to the office of post-mistress, secured the appointment of notary public, and now does most of the swearing for the village of Collyer, Kansas.

The French Académie has conferred on Mlle. Krauss the purple ribbon (*palme académique*), a very honorable distinction, though less important than the Legion d'Honneur, and therefore thought to be better adapted as a decoration for those who have made a name on the stage. It is, however, quite an exception to give it to a woman.

A Lady has been Giving in Paris marvelous performances with four birds, trained to such a high degree of docility that they select, from a series of cards, replies to almost any question from the audience. These are invariably appropriate, and their originality is often striking.

Princess Stephanie and Crown Prince Rudolph will be married—by civil ceremony—at Brussels; the religious rites will be conducted at Vienna. The young people are to live at Prague. The Communal Council of Brussels intend to offer to the Princess a marriage gift of lace of the minimum value of \$5,000.

Lady Thornton carries out her English ideas in Washington. She declares emphatically that by her consent her guests shall not be criticised through the press. Whoever attempts to describe the toilets worn at the British Legation does so without the sanction of the hostess, and having once transgressed in this particular will not get the opportunity of doing so again.

The Woman's Exchange in New York was established two years ago, and its business has steadily increased from the start. It has received 16,000 articles and sent \$22,646.94 to its consignors. Its attractive rooms have already become too straitened, and the managers are considering the advisability of securing larger quarters. This enterprise has served as a medium of exchange between the public and a large class of women whose fine taste and artistic skill would otherwise be of no practical service to them.

A Novel Feature was recently introduced into a "Class Social" at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., where all the members of the class wore dresses cut and made by pupils in the dressmaking department; and a simple supper was offered, prepared from knowledge acquired in the cooking department, presided over by Miss Parloa.

Miss Marianne North is about to present her sketches and studies of tropical vegetation, etc., to the nation, and will build a gallery for them at Kew. The paintings are more than one thousand in number. *The Academy* says that Miss North is shortly to sail for Australia, in order to add still further to her collection.

Miss Genevieve Ward is the reigning dramatic sensation in London. The play of "Forget-me-not," of which her *Stéphanie* is the principal attraction, is drawing crowds to the Prince of Wales Theatre. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the royal family, have been to see it several times, and twice went behind the scenes to offer their congratulations. This has set an example which all fashionable London has followed.

Miss Kate Field has made an immense hit with her "Musical Monologue; or, Eyes and Ears in London." It is bright, refined, musical and witty, with not a dull word, or a superfluous word, and consists of a series of happy hits, charming songs, and character sketches, which keep her audiences interested and amused from first to last.

A Ladies' Co-operative Dress Association has been organized in New York by Miss Kate Field, with a capital of \$250,000, divided into shares of \$25 each, bearing six per cent. interest. There is a board of fourteen directors appointed for the first year, of whom Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Hon. R. C. McCormick, and Mr. James F. Wenman, President of the New York Park Commission, are members. The larger part of the stock is already placed.

The Officers of the National Woman's Suffrage Association for 1880 are: Mrs. E. C. Stanton, President; Vice-President at large, Susan B. Anthony; Honorary Vice-Presidents, twenty-two, beginning with Lucretia Mott; Chairman of Ex. Com., Matilda Joslyn Gage; Corresponding Secretary, Sara Andrew Spencer, Washington, D. C.; Foreign Corresponding Secretaries, Laura Curtis Bullard, New York, and Jane Graham Jones, Chicago; Recording Secretary, Ellen H. Sheldon; Treasurer, Jane H. Spofford.

Mrs. J. M. Amory has been made the president of a movement for creating in New York a "Home for Convalescents" from the public hospitals. Five thousand dollars is asked for to put the charity on a solid footing, and of this sum about half has been raised. The Board of Managers includes: 1st V. P., Mrs. Dr. Purdy; 2d V. P., Mrs. H. B. McCauley; 3d V. P., Miss Carleton; Sec'y,

Miss L. Houghton; Treas., Mrs. G. G. Moore; Mrs. Dr. Palmer, Mrs. Rebecca Collins, Mrs. Bradford Rhodes, Mrs. Wade B. Worrall, Miss H. Burt, Mrs. Bella Cooke, Mrs. Richard McNamee, Miss H. M. Thompson, Miss M. McCauley, Dr. Mercy N. Baker, Mrs. Arthur.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred the gold medal for science and art on Mlle. Camilla Ruziega Ostoic, for a Turkish and German Dictionary which this learned young lady has recently published with transcriptions of the Turkish words into Roman characters. Mlle. Ostoic had already distinguished herself in the department of Oriental languages at the Imperial Oriental Academy at Vienna.

At the recent annual meeting of the English Intercollegiate Debating Society, for the first time a ladies' club—the University College Women's Debating Society—was represented, and through three of its members, Miss Ada Heather-Bigg, Mrs. Charles Hancock and Miss Petrie, took part in the discussion. As was natural, the ladies were received with vociferous applause, and it is confessed that their speeches were quite up to the level of the men's, and were well worth listening to.

A Commercial School for Girls has been opened in Florence. Its character is essentially elementary. In the first year instruction is given in writing, Italian and French grammar and language, arithmetic and accounts, commercial correspondence and commercial geography. In the second year lessons in commercial legislation are added, and also the elements of political economy, so that the pupils may have some comprehension of the principles affecting profits, wages, the variation of prices, the consequence of the use of machinery in manufactures, effects of women's work, and some of the common laws affecting rates of exchange, etc. The pupils must be over thirteen years of age to be admitted, but some mothers of families and teachers of superior schools have joined it, and the number of pupils is already sixty-four.

May Agnes Fleming, the novelist, was only thirty-nine years of age when she died last March. She was a good, true woman, devoted to her children, and a prolific writer of novels, which were always interesting, humane in motive, and free from injurious tendencies. She will be greatly missed in the line of popular literature. She supported and educated her children mainly, and managed to save out of her earnings about twenty thousand dollars, which is divided among them. She was to have sailed on the 19th of April for Europe, to be absent for a while, her health having suffered for some time previous to her decease, though she never relinquished her work or her cares.

Two Young Americans, Miss Ella and Mr. Frank Dietz, brother and sister of Miss Linda Dietz, the popular young actress, have made quite a sensation in Scotland by their artistic rendering of selections from the best American authors. Their readings are classed as "refined and impressive, without the least exaggeration;" and the "variety, good taste, and marvelous powers of expression," as surpassing anything of the kind ever listened to upon the Scottish boards. The English press speak in equally glowing terms. Miss Dietz is also musically gifted, and has written sonnets which have hardly been surpassed by the best English authors.

Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, whose seventy-sixth birthday was celebrated recently by the Boston Woman's Club, presided in April over a three days' session of the "Froebel Union," held in New York—made addresses, attended the centennial celebration at Newport in honor of Dr. W. E. Channing, "Reminiscences" of whom she has re-

cently published; and several receptions and meetings of societies, where she was an honored guest. Miss Peabody is the mother of the Kindergarten movement in this country, in which she has put the devotion of her life, and which she believes in religiously as the inspiration of the moral as well as the intellectual forces.

The Versatility of the Genius of the modern American woman is a constant subject of remark—she does everything, and nothing badly—and if she does not achieve greatness in any one direction, it is because her talent is too widely distributed.

Miss Irene Ackerman, of New York city, scarcely past her twentieth year, has already distinguished herself as artist and actress and dramatist. Before she left school, her pictures gave promise of the possession of imaginative faculty and a power of expression far beyond the average. Since then she has already written three plays: One, "Inez," a play in three acts—scene laid in New York, England, and Spain; second "The Gold Mine"—scene on the Hudson and in California; and third, "Rickett," a comedy in four acts, in which the scenes are laid in a watering-place; and has achieved an acknowledged position upon the stage. On the mother's side she is descended from Burroughs, the friend of Emmet, and is the inheritor on both sides of artistic and literary talent.

Occupations of Women in Massachusetts—According to the Massachusetts census of 1875, there were in the State at that time 857,259 females and 794,383 males, or 63,146 more females than males.

Of the 10,295 women who are in the professions, 8,136 are teachers in schools and colleges, 1,395 are musicians and teachers of music, 336 are authors and literary persons, 164 are physicians and surgeons, 68 are actresses, 171 are artists, engravers, etc., 16 are preachers and missionaries, and 8 are "scientific persons."

Next to the number of women in domestic and personal service come those who are engaged in manufactures and mechanical industries. Of the former there are in cotton factories 16,554, to 11,252 males; in cotton and woolen factories, 16,444; in boot and shoe factories, 5,724; in paper factories, 2,505; in woolen factories, 4,000; 1,714 in worsted, 700 in silk, 1,700 in carpet, and 644 in linen establishments.

24,270 women are employed in making the various articles of clothing, the largest number, 9,689, being dress-makers, 2,500 are milliners, 4,200 seamstresses, 4,700 tailoresses, 1,400 sewing-machine operators, 328 hat and cap makers, and so on, being employed in the manufacture of every article of clothing with the exception of gloves, mittens, palm-leaf hats, and oil-clothing.

A Committee of Ladies opened a coffee-house in E. 26th street last August, directly opposite Bellevue Hospital, in a brick building erected for the purpose, and suitably furnished. The ladies give personal attention to the work; the food furnished is good, and the classes for which it is especially designed—the convalescent poor, newly discharged from hospitals, and the inebriates—are discharged from the institutions in the neighborhood at the rate of fifty thousand a year. Free meals are necessarily given where the applicants have not money; but this is not encouraged, as it tends to pauperize. A good bowl of soup or cup of coffee and excellent bread are served for five cents, and a well-cooked meal for ten cents. Already the beneficent influence in the neighborhood is strongly felt. A reading-room has been opened, but the supply of books is very limited; and more, such as boys' books of travels, interesting histories, and the like, are asked for. Mrs. A. B. Browning, Mrs. P. M. Clapp, Miss H. S. Darling, and Mrs. B.

W. McCready are among the managers, and Rev. Howard Crosby, Mr. D. Colden Murray, and other well-known gentlemen are on the advisory committee.

This coffee-house has been created in connection with the Bible and Fruit Mission to the public hospitals, which has done a vast amount of good, and of which Miss Susan R. Kendall is the president and Mrs. Phebe M. Clapp corresponding secretary.

The Mission building is 416 and 418 East 26th street.

A Youthful Heroine.—The Royal Humane Society lately forwarded its medal, together with a handsome testimonial recording the circumstances on account of which it had been awarded by the committee, to Miss Esther Mary Cornish-Bowden, a little girl only eight years of age, residing at Black Hall, Avonwick, Ivybridge, Devonshire, for saving the life of her governess. At about a quarter to 1 o'clock on the 30th of November last, as Miss Bradshaw, a governess, was returning from the Sunday school with two little girls, daughters of Mr. Cornish-Bowden, she became suddenly giddy and fell into the pond, the water in which is six feet deep. Miss Cornish-Bowden, after calling loudly for help, sent her younger sister to the keeper's lodge for assistance, and meantime stooped down and tried to lay hold of the drowning woman. This she succeeded in doing, but in the effort she overbalanced herself, fell in, and sank, but still retained her hold, her presence of mind evidently not forsaking her, for when she rose to the surface she still held her governess by the right hand, while with the left she caught hold of some short bushes. In this position they remained for about five minutes, the child calling for help. At last a workman named Gully, passing an adjoining road, heard the cries, and assisted Miss Bradshaw and the child out of the water. The former was much exhausted and partially insensible, but her brave little rescuer appeared quite unconcerned.—*Times*.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb—the author of the "History of the City of New York," of which the *Edinburgh Review* says: "No country has produced a more splendid record of the annals of a great city than this"—is a woman of medium size, of modest and refined bearing, and apparently about forty years of age. She has the blue-gray eyes so characteristic of "destiny," and entered upon her enormous undertaking twelve years ago, at the recommendation of a friend, and with but little previous literary experience.

