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From Aigle to Martigny.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWI...

INCROYABLE!" exclaimed our pretty Austrian countess.

"Ist nicht möglich!" imperiously added our stately Frau Generalin.

"If you should attempt it, pray take my tea-machine, so you can have some means of refreshing yourself when you stop to rest," mildly urged an English lady of fabulous wealth, whose name to the ears of her countrymen is suggestive of their national beverage—ale.

"I am quite sure madame cannot accomplish such a walk," was the smiling but decided verdict of our polite Swiss host; "Miss G——, who is English, can easily do it, but with an American lady walking is quite out of the question."

But could American blood endure the insinuation, that it was inferior in any way to that of any other nationality—no! To Chamounix I was going, and to Chamounix I would walk, except for the short distance which a railway carriage would convey me.

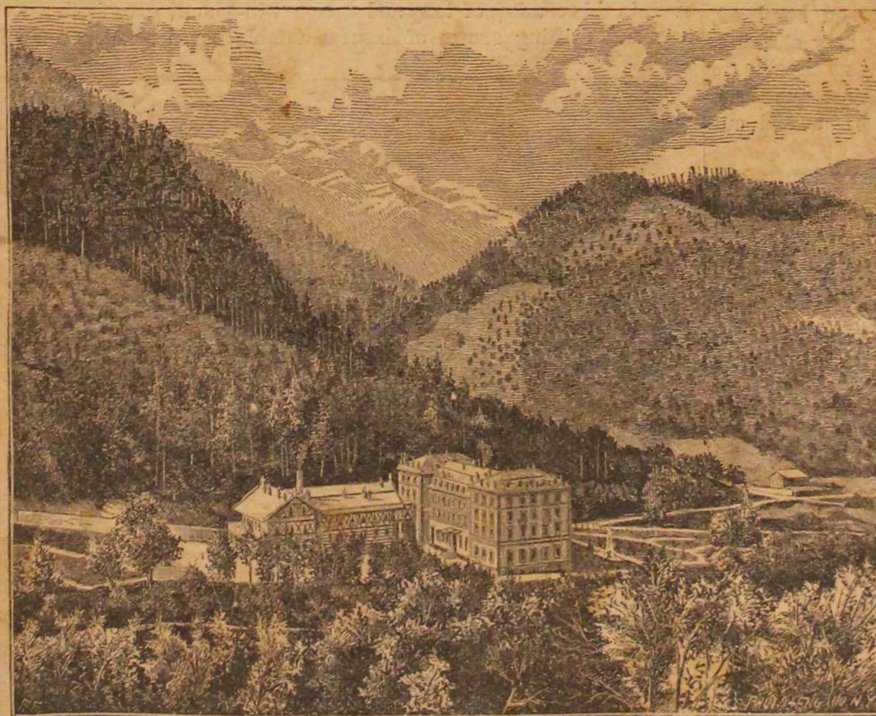
So the next day, before the morning sun had glinted the snowy points of the Dent du Midi, my friend, Miss G——, and I met on the veranda of the Hotel des Bains, to sip our coffee and await the omnibus which was to convey us to the station at Aigle, a small town nestling in the valley, a mile and more below us.

By seven o'clock we were seated in a railway carriage and being whizzed through the lovely valley of the Rhone, past old Roman towers, ruined castles and monasteries.

At St. Maurice, a place noted for the wholesale martyrdom of a saint of that name, and six thousand soldiers of the Theban legions, the train swept directly past an abbey of Augustinian monks. This abbey is probably the most ancient ecclesiastical establishment in Switzerland, and many ancient works of art are preserved there, among them a pastoral staff in gold, with elaborately wrought figures, each one inch in height; a magnificent chalice of agate, and a rich manuscript copy of the Gospels, presented by Charlemagne. As we dashed close by the convent walls, we saw some of the venerable brethren wandering about their well-kept garden, but they seemed much more interested in our train than in the breviaries they held in their hands. On the other side of the track, high up on a sheer precipice, clinging to the rock like a swallow's nest, was the famous hermitage of Notre Dame du Sex.

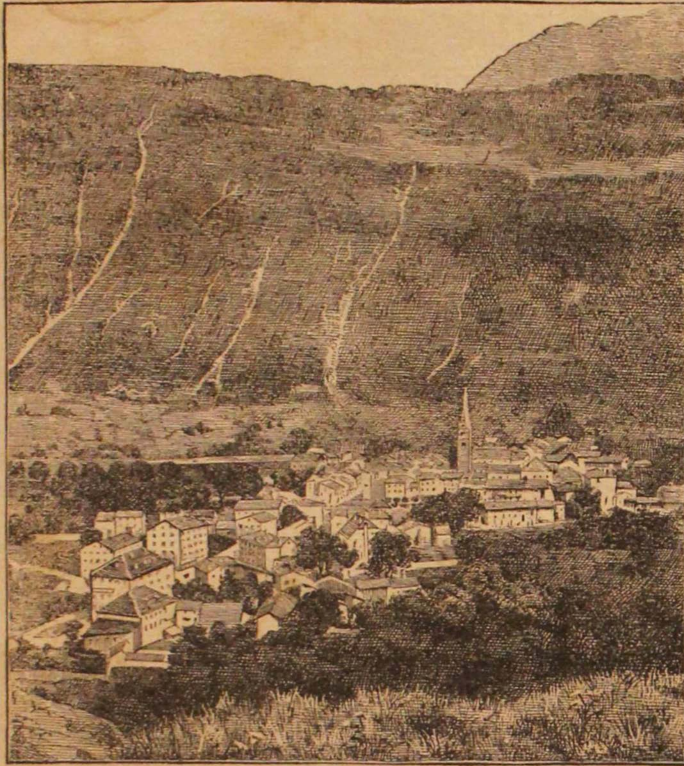
On we sped till we reached Vernayez, where our pedestrianism was to begin. With waterproofs, guide-books, and kind Mrs. P——'s tea-machine in our straps, we set bravely off, going a little out of our way first, to enjoy that most beautiful of all Swiss cataracts, the Pissevache, unless we except the Falls of the Tessin, in Italian Switzerland.

The Pissevache, which is fed by the drippings of the glaciers of the Dent du Midi, pours over the brow of the precipice, and before it has made half its descent, the stream of water has been turned to many beautiful inverted cones, of mere snowy spray, which a little lower down seem to vanish altogether, leaving only a fine foggy vapor to tell of the stream that leapt over the mountain's brow.



GRAND HOTEL DES BAINS AND DENT DU MIDI, AIGLE.

As we turned away from this beautiful sight, we met a band of some twenty school girls, out upon a vacation pedestrian tour, accompanied by a lady



MARTIGNY.

teacher. Each carried, in addition to her tin box for botanical specimens, the inevitable alpenstock, on which had been burned the names of the various places they had visited. Nice, bright-faced, merry girls they were, evidently bent on getting the very best they could out of life. The meeting with them seemed to add an extra ray of sunlight to the day.

Then we began to climb the zig-zag bridle path up the mountain side above Vernayez, following Baedakar's advice of walking slowly and steadily, never taking more than sixty steps to the minute. Two peasant women, one of whom bore a keg of beer on her head, and knit diligently on a long gray stocking, kept us company, and having no shyness to trouble them, asked us numerous questions, showing unfeigned amusement at us and our undertaking.

So we crept slowly up the steep, winding path through the chestnut trees into the pines, stopping ever and anon to pluck some bits of dainty moss, velvety pansies, satin-faced buttercups or delicately fringed gentians, blue as the July sky above our heads, until we emerged from the pine forests upon the upper level of the road which follows the course of the Valley of the Trient.

How strange and wonderful it seemed to us as we looked down several hundred feet upon the tops of mountain pines, which only imperfectly concealed the narrow and rocky ravine through which the milky torrent fretted, and muttered, and raged among the Alpine obstructions! Far oftener than would have seemed expedient to a member of the Alpine Club, did we seat ourselves on some mossy bank to drink our fill of grandeur and beauty, forgetting in the presence of these everlasting hills and peaceful valleys, man and his littlenesses, his sordid cares and petty triumphs, but remembering with exultant hearts that it was "*Our* Father's" hand which formed them all!

Trusting to our guide-book, we expected to find a hotel before we reached Le Chatelard, and so had been most leisurely in our journey; but somewhat to our dismay, the afternoon grew apace, and we were constrained to own that, for once at least, the infallible Murray was in error.

And what were we to do? Spend the night under the summer sky, sheltered only by a stone wall or fence? We had about decided it was the best we could do, when just as the vesper star appeared in the west, we came upon the hamlet of Finhaut, its one crooked street winding under the overhanging gables of the chalets, adorned with quaint carvings and numberless tiny windows. Very curious and picturesque are these cottages, their broad roofs loaded with heavy stones to prevent their being blown away; eaves projecting from three to ten feet, and sometimes almost reaching the ground; balconies and outside stairs, barn, stable and dwelling-house under one roof, and entered by the same door and hall, and, strangest sight of all, the huge pile of manure directly in front of the house, half way between the door and road. However, in this country of long and severe winters and drifting snows of insurmountable depth, it is quite important that the cattle should be comfortably housed, where they are always easily accessible, that they may receive that constant care which a good master gives his dumb and faithful servants; and as to the heap of manure, its quantity is evidence of the owner's thrift, and he is as proud of it as he would be of well-stored granaries.

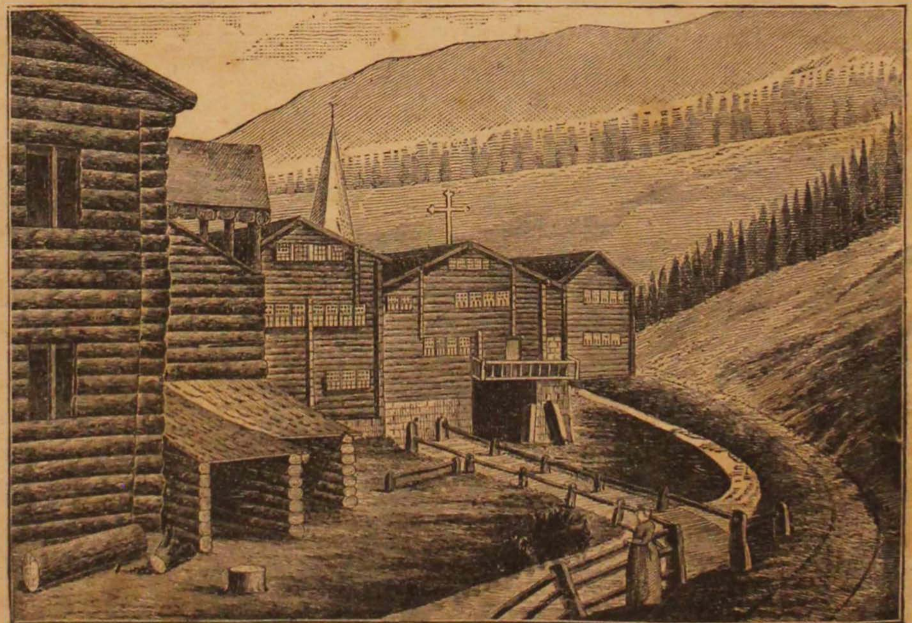
It was in one of these chalets we sought and found shelter for the night. Very delicious was our supper of Gruyère cheese, goat's milk, and bread, served to us on a cloth of spotless whiteness and in china of elaborate ornamentation. The edge of my plate was encircled by a wreath of flowers of remarkable shapes and brilliant hues, and in the middle were the following striking lines:

"Le plus je bois,
Le plus je crois
Que de la terre
Je suis le roi."

"The more I drink,
The more I think
That of the earth
I am the king!"

The guest chamber appropriated to our use was large, with many tiny windows filled with panes of glass so small as to remind one of honeycomb; with two enormous beds, which we mounted by the aid of steps, and upon which we scarcely dared turn lest our faces should come in contact with the ceiling above; a porcelain stove which for its oddity would rejoice the heart of a collector of bric-a-brac, and a clock, tall and old, and with a most inhuman tick.

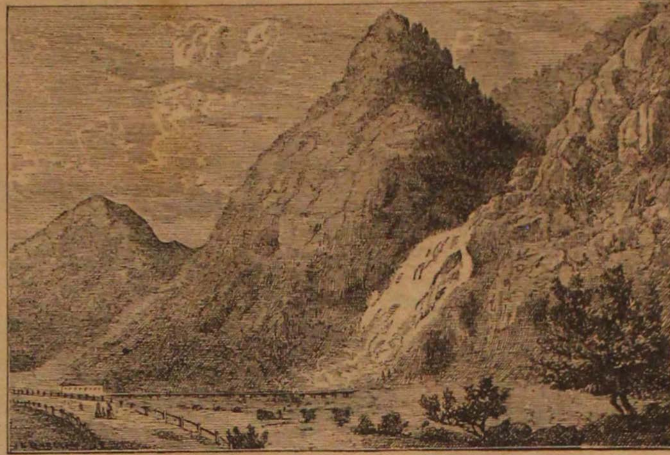
But the tick was not by any means the worst performance of that time-keeper. It struck every hour, every half hour, every quarter of an hour, and then, ten minutes before the hour, gave forth a warning whirr! Only the seven sleepers could have enjoyed "nature's



CHALET OF FINHAUT.

sweet restorer" amid such hindrances, so we welcomed with gladness the dawning light. But early as we were, our hostess was before us, prepared to serve us a breakfast of fresh eggs, milk, bread, and honey.

Having appeased our hunger, we paid our hostess her moderate charge of two francs each (forty cents) for our two meals and lodgings, and then resumed our tramp, inhaling long draughts of the mountain air, fragrant with the violet odor of a delicate reddish lichen which grows very abundantly about Finhaut, and is called violet moss.



CHUTE DE LA PISSEVACHE.

A walk of about an hour brought us in sight of the glacier of Argentière, descending into the valley between the Aiguille Verte and the Aiguille de Chardonnet. It was as if an immense river had frozen as it flowed, into a solid mass. Coursing its way beneath a vaulted arch of blue-green tinted ice, its waters tinged with gray, flowed a narrow little stream, down into the green fields which were only a few hundred yards away. The ice which formed its surface was rough and honey-combed, but on the sides of the immense yawning fissures, it was clear and pure as crystal.

Here we entered the valley of Chamounix. Other glaciers were near us now—high precipitous hills—gray, perpendicular rocks of rugged and beautiful outline, speckled with spots of snow, and interspersed with green fields, and gardens, and chalets, a scenery of striking contrasts, of sharp and distinct outline, and of marvelous beauty—more than three thousand feet above the sea.

This valley was first brought under cultivation by a Benedictine priory about the beginning of the twelfth century. So bad was the reputation of its inhabitants, that the district was known by the soubriquet of Les Montagnes Maudité. It was little known by travelers until visited and described by the Englishmen, Pocock and Wyndham, who penetrated there in 1741. Its convenience as a resting place and point of departure, the loveliness of the valley, the great glaciers of the Bois and the Bossons which come down to the very valley, and that most remarkable of all, the Mer de Glace, the fine views from the Flégère and the Bréveut, the sublime and indescribable spectacle of Mont Blanc, and the dangerous pathways up its icy sides, have combined to make Chamounix known not only to all travelers in Switzerland, but in the entire world.

Mont Blanc was ascended for the first time in 1786, by an intrepid guide, named Jacques Balmat. After his return he was seized by a serious illness, brought on by fatigue and exposure. During his convalescence, he made known his discovery to his physician, who afterward accompanied him to the summit, which they reached after many perilous adventures. In 1787 the ascent was made by De Saussere, the celebrated naturalist, and the results of his expedition were received with the greatest interest by the scientific world. The ascent is now made from forty to fifty times a year, and in fine weather is neither very difficult nor dangerous for those who are accustomed to ice climbing. Yet it may be seriously questioned if the view from the summit is fine enough to repay one for the toil, since all objects are indistinct on account of the great distance, and even in the most favorable weather, only the faint outlines of the Jura, Swiss Alps, and Apennines are visible.

Three days are usually required for the ascent. The first day the traveler reaches the *Grand Mulets* where the night is spent at one of the two stone huts built for the accommodation of travelers; the second day the summit is attained, when a signal flag is hoisted, which is watched for by some one in the valley with a telescope, who fires a small cannon to announce the fact to the villagers and strangers in Chamounix, for every one is interested in the daring climber, no matter who he may be, or what his nationality. The descent is made the same day to the Grand Mulets where the night is again passed, and the third day the valley is reached amid general rejoicing.

We reached our Hotel de l'Union just before sunset, but did not go directly to our rooms, tired and dusty though we were, for the sky gave promise of a sunset of royal order, something which is not always to be seen. We sat on the piazza facing the monarch of mountains, and watched the clouds as they slowly lifted, disclosing splendor after splendor, the white needles piercing the air for twelve thousand feet, catching the fiery red of the sunset sky, and even the vast expanse of snow fields, unearthly in their whiteness, finally glowing like a ruby.

After dinner we sat for hours at our windows, fascinated by *the mountain*, which seemed to light up the darkness by its wonderful whiteness, and awed us by its weird forms of beauty. Finally we retired, not to sleep for a long time though, but to watch the bright light which shone out from the Grand Mulets, where one of our countrymen was passing the night on his way to the summit.

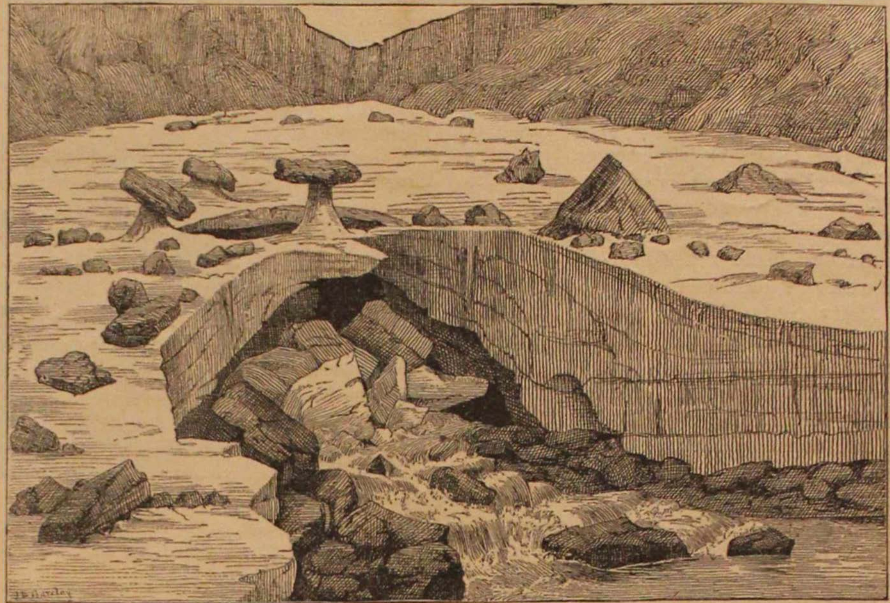
Three days sped as if winged, and then we turned our faces homeward, taking the pass over the Col de Balme. Here and there by the side of our path were rude crosses to mark the spot where some over-eager adventurer had lost his life. And indeed everywhere among the Alps these sad memorials met the eye, haunting the imagination by sudden and awful tragedies; but as if to compensate for the heart-sickness caused by the thought of these useless and sorrowful martyrdoms, rhododendrons blushed at our sides, and fungi, wonderful and beautiful, attracted our eager gaze. So must it ever be through life, hedging our pathway in our stormiest and darkest hours, are smiling flowers and richest verdure.

LES GRANDS MULETS ABOVE CHAMOUNIX.

It was nearly dark when we reached Man-

tigny, the Roman *Octodurus*, capital of the Veragin—a busy little town in summer, given quite over to the crowd of tourists who invade it from May till September. It is very prettily situated in the Rhone valley, and overshadowed by mountains. Near by on an eminence stands La Batiaz, a castle of the bishops of Sion, erected in 1260, but not occupied since 1518.

A few years ago, cretinism in its worst form was prevalent about Martigny, but very little of it is now to be seen, for this loathsome malady has gradually disappeared before civilization and modern improvement. But there is a disagreeableness connected with the place which I fear will not give way so readily, and that is a tribe of small gnats, first cousins to our mosquito family, which cause infinite discomfort to any one passing the night there. However, we could endure even these tormentors with patience, for on the morrow were we not to return to our doubting friends, with the assurance that we had actually "*been and done it*"?



ARGENTIÈRE GLACIER.

From Kent to Devon.

No. 5.

ANY sketch of the south of England would be incomplete without some account of the three great cathedrals—Canterbury, Exeter, and Salisbury. That of Exeter is considered by many to be the finest in Europe, and Canterbury and Salisbury are not far behind it.

The city of Salisbury had a somewhat uncommon origin. In the year 1217, the site of the old town and cathedral having become, for many reasons, undesirable, the see was removed to its present place. At that time its importance was such that parliaments were occasionally held there during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Later, it also possessed extensive woolen and cutlery manufactures, but owing partly to the near proximity of Southampton, these have long since declined, and it is now as a "cathedral town" that the place is renowned.

Salisbury is regularly built, standing in an open, fertile plain, partly surrounded by walls; and a most curious feature is the brooks which run through all the principal streets for the purposes of drainage, which, taken with the venerable aspect of the houses give the place somewhat the air of a town of the middle ages. The cathedral is built in the "close"—an inclosed space of about half a square mile, surrounded by a high wall. It was finished in 1238, entirely in the early English style of architecture, in the form of a double cross. Its length is 474 feet, and the width of the larger transepts is 210 feet; the spire is the same height as the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, London, 404 feet, nearly twice as high as Trinity Church, New York. Some idea of its magnitude may be formed from the fact that the cathedral buildings, such as the deanery, bishop's house, chapter-house, school, etc., all comprised within the area of the "close," and all fair-sized buildings, look like toy houses by the side of the stately pile.

There is a rich altar piece which has for its subject the resurrection morning, and there are several exquisite stained glass windows; besides, the cathedral is decorated both on the exterior and in the interior with many statues of the saints and English ecclesiastical celebrities. The name for the cathedral and its small colony of buildings is still New Sarum, which it has retained for six hundred years, ever since the removal of the town before referred to. From Christianity to paganism is a long journey theoretically, but practically it occupies but a very little time. A short journey of eight miles takes us to Salisbury plain, where are the most stupendous ruins in England of one of the temples of the faith of its ancient people--the Druids.

This ruin consists of two circles of vast stones, averaging fourteen feet in height, seven feet broad, and three feet in thickness, the average weight of which is twelve tons; but the largest weigh much more—as much as seventy tons, which is the estimated weight of the center stone or "altar."

In the outer circle, numbering thirty slabs, seventeen remain upright, the rest are prostrate, all inclining toward the center. This outer circle is surrounded by a depression or trench, which it is conjectured was filled with water, and served to mark the boundary between the priests and the people. The inner circle is eight feet distant, and consists of smaller upright stones, within which are three groups, the largest of which is believed to have been the altar.

Now, the most remarkable thing about this ruin, and the first thing that occurs to the beholder is the question: How did these stones come there? By what superhuman agency were they brought to their present position from a great distance as they undoubtedly were? The plain where they stand is of an earthy, not a rocky, formation; and, moreover, nowhere in the vicinity at the present day is the same kind of stone to be found. But setting all this aside, there still remains the query: How were they raised to their present position? It certainly implies upon the part of the constructors some powerful mechanical appliances, of the existence of which we know nothing, at that day. Even supposing the rock was ready to their hands for quarrying, it must have been a most stupendous task to handle stones of from twenty to seventy tons in weight, something unthought of, even in this age of engineering enterprise.

Of the worship of the Druids but little is known. Some traditions speak of its celebrations as taking place amid groves of oak, under whose branches, and crowned with the twining mistletoe, the priests and priestesses chanted their hymns to the God of nature. If the ruins at Stonehenge were ever embowered in trees, there is nothing now to indicate the fact; the whole plain is marked by hardly a single tree. Again setting our faces toward Salisbury we are struck by the massive proportions of the cathedral, which, at a distance seems to comprise the whole town. The spire, though of really imposing size, is of such exquisite contrast to the rest of the pile, though entirely in keeping with it, that it well looks, as the old legend says, as though the angels designed the whole building. Near the center of the town is the market house, called, oddly enough, the "butter-cross." It was designed and erected by order of King Edward III., and is, perhaps, one of the finest specimens of domestic mediæval architecture in this part of England.

Of great antiquity is Canterbury. Before the Roman invasion, it was known as a religious station, under the name of Caer-Cant or Cantuaria. It was the capital of the Saxon kingdom of Kent, and the Romans made a camp there. In the second century, Christianity was introduced, and in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there was erected, on the site of the first Christian church in Saxon England, Canterbury Cathedral.

The town of Canterbury proper is situated in the valley of the Stour, a small river which

wanders toward the sea, near which it separates into two arms which form the Isle of Thanet. The town is old and picturesque, and has several old parish churches; but the chief interest centers around the cathedral. This last is built in the form of a double cross, with three towers, and in it are shown some of the most beautiful examples of early English and Norman architecture to be seen anywhere. Here are the shrines of the Black Prince and of Thomas à Becket, and around the latter the pavement is worn into hollows by the knees of the countless pilgrims who worshiped before the tomb of the illustrious prelate. The crypt is a fine specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of the time of Elizabeth, since whose reign it has been used as a French Protestant chapel. The choir is reputed to be the finest in the kingdom, not even excepting that of York. The names of such prelates as St. Augustine, Lanfranc, Becket, Cardinal Pole, Cranmer, Laud, and Tillotson have been associated with English history as successive archbishops of Canterbury, which dignitary is second only to the royal family in rank.

Canterbury is indelibly associated with the name of England's greatest novelist, Charles Dickens. His many pictures of life in the old town will be recalled with pleasure by all the readers of *David Copperfield;* and in *Edwin Drood*, his last and unfinished work, will be found an excellent portrayal of manners and society in the old cathedral close.

That Exeter is a place of great antiquity is proved—that long prior to the Roman invasion the place was mentioned by Ptolemy. Many relics, such as coins, statues, pieces of tesselated pavements, have been dug up, conclusive evidence that the Romans made it an important station.

In the reign of Alfred, it was the residence of the West Saxon kings, and was called *Exancestre* (the castle of the Ex,) a corruption of which term is the present name. At one time Exeter was also known as Monkstown, from the many religious establishments in the vicinity.

The precise date of the building of Exeter Cathedral is not known, but it is undoubtedly of great antiquity. It is cruciform in design, with two massive Norman towers, each one hundred and thirty feet high, which form the transepts. The whole building is four hundred and eight feet in length; the choir is one hundred and twenty-eight feet long, and extends the whole width of the church. There are also ten small chapels or oratories, schools, chapter-house, etc. The west front of the cathedral is most beautifully decorated, and in the opinion of those most competent to judge, is said to be the most beautiful *façade* in Europe. The town of Exeter being built on the side of a hill on the left bank of the river Exe, the cathedral forms a conspicuous landmark in all the surrounding countryside.

Plymouth, the principal town of Devonshire, though Exeter is the capital, is situate on a peninsula between the rivers Plym and Tamar, at the head of Plymouth Sound. Between it and the Sound is a fine open space of ground on the summit of a cliff, called the Hoe, and here is placed the citadel or principal fortress. The streets are old-fashioned and irregularly built, but the buildings are all in the substantial style of a hundred and fifty years ago. The harbor really consists of two parts—the Hamoaze, north of the Tamar, opposite Devonport, and the Catwater or estuary of the Plym, on the east side of Plymouth.

The largest vessels lie alongside its fine stone pier at all times of the tide, and the place owes most of its importance to its advantages as a naval station and harbor of refuge, being esteemed, in this regard, as of more account than Portsmouth.

Like most of the important towns on the south coast, Plymouth was, in Saxon days, a mere fishing station, and bore the name of Tamarworth, which, subsequently to the Conquest was changed to Southtown. The place furnished against the Armada seven ships and a "fly-boat," a greater number than any other port save London. It was here that Napoleon Bonaparte arrived in 1815, on board the *Bellerophon*, after his surrender to the Allies.

Plymouth is the birthplace of the illustrious Sir Francis Drake, and of Sir John Hawkins, one of the admirals who defeated the Armada; and three great names in the world of art also call it their native place—the painters Northcote, Prout, and Hayden.

Most remarkable for fertility is Devonshire. Excepting Dartmoor and Exmoor, two sterile tracts, it is without exception highly fertile. The Vale of Exe and the South Hams, bordering on the Channel, are especially beautiful. The climate is also exceedingly mild. In the depth of winter it is only a very few degrees colder than Naples; and in summer the heat is tempered by the Atlantic breezes charged with the aroma of two thousand miles of salt ocean.

Devonshire is noted for its immense crop of apples, and in the language of an old toast, which is current yet, "Devonshire lassies and Devonshire cider!"

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

A GENIUS FOR DOING THINGS.

THE outgrowth of modern life is a woman with a genius for doing things. She may not have been a brilliantly educated woman to start with; the district school may have furnished all she knows of geographical sections and mathematical science; she may not be able to converse in French, though sometimes she is, nor read German, though she is usually well up in whatever can be obtained through the medium of the mother tongue.

But circumstances have aided a naturally bright and active mind to develop its resources, and so she has become quick, inventive, ready for an emergency, and able to use, if not to put to its best use, the opportunity as it comes along, and always has head and hands full of enterprises and undertakings, not only of her own, but those of other people; for the things which anybody thinks need to be done naturally gravitate toward her, and she goes to work at them, not because she knows the exact *modus operandi*, or that this is the thing which most requires to be done, but because she has a certain amount of force which she can bring to bear upon anything that she sets about doing, and is sure to bring it out or about some way or other.

She is partly the outcome of the present age of activity, and partly the natural rebound from the lackadaisical woman of the previous generation, who was proud of knowing nothing, and doing nothing, and who boasted of her ignorance, as the young college graduate of her knowledge. We look back and laugh now at the airs which it was fashionable to put on, of fright, of wonder, of surprise, of horror, at the most ordinary things, and realize our indebtedness to such novel writers as Miss Burney for giving us glimpses of a social life so full of affectations and pretenses, that our own seems honesty itself compared with it. Yet one cannot help a sentiment of profound pity for the women of those days, whose lives were absorbed in the merest details of dress and adornment, who had no childhood; every act and thought having for its aim and object the subordination of the woman, her activities, her feelings, her desires, to the ideal of elegance which she was in duty bound to represent. Nor was the wrong to the individual the chief evil of the system. Much worse was the public opinion that was formed. That affected society at large; that has left its impress upon even the present generation in the silly notion that work of any kind suited to their strength and their capacity, is not as good for women as for men.

Directly contrary to this is the active influence of our modern women of genius for doing things. Their presence is as inspiring as that of the north wind; they act like a tonic, bracing everybody up, and making the do-nothings ashamed of their idleness and inefficiency. Not that they always do wise things, or good things in the wisest way, but they do something all the time; they are proud of doing, and their force gives momentum to other bodies, and moves them to exertion, as well as renders doing nothing discreditable.

The active woman who is the head of a large household is in her element. That she is hospitable goes without saying. Her linen closet, her china closet, and her store-rooms are models. They contain the latest improvements, and are always receiving additions of odd, pretty, and new things. When blue china is the rage, she has stacks of blue china. Are embroidered towels the things, there is hardly room enough for a guest to wipe his hands without intruding upon the hollyhock and daisy bed. She never goes anywhere without bringing home new patterns, new recipes, new "ideas," in regard to her *menage*, and if she is a woman of large means, she allows little rest from never-ending changes, and "improvements."

