



## Seed-time and Harvest.

BY SHERRILL KIRR

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### CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Ethel mentioned Mr. Erle's visit to Mr. Chesney, touching principally upon the game of chess, she was glad to see that the fact of her victory over Mr. Erle at once established the matter of her capacity to cope with her father. In the evenings that followed, they played together several times, and the victories were quite evenly enough divided to make the games very pleasant to them both. So this point was won and other indications that she observed led her to believe that she was slowly gaining ground with her father, and cheered her not a little. She had watched him when he first saw her picture, and she saw that he was moved by it. Dreading to intrude upon his memories of her mother, supposing it was these that kept him silent, she stealthily left the room. The next day the picture was missing, and she subsequently found it in her father's own room on his escritoire. She was deeply touched by this, but she was fain to consider it rather a tribute to the dead wife whom he had adored, than to his living daughter.

One evening in conversation with her father, Mr. Erle was mentioned and Ethel asked if he was a married man. Her father informed her that he was, but that his wife was a hopeless invalid, and from what he could gather utterly wrecked in energy and spirits by her physical condition. She had once been beautiful and charming, Mr. Chesney said, but that was long ago. In fact, he feared Mr. Erle's home was not a happy one. His wife's ailments made her fretful and peevish, and their only child had inherited her mother's weak constitution, and had an affection of the spine. Erle, he said, lived in his work, devoted himself entirely to books and the practice of his pro-

fession, and many and many a night he could be found in his office studying until midnight was long past. It was this steady application to study that made the long regular walks he took positively a necessity to him.

Sometimes Ethel would come upon him during these walks, and at such times he would remove his hat with such a marvelously relaxing and beautifying smile, that it was impossible not to receive a sense of flattery from it. Once or twice she had walked behind him for a short space and observed with great interest the look of pent-up energy and repressed emotion that his rapid strides and firm-set mouth betokened. Usually he remained in sight for but a short time, for his quick movements enabled him to distance her very easily.

She had no idea how often it had been Mr. Erle's habit to visit her father, but as the days passed and he did not come, she rather feared she might be keeping him away, from the idea that her presence might interfere with their grave talks.

At last he did come; but Mr. Chesney at once carried him off to his study, saying he was too busy for chess, and there they remained for the most of the evening. Before going, Mr. Erle came and talked to her for a little and asked her to sing, which she did to his most patent delight. Her father too had learned to love her singing now, and would often ask for music.

One evening, as Ethel was returning from a long walk, she saw Mr. Erle's tall, dark figure coming toward her from a cross street. He was not very near and so she did not speak. But presently she became conscious that he had stopped and was waiting for her.

He held out his hand cordially as she approached, and as they walked along together, he asked:

"Are you much of a walker, Miss Chesney?"

"Oh, a famous one," she said. "I am devoted to open-air exercise, and much prefer walking to driving."

"People use expressions comparatively. What do you mean by your boasted pedestrianism?"

"I certainly do not mean that I could attempt to keep up with you," Ethel answered smiling. "Once or twice I have walked be-

hind you, but, in a very few minutes, you have put yourself beyond my view."

"If I promise to control my too rapid proclivities, will you walk with me some evening? There are one or two views around this place which are particularly fine, and I don't believe you would ever reach them unguided. It would be a pleasure to you to see them, I am sure, and it would be a pleasure to me to have a companion in the walk."

"I will go with pleasure," Ethel said. "It is very kind of you to think of offering to take me."

And so Mr. Erle escorted her home, after having arranged to call for her on the next evening. Ethel mentioned the matter to her father, and he said it was extremely kind of Mr. Erle, and that he would be very glad for her to go.

Mr. Erle came promptly, and their walk was a delightful one. He asked her if she was afraid of rocks and briars, and when she said no, he did not scruple to give her a stirring experience of them. This evening Mr. Erle alluded for the first time to his child, and it was easy to see that he felt for the fragile and delicate creature the deepest parental affection. Ethel was almost surprised at the friendly tone he used in talking to her that day, and when the walk was over she felt that she knew Mr. Erle a great deal better. That walk was followed by many others—usually growing out of accidental meetings, but it was by no means an invariable custom with Mr. Erle to join and walk with her when he would meet her. As often as not he would merely pass her with a bow and smile. This smile was one of such peculiar sweetness that Ethel could not help recalling it with a feeling of amusement, having heard it said that a smile of remarkable sweetness was never the attribute of any but very ill-natured people.

Mr. Erle was often away, and it sometimes happened that they would not see each other for weeks together; but Ethel felt always that he remembered her, and felt kindly toward her, and she had come to regard him distinctly as a friend. He had been a great resource to her in Fenly, and the advantage and pleasure of knowing and possessing the friendship of a man whom she felt to be so superior, together with the assurance that her father



was positively brighter and better for her presence, made her congratulate herself upon coming to Fenly, and decide that the experiment, as it affected her father, had been a success, while to herself the winter had been one that she would always remember with pleasure.

One morning, to her surprise, as she was busy practicing, the door opened and admitted Mr. Erle and a little frail child, whom she at once divined to be his daughter Nelly. Mr. Erle explained that he had been about leaving for New York to take the child to her physician, as he often had to do, but an accident had delayed the starting of the train, and disliking to take Nelly home again, on account of the anxiety to her delicate and nervous mother, he had bethought himself of coming to pass the interval there, as it was not far from the station, provided Miss Chesney would assure him the visit was no interruption. This assurance was speedily given, and then Ethel, with an inimitable way she had with children, proceeded to make little Nelly's acquaintance. At Mr. Erle's request she sang for her, and when she asked Nelly to select the song, the child asked for "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Mr. Erle smiled, but Ethel at once complied, and was really astonished to see the child's deep enjoyment of the sweet old hymn. By and by she ordered lunch to be served for her guests, and the two hours flew past almost imperceptibly.

After this she saw and heard nothing of Mr. Erle for months, except to read of a very fine argument that he had made in an important murder trial. She often saw allusions to him in the papers, expressed in such terms as made her feel justly proud to have him for her friend.

One evening, however, he came up behind her when she was walking, and spoke to her cordially as he joined and went with her. When he had answered her inquiries about Nelly, and they had talked awhile of other things, she told him she had had a letter from Mrs. Stirling, hinting at her early return to America.

"And you won't see these familiar spots when they begin to don their summer robes!" said Mr. Erle.

"I hardly expect to," Ethel said.

"You will have little to regret on leaving Fenly; you will be glad to go—will you not?"

"On some accounts—yes. But you are wrong if you suppose I shall regret nothing I leave behind."

Mr. Erle looked at her inquiringly.

"In the first place," said Ethel, "dull and quiet as Fenly is, there has come into my life here a peace and pleasure that I never knew before."

Mr. Erle looked startled.

"I was a long time uncertain," Ethel went on, "but I know now that my father has been made happier by my presence."

"You will not have your father to regret though," Mr. Erle said, "for he told me he was to join your aunt and yourself in a trip to Canada."

"Did he tell you that?" said Ethel; "I wanted to have the pleasure of telling you that myself."

"Yes, he told me, this morning. But tell me what you meant. My persistent eagerness is absurdly transparent, I know, but do oblige me by gratifying it."

"It is not necessary to persist long to make me confess that I shall regret you," said Ethel, giving him a direct and friendly look. "Your kindness to me has made, as you know, a great part of my pleasure in being in Fenly."

"That is what I was fishing for, Miss Chesney. But as to kindness—that is all your ingenious way of getting things twisted and reversed. Judge what your companionship has been to me—even so little of it as I have been able to have! You know what Fenly is—socially speaking, a vacuum!"

"It cannot be said that Nature abhors it on that account, however," said Ethel willing to change the subject. "Look at this view!"

Their walk homeward was more silent than in going out, and yet each felt conscious of a sympathetic companionship. At the door Ethel turned and said brightly:

"Why not come in to tea, Mr. Erle? I have often asked you and you never will."

"Are you sure I would not prove a nuisance to your father?"

"Perfectly sure."

"Nor to yourself?"

"Come now, it is *you* who are transparent," Ethel said, and turning she led the way in.

The lamps had been lighted in the library, and though Ethel sent word at once to the study that Mr. Erle was there, Mr. Chesney did not come until tea was announced. Ethel laid off her hat and coat, and they sat down before the fire and talked. After half an hour the bell rang, and Mr. Chesney came in. It was a great pleasure to him, Ethel could see, to have his friend with him at his own board, and the meal passed off delightfully.

Mr. Erle followed her with his eyes as her fine slim hands moved about the delicate china, and indeed, sitting there with the soft lamp-light shining full upon her womanly young beauty, Ethel Chesney was an object good to look upon.

#### CHAPTER V.

A LITTLE later on, Miss Chesney was going out for a walk one evening, when she again met Mr. Erle. He had just come from the post, and had his hands full of letters and papers; but he seemed in no haste to examine these, for he turned and joined Ethel, and they walked out of the town together. When they had gone some distance they reached a stile, and sat down to see the sun set. A little longer they remained in quiet talk, until the gorgeous clouds were growing fainter, and then Miss Chesney asked:

"Why do you not read your letters?"

"Because they are about business," he answered, leaning his arms with deliberate restfulness upon one of the upper steps of the stile, and looking with calm directness into her eyes, as he sat a little below her.

"For that reason, they are of the first importance," Ethel said. "Are you sure there are none you care to read? You might give me a paper to occupy me, while I waited for you."

"No, no," he answered; "I know what they are, and I want to forget business now."

"That large yellow one is very imposing. I suppose it contains legal documents."

"No, by the way," Mr. Erle said holding it up, and then breaking the seal, "I believe these are photographs. When I was in New York I had mine done for Nelly, and the man objected to doing less than three, so I shall find the extra ones rather an elephant on my hands." And then holding one out to her, with smiling hesitation: "Will you accept?" he said.

Ethel took it from him and saw that it was a beautifully finished cabinet picture, and as she observed how splendidly the lights fell upon the superb head, she could imagine that the artist had posed his subject lovingly. It had not his best expression she thought; but she knew the stern calmness of the face was a look very common with him.

"I shall be charmed," she said with quick animation. "It is wonderfully like. You can't think how I thank you, and I shall keep it with so much pleasure, if I can only feel that I am not depriving some one who has a higher claim."

"You are not, I assure you," Mr. Erle said. "I am greatly obliged to you for taking it, and so pleased that you really seem to like it."

"Of course I like it," Ethel said. "If you had not offered it, I shouldn't have ventured to ask for it, but I should have wished for it very much. Don't you see yourself what a superb likeness it is?"

"Is it?" he said, just glancing at it. "I don't know. I suppose one can hardly judge of one's own likeness."

He looked away from it then, with an air of such pre-occupation that Ethel found herself wondering if it was possible that a man possessed of such an uncommon and intellectual style of beauty could be unconscious of it or indifferent to the effect it must produce on others. Perhaps he was neither the one nor the other, but just now he was much more interested in something else. After a little pause, he turned his clear discerning eyes upon her and asked suddenly:

"Miss Chesney, will you ever marry, do you think? I know you are not engaged now."

"And how did you find *that* out?"

"Oh, I should have divined it if you had been. Somehow I've come to know a great deal about you—more than you fancy perhaps—and I feel sure in anything so important my discernment would not have been at fault. But you haven't answered my question—please do, unless you think it unauthorized."

"What was it?" Ethel said; "whether I think it likely that I will marry? I don't mind your asking, but I don't quite know how to answer. For the present, I can safely say no; I shall not marry for some time at least."

"And why?"

"Because I am not good enough!"

"A novel reason," said Mr. Erle. "You have only to look around you to see its fallacy. Think of the women who do marry. The very humblest estimate you could possibly form of yourself would prove that untrue."

"I'll explain what I mean," Ethel said. "I have certain requirements—every one has—"



and mine are perhaps in some respects unreasonable, while in others they are extremely moderate. I should be contented with wealth and influence and luxury meted out in very spare degrees; but I am exacting on the score of certain personal attributes—intellect, character, attainment. You understand now my saying I am not good enough to marry, for I would marry no one who fell short of these demands, and I am not worthy of any one who would fulfill them. I should not be above a preference for beauty, though; I should like him to be handsome," she went on, smiling; "a face with power in it as well as refinement, and manliness as well as intellect."

As she ceased speaking her eye fell accidentally upon the picture in her hand, and a quick flush sprang to her face. It passed off in a moment, leaving her pale and composed, but she was angry with herself that it had been there at all, and provoked for fear that he observed it. It was strange how perfectly each one of her exactions was satisfied by the expression of the picture.

"My demands are meek ones, are they not?" she asked laughingly.

"Wait a moment before you dismiss the subject," he said, without responding to her laugh. "Your requirements are large, but, tell me, does one need to come up to them every jot?"

"I fear what I have been saying sounds very ridiculous," Ethel said. "I cannot answer such a question as that. Don't make me say things that will cause you to laugh at me afterward."

"No need to fear that, as you know perfectly well," Mr. Erle said, and then added persuasively, "Do answer my question!"

"Really, I cannot," Ethel said. "No one can lay down specific rules about those things. Every one has desires and requirements, and people—I and the rest of the world—are so full of self-seeking, indolence and self-indulgence."

Mr. Erle was silent for a few moments, during which Ethel's eyes wandered wistfully over the lovely landscape stretched out before her, and forgetful of the presence at her side, her mind was back in the past. Mr. Erle's voice recalled her:

"You say you are not good enough yet—then you expect to marry some day?"

"I don't know that," said Ethel; "I expect to be better than I am now some day. Why should one go on living else? And you know 'Whoever lives true life will love true love.'"

"I don't know," Mr. Erle said, "but I believe you will be loved in that way."

"Not unless I live in that way," Ethel said seriously.

"I would not wish it for you else," said Mr. Erle. "I would not for worlds destroy your beautiful theory."

"Am I wrong in fancying I discern a tone of irony in that last word?" Ethel said. "I shouldn't like to believe it, but the way you uttered the word *theory* seemed to me to indicate that you drew a wide distinction between that and the practical development of my idea. Did you mean that?"

"Indeed I did not. I am very far from meaning any incredulity or disrespect for what

you have said. It does me good to see you think as you do about this."

"And yet, forgive me if I seem persistent, but I want to understand you. You would dread the awakening for me perhaps?"

"Not in the least; I believe it will all be as you say. You will love true love because you have lived true life. How sad that every one don't look upon this subject as you do."

"Do you think so?" Ethel said. "Do you know I have often thought my ideas of love and marriage were dreadfully romantic—enough so to belong to a much younger person. But I do not find that they change as I grow older—rather that they strengthen and take root."

After this there was silence for some time, and when Ethel turned again to look at her companion's face, she was startled at its look of utter sadness. Involuntarily she leaned toward him.

"Mr. Erle," she said hurriedly, "something has hurt you. Will you not tell me what it is?"

He looked at her half a minute in perfect silence, then a slow and tender smile came to his face, and

"What a sweet woman you are!" he said gently and lowly. The next moment, with a quick, impatient movement, he rose to his feet. Ethel rose, too, and they began to walk back in the direction of the town. Mr. Erle was quickly at her side, speaking in a rapid, careless tone.

"If we walk fast we shall be in time to see the sunset effect upon the meadow down there, it is plainly visible from that bend in the road. Shall we test the calibre of your vaunted pedestrianism?"

Ethel answered in the same light tone, and as they accelerated their motions and gained the point indicated by Mr. Erle, their talk was all of careless and indifferent things, and this scene, which had been a little unusual in its seriousness, was soon put by as a thing of the past.

She thought a good deal about Mr. Erle that evening, as her father pored over his books, and she sat by the library fire, with her work lying on her lap. She knew there was something unknown to her that affected Mr. Erle deeply and sadly. She had a sense of something pent-up and carefully restrained in him, and she wondered what it was and gave him her whole heart's pity. Later, in her room, she held his picture in her hand for a long, long while, and recalled these thoughts once more as she looked into his splendid face. She was very glad of this picture, and she reflected how often a glimpse of the strong beauty of this face would fortify and refresh her in the weary hours which would probably recur occasionally when she returned to the gay world, with its unsatisfying artificialness. It was worth while to struggle and overcome these, she thought. Here was a man who had struggled—no thoughtful person who looked at his face could doubt it—he had struggled, certainly; but had he overcome? There was no expression of the face to assure her of this. The battle had left its traces in the lines about mouth and brow, but whether the result had been victory or defeat,

or was over indeed, who could tell? She felt sure, though, that it had not been defeat; there was stern reticence in the look of the determined mouth, and resolute self-containment in every line of the face. Perhaps the struggle was in progress still, she thought; perhaps it was triumphantly ended. She could not guess, she could only wonder and conjecture; but she believed whatever had been this man's history in the past it was worthy, and she felt that whatever was to come would be noble. Her faith in his goodness was complete and unquestioning; her belief in all that was high and exalted concerning him was perfectly tranquil and assured.

#### CHAPTER VI.

DURING the month that followed, Ethel did not see Mr. Erle alone again, but he sometimes came in the evening, and they had games of chess and music, and the time never seemed either slow or unoccupied. She was already reaping the benefit of the system she had been pursuing in these last months, and she now had a positive conviction that her father had grown very fond of her, and had come to seem, in a measure, dependent on her even. It was a common thing now for him to sit for an hour at a time by the cheerful library fire, with his open book unheeded on his knee, and listen to her soft, bright tones as she carefully guided his thoughts back to the scenes and occupations of the busy world in which his earlier years had been passed, and to which he had been so long a stranger. Very often now, one hour of the long evenings was passed in singing to him, and she had the happiness of seeing that the wall of self-containment and reserve by which her father had so long surrounded himself, was gradually giving way beneath the pressure of her gentle fingers. And so the days rolled by, furnishing enough interest and purpose to Ethel's life to make her quite content and happy. At last a letter came announcing her aunt's proposed return in a few days, and Ethel was obliged to remember the promise she had made her, and begin to think of leaving. She watched her father's face very narrowly, as she told him of her proposed departure, and she saw he looked suddenly sorry.

"Father, I will not go," she said joyfully. "I had promised Mamie, but I will write and ask her to excuse me for a little longer. I had far, far rather stay here, if you want me."

"No, child," Mr. Chesney said. "Of course you must go. I shall be sorry to lose your bright presence, but it will not be for long; I shall have to go to the North on a matter of importance in a few weeks more, and I shall see you then."

"And we will make our plans for Canada," Ethel dared to say.

"Oh, time enough for that," said Mr. Chesney evasively; but Ethel observed that he did not withdraw from it as she feared he might, and she took heart thereat and went about her preparations for departure with less reluctance. For she really felt a strange disinclination to leave this quiet home and go again into the old beaten track of society. She feared to lose the hold she had certainly gained upon



her father, and besides, there had come a sort of contentment into her life since she had been here that she had never known before.

It was perhaps two days before she was to leave, and she began to think she would go away without having an opportunity to say good-by to Mr. Erle, when one evening, in one of her daily walks, she met him. She wondered, as she saw him approaching, whether he would pass her with a bow as he generally did now-a-days, and she half determined to prevent it and stop him and say good-by. As he came toward her, something in his face struck her. He looked badly—he was paler than usual, and there was a troubled look on his stern features that she could not fail to see. But when he saw her he smiled, and there was always in these rare smiles of his an incomparable radiance and sweetness. He held out his hand and greeted her cordially, and turning, walked beside her.

"Are you quite well?" she asked, as they strolled out of the town together. "I thought when I first saw you that you hardly looked so."

"Oh, yes, I'm quite well, thank you. Perhaps I did look rather solemn. I was feeling so. But it is nothing new. This world of ours is rather a dreary place. You may have heard it stated before, by the way."

He spoke lightly and with an evident effort to throw off his gloomy mood, and immediately turned the conversation by asking about her father.

"He is very well," said Ethel. "I feel sure that I am right in thinking him more cheerful than he used to be. I bequeath him to you when I leave, Mr. Erle. You must go to see him when you can, and not let him go back into his old habit of studying too closely."

"You do not think of going just yet?"

"Yes, my aunt will land about Thursday, I think, and I am pledged to be there to meet her."

She was not looking at him as she spoke and did not see his face change. It was only a slight change, a mere flash of alteration in the look of mouth and eye, but his whole countenance hardened.

They walked a little way in silence, and then it was Ethel who spoke. His answers were brief and few, and she became aware that all the conversation had devolved upon her. She had never seen Mr. Erle so silent. At length they reached the old stile that they had visited before together, and here, as was her custom, Ethel sat down to rest. She was a little surprised to see that Mr. Erle did not follow her example, but stood upright and self-contained, a little way from her.

"This is the sweetest weather in the year," said Ethel presently, "and the saddest."

"It is lovely," Mr. Erle replied; "look at the light upon those fields."

As she turned to look, he cast a swift and searching glance upon her face. He had not looked at her since their first greeting. He dreaded to meet her gaze. He longed to read the meaning written in her eyes, but he dared not trust himself to show her his. But when he looked he found that lovely face passionless, calm, and sweet.

"Do you know," she said, turning sudden-

ly toward him, "I mind leaving Fenly very much?"

Looking away from her, he answered:

"Do you? Why?"

"I have been very happy here," she said.

"Happy? Really happy?"

"Yes, in one sense I have been happy," she responded. "I have been cheerful and content."

"I don't call that happiness," he answered, still with his gaze fixed far away.

"I do. I think in many cases that is the best happiness people get out of life. Somehow, I have never looked forward to that great and overwhelming joy that a few people are blessed with. If I can be always cheerful and content, I shall ask no more." She paused for a moment and then went on:

"I think I dread unhappiness and failure more than I anticipate and desire great joy. It is so horrible to think of the mistakes some women make with their lives. And yet they bear it all and struggle on, and I feel that I could not. Disappointments and failures that I see some women smiling under, I should sink before."

"Do you mean unhappy marriages?—mistakes of that kind?" asked Mr. Erle, his lips merely parting and his attitude and the position of his eyes remaining the same.

"Yes, I was thinking of that; I have several instances in my mind now: women who manage to be bright and satisfied, after the most horrible grief and disappointment and trouble."

"But *are* they bright and satisfied? Who can tell what they feel? 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness.'"

Ethel looked toward him quickly; but he did not turn to meet her gaze. He was standing, looking far away, with his arms folded tight across his breast and only his fine profile in view. A sudden suggestion that she had never thought of before came to her. Had he this bitterness buried in his own heart? Was he bearing this trouble? It gave her a quick pang to think of it. She could not speak for some moments—she felt strangely stirred, and she glanced again at Mr. Erle, but he was motionless as a statue. She longed to get nearer to him, to be able to show that she felt some sympathy for him, but there was nothing she could say or do.

"This will probably be our last walk together," she said presently. "You have been very good to me, Mr. Erle. You have brought a great interest into my life here. Don't mind my venturing to tell you that I shall always remember you, and that I hope your life will be a happy and useful one."

"If I can make it a useful one," he said, in a low deep voice, "that is the most. Happiness! The term in my ears is only a mockery."

"Oh, how sad to hear you say so!" Ethel said, feeling herself strangely agitated. "I hope you may yet find what you do not seek for or expect."

"If I could be like you," he said, "satisfied with mere cheerfulness and content—it might be so. But I can no more be like you in that than I can imitate your adorable beauty and goodness. We cannot look at things alike.

We see them from a different standpoint. You are in a dormant state. Your emotions and feelings are unawakened. You have no conception of the gloriousness of a happiness that might be—that some few men and women find—but I!—it is different. I have felt and seen all this. It is all before me—a prospect with all its precious possibilities spread out before me in glowing colors, with the radiance of a noonday sunshine on them. I see them plainly—I know to the full what such joys might bring me, and I can no more make them mine than I can grasp that star."

His eyes were fixed upon the gentle radiance of the evening star, which was shining amid the sunset clouds, and Ethel as she looked at it felt her vision blurred by large tear-drops. For some moments both were silent. Ethel felt that she had better go. The twilight was deepening and the shades of night were coming on. But she hesitated to disturb that deep reverie. It went to her heart to see him look so sad. She put out her hand toward Mr. Erle and gently touched his arm. She little knew the power of that touch. It was the spark that ignited the powder. He turned suddenly and clasped that little hand in both his own; holding it with a straining pressure. But he had not altogether forgotten himself, although the motion was irresistible. There was a look of deep renunciation in his eyes, and lines of strong resolve about his mouth. He only held that soft little hand an instant, but before dropping it, he looked steadily into her eyes, as if to fix them in his memory forever, and then in a steady, soft, low voice he muttered the word:

"Good-by."

She answered him simply by repeating low that one word, and then she turned away. The walk had been a short one, and she was not far from home. Without looking back at him again, she turned her face homeward, and in the gathering shadows of night-time Mr. Erle was left alone.

When she reached the house she went immediately to her room. That reached she walked directly to the table and took from it an album. She turned over a few pages and then pausing slipped a picture out, and walked with it toward the fireplace where Tulip had kindled a bright wood fire. But then she paused. It was a hard thing to do. The face was so splendidly handsome, and familiarized and endeared to her by many kind memories; so she looked at it long and searchingly, and as she looked her face grew softer, but her purpose did not falter. Only she gave it one long look of sympathy, pity and forgiveness, before she stooped and thrust it in the flames.

The next four days were busy ones—and Ethel kept herself occupied all the time. In this space she did not see Mr. Erle again, and at the end of it she had left Fenly.

#### CHAPTER VII.

IN another week Miss Chesney was naturally established in her aunt's household again, and Mr. and Mrs. Stirling and Daisy and Bess and herself had so entirely fallen into



their old ways, that the experiences of the past winter, so strangely different from these through which she was passing now, would seem sometimes almost like a dream—a fervent, thrilling dream, very sad, in some ways, and in some ways, very sweet.

Mrs. Stirling she found prettier than ever in her French costumes, and quite unaltered in her affection and pride in her niece.

"You are just the same, Mamie," Ethel would say. "How glad I am that they have not changed you."

"Changed! I am too old for that," Mrs. Stirling answered, with a pretty toss; "but, Ethel, do you know I've thought several times—it struck me at the very first—that you are changed, and yet I cannot quite say how. It isn't that being pent up in that dull place has made you graver. I expected that; but there seems a deeper change—something indefinable, but something sad. Now if anything of importance had happened you would surely tell me—wouldn't you, dear?"

"Of course I should, you silly Mamie!" Ethel said lightly. "Your nervous anxiety about me is another thing in which I find you unchanged. How can I be otherwise than very thankful and happy that the one object for which I went to Fenly has been gained? You saw the kind and tender letter I got from my father this morning. Such a result as that was more than I ever dared to hope for. So don't worry yourself and me with doubts and questionings. If there was anything you ought to know, I would be sure to tell you. Now don't bring that up again—there's a good little auntie."

"Just as you choose," Mrs. Stirling said; "only one more word before we drop the subject. Ethel, I couldn't help thinking you might have had some trouble that touched you more nearly than things ordinarily do—"

Mrs. Sterling hesitated.

"A love-affair?" Ethel asked, with a bright laugh. "If you only knew what Fenly is! But I thought I told you I did not so much as speak to a young man while I was there."

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Stirling went on doubtfully, "except that Mr. Erle you used to talk so much about—"

"And he was a married man!" said Ethel, with a gay laugh. "So you see now what a very absurd little auntie you really are!" Then she went on more gravely: "You won't allude to this tiresome theme again, will you? If I am changed in any way, I am just the same to you. Besides, six months is a good deal in the short span of life, and makes some changes in us all—except, of course, a person of my small aunt's resolution and stability."

And so the matter was dismissed.

That night Mrs. Stirling was to have a reception. Miss Chesney and herself were to entertain their friends, for the first time since their return. Mrs. Stirling had insisted, when she went abroad, that Ethel should order some dresses by her, and she further decreed that one of these should be donned to-night. So—a little wearily—Ethel went to her room, and for the first time, for so long, made an elaborate toilet. The dress she wore was of crimson and cream, exceedingly rich and effective, and Miss Chesney was just the

woman to wear it well. Not one in a thousand could have looked a match for it in beauty and elegance but every one who saw her that night acknowledged that Miss Chesney did. She wound her braided hair round and round her head in the beautiful old way. She clasped the heavy gold necklace and brace-lets about her arms and neck—drew on her long gloves, and stood waiting until she should be summoned. There were mirrors on all sides of her, and she could not help seeing the image they reflected, and realizing that it was a fair and noble one; nor could she prevent a recollection of the picture of herself taken very much as she looked now, nor of the person who had looked at it and said he did not like it. In that moment of total idleness, she permitted herself to think of him for an instant, and the image of his face with the thrilling smile, the quiet curve of the firm, thoughtful lips, came back to her. She wondered why he had not liked her thus. Surely all this adorning became and beautified her; and yet he had said the picture was not good. Was it because he thought it flattered her, or because such a gorgeous costume and the gayety and worldliness it represented, seemed to him unworthy of her? But when she had reached this point in her meditations, she resolved to go no further, and to insure this, she opened the door and swept through the hall and down the wide staircase, and entered the room where Mr. and Mrs. Stirling were awaiting her. As she came in to them, in all her shining beauty, her aunt clapped her small hands together rapturously:

"Oh, Ethel," she said, "how superb you are! And that costume suits you to a degree that is ravishing. Oh, my dear, why were you not with me in Paris? Not a woman I saw there could approach you; and there were men there who could have appreciated you, and given you such a position as you are suited to. O, my dear, it was such a mistake. Is she not perfect, Stephen?" Mrs. Stirling asked, turning to her husband.

"Yes; Ethel would have been greatly admired there," Mr. Stirling said; "and your ideas of the splendid match she might have made are not so absurd as her smile seems to indicate."

"Were they not?" Ethel said. "It is only your undue appreciation that makes such a thing so probable; and, after all, that gives me far more pleasure than the brilliant match could do. If the insignificance of my opportunities here will save me from any matrimonial projects, I shall not regret your sighs for my wasted possibilities abroad, for you needn't flatter yourself that I shall be off your hands very soon, Mamie. I'm quite old enough to begin thinking about burdening some one else, but I don't mean to do it, nevertheless."

"Don't talk so, Ethel," Mrs. Stirling said. "You know how I should hate to lose you. I shall not be trying to marry you off—that's very certain."

Miss Chesney was extremely skeptical as to this, but she said:

"I'm very glad to hear that, and if you'll hold to it, I don't think I'll ever marry at all;

and if you are pleased with my looks to-night my first purpose is served."

This was quite true, but nevertheless, when the brilliant guests began to arrive, and her old friends crowded around her with their pleasant expressions of delight at having her back, there was undoubtedly much of interest and enjoyment in the occasion for Ethel. A little color came into her cheeks, and she talked much and very well. Every one said she was handsomer than ever—and undoubtedly this was true, the perfect quietness and rest of the months she had spent in Fenly, together with the constant exercise and regular hours, made her more perfectly blooming and lovely than of old. True, the last days had been full of unrest and trying experiences; but the impress of deeper thoughtfulness and feeling they left upon her face undoubtedly added to its loveliness. It was a most brilliant occasion, Ethel thought she had never seen the people look more graceful and handsome, had never known them more agreeable, and had never heard better parlor music than that the clever little hostess had provided. Of course she sang; but it was late in the evening after she had spent hours entertaining, sometimes half a dozen people at once, and she had begun to feel a little tired. The songs she selected had no unfitness for an occasion like this, but they made her thoughtful, as music always did. They were mostly ballads—"Ruby" and "Let Me Dream Again" and some others. This last she finished with and when she rose from the piano, she would have liked to be alone and quiet for a moment, but that could not be. Eager words of praise were showered upon her—so vehement and enthusiastic that they would have embarrassed some singers; but she took them all in her own dignified, gracious way. This was one of Miss Chesney's peculiar charms—her way of receiving such praises—She neither disclaimed nor was agitated by them. She seemed simply glad to have given her hearers pleasure, and was not guilty of the affectation of pretending to be ignorant of the fact that she sang well. When she could, she went over into the library for a moment, and sank into a low chair and fell to musing, with her eyes fixed on the fire in the grate. She had been so for perhaps fifteen minutes, not thinking of Mr. Erle or of Fenly, that she was conscious of but only drawing a vague abstract line, in her mind, between men and men—places and places—feelings and feelings. Presently a shadow stood in the door, Miss Chesney did not look up until the figure spoke.

"May I come in, Miss Chesney?" it said. "You look solemn and rapt enough to be at prayer, and the only suitable remark that occurred to me when I saw you first was, 'Nymph, in thy orisons, be all my sins remembered.'"

"Come in, Mr. Gray," Ethel said, laughing and trying to shake off the thoughtful mood that had possessed her. "It was time I should be coming to myself, anyway. I only came here for a moment's rest and quiet."

"And you're taking fifteen of them," Mr. Gray said. "So you admit you were far away, when I roused you"—dropping into a chair



beside her, "else you would not speak of coming to yourself."

"I don't know," Ethel said. "I forget what I was thinking of. Nothing very important though. So you are at liberty to advance any ideas of your own, and they shall receive my undivided attention."

She drew herself up as she spoke, and sat with a look of polite expectancy on her face.

"Do you know," Mr. Gray said, looking straight into her eyes, "You are different from what you used to be, Miss Chesney. I haven't heard any one else remark it, but they haven't observed you as I have."

"How am I changed?" Ethel asked, with an incredulous smile.

"I don't see it when you are talking," Mr. Gray went on, "but when you are quiet you seem graver and more self-contained, less happy and light-hearted than you were, and I never see the sympathetic look in your eyes that I remember so well in the past."

"Am I grown so dull and cross?" said Ethel laughing. "I must take myself in hand. But I'll explain matters and be confidential. It isn't that I am really cross. It is only that I have found the world unequal to the demands of my fine organism. I've just learned that. It comes from Daniel Deronda. Isn't it a nice way to appease one's conscience, when one feels deliberately inclined to be ill-natured?"

"Yes, you are changed, Miss Chesney," Mr. Gray went on, rightly interpreting the light tones and careless words she used, and determined to ignore their drift; "but, though the gentler looks and words were then a greater comfort to me than anything in the world, my estimate of you is just what it was then—except that as I have grown older and firmer and stronger, so has it. You are still the one woman on earth to me, as you must always be."

"Dear Mr. Gray," said Ethel gently, "you must teach yourself not to say these things to me. It is only preparing for both of us painful consequences, which are inevitable."

"I thought it would be so," he said despondently. "You used to hear me once with less hard decision than this."

"It is what I have said from the beginning, Mr. Gray," said Ethel, with some coldness. "You will surely do me the justice to admit that."

"I know," he answered, "but there was less of severity in it once than now. No, you are changed, Miss Chesney, and such a change as I see in you can be due to but one cause."

"I beg you will not think of me as either cold or severe," said Ethel. "I assure you, I am very far from being either. I thank you from my heart for the devotion you offer me, so honorably and completely, but I would be unkind if I did not tell you in the plainest terms that I can never accept it."

"Miss Chesney," Mr. Gray said, turning his despondent face toward her, "there's no use denying it; you've seen some one you like better than you do me."

"Is that a part of the great change?" Ethel asked, with a quick smile.

"It may sound awfully vain," said Mr. Gray, "but it is. You never would give me

any hope, but all the same, I saw you trusted me, and let me be with you more than other men, and I took heart and hoped in spite of you. As long as this was so I resolved that nothing should ever make me give up; but now it is all different. You look at me with such distant kindness and repellent goodwill, that I would be blind not to know what has happened. Some other man has come between us and there's an end of my hope."

Ethel paused a moment before saying, "You must not suppose I mean to alter your opinion that you may not hope anything about this, if I tell you that you are wrong in supposing I am in love with any one I met in the South, or, indeed, with any one at all. In Fenly I met but very few people—hardly any gentlemen, and certainly none to whom you could possibly attribute this supposed change."

"Mrs. Stirling told me you used to write a great deal about a gentleman you liked and admired very much. She said what a resource it was to you to meet a congenial friend in that dull place."

Nothing could be sweeter than Miss Chesney's disposition, and her patience and gentleness were uniform toward all; but a continuation of the theme, which Mr. Gray must see was unpleasant to her, irritated her a little, in spite of this.

"The gentleman Mamie alluded to, Mr. Gray," she said, "was a friend of my father's—a married man, and much older than myself. So you see! And now, please, don't let's continue this conversation, for it certainly cannot be agreeable to either of us. I must return to the other room now. Mamie will be missing me."

"Indeed, she won't mind if you stay a moment longer," Mr. Gray said. "She told me you were resting here, and that I might come and speak to you. How much kinder she is to me than you!"

Ethel was silent for a moment, busied with thoughts she could not keep back. She was drawing a swift mental contrast between this man, with his straight features, and clear, white skin, and the swarthy strength of a face she remembered so well. How would he look, she mused, if he were put down in the glittering parlors yonder among the gorgeously dressed women and the men, in the faultless perfection of their evening costumes? She saw him so in her mind's eye and answered—noble and comely would he look among the handsomest and fairest. And his actions, too, his manners, his words,—how different from the weak complaining of the man beside her, who looked at her now with an idolatry, the tithé of which she had never seen in Philip Erle's eyes.

As she always did when thoughts like these would come—and they came now at longer and longer intervals, as she had hoped and prayed they would—she forced herself into physical action and rose, and, Mr. Gray following, she passed across the wide hall into the brilliant room opposite. Certainly if any one other than Mr. Gray saw a change in Miss Chesney it was not pronounced to be for the worse. She was more charming, more brilliant, both in conversation and appearance, than she had ever been before, they said, and on this, Miss

Chesney's first appearance in the world since her visit to her home, she at once re-secured the position she had held before, of the most beautiful and accomplished young lady in society—the most eagerly sought after by the men whose intellect, character and attainments gave them pre-eminence.

(To be continued.)

## Shakespeare and the Flowers.

BY JULIE K. WETHERILL, AUTHOR OF "WINGS."



SHAKESPEARE was fitly called "Nature's darling," by the poet Gray; for she held him in her heart of hearts, and as he lay upon the ellyric banks of the Avon, its murmuring waters whispered wondrous secrets in his ear. Bees hummed messages to him as they flew past; fairies danced around him in a magic circle; he did not despise even the crawling population of the dust; and in those hours of busy idleness, he was gathering the rich chaplet which was to crown him the Divine William, unapproachable in all ages.

Well-versed as he is in the dark passions of the human mind, he ever seems most at home with birds and flowers, and revels among them as innocently as a child in a blossomy meadow. The rose has often been styled the queen of the garden, and it is indeed Queen Regnant with Shakespeare.

Othello exclaims, while gazing on the slumber of Desdemona, his much-wronged wife:

"When I have plucked the rose,  
I cannot give it vital growth again:  
It needs must wither."

The allusions to this flower are numberless, and we can find room only for the most prominent and beautiful:

"I know what thorns the growing rose defend"  
—VENUS AND ADONIS.

"Let the red rose blush for her own disgrace."  
—THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

"That thereby beauty's rose should never fade."  
—SONNET I.

"Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud"  
—SONNET XXXV.

"The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks"  
—TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

"The rose looks fair; but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odor which doth in it live."  
—SONNET LIV.

"Why should pure beauty indirectly seek  
Roses of shadow, since her rose is true?"  
—SONNET LXVII.

"Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely plucked, soon faded"  
—THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

"Save thou, my rose, in it thou art my all."  
—THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

"To shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals,  
There will we make our beds of roses  
And a thousand fragrant posies."  
—MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.



Sometimes the roses and lilies are intermingled in one wreath :

"Nor do I wonder at the lilies white,  
Nor praise the deep vermilion of the rose."  
—SONNET XCVIII.

"The silent war of lilies and of roses."  
—LUCRECE.

In the character of a fond lover comparing all that is most beautiful on earth with the charms of his mistress—that mysterious lady who was certainly not sober Anne Hathaway—Shakespeare says :

"The lilies I condemn'd for thy hand,  
And buds of marigold had stol'n thy hair."  
—SONNET XCIX.

We find, also, further mention of the marigold :

"Her eyes like marigolds had sheathed their light."  
—LUCRECE.

"The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises weeping."  
—WINTER'S TALE.

"The purple violet and marigold  
Shall as a chaplet hang upon thy grave."  
—PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Daisies and violets come next in his favor :

"They are as gentle  
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head."  
—CYMBELINE.

"The forward violet thus did I chide."  
—SONNET XCIX.

"When I behold the violet past prime."  
—SONNET XII.

"Let us  
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can."  
—CYMBELINE.

"Who are the violets now,  
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?"  
—RICHARD II.

"Her hand, whose perfect white  
Showed like an April daisy in the grass."  
—LUCRECE.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows."  
—MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"A violet in the heat of primy nature."  
—HAMLET.

"That strain again—it hath a dying fall.  
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
Breathing across a bed of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor."  
—TWELFTH NIGHT.

In the well-known Cuckoo song, these lines occur :

"When cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight;  
When daisies pied and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks of silver white . . ."  
—LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

Poor, mad Ophelia, "the young, the beautiful, the unfortunate," weaves a garland for us which time shall never fade :

"There's rosemary—that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies—that's for thought. There's fennel for you, and columbine; there's rue for you, and some for me: we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays—you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died."  
—HAMLET.

Thus speaks the Queen, in describing the death of Ophelia, "the fairest flower of all the field" :

"There is a willow grows ascant the brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make,  
Of crew-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,  
Which liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call."  
—HAMLET.

It may interest the reader to know that, when spring comes round, there is scarcely a rood of ground in Southern orchards and gardens that is not empurpled with the latter flower—the botanical name of which is *Orchis Morie Mas*—and that the children still call them "dead men's fingers."

Primroses blossom lavishly upon the page of Shakespeare; as in the shepherd's lament for Fidele :

"Thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor  
The azure harebell, like thy veins; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, which not to slander,  
Outsweetens not thy breath."  
—CYMBELINE.

"The primrose path of dalliance."  
—HAMLET.

"And in the woods, where often you and I  
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie."  
—MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Nor is the humble hawthorn forgotten; for Tom o' Bedlam says :

"Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind."  
—KING LEAR.

And again :

"More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
When wheat grows green, when hawthorn buds appear."  
—MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Among the birds, it will be noticed that the nightingale and lark are beloved above all the feathered choristers; the latter being celebrated in the song from *Cymbeline*, in which one almost hears the bird of dawn upspringing from the dewy grass to sing the praises of the sun :

"Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus' gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes."  
—ROMEO AND JULIET.

Juliet, the passionate Italian, cries out, while clinging to her unfortunate husband :

"Wilt thou begone? It is not yet near day:  
It was the nightingale and not the lark  
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.  
Nightly she sings in yon pomegranate tree—  
Believe me, love, it is the nightingale."  
—ROMEO AND JULIET.

Thus speaks an ardent lover, watching impatiently for the reddening of the eastern skies :

"While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
And wish her lays were tunéd like the lark."  
—THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

"Apollo plays,  
And twenty caged nightingales do sing."  
—THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

"Everything did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone."  
—THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

It is a little odd that though our poet speaks often of bats, owls, newts, toads, speckled snakes, and "long-legged spinners," we can discover but two allusions to the butterfly; first, in *King Lear*, the phrase "To laugh at gilded butterflies;" and again, in *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

"And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes."

He thus mentions December :

"What old December's bareness everywhere!"  
—SONNET XCVIII.

But April and May are his darling months, and we perpetually find passages like the following :

"When well-appeared April on the heels  
Of limping winter treads."  
—ROMEO AND JULIET.

"Men are April when they woo; December when they wed."  
—AS YOU LIKE IT.

"As full of spirit as the month of May."  
—HENRY IV.

"The banks with peonied and lilled brims,  
That spongy April at thy hest betrimms."  
—TEMPEST.

"Love whose month is ever May."  
—THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

"Maids are May when they are maids."  
—AS YOU LIKE IT.

"Like the uncertain glory of an April day."  
—TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

"Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May."  
—SONNET XVIII.

"April's first-born flowers."  
—SONNET XXI.

"When proud-pied April dressed in all his trim."  
—SONNET XCVIII.

"Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned."  
—SONNET CIV.

Though the quotation "the sere, the yellow leaf"—generally misquoted, however—has become a familiar phrase, there is but one detailed description of autumn :

"The time of year thou may'st in me behold,  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon the boughs which shake against the cold;  
Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."  
—SONNET LXXIII.

And now, let us close with the words of Perdita, incomparable in any literature, and in any age :

"O Proserpina,  
From the flowers now that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
From Dis's wagon! daffodils  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady  
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and  
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce bring me. Oh! these I lack  
To make you garlands of."  
—WINTER'S TALE.





## The Story of Charlotte Brontë.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

**T**HE Haworth of to-day is very unlike the Haworth of thirty years ago, the time of which we write, though even now it has its own peculiar characteristics. It is a small manufacturing town, shut in among the hills and moors of Yorkshire, and it is in late summer, when these moors are in bloom, that Haworth is to be seen at its best, a gray hamlet rising out of the heart of an amethyst, fragrant sea.

The father of Charlotte Brontë was minister of this quaint village. He was of humble birth and Irish parentage, his real name being Prunty, which, at the request of the gentleman to whom he was indebted for his education, he changed to the more euphonious one of Brontë. He was a man of rigid character, passionate, self-willed, and habitually cold in manner toward his family. His wife, who was as gentle as he was stern, died in 1821, leaving six little ones, the third of whom was Charlotte, born April 21st, 1816.

After Mrs. Brontë's death, her maiden sister came to take charge of the parsonage and the children, but she had no more sympathy with the feelings and spiritual needs of childhood than the Rev. Patrick Brontë, so, as was to be expected, the children grew up self-contained and old-fashioned, knowing nothing of childish fun or sports. Their great resource in the lonely evening hours was the inventing little plays, taking for their heroes the great political and military characters of the day.

Though mere babes, they took a lively interest in local and foreign politics, reading the newspapers which found their way to the parsonage, with keen avidity.

To show how Charlotte identified herself with what she read, we tell the following story: When but six years old, she read the wonderful allegory of *Pilgrim's Progress*. It was intensely real to her, and like Christian, she longed to escape from the City of Destruction. The only place of which she had ever heard which seemed to answer the description given of the Celestial City, with its streets of gold, its gates of pearl and its walls of precious stones, was Bradford, whose attractions she had heard the servants discussing in the kitchen. So she set out one morning to seek the Golden City of her dreams. She had scarcely gone a mile, when she came to a part of the road where the overhanging boughs made it so dark, that she fancied it to be the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and afraid to enter, she covered down by the roadside, where she was shortly after discovered by her nurse.

A school had been started at Cowan's Bridge for the daughters of clergymen of narrow means, and, as the prospectus promised well, thither the two eldest girls, Elizabeth and Maria, were sent. The institution, however, was badly managed, the food insufficient and poor, while many of the rules were most trying to girls of such constitutions as the Brontës, particularly in the half-starved condition in which they were kept during their entire stay. During the latter part of the year, Charlotte and Emily joined their elder sisters at Cowan's Bridge, and the treatment to which Maria Brontë was there subjected entered into Charlotte's soul. Helen Burns in *Jane Eyre* is an exact transcript of Maria, who, though most lovable in disposition and superior in mind, was constantly in disgrace because of some petty faults, annoying to the teachers in control. In 1825, Maria and Elizabeth died, and Charlotte and Emily were removed from the school because of failing health. In *Jane Eyre*, we have Charlotte's opinion of this semi-charitable institution, and so graphic was her description of it, that those of its teachers and former pupils who read the novel, instantly identified Lowood with Cowan Bridge.

Soon after her removal from this place, Charlotte was sent to Roehead, a cheerful, roomy, country house, where a school was kept by Miss Wooler. Though not more than twenty miles from Haworth, the country about Roehead, with its softly-curving hills and its warm, green valleys, was as different as if under other skies and in a foreign land. All around Roehead were old manor houses, picturesque, many-gabled, with heavy stone carvings of heraldic legends for ornamentation, once the abode of decayed gentlesfolk who had either sold or let them to the prosperous farmers and manufacturers of the district. Each of these houses had its history, sometimes pathetic, more frequently tragic, Roehead itself being able to boast of a ghostly visitant. One of these old dwellings was Oak Hall, the Field Head of Shirley.

At Roehead, Charlotte was as happy as she ever could be away from home, for Miss Wooler's kind nature and the small number of

the pupils made it more like a private family than a boarding school. It was there she formed her close friendship with "Ellen," which ended only with life, and with "Mary and Martha," whom she portrayed afterward as Rose and Jessie York. There too, she found materials which she wove into the story of Shirley, told to her on the very spot where the incidents occurred, and by those who remembered those terrible days of starvation for the poor and insecurity of life and property for mill-owners.

After their education was "finished," the sisters wore away their monotonous life at Haworth, their father so absorbed in his own pursuits as to be unmindful of his children, and their aunt feeling her duty accomplished after seeing they had performed a certain amount of house and needle work. Yet we need not fancy them unhappy. They were accustomed to their father's eccentricities and indifference, and to their aunt's disdain for Yorkshire customs and people. Shy, odd and reserved, they found their pleasure in each other and in their faculty of invention.

Emily, who was next younger than Charlotte, was like her father in character and temperament, but without possessing his *savoir faire*. She had an innate dislike for strangers, and so intense was her reserve, that even in her own family there was something like dread mingled with the affection felt for her. Her great pleasure was to roam over the moors followed by her dogs, to whom she was passionately attached.

Anne, the youngest, was the beauty of the family, and, though intellectually inferior to her sisters, her gentleness won many friends who could not overcome their fear of the forbidding manners of Charlotte and Emily.

The time came when, under the pressure of poverty, Charlotte decided to go out as governess. She was fortunate in her first position, it being with Miss Wooler at Roehead, where she was near her friend "Ellen." But after a while, desiring to establish a school of her own, and knowing how important in such an enterprise was a thorough knowledge of French, she broke away from home and went to Brussels, where she remained two years, first as pupil and afterward as teacher.

During the early part of her stay at the Pensionnat Héger, Charlotte, like other foreigners, attended the great ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, but she was too acute an observer to be enslaved by sight and sound. After a few months she wrote, "My advice to all Protestants who are tempted to do anything so besotted as turn Catholic, is to walk over the sea to the Continent, attend mass sedulously for a while, and then, if they are still disposed to consider Papistry in any other light than a most feeble piece of humbug, let them turn Papist at once,—that's all! At the same time let me say, there are some Catholics who are as good as any Christians can be to whom the Bible is a sealed book, and much better than many Protestants."

One great consolation to her during her first year was that Emily was with her, and that her friends "Mary" and "Martha" were in Brussels also, so that she could frequently be with them. But the second year, Emily re-





THE ROE HEAD SCHOOL.

turned to Yorkshire, "Martha" died after a brief illness, and "Mary" went home, leaving Charlotte all alone, save for the quiet sleeper in the cemetery just beyond the Porte de Louvain.

Without doubt, her sojourn in Brussels was the turning point in her life. Up to that period, she had been a simple country maid, endowed with wonderful faculties, but hemmed in by narrow experiences and scanty knowledge of life. She learned many things in Brussels, but the greatest lesson of all was that of self-knowledge. Alone that second year, she had to keep all the strongest emotions of nature in her own breast, and in the most vivid passages of *Villette* we have the revelation of her own heart history, Lucy Snow being, without doubt, the truest picture we possess of the real Charlotte Brontë, some of the strange fortunes which befell this heroine being literal transcripts from the author's own life.

It was a great change from the busy life at Brussels to the colorless life of Haworth Parsonage. But once there, she busied herself with household cares, keeping constantly on the lookout for an opportunity, which never came, of carrying into execution her plan of school-keeping. It was then, when poverty and obscurity seemed her appointed lot, that she took up her pen, and great was her delight when she accidentally discovered that Emily and Anne had been doing the same, in secret.

In 1846, unknown to any friends, the sisters gave to the world a small volume of poems by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, a book never much read, and now about forgotten. In these poems it is Emily who bears off the palm. Charlotte's verses are poor, and Anne's, though radiant with humility and tenderness, lack the vigor and life which belong to Emily's.

The book was a failure, but undaunted by that, they determined to try prose writing, partly in hopes of gaining money, and partly to relieve their hearts on those topics upon which they had so long brooded in silence. Evening after evening, they sat around the sitting-room table, each working out their own individuality in their weird creations. The stories were finished, *The Professor*, *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*, and sent forth to their chance in unknown London. The

two latter were accepted and published, the other passed from publisher to publisher, to return at last to the disappointed but not disheartened author.

In this story, not printed till after her death, Charlotte wrote, as she herself said, "The History of a Man's Life, as Men's Lives Usually Are." Her hero was "never to get a shilling he had not earned;" nor was he to marry "a lady of rank or a beautiful girl." As Adam's son, he should share Adam's doom, and drain throughout life a mixed and moderate cup of enjoyment. She was true to these conditions. The story is matter-of-fact and sober, yet it has its beauties and charms. The scene is laid in Brussels; and though quiet and somewhat sad, it has hope and a faith in the final happiness of those who sorrow, shining through its pages, while its end is a scene of rest and peace.

Anne's book was a failure, a mere commonplace story of governess life, uninspired by the passion of artist or creator.