Mrs. Lamb's methods of work are as interesting as the results of her labors. Her reading is wide in its range; including whatever relates to Church and State, to education, finance, manners, religion, politics, and all the minor topics of which her history treats. She keeps abreast with the publications of the day, maintaining that the mind needs food in the same degree as the body. She reads the papers rapidly, glancing over the heads and marking with a blue pencil what she would like saved for perusal or for her scrap-books. Of these she has many volumes, admirably arranged and indexed. They are compiled by her secretary in such a manner that the matter is always accessible. For instance, one volume is devoted to public men, another to historical items and sketches, another to poets and poetry, another to book reviews, another to art criticisms, etc., etc. Her library is very extensive, and it is being constantly swollen by contributions from various sources—books, packages of family letters, old documents, rare pamphlets, and other treasures from the New York families interested in her success.

This has aided her materially in illustrating her history in a most original and unique manner.

Women of Yesterday and To-day.

WITHIN the past two years several prominent Englishwomen have passed away, among whom none were more conspicuous for good works and beauty of person and mind, than the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Catharine Spooner was born at Elmdon Parsonage, Dec. 9th, 1819. As a girl she was remarkably full of spirits, laughing aloud as she herself said, for the very joy of living, yet earnest, thoughtful and conscientious, fond of study and an enthusiastic churchwoman. While visiting near Rugby, she made the acquaintance of Dr. Tait, then Head Master of the school made so famous by Dr. Arnold and "Tom Brown." On one occasion, when reading aloud, she made a false quantity in the pronunciation of the Greek word *agape* (love), and was corrected by Dr. Tait. Upon hearing of the engagement, the gentleman whose house she had been visiting wrote her that he was glad to hear the Head Master had taught her the right way to pronounce *agape*.

She was married in 1843, and immediately assumed the duties which belong to the wife of a man in so responsible a position as that of Dr. Tait. Attracted to her at first by her beauty and gracious ways, the Rugby boys learned to love her with chivalrous tenderness.

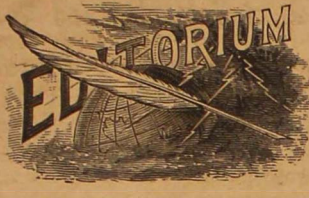
In 1849, the Dr. was made Dean of Carlisle, and they took up their abode in the Deanery, where the years sped happily in work and domestic pleasures, till in 1856, she lost five little daughters in six weeks, of scarlet fever. In Oct. of same year Dr. Tait was appointed Bishop of London. After taking up their residence at Fulham Palace, Mrs. Tait instituted garden parties for the purpose of bringing together the clergy of the diocese. Persons who never met elsewhere, met on Fulham lawn as on common ground. Clergymen, statesmen, literati, and fashionable men and women were glad to spend a quiet afternoon under the shade of the venerable trees on the river side, in a spot so full of historic associations.

At one of the gatherings, an emu, which had been sent from South Africa as a present to the Bishop, was let loose in the meadow for the inspection of guests. Some cows resented the intrusion and chased the unfortunate bird. "Hallo!" exclaimed Dean Milman, "There goes Colenso and all the Bishops after him!"

At Fulham, Mrs. Tait was as earnest in her work among the poor as she had been at Rugby and Carlisle. She visited alms and workhouses, built St. James' Model Homes, and originated the scheme of the Ladies' Diocesan Association, for the assistance of overworked clergy. In 1866, the cholera broke out in London, and Mrs. Tait hired a house and gathering together a number of orphans, established St. Peter's Orphanage, which she years after removed to the Isle of Thanet.

In 1868, Bishop Tait was promoted to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, and the family removed to Lambeth Palace, where, notwithstanding her high position, Mrs. Tait was ever kind and accessible to those of low estate. In 1878, her only son, a young clergyman of high promise, died, and despite her brave spirit, the sorrowing mother followed him six months after, Nov., 1878. Among the many letters of condolence which poured in upon the bereaved husband and grief-stricken daughters, was one from the Princess Alice of Hesse-Darmstadt, especially valuable in being the last penned by her before her own sad death.

L. P. L.



Health and Happiness.

Do we realize how much one depends upon the other until we have lost it? or how entirely permanent health depends upon the observance of every-day rules, the practice of every-day habits, the regularity of life, and the developments of sanitary science in the building of our houses, and their adjustment to the needs of a constantly increasing population?

We all think we know the value of fresh air—but did any one ever fail to find in the best regulated house a dark, unventilated closet, whose confined smell on opening the door is sufficient to show that the bad air is almost thick enough to cut; and which yet is the receptacle of clothing which is taken out, and worn, and put back, after receiving the exhalations from the body, without a thought of the injurious effects? A perforated corner in the wall, a trap, would remedy the evil to a certain extent; but even this simple expedient is rarely thought of.

Health has more to do with morals than we have any idea of, for if people are healthful and happy they are pretty sure to be good. All that is sweet, clean, and pleasant in our surroundings is a help to us—and it is all the more of a help if it comes to us when we are young, and assists to lay the foundations of our moral, mental, physical, and spiritual future.

This is the responsibility which is laid upon parents in the providing a home, and the necessities for the lives of their little ones. It should be one in which they can grow and expand; one which does not call for continued and harassing care and trouble—but which has sweetness, repose, as a part of its expression and in-dwelling characteristics. The dwellers in the country are much more fortunate than the dwellers in the city, in the sanitary influences with which they can surround their lives; in the free access to the beauty and strength and liberality of out-door life. If they could once realize what it is to be shut between walls, they would never allow dust-heaps and banks of refuse to disfigure their yards, and they would make a primary object of wide, pleasant, hard-finished, clean walks everywhere about the domain, so that the eye should be gratified with the order and system of the arrangement, and no obstacle in the shape of dirt should intervene between the enjoyment of "fresh" air whenever it was needed.

It seems marvelous that house-builders should not yet have discovered some simple means of effecting a thorough and systematic ventilation of buildings which is independent of the action of ignorant, forgetful, or prejudiced persons.

A house constructed on "perfect" principles may be found here and there among very costly residences, but in the mean time, the great majority of dwellings, even among the comfortable and well-to-do classes, are dependent upon a window opened from above, and a window opened from below, for the currents which bring and take away the elements necessary for "changing" the air of a room or a house; and all housekeepers know that this crude and imperfect method is open to numberless objections, and can never be regarded as more than a makeshift. Is it not time that, with the sanitary science at command, our dwellings were better con-

structed, and on originally good and healthful principles, rather than dependent on such chances as the varying intelligence, conditions, and prejudices of individuals may render possible?

A great, outspreading tree in a clean, grassy yard; a house out of which the bad air goes, into which the good and pure air freely comes; abundant means of personal cleanliness; well-cooked, healthful, appetizing food: all this does not require wealth, but only a knowledge of that which enters into the happiness of our lives, and keeps aiding them more and more, day by day, to grow symmetrical, and strong, and true.

There are many rich people whose homes are filled with luxury, and many others who have the means to get whatever the heart most desires, who simply burden themselves with what is useless and difficult to care for, and neglect wholly the broader, deeper, truer principles, and the modes of their expression, and thus find in their increased opportunities, their enlarged resources, no means of growth. Next to pure air, pure water is doubtless the most essential to health by the uses to which it can be put not only in the preparation of food, but in insuring the healthfulness of the body. Before houses were built at all, our nomadic forefathers would never have dreamed of pitching their tents for ever so short a season, until they had discovered that a spring or well was near at hand, which would furnish them with this first desideratum for life and health. Now, permanent structures are erected without a thought as to the water of the locality, whether it is good and plentiful and easy of access. But even water requires to be adapted to the conditions of our lives; a draft from a spring is nectar to the wayfarer, but one may wash in cold water and yet not be clean. The conditions of the body require that the temperature should be made that of the body, and that some element which has an attraction for greasy particles and dirt, like ammonia or pure soap, should be used with it to insure thorough cleanliness. Probably as good a method as any of arriving at that cleanliness which is necessary to health and happiness, is to take a tepid bath with soap or ammonia at night, and a cool sponge bath in the morning; if this is considered too much, the tepid bath twice a week, but the sponge bath every day on rising.

Food, for health, needs to be more simple and less concentrated. "Cake" needs to be eliminated from American receipt-books, as one of the most mischievous agencies, and concentrated sugar in the form of candy be classed among the deadly poisons. The frying-pan should be consigned to oblivion, and pork kept in the sty—not made a part of human aliment. Tea and coffee should be used as restoratives, as medicines, not as regular articles of diet, and fruit should be made a part of every meal. By the time we have arrived at this, our ways will be pleasantness and our paths peace, and we shall have grown into the knowledge of much more that is beneficial to us.

Where to Go in Summer?

This cry has already begun. We will suggest *North Mountain, Pennsylvania*, a wild, secluded spot on Highland Lake, with a hotel, Shorter Mountain House, accommodating two hundred, yet devoid of fashion. It is reached by Central RR. of New Jersey, from Jersey City to Wilkes-barre, where one can be entertained at Wyoming Valley Hotel, then take the train to Thickshiny via Lackawanna and Bloomsburgh road, with eighteen miles of picturesque staging or carriage drive to the "House," which stands higher than any spot in Pennsylvania.

Excursions can be made to Ganoga Falls, three

miles off, or stout walkers can get a better view by going a few miles below and following the stream to the Falls. Only half a mile from the house "the North Mountain view" can be had, and a still more enchanting prospect from Point Look Off, three miles distant, from which can be seen all the beauty of Montour, Columbia and Luzerne counties. In going there one is expected to take with them "Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming," and to be frequently bored with allusions to the famous massacre.

Another accessible place is *Schoharie, New York*, between thirty and forty miles from Albany (trains running three times a day), near which is the famous Howe's Cave, said to be eight miles long, with fine drives on Schoharie river, and a view from Sage Warner Mountain, where you can simultaneously take in the Catskill, Adirondacks, and Green Mountain ranges.

Or if any one wants to combine both mountain and sea scenery let him go to Mount Desert, via Boston to Portland, whence a night steamer brings the passenger at noon.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

This enterprise represents the first organized effort in New York city to realize an institution similar to those abroad, which form the pride of a nationality, and a permanent school for the people who compose it. The building which has been recently opened in Central Park (Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second street) for its use is only the beginning of what it is hoped and expected will some time be a noble structure, worthy of the chief city in the United States, and the genius of the Western World. It consists mainly of a lofty and spacious hall, surmounted by a roof of iron and glass, which lights it perfectly, and surrounded on two sides by galleries which communicate with smaller apartments beyond, devoted now to the "loan" collection of pictures, and also to some of the smaller permanent collections, such as the MacCullom collection of laces, etc.

The chief treasure of the museum is, of course, the di Cesnola collection of art treasures brought from Cyprus, and now for the first time exhibited to advantage, so that visitors can examine them thoroughly and estimate them at their value. Three of these objects consist of sarcophagi, very elaborately designed with figures in relief. The statues make an imposing display in glass cases framed in ebony, and the pottery looks far more valuable and interesting than in Fourteenth street. By the care and personal superintendence of General di Cesnola, the secretary of the museum, and its most devoted and indefatigable friend, all this aggregation of antiques has been arranged in chronological order, so that it is educational as well as interesting. We have no complaints to make regarding the site of the new building; it ought to be somewhat out of the dust and bustle of city streets, and it must be remembered that, excepting so far as the park prevents invasion, the city itself has already grown up to it. It is already a beautiful spot, around which we hope many associations will cluster.

In connection with it already two schools have been established by the munificence of one New York gentleman whose object it is to train artists in metals, and make them capable of executing the finest work—such as is now procured at enormous cost from Europe. Money is needed to prosecute the enlarged and liberal designs of the founders, and we hope that it will be forthcoming;—that this grand idea, so finely conceived, and heretofore executed by the generosity of a few public-spirited citizens, may be carried for-

ward in a spirit of worthy emulation, and recognition by the State and city governments as well as by private munificence. It is open to the public free, four days in the week; on other days the admission is only twenty-five cents.

"The Orphan."

(See Steel Engraving.)

This picture gives us the simple interior of a Scottish peasant home. The pitying mother has just been engaged in nursing her young babe, which she has taken from its rude wicker cradle; an elder child is leaning admiringly over, watching the baby as it shakes its rattle. The rest of the family, consisting of the granddame and a little boy and girl, are grouped in front of the ragged orphan, who stands, fearful of his reception, with his stick slung over his shoulder, which carries the small remnants of his personal property, and his battered hat in his hand. His poor little feet are bruised, and the strained, starved look upon his weary face tells the story of suffering and deprivation. The little girl has food in her hand, which she impulsively desires to give at once to the needy boy, but she is restrained by the careful grandmother, who wishes to hear his story first, and find out if he is deserving.