A woman of this type who has little family, few cares, but abundant means, is the beneficent providence of philanthropic institutions and philanthropic people, who want to raise money, and need persons to do their unpaid work. She is "in" every society, a member of every committee, a directress, or secretary, or president of a dozen different organizations. If she was obliged to work as hard for her living as she does without remuneration, she would be an object of commiseration. But work with her being considered a matter of choice, which it is not (for once involved in other people's work, it is more difficult to get rid of than if it were your own), no one pities her, or considers her case as one calling for sympathy.

Different still again is the girl who is growing up out of these conditions. She is the student at Vassar, Cornell, Wellesley, or Smith College. She is the ambitious graduate, the aspirant for higher honors, the school teacher hoping to become a professor, the pupil of the art school, the conservatory, the medical department of the University, the daring intruder into the journalist's arena, and the candidate for whatever there is that a human being may strive for. What she will accomplish cannot yet be foretold; at present, her ambition is very apt to run away with her common sense. She has more desire to do than willingness to apply herself to preparation for doing anything well. Her knowledge is not sufficient to enable her to measure accurately the value of her own against another's work—moreover, she sees what has been done, even in her own little circle, with less instrumentalities than she possesses, and cannot realize the use of spending more time upon preparation. But notwithstanding that many start out poorly equipped for their undertakings, and discover too late that the age demands more knowledge, more thoroughness, more completeness in every department of labor than was required when education was less general, and facts in science, history, and philosophy less widely known, it is still true that we have much to be thankful for and congratulate ourselves upon.

The genius of the age is for doing. The woman of the present does instinctively what the woman of the future will do understandingly, and therefore better, and with fewer liabilities to mistakes. The revolution of ideas which has made it better for women to work than to be idle, better to know than to be ignorant, is pregnant with untold possibilities for their future. Everything is possible to one who has the power to will and to do, and heretofore this has been considered the exclusive province of men. Women have been bound hand and foot, and it has taken generations to undo what was faithfully and patiently performed—the work of training women to uselessness. Training them in knowledge and to usefulness will be no more difficult a task, but to what a different goal will it lead them? to what heights may they not attain? and how much greater the satisfaction in store for them? for knowledge is as useful in teaching us what not to do, as what to do; how to avoid error, as how to accomplish good. It prevents us from rushing in, as fools do, upon ground that we are not worthy to tread; it makes us humble, instead of proud, less dogmatic in our assertions, more tolerant of ideas and opinions which we have not examined, and of which, therefore, we are not in a position to form a judgment. A woman with only a natural genius for doing things, which has not been submitted to the crucial test of knowledge and thorough training, is not by any means a safe guide. She is quick to act, but she acts upon her impulses; she is apt to be led away by her feelings; she misleads by her enthusiasm in regard to subjects with which she is not fully acquainted, and she is too often asked to lead forlorn hopes by persons who, unconsciously or consciously, trust to her technical ignorance, and know that her earnestness, the sympathy which she excites, and her acquaintance with persons and methods will possibly lead to a victory which could not be otherwise achieved.

This is one of the ways in which good women are led to put time, strength, and influence to poor, and sometimes unworthy uses, and create an object or an organization which stands in the way of better things. Knowledge will remedy this; it will make us trust more the eternal action of great natural forces, and teach us to expect less from puny individual effort, and petty personal interference. It will teach us that all good work, like charity, should begin at home, and that the embodying in our own persons of purity, honor, truth, and the results of a good and honest life, is the best beginning we can make toward helping others.

The genius of the woman of the future will, it is to be hoped, be based on knowledge. She shall do many things, but only so many as she can do well. Her genius will be the industry of which George Eliot speaks, and the cultivation of that divine patience which works out its ultimate from the lowest beginnings, starting with the soil, ending with the stars.

Victory.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

THERE'S not a law, there's not an art,
In all the universe complete,
With ultimates that bring defeat
And failure to a loving heart.

THERE is no method of control
In all the potencies of Fate,
Whereby she is not held to wait
And serve the self-forgetting soul.

ONCE, when a summer day was born,
I stood before the window pane,
And watched, across a daisied plain,
The grand maternity of Morn.

THE sweetest plaint of early song!
The freshest birth of crimson bloom!
Yet through the brightness stole a gloom,
For I was cognizant of wrong.

I HEARD the play of forest springs;
I saw the lakelet's azure roll
Sweep landward—and my woman-soul
Grew conscious of her folded wings.

FOR while the earth was glad and free,
And glorious with bloom and song,
My heart was wild with hunger strong
For Nature's sweet divinity.

"NOT for woman," I began,
"Does Morning lift her golden shield,
And smile across the daisied field;
For Nature's brightness is for Man."

"HE walks with careless ease her sod;
Or day by day, with patient smite,
He bends her strength to human might,
And rules her forces like a god."

"TILL, in his spirit stature brave,
He claims a universal scope;
But woman buries every hope,
And walks around a wintry grave."

THEN, darkly, where the mulberries part,
A slowly moving shadow fell,
Of him, who loves me wise and well,
And holds me in his honest heart.

AND looking at his earnest eyes,
Straightway my heart forgot to moan;
My higher nature took the throne,
And claimed the crown of sacrifice.

AND said—in self-forgetful plea—
"I'll make the narrow place that's given,
The very vestibule of heaven,
Because of him who loveth me."

AND then—O wondrous to rehearse!
The narrow walls began to rise,
And towering upward to the skies,
They widened to the universe!

AND Nature's wealth came in to me!
The beautiful in sight and sound
Flowed my exalted being round
As trophies of a victory!

O GRAND achievement over Fate!
O woman-soul least understood,
Thou holdest all of human good
In thy affections ultimate!

FOR wheresoe'er the path may be,
However narrow, low, or small,
Love's patient work will conquer all,
And carve the steps of victory.

Peaches.

BY MRS. C. S. NOURSE.

EACHES are perhaps the most popular fruit in the world, and not certainly without reason, for though they are far from being the most valuable, the very circumstance which impairs their value to the cultivator and the merchant, their extreme fragility, enhances the appreciation in which they are held by the lovers of beauty and of exquisite flavors. It is a tribute to their excellence that they are so highly esteemed, though they come in the midst of the abundant wealth of summer's completeness. They lay their downy cheeks against the purple bloom of the grape, and the brilliant gold of the pear, and compete with all the hosts of autumn's harvest, and yet bear off the palm.

The peach, though a naturalized American, is of very ancient family and oriental ancestry, as its scientific name *Amygdalus Persica* imports. Mr. Darwin thinks that it has not always been of as wealthy and distinguished a family, but that it sprang from, nay, that it may once itself have been, only a simple almond. The guess may not be without foundation, for we all know how closely the flowers of the almond resemble those of the peach in color, shape, and fragrance. At any rate, whether or not this is so, there is little doubt that it is indigenous to the East, and grows wild at present in Turkey and Persia. It was early transplanted to Europe, and was cherished with great care. In northern Europe they have never flourished in perfection, but in the southern parts of France they grow well, and some of the most beautiful fruit is cultivated, but there is nothing of the abundance even there with which we are familiar in this country. The trees are treated almost as exotics, and the fruit never is sufficiently plentiful to be within reach of the poorer classes. In England the climate makes it necessary to be exceedingly careful in the selection of varieties, as many that in this country thrive with little or no attention, under her weeping skies produce fruit poor in flavor, and with little delicacy or tenderness of flesh.

But there are several kinds which attain, under scientific management, the highest perfection; of one of these the drawing at the head of this article is a specimen. The fruit is of a pale but rich tint of yellow, and the cheek scarlet lake, with rare markings of deep crimson. The English call it the Royal peach, as indicating the highest degree of excellence possible, but it is known to horticulturists by several other names, as the Bourdine, Teton de Venus, and the Late Admirable. It is described under all these titles, and by some authors their identity has been disputed, but is now generally admitted. It ripens about the end of September, and is considered the leading one among the late varieties. However botanists may divide the species, horticulturists separate the whole into two classes: freestones, or as they are called in Europe, melters, and clingstones. The former generally are earlier than the latter.

Besides the Royal, a splendidly colored and rich sort is the Chancellor; it has a decidedly vinous flavor. The name is English, but the same fruit is quite extensively cultivated in France. Two American varieties have been adopted by our English cousins, which have had exceptional success with them, for as a rule our sun-nursed fruits do not flourish without their native nutriment. These are

only brought to perfection by being trained against a south wall, where they can catch every gleam of sunshine.

It is indeed almost the universal custom to train the peach and its congeners, the nectarines, apricots, and plums, espalier, and by pruning and careful training to cause the branches to cover the wall closely, as does a grape-vine or a rose-tree.

In this country this is rarely done, and is seldom necessary, the danger to the peach being not from any want of heat or sunshine, but from the sudden changes of temperature which occur in our fickle climate during the winter. The treacherous warmth of mild days during the winter months raises the sap, causes the buds to swell slightly, and at night back comes Jack Frost and nips them sharply through their slightly opened vests, and the summer harvest is dead. It is not in the spring usually that the fruit is killed, unless the frost touches the expanded blossoms; the mischief is done by our heavy thaws and sudden cold. The peach, owing doubtless to the oriental blood in its veins, is a most excitable vegetable, and it is said will allow its sap to rise on much slighter provocation than its more prudent neighbors.

There would seem to be no means within human reach to prevent this, as the sanguine temperament of the tree leads it, like sanguine people, to be deaf to the lessons of experience, owing doubtless, as a late writer has it, to the total depravity of protoplasm. The famous American kinds are called in England by rather a singular conjunction of ideas, the George the Fourth, and the President. In America the culture of the peach has assumed wider dimensions than in any other country of the world, and has been more successful. In no other land is it brought within the reach of the poorest, and nowhere does it average such a standard of excellence.

It is a most profitable crop in fine seasons, and one that may generally be considered fairly remunerative. New Jersey and Delaware formerly raised more peaches than any other States in the Union, but of late years the yield has not been so great, and the fruit not so fine; but to make up for this, Michigan and California have raised immense crops. The climate of the former, would seem too severe, but the vicinity of large bodies of water tempers it, and the cold is more steady through the winter.

Of those kinds raised in the United States, the earliest is "Hale's Early." The name of the latest certainly marks it as American. It is called "Stump the World." Other leading kinds are the "Morris White, Ward's Peach, Crawford's Early and Late." The ease with which new kinds are obtained from seed has multiplied them indefinitely. A single writer in 1850 names one hundred and thirty.

No tree yields more prompt or richer returns to the grower. The seeds can be planted in rows, and worked much like corn, and when well cared for, instances have been known of the young stock yielding fruit in two years. It is common to bud them when about a foot and a half high. The work may be done very rapidly indeed, 2,000 buds being considered a fair day's work, but Yankee diligence and "faculty" sometimes raises the number to 3,000. It is well that this is so, for the extent of these orchards, or rather farms, is immense. In Virginia some large orchards have been left without budding at all, and produced fine fruit. When the tree reaches its full growth, and the yield ought to be the greatest, it is attacked by various enemies. The "curl" is a disease affecting the leaves, which is believed to be produced by a minute insect, but it has not been proved. The yellows is the name of a kind of fungus, which when it matures scatters its fine dust-like spores upon the air, and they are carried from tree to tree in the orchard until all are infected. The only remedy is said to be to cut down, or burn the first trees in time, but I think if strict attention were paid to the laws of development of the fungus, other methods might avail. The peach borer is the most fatal perhaps of all the foes of the peach tree. It is an insect, really a moth, but resembling a wasp, which deposits its eggs under the bark near the foot of the tree. The larvæ feed upon the new wood, and destroy its health and vitality. If, when you take a stroll through your orchard, you see upon the lower part of the trees little collections of gum, you may take it as a warning that mischief is brewing. Take out your knife, and cutting off the gum, search beneath for the enemy; he is surely there, and there must be no quarter. The fruit begins to ripen in the latter part of summer, and the late kinds sometimes hang until the middle of October.

Large quantities of fruit are used for the table, and for this purpose they are sent to market in baskets, which hold only five eighths of a bushel, though usually called bushel baskets; the best assorted fruit is marked with a sprig of leaves. That which needs to be carried any distance must always be picked before it is fully ripe, and can never be quite perfect, lacking the last kisses of the sun.

It is computed that from three to four millions of baskets are annually sent to the northern market from the peach States.

Of late years canning has almost superseded preserving after the old fashion of our grandmothers. The headquarters of this enormous industry are in Baltimore, but large quantities are put up in other places, and so great is the competition that the cans are sold at very low prices. But with regard to this matter there is great need of stringent laws to make sure that the work is honestly done. It is true that inferior fruit may be used without much risk of injury, as it is necessarily cooked, but what shall be said of the wholesale poisoning which is effected by the use of cans which have been made of tin-ware adulterated with lead? The ware of which the cans are made should be inspected and tested by an appointed agent, as illness and death are frequently caused by the use of fruit put up in these cans. Even if no more serious result occurs, the fruit loses its flavor, and has a flat and slightly metallic taste. Persons should beware of purchasing any brands that are not well known and of established reputation. I wish I had room to give in detail the beautiful arrangements of one or two of these great houses, so that the nicety, and thorough methods of preparing and sealing might be appreciated, but my limited space forbids.

Home canning is largely practiced, and is found to be a quick and easy substitute for preserving, and more healthful. Perhaps the very best method is something between the two: when the fruit is thoroughly cooked with the kernels, add half its weight in sugar, and let it boil up once or twice to give consistence to the syrup. Glass jars are by far the best, though they should be kept in the dark, as light affects the taste and consistence of the fruit.

There are some abnormal varieties of the peach produced by cultivation, and some dwarf species which are natural; of the last, Australia has a dwarf kind which grows only two or three feet high. China has one which is almost flat, as though pressed between weights, and one, exceedingly sweet, which is long and crooked. According to some writers, among whom may be found De Candole, the seed was brought to Persia from China.

The tree yields a substance which has been used as substitute for Peruvian bark in fevers, with good effect; and a resinous gum which is much like gum arabic, while from the leaves and pericardium of the seed prussic acid is extracted. In some species of *Amygdalaceæ* the whole plant is virulently poisonous. A few peach kernels, put into a vial of alcohol, make a pleasant flavoring extract, much less expensive, and quite as good, as the extract of bitter almonds which is sold in the stores.

In buying fruit trees, persons are often puzzled by finding the same fruit described under different names; from this cause great confusion arises. The only safe plan is to refer to reliable plates, which give exact representations. Close observation of the peculiarities of species will enable even the amateur fruit grower to distinguish with great accuracy. One of the best ways of ascertaining the variety is by the shape, color, and size of the stone. These all vary very much, some stones being nearly twice the size of others, and very differently marked.

There is also as great a difference in the tints of the flesh and texture of the skin as in color. They seem to touch every shade of yellow, and of red, from cream to deep chrome, and from a faint blush, to the richest crimson, the last degree in the latter scale being touched by the Sanguinole or Blood Peach. It is greatly to be desired that more rather than less attention should be given to peach culture, as it is one of the most wholesome articles of diet in either summer or winter, and there is no reason why it may not be preserved in the same manner as the West Indian fruits, *i.e.*, thoroughly preserved, then drained of all syrup, dried by artificial heat and packed in pulverized sugar. Those who have not tried this method will find it worth while to do so, and we hope that it may be done on a large enough scale to put it in competition with imported fruits of the same class, as it would certainly be cheaper and better than many conserves held in high esteem, and on which heavy duties are paid.

With the peach we take leave of all the delicate and perishable fruits. October brings us only the brown nuts and ruddy apples for the winter stores.

Peach-Blossoms.

BY GRACE BAYLOR.

Down in the orchards the wild birds are singing,
"Peach-blossom time."
Timid, white "spring beauties," nodding and smiling,
"Peach-blossom time."
South winds are blowing, and bear on their pinions
Fragrance sublime,
Stolen from groves of magnolia and orange,
In far sunny clime.
Beautiful Gulf-States, how sweet is your memory,
Oh, for a day
Of fragrance and peace, in old "Indolence Castle"
Down by the Bay.
Peach-blossom time, with its wondrous elixir
Bounding along
From heart up to temple, and oh! how the heart-strings
Vibrate with the song.
Open, oh! shell-tinted delicate petals,
Soft as the light;
Yield up th' aroma, wrapt up in your bosoms,
Of rose-tint and white!

Hearts are rejoicing, and nature o'erflowing—
'Tis Peach-blossom time.
Birdies are mating, and building, and cooing,
"Peach-blossom time."
Music and melody ring in the woodlands
From morning till night,
Bubbling from dear little throats, in a rapture
Of joyous delight.
Strange does it seem, that these orchards of blossoms,
A few months ago
Stood facing the blasts, with their bare arms extended
Laden with snow.
But warm rains and sunshine, and God's wondrous power
And loving design
Hath clothed them in garments surpassing all textures
Of hands not divine.
Then open your dainty hearts, pour forth their treasures
An offering sublime,
That angels may smile, and sing out up in Heaven,
"'Tis Peach-blossom time."

An Ostrich Feather.

BY CADMUS.

Only a feather! And yet, like that trifle of trifles, a pin, how many hands are engaged in its production! Within the past decade there has been developed in South Africa an industry that, employing a large capital, and requiring not a little energy and enterprise, is, like many another, sustained almost entirely by the demands of fashion.

One has no cause for surprise at the mention of a sheep farm, a horse farm, or even a chicken farm, but an ostrich farm sounds rather fabulous. But the energy and business enterprise of a Scotchman, a Mr. Douglas, has resulted in the establishment of a large "herd" of 1,200 ostriches, which are bred entirely for their feathers.

Like many another goodly venture, it was entirely by accident that the practicability of raising these wild birds in large flocks was demonstrated; for it had always been supposed that the well-known shyness of the ostrich would militate against the successful rearing of the young birds. But an Algerian, having in his possession a number of ostrich eggs—more, in fact, than he could make immediate use of—deposited some of them in a warm place near a baker's oven, and forgot all about them. A few months after, however, he was greatly amazed, on going to the place, to find the skeletons of several young birds. This proved, beyond a doubt, that the eggs could be artificially hatched, and disposed of a hitherto difficult part of the successful domestication of the birds themselves. One of his superior officers heard of the matter, and after many unsuccessful experiments, and many disappointments, he proved that the eggs might be hatched by artificial means with greater prospect of success than when left to the not always tender mercies of the parent birds. The Mr. Douglas referred to, was, however, the first to turn the idea into practical shape. Starting with only three birds, his flock rapidly increased, and it now numbers upwards of a thousand, and, of course, is steadily increasing. A large tract of land was secured, with plenty of running water, and it was found that the birds, being regularly fed, showed very little disposition to roam far away.

The herd gives employment to several horsemen, who search for the eggs, which often proves more difficult than one would suppose at first sight, as the old birds take particular pains to hide the eggs; and it is often a dangerous matter to approach a nest when either of the parent birds is near.

When the eggs are gathered they are placed in the incubator, where they remain from five to seven weeks; during this period they are turned several times every day, and the utmost care is taken that the heat may be exactly right—a variation of a very few degrees on either side of a given point being sufficient to cause failure. When the young birds do appear, the care is not diminished in the least; they have to be fed by hand, and tenderly protected from cold and wet. Finally, at the age of one year, they are turned out to shift for themselves with the flock.

It is an open question as to when an ostrich ceases to bear feathers. Some have been plucked as early as one year old, and in the herd of Mr. Douglas are birds that must be nearly twenty years old, who still produce feathers of the finest kind.

When it is desired to pluck the birds, they are enticed or driven by mounted men into an inclosure, where they are packed so closely that there is no room for them to show fight. Men then go among them on foot and either pull or cut the feathers, though the former way is considered to produce the finest feathers. It is safe to affirm that this gives no pain to the birds, as the new feathers commence to grow again immediately. Twice every year is this done, and the average worth of the feathers from each bird is about $100 a year. The feathers from the under part of the wings, the long black ones, are worth at wholesale $400 a pound; those from the tail and the upper wing feathers, the white ones, are worth a little less, say, on an average, about $4 apiece. And although the supply has been so constantly increasing for the past few years, there has been no perceptible decrease in the price. But so long as the wearing of ostrich feathers is only a fashion, it would be hard to say if this state of things is likely to continue.

Sergei Michailitsch and I.

(From the Russian of LEO TOLSKY.)

BY L. P. L.

(*Continued from page* 430.)

"WHY are you going away?" I asked, looking him full in the face.

"I have business," he said, but without raising his head. I knew how hard it was for him to answer me with a falsehood.

"Listen!" I said. "You know how important a day this has been to me, and I will not hide from you how much I love you, nor how great is my need of your presence. And now, I ask again, *why* are you going? *I must know!*"

"It is not easy to tell you the truth," he replied. "I have thought of you much this past week, and have decided that I must go. *Why* you can surmise, and if you care for me, you will not press me further. It is very hard for me—you must understand why." My heart throbbed violently at these words.

"No, I do not understand you. I cannot. Tell me the entire truth. I have patience to-day to bear anything."

He changed his position uneasily, and again picked up the syringa twig. "Why not?" he said, after a pause, in which he had vainly endeavored to regain his usual firmness of tone. "It is almost impossible to explain my meaning, and yet I will try." As he said this he covered his face as if he felt physical pain.

"Well?" I questioned.

"Fancy, if you can, a man, an old, worn-out fellow, whom we will call A——, and a merry young maiden whom we will call B——, who knows nothing of either men or life. Especial family circumstances have thrown them together, and he loved her at first as a daughter, never dreaming it possible to love her in any other way." He paused, but I said nothing, and he presently resumed in a quicker, firmer voice. "By and by A—— forgot that B—— was so young, and life only an amusement to her, until suddenly he awoke to the consciousness that he loved her with his entire being. This discovery shocked him, and he resolved to break away from her influence and to crush these new emotions."

"But why was he so afraid of loving her?" I asked in my usual manner, I thought, but there must have been some faint sound of jesting in it, for he replied in a depressed tone, "You are young, I am not. Life to you is but play. To me, it is earnest and serious. But do not jest with me, it would not be well to do so, as you will realize some time. So A—— would have answered B——. Now you know why I am going, so let us say no more about it, I implore."

"Yes, yes, we must," I said, the tears choking my utterance. "Tell me, truly, did he love her or did he not?"

Sergei Michailitsch gave no answer.

"If he did not love her, why did he amuse himself with her, as if she had no feelings?"

"A—— was wrong," he said, "but he made an end of it, and they parted as friends."

"That is dreadful. Was no other ending possible?" I persisted, drawing back the next moment, alarmed at my own words.

"Yes," was Sergei Michailitsch's response, "two endings were possible." He took his hands from his eyes and gazed at me fixedly. "Do not interrupt me, and, for God's sake, understand me aright. A—— did indeed love B—— truly, and told her so, but she laughed, and said it could only be a joke."

I made an effort to speak, but he would not allow it.

"Wait," he said, with trembling voice. "Some one said she had pity on him, the poor child, who as yet knew nothing of life or men, and so imagined that pity was love, and actually married him. And he, foolish fellow, fancied that life might bloom anew for him; but he realized only too soon that both he and she were deceived. However, we will not speak of it again," he concluded, beginning to pace up and down.

"We will not speak of it again," Sergei Michailitsch had said, but I knew he was waiting with feverish impatience for my next words.

I tried to speak, but could not. I looked at him. His face was white and his lips quivering. I made a mighty effort, and burst the bonds which seemed to enthrall me. In a faint, scarcely audible voice, I said, "And the third ending was, that he did not really love her, but caused her sore grief, thinking he was right to do it, when in fact it was only his mistaken pride. To me it is no jest, for I have loved you from the first—yes, I love you," I repeated, and the words ended in a wild shriek which frightened me.

Sergei Michailitsch stood before me with blanched face, his lips trembled more and more, and two great tears rolled over his cheeks.

"It was wicked of you," I cried, and I felt as if I should suffocate with bitter, repressed tears. I attempted to run away, but he prevented me. His head sank on my knees, his lips pressed my trembling hands, while his hot tears rained on them.

Five minutes later Sonja rushed to Katja, shouting so that the whole house could hear, "Our Mascha is going to marry Sergei Michailitsch."

V.

We had no cause to postpone our marriage, although Katja greatly desired to go to Moscow to procure a trousseau for me, and Sergei Michailitsch's mother wished him to refurnish the old house and buy a new carriage. But we were both of the opinion that such details could be attended to just as well afterward, so we were married within two weeks after my birthday, very quietly, without guests or bridesmaids or supper, or indeed any of the usual accessories of a wedding.

Sergei Michailitsch told me his mother was greatly dissatisfied with a marriage without any of the pomp and show usual on such occasions, and that she was busy from garret to cellar preparing for our comfort.

At home, Katja and my maid, Kusminishna, made the most of their opportunity to show their skill in housewifely arts. They were quite willing that we should dream of our love and our future, while they busied themselves with the details of my wardrobe and the proper width of the hems on my new napkins and tablecloths.

Many were the mysterious messages which passed between Nikolski and Prokow, and although Sergei Michailitsch's mother and Katja were the best of friends, yet one could perceive a certain degree of rivalry between them at this time.

Tatjana Simonowna was a stern, strict housewife of the old school. Sergei reverenced her as his mother, and loved her with the greatest tenderness, esteeming her the best and wisest woman in the world. Tatjana Simonowna had always been friendly toward our family, and she was highly pleased to have me marry her son. Still she constantly endeavored to impress upon me when I was with her, during this fortnight, the fact that I was not nearly good enough for Sergei, an opinion in which I heartily concurred.

During the time which elapsed between our betrothal and marriage, the weather was very stormy, forcing us to retreat indoors. Our favorite seat was between the piano and the window. The candlelight played on the dark window-panes within, the rain-drops spattering against them without. The water which we could hear pouring from the gutter on the roof, and the thick fog which lay over garden and terrace, made our corner the warmer and cosier by contrast.

"Do you remember the story I once told you of A—— and B——?" Sergei Michailitsch said to me one of those stormy evenings as we sat alone in our snug corner.

"How can I help recollecting that stupid story? What a fortunate thing it ended so well!"

"Yes, and how easily I might have lost my happiness by my own fault. You saved me! But I lied then, and have been ashamed of doing so ever since."

"No matter; it is past now."

"Ah! I was trying to preach reason to myself."

"What for? One should never do so in such a case."

"I did it badly enough! And yet, when I came into the country, after all my mistakes and disillusions, I thought and said love was over for me, and that it only remained for me to fulfill faithfully the duties of middle age. It was long before I suspected my feelings for you. I hoped—I feared—I knew not what to think. At length, one evening—(do you remember it?)—when we walked in the garden, I became really frightened. My good fortune seemed too great to be possible. I was to receive so much and give so little."

"Tell me," I began, but suddenly paused, afraid of the reply. "Never mind, it is nothing."

"You wish to know if I have ever loved any one else?" he said, guessing my thoughts. "No, I have neither loved nor been loved." He hesitated, as if moved by some sorrowful memory. "No," he continued, "and what have I to give you? Love, it is true."

"Is that little?" I said, looking him in the eyes.

"Little for you, dear heart, little for you. My happiness will often not allow me to sleep; and then fancy what a charmed life we shall lead. With music, books, nature, and love, how happy we can be!"

The evening before our wedding-day the skies cleared, and the first cold, sparkling autumn weather succeeded to the long rain which had begun in the last days of summer.

I went to bed that night happy in thoughts of what the morrow was to bring, and awoke with the dawn.

I went into the garden. The sun was just rising, shooting his pale rays through the half-stripped linden trees. The paths were covered with dead, rustling leaves; the dahlias hung black and limp on their stalks, and the white frost lay like a silver covering on the greensward and the iron rails of the veranda. Not a cloud spotted the clear, pale sky.

"Is the day already here?" I thought. "Can it be possible that to-morrow I shall no longer count *this* as home? Am I to live after to-day without Katja or Sonja? Shall I never again knock on the wall of Sonja's room for a morning greeting, to hear for answer her silvery laugh?"

I awaited Sergei Michailitsch's coming with impatience, for my heart was oppressed with strange emotions. He came early, and about noon we went to church to hear memorial prayers for my father and mother.

"If they were only living!" I thought, as we turned homeward, and I silently pressed the arm of the man who had been their nearest friend. My father's spirit had seemed near me, blessing my choice, when I bowed my head against the cold stones of the church floor. Memories and hopes, joy and pain, made a curious stir of emotions in my heart, with which the fresh air, the stillness, the bare fields, the cold, bright sunshine seemed to sympathize.

Suddenly Sergei Michailitsch turned his thoughtful face toward me. "I wish he would not speak," I thought; but without mentioning any name, he began to talk of my father, as if resuming an interrupted conversation.

"He said to me, one day, jestingly, 'I wish you would marry my Mascha.'"

"How happy he must be then if he knows of it;" I replied, drawing closer to him.

"You were only a little child then," he continued, looking into my eyes. "I often kissed those eyes then, because they were like your father's, not thinking I should ever love them so fondly for their own sake."

We walked slowly home over the seldom frequented footpaths, through the fields of stubble, no one near enough to hear our steps or voices. On our right, the grayish-brown fields stretched off to the distant woods; on our left, rows of winter corn drooped under the frost of the past night; long, transparent cobwebs floated through the clear air, flew into our faces, on our hair, and when we talked, the sound of our voices rose above us in the motionless air, as if we were the only living creatures in the universe—alone under the blue vault in which the autumnal sun blazed and trembled.

When we reached home, Sergei Michailitsch's mother, and two or three unavoidable guests, were waiting for us, and we were not alone again until we were in the carriage on our way to Nikolski.

At the time of the marriage ceremony the church was nearly empty. I saw Tatjana Simonowna standing by the choir; Katja, in lilac ribbons and with tearful eyes, and two or three peasant girls, who watched me curiously. Sergei Michailitsch I did not see, though I felt his presence. I listened to the prayers, repeating their words, but they awoke no response in my soul. I could not pray, but only gaze stupidly on the pictures, the candles, the embroidered vestments, and the church windows. It was not until the priest put his hand on my head and said, that having baptized me, he was glad he had been permitted to marry me, that I aroused from my lethargy.

Katja and Tatjana Simonowna kissed us. Sergei Michailitsch entered the carriage, and closed the door; the security with which he did it, causing me a curious sensation of pain.

Drawn up into one corner of the carriage, I gazed through the window over the fields and road which lay white in the chill moonlight. I wondered at myself, and was shocked to know no such blessing of peace was in my heart, as might have been expected after such a sacrament. Was this all? Had the hour from which I had expected so much nothing more to give?

I turned to Sergei Michailitsch with the intention of saying something, but could find no words. It was as if I had never felt one throb of tenderness for him, but only fear and dread.

"Until now I never believed it could really be true," he said quietly, as if in answer to my glance.

"I am afraid."

"Not of me, dear heart."

"Yes, of you."

My hand lay passively in his, and my heart was cold as a stone. He touched my hand with his lips, my heart began to beat, my eyes sought his in the half-darkness, and I felt suddenly that I no longer feared him, or else that this fear had changed into a newer, stronger, more passionate love than before, and that the power he had over me constituted my future happiness.

VI.

Days, weeks, two months sped by in the uneventful monotony of country life. Yet there had been enough bliss, enough excitement of feeling to have filled a lifetime.

My day-dreams were indeed not realized, but the reality was more delightful than the conception had been. Of the earnest fulfillment of duties, the stern abnegation of self, and the living for others which I had pictured to myself, there was nothing required. In truth we lived only for each other, utterly forgetful of every one else.

He, of course, would leave me for part of the day, to drive into town or attend to business of the estate; but I could see what trouble it cost him to tear himself away, and that comforted me during his absence.

He came to my room one day as I knelt before the holy picture. He took his seat by the table and commenced to turn over the leaves of a book, I continuing my prayers. But I felt his eyes upon me. "Have you performed your devotions?" I inquired.

"Yes, but don't allow me to disturb yours. I will go away again."

"Come dearest, read this one prayer with me."