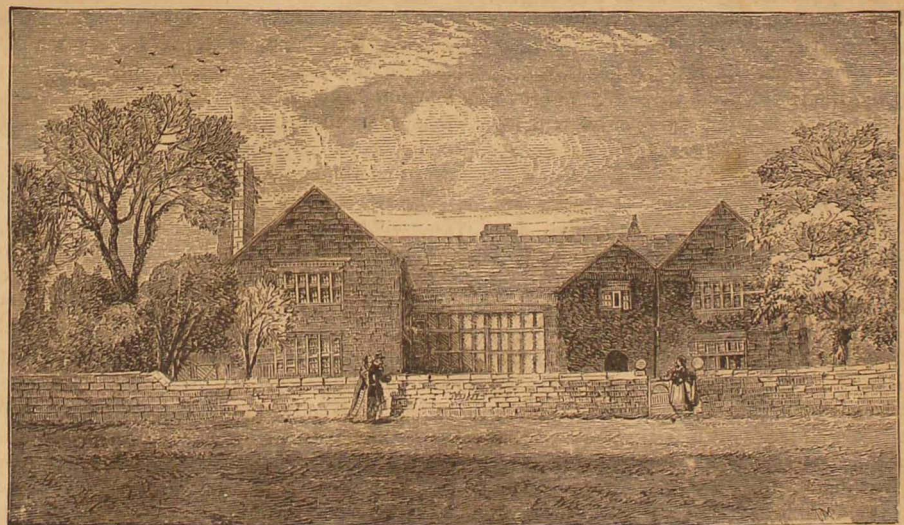
*Wuthering Heights*, by Emily, is repulsive and ghastly. How a girl of twenty-eight could conceive or write such a book, though proving from first page to last the intellectual force of the author, is passing strange. Although all the characters are powerfully con-

ceived, the one man of force and action, is Heathcliff, who seems only to will to have his decrees executed. Not that he is a great man; he, like the other characters, is actuated by blind fate, and is as helpless and hopeless as the mortals who lie passive in his grasp. The whole gloomy tale is, in its idea, the nearest approach that has been made in our day to the pitiless fatality which is the dominant idea of Greek tragedy.

While the *Professor* was on its journeyings, *Jane Eyre* had been written. In the fall of 1847, it was given to the public, and never was book received with greater admiration or greater censure; though even those who found fault with its free use of great passions and great griefs, had to own themselves enchained by the magician's spell. It was not only its vivid characterization, its startling and brilliant description, its fiery glow and passionate pathos, the novelty of the plot, and the skill of the story; but its profound humanity, its quiet scorn of the conventional accessories of success in fiction, its bold faith in human nature, its perfect freedom from dilettanteism and its tone of religious earnestness, without cant or meanness, which instantly gave *Jane Eyre* that hold of the heart which it would not let go.

No heroine in English fiction, since *Jeannie Deans*, has been so striking; and the great value of the story, in the fiction of the English literature of this century, has been the splendor of its vindication of woman, of woman deprived of all the incidents which generally inveigle interest. The portrait given was of a man's companion, not of a peacock's tail, only fit to be deposited in a corner of his parlor.

There were those, however, who discovered the story to be "improper and immoral, coarse in language, lax in tone;" and one reviewer said, "If we ascribe the book to a woman at all, we have also no alternative, but to ascribe it to one who has for some sufficient cause long forfeited the society of her sex." Think of those words applied to one of the most true, loyal and blameless of women, who from her cradle had led a life of self-forgetfulness and self-abnegation, and of whom Thackeray could



THE "FIELD HEAD" OF SHIRLEY.



say, "A great and holy reverence of right seemed to be with her always."

But the author's sex was unknown even to her publisher, until she heard of a rumor that she had satirized Mr. Thackeray under the character of Rochester, obtruding even on the sorrows of his private life. Then, accompanied by Anne, she hastened to London, where after much difficulty she succeeded in obtaining access to the head of the firm. She was received by him with scant courtesy. "Young woman what can you want with me?"

"Sir, I wrote Jane Eyre!"

"You wrote Jane Eyre!" his annoyance changing suddenly into surprise and overflowing delight.

But she had now other things to think of than literary triumphs. Her brother, who had so long been a grief and burden, died; and then Emily began to decline. Charlotte said, "She never lingered over any task in her life, and she did not linger now." Yet ill as she was, she refused to admit it even to her sisters. They saw her fading and dying, but dared not offer her the attention they desired, and which most invalids crave. Day after day, she refused to take rest or medicine, forcing her trembling hands to accomplish their usual tasks, bearing up till within two hours of her death, when she laid her head on her pillow and died like the heroine of a Greek tragedy, who willingly approaches the altar when her life is required as a sacrifice to fate. "Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave," we are reminded of her own beautiful lines, which there is no loved one left to repeat over the place of her rest:

"Cold in the earth and the deep snow piled above thee,  
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!  
Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,  
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?"

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover  
Over the mountains on that northern shore,  
Resting their wings where heath and fern leaves cover  
Thy noble heart, forever, evermore?"

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers  
From these brown hills have melted into spring:  
Faithful indeed is the spirit that remembers,  
After such years of change and suffering."

Scarcely had Emily been laid in the grave, before Anne began to droop. Winter passed, and with the first breath of spring came a glimmer of hope. In May, by her own desire, she and Charlotte went to Scarborough on a search for health; but it was only to die, crying out with her last breath, "Take courage, Charlotte, take courage!"

Can we fancy what a home-coming it was to the solitary sister, leaving one behind in the cemetery at Scarborough, and remembering the other was asleep in the old church at Haworth? Yet there was neither morbid gloom nor bitterness in her heart. Bravely and quietly she set to work to show the world what Emily would have been under more fortunate circumstances. In the very room in which the loving trio had worked a year before, she sat in her loneliness and wrote the brilliant story of Shirley, painting Emily as Shirley, and her friend "Ellen" as Caroline Helstone.

Shirley begins at the time when "Orders in Council," forbidding neutral powers to trade with France, had greatly provoked America, and thus cut off the principal market for the Yorkshire woolen trade, bringing it to the verge of ruin, and causing unspeakable distress among the poor in the north of England. Machinery too, was about being introduced, which, greatly reducing the number of hands necessary to be employed, threw thousands out of work, leaving them without any means of support.

Robert Moore, the hero of the story, was a woolen manufacturer, and we find him in the second chapter awaiting the return of his wagons with certain frames for the mill. Moore was only a half Briton. His mother was a Belgian, and he himself had been born on Flemish soil. Trade was his hereditary calling. Once his family had been wealthy, but disastrous speculations had loosened, by degrees, the foundations of their credit; and at last, in the shock of the French Revolution, it had rushed into total ruin. Robert had come to Yorkshire, hoping in time to restore the faded glories of his paternal house; and though he had done all his limited capital allowed, yet the narrowness of that capital sorely galled his spirit. "Forward!" was the device stamped on his soul, and sometimes he rebelled bitterly against the restraints which held him as in a vise.

His wagons returned but empty, save for a badly written and worse spelled note, saying the frames were destroyed, his men bound hand and foot, were lying in Stillboro' ditch, and closing with the assurance that any future attempt to introduce machinery would end even more disastrously.

Moore's house was kept by his sister, Hortense, a thorough Belgian in heart and habits, whose house was her idol, and whose chief occupation was her wordy battles with her servant Sara, who would not wear the high caps, short petticoats and decent sabots Miss Moore thought the only style of dress proper for her class, and who in turn asserted that the Flemish cooking was not fit for human stomachs, saying that "bouillon was no better than greasy warm water, and choucroute was only pig-wash."

The rector of Briarsfield was the Rev. Matthewson Helstone, "a conscientious, hard-headed, hard-hand, brave, stern, implacable, faithful little man; a man almost without sympathy, ungentle, prejudiced, rigid; but a man true to principle, honorable, sagacious and sincere." "At heart he could not abide sense in women; he liked to see them as silly, as light-headed, as vain, as open to ridicule as possible; because they were then, in reality, what he held them to be—inferior—toys to play with—to amuse a vacant hour, and to be thrown away."

At his rectory resided his niece, Caroline Helstone, a far-away cousin of the Moores, and who loved Robert. She was in the habit of going to the cottage to perfect her French, and to be inducted by Hortense into the mysteries of lace-work, knitting and elaborate stocking mending, which is done stitch by stitch, so as to exactly imitate the fabric of the stocking. "a weariful" process, but considered by Hor-

tense Moore and her ancestresses for long generations back, as one of the first duties of woman." Our first glimpse of Caroline is when she is spending an evening at the cottage, to be escorted home afterwards in bliss by Robert. She arose next morning in undiminished gladness, and after breakfast made her way to the cottage for her morning lesson in French, hoping to meet Robert, and longing for another taste of the joy of the previous evening. But Robert's greeting in the morning was brief; "it was cousin-like, brother-like, friend-like, anything but lover-like. Rude disappointment; sharp cross!"

"A lover masculine so disappointed can speak and urge explanations, a lover feminine can say nothing; if she did, the result would be shame and anguish, inward remorse for self-treachery. Nature would brand such demonstration as a rebellion against her instincts, and would vindictively repay it afterward by the thunderbolt of self-contempt smiting suddenly in secret. Take the matter as you find it; ask no questions; utter no remonstrances; it is your best wisdom. You expected bread, and you have got a stone; break your teeth on it, and don't shriek because the nerves are martyred; do not doubt that your mental stomach, if you have such a thing, is strong as an ostrich's—the stone will digest. You held out your hand for an egg, and fate put into it a scorpion. Show no consternation; close your fingers firmly upon the gift; let it sting through your palm. Never mind; in time, after your hand and arm have swelled and quivered long with torture, the squeezed scorpion will die, and you will have learned the great lesson how to endure without a sob. For the whole remnant of your life, if you survive the test—some, it is said, die under it—you will be stronger, wiser, less sensitive. This you are not aware of, perhaps, at the time, and so cannot borrow courage of that hope. Nature, however, is an excellent friend in such cases; sealing the lips, interdicting utterance, commanding a placid dissimulation; a dissimulation often wearing a gay and easy mien, then passing away and leaving a convenient stoicism, not the less fortifying because half-bitter.

"Half-bitter! Is that wrong? No, it should be bitter; bitterness is strength, it is a tonic. Sweet mild force following acute suffering, you find nowhere; to talk of it is a delusion. There may be apathetic exhaustion after the rack; if energy remains, it will be a dangerous energy, deadly when confronted with injustice."

Among the few families with whom Moore had become intimate was that of Mr. Yorke. Mr. Yorke was a thorough Englishman, not a Norman line anywhere. His face was indolent, scornful, sarcastic; that of a man difficult to lead and impossible to drive. His family was one of the first and oldest in the district, his education was good and he was an adept in French and Italian. His manners, when he liked, were those of a finished gentleman of the old school; his conversation, when he pleased, was singularly interesting and original. He liked Moore for several reasons; first, because the young man's foreign English and pure French accent recalled old associa-



tions connected with his traveling days; secondly, because he knew and liked Moore's father, and again, because Moore was a sharp man of business.

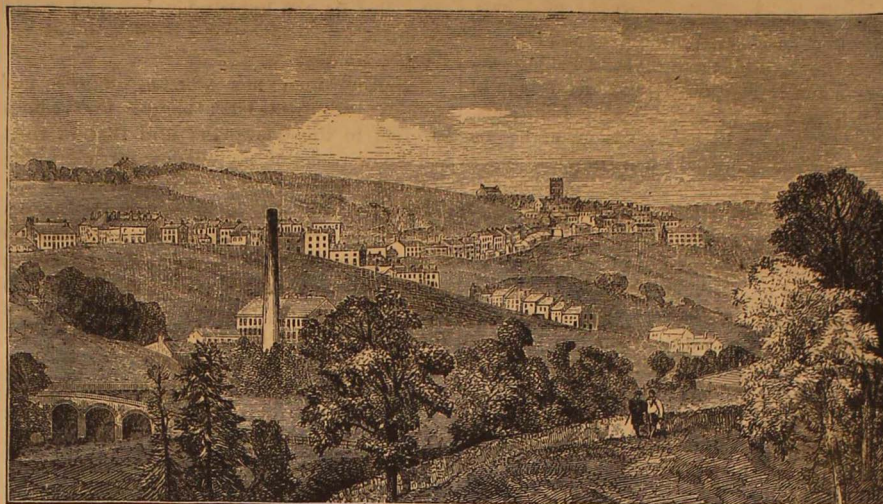
Mrs. Yorke was a good wife, a careful mother, but in her estimation, to be mirthful was to be profane, to be cheerful was to be frivolous. She was a strong-minded woman, who never said a weak or a trite thing, taking stern, democratic views of society, considering herself as right and the rest of the world as wrong. Her main fault was a brooding, eternal suspicion of all men, creeds and parties. This suspicion was a mist before her eyes, a false guide in her paths wherever she looked, wherever she turned.

The children of such a pair could hardly be commonplace beings, nor were they. Rose and Jessie were the girls. Rose was like her father, a granite head copied in ivory, softened in color and line. Her face was not harsh, neither was it pretty; as to the gray eyes, a serious soul lighted them, a spirit which, while partaking of the essence of both father and mother, was one day to be stronger, purer and more aspiring than either. "Rose is a still, sometimes a stubborn girl now" (at twelve years of age); "her mother wants to make of her such a woman as she is herself, a woman of dark and dreary duties, and Rose has a mind full-set, thick sown with the germs of ideas her mother never knew. It is agony to her to have these ideas trampled on and repressed. She has never rebelled yet; but if hard driven, she will rebel one day, and then it will be once for all. Rose loves her father, he does not rule her with a rod of iron; he is good to her. He sometimes fears she will not live, so bright are the sparks of intelligence which at moments glance and gleam in her language. This idea makes him often sadly tender to her.

"He has no idea that little Jessie will die young, she is so gay and chattering—arch, original, even now; passionate when provoked, but most affectionate if caressed; exacting, yet generous, fearless of her mother, for instance, whose irrationally hard and strict rule she has often defied, yet reliant on any who will help her. Jessie, with her little piquant face, is made to be a pet; and her father's pet, accordingly, she is.

"Mr. York, if a magic mirror were now held before you, and if therein were shown you your two daughters, as they will be twenty years from this night, what would you think? The magic mirror is here; you shall learn their destinies—and first, that of your little life, Jessie.

"Do you know this place? No, you never saw it; but do you recognize the nature of these trees, this foliage—the cypress, the willow, the yew. Stone crosses like these are not unfamiliar to you, nor are these dim garlands of everlasting flowers. Here is the place; green sod and a gray marble headstone—Jessie sleeps below. She lived through an April day; much loved was she; much loving. She often in her brief life shed tears; she had frequent sorrows; she smiled between, gladdening whatever saw her. Her death was tranquil and happy in Rose's guardian arms, for Rose had been her stay and de-



VILLAGE OF HAWORTH.

fense in many trials; the dying and the watching English girls were alone in a foreign country, and the soil of that country gave Jessie a grave.

Now behold Rose two years later. The crosses and garlands looked strange, but the hills and woods of this landscape look still stranger. This, indeed, is far from England; remote must be the shores which wear that wild, luxuriant aspect. This is some virgin solitude; unknown birds flutter around the skirts of that forest; no European river this, on whose banks Rose sits thinking. The little, quiet Yorkshire girl is a lonely emigrant in some region of the Southern hemisphere."

After a while, Moore and Mr. Helstone had a quarrel over politics, and Mr. Helstone told Caroline she must give up her visits to the cottage, wondering, he remarked, parenthetically, "What noodle first made it the fashion to teach women French; nothing was more improper for them; it was like feeding a rickety child on chalk and water—gruel; Caroline must give it up, and give up her cousins too; they were dangerous people."

Caroline received the order very quietly, partly because nothing met her at the cottage but pain and disappointment, for Robert seemed to have deserted its precincts. Sad now were her days and nights. Her imagination was full of pictures; "scenes where she and Moore had been together; winter fire-side sketches; a glowing landscape of a hot summer afternoon passed with him in the bosom of Nunnely wood; divine vignettes when she had sat at his side in Hollow's copse, listening to the call of the May cuckoo, or sharing the September treasure of nuts and ripe blackberries. But these joys, being hollow, were, ere long, crushed in; the pictures faded, the voice failed, the visionary clasp melted chill from her hand, and where the warm seal of lips had made impress on her forehead, it felt now as if a sleety raindrop had fallen." She exerted herself to help the poor. Yet all her efforts to forget herself in works of mercy and charity brought her neither health of body nor continued peace of mind; with them all she wasted, grew more joyless and wan; her memory kept harping on the name of Robert

Moore; an elegy over the past still rung constantly in her ear; winter seemed conquering her spring; the mind's soil and its treasures were freezing gradually to barren stagnation.

At last the life she led reached the point where it seemed she could bear it no longer. She must seek and find a change somehow, or her heart and head would fail under the pressure which strained them. She longed to leave Briarfield, and go to some distant place, and she had a deep, yearning desire to find her mother, though never had she heard that mother praised. Her uncle regarded her with antipathy; an old servant who had lived with her for a short time after her marriage, spoke of her with chilling reserve. But there was one project which seemed likely to bring her a hope of relief, it was to be a governess.

One morning at breakfast, after a restless night, she inquired of Mr. Helstone:

"Have you any objection, uncle, to my inquiring for a situation in a family?"

Her uncle, ignorant as the table supporting his coffee-cup of all his niece had undergone and was undergoing, scarcely believed his ears.

"What whim now?" he asked. "Are you bewitched? What can you mean?"

"I am not well, and need a change," she said.

He examined her. He discovered she had experienced a change at any rate. Without his being aware of it, the rose had dwindled and faded to a mere snowdrop; bloom had vanished, flesh wasted; she sat before him, drooping, colorless and thin. But for the soft expression of her brown eyes, the delicate lines of her features and the flowing abundance of her hair, she would no longer have possessed a claim to the epithet—pretty.

"What on earth is the matter with you? What is wrong? How are you ailing?"

No answer, only the brown eyes filled, the faintly-tinted lips trembled.

"Look out for a situation, indeed! For what situation are you fit? What have you been doing with yourself? You are not well."

"I should be well if I went from home."

"These women are incomprehensible. They have the strangest knack of startling you with



surprises. To-day you see them bouncing, buxom, red as cherries, round as apples; to-morrow they exhibit themselves as dead weeds, blanched and broken down, and the reason of it all? That's the puzzle. She has her meals, her liberty, a good house to live in and good clothes to wear, as usual; a little while since that sufficed to keep her handsome and cheery, and there she sits now, a poor little pale, puling chit enough.

"There are two guineas to buy a new frock. Run away and amuse yourself."

"What with? My doll?" asked Caroline to herself as she quitted the room.

Not very long after this Mr. Helstone called upon Caroline to go with him to pay a visit of welcome to Miss Keeldar, who had just come of age, and entered upon the possession of an estate in the neighborhood. Very reluctantly did Caroline follow Mr. Helstone up the broad, paved approach leading from the gateway of Fieldhead to its porch, and through the porch in the sombre old vestibule beyond.

"Very sombre it was; long, vast and dark. One latticed window lit it but dimly; the wide old chimney contained no fire, but was filled instead with willow boughs. The gallery on high, opposite the entrance, was seen but in outline, so shadowy became this hall toward its ceiling; carved stag's-heads, with real antlers, looked down grotesquely from the walls. This was neither a grand, nor a comfortable house; within, as without, it was antique, rambling and incommodious."

"Shirley Keeldar was no ugly heiress; she was agreeable to the eye. She was gracefully made; and her face, too, possessed a charm as well described by the word grace as any other. It was pale naturally, but intelligent and of varied expression. She was not a blonde like Caroline; clear and dark were the characteristics of her aspect as to color; her face and brow were clear, her eyes of the darkest gray; transparent, pure, neutral gray; and her hair of the darkest brown. Her features were distinguished, mobile and speaking; but their changes were not to be understood, nor their language interpreted all at once."

A short time only elapses before Shirley and Caroline become intimate, and in one of their afternoon rambles, they discuss, among other topics, that of marriage, when Shirley says, "I don't think we should trust to what they call passion, at all, Caroline. I believe it is a mere fire of dry sticks, blazing up and vanishing; but we watch him and see him kind to animals, to little children, to poor people. He is kind to us likewise—good, considerate; he does not flatter women, but he is patient with them, and he seems to be easy in their presence, and to find their company genial. He likes them not only for vain and selfish reasons, but as *we* like him—because we like him. Then we observe that he is just—that he always speaks the truth—that he is conscientious. We feel joy and peace when he comes into a room; we feel sadness and trouble when he leaves it. We know that this man has been a kind son, that he is a kind brother; will any one dare to tell me that he will not be a kind husband?"

"My uncle would affirm it unhesitatingly. He will be sick of you in a month, he would

say. But do you know what oracles I would consult?"

"Let me hear."

"Neither man nor woman, elderly nor young; the little Irish beggar that comes barefoot to the door; the bird that in frost and snow pecks at my window for a crumb; the dog that licks my hand and sits beside my knee. We have a black cat and an old dog at the rectory. I know somebody to whose knee that black cat loves to climb; against whose shoulder and cheek it likes to purr. The old dog always comes out of his kennel and wags his tail, and whines affectionately when somebody passes."

"And what does that somebody do?"

"He quietly strokes the cat and lets her sit while he conveniently can, and when he must disturb her by rising, he puts her softly down, and never flings her from him roughly; he always whistles to the dog and gives him a caress."

"Does he? It is not Robert?"

"But it is Robert."

"Handsome fellow!" said Shirley with enthusiasm. "When men *are* good they are the lords of creation; they are the sons of God, moulded in their Maker's image; the minutest spark of His spirit lifts them almost above mortality. Indisputably a great, good, handsome man is the first of created things."

"Above us?"

"I would scorn to contend for empire with him. I would scorn it. Shall my left hand dispute for precedence with my right? Shall my heart quarrel with my pulse? Shall my veins be jealous of the blood which fills them?"

Living with Shirley was a lady who had been her governess. This lady, Mrs. Pryor, was as much disposed to cultivate Caroline's acquaintance as was Shirley. Nothing could be less demonstrative than Mrs. Pryor's friendship; but also nothing could be more vigilant, assiduous and untiring. She was peculiar, and in nothing was her peculiarity more shown than in the nature of the interest she evinced for Caroline. She watched her movements—it seemed as if she would have guarded all her steps; it gave her pleasure to be applied to by Miss Helstone for advice and assistance; and when asked she yielded her aid with such evident enjoyment, that Caroline ere long took delight in depending on her.

The time came when the starving people rose en masse, and went to Moore's mill one dark night, intending to destroy it. But Robert had been forewarned, and was ready to receive them, with the aid of the rector, who had been reconciled to him, the curate and a half dozen soldiers. Moore came off victor in the fight, but deeper feelings of enmity were excited against him. His activity and resolution were shown in the defense of the mill, but he showed still more in the relentless assiduity with which he pursued the leaders of the riot. The mob he let alone; an innate sense of justice told him that men, misled by false counsels and goaded by privation, are not fit objects for vengeance; and that he who would visit on men violent act, on the bent head of suffering, is a tyrant and not a judge. He kept busy, riding hard, and often

in his search for justice, knowing there was constant risk of being shot, yet too phlegmatic to fear.

Meanwhile Shirley had an inroad of visitors; her uncle, aunt, and cousin Sympson, accompanied by Louis Moore, their son's tutor, and brother of Robert and Hortense Moore. Separated somewhat from Miss Keeldar by her fine relatives, Caroline was once more limited to the gray rectory, the solitary morning walk, the long lonely afternoon in the quiet parlor or the garden alcove, where the sun shone bright, yet sad, on the ripening currants and the monthly roses. There she read or sat and mused over the few chances which women had for happiness and profit. Sons in a family are either "in business or professions, they have something to do; their sisters have no earthly employment but housework and sewing; no earthly pleasures but unprofitable visiting; and no hope, in all their life to come, of anything better. This stagnant state of things makes them decline in health; they are never well; and their minds and views shrink to wonderful narrowness. Fathers of England! keep your girls' minds narrow and fettered—they will still be a plague and a care, sometimes a disgrace to you; cultivate them—give them scope and work, and they will be your gayest companions in health; your tenderest nurses in sickness, your most faithful prop in old age."

Toward the middle of the summer, Caroline became really ill. Mrs. Pryor visited her daily, until one morning, finding Caroline visibly worse, she went into the rector's study, where, after being closeted with him a long time, she returned to the sick room, took off her hat and announced her intention of remaining; yet, despite her care, the sick girl grew no better. She wasted like a snow wreath in thaw, like a flower in draught until Miss Keeldar expressed herself to Mr. Helstone with so much energy as to frighten him into sending for a physician, who "delivered a dark saying, of which the future was to solve the mystery, wrote a prescription, pocketed his fee and rode away."

One evening Mrs. Pryor sat by the bed weeping. "I hope it is not for me you weep," said Caroline. "Do you not think I shall get better? I do not feel *very* ill, only weak."

"But your mind Caroline is so crushed, you have been left so desolate."

"I believe grief is, and always has been, my worst ailment. I sometimes think, if an abundant gush of happiness came to me, I could revive yet."

"You love me, Caroline?"

"Very much; inexpressibly sometimes, just now I feel as if I could almost grow to your heart."

"Then if you love me," said Mrs. Pryor, speaking quickly, with an altered voice; "if you feel, as if, to use your own words, you could grow to my heart, it will be neither shock nor pain for you to know that *that* heart is the source whence yours was filled; that from *my* veins issued the tide which flows in *yours*; that you are *mine*, my own daughter, my child!"

Explanations ensue, and the mother cradled her long lost child in her arms, rocking her





HAWORTH CHURCH.

softly as if lulling a babe to sleep. "My mother! My own mother!" "The offspring nestled to the parent; that parent feeling the endearment and hearing the appeal, gathered her closer still. She covered her with noiseless kisses and murmured love over her, like a cushat fostering her young."

Caroline wishes her uncle called in, and when he came, she said, "Is it true? Is she *really* my mother?"

"You won't cry, or turn hysterical, if I say yes?"

"Cry! I'd cry, if you said, No! But give her a name—how do you call her?"

"I call this stout lady in a quaint black dress, who looks young enough to wear much smarter raiment, if she would—I call her Agnes Helstone. She married my brother James, and is his widow."

"And my mother?"

"What a little sceptic it is! She had the trouble of bringing you into the world, at any rate; mind you show your duty to her by quickly getting well and repairing the waste of these cheeks."

"If *wishing* to get well will help me, I shall not be long sick. This morning I had no reason, and no strength to wish it. Uncle, if you please, you may send me a little bit of supper; anything you like, from your own plate. That is wiser than going into hysterics, is it not?"

"It is spoken like a sage. When women are sensible—and above all, intelligible, I can get on with them. It is only the vague super-fine sensations and extremely wire-drawn notions, that put me about. Let a woman ask me to get her an edible, or a wearable—be the same a roc's egg or the breast-plate of Aaron, a share of St. John's locusts and honey, or the leathern girdle about his loins—I can, at least, understand the demand; but when they pine

for they know not what—sympathy, sentiment—some of these indefinite abstractions, I can't do it; I don't know it; I haven't got it." Mr. Helstone went to his supper, but soon returned, bringing a plate in his own consecrated hand. "This is chicken," he said, "but we'll have partridge to-morrow. Lift her up, and put a shawl around her. On my word, I understand nursing. Now, here is the very same little silver fork you used when you first came to the rectory; that strikes me as being what you may call a happy thought, a delicate attention. Take it Cary, and munch away cleverly." Cary did her best. Her uncle frowned to see her powers were so limited; he prophesied, however, great things for the future; and as she praised the morsel he had brought, and smiled gratefully in his face, he stooped over her pillow, kissed her, and said with a broken, rugged

accent "Good night, bairnie! God bless thee!"

Caroline's youth was of some avail now, as so was her mother's care, and soon the emaciated outlines of her face began to fill, and its color to return. Shirley had been passing some time at the seashore, but when told the news upon her return, she evinced no surprise, saying, indeed, she had long since guessed the truth.

When Caroline was well enough to visit Fieldhead, she was surprised and concerned to see the indifference with which Shirley treated Louis Moore, and to observe that to her he appeared as much a mere teacher, as little a gentleman, as to the Misses Sympson. As to Louis Moore himself, he had the air of

a man used to this life, and who had made up his mind to bear it for a while. One living thing only, besides his crippled pupil, he fondled, and that was the ruffianly Tartar (Shirley's dog), who, sullen to all others, acquired a singular partiality for him; a partiality so marked that, sometimes, when Moore entered the room and sat down to the table unwelcomed, Tartar would rise from his lair at Shirley's feet and betake himself to the taciturn tutor. Once—but once—she noticed the desertion, and holding out her white hand and speaking softly, tried to coax him back. The dog looked, stared and sighed, but disregarded the invitation, settling himself by Moore's side. That gentleman drew the dog's big black-muzzled head on his knee, and smiled to himself.

And now comes the blow so long expected.

Robert Moore is shot one night and taken to Mr. Yorke's house, which was near by. The sight of the fine head prostrate in the dust, was the circumstance to win Mr. Yorke's liveliest sympathy. So, too, the incident was quite to Mrs. Yorke's taste, for she was just the woman who, while rendering miserable the drudging life of a maid-servant, would nurse like a heroine a hospital full of plague patients. She allowed Hortense to stay with him, for they possessed an endless theme of conversation and sympathy in the corrupt propensities of servants.

MacTwok, the surgeon, wished to place a nurse in charge of the patient, but so faithfully did Mrs. Yorke promise to obey his injunctions that he gave in. But one day something went wrong, the bandages were displaced, and loss of blood ensued, so that all night long Death and the surgeons fought for the exhausted frame on the bed. When morning broke, he installed his head nurse, Mrs. Horsfall as chief in the room, before whom Mrs. Yorke and Hortense retreated. At first Moore used to resist her; he hated the sight of her rough bulk, and dreaded the touch of her hard hands. She made no account of his six feet, she turned him in bed as another woman would have turned a babe in



THE PARSONAGE HAWORTH.



the cradle. When he was good she called him, "my dear," and "honey," and when he was bad, she shook him.

Mrs. Pryor and Caroline called to see him, but were rudely repulsed by Mrs. Yorke. One winter afternoon, Martin Yorke was on his way home from school, when a young woman approached him. "You are Martin Yorke, I think?"

"I am Martin."

"Are your father and mother well? (It was lucky she did not say *papa* and *mamma*) and Rose and Jessie?"

"I suppose so."

"My cousin Hortense is still at Briarmins?"

"Oh, yes."

"Does your mother like her?"

"They suit so well about the servants, they can't help liking each other."

"Martin, how is Mr. Moore?"

Martin had heard certain rumors; it struck him it might be amusing to make an experiment.

"Going to die! Nothing can save him. All hope flung overboard."

She put her veil aside. She looked into his eyes, and said: "To die!"

"To die! All along of the women, my mother and the rest; they did something about his bandages that finished everything. They should be arrested, cribbed, tried and brought in for Botany Bay at the least."

The questioner stood motionless, and then moved forward without another word. This was not what Martin had expected, for it was hardly amusing to frighten the girl, if she did not entertain him afterward by some dramatic show of emotion. "He called, Miss Helstone! Are you uneasy about what I said?"

"You know nothing about death, Martin; you are too young for me to talk to concerning such a thing."

"Did you believe me? It's all flummery! Moore eats like three men. They are always making sago or tapioca, or something good for him. I never go into the kitchen but there is a saucepan on the fire, cooking him some dainty."

"Martin! Martin! It is exceedingly wrong of you. You have almost killed me." She stopped, leaned against a tree, trembling, shuddering, and pale as death.

Martin contemplated her with inexpressible curiosity. In one sense, it was as he would have expressed it, "nuts" to him to see this; it told him so much, and he was beginning to have great relish for discovering secrets. In another sense, it reminded him of what he had felt once when he heard a blackbird lamenting for her nestlings which Matthew had crushed with a stone, and that was not a pleasant feeling. Before they separate, however, he convinces her that Moore is really better, and she goes away relieved. When Martin reached home he went into the dining-room where he contemplated a picture of a female head, lovely, but forlorn and desperate.

"She looked like *that*," he said gazing on the sketch, "when she sobbed, turned white, and leaned against the tree. I suppose she

is what they call 'in love!' Yes, in love with that long thing in the next room. Whist! Is that Horsfall clattering him? I wonder he does not yell out! \* \* \* It's queer. Zillah Horsfall is a woman and Caroline Helstone is a woman: individuals of the same species, but not much alike."

Moore now began to regain his strength, amazing Mrs. Horsfall with some fresh act of contumacy every morning, till he sent her away altogether. Then he returned to the cottage, though greatly against Mrs. Yorke's wishes.

December came, and the Symptons were about to leave Fieldhead. The day before their departure, Shirley and Louis Moore were together, when he, after some conversation, said: "We have had a long conversation this morning, but the last word is not yet spoken. \* \* \* Am I to die without you, or live for you?"

"Do as you please; far be it from me to dictate your choice."

"You shall tell me with your own lips whether you will doom me to exile, or call me to hope."

"Die without me if you will. Live for me if you dare."

"I am not afraid of you, my leopardess. I dare live for and with you from this hour till my death."

\* \* \* "Dear Louis, be faithful to me; never leave me. I don't care for life, unless I may pass it at your side." \* \* \*

Shortly after this, Orders in Council were revoked, blockaded forts thrown open, warehouses were lightened, work abounded, and wages rose. Louis and Shirley were to be married, and Caroline was to have been bridesmaid; but fate destined her for another part, for in the marriage notices in the local paper, after that of the heiress of Fieldhead, was an announcement of that of "Robert Gerard Moore and Caroline, niece of Rev. Matthewson Helstone, M.A., rector of Briarfield."

In the autumn of 1851, Vilette was commenced. In this novel, scene after scene is drawn from her own life. Those who knew her well tell us, that "every sentence was wrung from her as though it had been a drop of blood; and it was built up, bit by bit, amid paroxysms of positive anguish, occasioned in part by her own physical weakness and suffering, but still more by the torture through which her mind passed as she depicted scene after scene from the darkest chapter in her own life.

The work dragged slowly on amid sickness of body and weariness of mind, till in October, 1852, she wrote, "It is finished!" Her publishers did not receive Vilette as she had hoped they would; but though she was troubled at finding herself and her work misunderstood, still she neither could nor would alter the story to suit others. Happily, the reading world saw instantly that out of the dull records of humble woes, such a heart history had been created as remains to this day, without a peer in the school of English fiction.

When ending the story of Lucy Snow in

doubt and gloom, Charlotte thought it was not unlike what the close of her own life should be—all hopes withered, all sunshine clouded, all happiness swept away by the bitter blast of Death. But God who is never unmindful of "His own," sent her light and peace at eventide.

In the closing chapter of Shirley we find a reference to a Mr. McCarthy, who had taken the place of the curate Malone. His original was Mr. Nichols, who living for several years at Haworth, had formed a strong attachment to Miss Brontë. When it was made known to her, her heart disposed her to give a favorable answer; but her father, very angry, and unreasonable in his anger, insisted upon a refusal. Mr. Nichols immediately resigned his curacy, at which Mr. Brontë openly exulted, while Charlotte, though believing it her duty to remain with her father, felt her heart racked with pity for the man who loved her.

Mr. Nichols left, and through the autumn and winter, Charlotte kept up bravely, though her father, who watched her with keen eyes, could see how her health and spirits were drooping. Quite suddenly he put aside his objections and became as eager to hasten the marriage, as he had at once been determined to prevent it.

On the 29th of June, 1854, the wedding took place, a neighboring clergyman reading the service, "Ellen" being bridesmaid, and Miss Wooler giving the bride away, Mr. Brontë refusing to go to church at the last moment. After a short bridal tour they returned to Haworth, and it seemed as if joy had come at last as a substantial reality, that painful sense of isolation which had so long oppressed her being utterly absorbed in the sweet sense of dependence on the strong, upright nature of a good man.

Always accustomed to think of others before herself, Charlotte now made her husband her chief thought, giving up to him the hours she had once devoted to reading, study and writing. Mr. Nichols had never had any sympathy with her literary efforts, and felt, indeed, he would rather she should lay aside her pen entirely. To this she submitted with her usual patience, endeavoring to repress for his sake the gift which had been her comfort in her many and deep sorrows.

Before many months she began to sicken. Friends hoped it would not be for long; but as the illness increased, and she daily grew weaker, a deadly fear crept into the hearts of husband and father.

Easter-day, 1855, dawned bleak and cold over the Yorkshire hills to find that the beautiful spirit which had so faithfully served her Lord for thirty-nine years, had that day risen with Him, to keep the holy festival in the Golden City, of which, as a child, she had dreamed.

### From the Greek.

If we reach not the height we seek,  
We need not blame our fortune drear,  
For to our own small selves belongs  
The blame of our small sphere.



## Flowers of Antiquity.

BY BRIC A BRAC.



WHEN desiring information on the subject of garlands, Myrtilus entreats Ulpian in the feast of the Deipnosophists not to quote passages out of the *Crowns* of Cælius Asclepiades, "as if," he says, "I were unacquainted with that book; but say something now besides what you find there." Accordingly in that discussion we are offered nothing of the crowns; but Democritus had already mentioned a book of Menodotus relating to the meaning of Anacreon when he alludes to people being crowned with osiers at their feasts:

"But now full twice five months are gone  
Since kind Megisthes wore a crown  
Of pliant osier, drinking wine  
Whose colors did like rubies shine."

If the case could have been solved to show the cause of that preference, some light might have been thrown on the origin of the custom of wearing wreaths at entertainments; for that kind Megisthes should have chosen for his garland a kind of plant apparently better adapted to plaiting and binding than to such use as he made of it, would seem only capable of being explained by some significant reason. But the curious learning brought out in that company after Cælius Asclepiades had been set aside as too common an authority, was little to the purpose of accounting for the osier crown; so that the matter would have come to an end without the introduction of an acceptable theory of any kind had not Democritus finally concluded that the fact was more simply explained by supposing that Megisthes wore a garland of osier, because there was a great quantity of those trees in the place where he was feasting, and therefore he used it to bind his temples. The opinion of Democritus favored the reasoning of some of the ancient physicians who discoursed on the wearing of flowers bound about the brow at entertainments. Those who suffered in their heads after drinking stood in need of some remedy, as this class of writers conjectured. Andreas was the supposed authority for the statement that a certain man having a headache pressed his head and found relief, and so invented a ligature as a remedy for headache. Accordingly it was said that men using these ligatures as assistants in drinking used to bind their heads with whatever came in their way. "And first of all they took garlands of ivy, which offered itself as it were of its own accord, and was very plentiful and grew everywhere, and was pleasant to look upon, shading the forehead with its green leaves and bunches of berries, and bearing a good deal of tension so as to admit of being bound very tight across the brow, and imparting also a certain degree of coolness without any stupefying smell accompanying it." Myrtle crowns were adopted according to the fancy of the ancient doctors on account of the exciting

properties of that plant, and from its being thought to repress any rising of the fumes of wine; garlands of roses were thought to have been chosen because of their coolness, and that they to a certain extent, relieved headache; bay leaves also were considered as having some appropriate connection with drinking parties. But garlands of white lilies were avoided, and those also of amaracus, and wreaths of any other flower or herb having a tendency to produce heaviness or torpid feelings in the head.

The ancients, however, were not unanimous in accepting the idea of use to account for the origin of garlands. Many attributed to Janus the invention of garlands, as well as of ships and coined money; it was for that reason that in various Grecian cities, and in Italy and Sicily, were coins having on one side a head with two faces, and on the obverse, a boat, a garland, or a ship.

Aristotle is to be imagined as having had divided opinions about this custom; for once he considers that the ancients, on account of the headaches produced by their wine-drinking, adopted the fashion of wearing garlands made of anything which came to hand, as the binding of the head tight seemed to be of service to them; but that in later times men added also some ornaments to their temples, which had a reference to their employment of drinking. Again he finds it more reasonable to suppose that it was because the head is the seat of all sensation that men wore crowns upon it, than that they did so because it was desirable to have their temples shaded and bound as a remedy against the headaches produced by wine; but a finer idea is introduced in his banquet, where he says: "We never offer any mutilated gift to the gods, but only such as are perfect and entire, and crowning anything indicates filling it in some sort." But herein was no doubt some reference to the wreathing of goblets employed in libations. Sappho leaves out entirely the coarser idea of service in the drinking of wine, recognizing only the religious sentiment in that usage as she sets it forth with delicate charm of verse.

"But place those garlands on thy lovely hair,  
Twining the tender sprouts of anise green  
With skillful hand, for offerings of flowers  
Are pleasing to the gods, who hate all those  
Who come before them with uncrowned heads."

Much thought unquestionably was given to the physical properties of plants in that custom as it existed, just as similar ideas were exercised in relation to perfumes. And the latter luxury is well known to have claimed distinguished scientific consideration among the ancients. A treatise by Theophrastus is understood to have been one of the most esteemed authorities on the subject of scents. The extracts from roses, myrtles and apples were considered suitable for drinking parties; the last was thought good for the stomach and useful for lethargic people; the same was said of vine leaves and the scent extracted from crocus; that from white violets was considered good for digestion. The great attention which Arsinoe and Berenice paid to matters of this kind was the cause of the unguents made in Alexandria being brought to high perfection in their time. Ephesus also once had a

high reputation for the excellence of its perfumes, that especially of megallium. For the placing of garlands on the breast, as was sometimes practiced, there was the same reason as for using perfumes in that manner. Anacreon alluded to the wearing of lotus flowers on the bosom, and the divine Sappho noticed persons wreathing garlands,

"In numbers round their tender throats."

Some suppose that the placing of perfumes on the breast had been first thought of because of the soul having its abode in the heart; others conjectured simply that the heart is soothed by these odors, or that the mere thought might have been that scents ascend upward from the breast to the seat of smelling.

But with this, so much of the ideal relative to the use and choice of flowers, that it would have been difficult to define the limits of the multiplied ideas belonging to the custom. At the public festival of any god, the particular herb or flower which was sacred to him was used. Naturally, at other times, such flowers as taste suggested, or as the season afforded, would be made use of. The Athenians were known to have had a special fondness for violet chaplets. The garland of Ariadne, it was said, was made of the theseum flower.

"The soft theseum, like the apple blossom,  
The sacred blossom of Leucera,  
Which the fair goddess loves above all others."

The peculiar delight which sweet-singing old Anacreon took in the ivy, no doubt, had reference rather to this plant being devoted to Bacchus than that it made an effective binding about the head. His old harp, one finds, always being tuned to the key either of love or of wine.

"When the nectar'd bowl I drain  
Gloomy cares forego their reign;  
Richer than the Lydian King,  
Hymns of love and joy I sing,  
Ivy wreaths my temples twine,  
And while careless I recline,  
While bright scenes my vision greet  
Tread the world beneath my feet."

The idea of decoration with flowers could hardly have been wanting at any time in the abundantly blossoming lands of the ancient nations. The Egyptians were exceedingly fond of gardening, and in their temperate climate they were able to produce all the year round many of the flowers which in other countries were to be found only at particular seasons. But in that fertile soil, roses and white lilies, and numerous other varieties of flowers, were kept in bloom continually. Of the manner of their use some idea is to be had from the celebrated spectacle given by Ptolemy Philadelphus, where, "although this entertainment took place in the middle of winter, still there was a show of flowers which was quite incredible to foreigners. For flowers, of which one could not easily have found enough to make one chaplet in any other city, were supplied in the greatest abundance here, to make chaplets for every one of the guests at the entertainment, and were thickly strewed over the whole floor of the tent, so as really to give the appearance of the most divine meadow"



Two kinds of wreaths from the lotus flower were made in Alexandria, one of which was called the garland of Antinous. The lotus growing in the marshes, in summer, bore flowers of two colors, as was noted by Calixenus, the Rhodian, when visiting that country. One of these colors, as he described it, was like that of the rose, and the garlands woven of flowers of this color were the ones properly called the garland of Antinous; but what was called simply the lotus garland was of the flowers having a dark hue. Also from that writer comes the account of the naming of the former garland: "And a man of the name of Pancrates, a native poet, with whom we ourselves were acquainted, made a great parade of showing a rose-colored lotus to Adrian, the emperor, when he was staying at Alexandria, saying that he ought to give this flower the name of the flower of Antinous, as having sprung from the ground, where it drank in the blood of the Mauritanian lion, which Hadrian killed when he was out hunting in that part of Africa, near Alexandria, a monstrous beast which had ravaged all Lybia for a long time, so as to make a great part of the district desolate. Accordingly, Hadrian, being delighted with the utility of the invention, and also with its novelty, granted to the poet that he should be maintained for the future in the Museum at the public expense."

The sending of gifts of flowers in token of regard came into practice at an early time. For it is related that it was owing to the present of a garland that Amasis, who had originally been a private individual of the class of the common people, became king of Egypt. Having made a garland of the most beautiful flowers which were to be had, he sent it to the king Patarmis, who was celebrating a birthday festival. Patarmis, being delighted with the beauty of the garland, sent to invite Amasis to supper, and after this treated him as one of his friends. Finally, on one occasion, he made the mistake of sending him out as his general when the Egyptians were in rebellion, and they, from hatred to Patarmis, made Amasis their king in his stead.

The time of distributing the wreaths provided by the host in the Grecian entertainment varied with different occasions. It was sometimes, however, and perhaps most generally, when the tables were removed, and before the libations commenced.

"Now is the time to clear the table, and  
To bring each guest some water for his hands,  
And garlands, perfumes, and libations."

But guests at other times were crowned at the beginning of a feast. At the noted entertainment of Caranus this ceremony was performed before the company entered the dining-room. The chaplets however in this instance were golden ones, each of the twenty guests having one presented him of the value of five pieces of gold. At royal banquets in Syria a very curious luxury was introduced. When garlands had been given the guests, some slaves would come in having little bladders full of Babylonian perfumes, and going round the room at a little distance from the guests, would bedew their garlands with the perfumes, sprinkling nothing else.

## Jaunts in and about Dublin.



YOU are wasting your time here, you are indeed," moralize much traveled friends, advising us to curtail our stay in Dublin; "you should be spending all this time in London or Paris."

We listen to, agree with, and do not follow this sage advice, finding this city venerably but not oppressively ancient, stirring and cheerful, full of interest and delight.

Our artist makes sketching tours along the beautiful bay of Killiney, or into the heathery solitudes of the mountains of Wicklow, trusting to fate and the jaunting-car driver to conduct him to something interesting, and returning at night very tired, furiously hungry, with portfolio crammed with "delicious bits," and heart filled with enthusiasm. The architect will admire the public buildings, which, though neither remarkable for size, nor for richness and profusion of ornament, are built in a pure classic style at once simple and imposing. Those among us who love history find here many old landmarks, from the round tower, now part of Dublin Castle, whence, a thousand years ago, fierce Danes held absolute sway over the conquered Irish, to the obscure house where Dean Swift first saw the light. In these streets Goldsmith distributed his indiscreet but warm-hearted charities, or, loitering through these alleys he heard some belated wayfarer or houseless wanderer drowsily crooning the song, child of his brain, for which he had recently received the modest sum of five shillings. Through these streets ran Peg Woffington, the little bare-footed cress seller, attracting attention by her beauty, and her shrill cries, "All this young salad for a penny." Through these streets she afterwards drove as the great actress, the famous beauty, wealthy, courted and flattered.

On the south side of the Liffy, in the broad public square called College Green (for the inconsequent reason apparently that there is not a blade of anything green thereabout), historic interest centers

For here, when the cobble-stone pavement, over which all manner of vehicles are clattering, was dim woodland, or wild heath, Henry II., recent conqueror of Ireland, pitched his magnificent pavilion, and entertained the Irish chieftains with feasts, tournaments, and all the most splendid and costly amusements of those times.

That great semicircular pile on one side of the square, with its magnificent colonnade of Ionic columns, was formerly the Irish Parliament House, and those old walls have resounded in their day to mighty eloquence. Since the union of the kingdoms it has been used as the bank; many of the windows are walled up, others are protected by strong iron bars, and in the portico two grim-looking grenadiers, with shouldered arms, walk up and down in a manner painfully suggestive of the movements of caged wild beasts.

Just opposite is the somber mass of Trinity College; statues of Burke and Goldsmith, two of her most gifted sons, are on either side of the door, and behind are the courts which have resounded to the dismal tootings of Goldsmith's unlawful flute. The students being absent on the summer vacation, we take advantage of the desertion of the classic halls to invade the precincts into which nothing feminine, except actually scrubbers and laundresses, and metaphorically the muses, is supposed to enter. Through two great flagged courts we are admitted to the library, a large building standing by itself, said to contain two hundred thousand volumes, and entitled by law to a copy of every work published in Great Britain. Verily of making many books there is no end. We stand in a large and very lofty hall, surrounded by shelves, tier above tier, every shelf crowded with books; spiral staircases ascend to the very ceiling, their tops still among books. The works are said to be printed in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Sanscrit, besides all modern European languages. Are said—for our rusty looking conductor, who volunteers this information, insists that it be taken on trust, and a lady of our party attempting to examine a heavy and ancient tome, in strange foreign characters, meets with a surly repulse quite unworthy of the land of chivalry and of blarney. We will but peep with awe at the unsightly literary treasure, though, were we unprincipled bibliomaniacs, bent on stealing it, we doubt whether its loss would be felt or regretted by the somber-gowned but frolicsome students, who seem for the most part to prefer pranks to ancient tongues, and flirting to conic sections.

We visit the museum, an entirely new and costly building, the lofty ceiling of the entrance hall being supported by polished pillars of variously colored Irish marbles, a dark-red from Cork, deep sea-green from the far west, orange, black, and a pure Italian marble, white as the driven snow. The museum contains a fine geological collection, shells, preserved insects, bottled snakes, ancient weapons, and ghastly skulls and bones; we found most entertainment in the school for engineers, where were models of bridges, tiny marvels of delicacy and exactness, and little locomotives and steamboats, which, could they be introduced into a nursery, would cause boundless delight.

The younger portion of our company find never-exhausted pleasure in a promenade down Sackville Street, the great artery of the city's life. Exceeding in width any other thoroughfare in Europe, this street is lined with fine stores and public buildings, and combines, like our own Broadway, the business and the pleasure of a great city. The young business man, hurrying from post-office or bank, the lawyer with anxiety in his brow and briefs in his bag, and the collegian going to lecture, are able to bestow a bow on the belle in quest of silks, laces, and flowers, wherein to dazzle them all at the next great ball. And besides the goods from all parts of Europe, displayed behind the plate glass windows, and the shifting crowd that gazes on them, the many picturesque costumes to be seen on Sackville



Street have, to American eyes, a peculiar charm. For here is the countryman from the pastures of Kildare, or the mountains of Wicklow, come to spend his money and to see the "sights," with cut-away coat, knee breeches, caubeen, and shillalah complete. Soldiers in bright scarlet jackets, with a diminutive black hat stuck over one ear, in defiance of the laws of gravitation, cavalry in burnished helmets and with clashing sword and spurs, and the Queen's Highlanders in kilt and plaid, carrying one's fancy to the lawless but chivalrous days of Montrose. Here also are boys from the Blue Coat School, dressed in a remarkable compromise between the fashion of the times of Edward the Sixth and that of our own day, nuns of several different orders, priests portly and benign, in long black robes, and, during the college term, students and professors in cap and gown.

The roadway presents a moving panorama of dashing carriages, humble hackney cabs, cars, carts, stages, and the traditional jaunting-car. And over all the rush and roar, the labor and enjoyment, the gayety and the sadness, towers Nelson's pillar surmounted by a colossal statue of the hero of Trafalgar. Nearly opposite this column stands the post-office, built, as are nearly all the public edifices of Dublin, in the purest Greek style, the lofty Ionic portico surmounted by statues of Hibernia, Commerce and Fidelity. These statues attracted the attention of a tourist "doing" Dublin, and likewise doing penance in a comfortable hackney cab, prompting him to enquire, "What do those figures represent?" "Sure them's the twelve apostles yer honor." "But," objected the gentleman, "there are only three." "Troth," replied Pat, "what would ye have? That's the post-office, and the other nine is inside sorthin the letthers." The gentleman was doubtless impressed with the superiority of a postal department presided over by so goodly a company.

Seeking among the disengaged jaunting-cars always standing at the foot of Nelson's pillar, for a vehicle to take us to the famous Phoenix Park, we have the good fortune to light upon a typical Jehu of the soil, whose eccentricities have impressed some of our party who have already had the honor and pleasure of his acquaintance. Mr. Micky Doolan, on the strength of a faded red and yellow waistcoat, a flaring neckerchief knotted under one ear, and a discarded quizzing glass, or rather the frame that has once held one, stuck airily into one eye, evidently considers himself quite a swell. Under his conduct, we drive along a broad road skirting the Liffey, its waters inclosed between high stone walls looking sluggish and sullen beneath the morning sun, save where enlivened by the crowds of white-breasted gulls screaming, wheeling, and fluttering above them. The crowds of young men hurrying to business excite the unbounded admiration of our belle. "I have never seen," she says with enthusiasm, "such magnificent looking men as the Dubliners. Now there are handsome men in New York, but they are undersized," this with a glance at her trig little beau, who has fallen from grace. "Now these are so tall and well grown, and carry themselves like

princes. I have been losing my heart to them all the way down the street."

"Micky says," remarked the crushed beau, determined to be even with her scornful ladyship, "that he has never seen a fine girl from America yet." But his unkind purpose is frustrated by the ready blarney of Micky, who looks with undisguised admiration at our youth and beauty, saying reproachfully, "Oh now, yer honor, sure it was yesterday I said that."

We pause at the park gates to admire one of the finest views obtainable in Dublin. The city with its multitudinous crowding roofs, lies at our feet, the Liffy winding through its midst spanned by graceful stone bridges—we count eight. Below us rises the lofty square tower of Christ Cathedral, where, amid the acclamations of a great congregation, a crown was removed from an image of the Virgin, and placed upon the head of Lambert Simnel, proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland. Northward Nelson's Pillar towers, bold and lofty, against the sky, and looking down the river toward the east we see the swelling domes of the Custom House and the Law Courts, a forest-like confusion of masts, the dim masses of the Mountains of Moern, and the far-off sea.