The painter of this charming picture was Mr. T. Faed, A.R.A., and the *motif* of it was derived from a simple Scotch ballad by Thom, the situation being taken from the following lines:

"O speak him nae harshly, he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding and blesses your smile;
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn."

The accessories of the picture are truthful and natural. The open door, through which the chickens come and go at their pleasure, shows the strip of grassy yard, the fence, and wealth of foliage beyond. In-doors, the utensils for cooking are hung up about the room, or ornament the mantel-piece; while the rude chest of drawers, upon which stand the jar, a pitcher, a small ink-stand, and a boot-jack, shows where the family clothing is kept. There is no luxury, and not much to spare, but it is a home, and love dwells in it—therefore it seems like a very Paradise to the homeless wanderer.

Practical Religion.

A BROOKLYN divine recently gave a very sensible and practical evening talk on "will-making," and his suggestions deserve the thoughtful consideration of every good man. He spoke of the contention going on in every surrogate's office over the land, which was due either to the cupidity of the legatee, ignorance in the framing of wills, or general perversity. He told his hearers not to be guilty of constructing the phraseology of their own wills. "Every man his own lawyer" is as well calculated to make beggars of his family as "every man his own doctor" is to fill Greenwood rapidly. Tear up self-made wills and employ a notary. In distributing effects, give the wife the legal one-third and let the children share alike. When a man takes a wife she should become his queen, first in every ambition and in every provision. When there is trouble about her inheritance it means either that she was a very poor wife or had a very mean husband. The worst family feuds are created by inequalities of inheritance, and such should only occur where a child, through physical or mental defects, is unable to help itself, when it requires a more liberal provision than the rest. By the square of God's eternal justice let the will be measured, and let share and share be alike.

The Great Craze.

ONE of the greatest dangers to which this country is liable is not dictatorship, or the results of a "third term," but the consequences of the present mining excitement, the greed for making money which, like all bad appetites, grows with what it feeds upon, and in time overmasters the sense, and reason, and more or less the moral faculties, which suffer with the rest, until manhood itself, and womanhood too, is destroyed.

It is an axiom in business, that the amount of profit is in direct relation, or should be, to the extent of the risk—and this is the reason why mining profits seem so exceptionally large; it is because the risk is so great—because the probabilities are that the "dividends" will not only have to stand as profits, but also take the place of the original investment. There have been and are, no doubt, persons who honestly intend to deal squarely in regard to trading in or disposing of mining stocks and properties. But it is simply impossible; it is a business so essentially treacherous in itself that it deceives its best friends, and places them in the position of rogues, whether they deserve to be so classed or not. A mine is a hole in the earth in which more or less of more or less precious ore is deposited. Taking it for granted that it really exists (which many so-called mining properties do not in any working condition), it depends upon a vast number of circumstances, and also upon their continuance, as to whether it can be made profitable: its position, its location, its contiguity to water, its management, as well as its size, and percentage of precious metals in the deposits. For all these facts the stockholders are dependent upon the statements of interested parties whose money is made by "unloading" their own stock, which they purchased at one or two dollars per share and selling it for five dollars per share; which for those who hold say five or ten thousand shares makes a very nice little percentage. With this unloading, the interest of the original shareholders practically ceases. The promised monthly dividends to which the mass of new shareholders look forward with such eagerness, and upon which they felicitate themselves, are a matter of no moment to those who have already "salted down" their pile, and are looking out for fresh worlds to conquer. "Dividends" are mere bait to catch inexperienced fish with; the *fortunes* are made before a dividend has been declared. But to pursue the investigation on this same line, we will take it for granted that there is a mine, that it is regularly worked, the ore regularly taken out, and the results regularly paid over to the stockholders in the shape of monthly dividends of twenty-five, fifty cents, or one dollar per share. All right; the stock goes up, the stockholders are jubilant, and begin to count their probable gains. Perhaps they live in better houses, increase their expenses in every way, and feel that they have a good thing, and can afford to "hold up" a little, relinquish their grip upon other business, and begin to enjoy life. A trip to Europe is in contemplation, perhaps begun, when all at once a crash comes. The stock has fallen in the face of an increase in the dividend of the previous month.

The simple fact is that the mine has either been worked out, or it is the subject of one of those disastrous heat or water accidents or experiences, to which all subterranean mines are liable, and which they must encounter sooner or later. Of course various other causes may operate to the detriment of the stockholder; but we are taking it for granted that there is a mine, that it is a good mine, that it is managed with ordinary honesty as well as prudence, and is therefore seriously affected only by natural accidents and causes.

Admitting all this, and that a large profit is certain, the great fact still remains, that this profit can in the very nature of things only last for a comparatively short time—that mines do not yield continuous crops—that the acquisition of an important addition to one's income, which we cannot help basing calculations upon, and which we are never ready to relinquish, is hurtful, and renders people unhappy, and dissatisfied with smaller and more certain gains.

Let not those who have small amounts of money to invest which have been hardly earned, be tempted by these will-o'-the-wisps, for almost certainly they will be bitten, and tempted to their detriment. If it is wrong, moreover, to lead the weaker ones into temptation, what must the men have to answer for who deliberately dig the pitfalls which result in the ruin of thousands and hundreds of thousands?

"Night's Swift Dragons."

(See Steel Engraving.)

This charming and imaginative group is copied from the bas-relief by J. G. Lough, which was executed in the form of a large medallion. The idea was suggested by a line in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—in a colloquy between Oberon and Puck—where the former gives Puck certain instructions, and Puck replies—

"My fairy lord, this must be done with haste.
For *Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,*
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger."

Night is symbolized by a sleeping woman, bearing an infant, also asleep, in her arms, and mounted on the back of a double-headed fiery dragon, whose coiled and winged form is remarkably graceful, and suggestive of great strength. The rapidity with which the monster moves through the air is shown by the floating drapery worn across the shoulders of Night, and also by her hair, though it is knotted.

The little Cupidon bearing the slackened rein seems to have been introduced for the purpose of balancing the group, but is a very lovely and attractive figure notwithstanding, and may have a deeper meaning. The cherub child, and pure, sweet face of the mother, are exquisitely fine.

Science in Small Doses.

Propagation by Cuttings.—Doctor A. Blankenhorn maintains that the constitution of European vines is exhausted, owing to their continued propagation by layers and cuttings. He recommends propagation by seed as a defense against the *Phylloxera*.

Furs and How to Use Them.—Sealskin, after being worn in the wet, should be well shaken and dried in a room where there is no artificial heat. This is also true of other furs.

Remedy for Phylloxera.—It is stated that a suitable remedy against the phylloxera has at last been discovered—namely, bisulphide of carbon, the application of which costs about three cents per vine.

How to take Grease from Silk.—Chalk or magnesia, rubbed on silk or ribbon that has been greased, and held near the fire, will absorb the grease so that it may be brushed off.

What Lime-juice and Glycerine are Made of.—The "lime-juice and glycerine" of commerce contains neither lime-juice nor glycerine, but consists of equal parts of olive oil and lime-water, scented with essence of lemon.

Horseradish and Aconite.—Should a dish of seraped "horseradish" look pinkish in color and be without a pungent smell, and should a

small portion, when chewed, produce a smart tingling of the tongue, reject it at once; it is undoubtedly aconite.

Aloes for Wounds.—Doctor Millet, a French army surgeon, recommends powdered aloes as a dressing for wounds, both as a means of favoring cicatrization and for closing them. It is said to relieve the severe pain almost immediately, and requires to be renewed only at long intervals.

Rubbing-Posts.—A few rubbing-posts set up in pastures will save injury to the fences. Cattle will use these conveniences very often; and it is worth all the trouble, says an agricultural writer, to witness the enjoyment of the animals in the use of them.

Transparent Varnish.—To make white shellac varnish, dissolve one part pearlsh in about eight parts water; add one part shellac, and heat the whole to the boiling point. When the lac is dissolved, cool the solution, and saturate it with chlorine until the lac has all settled. When it is dissolved in alcohol, it forms a varnish which is as transparent as any copal varnish.

Coffee, and how to Use it.—Coffee cannot be taken in excess without producing dyspepsia and irritation. Moderately used, it is an invigorating, healthful, and wholesome drink, bringing a man's best energies into play. The quantity taken, however, must not be large, and what there is should be good.

Woodland Walks.—For woodland walks, where gravel gets green and unsightly, a thin coat of ashes will provide a pleasant means of getting amongst one's floral treasures, when wet slippery soil would destroy all chance of doing so for at least half the year.

Prevention Better than Cure.—The freezing of fruit in the bud, frequently occasioned by late frosts succeeding a few warm days, may be prevented, it is said, by spreading a thick layer of frozen manure, or of ice or snow, around the trees in February or March, while the ground is firmly frozen. The buds will thus be kept back, since the ground will thaw more slowly, and the roots convey no nutriment to the tree. When frosts are no longer to be feared, the covering should be removed.

Poultry.—Poultry ought to be killed several days before being eaten, dressed at once, and, with a few bits of charcoal in it, hung in a cool place. If poultry is kept from food and drink at least twelve hours before killing, the crop and intestines will be emptied, and any superfluity of secretions exhausted. The flesh will be juicy and the fat firm. If left three days without food or drink, though in good condition previously, the flesh will be dry and tasteless, and the fat soft. Never buy an undrawn fowl. The gas from the crop and intestines will taint the flesh, even though retained but a short time.

New Therapeutic Agent.—A new method of treating cancerous growths, tumors, etc., consists in subjecting the parts to a stream of hot dry air. This is proposed and has been successfully applied by Dr. G. A. Keyworth. By means of a foot bellows he caused air to pass through a glass vessel containing calcic chloride, then through a heated iron tube, and thence directed the hot dry air against the surface of a cancerous sore. The treatment was continued for an hour, the effect being to relieve the pain and cause the parts heated to shrink and dry up very considerably. It is believed that this new method will prove valuable when proper appliances are employed to maintain and direct the supply of the air.

Diazo Scarlet.—Among the new coloring matters derived from coal, there are few which have a better claim to our attention than diazo scarlets. These dyes already compete with cochineal in a

considerable number of its uses. To use these new products so as to obtain upon wool a beautiful scarlet equaling grain scarlets both in fastness and brightness, for one hundred pounds of wool add to the necessary quantity of water two and a half pounds of sulphuric acid. Dissolve in boiling water one pound and a half of the coloring matter. Heat the water to about 86° Fahr., enter the wool, and work it constantly while the water is raised slowly to a boil. The dyeing is completed when the beck is exhausted—that is, when it holds no more coloring matter in solution—which is generally effected in from about twenty-five to thirty minutes.

How Satin was Discovered.—The word "satin," which originally was applied to all silk stuffs in general, has since the last century been used to designate only tissues which present a lustered surface. The discovery of this particularly brilliant stuff was accidental. Octavio Mayo, a silk-weaver, finding business very dull, and not knowing what to invent to give a new impulse to the trade, was one day, says the *Wool Trade Review*, pacing to and fro before his loom. Every time he passed the machine, with no definite object in view, he pulled little threads from the warp and put them into his mouth, which soon after he spat out. Later on he found the little ball of silk on his workshop floor, and was attracted by the brilliant appearance of the threads. He repeated the experiment, and by using heat and certain mucilaginous preparations, succeeded in giving new luster to his tissues.

Rooks and Newly-Sown Crops.—A correspondent of the *Agricultural Gazette* writes as follows relative to rooks and newly-sown crops: "Let me strongly recommend the following plan, which I have practiced for the last five years. Get a sentry-box sort of structure made, costing from seven shillings to nine shillings. As soon as your corn is sown, place the box in the middle of your field and then leave it. No crows will venture near it, at all events for some time—probably not at all. If however some, more adventurous than others, should after a while begin to attack your crop, place yourself in the box, and, on their alighting, fire a gun out of the box, but without showing yourself. They will never trouble you again so long as your crop is in any danger. When done with for the wheat crop, remove the box to your swedes—if you do not pie them—to which very serious damage is often done; it is equally efficacious there. Though living near several immense rookeries, I have not spent one shilling in corn tenting, and have not had the least injury done to crops or swedes, since adopting the sentry-box."