He knelt by me, letting his arms hang stiffly by his side, and read with a serious face, pausing an instant now and then to look at me as if for encouragement. When he finished, I laughed and embraced him.

"You treat me as if I were a boy of ten," he said blushingly, kissing my hand.

Nikolski, our home, was an old-fashioned country house, where a long line of ancestors had lived and loved and died. The very atmosphere was perfumed with good family memories which became my possession as soon as I entered the house. The *ménage* was directed by Tatjana Simonowna, according to ancient customs. That our surroundings were splendid, I cannot assert, but from the service to the furniture and meals, all was rich, neat and good.

In the drawing-room, the furniture was ranged in geometrical order against the walls adorned with family portraits, and the polished floor was covered with rugs made in the house. In the reception-room there was a piano, two chiffonniers which were not mates, divans, and several small tables inlaid with copper.

In my room, which Tatjana Simonowna had arranged with especial care, the best furniture of the house had been placed, but it was of many varieties and of different centuries. I recall particularly an old escritoire which I could not see without a sort of shudder at first, but which after a time became a trusted friend.

Tatjana Simonowna's voice was never heard in the house, yet everything moved with the regularity of a well-made clock. The servants were all obliged to wear soft slippers without heels, for my mother-in-law could not endure creaking shoes or flapping heels. They were proud of their position in the family, were reverential in their demeanor to their mistress, and almost caressing toward Sergei Michailitsch and me. The birthdays of my mother-in-law, Sergei, and that autumn, mine, were all celebrated with a ball, as every one in the neighborhood knew, and as had been done regularly as long as Tatjana Simonowna could remember.

My husband took no thought regarding household affairs. He arose early to see after the farm laborers, so that in winter he was

always gone before I was awake. When he came in to breakfast, which we took alone, he was as full of fun and spirits as a boy.

Tatjana Simonowna always remained in her room during the morning, exchanging her morning salutations with us by means of a messenger. How often have I been scarcely able to repress my laughter when her maid, with folded arms and grave face, repeated in never-changing, monotonous accents, "Tatjana Simonowna desires to know how you have rested after your long drive; the noble lady also wishes me to say she was unable to sleep all night, because of a stitch in her side and the howlings of a dog in the village. Furthermore, she would like to know how the fresh bread tasted, which was not made this time by Terasse, but Nickalasch, who she thinks has succeeded remarkably well for the first time. The worthy lady found the rolls particularly good, but the zweibäcke is baked a trifle too hard."

Between breakfast and dinner time Sergei Michailitsch and I saw but little of each other. That was my time for practicing and reading, and his for study or business. But at the dinner hour, which was four o'clock, we all assembled in the drawing-room. Mamma came forth from her retirement and the visitors who chanced to be in the house, usually decayed gentlewomen, of whom there were always one or two.

Sergei invariably offered his mother his arm, she just as invariably asking me to take the other, and in this fashion we entered the dining-room. Mamma always presided over the dinner table, and the conversation was generally stiff and constrained, for I never permitted my chatter with Sergei to intrude on the solemnity of this formal meal. After dinner mamma sat in her large chair in the drawing-room, smoking her cigarette, or cutting the leaves of a new book. Sergei and I either read aloud or went to the music room, for though we read much in those days, yet music still remained our chief delight. When I played Sergei Michailitsch's favorite sonatas, he would go to the other end of the room, so that I could scarcely see him in the dim light, but often when he least expected it I would rise, and going to him, find in the tender light of his eye, and the flush on his cheek, traces of emotions he could not altogether conceal.

The evening tea I prepared in the drawing-room. It was very long before I could feel at ease presiding over the huge samowar; I felt too young and giddy to occupy such a dignified post, and unfit for the responsibility of placing the glasses on the tray, and saying, "This is for Peter Iwanowitsch or Marie Minitschna," or of asking if the tea was sufficiently sweet, and sending one of the servants with the sugar-bowl as my deputy.

"Beautifully done! Really, quite like a woman!" my husband would say, which only increased my confusion. After tea mamma would kiss us, and we would go to our own room, where we would sit and talk in subdued tones until midnight, for fear mamma should overhear us, since "early to bed" was one of her pet theories. Occasionally we felt hungry, and stealing quietly to the dining-room buffet, would find a cold supper to take to our room.

Sergei Michailitsch and I lived as aliens in this large, old house, over which a stern spirit of the past ruled, embodied in Tatjana Simonowna. Not only did she inspire me with a species of respect bordering on awe, but I had the same feeling regarding the servants, the old pictures, and even the furniture. When I look back I see that much of this unchangeable order, this superfluity of useless servants, was not only unnecessary but really burdensome. However, it made us cling the closer together, and we were both very careful to repress any feeling of dissatisfaction with the order of things.

My husband, indeed, seemed to endeavor to hide from his own eyes any delinquency on the part of the servants.

For instance, Demitri Sidoroff, the butler, was an inveterate smoker, and every evening, when we sat in the music-room, he would slip into my husband's study to help himself to tobacco. It was amusing on such occasions to observe with what anxiety Sergei Michailitsch would come to me on tiptoe, and with shining eyes and lifted finger point to Demitri Sidoroff, who never dreamed any one saw him, and how when Demitri disappeared, he would kiss me and declare I was charming, which, however, he did on every possible occasion.

Sometimes this patience and inexhaustible good nature provoked me. I knew I should not have it, and I fancied him weak and childish.

"Ah! dear heart," he said one day when I reproached him for his forbearance, "how can I worry about such trifles when I am so happy? I learned, too, long since, that it is much easier to bend one's own will than that of another. I cannot be cross now, besides, 'Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien!' you know. And will you believe it? I never hear the bell, receive a letter, or even wake in the morning, without remembering that life is passing and changes must come—but better than it is now, it never can be!"

I believed what he said, though I did not fully understand him, for I could see no reason why we should not always be as happy as we were then, or even happier. Two months passed in this manner, and then winter, with its storms and snows, was upon us, and although Sergei Michailitsch was with me, yet I commenced to realize that our mode of life was monotonous, and that there was nothing new in either him or me.

I loved my husband no less, but my love stood still, and a strange, restless feeling troubled my heart. I needed excitement, movement; I longed for danger, self-sacrifice.

Time sped on. The snow heaped itself higher and higher around the house. Our lives moved on in the same unvarying monotony, while not far away a crowd of human beings suffered, rejoiced, and struggled. The worst of it was, too, that every day riveted the chains which bound us to this wearisome, regular life, in which our very emotions ran in a certain groove. In the morning we were merry, at mid-day we were polite, in the evening, tender.

After a while these curious conflicts worked on my health—my nerves began to suffer. One morning, when I was feeling worse than usual, Sergei Michailitsch returned from his farm inspection out of humor—a most unusual occurrence. I noticed it and inquired the reason, but the only answer I could obtain was, "Nothing worth speaking of."

I imagined he would not tell me because I was too much of a child to understand his business perplexities, so I turned away from him abruptly, and sent to call Marie Minitschna, who was visiting us to breakfast. After this meal, which I finished as speedily as possible, I went into the music-room with my guest, and commenced a conversation over some nonsense, which did not interest me in the least.

Sergei Michailitsch followed us into the room and walked up and down looking at us. His presence so worked on my nerves that I talked louder and louder, laughing almost hysterically. Every remark that Marie made seemed remarkably comic. Finally, Sergei left the room without having made an observation, and no sooner had the door closed behind him than my mirth vanished so suddenly, that Marie asked what was the matter? I could not answer, but sat down ready to cry.

"What will he think of me?" I thought. "Will he think it nonsense, or something worse? If he would only ask me so that I could tell him!"

I felt my tears were oppressing my heart, and that I was growing angry with him; I shrank before such a feeling and went to his study.

He was writing when I entered. On hearing my step he raised his eyes quietly for a moment and then proceeded with his writing. This look did not please me, so in place of speaking to him I took up a book.

He paused in his work once again, to look at me.

"Mascha, you are out of temper."

I replied with an icy glance, as much as to say, "That is no matter to you."

He shook his head and laughed softly; but for the first time in my life I did not answer with a smile.

"What was the matter with you, this morning?" I asked. "Why would you not tell me?"

"A mere trifling annoyance. Some peasants went—" I would not allow him to finish. "Why did you not tell me before breakfast?"

"I should have said something absurd for I was vexed."

"But I wished to know *then*."

"Why then?"

"Because you think I can never be of any use to you in your business perplexities."

"How can I believe that?" he said, throwing aside his pen. "I believe, I *know* that I cannot live without you. You are not only of help to me, but you are my all. I live only for you, find life pleasant and sweet only because I have you—because—"

"Yes, yes, you think I am nothing more than a child, to whom you must always say smooth things," I interrupted, and in such a petulant manner that he gazed at me as if I

were a stranger. "I have no patience—you have enough for us both—if indeed not too much," I continued fretfully.

"Listen," he said quickly, as if he feared I would say too much. "We—"

"No, I will listen to nothing," I said, although I was longing to have a good talk with him. But it was so delightful to disturb his repose. "I do not wish to *play* living any longer. I want to live in earnest, as you do: to be equal with you, as I have a right to be." I stopped, the sudden flush on his cheek warning me that I might be going too far.

"In what way are you not my equal? Is it that I refuse to torment you with stories of drunken peasants and their brawls?"

"Not that only," I replied.

"Understand me, dearest; I know by long experience that these cares, be they ever so trifling, cause trouble and annoyance, and because I love you I wish to shield you from every worry. It is the business of my life. Do not, I pray you, make it impossible for me."

"You are right, of course; you always are," I impetuously rejoined. It angered me to see him so calm and unmoved again, while my heart and brain was in a tumult of conflicting emotions.

"Mascha, what can be the matter with you? It is not the question as to who is right. Are you ill, or have you anything against me? Do not answer too hastily, but think it over, and let me know how I have offended?"

What could I say? How could I open my heart to him?

"I have nothing against you," I answered. "But I am tired of this sameness, this dreary monotony of living. I wish it could be changed. But of course it can't be, you will say, and of course you will again be right."

I looked at him as I said this. The arrow reached the mark. Pain and dread spoke from every line of his face.

"Mascha," he began, in a low, deeply-moved voice, "what we say now can be no jest. Our whole future may depend on it. Why will you torture me so?"

I interrupted him again. "Spare yourself the trouble of explanations, since I know just what you will say, and as I remarked before, you are always right." I said this coldly, and it was as if, not I, but a wicked spirit within me had spoken.

"If you could but know what you are doing!" he replied with faltering voice.

I commenced to cry, and my heart grew lighter. I felt ashamed, and repented my words, but I dared not look at him, lest his eyes should express the scorn and anger I knew I deserved. However, when I did at last turn towards him, a gentle, loving look was fixed on me. I took his hand, and said, "Forgive me. I know not what I have said."

"Yes, but I know! and you told me the truth."

"What was it then?"

"That we must start to St. Petersburg immediately. There is no hinderance just at present."

"As you will." He embraced and kissed me tenderly.

"Forgive me. I have done you wrong, though unintentionally."

I sat long at the piano that evening while he walked up and down the room murmuring to himself. It was a habit he had, and I frequently asked him to repeat his croonings to me. Sometimes it was a bit of poetry, sometimes only nonsense, but it always furnished me with a key to his state of mind.

"What were you saying just now?"

He paused in his promenade, and smilingly repeated two lines of a familiar poem:

> "But he, the fool, longed after the storm,
> As if in the storm his rest to find."

"He is more than human! He knows everything! How can I help but love him!" I thought. Rising, I took his arm and began to walk with him, trying to take the same long strides that he did.

"Is it not so?" he asked, smilingly.

"Yes," I whispered softly.

A frolicsome mood come over us. We took longer and longer steps, finally walking into the drawing-room on tip-toe, to mamma's astonishment and the indignation of Demitri Sidoroff, who was making preparations to serve tea.

Two weeks later, before the holidays, we were in St. Petersburg.

VII.

OUR journey to St. Petersburg, the week we spent in Moscow, making acquaintance with my own and Sergei Michailitsch's relatives, passed before me like a pleasant dream. All was so novel and bright, so illumined by Sergei Michailitsch's love and presence that our still country life seemed far away and half forgotten before we were fairly settled in our new abode.

To my surprise and pleasure, instead of the stiff and formal reception I had expected from acquaintances and relatives, I was met with such simple and hearty cordiality as to charm and put me at my ease instantly.

The day before we left Nikolski my husband had said to me, "Here in the country I am a small Crœsus, but in St. Petersburg I shall be less than rich. We can remain there until Easter, but we must not mingle much in gay society, lest we should be tempted to undue expenditure."

"Very well," I had answered. "We can go to concerts and the theater, and come back to Nikolski before Easter."

But these resolutions were forgotten soon after reaching St. Petersburg. I suddenly found myself in a new, bright world, so surrounded with new interests and new amusements that I became entirely oblivious of my past life and the plans which depended on it. My true life was just commencing.

The unrest and yearning for I knew not what, which had tortured me in the country, vanished as if by magic. My love for my husband became more subdued, and I no longer tormented myself with doubts as to whether he loved me less than at first.

Though, indeed, I could not have any rightful misgivings on that score, since he understood my every thought and fulfilled my every wish even before expressed.

Often, after having played the part of hostess with many inward tremblings, he would exclaim, to my great joy, "Excellently done, my child! Quite beautiful!"

Shortly after our arrival, he wrote a letter to his mother, and when he called me to add a postscript, he told me not to read what he had written, which, however, I very naturally did, immediately upon being forbidden. It ran thus: "You would scarcely recognize Mascha: for I am half puzzled at times. Where did she acquire her charming graciousness of manner, her suave politeness? And with it all, she is so good and simple. Everybody is delighted with her, and I love her more than ever, if that be possible."

Ah! thought I, I also love Sergei Michailitsch more than ever, if that is possible.

My reception by my unknown relatives was unexpected and flattering. Here was an uncle, yonder an aunt who heaped me with favors. One declared that I had not my equal in St. Petersburg; another thought I need only have the will to become the leader of society. My favorite among them all was the Princess Demidoff, a cousin of my husband, a thorough woman of the world, no longer young, and who loaded me with flatteries until my brain was turned.

The first time she came to invite me to go to a ball with her, Sergei Michailitsch looked at me with a scarcely perceptible smile and asked if I wished to go. I nodded in token of assent and blushed.

"Blushing like a criminal making confession!" he teasingly said.

"You told me we could not afford to go into society,—besides it is distasteful to you."

"If you desire it very much, we will go."

"But perhaps it would be best not to."

"It is not wrong to visit the gay world once in a while. The danger is in going too frequently."

"To tell the truth, I never wished to go anywhere so much in my life, as to this ball."

We went, and the pleasure I had anticipated was more than realized. Everybody from my hairdresser and waiting-maid to my partners in the dance, and the old gentlemen who walked through the saloon, all gave me to understand that I pleased them; and the universal testimony, so I heard from my cousin, was that I was utterly unlike other women, being as simple and fresh as a country blossom.

I was so intoxicated by these comments that I urged Sergei Michailitsch to go with me to several other balls, which he did very willingly for a time, seeming to rejoice in my reception.

But by and by he grew weary of society, and the excitement made him uncomfortable. But I did not bother myself over this, and when I occasionally felt his penetrating glance fixed on me, I *would* not understand. I was so fascinated by the atmosphere of mirth and change that his steady, serious influence over me seemed lost. When I entered a ballroom and saw all eyes directed toward me, a feeling

of pride and self-satisfaction arose in my heart. He, however, on such occasions, used to hurry from my side and lose himself in the black crowd of by-standers as if ashamed of my belonging to him.

"Only wait," I would think as I followed him with my eyes, "only wait till we are home, and I will prove to you for whose sake it is I wish to be beautiful, and whom it is I love."

Once in a while the possibility of my husband becoming jealous flitted across my mind, but he was always so calm and composed, and the young men about me were so insignificant in comparison with him, that the idea vanished as soon as conceived.

"I saw how earnestly you were talking with the Countess Ablomowitz last evening," I said to him one morning after a ball, shaking my finger at him, threateningly. The lady of whom I spoke was one of our best friends and well known in St. Petersburg. My intention was to tease him a little, because he was particularly silent and reserved that day.

"Mascha, how can you speak to me so?" he said between his teeth. "Such jests are not seemly between us. Leave them to others. This false manner can only spoil our love and respect for each other, if it has not already done so."

I was ashamed, and kept silence.

"Shall we go home again, Mascha? What say you?"

"Our love and respect for each other is not spoiled and never can be." This I truly believed when I spoke.

"God grant it!" he replied, "yet I think, nevertheless, it is time we were going home."

After this he never again alluded to our return to Nikolski. I knew how weary he was of city life, but I remembered how I had felt in the country, and dreaded a return to such a state.

The winter passed with astonishing rapidity, and, contrary to our expectations, we kept the Easter feast in St. Petersburg. On the Tuesday after Easter, when our trunks were all packed ready for our departure on the following day, my husband's cousin, the Princess Demidoff, entered, to entreat that we should remain till after Saturday, to attend a ball to be given by the Countess Woronsky.

"The countess is particularly desirous of your company," she said, "because Prince Michael says you are the most beautiful woman in Russia, and that he will not go unless you are to be there. Indeed, I think it will be against all reason if you persist in burying yourself alive, before this last entertainment of the season."

Sergei Michailitsch had been talking to a servant at the other end of the room, and I was not certain whether or not he heard us.

"Well, what will you do, Mascha? Will you go?"

"We are going to Nikolski to-morrow," I replied, glancing toward my husband. Our eyes met, and he turned away quickly.

"I will persuade him to remain," urged the princess.

"But that would disturb all our plans, for we are quite ready to start," I said, though longing to yield.

"Would it not be possible for the prince to see you this evening?" my husband said, with an excitement in voice and manner I had never before seen, but which he essayed to repress.

"Ha, ha! he is actually jealous," laughed our cousin. "It is delightful to see him for once roused from his sober calmness. But, really, Sergei Michailitsch, it is not only on account of the prince, we all want her so much."

"She can do as she likes," my husband rejoined, leaving the room. I saw he was strangely excited, so I gave my cousin no definite answer.

When she was gone I went in search of my husband. I found him pacing the library with thoughtful face.

"He is thinking of our Nikolski and our merry breakfast in our cosy little room," I said to myself, "and of his fields, his peasants, our delightful evenings in the music-room, and our stolen suppers. No, no! all the balls in the world are not worth his tender love, nor would I give one of his merry smiles for the flatteries and attentions of a thousand princes."

I was just on the point of telling him that I would hold to our original intention of going home on the morrow, when he caught sight of me, wrinkling his forehead in a most forbidding manner. The gentle, thoughtful expression disappeared, and was replaced by one harsh, stern, and gloomy.

"Well, what are your intentions, my dear? Will you go to the ball Saturday evening?"

"I should like to, but our trunks are packed, and it will not be agreeable for you," I replied coldly, for I was angry at his nonchalant tone, and also at his having prevented me from making the sacrifice for him voluntarily.

"I shall not go before Wednesday of next week, and will give orders to have everything unpacked." As usual, when excited, he commenced to pace the floor with uneven steps.

"I really cannot understand you," I observed, following his movements with my eyes. "Why do you speak to me so strangely? I am entirely ready to sacrifice my pleasure to yours; why do you treat me so coldly?"

"You offer me a *sacrifice!*" (he emphasized the last word). "I bring you one, therefore we are even. What more could be expected from any happy married pair?"

It was the first time I had heard such mocking words fall from his lips, but they only made me angry, and his hardness passed over me unfelt.

"You are greatly altered," I said with a sigh. "What is the matter with you? Are you angry with me? Tell me truly!"

"What will he say?" I thought, remembering with satisfaction that he could not lay the slightest indiscretion to my charge. As I spoke, I stepped into the center of the room, where he would be forced to pass me in his promenade.

"He will come, embrace me, and then all will be well," I hoped. But he paused in his walk at the opposite end of the room and looked at me.

"You do not understand me?" he inquired.

"No."

"Then allow me to explain to you that the emotion now working in my heart, and felt for the first time, is jealousy, which I cannot just immediately repress." He remained quite still, as if half-shocked himself at the roughness of voice and words.

"What do you mean?" I asked, crying in spite of myself.

"I mean this. I am jealous because you run after this prince, who calls you beautiful, that you offer to make a sacrifice for me, which, in plain words means, that it would indeed be a pleasure for you to exhibit yourself to his imperial highness, but that in consideration of my prejudices, you will refrain from doing so."

As he spoke he grew more and more earnest, excited by his own voice and words.

His face glowed. I was afraid of him, but my self-esteem was wounded, and I would not yield.

"I have been expecting this outbreak for some time. Continue!"

"What *you* may have expected I do not know, but *I* have expected the worst; watching you day after day in this whirlpool of luxury, idleness, and dissipation. I have dreaded being brought to shame, as has happened to-day. Your friend comes and tears my heart with her soiled hands, making a mockery of my jealousy—and of whom? Of a man of whom you know as little as I; but you will bring me a sacrifice! I am ashamed of myself, and of you—*a sacrifice!*"

"How like a man," I thought. "I have done nothing to offend, and yet he would like me to fall on my knees and acknowledge that he is justifiable in his anger. I will not do it!"

"No, I offer you no sacrifice," I said, my nostrils dilating and my face blazing. "I will go to the Countess Woronsky's on Saturday."

"I wish you much enjoyment," he cried with scorn. "Between us all is at an end. You shall torment me no longer. I was foolish to—" his lips quivered, and he uttered these words with visible effort.

I both feared and hated him at that hour. How gladly would I have returned scorn for scorn, contempt for contempt, but I dared not utter a sound, lest I should end in bitter sobs, which would have been a humiliation.

I left the room silently, but I was scarcely out of sound of his footsteps when I realized the possibility of having sundered the happy bond which formerly united us. I half resolved to go back to him, but I was afraid he would interpret any compromise on my part into an acknowledgment of my being in fault and he in the right.

So I stayed alone in my chamber, recalling the sting of every word, and weeping silently, until subdued, tender thoughts came to fill the place of the hard, harsh ones.

When I took my seat that evening at the dinner-table, where Mr. O—— was sitting with my husband, I felt that a great gulf had indeed opened between us. Mr. O—— inquired how soon we purposed leaving St. Petersburg.

Before I could reply Sergei Michailitsch answered:

"Next Wednesday. We are going to a ball at the Countess Woronsky's on Saturday. You intend to go, I believe?" This he said to me, with a sneering, contemptuous expression of countenance.

"Yes, I expect to go," I replied.

That evening, after Mr. O—— had left, Sergei Michailitsch stepped up to me and offered me his hand.

"Pray forgive what I said to you this morning."

I took his hand, a trembling smile flitted over my face, and my eyes filled with tears; but he withdrew his hand hastily, and took a seat at some distance from me as if fearing a scene.

"I must write to my mother that our journey has been postponed, otherwise she will feel anxious about us."

"And when will we go?"

"Next Wednesday."

"I hope nothing else will occur to prevent," I said. But he gazed at me with such a curious look in his eyes, that it checked all further conversation.

We attended the ball. I was seated between two ladies when the prince approached me, and I was forced to rise in order to speak to him. As I did so, I glanced involuntarily at Sergei Michailitsch. I felt conscience-smitten, and it was extremely unpleasant to feel myself coloring and growing confused under the scrutiny of the prince. Our conversation was brief; when he left me he said he would be glad to form my husband's acquaintance.

Later in the evening, I saw them standing in another part of the salon. The prince must have been saying something about me, for he looked toward me with a smile. Suddenly Sergei Michailitsch grew scarlet, bowed low, and left the prince abruptly. "What will he think of me, and especially of my husband?" I thought. I felt sure that almost all present must have witnessed the treatment of the prince by Sergei Michailitsch. God knows what they must have thought, and yet it is possible they may have guessed at the position of affairs between us.

My cousin drove me home. On the way I told her of the difficulty we had had on account of this unfortunate entertainment. She endeavored to soothe me, saying that storms would occur in every married life, and then pass over, leaving no trace behind.

She blamed S rgei Michailitsch too, as being over-reserved and haughty, in which judgment I concurred.

But when I was at home and alone, these words lay like a stone on my conscience, and I felt keenly that the chasm which separated us had become wider and deeper through my own fault.

VIII.

These differences made a great change in our mode of life. We no longer felt at ease when alone together, the presence of a third party being always hailed as a relief and safeguard.

The day before we were to leave for Nikolski, I was taken ill, so we hired a country-house near St. Petersburg.

After I had recovered, Sergei Michailitsch went to visit his mother. I begged to accompany him, but he persuaded me to remain on account of my health, although I knew the true reason was his unwillingness to be alone with me in our old home, so full of tender associations.

My time passed slowly and sadly without him, yet on his return I realized more keenly than ever the great difference between our past and present relations. We each had our separate cares and interests, which we never attempted to share with each other, though we were as punctilious in fulfilling each other's wishes as if we had still been lovers.

Fashionable life with its glare and sparkle now took the place in my heart once occupied by my husband and my home. I had scarcely an hour I could call my own, from morning till bedtime. Such an existence neither wearied nor amused me. I simply accepted it as a necessity.

Three years went by in this way, marked, however, by two important events, the birth of my first child and the death of my mother-in-law. At first the motherly instinct was so keen within me, that I fancied it to be the beginning of a new and delightful life. But when the novelty had worn off, and I was able to go out again, this feeling faded away by degrees, finally ending in a cold fulfillment of my maternal duties.

For Sergei Michailitsch the birth of this child seemed a renewal of his youth. He was again the gentle, home-loving man of other days, devoting all his merriment and tenderness to the boy.

Frequently when I entered the nursery in my ball-dress to say "Good night" to the little one, I would find Sergei Michailitsch there, and his stern, reproachful look made me wonder if I could be worse than other women. I loved the boy dearly, but to sit by him and tend him for hours was more than my patience would endure.

My mother-in-law's death was a sore trial to Sergei Michailitsch. I sympathized with him and missed her to a degree, but I must confess it was pleasanter for me at Nikolski without her restraining customs.

The third year after our first journey to St. Petersburg, we went to Baden-Baden to spend the summer. I was then about twenty-one. My health was excellent; we had abundant means; my toilet was elegant; the weather was glorious, and I was happy! It was not the happiness which had so filled my life the first few months of my life at Nikolski, yet it was happiness. I feared nothing, hoped for nothing, my cup was full to the brim, and my conscience was easy.

Among the throng which overfilled Baden that summer, there was scarcely one deserving any especial notice. About the only difference between them was that some were young, others old; some fair Englishmen, others mustachioed Frenchmen. The only one to whom I gave a second thought was an Italian, the Marquis Michaelli. He was young, handsome, and elegant, and bore a certain resemblance to my husband, particularly in his brow and smile, though the quiet, gentle expression of my husband's mouth was changed in the Italian to something coarse and animal.

A short time before the close of the season, I was ill, and confined to my room for a fortnight. The first time I visited the Casino after my recovery, I heard of the arrival of Lady Spencer, an Englishwoman, famous for her beauty. I had no lack of cavaliers on this occasion, but a much greater number were collected about Lady Spencer, about whose grace and loveliness all lips were fluent.

Lady Spencer had made up a party to visit the castle the following day, but I was not to be of it. I was almost alone in the hotel, and felt desolate enough. I could have cried gladly, and resolved to return to Russia as soon as practicable. From that day I kept aloof from society, only walking to the wells or driving with Leonie Maruscha, a Russian friend. Sergei Michailitsch was in Heidelberg, only coming now and then on a visit to Baden-Baden.

One day when Lady Spencer and most of the visitors in Baden had gone off on a hunting party, I drove up to the castle with Leonie Maruscha. As our carriage crept slowly up the hill under the century old chestnuts which shade the road, we talked of our children, of our Russian home-life, of the emptiness of our present existence. Under the pleasurably painful influence of this conversation we entered the castle grounds.

Between the walls it was shady and cool, but the rays of the sun still lingered upon the ruins, and through the gateway we could see as in a frame the charming, but to us Russians, the pale landscape. We heard voices and footsteps, and sat down upon some stones to rest and watch the setting sun, until they passed by. But the voices grew more distinct, and I fancied I heard my name; involuntarily I listened and each word came to us with terrible clearness.

It was the Marquis Michaelli and his most intimate friend, a Frenchman. The latter was comparing Lady Spencer and me. He said nothing depreciatory, yet the blood rushed to my brain as I heard him coolly counting up my defects and recommendations. I had a child, he observed, Lady Spencer was only just nineteen. I had fine hair, Lady Spencer a graceful figure. Besides, Lady Spencer was of almost royal blood, while I belonged only to one of those petty noble families of Russia, which are so superabundant. He finished with the remark that I had shown great good sense and discretion in leaving the field to my rival, since I was dead and buried as far as Baden-Baden was concerned.

"When she goes, I go too," said the voice with the Italian accent.

"Happy mortal to still be capable of love."

"Love!" repeated his friend. "Yes; I cannot exist without it, and this romance is only begun. I must finish it."

"Bonne chance, mon ami!" said the Frenchman.

I heard no more, for they had gone away. It was only a short time, however, before their footsteps were heard from the other side; they descended the steps, and a few minutes later they came out of a side door, expressing great surprise at finding us there.

I blushed when I met the marquis' eyes, and it was very painful to be obliged to accept his arm when we left the castle.

I was greatly annoyed by the Frenchman's opinion of me, although he had really only put my own thoughts into words; but I was still more vexed by the coarse remarks of the marquis, while the possibility of his knowing that I had overheard the conversation made his presence nearly unendurable.

Without looking toward him, I hurried after Leonie Maruscha as speedily as possible, allowing my hand only to touch his arm. He made some observation on the delightful view, his pleasure in meeting me, and something else which I did not hear.

My thoughts were with my husband, my child, and Russia! I longed for my solitary room in the Hotel de Bade, but Leonie Maruscha walked slowly, my carriage was still at a distance, and my escort seemed to slacken his pace, as if resolved to be alone with me. I walked faster, but he held me back.

Leonie Maruscha turned a corner of the road and we were alone. "Pardon me," I said coldly, removing my hand from his arm, but the lace on my sleeve caught on his sleeve-button. He leaned over to unloose it, and his gloveless hand touched my arm. A curious sensation shot through my veins. I looked at him, wishing to express the hatred I felt for him, but I only showed that I was afraid. He began to stammer something—that he loved me—that I was all in all to him, his hands grasping mine. It grew dark before my eyes. I trembled, and the words with which I sought to repel him died on my lips. Suddenly, I felt a kiss on my cheek. Unable to move, I waited for something to restore me to action, I know not what. This helpless terror endured but for a moment, but that moment was dreadful. I saw the marquis distinctly, the broad, low forehead, so like my husband's, the handsome nose, the long, waxed mustachio, the smooth cheeks and brown neck.

"Je vous aime!" he repeated. The faces of Sergei Michailitsch and my child fluttered before my mind's eye as does in an hour of danger the remembrance of long dead, dear ones.

Happily at that moment Leonie Maruscha called me by name.

It restored my power of action. I snatched my hand from his and hastened to my friend without a glance at the marquis. We took our seats in the carriage and then I looked at him. He lifted his hat and made some observation as we drove away. He must have felt the unspeakable aversion my eyes expressed, for he colored slightly, man of the world though he was.

My present seemed hopeless, my future dark, for I felt the marquis' kiss burning my cheek as a brand of shame.

When I finally reached my own room the loneliness was unendurable. I could not swallow the tea which I ordered, and without knowing why, I began to pack my trunk, to go to Heidelberg and my husband.

It was only after I was seated in the railway carriage, and the fresh night air swept through the open window, that I was able to think. For the first time in years I recalled, with longing, our quiet, country life; for the first time I asked myself what happiness my husband had enjoyed since then, and my conscience upbraided me painfully.