Most travelers, I believe, are disappointed in the Phoenix, which, in beauty of landscape, and richness of culture, will not bear a moment's comparison with Hyde Park of London, Fairmount, Prospect, or our own Central Park. It excels these lovely pleasure grounds as a sunflower does a daisy, or Wallack's drop curtain a painting by Hart or Gifford, in mere point of size, for this park is said to be the largest in Europe, and among the largest in the world. The phrase of one of our party—"an immense common," aptly describes its general appearance. The land was flat, sparingly planted with trees of two or three of the varieties commonest in the east of Ireland. There were few, if any, of the clumps of evergreens, trees of variously tinted foliage, and flowering shrubs, which delight the eye in Central Park, though such diversified groves could be easily cultivated in Ireland, where copper-leaved beeches, flowering hawthorn, and many varieties of evergreen abound, and where foliage is kept bright and luxuriant by the frequent showers and mists. The grass was kept under control by the primitive method of converting the land into pasturage for flocks of sheep and picturesque herds of deer. Except in a small portion called the People's Gardens, where stands an imposing granite monument to the Iron Duke, surrounded by seats, clumps of flowering shrubs, and tastefully diversified garden-beds, we saw no ornamental parterres or flower-beds.

In the park is the country seat of his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, with its stables and conservatory, the residence of his lordship's secretary and under-secretary, the home of the park gamekeeper, and of the superintendent, who, being obliged to pass and repass continually over such untidy roads as these, may be aroused eventually to a sense of his duty.

But before gathering up our belongings, squandering our substance on ornaments of the carved bog oak, and bidding farewell to

the "land of heroes and of song," we must pay our respects to Erin's patron saint by visiting the cathedral built in his honor, and called by his name.

St. Patrick's formerly stood in the heart of the city's life, but the crowds in pursuit of business or pleasure have gradually receded, leaving the old cathedral in the midst of a network of poor and narrow streets. The shouts of many children at play on the street and in the gutter, the crying of unkempt babies, and the scolding or gossiping of untidy women standing in shabby doorways, have taken the place of the roar of wheels and the sound of many feet. The pile itself is in the Gothic style, and so modern in appearance that we can scarcely credit the guide-book which tells us that the structure was raised in the year 1190; it has, however, been recently put in complete repair, the heavy expense being defrayed by Sir B. L. Guinness, a wealthy brewer, who, in recognition of this service, has been knighted by the Queen.

Rich stained glass windows, and elaborately carved woodwork beautify the interior. The grand simplicity of the Gothic arches, is relieved by little of the stone-cutter's work, but the carving of the blocks of stone from which the smaller arches spring, is in itself a study; each is a head, delicately chiseled, and no two in the building, so far as we could discover, are alike. There are faces of angels and of demons, mitered bishops, helmeted soldiers, crowned kings, beautiful women's faces, cherubic child heads, heads of animals, and of imaginary creatures half human and half beast.

In one of the walls is a semicircular recess, looking into which we find ourselves peering into the cool depths of a spring, bubbling up as naturally as if overarched by ferns and boughs, instead of solid masonry. Here, according to tradition, St. Patrick baptized Alcuin, King of Leinster, and his wild train of followers, recent converts to the Christian faith. The converted monarch consecrated the spot by laying on it the foundations of a small church, on the site of which the present cathedral stands.

Near the center of the structure are two rows of high-backed, elaborately-carved stalls, with overhanging banners, emblazoned with the arms of the Knights of the Order of St. Patrick, by whom, on state occasions, these seats are occupied.

But no emblazoned banners, carving or gilding, or soaring Gothic arches, engross our interest like the two plain tablets near the door, marking the last resting-places of the brilliant Dean Swift and of the much-loving and much-slandered Stella.

AUGUSTA WENTWORTH.

### From the German of Goethe.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

WITHIN the breast of every one,  
A God doth whisper clear,  
To tell us what to seek or shun,  
And what to love or fear.



## The Trumpet-Major.

BY THOMAS HARDY, AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADING CROWD," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### THE TWO HOUSEHOLDS UNITED.



At this particular moment the object of Festus Derriman's fulmination was assuredly not dangerous as a rival.

Bob, after abstractedly watching the soldiers from the front of the house till they were out of sight, had gone within doors, and seated himself in the mill-parlor, where his father found him, his elbows resting on the table and his forehead on his hands, his eyes being fixed upon a document that lay open before him.

"What art perusing, Bob, with such a long face?"

Bob sighed, and then Mrs. Loveday and Anne entered. "'Tis only a state-paper that I fondly thought I should have a use for," he said gloomily. And, looking down as before, he cleared his voice, as if moved inwardly to go on, and began to read in feeling tones from what proved to be his nullified marriage license:

"Timothy Titus Philemon, by permission Bishop of Bristol: To our well-beloved Robert Loveday, of the parish of Overcombe, Bachelor; and Matilda Johnson, of the same parish, Spinster. Greeting."

Here Anne sighed, but contrived to keep down her sigh to a mere nothing.

"Beautiful language, isn't it?" said Bob. "I was never greeted like that afore!"

"Yes, I have often thought it very excellent language myself," said Mrs. Loveday.

"Come to that, the old gentleman will greet thee like it again any day for a couple of guineas," said the miller.

"That's not the point, father! You never could see the real meaning of these things. . . . Well, then he goes on: 'Whereas ye are, as it is alleged, determined to enter into the estate of matrimony—' But why should I read on? It all means nothing now—nothing, and the splendid words are all wasted upon air. It seems as if I had been hailed by some venerable, hoary prophet, and had turned away, put the helm hard up, and wouldn't hear."

Nobody replied, feeling probably that sympathy could not meet the case, and Bob went on reading the rest of it to himself, occasionally heaving a breath like the wind in a ship's shrouds.

"I wouldn't set my mind so much upon her, if I was thee," said his father at last.

"Why not?"

"Well, folk might call thee a fool, and say thy brains are turning to water."

Bob was apparently much struck by the thought, and, instead of continuing the dis-

course further, he carefully folded up the license, rose and went out, and walked up and down the garden. It was startlingly apt what his father had said; and worse than that, what people would call him might be true, and the liquefaction of his brains turn out to be no fable. By degrees he became much concerned, and the more he examined himself by this new light the more clearly did he perceive that he was in a very bad way.

On reflection he remembered that since Miss Johnson's departure his appetite had decreased amazingly. He had eaten in meat no more than fourteen or fifteen ounces a day, but one third of a quartern pudding on an average, in vegetables only a small heap of potatoes and half a York cabbage, and no gravy whatever; which, considering the usual appetite of a seaman for fresh food at the end of a long voyage, was no small index of the depression of his mind. Then he had awaked once every night, and on one occasion twice. While dressing each morning since the gloomy day he had not whistled more than seven bars of a hornpipe without stopping and falling into thought of a most painful kind; and he had told none but absolutely true stories of foreign parts to the neighboring villagers when they saluted and clustered about him, as usual, for anything he chose to pour forth—except that story of the whale whose eye was about as large as the round pond in Derriman's ewe-lease—which was like tempting fate to set a seal forever upon his tongue as a traveler. All this enervation, mental and physical, had been produced by Matilda's departure.

He also considered what he had lost of the rational amusements of manhood during these unfortunate days. He might have gone to Weymouth every afternoon, stood before Gloucester Lodge till the king and queen came out, held his hat in his hand, and enjoyed their majesties' smiles at his homage all for nothing—watched the picket-mounting, heard the different bands strike up, observe the staff; and, above all, have seen the pretty Weymouth girls go trip-trip-trip along the Esplanade, deliberately fixing their innocent eyes on the distant sea, the gray cliffs, and the sky, and accidentally on the soldiers and himself.

"I'll raze out her image," he said. "She shall make a fool of me no more." And his resolve resulted in conduct which had elements of real greatness.

He went back to his father, whom he found in the mill-loft. "'Tis true, father, what you say," he observed; "my brains will turn to bilge-water if I think of her much longer. By the oath of a—navigator, I wish I could sigh less and laugh more. Gad, she's gone. Why can't I let her go and be happy? But how begin?"

"Take it careless, my son," said the miller, "and lay yourself out to enjoy snacks and cordials."

"Ah—that's a thought!" said Bob.

"Baccy is good for't. So is sperrits. Though I don't advise thee to drink neat."

"Baccy—I'd almost forgot it!" said Captain Loveday.

He went to his room, hastily untied the package of tobacco that he had brought home,

and began to make use of it in his own way, calling to David for a bottle of the old household mead that had lain in the cellar these eleven years. He was discovered by his father three quarters of an hour later as a half-invisible object behind a cloud of smoke.

The miller drew a breath of relief. "Why, Bob," he said, "I thought the house was a-fire!"

"I'm smoking rather fast to drown my reflections, father. 'Tis no use to chaw."

To tempt his attenuated appetite the unhappy mate made David cook an omelet and bake a seed cake, the latter so richly compounded that it opened to the knife like a freckled buttercup. With the same object he stuck night-lines into the banks of the mill-pond, and drew up next morning a family of fat eels, some of which were skinned and prepared for his breakfast. They were his favorite fish, but such had been his condition that, until the moment of making this effort, he had quite forgotten their existence at his father's back-door.

In a few days Bob Loveday had considerably improved in tone and vigor. One other obvious remedy for his dejection was to indulge in the society of Miss Garland, love being so much more effectually got rid of by displacement than by attempted annihilation. But Loveday was of so simple a nature that the belief that he had offended her beyond forgiveness, and his ever-present sense of her as a woman who by education and antecedents was fitted to adorn a higher sphere than his own, effectually kept him from going near her for a long time, notwithstanding that they were inmates of one house. The reserve was, however, in some degree broken by the appearance one morning, some time later in the season, of the point of a saw through the partition which divided Anne's room from the Loveday half of the house. Though she dined and supped with her mother and the Loveday family, Miss Garland had still continued to occupy her old apartments, because she found it more convenient there to pursue her hobbies of wool-work, and of copying her father's old pictures. The division wall had not as yet been broken down.

As the saw worked its way downwards under her astonished gaze, Anne jumped up from her drawing; and presently the temporary canvassing and papering which had sealed up the old door of communication was cut completely through. The door burst open, and Bob stood revealed on the other side, with the saw in his hand.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," he said, taking off the hat he had been working in, as his handsome face expanded into a smile. "I didn't know this door opened into your private room."

"Indeed, Captain Loveday."

"I am pulling down the division on principle, as we are now one family. But I really thought the door opened into your passage."

"It don't matter; I can get another room."

"Not at all. Father wouldn't let me turn you out. I'll close it up again."

But Anne was so interested in the novelty of a new doorway that she walked through it,



and found herself in a dark low passage which she had never seen before.

"It leads to the mill," said Bob. "Would you like to go in and see it at work? But perhaps you have already."

"Only into the ground floor."

"Come all over it. I am practicing as grinder, you know, to help my father."

She followed him along the dark passage, in the side of which he opened a little trap, when she saw a great slimy cavern, where the long arms of the mill-wheel flung themselves slowly and distractedly round, and splashing water drops caught the little light that strayed into the gloomy place, turning it into stars and flashes. A cold mist-laden puff of air came into their faces, and the roar from within made it necessary for Anne to shout as she said, "It is dismal! let us go on."

Bob shut the trap, the roar ceased, and they went on to the inner part of the mill, where the air was warm and nutty, and pervaded by a fog of flour. Then they ascended the stairs, and saw the stones lumbering round and round, and the yellow corn running down through the hopper. They climbed yet farther to the top stage, where the wheat lay in bins, and where long rays like yellow feelers stretched in from the sun through the little window, got nearly lost among cobwebs and beams, and completed its course by marking the opposite wall with a glowing patch of gold.

In his earnestness as an exhibitor, Bob opened the bolter which was spinning rapidly round, the result being that a dense cloud of flour rolled out in their faces, reminding Anne that her complexion was probably much paler by this time than when she had entered the mill. She thanked her companion for his trouble, and said she would now go down. He followed her with the same deference as hitherto, and with a sudden and increasing sense that of all cures for his former unhappy passion this would have been the nicest, the easiest, and the most effectual, if he had only been fortunate enough to keep her upon easy terms. But Miss Garland showed no disposition to go farther than accept his services as a guide; she descended to the open air, shook the flour from her like a bird, and went on into the garden amid the September sunshine, whose rays lay like yellow warp-threads across the blue haze which the earth gave forth. The gnats were dancing up and down in airy companies, all of one mind, the nasturtium flowers shone out in groups from the dark hedge over which they climbed, and the mellow smell of the decline of summer was exhaled by everything. Bob followed her as far as the gate, looked after her, thought of her as the same girl who had half encouraged him years ago, when she seemed so superior to him; though now they were almost equal, she apparently thought him beneath her. It was with a new sense of pleasure that his mind flew to the fact that she was now an inmate of his father's house.

His obsequious bearing was continued during the next week. In the busy hours of the day they seldom met, but they regularly encountered each other at meals, and these cheer-

ful occasions began to have an interest for him quite irrespective of dishes and cups. When Anne entered and took her seat she was always loudly hailed by Miller Loveday as he whetted his knife; but from Bob she condescended to accept no such familiar greeting, and they often sat down together as if each had a blind eye in the direction of the other. Bob sometimes told serious and correct stories about sea-captains, pilots, boatswains, mates, able seamen, and other curious creatures of the marine world; but these were directly addressed to his father and Mrs. Loveday, Anne being included at the clinching-point by a mere glance only. He sometimes opened bottles of sweet cider for her, and then she thanked him; but even this did not lead to her encouraging his chat.

One day when Anne was paring an apple, she was left at the table with the young man. "I have made something for you," he said.

She looked all over the table; nothing was there save the ordinary remnants.

"Oh, I don't mean that it is here; it is out by the bridge at the mill head."

He arose, and Anne followed with curiosity in her eyes, and with her firm little mouth pouted up to a puzzled shape. On reaching the mossy mill-head she found that he had fixed in the keen, damp draught which always prevailed over the wheel an Æolian harp of large size. At present the strings were partly covered with a cloth. He lifted it, and the wires began to emit a weird harmony which mingled curiously with the plashing of the wheel.

"I made it on purpose for you, Miss Garland," he said.

She thanked him very warmly, for she had never seen anything like such an instrument before, and it interested her. "It was very thoughtful of you to make it," she added. "How came you to think of such a thing?"

"Oh! I don't know exactly," he replied as if he did not care to be questioned on the point. "I have never made one in my life till now."

Every night after this, during the mournful gales of autumn, the strange mixed music of water, wind, and strings met her ear, swelling and sinking with an almost supernatural cadence. The character of the instrument was far enough removed from anything she had hitherto seen of Bob's hobbies; so that she marveled pleasantly at the new depths of poetry this contrivance revealed as existent in that young seaman's nature, and allowed her emotions to flow out yet a little farther in the old direction, notwithstanding her late severe resolve to bar them back.

One breezy night, when the mill was kept going into the small hours, and the wind was exactly in the direction of the water-current, the music so mingled with her dreams as to wake her: it seemed to rhythmically set itself to the words, "Remember me; think of me!" She was much impressed; the sounds were almost too touching, and she spoke to Bob the next morning on the subject.

"How strange it is that you should have thought of fixing that harp where the water gushes," she gently observed. "It affects me

almost painfully at night. You are poetical, Captain Bob. But it is too—too sad!"

"I will take it away," said Captain Bob promptly. "It certainly is too sad; I thought so myself. I myself was kept awake by it one night."

"How came you to think of making such a peculiar thing?"

"Well," said Bob, "it is hardly worth saying why. It is not a good place for such a queer noisy machine, and I'll take it away."

"On second thoughts," said Anne, "I should like it to remain a little longer, because it sets me thinking."

"Of me?" he asked, with earnest frankness.

Anne's color rose fast.

"Well, yes," she said, trying to infuse much plain matter-of-fact into her voice. "Of course I am led to think of the person who invented it."

Bob seemed unaccountably embarrassed, and the subject was not pursued. About half an hour later he came to her again, with something of an uneasy look.

"There was a little matter I didn't tell you just now, Miss Garland," he said. "About that harp thing, I mean. I did make it certainly, but it was my brother John who asked me to do it, just before he went away. John is very musical, as you know, and he said it would interest you; but as he didn't ask me to tell, I did not. Perhaps I ought to have, and not have taken the credit to myself."

"Oh, it is nothing!" said Anne quickly. "It is a very incomplete instrument after all, and it will be just as well for you to take it away as you first proposed."

He said that he would, but he forgot to do it that day; and the following night there was a high wind, and the harp cried and moaned so movingly that Anne, whose window was quite near, could hardly bear the sound with its new associations. John Loveday was present to her mind all night as an ill-used man; and yet she could not own that she had ill-used him.

The harp was removed next day. Bob, feeling that his credit for originality was damaged in her eyes, by way of recovering it set himself to paint the summer-house which Anne frequented, and when she came out he assured her that it was quite his own idea.

"It wanted doing, certainly," she said in a neutral tone.

"It is just about troublesome."

"Yes; you can't quite reach up. That's because you are not very tall; is it not, Captain Loveday?"

"You never used to say things like that."

"Oh, I don't mean that you are much less than tall. Shall I hold the paint for you, to save your stepping down?"

"Thank you, if you would."

She took the paint pot, and stood looking at the brush as it moved up and down in his hand.

"I hope I shall not sprinkle your fingers," he observed as he dipped.

"Oh, that would not matter! You do it very well."

"I am glad to hear that you think so."



"But perhaps not quite so much art is demanded to paint a summer-house as to paint a picture?"

Thinking that, as a painter's daughter, and a person of education superior to his own, she spoke with a flavor of sarcasm, he felt humbled and said—

"You did not use to talk like that to me."

"I was perhaps too young then to take any pleasure in giving pain," she observed darily.

"Does it give you pleasure?"

Anne nodded.

"I like to give pain to people who have given pain to me," she said smartly, without removing her eyes from the green liquid in her hand.

"I ask your pardon for that."

"I didn't say I meant you—though I did mean you."

Bob looked and looked at her side face till he was bewitched into putting down the brush.

"It was that stupid forgetting of ye for a time!" he exclaimed. "Well, I hadn't seen you for so very long—consider how many years! Oh, dear Anne!" he said, advancing to take her hand, "how well we knew one another when we were children! You was a queen to me then; and so you are now, and always."

Possibly Anne was thrilled pleasantly enough at having brought the truant village-lad to her feet again; but he was not to find the situation so easy as he imagined, and her hand was not to be taken yet.

"Very pretty!" she said, laughing. "And only six weeks since Miss Johnson left."

"Zounds, don't say anything about that!" implored Bob. "I swear that I never—never deliberately loved her—for a long time together, that is; it was a sudden sort of thing, you know. But toward you—I have more or less honored and respectfully loved you, off and on, all my life. There, that's true."

Anne retorted quickly—

"I am willing, off and on, to believe you, Captain Robert. But I don't see any good in your making these solemn declarations."

"Give me leave to explain, dear Miss Garland. It is to get you to be pleased to renew an old promise—made years ago; that you'll think o' me."

"Not a word of any promise will I repeat."

"Well, well; I won't urge ye to-day. Only let me beg of you to get over the quite wrong notion you have of me; and it shall be my whole endeavor to fetch your gracious favor."

Anne turned away from him, and entered the house, whither in the course of a quarter of an hour he followed her, knocking at her door, and asking to be let in. She said she was busy; whereupon he went away, to come back again in a short time to receive the same answer.

"I have finished painting the summer-house for you," he said, through the door.

"I cannot come to see it. I shall be engaged till supper-time."

She heard him breathe a heavy sigh and

withdraw, murmuring something about his bad luck in being cut away from the starn like this. But it was not over yet. When supper-time came, and they sat down together, she took upon herself to reprove him for what he had said to her in the garden.

Bob made his forehead express despair.

"Now, I beg you this one thing," he said. "Just let me know your whole mind. Then I shall have a chance to confess my faults and mend them, or clear my conduct to your satisfaction."

She answered with quickness, but not loud enough to be heard by the old people at the other end of the table: "Then Captain Loveday, I will tell you one thing, one fault, that perhaps would have been more proper to my character than to yours. You are too easily impressed by new faces, and that gives me a *bad opinion* of you—yes, *bad opinion*."

"Oh, that's it," said Bob slowly, looking at her with the intense respect of a pupil for a master, her words being spoken in a manner so precisely between jest and earnest that he was in some doubt how they were to be received. "Impressed by new faces. It is wrong, certainly, of me."

The popping of a cork, and the pouring out of strong beer by the miller with a view to giving it a head, were apparently distractions sufficient to excuse her in not attending further to him; and during the remainder of the sitting her gentle chiding seemed to be sinking seriously into his mind. Perhaps her own heart ached to see how silent he was; but she had always meant to punish him. Day after day for two or three weeks she preserved the same demeanor, with a self-control which did justice to her character. And, on his part, considering what he had to put up with, how she eluded him, snapped him off, refused to come out when he called her, refused to see him when he wanted to enter the little parlor which she had now appropriated to her private use, his patience testified strongly to his good-humor.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### MILITARY PREPARATIONS ON AN EXTENDED SCALE

CHRISTMAS had passed. Dreary winter with dark evenings had given place to more dreary winter with light evenings. Rapid thaws had ended in rain, rain in wind, wind in dust. Showery days had come—the season of pink dawns and white sunsets; and people hoped that the March weather was over.

The chief incident that concerned the household at the mill was that the miller, following the example of all his neighbors, had become a volunteer, and duly appeared twice a week in a red, long-tailed military coat, pipe-clayed breeches, black cloth gaiters, a heel-balled helmet-hat, with a tuft of green wool, and epaulets of the same color and material. Bob still remained neutral. Not being able to decide whether to enroll himself as a sea-fencible, a local militia-man, or a volunteer, he simply went on dancing attendance upon Anne. Mrs. Loveday had become awake to

the fact that the pair of young people stood in a curious attitude toward each other; but as they were never seen with their heads together, and scarcely ever sat in the same room, she could not be sure what their movements meant.

Strangely enough (or perhaps naturally enough) since entering the Loveday family herself, she had grown gradually to think less favorably of Anne doing the same thing than she had thought when neither of them was a member, and reverted to her original idea of encouraging Festus; this more particularly because he had of late shown such admirable perseverance in haunting the precincts of the mill, presumably with the intention of lighting upon the young girl. But the weather had kept her mostly indoors.

One afternoon it was raining in torrents. Such leaves as there were on the trees at this time of year—those of the laurel and other evergreens—staggered beneath the hard blows of the drops which fell upon them, and afterwards could be seen trickling down the stems beneath, and silently entering the ground.

The surface of the mill-pond leaped up in a thousand spirts under the same downfall, and clucked like a hen in the rat-holes along the banks as it undulated under the wind. The only dry spot visible from the front windows of the mill-house was the inside of a small shed, on the opposite side of the courtyard. While Mrs. Loveday was noticing the threads of rain descending across its interior shade, Festus Derriman walked up and entered it for shelter, which, owing to the lumber within, it but scantily afforded.

It was an excellent opportunity for helping on her scheme. Anne was in the back room, and by asking him in till the rain was over she would bring him face to face with her daughter, whom, as the days went on, she increasingly wished to marry other than a Loveday, now that the romance of her own alliance with the miller had in some respect worn off. She was better provided for than before; she was not unhappy; but the plain fact was that she had married beneath her. She beckoned to Festus through the window-pane; he instantly complied with her signal, having in fact placed himself there on purpose to be noticed; for he knew that Miss Garland would not be out of doors on such a day.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Loveday," said Festus on entering. "There now—if I didn't think that's how it would be!" His voice had suddenly warmed to anger, for he had seen a door close in the back part of the room, a lithe figure having previously slipped through.

Mrs. Loveday turned, observed that Anne was gone, and said, "What is it?" as if she did not know.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" said Festus crossly. "You know well enough what it is, ma'am; only you make pretense otherwise. But I'll bring her to book yet. You shall drop your haughty airs, my charmer! She little thinks I have kept an account of 'em all."

"But you must treat her politely, sir,"



said Mrs. Loveday, secretly pleased at these signs of uncontrollable affection.

"Don't tell me of politeness or generosity, ma'am! She is more than a match for me. She regularly gets over me. I have passed by this house five-and-fifty times since last Martinmas, and this is all I get at last!"

"But you will stay till the rain is over, sir?"

"No. I don't mind rain. I'm off again. She's got somebody else in her eye!" And the yeoman went out, slamming the door.

Meanwhile the slippery object of his hopes had gone along the dark passage, passed the trap which opened on the wheel, and through the door into the mill, where she was met by Bob in the hoary character of a miller, who looked up from the flour shoot inquiringly and said, "You want me, Miss Garland?"

"Oh, no," said she. "I only want to be allowed to stand here a few minutes."

He looked at her to know if she meant it, and finding that she did, returned to his post. When the mill had rumbled on a little longer he came back.

"Bob," she said when she saw him move, "remember that you are at work, and have no time to stand close to me."

He bowed, and went to his original post again, Anne watching from the window till Festus should leave. The mill rumbled on as before, and at last Bob came to her for the third time. "Now, Bob—" she began.

"On my honor, 'tis only to ask a question. Will you walk with me to church next Sunday afternoon?"

"Perhaps I will," said she. But at this moment the yeoman left the house, and Anne, to escape further parley, returned to the dwelling by the way she had come.

Sunday afternoon arrived, and the family was standing at the door waiting for the church bells to begin. From that side of the house they could see southward across a paddock to the rising ground farther ahead, where there grew a large elm-tree, beneath whose boughs footpaths crossed in different directions, like meridians at the pole. The tree was old, and in summer the grass beneath it was quite trodden away by the feet of the many trysters and idlers who haunted the spot. The tree formed a conspicuous object in the surrounding landscape.

While they looked, a foot soldier in red uniform and white breeches came along one of the paths, and stopping beneath the elm drew from his pocket a paper, which he proceeded to nail up by the four corners to the trunk. He drew back, looked at it, and went on his way. Bob got his glass from indoors and leveled it at the placard, but after looking for a long time he could make out nothing but a lion and a unicorn at the top. Anne, who was ready for church, moved away from the door, though it was yet early, and showed her intention of going by way of the elm. The paper had been so impressively nailed up that she was curious to read it even at this theological time. Bob took the opportunity of following, and reminded her of her promise.

"Then walk behind me—not at all close," she said.

"Yes," he replied, immediately dropping behind.

The ludicrous humility of his manner led her to add playfully over her shoulder, "It serves you right, you know."

"I deserve anything. But I must take the liberty to say that I hope my behavior about Matil—, in forgetting you awhile, will not make ye wish to keep me *always* behind."

She replied confidentially, "Why I am so earnest not to be seen with you is that I may appear to people to be independent of you. Knowing what I do of your weaknesses, I can do no otherwise. You must be schooled into —"

"Oh, Anne," sighed Bob; "you hit me hard—too hard. If ever I do win you I am sure I shall have fairly earned you."

"You are not what you once seemed to be," she returned softly. "I don't quite like to let myself love you." The last words were not very audible, and as Bob was behind he caught nothing of them, nor did he see how sentimental she had become all of a sudden. They walked the rest of the way in silence, and coming to the tree read as follows:

#### ADDRESS TO ALL RANKS AND DESCRIPTIONS OF ENGLISHMEN.

FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN: The French are now assembling the largest force that ever was prepared to invade this Kingdom, with the professed purpose of effecting our complete Ruin and Destruction. They do not disguise their intentions, as they have often done to other Countries; but openly boast that they will come over in such Numbers as cannot be resisted.

Wherever the French have lately appeared they have spared neither Rich nor Poor, Old nor Young; but like a Destructive Pestilence have laid waste and destroyed every Thing that before was fair and flourishing.

On this occasion no man's service is compelled, but you are invited voluntarily to come forward in defence of every Thing that is dear to you, by entering your Names on the Lists which are sent to the Tything-man of every Parish, and engaging to act either as *Associated Volunteers bearing Arms, as Pioneers and Labourers, or as Drivers of Wagons.*

As Associated Volunteers you will be called out only once a week, unless the actual Landing of the Enemy should render your further Services necessary.

As Pioneers or Labourers you will be employed in breaking up Roads to hinder the Enemy's advance.

Those who have Pickaxes, Spades, Shovels, Billhooks, or other Working Implements, are desired to mention them to the Constable or Tything-man of their Parish, in order that they may be entered on the Lists opposite their Homes, to be used if necessary . . .

It is thought desirable to give you this Explanation, that you may not be ignorant of the Duties to which you may be called. But if the Love of true Liberty and honest Fame has not ceased to animate the Hearts of Englishmen, Pay, though necessary, will be the least Part of your Reward. You will find your best Recompense in having done your Duty to your King and Country by driving back or destroying your old and implacable Enemy envious of your Freedom and Happiness, and therefore seeking to destroy them; in having protected your Wives and Children from Death, or worse than Death, which will follow the Success of such Invererate Foes.

ROUSE, therefore, and unite as one man in the best of Causes! United we may defy the World to conquer us; but Victory will never belong to those who are slothful and unprepared.

"I must go and join at once!" said Bob, slapping his thigh.

Anne turned to him, all the playfulness gone from her face. She looked him over, but did not speak.

"But nothing will happen," he added, divining her thought. "They are not come

yet. It will be time enough to get frightened when Boney's here. But I must enroll myself at once—it must be in the sea-fencibles, I suppose."

"I wish we lived in the north of England, Bob, so as to be farther away from where he'll land," she murmured uneasily.

"Where we are would be Paradise to me, if you would only make it so."

"It is not right to talk so lightly at such a serious time," she thoughtfully returned, going on toward the church.

On drawing near, they saw through the boughs of a clump of intervening trees, still leafless, but bursting into buds of amber hue, a glittering which seemed to be reflected from points of steel. In a few moments they heard above the tender chiming of the church bells the loud voice of a man giving words of command, at which all the metallic points suddenly shifted like the bristles of a porcupine, and glistened anew.

"'Tis the drilling," said Loveday. "They drill now between the services, you know, because they can't get the men together so readily in the week.\* It makes me feel that I ought to be doing more than I am."

When they had passed round the belt of trees, the company of recruits became visible, consisting of the able-bodied inhabitants of the hamlets thereabout, more or less known to Bob and Anne. They were assembled on the green plot outside the churchyard-gate, dressed in their common clothes, and the sergeant who was putting them through their drill was the man who had nailed up the proclamation.

"Men, I dismissed ye too soon—parade, parade again, I say," he cried. "My watch is fast, I find. There is another twenty minutes afore the worship of God commences. Now all of you that ha'n't got fawlocks, fall in at the lower end. Eyes right and dress!"

As every man was anxious to see how the rest stood, those at the end of the line pressed forward for that purpose, till the line assumed the form of a horseshoe.

"Look at ye now! Why, you are all a crooking in. Dress, dress!"

They dressed forthwith; but impelled by the same motive they soon resumed their former figure, and so they were despairingly permitted to remain.

"Now I hope you'll have a little patience," said the sergeant, as he stood in the center of the arc, "and pay particular attention to the word of command, just exactly as I give it out to ye; and if I should go wrong, I shall be much obliged to any gentleman who'll put me right again, for I have only been in the army three weeks myself, and we are all liable to mistakes."

"So we be, so we be," said the line heartily.

"Tention, the whole, then. Poise fawlocks! Very well done!"

"Please, what must we do that haven't got no firelocks?" said the lower end of the line in a helpless voice.

"Now, was ever such a question! Why, you must do nothing at all, but think *how* you'd poise 'em if you had 'em. You middle

\* Historically true.



men that are armed with hurdle-sticks and cabbage-stalks just to make believe, must of course use 'em as if they were the real thing. Now then, cock fawlocks! Present! Fire! (Not shoot in earnest, you know; only make pretense to.) Very good—very good, indeed: except some of you were a *little* too soon, and the rest a *little* too late."

"Please, sergeant, can I fall out, as I am master player in the choir, and my bass-viol strings won't stand at this time o' year, unless they be screwed up a little before the passon comes in?"

"How can you think of such trifles as churchgoing at such a time as this, when your own native country is on the point of invasion?" said the sergeant sternly. "And, as you know, the drill ends three minutes afore church begins, and that's the law, and it wants a quarter of an hour yet. Now at the word *Prime*, shake the powder (supposing you've got it) into the priming pan, three last fingers behind the rammer, then shut your pans, drawing your right arm nimbly toward your body. I ought to have told ye before this, that at *Hand your kitridge*, seize it and bring it with a quick motion to your mouth, bite the top well off, and don't swaller so much of the powder as to make ye hawk and spet instead of attending to your drill. What's that man a-saying of in the rear rank?"

"Please, sir, 'tis Anthony Cripplestraw, wanting to know how he's to bite off his kitridge, when he haven't a tooth left in 's head?"

"Man alive! Why, what's your genius for war? Hold it up to your right hand man's mouth, to be sure, and let him nip it off for ye. Well, what have you to say, Private Tremlett? Don't ye understand English?"

"Ask yer pardon, sergeant; but what must we infantry of the awkward squad do if Boney comes afore we get our firelocks?"

"Take a pike, like the rest of the incapables. You'll find a store of them ready in the corner of the church tower. Now then—Shoulder—r—r—r—"

"There, they be tinging in the passon!" exclaimed David, Miller Loveday's man, who also formed one of the company, as the bells changed from chiming all three together to a quick beating of one. The whole line drew a breath of relief, threw down their arms, and began running off.

"Well, then, I must dismiss ye," said the sergeant. "Next drill is Tuesday afternoon at four. And, mind, if your masters won't let ye leave work soon enough, tell me, and I'll write a line to Govern'ment! Now, just form up a minute; here's every man's money for his attendance." The sergeant drew out a large canvas bag, plunged his hand into a family of shillings, and handed them round, as the men stood in something like line again. "Tention! To the right—left wheel, I mean—no, no—right wheel. Mar—r—r—rch!"

Some wheeled to the right and some to the left, and some obliging men, including Cripplestraw, tried to wheel both ways.

"Stop, stop; try again. Gentlemen, unfortunately when I'm in a hurry I can never

remember my right hand from my left, and never could as a boy. You must excuse me, please. Practice makes perfect, as the saying is; and much as I've learnt since I 'listed, we always find something new. Now then, right wheel! march! halt! Stand at ease! dismiss! I think that's the order o't, but I'll look in the Govern'ment book afore Tuesday."

Many of the company who had been drilled preferred to go off and spend their shillings instead of entering the church; but Anne and Captain Bob passed in. Even the interior of the sacred edifice was affected by the agitation of the times. The religion of the country had, in fact, changed from love of God to hatred of Napoleon Bonaparte; and, as if to remind the devout of this alteration, the pikes for the pikemen (all those accepted men who were not otherwise armed) were kept in the church of each parish. There, against the wall they always stood—a whole sheaf of them—formed of new ash stems, with a spike driven in at one end, the stick being preserved from splitting by a ferrule. And there they remained, year after year, in the corner of the aisle, till they were removed and placed under the gallery stairs, and thence ultimately to the belfry, where they grew black, rusty, and worm eaten, and were gradually stolen and carried off by sextons, parish-clerks, whitewashers, window menders, and other church-servants, for use at home as rake stems, benefit club staves, and pick-handles, in which degraded situations they may still occasionally be found.

But in their new and shining state they had a terror for Anne, whose eyes were involuntarily drawn toward them as she sat at Bob's side during the service, filling her with bloody visions of their possible use not far from the very spot on which they were now assembled. The sermon, too, was on the subject of patriotism; so that when they came out she began to harp uneasily upon the probability of their all being driven from their homes.

Bob assured her that with the sixty thousand regulars, the militia reserve of a hundred and twenty thousand, and the three hundred thousand volunteers, there was not much to fear.

"But I sometimes have a fear that poor John will be killed," he continued after a pause. "He is sure to be among the first that will have to face the invaders, and the trumpeters get picked off."

"There is the same chance for him as for the others," said Anne.

"Yes . . . yes . . . the same chance, such as it is. . . You have never liked John since that affair of Matilda Johnson, have you?"

"Why?" she quickly asked.

"Well," said Bob timidly, "as it is a ticklish time for him, would it not be worth while to make up any differences before the crash comes?"

"I have nothing to make up," said Anne, with some distress, her feelings toward the trumpet-major being of a complicated kind. She still fully believed him to have smuggled away Miss Johnson because of his own interest in that lady, which must have made his professions to herself a mere pastime; but that

very conduct had in it the curious advantage to herself of setting Bob free.

"Since John has been gone," continued her companion, "I have found out more of his meaning, and of what he really had to do with that woman's flight. Did you know he had anything to do with it?"

"Yes."

"That he got her to go away?"

She looked at Bob with surprise. He was not exasperated with John, and yet he knew so much as this.

"Yes," she said; "what did it mean?"

He did not explain to her then; but the possibility of John's death, which had been newly brought home to him by the military events of the day, determined him to get poor John's character cleared. Reproaching himself for letting her remain so long with a mistaken idea of him, Bob went to his father as soon as they got home, and begged him to get Mrs. Loveday to tell Anne the true reason of John's objection to Miss Johnson as a sister-in-law, it being a species of information which he could not convey to her himself.

"She thinks it is because they were old lovers new met, and that he wants to marry her," he exclaimed to his father in conclusion.

"Then *that's* the meaning of the split between Miss Nancy and Jack," said the miller.

"What, were they any more than common friends?" asked Bob uneasily.

"Not on her side, perhaps."

"Well, we must do it," replied Bob, painfully conscious that common justice to John might bring them into hazardous rivalry, yet determined to be fair. "Tell it all to Mrs. Loveday, and get her to tell Anne."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### A LETTER, A VISITOR, AND A TIN BOX.

THE result of the explanation upon Anne was bitter self-reproach. She was so sorry at having wronged the kindly soldier, that next morning she went by herself to the down, and stood exactly where his tent had covered the sod whereon he had lain so many nights, thinking what sadness he must have suffered because of her at the time of packing up and going away. After that she wiped from her eyes the tears of pity which had come there, descended to the house, and wrote an impulsive letter to him, in which occurred the following passages, indiscreet enough under the circumstances:

"I find all justice, all rectitude, on your side, John; and all impertinence, all inconsiderateness, on mine. I am so much convinced of your honor in the whole transaction, that I shall for the future mistrust myself in everything. And, if it be possible, whenever I differ from you on any point, I shall take an hour's time for consideration before I say that I differ. If I have lost your friendship, I have only myself to thank for it; but I sincerely hope that you can forgive."

After writing this she went to the garden, where Bob was shearing the spring grass



from the paths. "What is John's direction?" she said, holding the sealed letter in her hand.

"Exeter Barracks," Bob faltered, his countenance sinking.

She thanked him and went indoors. When he came in, later in the day, he passed the door of her empty sitting-room, and saw the letter on the mantelpiece. He disliked the sight of it. Hearing voices in the other room he entered and found Anne and her mother there talking to Cripplestraw, who had just come in with a message from Squire Derriman, requesting Miss Garland, as she valued the peace of mind of an old and troubled man, to go at once and see him.

"I cannot go," she said, not liking the risk that such a visit involved.

An hour later Cripplestraw shambled again into the passage, on the same errand.

"Maister's very poorly, and he hopes that you'll come, Mis'ess Anne. He wants to see ye very particular about the French."

Anne would have gone in a moment, but for the fear that some one besides the farmer might encounter her, and she answered as before.

Another hour passed, and the wheels of a vehicle were heard. Cripplestraw had come for the third time with a horse and gig; he was dressed in his best clothes, and brought with him on this occasion a basket containing raisins, almonds, oranges and sweet cakes. Offering them to her as a gift from the old farmer, he repeated his request for her to accompany him, the gig and best mare having been sent as an additional inducement.

"I believe the old gentleman is in love with you, Anne," said her mother.

"Why couldn't he drive down himself to see me?" Anne inquired of Cripplestraw.

"He wants you at the house, please."

"Is Mr. Festus with him?"

"No; he's away at Weymouth."

"I'll go," said she.

"And I may come and meet you?" said Bob.

"There's my letter, what shall I do about that?" she said, instead of answering. "Take my letter to the post-office, and you may come," she added.

He said Yes, and went out, Cripplestraw retreating to the door till she should be ready.

"What letter is it?" said her mother.

"Only one to John," said Anne. "I have asked him to forgive my suspicions. I could do no less."

"Do you want to marry *him*?" asked Mrs. Loveday, bluntly.

"Mother!"

"Well, he will take that letter as an encouragement. Can't you see that he will, you foolish girl?"

Anne did see instantly. "Of course!" she said. "Tell Robert that he need not go."

She went to her room to secure the letter. It was gone from the mantelpiece, and on inquiry it was found that the miller, seeing it there, had sent David with it to Weymouth hours ago. Anne said nothing, and set out for Overcombe Hall with Cripplestraw.

"William," said Mrs. Loveday to the miller, when Anne was gone and Bob had resumed his work in the garden, "did you get that letter sent off on purpose?"

"Well, I did. I wanted to make sure of it. John likes her, and now 'twill be made up; and why shouldn't he marry her? I'll start him in business, if so be she'll have him."

"But she is likely to marry Festus Derriman."

"I don't want her to marry anybody but John," said the miller doggedly.

"Not if she is in love with Bob, and has been for years, and he with her?" asked his wife triumphantly.

"In love with Bob, and he with her?" repeated Loveday.

"Certainly," said she, going off and leaving him to his reflections.

When Anne reached the hall she found old Mr. Derriman in his customary chair. His complexion was more ashen, but his movements in rising at her entrance, putting a chair and shutting the door behind her, were much the same as usual.

"Thank God you've come, my dear girl," he said earnestly. "Ah, you don't trip across to read to me now! Why did ye cost me so much to fetch you? Fie! A horse and gig, and a man's time in going three times. And what I sent ye cost a good deal in Weymouth market, now everything is so dear there, and 'twould have cost more if I hadn't bought the raisins and oranges some months ago, when they were cheaper. I tell you this because we are old friends, and I have nobody else to tell my troubles to. But I don't begrudge anything to ye, since you've come."

"I am not much pleased to come, even now," said she. "What can make you so seriously anxious to see me?"

"Well, you be a good girl and true; and I've been thinking that of all people of the next generation that I can trust, you are the best. 'Tis my bonds and my title deeds, such as they be, and the leases, you know, and a few guineas in packets, and more than these, my will that I have to speak about. Now do ye come this way."

"Oh, such things as those!" she returned with surprise. "I don't understand those things at all."

"There's nothing to understand. 'Tis just this. The French will be here within two months, that's certain. I have it on the best authority that the army at Boulogne is ready, the boats equipped, the plans laid, and the First Consul only waits for a tide. Heaven knows what will become o' the men o' these parts! But most likely the women will be spared. Now I'll show ye."

He led her across the hall to a stone staircase of semicircular plan, which conducted to the cellars.

"Down here?" she said.

"Yes; I must trouble ye to come down here. I have thought and thought who is the woman that can best keep a secret for six months, and I say, 'Anne Garland.' You won't be married before then?"

"Oh no!" murmured the young woman.

"I wouldn't expect ye to keep a close

tongue after such a thing as that. But it will not be necessary."

When they reached the bottom of the steps he struck a light from a tinder-box, and unlocked the middle one of three doors which appeared in the whitewashed wall opposite. The rays of the candle fell upon the vault and sides of a long low cellar, littered with decayed woodwork from other parts of the hall, among the rest stair-balusters, carved finials, tracery panels, and wainscoting. But what most attracted her eye was a small flag-stone turned up in the middle of the floor, a heap of earth beside it, and a measuring-tape. Derriman went to the corner of the cellar, and pulled out a clamped box from under the straw. "You be rather heavy, my dear, eh?" he said, affectionately addressing the box as he lifted it. "But you are going to be put in a safe place, you know, or that rascal will get hold of ye, and carry ye off and ruin me." He then with some difficulty lowered the box into the hole, raked in the earth upon it, and lowered the flag-stone, which he was a long time in fixing to his satisfaction. Miss Garland, who was romantically interested, helped him to brush away the fragments of loose earth; and when he had scattered over the floor a little of the straw that lay about, they again ascended to upper air.

"Is this all, sir?" said Anne.

"Just a moment longer, honey. Will you come into the great parlor?"

She followed him thither.

"If anything happens to me while the fighting is going on—it may be on these very fields—you will know what to do," he resumed. "But first please sit down again, there's a dear, whilst I write what's in my head. See, there's the best paper, and a new quill that I've afforded myself for't."

"What a strange business! I don't think I much like it, Mr. Derriman," she said, seating herself.

He had by this time begun to write, and murmured as he wrote.

"Twenty-three and half from N.W. Sixteen and three-quarters from N.E.—There, that's all. Now I seal it up and give it to you to keep safe till I ask ye for it, or you hear of my being trampled down by the enemy."

"What does it mean?" she asked as she received the paper.

"Clk! Ha-ha! Why that's the distance of the box from the two corners of the cellar. I measured it before you came. And, my honey, to make all sure, if the French soldiery are after ye, tell your mother the meaning on't, or any other friend, in case they should put ye to death, and the secret be lost. But that I am sure I hope they won't do, though your pretty face will be a sad bait to the soldiers. I often have wished you was my daughter, honey; and yet in these times the less cares a man has the better, so I am glad you bain't. Shall my man drive you home?"

"No, no," she said, much depressed by the words he had uttered. "I can find my way. You need not trouble to come down."

"Then take care of the paper. And if you outlive me, you'll find I have not forgot you."

(To be continued.)





## July.

AND now comes JULY, bringing scorching rays and waves of heat. In her presence Nature seems to grow weary. A quivering vapor rises from the earth, the dusty hedges droop, the thirsty flowers hang their heads, the trees have an humble look and show crisps in their leaves, the birds hide themselves while they sing, lizards sleep in the sun, the cattle dream in the shade, the shallow streams murmur as they crawl along one side of their stony bed. Nor can men withstand her. The laborers sneak into some shady nook to steal a quiet hour of rest. City folks, less privileged, mop their brows or fan themselves as they go panting over the heated pavements. Some who have indulged all winter in lager and whisky fall down from so-called sunstroke. The streets are like parts of a great oven. People seem to wish with the Irishman that they could "give this hot month a cool reception." Nor is this all. JULY tarnishes the beauties left by June. To the leaves and the flowers she gives a duller look. She even commences the process of decay. With her the perfect noon of the year begins to wane.

Can no good word, then, be spoken for JULY? Is she alone of all the months to be proscribed from our favor? True lovers of nature will not say so. They have observed that though June may have brighter days, and at the same time less scorching, she cannot compare to JULY for the splendor of her early mornings, and the soft brilliance of the evenings. Reader, have you lived in the country? Have you been awake and out from four in the morning until eight? I tried this daily for several weeks during a tour through two New England States. A gray light showed the outlines of the hills; with the gray was soon intermingled a pale green, then blue, then red; soon the lower edges of the clouds were tinged with gold; presently streaks of sunshine shot down into the valleys among the mist; in a little while the sun showed itself, and the mist, as if frightened at the sight, vanished in all directions; then the

dewy leaves and grass blades glistened in the light, the faintly shining stars disappeared, and the remaining pink and blue of the sky melted into the full glory of the morning. These changes took several hours. Day after day we witnessed them, and pitied the lazy people who had burnt their candles too long the nights before. As they gaped and yawned, coming to the table without appetite, we sat down hun-

times we stopped to listen to the croaking of the frogs, the chirping of the locusts, the song of a nightingale, the solemn and rare hooting of an owl, and the music of a brook singing its quiet tune to the sleeping woods. These were the only sounds we heard. The night was still. The air was fragrant. The earth and the sky were so suggestive of tranquility and peace that it was difficult to believe in the existence of the turmoil and revel-

eries, the selfish anxieties and bad passions which are the bane of human life. For all this, of course, JULY is not responsible. Unfortunately the average of human sorrow and crime is unaffected by the charms of any particular month. Else JULY with its glorious mornings and evenings would lift our thoughts out of the petty concerns of every day and make us nobler than we were.

To return to our trip. Sleeping for a while during the day we found six hours long enough for our rest at night. Thus we enjoyed the best portions of the month, and I can recommend our plan very warmly.

We noticed, as I have said, that JULY tarnished the beau-



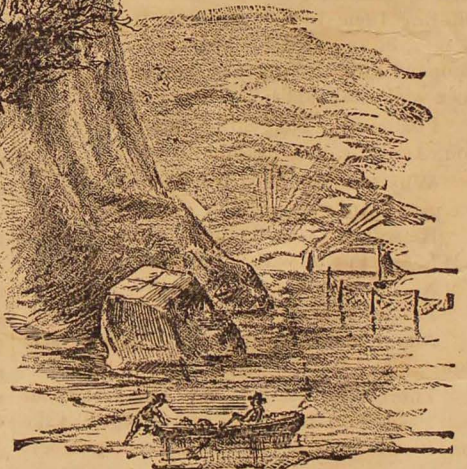
gry as wolves, and with a certain feeling of exaltation from the inspiring scenes we had beheld. Then we rested, for the scorching and unpoetical heat I have spoken of brought enervation to every living thing. Late in the afternoon our teams were ready and we started again. The softest of breezes fanned us. Toward six o'clock the sun came near to the western line of the hills. We remembered Tennyson's exquisite line:

"The low sun makes the color."

The clouds gathered about it like a car, a couch or drapery, according to the imagination of the beholder. But whatever shape they took they were edged as if with gold. The farm-house windows shone like polished shields; the eastern hills were bathed in soft purple; here and there trees standing against the light brought to mind that sweet verse of Phœbe Cary's:

"Where lit by God, the fires of sunset burned,  
The treetops unconsumed to flame were turned,  
And I, in this great hush,  
Talked with His angels in each burning bush."

Soon the sun sank below the clouds and behind the mountains, flooding the whole sky with gold, slowly changing into crimson, pink, green, gray and indigo. Then the stars stole out from their hiding-places and shone brightly with no cloud to obscure them. Some-



ties left by June. Yet we noticed, also, that she ripened the cherries, strawberries, and raspberries. Everywhere, too, we smelt the new-mown hay. We saw the laborers among the hillocks of the loaded wagons at the barn doors. In other words, we noticed that JULY advances from the beautiful to the useful. She shows us what compensations are sometimes granted for decaying charms. Most good people experience the very transition we notice in JULY. We see examples all around us. Ladies who but yesterday were belles, and whose fresh and faultless beauties were sung by admirers; men, too, whose handsome and perfect physiques were freely remarked, have passed the apogee of physical charm and are now rapidly waning. Lines are coming upon the forehead, crowsfeet are gathering about the eyes, the countenance is losing its bloom, and the skin is getting dry, corpulence or shrinkage is spoiling the fair propor-



tions of form, gray is stealing into the hair. The admiration they once won for cunning ways, innocent coquetry and dash are transferred to young folks. And yet they are none the less attractive to us. For recognizing, as the lawyers say, that in this world we have only a short lease of youthful beauty, but may have a freehold upon wisdom, they row turn their thoughts toward more substantial things. From all their past observations they begin to draw sensible inferences, from ephemeral literature they now turn to solid books; they appreciate ability more than mere smartness; they care little for flippant company, but welcome to their circles people who think; they tire of mere acquaintances and desire faithful friends. The result of all this is seen in their conversation, which is wiser than before; in their tempers, which are more serene, and in their characters, which grow mellow.

To speak after the style of the Elizabethans, they are less flavory, but more fruity. And just as JULY helps us to provide for December, so they are laying up stores of wisdom for their old age. Thus we see that the mere decline of beauty is only a comparative loss, since God and Nature may offer us large compensations. With this thought in our minds let us appreciate JULY and welcome her.

F. G.

"Now the mantle of Aurora  
Streams along the morning skies;  
But the bridal wreath of Flora  
Loses half its sweets and dyes.  
Freer the noontide glory gushes  
From the fountains of the sun;  
And a thousand stains and flushes  
Show the heavens when day is done.

Then the heavy dew-pears glisten  
In the twilight, pure and pale,  
And the drooping roses listen  
To the love-lorn nightingale;  
While the stars come out in cluster  
With a dim and dreamy light,  
And the moon's pervading luster  
Takes all sternness from the night."

## Stories from the Classics.

BY JAMES GRANT.

### A WONDERFUL VOYAGE.

WHEN, in 1846, the Portuguese navigator, Bartholomew de Diaz, re-discovered the southern promontory of the African continent, and named it "*Cabo Tormentoso*, the Cape of Storms," he did but revive the old appellation by which, entirely unknown to him, of course, the Cape of Good Hope had been known to the maritime adventurers of nearly two thousand years before.

*Re-discovered* we say advisedly and with ample authority. There is every reason to believe that, long ago before our records of modern discovery commence, the circumnavigation of Africa was accomplished, and to an account of this truly wonderful achievement this paper will be devoted.

About 600 years before Christ, there reigned on the throne of Egypt Necho, the king who commenced the famous canal between the

Nile and the Adrian Gulf, which enterprise, by the way, was abandoned after costing the lives of 120,000 men. At this time, and, in fact, throughout the ancient world, Africa was believed to be surrounded by water on all sides, except at the narrow neck now traversed by the Suez Canal. But the precise conformation of the southern part was an unsolved problem, and was deemed to be "an undiscovered country from which no traveler returned." In that age of superstition and idolatry the most fabulous stories were current about what was to man unknown or strange. So that it is not strange that exaggerated representations of the dangers to be encountered, of the frightful coasts, and of the stormy and boundless ocean supposed to stretch to the confines of earth's surface, were rife, and were recounted again, and yet again in the hearing of the credulous mariners whose only experience of Neptune's fury was within the narrow limits of the "Magna Mere" of the Romans.