Silk Culture.—Silk culture, although practiced in some degree for twenty years in our country, has not attained to a profitable stage of development, greatly on account of the expenses attending reeling from the cocoons. In Southern Europe, where this branch of the art is principally practiced, it is found that, to produce the best article, one person can well attend to only one reel, taking several cocoons and combining the filament from each into one thread. These filaments are very delicate and liable to break, and should this fracture escape the notice of the attendant, the winding continues, making a thread of unequal thickness. By a machine invented by E. W. Serrell, Jr., of this city, this difficulty appears to be so far overcome that silk culture promises to become a profitable business. In this apparatus each filament of silk passes separately through a small eye in the upper end of a metal bar, the breaking of a filament allowing the other end of the bar to fall into a trough of mercury, thereby closing an electrical circuit and stopping the machine, so that one person may take charge

of several reels, and have sufficient time to repair all breaks.

Cutting Glass.—Many persons may not be aware that glass can be cut under water, with great ease, to almost any shape, by simply using a pair of shears or strong scissors. In order to insure success two points must be attended to. First and most important, the glass must be kept quite level in the water while the scissors are applied; and secondly, to avoid risk, it is better to begin the cutting by taking off small pieces at the corners and along the edges, and so reduce the shape gradually to that required, as, if an attempt is made to cut the glass all at once to the shape as we would a piece of card-board, it will most likely break just where it is not wanted. Some kinds of glass cut better than others, the softer glasses being the best for this purpose. The scissors need not be sharp, as their action does not appear to depend on the state of the edge presented to the glass. When the operation goes on well, the glass breaks away from the scissors in small pieces in a straight line with the blades.

This method of glass-cutting has often been of service, when a diamond has not been at hand, for cutting ovals and segments, and though the edges are not so smooth as might be desired for some purposes, yet it will answer in many cases. The two hints given above will always insure success if followed strictly.

Many persons do not know that so simple a thing as a piece of newspaper, folded and laid next to the undergarment, across the chest and across the shoulders, will often prevent cold upon the lungs. The close tissue of the paper makes it an excellent non-conductor. It answers the same purpose as chamois skin, and is always at hand.

Kerosene will soften boots and shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as when new. It will also make tin kettles as bright as when new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. Stains may also be removed from clear varnished furniture with kerosene.

The wings of turkeys, geese and chickens should never be thrown away. Many people, especially in the country, keep them simply to brush off the stove or range, but there is nothing better to wash and clean windows.

Chamois or buckskin is very good, but wings are better and cost nothing, and their use is an economy—utilizing that which would otherwise be thrown away. They are excellent to clean the hearth or stove, or to dust furniture, but best of all to wash windows, because the corners can be easily and perfectly cleaned by them, leaving no lint behind, as when cloths are used. Use wings also to spread paste when papering walls. There is nothing better for that kind of work.

The best way to clean flat-irons is to take a small, clean board, put coarse table-salt on it, and rub the irons carefully on it. Then wax them and wipe them on a clean cloth. This will make the face smooth as glass.

To clean wood-work, save the tea-leaves for a few days, then steep them in a tin pail or pan for half an hour, strain through a sieve and use the tea to wash all varnished paint. It requires very little "elbow polish," as the tea acts as a strong detergent, cleansing the paint from all impurities and making the varnish equal to new. It cleans window-sashes and oil-cloths; indeed, any varnished surface is improved by its application. It washes window-panes and mirrors much better than water, and is excellent for cleaning black-walnut picture and looking-glass frames. But it will not do for paint which has not been varnished. Whiting is unequalled for that. Take a small quantity on a damp flannel, rub lightly over the surface, and you will be surprised at its result.



Graham Pop-Overs.—Put one half pint of Graham flour, and one even teaspoonful of salt, in a two-quart bowl. Stir in half a pint of milk, two eggs, and beat hard for three minutes, and stir in another half pint of milk. Have the gempans buttered and hot; then pour in the batter, and bake in a quick oven. The batter may stand fifteen minutes without harm.

Asparagus Salad.—Boil as for a vegetable, cut off the hard ends, and put the rest away to cool. Cut in pieces two inches long, and pour over it a Mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with the very small white hearts of firm heads of lettuce. Strew a few capers over the dressing.

Potato Salad.—Mix one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of fine-cut parsley, two of grated onion, with a gill of vinegar and half a gill of oil. Slice cold boiled potatoes in pieces an inch across, and not very thin; pour the dressing over them, and let them stand half an hour before serving. This quantity of dressing is sufficient for two quarts of sliced potatoes.

Asparagus.—Wash it carefully and bind in bunches, making the heads even; then, with a sharp knife, cut the other end of the bunch straight; throw into boiling water, and boil from twenty to thirty minutes. Have some buttered toast on a platter, place the bunches of asparagus on it, slide by side, the heads the same way; carefully clip and draw out the strings, pour over the whole drawn or melted butter with pepper and salt.

Minced Collops (an Entrée).—One pound of rump-steak, salt and pepper to taste; two ounces of butter, one onion minced, one-quarter pint of water, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice or mushroom catsup, one small bunch of savory herbs. Mince the beef and onion very small, and fry the latter in butter until of a pale brown. Put all the ingredients together in a stew-pan, and boil gently for about ten minutes. Garnish with sippets of toasted bread and serve very hot.

Salmon with Tomato Sauce.—Take two slices of salmon, one-quarter of a pound of butter, one-half teaspoonful of chopped parsley; salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg to taste. Lay the salmon in a baking dish, place pieces of butter over it, add the other ingredients, rubbing a little of the seasoning into the fish. Baste it frequently. Bake about three-quarters of an hour. When done, take it out and drain for a minute or two. Lay in a dish, pour tomato sauce over it and serve.

Cold Slaw.—Shave the cabbage on the cabbage-cutter, as fine as possible. Let it lie in ice-water an hour; then drain, and dry in a towel. It may be dressed simply with vinegar, pepper, and salt, or with COLD SLAW DRESSING. Beat two eggs in a bowl that fits in the top of a tea-kettle; add a gill of vinegar and water mixed, an ounce of butter, an even teaspoonful of salt, and one of sugar; place the bowl over the boiling water, and stir until thicker than boiled custard; strain, and leave it to cool. It must be perfectly cold when poured over the cabbage. When the dish is served a little black pepper may be sprinkled over the top.

Boiled Cauliflower.—Choose those that are close and white. Trim off the decayed leaves, and cut the stalk off flat at the bottom. Let them lie in salt and water, with their heads downward, for an hour previous to dressing, which will effectually

draw out the vermin which are usually found around the stalk; then put them into fast-boiling water, with the addition of one heaping table-spoonful of salt to one-half a gallon of water. Let them boil briskly, keeping the vessel uncovered. Skim the water well. When the cauliflowers are tender, let them drain; place upright in a dish, and serve with melted butter.

Strawberry Ice Cream.—Mash with a potato-pounder in an earthen bowl, one quart of strawberries with one pound of sugar. Rub it through the colander, add one quart of sweet cream, and freeze.

Strawberry Ice.—Crush two quarts of strawberries with two pounds of sugar. Let them stand an hour or more, squeeze them in a straining cloth, pressing out all the juice. Add to it an equal measure of water, and, when half frozen, add the whisked whites of eggs in the proportion of three to a quart.

Floating Island of Fresh Strawberries.—Crush a pint of ripe strawberries with a gill of sugar. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth and add, gradually, a gill of powdered sugar. Press the strawberries through a fine strainer to avoid the seeds, and by degrees beat in the juice with the egg and sugar so stiff that it stands in peaks.

Strawberry Jelly.—Strain a quart of "strawberry acid" and warm it over a vessel of hot water, adding to it one ounce of gelatine, which has been dissolved in as little water as possible. Mix well and pour into molds. In hot weather, take one and a half ounces of gelatine.

Strawberries Frappées.—Line a mold with vanilla ice cream, fill the center with fresh strawberries. Cover with ice cream. Cover the mold securely, and pack it in the freezer with pounded ice and salt. Let it remain from half to three-quarters of an hour, and serve. Ripe peaches, peeled and cut, are delicious served in this way.

Strawberry Acid.—Dissolve five ounces of tartaric acid in two quarts of water, and pour it upon twelve pounds of strawberries in a porcelain kettle. Let it simmer forty-eight hours. Strain it, taking care not to bruise the fruit. To every pint of the juice add one and a half pounds of sugar, and stir until dissolved; then leave it for a few days. Bottle, and cork lightly. If a slight fermentation takes place, leave the corks out for a few days. Then cork, seal, and keep the bottles in a cool place.

Strawberries.—Do not wash them unless absolutely necessary; but if it must be done, hold the shallow basket of *unhulled* strawberries close under the pump while you give them one good, generous *douche*, which will pass at once through the basket, taking with it the dirt and grit which would otherwise have set your teeth on edge. Let them drain and dry for a few moments undisturbed, then hull them, handling as lightly as possible. Put no sugar over them. It draws out the juice and changes the character of the fruit. If they are not to be eaten for an hour or more, hang the basket in the refrigerator and do not hull them till the last moment.

Pie-Plant Charlotte.—Peel the pie-plant and cut it into bits an inch long. Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of pie-plant, another layer of bread crumbs, and so on, until the dish is filled, having the last layer of bread crumbs dotted with small bits of butter. If preferred, the bread may be cut in thin slices and buttered. Allow a pound of sugar to a pound of pie-plant. Bake very slowly for an hour and a half. Turn it out on a dish and serve with boiled custard poured around it. Cherries, currants, raspberries, and gooseberries are excellent for charlottes. They are best lukewarm.

Boiled Custard.—One quart of milk, five ounces of sugar, eight eggs (leaving out the whites of six), two teaspoonfuls of extract of vanilla, a pinch of salt. Select a saucepan in the top of which a two-quart basin will fit firmly. Have the saucepan two-thirds full of boiling water, adjust the basin, and put in it the milk, sugar, and salt. Beat the eggs thoroughly, and when the milk is boiling hot (this will be indicated by a froth or film over the top), pour half of it on the eggs, mix well, and pour it back into the rest of the milk in the basin which is over the boiling water, and stir constantly to prevent curdling. When thick as desired, pour it at once through a strainer in a pitcher; it curdles if allowed to remain in the hot basin. Add the vanilla, and when thoroughly cold serve either in a dish or cups and glasses.

Cherry Sweetmeats.—For ten pounds of cherries, allow five pounds of sugar. Stone the fruit, and put it in a porcelain kettle in layers with the sugar. Let it heat slowly until the juice is drawn out. Or, it may stand in a cool place several hours, even over night; when stewed until tender, take the cherries from the syrup in a little strainer, and put them in cans placed on a board in boiling water. Boil the syrup until thick, and then fill the cans and fasten the covers.

Oatmeal Porridge.—DR. ROBERT COLLYER.—One pint of oatmeal, one quart of *boiling* water, half a teaspoonful of salt. Throw the salt in the water, then sift in the meal with the left hand, beating rapidly with the *right*. Let it boil but two or three minutes and serve immediately. Mr. Collyer says, "*Porridge is not mush*. In Yorkshire, England, it is spoken of as 'they.' . . . The true way to eat porridge, is to tumble in your milk while they are in the kettle, stir well, and then pour your porridge into basins and eat 'em up." . . . Stir with a wooden spoon.

Strawberry Short-Cake.—SODA BISCUIT CRUST.—Sift one even teaspoonful of soda and three even teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar through a bit of tarlatan, or very fine sifter, into one quart of flour, and mix it well. Rub two ounces of butter very fine through the flour, stir in three gills of sweet milk; then lay the dough on the floured board; work it very lightly into shape. Roll, cut, lay in pans, and bake in a quick oven.

STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE.—Make the cakes round, about as large as a dinner-plate, and when baked, split open; lay one-half on a plate, crust down; butter, and put over it a thick layer of strawberries and sugar, and so on. The last half may be a cover, the crust side up, or it may be turned and covered with fruit like the others. If served hot, leave it in the oven from five to ten minutes.