The nearer the train drew to Heidelberg the more I dreaded meeting Sergei Michailitsch. "I will confess all—all," I resolved, bursting again into tears, "and surely he will forgive me."

But in truth I did not know what to say to him, nor do I think he could have forgiven me.

When I entered Sergei Michailitsch's room and saw his quiet but surprised face, I could neither make confession nor ask for pardon. Sorrow and repentance must remain forever unspoken in my heart.

"Why, have you come? I was purposing to visit you to-morrow," he said, then evidently frightened at some expression on my face, he continued quickly: "What is the matter? What is the matter?"

"Nothing!" was my reply, though I could scarcely repress my tears. "I have left Baden forever, and if it suits you we will return to Russia to-morrow."

He gazed at me steadily and attentively.

"What has occurred?"

"Nothing; but I was lonely, and have realized the injustice I have done you in forcing you into a sort of life so unsuited to your tastes. Let us go to Nikolski to remain forever!"

"Spare me scenes, dear friend," he said coldly. "It is necessary for us to go home, for we have exhausted our means. But *forever* is a long time, and you will soon tire again of a monotonous country life. But now you must have a cup of tea; it will do you good."

The knowledge that he had good cause to doubt me lay heavy on my heart, and I escaped from his presence as quickly as possible. I wished to be alone to weep, weep, weep!

IX.

The long vacant house at Nikolski was again inhabited, but the old customs which had once been dominant would never have place again.

My relations with Sergei Michailitsch were cool but friendly, though now every picture, every book, every divan reminded me of what had been and what I had lost. Our conduct and ways of life were regulated by a certain regard for each other's comfort and convenience; though we really lived for ourselves, he with his occupations in which I took no interest, and I with my petty nothings, of which he took no notice and on which he made no comments.

Spring came; Katja and Sonja came to the country for the summer, and we were invited to be with them at Pokrow.

It was the dear old house, with its sunny terraces, the piano in its accustomed place in the bright salon, and my own little room with its white hangings and the faint perfume of my girlish dreams. Two beds now stood in the room. In one slept my stout, merry Kokoscha, in the other Nanni's rosy face pressed the pillow.

Often when they were sweetly sleeping I sat by their beds, and from every corner of the silent room ghosts of my girlhood would float to meet me, and old, well-known voices would sing me long-forgotten songs! What had become of all these spirits, those sweet, prophetic songs of maidenhood?

What I had scarcely dared to hope for had been mine, but the sweetness had changed to bitterness while in my grasp. Yet outwardly all was unchanged. The same garden, the same footpath, the same nightingale song from the thicket under the window, the same syringa in flower, the same silvery moon flooding earth and sky with light, the same and yet so changed! What was once so bright and warm, had become so cold and cheerless.

As in the olden time, I sat and chatted with Katja in the morning room; but her face was pale and serious, her eyes dark with care and sympathy, and instead of rejoicing over Sergei Michailitsch's goodness, we sat in judgment upon him, and instead of wishing all the world were as happy as we, we asked for the hundredth time how things could have changed so sadly.

I had almost entirely given up music since our residence in St. Petersburg, but the sight of the old piano revived my early taste. I had not been well one day and had remained alone while Katja and Sonja had gone to Nikolski with Sergei Michailitsch, to overlook some repairs being made in the old house.

Toward evening, as I was awaiting their return, I sat down to the piano. Opening the sonata, *quasi una fantasia*, I began to play. When I had finished the first movement, I looked mechanically toward the corner where, years before, Sergei Michailitsch had always sat—but the place was vacant!

I saw through the open window the light of the setting sun tinting the syringa blossoms, and the breath of flowers stole into the room, according harmoniously with the mournful, sadly-sweet tones of the instrument. I hid my face in my hands, and sat so for a long time remembering the past with bitter pain and keen longing.

"Can it be," I thought, "that my life is ended?" and to avoid further reflection I commenced the andante. "My God," I prayed, "if I have sinned forgive me, and restore again the happiness I have lost."

While playing, a hand was placed on my shoulder.

"How it pleases me to hear this sonata again!" said Sergei Michailitsch. I made no reply.

"Have you had tea?" I shook my head, not daring to look at him for fear he would see the traces of emotion on my face.

"Katja and Sonja will be here soon. The horse was restless, and they preferred to walk."

"We will wait for them," I answered, going out on the terrace. I hoped he would follow, but he went off to hunt for the children.

I took my seat on the very same bench upon which I had sat the night of our betrothal. The sun had set, but behind the trees shimmered a rosy streak of evening light, and over

house and garden hung a heavy cloud. The wind had died away. Not a leaf or blade of grass moved. The rose bushes, which were not yet in bloom, stretched out their long branches over the black, freshly-dug flower-beds, the frogs croaked, and nightingales called to each other from neighboring boskets.

Before long, Sergei Michailitsch came out and took a seat near me.

"I am afraid Sonja and Katja will be wet," he said.

"It looks so," I answered, and then both were silent. In the mean time the cloud sank lower and lower, suddenly a drop fell on the marquise, a second splashed on the gravel path, then fast and faster the great drops fell on the thirsty earth and waiting shrubs. The nightingales and frogs were silent, except one bird alone whose nest was in a bush under the dining-room window.

I laid my hand on the wet balustrade and leaned forward until the cool rain had sprinkled neck and hair. The clouds grew lighter and thinner, the regular patter of the rain became fainter until only single drops fell slowly down from the wet trees. The frogs resumed their croaking, the nightingales their songs, and the evening star shone out in wonderful brilliancy.

"How delightful!" Sergei Michailitsch sighed, stroking my damp hair with his hand. "How lovely is the world."

"Do you never mourn over the past?" I asked, my heart sinking within me.

He was silent, and I saw he wished to answer me truly.

"No!" he said at last. "I am thankful for the happiness I had then, but I do not mourn for it now."

"But would you not like to recall the past?" I persisted.

"I no more wish for that than for the wings of a bird. It is impossible."

"And you never reproach either me or yourself?"

"Never."

"Listen to me," I cried, taking his hand and forcing him to look at me. "Why did you allow me freedom I did not know how to use? If you had restrained me, as you might have done—we should have been happy still."

"Are we not happy?" he asked in surprise.

"Happy? No! You have withdrawn from me your love, your esteem, and your confidence. When I recall past days I cannot believe you love me now. Nor was it my fault. Why did you leave me, an ignorant girl, to wander alone in strange paths? And now you are going to force me into those ways, which I now hate, to your misery and my own?"

"What do you mean?" he said, visibly shocked.

"Did you not say yesterday that we must go to St. Petersburg at the end of the month? St. Petersburg which I detest!" and sitting down I buried my face in my handkerchief, vainly seeking to repress the sobs which nearly suffocated me.

"I do not know why you reproach me so. If I do not love you as in the early months of our married life, it is the fault of time. Every age has its peculiar kind of love. When I first knew you, I passed many sleepless nights, thinking only of you. In St. Petersburg and again in Baden I spent frightful nights seeking to tear that love from my heart which was only a torment. But I was unable to destroy it as I wished, and I love you still, though it is in a very different way—"

"Do you call this love? It is only a pain? Why did you not kill me rather than permit me to go where I would lose all that makes life lovely!"

Katja and Sonja came toward us just then, laughing and chatting gayly. On observing my tears, however, they went quickly away.

My tears had eased my heart, and I went to Sergei Michailitsch and took his hand. He looked at me thoughtfully. "I knew long ago that I ought not to have bound you with chains before you had gathered that experience which no one else can give you."

"Let us forget all that is past," I said timidly.

"The past is gone and can never come again—never again."

"It has come again," I said, laying my hand on his shoulder.

"I did not quite tell the truth when I said that I do not regret the past. I do indeed mourn every vanished love which is not now, nor ever can be. There is a love which remains, but it is not the same. Remembrance is here—thankfulness—but—"

"Do not talk so," I implored. "Let it be as it once was. It can, can it not?"

I looked in his eyes as I spoke. They answered mine calmly and without a shadow of reserve.

He smiled.

"How young you are and how old I am!" he said. "What you ask I cannot give, but we have much happiness yet in store for us. Now our effort must be to show *him* the right way," pointing to Nanni, who appeared in the hall door in his nurse's arms. Sergei Michailitsch took my face between his hands and kissed me. It was not the kiss of a lover, however, but of a dear, dear friend.

I was happier than in many, many months, as if a sore disease which had allowed me no rest by day or night had suddenly vanished at the touch of a skillful physician.

"It is time for tea," said Sergei Michailitsch.

As we entered the house I took Nanni from his nurse, covering his rosy, naked feet with kisses.

"My own, my very own," I murmured, kissing again his hands, his feet, his neck, and smooth, bald head.

"Iwan Sergeitsch," said my husband, putting his finger under the round, dimpled chin, but I drew away with him.

"He belongs to no one but me," I said.

Sergei Michailitsch laughed; and for the first time in months it was pleasant to meet his full gaze.

Thus ended my romance with my husband. The old emotion was a dear memory, but a new feeling of love for my husband and the father of my children, laid the foundation for another, perhaps happier, life and love, the end of which is not yet.

THE END.

My Sister Bell.

THERE were three of us, and I was the youngest. Bell was a beauty, Harry was handsome, and I—was what my Creator had seen fit to make me. Our mother died when we were very young, and one of her last gifts to my father was a picture of her children.

I am the central object of the little group, a plump, white, good-natured, blue-eyed baby, with a coral necklace around my throat, and coral bracelets clasping my sleeves. One of my arms lies outside the quilt of the cradle in which I am sitting, the other is raised to take a red rattle from Bell, who stands by my side, and my brother Harry is represented leaning over me affectionately, with his arm resting on the top of my cradle.

A very pretty group, and if the artist was faithful, I was a very pretty baby. There is a general resemblance between all three of us, however, not quite warranted by facts, that has sometimes led me to wonder whether he was not a wily man who knew how to coax the shekels out of my mother's pocket. But the coral beads are well painted. I have them in a box, so I know they are like those in the picture, and if he could paint beads, why not babies? To doubt the artist's merit simply because he made me pretty, is a depth of humility from which it would be well to ascend. Nevertheless, when I look at those happy, blue, baby eyes, and then at the reflection of my own in the mirror, I cannot verify the color; but, to be sure, time fades colors, and salt only "sets" blue in calicoes, otherwise tears might have deepened and not faded their brightness. The artist must have been an honest man, for his colors have stood the wear and tear of time better than my own. Pretty blue eyes! How proud my mother must have been of them! They are of precisely the same tint as Harry's shirt, and Bell's ribbons and sash.

As I look again at that plump baby neck, and those round arms, doubts arise! But I will dismiss them. The condition of my arm at present has nothing to do with the past, and I will not destroy the reputation of an artist who, no doubt, studied in the pre-Raphaelite school, and was true to it when he represented that member like unto three short links of sausages.

The picture is a very pretty picture as it stands, and the only one of me in existence, from which fact the good-natured reader will not draw inferences of an unpleasant character.

My father married again, and my step-mother was a very pretty, affectionate, weak, woman, who was governed by impulse. Fortunately, her impulses were kind, although foolish; but unfortunately, she strove to bring us up on system, and not possessing as large a mind as heart, she alternately ruled and coaxed, scolded and petted us, and finally settled down into a half petulant, half plain-

tive habit of fault finding, which produced its effect on our different dispositions, kept us confused and irritated by turns, and prevented us from developing in a peaceful atmosphere, the only one suited to childhood.

When I was four years old, we were taken from the city to spend a summer at Carlton, and it is then and there that I first remember Bell. On the occasion of my fourth birthday I was presented with a doll in a blue dress, and for this doll Bell longed. I remember quite well just how she looked when she asked me to give it to her.

"Dimmit to me, *wil* you?" said Bell, and I gave it as a matter of course. I do not know why, except that she was the passion of my life, and I suppose of my babyhood.

I presume that even in those tender years I realized the sentiment of Johnny Gilpin, "Of womankind I do admire but one, and you are she, my dearest dear, therefore it shall be done." Whatever was the motive, the transfer of property was made, subsequently to which Bell and I went out to play. We filled clam shells with sand, and placed them in crevices of the rocks. They were pies, the rocks were ovens, and we were supremely happy. But Bell took off my shoes, and filled *them* with sand (her aspiring nature soaring above the clam shell), then she carried them away, far away it seemed to me, as I sat shoeless, roaring like a bear, and mourning sore like a dove, till she returned, wondering to find me in grief. Sitting in front of me, she tried to put my shoes on again, and many were the jerks and knocks given to my spine in that process, as I was upset again and again by her vigorous but ineffectual method of shoeing me. These reverses, however, were borne without complaint, for I knew her intentions were honorable; it was her desertion that had brought the tears. When, after many struggles, both shoes were successfully buttoned on the wrong feet, and my sobs reduced to a long catching breath, she asked me to forgive her.

"What does forgive mean?" I asked.

"It means don't tell modder," said Bell.

So I forgave her, and did not tell our step-mother, and this was my one idea of forgiveness for many years.

It will be seen that I was a prosaic child, who took everything literally. For this reason it was perhaps a pity that our step-mother saw it best to instruct us rigidly in Bible lore.

She was not a modern thinker; she never understood the language of the Bible to be "fluid, passing, and literary;" to her it was "rigid, fixed, and scientific," and she would much rather have seen any child of hers blind, deaf, dumb, and lame, than to know that they ever staggered in the belief she taught them. The Ten Commandments make me shiver to this day when I hear them read in church, remembering my early struggles over them. The law of God was hard to learn, and very, very hard to keep, I thought, in those young days, when I held such crude ideas of forgiveness.

Texts and hymns were as familiar to us children as bread and milk, and oatmeal porridge—we were brought up on this diet. If it was a little too strong for our tender constitutions, we must get used to it, our step-mother said.

When and where the idea of a recording angel entered my mind, I do not know. It might have been embodied in some hymn or religious poem, it might have emanated from my step-mother, or it might have been a flight of my own fancy, but that sad angel was the nightmare of my childhood. Of what use was forgiveness? We might hide our sins from mother's vigilant eyes; our loyalty to each other in never telling might be supreme, but there was no eluding that all-seeing, ever-present angel, who kept a big book, ruled in double columns, and wrote in it with a long crayon, blue at one end, red at the other, and who eternally recorded matter concerning me and my affairs, in the deepest indigo, rarely, if ever, having recourse to the cheerful end of this busy pencil. Of course sins were written in the darker hue, good deeds in the brighter, and a balance was struck at sunset every evening.

That retribution on earth swiftly followed transgression, no children ever knew better than we. But fancy painted more to come. To have dared at high noon to mutter between closed teeth that my step-mother was "an old thing," was to realize the fact in the gloaming that my days never could be long in the land, and would, in all probability be cut off before sunrise by the Bear!

This great terror of my childhood, was a lineal descendant of the animal invoked by Elisha, and possessed of the same inscrutable power of observation, and relish for the blood of the disrespectful young person.

It abode chiefly under my crib bed, a shady recess I never dared to explore, and the angel and the bear had some private understanding between them.

Bravery well befitted the sunny hour, but cowardice claimed me, body and soul, as its victim, in the dark.

Harry was of a bold spirit, stout of arm and free of speech. It was Harry who planted our pennies in the garden, and told us we should see money trees growing from them in the spring.

"How?" I asked. This, by the way, was the persistent question with which I drove my elders frantic.

"How?" answered Harry, "why the penny is the root, and a tree will grow out of it."

"An evil tree? Like that one in the garden of Eden?" I asked, getting somewhat mixed theologically.

"Evil! No, a good tree," said Harry, but I shook my head.

"Money is the root of all evil," I said dolorously, and Bell, with a frightened face, begged Harry to dig up the pennies before they took root. Not but that Bell would have been glad to wait and see what came of it, for Eve herself had no greater curiosity than my sister, but she always took alarm from me, and moreover Bell had a practical mind, and a tangible stick of candy in the present was better than a probable money tree in the future, so she joined me in my cry.

"Do dig them up, Harry! They will have evil roots!"

"You're a couple of little fools," cried Harry.

"Now you are in danger of hell fire!" asserted Bell, "for whoso calleth his brother a fool is in danger of hell fire; the Bible says so." There was a triumph in her tones, as though now she held a rod in pickle for Harry, and could hereafter get the better of him in consequence.

But I sat down and wailed. In my imagination I saw Harry burning with a brightness like unto that of ten thousand kerosene lamps, and with the heat of twenty thousand kitchen ranges.

"Say your prayers quick, Harry," I counseled through my tears, with some idea that the prayer would get to heaven before the dreadful word could be written by the recording angel, and that thus, not being told of, Harry would be forgiven.

But he obstinately refused the compromise, and could not be moved to say even "Now I'll lay me."

"Then promise that you'll never say it again," I urged, hoping that repentance would mitigate torment.

"I can't help calling you fools, when you are such fools," said Harry, sturdily.

This was worse and worse. I lifted up my voice and wept aloud. Some scheme must be devised for Harry's salvation. He would not say he was sorry, he would not say he never would do so any more, but kept on digging with his spade, in a perfectly unconcerned way, declaring that he would call us fools whenever we were fools.

But two courses were open to Bell and to me. Either to cease from folly, which my reason told me was impossible, or to devise a strong yet innocent word for Harry's use, when he found himself unable to suffer fools gladly.

"Say foo-goose," I cried, under the influence of sudden inspiration. "That is most as good as fool; will you say foo-goose, Harry?"

"Not unless it means just exactly what fool means," declared Harry.

"But it does," I hastened to explain. "I made it up, and it can mean whatever I say it shall, and I say it means just exactly what fool means. But it isn't a Bible word, nor a swear word, so *won't* you *please* say, it Harry? Won't you please?"

"Well, yes, you little foo-goose, I'll say it, if you'll stop your howling."

"Instead of fool," I stipulated, "for I would not have any risks run."

"*Yes!*" shouted Harry, in such a tone of exasperation, that I fled dismayed. So foo-goose became a part of our vocabulary. And Harry grew stronger and stouter all the time, as one whom God had blessed, not doomed, and I lived in the hope that although he must eventually suffer for his sins, the time appointed for his punishment was remote, and perhaps he might even be let off altogether in consideration of the fact that we were not brothers after all,—only sisters—as he frequently remarked in scorn.

It is no wonder that those happy baby eyes lost their brightness, when such fears and thoughts troubled my soul! I was a little child when I enriched the language of my country in this way. Why did not some one see my need, and teach me! I suppose I never showed my morbid nature to any but Bell and

Harry, and they could not understand the misery I suffered contemplating their future and my own. Careless and happy, they enjoyed every moment of existence, while I, poor baby that I was, continually stretched out my little feeble hands in supplication, saw brimstone in the glorious light of the sun, and destruction hidden under the flowers of earth. Poor baby !

I appear to be sinking into depths of egotism, and telling about myself when my intention was to tell about my sister Bell ! But how can I describe her, to show what she was? What is a will o' the wisp? What is an imp? What is a brown-eyed creature with a restless disposition and quick impulses, who torments you one moment and is ready to die for you the next? Who would take away your dearest treasure from you, and be willing to give the dancing eyes out of her head as reparation, if she could discover that it had been a sacrifice? Who would flash scorn at one moment, melt with pity the next, and forget all about it in the third : I do not know who Bell was like, nor what ! She was just *Bell*.

Years after the introduction of the famous word foo-goose, Bell and I were made to study not only our Bibles, but our own language, and many others, and little time had we to coin new words or plant good or evil roots in our gardens.

We dug away at cube roots diligently through the sweet sunny hours. Bell always drew the picture of a spade on her slate before beginning her lesson in arithmetic, insisting upon it, that, without this etching, no cube root could successfully be exhumed.

But this was mild compared to her devices for sending the gray hairs of our poor governess down to the grave in sorrow. One governess we had, who really labored over us—but many others came and went in and out of our school life, most of them needy, most of them quite ignorant, all of them engaged from philanthropic motives on the part of our parents, and wholly failing to impart ideas, but benefited in the pocket though bewildered in the brain, by Bell's everlasting mischief and my eternal question, "How?"

One of these good people was an Irish lady, who made her appearance one cold winter's day, with a letter of introduction to my step-mother, from an English acquaintance.

Angela had left her home and come to America in search of her sister, who had married beneath her, and lost herself in the mazes of New York. Angela was a large, bony woman, with fine large features, a brisk, bright face that suggested soap and water and hard friction with a coarse towel. She invariably looked as though she had just emerged from a bath, and still preserved the polish of the flesh brush. Her white, strong teeth were beautifully regular and beautifully shaped, and glowed like moonrise whenever she opened her mouth for a good hearty laugh, which she frequently did, notwithstanding her pathetic story.

"I'll foind me sister Mary Ann, or know the raison why not," she declared, in her own peculiar brogue. It was evident that she would, and those with whom she came in contact recognized that she would never let the matter drop, and one and all turned to and helped her till the sister was found.

Being found, and a great hulking, handsome husband being found with her, and a turbulent two-year old boy also appearing at the call of this energetic witch of Erin, Mary Ann fastened her sad, solemn eyes on Angela and asked why she had called her up.

Angela gave no reason, but threw her great strong arms around the long-lost sister, and cried in a loud voice, the tears streaming plentifully over her cheeks, washing them anew, and making them shine brighter than ever.

Then she tenderly lifted the little boy, who resisted her manfully, and then she bullied the hulking, handsome husband, and asked him,

"Was he a man at all thin, to have brought Mary Ann to this pass !"

Whereupon they all wept afresh, and it became evident from the husband's method of receiving Angela's compliments, that he fully expected to settle down upon her resources, which was accordingly done. And now began the frequent visits between the house of Angela and my mother's parlor. Horse-hair bracelets, cairngorm brooches, bog-oak ornaments, Irish lace, trinkets mounted in tarnished silver, yards of coarse embroidery began to accrue to Bell and to me. We were told these things were of immense value ; some of them had belonged to kings of Ireland ; they were parted with by Angela with sighs and groans for much good gold and silver. For Mary Ann must live, and the choild must live, and Mr. Bartram could get no work sure, and Angela must slave her fingers to the bone, and my good mother must give a good price for the possession of Angela's bog-oak jewelry and embroidery. But there came a day when anger glowed on Angela's face, darkened her blue eyes, and made every pleasing tooth a fang. Bartram had come home "disguised," had flung trunks at Angela's head, and "told her clear out with her for a meddlesome interfairer in family matters," and the mild Mary Ann seeing Angela pinion her lord and master and soundly cuff him, had interfaired on her own account, and begged Angela to depart "and leave them peaceful." Poor Angela ! had she crossed the briny deep, and given up home and friends, to rescue this sister, and now was she to be turned out in the street with nothing to depend on but her two strong hands? So indeed it appeared ! "And all I owned, I parted with for her," she wailed to my step-mother, "and I've not the price of a lodging in the world," said the poor woman. What could be done but invite her to stay with us? My step-mother was not the woman to hesitate. But Angela's pride arose. "Not without remuneration !" she vowed and swore by all her great Irish gods. Here was a dilemma. "Oh, you can teach the girls something," said mother, "and we will call you their governess." Now Angela knew many wild Irish stories, and full well could she instruct us in these. Many a night did we sit shivering in our beds, as she told us of the Banshee, and imitated its "keening."

"'Twas only the noblest families for whom the Banshee cried," she said, and we respected the family of Poldoody, for "whinever and whirever a member of that illustrious house should come to die," the Banshee gave warning by uttering shrieks at dead of night. "How?" I asked, but when Angela showed how, I retired beneath the bed clothes in a frenzy of terror, while Bell sat bolt upright, and declared she'd marry a young Poldoody for nothing but the chance of having such an aristocratic ghost to announce to him the fact that he had been worried to death by his wife.

"'Deed an' so ye shall !" said Angela, and then would follow an account of young Poldoody, of Poldoody Castle, County Kerry, Ireland. "Did ye moind me prayer book?" asked Angela. "'Twas once I left it behoind me in the church, and young Poldoody coming in the next Sunday and finding me not there, opening the book, and seeing me name written in it—'twas given me by his sainted mother, now with God, me godmother sure, and of the noble family of Conroy, sister to the Earl of Conroy, and daughter to the late Earl, married to Lord Poldoody, in the year eighteen hunderd thirrrty-five—young Poldoody, now Lord Poldoody, and heir to all the great Poldoody estate sure—coming in and seeing me name written 'Angel,' for that's me rale name, after Lady Poldoody—took his pencil and wrote beneath it, the villain !

'No name was e'er more justly given
To maid on earth or saint in heaven.'"

"That was very pretty," I declared.

"'Deed an' it was !" said Angela. "And a pretty boy Poldoody is sure ! But before ever my two eyes were blessed with a sight of it, me sister came along, and below and beneath it she wrote, 'Little he knew you !'"

"Oh !" I groaned regretfully.

"And serve you right for not going to church," said Bell, and added coolly, "Why didn't you marry Poldoody?"

"Is it *me!*" shrieked Angela, in tones almost as fearful as those in which she had represented the Banshee. "Oh sure ! listen to the choild !" But her glistening teeth seemed to rejoice at the thought. "'Deed an' I've married him if he'd said the word," she declared.

Evidently neither Angela nor Poldoody had broken their hearts about each other, and were far apart in station.

"Though a cat may look at a king," she averred thoughtfully.

So Angela was one of our governesses, and two hours every day she sat in our school-room, and embroidered huge yellow lilies, while Bell and I alternately read Alison's History to her. It was quite a surprise to her to learn of the incidents narrated in that work. She listened with eagerness, and in return for the information we imparted to our governess, she gave us the true account of the rise and progress of her numerous love affairs, combined with anecdotes about the nobilitee of her County.

The school-room clock announcing the hour for luncheon, found us thrilling over these recollections with Alison closed before us.

"We are listening to Miss Angela's account of Ireland, mother," Bell would say, upon the entrance of that deluded parent, who would reply:

"I am happy to have found one so able to instruct you in this interesting history, my dear girls."

"'Deed an' she's in the right," Angela would say, snipping the ends of her floss silk, as mother retired; "who knows their ways better than meself, who lived nigh and next them for so long? And Ireland, God bless her, is the fir-r-st of all nations!"

"The jim of the say?" Bell would ask gravely. "The very same," Angela would answer with equal gravity. "But the Irish are rather queer, according to your showing, Miss Angela."

"Whisht thin! And don't judge Ireland, by me neighbors, there's many a crabbed apple grows on a good tree," Angela would retort loftily.

History, however, was not the only lesson that Angela was called upon to teach us. Father thought it was time for us to begin the study of geometry.

"Now thin gyr-r-ls! I mane young ladies!" began our governess very gravely one morning after a conversation with our father, from which Angela had retreated with awe and astonishment gathering on her brow, as she reflected on the nature of the task before her.

"Now thin gyr-r-ls! jommethery is a science sure, which has for its objict the measurement of magnitudes."

Playfair's Euclid lay open on the table before the resolute yet perplexed daughter of the Emerald Isle.

"Magnitudes may be considered under three diminsions! Moind that now! Length, breadth, haighth sure, and thickness!"

"That makes four," cried the vigilant Bell.

"Whisht now!" exclaimed Angela hastily, looking back over the line she had just read.

"*Three* diminsions," she declared stoutly, reinforced by the printed matter before her. "*Three* savin' yer presence Miss Bell, and it's not good manners at all to interrupt your governess. Three diminsions, length, breadth, haighth, and thickness."

Here Bell triumphantly held up the four fingers of her naughty little convincing right hand, and checked them off rapidly.

"Length," one finger went down; "breadth," another finger down; "height," the third finger down; "*and thickness!*" four fingers down, and all of them snapped saucily and triumphantly at the bewildered Angela.

"Sure you're right!" she declared honestly, "and Euclid's a fool, whoever he is!"

I looked over her shoulder.

"Height *or* thickness," I read aloud, "not height *and* thickness."

"Thrue for ye, Miss Bessie, an' its the good eyes ye have. Of coarse its height or thickness. Like many a fat man d'ye mind? Fall across. Height *or* thickness Miss Bell, mind that now! A definition," she continued, furtively casting her eyes upon the open book, "is the explication of any ter-r-m or wor-r-d in a science sure, showing the sinse and maning in which the ter-r-m is employed. Ivry definition ought to be clare, and expreshed in words that are common and perfectly well undershtood, and that's a living truth, Euclid me boy, for what's the good of a definition at all, onless ye can ondershtand it?"

When Angela became excited, she spoke quickly, and in a most unmistakable brogue, although in ordinary conversation, she subdued this evidence of her nationality, and succeeded in keeping it pretty well under.

But jommethry was a severe science, and it took all her powers of concentration to grapple with the opening remarks. And when she came to what she called "the little fiddle faddleums," she grew quite wild.

"Murther!" she muttered under her breath, then rallying her strength she proceeded.

"These marks, mind you, these little dashes and crosses, have ache their own proper maning, ye'll obsarve; thus the expression A, wid a cross afther, thin a parenthesis like, B, wid a cross afther, C, wid a dash afther, and thin D, manes just precisely the same as if ye'd write it—A wid a cross afther, B wid a cross afther, C, wid a dash afther, and thin D."

The perspiration poured down Angela's face. Adam, fresh from the primal curse, could not have gained his living by harder work.

"Is that a definition?" asked Bell demurely.

"'Deed an' it is thin," said Angela, "an' I'll throuble ye to write it out on yer slates, that I may make sure of yer ondershtanding it as ye go long!"

So Bell and I began to scribble.

"A, plus B," read Bell aloud, "go on Miss Angela, what came nixt to the cross afther?"

Bell's imitation was calmly and admirably given. Angela accepted it quietly, being much too absorbed to notice anything short of the fiddle faddleums.

"I said nothing about plush, Miss Bell; be quiet now like Miss Bessie and write it out neat—A, wid a cross afther—have ye got it?"

We nodded. "Thin B." We nodded again. "Thin a quirly mark loike a parenthesis;" we made the mark. "Thin a cross agin, thin a C, thin a dash, and thin a D, wid another quirl to ind the matther."

We held up our our slates on which we had written $A \times (B + C - D)$.

"Read it out," said Angela.

And Bell read it correctly, for we had learned as much as this before from Harry.

"Och! but ye've the clare heads!" said Angela our governess, wiping her brow and falling back into her chair exhausted.

And this was the way we learned "jommethry."

(To be continued.)

The Goldfinger's Grief.

(From the German.)

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

THE Goldfinger wore its diamond ring,
With pearls encircled round,
As proud and gay as Eastern king
With regal splendor crowned.

I AM Fortune's child and hers alone,
It said to the other four;
It is due myself and the wealth I own,
To move with you no more.

THEN quickly spoke the angry Thumb,
The chairman of the four,
If thou with us no more wilt come,
We'll help thee then no more.

SO in its princely grandeur lone
Goldfinger proud remained,
All for itself it lived and shone,
And kept its pride unstained.

BUT when June brought her roses fair,
It longed so much for one,
Help yourself to the rose most rare,
Said Thumb—I'll help you none.

THEN Goldfinger tried so long in vain
To pluck one blooming rose,
But all its pearls not one could gain,
Before the daylight's close.

IT tried in vain a cherry red
To gather from a tree,
Can't one of all my pearls, it said,
Some fruit or flowers give me?

AND then a glove it tried to knit,
But all its needles fell;
It could not use its taste or wit;
Its grief no words could tell.

FORGIVE me, brothers, then it said,
With a heart-breaking moan;
With thousand pearls upon my head,
I could not live alone.

I KNOW I'm homely, said the Thumb,
And homely I was born,
Yet all the world to me will come,
When they feel most forlorn.

I AM a homely little dwarf,
Awkward, uncouth, and queer,
An artist at my form would laugh,
Yet am I held most dear.

NO one has ever given me pearl,
No diamond I've worn,
No jeweler weaves one golden curl
He leaves me beauty shorn.