The Phœnicians were at that date the mariners *par excellence* of the whole known world; their enterprise and adventurous spirits led them far past the Pillars of Hercules, those grim guardians on the threshold of the Atlantic, even to the shores of Britain, and perhaps even to the rugged coasts of our own New England. Their high-sterned, single-masted craft were to be seen in the waters of every then known sea; they enrolled themselves under the banner of any monarch or kingdom who would make it sufficiently to their interest, and among those whom they served was the before-mentioned Necho, King of Egypt. Herodotus, whose writings cover such an important era in the world's history—viz., the centuries preceding the Nativity at Bethlehem—gives a most interesting account of what was undoubtedly a great feat, and from it and other sources we learn that when Necho at last desisted from opening a canal from the Nile to the Red Sea, he cast about him for some other kingly enterprise. Accordingly "he sent certain Phœnicians in ships with orders to pass by the Columns of Hercules into the sea that lies to the north of Africa, and then to return to Egypt. These Phœnicians thereupon set sail from the Red Sea and entered into the Southern Ocean. On the approach of autumn they landed in Africa, and planted some grain in the quarter to which they had come; when this was ripe and they had cut it down they put to sea again. Having spent two years in this way, they in the third passed the Columns of Hercules and returned to Egypt." Now comes what is to us the strange part of the narrative of Herodotus, but at the same time the best confirmation we could wish that he was *not* relating a mere "sailor's yarn," as he himself evidently believes. He goes on to say: "Their relations may obtain credit with some, but to me it seems impossible of belief; for they affirmed that, as they sailed around the coast of Africa *they had the sun on their right hand!*" But to us, who bask in the revelations of modern science, the report which Herodotus thought so fabulous as to throw discredit upon the entire narrative, namely, that in passing round Africa they found the sun on their right, af-

fords to us the strongest presumption in favor of its truth. Such a statement as this could never have been imagined in an age when the science of astronomy was in its infancy—when the earth was believed to be a flat plane and the center of the universe. Of course, after having passed the equator the Phœnicians must have found the sun on their right hand. In addition they brought back the most fabulous stories of what they saw—for all of which we are undoubtedly indebted to their imaginations.

It is true that many writers have labored to prove that the voyage in all probability never took place, urging as their chief objections that the time occupied was too short in that age of slow and cautious sailing, when it was customary to sail only by day, and to anchor at night; and also that the undertaking was one for which the Phœnician galleys of the time were entirely unfitted. On the other hand, some of the best authorities are agreed that such a feat was not only possible, but that it actually took place, else how could the voyagers have returned to their starting-point from an opposite direction to that in which they set out, and how did they come to observe the sun on their right hand? It is sufficient to say that these questions have never been answered, and until they are we may continue to believe that the Phœnicians really added the doubling of the "*Cabo Tormentoso*" to their other intrepid achievements.

## Talks With Girls.

### THE MORALITY OF HOME LIFE.

BY JENNIE JUNE.



THAT the home life of a nation is the root of its morality has been accepted as a truism; but is it true? And if not, in what does it fall short of its possibilities, and its accredited mission?

That the same kind of home life is not possible to all will be conceded at once; and it will also be admitted that as true homes have been found in cottages as were ever seen in palaces. Therefore, it is not size, nor luxury that makes a true and happy home. In fact, and this no bit of stereotyped commonplace, but a serious, eternal truth—high station and great luxury are as opposed to the genuine growth and cultivation of the best home influences as the opposite extreme;—the lowest depths of poverty and the wretched conditions of vice. Still, there have been palaces, and narrow attics, and dismal cellars that were actual homes in the sense which conveys the deepest, though not the broadest meaning of the word. So that mere exterior conditions, though they may affect detrimentally and otherwise, do not absolutely prevent the existence of home life,



wherever it has taken root, and found care and sustenance.

What, then, are the elements of which a good home life is composed? And what are the essential conditions of its existence?

First, and most important, I should say: **PERMANENCE.** Home life, like all other best things, is a matter of growth and careful cultivation. Nothing worth having is born at maturity. Cultivation, care, attention, and tenderness toward the growing plant of whatever species, is a necessity of its healthful development. You cannot root it up and transplant it frequently; you cannot let it wither from indifference or neglect, and still enjoy its strength and sweetness. If this is true of a pot of mignonette, or a root of geranium, how much more true is it of the human soul; which puts forth an infinite number of unseen feelers and fibers; which is fed by its surrounding influences, as a plant by the soil, and air, and light, and water; and which grows toward the light, and toward the free air, and toward all the influences which expand and render it vigorous and beautiful; just the plant does; and like it, also, needs not only the kind hand to loosen the soil, but the pruning knife, and the disciplining hand, to make it symmetrical; and even such limitations as are required for depth and strength within its natural area.

Permanence, then, is one of the first conditions of true home life; and the only guaranty of this is conscientious parentage. The foundations of the home must be laid before children are born, in the character of the father and mother; for the permanence, the actual morality of the home life, depends upon one quite as much as upon the other. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that the woman is chiefly responsible for the success and welfare of the home. The influence, the help of the man is quite as necessary, and the domestic character, the natural look of home, and interest in home surroundings is of far more importance to a young girl in deciding upon a husband, than brilliant society qualities. Doubtless the influences which grow out of the associations of early life depend largely upon the mother; but a great deal of that which is implanted in the nature of the child, which develops with its growth, and strengthens with its strength, comes from the father, and not unfrequently breaks out with a resistless force that seems to overthrow the results of early training and faithful effort on the part of a kind and conscientious mother. Therefore, though the mother is an important and indispensable element in a true home life, she is not the only one; there must be others to establish its morality on a secure basis.

Next, however, in the order of elemental requisites to a good home life, and one which, indeed, is presupposed by those which have preceded it, is certainly **THE GENTLE MOTHER**; and by this I mean the mother with insight, with a tender conscience, with self-control, with a certain trust in the good that she does not see, as the outcome of the ill that she sees, and with an infinite capacity for patience, and waiting to see the result of her labor.

The constant presence, the striving of such a mother, must bear good fruit; to suppose for an instant that her work could return to her void, would be to ignore every lesson that life and its experiences teach.

The third potent factor in home life is the good, wise, unselfish husband and father. A man who possesses the high and essential qualities of manhood is so love-compelling, so worthy of his place in the universe, and has it so freely accorded him, that it is a pity there should be any that are mean and selfish, brutal or degraded. And there is no other place where the best or the worst qualities tell with more certainty for or against the happiness of the inmates, than in the home.

A man may pass muster among his fellow-men; he may be known among them as a "good fellow," and yet be careless, indifferent, willing to see those nearest to him suffer, rather than sacrifice his comfort, and quite willing to lie, rather than have other people find him out. He may be as sentimental as Sterne, and as hard and cruel. Unless a man can stand the test of personal care and sacrifice for those who are weaker, poorer, more dependent than himself, he is not fit to be the guardian of a home, the sole friend of a woman, and dependence of a family. Nor is he fit for this place who spends his evenings and part of his nights at clubs, or the common rendezvous of men. When a man marries, his wife and family should be supreme in his heart, and stand first in his thoughts. The greatest good that can be accomplished in this life is to properly form and rear the human beings who are to come after us; and this cannot be done without the conscientious aid of a wise and good father.

The fourth essential element of honest and happy home life is **INDUSTRY**—usefulness. The idea of a home is associative, and its actual advance upon isolated and individual existence consists in the working of each for the good of all; that is to say, in the actual contribution which each one makes toward the life, health, and happiness of the remainder. It is not, or should not be the province of children to contribute to the maintenance of the family; because they are in the state of growth and preparation for doing their own work in the world by and by. The father is the natural provider, the mother the natural care-taker; the children, the enlargement, the outgrowth, the life-sweetness; the fruit of the toil and care and labor, which is in some way inseparable from the lot of man or woman; and which brings more compensation, if courageously accepted according to the true and natural order, than if selfishly shirked or thought of as a grievance.

This family life is the beginning of communal life; of a life which grows outward from the inward, taking in other lives from the desire of social companionship and sympathy; and thus, perhaps unconsciously, enlarging and completing its own. Whether it stops here it is not my purpose to inquire. The family life may be the threshold to the still larger, more complete, and perfect home life of the future; but it is simply this one which the most of us have to live, and it is

with its conditions, its relations, and its possibilities that we have to make ourselves acquainted.

Next in the order of elemental requisites for home life comes **REGULARITY.** This is an absolute condition of bodily health all through life, but particularly in the period of growth: it is also as necessary to the permanent moral and intellectual well-being of the family, and each member of it. There is no backbone, no strength, no repose to irregularity, nothing to rely upon. I recollect a couple who were always late at church when I was a girl; so regularly late, that they were as good as a time-piece, and became a proverb throughout the village where we then lived. "Oh, dear," said my mother, one Sunday morning, "there go Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so: it is no use, I shall have to give up going to church this morning."

"Why! mother," remarked her daughter, "is it not possible that they may be early, just for once?"

"No, they are *never* early. Go look at the clock;" and sure enough it was already after time. Now, there was virtue in this vice; it could be relied upon.

It was not irregularity, it was want of punctuality; a fault sometimes of very methodical, but generally distressingly fussy people. An actual want of regularity is a species of dishonesty, for it argues the absence of conscientiousness, and consideration in the estimate put upon the value of time; it argues also a want comprehension of the great factors in human existence; and the necessity for honor, and honesty, and truth, and thoughtfulness for others, in the most minute details of our relations with them.

The loving kindness which crowns all these attributes, and makes of the home the nursing mother of all sweet affections and sympathies toward the whole human race, is more than the love which springs up in the hearts of young men and young women, and which has for its first object self-gratification; it is the beginning of that larger love which grows naturally out of the family, and which recognizes its kinship with the whole human family, its obligations to the universe of which it forms a part. It is in this conception that the morality of the family has its root; in this highest ideal of home life, that of living for others, of subordinating ourselves to the duties, the requirements, the obligations of home, family and social life.

But to realize this ideal of home life is now almost an impossibility, because external circumstances are so opposed to all its essential elements. It is hard for individuals to work against the combined forces of depraved public tastes, social disorder, and dishonest methods; and the best that we can do to elevate the tone and morals, and promote the general welfare, is to quietly do our own duty, and use all the influence we possess, all the energy, and all the resources at our disposal, to raise the standard of public taste and opinion, create order, and cultivate honor and honesty in ourselves, and those about us.

There are some things which all homes



ought to have, but which all homes do not have, which belong to the exterior order, and exercise a vast influence upon interior life and growth; and these are light, air, space, and means for thorough cleanliness. Do those who have the means always at command realize what a luxury personal cleanliness is, and what it takes to insure it? It requires privacy for one thing, and the world was ages old before people lived excepting in herds and tribes, with the common tent or cavern as a dwelling place; and there are nomadic people who live in this way at the present time, and develop the vices which the habit of sharing the common earth, the common sky, and following the dictates of their own will, without reference to the feelings or convenience of the rest of the world, generate.

But how does our civilization treat its lowest orders, its nomades, its untaught, its ill-regulated and undisciplined races? In the country it hides them in holes and fastnesses, making pariahs and thieves of them. In the city it shuts them up, a crowd of them together, in a huge, black structure called a tenement house, where is dirt and darkness, and the perpetual misery of desolation and despair confronting each other. The angels of heaven could not preserve their sweetness and purity in such an atmosphere. Is it surprising that disgust takes the place of affection, that hatred is fostered, that intoxicating drinks—anything that will drown the actual, even for a moment—is eagerly sought?

We hear a great deal about the possibilities in this country for the workingman, but these possibilities only exist for those who possess unusual ability, or exceptional opportunities. The average workingman—that is, the average mechanic, the average laborer—generally remains such to the end of his life, and his children are inheritors of a legacy of toil. This fact is recognized by the endowment of our great public schools, where the children of the poor can be educated free of charge.

But why is not this care extended to the dwellings of the poor? Why are such black nests of disease suffered to exist as the average tenement house? Why are not streets furnished with bright, clean, well-paved sidewalks? Why cannot the dwellings of the poor have their balconies for flowers; their clean courtyards set with a bright mosaic of stone; their laundries where the common washing could be done; their abundant means for lighting and ventilation, so that wickedness should have no place to hide, and disease-breeding air find itself utterly routed, and exterminated? All this could be done, and it ought to be done for the poor, because they are in no position to do it for themselves. Their life is one long hand-to-hand struggle for daily bread; they are obliged to accept such things as they find ready to hand, and they are, for the most part, ignorant of many of the simplest facts and laws of human existence.

The best of us have sufficiently dim and crude ideas of what is healthful and cleanly. We take off woolen dresses day after day, and year after year, and hang them in closets

with quantities of other clothing, in closets which are mere holes or recesses in the wall, and which store up every fetid exhalation which is put into them.

The good influence which intelligent action in regard to all these matters might exert would not be confined to improvement in bodily health; it would enlarge, brighten, beautify the moral aspect of our lives.

The way to make people good is to surround them with good things. Why do we not have public baths in plenty, so that those who wish can be clean? Why do we not have coffee houses where there are groggeries, and great soup boilers where there are beer saloons?

And now comes the question which bears with such awful weight upon the possibility of morality in our social life, and with which girls have much more to do than they think—the question of drunkenness—and it is one which it is high time to meet squarely, and face bravely. Good homes, happy homes, pure homes, moral homes are impossible so long as such deadly enemies to all that is honest and true and sweet and lovely, as whisky, brandy, and their kindred, are bought and sold without let or hindrance, without, in short, being labeled POISON! It is said that this cannot be done; it can. Maine has proved it, and New Hampshire as well. It is difficult so long as the "bar" occupies an authorized and honored place in our halls of legislature; so long as a man can hardly occupy a place in the council of a city, state, or the nation without having graduated so far in the disgraceful school of public liquor drinking that he can take his bottle at a sitting, and only exhibit about his usual average of imbecility.

But this liquor on draught at every street corner, this public indorsement by those who should be the teachers, and are the law-makers; fills our hospitals and penal institutions, breaks up homes, sends children to the street, or the guardianship of public charities, and hangs around the neck of the community at large an awful burden of individual and collective responsibility.

Drunkenness is the cause of nine-tenths of the insanity which peoples our public and private lunatic asylums, and deprives wives of husbands, children of parents; which paralyzes the strength of manhood, and sends gray hairs to dishonored graves. Let us work toward rendering the sources of morality in our homes sweet, and clean, and strong, and enduring, and we shall not have to work so much over the individual ills that are the perpetual outgrowth of a bad system.

And young girls with pure desires, who wish to lead a good and happy life, do not you be the ones to tempt any to their ruin, or to encourage the use of wines and liquors as part of social entertainment. Label them dangerous! and they will soon be avoided as dangerous, but so long as they are accepted as adding a charm, the danger which lurks in them is not realized. Men may guard the honor of a nation, but the honor of the nation depends upon the morality of its home life, and women must be the guardians of that.

## Correspondents' Class.

"AMATEUR."—*To Grain in Oak.*—Take two pounds of whiting, quarter of a pound of gold size thinned down with spirits of turpentine; then tinge your whiting with Vandyke brown and raw sienna ground fine. Strike out your lights with a fitch dipped in turpentine, tinged with a little color to show the lights. If your lights do not appear clear, add a little more turpentine. Turpentine varnish is a good substitute for the above-mentioned. This kind of graining must be brushed over with beer, with a clean brush, before varnishing. Strong beer must be used for glazing up top-graining and shading.

*Oil for Graining Oak.*—Grind Vandyke brown in turpentine, and as much gold size as will set, and as much soft-soap as will make it stand the comb. Should it set too quickly, add a little boiled oil. Put a teaspoonful of gold size to half a pint of turpentine and as much soap as will lie on a twenty-five cent piece; then take a little soda mixed with water and take out the veins.

*To Prepare the Ground for Oak Rollers.*—Stain your white lead with raw sienna and red lead, or with chrome yellow and Venetian red; thin it with oil and turps, and strain for use. When the ground-work is dry, grind in beer, Vandyke brown, whiting, and a little burnt sienna, for the graining color, or use raw sienna with a little whiting, umbers, etc. *To Imitate Old Oak.*—To make an exceedingly rich color for the imitation of old oak, the ground is a composition of stone ochre, or orange chrome, and burnt sienna; the graining color is burnt umber or Vandyke brown, to darken it a little. The above colors must be used whether the imitation is in oil or distemper. When dry, varnish. *To Imitate Old Oak in Oil.*—Grind Vandyke and whiting in turpentine, add a bit of common soap to make it stand the comb, and thin it with boiled oil. *To Imitate Pollard Oak.*—The ground color is prepared with a mixture of chrome yellow, vermilion, and white lead, to a rich light buff. The graining colors are Vandyke brown and small portions of raw and burnt sienna, and lake ground in ale or beer. Fill a large tool with color, spread over the surface to be grained, and soften with the badger-hair brush. Take a moistened sponge between the thumb and finger, and dapple round and round in kind of knobs; then soften very lightly; then draw a softener from one set of knobs to the other while wet, to form a multiplicity of grains, and finish the knobs with a hair pencil, in some places in thicker clusters than others. When dry, put the top grain on in a variety of directions, and varnish with turps and gold size; then glaze up with Vandyke and strong beer. To finish, varnish with copal.

"Mrs. E. J. S."—*For Monochromatic Drawing.*—Take pasteboard or drawing paper of good quality, size with isinglass, or paint with pure white lead. When this has been thoroughly dried, smooth it well with sandpaper, and paint again perfectly smooth. While this coat is yet hardly dry, sift upon it pulverized white marble through fine muslin. Marble can be easily pulverized after burning it. When dry, shake off the loose particles. The paper, all prepared, can be had at any artist-supply store. If you wish a tinted surface, add color to the white paint. You will need for this painting a knife or eraser, crayons, fine sponge, pencils, cork, rubber, piece of kid, and crayon holders. Fold several pieces of kid and soft leather, and use in shading the sharp folded corners; also double some pieces over the ends of pointed and rounded sticks; the learner will find use for several kinds. Always commence painting with the dark shades, and blend gradually into the light. For very dark shades, rub the crayon directly upon the surface with a light hand, and blend off carefully. Paint the sky first.



It is well to shade distant mountains *very light* at first, and be sure to have the edges soft and faint. For water, scrape some black crayon into a powder and lay it on your board with the kid, working it horizontally, and making the lights and shades stronger as it comes nearer. Your sponge may do good in rendering the water transparent. Make sharp lights with the penknife. Ruins overgrown with moss, and dilapidated buildings, make pretty pictures. Moonlight views in this style of painting are more beautiful than anything else. Care must be taken to do the foliage *well*. By a delicate use of the round point of a penknife, beautiful effects can be produced in the crayon shading. Figures and animals are put in last.

A valued correspondent sends the following to inquiries of D. G. :

For Vitremanie you require some printed designs, two camel's-hair brushes, one of hog's hair, one bottle of glucine, one of enamel varnish, a roller, sponge, blotting-paper, and scissors. With a camel's-hair brush pass a coating of glucine over the colored face of the design, taking care not to touch the plain side with glucine. Lay flat to dry for two or three days or longer. Then wet both sides with water, and the glass also. Place the design on the glass and roll it well down. Keep the plain side wet for several minutes, then carefully raise a corner of the paper with the point of a knife, and pull it gently off. The work must now be washed with camel's-hair brush and water, and afterwards dried by putting blotting-paper over it and rolling it. Leave it for a few hours, then coat it with enamel varnish and the work is finished. Sometimes it is easier to scratch a hole in the center of the picture and tear away.

**HOW TO KEEP FLOWERS.**—Let any one who wishes to preserve flowers to look like new, take paraffin of the best quality and melt it in a tin cup set in hot water, which may be kept boiling around it so as to keep the paraffin in a liquid state. Into this thin and transparent mass dip the blossoms; or, if more convenient, brush them quickly with a small brush so as to give them a very thin coat that will cover every part of each petal. This forms a casing about them that entirely excludes the air and prevents their withering. The transparency of the material renders this coating almost if not quite invisible, so that the flowers present a perfectly natural appearance. Green leaves, if preserved in this way, must be coated with paraffin prepared with the addition of green powder paint. Chrome-green is best, lightened to any tint required by adding chrome-yellow.

L. P. L.

**COR. CLASS.**—1. Can you give me some hints for backgrounds in painting photographs in water-colors? 2. How to mix the colors?

"AMATEUR."

**COR. CLASS.**—How are glass positives tinted? I should like directions for the work.

"MARY M."

**COR. CLASS.**—Will you please tell me the principal stitches used in embroidery? How tent-stitch and satin-stitch are made? Why called tent-stitch? Can ferns be bleached in their *natural state*; that is, after pressing them? What is the best method for bleaching them?

"REBA RAYMOND."

"HANOVER."

**COR. CLASS.**—Can you inform me how to stretch and varnish chromos and engravings?

"NEW SUBSCRIBER."

**COR. CLASS.**—Tell me, also, how to make water-colors *effective* on black paper panels? I have tried, but the color sinks as fast as put on.

"A. M."

**COR. CLASS.**—Will some member of the Class give me the method of gilding horse-shoes?

"MRS. J. E. N."



## My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"PLEASE," says Jennie, running in some minutes after the class had assembled and exchanged greetings. "Please postpone graver matters and let me tell all I know about housekeeping. It will only take a few moments."

"I question that," I reply, smiling at her eagerness; "you have developed such a talent for the art and have had so much experience lately, that I think it would take hours instead of minutes to tell all you know about it. However, we shall be glad to hear what you have to say, no matter how long it takes."

"Oh, I don't really mean to tell you all I know, or all I have learned, I ought to say since I have been in the class, for in the first place you would all be bored to death, and in the second place any of the other girls could tell the same thing far better than I could. But I have been off in the country spending a fortnight with grandma, and I'm just boiling over with items. They are all good but they won't keep, that's why I'm in such a hurry to inflict them upon you."

"How queer you are, Jennie," says Miss Kitty, with a very languid and elegant appearance of surprise, "who ever heard of items getting spoiled, and how in the world can you get up so much enthusiasm about such a stupid subject as housekeeping?"

"I suppose I am enthusiastic, if you call it so, because I am stupid enough to like it, now that I have had a little practice," says Jennie. "But of course I don't mean that my items would turn sour, or curdle, or get mouldy, I only mean I can't keep them long because I have such a splendid forgettery and such a poor memory."

"Do as I do," advises Miss Lucy Little, holding up her note-book, "and write everything down."

"That's a good idea," assents Jennie, "I only wish I had one to write it down in before I forget it."

"Well, before you *do* forget what you were going to tell us, won't you please to give us the benefit of your new experience," say I, feeling sure that in spite of her nonsense she could tell us something worth hearing.

"Thank you for being so willing to listen," Jennie answers, spreading out her hands. "Now there's an item I learned from grandma on each of those finger-tips, and I will see if I can make them drip off in regular order."

"I don't see them," says Sophie Mapes, laughing.

"Neither do I," continues Jennie; "I wish I did, but I counted the things I wanted to remember on the ends of my fingers every night. There's no danger of my forgetting how many items there were, because I used up all my fingers and both my thumbs, but I am not so sure of remembering what they were."

"Suppose you had had over ten items," says Sophie, "how would your system of digital mnemotechny answer then?"

"Whew," utters Jennie, fanning herself violently, "what a stupendous word, and there's no use looking in the dictionary for it either, for I know you made it up yourself just as you used to do at school. You don't forget your old tricks if you are a grown-up young lady."

"Never mind the big word," says Miss Little,

holding her pencil expectantly over her open note-book, "but give us the item at the end of your forefinger."

"Very well," pursues Jennie, striving to look business-like, "that is grandma's way of cleaning marble-topped furniture. She had some tops that were rather badly stained, but after she had cleaned them they looked very nice again. It isn't a thing to be done in a minute for you have to mix up a paste of lime that has not been slaked, and lye. Then you put it on the marble instanter with a whitewash brush, and let it stay two or three days. I think you might whiten marble busts or statuettes that way, but grandma doesn't indulge very largely in works of art, so she couldn't say whether it would answer or not."

"A very acceptable item," I say approvingly. "What next?"

"The next is a way to get the rust off of steel knife blades. Put sweet oil on the rusty places, and leave it on for two days, then take a lump of lime and rub the rust till it vanishes."

"Our knives are all silver," says Miss Kitty.

"Our carving knives are steel, I am happy to state, as I sometimes have to carve," says Jennie with an innocent little glance at Miss Kitty which makes the latter wish she had said nothing. Now my ring finger reminds me of grandma's good luck in taking tea stains out of her table-cloths. She puts the cloth over the fire in a kettle of cold water, first rubbing the spots with good Castile soap every few minutes till the water is too hot, she rubs more soap on the spots. After the water boils up once she has the cloth taken out and washed and rinsed after the usual method. For these stains she uses Javelle water, for you can buy it at the druggists all prepared, and I think they give you directions how to use it."

"We make our own," remarks Miss Nellie Greene.

"Do you, indeed?" say I. "I should like very much to know how it is made."

"I will bring the recipe with pleasure the next time I come," replies Nellie.

"My little finger," continues Jennie, "recalls, as befits its insignificant relative proportions, a very tiny item, *i. e.*, my grandmother's perpetual spring practice of sticking sprigs of green peppermint into her pantry shelves every day or two, not at all for purposes of garniture, but to warn off ants who do not enjoy its odors so much as Sam Stick did when he perfumed his hair oil with it."

"That is a new idea to me," I say, "and a very easy remedy for an ant-infested closet."

"Now I'll tell you," resumes Jennie what to do if you get kerosene oil on your carpets. So many people use student lamps now even in town that it is quite a common accident. Cover the oil spot with meal, Indian meal I suppose, and change it, the meal I mean, as often as it grows oily; after a while it will take up all the oil, and the carpet will be clean again. Another item that I dare say no one here will care for is about taking spots from hair cloth furniture."

"Let us have it by all means," I say. "There are a good many time-honored hair-cloth sofas and rocking-chairs in upper rooms even yet; and if there is a way to keep them unspotted their owners ought to know it."

"It is simple enough," replies Jennie; "just anoint the spots freely with benzine, and they'll take themselves off. It was my lot to be at grandma's in house-cleaning time, so I have a point on polishing up black walnut furniture which may be worth more than the other item, as that kind of furniture is not obsolete yet, notwithstanding the revival of mahogany. The polish is made of a gill of raw oil, linseed I think, a tablespoonful of vinegar, and one of muriatic acid. When it is all mixed and bottled it may be rubbed on the wood with much groaning and a shoving



noise made by drawing the air through the teeth."

"What on earth," interrupts Miss Little, can a shoving noise have to do with polishing furniture?"

"I'm sure I don't know," says Jennie soberly; "but grandma's stableman did it faithfully through two afternoons' steady attention to her chairs and sofas on the lawn. My next item was one I put my finger on expressly for mamma, because I have heard her protest that everything that was kept all night in a refrigerator had an unpleasant taste. To prevent this, keep a large piece of charcoal on each shelf, and renew it occasionally. Another thing that mamma was pleased to learn was grandma's plan for removing claret stains, for we have had some nice tablecloths disfigured in that way. After the stain has been washed I believe there is no way of doing much with it, but if the spots are wet with lemon juice before going into the wash they will come out readily."

"Now then," continues Jennie meditatively, "I have given you nine items such as they are, but I know that isn't all because I have eight fingers and two thumbs like everybody else but Anne Boleyn, and there ought to be ten things to report. One of my thumbs has certainly played me false, and failed to remind me of what I was to say."

"An argument in favor of a note book," I say. "Perhaps you will remember later what your tenth item was, and give it to us when we meet again. We owe you a vote of thanks for our entertainment, and shall not be willing to entirely lose the missing item."

## Chromos and Hand-Organs.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

No, I don't like them. Nothing can ever make me love a travesty of anything noble. A cheap copy of Raphael's Madonna del Sedia, or tin-pan version of Der Wachtel Rhine are utterly powerless to excite within me a particle of enthusiasm or elevate me in the least.

So say I in the pride of intellect and culture forsooth. But would I have said it ten years ago, before I had studied art, before I had frequented picture-galleries and pored over collections of engravings, before I began to dabble in oils and water-colors? Or before I had sought to unravel the mysteries of operas and oratorios; before I had listened to ravishing sounds evoked by masters; before I had found the ivory keys answer, in thrilling voices, to my touch. True, ten years ago I was a child, but many, very many, never grow beyond the mental development of a child.

So, I have come to the conclusion that because you, my brother and sister, and I, who have had opportunities and made the best of them, know a little more of art and music than some of our fellow-creatures, that is no reason why we should despise altogether what they can love and appreciate. The mass of mankind, let us try and remember, are still children in intellect and taste. The college dare not sneer at the primary school, for the reason that, though the great majority never get beyond the latter, the former could not exist without it.

These thoughts were especially impressed upon my mind one day last week while out walking with a younger sister. Suddenly upon our ears fell the wondrous strains of the Miserere from Il Trovatore, almost unearthly in its passionate intensity. Heads bobbed at the windows, children, until quite a number of auditors were visible—when,

what a shock I experienced to discover whence these enchanting measures came.

"Oh!" I gasped, "Il Trovatore on a hand-organ!"

"Ah!" answered my sister, wiser than I, "Look at those women and children! Plenty of people would never hear any music at all were it not for hand-organs."

"You're right," I said, and listened. Every note in the sublime wail was familiar to me, and I was forced to confess that, even though on a machine moved by a crank, it was exquisitely rendered. Tears came to my eyes, just as they had done often times before at the bidding of the piano, the orchestra, and the voice. Ah, even those dirty little ragamuffins must have been made better for hearing this agonized prayer, even though they understood it not.

Would they not be better, too, I mused, for seeing Murillo's Madonna, even through the medium of a fifty-cent chromo? Yes, for otherwise, perhaps, not one of them all would ever know that such a celestial face has beamed upon our dark world and dispelled some of its gloom.

Yes, there is a true place for these humble accessories—no longer will I dare call them parodies—of art divine. Blocks and primers possess no attractions for the matured scholar; but for the eager little one—ah! So do not despair because you are poor. Brighten the walls of your nursery, then, with dashes of color. Tell your boy that the sweet lady and the dear little baby represent Mary and the infant Jesus, whom we all love; and that they were painted many years ago by a great man named Raphael. What a flood of fresh, new ideas come pouring into his tender mind! Do you suppose he will not pause in front of the picture-store to see if the familiar forms adorn the window? Will he not eagerly scan all the prints and engravings that come in his way? And will he not long to know who Raphael was, and when he lived, and what else he painted, and whether there were any other artists like him?

Or call him to the window when a dark Italian and his usual crowd of followers appear in the street. Don't call his attention especially to the antics of the monkey, but urge him to listen, and tell him that the man is grinding out Mendelssohn's Spring Song. Perhaps before evening you will hear him whistling it along the entry. A week later he goes home with one of his school friends, whose mama kindly offers to play for him. How earnestly, how intelligently he asks for the Spring Song. As he listens, he cannot help noticing how much sweeter it sounds on the piano than on the street-organ. The lady smiles at his ardor, and asks him what he knows of Mendelssohn. Nothing but the Spring Song. Well, here is his tender confidence—his grand consolation—his triumphant wedding march. Mendelssohn himself was one of the most cultured of gentlemen, the truest of friends, and the sweetest of Christians of whom we have any record.

Ah, what treasures of heart and mind may not be your boy's, in future years, from such simple beginnings? His intelligent culture may act as a mighty barrier against vice, may supply a strong incentive toward his getting on in the world, and may be a potent cause for his dispensing substantial good to those less fortunate than himself, as well as adding materially to his personal happiness.

He won't care then for chromos and hand-organs any more than the young mother, rejoicing over her developing angels, cares for the rag doll of her departed childhood. But she knows that, had it not been for that same now-despised dolly, she very probably would not have learned the dainty stitching so needful to her now. Similarly does the refined gentleman of artistic tastes know what he owes to chromos and hand-organs.

## Women of Yesterday and To-day.

MADAME DE REMUSAT.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

THE portrait of Madame de Rémusat, as sketched by herself, in her inimitable memoirs, is scarcely a flattering one. Saint Beuve declares her to have been singularly charming, possessing much beauty of face and form, and retaining, amid the glare and glitter of court, the dignified simplicity of a lady who belonged by birth and breeding to the old nobility. Her countenance was mobile, and the expressions of her mood chased each other over it as she talked. She possessed the talent of conversation to a degree rare even among French women, who are the natural queens of the salon. In all the brilliant array, who composed the gay and splendid throng which Bonaparte gathered around him, she was conspicuous for this, that she was the woman with whom both Talleyrand and Napoleon liked best to talk. The farthest possible removed from coquetry, her mind, grave and acute, and trained by a wise and thoughtful education, could not occupy itself alone with trifles. She had her own opinions and convictions, and although she could impose on herself the seal of a discreet silence, she refused assent to those measures and actions which outraged her judgment, and shocked her conscience. Her revelation of the inside life of the emperor and his family has a certain quality of minute and severe fidelity which is terrible. They pass before us in review, these mean, spiteful, squabbling Bonapartes, all their petty malice, their insane strife for vulgar honors, and their mean and hateful jealousies thrown upon the camera in strong relief. Each appears worse than the other, and the conqueror of Italy, magnificent as was his genius, seems oddly composed of the mingled ingredients of Lucifer, Belial, and Mammon. Surely never husband so systematically and cruelly trampled on the most sacred rights of his wife, adding insult to injury, in requiring her to approve of his evil deeds, as well as to condone them. Surely never man so lightly esteemed woman, or person, in the position of gentleman, so constantly and disdainfully thrust ladies aside in the exercise of their prerogatives, so rudely asserted his right to be a savage, and so transparently paraded his egotism and selfishness in the eyes of his followers. If there were those of us who were dazzled by the grandeur of the man's tremendous success, and his comet-like progress over his enemies, and up to the heights of his ambition, our eyes are opened. Claire de Rémusat, with her bright eyes, her keen insight, and her merciless pen, has told what she saw, and in what she lived, and the fine gold turns out to be tinsel, the beautiful scenery, mere stage property, and the actors, the pitiable puppets of vanity and greed.

Born of a good family, taught by a wise mother, and married early to a man who, though twice her age, satisfied her heart, she enjoyed exceptional advantages from her cradle for becoming, what the most delightful of French critics calls, "an unsuspected author." He says, of this class, that "for her own behoof, solely and at first without definite aim, the lady composes a romance, or arranges her reminiscences, or even merely writes to her absent friends, letters which are a trifle long, and none too formal. But fifty years hence, when the rest of us are all dead, when the professional littérateur, who was the rage in his day, no longer finds readers, and his thirty heavy old-fashioned volumes lie buried in funeral catalogues, the modest, intelligent woman will be studied and enjoyed almost as much as by us, her contemporaries." This has been proved a true prophecy in the case of Madame de Rémusat.



## Our Guest-Chamber.

BY GRACE BENEDICT.

(Continued from page 325.)

"BUT in vain. Presuming on the right of a guest to the conveniences of the room set apart for her use, we searched the closet and invaded the bureau, but only to find ourselves still victims to display. We developed fresh pin-cushions, several new species of mat, vases in reserve, more pillow-shams, and some wax flowers, but, alas! nothing with which the hapless stranger could make himself or herself at home. Even the magnificent afghan was still in strips and unavailable for warmth.

"In this emergency the sight of our traveling wraps would have been a comfort, but there had been no place found for them in such a display of art, and we found afterward they were left down stairs in the hall closet.

"But Annie is always delightfully fertile in expedients. 'There are more ways to the wood than one,' she said cheerily. 'Perhaps you can manage to sleep on the bolster, Miranda. I'll try the two pillows end to end, and since we must have our heads higher than our heels, we will give these sofa pillows an opportunity to be useful as well as ornamental.'

"But fine starched linen makes a very slippery couch when it is stretched over a tightly stuffed cylinder of feathers, and we passed the night holding on to our extemporized beds."

"A most uncomfortable experience, my dear," said mother, compassionately.

"And very instructive," said Jennie, who will always be beforehand in trying on shoes. "Are you ready for me to point the moral?"

"Not quite yet, Jennie. Another sumptuous guest-chamber taught us another lesson on hobbies which matches this.

"You remember what a mania for down-stairs bed-chambers our uncle Preston has? He would blot out second stories entirely if he could, and third stories, especially in a French roof, are an abomination to him. Grandmother's house in Meadowside is his model, with its wide breezy hall, the pleasant rooms opening into it, and the deep recessed windows so near to the lawn that the old-time larkspurs and rockets, which bloomed outside, might lean in every time they were bowed by a zephyr or weighted by a bumble-bee. One would never suspect our prosy uncle of so much sentiment until it came cropping out when he modeled part of his new mansion at Uplands after the old homestead. One bed-chamber down stairs is a facsimile of his mother's. Even the garden view from its windows is a reminiscence of that dear old place. A sweet-briar from Meadowside clambers overhead, a wilderness of sweets, and there is not a flower in sight that a gardener ever tried to improve, or which did not lend its charms to grandmother's kitchen garden.

"Within are the same stiff carvings over doors and casement; the quaint mantel-shelf with its little closets tucked away in the huge chimney-stack, and the great open fire-place, with its curious tiles from the old country, every one of which has its story or its song for him.

"When Aunt Kate led us there and told us it was uncle's wish that this should be our bed-chamber during our stay at Uplands, I knew from her manner that he could show us no greater proof of a hospitable welcome than this, and my only thought was how best to express my admiration for his sentiments, and gratitude for his kindness.

"Aunt Kate was too considerate to dwell long on the curiosities of the room that night, as the hour was late and we were weary with our journey; so, after a glance at the toilet arrangements to satisfy herself that her new maid had done her duty

by the water-pitcher, she bade us good-night, telling us to be sure and not to hasten in the morning, as they were all late risers.

"She shut the door and glided so softly away that we had not the least idea when we came to consider the matter whether her room was upstairs or not. However, no thought of the terra incognita around us disturbed our minds just then. I was too wide awake to fall soberly to work and prepare for bed. Neither Annie nor myself had ever been so far away from home before, and we stood just enough in awe of Aunt Kate to keep our eyes from giving more than a very general survey of the room while she was by. But, left to ourselves, we began eagerly to study our surroundings.

"Nothing delighted us like the antique dressing-table that was the wonder of my childhood. Its gilded frame, with brass dragons and peacocks flying all abroad overhead, were

'Among the beautiful pictures  
'That hang in Memory's halls.'

"I almost expected to see grandmother come in with her broad cap-border flying back with the breeze, just as it used to when she came to look after the youngster who had been put away for a morning nap on the great spare bed. There it was with its griffin-clawed feet, its rich carvings with their brass rosettes and bands, the arched tester with its shining knobs, while the ancient vanity of a high-piled bed made carpeted steps necessary to mount the snowy throne.

"We were so long in renewing these old acquaintances that Annie's watch was pointing to twelve before we hastily blew out our lamp and got into bed.

"How dark it is here!" was the first exclamation. 'I forgot we were in the country, where civilization does not require gas in the streets.'

"Perhaps the moon will rise," I suggested.

"It may be up now. I'll draw the curtains."

"She stepped cautiously down the stairs in her bare feet and felt her way toward the window. I soon heard her whisper 'Eureka' as she stumbled on the great arm-chair which defended that recessed opening to the outer world.

"The curtains were looped back, but not a ray of light appeared. The window might as well have opened into the Great Pyramid.

"Lift the sash," said a voice from the pillow. "The shutters are closed."

"Who would sleep down stairs if they weren't?" demanded Annie. 'Oh! for a chink in those oaken walls; a panel knocked out—anything to give a ray of light. I must have a match before I can go to sleep.'

"I could give no advice on the position of the match-safe.

"It belongs to a toilet table?" asked Annie.

"That piece of antiquity was searched in vain. Then we thought it might be one of the appointments of the high mantel-shelf where the tall silver candlesticks stood; but after feeling about among the vases and snuffer-trays for awhile, Hope, which

'Springs eternal in the human breast,' led the bare feet away from the cold hearthstone to the oil-cloth by the washstand to fumble among the crockery there.

"It must have been one o'clock before the plucky little maiden gave up. Micawber-like, she trusted that something in the way of a light would turn up by morning, or else how could we dress?"

"Another of Uncle Preston's whims is that no rousing-bell should ever be rung in his house. He hates noise. The servants go about like mice. He only tolerates the old hall-clock because Washington once set his watch by it, and that makes a good story to tell when visitors are looking at his souvenirs of the past.

"But this was silent now, its works having been sent to town the day before for repairs, so that we could know nothing of the lapse of time in that way.

"Such a sense of loneliness and helplessness stole over us that, foolish as it was, we passed almost a sleepless night, and when at last I yielded to the drowsy god I started up with the fear that I might oversleep myself.

"At last our strained ears heard distant footsteps about the house, and, after some debate, we concluded the family must be stirring. We got up and opened the hall-door. It was as dark as Egypt there too. We remembered that it was shut off from the main hall by folding doors, and unless somebody came specially to rouse us, we need not expect a passer-by.

"Sleep was out of the question; so, after fumbling about in the dark, we got into our clothes and started out to reconnoiter. We found a sleepy man-servant on his knees building a fire in the parlor grate. It was only six o'clock on a winter's morning, and the earliest bird in the family would not be down before eight, so we borrowed a light from the astonished Patrick and stole back to bed for a nap.

"All this would have been nothing, however, but an amusing episode in our visit, had it not been for its sequel. Patrick, the fire-builder, intent on grinding some axe of his own and effecting a change of dynasty in the kitchen, seized the opportunity to tell what he knew and could guess of the night's mishap to the good man of the house, setting the matter in such a light that he not only displaced the obnoxious Bridget but made a great deal of trouble besides.

"He could not have touched Uncle Preston in a much tenderer place.

"Kate," he said to aunt at the breakfast-table the next morning, 'I was anxious that our nieces should be favorably impressed with our centennial guest-chamber. I hoped that their pleasant memories of its prototype at Meadowside would be revived here, and that they would see that old-time hospitality was yet extant. But I am disappointed. That room was dark and cold and lonely.'

"But, uncle," I exclaimed, trying to bring in some palliating circumstances.

"He only waved his hand majestically.

"There's no excuse, Miranda! the room was neglected; I shall see to it myself to-night. You shall know its comforts yet, my dear! Let no change be made till I come home.'

"So saying, he buttoned up his coat and left us.

"After supper that night, uncle was missing from his usual seat before the fire.

"He has that room on his mind," said Aunt Kate, with something between a sigh and a smile; but she sat still. After a while a message came to the parlor from him.

"Will the young ladies be so kind as to come to the centennial chamber?"

"Signs of an invasion were everywhere apparent as we neared that quarter. Servants were coming and going; a tall Irishman was passing in with a load of hickory wood; a boy at his heels lugged at a basket of chips; and a woman followed with a broom and dust-pan.

"Annie and I were so much in a minority when we arrived that we were not noticed in the crowd. The scene was very impressive. The fireboard had been removed and a huge fire was blazing on the andirons. Uncle stood over it, wiping his forehead and issuing his orders to all and singular.

"John, have you brought that wood?"

"Yes, zur," with a helpless, puzzled look at the beautiful marble hearth.

"Where's the wood-box?" demanded the master.

"This must be it," said a timid Bridget just ar-



rived and striving to make herself of use. 'But, sir, it's full of—of—'

"Of course," said uncle; 'but I always put wood in a wood-box. Here, Susan, help Bridget to clear out these things. Patrick, take back this wood and saw six inches off of every stick, d'ye hear! Where are those women? Haven't they emptied their aprons of that rubbish yet? It isn't worth while to stand there looking at each other. Where will you put 'em? In the closet, of course; where else would you put them?'

"Closet's full, did you say? Closets in such a room as this should *never* be full!" said uncle in his oracular way. 'Never!' and he wiped his forehead again.

"Now, Ellen, put those things on the floor. Empty that closet, all of you."

"Shall we finish the bed, sir?" asks the experienced female who was at work in that quarter.

"Yes—no; here, Patrick! John, help Ellen to put that bed-warmer in place. Not that way! Don't you know anything? So, like a tent, with the heater hanging down like a pot on a crane.

"Don't know what a crane is? Of course you don't; a crane is—well, it's a crane. Bother this wood! Here, Tom, bring a shovelful of coals. Not to the bed, you dunces!" groaning over the stupidity of the open-mouthed greenhorn.

"Take down the heater, put in your coals by the fire, and then swing it up again. That's the way. Now, Ellen, spread over those covers; on top, of course, to keep in the heat. Tom, mount those steps and give her a hand. Where's that other woman? Susan, Bridget, isn't that closet emptied yet? I could unload a ship in half the time."

"Please, sir, it's some of missus's best linen, and we are thinking where to put it."

"The timid voice came from the depths of a neighboring closet, which, in his revolutionary zeal, uncle had concluded should be an appanage of his guest-chamber, and was accordingly putting it in proper order. But Bridget's difficulty was easily disposed of.

"Take the things up-stairs, and don't be long about it," he said, waving away the feminine doubts that would obtrude themselves by looks when they dared not take words.

"Patrick had now picked up his load of wood and started again, when over went the tent on the bed.

"All hands here; steady! There, now, it's all right this time. Best thing in the world to warm a bed," said the master, wiping his forehead again, as he looked benignantly around on his corps of work-people as their business thickened.

"Patrick took up his wood again, and this time got off. The women started up-stairs with their arms full of linen, and for a moment peace reigned supreme.

"But only for a moment. Inexperienced hands had laid the great forestick on foundations which had now burned away, and over it rolled, bringing the whole blazing superstructure in its fall.

"This was an old-fashioned exigency, a delightful episode in which uncle's skill would have the best of opportunity. But (isn't there always a but in the world?) the tongs were so hot!

"Whew! Tom!"

"Tom was missing; the blazing sticks had begun to smoke; uncle kicked at one with the toe of his slipper, then at another, and Annie, who is always equal to an emergency, wrapped a towel around the hot tongs and lugged away at a third.

"Bless you, child," said uncle, 'that's something like. You're a genuine Preston. Give me a Yankee girl in a time like this!' he exclaimed, waving his hand over the scene of confusion the room now presented. 'Here I have had two men, three women, and a boy hard at work ever since supper,' wiping his face, 'and they have done nothing—absolutely nothing. Now what I want

of you is to empty your trunks. There is a closet, you see, for you, and when those women come back (if they ever do) Miranda shall have another. You see,' he said in a lower tone, 'your aunt was an only child, and her housekeeping isn't—well, "The least said the soonest mended," as my mother used to say.'

"Susan, is that closet ready?"

"O uncle, don't! I said, in real distress at the prospect of any further upturning.

"Miranda, my child," said he, serenely smiling down at me as his face emerged once more from the folds of his pocket-handkerchief, 'this is not the least trouble to me. I consider my sister's daughter worthy of every attention I can bestow. Leave me to manage this.'

"Ellen, Bridget, go on with that closet. Patrick, have you sawed that wood? Tom, go and ask the cook for matches to fill this box. Susan, bring your broom and sweep up this mud. Zounds, Patrick, a body would think you had been ditching; look at your boots, man!"

"Tom now made his appearance with some matches and a night-taper, a suggestion of Aunt Kate's, worth all the other results of this revolution.

"Now you may all go!" waving out the crowd, while he lingered himself to explain to us the position of the bell-rope in case we needed to rouse anybody in the night, and to assure us again that all that he had done was nothing in comparison with what he was willing to do to make us comfortable and happy.

"Dear uncle, how kind he meant to be! How thoroughly uncomfortable we were!

"If he would only let us have a room up-stairs," I groaned; 'this is like an oven, and as far off as ever.'

"I see one advantage we have in this remote region," said Annie, whose spirits are worth a fortune to her. 'We can laugh to our hearts' content here, and nobody will be the wiser for it. Let us get up a counter-revolution on the spot. We have vast resources at our disposal, my dear,' and she waved her hand as majestically as uncle ever did. 'Let us take off the top layers of that bed till we come down to a cooler stratum. Much as I admire uncle's sentiments, I do not propose to filial affection. We needn't scorch because grandmother lived in the Arctic zone and needed a bed-warmer sometimes. Moreover, when I get to be a housekeeper,' she added with considerable energy in tone and gesture, 'I won't ride my hobbies into my guest-chamber without some consideration for its occupants.'

"You have expressed my mind exactly," said I. 'But I suppose after all this effort to-night we shall have to allow uncle to believe this room is a paradise to us.'

"And he did all through our fortnight's visit."

"What nonsense!" said Jennie. "I should have simply said I preferred to sleep up-stairs on a mattress, and so ended the matter."

"No doubt you would," said Miranda; "but I am relating the experiences of another class of guests—silent sufferers, people who can compliment your hospitality when they have been trying all night to sleep on the soft side of a plank. Such people must be considered."

"Exactly so," said mother. "We must make a choice not only possible but easy for them."

Mother's remark was decisive, and Miranda's illustrations having secured a respectful attention to her proposition, we were busy discussing the capabilities of the large, square room, when the gate-latch clicked, and Lydia Shannon came in.

"Just in time," said I. "The Shannon genius has its finest opportunity now!" and the plan of our prospective guest-chamber, with all its difficulties, was laid before our friend.

Of course, with her usual discernment, Lydia took everything in at a glance.

"What you want to hide those two bulging planks in the floor is a long box-lounge with large pillows. It can be dressed in delicate chintz with some reference to Jennie's pink toilet arrangements, and serve not only as a screen and a seat but also as a storing-place for bed-spreads and blankets.

"The irregular windows are no disadvantage when properly draped, and as for this short one on the chimney side of the room, you can make so much of it as to suggest a very good reason why the mantel-shelf cannot be in the center."

"It opens on the finest view on the place," said mother.

"How fortunate!" exclaimed Lydia. "Group your cushioned chairs, your book-table or writing-desk, and foot-rest invitingly about it, hang a pretty lambrequin where the upper panes ought to be, and put one of your home-made rugs underneath, and you will make a cosy little home-corner where your friends will forget everything but the comforts you have so thoughtfully provided for them. As for that closet on the other side, its queer old door might be banished to the garret and its place supplied by a curtain. If you take out the lower shelves, line the space neatly and fit it up with books, you will furnish a convenience always appreciated by guests, and which is wanting in many an expensively furnished room."

"I was trembling," said Miranda, "lest you should demand the sacrifice of that old closet to make room for some better exponent of the artistic skill and taste of the Branleigh family."

"It seems to me," said mother, "that with Lydia's help our difficulties have all vanished. The uneven floor can be hidden, the crooked window has found an appreciative friend, and the queer old closet will be blotted out. We have nothing to do but move in and work out the plan which will make our guest-chamber a bower of comfort to our friends."

This has been done.

Scarcely had the house been set to rights, when Father Holcombe, portmanteau in hand, made his appearance at our front door. The old saint is as oblivious to mere externals as is possible to one still inhabiting this mortal sphere, but I heard him say, as father ushered him into his new quarters for the night,

"I should be satisfied with Elisha's accommodations in the Shunamite's house, but you have given me something more than the bed, and the table, and the stool, and the candlestick with which she furnished her prophet's chamber."

"Miranda," said Jennie the next morning, "do you know I was the one after all to put the finishing touch on Father Holcombe's room? You forgot to lay out his extra blanket."

"Did I?"

"You forgot more than that, my dear," said mother. "The pleasant home-corner in his room was not complete for him, and was not suited to his particular need, till I sent up a large-print Bible for his table. You must remember how indispensable it is to him, and that he cannot carry one about in his portmanteau."

"That must have been the finishing touch, Jennie," said Miranda.

"I'm not so sure of that," said I. "Wasn't it the crooked window which inspired him to answer father's inquiry after his night's rest by this quotation from good old Bunyan, 'The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber whose windows opened toward the sunrising; the name of that chamber was Peace, where he slept until the break of day, and then awoke and sang'?"

However this may be, it was evident to us all that the old man had found the little home he wanted for that night in our guest-chamber.



# YOUNG AMERICA

## Where the Harebells as Violets Grow.

BY EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

### CHAPTER I.

#### REAL FISHING.

KITTIE CLAIR was so like a boy in her tastes and pursuits that her brother Fred did not disdain to make her his playfellow, though he was two years older than she. In fact, her ambitious schemes, her hare-brained adventures, and her jolly, don't-care manner, though a sore trial to her mother and governess, were the very delight of his life. She was essential to all his kite making, having quite a gift for making the tails and a fine eye for ornamentation. She could keep two or three tops spinning at once, and could whistle as well as her brother.

In the city these accomplishments were necessarily kept within bounds, but when the summer came and they went to the country, then there was fun.

So they were both delighted when their father one day announced that next week they would leave town.

Miss Leslie was to go too, of course. She was the governess, and a pleasant-looking, amiable young lady.

The time came. The journey passed quietly, with only the excitement of Kittie losing her balance and nearly pitching out of the car window. She was rescued in time by some one catching her dress, and she kept her head inside the rest of the way. The carriage was waiting for them when they reached their destination. How peaceful the lovely evening looked, with the broad pink sunset, after being so long in the city. The air was so fresh and sweet, and the sound of the wheels going through the sandy road was positively music to these country loving children.

Tea was ready when they reached the house, and the servants had everything prepared. Of course the children had to go all over the place to see if anything were changed since the summer before. Even the barn had to be visited, the horses patted, and the chickens counted.

The next morning the family were somewhat surprised when Kittie came into breakfast with her frock buttoned before—to look like Fred's jacket she explained—her curls a good deal out of order, and a toy gun slung over her shoulder.

"We have been hunting," she remarked, as she took her place. "Fred is coming presently. We were unfortunate enough to kill a bird accidentally, and he is burying it in the garden."

"How did you kill the poor bird?" asked Mrs. Clair.

"Fred hit it with a stone, poor little thing. He feels sorry. Of course he hadn't any idea of hitting it; he never throws straight."