Strawberry Sweetmeats.—Put two pounds of sugar in a bright tin preserving pan over a kettle of boiling water, and pour on it two gills of boiling water. When the sugar is dissolved and hot, put in two heaping pints of strawberries, and then the pan can go directly on the range. Let it boil ten minutes, or longer, if the fruit is not clear do not let it boil violently, for that would break the fruit. Put them in cans, and keep them hot while the syrup is boiled down until thick and rich. Then fill the cans, having drained off the thin syrup, and screw down the tops. If much fruit is put up during the day, and there is more syrup than is wanted, it may, while thin, be flavored with vinegar, boiled for a moment, then bottled and corked. It makes a pleasant drink with ice-water. Great care should be taken to keep the strawberries not only whole, but round as possible. Therefore, as the cans cool, turn them occasionally, to prevent the fruit lying in a flattened mass at either end. The fruit, being very delicate and

easily broken, should not be preserved in large quantities.

A Picnic Luncheon.—A picnic is not much without some kind and liberal matron to superintend the arrangements for the luncheon, and see that they are ample, well-packed, and complete. The day may be fine, the party ever so well arranged, the lovers properly paired, and the place just the one that everybody wanted; but if the always keen appetites are not satisfied by a bountiful supply of good food, the picnic will "flat" and be voted a failure. Cold baked chicken or game pies are highly appreciated on a picnic, and should be accompanied by jelly. Of sandwiches there should be an abundance, some made with Graham bread, and all well supplied with mustard. Buttered biscuit and sardines also find a welcome, with plenty of pickles and some bottles of queen olives. Do not try to have too great a variety, but let there be no lack. A basket of peaches or pears or a box of grapes is an immense addition, if these are in season, and a dozen or two of lemons should always be added. Several glasses of currant and raspberry jelly should be put in, to be eaten with cold meat or poultry, or bread and butter; and of cakes, the most palatable are light plum, jelly, and queen cakes. Cold baked plum pudding is very nice, butter being used in the making instead of suet, and well-made mince and apple pies are by no means to be despised. Add to these cheese, and plenty of materials for tea, coffee, and lemonade, and if a picnic party of, say twenty-four, is not well provided for, it must be because the cooks are not good, or the important items of salt, pepper, butter, knives, forks, spoons, and perhaps cups and napkins, have been forgotten.

Lemon Ice Cream.—Take four quarts of the richest of cream, which has in it not the slightest quantity of milk. To every quart of this cream add the essential oil of one lemon as you have it in the lumps of sugar, half a pound of finely pulverized white sugar and one perfectly fresh egg. Mix well together in a porcelain-lined icing basin. Place on the fire, stirring constantly, until the cream has reached the boiling point. Do not allow it to boil. As soon as it has reached the boiling point take off immediately; strain through a hair sieve. When it has become cool pour into the freezing can and freeze. When the cream is frozen, and before you begin the working processes of the spatula, add the juice of one lemon for every quart of cream. Observe that while the zest of the rind of the lemon is to be worked into the mixture at the outset, yet the juice of the pulp is not to be added until the cream is frozen. It is essential that you be very particular about this last. The reason is that if you add the juice before the mixture is frozen, it is apt to curdle the cream.

Green Vegetables.—A lady writes: "The first necessary point when dealing with vegetables is to boil them rapidly, as a rule—green vegetables more particularly. Take the homely cabbage, for instance. We used to have a dishful of square green slabs, hard to cut and coarse to the taste. Now our cabbage comes up soft and tender—a dish for an epicure; and this is the reason—because we do not over-boil it. It is cut up and put into boiling water, and plenty of it; a quick cooking, with the cover of the saucepan off, and taking care that the whole of the cabbage is covered by the water all the time. When the vegetable is found to be quite tender, take it off; practice will soon teach the proper minute. Our cook used to boil cabbage too long; I found that out, as the flavor was lost in consequence. Don't forget to add salt.

"But when I attempted the same tactics with spinach, I failed. My authority said, 'Green vegetables should be boiled quickly in abundance

of water.' 'Is not spinach a green vegetable?' asked my husband. Well, it isn't, or if it is, I made a mess of it at first. Spinach, I learned, is a vegetable containing so much water in its leaves that it should be placed in a dry saucepan. As it boils it will produce its own gravy. When tender, it should be taken from the saucepan, chopped finely and seasoned, but spare the salt in this case. Meanwhile, the water from the spinach will have boiled down, and then the chopped vegetable should be again put in the saucepan, and stewed in its own gravy until the excess of liquid has evaporated.

"Brussels sprouts, beans, etc. (not peas or asparagus), should be treated similarly to cabbage. Peas should only just be covered with water, and not boiled too quickly; mint and a little sugar should also be added to them. Some people eat sugar with peas when they come to table, as others will eat salt with Christmas pudding, which are entirely matters of taste."

Custard Sauce.—Two eggs, three gills of milk, one dessert-spoonful of sugar, one salt-spoon of grated nutmeg. Place the eggs in a bowl, and beat them until very light. Pour them into a quart pitcher, place the pitcher into a saucepan of boiling water, and throwing in the milk, stir it together with the eggs, until they begin to thicken. Take the pitcher from the boiling water, stir the sugar and nutmeg into its contents, and pour the sauce around the pudding with which it is to be served.

Apple Transparency.—Six large apples, one pint of water, one-half pound cut loaf sugar, rind of one lemon, six drops of cochineal, one-half ounce of gelatine, white of one egg. Put the gelatine into a bowl, and pour over it half a gill of cold water, and allow it to soak for half an hour. Pare and core the apples without breaking the forms. Put the sugar into a shallow saucepan, and with it the lemon rind. Pour over this the remainder of the cold water and stir all until boiling. Into this syrup throw the apples, cover the saucepan, and, placing it over the fire, let all cook very slowly until the apples become tender, and may easily be pierced through with a skewer or fork. Remove the apples without breaking them, and place them in a crystal dish. Throw the gelatine into the syrup that remains in the saucepan, stir all until the gelatine is melted, pour the mixture through a strainer into a bowl, add to it the cochineal, and stand the bowl in a cool, dry place until the syrup congeals. Cut the jelly so made into rough pieces, distribute it among the apples in the jelly dish, and whipping the white of an egg to a stiff froth, garnish the dish with this.

Chicken Salad.—Boil fowls tender, and pick clean, using no skin; do not cut the chickens in too small pieces—must not be hashed; to one chicken put once and a half the weight of celery cut in pieces of about one-quarter of an inch, mix thoroughly, and put the chicken and celery on the ice. Dressing:—The yolks of four eggs, with the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Rub these as smooth as possible before introducing the oil; a good measure of oil is a tablespoonful to each yolk of fresh egg. All the art consists in introducing the oil by degrees; you never can make a good salad against time. When the oil is well mixed put in salt—two good heaping tablespoonfuls; good, dry table salt is a necessity—and one teaspoonful of white ground pepper. Never put in salt or pepper before this stage of the process, because the salt and pepper would coagulate the albumen of the eggs, and you cannot get the dressing smooth. One tablespoonful of vinegar, added gradually, with a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar. Make the dressing in a vegetable dish large enough to hold the whole salad; then, when you have mixed the chicken and celery in it,

turn it into your salad-bowl. Mix very thoroughly; clean the sides of your salad-bowl with a cloth or a bit of bread—a smeary salad-bowl is an abomination. Stand the whole in a cool place until ready to serve. Too much dressing is really a greater mistake than too little. The crispness of celery in a salad is very evanescent, and a chicken salad should be eaten shortly after dressing. If a great deal of salad, as for a supper, has to be made, work up your dressing a half hour beforehand, and mix when wanted. If a chicken salad stands too long, it loses all its excellence. There ought to be no red pepper in a chicken salad.

Cherry Jelly.—Stone and stem a quantity of the best of cherries. To every four pounds of cherries add one pound of the best of red currants. Put these fruits into a copper preserving-pan. Place over the fire and reduce all to a mash. Keep stirring all the while with a wooden spatula. Now strain, press through a hair sieve and filter through a jelly-bag. To each pound of fruit add three quarters of a pound of sugar. On account of the currants, you may increase the sugar to pound for pound if your taste is for a sweet jelly. Now place again on the fire and boil to a jelly. Remove the scum and fill your glasses or jars. When cold, cover the tops with paper covered with white of egg. Tie up and set away for use.

Cherry Compote.—This is a very delicious form in which to serve the cherry, and those who try it once will be certain to "try, try again." Cut off the stalks of some of the ripest and most highly-flavored cherries. Cut the stalks about half way up; wash them in cold water, and allow to drain until they are entirely dry. Make some plain sugar syrup in the usual way. Throw in the cherries and let them boil rapidly five or six times. Remove the scum, if there is any, and allow it to get cold. Now place in a deep glass dish. Take especial pains to have all the stalks point upward. Now pour in the syrup; add the juice of a lemon.

Old-fashioned Preserves.—For preserves use only the best loaf or granulated sugar, and allow a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit if you wish your preserves very sweet, three-quarters if you do not; the latter quantity is fully sufficient for ordinary preserves. Peel peaches, pears, quinces, and apples, and throw into cold water as you peel them to prevent their turning dark. Drain off the water, weigh the fruit, cover with the sugar, and let them stand for two or three hours. Set on the fire and heat slowly; then boil slowly, or rather simmer, until the preserves are clear. Take out each piece with a skimmer and lay on a flat dish to cool, or else put in the jars at once. Stew the syrup, skimming off the scum which rises, until it "ropes" from the spoon. If the preserves are already in the jar, pour the syrup over them and seal; if on dishes, return them to the syrup and boil up once before putting up.

Cherry Sweetmeat.—To make this delightful confection, select some of the best and ripest cherries; extract both the stalks and stones; put them into a copper preserving-pan, always remembering—never under any circumstances to use any tin in connection with red fruits.


Now mash the pulp; place the pan over the fire and boil until the fruit is soft; keep stirring the pulp constantly while it is over the fire; pass and press through a hair sieve. For every pound of fruit add three-quarters of a pound of best finely-pulverized sugar. Place again over the fire. Allow to simmer only, and keep constantly in motion by stirring until the pulp is reduced to the consistency of a thick marmalade. Now remove from the fire and spread the fruit on sheets of paper. Place in the hot closet to dry. After the fruit has become thoroughly dried it may be formed into knots or rings, and cut up into various shapes, plain or fanciful, and then crystallized.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Designs and Styles in Dress furnished in this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not merely COPY. It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by our more refined and elevated taste at home. Besides, its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace important information for dealers, and valuable hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, dress becomingly, and keep themselves informed of the changes in the Fashions and the specialties required in the exercise of good taste.



ALWAYS FIRST PREMIUM.

CENTENNIAL AWARD OVER ALL COMPETITORS,
 MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION,
 And the Medal of Superiority at the late Fair of the American Institute.

Review of Fashions.

ETERNAL efforts are made to revive what has become extinct, in the interest of those who suffer from the loss, but have not intelligence or adaptability enough to seize the new idea, and apply it to their own case and needs.

This disposition has been recently illustrated in the effort on the part of high personages abroad to resuscitate the fashionable prestige of Irish poplins, and restore their bygone glory. The fact that they are not adapted to the present style of costume does not seem to be considered—or that the stiffness created by their horizontal cords is directly opposed to the long, artistic lines and graceful folds into which it is desirable for the dress fabrics of the present day to fall. Poplin never was so well suited to ladies' dresses as to furniture covering, on this account, and the best way to meet the gradual loss of the trade would have been to watch the market and introduce such designs as would have rendered it appropriate for furniture covering and window curtains.

Another great objection to poplin, besides the stiffness of the fabric, is the mixture of silk and wool of which it is composed, and which makes it impossible to submit it to a cleaner or dyer without spoiling it for future use. This is a very important objection, particularly as it is expensive, as much so as a handsome silk; while the fact that it is *not* silk lowers its caste. Change is the law of fashion, and those who cannot adapt themselves to it must expect to take the consequences. Effort to prevent it is useless; it is an unwritten law to which all have to submit, and which manufacturers themselves have assisted to create by introducing constant changes, and by encouraging growth and improvement. The time will probably come when the poplin industry will revive; the wheel is constantly turning, and what was last is first, what was first, last; but no ukase can make it so; it will have to take its turn, and come round by the natural order of things.