I WAKE no poet's glowing fire,
No lover breathes my name,
But firm I hold the trembling lyre,
And no reward I claim.

I LIFT the burden first and last,
That presses down man's soul,
I move care's wheels away so fast,
And grief's stone back I roll.

AND all day long, and all the night,
I hold the sword and pen,
I wing the thought's etherial flight,
To reach the hearts of men.

I'M first to help, and last to leave—
Man's truest, firmest friend,
I am content when he shall grieve,
That grief to soothe or end.

O NEVER grieve the weakest heart,
That beateth by your side;
Some rose of joy it grows for you,
Sweeter than all your pride.

Uncle Martin's Inheritance.

[*From the German of* L. SCHUCKING.]

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

CHAPTER I.

"NOW then," said the counsellor of justice, a comfortable looking, middle-aged gentleman, as he closed a deed which lay before him, then taking off his gold spectacles, he laid them carefully down upon the table and repeated:

"Now then, is it to be yea or nay?"

He leaned back upon the easy cushions of the sofa, his portly figure very nearly filled its capacious breadth, and with a sharp searching look fixed his eyes upon his two companions.

One of them, a tall, stately gentleman in a dark green hunting-suit, sat opposite in an arm-chair, gazing steadily and gloomily upon the floor; the other, a slender, delicate lady in mourning, had just risen and walked over toward the window, where she stood looking out into the garden beneath, her face quite hidden from view.

After a short interval of silence, the gentleman in the hunting-suit spoke.

"Prior to this question, which you have just put to us, Herr Counsellor," he said, seeming to reply for his companion as well as himself, as the lady still remained at the window with her back turned toward the gentleman, "Prior to this question, Madam Lindner and I have turned the subject over in our minds, and have concluded to make our answer depend upon one we shall receive from you, after asking a certain important question, which is this: Is the mere form of our engagement sufficient to put into Madam Lindner's possession the property of her Uncle Martin? You understand me?—our engagement alone?"

"Certainly," replied the counsellor. "That is all that is required; you both declare in my presence that you accept the conditions of the good uncle's will, upon which I immediately deliver up the deeds of the estate to Madam Lindner, who is at present occupant of the mansion, and where she will continue to remain; and then tender all the bonds, etc., to you, you give me a receipt for the same, and then all things are accomplished as *per testament.*"

"You wish to deliver the bonds and papers to me!" exclaimed the gentleman in an alarmed sort of tone. "That I must beg to refuse. You will please hand them to Madam Lindner."

"As you wish," answered the counsellor. "I merely thought that you, as the lady's future husband——"

"You have not understood my question I see, Herr Counsellor," quickly interrupted the gentleman. "I asked you if our engagement alone was sufficient——"

"Of course, certainly, that was your question. How could I have misunderstood? There is not much to understand! The uncle of Madam Lindner demands that she shall give her hand to you, and that I, as executor of the will, shall then surrender to you all his valuable papers, etc."

"That is not what we mean," said the lady now, quickly, and in imperative, decided tones, as she turned suddenly from the window, and came toward the counsellor.

"This is our question. Is it necessary that our *marriage* must follow our engagement?"

The face matched the voice; it showed that of a beautiful woman of about thirty-five. Her eyes were sparkling, and of a dark-blue color, and her whole expression was one of determination and firmness.

"Necessary that your marriage follow your engagement!" echoed the perplexed counsellor, while his eyes wandered from one to the other. "Followed by your marriage?" he repeated, "Why, of course; that is the natural result of an engagement, is it not? I always thought engagements were instituted for just such an ultimate end. You surely do not want to continue the term of your betrothal for time to come! Leave such romantic notions to youths of a poetic turn of mind; you surely are too practical a lady, Madam, to entertain such a foolish thought, and the forest master here, I am positive, will protest and object."

"And if he should——" broke in the lady, then, suddenly ending the sentence, she turned, and walked back again toward the window.

"A marriage would very much interfere with a tour which I am about to make, and one which will keep me abroad for a long time, Herr Counsellor," said the forest master hurriedly. "I am deeply interested and occupied, as you no doubt know, at present, in experimenting upon the acclimatization of plants, and our Minister of Agriculture agrees with me in thinking it necessary that I should go to Algiers and examine into the thriving of the eucalyptus plant."

"Ah!" said the counsellor, laughing; "Ah, my dear fellow, but when the blue heavens of romance beckon to a sensible man, he will surely not run instead after a blue rubber plant! Such zeal is unheard of!"

"Will you be kind enough to reply to our question, Herr Counsellor?" continued the forest master, in firm tones.

"What is there to answer? There is certainly no mention made of your marriage in the will, if that is what you mean; you can do exactly as it pleases you both about that, of course; if the myrtle has no attraction for you, then go search for your '*Eucalyptus globula!*' Those who do not wish to rest under palm trees, may retreat to the shadows of the blue gum tree; against such taste, jurisprudence has nothing to say!" Then, pointing to the will, the counsellor continued: "The uncle says here, as follows: 'My niece, Eugenie, shall be my heir, but after my death she shall no longer stand alone in the world, but shall bestow her hand upon my nephew, Paul Lauderbach, whose affection for her I have known for many years; after their engagement has been entered upon, in the presence of my executor, and also presented to the world, she shall inherit my property, and the executor be authorized to deliver up all bonds, papers, etc.' I think that is plain enough; engage yourselves, and as soon as you have spoken the word, you Madam will be the heir, not before. What you intend to do after that, is nothing to me, only no joking. The uncle liked a good joke well enough in his lifetime, but in a will there should be no nonsense! I have also to ask you to see that the engagement cards are printed and sent to the world of friends and acquaintances. The rest, I think will arrange itself; what the uncle meant was for your good, and so you will find it in the end."

"That is our affair, and no one's else," sullenly remarked the forest master, rising from his seat, and showing as he did so his splendid figure and proportions. His age might have been about forty. His complexion was clear and dark; his features finely cut; he wore a full brown beard, not altogether concealing the tightly closed lips, which together with the brow indicated a brave, firm, self-reliant character, and one which looked at life from an earnest standpoint.

"Well?" again interrogated the counsellor.

"Madam Lindner and myself herewith declare that we accept the conditions of the will, is it not so?" said the forest master, looking toward the lady, who bowed her head in assent.

"You are therefore betrothed from this moment," said the counsellor.

"Betrothed!" repeated the lady in a low voice, and in a tone of resignation.

"I wish you both happiness, with all my heart," went on the counsellor. "There really cannot be two people in all the world so well suited for one another; the only query in the matter is, that while all the world has 'engaged' you many times before, you never seem to have thought of it yourselves! You, Mrs. Lindner, residing all alone with your young daughter upon the estate, your home for so many years with the old uncle its owner—but who though a kind uncle was no company for a young woman. And the forest master here, keeping himself in his forest-mansion, like a badger in his hole, and only two miles distant, both of you slightly related, I think, and in the bloom and prime of life! How could the world hold its tongue as soon as it saw the forest master's horse standing at the gate of the old uncle's mansion? Once more, I wish you happiness, and then I must take my leave. You will send me the engagement cards for distribution? Please think of it, Madam Lindner, when you send the forest master or any one else over for the papers."

"I will think of it," briefly replied the lady. The old gentleman then heartily shook the hands of both, and left the room, but he also shook his head significantly as he went down the stairs. "Queer couple," said he to himself. "They seem determined to remain exactly as they have been for the last ten years—queer couple!"

"This is a great sacrifice which you insist upon making for my sake," said Madam Lindner to her companion, as soon as the door had closed upon the counsellor.

"What I have done is but right," replied the forest master. "You are obliged to secure

for yourself this inheritance on account of your child, Eugenie; without doing so, you would be a heartless, selfish mother. That I am making a 'great sacrifice' however, I deny. I shall never marry; you can rest assured of that."

"Yet, if you should ever change your mind, Paul, remember, we are only engaged—not *tied* for life."

"That is all," replied the forest master, taking up his hat and gloves to go.

"Will you be kind enough to order the—cards—when you go to the city?" continued Madam Lindner timidly.

"I will, certainly; it is more becoming that I should do it."

"And in regard to the bonds and papers—?"

"I think it will be best that you receive those yourself, or perhaps it would be better still to leave them in the hands of the counsellor. Your uncle confided his money and papers to him, why should you not do the same? the more, now that you will be alone in this lonely house; but do as you think best about it, of course."

Madam Lindner bowed her head in a manner that implied she would consider the matter, then she asked:

"When do you start for Algiers?"

"As soon as I receive my furlough, which will be in about a week."

"I also intend taking a short trip," said Madam Lindner, "I scarcely know where however; the truth is," she continued, "I am afraid of the gossiping and intruding neighbors, and I shall in this case run away from them."

"Gossip over—our engagement!" exclaimed the forest master shrugging his shoulders, "ah, of course, we would be obliged to listen to their congratulations. You are right to avoid them, Eugenie. Shall we meet again before my departure? No! then, good bye, you will always find my address at my house; in case—it is improbable, but it might nevertheless be possible—that you should have a communication to send—well, adieu Eugenie."

"Adieu, Paul," returned Madam Lindner, putting her hand into the one he offered. It was cold and damp, this little hand, and it seemed to the forest master that it trembled a little as it lay lightly in his. While Madam Lindner fancied the voice in which her companion said "adieu" was unusually husky and hollow; for a moment each looked full and firm into the other's eyes, then the hands dropped, and the forest master left the room.

Madam Lindner again walked slowly over toward the window where she stood looking out with earnest gaze. It was in the beautiful green month of June, and the golden sunshine flooded the well trimmed bushes and flowers in the garden below. Mechanically her eyes followed the agile movements of a slender green lizard, which wound itself in and out among the leaves and blossoms; for the moment it seemed as though the world offered nothing more attractive to her, than just the motions of this beautiful creature.

Presently the folding doors of the room were violently thrown back, and turning, Madam Lindner beheld, as set in a frame, the living picture of a beauteous blooming maiden. Her bright, youthful face was glowing with health and happiness. She was dressed in a light muslin airy robe; her loose, blonde, waving hair was tossed carelessly back over her shoulders, and in her hand she carried a huge bouquet, with which she now advanced with an assumed dignity of manner.

"Here, dear mama, is a floral offering in honor of the great occasion; I, surely, ought to be the first one to bring you flowers today!" the voice was fresh, sweet and clear as a bell.

"'Great occasion,' what occasion, pray, Eva? What is all this outburst and noise about?" said Madam Lindner in a cool, severe tone.

"I may make a 'noise,' mayn't I, over your engagement? The councillor, whom I have just met in the garden, told me all about it, and I have rushed in at once to bring you my congratulations, and now, dear mama, please take the bouquet out of my hand—see! I made it all myself in great haste—that I may embrace and kiss you."

"Put the bouquet in the vase on the table, Eva, and close the doors, which as usual you have heedlessly left open. It matters very little what the councillor has been telling you; you should have waited with your congratulations until I spoke, but as you already appear to know something, I may as well tell you all. The forest master and I have entered into the engagement demanded in the uncle's will; as you and I, Eva, could have been reduced to poverty without his inheritance, I was obliged to submit to those conditions in order to obtain it. This is all there is about it; do you understand? *all;* and now, I do not wish that there be any more words on the subject; please recollect, and say no more. Bring some water for the vase, and hand me the bouquet that I may make it into some definite shape; it is as wild and disordered in its arrangement as you are yourself. During this speech Eva had stood motionless, with the flowers still in her hands before her mother. She spoke now, her breast heaving, and with a sad reproachful look in her blue eyes.

"I gathered them for you in my happiness, mama," she began.

"There was no direct cause for such happiness," interrupted her mother, in a cold voice. "But where in the world have you been this morning, Eva?" she continued, approaching the girl, and picking a few feathers and straws from her tangled curls. "What a condition you are in! your dress all dust and dirt; where were you?"

"In the garden—and—yard—mama."

"In the barn yard, of course—confess it—you have again been in——"

"Yes, mama dear, I was in the dove cote."

"When I forbid you going there again; surely you can feed your pigeons quite as well outside, but no, you must crawl into the dirty cote like a boy!"

"Oh mama, there are such lovely little young ones inside, in the nests, dear little soft white balls of birds they are, and when the mother bird feeds them——"

"She can attend to their wants without your assistance, and I will not allow you to soil your clothes, and make yourself such a disgraceful figure any more by crawling into the dove cote; really you are becoming entirely too unmanageable and wild, Eva; everybody seems to spoil you, and I have no power to control you; in a few days, however, I shall change it all by taking you with me to the city, then you will see how young girls of your age behave, like young ladies, while you!——"

"To the city," repeated Eva in tones of amazement; "Oh mama, no, no, what can we do there? It is tedious, and dull, and horrid in the city."

"Come, bring me the water for the flowers which are already wilting," said Madam Lindner, paying no attention whatever to her daughter's opposing protest. "Bring me the water, and then go change your dress and make yourself presentable."

Eva obeyed and left the room, to which she speedily returned with the water, but before she fulfilled the rest of her mother's orders, she first ran down to her beloved pigeons to see if the mother birds had fed their young.

CHAPTER II.

In the mean time the forest master had mounted his beautiful black horse, and was slowly going toward his home. His way lay through fertile fields in which the grain already showed full heads, then through forests where tall trees and low underbrush varied the monotony; here and there were interspersed acres of evergreens, firs, and pine-trees. He looked each side of him with earnest gaze, while occasionally he appeared to be lost in deep thought, then suddenly he would seem to awaken, and examine attentively and make a note of the trees which he feared were being destroyed by some insect.

It was evident that, notwithstanding the peculiar situation in which he had been placed that morning with Madam Lindner, the forest master, even if his heart had suffered on account of that lady, was now perfectly reconciled and unconcerned. Both parties, in fact, showed that easy self-composure and self possession which can only be attained by those who realize that the time for passionate feelings has passed away, and that their future destiny is fixed and unchanging. The forest road changed at length into a beautiful avenue of lindens, whose thick green branches met and touched one another overhead, making a shaded canopy of waving leaves; this long picturesque road finally opened and led the way to the forest master's house, which was surrounded by a deep moat encircled with small gardens, useful as well as ornamental. The house itself was built at a later period than when the moat was found necessary, and was of brick, and had a mansard roof; the older buildings, however, were massive stone towers, with the small narrow windows used in olden times, and covered with ivy.

On the bridge which led over the moat, two beautiful hunting dogs were joyfully barking and dancing around their keeper, a huntsman's boy, who had come out of one of the towers at the sound of hoofs, in order to take the forest master's horse to the stables which were back of the brick building.

"Is Franz at home?" questioned the forest master, dismounting.

"No, sir; he has not returned from the hunting hut; he went with one of the laborers to repair it to-day."

"As though he had nothing better to do!" said the forest master impatiently to himself. "When he returns, send him to me at once," he added louder.

Then entering the house, the forest master ascended to his study. It was a curious room, and showed the character of its owner. Large shelves filled with books lined one side of the wall. Pictures representing hunting scenes, most of them painted by the hand of the forest master, were hung artistically, together with a collection of butterflies and insects, the latter arranged with pressed leaves and flowers, and looking as though still alive among the woods and gardens. The tables were covered with books and manuscripts, works on botany, forestry, etc. A cabinet of minerals neatly classified also occupied one side of the apartment. Altogether, it was the study of a student of nature.

Half an hour later, a youth of about twenty summers might have been seen slowly making his way over the bridge that led across the moat. He had a fowling-piece on his shoulder and a whip in his right hand; behind him followed a spiritless-looking young dog, whose downcast appearance seemed to indicate that training had a very depressing effect upon him. Upon entering the gate, the huntsman's boy announced to the young man that his cousin had been waiting for his appearance some time in his study, but that it was so late now he would find him in the dining hall, where dinner was already being served. Franz hurried to change his hunting suit, and after a short while entered the great hall which now served the forest master as dining saloon. This hall was fitted up after the style of the middle ages, but with much taste and luxury. The forest master's coat of arms was on the stained glass windows, heavy antique pieces of furniture adorned the room, the mantel was covered with rare *bric-à-brac*, while a collection of old and valuable arms hung on the walls. The table furniture and chairs were old heavily-carved oak; altogether it presented a true picture of the knightly middle ages. Franz had often thought to himself that this very hall was the spot where he would one day read and study the *Nibelunge Saga*, but as yet the day had not come; other, and apparently more pressing, matters had interfered with his study of the old chronicles.

There were guests at dinner, Franz found upon entering the saloon; one a former assistant of the forest master, a young man but a few years older than Franz; the other a landed proprietor and a neighbor. If his cousin had had any communication to make to him, Franz saw it was now too late. After dinner the gentlemen remained at table, enjoying their cigars and wine, after which followed a game of chess, and when at last they rose to take their leave, their host accompanied them a short distance on their way, returning homeward alone very silent, and with his hands clasped behind his back, and eyes bent down upon the ground.

Franz, in the meanwhile, had been enjoying himself in a rather *dolce far niente* sort of manner. He had superintended the feeding of the dogs, and saw that his especial favorite received a full lion's share; then he returned to the saloon again, and threw himself lazily back into one of the great chairs, and made a feint of preparing to study his *Nibelunge Saga*; but if he read the book before him, the first chapter must have been very exciting, for he suddenly rose and rushed from the room, running rather than walking out of the tower toward the forest master, whom he had discovered coming from the linden avenue beyond the bridge.

"Oh cousin," he cried, almost breathless from his run as he reached him, "you wished to speak to me before dinner, I understand, but I already know all about it, and am very happy indeed. I congratulate you with all my heart, cousin Paul—with all my heart."

The forest master looked at him in open-eyed astonishment.

"You already know what, pray, Franz?"

"Of your engagement to be sure, your engagement to the beautiful, lovely Madam—"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the forest master quickly, interrupting the joyous outburst of his young cousin's heart. "Indeed! The news seems to have had wings!"

"And why not? Do not wings belong to such news? Amor has them, and so has Hymen, and so," continued Franz, laughingly, "should the messenger of such tidings be also winged!"

"We will leave mythology out of the question, if you please, Cousin Franz; such nonsense is not at all in keeping with the matter of which I wish to speak to you," and the forest master leisurely walked along, Franz having to curb his pace in order to keep beside him.

"As you have saved me the trouble of informing you of a portion of the communication I was about to make," continued the forest master, in his cool, collected manner, "I will therefore come to the second part of the matter, which is this: for some time I have desired to make an extensive tour abroad, and now my engagement gives me the opportunity to carry out my wishes and plans."

"Now! You would travel *now*, Cousin Paul!"

"Yes, now, or at least very soon," replied the forest master in a hesitating voice. "It would be more difficult for me to leave were I—situated—otherwise—therefore I intend to go now, and doubtless will be away for a long time; what I have to say to you especially is this: if while I am abroad you should remain here in this house, you would have no one to advise you, and your education would consequently be at a standstill. It is best then that I make a change in the plan of your studies agreed upon with your parents, and instead of your continuing here, you will go at once to the academy for the education of foresters, returning to me next year for practical service."

"But, Cousin Paul, I beg of you," cried Franz, with sudden terror, "it is impossible, really; the summer lectures have already begun; how could I enter now!"

"Then, instead of working a little diligently in order to fetch up with the students already there, you prefer to lose the whole summer and autumn here in the forest?"

"But indeed, Cousin, I cannot think of it—"

"You surely do not wish me to give up long cherished wishes, and positively arranged plans, merely for a foolish fancy of yours, Franz! That you cannot expect of me, but what you can do is easy enough: sit down and write at once to your parents; they may suggest some other way of arranging matters for you."

During this conversation they had returned to the house, and were now in the forest master's study. He motioned to Franz to take his seat at the writing-table, while he himself moved an arm-chair toward one of the windows, and taking up a treatise upon the method of destroying insects which destroy trees, plunged into a study of the subject.

Franz saw that all chance for argument was at end, and that he must succumb. He sat down at the table, sighed heavily, drew the inkstand a little nearer to him, rested his head upon his hand, and gave all the signs accompanying a distracted and melancholy state of mind. But instead of writing, he stared out of the window and into the forest that lay beyond.

The forest master looked up from his book now and then, evidently noticing his cousin's dejected manner; after a pause he said:

"You seem very much depressed at the idea of leaving me, Franz."

"That is just it," replied Franz dolefully. "Life here in this beautiful forest makes me so happy—"

"That your pleasure ceases suddenly, and that you oppose it, I fully comprehend, Franz, but this is an old and often occurring fact in the life of man. For happiness to come suddenly and unexpectedly to an end—even as yours to-day—is common enough, but it is as often accompanied by sorrow and suffering, which certainly is not the case with you—"

"Of that, Cousin Paul, you should not speak so positively."

"What do you mean, Franz?"

Franz did not answer, but bowed his head lower over the paper, as if to try his pen.

"We should always say to ourselves," continued the forest master, "that in the shaping of our lives happiness should not be the first consideration; indeed, after all, it seems to me that true happiness consists in our making a sacrifice to the Highest Powers."

"That is a strange and curious philosophy, Cousin Paul! Happiness to consist in being sacrificed! In that case we are like the poor sheep, who carry the luxury of their existence—their wool—only to be shorn!"

"That is very nearly it, Franz. These Highest Powers are Duty and Honor, and both are of a tyrannical sort of nature, and to prove to ourselves how high they stand, we can give nothing better than just this sacrifice—our happiness! In our willingness to do this, we show of what mettle we are, and in man this readiness we call character."

Franz's answer to this explanation was a long, deep sigh. The forest master returned to his book again, and the young man to his writing. Suddenly he jumped up and tore the letter into little bits.

"I am too nervous to write now," he cried. "I will take a short walk with my faithful Carlo first, and think it all over in the quiet forest, cousin."

"Very well," answered the forest master, "but remember to have your letter ready when the postman comes; don't forget it altogether in your meditations. Before you go, Franz, tell me, how did you hear so quickly of the engagement?"

The face Franz suddenly turned away grew very red, but he answered laughingly:

"In a very curious manner; one of my pigeons must have got astray, and flown over to Madam Lindner's dove cote; I missed it two days ago—it returned this morning, and under its wing was tied a little note from Eva, informing me of the happy event."

"Ah, a cunning idea indeed! Eva is quite a genius; perhaps you two carry on a regular carrier pigeon mail arrangement!"

"Oh no, indeed, Cousin Paul," stammered Franz, very much confused. "There are no carrier doves in our lot."

"Common pigeons, I am told, answer as well; but I will inquire no further into the matter; you will soon lose sight of one another, and it is high time, I am thinking, too! Go now, and don't forget you must write to your parents to-night."

Franz left the room. For some time the forest master gazed out of the window after him, then he murmured to himself, nodding his head soberly:

"Yes, yes, all the more must he go away now; it is for the boy's best!"

CHAPTER III.

THE conjecture which the forest master expressed in these words would have gained considerable strength, if instead of looking down upon the floor immediately after, and falling into a deep reverie concerning the matter, he had noticed toward where Franz, after calling his dog, wended his steps. The young man did not altogether have the appearance of one who deliberates over an important change in his life, and who wishes to see clearly what there is before him to do; on the contrary, instead of walking along his way in calm meditative steps, he quickly bounded down the avenue, and with glowing eyes wound in and out among the underbrush of the forest until he reached his goal. It was the hunting hut mentioned before, and its exterior, at least, certainly not inviting enough to warrant such haste and zeal. Its construction was of a very primitive nature, leaving a wigwam even, in point of architectural idea, far behind, in its unassuming simplicity; even a termites' ant-hill could challenge it for naturalness. It was formed of young pine trees joined together at the top and covered with dry gray moss, looking not quite unlike an ant-hill. It stood on the border of the forest, beneath the shadows of a great, old oak, which seemed to hold out its arms protectingly, as though it warned the mocker not to laugh at this miserable little attempt at architecture; this oak shaded not alone the hut, but also covered completely with shade a great part of the sward which surrounded it, running even along the edge of the forest. On the other side of the sward, and opposite the forest, was a wide field of waving grain, whose high tops tossed themselves in the summer breeze.

Arrived at the hut, Franz removed the rude door made of some rough wicker-work, and entered the cool, dark interior, into which the light of day only fell through two small holes made for that purpose on either side. He pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, fanned himself vigorously for a few minutes, then carefully dusted off the bench, and sat down upon it as though he wished to test its strength; the construction of this useful piece of furniture was no doubt his work of of the morning.

Appearing fully satisfied with his handiwork, he left the hut, and shading his eyes with his hand he looked searchingly across the field before him.

It was a beautiful sight; it lay there like a great green ocean, and when the wind blew across its top, it waved like the sea, cloud shadows drifted over it, forming a most captivating scene. But Franz was not altogether absorbed by this play of light and shadow; on the contrary, his gaze was directed further on, toward the large red-tiled buildings of a farm, and to the green shutters of a handsome white country house which stood upon the highest point in the center of the farm land. There he stood looking intently in the direction of the house, and pulling his watch impatiently out of his pocket now and then to consult the time. Suddenly he started to run swiftly toward the field, then stopped and awaited the approach of a fairy-like apparition which made its appearance between the high stalks, while Carlo bounded forward barking joyously. The figure seemed to have no fear of the dog, but came hastily toward Franz, talking the while and caressing Carlo, who returned her endearments with glad leaps.

"Thank Heaven that you have come at last, Eva!" cried Franz. "I have been waiting a long time, and I missed seeing you come after all! If you had only said which way, I would have hastened to meet you; but I believe you did not write me which path you would take, on purpose to teaze me, you little rogue!"

"Yes, I took off my hat too," replied Eva, smiling, and trying to catch her breath, "and I walked all the way stooping, that you might not see me; I wanted to surprise you!"

"And you succeeded completely; but do you know that I have had a success also? I have made us a seat inside the hut; come in and try it."

"Oh no, not yet; it is too damp and cool in there, and I am overheated; I will admire your bench some other time; let us sit out here and hold a council of war, I came for that very purpose; you must know that is very important indeed, Franz, that we confer together now. You received the letter I sent by the carrier pigeon? Why of course you did, or you would not be here now! Only think, Franz, they are engaged! But the strangest thing about it is, that mama won't have a word said about it, and between you and me, I really don't believe she has the slightest idea of ever marrying your cousin; and, oh Franz, she actually talked of going away from here and taking a house in the city!"

"Why, that is exactly the way with cousin Paul, Eva, even worse, a great deal worse!"

"Let us sit right down here and talk it over," interrupted Eva, throwing down her straw hat, around which she had woven a wreath of wild flowers, and spreading her light shawl upon the grass and seating herself.

"Right here beside me, Franz," she said, making a place for him. "Are you sure no one will come here?" she continued. "Mama would be so angry with me if she knew I came; how quiet and lovely it is here; see, Franz, there is a squirrel, how droll he looks jumping round; what kind of a noise is that behind us?"

"Only a woodpecker in the tree overhead, but let him bore on, and let us return to the bored pair of whom we were speaking."

"Oh Franz, for shame! You must not speak so of my mama, or your cousin."

"All due respect to your mama, Eva, but I really cannot call my cousin's idea of first engaging himself and then rushing away from his fiancée for an indefinite period, anything but ridiculous! And what do you think he wishes to do besides, Eva? Why, send me away as well; yes, away from here to the academy, and within a few days!"

"Oh, Franz, is it true? Oh he will not do so!" cried Eva, her color changing from rose red to lily white.

"I have his orders to write to my parents to-night to that effect."

"No, no, no, it shall not be; if you were to go away now, Franz, when we are only just beginning to know one another, and have not had time to tell each other everything, you would soon forget me, forget to even think of me perhaps!"

Franz bowed his head in deep thought.

Eva looked at him in surprise for a moment; then a crooked little wrinkle showed itself on her white brow. "What," she cried angrily, "you nod your head in assent! You don't contradict me; you don't swear a thousand times that it would be impossible for you to forget me! Oh Franz!"

"Ah, but you are wrong," said Franz, eagerly, "I only nodded my head in assent to your declaration that we had not had time to tell one another everything; how do you suppose, Eva, that I could ever forget you?"

"No matter, you ought to have contradicted me at once, loud and vehemently too, do you hear, you shall do so."

"Well, well, I contradict you now, 'loud and vehemently,' but let us come to the point; what are we going to do?"

"Ah, yes, Franz, that is the question, what is to be done!"

"If I go to my cousin, Eva, and tell him plainly that I love you, that we have discovered that we belong to each other, wholly and forever, and that this is the reason that I cannot leave; that it would be folly to ask me to go to the academy and concentrate my thoughts on my studies; that it is cruel and heartless to ask it——"

Eva shook her head, sadly. "Yes, that is just what it is, Franz, cruel and heartless," she interrupted, "but I am afraid even if you tell him all that, it will make no impression whatever; on the contrary, he will be all the more determined to send you away. Shall I tell you what I think about it?"

"Yes, what do you think?" asked Franz, as Eva pensively gazed down before her.

"Why, this!" she replied, slowly. "I think when two people like your cousin and my mama are so cruel toward themselves—and they are very hard and cruel—they will have no scruples against being as hard toward us!"

"Cruel toward themselves!"

"Yes, that is what I think about the whole matter. Do you not see by his will that mama's Uncle Martin wished to *force* this marriage? What were his reasons but their own good? He must have seen that they themselves were stubbornly acting against their own interests and happiness, and after all they won't marry! They have engaged themselves, to be sure, but it is a mere form; they won't belong to one another. Are they not terribly cruel? Why do they act in this manner? and they both suffer, I see that plainly. Listen, Franz. I am positive my mama loves your cousin, and he certainly is not indifferent toward her."

"Oh, Eva, if it were only so!"

"But it is so; I tell you it is so, and I saw it all ages ago!"

"Why did they not marry then, ages ago? We would have all lived under one roof then; I could openly pay my addresses to you, while now Cousin Paul will not even let me pay you a visit!"

"They might have married long ago, of course, but why didn't they? why don't they now, when the will calls for it? Why do they prefer to act so strangely that the whole world will smile at their ridiculous engagement? Ah, it is a riddle, and I fear there is some bad secret at the bottom. In vain do I rack my brain for a solution! What may it be, Franz?"

Franz made no answer; he evidently thought it best to let her sagacious reasoning lead the argument.

"See here, Franz," she continued, confidentially. "I have thought more than once that perhaps their strange behavior has something to do with his attempt to commit suicide, some years ago."

"He, Cousin Paul, the forest master!"

"Yes; why, didn't you know anything about it?"

"Not a word; nothing do I know!"

"I thought you had heard of it, of course."

"No, no; not a syllable. But tell me quickly, is it true?"

"Certainly. It appears the forest master, when a young man about your age, when all young men 'aren't worth a snap,' old nurse Martha says—well, he gambled recklessly, passionately. He spent a great deal of time and money in Wiesbaden, where Uncle Martin was sojourning for his health. Mama, who lived with the uncle after my papa's death, was there too. She nursed and took care of Uncle Martin. Well, your cousin Paul came very often to the baths to see uncle, and he always gambled in the salon, and lost money, and one beautiful morning he tried to commit suicide. They found him in his room, bleeding and senseless, but the doctors saved his life. That scar on his forehead, which he hides with his hair, marks the wound."

"Oh, oh! what news to me," cried Franz. "But are you sure it is all the truth?"

"And why should it not be true, you foolish incredulous Thomas! Is it not enough that *I* have told it to you?"

"But, from whom did you hear it?"

"From no less a person than my old nurse Martha; she knows everything that ever happened—or ever will happen—in our house; it don't matter if she has married the gardener and lives in one of the farm buildings now."

"Ah, I have the secret now, Eva! Your mama is unforgiving and severe. She will not marry a self-murderer!"

"Do you think she could be so unrelenting and hard after so many years?" said Eva, shaking her head.

"Would you forgive me were I to commit such an act? If I should gamble away my last cent, and then try to send a bullet through my brains—would you be hard and unrelenting, Eva?"