"Well, finish your breakfast now, my dear; and in future remember that it is not customary to appear at breakfast in hunting dress."

That day and many others passed delightfully. The lessons in the morning were a worry, without

doubt; but the afternoons were glorious. Fruit trees grew in abundance all around the house, and the children climbed them like cats, to the dismay of Miss Leslie, who trembled for their safety.

"Your curls will catch on a branch some day, Kittie, and you will hang like Absalom!" she exclaimed one Saturday morning, after a vain protest.

"Well, if nobody ran a javelin through me, I fancy I could be rescued."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Fred, dropping a cherry so that it landed on Miss Leslie's head.

Miss Leslie shook the cherry off and smiled. "Come down at once, children," she said. "It is raining."

So they climbed down and went up stairs in the house to seek amusement, Miss Leslie remaining below.

"Let's play Robinson Crusoe, Fred," said Kittie. "Here's a wooden box full of old shoes in this closet, we can throw them about for fish. The box will make a good island."

"All right. Where are the fishing lines? These will do; now, get in."

They threw the shoes all over the room; boots of every description, slippers and old gaiters, and getting into the desert island, fished happily for an hour; catching sharks, whales, and even seals, besides many other sea-monsters, not known in natural history.

"I'll tell you what, Fred, it has stopped raining. Let's tie a shoe to the end of a string, and fish out of the window."

"Shoe's too heavy," answered Fred.

"Well then, something else; my collar, or your cravat, or stay—here's the very thing."

The very thing was two dainty ruffled aprons belonging to Miss Kittie, but crooked pins were soon attached to long cords, an apron fastened to each, and side by side out of the same window they fished in great harmony. The sport was interrupted by an exclamation of horror, and turning they saw Miss Leslie with astonished eyes looking around the room.

"Of all things! Where did the shoes come from, and what is this box?"

"O Miss Leslie, please don't touch the desert island, we haven't done playing yet, and we'll put the fish away after a while."

"Very well; but what is that out of the window? Kittie's clean aprons! O Kittie!" She tried to keep her face serious; but it was too funny. She laughed, and of course the children shouted.

"Well, it is real lovely of you not to scold, Miss Leslie," said Kittie; "and if you'll be kind enough to go down stairs, we will put everything in order for you; but I want to ask you one thing. Do you think mamma would let us go to the pond some day for real fish?"

"I don't know. You might fall in and drown yourselves; but I will ask her."

"Do please," begged both.

"Put away the desert island and those make-believe fish, and we shall see."

The permission was asked and granted; but Mrs. Clair sent with them a country boy who knew the way, so that they might not lose themselves in the woods.

They started on the first clear day. Fred had his trousers stuffed into his boots, a rough straw hat on his head, and a basket in his hand. Kittie's curls were tied up in a net, for fear of the Absalom mishap, and her gloves had to be sewed to her sleeves before they started, so sure was Miss Leslie that they would otherwise be of little use.

"What's your name?" asked Fred of the country boy, who waited for them at the door.

"Abe Ryse," he replied.

"Well, Abe, we'll start at once, so lead on."

Kittie nudged her brother to suggest that he had made a mistake.

"What did you punch me for, eh?"

"I didn't punch you at all, but I nudged you, to let you know that the boy's name isn't Ape, but Abe."

"Bother, what's the difference—Abe then. Is the way long, Abe?"

"Not so very. Half a mile, or more, maybe."

"Come along. Are you ready, Kittie?"

Kittie was ready, and they started, turning once or twice to wave their handkerchiefs to the group assembled on the veranda to see them off.

The way was lovely. Almost all the half mile was through a shady path in the woods, where the tall trees arched overhead, and the little glimpses of sky were so blue. Under foot the turf was soft and cool, and pretty white wild flowers and a few late violets were blooming in the path. Kittie became rather poetical.

"Oh, the summer time when the woods are green,  
And the—"

"Oh, stop your poetry," cried Fred. "Girls must always be spouting rhymes."

Kittie stopped in the middle of the line, and turned somewhat historical. "I suppose Sherwood Forest looked just like this, Fred. What good times Robin Hood must have had when he went fishing."

"Robin Hood fish?" said Fred, with much disdain; "he never fished; did he, Abe?"

Abe said he didn't know. Which was highly probable.

"He hunted, you goose," said Fred.

"Well, that's only the difference of a term, as Miss Leslie says. You have to hunt for fish, don't you?"

"But you don't fish for deer, do you?"

"How many do you think you will catch?" asked Kittie, wisely letting the subject drop.

"Oh, several dozen," replied Fred grandly.

"Guess you won't, though," said Abe.

"Like to know why not," returned Fred.

Abe grinned. "Haven't got worms enough, for one thing, and it would take a long time to catch so many dozens."

"We have all day before us. Are we near the place now?"

"Turn here, and push away the bushes as you come along," replied Abe. "Now, here we are, and ain't this a nice place to fish in?"

"Oh, lovely!" cried both the children, and indeed they were right. A mossy bank ran to the edge of a smooth lake around which grew tall old trees. The air was fragrant with sweet-briar, and the wild roses dropped their pretty pink petals into the water, where they floated off, like fairy boats.

"I wish mamma could see it," said Kittie. "It is too pretty a place to fish in. I must ask Miss Leslie to come and sketch it for us, so that we may always remember it."

Abe was searching about. "There ought to be a boat here somewheres," he said. "Father tied it to a tree, but I don't see it now. Oh, there it is. Wait here, and I'll fetch it."

Soon they floated off smoothly, the sun shining so brightly that Kittie said that it was like rowing on molten steel. But it was very warm, and their faces soon blazed like poppies, in spite of their broad straw hats. Besides, the fish did not bite quite so rapidly as Fred expected, and he began to be impatient.

"Are you sure there are any fish here at all, Abe?" he asked, after a long silence.

"Yes, lots of 'em. My father caught a big string of 'em, day 'fore yesterday, and my mother cooked some of 'em for supper. They was prime."

Thus stimulated, Fred tried on perseveringly for another hour, and then they rowed to a shady place and ate their lunch, which was nicely



packed in the basket that Fred had carried. They enjoyed the sandwiches, crackers and cake more than anything they had ever eaten, and the novelty of dipping up water out of the lake with a little tin cup was so charming that they forgot to notice that it was warm and tasted of the water weeds.

After lunch they rowed back again, and Kittie tried to fish; but with no better success than her brother, so he took back the rod and once more waited solemnly.

"I feel something now. I do, indeed," he whispered excitedly. "Yes; it feels as if I were catching something pretty big."

"Bunch of weeds at the end of your hook, most likely," said the practical Abe. But Abe was wrong, as Fred proved by jerking up a good-sized sun-fish.

"Hurrah!" cried all three at once.

"I knew it was a fish," said Fred, as he took it from the hook; "for it did pull like everything."

"Yes, it's a fish," answered Abe; "but it's only one. It ain't dozens."

Fred did not enjoy this reminder. He put on another worm with a determined face, and began again.

But all the rest of the fish seemed to have taken warning by the untimely end of their companion, and not even a suspicion of a second bite came to cheer them. Kittie and Abe watched intently and gave several false alarms; but no fish came to be caught, and the sinking sun warned them that it was time to go. They rowed back to the woods, and after Kittie had gathered a great bunch of sweet-briar for her mother and Miss Leslie, they started for home by the same path they had taken in the morning. It looked darker now, and the sky was gray between the branches where it had been so blue; the little white flowers had all closed, and the violets were heavy with dew. They were rather tired, and not quite so lively as they had been in the morning, but still highly content with their day's real fishing. Abe made some stinging remarks about "dozens," to Fred's infinite disgust; but they parted very pleasantly where the roads crossed, near home.

"We'll go again some day, if you like," said Abe; "and maybe you'll have better luck. You ain't apt to catch many the first time."

"All right," answered Fred; "we'll go again."

"There's mamma and Miss Leslie," cried Kittie. "Here we are! here we are!"

"What lovely flowers," said Mrs. Clair. "But where are the fish?"

"Oh, Fred's got it."

"Isn't he a big fellow?" said Fred proudly, "but I wish I had caught a few more."

Miss Leslie smiled and said:

"If wishes were fishes  
We'd have some fried."

"Mayn't we have this one fried?" asked Kittie.

"Certainly. Run and take it to Ann, Fred, and you two can have it for tea. We have had ours. I am glad you have had such a nice time."

"Yes, mamma; and we want to go again to catch more some time soon, may we?"

"We shall see," replied Mrs. Clair with a smile.

## CHAPTER II. THE TOURNAMENT.

"Fred," said Kittie, "let's have a tournament."  
"But how could we?"

"Let me explain. Of course I don't mean a real tournament, but a make-believe one, just to amuse ourselves. Let's make helmets and shields, and use brooms for lances. Then perhaps we might arrange the room a little, and persuade Miss Leslie to be the Queen of Beauty. She would do it, I'm sure, because she would think we were improving what we learnt in our history lessons."

"Improving in fiddle!" said Fred laughing. "Ivanhoe, you mean."

"Well, that's an historical novel, isn't it? Anyway, Miss Leslie said she would read it to us to illustrate what we were learning, when I couldn't understand about tournaments, and got Cœur de Lion mixed up with somebody else, I've forgotten who."

"But about our tournament," said Fred, throwing down the book he had been reading. "When shall we begin to make the things?"

"This is Friday, lessons are over and we can begin directly, so as to have it to-morrow. What shall we do first, the helmets?"

"No," said Fred decidedly, "the shields. And I'll tell you what; Martin shall make them."

"Splendid!" cried his sister. "Let's go down now. Come!"

They went to the barn, but Martin did not seem to be there, and after a long search they returned to the barn to wait for him, and saw him quietly emerge from behind a pile of hay.

"Why, you were here all the time," said Fred indignantly; "and you have kept us searching about everywhere."

Martin chuckled.

"You are a mean old thing!" said Kittie.

"What do ye want?" asked Martin, who was delighted at having fooled the children, and ready to be very obliging to make amends.

"Oh, we want two shields."

"What's them?"

"You just take two pieces of iron, I mean wood, and—"

"About a foot square, Martin," interrupted Fred, "and make a place for your hand to hold on at the back; that's all."

"Like an ironin' board, wid a handle?" asked the man.

"That's it," said Fred. "How soon can you do them?"

"I'll do 'em now, this minute, Master Fred."

"Well, we will come down when you have done one, and tell you if it is right. Come now, Kit, we'll go make the helmets."

Pasteboard and gray paper made very natural-looking helmets, but they did not fit very comfortably, and had to be altered several times before they suited. "It is rather becoming, I think," said Kittie, trying hers on before the glass. "But we must dangle something from the top. Knights often wore their ladies' favors on their helmets at tournaments, and besides," she added reflectively, "it would cover that crack at the top very nicely."

"Mine's done," said Fred. "Get out of the way, Kit, and let me see it. That's stunning. Now let us see what Martin is about."

Martin was busy smoothing a piece of wood when they went into the shed, and he did not see them at first.

"Where's the shield?" asked Fred.

"There!" answered Martin exultingly, handing him a piece of wood nicely planed, with a handle like the tail of a comet fastened on one end.

"That's not right," cried Fred discontentedly.

"It looks like a frying-pan," said Kittie.

"Didn't yeess tell me a bit of board wid a handle?"

"But we meant a different kind of handle, in the middle of the back—so," and Fred explained with his hands what his tongue failed to express.

"I see," said Martin; "but why didn't yeess say that first along, and not give me such trouble? I can't do all that now at all; but I'll have 'em ready to-morrow, sure."

"In the morning?"

"Yes."

"All right, then. What next, Kittie?"

"That is all we can do to-day," replied Kittie.

So they went into the library to find out all they could about tournaments.

Miss Leslie was very much surprised the next afternoon when the children requested her to assist in their play; but she consented at once, and was skillful in arranging the room for the fun.

"But what are those brooms in the corner, Kittie?" she asked, after clearing all breakable things out of the way, and setting the chairs back against the wall.

"Those are lances, not brooms, Miss Leslie. We are going to tilt with them."

"Won't you hurt yourselves?"

"Oh, no,"—began Kittie, but at this moment Sarah came in to ask Miss Leslie to step down to the parlor, as some ladies had called to see her.

"That is too bad," said Kittie. "I hope they won't stay long. We ought to have something draped over the queen's seat, Fred. There's an old red curtain up garret that I can get in a moment, and then everything will be pretty well arranged. You pile up the chairs to hang the curtain on, and I'll be back in a minute."

But the curtain took longer to find than Kittie expected, and it was dusty, so by the time it was brushed and hung over the chairs, Miss Leslie reappeared.

"All ready now?" she asked, smiling.

"All ready. You must get in here, please; there's a chair inside," answered Fred.

"But suppose these chairs each side should collapse, where should I be then?"

"Oh, they won't," said Fred; "I was careful."

"Now," said Kittie, "we shall hang this ivy wreath up here for the present, and whoever wins shall have the honor of fishing it down with the point of his lance, and crowning the queen. But by the laws of this special tourney, if the wreath falls down, the next best knight rushes in, and if he can fish it up with *his* lance, he may crown the queen."

"That's a very funny rule," said Miss Leslie.

"Out of all rule. I should think."

"But it makes more fun and scrambling, and what's the difference? This is only make-believe, after all."

"True, I had forgotten."

"We dispense with heralds, squires, and such nonsense," said Fred. "So, look out, Kittie, here I come!"

Kittie seized her broom and shield and made a desperate lunge at her brother, which he skillfully evaded by galloping to the other side of the room.

"You are a recreant knight, Fred," she said scornfully. "If you had not run away I should have tumbled you over."

"That's the reason I ran," said Fred, laughing till his sides ached. "You looked so powerful with your broom; and that thing you have dangling from your helmet looks so—so picturesque!"

It was an old gray woolen stocking that Kittie found in the garret when she went after the curtain, and she had fastened it to her helmet "for a favor," she said. She looked a little cross when Fred laughed so heartily, but when she saw Miss Leslie smiling too, she joined in the laugh. "You needn't mind, Fred," she said; "wait till you come near again, and then—beware."

They rode their imaginary steeds around the room once or twice, watching each other's movements guardedly, and then suddenly couching their lances they rushed at each other with great bravery. This time Fred knocked Kittie's shield out of her hand, but she picked it up, and suddenly turning her broom presented the broad end within a few inches of Fred's face. The idea of having the broom-straws so near his nose was too much for his courage, and he backed rapidly before the advancing foe. Kittie pursued him



around the room until he lost his balance and fell backwards.

"I cry you mercy, fair sir," he shouted, as the broom made a dash at him.

"I'm the victor; you are unhorsed," said Kittie. "Get up, sir Knight, and see how skillfully I shall fish down that wreath and crown the queen."

Fred got up rather sullenly; for it was not the ending he had expected. "I don't think that was fair, anyway, Kittie. I tripped and fell; you didn't throw me."

"Yes, I did, or the same thing. 'Twas fair, wasn't it, Miss Leslie?"

"Yes, I think it was," replied the queen from her bower.

Kittie advanced toward the wreath; but easy victory had made her careless, or her broom slipped, for down came the wreath on the floor. Fred rushed in with a shout of triumph, and a great scramble ensued.

"I am the victor now," cried Fred as he caught the wreath on the broom-straws and waved it aloft.

"But you ought to have taken it with the point of your lance, not the broad end," said Kittie, who in her turn looked rueful.

"You unhorsed me with the broad end by flourishing it in my face, brave sir, so this is just as fair. Isn't it, Miss Leslie?"

"I think so."

"Then let me crown you now," said Fred; "and that ends the tournament." For by this time they were growing tired.

Kittie struck an attitude, and with her helmet, favor, shield, and lance, looked quite imposing. Fred was placing the wreath on Miss Leslie's head when a voice at the door cried, "Largesse, largesse! brave knights!" and a shower of peppermint drops came flying over the children's heads. It was now late in the afternoon, and in the twilight the children had not seen several figures at the door.

"It is papa," cried Kittie, throwing down her lance and bounding toward the door. Fred followed as quickly, and they were both embraced by their father who had come from the city in the afternoon train, and had been enjoying the fun for some time. Mrs. Clair was at the door too, smiling, and looking pleased, and there was also a gentleman whom the children did not know.

"This is Mr. Allan," said Mrs. Clair, and he shook hands with the children as Miss Leslie emerged from the bower. She had quite a color in her cheeks as she shook hands with Mr. Allan, whom she seemed to know very well.

"Your wreath is very becoming, queen," remarked Mrs. Clair. "And now, little ones, can you clear up here, and make things look orderly before tea?"

"Oh, yes," said Kittie; "we can."

"And you may come down when you are ready," said Mr. Clair, as he left the room; "and I should not be at all surprised if I had some candy somewhere. In my pockets, perhaps."

Putting things in order after a romp is never very pleasant, and this afternoon the children found it extremely irksome.

"That's the worst of it," groaned Kittie. "one never can have a bit of fun without paying up for it." And she gave the chairs that formed the bower such a spiteful pull that they all fell together, and then she had to stoop to pick them up.

"Look here," said Fred, "make less clatter, will you? There is no need of such a noise."

"I couldn't help it; they fell," answered his sister. "But, after all, my tournament was a great success. I'm so glad I got it up."

"You didn't do it all," returned Fred.

"I thought of it first," said Kittie.

"That's nothing," replied Fred crossly. "Martin made the shields, so you might as well say he got it up."

"It's a very different thing"—began Kittie.

"It isn't," interrupted Fred.

For a moment Kittie felt angry, and a real tilt with the brooms seemed imminent, but she thought better of it.

"I'll tell you what's the matter with you, Fred," she said. "You want your tea. You are always savage when you are hungry."

"Well," answered Fred, more good-humoredly, "I am hungry, so perhaps you are right."

The children's little quarrels seldom lasted long. They loved each other so dearly that one or the other soon gave in, and then they made it up, and were better friends than ever.

"I knew you were hungry," said Kittie, when Fred began his fourth muffin at tea. "And so am I," she added, as she followed his example.

"Papa," said Fred, ignoring Kittie's remarks, "do you know any stories about knights and tournaments?"

"One or two, perhaps," his father answered; "but Mr. Allan here can tell you dozens."

"Oh, not quite so many," said that gentleman, smiling. "I will try to think of one after tea, if it would please you."

"Oh, thank you!" cried the children, for there was nothing they liked so well as a story, and there was nothing their papa dreaded so much as these continual demands upon his memory and invention.

When they went back to the drawing-room after tea Mr. Clair produced the candy, and Mr. Allan began his story. He told about Bayard, the French knight, "without fear and without reproach." Most of the story was true, and they listened very attentively. Even the grown people were sorry when it was ended.

"Oh, can't you tell us another?" asked Kittie, breathless with excitement.

"There, there," said Mr. Clair, "let Mr. Allan rest now. He can't tell such a long story as that without feeling tired. Besides, it is time you two children were in bed, after all that exercise this afternoon, or there will be sleepy eyes in church to-morrow."

"Come," said Miss Leslie, rising. So they bid good night and went off.

"I consider my papa a perfect brick," remarked Kittie, as she laid her head on the pillow, and put a peppermint-drop in her mouth.

"Kittie!" exclaimed Miss Leslie, "where did you ever get such an expression?"

"Why, Martin says it," replied Kittie. "He called Bill a brick the other day when he got the hoe for him."

"But it is very unladylike, my dear. It may do well enough for Martin or Bill to use such a word; but you would not expect your mother or me to say it, would you?"

"Well, no," answered Kittie, "when you put it in that way. But I thought it was—well, expressive."

"You may say that you think your papa the kindest in the world, which is just as expressive and much more elegant."

"Which do you think the best-looking, papa or Mr. Allan?" demanded Kittie, bouncing off from the subject, as was her habit.

Miss Leslie blushed. "That is a matter of taste, Kittie, but go to sleep now, you have talked enough. Good night."

"Good night," answered Kittie, and Miss Leslie went down stairs.

The children's rooms joined, and the door between was generally left open at night. Kittie tried to go to sleep, but somehow she could not.

"Are you asleep, Fred?" she called at last.

"Pretty near," said a muffled voice in the other room.

"I can't get to sleep at all," moaned Kittie.

"And I'm getting the figdets."

A snore was the only reply.

Kittie rolled restlessly about for some time, and then rose and went to the window. Just below was the garden, and the air was fragrant with the summer flowers. Further off were the woods where they had gone fishing, and they looked gloomy and vast in the darkness. To the left was a range of blue hills, and above the full moon was shining from behind white, fleecy clouds. Kittie looked out a long time, and was just going back to bed when she heard voices in the garden. Presently she saw Miss Leslie and Mr. Allan walking together in the moonlight, and she found this so interesting that she stayed a little longer, and wondered if they were having a nice time. "I wish I were there, too," she thought; and then she felt very chilly and ran back to bed, and was soon asleep, dreaming that Mr. Allan was the Chevalier Bayard, and that he took a wreath from a wall with the point of a lance, which suddenly turned into a broom, and as he placed the wreath on Miss Leslie's head, she said, "This is not ivy, but peppermint candy," and then Fred ate the wreath up.

(To be continued.)

## Archers and Archery.

BY RALPH BRAKESPERE.

"Amonge the wyldere dere, such an archere  
As men say that ye be,  
He may not fayle of good vitayle,  
Where is so great plenté;  
And water clere of the rivere,  
Shall be full swete to me,  
With which in hele I shall right wele  
Endure, as ye may see."—*Old Ballad.*

THE summer is at hand; and anon there is heard in many a leafy wood and shady glade the musical twang of the bow, the rapid whish of the arrow, the dull, percussive pound of the feathered shaft striking home, and a happy blending of voices as some merry party greets each shot with cries of "A fluke!" or "A clout!"

To many, croquet is the prosaic personified; lawn tennis is fatiguing; billiards are essentially an indoor game; but of all sports or amusements adapted for both sexes, archery is pre-eminently superior. There is more poetry in a single archery bout than in a whole season's croquet. What more aggravating to a pretty woman than to be compelled to stand listlessly looking on, while a hated rival is, figuratively speaking, knocking you all over the field? Or, equally annoying, to be tied to an incompetent partner who is never where he should be, and invariably where he should not be. But the toxophilite has no such annoyances. He or she shines, each according to merit, with all the radiance that successful skill can bestow. And then the romance of the thing! You are engaged in a sport that is as old, almost, as the memory of man on this planet; a sport that is inextricably bound up with some of our most thrilling historical reminiscences. You stand, perchance, in a woodland glade, one of nature's courts, as Robin Hood, and Locksley, and Maid Marian once stood. And then, again, the delightful tête-à-têtes, and the thousand and one delicate attentions that a thoughtful cavalier can offer through the happy excuses of a bow to be restrung, a quiver to be replenished, or a point given as to the set of the wind!

But this woodland sport is valuable for something besides all I have just enumerated. There



is no other pastime which displays the human form to as great advantage, or that so cultivates grace, strength and symmetry. Instead of stooping over a stupid mallet, or twisting yourself into all sorts of contortions over cushion shots and caroms, the disciple of old Roger Ascham stands erect, feet firmly planted on the green sward, every muscle and nerve tense and alert, with glowing cheeks, and with a heart that bounds to the joyous twang of the lance-wood or ash bow. Enthusiastic, you say? Yes, and justly so, I think; and so is every true archer. But my enthusiasm has carried me further than I intended. I set out to give some account of the rise and growth of Archers and Archery, and it is time I began.

In Grecian mythology the invention of archery is ascribed to Apollo, who communicated it to the Cretans. A more authentic account rather ascribes it to some one of the warlike races that inhabited the southwestern corner of Asia. In the book of Genesis we learn that Ishmael became an archer; this we know to have been about 1982 B. C., nearly two thousand years before Christ, certainly a quite respectable antiquity. Archers are mentioned time and time again in the Old Testament. Thus, the Philistine archers overcame Saul about 1055 B. C., and King David commanded the use of the bow to be taught to all the male youth of his time. The arrow figured largely in the literature of antiquity, as is seen by the fact that some of the finest images of Scripture are founded upon the rushing, death-dealing shaft, and by the fact that the cuneiform characters in which most of the Syriac, Chaldaic, and Egyptian writing was done, were modeled after barbed arrow-heads. In fact, the bow and arrow were the chief weapons in war in the early years of the world's history. When Philip of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great, was besieging Methone, he was struck in the right eye by an arrow bearing the inscription, "From Aster of Amphipolis—aimed at Philip's right eye!" Philip had, it appears, slighted Aster at a previous siege. Now, however, the valiant warrior plucked out the shaft with his own hand and sent it back to Aster with the words, "If Philip take the town, Aster shall be hanged!" The town was taken, and the conqueror kept his word.

The English early acquired the use of the bow, at what date is not known, but certainly prior to 440 A. D., and they soon surpassed other nations in the dexterity with which they used the weapon, and also in the size of the implement. The English long-bow was six feet long and the arrow three feet, and the usual range was from three hundred to five hundred yards. But Robin Hood is said to have shot eight hundred yards, on very good authority.

Harold and his two brothers were killed by arrows at the battle of Hastings, 1066, and three centuries later the use of the bow had not declined, for we learn that the battles of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt were both won mainly by the English archers, 1346-1415.

In 1515 there was born in Yorkshire, England, that Roger Ascham after whom so many archery clubs are named.

He became a very fine classical scholar, and was in 1548 made tutor and master of languages to the Princess Elizabeth. His leisure hours were devoted to music, penmanship, and archery, and in defense of the latter he wrote a treatise entitled *Toxophilus, the School of Shooting*, which was published in 1571. The pure style of this, independently of its other merits, ranks it among the classical pieces of English literature, and, having dedicated it to Henry VIII., he was rewarded with a pension for life.

Stories of the great dexterity acquired by the archers of old in the use of their weapons abound in plenty. Thus, for example, we are informed

on pretty good authority that at a competition in manly sports over which King John of England presided, the famous Locksley cleft in twain a willow wand no thicker than a man's thumb at a distance of a hundred yards. This fully equals that feat of William Tell's, regarding which so much doubt has been expressed of late years. There is, however, a story told of Harold of England, the last Saxon king, which for coolness of nerve fully equals that related of William Tell. While on his visit to the court of William of Normandy he was entertained with a show of feats of arms, in return for which, and to show his own skill, he requested the duke to cause ten of his most trusted archers to take their stand four-score yards from a given tree, around which Harold offered to slowly walk, with no armor on his body, and armed only with his shield and sword, while the ten archers were to shoot at any exposed part of his person which he might leave uncovered with his shield. At first the duke demurred at his guest so exposing himself, but Harold laughingly responded that it was but the usual risk of a hotly-contested battle. So the archers took up their position, William being one of their number, and Harold stood before the tree. The first volley consisted of three shafts whizzing toward different parts of his body; but by an almost lightning-like rapidity the human target shifted his great shield, and the arrows fell shattered to the ground. The next volley consisted of five, and it seemed to the spectators that only by a miracle could the earl escape. But once again the rain of barbed points fell harmless. But now Duke William himself and another step to the mark, the duke with his great bow that no man in Europe could bend. As though shot by one aim the two arrows sped on their way, and the gallant earl, darting forward to meet them, caught one on his shield while with his sword he cleft the other in twain in mid-air.

One of the most interesting factors in all speculations concerning the ethnology of the North American aborigines is, among other things, the fact that the early voyagers found them expert in the use of the bow. By many this has been interpreted to signify a common origin with some of the Asiatic tribes of the old world.

And now, in closing, a few words respecting a

matter that is very imperfectly appreciated, even among true lovers of the sylvan sport—that of dress. The rules of archery can be readily found in the many hand-books published on the subject; but, so far as the experience of the writer goes, no attempt has hitherto been made toward indicating what a correct archery costume should be. Indeed, truth to tell, there are no fixed rules, except the universal one of good taste; but sweet simplicity should reign supreme. Gay colors are not absolutely out of place, though tints that harmonize with the surroundings are much to be preferred; but above all have a simple costume—close-fitting, walking length, and as few outside pockets and trimmings as possible. A hat to shade the eyes is most acceptable, because even when your shooting ground is under the shade of trees, which is not always attainable, there are sure to be glints and gleams of sunshine athwart the range that will disconcert all but a practiced toxophilite.

In the revival of out-door sports which we have witnessed during the last year or two, it is to be sincerely hoped that archery will find a prominent place. In England, and to a less extent in this country, it is largely enjoyed by the best society—both sexes finding in it that relaxation without fatigue that would seem to distinguish it pre-eminently above all other out-door sports. Let us hope that the fields and woods of this country may yet resound with the voices of "meriy men and maidens," and that its votaries may ever sing with Robin Hood

"A merrier man than I, belyve,  
There lives not in Christentie!"

### Answer to Illustrated Rebus in June.

BE GRATEFUL FOR ALL KIND ACTIONS DONE YOU.

SPEAK WELL.—Never speak ill of your neighbors, for it is certain that nine times out of ten we are nearer the truth in thinking well of persons than ill.



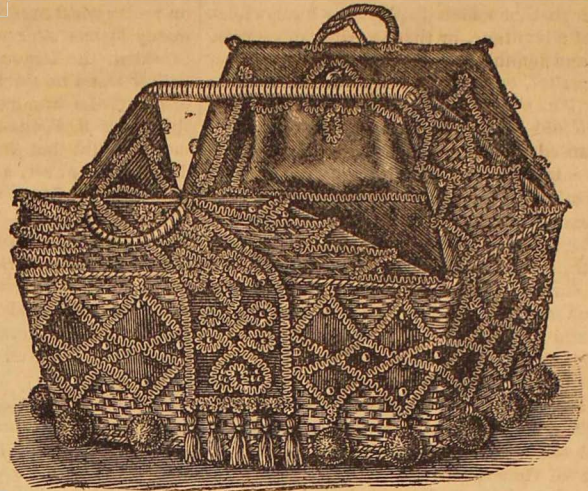
ILLUSTRATED REBUS—SOLUTION IN OUR NEXT.





**Ornamental Basket for Bathing Clothes.**

BASKET of wicker-work lined with navy blue cloth, which is turned over on the outside of the basket, and cut in vandykes. Round the vandykes a pale blue mohair gimp is arranged, and the ends of each vandyke are finished off with a ball of blue wool. The straight piece of blue cloth down the center of the basket is ornamented with a pattern braided in the gimp, and with small buttons. At the lower edge it has a row of blue tassels. Inside the basket is fitted with flaps and pockets of different sizes. Almost any shaped basket can be used, providing it has a wide opening at the top.

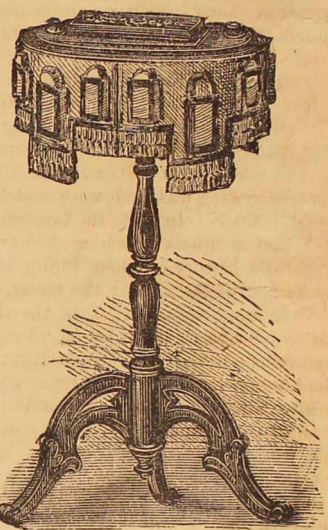


**Work-bag.**

MADE ANY SIZE DESIRED.

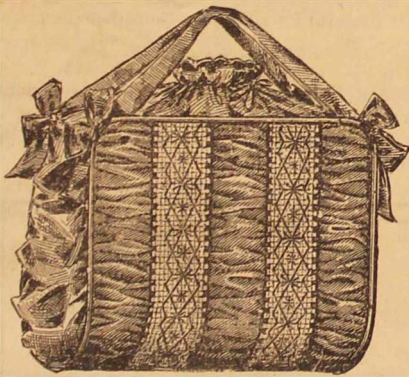
TAKE a large box cover for the foundation, cover one side of it with paper muslin; then make for the outside alternate strips of puffed satin and Java canvas worked with floss. Fasten it on the cardboard, and bend it in shape to form the bag. Then at the ends make a puff of satin, and a ruffle at the top with a drawing string or elastic. The handles are of wide satin ribbon finished at the ends with large full bows.

ton-hole stitch bonnet wire just in between the silks, then fasten it to the frame here and there with coarse button-hole twist.



**Hair-receiver and Catchall.**

THE foundation is a large tin drinking cup. The cup is covered with Java canvas, and worked in cross-stitch or any design the worker may prefer. Draw the canvas tightly over the cup, first turning in the edges. The top is made of satin, and drawn up with a cord and tassel. The handle is covered on both sides with the canvas, and bound or button-hole stitched together at the edges. Finish top and bottom with a bow of satin ribbon.



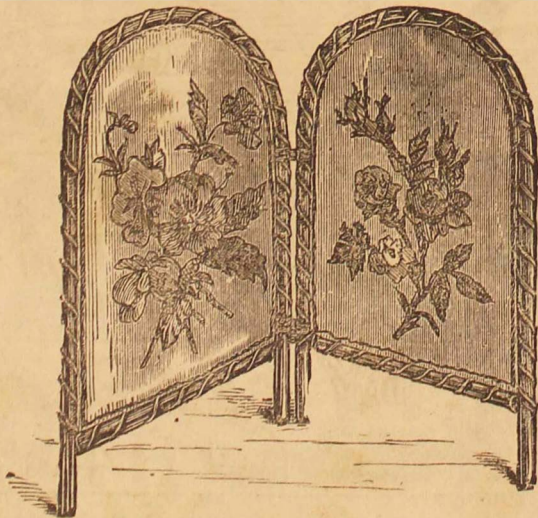
WORK-BAG.

**Lamp-screen.**

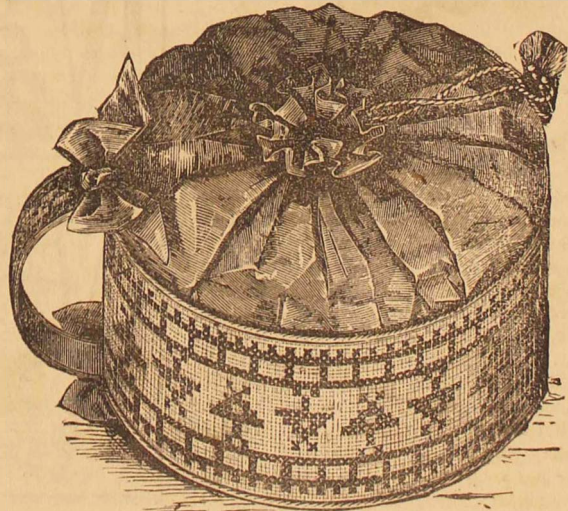
IF the frames are not procurable, have one made of heavy wire, and gild it with liquid gold, or simply twist it over with ribbon. The centers are made of silk and painted in water colors or decalcomanied. It is necessary that the silk should be double. Turn in the edges all round, and but-

**Lambrequin for Table in Bedroom.**

MADE of cretonne, cut in sections so it will not hang stiffly. The pockets are filled a trifle at the bottom to allow the brushes or articles to drop clear down. The trimming is of black velvet and colored braids, and the edges finished with a fancy worsted fringe. Attach it to the table with black velvet and brass-headed nails.



LAMP-SCREEN.



HAIR-RECEIVER AND CATCHALL.



## DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

**A Want of Care** does more damage than a want of knowledge—DR. FRANKLIN.

**Be Generous.**—When you bury an old animosity, never mind putting up a tombstone.

**Good Counsel.**—Let reason lead thee, let authority move thee, let truth enforce thee.

BISHOP JEWEL.

**Idleness.**—Idleness is the dead sea which swallows up all virtues, and is the self-made sepulcher of a living man.—DR. JOHNSON.

**Good Manners.**—Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something to everybody, and everything to some.

**The Mote and the Beam.**—We must not roughly smash other people's idols because we know, or think we know, that they are of cheap human manufacture.—HOLMES.

**Charity.**—The charities that soothe, and heat, and bless, lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.—WORDSWORTH.

**Strength of Cheerfulness.**—Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance.—CARLYLE.

**Consistency.**—

Show me the one that has it in his power, To act consistent with himself an hour. POPE.

**Companionship.**—No human being can be isolated and self-sustained. The strongest and bravest and most helpful have yet, acknowledged or unacknowledged to themselves, moments of hungry soul-yearnings for companionship and sympathy.

**For Young Readers Especially.**—Be not ashamed of a humble parentage or an humble occupation; be not ashamed of poverty, or even of a small amount of natural endowments; but be ashamed of misspent time and misdirected talents. Be always ashamed of vice. *A wicked man cannot be truly brave or noble.*

**The Dread of Evil.**—

Be lord of thy own minds;  
The dread of evil is the worst of ills;  
Half of the ills we hoard within our hearts  
Are ills because we hoard them.

B. W. PROCTOR.

**The Truth.**—It is not always the truth which an inquirer disbelieves, but the angles and refractions through which minds differently constituted have come at the truth. Give him time, and do not badger him with hard names, and he will often discover truth through lenses and prisms of his own making.

**A Happy Man.**—Happy is the man whose life has verified, as so many lives have verified, the words of the Apostle Paul, "Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience hope." This is to have the soul take root in the midst of earthly trial and trouble, and blossom forth in the beauty and strength of an immortal hope.

**Sympathy.**—After all, our great want in social life is a deeper and a wider sympathy. This it is which enables us to see with another's vision, and to appreciate another's instincts. Without merging a particle of our own individuality, we may so fairly put ourselves in the place of our friend, as to feel how natural it is for him to speak, or to act as he does.

**Listen.**—Stones are hard, and cakes of ice are cold, and all who feel them feel alike; but the good or bad events which fortune bring upon us are felt according to the qualities that we—not they—possess. They are in themselves indiffer-

ent and common accidents, and they acquire strength by nothing but our vice or our weakness. Fortune cannot dispense either felicity or infelicity, unless we co-operate with her.—*Bolingbroke.*

**Our Great Want.**—Our great want in social life is a deep and wide sympathy. This it is which enables us to see with another's vision and to appreciate another's instincts. Without merging a particle of our own individuality, we may so fairly put ourselves in the place of our friend as to feel how natural it is for him to speak or to act as he does. Sympathy like this is the only true preventive of those clashes and discords which mar the happiness and sully the purity of friendship.

**Value of Example.**—Men may preach, and the world will listen; but profit comes by example. A parent inculcates gentleness in his children by many sound precepts; but they see him treat a dumb animal in a very harsh manner, and, in consequence, his instructions are worse than lost, for they are neither heeded nor respected. His example as a gentle and humane man would have been sufficient for his children without one word of command.

**A Word to Girls.**—Beware of the man who does not know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind the cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter. When you want a husband, go find somebody who will give you at least some chance to be happy far into the life beyond the honeymoon.

**For the Benefit of the Family.**—One of the greatest evils known in the family circle is the disrespect so frequently shown between members, one to another, in speech, action and dress. The gruff "Yes" or "No" of husband to wife, in answer to a pleasant query, leads to unpleasant consequences, and begets a cold, calculating style of address on either side, which sooner or later is adopted by the younger members, and the love and affection which should dwell within is dispelled like dew before the morning sun.

**The Essence of Falsehood.**—It should be pointed out with continual earnestness, says Ruskin, that the essence of lying is in deception, not in words. A lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence; and all these kinds of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded; so that no form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived, because the deception was by gesture or silence instead of utterance; and, finally, according to Tennyson's trenchant line, "A lie which is half a truth is ever the worst of lies."

**Conversation.**—He alone can become a truly accomplished conversationalist who is gifted with a kind heart; and such a person will always take pleasure in conquering the painful diffidence of others, and in breaking through the limits which separate them from "life." Many persons suffer most unjustly under the imputation of having nothing to say, when the truth is that few comparative strangers have ever conversed much with them. It will be found, that in most cases these silent persons are far better worth knowing than the majority of chattering of commonplace trifles. If you are so unfortunate as to feel a tremor at the thought of encountering strangers in society, remember that they simply form a collection of persons with whom you would have no difficulty in conversing singly. If you are conscious of possessing general information equal to that of those whom you expect to meet, venture confidently and calmly on the ordeal. You will soon find it is like learning to swim—that there is no difficulty which is not imaginary.

## SPICE BOX

**Really very good!**—An appeal to the understanding.—"Wipe your feet."

**Here's a Conundrum.**—Why is a lame dog like an inclined plane?

Because he's a slow pup (slope up)!

**Another.**—Why does a sculptor die one of the most horrible deaths?

Because he makes faces and busts!

**Sunday School Teacher.**—"You must recollect that all I am telling you happened one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine years ago." Pupil: "Lor', miss, how the time do slip away!"

**Just so.**—"The moon is always just the same," he said languidly, "and yet I find some new beauty in it." "It's just so with the theater," she answered. He took the hint, and brought tickets for two.

**All He Left.**—Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at table): "Well, John, you see that when I have finished eating I always leave the table." John: "Yes, sir; and that is all you do leave."

**A Poser.**—"Why is your hair so gray, mamma?" Mamma: "Well, because you're such a naughty child sometimes." Infant Prodigy: "What a naughty child you must have been! Poor grandma's hair is quite white!"

**Reckless Infant.**—A little bit of a girl wanted more and more buttered toast, till she was told too much would make her ill. Looking wistfully at the plate for a moment, she thought she saw a way out of the difficulty, and exclaimed, "Well, give me annuzer piece and send for the doctor."

**Had he? He had.**—"I say, old fellow, you haven't got a half dollar about you that you don't know what to do with, have you?" "There's one." "Thanks—but, hallo, I say, do you know it's bad?" "You asked me for one I didn't know what to do with!"

**A Moral Forecast.**—A little fellow lately asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait till he was older. "Well," was his shrewd suggestion in response, "you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

**Why certainly!**—Being called to account for the statement that a certain meeting was "a large and respectable one," when only one other person besides himself was present, a reporter insisted that what he had set down was literally true; "for," said he, "I was large and the other man was respectable."

**Nothing Personal.**—Meeting Fogg, says Boggs, "What is good for a sty?" Replies Fogg, with startling promptness, "A pig." But noticing now an inflamed eye on Boggs's face, and that the face had also become somewhat inflamed, he hastens to add, "Nothing personal, Boggs; nothing personal," which was eminently thoughtful on his part, and perfectly satisfactory, perhaps, to Boggs.

**"Pretty Oaths that are not Dangerous."**—A little five-year-old boy was being instructed in morals by his mother. The lady told him that all such terms as "By golly!" "By jingo!" "By thunder!" etc., were only minced oaths, and but little better than other profanity. In fact, she said, he could tell a profane oath by the prefix "by"—all such were oaths. "Well, then, mamma," said the little hopeful, "there's a big oath in the newspaper—'By Telegraph.'"



## What Women are Doing.

The Duchess of Marlborough receives the Order of Victoria and Albert. A graceful and well-deserved act of recognition on the part of her "Most Gracious Majesty."

Miss Georgiana Trotter has been elected as a member of the school-board at Bloomington, Ill.

Mrs. Julia Atzroth, of Florida, has raised the first coffee grown in the open air in this country, so far as known.

Mrs. A. H. H. Stuart is president of the Board of Immigration of Washington Territory.

Miss Mary Ellis has returned from a long absence in Europe, and resumes at once her old position as Lady Principal of Iowa College at Grinnell.

Mme. Halevy, the widow of the distinguished composer, has presented to the Opéra Comique a bust of her husband, carved by herself.

Mme. Auclerc and eight other women have just written to their respective prefects declining to pay their taxes until allowed to vote.

Jeanne Bonaparte studies at the Ecole Nationale de Dessin, and an engraving and a medallion by her were admitted to the Salon last year.

Mrs. F. E. Benedict, fashion editress of the Weekly *Item*, has become one of the proprietors and editor of Custer's *Journal of Fashion*.

"Missy" a new novel, is by the author of "Rutledge," and is published by G. W. Carleton & Co. The popularity of "Rutledge" bespeaks for it attention.

Miss Mary McHenry, and Mrs. Mary V. Burt, were "illustrated" in the latest number of the Philadelphia "Woman's Words."

Mrs. Scott-Siddons has gone to England to engage a company, and will return to America in September, to produce a new play called "Queen and Cardinal."

Mrs. Caroline A. Soulé has succeeded after a year's hard work in establishing the first Universalist Church in Glasgow, Scotland.

The Princess Vicovaro Bolognetti Cenor (by birth Miss Lorillard Spencer, of New York) has been appointed Lady of the Palace to the Queen of Italy.

Mme Sainton-Dolby has produced a new and very beautiful cantata, based upon Adelaide Proctor's fine poem of "The Faithful Soul," which lends itself well to musical illustration.

For the first time in the history of the Royal Academy, the Queen used the royal prerogative as head of the institution, and granted Mrs. Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) extension of time, in order that her pictures might be placed in the Spring Exhibition.

Home for Working Gentlewomen.—The London Home for Unemployed and Daily Governesses, at 31 Colville Square, W., which was about to be closed for want of funds, is to be continued for another year through the liberality of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts who has contributed £70 for this purpose. It is the only institution which meets the necessities of this special class of working gentlewomen.

A Russian Translation of Poe.—Mrs. MacGahan, widow of the late Mr. MacGahan, the well-known special war correspondent, is engaged upon a Russian translation of the poems and stories of Edgar Allen Poe. The work, which will fill three volumes, will appear in the course of a few months. Mrs. MacGahan is a Russian lady.

Mrs. Mary Wheatland, of Bersted, Sussex, earns her own living, and supports her family, as a bathing attendant, and in that capacity has saved thirteen lives during the past twenty years;

besides rescuing many more from perilous positions.

The Leicester Liberal (England) Club has decided, on the application of Mrs. P. A. Taylor, to admit ladies as members of its club. Mrs. Taylor and two or three other ladies in the town have joined, or will shortly join it.

Flower Painting.—Mrs. Langley Moore is at present at work on two panels of flowers, one of azaleas and the other a wreath of pansies, both of which show splendid work. The latter promises to be one of the best and most realistic pieces of flower-painting ever shown in New York. The soft, intense colors of the blossoms have been caught and fastened to the canvas with absolute truth, not a tone or shade of the velvety depth of the petals being wanting. The drawing is very conscientiously done.

Colossal Advertising.—What an immense advertising scheme Sarah Bernhardt concocted! What a terrible amount of rumors fly around about this artist! In one paper we read that Wallack has engaged her for one hundred representations at \$1,000 for each performance; in another that Schwab, of Boston, has taken her for forty performances at \$20,000; another that she will go to England to remain, and still another that she has retired from the stage and will devote herself entirely to her brush and chisel. After all, who cares what she does? Certainly injure herself irrevocably in the public estimation.

"Modern Extravagance."—Miss Emily Faithfull proposes the coming season to give her lecture on "Modern Extravagance: its cause and cure." She will arrive in America early in September. This lecture has made a marked impression in England, and we commend it to the attention of lecture committees as one eminently fit to be heard.

A Noteworthy Marriage is that of the Princess Frederica, of Hanover, and Baron Remmingen. For his sake she refused more than one advantageous match. She would have him, she said, or remain single. It is said—and the story is good enough to be true—that when Prince Leopold began to show something more to her than a mere friendly attachment she determined to appeal to him as the favorite son of the Queen. She told him her story and asked his aid. Like a true knight he devoted himself to her cause. He urged his mother until she caught her son's enthusiasm; he arranged matters which without him would have been difficult; he turned her critics into her partisans; and so it comes about that the sister of a crownless king is able with even something like pomp to "marry for love."

Sarah M. Perkins, who is preaching in Vermont, has the honor of having given two daughters as valedictorians to two successive graduating classes at Vassar College.

Mrs. Booth recently gave an address at Steinway Hall, London, on Aggressive Christianity. Lord Kinnaid, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaid, Mr. Gurney Sheppard, and other prominent men were on the platform.

Women Guardians in London.—Last year Mrs. Amelia Howell was elected one of the St. Pancras Poor Law Guardians for No. 2 Ward. This year she was opposed because she was not a resident of the ward, nevertheless, she was re-elected at the top of the poll. Miss S. W. Andrews, a resident, was also elected, coming in second.

Mrs. Augusta Barnes, wife of Prof. Barnes, principal of the public schools at Stanton, Mich., and herself a teacher, was elected township superintendent of schools in Sidney township, receiving the largest vote of any candidate on the ticket.

Miss Mary A. Lathbury, of Orange, has written a beautiful new "Hymn of the Home Protectionists," to the tune of "The Watch on the

Rhine," the famous German battle hymn. It is literal "poetic justice" for the women to sing their sentiments to the tune of their beer-drinking friends!

Women Inspectors of Prisons.—In a paper published in Rome, we find the following notice:—"The Government of Saxony has taken the initiative in introducing a measure which has had full success; namely, the employment of women in penitentiary establishments."

Mlle. Blanche Pierson, of the Vaudeville, Paris, has sent a picture to the Salon, another evidence that the artistic faculty is not confined to one mode of expression.

Miss Genevieve Ward, if she was not so fine an actress, would be an artist in stone. She has completed a much-admired bust of her father, and is now engaged upon one of herself, which she will bring with her to this country in the fall.

Her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Germany has become an honorary member of the Institute of Painters in water colors. At the time of the Crimean War, as Princess Royal of England, she exhibited a picture which excited considerable interest at the time, but since then she has been constantly at practice under able instructors in Germany, and has made great progress. Her Imperial Highness has, it is stated, expressed her willingness to exhibit at the exhibitions of the society.

Mere Carlo Serena is giving lectures in Paris upon her travels and adventures. The lady is the wife of an Italian insurance agent, residing in London, and during the past seven years she has explored the entire world, having visited Sweden, Norway, Syria, Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Caucasia, Persia, and Afghanistan, returning to London by Russia. She speaks eight languages, and is a member of the Geographical Society of Vienna, being the first lady on whom this honor has been conferred. She is still quite young, and has not renounced the excitement of her wandering life, but will shortly leave for the United States, whence she will start out to travel through the American continent.

Mrs. Mary Wray Jackson, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Jackson, President of Trinity College, died in Hartford, Conn., on March 13th. She was a Miss Cobb, of Boston, and was married to Dr. Jackson before he returned to Hartford in 1867 to assume the presidency of Trinity. Since his death she has been active in Christian work, and a devoted friend of the college. She secured for it her husband's library, and also founded the philosophical prize in accordance with his wishes, besides giving another prize for proficiency in French.

Young American Artists in Paris.—Miss Ellen E. Greatorex has sent this year to the Paris Salon a sketch painted by her as a souvenir of Grez—an old peasant woman standing in the sunlight. Miss K. H. Greatorex has for the Salon an aquarelle, a study of flowers. She is a pupil of the celebrated George Jeannin, "the flower painter of the epoch" as he is sometimes called. The mother of these two young ladies is the celebrated etcher, Mrs. Eliza Greatorex, of New York, well known to all Americans by her many etchings of "Old New York," and local scenes in the vicinity. Mrs. Greatorex is now engaged on an important series of etchings.

A Ladies' Reading-Room.—A new enterprise, which is not to be *un fait accompli* until fall, but for which subscribers' names have been obtained, and all the preliminaries definitely settled, is a "Reading-Room" in a central and fashionable part of New York City, supplied with all the leading newspapers and periodicals, foreign and domestic, and affording all the advantages of a club to ladies and gentlemen, except the restau-



rant, at \$5 per year. The membership is not indiscriminate. It will start with a selected and invited membership, and subsequent accessions will have to be introduced by members. The rooms will be elegant, and facilities will be afforded for writing letters, sending dispatches and receiving communications.

The idea is an excellent one, and it has met with a cordial response. It will doubtless start under the very best auspices.

**A Society in San Francisco.**—The object of the "Knights and Ladies of Honor," independent of the fraternal and social features, is to provide a society where the wives, mothers, widows, unmarried sisters or daughters (over eighteen years of age) of the Knights of Honor may meet, and also to guarantee the payment of \$1,000 at death to such as desire it, or, if preferred, they can become social or honorary members without death benefits. Assessments are graded from thirty cents to \$1, and applicants are admitted from eighteen to fifty-five years of age. The particular difference between it and other organizations is the death guaranty of \$1,000 to ladies.

**Women's Work in Germany.**—The *Tagwacht* of Berlin describes the different kinds of work performed by women in various parts of Germany. They saw and split wood; they carry on their heads water, wood, coal, sand, and stones; on the farms they plow, harrow, mow, and thrash the crops; they help to build houses, carrying the bricks up the ladders; in the large cities they sweep the streets; and besides all that, they perform their ordinary housework. In times of war many of them are found on the battlefield, though their occupation there is of a more peaceful character than that performed by their mothers of the Pagan era; they prepare meals, mend soldiers' uniforms, and nurse the sick.

**Lillie Devereux Blake**, New York, N. Y.; Elizabeth L. Saxon, New Orleans, La.; Sara Andrews Spencer, Washington, D. C., have issued an address in which they say that women are now voting on education, the bulwark of the State, in Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Colorado, California, Oregon, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New York. And women are voting on all questions in Wyoming and Utah.

**The French of an American Actress.**—Mr. Regnier, of the Comédie Française, has written a letter to Miss Geneviève Ward encouraging her to persevere in her determination to play French comedy in London. He warns her against the folly of being too sensitive under newspaper criticism. "If your censors would only go and hear you," he says, "they would acknowledge that you speak French like myself, or, rather, like a Parisian, and you would get all the praise you merit."

**The Philadelphia Academy.**—The recipient of the prize of \$100, from the Mary Smith fund, given this year for the second time by the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, is Mrs. C. A. Janvier, whose figure piece named "Old-fashioned Music" has commended itself to the Exhibition Committee as the best painting by a resident Philadelphian lady artist, for qualities ranking as follows, and according with the original terms of the award: First, originality of subject; second, beauty of design or drawing; third, color and effect; and lastly, execution. The decision made was not without much of previous favorable comment upon other paintings of good art value, and comparing well with "Old-fashioned Music."