The skill and ingenuity exercised upon fabrics is now so great, and the variety is so enormous that no one manufacture can expect to occupy

uncontested the post of honor. Velvet, that was considered twenty-five or thirty years ago as the goods *par excellence* for the ceremonious robe of a *grand dame*, now looks plain, unless enriched with quantities of fine jet, and real lace and satin; and *moire*, the same. The art of enriching stuffs by hand labor has been carried to such perfection, that all the work of the machine looks poor beside it; and dresses have become, through the magic of painting and embroidery, as fine studies as some that are seen upon the walls of authoritative academies.

Just now, the desideratum in an elegant dress is a rich figured silk or satin, and it is not combined with any other fabric except in the very smallest proportions. This assertion is not meant to include lace as trimmings. A fine, thick plaiting of plain satin is sometimes put under the edge of the skirt instead of the white muslin *balayuse*, or on the inner side of it; but no combination is visible unless in the case of panels or bands of plain satin, upon which designs are painted.

Combinations of stuffs or fabrics are now pretty generally restricted to visiting and walking costumes. Plain materials of a single tone contrast well with trimming materials which contain several. As for instance, plain silk, plain wool, plain satin, and the like; and the richer the goods, the fuller, the finer, the more complete its collaboration will require to be. Thus the silk and wool stuffs which are used for trimming camel's-hair and chuddah cloth would be "nowhere" upon silk or satin. Silk must have brocade, and satin gold or silver mixtures, which cost a small fortune, to give them the requisite appearance of elegance.

This growth in extravagance is not the best thing, perhaps, but it is inevitable; growth develops art: art, luxury; luxury, diversity; and the power to gratify the natural love of novelty.

One of the best ideas of the season is the conjunction of black lace with satin-finished foulards. The printed satin foulards are not becoming, and it is very difficult to make them so that they shall be. They are like wearing thin, yellowish mirrors; they reflect defects, but hold neither light

nor shade upon their smooth surface. Combined with black lace, however, the effect of the amber and wine, or red mixtures, becomes altogether different. It is toned down to a wonderful degree, and made picturesque.

The lace is plaited, it is quite deep, and is used to form alternate flounces with the plaited satin upon the front of the skirt. The draping at the back is surmounted by a double plaited square of lace, set into the back of the basque. The garniture consists of satin ribbons in the two principal colors of the foulard.

There is a summer rage for dots; dotted muslins, embroidered dots, dotted lace, and dots to fill up the plain spaces in needlework and embroidery.

Models for the Month.

AMONG the prettiest of the summer styles we call attention to the "Ilione" walking skirt as a most graceful example of the combination idea in walking costumes. The facing of the figured material upon the flounce is a matter of taste—many prefer a perfectly plain kilting. But none will dispute the combination of taste with simplicity and elegance in the cut and arrangement of the shirred front and lower apron with its cascade of bows, or the style and finish of the shirred drapery at the back, which retains its position, and requires no further adjustment.

It is a good design for grenadine and black satin, the satin taking the place of the figured stuff, or for plain silk combined with brocade. Or it may be used for light woollens and Persian mixtures with fine effect, or for satin foulard, the figured goods in the illustration being replaced by plaited black lace.

A new and stylish polonaise, suited to momie cloth, chintz satines, satin foulards, and the like, is the "Francesca." The back of this polonaise is cut all in one, the front of the skirt is shirred and attached to a tight-fitting basque. It is very novel, very simple, yet very stylish, and is grace-

fully draped with silken cord and long spike-like ornaments.

It is a suitable design for black or colored silk to wear over thin trimmed skirts, or it may be made of grenadine for wear over a silk skirt. Between eight and nine yards of medium width goods are required for this garment.

The "Imma" cape gives an excellent idea of the fashionable style of mantle for summer wear, which is a cape trimmed and draped and so made dressy and graceful, instead of plain and stiff as a simple cape must needs be. It is very simple after all, for only one yard and three quarters of any material twenty-four inches wide is needed to make a medium size, and one yard and a half each of passementerie and fringe to trim it.

A stylish polonaise, suited to almost any material, is the "Cleanthe." This is quite the opposite of the "Francesca" in the cut of the back, which is a *basque*, while the fronts have a bodice-basque also, and a double apron, the lower part of which falls in points. The side pieces at the back extend entirely down the skirt, making flat panels which are buttoned over on the apron, and hold the drapery at the back in position.

The trimmed walking skirt is the great feature of all the new summer walking costumes, that is those composed of silk or woolen materials. The "Thilda" consists of a kilted flounce, a draped apron, a puffed back, and scarf which crosses from the back to one side, and terminates in a short panel. A cascade of ribbon loops ornaments the front of the skirt. Eleven yards of any plain material will make it, including the flounce, and one and a half of the silk or woolen brocade will make sash and panels. The "Gitana" is the most decided novelty in the designs for walking skirts, and is particularly adapted to satin and the combinations of satin with brocade. It also makes up well in flannel suitings for seaside wear—the front breadth being either composed of figured stuff or a draped breadth arranged of the same material. The plaiting may be omitted if preferred. With this skirt either a perfectly plain basque or a "Jersey" might be worn. The amount of material required for the skirt is only seven yards—strictly, though seven and a quarter are recommended.

Two extremely handsome *basques*, both novel in design, are features of this month's illustrations. One is the "Marimon" coat, the other the "Eudocia" *basque*. The "Marimon" has an extra skirt which gives the effect of a long vest, and a sash which is tied closely at the back and knotted with ends. The collar is round at the back, cut in at the narrow part of the shoulder, and is straight across the front. It is made in the contrasting material of the suit. The "Eudocia" *basque* has a triple skirt and triple collar, the former tied over a series of narrow ruffles at the back. It is intended for a combination of plain with figured goods, and is very effective. About five yards of material would be required for the entire *basque*, which may be divided up into three yards and a quarter of the plain, and one and three quarters of the figured—this estimate includes the plaitings at the back. A useful little dressing *sacque* for summer wear is the "Teresa." It seems rather superfluous to take the trouble to make a dressing *sacque* of any white goods when they can be purchased so cheaply, but there is this objection to the ready-made ones that they never fit, that they are usually of a bad shape, and if well trimmed very expensive. Three yards of any white goods will make the "Teresa," and three yards and a half of insertion and six and a half of lace or embroidery will trim it fully as illustrated. It may be made in peacock or china blue flannel, and trimmed with torchon lace.



House Dress and Street Costume.

FIG. 1.—A charming house dress made of brocaded black satin grenadine, combined with black satin, and trimmed with jet. The "Francesca" polonaise is made of the grenadine and the demitrain skirt of the satin; the latter trimmed with fans of the satin ornamented with bows of double-faced satin ribbon, black and red. Handsome jet ornaments finish the front of the polonaise, and the *bouffant* drapery at the back is supported by a gilded cord, finished with *piquets*. *Lingerie* of Languedoc lace. The polonaise is illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—The "Odette" costume, made in printed *foulard* in oriental colors, combined with plain Surah silk. The coat is of the *foulard*, and falls straight at the back over the skirt, which is made of the Surah, and trimmed with ruffles at the back and upright shirrings on the front. Full frill of Breton lace at the neck, and a *jabot* to match down the front of the waist. Hat of Cashmere straw, trimmed with Cashmere feathers, a bird with bright plumage, and Jacqueminot roses, and faced with red. Pattern of suit, thirty cents each size.

Hats and Bonnets.

THE bonnets have not increased in size, though it was prophesied by some that they would. They do not differ in essential points from those of last summer, that is, in shape and material, and therefore those who are frugally inclined can dress up their last year's chips in dainty flowers and lace, or gorgeous silk and gold ornaments, and brave it with the best.

The artistic bonnet of the season is a small gypsy cottage shape, of English straw; the brim lined with some delicate tone, the outside trimmed with apple-blossoms and palest blue ribbon.

The elegant French bonnet is of ivory chip, lined with satin and edged with gold—the ornamentation, a wreath of flowers, and satin strings edged with plaited lace—gold or other—Mechlin, probably. Persian, or gold embroidered silk is very much used in conjunction with gold lace and golden ornaments, but not with wreaths of delicate flowers, which are usually associated with lace or white satin, with perhaps a line of gold as a finish upon the edge of the brim. A fine black chip bonnet is very stylishly ornamented with a scarf of Persian silk, and three ostrich tips, one red, one gold, and one peacock blue. They are mounted directly over the front.

A large black chip hat with rolling brim, has a facing of gold network, and a long amber feather which sweeps the shoulder. Folds of soft amber armure silk occupy the lower side.

Black bonnets are seen occasionally, but they are little used except for a change with black toilets, by ladies who can afford a variety. The exceptions to this rule this season are more numerous perhaps on account of the rage for beaded trimmings, and the brilliant effects produced on

black lace, by the crown and fringes of *clair de lune* beads, mixed ruby and amber, or bronze and gold, with a slight infusion of red. But of course the number is limited by the necessity of having such bonnets to match costumes.

Summer Costumes.

(See page 342.)

FIG. 1.—A carriage toilet made of black brocade grenadine combined with dark red Surah silk. The "Cleanthe" polonaise is made of the grenadine, lined throughout with the Surah, and trimmed with embroidered bands, the design palm leaves, worked on lace with silk in oriental colors. The skirt is a demi-train made of the red Surah, trimmed on the bottom with a plaiting of black satin faced with red. Tuscan hat, lined with red, and trimmed with red and yellow plumes. *Fichu* of India mull, trimmed with Languedoc lace. The polonaise is illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—A lovely costume made in *fleur de thé*, elaborately trimmed with Breton lace. The entire costume is made of the same goods, which is a very fine cotton crape, the ground a pale fawn color, and the figures in blue, pink, red and green. The designs used for the costume are the "Thilda" walking skirt, and the "Imma" cape, both of which are illustrated elsewhere. *Toque* of fawn-colored *satin de Lyon*, trimmed with pink roses, and blue and fawn-colored tips. Skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of cape in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty cents each.

FIG. 3.—A novel costume, made of "tiger-spotted" pongee, deep *ecru* in color with raised spots of dark red velvet, combined with plain India pongee. The designs used are the "Marimon" coat and the "Gitana" walking skirt. The coat and the front of the skirt are made of the spotted goods, and the vest, collar, and cuffs of the coat, and the back breadths of the skirt are of the plain. The skirt is composed of an apron, slightly gored at the sides, and four full breadths, and the only trimming on it is a plaiting of red Surah silk which finishes the bottom; "Sara Bernhardt" frill of *point d'esprit* lace, and a *jabot* of red Surah trimmed with lace to match. Hat of Tuscan braid, trimmed with a wreath of Jacqueminot and tea roses, and faced with red Surah silk, shirred. Parasol of pongee to match dress, and lined with red. Both designs are illustrated separately elsewhere. Skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of coat, twenty-five cents each size.

FIG. 4.—Costume of pale gray Chuddah cloth, trimmed with brocaded satin in which pale blue, old gold, and red are combined. The patterns used are the "Eudocia" basque and the "Ilione" walking-skirt; the satin being employed for the collar, cuffs, and points on the front of the basque, and the lower drapery on the skirt, and the rest of the costume made of the Chuddah cloth. The basque is shorter at the back than in front, and the skirt has moderately *bouffant* drapery held in position by shirring across the back. Hat of Cashmere straw, trimmed with old-gold and blue tips, and red and yellow roses. The basque and skirt are both illustrated among the separate fashions. Pattern of basque, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.



ILIONE WALKING SKIRT.



THILDA WALKING SKIRT.