"You! You, Franz? I think I would hate you. I would torture you; yes, I would beat you, as you do poor Carlo sometimes, and then—then I would make a poultice for your poor bleeding head, and come nurse you!"

"Ah, you have a good, tender heart, Eva."

"Nonsense; so has mama a kind, good heart," she answered a little imperiously, removing at the same time Franz's arm, which had found its way round her waist, "I do not believe with all this talk that we have solved the riddle," she said. "There is something more, but what?"

Franz could not reply. He could think of nothing more terrible than what he had already heard.

"It may be, Eva," he said, after a few moments' thoughtful pause, "it may be that as your mama has such severe and high ideas, that she objects to marrying a gambler."

"But your cousin is not a gambler any longer; he has not played for years; I will have another talk with Martha——"

"But what are *we* to do in the mean time?" cried Franz, dolefully.

"What can we do? We are helpless, Franz, and if you go away—" Eva broke down, and the tears glistened on her long eyelashes.

"It is dreadful that we can do nothing to help the state of affairs; but there is one thing I will do. If I am obliged to go home, I will tell my parents that I love you devotedly, and demand their consent to our——"

"You will do no such thing," said Eva, quickly, shaking her head. "It would be the very worst move you could make. Don't you see? They would answer that you were too young to talk of such matters; that I was a mere child; and then they would forbid us to think of each other for years. Don't you know old people are unreasonable and selfish. No, no; make no such confession, Franz."

"But what shall we do?"

"Let me speak to Martha first, and then I will think things over; but see the shadows are lengthening, I must hurry home, or mama will be anxious to know where I have staid so long."

"And I must go back and write that hateful letter!" said Franz, dolefully.

Eva arose and picked up her hat, then laid her hand gently on Franz's shoulder, stooped and kissed him lightly on his brow, and then started to run toward the field. Franz jumped up quickly, folded up the shawl on which they had been seated, and cried after her:

"Here, don't run off like that, here is your shawl."

"Oh, sure enough, my shawl," she said turning back, and with the giving of the shawl, Franz gave as well two hearty kisses on her blooming lips in return for his one. Then she tore herself away and ran swiftly across the field.

Franz's gaze followed her figure by the bending of the grain. Once she stopped and waved her hat, then passed out of sight. Franz whistled to Carlo, and they both ran quickly toward the forest master's mansion.

CHAPTER IV.

SUPPER was over in the forest master's house. It had been a very silent meal. The forest master himself had spoken scarcely a word, and the two assistants were also very quiet, for Franz, it can be readily understood, was not in a humor for lively conversation, and his answers were all very short and absent-minded.

The letter he so much dreaded had been written, with a clause however which said: "It is to hoped Cousin Paul will change his resolution." The letter carrier, who stopped at the mansion on his way through the forest every evening at eight, had taken it away with him, and at the same time left the evening papers and letters for the forest master.

After reading his mail, the forest master rose and walked up and down the long room. Franz seated himself in the deep window-seat, took the papers, and after his accustomed fashion, read aloud to his cousin the news of the day. He waded through a great deal of political matter, dry and uninteresting enough to him, and was just beginning a long article on the preparations for a certain historical event in Central Asia, when the forest master suddenly interrupted him, saying:

"Pass that by, and read some more common-place news; Asiatic politics and the plans of Jakub Chans of Kashgarie do not interest me to-day."

"Nor me, Cousin Paul," replied Franz, hiding a yawn. "Ah! here is a whole column of news!"

Then he read, first, of an unfortunate aërial trip, then went on as follows: "In Monaco there has occurred again one of those unfortunate tragical events which periodically seem to repeat themselves; at one of the gambling hells——"

Franz stopped suddenly and looked out of the window, seeming to avoid the eyes of his cousin, while he said in a tremulous, unsteady voice:

"How dark it has grown; I can scarcely see; I will go order lights." Then throwing the paper onto a table, he left the room.

The forest master quickly picked up the paper, walked over to the window, and finished the article to the end. He then began his walk again up and down the room with measured steps. Upon Franz's return, with a servant who brought lights, he took up the paper and resumed his reading. It was an account of how many metres the St. Gotthard tunnel had been pushed forward, this time, he began.

"Why do you pass over that affair at Monaco, which you did not finish on account of your weak eyes?" interrupted the forest master, pausing in his walk.

"Ah—I forgot—shall I read it to you?" stammered Franz.

"Don't trouble yourself, I read while you were out of the room, and I must give you my thanks for your kind consideration."

"Consideration—I—Cousin Paul!"

"Yes," replied the forest master, resuming his sentinel-like pace, "that was it, was it not? I see, that speedily as you were informed of my engagement to-day, you have been as readily initiated into one of the tragical episodes of my life; you therefore very kindly avoided an allusion in my presence to a like catastrophe in the Monaco gambling hell."

"You will not take it amiss surely, Cousin Paul—it was perhaps very stupid and silly in me, but I feared that the recollection of an old and long forgotten trouble might be painful to you."

"Who was your informant? It has very likely been represented in a thoroughly false light; you surely could not have received that news through one of your carrier pigeons?"

Franz made no reply; and fortunately for him, the forest master was now at the other end of the room, and beyond the light which would have enabled him to see Franz's face.

Coming slowly back in his walk, he paused and said:

"Seeing that you know something of the truth, I may as well tell you the whole of the unhappy affair, which years ago caused me to commit so foolish and hasty an act; it may at the same time serve as a warning to you—not that I for a moment think you will ever be similarly situated, but you will see by it how strange and capriciously Fate can take hold of us, and throw us into an abyss out of which we can only save ourselves by standing firm upon our honor."

During this prelude to his recital, Franz followed the tall, erect figure of his cousin, as he walked back and forth with folded arms, with an intense gaze, not unmixed with astonishment as well as respect.

"You had better light a cigar, Franz," continued he, "my story is a long one."

Franz did as commanded in silence, and the forest master began:

"It is now nearly ten years since what I am about to tell you occurred. I was a little further advanced in my studies than you are at present; I had passed examination as high forester, and was awaiting the government position which was afterward offered me. Until I received it, however, I was master of my own time, and consequently looked around me for some amusement. I finally decided I would spend some weeks at a fashionable watering-place. I had little cause for selecting such a resort, as my health was most excellent; there were other reasons. A distant relative, a cousin, whom I had loved for years, was sojourning there.

"While I was at college, she had listened to the importunate entreaties of her friends, and made a 'dutiful marriage' with a man many years her senior. It was considered a very good match, and her friends were all pleased. I think you have heard in how short a time after her marriage Madam Lindner became a widow; and notwithstanding it was thought her husband would have left her comfortably situated in life, it would have gone hard with her and her child, had not her Uncle Martin taken her home. He needed at that time the tender care of a woman, for he was old, morose, and suffered acutely with rheumatism and gout, and she wanted a home. This summer of which I speak, the doctors had ordered him to the baths, and Eugenie accompanied him. I, of course followed them. I had long loved her, had been called her lover ever since her widowhood was of sufficient length to allow such talk, and now, as soon as I received my position from the government, I determined to call her my own—"

"You were engaged then to Madam Lindner!" exclaimed Franz.

"Engaged? well, yes, it had not been publicly announced; a stranger might have regarded my attentions as purely cousinly, no more; but I was sure of her affections, and did not dream of being refused when I should formally propose and offer her my hand and a comfortable home. It was a very happy summer, we made short trips from Wiesbaden to Frankfort, Mayence, Hamburg, but as such pleasures do not always fill up the long hours of the long days, I unfortunately got astray, and visited the gambling saloons with which the place is filled. I was fascinated by the play, but I had no thought but that I could remain perfect master of myself, and I considered Eugenie ridiculously in the wrong when she reproached me for my new passion. I was chagrined at her repeated reproofs and warnings, and would not be checked in my mad career; so I went on playing, with varying luck to be sure, but still with luck; so much, that one day I found myself the possessor of several hundred dollars, the proceeds of the gaming table; the next day my gains increased, the following day they lessened, and then the demon of play entered into me; I found I was no longer my own master, but that an insatiate fiend directed me to play, and play on to make my losses good. I did so, with constantly increasing excitement, and without any plan or reason—and lost—not only every cent of my own, but a hundred dollars besides, loaned me by a student from Heidelberg, who sat next me. I withdrew at last completely penniless and nearly frantic with shame and remorse. What troubled me greatly was the knowledge that I must return at once to the student—who was a stranger—the hundred dollars he had given me to stake, as he was to leave Wiesbaden next day! I walked the streets in painful agitation for hours, conjecturing in my mind the ways and means open to me by which I could obtain the money. I concluded at last, that nothing remained but for me to make a clean breast of my embarrassment to Eugenie, and beg her assistance. I felt that it would be a difficult task, as she had remonstrated so earnestly against my playing, and I knew I was open to a severe lecture. But what could I do? I would be obliged to humiliate myself, and with slow, hesitating steps I went in search of her. We boarded at the same hotel, my rooms were in the second story, while Uncle Martin, with Eugenie and the servants occupied a wing of the house, the whole suite taking up the second floor.

"When I entered the apartments, I found Eugenie in her uncle's sitting-room; she was standing before his private secretary, and when I came upon her suddenly, she appeared startled and hastily closed the open drawer.

(To be continued.)

Consolation.

BY JOHN MORAN.

(Suggested by a picture of the same name by Mr. B. F. Reinhart.)

A STRICKEN mother, numb at heart and brain,
Lies bowed above a little empty bed,
Spent with the stress and durance of her pain—
Her sorrow for the child-love who is dead.

If she could only hear again those feet
That blithely pattered up and down the stair;
If she might kiss the cherub mouth so sweet,
And stroke once more the curls of silken hair;

If—but this wishing is so vain, so void,
That now her anguished heart cries out to God—
"Leave me not here in grief all unalloyed!
Let me, too, sleep beneath my darling's sod!"

But sudden o'er her jaded sense is borne
A soft celestial strain, while in her ears
The sacred words—"Blessed are they that mourn,
For well they shall be comforted," she hears.

A FLOOD of radiant glory fills the room—
Music and light in mellow minglement;
Some gracious influence banishes the gloom
And breathes an essence of divine content:

And lo! a concourse of the heavenly host
Hovers above her in the ambient air,
Of whom the fairest bears the babe she lost
In loving arms, with fondly fostering care.

The little child with calm seraphic eyes
Pillows her head upon the angel's breast,
While in her pure confiding trust she lies
In the safe haven of God's holiest rest.

The tender faces of the heavenly throng
Shed comfort on the desolate mother's pain;
The low, sweet cadence of their perfect song
Consoles her with its glad, yet soothing strain.

Believing that in Gilead there is balm,
And surely a benign Physician there,
Over her spirit gently steals the calm
Born of resigned and benedictional prayer.

—*Home Journal, N. Y.*

Correspondents' Class.

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

"MARIA J."—1. The colors and materials requisite for flower painting are, carmine, crimson lake, cobalt blue, Prussian blue, vermilion, gamboge, raw sienna, burnt sienna, burnt umber, Chinese white, yellow ocher, and Indian ink; in addition to these, a set of saucers, a little dissolved gum-arabic, and a few sable brushes. These colors are sufficient for ordinary purposes; but if flowers of superior finish are required, it will be necessary to add the following: rose pink, or rose madder, royal scarlet, Indian yellow, Indian red, indigo, smalts blue, sepia, Vandyke brown, sapphire green, and emerald green.

2. Flower painting can be done to good advantage on Whatman's hot-pressed paper, stretched on a board, in the same manner as directed for water-color landscape painting. Bush flowers are more generally painted on London board; the ivory surface is sometimes preferred. In sketching flowers from nature, or from copies, it is essentially requisite to make an accurate and clean sketch; for this purpose make a fine point to your pencil, and draw the marks faint, so as not to require too frequent use of the rubber, as by rubbing the smooth surface of the paper is liable to be disturbed. When the sketch is finished, moisten all the parts intended to be painted with a brush moderately full of water. Distilled water, or if this cannot be readily obtained, soft or rain-water will answer; never use hard water, unless it has been boiled. By coating the piece over with water, it prepares the paper better to receive the colors. Most of the flowers are commenced by coating over the shaded parts with Indian ink, or neutral tints very pale, so blending the shades that they will be imperceptibly lost. To do this, two brushes are required, one charged with the color, the other nearly dry. The leaves are treated in the same way; the flowers, after being carefully shaded with neutral, are coated with local color, or as near their respective color as the general tint can be obtained. Finish either with a number of soft washes, or with small touches. This latter style is called stippling, and if done with skill is very beautiful; but as it takes time, taxing the patience of the most patient, it is not so generally adopted as the wash and softening style. By practice the eyes will become accustomed to observe a variety of shades, where before they could barely discriminate any.

3. *Green leaves*, when of a yellowish pale green, and bright, are painted with gamboge and a very little Prussian blue, and penciled over until the desired effect is obtained; for darker green leaves use more Prussian blue, finishing with stronger color. For the deepest shades, add a little crimson lake, or Vandyke brown, or burnt sienna, as the shades may require; for decayed leaves, use burnt sienna, Indian yellow, and crimson lake.

4. In painting yellow flowers examine whether the shades are warm or cool; and if the latter, paint them with Indian ink; if the former, paint them in with a little burnt umber. When dry, coat evenly over with gamboge, the general tint of the flower. Where the high light strikes it can be washed out a little with the second brush slightly moist. Repeat the color in the stronger parts, finishing, if requisite, with a little carmine or burnt sienna added to the gamboge.

5. *Blue Flowers.*—Coat them evenly with cobalt or smalts, according to the tint. Smalts blue is rather difficult to coat on evenly, and should not be used until some skill and experience are obtained. Cobalt, with a little rose madder added, may be used as a substitute. Shade the deeper parts of the flower with a little Prussian blue added to it; and if a very deep shade is required, add indigo.

6. *Purple Flowers.*—Make the desired tint with carmine and Prussian blue, increasing the shade to the depth required, using more color and less water.

7. *Scarlet Flowers.*—Paint the shades in with cobalt blue and a little Indian red; then coat it smoothly with royal scarlet, or in lack of this color, use carmine and gamboge mixed, the proper tint, finishing up with carmine on the shades. If the flower is coated with royal scarlet, add carmine to it in finishing.

"AUTUMN TREASURES."—A valued correspondent writes in regard to "Flower Cards:"

"To the botanical student, the term Hortus Siccus has an extensive signification, and brings with it visions of brown paper and large collections of withered plants and hard Latin names. To an amateur who has plenty of leisure, all this may be changed, and knowledge gilded over by beauty's magic wand. For some years the writer has had experience in preparing plants for cards or books. The *modus operandi* of preparing blossoms, lichens, etc., is simple enough, care and attention only being required at the time of gathering them, and delicate manipulation while preparing and fixing them on the cards.

"The best time for plucking the blooms, leaves, and especially ferns, is when they are ripe, that is, in their prime. Bright, warm, dry days are the best to select for botanic excursions. Having collected the quantity and variety required for a wreath or bouquet, take some good blotting-paper, fold it to the size of an ordinarily large book, place the flowers carefully between the leaves, so that the blooms may be kept in as perfect a form as possible, and then place the blotting-paper under some large books and put heavy weights on it. Should the collection not be made all at once, the leaves and blooms will keep well for some time, and they should be exposed as little as possible to the light till mounted.

"A week or ten days will suffice, in an ordinary way, to press the subjects. When sufficiently dry for mounting, select some white Bristol-board, arrange the design intended to be formed and fix to the cardboard with liquid gum. When completely grouped, place them under pressure and leave till quite dry. Any one who takes trouble to form one of these lovely natural pictures will be more than repaid for the time.

"Would not an album filled with little cards, tastily arranged with specimens of local flora mounted in the way I have described, be a pleasant and pretty souvenir of summer holidays, having the Latin names and the locality the specimens were found in, together with the date, inscribed on the back of the card or the margin? I have some nearly ten years old which are as fresh as when first put together. L. P. L."

QUESTIONS.

"COR. CLASS:—1. How are white flowers painted in water colors? 2. The deep crimson Tuscan rose? 3. Pink rose? 4. Some suggestions as to grouping and arranging? ARTIST."

"COR. CLASS:—I want some drawing-lessons in landscape and perspective. Can you give them to me? SUBSCRIBER."

"COR. CLASS:—Will some one inform me how to make jewelry out of fish scales, also how to prepare the scales for making the jewelry? I would like also to know how to bleach wax to make it perfectly white. E. S. C."

"COR. CLASS:—Will some one please inform me if paint can be removed from canvas; or is there any way of removing the paint from the background of a large painting in oil after the paint is thoroughly dry?

"And how can the paint of the inner edges of the frame or stretcher be removed from canvas? The canvas does not, after being stretched, touch the frame, but by some means the print of the size of the frame of inner edges of the frame is very perceptible, and causes the whole background of the picture to look rough and unsightly. And as asked above, can the paint on this background be removed, and could this canvas be put on another stretcher after it is all painted?

"Is paint in oil colors brightened by much blending or brushing when painting, or why are some oil-paintings sufficiently bright as to need no varnish, while others are so dull they need varnishing? RAGGED ROBIN."

Education in Color.

IT is rather curious that the development of railroads and steam navigation, which require the employment of so many different colors, as signals, insignia, and the like, has first called the attention of the public generally, and the traveling magnates particularly, to the desirability of the cultivation of the eyesight in the direction of color, and to the necessity for applying tests of power to distinguish different colors, and shades of color, to those persons whose duties render this capacity indispensable.

Out of some tests that have been recently applied, four per cent. of men were found to be color blind, and a much larger number quite incapable of distinguishing different shades of color.

Color blindness is very rare among women, the reason being, that they are more generally, and from an early period of their lives, brought in contact with color, and taught to apply it individually.

The power to distinguish between minute shades, is still, however, very rare, doubtless because it is only of late years that this infinite diversity and minute division of primary color into thousands of delicate shadings, has been applied to the materials used for clothing, and in everyday life.

The study of color, color-combination, and color blending is one well worthy attention. There is no doubt of the effect that colors have upon the mental and moral susceptibilities. Not only do they enhance beauty, but they increase the sum total of our happiness, and whatever can be made to do that, is worthy of serious consideration.

Health—Progress.

WE have been accustomed to refer to our great-grandfathers and our great-grandmothers, as a much more healthful, as well as a much more happy class of people than their descendants. But this seems to have been by no means the case. The health statistics, so far as they can be reached, show that the health of the present generation is

twenty-five per cent. better than that of any preceding one, and this result, according to the expressed opinion of the best physicians, is due to the more healthful habits of the people, their increased knowledge of hygiene, their improvement in diet, the larger variety introduced into the daily bill of fare, the use of fruit, as one of the principal articles of food, and the universal acquaintance with and adoption of those primary articles of sanitary faith, pure air and water, as principal factors in the preservation of health and the prolongation of life.

Physicians have learned much within the past quarter of a century. Instead of heavy doses of depleting medicines, and a resort to the butchery of the lancet, they now recommend attention to diet, change of air, of injurious habits, and a regular life in accordance with natural law.

Physicians have much to answer for in the use that many have made of the confidence reposed in them by all classes of the community. There is no doubt that to physicians is due, in large measure, the rapid growth in respectable circles, some years ago, of the love of alcoholic drinks. The recommendation of the family physician justified in some cases what his condemnation would have debarred, while in others it created a taste which had never before been known or experienced. The best physicians in England and this country have now set their faces strongly against the use of wine, and all strong drinks, as remedial agents, and have gone back to first principles in recommending simplicity in diet as one of the first essentials in the restoration of their patients. It is still true, however, that "What cured the shoemaker, killed the tailor." The same medicine is not adapted to every form of disease, nor the same regimen for every individual system. When the blood has become decarbonized, bread and milk and fruit, pure air and very moderate exercise will work a miracle, if a little time is allowed for its gradual accomplishment.

But a system that has already been very much run down—that has been subjected to heavy drafts upon its forces, and insufficiently nourished by its food and air supplies—needs, with pure air and rest, a good, abundant, and varied diet, that shall, in time, restore the wasted vital forces, and assist in laying in a reserve stock to be drawn upon in case of emergency.

The question of food, of proper cooking, as well as the selection of materials, is intimately associated with health, and therefore with life, and women hold, in large measure, the keys of these in their hands.

Gossip and Slander.

One of the great sins of the day, the one which is doing the most mischief, and unconsciously gets the support of some of the best and most conscientious people in the community, is the sin of gossip about persons, from which deadly slander is only a little step. The evil has assumed such a form and such magnitude, through the mediumship of that portion of the daily press which lends itself to its dissemination, that it calls for united action, in order that it may be put down by a strong and intelligent public opinion.

Indulgence in gossip, is like indulgence in intoxicating drinks. There is no happy medium, which it is safe to adopt; the line never can be drawn at the point where drinking or talking can be safely done, within certain healthful and legitimate limits. No half-way measures will do. Good women everywhere should frown down all the beginnings of personal discussion, personal criticism, personal censure. There are plenty of things to talk about that are much more interesting, much more instructive, as subjects of conversation, than people. If we must criticize persons, or discuss them in any way, excepting that of praise, let it be in their presence, when they have an opportunity for defense, or at least, of explanation.

Judgment of one another must always and necessarily be one-sided and incomplete. We cannot know the springs of action or the motives which impel to the performance of many actions. Our simple duty is to let those actions and their results speak for themselves, and neither supply motives which do not exist, nor add our condemnation to the difficulties, which, quite unknown to us, may obstruct a pathway, and render the burden of life still heavier than it was before.

Worsted Work.

(See Slip in Chromo.)

We give two more patterns for Berlin work in this number, one of which consists of a bunch of purple grapes with leaf and tendrils; the other a bird perched upon a branch. We should recommend the omitting of the pink stitches from the upper part of the green tendril, nearest the leaf of the grape pattern, and the substitution of two shades of brown. The general tone will in this way be better preserved, and the more natural effect obtained.

These patterns may be used for the "random" cushions, which are so useful a part of the furnishing of a nursery, or family sitting-room, or by repeating the pattern lengthwise, will make a very handsome panel for a chair back. The simple stitch adapts them to the use of girls who are just beginning their efforts in fancy work, and have a taste for the carrying out of a pretty design.

"An Autumn Gift."

(See Page Steel Engraving.)

This very seasonable offering is a reproduction of one of the celebrated fruit pictures painted by Mr. G. Lance, about the year 1832, and now in possession of the Vernon Gallery. The corresponding picture was called "A Summer Gift," and was a later production. The first one, the charming copy of which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers, is remarkable for its strong and vigorous treatment, its admirable grouping, and its truth of form and color. Of course the latter quality is absent from a reproduction in black and white, but the breadth of handling, and the grace shown in arrangement and manipulation, can be thoroughly appreciated.

"Consolation."

The charming picture with the above title, painted by Mr. B. F. Reinhart, and to which we have made more than one allusion, has, we are glad to say, been reproduced in the very best style of modern art, and is now placed within reach of the public at a cost of $10, the original painting having been valued at $500. The beauty and tenderness of the subject (which we have before described in detail), the grace and delicacy of the treatment, and the pure human interest which at once enlists the sympathies of every heart, render this picture one of the gems of modern art, and its success with a larger public is sure to be immediate. We copy elsewhere a poem by a poet who is also an artist, and whose sympathies have evidently been excited most strongly by this beautiful and touching picture.

Summer on Adirondack Lake.

(See Page Picture in Oil.)

Glowing sunshine, and vivid colors in wood and sky, make summer on Adirondack Lake a something to be remembered. It is not at all a place for fashion, although it has been made fashionable by enthusiastic writers who have raved over the magnificence of its air, its sunsets, the clearness of the blue waters of the lake, and the divine charm of a life free from conventional restraints and invested with all the strength and sweetness that belongs to pure air, and activity untrammeled by cares and anxieties. The picture is executed by a newly-discovered process, after the most brilliant examples of recent water-color painting, and is truthful in drawing, as well as clear in perspective and well-balanced in the grouping and arrangement of objects. All the richness and splendor of summer tints and tones, all the depth and harmony of the grand and rugged features which make up the landscape in that wild region, are suggested in the strokes of the artist's brush, upon these few inches of space, and furnish to those whose lives must be spent in the performance of quiet duty at home, a glimpse of the rich reward which nature holds for those who seek her amidst her solitudes and her fastnesses.

"Vale of St. Nichola."

(See Steel Engraving.)

This lovely engraving is also from a painting in the Vernon Gallery. The artist was J. B. Harding, and we have only to point to the depth and delicacy of the foliage, the excellence of the figure-drawing, the rough strength of the rocky passes and turbulent water, to prove his claim to great and varied distinction.

The Vale of St. Nichola lies contiguous to, and is formed by the Pennine Alps and the rocky masses of the Simplon Pass. It is one of the most picturesque regions in all Switzerland, and the view selected by the artist is a most striking and beautiful one, full of the sharp contrasts which make the country so strange and enchanting to travelers.

The combined freedom and delicacy of the painter, the wonderful management of light and shade, not only gives an inexpressible softness and harmony to the whole composition, but assists the engraver in bringing out its finer qualities in a particularly striking and brilliant manner. The Vale of St. Nichola is well worth a frame.

Renewal.

Time, taken by the forelock, is doubly valuable, for it saves all the mischief, all the anxiety, all the disheartening possibilities which arise from procrastination. Let all our friends lay this fact to heart in renewing their clubs and subscriptions for the coming year. Let them remember that "If a thing were well done, 'twere well done quickly," and not wait until the fields have been gleaned before striving to make up their sheaf. We have no hesitation in saying that to relinquish their subscription, is to our subscribers an actual loss which they cannot afford, for we know that nowhere else can they obtain so much real value for their money. Our constant effort is to improve the Magazine, without regard to cost, and in the directions most appreciated by the great majority of intelligent women, and sensible, well-informed men. Its growth in the past is the guaranty of its growth in the future.

A Country Parlor.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

Now-a-days we hear a great deal about the "art craze." People talk glibly of "Eastlake," and "effect," and "tone," and so forth, even if they are not always sure just what they mean, because they want to do as other folks do, and think as other folks think. This is well—there is no objection really to following a crowd, provided the crowd happens to be going in the right direction. And certainly it is a very good sign that in our day men and women are seeking after beauty instead of conventionality, truth instead of fashion, exalting, indeed, the artist above the upholsterer. We rejoice to see a painted plaque excite within a girl-soul far deeper emotion than does a gold locket—a rare piece of bronze move her brother more than does a fine dog.

But it is not so generally known that a love of art and a successful pursuit of it do not necessarily involve a great outlay of money. With a cultivated taste, there is no reason why the homes of the poorest should not be fully as beautiful as those of the most affluent, even though not nearly so costly. To prove this, we would like to tell what a lady friend of ours did.

Not a great while ago it was her fortune to find herself an inmate of a very secluded, primitive farm-house, in which there was absolutely nothing in the way of a parlor except a great room, dreary in its bare walls, its uncurtained windows, its carpetless floor, and its echoing emptiness. No refuge from the toils and cares of life; no place for pleasant friendly greeting, other than the dingy dining-room, the crowded chamber, or the rough, forlorn yard. So our bright friend concluded that she would see what she could do with her own taste and her slender pocket-book.

So, first of all, she mixed some common whitewash—nothing on earth but lime and water, with a handful of salt thrown in—and whitewashed the walls and ceiling until they were as smooth and pure as marble. Then with a knife and her fingers, she used some of the thick paste out of the bottom of her whitewash-bucket to fill up all the cracks—and oh! didn't she do it nicely?

Next the paint all had to be scrubbed—it was in a tolerably good condition, of a grayish white hue, and she didn't feel able to go to the expense of having it renewed. Over the inevitable smoky stove-pipe hole, she stretched a square of new white muslin, and then hid the round part showing through by tacking over it a blue Minton tile, upon which she had previously painted a spray of daisies.

Of course, with less than twenty dollars at her command, she couldn't expect to have anything *very* handsome; nevertheless, it would never do to have her pretty parlor look poverty-stricken. If she couldn't have the "old masters," and so forth, she *would* have art, and real art, anyhow.

So she wended her way to the barn and the hay-mow, in which were piled tons upon tons of the beautiful Hungarian grass. It was a tedious task, but a worthy one, to pull out the rich heads and tie them up into a long garland, but she accomplished it all perfectly. Then, with a liberal supply of lath-nails, she fastened it all around the top of the wall for a frieze. In the center of the ceiling she run out half a dozen sprays of the same, about a foot in length, like spokes in a wheel, from the middle point, suspending a large gayly-colored Japanese umbrella, turned downward, and having the greater part of the handle sawn off.

Next, all around the sides of the wall, she tacked some white matting, thus forming a dado a yard high corresponding to the frieze and center. The floor she simply covered with the same matting. In the middle of each of the three vacant spaces in the room—the back wall, the side one, and the part opposite to this last between the two windows, she placed two Japanese fans, their handles crossed and tied together with pale blue ribbon. We shall observe right here that the fourth side of the room was mainly occupied by a window.

Already the room looked elegant, even though the materials were so simple. But in fact she had scarce begun. Our friend next turned her attention to the three windows. For each she made a lambrequin of coffee-bag, only a plain plaited flounce, deeply fringed and worked along the lower border with double coral-stitch in pale blue, along the upper in single. The curtains were of unbleached muslin, caught loosely back on each side by broad bands of the coffee-bag, worked like the lambrequins in blue.

Each of the four corners of the room contained a little bracket made of pine wood, tacked up on supporting slats as our artistic upholsterer was best able. But they were completely covered over with cunning little lambrequins of the coffee-bag, also fringed out and bordered with blue. What she put on them we will tell by-and-by.

It was an easy task for her to cover an old lounge frame with some of the sweetest chintz you ever saw, a lovely French fabric with a delicate blue ground, over which, in white and soft gray, roses and doves, and daisies and butterflies, and arches and arabesques, and Apollos and Cupids fairly ran riot. The place for this was against the back wall, and to place in front of it on the floor she worked a long mat, or sofa-strip out of the coffee-bag in shaded blue zephyr and large cross-stitch. By the way, in making coffee-bag mats, ladies, turn in the edges (don't fringe them), and *line* them heavily with the same, and then they won't kick up. And next our friend began to look about her to see what she had available in the way of furniture, for we can often make a good many things *do* if we try.

First, there was a very pretty camp-chair, with a blue carpet back and seat, hidden away up stairs. That must come down. Then out in the kitchen there was another camp-chair, but this was old and dingy; she saw in a minute, however, that a new seat would freshen it up wonderfully, and this she proceeded to make. Having measured off a suitable piece of coffee-bag, she hemmed the edges, and then worked along each a broad border in shaded blue, composed of a succession of perpendicular and horizontal diamonds. By a daisy-tidy she transformed an old cane rocker into "a thing of beauty," and this is how she did it.

To make a daisy, she merely rolled some white zephyr over three fingers until she had a tolerably thick ball, then she tied it tightly in the middle, cut the ends, and pulled these last all out, giving her ball a flat round form. Next she made a little ball of yellow zephyr, just as we used to make ball-trimming, and sewed it in the middle. It was of course easy to make a plain rosette, of blue zephyr, omitting the buff center. The tidy itself was formed by threading together the five rows of rosettes (including a plain rosette and a daisy alternately), each containing five, the whole forming of course a perfect square. This was sewn diagonally upon the cane chair-back.

Thus she found herself possessed of three chairs, but she wanted three more. The foundation for these she got in purchasing two light oiled-wood rockers without backs and seats, and a very pretty camp-chair of still a different style. The never-failing coffee-bag again came into requisition, to be astonishingly transformed. To the first two chairs, of course, she supplied the omission with the stout fabric; for one she worked borders in plain blue, large cross-stitch, the other we will describe anon. The carpet-bottom of the camp-chair was covered with a most elaborate investiture. Down the middle of the bagging she basted a broad band of garnet silk poplin, then upon this foundation she embroidered two rows of pale-blue (conventional) asters, inclosing each with two rows of fancy stitches in yellow silk. Outside the garnet band, upon the fabric itself, she next worked on each side a broad stripe of buff and blue in cross-stitch, finishing the front of the chair-seat with deep knotted fringe in the same buff and blue zephyr.