**Farm Schools for Girls.**—One of the chief is near Rouen, which is said to have been begun with a capital of one franc, by a Sister of Charity and two little discharged prisoner girls, and to be now

worth \$160,000. The establishment has now three hundred girls from six to eighteen. The farm, entirely cultivated by them, is over four hundred acres in extent. Twenty-five Sisters form the staff of teachers. More than one medal of the French Agricultural Society has been awarded to this establishment at Darnetel, and the pupils are in great demand all over Normandy on account of their skill. They go out as stewards, gardeners, farm managers, dairy women and laundresses. Each girl has, on leaving, an outfit and a small sum of money, earned in spare hours. If they want a home they can always return to Darnetel, which they are taught to regard as home.

**Miss Gifford, an Approved Minister** of the Society of Friends, has charge of the Quaker congregation in Newport, R. I. Her work among the poor of the city, especially among laboring men and boatmen, has been remarkably blessed. She is small in person, with short hair and fair complexion, and very ready and eloquent in speech. She has, in common with many of her sect, quite discarded the use of Quaker dress.

**Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake** makes the novel suggestion that "police-women" are needed at police stations in New York. She bases her reason on the fact that at least 300 women are nightly "run in," and that if any of these are crazy, ill or require any attendance, that now it is men who must attend them. She says further that such is now the case in Saxony.

**Mrs. G. W. Quinby**, of Augusta, Maine, who has for several years served so efficiently as a member of the Visiting Committee, has been appointed trustee, in response to a general request, amounting almost to a demand, of the State Lunatic asylum, and in accordance with a bill passed by the Legislature, providing that one of the six trustees of the insane hospital shall be a woman.

**Mrs. Betsy Abercrombie**, who died in Laurens County, S. C., recently, was a widow. Her daughter Sally is a widow, and Sally's daughter Polly is also a widow with a grown daughter, making four generations and three widows who lived in the same house. The two younger ladies did all the field work, plowing and hoeing the crops. They have made good crops and supported themselves since the war by their own labor.

**Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge**, the author, is now fifty-seven years old. She is a woman devoted to religious work. The profits of her book the "Daisy Chain," amounting to \$10,000, she used in building a missionary college at Auckland, N. Z.; while a large portion of those derived from "The Heir of Redelyfe" went to the equipment of the late Bishop Selwyn's missionary schooner, "The Southern Cross."

**Kate Greenaway's** lovely Christmas book, "Under the Window," has been among the greatest of recent successes. Though but little more than six months old the sales are said to exceed 150,000 copies. The edition originally sent to this country was ten thousand. These were all sold within a few weeks, and the recent American edition of twenty thousand is now selling. The book has been printed also in German, French, Spanish and Russian.

**Marian Harland** is about forty-seven years old, has a husband, who is a fine scholar, and an eloquent preacher, and several children. She has written one dozen novels, beginning with "Alone," and ending with "My Little Love." She has also published three volumes on house-keeping, which have had a sale of 100,000 copies. Her works have all been reprinted in England, and some of them translated into French and German. The influence of her works has, without exception, been for the moral and spiritual elevation of her sex, and she worthily deserves the title

of "The American Mulock," which has been applied to her.

**Registered English Medical Practitioners.**—Elizabeth Blackwell, Hastings, Sussex.

Mrs. Anderson, M.D., L.S.A., 4 Upper Berkeley Street, W.

Miss Walker Dunbar, M.D., L.K.Q.C.P.I., 4 Buckingham Villas, Clifton, Bristol.

Mrs. Hoggan, M.D., L.K.Q.C.P.I., 7 Trevor Terrace, S.W.

Miss Sophia Jex-Blake, M.D., L.K.Q.C.P.I., 4 Manor House, Edinburgh.

Mrs. Atkins, M.D., L.K.Q.C.P.I., 68 Abbey Road, N.W.

Miss Edith Pechey, M.D., L.K.Q.C.P.I., 4 Warwick Villas, Leeds.

Miss Barker, M.D., L.K.Q.C.P.I., 7 Calthorpe Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Miss Ann Clark, M.D., L.K.Q.C.P.I., Children's Hospital, Birmingham.

Miss Agnes McLaren, M.D., L.K.Q.C.P.I., 5 Manor Place, Edinburgh.

Miss Anna Dahms, M.D., L.K.Q.C.P.I., 24 Ducie Street, Manchester.

Miss Waterson, L.K.Q.C.P.I., Livingstonia, Africa.

Miss Ker, L.K.Q.C.P.I., Berne.

Miss Eliza Foster McDonogh, M.D., L.K.Q.C.P.I., 4 Warwick Villas, Leeds.

Mrs. Marshall, M.D., L.K.Q.C.P.I., 42 Ladbrooke Grove, W.

The four sisters Montalbas, friends and fellow-workers of the Princess Louise—have a studio at Campden Hill, Kensington. The inscription "studio" and an arrow pointing guides the visitor to a courtyard, on the other side of which is a door covered with drawn curtains. Entering here, we found ourselves in the studio where the four sisters work together. All around are traces of the genius that has placed Clara Montalba in the foremost rank of sea and landscape painters. Above the door are bold charcoal sketches of the Thames—boats, bridges, and barges, in strong effects of light and shade. On the walls are dainty studies done in Venice, Naples, or Sweden—here a hasty jotting down of San Marco, flashing in the sunrise; there a twilight sketch of trees and vegetation. Nor is the influence of the other gifted sisters unfelt in the room. A fine portrait by Miss Helen Montalba hangs on one wall; on another some Neapolitan sketches by Hilda Montalba; spiritedly modeled busts and studies in terra-cotta stand in corners, the work of the young sculptress Henrietta Montalba. The scenes Miss Clara Montalba exhibits this year are Venetian. Her larger canvas represents the church of San Salute, in the clear sunlight of early morning. The dome and campanile come out in golden whiteness against the limpid sky; across the sparkling green waters of the lagoon cuts a black gondola. "Spring-time" shows a wealth of early flowers and blooming fruit trees, crowding over a white marble balustrade; the vivid colors, broadly illumined, are brokenly reflected in the water below. Two scenes from the Thames (on view, but we understand, not for exhibition) finely contrast with the Italian sunlight. The effect is well rendered of the mighty current, the grayness, the sense of ceaseless traffic that characterize the river. Miss Hilda Montalba sends a Neapolitan boy carrying a watermelon out of a boat. Miss Henrietta Montalba sends a terra-cotta portrait bust.

**English Lady Artists at the Royal Academy.**—In St. John's Wood, one of a cluster of studios built in gardens is that of Miss Jessie M'Gregor. A few years ago this young lady won the first gold medal awarded at the Royal Academy Schools over all competitors. It was with some interest that we entered the garden with its bit of lawn and background of trees, in which stands her



studio. The pale tinted walls of the room, the cool neutral blue doors and panels, the windows with their outlook on early spring flowers, made a charming surrounding for the painter and her work. Last year Miss M'Gregor's "May Queen" attracted attention by the charm of the grouping and the sense of rustic grace it displayed. This year the subject she has chosen is less ambitious in design. A child, seated on a sofa, listens to the "tic-tic" of the watch; the mother or elder sister kneels at its feet and gazes up adoringly. There are toys on the floor, a Turkey rug, and pretty cool-toned sofa with crewel-worked antimacassars. Miss Osborne, whose picture last year was engraved by the *Art Journal*, is represented this year by one that might be called a harmony in yellow. A young girl, whose face is modeled in half shadow, looks meditatively out of the canvas. She lies on a sofa, whose cushions are of amber satin; a golden-lined curtain is drawn behind her; yellow roses lie upon an orange-tinted carpet, or stand in gilt vases; in a blue jar rise tiger lilies. The white dress, some green ferns, and a silver-gray fur rug supply the necessary mass of colors. From the picture the eye wanders round the room, and finds delight in the pleasant tones and the artistic objects about—the tapestried hangings, the bits of gleaming glass, china, and metal work. There is a charm also in the presence of the work-basket, with its bright wools and silks and feminine implements. Miss Starr, another gold medalist of the Royal Academy Schools, sends several portraits, and a head of Mr. Henry Pilleau amongst others. Miss Mary Godsall, who is fast taking rank among best women water-color painters, is represented by a picture entitled "The Widow's Harvest." In a reaped field, across which stretch the long shadows of the late afternoon, a young woman in black kneels, gathering the far-scattered ears of wheat left behind by the harvesters. Near her stands a bonny-faced child, also clad in black, holding out to her a nosegay of poppies and cornflowers. In contrast to the widow's poverty is the background, representing a rich country scene dotted over with orchards and well-stored haystacks. Miss Mutrie sends a basket of summer roses, new-gathered, with the freshness upon them still; Miss Annie Mutrie a bough of the eucalyptus in flower, the tree about which so much has been said and written lately. The picture was painted last winter at Cannes, where the eucalyptus grows so finely.

**The Wife of a Candidate.**—Mrs. Blaine is fair-haired, tall, rather stout, with dignified carriage, and a manner earnest and practical. Sincerely conscientious, Mrs. Blaine seems to belong to a race of New England women not always to be met with even among the rugged hills, and rarely seen elsewhere. A beautiful home-life is the result of her wise management.

**A Curious Letter.**—Miss Lizzie Lloyd King, who is supposed to have murdered Mr. Goodrich in Brooklyn, has composed a curious letter in the insane asylum by cutting separate letters from a book furnished by the American Bible Society. These were arranged so as to make a readable letter, and then sewed letter by letter, word by word, sentence by sentence, until two full sheets (both sides) were covered. Even the directions on the envelope were wrought in the same way. She resorted to this method in order to carry out her purpose, inasmuch as the inmates are prohibited from having either pens, ink, paper, knife or scissors. The letter was prepared as a petition, asking that the "Congress of the United States repeal the State Law authorizing persons indicted, but not convicted of a crime, sent to an insane asylum," which law she declares *ex post facto*. Governor Cornell has the letter.



## Human Nature.

THERE is one aspect of human nature that is very sad and very unpleasant: it is the propensity to believe the worst that is said of individuals, or the race collectively, and it may be that it comes from that curiously mistaken doctrine of total depravity, which once upon a time obtained intellectual credence, though no one believed it in their hearts. If they had, there would have been no more marriages and no more births; for no one would desire to perpetuate a race of fiends, and total depravity means, if it means anything, entire incapacity for good, as well as desire to seek it, and therefore irresponsibility in the matter. But we all know this is far from being the truth. Even in the lowest natures there are usually some gleams of willingness to reach a better life, if they only knew how to attain it; and there is a constant reaching out toward nobler and worthier ideals on the part of the collective body of humanity. What the actual growth has been can only be measured by glancing backwards five hundred years, to a time when no man or woman had any rights which any other man or woman was bound to respect. Might was right, and the hundreds and thousands were the slaves of one whose will was law, whose authority no one dared to question; unless backed by an armed force stronger than the one it was arrayed against.

In those days was no such thing as freedom; art and literature only thrived as they were fostered by powerful potentates, and were confined to religious subjects, history, biography, and poetry. Thought had no opportunity for expression, therefore people did not think; yet even in those times there are many noble examples of manhood and womanhood, showing that the type remains very much the same, no matter how changed the conditions.

In these days it is very common to hear wailings over the loss of integrity, and the deterioration of the actual man of to-day, in comparison with the man of fifty years ago. But we doubt even this inference, and believe we could prove that as many honest men exist now as at any time during the past century. It is true that times have changed, that temptations are stronger and more numerous, that social life makes greater demands, and the rapidity with which life moves on renders it more easy to make mistakes, more difficult to retrieve them, while the best men are not unfrequently caught in the quick whirl of excitement, speculation, and competition, and carried into dangerous waters.

That nerve and pluck, and honest endeavor are not wanting is evident from the daily record of success wrested from failure, or in the face of stupendous difficulties; and business success nowadays means hard work, sacrifice, strict attention to it, and adherence to the principle of giving a dollar's equivalent for every dollar. It is heroic to build up a business by slow degrees, see success in the very act of perching upon your banners, and then perhaps be overthrown by one of those periodical cyclones, that sweep men and firms out of sight before they well know what they are about. Few business houses but have some

such experience in their lives, and the regret for loss is often much less for themselves than for those who suffer through them, or through the confidence reposed in them. It is not given to all to find the opportunity for going over the ground, and repaying to every one the full measure of what he seems to have lost; but there are men equal to even this sort of heroism; and a case in point is that of Mr. Horace Waters, the music publisher and musical instrument dealer, who, after years of effort, has succeeded quite recently in clearing off old obligations, from some of which he had been freely released, but which he met cheerfully, and to the last dollar. An instance like this is not only good in itself, it is a blessing in the moral influence it exerts. It restores faith in mankind and in human nature, which, with all its weaknesses, is capable of such great and sustained sacrifices to purc integrity and love of right.

## Off to Europe.

YEAR by year the tide of European travel swells into larger proportions, and what is called a "trip" abroad becomes less and less formidable. So thoroughly are our people imbued with the idea that much more of life in every sense can be obtained abroad than at home, that with many it is a regular thing to spend part of their year in the capitals of England and France, in a run up the Rhine, in a visit to Rome, which may be extended to Egypt and the Nile. The majority, however, of Americans who visit Europe go for three months, and their object, to visit Paris and London, do a little bit of Switzerland, and return with a trunk full of finery purchased at cheaper rates than it can be bought at home. At least this is the ambition of the majority of women; for the men undoubtedly life abroad offers at least as many attractions as it does to women. This universal craze is compelling the use of more steamers, and adding new lines to those already employed in ocean travel, and so interweaving the daily life of our wealthy citizens with the interests of our transatlantic cousins, as to wipe out sectionalism, and erase the lines which distance, and difference of habit, and modes of thought naturally draw between the different nations.

A gentleman remarked not long since that this summer's trip would make the thirty-second time he had crossed the Atlantic for pleasure. And twice every week from seven to ten steamers leave the New York docks, crowded to overflowing with passengers. Some go to spend their thousands, but the majority limit themselves to the sum appropriated for their perhaps long-anticipated pleasure; while not a few go for the express purpose of economizing in a way that is impossible to them at home.

It is undoubtedly a matter for congratulation that distance has been so bridged by the modern steam facilities that almost any industrious person can manage within a lifetime to satisfy their longing, if they feel one, to see what is, after all, the cradle of most of us. Of our most ardent aspirations, our most secret worship, England is full of memories, Switzerland of romance, France of historic interest and art and industrial activity. All that the world has garnered up in its eighteen hundred years of Christian life is found in the few great centers of modern European civilization, and the most thoughtless and superficial person can hardly visit among these evidences of what has been done and what has existed, without being stirred by some new and diviner impulse, without feeling a desire to add his quota to that which has already made so rich an inheritance.



## Warm Weather.

DON'T be afraid of it, and don't run away from it; just make up your mind to enjoy it. Warm weather is a blessing, and a luxury—a remedy for many ills, colds, fever, the most opposite maladies, if people will only take it, and use it wisely. Suppose it does make you perspire, that is worth a dollar and a quarter, the price of a Turkish bath, every time; and it is a much better and more natural method of having it pumped out of you, than by unnatural hot air. The value of a Turkish bath is in getting up free perspiration, and having it washed off with cold water; warm weather does it for you—all but the washing off—for nothing. All that you have got to do, is attend to the latter part of the process, and the result will be equally beneficial. Accumulations are secreted during the winter months—miasmatic conditions are often brought into existence with the exhalations in the spring; warm weather, and its blessed accompaniment fruit, assist to get rid of all these disorders. Dress lightly, but wear gauze flannels; drink freely between meals, but sparingly at meals; eat meat once in the day, and fruit in the morning; exercise early in the morning, and late in the afternoon or early in the evening; occupy yourself steadily, and keep your mind as free as possible from anxiety. This will make summer a most enjoyable season, even though it is spent in daily routine in the city.

## A New and Instructive Entertainment.

THERE was lately produced in New York a form of entertainment which holds out new possibilities to the teacher as well as the pupil. The intention on the part of Mr. A. P. Burlane, the well-known and most cultivated reader we have, and the proprietor in this new enterprise, is to illustrate art and literature, by means of an improved stereopticon, and accompany the pictures with a reading of the poems or descriptive music. The entertainment was very successful, all of Gustave Dore's illustrations being given to the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," that wonderful poem, and a series of remarkable colored pictures (Faed's) with "Tam O'Shanter."

The idea suggested was this: That if poems could be made such living realities, why could not the same means be used to teach children history, geography, and the like in a series of object lessons?

Why could not great pictures of battles (Roman and Grecian) be presented as well as Spanish bull-fights, and the teacher carry the imagination of the pupils with him by lucid explanation, instead of burdening the unformed minds with millions of dry, unmeaning words which convey no idea to the child's apprehension, and leave his understanding as barren as they found it? We hope to see this done, so that if the road to learning is not made royal, it shall at least be less stony.

## Coaching.

ONE of the pleasures of New Yorkers, during the late spring and early summer months, is a coaching-trip up through the loveliest part of Westchester County to "Castle Inn," New Rochelle. The coach, known as the "Tally-Ho," starts from the Brunswick Hotel, and takes its way up through the Park to the Pelham road, thence by the village of New Rochelle to the exquisitely lovely spot where stood formerly Castle Leland, the home of the senior member of the Leland family, now transformed into the picturesque, English-looking, Castle Inn.

The trip recalls all the stories of old stage life, shorn of its disagreeable features, and retaining only those that are exhilarating and picturesque. The gorgeous vehicle with its outside seats, its guard and horn, the inspiration of fresh air, the beautiful country it passes through, its charming terminus, and the ride back, through the sweet cool of the afternoon, and in the midst of the gay lines of equipages which through the "grand drive" at that hour, renders the excursion altogether one of the most delightful imaginable, and the favorite for parties of young people and visitors to the city. The ride costs two dollars each way.

## Franconia Mountains.

JACOB ABBOTT's little story "Franconia" has always served to throw a romantic halo around this section of the White Mountains. To reach it one takes either the Boston and Lowell or Boston, Montreal and Concord Railroad to Plymouth. From there a ride of five hours brings the traveler to the Profile House. In this vicinity are the Pool and the Basin, two beautiful reservoirs of nature, besides the Flume. This is a wonderful ravine, about 600 feet long, inclosed between walls of sixty feet high, in some places twenty feet apart, then narrowing down to ten, where a huge boulder is held between the cliffs.

Echo Lake is a short distance north of the hotel, while from Profile Lake, or the Old Man's Washbowl, "can best be seen the Profile or Old Man of the Mountain," formed of three ledges of granite standing out from the face of Profile (or Cannon) Mountain.

The Flume and Profile houses are kept by Taft & Greenleaf, but there are many private boarding houses in the vicinity.

Instead of stopping at Plymouth one can keep on to Littleton, sixty miles above Plymouth, and find quarters at the Union House, or Burton's, or Eastman's, which are smaller, accommodating about twenty. Or one can take a stage, five miles further, to Franconia itself, and at Edson's, D. K. Priest's, Knight's, or Goodenow's find small-sized houses with moderate board.

**TROUT-FISHING.**—Moosehead, one of the Rangeley Lakes, and the special resort for trout-fishing, is reached by the Eastern Railroad from Boston to Portland, and then by the Maine Central to Farmington, where stages convey you to your destination.

Or you can take a steamer from Boston to Bangor, and the Piscataquis Railroad to Guilford, and stage it to the Lake House at Greenville, on the south shore of the lake.

**GREEN MOUNTAINS.**—STOWE, ETC.—The White Mountains claim so much attention the beauties of the Green are in some danger of being overlooked, although Stowe, the "Vermont Saratoga," is quite a fashionable resort. Many, however, who glance at this will not know how to reach it. Take the Boston and Lowell to Concord, the Northern Railroad to White River Junction, and thence the Vermont Central to Stowe, which lies in a pleasant valley, with mountains in full sight.

Its excursions are to Mount Mansfield, five miles off, on top of which is the Summit House, where one can remain over night to enjoy a sunrise. Sterling Mountain and Camel's Rump can also afford exercise for climbers, while of falls there is a variety: Bolton, three miles off; Bingham, five; Morrisville, eight; Moss Glen, three.

RUTLAND, Vt., is visited a good deal (via Fitchburg Railroad from Boston) for Clarendon (mineral) Springs, six miles distant. Killington Peak, next to Mansfield, the highest mountain in the State, is but seven miles away.

BE.

## The Maid of Saragossa.

(See Steel Engraving.)

THE spirited picture which we present to our readers under the above title was engraved from the famous painting by Sir David Wilkie, who executed it in Spain in 1827, and exhibited it in the Royal Academy, London, in 1829. Sir David himself thus describes the composition: "The heroine is here represented as she appeared, on the battery in front of the Convent of Santa Engratia, where, her husband being slain, she found her way to the station he had occupied, stepped over his body, took his place at the guns, and declared she would avenge his death." This is considered the best historical painting Wilkie ever produced, and doubtless he was inspired by his subject, for it is the most brilliant and spirited in design, as well as the most careful in execution. The original painting is in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.

## The Token of Love.

(See Picture in Oil.)

WE have great pleasure in presenting to our readers one of the most exquisite bits of sentiment that have ever found expression in pictured form in the "Love Token." The two hands are perfect in form, and the coloring is as dainty as the sentiment is sweet and tender. The male hand holds a velvet pansy, which it is in the act of transferring to the delicate fingers of a lady's hand when both were caught and imprisoned by the artist. Certainly they deserved it. It is a gem well worth a frame.

## Matters of Interest the World is Talking About at Home and Abroad.

### THE UPS AND DOWNS OF PRICES.

THE summer and fall of 1879 saw an enormous advance in the prices of every article dealt in by the American people. Iron, copper, lead, wheat, corn, provisions, land, labor, cotton, advanced from thirty to sixty per cent. in market price. Stocks, of course, led the way. Kansas Pacific went from twelve to ninety per cent.; Iron Mountain from nineteen to sixty-two per cent.; Missouri, Kansas and Texas, from five to forty-nine per cent. Other stocks had not so great an advance, but prices went up so inordinately that every one expected to be rich right away. In January last, however, a chill succeeded the fever. Iron, which had advanced from nineteen dollars a ton to sixty-four dollars a ton, fell back to twenty-six dollars a ton. Stocks dropped from twenty to fifty per cent., and everything save land and labor, which held their own remarkably well, reached lower figures. All the speculators were bitten. The boom of 1879 became a boomerang in 1880. But what of the future? Everything looks hopeful. The business of the country goes on, labor is being employed at advancing wages, the reduction of prices is stimulating consumption, the vast emigration is causing a great demand for lands, and there is no cloud in the future save the fierce passions of the politicians. If it were only possible to strip an incoming party of three-fourths of the patronage which it now controls, a Presidential contest would not put the country in any peril, or so grievously injure business, while the conflict was raging.

### THE GREATEST OF MODERN TUNNELS.

WE fail to realize the greatness of the industrial enterprises of modern times. The Pyramids of Egypt, the aqueducts and roads of Rome impress us with their magnitude; but, after all, the moderns are much the superiors of the ancients in the greatness of their public works. The Mont Cenis tunnel, the St. Louis bridge across the Mississippi, the Brooklyn bridge, are more marvelous



in their way than any of the public works of the ancients. At this very time the Hudson River tunnel is under way, and will be completed before the World's Fair in 1883. It is, literally, a gigantic work of immense importance to the metropolis. It is progressing from the Jersey shore at the rate of five feet a day, and the New York side of it is soon to be begun from a depot just west of Broadway, near Bleecker Street. Much has been said of the Thames tunnel, but the Hudson River tunnel will compare with that as an infant does to a grown giant. When completed, this road under the river will make the metropolis the greatest mart of trade in the world except London. By this passage will come to New York all the freight and passengers which now stop on the west bank of the Hudson River. It will have consequences little dreamed of on the railroad system of the country, as well as on the trade of New York City. It will make Manhattan Island more of a warehouse and market for an exchange of goods; but will, we judge, make it less desirable as a place of residence. This great tunnel will be used, not only to bring freight to New York, but to afford rapid transit to people who wish to live anywhere in Jersey. Postal cars from every part of the Union can run directly to our post-office. The tunnel will communicate with the Brooklyn bridge, which will be used for steam rapid transit. Water can be brought through this tunnel from Rockland Lake if the Croton should fail. How visionary all this would have seemed to the early Dutch settlers of the island of Manhattan. Is it possible that our descendants will have anything as remarkable as the Brooklyn bridge or this great submarine tunnel?

#### THE GREATEST WATERING-PLACE IN THE WORLD.

No city on the globe is so favored as New York as a seaside watering-place. No other great city is so near the ocean, or has so many miles of beach available for bathing and recreative purposes in summer. Years ago New Yorkers felicitated themselves upon Long Branch, but Coney Island magnified our sea-bathing facilities fifty-fold, while this summer sees Rockaway, and scores of miles on the southern coast of Long Island, converted into a vast city of monster hotels and bathing-houses, for the accommodation of new myriads, who will come from all parts of the country, for the luxury of an ocean bath, or a pleasant day by the seaside. These resorts could not be maintained if they depended upon New York City alone; but nine out of ten who will patronize Coney Island and the Long Island beach, will hail from other parts of the country. It is a strange fact, but all save two of the great cities of the world, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Yeddo, Peking, are inland, New York the great American city of to-day, and San Francisco, the other great American city of the future, being the only ones lying on the edge of an ocean. The climate of New York is torrid in summer time, and its seaside resorts will render life more tolerable at a season when the heats make living almost unendurable.

#### GOOD FOR THE SUPREME COURT.

So it seems lotteries authorized by States are illegal. Chief-Justice Waite has so decided, speaking for the Supreme Court, and the laws passed by the United States against lottery venders using the U. S. mails, are decided to be constitutional. To the credit of the Northern States, be it said, that none of them countenance lotteries. But several of the Southern States, notably Kentucky, Louisiana, and Mississippi, have tried to legalize this most baneful form of gambling. It is to the grave discredit of leading newspapers in the great cities of the North, that they publish lottery advertisements in clear defiance of the law. It is the unanimous judgment of all who have studied the matter, that lotteries authorized by Governments, even when organized ostensibly for charitable purposes, have resulted in every case in loss, waste, and demoralization to the community. Down with them!

#### AN EPIDEMIC OF FIRE.

It seems almost a misuse of language to speak of an epidemic as applied to inanimate objects. But it is strange that murders, accidents of a certain kind, storms, and great fires often occur

within certain brief periods of time, as if they were contagious, like diseases in the human race. This spring has seen some of the most destructive forest fires ever known of in the history of the world. They have been confined, however, to a region east of the Alleghany Mountains, south of the boundary line of the State of New York, and north of the Potomac. They have been especially severe in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Long Island. The loss of wood and property is, in the aggregate, enormous. It is a singular circumstance that west of the Alleghanies and east of the Pacific Ocean, more snow fell last winter than ever before since that portion of the country was settled. The arid and usually rainless regions between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras have been particularly favored this year by heavy snows. But east of the Alleghanies the winter has been open, warm, and dry; the spring has been rainless, the winds high and drying, so that there everything was in readiness for the devastating fires which have occurred. In densely populated Western Europe, the woods are so precious and indispensable, that governments directly intervene to preserve the forests, and great, wide-spread conflagrations are now almost impossible, so perfect is the system for combating them. Indeed, paternal government is carried so far, that the owner of a forest cannot fell his own trees without a permit from the authorities, the reason being, that the wood cut from a mountain may affect the stream which turns the mills hundreds of miles away. These great wood fires are an unmixed calamity; indeed, certain political economists have held that there is some relation between conflagrations and financial panics. The panic of 1837 occurred two years after the great fire in New York; the panic and "bad times" of 1873 were supposed to be partly caused by the great destruction of property in the Chicago and Boston fires.

#### THE WORLD'S GREAT FAIR.

The international exhibition in Australia, which closed about a month since, resulted in many Americans getting medals, premiums, and honorable mentions. Our watches were pronounced the best in the world, but we did not succeed as well in our machinery as in former exhibits. It has been decided to hold a world's fair in New York in 1883. Congress has given its official sanction, and some of the commissioners have been appointed. The site of the exhibition will be somewhere on the west side of Manhattan Island. While the nation has sanctioned the holding of this great fair, it does not propose to help it in any way. There is no appropriation of money, and now the citizens of New York must come forward and make it successful. The *New York Tribune* objects to the fair being used for advertising purposes, but the business men of the metropolis can hardly expect to be asked to contribute money without getting some advantage therefrom. No fair has yet paid expenses from the gate money. The citizens of Philadelphia, even in the hard times, spent a great deal of money as a matter of pride to help the Centennial. New York, during the good times, ought to do better. A really great exhibition would pay for itself a hundred times over, and it is to be hoped that not only New York but the whole country will help to make the World's Fair in 1883 superior to anything of the kind ever attempted.

#### THE FRENCH IMMORTALS.

Why cannot we have an American Academy? There ought to be at least a hundred men who are distinguished in art, letters, and for their public services. The famous Cardinal Richelieu was the founder of the French Academy, which is composed of forty members, all of whom are men of repute in the higher professions. The latest academician is M. Rousse, who was elected in the place made vacant by the death of Jules Favre. The choice of a new member falls upon the thirty-nine who are living, and according to the customary etiquette the candidates must in person solicit the votes of the electors. The late Emperor Napoleon was ambitious to be one of the Immortals, and he presented his claims with a copy of his life of Caesar, but the Academy would not thus honor him. If we had such an institution in this country it might do a good work in adding to the respect we should feel for our really great men.

Ambition with us is confined to political, pecuniary, and professional prizes. Scientific, literary, and academic renown is not so highly prized as it should be. Why not an American Academy of the Immortals?

#### A NEW EASTERN COMPLICATION.

Albania would be free. Turkey is indeed the "sick man" of the East. The country is disorganized, there is no money in the Treasury, its credit is gone, the army unpaid, and the Sultan is unable to enforce the provision to the treaty of Berlin. One of the conditions in that document was, that the gallant little mountain State of Montenegro should get a strip of land on the Adriatic, and a slice from the territory of the Albanians. But the inhabitants of this last State object; they protest, and the Sultan cannot force them to submit. It would be far better if Western Europe should permit Russia to occupy the Danubian provinces; or, better still, if all those different States, Roumania, Bosnia, Albania, Montenegro, and the rest, were formed in some sort of a confederate or federal monarchy similar to the cantons of Switzerland or the United States of America. But the future of those countries is anything but reassuring, in view of the different religions, races and languages of which they are composed. They might profit by the examples of America if they would, but they won't.

#### THE SPORTS OF SUMMER.

Croquet has had its day, and now lawn tennis is coming into favor. It is far more lively than its predecessor, but hardly so suitable to play in the hot sun. It involves a good deal of running, throwing of balls, and a mild sort of batting. It is surprising that it should be such a favorite with women and girls, who in truth do not appear to the same advantage in it as they do in croquet. Women are not at their best when they run, or throw their arms about in catching or throwing a ball. But lawn tennis is the fashion, and all the girls are learning it. Indeed there is a mania just now for all sorts of out-door sports, particularly those in which women can take part. Archery clubs are in fashion, and a number of new games have been suggested and old ones revived, to give an excuse for women exercising in the open air. This tendency is wholly good and should be encouraged. The generations to come will be all the better for this exercise under the open heavens. Our young men too are boating, cricketing, and playing base-ball more than ever; and if this is not overdone, it also will be a great advantage to the American race. Time was when we sadly neglected our bodies. Our danger now is, that we may pay too much attention to them.

#### CLEAN SKINS FOR THE MILLION.

Last year 2,881,279 free baths were given to all who asked for them in the city of New York. Over a million of them were given to women and girls. This year this good work is to be continued, and it is to be hoped that as the expense is trifling and the sanitary advantages are undeniable, the city authorities will add to the number of free bathing-houses. Last year the sexes alternated, each having the baths three days per week. But clearly, sufficient accommodations should be afforded to have the bath-houses open every day for both sexes. In this matter of free bathing, the ancients were far ahead of us moderns. Some of the most splendid monuments of the past are the great Roman bathing-houses, where hot air as well as water baths were given *gratis* to all who chose to use them. The little wooden sheds by the water-side, which is our gift to the poor, would cut but a sorry figure beside the granite and marble baths of Diocletian. Even poor Pompeii with its 30,000 inhabitants was far in advance in its bathing facilities of rich New York with its million of population.

#### STORMS ON LAND AND SEA.

The people who dwell in large cities and hilly regions have but faint conceptions of what storms are upon plains, prairies, and at sea. Where neither hills nor forests break the force of the wind, hurricanes, cyclones, and violent storms are



sure to prevail. Whole villages and towns on the western prairies were destroyed during the past season. A fearful tornado swept across McLean and Scott counties, Illinois, entirely destroying the town of Olsey, and blowing down in its destructive sweep across the State, some five hundred houses and barns. Mr. and Mrs. Reese were blown out of their bed and landed in a wheat field, a quarter of a mile from their ruined house. The track of the storm was three-quarters of a mile wide, and at one place it seemed as if a torrent of water from the clouds followed the track of the storm. At sea also there were fearful storms which made navigation the more dangerous as the North Atlantic during the spring was full of icebergs. The unusually mild winter had loosened immense masses of ice from its moorings in the Arctic regions, and one result of this will be a cooling of the ocean during June, and a possible reduction of the temperature on our coast until midsummer. Man has made marvellous conquests over nature. Steam is at his command. He has drawn lightning from the cloud to communicate thought from clime to clime almost instantaneously, but, as yet, he is powerless against the hurricane and the flood. Who knows but that some day he will master these, now untamed, forces of nature?

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND ITS CREDITORS.

WHAT shall we do with the unexpended portion of the Geneva award? It will be remembered that after paying off the private claimants, ten million dollars remained, which it was proposed should be given to the Marine Insurance Companies, for the losses incurred by them from the depredations of the Rebel cruisers. But the Government held, that the war risks, charged by the Insurance Companies to their customers, more than compensated them for their extra losses; so the money remains in the Treasury of the United States. This does not please John Bull. He says, "We paid you that money to reimburse certain citizens of the United States, for having lost their property through our negligence. The unclaimed money ought to be returned to us." The *London Times*, after scolding us, makes one really good suggestion. "If you do not return us the money," says the *Times*, "at least make such use of it as will promote good feeling between the two countries. Why not spend it upon Niagara Falls? Improve, beautify this marvel of the world. Do not allow it to be desecrated by manufacturers or unseemly associations. Make the ground for miles around a great International Park, to which all the world may be invited." And no doubt, this would be a good thing to do; yet it is not likely to lead to any result; for the average American Congressman is not likely to take advice from an English newspaper. And this calls to mind the fact that the millions which President Andrew Jackson bullied out of France on account of the Florida claims has never been paid over to the claimants. In that case, as in the Geneva award, the United States Government occupies the curious position of demanding and securing moneys from France and England on private claims, the validity of which it does not itself acknowledge. There is a general impression that our Government is exceedingly easy with its creditors in the matter of claims, and that jobs of all kinds are easily handled in Washington by those who know the ropes. Nothing could be farther from the truth. As a matter of fact all the machinery at the Capitol, from the Court of Claims down, is organized to resist the payment of any claims, good, bad, or indifferent. The late General Meade and his family were claimants under the Florida award, but never got a penny of the money obtained from France on their behalf. Union citizens whose property was taken by the Government during the war of the Rebellion could never recover their just dues. It is one of the mysteries of the time, that the financial credit of the Government should be so high, when in all its dealings with involuntary creditors it acts so unjustly.

#### THE NEW DEPARTURE OF THE ENGLISH FARMERS.

JOHN BULL is learning wisdom. Since the abolition of the corn laws, the people of Great Britain have become more and more dependent upon foreign nations for their food supply. But of late years American competition, together

with exceptionally bad weather, have almost destroyed the British agricultural interests. For three years her crops have failed; according to Mr. James Caird the loss in this time in wheat alone has been £30,000,000 sterling, or \$150,000,000. He tells the people of England plainly that they must cease to grow wheat; and that they must not expect to continue to compete with the United States in the production of fresh meats. England must be turned into a vast kitchen-garden, to produce vegetables, grass, hay, the sugar beet, milk, and fresh butter. Mr. Caird goes further, and demands a change in the land laws of Great Britain; that the sale and transfer of land must be simplified and cheapened—that the encumbered and unwieldy estates must be broken up and subdivided to form numerous small properties. It is known that in the neighborhood of our large cities, kitchen-gardens often pay a rental of \$500 per acre; and it does seem strange that Great Britain does not take the hint from the marvelous success of French agriculture where *petite culture* prevails; that is, each peasant farms his own small allotment of land, and makes more money out of his eggs, butter, early vegetables, and poultry, than can the English farmer who raises wheat and uses four times the amount of land. The *London Times* indorses Mr. Caird's position, so far as relates to the desirability of changing from wheat-growing to garden cultivating, but demurs to any change in the land laws. These last are the basis of English aristocracy. With these repealed, the monopoly exercised by the nobles over the Government of England would soon come to an end.

#### FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

They are coming, not singly but in battalions. We mean the emigrants from the Old World. All the coming ships are thronged with them. The owners of the stock of foreign steamship lines are delighted. The shippers of live freight on our Western railways are pleased. The owners of vacant lands in the far West are more than satisfied; and as an evidence of the returning prosperity the general public is disposed to be gratified at this the largest emigration ever known in the history of the world. Still there are cynics and pessimists who are not happy. They say we have a large enough mass of ignorant and poor people in this country at the best of times without adding this immense number of semi-pauperized laborers to the number. It will be difficult to assimilate so many strangers to the rest of the population. Most of them speak another language. They are aliens to us in race and religion; and vast numbers of them will become a permanent charge upon our charitable institutions. The profits of the emigration enure not to American but to foreign shippers; for our flag does not float over any of the steamship lines. But after all it is useless to complain. They are coming, and we must do the best we can for them. These foreigners will help the great West, and "beyond the Mississippi" will be the scene of busy activities for many years to come. Not alone will the West receive the surplus from Europe. The Canadians are also swelling the tide; while the Eastern and Middle States also contribute to the hundreds of thousands who are yearly seeking new homes in the States and Territories of the far West. The census of this year will doubtless show that our population cannot be far short of 50,000,000; and unless there be war, pestilence, or famine by the year 1900 the flag of our country will wave over 100,000,000 of people. As this great increase will be more marked in the urban rather than the suburban regions of the country, it follows that those who own land in or near our great centres of population will profit largely, and leave rich inheritances for their children.

#### THE MATTER WITH IRELAND.

Many of the difficulties of the Irish people is undoubtedly due to the peculiarities of that branch of the Celts which inhabit the land. The absence of coal and iron also places Erin at a disadvantage with her sister island. Without iron and coal there can be no manufacturing, and very little home market for agricultural products. But the bane of the country is undoubtedly the land laws which puts the peasants completely at the mercy of the absentee landlords. James Redpath's letters to the *Tribune* makes this very plain. If an Irishman improves his land the lord can raise his rent. There being no manufacturing there is a

hot struggle for the farms, the only means of a livelihood, and rents go up in consequence. Before the French Revolution the peasants of that country were even in a more wretched condition than the people now are in Ireland; but the division of the lands taken from the lords and the church among the actual cultivators has resulted in a mighty change in the character and habits of the French peasant. Owing his own land has made him industrious and frugal. France to-day is relatively the richest country upon earth. The standard of comfort among all classes is even higher than that of the United States. Struck by the results in France, Baron Stein, the Bismarck of his era, forcibly divided the bulk of the land in Prussia among the actual workers on the farms in that country. This was some thirty years since, and the result was it made Prussia master of Germany, and the foremost power in Europe. John Bright wants England to do for Ireland what Baron Stein did for Prussia and the revolution for France. If Prime Minister Gladstone could only effect this land reform in Ireland he would take his place in history as one of the benefactors of the human race. Let the Irish people own their own homes, educate them, and there will be an end to the political agitators and the swarms of pauper laborers who come to our shores to add to the political demoralization of our large cities.

#### THE BEST OF INVESTMENTS.

The great fall which has occurred in railroad and mining stocks during the past spring should admonish people who desire a safe investment to seek some other kind of security, and what, after all, is better than a "stake in the soil"? The man who, in the city, has his house without incumbrance, and the farmer who is clear of mortgage is in a splendid condition. Shelter is one of the first and greatest of human necessities. That secured the cost of living, clothing, and fuel is much easier to procure. There is a great deal of building going on in all our towns, cities, and villages; more than in any year since 1872. This will keep mechanics employed, and pour money into all the channels of retail trade. The industries thus stimulated will increase the consuming power of the country. Statisticians are agreed in the belief that the next twenty years will see the population of this country doubled. If this is so land must rise in value a hundred per cent., and in favored locations and near large cities many thousands per cent. It follows that the wisest investment the head of a family can make for the benefit of his children is a portion of the soil of the land he lives in. A house and lot in the city where his employment takes him is the best investment. A few lots or a few acres on the outskirts of a growing town is not a bad thing to have and hold, and those who have country tastes may find it for their advantage to own a productive farm. The West is now having its "boom." Lands costing \$3 and \$5 an acre are running up to \$20 and \$40 an acre, but the time cannot be distant when farms in the Middle and Eastern States, which have been stationary for twenty years, will again be profitable to buy and hold. New York never had so much building going on as to-day, for somehow all parts of the country are becoming tributary to the great metropolis. Avoid stocks, good reader. Buy a house if you can afford it, vacant lots if your means are limited, but do not go in debt.

#### NO SUNDAYS.

By a solemn act of the French Senate, Sunday has been practically abolished in France. That is to say that all laws for enforcing its observance have been swept from the statute books, and yet, as a matter of fact, it is understood that the Sabbath is better observed now under the Republic than it was under the Empire. Still the prevalent feeling in that country, even among religious people, is that it is a day for recreation and self-employment rather than of prayer and praise to the Most High. In many cities of our own country there is practically no Sunday. This is notably true of Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and New Orleans. There is a large foreign population in New York that would like to do away with the Sabbath; but happily the New England traditions in our northern, eastern, and western cities are too strong to set aside all observance of the first day of the week.



## Science at Home.

**Cleaning Ivory.**—Ivory that has been spotted, or has grown yellow, can be made as clear and fresh as new by rubbing with fine sand-paper, and then polishing with finely powdered pumice stone.

**Worms in Books.**—It is always worth the trouble in a large library to take down the volumes when dusting and examine for worms. A mild solution of carbolic acid, one part of acid to forty parts of water, is a valuable vermifuge to inject into the cracks of the woodwork.

**Grease in Carpets.**—Grease on a carpet, if not of long standing, can be readily disposed of by washing the spot with hot soapsuds and borax—half an ounce borax to a gallon of water. Use a clean cloth to wash it with, rinse in warm water, and wipe dry.

**Killing with Kindness.**—Many fowls die in the spring through having been kept too warm during the mid-winter frosts. Fire-pipes, confinement in greenhouses, and artificial warming generally are most enervating. Straw inside and list round the most exposed parts and at the crevices of the fowl-house are enough protection even for Brahmas.

**How to get rid of Vermin.**—Equal parts of powdered borax, Persian insect powder, and powdered colocynth, well mixed together, and thrown about such spots as are infested with cockroaches, will prove an effectual means of getting rid of the scourge. This powder, in all cases where its use has been persistent, has by long experience been found an infallible remedy.

**A Satinwood Stain for Furniture.**—To make a satinwood stain for the inside of drawers, take one quart of methylate of spirit, three ounces of ground turmeric, one and a half ounce of powdered gamboge. When the mixture has been steeped to its full strength, strain through fine muslin. It is then ready for use. Apply with a piece of fine sponge, giving the work two coats. When it is dry, sand-paper down very fine. It is then ready for varnish or French polish, and makes an excellent imitation of satinwood.—*Design and Work.*

**Solid Mucilage to Carry.**—Mucilage, in convenient solid form, and which will readily dissolve in water, for fastening paper together, may be made as follows: Boil one pound of the best white glue, and strain very clear; boil also four ounces of isinglass, and mix the two together; place them in a water bath—glue kettle—with half a pound of white sugar, and evaporate till the liquid is quite thick, when it is to be poured into molds, dried, and cut into pieces of convenient size.

**Cleaning Marble.**—Marble can be nicely cleaned in the following manner: Pulverize a little blue-stone, and mix with four ounces of whiting; add to these four ounces of soft soap and one ounce of soda dissolved in a very little water. Boil this preparation over a slow fire fifteen minutes, stirring all the time. Lay it on the marble while hot, with a clean brush. Let it remain half an hour; then wash off in clean suds, wipe dry, and polish by quick rubbing.

**Spilled Ink.**—If ink is spilled on a carpet or woollen article it should be attended to at once, while still wet if possible, and then is very easily removed. Take clean blotting paper or cotton batting and gently sop up all the ink that has not soaked in. Then pour a little sweet milk on the spot and soak it up, from the carpet with fresh cotton batting. It will need to be renewed two or three times, fresh milk and cotton being used each time, and the spot will disappear. Then wash the spot with clean soapsuds, and rub dry with a clean cloth. If the ink has been allowed to dry in, the milk must remain longer and be repeated many times.

**Dirt and Bodily Heat.**—The part which the skin plays in the regulation of bodily heat is not adequately estimated. The envelope of complicated structure and vital function which covers the body, and which nature has destined to perform a large share of the labor of health-preserving, is practically thrown out of use by our habit of loading it with clothes. It is needless to complicate matters by allowing it to be choked and encumbered with dirt. The cold bath is not a cleansing agent. A man may bathe daily and use his bath-towel even roughly, but remain as dirty to all practical intents as though he eschewed cleanliness. Nothing but a frequent washing in water, of at least equal temperature with the skin, and soap can insure a free and healthy surface.

**Cow's Milk.**—The average composition of good cow's milk is about 87 per cent. of water and 13 per cent. of solid residue. The milk of some cows gives as much as 16½ per cent., but this is an unusual amount, and the yield is not great. Out of the average 13 parts per cent. of solid residue only four parts are flesh-formers. It is however important to remember, in regarding milk as an article of diet, that the ash or "mineral matter" is rich in phosphates. There are four phosphates at least, and probably more. In addition to the phosphates of lime and magnesia, there is phosphate of iron, which supplies a large part of iron in blood, and in early infancy supplies the whole of it. As the 13 per cent. of solid residue is the recognized amount that should be present, salt or sugar is sometimes added by those who adulterate milk to make up the amount, but this is not often done.

**Quinine in Whooping-Cough.**—Quinine is again strongly recommended as a certain and speedy cure for whooping-cough. Dr. H. A. Mott, who has been experimenting with his own children as well as many others, states, in a paper recently read before the New York Academy of Sciences, that the best time to administer it is just after a coughing spell and just before retiring at night. As regards the size of the dose, this should depend on the age and severity of the case. From three to five grains of powdered quinine can be put on the tongue of a grown person and allowed to dissolve. For a child, from two to five grains may be dissolved in two ounces of sugar and water, and one teaspoonful can be given as stated above. The sugar and water help to keep it longer in contact with the parts. Quinine administered in gelatine or sugar-coated pills is of no use whatever.

**How to Get Rid of Slugs and Snails.**—Slugs and snails are formidable foes to kitchen-gardens, and, in damp and rainy seasons, the ravages they commit are so serious that a farmer publishes for the benefit of others what he believes to be a simple means of ridding vegetable ground of these troublesome depredators. The land which he cultivates was, he says, suffering greatly from slugs and snails, in spite of the measures taken to destroy them. Latterly however they seemed, to his surprise and satisfaction, to have abandoned his vegetables—the cause of which he only accidentally discovered subsequently. He had, it appears, a week or so before the absence of snails and slugs struck him, thrown into a corner of his grounds a number of half-rotted carrots; and these, when later on he proceeded to cart them away, he found to be literally swarming with the insects. This naturally suggested to him a means for protecting his crops in future from molestation. Here and there he placed a small heap of carrots to attract the enemy, which gathered about them in shoals, on one morning alone nearly five hundred being found feasting on eight carrots which had been placed on the ground the previous night. The remedy is so simple that it merits at least a trial.



**Home-made Soda-Water.**—Squeeze the juice from a lemon, strain and add it to a tumbler of cold water. Sweeten to taste. When well mixed, put in half a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, stir well, and drink while the mixture is in an effervescing state.

**Naples Bread.**—One pound of flour; rub into it one ounce of fresh butter, one egg, two spoonfuls of good yeast, a little salt, half a pint of milk; mix all well; let it rise one hour; do not work it down, but cut it in pieces the size of your thumb; bake on tins in a quick oven.

**Muffin Pudding.**—Three muffins to a quart shape, three eggs, a little sifted sugar, a lump of butter half the size of an egg; pour boiling milk over; beat till smooth; stew one hour, and serve it with some sauce.

**Orange Salad.**—Peel eight oranges with a sharp knife, so as to remove every vestige of skin from them, core them as you would core apples, and lay them, either whole or cut in slices, in a deep dish; strew over them plenty of powdered loaf sugar, then add four red bananas cut in small, round slices, the juice of a lemon, and a little more sugar. Keep the dish covered close till the time of serving.

**Mint Vinegar.**—Procure some fresh mint, pick the leaves from the stalk and fill a jar with them; add vinegar to them until the bottle is full; cover closely to exclude the air, and let it infuse for a fortnight; then strain the liquor and put it into small bottles for use, of which the corks should be sealed.

**Chicken and Sweetbread Croquettes.**—A pint of finely-minced boiled chicken, six sweetbreads, parboil before mincing. A pint and a half grated bread crumbs, salt, pepper, a pinch of mace, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Mix with two beaten eggs, and a large coffee-cup of milk. Must be quite moist. Form the mixture in small pyramids, or tiny rolls in sausage shape; dip each one in beaten egg, roll in dry bread crumbs, and fry quickly in a skillet, with plenty of hot lard.

**Of Potatoes.**—Boil some potatoes and pass them through a sieve; put them into a saucepan with a piece of butter, some milk, and some well-flavored white stock, until they become of a consistency between pea soup and pease pudding; flavor them to taste with pepper, salt and grated nutmeg; work them well for a short time, and serve. A pod of garlic laid in the saucepan with the potatoes for a few minutes is an improvement.

**Currant and Raspberry Jam.**—To every pound of red currants allow a quarter of a pound of raspberries, and one pound of loaf sugar. Place the fruit in the kettle, stir, and boil for three-quarters of an hour after the mixture boils fast. Remove the scum as it rises.

**Scrambled Eggs.**—Beat up some eggs in a basin with pepper, salt, and a small quantity of French tomato sauce; melt some butter in a saucepan; add the eggs, and stir with a spoon until nearly set. Serve on toast, or in a very hot dish. If no tomato sauce is added to the eggs, a little chopped parsley should be sprinkled over them just before serving.

**New Turnips.**—Cut some new turnips into the shape of orange quarters or small pears. Parboil them for five or ten minutes in salted water. Drain them thoroughly, then place them in a well-buttered saucepan, sprinkle them with plenty of powdered loaf sugar, put the saucepan on the fire, and as soon as they begin to color, moisten with a small quantity of clear stock, add a pinch



of powdered cinnamon, and pepper and salt; let them stew gently until done.

**Welsh Nectar.**—Cut the peel of three lemons very thin, pour upon it two gallons of boiling water, and when cool add the strained juice of the lemons, two pounds of loaf sugar and one pound of raisins, stoned and chopped fine. Let it stand four or five days, stirring every day; then strain through a jelly-bag and bottle for present use.

**Braised Loin of Mutton.**—Bone and trim off from a loin of mutton all superfluous fat, lard the thin part, and roll it round; lay the joint in a stewpan over some slices of fat bacon, add whole pepper, salt to taste, an onion stuck with cloves, a couple of sliced carrots, and a bundle of sweet herbs; moisten with stock, and let it braise gently for an hour or so. When done strain the gravy, free it from fat, pour it over the joint in the dish, and serve garnished with parsley.

**Veal Sweetbread.**—Trim it and parboil for five minutes; then throw it into a basin of cold water; roast plain, or beat up the yolk of an egg, and prepare some bread crumbs; when the sweetbread is cold, dry thoroughly, run a skewer through it, and tie it on the spit; egg it, powder with bread crumbs, and roast. Serve on buttered toast with gravy.

**Gooseberry Trifle.**—Put one quart of gooseberries into a jar, with sufficient moist sugar to sweeten them, and boil them until reduced to a pulp. Put this pulp at the bottom of a trifle-dish; pour over it a pint of custard, and when cold cover with whipped cream. This should be whipped the day before using and kept in a cold place, as it will then be firmer and more solid.

**Cauliflower Salad.**—Boil a cauliflower in salted water till tender, but not overdone; when cold, cut it up neatly in small sprigs. Beat up together three tablespoonfuls of oil and one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, with pepper and salt to taste; rub the dish very slightly with garlic, arrange the pieces of cauliflower on it, strew over them some capers, a little tarragon, chervil, and parsley, all finely minced, and the least bit of dried thyme and marjoram powdered. Pour the oil and vinegar over, and serve.

**Strawberry Jam.**—To every pound of fruit allow a pound of loaf sugar. Select ripe but sound berries; let them simmer over a moderate fire for half or three-quarters of an hour, carefully removing the scum as it rises; stir only enough to prevent its burning at the bottom of the pan, as the fruit should be preserved as whole as possible. Put the jam into jars, and when cold cover down.

**Iced Currants.**—Select fine bunches of red currants, and well beat the whites of two eggs; mix these with a half pint of water; then take the currants, a bunch at a time, and dip them in. Let them drain, and then roll them in finely pounded sugar; lay them to dry on paper, when the sugar will crystallize round each currant and have a very pretty effect. A mixture of various fruits, iced in this manner and arranged on one dish, looks very nice for dessert.