Ilione Walking Skirt.—This novel and stylish design has for its foundation a gored walking skirt which is short enough to escape the ground all around, on which the drapery is disposed like an overskirt with a double apron, and the back arranged in a *bouffant* manner. The skirt is trimmed with a kilt-plaited flounce, twenty-four inches deep, but any other style of trimming can be substituted that is preferred. If the plaited flounce is used, as illustrated, the weight will be greatly reduced by cutting the skirt off under the flounce, and the plaits can be held in position by tacking

their inner edges to tapes placed across them on the inside. The design is suitable for all classes of dress goods, and is very desirable for a combination of materials. The front view of this design is illustrated on Fig. 4 of the plate of summer dresses, in combination with the "Eudocia" basque. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Thilda Walking Skirt.—A short round skirt is here combined with an overskirt having a fully draped apron and a moderately *bouffant* back. A

sash of the material draped diagonally across the back, and panels at the sides, complete this novel yet stylish design. It is suitable for all classes of dress goods, especially those which drape gracefully, and is well adapted to a combination of materials. The front is illustrated as trimmed with loops of ribbon, but these can be omitted, if preferred, and any style of flounce can be used on the underskirt that is desired. The front view of this design is illustrated on Fig. 2 of the plate of summer dresses, in combination with the "Imma" cape. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



—SUMMER COSTUMES—SEE PAGE 341.—

Fashionable Lingerie.

No. 1.—A dainty collar in the style known as "*collier Sara Bernhardt*." It consists of a very full ruche of *point d'esprit* lace, which fits closely around the neck, and is finished with a fine knife-plaiting of the same lace, falling all around. It is closed at the left side with a bunch of roses, and can be furnished, with any kind of flowers, for \$2.

No. 2.—A stylish *fichu-jabot*, very desirable for dressy wear. Three folds of *point d'esprit* tulle are placed one above the other on a foundation of insertion, and edged with a double ruffle of Italian lace, giving the effect of a deep, slightly *décolleté* collar, finished in front with a bow of pale blue *gros grain* ribbon. From under this the *jabot* falls in the shape of two long ends of insertion and ruffled lace, which are caught just below the bust by another bow of ribbon. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$2.85.

No. 3.—A very elegant *fichu* intended for *habillé toilet*, and made of India muslin, Italian lace, and pale blue *gros grain* ribbon. A slightly full ruffle is formed by sewing two pieces of the lace with their footings together. Upon the inner portion of this a straight piece of India muslin, shirred at regular intervals, is placed, leaving only a narrow edging of lace visible on the inside. A graceful bow of the ribbon finishes the *fichu* in front, another bow being placed over the shirring at the back of the neck. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$2.75. The same can be furnished, made in *crêpe de Chine*, for \$3.25.

No. 4.—A lovely *jabot*, combined with a frill of plaited Breton lace, mounted on a band of pale blue satin ribbon. To this is attached, by means of a graceful bow of pale blue, combined with fancy satin ribbon, the *jabot* itself, comprising a plaited *coquille* of the lace, edged by the two ribbons intermixed, and finished with loops and ends of the same. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$2.50.

No. 5.—A very elegant *fichu-jabot*, intended for evening wear. The *fichu* is made of cream-colored wash-



FASHIONABLE LINGERIE.

ing blonde, doubled and finished with a ruffle of Languedoc lace, and is fastened in front under a bow of wide, pale blue satin ribbon. A large bunch of flowers is placed at the left, and below this the *jabot* falls in large, graceful *coquilles* of lace disposed on a foundation of blonde. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, and flowers to suit the taste, \$3.85.

No. 6.—A beautiful cravat in *Renaissance* style, made of pink *crêpe de Chine*, and having shirred ends trimmed with two plaitings of Breton lace, placed over one another, and headed by an *appliqué* of embroidery. The illustration represents it fastened in front under a bow of narrow, pale blue *gros grain* ribbon combined with a bunch of roses and buds. This can be furnished, with *crêpe* and ribbon of any desired color, and flowers to suit the taste, for \$2.25.

THE Jersey costume is of woven silk net, with an opening only at the neck. It must be slipped on before the hair is dressed, an elastic closing around the neck. It fits the figure like a glove.



GITANA WALKING SKIRT

Gitana Walking Skirt.—A full, round walking skirt, extremely simple in design, having the apron slightly gored at each side, and the sides and back formed of four straight full breadths. It is short enough to escape the ground all around, and the bottom is finished with a plaiting three inches deep. The fullness at the back and sides is combined at the top by old-fashioned gauging about four inches deep. It is appropriate for all classes of dress goods, excepting perhaps the thinnest. A stylish effect is produced by making the apron of figured material, and the back and side breadths, as well as the plaiting, of plain goods. The front view of this design is illustrated on Fig. 3 of the plate of summer dresses, in combination with the "*Marimon*" coat. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



CLEANTHE POLONAISE.



FRANCESCA POLONAISE.

Cleanthe Polonaise.—Side forms reaching to the bottom of the skirt combine a basque, pointed in front and plaited at the back, with a gracefully draped overskirt to form this stylish garment. The basque is tight-fitting, has two darts in each front, side gores under the arms, side forms carried to the shoulders, and a seam down the middle of the back. The overskirt has a draped apron, shirred in the middle, beneath which is a second apron falling in two deep points, and the back is looped in a different manner at each side. It can be appropriately made up in all classes of dress goods, and the trimming must be chosen to correspond. The back view of this design is illustrated on Fig. 1 of the plate of summer dresses. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Novelties in Head-dresses and Ornaments.

SINCE the return to classic forms of *coiffure*, head ornaments have assumed antique forms. It would be difficult to describe the beauty of some of these, combining as they do great elegance with purity of design. The "Pompeian circlet," a combination of *bandelettes* with a net into which the back hair is gathered, is one of the handsomest of these novelties. The *bandelettes* are extremely narrow, a mere line of gold, on which are placed diamonds at regular intervals, and in a shallow cup-like hollow of gold, so that the stone itself appears like a dewdrop in the calyx of a flower. The three *bandelettes* meet at the nape of the neck, at which the points of a net for the back hair, formed of three more *bandelettes* and placed very low, are crossed by small chains of gold, making a fillet in conjunction with the same. Over this are scattered larger cup-like settings containing larger diamonds. None of the stones in this exquisite head-dress are very large, but the workmanship is extremely fine.

The "Diana Crescent" is another very beautiful design, having a half-moon of diamonds upon the lower of three *bandelettes*. Another design of the same kind has the twelve moons of the year completely encircling the head, and with this magnificent *coiffure* the hair is dressed in what is called the "wheat sheaf," it being a style which,

taking all the hair back Chinese fashion, places the head-dress low down upon the brow and disposes of the hair above, or in the hollow of the head-ornament, elongating its puffs into high spirals, terminating, as in Egyptian head-dressing, in fine, fleecy points.

The "Helmet of Mercury" is a very beautiful helmet-shaped network of silver, fastened at intervals by gold stars, and having two golden pheasants' natural wings set in small pheasants' heads of silver at the two sides, with the tips upward, precisely as the wings appear on the head-gear of the flying Mercury in statuary.

The "Minerva Helmet" has a natural owl's head and breast, set upright on a helmet of silver network with a vizor-like band of gold and silver, having a medallion with a cameo head of Minerva. The eyes of the owl are large emeralds.

The "Cleopatra" is a double band of gold with agates of a greenish hue, between each of which is a peacock's "crest" or small tuft of head-feathers, of which the varied hues are almost as brilliant as jewels.

A very singular and original head-dress is an arch of diamonds on a thread-like line of gold, forming the "Mary Stuart" curve, and so arranged as to appear detached from any support. A star of diamonds delicately caught to the inside of the down-arching point of the curve takes thus an ethereal effect, which, above fluffily disposed and tendril-like ringlets, is very advantageous to the contour of face and head.

A head-dress of singular appearance, but not devoid of beauty, is eight bands of flat "crushed" gold upon which are laid imitations of antique coins of copper defaced by rust and fire, as are some found in the Pompeian excavations. Another of similar character has bits of lava set in cup-like hollows of gold, and having between each "lava" an emerald of small size "in the rough"—that is to say, still attached to the mineral upon which it is found. As the mineral itself is sparkling, this affords a bright contrast to the dull lava, and, the workmanship being excellent, the effect is one of those now-a-days sought to be attained by "high art."

The styles introducing Oriental coins upon black velvet are still greatly admired as head ornaments, but Greek "forms" are at present decidedly the favorites.

Francesca Polonaise.—The novel feature of this polonaise is the basque front, to the bottom of which the skirt, shirred at the top, is attached. It is fitted with two darts in each front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounded to the armholes, and a seam in the middle of the back. The back is moderately *bouffant*, and is gracefully draped. The design is suitably made in all classes of dress materials, and the trimming should be chosen to correspond. The front view of this design is illustrated elsewhere *en costume* as a house dress. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Seaside Grenadines.

THIS is the name given to light woolen fabrics, very soft and openworked in small checks in a lace pattern. They are much less expensive than silk grenadines, and of course not so rich in appearance, but they are an excellent substitute for those who cannot spend so much money, and they do not require the expensive trimming which is usually put on the other. A black silk walking skirt made of a good but of course not thick or heavy silk at about a dollar per yard, and a seaside grenadine polonaise trimmed with the same, constitutes a very simple but very neat and lady-like summer church dress, and the cost, if made at home, need not exceed fifteen dollars; for the body part of the polonaise may be lined with French twill, which is white on the under side, and costs no more than silesia. Or an old silk skirt may be used, or the French twill before mentioned for a skirt, and satin to trim it in knife-plattings and trimming, the grenadine being used for drapery and the body part of the basque or polonaise, whichever is used.

But the seaside grenadine is not confined to black—it has made its appearance in dark myrtle green and several shades of blue, gray, and brown, and may be employed for complete costumes, with trimmings of satin or silk or figured stuffs or corded stripe or dotted goods, provided the material is not too heavy, and does not look too loud for so modest a fabric.

Fashionable Bracelets.

No. 1.—A very pretty bracelet in "rolled" gold, half an inch wide. The body is Roman gold, having a raised ornament across the middle of the front, and both the ornament and the front of the bracelet finished with filigree and small polished plaques. Price, \$12 per pair.

No. 2.—An especially handsome bracelet in "rolled" gold, three-quarters of an inch wide. The body is Roman gold, the front having three raised ornaments placed across it, finished with filigree and polished plaques. Lengthwise of the front, and passing through these ornaments, are three bars, the middle one in Roman gold ornamented with filigree, and the others of highly polished gold. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, \$18 per pair.

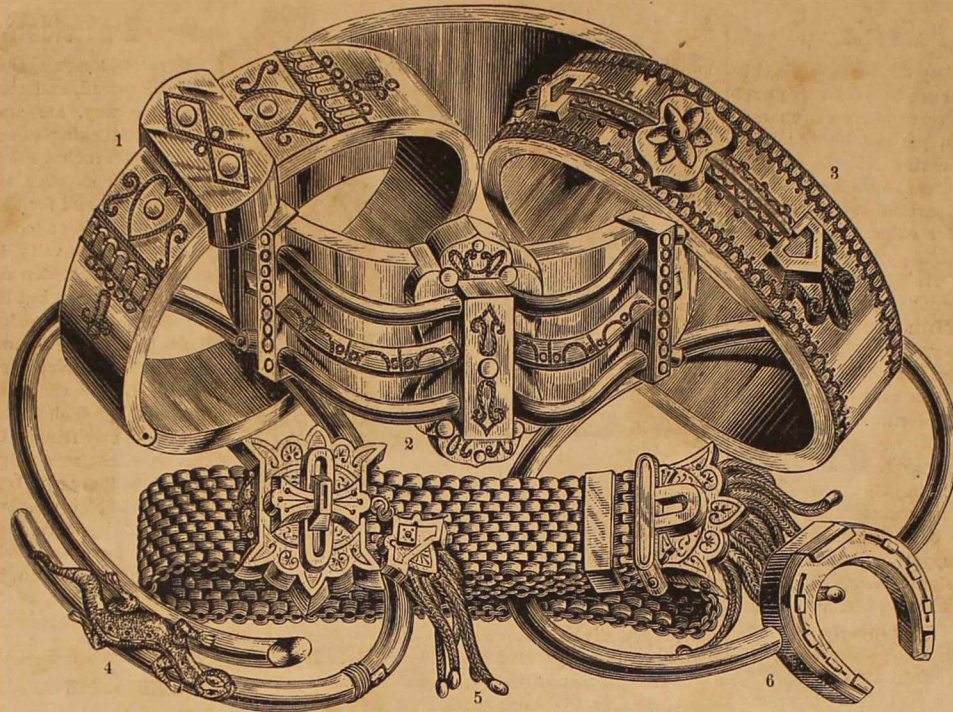
No. 3.—A handsome bracelet in "rolled" gold, five-eighths of an inch wide. The body is Roman gold, ornamented with delicate filigree work near the edges, and the front has a raised bar of polished gold and filigree, terminating with scroll work, and having a medallion in the center. Price, \$13 per pair.