The present rage for old furniture put into her hands two tables—one a very plain, dark wooden affair, but of a convenient size, and able to hide well under an ample cover. And this cover she made, as you might suppose, of the precious coffee-bag, fringed and bordered with the pale-blue double coral-stitch, like the lambrequins. And this is the place to describe the sixth chair, for now she had no coffee-bag left but scraps. Well, these she cut into strips about two inches wide, and pieced them up in the most ingenious manner, and then she wove them together, one over and under the other, until she formed a most substantial seat and back. Lastly, in each alternate one of the squares so formed, she worked a lovely star in shaded blue.

The other table was a beautiful antique pier-table—or rather, it was higher, more like a beaufet—with a marble top, and inlaid with wreaths and harps of satin-wood. A good polishing was all this needed. Of two dainty mats which our lady made, one went on the under part of this, while the other set directly on top of its dissimilar companion. The last was intended as a receptacle for a lamp, and was as large as a crow's nest, and as soft as the moss which it imitated—you girls know how to make moss-mats. This was in three shades of blue. Maybe you know how to make daisy-mats, too; the other was such a one, bordered with blue fringe, and, like the tidy, an alternate row of blue rosettes and white-and-yellow daisies.

Now for the high art, the finishing-touches. We have said that on the shelf part of the table was a daisy-mat. Well, upon this stood a decorated pot, filled with a bouquet made of heads of the Hungarian grass. By a decorated pot, however, we do not mean a ginger jar, stuck full of bugs and beetles—oh! no. It was an earthern-ware flower-pot, of a pretty tapering shape, and our smart young woman painted it herself. The bottom edge was pure white, shading *down* as the paint went upward, through soft grays into greenish blacks, finally ending in a broad, black band around the top, relieved by a fire-line of scarlet. Then all around the solid, darkish part, went a wreath of gay Japanese fans—round, semi-circular, crossed, and half-open—each one a marvel of exquisite coloring and execution. Oh, you should have just seen it!

Well, on the marble slab were arranged a few books, and a delicate vase to hold a spray of flowers. Besides, there was upon it a silver easel, attached to which by loops of blue and garnet ribbon was a painted horseshoe—a *real* luck-bringing horseshoe—rendered gorgeous by displaying against a black ground a spray of "dear little buttercups."

Now, don't you want to know what were on the four brackets in the corners? Oh, something on each, as the pretty robin said, "sweet, sweet, sweet!" Well, upon one was a little wooden plate, adorned with a bunch of beautiful apple-blossoms; and on the one opposite, another wooden plate, with a gay dandelion shining in its

center. And on the two others were shells decorated with landscapes—one showing forth a crooked apple-tree adrift with blossoms, against a background of trees and fleecy clouds and blue sky; the other, a tiny patch of woods in spring-time, in which in one glance you might see more shades of green than you had previously imagined you could in a lifetime, the brilliant emerald of the beech mingling with the deep malachite of the cedar, both heightened by the exquisite red-and-silver of the budding oak.

It was the most exquisitely beautiful parlor any one could imagine, filled to a woudrous degree with sweet, satisfying grace. And it really did cost less than twenty dollars; so who need be without a beautiful home, a home sending beyond it a gladdening, elevating, purifying influence? To be sure, our girl could paint, and paint skillfully, as well as contrive and embroider as few women can. But no one need be discouraged—there are ways and ways. And as to decorations, there are shells, and corals, and ferns, and autumn leaves, and Japanese articles, and Florida moss, and butterflies, and bird's-wings, and ivy,—and, oh sisters, you are rich!

Something about Coal.

Some one says, "There are two words, each containing only four letters, but expressive of the two most valuable minerals in the world—coal and gold." And it is to the first we owe much of our comfort and happiness, and much of the world's progress in science and civilization.

Coal was known to the early Britons and their Roman masters, but it was rarely used, for timber and peat were very abundant and accessible. As late as the reign of Edward II. many objections were urged against its use, such as the contamination of the atmosphere by smoke and the spoiling of the ladies' complexion, and indeed a law was passed forbidding its use.

During the reign too of Henry VIII. fires were not allowed in the University of Oxford, and the students after their eight o'clock supper and subsequent hours' study, were permitted to take a run to warm themselves up before going to bed.

However, when wood became so scarce as to be sold by the pound, coal came into general use, spite restrictions and prejudice. And what is coal?

To the naked eye, only a black substance, neither comely in shape or color—but take a microscope and then we begin to discern its true nature and real characteristics. Like many human beings, years of external pressure have so changed it, that the beauty of early youth is visible only after long and patient search.

Geologists tell us coal is the remains of forests and floating islands chiefly made up of tree-ferns, calamites, or tree-rushes, Sigillariæ, which grew from thirty to sixty feet high, their stiff, clumsy trunks covered with long, slender, rush-like leaves, some fungi or mushrooms and Lepidodendra—the progenitors of our beautiful Lycopodiums—varying only in that in those far-away days the earth brought forth giants where are but pigmies now.

Besides the coal we use for fuel, there is a variety known under the name of Jet, found on the coast of Whitby, in Yorkshire, and known to Pliny, centuries before, by the name of Gagates, derived from the river Gagas, in Syria, near whose mouth it was found.

Cannel coal, which closely resembles jet, has a dark grayish black, or brownish black color, receives a high polish, takes fire readily, and burns without melting as other bituminous coal does, with a clear yellow flame. Like jet it is used for ornamental purposes, the writer seeing in the London Exposition, a garden seat well designed and executed, from coal taken from mines at Newcastle, and also a set of chess-men made of coal from China.

Although Providence has scattered this valuable mineral over nearly every part of the world, yet our own country is unquestionably most favored in this regard, it being estimated that the amount of workable coal in the United States is thirty-two times greater in quantity than the mines of Great Britain.

But should the mines of England ever give out, the stock of coal hidden in the heart of Belgium can be drawn upon. The coal industry of that tiny kingdom is pretty equally divided between the three provinces of Hainault, Liege, and Namur.

Happening to reside in Belgium several years ago, we had an opportunity to see for ourselves the interior of one of the most famous mines in the first-named province.

As we approached the mines, one foggy, uncomfortable morning, the roads, the houses, and even the inhabitants, became black. Between Manage and Mons, a road constantly traversed by heavily-laden wagons led us to the village and castle of Mariemont. This castle of princely magnificence stands directly upon a coal mine, as indeed does the fortune of its owner.

Our descent into the mine was preceded by a toilet, which consisted in putting on a bloomer costume of blue linen and a round leathern hat like those worn by the miners. This done, we took our lamp and were swiftly let down to the lower level of about 1,700 feet. There was nothing to frighten or fatigue us in our descent, but we must confess to a certain degree of nervous inquietude when daylight vanished and we were swallowed up in the intense darkness, a degree of darkness which we had never experienced but once before, and then in the Mammoth Cave, where our guide hid for a moment all our lamps that we might, as he said, "taste the dark."

At first sight, the interior of a coal mine has something almost infernal in it. The pictures from the sixth book of the Æneid flitted before our eyes as realities. We saw the wheel of Ixion, the rock of Sysiphus, and the Danaidae in form of young girls pouring out, not water, but coal into tubs which were being continually filled and just as continually emptied. There were human forms crouching, lying on their backs, their outlines lengthened and sharpened by the sinister lamp-light, struggling with the black ceiling which threatened every instant to crush them into nothingness, or tossing away with burning arms the débris ready to bury them. All the attitudes of suffering and expiation were combined in this picture to which night lent its weird coloring.

But after a while these classical recollections vanished, and the realities of the present took their place. Between the damned whom mythology placed in the bowels of the earth and these miners, there is the infinite distance there is between retributive service and the dignity of honest labor. Ancient poets had too much good sense and justice to make a chastisement of labor alone. It was labor without result, the very irony of strength, which mythology portrayed in its retributive, unproductive toil.

I never conceived the grandeur of man or of his works until I visited these mines. Then the realization that these immense galleries have all been opened by human strength, directed by human intelligence, made silence and darkness alike forgotten. Yet these solemn depths where the eternal silence is broken only by the roar of the coal as it falls from its bed, or the distant thunder of the ironplated wheelbarrows upon the freight ways; galleries which lead we do not know where, intersected by other galleries; dripping springs, oily and dusky ponds,—these leave the mind balancing between the poetry of fancy and the poetry of deeds. We cannot in these modern days surpass the ancients in beauty of form or grace of expression, but we are superior to them in works of utility. The ancients sung of the marvelous—we make the marvelous real.

To the miner, however, the mine is only a workshop like any other, except a trifle more gloomy. All he finds fault with is the length of the ladder by which he reaches it. Yet there was one circumstance we noticed and our guide confirmed, which was that although the workmen reached the mouth of the pit noisy and talkative, their songs ceased and their faces reflected the gloom of the place as they penetrated into its depths.

The mines of Belgium are remarkable for their number rather than their richness. At Mariemont the deepest vein is only from four to six feet thick, while in England and America there are veins from thirty to forty feet in depth. These banks of coal are embedded in masses of schist, flint, and other rock. The coal after being detached from the vein is sent to the weighing gallery. There it is placed in small, iron-plated wagons resting on iron roads. And we should not forget that it is to the working of coal mines that we are indirectly indebted for our railways. The first railroads ever made were for use in mines; they were, it is true, constructed of wood instead of iron, nevertheless it was the feeble commencement of a great idea.

This transportation of coal is accomplished by human and brute power. The first is represented by boys and girls from twelve to fourteen years of age, who push the loaded cars over the road. At Mariemont, women are not allowed in the mines, but at Charleroi, near by, they are employed in the proportion of 200 to 1,000 workmen. It was inexpressibly painful to meet these poor creatures, as we did on another occasion, silent and grave, in their grotesque garb, harnessed like beasts of burden to their dingy carts.

Brute force is chiefly represented by donkeys and Scotch ponies. The latter are especially fitted for such service, as they do not seem to suffer in the slightest degree from the deprivation of light. Some, on the contrary, who were brought there thin and scraggy, soon grew fat and flourishing. Their intelligence is remarkable too. Occasionally they grow blind, but that is no hindrance to their usefulness. Once in the mine, there they remain, except in cases of extreme illness or great age. The stables are spacious and carefully fitted up. Still we could not repress a feeling of pity for these poor creatures to whom there is neither sun nor green meadow, nor rivulet hidden under the tall grass, nor free out-of-door life where the summer breeze can play at "hide and seek" in their bushy manes.

The coal is finally carried to the upper world by steam-engines of about 150-horse power. Standing on the lower edge of the pit's mouth, a workman dexterously seizes the huge tubs called *cuffets*, as they descend, into which the contents of the small wagons maneuvered by the children are emptied. These *cuffets* rise quickly to the top of the pit, where the coal is as quickly discharged to be borne away in wheelbarrows by men, women, and children.

We had been in the mine five hours, when our guide held out his watch as a reminder that our time for staying had expired. In a place where there is no sunlight the passage of time is readily forgotten. As we ascended the shaft, little by little the pale light of day filtered through the darkness, until we emerged into the full glare of day.

It is with light as with liberty. We do not appreciate either until we have suffered from their loss! In bidding farewell to those gloomy and silent vaults, we could understand the lines with which Dante closed his "Inferno:"

"E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle!" though it was not to a sky studded with stars under which we emerged, but to a brilliant January sun which had the sparkle of spring in it, and which had put to flight the morning fog, while we had been hunting up the mysteries of darkness. L. P. L.

Home-made Rugs, etc.

Rugs, quite as comfortable and almost equal in appearance to the much admired knitted Brussels rugs, may be made as follows:

Take burlaps, canvas—or coffee sacks—and from it cut a foundation the size you wish your rug. Gather up all the bits of worsted ravelings, zephyrs, shreds of merinoes, flannels, etc.—no matter what the shade of color provided it is woolen and cut the flannel or merinoes in strips as narrow as will hold together. Roll these strips up into little tufts or bunches and tack firmly to the foundation, sewing on in alternate rows until your foundation is covered.

Of course a great deal of taste may be displayed in the arrangement of the colors. The writer of this article has one that has been much admired, and that is arranged as follows: On the outer edge of the burlaps foundation I sewed a heavy fringe, made by cutting chocolate and very dark-brown flannel and "ladies" cloth in strips four inches wide, and slitting these strips horizontally at intervals of half an inch, within an inch of the edge, and gathering pretty full with a needle and thread before sewing them on. Then I made a border at least one-third the depth of the rug, of all the brightest colors I could get, fastened on in little tufts, managing to have every other tuft of some shade of green, and every now and then a *wee bit* of white or *very pale* blue.

Next I cut a large oval center-piece for my rug of newspaper, basted it carefully on the foundation covered with the bright colors the same as in the border, only with a little more white interspersed, and the intervening space between center-piece and border, which formed the background. I filled with every conceivable shade of brown that I could obtain, mixed as thoroughly as possible, so that no one shade would predominate, thereby giving it a "patchy" look, and I was much gratified at the result of my labor. This rug may be made of such materials as could be utilized for no other possible purpose, save "sell-rags."

Another way to make a pretty rug is, by taking such scraps as you may have in variety of woolen, or part woolen materials, delaines, alpacas, merinoes, etc.—the larger flowered and more "old-fashioned" the better—cut in four or five inch squares, fold three-cornered, and with needle and thread gather up in form of a shell, and sew on in alternate rows on a firm foundation. These rugs are very beautiful when made entirely of scraps of the different flowered Tycoon reps that was so much in vogue for morning wrappers or dressing-gowns a few years ago. On a deep border made of Tycoon reps, the background of grey or brown, and the center made of flowers and leaves made of tiny shells of grey colors and green, is especially pretty.

Visiting the house of a friend recently, I noticed a nice, yet simply made rug in front of her sitting-room grate that some reader might like as a model. Strips of brown and black flannel were cut in strips about four inches wide, and pinked out on one edge in large scallops. In the center of each scallop of the brown was worked a sort of large star in shaded green zephyr, and in each scallop of the black, a similar design in scarlet-shaded zephyr; the strips are then gathered *slightly* and sewed on a foundation of coffee sacking, the brown and black strips alternating, and the scalloped edges of course overlapping the plain ones.

Still *another* way to make a pretty rug is as follows:

Cut a foundation of nice burlaps the desired size; fringe to a depth of four inches on each edge, and make a deep border by sewing strips alternately, of dark-brown, deep blue, scarlet, and very *pale* blue "drag braid," the braid of each color should be one-third of an inch or more apart, the outer edge of each row buttonholed to the canvas with *pale* salmon zephyr, and the inside edge with *shaded* green.

Make an application center-piece, and fill the intervening space by working here and there in zephyr of some neutral tint, stars, geometrical figures, etc.

Bureau Covers.—Pretty bureau covers, toilet mats, etc., and almost equal both as to appearance and wear to Marseilles, can be made as follows:

Take coarse white muslin—old will do—cut in pieces five and a half inches square, cover this square with a thin layer of white wadding; in the center of this baste a smaller square, two inches each way—of piqué white cotton damassé, linen diaper, or other pretty thick white material. Have ready strips of white muslin one-half inch in width; sew one edge of this strip on to edge of the tiny square—ladies who have seen or made any of the famous "log cabin" quilts will readily understand this—turn over and baste down, cutting off the piece that projects at one end, beyond the tiny square; on the opposite side of the center-piece, sew another strip in the same manner, and then on the two remaining sides; now commence and sew another strip, commencing on the first strip you sewed on, then on the opposite side, and so on until the large square is covered. Baste down the raw edge of last row of strips, and lay aside until you have a sufficient number of blocks to make a cover of the required size; then sew the blocks together, line with thin coarse white muslin, and trim with crochet fringe.

Toilet-mats to match may be made of a single block pieced in like manner, and trimmed with white cotton crochet fringe or lace, crocheted from very fine darning cotton and *star* or serpentine braid.

Very pretty toilet sets, bureau covers, mats, splashers, etc., are made by cutting from Turkish toweling pieces of the required shape and size, and crocheting a border of lace in *shell* stitch of coral or scarlet split zephyr: for this latter, use medium size fine steel crochet needle.

My Housekeeping Class.

(*Continued from page* 433.)

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"I think," says Jennie, after a few moments of meditation, "that there's a kind of poetry about dishwashing when it's done by a person with brains."

"It takes brains to do anything in the best way," is my not very original observation.

"Of course it does," replies Jennie, "but I have always thought washing dishes a purely mechanical process, one that couldn't possibly require thought."

"And I," remarks one of the girls, "have always considered it a very unpleasant but necessary process, associated disagreeably with dirty water, greasy dishcloths, and unsavory towels."

It will be remembered that our "Housekeeping Class" is off on a housekeeping spree, as one of its members says, and we are seeing dishes washed by a mistress of the art, who, with great acrimony, proceeds to wither the last speaker.

"Greasy dishcloths!" says she, holding out the one she has been using. "There warn't any more grease on that when I began to wash up these dishes than there is on one of your fancy pocket-handkerchiefs. If a person don't know enough to keep a clean dishcloth, then they ain't fit to wash dishes or do anything else for decent Christian folks."

Then, with looks even more expressive of disgust than her words, Miss Betsey squeezes the water out of her dishcloth, rubs a little soap on it, and begins to wipe the black sides of her sink.

"Well, she'll get grease enough on it now," says Nellie Greene, in a stage whisper to Jennie.

The latter, who stands nearer to our hostess, shakes her head and says, "Not there, not there, my child," emphasizing her quotation by doubling a corner of her handkerchief over her forefinger and touching it to the sink in the wake of Miss Betsey's dishcloth, and holding it up to view, damp but dainty still.

I cannot restrain an expression of admiration at this evidence of cleanliness, and Miss Betsey looks up sharply, having seen the action, although apparently quite unobservant.

"What did you expect to find?" she says, drawing in the corners of her mouth for her kind of a smile.

"I'll tell you," says Jennie, "what you might find in our kitchen sink if you were rash enough to risk trying, and that is a pasty deposit on the sides that you might use for shoe-blacking as far as color is concerned."

"Don't your ma wash it every day?"

Jennie covers a sudden explosion of laughter by improvizing a fit of coughing which makes our hostess say austerely:

"I s'pose she had a mouthful of chawing-gum and swallowed down some of it in a mistake. It's a very bad habit, indeed."

She doesn't say whether the chewing or the swallowing is the bad habit, and Jennie begins to sputter an indignant affirmation of disgust at either practice, and an intense contempt for every kind of chewing-gum, to which Aunt Betsey in reply gives it as her opinion that,

"Gum is a sight better than chalk or slate-pencils."

I agree with her upon that point, and recall the more important subject we have strayed from by asking if acids or soda are used to bring the sink to its state of exquisite cleanliness.

"Why, no," responds Aunt Betsey, "there is no need of using anything but soap."

"Well, what would be good to get off the 'pasty deposit' that Jennie spoke of?"

"I am sure I don't know," says Aunt Betsey, with an expression of utter disgust. "I never saw a sink in that state in all my born days, and I should feel like giving up the ship if I had to undertake such a piece of work as getting one to rights."

"Oh, but really Miss Betsey," says Jennie, "I wish you would tell me about cleaning the sink. I supposed they had to be horrid and dirty always, for once when I first began to take some care of the house I asked the cook what made the sink look so nasty (that's not a pretty word, but it's what I said); she got awfully mad and said it was all plastered up with black from the pots and grease from

the dishes, and it wasn't in mortal power to get the stickiness off the sides of it. I pretended to be satisfied, but I heard her say to the waiter afterward that she should give warning soon if mamma didn't make me keep to my own place, and not be poking my nose into the kitchen. I am not the least bit afraid of her ladyship, though, and if you only will tell me how it ought to be done, I'll have that old sink made as clean as yours."

"I know considerable more about keeping it clean than making it so," says Aunt Betsey.

"Would a sink-scraper be any advantage?" I modestly suggest. "I see them for sale at the hardware stores."

"You do?" Aunt Betsey says in surprise. "Then I give it up. New York must be an awful dirty town if the sinks have to be scraped; but if there is such a thing I suppose it's a kind of hoe, and I should advise you, under the circumstances, Miss Jennie, to buy one, and set that shiftless, dirty, hired girl of yours to hoeing out your sink. It's only fair that she should have the trouble of cleaning out her own work. Then I should—"

"What were you going to say?" asks Jennie.

"Well, I don't know as it's my business, but if it was my hired girl after she'd got the sink hoed out to the best of her ability then she should have her walking papers, and be free to hunt up another situation where they liked dirt better nor I do. Then after I'd got rid of her I'd take a scrubbing brush and plenty of soap and sand, and go to work with a will on that sink till I made it shine, and then I'd take care of it myself, and not trust it to girls."

"You mustn't think all girls are like this one of Jennie's," says I, thinking of the two who have lived so long with me that they seem like a part of my own family, and whose patience and industry have long been matters of envy and admiration to me.

"No," protests Jennie, "this cook is the most untidy one we have ever had, and mamma does not expect to keep her; but I'll see that she gets that sink in order before she leaves, and when her successor takes hold I'll make her keep it as clean as Miss Betsey's if she will tell me how to do it."

"There's no secret about it," says Aunt Betsey, graciously; "every time I wash my dishes I wash my sink with the dish-water, and then wipe it off with the rinsing water; by managing it that way it never gets real dirty. I always wash out my dish-cloths," she continues, seeing that the girls are really anxious to get information, "every time I use them. When I have real dirty dishes, pots and pans and such things to wash up, I use what I call a pot cloth for them, and save the regular dishcloth for the glass and china. Now here's my pot cloth hanging on this nail under the sink; it's very coarse and strong, you see, but clean and dry. I wash it out every time it's used, same as the other, and I always hang them both up to dry, for if there's anything that will make dish-cloths sour and unwholesome, it's throwing them down in a wet lump, or stuffing them into a corner to wait till they're wanted again."

"Do you wash out the towels every time they are used?" asks Sophie Mapes, who has been all through a most attentive observer.

"Only the one I wipe pots and kettles on," is the answer; "the others don't need it, for all the dishes that's wiped on them is rinsed in clean hot water, same as you saw me do them a little while ago. I keep a fine towel a-purpose for glass and silver, and one a little coarser for china, and a heavy one made of bagging, for the pots and kettles. I make that one very small, so it will wash easy, and most every day I give it a boil in one of the saucepans, with just a mite of washing soda in the water. Some folks don't hold to wiping pots and kettles, but dries them off on the stove, but I wipe all mine inside and out, and then set them on the back of the stove to get an extra dry off, because if you put iron or tin away with one mite of dampness on it, there'll be rusty spots eating holes in it and giving bad tastes to the next victuals that's cooked. I have heard of folks putting frying-pans away without washing, only just dreening off the grease and rubbing with a piece of paper. They pretend it's better for the iron. All I've got to say about such slack ways is, that I'd starve before I'd eat anything cooked in one of their frying-pans."

It seems too bad, but just as Aunt Betsey begins to wax eloquent, and, apropos to frying-pans, is about to give us reminiscences of a family of Perkinses she used to know, we have to gather ourselves together to prepare for our walk to the landing to meet the steamer, which I know by bitter experience will never have the good taste to wait for anybody.

So we bid our quaint hostess adieu, take lingering, longing glances at the lovely old china, stay another moment to drink Aunt Betsey's good health in creamy country milk, pick a sage leaf apiece from the garden bed by the porch, and get started at last, discoursing as we walk briskly along, the unexampled neatness of our hospitable hostess, whose kindness we resolve to requite in a measure by sending a little remembrance of our visit as soon as we can decide what form of gift would find best acceptance.

A Woman Farmer.

One of the most successful of the Pennsylvania farmers is a woman, the wife of Rev. Abel C. Thomas, one of the former lights of the Universalist Church. For many years her husband has been an invalid, a victim to nervous prostration from over-brain work. He was ordered to the country, and compelled to relinquish all active participation in private as well as public affairs.

Mrs. Thomas had always lived in the city—had no acquaintance with country life, but she found a small farm of twenty acres, in the vernal grass region of Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia, which she purchased at a low figure, and out of which she has created the Paradise, which one must see in order to understand. The house is approached by a beautiful avenue of elms, which was in existence when the purchase was made; but the place was otherwise unimproved. Her first thought was how to use her limited resources to the best advantage. She decided that a farm of twenty acres could not compete with the larger ones, in the matter of quantity, and that she must therefore trust to the quality of her products to secure pecuniary reward. She also wisely concluded that it would be of little use to devote herself to one branch of agriculture, such as wheat, stock, or poultry raising, because one department helps another, and, singly, could not be made to pay by any methods that she was acquainted with. Her first effort was to secure good stock, Alderney cows, light Brahma fowls, and to bring whatever she undertook to cultivate up to the highest point of perfection that the utmost care, cleanliness, and personal supervision could secure. Her success she does not look upon as anything extraordinary, but it is certainly worth recording. Her average of butter is 800 pounds per annum from four Alderney cows, and this sells from fifty cents to one dollar per pound in the Philadelphia market. The average number of chickens is from 700 to 800 per annum, and these sell at a dollar each, alive. Eggs are sold by the sitting, from thirteen to fifteen, a dollar and a half each lot, for breeding purposes, and she can sell all she can raise. She sold three calves during the past season for fifty dollars each, and her wheat as much beyond the market price, for seeding. This latter result was wholly unlooked for by herself. The crop was very large, measuring two hundred bushels to the acre almost from the first, due entirely to the excellence of the seed and the extraordinary care bestowed upon it. No weeds were permitted—and plenty of manure, and abundance of salt stimulated its growth. The miller to whom it was submitted when ripened offered a higher price than he would give to any of her neighbors, and this fact becoming known, gave her wheat such a reputation that it has ever since been in demand for seed by the farmers in the vicinity, and has actually raised the standard of flour coming from that district.

Her hen-house cost five hundred dollars, and is perfectly arranged, and fitted up for the comfort of her feathered family. The upper room is lined with boxes for hatching, and there are also dust-baths, and a plentiful supply of oyster-shells, bone-dust, and whatever else is necessary to the production of chickens on scientific principles. Carbolic acid is put into the whitewash, with which the walls are cleansed and covered, and sulphur into the nests. It is a curious sight to see a dozen or more hens, all sitting at once upon their nests, and watch the general uprising, the craning of the necks, and the universal expression of satisfaction when a faint little "*tweet-tweet*" announces that one little chick has broken its shell. Mrs. Thomas does not go very extensively into bee culture, but she has twenty-five hives which add from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars to her annual receipts, and is "all profit" after the first outlay.

Mrs. Thomas is well descended. She is a great great-granddaughter of John Robinson of Leyden, the pastor of the "Mayflower," and her great-grandmother was Elizabeth Newcombe, granddaughter of Governor Bradford. In addition to her own family of four children, she has brought up thirteen orphans of German, Scotch, Irish, and Indian blood, and been actively engaged in church and society work, as secretary of a national association, chairman of the tract committee, and other responsible positions. She still preserves a fine matronly appearance, which expresses to the merest stranger the goodness of her heart, the strength and soundness of her head. Her great gift of sympathy is the undoubted secret of her success. Everything animate and inanimate gravitates toward her, and is held by the mere force of natural cohesion. Her household is maintained on a scale of the utmost liberality. Instead of stinting herself, her family, and her dependants, they have the best, and in the greatest abundance. Ducks and turkeys are reared exclusively for family consumption. The garden is cultivated with the same object. No fruit is sold—all is used or given away. Rich milk and cream find their place on the table at every meal, and a package of the sweet butter, of a quality not to be found in the ordinary market, not unfrequently finds its way to the homes of her friends.

Her hobby, the work to which she willingly devotes herself aside from her farm and the daily and nightly care of her helpless husband, is the translation of the waifs of the city to the homes of the country, and their regeneration and healthful growth through the beneficent influence of rural life. A woman like this is greater than all the Cæsars.

Women of Yesterday and To-day.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

WANDERING aimlessly one afternoon through the portrait-gallery of South Kensington Museum, my eye was suddenly caught by a pictured representation of a face of wonderful sweetness and power, showers of dark curls falling on either side, and with large, tender eyes, fringed by long, dark lashes. It was a faithful likeness of the greatest woman-poet the world has ever known—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Mrs. Browning was born in Hertfordshire, in 1807, and her genius as a child, cherished and directed by her sympathetic father, she would have had a great reputation as an infant prodigy in literature, had not her maturer powers quite extinguished the glory of her youthful performances. The girl at ten

"Lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Her first published volume was *An Essay on Mind*, when she was about seventeen. This was succeeded by a translation from the Greek of *Prometheus Bound*. There was great boldness in this attempt, but no one was quicker to find it out than the author. Some years later she replaced this "early failure," as she called it, by an entirely new version, "made in expiation of a sin of my youth, with the sincerest application of my mature mind."

It was Mrs. Browning's privilege to have, for instructor and friend, Hugh Stuart Boyd, a man of great erudition, and blind. In one of the most perfect of her poems, *The Wine of Cyprus*, Mrs. Browning recalled the happy hours passed with her old friend among the folios. It is a most exquisite rhythmical chant, which could be inspired only by a genuine passion for learning. See how the dead letter, buried in its grave of parchment, is vivified by the light of the imagination, passing through this human atmosphere of friendship.

"And I think of those long mornings,
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folios' turnings,
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.
Past the pane the mountain spreading,
Swept the sheep-bells' tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading,
Somewhat low for ai's and oi's."

"Ah, my gossip! you were older,
And more learned, and a man!
Yet that shadow, the enfolder
Of your quiet eyelids—ran
Both our spirits to one level;
And I turned from hill and lea
And the summer sun's green revel,
To your eyes that *could not see!*
Now Christ bless you with the one light
Which goes shining night and day,
May the flowers which grow in sunlight
Shed their fragrance on your way!
Is it not right to remember
All your kindness, friend of mine,
When we two sat in the chamber,
And the poets poured us wine."

In 1836, the breaking of a blood-vessel compelled our poetess to seek the mild climate of Torquay as a means of restoration to health. There fell upon her the master-grief of her life. She had been accompanied by a brother in talents and heart worthy such a sister, and to whom she was devotedly attached. One fine summer's morning, her brother and two young friends set sail for a short pleasure excursion, and were lost, by accident or mismanagement of the boat, within sight of the windows of the sister's lodging. It was a tragedy which nearly killed her, and months elapsed before she could be removed to her London home, where she was a prisoner to the English climate for years.

In the chambers of affliction, poets learn through suffering what they afterward teach in song; just as we darken the cages of birds, that they may learn to sing the better. So Providence dealt with Elizabeth Barrett. A caged invalid for years, she reclined on her sofa, seeing only a few old friends, but reading almost every book worth reading, in almost every language; studying Hebrew that she might read the Old Testament in the original, and having her Plato bound up as a novel to deceive her good old doctor, who could not believe Greek a healthful study for an invalid, and especially a woman.

In *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* she spoke of Robert Browning's poem, *The Pomegranate:*

"Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

The poet, touched by the compliment, called upon her, and, by the blunder of a new servant, he was shown to her sick room. No one knows what passed at their first interview, but Browning was allowed to repeat the visit. In November, 1846, they were married, she rising from her sick bed to marry the man she loved—one of the most remarkable elective affinities ever written in the annals of the poets. They immediately went to Italy, and settled in Florence, in a house which has become historical because of the woman who lived, and wrote, and died there. Few lovers of literature or philanthropy visit Florence without seeking the Casa Guida, with its inclosed balcony, where the poet sat and wrote amid her flowers, overlooking the old iron-gray church of Santa Felice.