**Everton Toffee.**—Put one pound of powdered loaf sugar and one teacupful of water into a brass pan; beat one-quarter of a pound of butter to a cream; when the sugar is dissolved add the butter, and keep stirring the mixture over the fire until it sets, when a little is poured on a buttered dish. Just before it is done add six drops of essence of lemon. Butter a tin, pour on the mixture, and when cool it will easily separate from the dish.

**To Make Fruit Water-Ices.**—To every pint of fruit-juice allow one pint of syrup, made as follows:

Melt six pounds of sugar in six pints of water, and place it over a gentle fire; let it boil; well beat the white of an egg, add it to the water, strain and bottle for use.

Select nice ripe fruit and put into a pan with a little pounded sugar stewed over; stir it about with a wooden spoon until it is well broken, then rub it through a hair-sieve. Add it to the syrup (making the latter without the egg), mix well together and freeze. Put into small glasses, and serve.

**Caramel Custards.**—Put a handful of loaf sugar in a saucepan with a little water, and set it on the fire until it becomes a dark-brown caramel, then add more water (boiling) to produce a dark liquor like strong coffee. Beat up the yolks of six eggs with a little milk; strain, add one pint of milk (sugar to taste) and as much caramel liquor (cold) as will give the mixture the desired color. Pour it into a well-buttered mold; put this in a *bain marie* with cold water; then place the apparatus on a gentle fire, taking care that the water does not boil. Half an hour's steaming will set the custard, which then turn out and serve.

**Scalloped Lobster.**—Mince the flesh of a hen lobster to the size of small dice, season with pepper, salt and spice, and as much cayenne as will rest on the point of a trussing needle. Pound some of the spawn with an ounce of butter, pass it through a hair-sieve. Take another ounce of butter, melt it in a saucepan with a teaspoonful of flour, add a very small quantity of white stock and the flesh of the lobster; when the mixture is thoroughly hot put in a pinch of finely-minced parsley, the juice of half a lemon, and the butter which was pounded with the spawn. Fill some scallop shells (natural or silver) with this mixture, strew bread crumbs over, put them in the oven for ten to fifteen minutes, and serve. Milk or cream may be substituted for the white stock, and the flour may be omitted.

**Fowl a la Mayonnaise.**—Cut a cold roast fowl into neat joints, lay them in a deep dish, piling them high in the center, and sauce them with mayonnaise dressing. Garnish the dish with young lettuces, cut in halves, watercresses and hard-boiled eggs; these may be sliced in rings, or laid on the dish whole, cutting off at the bottom a piece of the white to make the egg stand. All kinds of cold meat and solid fish may be dressed in this way, and make excellent luncheon and supper dishes. The sauce should not be poured over the fowl until just before serving.

**Mayonnaise Sauce.**—Put the yolks of two eggs into a basin, with a seasoning of pepper and salt; have ready six tablespoonfuls of salad-oil, and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, in separate vessels. Add them *very gradually* to the eggs. Continue stirring and rubbing the mixture with a wooden spoon, as herein consists the secret of having a nice, smooth sauce. It cannot be stirred too frequently, and it should be made in a cool place, or if ice is at hand, it should be mixed over it. When the vinegar and the oil are well incorporated with the eggs, add a tablespoonful of cream and one tablespoonful of white stock, and it is then ready for use.

**Bread and Butter Fritters.**—Make a batter as follows: Break two eggs, separate the whites from the yolks, and beat each separately. Put one-half a pound of flour in a basin, stir in a half ounce of butter, which should be melted to a cream. Add one-half a salt-spoon of salt, and moisten with sufficient warm milk to make it of proper consistency. Stir this well, rub down any lumps that appear, add the whites of the eggs, and beat up the batter for a few minutes. Cut some slices of bread and butter, not very thick; spread half of them with any jam that may be preferred, and cover with the other slices. Press them together and cut into square, long, or round pieces. Dip them in the batter, and fry in boiling lard for about ten minutes. Drain them before the fire on a piece of blotting paper, or cloth. Dish them, sprinkle with sugar, and serve.

**Strawberry Jelly.**—Put the strawberries into a pan, squeeze them with a wooden spoon, add sufficient powdered sugar to sweeten them nicely, and let them remain for one hour, that the juice may be extracted, then add a half pint of water to every pint of juice. Strain the strawberry juice and water through a bag. Measure it, and to every pint allow one and a quarter ounces of isinglass, melted and clarified in a quarter of a pint of water. Mix this with the juice. Put the jelly into a mold, and set in ice. A little lemon juice adds to the flavor of the jelly, if the fruit is very ripe, but it must be well strained before it is put to the other ingredients, or it will make the jelly muddy.

**Cherry Jam.**—Take four pounds of cherries, three pounds of sugar, one pint of white currant juice. Let the cherries be perfectly ripe. Remove the stones; make a syrup of sugar, put in the cherries, and boil them for fifteen minutes, carefully skimming them. Turn gently into a pan, and let them remain until the next day. Then drain the cherries on a sieve, and put the syrup and white currant juice into the preserving-pan again. Boil these together until the syrup is somewhat reduced, and thick. Then put in the cherries and let them boil for about five minutes. Take them off the fire, skim the syrup, put the cherries into small pots, or wide-mouthed bottles. Pour the syrup over, and when quite cold, tie them down carefully, so that the air is quite excluded.

**Black Currant Jelly.**—Put the currants in a jar. Place this in a saucepan of boiling water, and simmer them until the juice is extracted. Then strain them, and to every pint of juice, add one pound of sugar, and one gill of water. Stir these ingredients together, cold, until the sugar is dissolved. Place the preserving pan on the fire, and boil the jelly for about half an hour. Remove all scum. When the jelly becomes firm when put out on a plate it is done. It should then be put into *small* pots, and covered the same as the jam. If the jelly is wanted very clear, the fruit should not be squeezed dry.

**Gooseberry Pottage—Campagnard.**—This dish, very popular in France under the name of *Campagnard*, is made as follows: The largest gooseberries are placed in just enough boiling water to cover them. When quite soft they must be mashed, made as sweet as possible with sugar, and set to cool. Three pints of the richest milk, or two pints of milk with one of cream, should then be stirred with the yolks of four eggs and a pounded nutmeg. Set this over hot coals and let it simmer, stirring it gently. Before it boils take it off and stir in the gooseberries. When quite cold serve up in bowls, and with slices of sponge cake. If only the pulp of the gooseberries, after pressing through a sieve, is used this pottage is still nicer. In France it is considered wholesome for children.

**Fig Pudding.**—With an inch-thick coating of chocolate paste over half an inch of *meringue*, this pudding is one of the most delicious imaginable. It is a Viennese dish and prepared as follows: A very light batter of eggs and flour is made, and the best and most delicate Smyrna figs selected. Of these the largest possible quantity, in proportion to the amount of batter, are introduced into it, so that when sliced it resembles a well-filled plum cake, except that a little of the batter is seen here and there. When the pudding is cold a thick chocolate paste is laid over it, under which paste is a half inch of *meringue*. It requires skill to lay the paste over the *meringue*, and to present the pudding in a handsome form, and for this a mold is used. No sauce is required, and this dessert is served cold, the colder the better. Under the name of "Viennese fig cake," and made into small squares of five inches, it is much liked for lunch.





### COSTUME WITH ADJUSTABLE TRAIN.

THESE three figures represent a costume which can be used with equal propriety for house and street wear, as the short walking skirt can be quickly and easily changed into a graceful long one by the addition of an adjustable train that can be securely fastened under the lower part of the drapery on the short skirt. The design is known as the "Simplice" walking skirt with adjustable train. With this is combined the "Gervaise" coat, thus forming an especially stylish costume

or toilet. Fig. 1 shows the front view of these designs. Fig. 2 represents the back view with the adjustable train added, and Fig. 3 the same designs used for a walking costume. Fig. 1 illustrates a toilet made in pale blue Surah silk, combined with satin *foulard* having a cream-colored ground closely covered with roses and buds in natural colors. The Surah silk is used for the front of the skirt, the drapery for the back and the adjustable train, and for the *revers* on the back and shirring on the front of the

basque. The *foulard* is used for the remainder. Fringe in which all the colors are combined is used on the skirt drapery. The pattern of the basque is not cut out at the neck, but is marked. Figs. 1 and 2 show the same designs made up in black satin and brocaded black grenadine, the plain goods being used for the same portions as in the toilet in Fig. 1. Jet *passementerie* and fringe are used for trimming. Skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of coat, twenty-five cents each size.



# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Designs and Styles in Dress furnished in this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not merely COPY. It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by our more refined and elevated taste at home. Besides, its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace important information for dealers, and valuable hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, dress becomingly, and keep themselves informed of the changes in the Fashions and the specialties required in the exercise of good taste.



ALWAYS FIRST PREMIUM.

CENTENNIAL AWARD OVER ALL COMPETITORS,  
MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION,  
And the Medal of Superiority at the late Fair of the American Institute.

## Review of Fashions.

THE opportunities for making dress beautiful, and in gratifying individual taste were never greater, never so great as now; yet it is curious that there is little that is really new, that has not existed at some period or other, or in some form or other; but it is to be remarked that it was in a rudimentary, as well as a fragmentary condition. The process of selection that has been going on, the perfection that has been reached in arts, sciences and industrial labor, has co-ordinated, arranged and perfected the best, so that we have at the present time the most wonderful collections and the greatest diversity from which to choose our own expression of what is fitting, and lovely, and harmonious.

The development of this new order has been very rapid, especially in this country, whose early necessities in the beginning of the present century compelled the simplest methods, the plainest clothing, the most constant devotion to higher obligations, and more pressing needs.

But this very spirit of self-sacrifice brought its own reward; the country has grown rich, and the children of thousands who toiled in homespun now trail richest garments of silk and satin, and lead society as the patrons of art and the possessors of luxury. They reap in large measure what others have sown, but they are also doing good service in another way by stimulating endeavor, by encouraging genius, by developing that which would otherwise lie undiscovered for lack of means to bring it out, formulate and perfect it. Under these circumstances, fashion has become a very different thing from what it was fifty, or even twenty-five years ago. Then it was possible to define it. It had boundaries which were rarely over-stepped. Now, fashion says to its votaries: "Here, spread out before you, are all the glories of the world. Choose for yourself whether you will be queens or shepherdesses, noble or peasant." And with singular daring the selection is made sometimes from one rank, sometimes from another, and all are equally elevated to the first place for the time being, and grace the form of

the princess in the royal court, as well as the pretty, lightsome figure of an American maiden in the heart of some western forest.

The long frieze coat of the Irish farmer becomes the "ulster" of the Prince of Wales. The "Breton" bodice of the peasant women, the gold-laced corsage of the belle, and all the same the stately robes of Henrietta of France, are copied by a dressmaker's apprentice for her Sunday suit, and the "fichu" of Marie Antoinette appears in the bright colors of a shilling print. It is rather natural at first to revel in such abundance, instead of trying to find out exactly what is suitable. By and by we shall learn that not only happiness but successful dressing in this world depends largely on knowing what to do without.

This question women must answer for themselves; yet still the cry comes from far and near: "What is fashionable?" "Tell us what is the fashion." Why, everything is fashionable, but everybody cannot wear everything. One of the reasons why there is so much choice is because, as before remarked, improvement has kept pace with endeavor in so many different directions, that one thing is about as good as another, and it becomes a mere matter of taste when choice is in question.

There are wools that are fine as silk and thin as gauze; there are cottons that are smooth as satin; there are silks under-wrought with gold and over-wrought with jewels; and it is these which are high fashion, but of course few wear them. The majority cannot afford the fine wool for every-day wear, and they want something more showy for best.

It is really a happiness however, to be able to dress in exquisite raiment, and there never was, as we commenced by saying, a better opportunity than now. No better evidence is needed of the gradual advance in luxury than the beauty and fineness of the present styles of best underwear. It is but a short time since moderately fine linen, trimmed with narrow ruffles or home-made tatting, was considered sufficiently good for ladies of the highest refinement. Now we have linen lawn and linen cambric, arranged with masses of real Valenciennes lace, and not content with this there

is underwear of white, pale pink, and blue-twilled Indian and Chinese silk, which are a luxury that must be felt to be appreciated.

Of hosiery the finest was formerly lisle thread, and silk was so rare that it did not enter into the list of the requirements of a wardrobe. Now there are few but can boast of several pairs of silken hose, of divers colors and degrees of ornamentation and fineness. Yes, the art of dress must of necessity grow with other arts; and the business of each woman is to try and keep pace with its development in her own proper person, so that she may not be behind her age—for proper dressing is not vanity; it is simply a part of the natural language in which we express ourselves.

## Models for the Month.

WE direct the attention of our lady readers, and particularly those who are interested in dress-making, at home or for others, to the illustrated designs of the present month, because they contain some excellent ideas, and are very fresh and new. The "Simplice" walking skirt, for example, meets what has long been a great desideratum with many ladies, that is to say, a walking skirt with an adjustable train which can be put on, or taken off at pleasure. Every one will recognize the desirability of being able on occasions to make a dress long, or short; adapt it to outdoor use, or an indoor gathering of perhaps a formal character. This is accomplished in the "Simplice." The back view gives the skirt as it appears with the train attached, and it has no appearance of being "put on"—it is quite a natural and very graceful part of the drapery. The whole amount of material, figured and plain, for skirt and train, is seventeen yards, excluding the lining of the walking skirt, which should be of some light, cheap silk, or silesia.

The "Adjustable" square train is for still more ceremonious purposes; but it shows the method of buttoning it on to the skirt, and the perfect ease and simplicity with which it can be managed.



The amount of material required is three yards and a half, and three yards and a half more to trim as shown in the illustrations. A train of black velvet would naturally be trimmed with satin, and attached to a combination walking dress of velvet and satin produces a most elegant effect.

Made of damassé grenadine, or any diaphanous material, it should be lined with silk, and trimmed with plain satin foulard, which is thinner than ordinary satin.

A most charming walking skirt is the "Edmée." This is suited to combinations of plain and dotted foulard, satin and figured grenadine, and any other of the lighter and richer summer fabrics. The shirred in a combination should be of the plain silk or satin, also the kilted flounce; the drapery of the dotted or figured fabric. For black the trimming should be jetted passementerie upon lace—upon plain goods an embroidery in colors, or some one of the pretty striped stuffs used for trimming purposes. Nine yards, twenty-four inches wide, is the quantity required for the upper part of the skirt, supposing it to be "trimmed on" to a lining, which is not included, nor are the bands.

The "Gervaise" coat is an elegant form of a very fashionable style of bodice, and one which quite does away with the long, straight, flat effect, to which many ladies object. The broad *revers*, and the ornamental finish at the back secure this object, and harmonize the whole *ensemble*, the front of the skirt being now always much shirred or trimmed. The shirred scarf at the neck is very pretty, and particularly adapted to tall and thin figures, that have heretofore been caricatured by attempting a "coat." Less than four yards is required to make the entire garment; and this, of course, means always material of the ordinary width.

A very stylish new overskirt is the "Thérésine," which is recommended for stylish combinations of handsome fabrics. The underskirt should be shirred in front, and kilted at the back.

A pretty and practical model is the "Roxelane" waist. This is for Madras ginghams, handkerchief dresses, and the like. It is very becoming to all but very stout and shapeless figures, and may be attached to a trimmed or flounced single skirt, or two skirts, as preferred. Two yards and a half of gingham makes it.

The "Zilia" cape, and "Clairette" fichu are good examples, and may be easily copied in lace and net, or cashmere and fringe, or satin and fringe, or in lace and muslin. Such garments are very costly purchased ready-made, but any clever young girl could make them for herself.

### Jersey Costumes.

THESE have had quite a vogue in England, but are not much known in America, and the term is applied now indiscriminately to all dresses that are made with a deep, round, close-fitting bodice, and a short, kilted skirt, separated from the bodice by a broad scarf, or folds arranged as a scarf, over the hips; the ends arranged as a knot, or in a knot, at the side, or at the back.

The first and genuine "Jersey" bodices, named after the beautiful Mrs. Langtry, whose home was the Island of Jersey, near London, were of knitted silk, or wool, like the merino under-wear, and the neck, and wrists were ribbed in broad elastic bands, which stretched so that they could be put on over the head. As they were seamless, and had no other openings, once on they fitted the figure like a glove, and outlined it with great perfection.

But this style has not "taken" in America, and was soon superseded in England by Jersey bodices made of stockinet cloth, ribbed, and elastic, but which opened, and could be buttoned upon the back. These are still considered the truest approach to the original Jersey bodice, the stockinet being elastic, and close-fitting, so that the appearance is very much that of the

ments of many for a useful costume, simple, compact, inexpensive, for traveling and general purposes. The idea is not a new one here, such a costume was in general use two seasons ago, and possibly furnished the scarf, and folds, and kilted skirt idea, for the finish of the "Jersey," for they were all represented; but it was good, and will bear repetition.



SUMMER WRAPS.

knitted "Jersey," with the advantage of ease in taking off and putting on, and of more elaborate finish at the neck and wrists, which had previously always required a round lace collar, and cuffs, put on over the webbing, and in order to conceal it. Then there was the objection to the knitted Jerseys that they were expensive, without being in the least dressy. This fact sealed their fate here, for not more than two or three houses have ever kept them, and these probably found few purchasers. The modification of the Jersey costume, however, which gives freedom in the selection of material, and enables young ladies to get up a very pretty woolen suit for the price of the knitted bodice alone, is more popular, and meets the require-

FIG. 1.—This figure represents the "Zilia" cape, made of alternate rows of black lace and black twist and jet fringe. It reaches to the waist line in the back, and is a convenient and simple wrap to be worn with any costume. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty cents each.

FIG. 2.—The "Clairette" fichu, which is illustrated on this figure, is an especially graceful wrap, to be worn either *en costume*, or made of a different material from the dress. It is represented as made in pale blue India mull trimmed with Languedoc lace, to be worn with a costume made of *Fleur de Thé*. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty cents each.





EDMÉE WALKING SKIRT.

THÉRÉSINE OVERSKIRT.

**Edmée Walking Skirt.**—A dressy design, arranged with a gored skirt, short enough to escape the ground all around, on which is disposed graceful drapery, giving the effect of three cut-away aprons, shirred in the middle of the front, and having scarf drapery crossed in the back and falling over a deep puff ornamented with *revers*. The bottom of the skirt is finished with a deep flounce, box-plaited in front, and side-plaited at the sides and back. The design is suitable for all dress fabrics excepting the thinnest, and is very desirable for those which drape gracefully. This skirt is illustrated on a single figure in combination with the "Roxelane" waist. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

### Packing Dresses.

In packing costly clothing one trunk should be used for dresses alone, each dress having its particular tray and having only a slight fold at the top of the skirt; each puff and sleeve being kept out by wads of soft yellow tissue paper, with every button and piece of fringe covered or underlaid, and the top covered with fine cotton batting and oil silk.

**Simplice Walking Skirt, WITH ADJUSTABLE TRAIN.**—A novel and ingenious design, combining a short walking skirt with a graceful, adjustable train which is attached to the short skirt in a simple and secure manner. Without the train, the skirt escapes the ground all around, and the drapery at the back, which is moderately *bouffant*, falls in two deep points; the lower point that falls in the middle being attached to the adjustable train. The front is covered with horizontal shirrings, and the side draperies which meet at the top in the middle of the front are separated the whole width of the apron at the bottom, producing a Pompadour effect, and are looped to meet the back drapery. The short skirt is trimmed all the way around with a fine side-plaited flounce; and the train is bordered with a deep, gathered flounce, surmounted by a series of narrow tucks drawn up so as to give the effect of very full shirring. The design is especially desirable for dressy materials which drape gracefully. This skirt is illustrated on the full page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

### White Dresses.

WHITE dresses are used very generally in the country, and at watering-places, but only as wrappers, and evening dresses in town. Very pretty ones are of new lawn with narrow satin stripe, and trimmings of very handsome white embroidery. Colored bows are a matter of taste; but if used, they are of rich brocaded ribbon, in small patterns, and blended colors. Other white dresses are made of dotted muslin, very small dots, trimmed with Valenciennes. The very fine white mull or Indian muslin is lovely over white Surah, or twilled foulard, and plentifully trimmed with fine and finely plaited Languedoc lace. Marseilles, and goods of that kind, are quite out of date; white fabrics must either be very rich, or they must be diaphanous, or they must simulate rich materials, and be soft in texture, like satines for example.

**Thérésine Overskirt.**—Elegant and graceful in design, but very simple in arrangement, this overskirt has the apron open part way in the front, ornamented with *revers* and falling in deep points; and extensions at the sides are carried back to support the back drapery. A full drapery added to the front and sides gives the effect of a double apron, and the back is gracefully looped with plaits in the middle, and a deep *burnous* plait at each side. The design is suitable for all materials which drape gracefully, being especially desirable for handsome fabrics, and a combination of colors or goods. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

STRAW FANS are the summer rage; they are round, and close with a catch, and an elastic. There are also very pretty straw fans, which open like the ordinary fans, that are painted with insects, leaves, and small, bright blossoms.







## Foulards and Pongees.

THESE have reappeared among the most fashionable of the summer fabrics, and are very much admired in the dotted and mixed designs—that is, ground-work of finely blended colors, which especially characterize the foulards and pongees of the present season. Another feature of foulard, in addition to the dots, is its satin finish, which seems to have added nothing to its weight or thickness. The combination of the plain satin-finished with the dotted satin-finished is particularly happy, and when lace is added, the effect that of great elegance, though in reality such a toilet need not be very costly.

The pongees are made finer than formerly, and the silk and wool of which the tissue is composed afford a fine opportunity for the blending of rich or delicate colors in equal proportions, and of heightening the whole tone by narrow plaiting or piping of red, gold, or peacock satin. This is a great improvement on the flat and somewhat insipid character of the old gray pongees. Upon gray pongees another very pretty effect of color is produced by using bands of plain satin, with colored silk embroidery for trimming, and we have seen one which exhibited a lovely painted design in floral pattern, which the young lady owner had executed for herself most artistically.

The style of making is almost always some form of the trimmed skirt and basque, and all the dresses of this description—that is, such as are naturally used for walking or visiting toilets—are made short. The favorite mode is to drape the front of the skirt, or shirr it. Arrange the side in a series of points, or *en panier*, and drape the back gracefully and irregularly, not stiffly.

With the foulard dresses, the bonnet (toque) and parasol should match; with pongee, straw or chip is most suitable, trimmed with scarf of soft Persian silk.

## An English "Jersey" Dress.

THIS is described as being almost seamless, having only two joins on either side of the bust, which are outlined with close-set buttons. It is after the order of a princess robe, having small kilt-plaitings of silk round the edge, with vandykes of the material bound with silk falling on to them. The back of the skirt is draped in a puff, which is also part of the dress; the sleeves are attached to a band covering the bust, and are put on separately. Stockinet is the material used, and it adapts itself to the figure so perfectly that the bodice fits *à merveille*. The new jerseys button at the back, and have a breast and side-pocket, which most ladies will hail as a boon, for the difficulty as to pockets is a great one. The stockinet jackets for outdoor wear are now made with no breast seam, and are notable for their perfection of fit. They have the hood lined with silk, the newest being *broché*. A new lawn-tennis dress is a brown jersey, trimmed with gold, a plaited flounce on the skirt of the two colors; the tunic sewn to the edge of the jersey, consisting of a pointed drapery back and front, bordered with a band of gold.



## Foulard Costume.

THE "Roxelane" waist and the "Edmée" walking skirt are combined to form this stylish costume. The material is satin-finished *foulard*, with a heliotrope ground on which are dots of bright claret color, trimmed with bands of satin striped with the same colors. The back of the skirt is shirred at the top, and has novel and especially graceful drapery below the shirring. The waist is full at the back, and the double-breasted fronts ornamented with broad *revers* are very becoming. The demi-long sleeves are finished with a fine plaiting of India muslin, and a scarf to match, trimmed with Mechlin lace, is worn around the neck. This is an excellent design for a handkerchief costume. Skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of waist, twenty cents each size.

A FAVORITE fabric for lawn tennis and archery costumes is a heavy cotton material in stripes of orange, garnet, and blue, or an *écru*.

## Cheap Summer Dresses.

DURING such long warm summers as we are subject to in many parts of the United States, it is useful to have many light dresses of an inexpensive character,—and these are best made at home, of lawn, striped cambric, checked gingham, or the pretty satine which is now quite equal in appearance to silk foulard.

A simple way to make lawn for indoor wear is with skirt and rather long sacque, the latter edged with white lace, and trimmed down the front with bows of ribbon. A pale blue and white, pink and white, or lilac and white muslin, are, either of them very prettily made up in this way, and can be easily made by the most inexperienced needlewoman if she possesses a good sacque pattern—that is one modern in style, well cut in, high on the shoulder, and well-shaped, somewhat shortened sleeves. A single flounce is quite sufficient for the skirt, and we have known a clever young lady, without any pretensions to being a dressmaker, fit and make a lovely dress of this kind in the leisure of one day, the whole cost, as she had the lace and ribbon, and it does not require any lining, being one dollar and a quarter.

Gingham and cambric are better made, and fitted as dresses, so that they can be worn on the street, and there is no better way for the country than to make a complete dress with round waist, a simple overskirt, and either a fichu of the same for the street, or use a small shawl of black or white lace, draped up on the shoulders as a fichu. This dress is as simple and inexpensive as possible, yet worn in this way, with an artistic hat of coarse straw, it is anything but ordinary or common-place.

A very useful way of making plain cambric or dark blue check, is with two skirts, and sacque of medium length, trimmed with a cross-band stitched on flat, and edged with a contrast which forms a narrow, doubled fold. If the cambric is plain, a brighter check may be used for the piping; if it is checked, a red, or old-gold (solid) piping would be in order. This is not a new style, but for use and availability in the country it can hardly be improved upon, and it can be worn either in the house, or out-doors.

The dainty plain and chintz satines are used for costumes of a more elegant character; for young ladies they make pretty garden party costumes, while older ladies have them made up as Watteau over-dresses, and drape them over plain satin or velvet skirts for morning gowns or for afternoon tea.

The creamy satines with small figures are charming, made as princess polonaises, and trimmed with cream lace overskirts of cream Surah silk; the cost is not great, while the toilet has a tone of unmistakable elegance.

Many of the new morning-dresses made and sent away to country houses are of flowered chintz over plain skirts, and are looped back from the side with flat paniers, and a leather pocket suspended from the side as a *chatelaine*.

One of plain and dotted satine exhibited a plain red satine skirt, and cream-colored over-dress with red dots, red-lined hood.

MONK'S "PILGRIMAGE" COSTUME is the coat ulster with one style of the hood and walking skirt.



## Parasols and Fans.

No. 1.—A lovely parasol made of pongee, deep *écru* in color, bordered with Spanish lace of the same shade embroidered in cashmere colors. It is lined with *écru* silk, bordered with pale blue, and the ribs are bright red. Price, \$9.

No. 2.—A novel style of fan, the sticks of black polished wood, and the covering of black satin embroidered with insects, grasses, and flowers in bright colors and gold.

No. 3.—A showy parasol covered with black satin brocaded with red, the border gold color with a red vine, and the edge finished with broad, black Spanish lace. The lining is black with a broad border of old-gold color, and the ribs are red. Price, \$10.

No. 4.—A stylish parasol, made of blue and gold brocaded satin, edged with chenille fringe in which both colors are combined, lined with gold color having a broad border of changeable red and blue silk, and the frame bright red. Price, \$13.

No. 5.—Covered with gray satin on which are large polka-dots of deep garnet, with a spray of leaves in each. It is lined with old-gold colored silk, having a border like the outside, and the frame is red. Price, \$7.

No. 6.—A handsome fan, covered with blue satin dotted with white, and having a broad border in Turkish pattern, embroidered with gold thread. The sticks are black, traced with gilt.

No. 7.—The outer sticks of this fan are black, handsomely enameled in a design of violets and lilies-of-the-valley, and the same pattern is painted on the black silk covering.

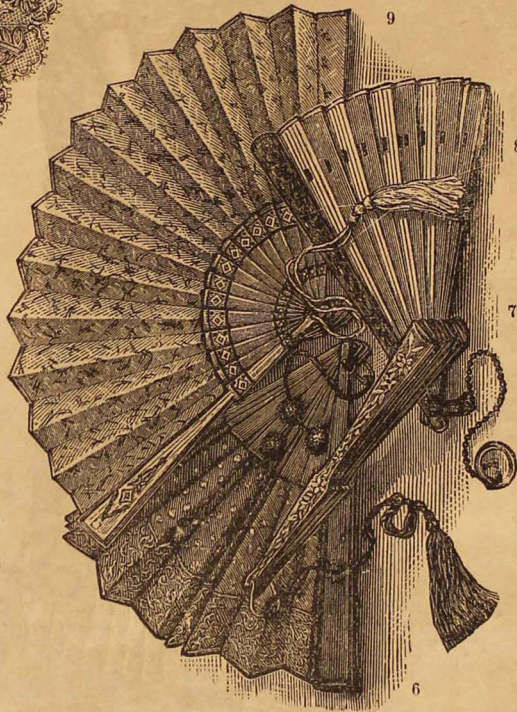
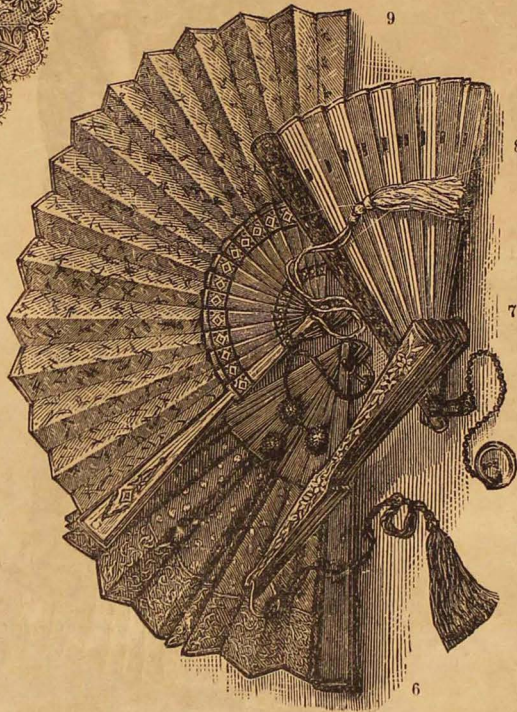
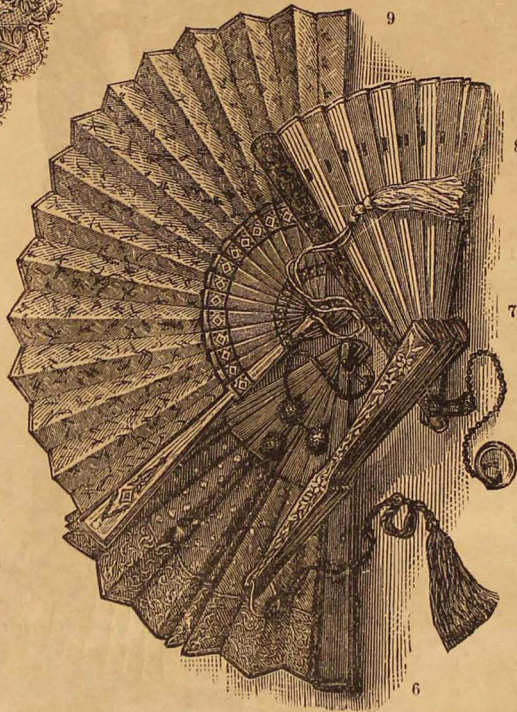
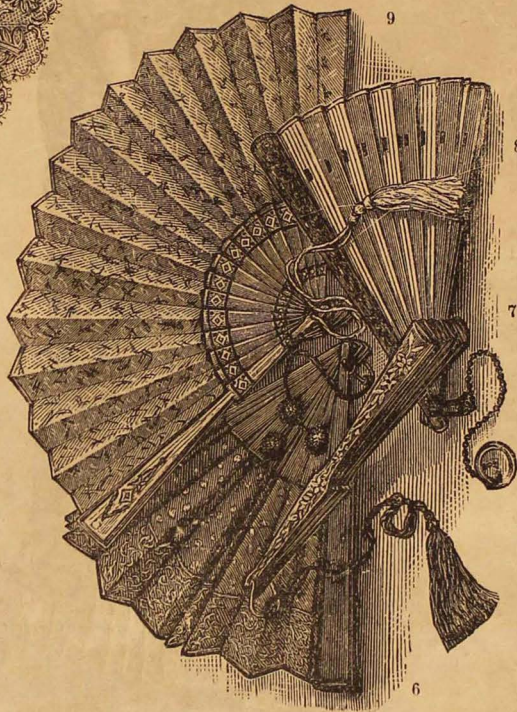
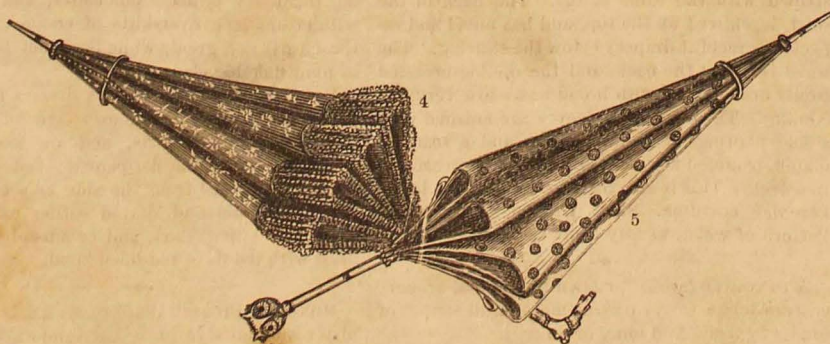
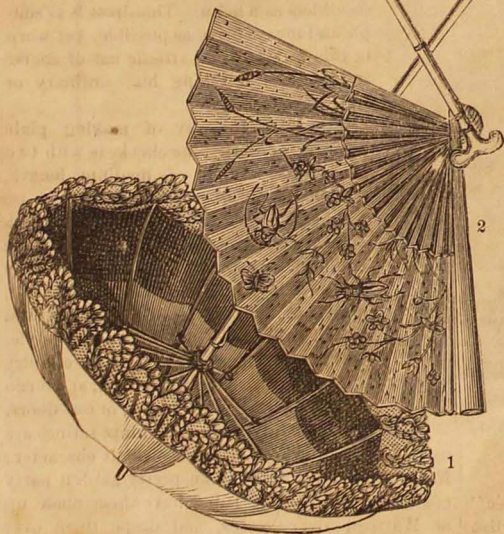
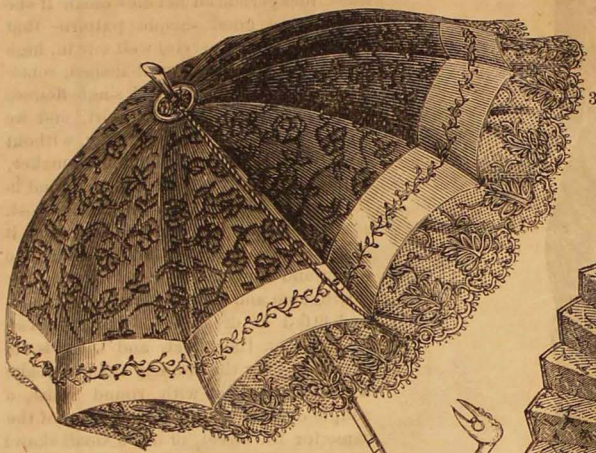
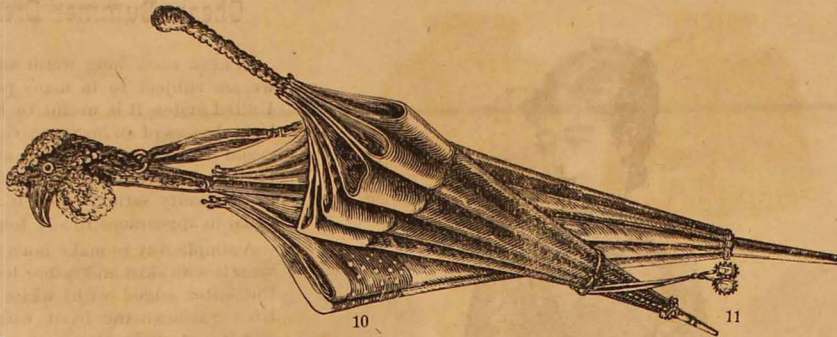
No. 8.—This is made entirely of wood, the sticks alternately light and dark, held in place by ribbons, and the outer sticks representing the rough bark of a tree.

No. 9.—This lovely fan has sticks of light gray wood traced with gilt, and the covering of light brocaded silk.

No. 10.—A sun umbrella covered with old-gold *satin de Lyon*, having a broad border of dark blue spotted with gold, the lining of bright red, and the ribs gold color. The handle is massive and richly carved. Price, \$15.

No. 11.—A simple parasol covered with black satin, having a broad cherry-colored border; the lining old-gold color with a black border, and the frame red. Price, \$7.50.

THE ENGLISH STRAW "GYPSY" is very fashionable for misses and young girls.





## Water-Repellant Fabrics.

### THE NEW "NEPTUNITE" PROCESS.

A DISCOVERY which has recently been tested before an assemblage of well-known ladies and gentlemen and chemical experts promises results of such importance as justify serious attention and consideration.

The actual article, which is submitted as the result of twenty years or more of patient experiment and investigation, is a colorless liquid, almost transparent, and which is applied to all kinds of silk, cotton, or woolen fabrics, either in the yarn or in the piece, at a very high temperature, without changing their appearance in the least, no matter how delicate the color or how rich the material and finish. Velvets, brocades, satins, cashmeres, buntings, silks, ribbed goods, flannels, blankets, carpets, almost everything usable except stones and metals, can be affected by this preparation; that is, its actual conditions changed, and the fabric or garment rendered "water-repellant" by the proper application of this solution, which is a highly refined product of India-rubber combined with certain gases which eliminate all smell and all undesirable qualities, and leave only a liquid which at great heat (175 degrees) takes hold of the fiber, and renders it not *waterproof*, that is, impervious to water, but water-repellant—capable of shaking it off—getting rid of it without injury, and not only without any deterioration of quality, but with an actual improvement in finish and the power of resisting injurious elements such as ink, stains of fruit, and the like, and dirt.

The tests as made on the occasion referred to in the beginning of this article were most remarkable, and showed conclusively how absolute the result which had been attained. Black silk velvet, rich brocade, éru satin, pink satin, duchesse, beautiful ostrich feathers, made bonnets in pale blue trimmed with blush roses, and velvet trimmed with brocaded silk and feathers were placed under streams of water, and came out fresh and uninjured, drying instantly. Upon the velvet the water formed globules which could be dashed off leaving no trace. Upon textures with raised surfaces like brocade, the water would stand in minute drops like beads, and the hearts of the roses held them like dew-drops, but a little shake got rid of them, and the shadows were as deep in the velvet, the soft curl of the feathers as perfect, the tint of the silk and the roses as bright as though nothing had touched them. At the same time, upon some of the silks in the piece, the contrast was afforded of an end of the silk or woolen that had not been treated hanging limp, discolored, and apparently ruined, while the part that had been treated was fresh and new, though both had been submitted to the action of water alike.

An interesting feature of the performance was the hose or water from a large tin dipper turned on over new high silk hats of gentlemen without injuring them in the least, and also over the riding hats of ladies around which were twisted gauze veils which would ordinarily suffer severely in a rain storm, but which in this instance were not discolored or affected in the slightest degree. Gloves, shoes, umbrellas, horse blankets in the same way threw off water without absorbing its moisture, and were not changed in appearance by its falling upon them. The great question, of course, after it had been satisfactorily demonstrated that fabrics of every description could be made water-repellant, was whether the process would render them unhealthy;



CLAIRETTE FICHU.

**Clairette Fichu.**—A graceful fichu for *demi-saison* or summer wear, the back forming a plain cape reaching not quite to the waist line, and the fronts gathered at the shoulders, giving a slightly full effect over the bust, and continued in long, pointed tabs which are tied loosely at the waist. The design is suitable for silk, cashmere, or any of the lighter materials used for summer wear, and many classes of suit goods; and can be either of the same or of a different material from the costume with which it is worn. It can be trimmed with fringe, lace, plaitings or ruffles, according to the material used. The front view of this *fichu* is illustrated on the block of "Summer Wraps." Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty cents each.

## Description of Cut Paper Pattern.

### LADY'S MEDIUM SIZE.

THE PATTERN consists of two pieces—half of the back, and half of the front.

The front piece is to be gathered between the holes near the shoulder, then lapped under the back and the fullness drawn up so that the holes will match with those in the back piece.

Cut the back lengthwise of the goods down the middle, and the fronts lengthwise on their front edges.

For this size, two yards and a quarter of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required. Four yards of fringe, five yards and one-quarter of *passementerie*, and three yards of lace will be sufficient to trim as illustrated.



ZILIA CAPE.

whether, in short, they would show any of the detrimental effects in wear that are charged to water-proofed garments. This was satisfactorily answered in the negative, the preparation, while it seizes the fiber, leaves the air cells unobstructed, so that there is a free circulation and a perfectly responsive movement; in fact it was asserted by the inventor, and concurred in by Dr. Ogden Doremus, that underclothing treated in this way would be much more healthful than that ordinarily worn, because, while non-absorbent of the exhalations from the skin, it excites the skin to activity, and all impurities would be removed by daily washing. The resisting quality which it imparts to fabrics, enabling them to throw off ink, stains, grease in the same way as water, is a very great boon, while the fact that clothing treated in this way washes, is cleaned easier, may be boiled without impairing its virtue, removes the last, and next to the question of health, the most important objection that could have been raised against it.

So strong is the faith in its power to work a decided change in our manufactures, that a company has been formed, called the International Chemical Company, with Hon. Hugh McCullough, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, for President, which is employed in establishing works, and already some silk manufacturers have sent silk yarn to be treated sufficient to make thousands of yards, so that ladies will shortly have the opportunity to test the accuracy of this statement for themselves. Black silk is assisted and improved materially, as it not only renders it inaccessible to stains and moisture, but gives firmness and prevents rubbing and the shiny appearance which sometimes results from wear.

## Black Forest Peasant-shoes.

THE "Black Forest peasant-shoe" owes its present popularity to the fact that it is becoming to any foot. It is half-high and has a pointed projection of silk bound prunella on each side of the foot, with a small, narrow ruche of black ribbon laid an inch below the flap-like piece described. With a high, but firm and flat heel, this shoe is admirably suited to country walks, for, although the favorite material for it appears to be prunella, it is handsome in kid, and being half high supports the sides of the foot. A coquettish imitation, much be-ruched, of the Black Forest shoe, has a buckle with a boar's head upon it, and its material is black satin; while still another has a "boot-top" added in gray silk, and this is crossed by minute chains of dull silver put back and forth on tiny peg-like buttons of the same metal, representing extremely diminutive hunting-horns, dogs' heads, stags' antlers, acorns, or pine-cones.

**Zilia Cape.**—This simple cape forms a graceful addition to a street costume for *demi-saison* or summer wear. It is in circle shape, fitted by gores on the shoulders, is looped in front over the bust, and reaches to the waist line in the back. It can be made in silk, cashmere, most of the thin summer materials, and many kinds of suit goods, with trimmings to correspond; or a foundation of silk, cashmere or lace net can be covered with rows of lace or fringe, or alternate rows of lace and fringe as in the illustration. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty cents each.





GERVAISE COAT.

**Gervaise Coat.**—The back of this stylish design is long, and in the favorite coat shape, with broad *revers* plaited and joined in the middle under a large bow, giving a moderately *bouffant* effect; while the fronts are shorter, and trimmed with shirred pieces which impart a roundness to the form and render it an especially desirable style for slender figures. It is tight-fitting, with two darts in each front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounded to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. *The neck is illustrated as open in V shape, but the pattern is only marked, not cut out.* The design is suitable for all kinds of dress goods, excepting perhaps the heaviest, and is most effective if made in a combination of materials. This design is illustrated on the full page engraving, in combination with the "Simplice" walking skirt. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



ROXELANE WAIST.

**Roxelane Waist.**—Youthful in effect, and especially becoming to slender figures, this waist is full back and front, being gathered at the shoulders and at the bottom, the fronts double-breasted, and the necks finished with a broad collar. It is especially adapted to washable fabrics, but is appropriately made in cashmere, bunting and dress goods of light quality. This waist is illustrated on a single figure in combination with the "Edmée" walking skirt. Price of pattern, twenty cents each size.

Summer Capes and Mantles.

THE unusual heat which characterized the early part of the present summer, has made the little lace capes and small mantles a boon for which ladies are quite willing to be grateful. The black lace cape has been fully established in the good graces of the majority of ladies, and those who by reason of the cost fail with the lace cape, with its quantity of thick, close ruching, which takes an enormous quantity of lace for so small a garment, fall back upon the still smaller jet cape, which reaches only a little below the shoulders, and is made of a fine silk mesh, in each division of which is set a cab jet bead, finished by a deep fringe composed of single strands of silk and jet.

These little capes are much less expensive than the larger ones of lace, and can be utilized in many ways. They are considered stylish additions to an indoor dress of all black, whether it is of silk, satin or cashmere, and dress up a simple toilet at the same time that they occupy little room.

The small black mantles of satin de Lyon, trimmed very fully with fringe, jetted passementerie and ruchings of lace, are the most popular styles, notwithstanding the effort to introduce colors and high contrasts. The majority of ladies want a mantle that can be worn with many different dresses, and the pretty, richly trimmed black one, which, without being a jacket, is held in at the waist, and thus gives trimness to the figure, exactly meets the general want, and if made *en suite* with the black silk costume, a handsome specimen of which every lady should add to her wardrobe once in two years, the cost is hardly felt, for it can be made part and parcel of the whole, without much increasing the outlay.

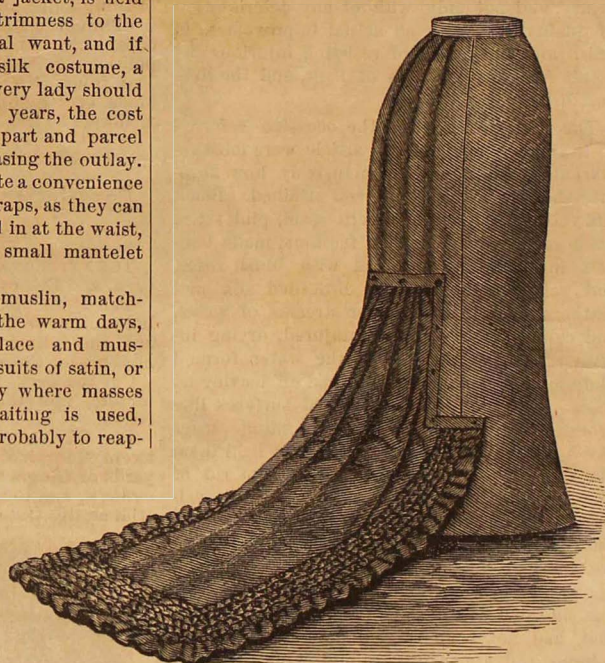
Small lace shawls are found quite a convenience by ladies who need a variety of wraps, as they can be draped on the shoulders, belted in at the waist, or left to form a pointed cape or small mantelet as the case may be.

Fichus of light lace-trimmed muslin, matching dresses, are very pretty for the warm days, and also the fichus of white lace and muslin. The more elaborate summer suits of satin, or grenadine satin-lined, particularly where masses of red or old-gold interior plaiting is used, are in many instances set aside, probably to reappear in the fall, for, in addition to the actual warmth of the costume, the imagination invests the bright red, and old gold which shines through the transparency of the fabric with the power of intensifying the discomfort. Light colors are said by physicians to be far more useful and agreeable for summer wear.

Hoods are a most important part of dress this year, and every known shape seems brought into requisition. But they are all wide open, and with the lining turned out, so as to show plainly. No cords and tassels are used with them, as of old, but a cord is sometimes run through the outer edge, to draw it up and tie it round the throat; or a bow of ribbon is placed in the center of the back. Many hoods are made in the shape worn by the Capuchin monks, and also in that of a clerical or academic hood, to be worn with the tight-fitting dresses or a jersey. In this way they quite take the place of a mantle, and supply the only out-of-door covering needed. This is especially the case with young ladies and little girls. Shepherd's plaid is much used for lining black silk hoods to be worn with any dress, and black lace hoods lined with a color are very popular.

A Park Toilet.

ONE of the prettiest costumes seen on the promenade recently was made of mauve-colored bengaline, and cut quite short. The skirt, which can scarcely be described, was formed by a single and very wide scarf, beginning at the waist on the right side, and rolled three times over an underskirt of saffron-colored faille, of which the only part visible was a small plaited flounce laid at the bottom. The scarf was laid quite flat in front, while at the back it was caught up in a series of graceful undulations, and it was edged throughout its whole length by a lovely fringe. This fringe matched exactly the bengaline, being relieved here and there by a saffron-colored tassel, and it was headed by a treliswork of silk, also mauve-colored, on which was embroidered, from place to place, large pansies so marvelously executed that they seemed life-like. The corsage of mauve-colored bengaline was finished in front and at the back by a very long point, and it was merely set off by a few pansies laid in front lengthwise, and on each sleeve above a small flounce of Mechlin lace encircling the wrist. The bonnet worn with this artistic toilet was a wide-brimmed Rembrandt bonnet of saffron-colored straw, lined with mauve-colored bengaline, and set off on the left side by a tuft of pansies. Around the brim were encircled in apparently careless order long feathers, of colors matching those of the toilet.



ADJUSTABLE SQUARE TRAIN.

**Adjustable Square Train.**—A simple and ingenious design, by means of which any short walking costume may be converted into a house dress with a graceful train. The adjustable train is attached to the short skirt in a simple and secure manner, and can be added to any walking skirt. The design is most appropriate for dressy goods, and can be trimmed to correspond with the rest of the dress. "The Simplice" is a walking skirt with a round, adjustable train. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

CREAM-COLORED CHINESE foulard makes very handsome and very cool, but not cheap night-gowns, as they require to be richly trimmed with Valenciennes lace.



## Costumes Seen at London Art Exhibitions.

"ONE dainty lady at the fashionable Grosvenor Gallery, which corresponds more than anything else in London to the New York Society of American Artists, was clad in red satin; an old silver buckle fastened the girdle of the short-waisted dress; the sleeves were puffed; a high tippet was round the neck; the head was ensconced in a poke bonnet, wreathed with feathers of the same shade as the dress. Another young lady wore a gown that seemed to go through every scale and modulation of green, from somber sage to the lightest shade of greenish yellow; the bonnet was the same arrangement in green: a large green gauze veil formed the bonnet-strings enshrining the face, and fastened on the left side by yellow roses; a rich black satin mantle toned down the general effect. One dress struck me as particularly charming: a gray silk, with a gracefully-draped scarf of the same; the edge of the skirt ruched with deep crimson; the round hood lined with crimson: a coal-scuttle bonnet—the miniature edition of the Quaker bonnet—gray outside, crimson inside, throwing a shade over the face. The costume was a piquant mixture of simplicity and rich coloring. Among the bizarre toilets we noticed a black silk, slashed and puffed with gold-colored satin; a dolman-shaped mantle of tawny brick-red cloth, heavily trimmed with gold; the hat matching the cloak. Two ladies walked together, one in a sage-green gown, white old point lace fichu, and broad-leafed green hat; the other in a blue satin garment draped with blue velvet, the square bodice and sleeves plaited and puffed, the skirt embroidered with green leaves, forget-me-nots, and red flowers, producing a peacocky effect. Round the throat rose a high coffee-colored ruche; a yellow rose was fastened on the side: a small blue velvet hat, trimmed with yellow roses and a green feather, completed the attire. Stuff of gold was much worn in trimmings. Bugle trimmings of gold, green, and blue beads were also much affected, producing a shimmering, somewhat gaudy effect. The tendency to strong coloring in the majority of dresses made the black or sober-toned garments peculiarly effective. A few representatives of ultra-estheticism in dress were present. There was a costume in which the folds of the gown fell with an archaic effect round the wearer, as may be seen in the early pre-Raphaelite pictures; the lace collar was turned down, leaving the throat uncovered. Our fashionable ladies, as a rule, affected dark colors and very small bonnets. Flowers were worn in profusion—flower-made bonnets; flowers on the lace muffs; flowers pinned high up near the throat; flowers on the parasols.

"Lady Lindsay of Balcarras wore a bronze green satin costume, trimmed with orange and black plush; a pale blue bonnet and feather; large yellow roses fastened to the body of the dress; a black muff, edged with coffee-colored lace, a bouquet of yellow roses upon it. Mrs. Langtry wore a costume of black satin; the hood of the mantle lined with crimson and gold stuff; the trimmings of gold butterflies, the wings shimmering with green and blue bugles; the small bonnet was black and gold. A charming old lady was dressed in a costume that Rembrandt would have chosen to paint—a black satin gown, with a ruching of dead gold satin on the skirt; a black satin mantle, the sleeves lined with dead gold; a high ruche of old lace; a white satin poked bonnet, with a suggestion of gold through the soft old lace that trimmed it.

"At the London Academy, which corresponds to our New York Academy of Design, there were not so many dresses of the esthetic descrip-

tion as are usually to be seen at a private view; but one costume of this order, equally striking and quaint in its simplicity, was a dress of green cloth made somewhat in the same fashion as the lady's dress in the Van Eyck style, and worn with a long green cloak and antique silver ornaments; another lady was graceful in a black satin dress that might have been borrowed from a fashion plate in one of the earliest numbers of 'La Belle Assemblée,' the skirt made plain and tight with a long train; the waist very short, and the sleeves, ending at the elbows, met by long black gloves; while a large black hat and black lace scarf completed the costume. Another 'artistic' dress was of a small patterned brocade of brown and old-gold, made with a plain trained skirt and full cape. The bonnet with this was one of the large hats, popularly known as 'Zulus,' the straw gilt and trimmed with a gold-colored gauze veil.