No. 4.—A very stylish bracelet in "rolled" gold wire, polished and copper colored. The two ends are lapped about an inch and a half on the upper side, like a spiral, and held together by a lizard in green gold. Price, \$7.50 per pair; or \$3.75 the single bracelet.

No. 5.—A woven link bracelet, half an inch wide, in "rolled" gold, highly polished. The fastening is arranged on the principle of a buckle, and has two slides, one perfectly plain in polished gold, and the other plain on the under side with a highly polished ornament on the upper side. The end of the strap is finished with a polished ornament similar to the one on the upper part of the slides, but smaller. A tassel in Roman gold is placed at the end of the strap, and one at the side of the slide. Price, \$13.50 per pair. The same style of bracelet, with a single slide, can be furnished at \$12 the pair.

No. 6.—A novel and simple bracelet of "rolled" gold wire, Roman color. The upper side is ornamented with a horse-shoe having the nails in polished gold. Price, \$7.50 per pair; or \$3.75 the single bracelet. Bracelets of plain, round wire, polished, the same size as those illustrated, but without ornamentation, can be furnished at \$5 per pair, or \$2.50 the single bracelet.

All of these goods are of the best quality of material and workmanship, and many of the designs are fac-similes of those made in solid gold.



FASHIONABLE BRACELETS.

Novelties for Watering Places.

ONE of the oddest of these is a pointed handkerchief of sky-blue satin spotted all over with gold filigree buttercups. This is set on the head with the points down over the forehead and pinned at the back of the head precisely as a "maid-of-all-work" would pin on a kerchief to protect her hair from the dust. All that is seen of the hair is the little rippling wave of the bandeaux line along the brow.

Wheat, rye and oat stalks in gold and silver, steel and jet, buttercups of gold, daisies of silver with gilt centers, marigolds of gold filigree with centers of brown enamel for the hair; neck ornaments of velvet with a cluster of small pearls around a larger pearl and with a pendant pear-shaped pearl; thirty rows of seed-pearls with a clasp of red garnet and three pendants of pearl; flat, square pieces of gold with Ethiopian heads in black enamel or in onyx, for necklaces and bracelets; high-pointed combs imitating a bird's crest, in jewel-tipped wire of gold; clusters of artificial daisies and pansies confined by a firm clasp of gold imitating ribbon, and meant to be attached to the right of the belt; large clasps holding artificial poppies and corn-flowers, bound in a sheaf-like bunch, and intended for looping the sides of thin dresses so as to take up the under-frilling from the dusty floors of watering-place parlors; combs covered with a *demi-couronne* of velvet pansies, and intended to be set either above, under or at the side of the low Greek knot; fans decorated with flat-laid artificial flowers of every description; parasols similarly adorned and topped off by feathery knots of larkspur and pearl-blossoms; sashes of polka-dotted silk tissue of every color, fringed with white silk, to confine loose white muslin wrappers; fillets of gold thread for the back hair; fillets of silk thread for night wear; bracelets of white kid, hand-painted with classic heads and mounted on narrow strips of gold; ear-rings with filigree lizards an inch and a half long, and so adjusted that they appear to palpitate, and having jeweled eyes of great luster; belts of hand-painting on white silk, kid and velvet, having heads of animals, butterflies, insects,

medallions, arabesques, curious running patterns of myriad-hued tulips—these are handsome with a dress of white—shells, flowers and fruit, and clasped by twelve silver chains; châtelaîne bags of white kid and silk, with pictures on ivory representing in hand-painting hunting parties with falcon, and pages playing on mandolins, and inserted in large squares or medallions with a rim of silver upon the upper side of the belt, while the under side is of quilted satin in light colors; châtelaîne bags in another style of silver network over black velvet or scarlet satin; purses of small sea-shells held together by silver cord. These are a portion of the novelties of the season.

Summer Morning Dresses.

THE charming freshness and delicacy of the new cotton materials, the soft-finished cambrics, the satines in small patterns and chintz colors, the blue and white checked ginghams, and others *ad infinitum*, afford an opportunity for coquetry in summer morning attire to any extent desired.

The trailing, untidy cotton wrapper is now, fortunately, very seldom seen. The favorite house dresses, even when they are "Princess" in cut, are short, and have a pretty air of simplicity. The skirt is almost straight round, deepened a very little at the back, and is finished with a plaited flounce at least twelve inches in depth, and headed with a border or band of the same material. Some are gathered into a deep, square yoke at the back, but are cut all in one in front, a belt confining the waist. Others have the round waist with belt, and one skirt trimmed with narrow ruffles, an apron being added, which forms a sort of overskirt.

The checked ginghams, if the check is not too large, look well made up with back yoke or blouse waist, the chintz satines plain, with French waist and apron overskirt; and the small figured goods with a polonaise—slightly draped and belted in. A great deal of lace or needlework is used in the trimming, and satin ribbons of the pretty shades of the fabrics—of course these are removed when they are washed.

Girls make jaunty little aprons of pale blue, white, and pink checked gingham handkerchiefs, by ruffling them with the bordering twice across the bottom, and adding a little square bib. Small satine aprons are also very pretty, trimmed with two or three rows of imitation Mechlin lace. To the cotton dress for morning wear in the street, a little lace cape or fichu is added, and a straw bonnet trimmed with apple-blossoms, and pale blue strings.

Summer Parasols.

THERE is a great variety in the parasols this season, but all those that are distinctively novel are costly, or else of a very ephemeral character. Celluloid has been pressed into the service as a covering for the ribs, and the pointed projections are many of them colored red, which has a curious effect, not particularly objectionable in the present rage for color. The number of ribs has, we are glad to say, been reduced since last season from sixteen to twelve, so that there are not so many "spare" ribs as formerly, and the covering is not so absurdly cut up. Why they should have been raised so extravagantly high in price it is hard to say, for there is nothing about them that has not been seen before, except the color at the top of the ribs, and the addition of bright-colored insects, which are in some cases absurdly stuck on to the handles, handsome in themselves, but spoiled by this attempt at ornament.

Nothing can be more beautiful than grained wood, polished like satin, yet gnarled and knotted into rusticity and significance, which are used for this purpose, and to endeavor to sham naturalness, by sticking on toy insects, destroys their excellence.

The covering is either plain *satin de Lyon* or figured satin foulard, or rich figured or brocaded silk. To this is added lining and fringe or lace, or a scalloped and pinked-out edge. Sometimes, and to the more expensive styles, the fringe or lace is superadded to the pinking and the scollops, which produces a frizzy and fussy effect, rather than one of greater elegance.

Some very pretty carriage parasols are of small figured brocade, lined with changeable silk, and bordered with beautiful lace; but there is this difficulty about all the figured coverings, that they must correspond with the toilet, or they do not look well at all.

About parasols for country use and wear there is not the same necessity to be fastidious, yet even in the country there is an air of finish and completeness to the toilet which is attractive, when the gingham parasol is associated with the gingham dress, and the figured satins with a chintz cotton gown of corresponding tone and colors. The common plain sun umbrellas do not vary much from season to season, but even these have shared in the general advance in price which has been remarked all along the line.

Novel Card-cases.

An entirely novel style of card-cases is a ball of silver, into which the cards are slipped without in any way injuring their shape. It is intended to be suspended to the *châtelaine* chain, and looks like a new notion in belt ornaments, for it would be difficult to divine that the ball shape conceals a square of ivory into which the cards pass easily. Another and very odd card-case resembles an orange. It is of gold filigree, lined with yellow satin, and studded with crystals. Still another is a long oval, like a narrow egg, of steel set with mother-of-pearl stars, and having at the top a dragon-fly, which forms the opening through which the cards are slipped by an aperture between the open wings. The fly and wings are of steel set with mother-of-pearl.

SMALL, white Japanese fans are trimmed with frills of lace or muslin on one side, the reverse side being ornamented with a water-color painting.



TERESA SACQUE.

Teresa Sacque.—A very simple and practical design, especially desirable for a house sacque or to complete a costume made of washable goods. It is about three-fourths tight-fitting, has one dart in each front, side forms in the back carried to the armholes, and a curved seam down the middle; and is the same depth all around. While not inappropriate for materials which are used for street wear, it is especially desirable for summer and washing fabrics, and those selected for house dresses. It may be handsomely, or simply trimmed, to suit the taste and the material used. The illustration represents it as made of white goods, trimmed with embroidery. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



MARIMON COAT.

Marimon Coat.—Suitable either for house or street wear, this stylish garment is tight-fitting, having two darts in each front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounded to the armholes, and a seam in the middle of the back. Extensions cut on the side gores are loosely tied across the back, and an extra skirt added under the short fronts gives the effect of a long vest. This design is suitable for many of the fabrics that are used for out-door garments, but is most appropriately made to match the rest of the costume. It is especially desirable for a combination of colors or materials. The front view of this design is illustrated on Fig. 3 of the plate of summer dresses, in combination with the "Gitana" walking skirt. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Embroidered Mittens.

MITTENS, long and short, heavily embroidered in gold thread, and stockings overwrought in the same way, are among present novelties, as also a stocking of crimson spool silk, hand-knit in a crochet stitch, and intended to be drawn over another stocking of spider-web-like texture, and for the purpose of displaying which what is called the "thong slipper" is worn. This novelty is a modification of a Greek sandal, which can be slipped on like any other slipper, but has a sandal effect which is extremely becoming to the foot. The "Mexican" shoe is another novelty, in which the effect of fringe is given to the edge of the shoe, by a short tufted fringe-like border of raw silk, which imitates a Mexican Indian shoe similarly trimmed. Small buckles adorn this shoe, having a natural Mexican shell upon them. Still another beautiful novelty for footwear is the richly-embroidered silk boot, having a vine pattern running up the instep and ankle, and also the back of the boot above the heel. In black satin, beaded, this boot is extremely handsome, as well as in white silk with white jet for trousseaux.

The Sara Bernhardt Mantle.

THESE novel and beautiful mantles of black lace are suited only to the concert-room, watering-place or *matinée*, their style being too picturesque for the street. They are pointed shawls of Chantilly, draped and gathered on either the right or left shoulder, where the cluster of folds is held by a large knot, with ends, of yellow satin ribbon. Passing to the hip on the opposite side, the shawl is again caught up and its ends fastened together under a rosette of similar ribbon. Another form in which the same idea is still further developed, is the arrangement of two lace shawls with a bow on each shoulder, and a rosette on each hip, the two shawls crossing, and thus giving a rich display of lace folds. Still another style places a broad belt of yellow satin ribbon about the waist, confining both shawls beneath it in the front, where the four ends droop, and making a kind of basque and very dressy and elaborate upper garment.

Black Forest Peasant Bows.

THE Black Forest "kite-bow" or peasant bow which proves so great a favorite, is made of lusterless black silk, and precisely follows the model offered by those worn by the young German girls of the above-named locality. Imitating the up-spreading pointed bow which so much resembles the wings of a kite, it is set on the head in a most uncompromising "flare" and quite far forward, the band on which it is as it were *perched* being but an inch above the flat-laid wave of the hair. The dull and dense color of the silk makes this adornment especially becoming to blonde-haired, fair-complexioned persons, as it brings out, like an ebony frame to a tinted picture, the delicate coloring of such faces. No second bow should be placed at the back of the head with a "kite-bow," nor should any comb or other ornament be set with it upon the hair, which is simply braided and looped very low, or left hanging in a flat braid.

NEW hosiery is woven in lace stripes over the instep and ankles, and is in all the new shades—old gold, garnet, heliotrope, blue and red.