"These were among the most striking departures from the recognized fashions of the day, but there were many beautiful dresses of a less eccentric order. One very quaint costume was of chocolate satin, brocaded with Chinese landscapes and figures in dull blue; and a novel combination of colors was afforded by a short toilet of pale heliotrope cashmere and dark olive-green velvet. A very simple but very charming arrangement of hues was shown in a young lady's dress of pale willow green and hat of the same, with a brim of deeper green velvet with a large spray of pink acacia. Another pretty costume was of aquamarine brocade, with a satin underskirt and cape of marine blue."

## Our Purchasing Bureau.

We append a few of the commendations we constantly receive to one of our most valuable business departments.

"WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

"MME. DEMOREST:—I received the package sent by mail in due time. Every article gave satisfaction. Please accept my thanks for your kindness.

"N. B. H."

"SOMERSET, 1880.

"DEAR MADAM:—The Jabot which I ordered came duly to hand, and is entirely satisfactory. Please accept many thanks for your prompt attention.

"MRS. B. C. C."

"TENN., 1880.

"DEAR MME.:—It affords me pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the Ear-rings (No. 7), as per order. The articles give the most perfect satisfaction, and are much admired by persons of refined taste.

Truly yours, J. L. K."

"MAY, 1880.

"MME. DEMOREST:—Goods received—am much pleased with your selection.

"Very respectfully, Mrs. A. L. P."

"O., 1880.

"MME. DEMOREST:—The Wardrobe arrived in time, and am much obliged to you for your promptness.

"It gives satisfaction, as all the ladies in the neighborhood have looked them over, and pronounced them 'little darlings, beauties,' and the like, and I would not be surprised, should you get some orders from W.

"Yrs. respectfully, A. B. C."

"BUGYRUS, OHIO, 1880.

"MME. DEMOREST'S PURCHASING AGT.:

"DEAR MME.:—Bonnet and Gloves arrived safely some days ago. Was very much pleased with them indeed. Many thanks for your promptness. Can you furnish the pale blue, white, and pink, checked gingham handkerchiefs, 'which are mentioned in the June No. of the Monthly?'

"Yours gratefully, M. R. H."

Ans. Doubtful? (ED.)



ANITA BASQUE.

**Anita Basque.**—The shirred *plastron* on the front renders this an especially desirable style for slender figures. It is of medium length, slightly pointed in front and in coat shape at the back; is tight-fitting, and cut with one dart in each side of the front, side gores under the arms, and side forms in the back rounded to the armholes. This design is suitable for all kinds of dress goods, and is very desirable for a combination of materials or colors. No trimming, excepting a cording or narrow fold on the edges, is required. This design is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Marietta" skirt. Pattern in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each.



DIDO BLOUSE.

**Dido Blouse.**—A charming little dress, suitable for either a girl or boy under six years of age. It is a loose blouse, the skirt portion shirred at the top and attached to a deep yoke, and the fullness confined lower down by shirring, which obviates the necessity for a sash. Square pockets ornament the sides. The design is suitable for the lighter qualities of materials that are usually selected for children's dresses, and the trimming can be chosen to correspond. If white goods are employed, which will be the most appropriate, the yoke can be made of lace or embroidered insertion, alternating with tucks or puffs, and lace or embroidery can be used on the edges. Pattern in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.

THE MOST EXQUISITE WOOLEN materials ever manufactured are the fine, delicate, almost intangible fabrics known as "Nuns' Veiling," or *voile religieuse*. The skirts of the dresses made of it are covered with a series of narrow, or graduated flounces, sometimes bound with satin; and the bodice is round, and belted in broadly with satin. A ruffled cape of black lace should be worn with it, and looks well, whether the dress be black or gray.





Elaine Costume.

A QUIANT design, especially becoming for slender figures. It is made in snowdrop bunting, pale blue sprinkled with white polka dots, combined with plain blue French bunting. The polonaise is made of dotted goods, with the side draperies and shirrings on the front of the plain, and is ornamented with bows of pink and blue satin ribbon. The back is without drapery, and falls in two broad plaits. The skirt is made of the plain bunting, and has a shirred front, and the back bordered with a deep, gathered flounce. Frills of Breton lace at the neck and wrists. The double illustration of this design will be found among the separate fashions. Pattern in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

### Children's Fashions.

THERE is great variety in the designs for children, but simple materials are generally selected. Very pretty dresses for girls are of dotted foulard, brown dotted with cream, and straw gypsey hat trimmed with a wreath of small white flowers, field daisies, or May blossoms.

Other very charming dresses are of the delicate chintz patterns in olive shades, and blue upon a cream ground. These are made up into suits, trimmed with olive and blue ribbons, and straw hat with narrow ribbons to match crossed on the top, and tied under the chin.

The "Sailor" costumes are of thin wool, and are finished only with buttons. A sailor hat accompanies, and it has a deep round or square collar.

Jersey costumes for girls are very fashionable. They are usually made as a short princess, with killing and scarf folds to mount it; some, however, are accompanied by a plaited blouse waist belted in, and show little of the "Jersey," but the part that does not belong to it, viz.; the plaited skirt and scarf trimmings. These dresses may be made of dotted cambric, or thin summer flannel, or checked gingham, which is very useful for children's dresses, as it wears clean, and washes perfectly.

Flannel, as remarked, requires no trimming but buttons; cotton materials afford plenty of scope however, for ornamentation, and are made very dressy with scant ruffling of needle-work, torchon, or cambric lace-edged frills. Large collars of lace or needle-work are also universal, and give a certain look of distinction to the simplest costume.

Excepting in the greater variety of materials and design, however, there is little change in the dress of children. The sailor hats, the hats turned up on the side, and the pretty straw gypseys are the shapes preferred, but the round hats have wider brims than formerly. Whatever is loose and cool and simple is preferred for children during the long siege of warm weather.

For girls of sixteen, or thereabouts, the "Elaine" costume may be recommended as an elegant design for plain and dotted foulard. The dotted over-dress forms a fashionable coat at the back, and is draped off at the sides, from the closely shirred front. This and the flounce are of the plain material, and the front is shirred for firmness upon a lining, so that the thinnest goods made would be suitable, though none could be cooler than foulard.

A charming little dress for white fabrics is the "Dido" blouse. This is made with a deep needle-work yoke, and is shirred to four small puffings low upon the skirt, the flounce being separate from the body part, and very handsomely trimmed with lace and insertions. Pockets are trimmed upon the sides.

The Anita skirt and Marietta basque furnish a good example for the combination of the materials—plain and chintz satine, for example, plain silk, and figured challis,—or plain satin foulard, and the same printed in a small figure.

BLACK Spanish lace mantillas are lined with old-gold, and heliotrope silks and satins.

THE MOST beautiful evening dresses for summer are of cream-colored India muli muslin, richly trimmed with Languedoc lace.

THE new percales are in pompadour designs, on a plain groundwork. The finish is so fine that one may easily mistake them for silk.

THE "MARIE ANTOINETTE" costume, as well as the "Marguerite de Valois" and "Diana of Poitiers" costumes are worn at balls by ladies who do not dance.



Miss's Costume.

THE "Anita" basque and the "Marietta" skirt are combined to form this becoming costume. The materials used are Yokohama crape having a cream-colored ground, with the designs in wood color and several shades of blue, and blue cotton satine matching the deepest shade of blue in the crape. Both the basque and skirt are illustrated separately elsewhere. Pattern of basque in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each. Skirt pattern in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.





ELAINE COSTUME.

**Elaine Costume.**—A tight-fitting polonaise, with shirring on the front which imparts to it a quaint effect, is combined with a skirt having a shirred front to form this stylish costume. The polonaise is cut with one dart in each front, side gores under the arms, side forms carried to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. It is an appropriate design for all classes of dress goods, excepting the heavier varieties, and is especially desirable for a combination. Pattern in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

**Do We Owe You a Premium?**

THOSE of our subscribers to whom premiums are due, both single and for clubs, more particularly those entitled to single premiums, are requested to inform us of their selection, and we will respond immediately.

We find that a large number of subscribers to whom premiums were sent in the past six months have not received them, owing to the express companies failing to notify the subscriber that a package had arrived at the office.

We have a full supply of every article on our list, and we hope you will select your premiums without delay. Those who have already selected oil pictures that have not been received in consequence of the requisite sum of fifty cents not being forwarded for postage, can change their selections to any other article.

It would be well to remember that the size of the picture, Consolation, 20x28, is too large to be forwarded by mail when mounted for framing. We will pack them on a roller and pay the postage unless the subscriber resides where it can be forwarded by express at a cost of not over fifty cents, in which case we will send them mounted for framing, the express charge to be paid by the subscriber.

A TRIMMING very much in favor, is formed of bands of red silk or *batiste*, on which is embroidered the characters of the Chinese alphabet.

FOR EVENING wear milky amber, rivals heliotrope color, being much softer and more becoming.



MARIETTA SKIRT.

**Marietta Skirt.**—A dressy, stylish design, having the front and sides puffed, and the back arranged in graceful, moderately *bouffant* drapery. The design is suitable for all but the heavier qualities of dress goods, and is especially desirable for the more dressy varieties and thin fabrics. The trimming can be selected to correspond with the goods used, and any style of flounce can be substituted for that illustrated. This design is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Anita" basque. Pattern in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

**Good Words.**

"DEAR MME. DEMOREST:—We devour your excellent magazine month after month with a relish and entire satisfaction, always finding things congenial to our inmost soul. Obtaining a knowledge that we feel safe in planting in our precious children. I am thankful I am not *too wise to be taught*. For there are many gems of thought inscribed here, that would be a loss to not take them to ourselves. The mental labor expended tells for itself. We feel that we know you well, having had the pleasure of being with you, every month for almost twelve years. One thing that strikes us, as a beautiful index to what is within, is the front page of the cover of this book.

"The Cupid holding up the torches shows a lamp that lights us through the difficulties of life. The wreath on which he rests proves DEMOREST has now the laurels. The lofty places of the female figures tell us women *must* be fitted to fill the grandest sphere on earth. The rich clusters of the vine and corn, to us are a beautiful illustration of the harvest in store for those who make this book a study. The lower end of the page being full of good meaning, suitable to all trades, professions and occupations. Accept this imperfect letter from a very humble admirer of your magazine. Wishing you continued success, I am, Truly yours, E."



Dido Blouse.

This charming little dress is made in Victoria lawn, handsomely trimmed with embroidery, and Italian lace and insertion. The arrangement is the same both back and front, and the sides are ornamented with large, square pockets. The design is suitable for small children of both sexes, and is appropriately made in any of the materials of light quality that are usually chosen for their dresses. Pattern in sizes for from two to six years of age. Price, twenty cents each.

THE NEWEST combination in colors is cherry-color and white on a groundwork of bronze, rose color and garnet with sky blue and marine blue.

YACHTING COSTUMES are of gray or dark blue bunting trimmed with foulard in ground color to match, but dotted with red.

ALL GLOVES are made long this season, to suit the short sleeves, which reach but little below the elbow.





"ZELLA."—A table of refreshments for a wedding reception at this season should include two large dishes of chicken salad, two of lobster salad; a whole salmon properly decorated; a hundred sandwiches each of thin-sliced ham and tongue. Four forms of any jelly preferred; four quarts of Charlotte Russe; two baskets of cake besides the wedding-cake; lemonade, ices, and ice-cream; fresh fruit, particularly raspberries if seasonable, and hot-house grapes. The hot-house fruit should be arranged with flowers for the center of the table, the smaller fruits on low glass or china dishes at intervals down through the middle of the table. The plates should be set in piles at the corners; the spoons, forks, and napkins near them. If no trained waiter is available, some person should be delegated to superintend the filling of the plates and the distribution among the guests, the attendance being left either to the servants of the house, or the gentlemen friends.

"SWEET SIXTEEN."—At your age, and with a limited experience, it is better to let your parents invite your gentleman friends. There is no occasion for any remark when a clerk thanks you for having made purchases.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—Your mixed poplin could be used very well for the purpose you mention. The colors are good, but we should advise it made up without trimming, except buttons, dark and bright to match. The imitation, or what is called "German" guipure, is not now fashionably used. A yard and a half of goods of the width mentioned would make the "Marielle" Visite, with half a yard of a narrower width for mounting.

"WHITE CLOVER."—Get a gypsey straw, line it with pale gold satin, put a soft Alsacian bow of the same satin on the top, and fasten another to an elastic under the chin; only very short ends. Add a bunch of shaded yellow roses, with a couple of deep red roses to the left side, toward the back, and the bonnet, a very pretty one, is complete. Be careful not to select high colors or shades. Your mother's plaid silk would combine with wool or pongee better than silk; but if she has enough for all but the trimming, she had better select a shade of plain, dark brown to put with it, or black. Glad you found you could not get along without us; we try hard to be the best investment that any woman can make of three dollars.

"WILHELM."—The "baby set" comprises twenty separate patterns, including shirts, robes, dresses, slips, nightgowns, bibs, sacque, cloak, high shoes, diaper-cover, wrapper and apron. The cost is one dollar. They are sent by mail. We send premiums on receipt of subscription price, unless the sender wishes it delayed, or if no selection is made we conclude our new picture Consolation is desired and forward it immediately.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—Hooped skirts are not worn at all, and paniers have been superseded by coats and straight drapery; still paniered dresses are to be seen, and are by no means out of date. The "Phylla" costume, leaving out the combination of figured material, is an excellent design for your gray flannel traveling dress. Kilt the front of the skirt. By using the "Amandine" polonaise, and alternating one satin with two silk ruffles upon the skirt, you could succeed in arranging your blue silk very stylishly with two and a half yards of satin.

"W. E. P."—We fear advice in this case will come too late; but certainly either a polonaise, or skirt shirred in front, simply draped at the back, and a deep plain basque with a trimming arranged low at the back, would be most suitable; like that of the "Clorinde," for example. A soft silk, in small pattern, and dark blended colors, into which gold enters, would be most suitable for trimming such a dress. Whatever pattern is used, let it be one which is not too much cut up, and in which the lines run lengthwise, not straight, but transversely. This will diminish apparent size.

"ISADORE."—The only way is to address a music publisher, sending a copy of her productions.

"MRS. A. B. S."—There is not much danger but the lace would take a good color if it were dyed at a good place; and as it is strong, it might pay you to have it done.

"AMERICAN GIRL."—Girton College is a plain, substantial building of red brick, of three low stories, set

down in a pleasant rural landscape. It is intended eventually to cover four sides of a quadrangle, building side after side as may be required, and as money can be raised. Inside everything is as plain as possible, though very tasteful. The woodwork is oiled and varnished to a deep golden brown, the walls are pale green, and the carpets are dark blue felt. Each girl has two tiny rooms, but the closets are represented by a few hooks in the corner with a curtain before them. The furniture is plain and only what is most needful; but the low ceiling, cosy fireplaces, careful choice of colors and the wide windows with their beautiful rural views, make the rooms very homelike. There is a gymnasium, and the library is furnished with a grand piano as well as books. Mrs. Somerville's mathematical library, a bequest to the college, is in a room by itself. The prayer-room is small, the class-rooms smaller. A mistress resides in the building to have general charge of the students, and a matron and corps of servants provide for them the five meals a day necessary for their happiness.

"MRS. S. D."—Hat No. 3 in May number, \$14; No. 8, \$12. An English straw gypsey, trimmed with a wreath of May or cherry blossom, pale blue strings and lining, would suit the person you describe. Cost, \$10.

"M. H. I."—The most suitable trimming for satin is beaded fringe and passementerie. Buttons to match.

"S. C. C., VALLEJO."—Your chene mixture would combine best with plain brown silk or wool, the dark leaf shade of the broken lines. The other dress should be made over with plain wool, in a lighter shade of same color.

"A MOTHER."—A very handsome graduating dress of white organdy trimmed with Valenciennes or Breton lace and ribbons could be furnished for thirty-five dollars; a summer silk for from fifty to seventy-five. These would be suitable dresses for the occasions you mention.

"MRS. L. M. L."—A figured mohair of the same shade would make up with the plain like sample better than anything else we know.

"HELEN ADAIR."—Hat third on page 282 could be furnished for \$14.

"SUBSCRIBER."—Trim the lace cambric, which is of very poor quality, and will not pay for much work or trimming, with ruffles of the same, edged with patent Valenciennes lace.

"S. E. K."—Our purchasing bureau will send you stamping patterns, with instructions, and materials complete, if desired. The price would depend on amount required.

"F. D. G."—The set of cords and tassels, if they could be got without being made to order, would cost you about five dollars.

"A. F."—We should advise Cretonne for your dining-room curtains; drab and crimson to match paper and border cost from fifty to seventy-five cents per yard.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—It is not worth while to pay the highest price for velvet for this purpose; from three to five dollars per yard would answer very nicely. A very handsome fur-lined cloak could have been bought this last spring for fifty dollars; in the fall, or when they are unpacked again, the same quality will be seventy-five, perhaps more. French batiste of fine quality should be used if the Valenciennes be real, or French percale, which is a soft-finished cambric. No; a toothpick should not be used at the table, unless it is necessary in order to escape pain or inconvenience; then it should be used as unobtrusively as possible.

"GENEVIEVE."—Your summer outfit for second mourning need not be extensive. You can wear white with black or lilac ribbons, and a white dotted muslin is a pretty and very useful summer dress. Your church dress should be black grenadine made over French twill or lining silk, and trimmed with Satin de Lyon, Satin de Lyon frounces upon the skirt. Bonnet and visite to match. Gray cambric with black hair-stripes would make a good ordinary dress, trimmed with black ribbons and black "seaside" (all wool) grenadine, in lace pattern, an every-day walking dress which could be made up with or over an old black silk skirt. If an evening dress is required, a white lawn over a black lawn or tarlatane would answer admirably, trimmed with white Meclin (imitation), and black ribbons, armure or gros-grain, not satin. Black mitts of different lengths will answer almost all purposes, and can be worn in the evening in summer.

"ETTA, North Carolina."—Your brocade will look well made up with almost any black material or fabric, but fine black camel's hair would be preferable to gros-

grain. Could you not trim up your hair-striped silk with cascade of black lace, and add a small cape of lace or fringe to freshen it? You could put plain black silk with it, but the first method would make it more dressy and look newer.

"L. S. D."—Some form of mantle or dolman is always in fashion. For young ladies the visite or mantelet style of garment should be selected; for older ladies the more ample models with square mantle fronts.

"ANXIOUS."—The prettiest and least expensive way in which to flounce your blue silk is with narrow plaited ruffles of white tarlatane; mix pink, blue and gold in the ribbons for trimming, if you choose, but do not put it into the flounces. Beaded *passementerie* is too heavy for your summer stripe; black and white lace would be better, and the ruchings. Certainly, it would be very useful to you as a street dress in Chicago; you would hardly need another besides that and your blue, except a traveling dress.

"BOSTON."—Fjord is pronounced *Fyord*, and means a long, narrow inlet bounded by high banks or rocks, often opening again into the sea; such as are common on the coast of Norway.

"SAPLEY ADAMS."—Bronze were the first cannon used in the reign of John the Good of France—1350 to 1364. Cannon were first used in England in the reign of Edward III.

"C. L."—1. Victoria's family name is Guelph.  
2. Longfellow's father's name was Stephen Longfellow, an eminent lawyer in Portland, Maine. His family were originally English, of the laboring class.

3. Carolus III. began to reign 1759, died 1788. He was the son of Philip V. of Spain.

"S. S."—Get "Woodbury's Ollendorf's German Method."

"ROSE HENDRICKSON."—Adam Bede is pronounced *Adam Beed*. Hiram Powers, was the sculptor of the Greek slave; it was finished in 1843. The panel picture of it could probably be got at George Sloane's, Thirty-second street and Broadway. The statue is now in the possession of Mrs. A. T. Stewart.

"ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS."—King Arthur is a mythical personage, supposed to have established the Round Table. His history is given in Bullfinch's "Age of Chivalry."

"ROBIN."—"Fra Diavolo" is Italian, pronounced *Frà De-ah-vo-lo*, and means "Brother Devil."

"Nozze di Figaro" is also Italian, pronounced *Notchee de Figaro*, and means the "Marriage of Figaro."

"Le Domino Noir" is French, pronounced *Ler Domino Noyr* (pronounced in one syllable), and means "The Black Domino."

"Tancredi," Italian *Tancredy*, and means "Tancred."

"Die Zauberflöte," German, pronounced *Tszowber-flert-er*, and means "The Magic Flute."

"Gavotte" is French, pronounced *Ga-rol*. It is a dance.

"Abends" is German, pronounced *Ah-bents*, and means "In the evening."

A VALUED correspondent propounds the following queries, to most of which we should unhesitatingly answer "No," with a little reservation in the case of gloves.—[ED.]

"EDITOR LADIES' CLUB:—Is it good taste for young ladies to wear their chains and lockets outside of their cloaks or wraps? I say not, but the girls say it is stylish. Is it good taste to wear bracelets outside of gloves when traveling or in street dress? or to display jewelry at such times? or to wear white kid gloves (except when making calls)? or for a young lady in walking with a gentleman in the evening to allow him to take her arm instead of giving her his? Old fashioned folks say no to all these questions, but some young ladies do not fancy old fashioned ways, and as Demorest is quite an oracle, I thought we would leave it with our book. Jennie June's sensible talks are very much enjoyed. She must be a busy woman. I wonder why the papers that condemn Mrs. Astor so much for wearing such elegant diamonds, say nothing about her noble charity, as shown by her sending hundreds of the homeless children of New York to the bountiful homes of the far West. My husband saw about fifty of the little fellows at one of the depots in a neighboring city some months ago, and he said they were comfortably clothed and cheerful looking, and the agent told him he had little difficulty in getting homes for them, although he was very particular to put them in good hands. Surely we should not grudge such a woman the pleasure of surrounding herself with



beautiful things, knowing that she is giving her country jewels more precious than rarest diamonds when she makes good, useful citizens out of these poor waifs, who otherwise would help fill poor-houses and prisons, all honor, I say, to wealth well used. It is as praiseworthy to care well for ten talents as for one, and far more difficult.

ELINORE."

A CORRESPONDENT WRITES:—"I saw in the March Number of Demorest's directions given to some correspondent in the Ladies' Club about potting plants. She was advised to place the freshly cut ends next or near to the pots, thus giving them air. I have noticed, in experimenting with plants, that many grew much better in broken pots than in whole ones. I have now a fine lot of geraniums of various sorts, some in boxes and some in pots. Among the number there is one in a pot which has nearly all the bottom broken out of it and is cracked high up on the side. This one is more than as high again as the others, which I think is owing to the air it has received through the apertures in the bottom and the side, for they were all planted out at the same time last March, in the same sort of soil, and have received the same treatment ever since.

"This suggests the idea of using perforated pots instead of solid ones.

"Please tell me what is the best soil for Egyptian moss?"

D. B."

"OLD SUBSCRIBER" WRITES:—"Though I do not make much of a figure upon the theater of the world, yet I must say, that of what little worth there is in me, I owe much of it to the reading of your magazine. Eleven years ago, when I first saw a copy of your valuable magazine, I was a most deplorably ignorant little country girl. Since, mostly with my own efforts, I have given myself a very good English education, and, besides, have made money enough to buy a house and lot, which will rent for near two hundred dollars a year, which is considerable here. When I read 'What Women are Doing,' and 'Talks with Girls,' I get inspired to be something in the world. Heartily do I wish you may do as much for other girls as you have done for me.

O. S."

Your query is not one that could be presented through our columns. We know nothing in regard to the Mexican mining regions, or any one connected with them. Your best method would be to obtain a set of newspapers of the region, and advertise in the one near where your brother is supposed to be.

"WEDDING BREAKFAST."—A wedding breakfast under such circumstances need not be very elaborate, but it should be pretty and somewhat substantial. Of course the menu will also have to depend somewhat upon the resources of the family. Oysters the "last of June" will be out of the question; but cold or warm broiled spring chickens would be in order, and a mayonnaise of chicken or lobster. A well made pigeon-pie is good breakfast dish, and have plenty of jellies, delicate blanc-mange, fresh fruit, and small veal and ham sandwiches, the meats chopped fine together. A salad of small fruits would be possible at the season, and looks very pretty in glass dishes, such as red and white currants and raspberries put together and sprinkled plentifully with powdered sugar, then kept on ice an hour or more before serving. Tea, coffee, and chocolate are the best beverages, and the bread should be good brown and white biscuit, baked small. Ice cream, cake, and jelly would be served last.

"O. N. D."—Will find the poem containing the line 'Consistency's a jewel' in 'Murtagh's Collection of Ancient English and Scotch Ballads, Edinburgh, 1754.' If a printed copy of the poem cannot be obtained, I can send a written one.

SCRAP BOOK."

"EDITOR LADIES' CLUB:—I would like much to know the author and all of the poem commencing with these lines:

'It seems but a little while  
Since thou and I first met,  
And yet thy image on my soul  
Is firmly, deeply set,' etc.

W. H. E."

"E. M."—1. There have been no recent geographical discoveries. No great terra incognita remains, but fuller and more precise information about certain vast regions is very desirable. The travels of Humboldt, Lewis, Clarke, and Fremont have enlarged our acquaintance with the interior of the American continent. The interiors of Australia and of Africa are still only partially known. The former has been explored by Sturt, Eyre, Leichardt, Stuart, McHinlay, Landsborough, Burke, the brothers Gregory, and others; while in Africa a host of

travelers have struggled to open that country to civilization. Great additions to our knowledge of the countries on the upper Nile have been made by expeditions sent by the Pasha of Egypt, which have penetrated far beyond the region so long assigned on our maps to the Mountains of the Moon. These expeditions and the researches of Barth, Burton, Livingstone, Baker, and the missionaries Rebmann and Krapf, have left in obscurity only a portion of that part of Africa which lies between latitude 10° north and 10° south, and longitude 12° and 27° east. At the time of his death, Dr. Livingstone was trying to penetrate this region. The remarkable progress of geographical discovery during the present century may be thus briefly summed up; Northern Asia has been traversed by the expeditions sent out by the Russian Government; the great fields of Central Asia have been crossed in various directions; our knowledge of China has been vastly increased; the desire of the Japanese to participate in the advantages of European civilization has led to a more exact knowledge of their country; Palestine has been explored with wonderful minuteness; the interior of Arabia has been penetrated; the sites of many of the most renowned cities of antiquity have been determined; the Niger and the Benouoe or Tchadda have been traced almost throughout their extent; the Nile has been traced to the great lakes in the equatorial regions of Africa; Madagascar and Australia have been crossed in various directions from sea to sea; the icy continent about the South Pole has been discovered; the delineation of the north shore of the North American continent has been completed; the principal features of the geography of that vast portion of our own territory lying between the Mississippi and the Pacific have been ascertained, and the river systems of South America have been explored. With the exception of the regions about the Poles and in the center of Africa, the general outlines of every part of the earth's surface are known to civilized man.

2. Lake Superior is 360 miles long, from east to west, its greatest breadth 140 miles, area, 32,000 square miles. Lake Huron is 250 miles long, its whole width, including Georgian Bay, is about 190 miles, area, 21,000 square miles. Lake Michigan is 320 miles long, mean breadth, 70 miles, area, 22,400 square miles.

"JOHN."—The work of constructing houses in sections which can be put together with movable pins is carried on at Flushing, L. I. No plaster is used, and the buildings are neatly finished inside, the boards and beams being beaded and polished. The houses range in price from \$800 upward, and are chiefly shipped to the West Indies.

"STUDENT."—1. For sleeplessness, a high London authority recommends, instead of stimulants, a breakfast cup of hot beef-tea, made from a half teaspoonful of Liebig's extract. It allays brain excitement.

2. It is reported that the long expected "Memoirs of Prince Talleyrand" will shortly appear as feuilletons in the *Voltaire*, the Paris paper that Zola's novels have rendered so popular in France. M. Andral, formerly President of the Council of State, will edit this publication.

"JENNIE —."—Mont Blanc is not the highest eminence in Europe. According to the latest measurements, the Elburg, a mountain of the Caucasian chain, exceeds it by more than 2,300 feet.

2. The British Museum has recently purchased about one thousand terra cotta tablets with inscriptions referring to the history of Babylon. A fragment of one of these tablets contains a design of one of the gates of Babylon.

"Miss M. E. M. C."—Your black silk, trimmed as you suggest with jet, and a Leghorn hat ornamented with white plumes and white satin ribbons, would do very nicely for a costume upon leaving off mourning.

"Mrs. J. S. B."—We receive much more matter than we can possibly publish, nevertheless we are always willing to receive and print, and pay for something better than we have got.

"SUBSCRIBER."—A neat, lady-like and inexpensive dress for you, would consist of a skirt of black French twill (white on the inside so that it does not crock), mounted with ruffles of black silk, and covered with "seaside" grenadine, fine wool in a somewhat open pattern, so as to form a trimmed skirt. Deep basque of the grenadine, with ornamented collar and narrow plaittings at the waist of silk, and cape, the "Imma," to match with collar of silk. You may use satin instead of silk for the costume if preferred. Black chip bonnet,

trimmed with a wreath of small field daisies and black gauze. Black satin strings with plaited lace ends. Gray kid gloves or black lace mitts. Plaited Breton lace or ruched footing in the neck and sleeves. White tie of fine mull, edged with fine torchon lace, and lace insertion. This will wash well and keep nice the entire season. Use fringe for trimming the cape.

"S. H. L."—The wreath would cost you about five dollars.

AN ADMIRER OF "SARTOR RESARTUS."—Mr. Carlyle, author of *Sartor Resartus*, *French Revolution*, etc., has been ill for a long time, and he has no hope of permanent recovery, though he may linger on for some weeks. His thoughts, it is reported, have already been fixed upon the ultimate end of his illness, and he has expressed a wish to be buried as quietly as possible in the choir of the old cathedral at Haddington, where he laid his wife twelve years ago. Carlyle's appreciation of her he inscribed upon her tombstone: "In her bright existence," he said, "she had more sorrows than are common; but also a soft invincibility or capacity of discernment and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmeet of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worth he attempted. She died at London 21st of April, 1866. Suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life is as if gone out." Carlyle left on the stone space only for his own name and the date of his death.

"LUCILLE."—Under the circumstances you had better make up both as simply as possible, but there is not the least impropriety in wearing them. Black and white lace, and black armure ribbon bows, would trim the summer silk nicely. There could be no objection to trimming the white India mull with Valenciennes lace, but you should wear black ribbons with it (not satin). Take off the crape from your bonnet, and have it made up without it. If you have enough of silk, and cannot get black and white lace, trim with itself.

"SUBSCRIBER."—If you could get a wooden frame arranged over your flower table, and cover it with a drape of pale green and white, with bunches of ferns and spring flowers for ornament, you would find it a great improvement. From the framework could hang receptacles for ferns, made from fir cones, strung oak apples, twigs, etc.; also a few China brackets for putting flowers in, and other things that require suspending; and up the sides could be arranged bouquets of cut flowers, each one kept fresh in a small tin receptacle of some kind. At the top, in the center, should hang the most effective ornament, and the largest. On the edge of the table should be laid a broad piece of fresh moss, and on this numerous buttonholes for ladies and gentlemen, those for the former, being the largest, should be daintily laid out. It is a good plan to have a little rail of gold paper on cardboard laid on, to prevent people brushing off the moss and flowers, which is so often the case in a crowd. It can be easily managed. It is also advisable, if possible, to have a raised tier to the table, to show off baskets and glasses filled with flowers. On the lower tier, small pots of growing flowers and ferns, packets of good seeds, tied with gay-colored ribbons, specimen glasses, with buttonholes and small baskets, could be arranged. Little glass pots, with a maidenhair planted in, for dinner-table decoration, sell very well. Pretty baskets, filled with mould, and containing ferns, are always attractive. Bunches of colored dry grasses for table decoration, and sets of net d'oyles, with dried ferns and delicate leaves pressed and gummed on. A novelty would be muffs, made of white, pale blue, or pink satin or brocade, with a profusion of white lace, and a bouquet of flowers and a spray or two of ferns added to one side, among the lace. A few pretty jabots of lace, with flowers in the center of each, would look well, arranged on a little cushion of colored satin, among all the surrounding flowers, ferns and moss. Little hampers, filled with flowers, in damp moss, with blank labels attached, ready to be sent off by post, are always attractive. Packets of thin wires, for mounting flowers, sell well. The legs of the table should be hidden by pink twill, and covered with sprays of ivy.

"PIONEER'S WIFE."—The long plain redingote, which forms part of the "Odette" costume, is a suitable design for the gray material to combine with your black silk skirt. For your church dress there is nothing more useful or more suitable than a hair-striped summer silk. The style is a little out of date in New York; for that reason they are sold cheap; but they are useful, and neat and lady-like. The flannel dresses, with brown linen apron for every-day, and white for best, are the best possible. They are thoroughly serviceable. Camel's



hair cloth ranges from seventy-five cents to three dollars per yard; the latter very fine and of French manufacture; a very nice quality, thirty-six inches wide, can be obtained for \$1.50 per yard.

We do not know of anything that would help your little boy so much as to shower his ankles daily, rub them warm again, bandage them well up to the calf of the leg with linen; keep them bandaged, not too tightly, and have his shoes made to come up high, over his ankles; let him walk only a little at a time.

"Mrs. J. A. M."—Any first-class dry goods house would be likely to have trimmings of the kind mentioned, but it is risking a good deal to send for them, except through reliable sources.

"SENSIBLE VIRGINIA GIRL."—No. 1. How shall I make a black silk of very good quality?

No. 2. How remodel a blue and black hair-stripe; would velvet combine nicely?

No. 3. Is there anything particularly new in dress goods for traveling and walking suits?

No. 4. What style of hat will be the newest for traveling?

No. 5. Will kid gloves be much worn, save for calling and evening wear?

No. 6. Would one of those little straw shopping satchels be inappropriate for traveling?

No. 7. How are those hand-painted satin vests trimmed?

No. 8. What would be suitable for camping and boating dress?

No. 9. Is there anything newer than lawn of equal cheapness?

No. 10. Are "Montagues" out?

No. 11. Are hoops much worn?

No. 12. Which is most fashionable, silk purse or leather portemonnaie?

No. 13. What would be pretty, cheap and becoming, for morning house dress?

No. 14. Will beaded parasols be stylish?

No. 15. Are hand-painted gloves fashionable?

No. 16. When a lady is visiting, and callers rise to leave, who have called upon her and the hostess, is it not etiquette, for both she and the hostess to rise when they do, to leave?

Ans.—No. 1. With trimmed demi-trained skirt, deep basque, and a mantelet visite, the "Justine," for example, trimmed with beaded fringe and passementerie.

No. 2. It would be rather heavy but it would look well and be more serviceable, though it is not so fashionable as satin. Why not make up the skirt as handsomely as possible, and get a jacket of small figured brocade to wear with it, containing black and blue, with a little infusion of gold.

No. 3. No. Bunting is the most used. A costume of gendarme bunting and English straw gypsey, trimmed with gendarme blue satin, with some shaded yellow roses and pale gold satin lining, would make you a very pretty, and stylish, not expensive traveling dress; and disposes of your fourth question.

No. 5. No. Mitts will answer for all other purposes.

No. 6. No.

No. 7. With lace in cascades at the sides.

No. 8. Navy blue flannel.

No. 9. No. Except the "lace" cambrics, which in the equally cheap qualities, are not so good.

No. 10. No.

No. 11. No.

No. 12. The first for change and light shopping, the second for people that mean "business."

No. 13. Pretty Scotch gingham with border.

No. 14. No. The brocaded parasols with fringe or lace border, are much more so.

No. 15. No. Unless very delicately done, to match an evening costume.

No. 16. Yes.

ANY of our readers who will send their address to the TOILET MASK CO., 1164 Broadway, New York, will receive without charge a Descriptive Treatise explaining how to obtain a pure and faultless complexion without using poisonous cosmetics, powders, etc. We hope that our lady friends will avail themselves of this liberal offer.

GEORGE F. BATES, No. 325 Grand Street, N. Y., issues and sends free a Catalogue of fine boots and shoes which ladies residing away from New York city will find to their advantage to consult before purchasing elsewhere.

He warrants all his goods, and ladies have only to try one pair to be convinced that, for the latest styles, box toes, French heels, Spanish instep, etc., they cannot be equaled by any other manufacturer or dealer.

## LITERATURE

"Silva Vine."—That "Henrie Gordon," the author of this volume, is a *nom de plume*, which conceals a member of what is termed the "gentler" sex, there can be no manner of doubt, and it is a little curious that the book excites more interest in regard to its parentage, than in itself, yet it is not without interest, and especially to young women. In it is embodied much of the experience of a by no means common woman; one who must have seen much, and learned a good deal, though we should judge, that in the matter of book-making, this was her maiden effort. The faults of the work are a want of coherence, definite purpose, and therefore of form. It is a mass of experiences and opinions, some of them very bright and striking, though often crudely expressed; piling on to a thread of a story, which is not at all able to bear the weight; therefore the story sinks out of sight, while the facts and opinions remain in the mind.

Scattered through the book, are bits of philosophy in regard to the voice, and of valuable information to singers and students, which suggests that the author has covered that field, and knows whereof she speaks. There are also many interesting descriptions which are only a trifle marred by a vein of egotism, which unconsciously makes the author her own hero. It is published by *The American News Co.*

"Artistic Embroidery."—Everybody talks now about "art" work, and "art" embroidery, but few know what it means, or in exactly what the difference consists, between mere "fancy" work, and the modern art-work, so-called. This excellent manual by Ella Rodman Church, not only teaches the methods, but defines the distinction very clearly, so that it may be recommended highly, not only to the lovers of needle-work in general, but to young students, who wish to start off right, and not get mixed up through false statements made by ignorance, or pretension.

The work contains nearly two hundred illustrations, and explanatory diagrams of crewel-work, the different kinds of stitches, crewel-stitch, ladder-stitch, satin-stitch, chain-stitch, herring-bone, or feather-stitch, and others, as applied to articles of dress and household use and ornament. The directions are perfectly clear, and simple, so that a child can follow them. Of course, neither a child nor grown person can become an artist in needle-work, without artistic taste, and faculty; filling up the squares in canvas on a piece of wool embroidery partly executed is a very different thing from designing according to one's own idea, and using stitches and crewels, or silks, to express it, as the author does words, and the painter, brushes and colors. In her preface the author says: "A piece of embroidery should have in a degree the same expression as a painting; and there is no good reason why the needle should not be as artistic an implement as the brush."

The book is published at one dollar per volume from the office of the "Floral Cabinet," by Pierre Adams and Bishop, and is very neatly printed, and bound in cloth.

"Free-Trade and English Commerce."—This excellent little work by Augustus Mongreden, has reached its seventh edition, an evidence unmistakable as to the value of its statements on so dry a subject as trade and commerce. It is indeed the best argument for free trade that has ever been presented in so comprehensive, and at the same time compact a form, and shows strongly, the rapid growth of the anti-free-trade feeling in England. When a statement of its reasons for being were found necessary, and are so clearly, and ably put. It is a curious fact that Free-trade ideas never have been accepted in democratic countries; and doubtless the reason is because individual labor expresses itself in an eternal demand for the protection of the individual. The individual rarely judges upon broad principles in matters affecting himself. As England grows more republican it will grow more narrow in its trade principles and policy. A very valuable part of the pamphlet apart from its policy, and logical statement, is its tables of statistics in regard to the commerce of the world, which are very concise, yet very accurate, and complete. So much cogent argument, clear presentation of facts, and valuable information, has rarely indeed been found in such compact form.

Hubbard's "Right Hand Record."—This volume, just issued by H. P. Hubbard, of New Haven Conn., is the most complete, and only complete Newspaper Directory of the World. It contains a revised list to date of all the newspapers and periodicals in the United States, territories, Canada, and all foreign countries; with the population of the towns, the circulation of the papers, the numbers of such papers in each town,—and blank spaces for recording contracts, estimates, offers, and the like. To editors and publishers it is indispensable, while to a vast number of other persons, including every class of advertisers it is invaluable, as it not only furnishes reliable dates, upon which to base the means of bringing matters before the public, but furnishes a neat, convenient, and compact method of keeping accounts with the journals employed. The book displays amazing industry and the enterprise, and fertility of resource for which Mr. Hubbard is already famous, but which are displayed in a greater degree than ever before in the work before us.

"Practical Keramics."—Though there is a vast amount of dabbling in painting on china, and almost every body picks up bits of decorative ware with an assumption of profound wisdom and knowledge which they could impart if they wanted to, still there is in reality but little knowledge of the actual art of pottery, few even among those engaged in painting its surface, being acquainted with the composition of the substance they wish to decorate.

Practical Keramics, by C. A. Janvier, and recently published in very handsome form by Henry Holt & Co., of Twenty-third street, supplies exactly what every student needs, full and exact information in regard to primary composition and qualities of every description of pottery, beginning with the commonest earthenware, and going up to the finest and hardest porcelain. Usually all the attention is given to the forms and decoration of pottery. In this work, while form and ornament are assigned an important place, and the full value of beauty and taste in color and design admitted, yet the essential principle after all, is declared to be the actual thing itself, and it is asserted that no one can be a good decorator who has not made him or herself acquainted with the composition of pastes, their relative qualities, the conditions and possibilities of the different substances, and their suitability for receiving impressions and illustrative designs.

One of the great merits of the book is, that the author knows what he is talking about himself. He begins at the beginning, and explains everything as he goes along, so that a child can understand him; yet, the book is no mere mechanical description of the potters' art and methods, it is that the author seems to consider nothing small or unimportant that belongs to the subject, and acknowledges his own allegiance to one of the first principles of art, that of subordinating the less to the greater. His tables of important dates, his clear, full and accurate directions, and receipts for every important process, his explicit tables of materials, and many other distinctive features, are invaluable to the student, and the rules for decorations transcribed from Blanc, give what is most valuable in the famous French author, in addition to the more comprehensive and practical statements of Mr. Janvier himself.

The book can be recommended highly, not only to schools and students, to whose lists of text-books it is, indeed, indispensable; but to all honest and conscientious lovers of the perhaps, most useful and beautiful of the domestic arts.

The "Art Magazine."—The number of those who possess taste, yet cannot afford high-priced periodicals, is constantly increasing, and with all these, this charming periodical so well and admirably sustained by Messrs. Cassell, Pelter & Galpin, is becoming more strongly and thoroughly appreciated. The May issue contained a sketch of Michael Angelo, with a reproduction of his great "Moses." An article of "Decorative Art," a very good, short one on "True Harmonies, and the Modern Scheme of Color," Illustrated Leaves from a Sketcher's Note-book, Sculpture at the Paris Exhibition, with illustrations of some of Legranes work at the Trocadero, and numerous other features of more or less interest.

"Art Needle-Work" for Summer Uses.—S. W. Tilton & Co., of Boston, have issued a second edition of their "Art Needle-Work," for decorative embroidery, the first having been exhausted almost immediately. It is a complete manual, as well as very simple and clear in its explanations, like all of the series edited by Miss Lucretia P. Hale, and is just what all lovers of needle-



work want in order to make themselves acquainted with the methods as well as the outlines of art needle-work. In addition to some good patterns and exhaustive directions, the whole course of instruction as given in the South Kensington School of Art is appended, with the diagrams of stitches, satin stitch, tent stitch, cushion stitch, blanket stitch, Japanese stitch, Persian stitch, "Burden" stitch, cross stitch, "basket" stitch, and many others, including stem, or what is known as "crevel" stitch, though according to the book this is wrong, for it is not by any means confined to wool embroidery.

Messrs. Tilton & Co., also issue packages of colored designs with perforated patterns for making transfers, each package being accompanied by the powder and directions. The whole package containing ten patterns, only seventy-five cents, and they furnish an invaluable aid to summer fancy work in the country.

Design cards are about, or have been issued, which will also add a new interest to the summer-days in the country. They consist of six, by Miss Susan Hale: "Stones by the Sea," "Roadside Wall," "Old Barn and Willow," "Pines and Pond," "Rocks and Beach," "Elms in a Field." These landscapes are prepared on rough card-board, with full instructions for hand painting them, and if one dollar is sent instead of fifty cents, one will be painted as a specimen.

The "Dramatic Magazine."—A new magazine has been started with this title, which promises exceedingly well. It is bright, well-written, intelligently edited, and full of readable articles by well-known journalists and authors. The first number has a portrait and sketch of the pastor of the "Little Church Around the Corner," Rev. G. N. Houghton; and an excellent one about "Lace on the Stage," by Anna Ballard, who is an authority on the subject. We hope the dramatic artists, as well as the general public will sustain the new venture, for it is a credit to both.

New Music.—We have received the following new and popular sheet music from R. A. Saalfeld, 839 Broadway, New York.

"Hush my Darlings do not weep." Words by John Keynton, music by G. Operti, price 40 cts. This is the song that was written especially for the benefit of the Irish Sufferers, the proceeds of the same, being given to the N. Y. Herald Famine Fund. A beautiful Solo and Chorus. The best selling song published in years.

"Don't blame me for I didn't do it." Comic song and chorus by Chas. H. Duncan, price 40 cts. By far the best comic song we have seen for a long time. Too funny for anything. Get it and find yourself laughing in spite of yourself.

"The Poor Orphan Boy." Motto song by Chas. H. Duncan, price 40 cts. Good words wedded to a beautiful melody are sure to make this song popular.

"Somebody's Granpa." Song and chorus by C. F. Wood, price 40 cts. A charming little song which will appeal to the hearts of all who hear it.

"They say I'm Nobody's Darling." Song and chorus by Henry Tucker, price 40 cts. A charming little song which has already become very popular.

Racquet Waltz, by F. H. Baker, price 40 cts. The most popular piece of music published in years. Very taking.

Muscle-Beating; OR ACTIVE AND PASSIVE HOME GYMNASTICS, FOR HEALTHY AND UNHEALTHY PEOPLE. By C. Klemm, Manager of the Gymnastic Institution in Riga. With ten illustrations. M. L. Holbrook & Co.

This book contains the following interesting chapters: Introduction—Historical Review—Value of Muscle-Beating as an Indoor Gymnastic—Directions for the Special Use of Muscle-Beating—The Music Beater—Cold Hands and Feet, Morbid Concentrations—Excessive Fatness—Muscular Debility—The Weakness of Advanced Years and Infirmities of Old Age—Lameness and Stiff Articulations—Morbid Mental Excitements—Sleeplessness—Incipient Diseases of the Spinal Cord Paralysis—Rheumatism—Cold—Gouty Tumors—Neuralgic Headache—Vertigo—Loss of Hair—Muscular Curvature of the Spine—Muscle-Beating as a Means of Sustaining the Health—Summary of Directions for the Use of Muscle-Beating.

The work is very suggestive. It may prove a valuable addition to the numerous modes of exercise, especially for chronic invalids and sedentary persons.

Mr. Thomas Hardy.—The "Trumpet Major," which Mr. Thomas Hardy is said to consider as his finest work, and which is so estimated by some of the English literary authorities, is one of the finest studies in English life, which has been made by any author, not excepting "George Elliot," and deserves careful reading. The dif-

ficulty with Mr. Hardy is, that his art is too fine, and too real to be popular among those who read superficial books merely for amusement. His studies of character are drawn from life, his descriptions are as exact as photography, and if his personages were a little higher in the social scale, they would be portraits which every one would recognize. But then they would not be so individualized, or so well worth study. Civilization knocks all the corners off, but what is gained in smoothness is lost in character and originality. The "Trumpet-Major" is an admirable piece of work, superior to any other of the author's productions, with the exceptions perhaps of, "Far from the Madding Crowd," and we advise attentive perusal of it, as one which hereafter every intelligent person will be expected to have read, and formed an opinion upon.

In Harper's, for June, is a charming illustrated article, by Mrs. John Lillie, entitled "A Moorland Village." It is a delightful piece of word etching, interspersed with pencil sketches.

"Seed Time and Harvest."—We direct especial attention to the new story under this title, recently begun in this magazine, by the author of "Elizabeth," "Strangers Yet." We consider it the best of the productions of the promising young author.

"Where the Harebells as Violets Grow."—The young folks will find that we are not neglecting their interests in attention to those of their elders. "Where the Harebells as Violets Grow" is a clever story by "Edyth Kirkwood," who has written many for their amusement. It will be found full of fun, as the jolliest boy and girl could desire, and sensible too, which jolly boys and girls generally are, when they are through with the frolic.

### Pet Paragraphs.

Every man is the son of his own works.—CERVANTES.

"And besides to tell you the truth what I eat in my corner without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkeys at other people's tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind, nor do other things which follow the being alone and at liberty."—CERVANTES.

"Every one is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse."—CERVANTES.

Our hope like a star every evening is born and every night dies.—CALDERON.

Work never shortens mortal hours,  
But brightens all their way with flowers,  
So shorter seems the long day's flight,  
More welcome still the peaceful night

The sharpest wound  
Is oftentimes cured,  
And leaves no trace.

A word that wounds  
In tender place  
Leaves fearful scar  
To show its place.

SELECTIONS FROM THE FRENCH OF L. AIME MARTIN.

We can acquire nothing without labor, not even thought.

The great of every kind must always regain its place, which is the first in nature as well as the first in the human soul. *Chefs-d'œuvre* of every kind alone survive.

The grand never dies; the indifferent (mediocre) never lives; so great souls come down to us through the

dust of ages with an eternal freshness; they form a magnetic chain, uniting the past to the present, carrying the present into the future. Thus in the works of man is an eternal beauty, constantly escaping from all the revolutions of thought.

Few of us may rise to inspiration or invention, yet all of us can, illumined by the light of great minds, have the enjoyment, the admiration, the possession of them; so we can borrow from genius all that genius receives from nature; our love for these divine models becomes the measure of our intelligence and progress. One does not instruct the faculties of the soul, one awakens them. All that comes to us from them seems either a reminiscence or an inspiration.

Intelligence has only memory for that which it learns; the soul has a memory for that which it has not learned. So Plato and Descartes do not instruct, they fertilize. What they think to teach us we believe ourselves to remember.

The faculties of the intellect grow strong by labor, the sentiments of the soul acquire strength by the exercise of our will. The passions acquire strength by our weakness.

Of all human infirmities the saddest is the slumber of the soul; how many men pass by on the earth without its ever awaking.

### DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, A MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS.

THE BEST IN FORM AND THE LARGEST IN CIRCULATION.

The advertising columns of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY furnish the most reliable, cheapest and best advertising medium in the world. Goes everywhere. Read by everybody. A book of reference for the family, and sometimes the whole neighborhood; especially for the enterprising, and for all those who can afford to purchase. For advertising purposes, no other one medium covers so much ground, or is so universally read and sought for as DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.

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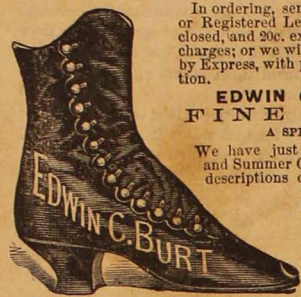
The novelty and exceptional strength of its perfume are the peculiar fascinations of this luxurious article, which has acquired popularity unequalled by any Toilet Soap of home or foreign manufacture.



**A GREAT OFFER!!** New ORGANS \$40. upw'd. WARRANTED 6 years. Second Hand Instruments at BARGAINS. AGENTS WANTED. Illustrated Catalogue Free. HORACE WATERS & CO., 826 Broadway, N.Y.

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This Catalogue shows conclusively, that it is better to send your orders direct to New York City, and receive the latest styles.

It gives full and explicit directions for measuring the foot, so that every person may be fitted and suited as well as if the goods were selected in person. It also contains full information as regards the Postal Laws, and shows how shoes may be sent by mail for 20 cents, or registered with ABSOLUTELY no danger, for 30 cents.

Every lady should take advantage of the above facts, and send for a catalogue, if not to send orders, at least to have for reference.

Our immense assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses' and Children's Shoes enables us to suit every one.

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| Ladies' French Kid, Button, \$4.00, \$4.50.   | Finer Quality, \$2.50, \$3.00.                          |
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| French Kid, Hand Sewed, \$5.75, \$6.50.       | Ladies' Pebble Goat, Button, Cork Sole, \$3.00, \$3.50. |
| Ladies' Pebble Goat, Button, \$1.50, \$1.75.  | Black Diagonal Cloth Top, Button, \$1.50, \$1.75.       |
| Better Quality, \$2.00, \$2.50.               | Best, \$2.25, \$2.75, \$3.00.                           |
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Grey, Red, Blonde or Yellow shades will be charged extra, according to scarcity and purity of shade. We forward goods for not less than \$5.00 by Express, C.O.D., with privilege of Examination to all parts of the U. S. The far South and the far West excepted. Orders for less than \$5.00 must be accompanied by Money Orders, Bills or Stamps. Avail yourself of this special offer and address,

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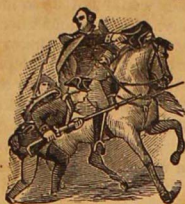
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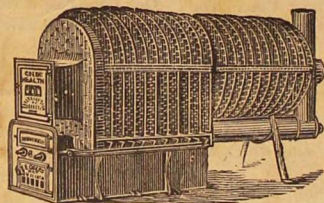
Stool, book and music, boxed and shipped only \$85.00. New Pianos \$195 to \$1,600. Before you buy an instrument be sure to see his Mid-summer offer illustrated, free. Address, Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

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Quality of heat equal to that produced by the best Steam Heating Apparatus. The DEMOREST buildings are warmed by these heaters.



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