It was there that *Aurora Leigh* was written, a poem of which Taine, the great French critic, says: "Space fails me in order that I may state, after having perused it *twenty* times, how beautiful I consider it to be." High praise, but not a whit too strong.

It is the story of a young girl's life, who tells us that her mother, a Florentine, died when Aurora was scarcely four years old, and so she went about the world

"As restless as a nest-deserted bird,
Grown chill through something being away, though what it knows not."

for she says,

"Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just),
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles; children learn by such,
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,
And yet not over-early solemnized,
But seeing, as in a rose-bush, love's divine,
Which burns and hurts not—not a single bloom—
Become aware and unafraid of love."

This she goes on to say is a mother's mission, and though fathers love as well, yet their brains being heavier and their wills more responsible, they love *less wisely because less foolishly*, and

"And so mothers have God's license to be missed."

After the mother's death, Aurora's father, who was an Englishman, left Florence to hide away with his grief and prattling child among the mountains, where he taught her what he had learnt the best.

"Out of books
He taught me all the ignorance of men,
And how God laughs in heaven when any man
Says, 'Here, I'm learned; this I understand,
In that, I am never caught at fault or doubt.'"

So for nine years their days were hid among the mountains until her father died, and there was no one left in all the world for her to love. And then a stranger came, and she was taken to England, where she was received by her father's sister, who had

"A close mild mouth, a little soured about
The ends, through speaking unrequited loves,
Or peradventure, niggardly half truths."

This aunt, who was not only her "father's sister," but her "mother's *hater*," did

"Her duty to me—
Her duty, in large measure, well pressed out,
But *measured always*."

And Aurora was generally a meek and manageable child, who

"Only thought
Of lying quiet there where I was thrown,
Like sea-weed on the rocks, and suffering her
To prick me to a pattern with her pin,
Fibre from fibre, delicate leaf from leaf,
And dry out from my drowned anatomy
The last sea-salt left in me."

She studied, to please this aunt, German and French, "brushed with extreme flounce the circle of the sciences," music and drawing,

"Read a score of books on womanhood
To prove, if women do not think at all,
They may teach thinking,"

and learned "cross-stitch," because it was not well to "wear the night with empty hands, doing nothing." Here it is she exclaims:

"By the way,
The works of women are symbolical.
We sew, sew, prick our fingers, dull our sight,
Producing what? a pair of slippers, sir,
To put on when you're weary—or a stool
To tumble over and vex you—'curse that stool!'
Or else at best, a cushion, where you lean
And sleep, and dream of something we are not,
But would be for your sake. Alas, alas!
This hurts most, this—that after all, we are paid
The worth of our work, perhaps."

Aurora had a cousin, Romney Leigh, her elder by a few years, cold and shy and grave, as befitted the early master of Leigh Hall, but who was

fondly loved by their aunt. It happened one day that visitors whispered, and she hearing, blushed for joy at the words:

"The Italian child,
For all her blue eyes and her quiet ways,
Thrives ill in England; she will die."

When Romney, who had also overheard, said low between his teeth:

"You're wicked now!
You wish to die and leave the world a-dusk
For others, with your naughty light blown out?"

However, she did not die, but lived and learned to love the English nature, in whose presence you understand how

"Ere the fall
Adam lived in a garden."

She used to get up early to watch the morning quicken in the gray,

"And hear the silence open like a flower."

In a garret-room she found many cases upon which was her father's name, filled with books, and so she read at first for memory, but afterwards for hope.

"I read books bad and good—some bad and good
At once (good aims not always make good books):
——— Moral books
Exasperating to license;———
Merry books which set you weeping when
The sun shines—aye, and melancholy books
Which make you laugh that any one should weep
In this disjointed life for one wrong more."

Then she too began to write, and her quickening inner life began to reveal itself to the father's sister, who started when she caught the soul ablaze in Aurora's eyes.

"She could not say
I had no business with a sort of soul,
But plainly she objected—and demurred
That souls were dangerous things to carry straight
Through all the spilt saltpetre of the world."

Thus time sped away until Aurora's twentieth birthday, when she awoke, feeling

"So young, so strong, so sure of God!
So glad I could not choose but be very wise!"

In this mood she rushed out into the early morning,

"To fly my fancies in the open air
And keep my birth-day, till my aunt awoke
To stop good dreams."

There among the shrubberies she drew a wreath across her brow, and turning faced her cousin Romney. He offered her a book he had found—

"No name writ on it—poems, by the form;
Some Greek upon the margin—ladies' Greek,
Without the accents. Read it? Not a word,
I saw at once the thing had witchcraft in it."

He then advises her to

"Keep to the green wreath
Since even dreaming of the stone and bronze
Brings head-aches."

To which she replies—

———"If heads
That hold a rhythmic thought, must ache perforce,
For my part I choose head-aches."

Romney, who was a philanthropist, and no believer in woman except as the complement of man, but who very sincerely loves Aurora, argues with her as to the fitting sphere and duty of her sex, striving to make Aurora feel that her best aim in life should be the aiding him in his self-imposed task of making the crooked things of this world straight. But to his pleadings Aurora turns a deaf ear.

"Sir, you were married long ago.
You have a wife already whom you love,
Your social theory. Bless you both I say.
For my part, I am scarcely meek enough
To be the handmaid of a lawful spouse—
———Women of a softer mood,
Will sometimes only hear the first word, love.
And catch up with it any kind of work,
Indifferent, so that dear love go with it;
I do not blame such women, though, for love
They pick much oakum; *earth's fanatics make
Too frequently Heaven's saints.*
And I may love my art
Seeing that to waste true love on anything
Is womanly, past question."

With this last word Aurora went home to meet her aunt, who, shocked and distressed, told her that in refusing Romney's hand, she had shut herself off from every right, even to cross

"A single blade of grass beneath these trees,
Or cast a lamb's small shadow on the lawn."

Aurora, persistent in her refusal, recalls her father's love, when left alone.

"I had a father, yes, but long ago;
How long ago it seemed that moment. Oh, how far,
How far and safe, God, dost Thou keep Thy saints
When once gone from us! We may call against
The lighted windows of Thy fair June—heaven
Where all the souls are happy,—and not one,
Not even my father, looks from work or play,
To ask, 'Who is it that cries after us,
Below there, in the dark?' Yet formerly
He turned his face upon me quick enough,
If I said 'father.'"

Weeks passed after this in silence, though Aurora felt her aunt's watchful eyes constantly upon her, which,

"When observation is not sympathy
Is just being tortured."

But in the sixth week, when sitting at her woodbine-shaded window, she thought,

"Sleep late, and spare me yet the burden of your eyes."

A shriek resounded through the house, and Aurora hastening at the call to her aunt's room, found her

"Bolt upright in the chair beside the bed,"

with an unopened letter in her hand, dead. And so the prayer was answered.

"'Sleep late,' I said.
God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers,
And thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our face,
A gauntlet with a gift in't. Every wish
Is like a prayer with God."

After the funeral, Romney and Aurora meet again, and he urged upon her acceptance as her right a sum of money sent by him to her aunt, in the unopened letter found in her dead hand. Aurora, however, rejected the gift, and went to London, where for three years she

"Worked with patience, which means almost power."
"Get leave to work
In this world; 'tis the best you get at all,
For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction."

One day a lady called upon her.

"She had the low voice of your English dames,
Unused, it seems, to need rise half a note
To catch attention,—and their quiet mood
As if they lived too high above the earth
For that to put them out in anything.
So gentle, because verily so proud;
So wary and afraid of hurting you.
By no means that you are not really vile,
But that they would not touch you with their foot
To push you to your place: so self-possessed,
Yet gracious and conciliating, it takes
An effort in their presence to speak truth."

Lady Waldemar, she announced herself, and with but short prelude told Aurora that she loved her cousin, Romney Leigh—and that despite all her efforts she could not send him from her heart or thoughts.

"You eat of love,
And do as vile a thing as if you ate
Of garlic—which, whatever else you eat,
Tastes uniformly acrid, till your peach
Reminds you of your onion."

She goes on to tell Aurora how by every means in her power, she had sought to win his love, but all in vain, and that now he was to be married to one Marian Erle, a daughter of the people, and that she, Lady Waldemar, had come to Aurora to beg her to go to see the girl, and then prove to Romney how such an alliance would wrong the people and posterity.

"Say such a thing is bad for me and you,
And you fail utterly."

This Aurora refused to do, and Lady Waldemar

"Floated from me like a silent cloud
That leaves a sense of thunder."

However, two hours after, Aurora found herself within St. Margaret's Court, and ascending the long, steep, broken stairs, she reached the room under the roof where lived Marian Erle,—

"No wise beautiful.
She was not white nor brown,
But could look either, like a mist that changed
According to being shone upon more or less.
The hair, too, ran its opulence of curls
In doubt 'twixt dark and bright, nor left you clear
To name the color; ——— the eyes smiled too,
But 'twas as if remembering they had wept,
And knowing they should, some day, weep again."

She told Aurora her history, one old and sad and oft repeated, of drunken father and wretched mother; and of how she learned of God and right, of sin and virtue, at the Sunday School.

"Oh, 'tis hard
To learn you have a father up in heaven
By a gathering certain sense of being, on earth,
Still worse than orphaned."

And then as she grew older, how wandering peddlers would throw her down odd leaves from the heart of books, stray volumes, or some city friend would take her to a lecture, until she had grown to no book-learning, but had caught some fragmentary phrases of that fine music, which cherished in her soul, had reproduced itself in finer motions of the lips and eyes. But a day came when Marian's mother, who had been bruised and beaten, wished to sell her to the Squire. And Marian, mad with fear, rushed away, not pausing till her feet could run no more, and she sank down senseless, where she was found by a pitiful wagoner, who left her at a hospital. There stunned, half-tranced, she lay for weeks, until her strong youth brought her back to life, and she was told "she had leave to go the next week." But where to go, was her aching thought, till the day before the last, came a visitor who said aloud the question burning in her heart, whereupon she exclaimed amid her sobs:

"Can I say
Where I go? when it has not seemed worth while
To God himself, who thinks of every one,
To think of me, and fix where I shall go?"

and she told her piteous tale, to which Romney made answer:

"'Tis simple that betrayal by mother's love
Should bring despair of God's too. Yet he taught
He's better to us than many mothers are,
And children cannot wander beyond reach
Of the sweep of His white raiment. Touch and hold,
And if you weep still, weep where John was laid
While Jesus loved him."

Through Romney's help she was sent to a famous sempstress-house in London, to work and hope, until again they met by the deathbed of a poor girl, when Romney asked her to dedicate herself with him to works of ministration and of mercy, as his wife.

Her story finished, Aurora asked: "So, indeed, he loves you, Marian?" And Marian, looking up

"with a child's wonder when you ask him first, who made the sun?" replied,

"Loves me! he had not asked me else
To work with him forever and be his wife."

These words reproved Aurora, who soliloquized:

"This, perhaps, was love—
To have its hands too full of gifts to give,
For putting out a hand to take a gift.
To love so much, the perfect round of love
Includes, in strict conclusion, being loved."

While Aurora sat there in the humble room, Romney entered, and when she left he went with her, and as they parted at the door,

"How strange his good-night sounded—like good-night
Beside a deathbed, where the morrow's sun
Is sure to come too late for more good days."

At last the wedding day arrived. The church was thronged with

"Half St. Giles in frieze
Bidden to meet St. James in cloth of gold."

The hour came and passed, and in lieu of the bride, came a letter, tender and passionate, saying:

"I never will look more into your face
Till God says 'Look!'"

Worked on by Lady Waldemar, Marian had left him. Romney sought her days and weeks, but in vain. Aurora labored on alone.

"My Father! Thou hast knowledge, only Thou,
How dreary 'tis for women to sit still
On winter nights by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising them far off;
Too far! ay, praising our quick sense of love.
Our very heart of passionate womanhood,
Which could not beat so in the verse without
Being present also in the unkissed lips,
And eyes undried because there's none to ask
The reason they grow moist ———
———. To have our books
Appraised by love, associated with love
While *we* sit loveless! is it hard you think?
At least 'tis mournful. Fame, indeed, 'twas said
Means simply love. It was a *man* said that.
And then there's love and love; the love of all
(To risk in turn a woman's paradox),
Is but a small thing to the love of one.
———. Hungry! but it's pitiful
To wail like unweaned babes, and suck our thumbs
Because we're hungry. ———
———. But since
We needs must hunger—better, for man's love
Than God's truth! better, for companions sweet
Than great convictions! Let us bear our weights,
Preferring dreary hearths to desert souls."

Worn out by toil, Aurora goes to Paris, and there chances upon Marian, where, following to her home, she saw

"A yearling creature, warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples—to the ends
Of the loosely tumbled curls about his face;
For since he had been covered over-much
To keep him from the light glare, both his cheeks
Were hot and scarlet as the first 'live rose,
The shepherd's heart blood ebbed away into,
The faster for his love. And love was here
As instant; in the pretty baby mouth,
Shut close as if for dreaming that it sucked;
The little naked feet drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft
And tender, to the tiny hold-fast hands,
Which, closing on the finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould of't."

Aurora grieved, reproaches Marian, who tells of how she was urged by Lady Waldemar to leave Romney, and go with a strange woman to some foreign city, where alone, friendless, she was taken to a house of shame, and "not *seduced* but *simply murdered*." Aurora then entreats her to go South with her, where

"In my Tuscan home I'll find a niche,
And set thee there, my saint, the child and thee,
And burn the lights of love before thy face;
That so in gravity and holy calm,
We two may live on toward the truer life."

And so they went to Florence, and Aurora took up the old days

"With all their Tuscan pleasures worn and spoiled,
Like some lost book we drop in the long grass
On such a happy summer afternoon,
When last we read it with a loving friend,
And find in autumn, when the friend is gone,
The grass cut short, the weather changed, too late,
And stare at, as at something wonderful
For sorrow, thinking how two hands before
Had held up what is left to only one."

The days swept by, while Aurora lived at her Florentine house on the hill of Beleosquardo, and thinks of Romney, who she fancies married to Lady Waldemar, until one evening as she sat and watched the gaslights tremble out along the squares and streets of the beautiful city, she saw before her unannounced, Romney her "*King!*" as her heart then acknowledged him to be. He told her he had come to her,

"My Italy of women, just to breathe
My soul out once before you, ere I go,
As humble as God makes me at the last,
(I thank Him) quite out of the way of men,
And yours, Aurora, like a punished child,
His cheeks all blurred with tears and naughtiness,
To silence in a corner."

His grand schemes for regenerating and reforming the race had come to naught, his house, his pictures all destroyed by those he had tried to benefit, leaving of his father's house only

"One stone stair, symbolic of my life,
Ascending, winding, leading up to naught."

After this misfortune it was he heard that Marian lived, and had come to Italy to claim her as his wife, and to take her outcast child

"To share my cup, to slumber on my knee,
To play his loudest gambols at my foot,
To hold my finger in the public ways,
Till none shall need inquire, 'Whose child is this?'
The gesture saying so tenderly, 'my own.'"

But she refused, saying:

"Here's a hand shall keep
Forever clean without a wedding-ring,
To tend my boy until he cease to need
One steadying finger of it, and desert
(Not miss) his mother's lap, to sit with men,
And when I miss him (not he me) I'll come
And say, 'Now give me some of Romney's work,
To help your outcast orphans of the world
And comfort grief with grief.'"

It was only at the hour of parting, Aurora learned that her cousin had been blinded by a falling beam of the burning house, and then it was she confessed she loved him.

"I love you, loved you, loved you first and last,
And love you on forever. Romney mistook the world,
And I mistook my own heart, and that slip
Was fatal.
Art symbolizes heaven, but love is God,
And makes heaven. I, Aurora, fell from mine;
I would not be a woman like the rest,
A simple woman who believes in love,
And owns the right of love because she loves,
And, hearing she's beloved, is satisfied
With what contents God; I must analyze,
Confront and question; I must fret,
Forsooth, because the month was only May;
Be faithless of the kind of proffered love,
And captious, lest it miss my dignity,
And scornful, that my lover sought a wife
To use—to use! O Romney, O, my love,
I am changed since then, changed wholly, for indeed
If now you'd stoop so low to take my love,
And use it roughly, without stint or spare,
As men use common things with more behind
(And in this, ever would be more behind),
To any mean and ordinary end,
The joy would set me like a star in heaven,
So high up, I should shine because of height,
And not of virtue."

Romney, overjoyed at the fruition of his lost hope, gives thanks that he is blind, and says:

"The world waits
For help. Beloved, let us love so well,
Our work shall be the better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born."

Mrs. Browning warmly espoused the cause of Italian freedom, and some of her noblest poems are written on that theme. It would be a hard task to count the souls which have thrilled under the influence of Casa Guida windows, and mother and poet.

On the 29th of June, 1861, Mrs. Browning died after a week's illness. Her last words were, "It is beautiful!" In the lonely English cemetery, outside the walls of Florence, she was laid to rest where the tall cypress trees sway and sigh, as nature's special mourners for one who loved her in her every mood. As we stood by the side of the monumental marble which marks the spot, these words floated in upon our ear:

"Oh! the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly!
And I said in underbreath,
All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?
* * * * * * *
Oh! the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly!
And I paused to think God's goodness
Flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, *His rest*."

What Women are Doing.

Miss Emily Sartain, of Philadelphia, has been elected an honorary member of the Ladies' Art Association of New York.

Susan L. Cole has been elected librarian of the public library at East Saginaw, Michigan.

Mrs. C. A. Plympton, of Cincinnati, has found out for herself the art of making figures in relief on pottery.

This summer for the first time lady students were admitted to the Harvard Summer School of Geology.

Mary J. Salter has just published a book entitled "The Lost Receipt." Miss Salter is blind, and was twenty-two years old when she met with this misfortune.

The Ladies' Art Association of New York will begin a series of botanical lectures in October.

Turning the Tables.—At Wellesley College "the cooks are men. The professors are women."

The "Stanley" Club of Paris received ladies for the first time on the occasion of a dinner given to Miss C. Thursby, who was the bright, particular star of the occasion.

Miss Gardiner, a young American lady who has received "honorable" mention from the judges of the Paris "salon" of 1879, is a pupil of Bougerean, and engaged to be married to him. He is a widower.

Miss Lina Berger is a young German lady who has received the title of "Doctor" from the Philosophical Faculty of the University of Berne, in Switzerland, for an excellent dissertation on "Thomas Morus and Plato."

Sarah Bernhardt, the great French tragedienne, is coming to this country.

Churchwarden.—Miss Caroline Hardcastle was lately appointed Churchwarden of the parish of Hardwood, near Bolton, Lancashire.

A Woman's College is being erected near Windsor, the gift of a Mr. Halloway. It is to be magnificent.

In Paris a municipal college for girls, to which the best pupils of the common schools will be admitted, is to be founded shortly, on the same principle as the colleges already existing for boys.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson is circulating a tract which shows that the people of the United States pay over $700,000,000 a year for spirituous and fermented liquors, and only $95,500,000 for education, and $48,000,000 for religion.

An Order of Merit.—The Sultan of Turkey has bestowed the Order of Charity, a grand cordon enriched with diamonds, upon Madame Fourmier, of the French embassy, as an acknowledgment of her self-devotion during the late war.

The "Somerville" Club is the name of a new political club for women, which is to be an assured fact in London, when one thousand names have been secured for membership.

Night Hospital.—Three weeks ago the Hospitalité de Nuite for women and children, a new institution, was opened in the Rue St. Jacques, Paris. It consists of a ground floor occupied by kitchens, a large waiting-room furnished with seats and tables, a washhouse and bath-rooms. Up-stairs are the sleeping-rooms, full of iron bedsteads, with comfortable mattresses and feather bolsters.

"Zekle's Wife."—In this character lecture, Mrs. Amy E. Dunn, of Indianapolis, appears in the neat old-fashioned dress of our grandmothers. She represents an old woman who has spent her life in hard labor for others, always keeping in the background, while "Zekle" and the children have kept pace with the times.

The Authorities of Indiana have elected a young woman state librarian, and now don't know what to do about it, because she has got married. Does marriage destroy her identity, and if so, who is librarian?—that seems to be the question.

Mrs. Mary Josephine Young, of Sacramento, was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of California on the 13th inst. She passed the examination with credit, and is the first woman lawyer admitted to the Supreme Court in that State.

Mrs. Frances Ann Kemble, who has passed a good part of her life at Lenox, Mass., has established herself in what is known as Queen Anne's Mansions in London, new apartment houses.

Smith College.—President Eliot gave the address at Smith College for Women this year. The poem was given by Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

An Art Student's Home has been established in London for the benefit of ladies studying art in that city, who are away from friends and relatives.

A Co-operative Millinery and Dress Association has been formed in London, with a branch in Paris. Ladies who deal with it not only get goods at lowest prices, but share in the profits of the establishment.

Miss Corson says her best pupils are the Swedes and Norwegians, who are perfectly docile. Next in rank she puts the Germans, after them the French and Italians, and last of all the Americans.

The Woman's Medical College of Chicago, begins its tenth Annual Course of lectures on the first Tuesday in October, to continue twenty-one weeks. The list of names composing its faculty includes the highest medical authorities in the giant city of the West, and its professor of physiology, Mrs. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, who is also Corresponding Secretary, is one of the most thoroughly trained women in this country; her scientific methods having been obtained from Prof. Huxley.

Mrs. Ada C. Bowles has given a course of lectures in her husband's pulpit, in San Francisco, with great acceptance to his people. The topics treated were "The Model Wife," "Woman, as God made Her," "Single Blessedness," "Woman and the Ballot," etc. She now speaks regularly on Sunday evenings, and as her husband remarks with pride, "draws bigger audiences than he does."

"The Maiden Assurance Society."—"The Maiden Assurance Society" is a somewhat singular business institution in Denmark. The nobleman—for the association is peculiarly for this class—as soon as a female child is born to him, enrols her name in a certain association of noble families, and pays a certain sum, and thereafter a fixed annual amount, to the society. When she has reached the age of—we believe—twenty-one, she becomes entitled to a fixed income and to an elegant suite of apartments in a large building of the association, with gardens and park about it, inhabited by other young or older noble ladies who have thus become members. If her father dies in her youth, and she desires it, she has shelter in this building, and at the fixed time her income. When she dies or marries, all this right to income lapses, and the money paid in swells the endowment of the association.

The "Friendly Inn" of Philadelphia, is the successful effort of two ladies, Mrs. M. L. Stokes, and Mrs. Remington, to establish what is properly called a "Tramp's Lodging-house," but which is in reality a restaurant for ladies, and lodging-house and restaurant for men, where clean and good meals and beds can be got at from fifteen to twenty cents each. Soup, tea, coffee, or bowl of milk with two rolls, or loaf of bread, is five cents; dinner, consisting of roast, or boiled meat, or fish, two vegetables, a relish, bread, butter, tea, coffee, or milk is fifteen cents. All the articles are good, clean, well-cooked, and well served, and the "Friendly Inn" does an excellent business. It supplied 35,000 meals during the first eight months it was in operation, and 10,199 lodgings during the first year. The receipts more than meet current expenses.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters.—Ten years ago a widow lady in Liberty county, Ga., found a little half-starved lamb. She raised it and took care of it. From that beginning she now has eighty sheep, and has from time to time sold thirty head. If this is not a good dividend from such a small investment, we would like to ask what is?

Taking her Life for a Friend.—Agnes E. Hall, of Boston, committed suicide by taking prussic acid. Her friend, Emma White, had been arrested on a charge of larceny, and Mrs. Hall was summoned as one of the chief witnesses against her. Mrs. Hall paid a visit to the jail, and had a talk with the friend, in which she earnestly expressed her regard for her, and the great reluctance and horror she felt at being called to say a word against her. On her return home, Mrs. Hall determined that she would end her own life rather than appear against her friend. She was 35 years of age.

Mrs. Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) has in the Royal Academy, London, this year, a pathetic picture of the arrival at Jelalabad of the one faint and worn survivor of an army of 16,000 men sent out to fight the Afghans in 1842. The artist said that she had this tragic incident in her mind for many years. When she was a child she heard her father say: "There is a subject for a painter—one of the most tragic incidents in all history—and the artist who has the power to grasp it will be the artist of his time." It is said to be a very remarkable and striking picture.

How They Feel About It.—In Boston several hundred ladies have already registered as voters on educational matters, and those who have presented themselves have been from the well-to-do and educated classes, many of them being possessed of large property. None of the ignorant or disreputable have so far come forward for qualification. Applicants must set forth that they are "female citizens of Massachusetts," and that they wish to pay a poll-tax. Curiously, many who were opposed to the measure, are now foremost in registering. They say, properly enough, that the law has imposed upon them a duty which they mean conscientiously to discharge.

People around Lawrence, Kansas, complain that the best farmer of the neighborhood is a woman, Mrs. Mary Macutchen. Mrs. Mac. is a widow. Ten years ago, when her husband died, she found that she had left her a bit of land and four children. She went to work, following the plow herself. Soon she added to her property by purchase and improvement. In 1874, when half the people were scared out of their wits by the grasshoppers, she contracted for an unimproved farm for $1,800, which she gave to one of her boys. She has since paid for the land from the surplus products of her own farm of 120 acres. Last year she bought the Bob Allen farm of 150 acres at the price of $2,500, one-fourth of which she has already paid, and will pay over the other fourth from the crops of this year. She runs her farm with the aid of her two sons, and without much hired help. This is a good example of what has been done, in the midst of what are called hard times in Kansas, by a widow left with a family of children and no resources.

Queen Victoria has founded a new order of merit, to be accorded to the most skillful members of the nursing profession, who are named "St. Katharine's nurses," and distinguished by a badge consisting of an armlet with the letters "St. K." in the center. Each St. Katharine's nurse receives pay at the rate of £50 per annum, which payment is in addition to the salary she is in receipt of from the institution to which she belongs. The first recipients of the honor were selected from the Nurses' Training Institution at Westminster, formed by Lady Augusta Stanley, five years ago. Their names were Elizabeth Christian, Lucy King, and Eva Keet. The badge has an oval of white surrounded with a border of bright green, the letters St. K. being placed in raised gold in the center.

A Smart Old Lady.—Elizabeth Leibesberger, aged 92 years, living near Reading, Pa., and one of the richest maiden ladies in the country, owning several farms in the vicinity, recently appeared in the hay-field with a rake in her hand, to the great surprise of her laborers. She was suitably attired for the occasion, her skirts and dress being well gathered in and tucked back so as not to drag or give her any trouble in moving over the field. She said she was going to show them how to work. This was greeted with a clapping of hands and cheers. Miss Leibesberger went to work in good earnest, tossed the hay over and over, raked it into rows from one end of the field to the other, and then helped to rake it into piles, and finally assisted in loading and raking after the wagons.

The Sensible Daughter of a Sensible Mother.—Princess Louise superintends every detail of the entertainments at Government House, and has vigorously directed the repairs going on there. She has good artistic ideas in regard to household decoration. Not liking the paint prepared for some woodwork, she mixed it over with her own hands until she got the tint she wanted. The result showed that her taste was perfect. The Princess has taken the lead in a very sensible reform—that of not making extreme changes in dress at a time of mourning. She has worn since the death of her sister dark costumes, but no technical mourning dress of any kind.

YOUNG AMERICA

That Little Oddity.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER IX.

"O purblind race of miserable men!"

How many among us, at this very hour, do forge a life-long sorrow for themselves by taking true for false, and false for true.

Sallie Waters reigned supreme in the store, for its proprietress had gone to Class Day. Poor Miss Prissy, on her bed, predicted ravage and ruin to the whole establishment, and yet would not upon any consideration have allowed Penelope to remain. The tenderest corner of the old lady's heart was given up to Penelope, and she was secretly glad that she should have "as good a time as any of them," and that her fine friends did not turn the cold shoulder upon her.

As for Penelope, whisking off in the cars with Ju, and Sarah, and Toote, and John Sylvester, she felt as if her cup were running over. Altogether they were a merry party, though John Sylvester was very silent, and Ju was chiefly occupied with casting sentimental glances at him, as he sat, with lover-like propriety, by her side.

The Squire's daughters had an aunt living in Cambridge, and to her house they were all going. Miss Judith had offered to forego her lofty aims and stoop to frivolity as their chaperone; but they had declined her offer, preferring to go under "Aunt Sarah's" wing, as she had no lofty aims and dressed like a Christian.

The finery of all the young ladies was packed in one large Saratoga trunk, which was committed to the tender mercies of the baggage-master, with many charges. Sarah was fortified with a novel, and Toote with a very large package of chocolate cream-drops, but for Penelope her happy anticipations were enough. Her only regret was that Lily could not be persuaded to go. She had become disgusted with her book, and burned sixty pages of it, and was now working harder than ever to make up the loss. No amount of entreaty availed to induce her to leave her work for the sake of a frolic. Poor Lily felt bitterly her dependence upon her younger sister, and her one desire and purpose was to earn money.

They found Kitty and Rose Germaine at Mrs. Lovewell's (Aunt Sarah's) in Cambridge. Rose's scornful look changed to one of surprise at Penelope's altered appearance; not that Penelope was transformed into a beauty by any means—she never would be that, except to those few people who might find beauty in expression rather than in feature, and be charmed by the sweetness and firmness of her wide mouth, and the noble, candid, fearless soul that looked through her clear eyes.

But the change that took Miss Rose's eye was due to the fact that the red hair had been allowed to grow, and had become—not long enough yet to "do up," to Penelope's regret—but long enough to be curled on papers by Lily's skillful fingers, the result of which operation was an exceedingly becoming coiffure. Penelope felt a little of her old impatient disgust at being "fixed up" so, and at being "such an unblushing fraud;" but still it was "nice to look like other girls." The angular outlines of her figure were becoming rounded, and she was no longer a victim to Miss Trimins' ingenuity in the matter of dress. She no longer wore her "auld claes," and—

> "Let never maiden think, however fair,
> She is not fairer in new clothes than old!"

Said Rose to Kitty:

"What has that frightful little scarecrow been doing to make herself look so much better? She really has some good points."

"I don't see how anybody can call her a scarecrow, with those eyes. Steph says they are the very prettiest eyes he ever saw. And I don't think it is particularly polite to call my friend a frightful little scarecrow," said Kitty, who would not endure Penelope's disparagement even from her dear friend Rose.

"*When* did he say so?" demurely asked Rose, upon whom only one portion of Kitty's remarks seemed to have made any impression.

"Stephen?"

"Oh, he always used to say so," replied Kitty.

And at that word *used*, which Kitty employed so unconsciously, Rose's blue eyes danced with triumphant vanity.

"There's no girl that Steph begins to think so much of as he does of Penny Wentworth!" pursued Kitty, in a very decided tone.

"Indeed!" said Miss Rose, with a sliding inflection, which, some way, was very provoking to Kitty. She had never come so near to being angry with Rose before.

But she forgot it the next moment when Rose fell to praising Penelope with great warmth. She had discovered more "good points" than even Kitty's partial eyes had ever found. She was going to have an elegant figure when she grew a little less thin, and she had an "air" that was really surprising, considering that she had had no opportunity to acquire it, and her hair, though it was red, was a beautiful shade; wouldn't she (Rose) be glad enough to exchange her common-place black locks for it!

Stephen made his appearance at Mrs. Lovewell's very soon after they arrived. "Digging" had not apparently affected either his health or spirits, but they petted and pitied and made much of him, as is the wont of female relatives of students who are supposed to burn the midnight oil.

He struck an attitude at sight of Penelope, and cried:

"Oh, are you Cleopatra, or Helen the most fair?—and, O Pennyroyal! what liberties have you been taking with our hair, and setting up for a young lady, in earnest, when, six months ago, you were ready to take a fellow's head off for calling you one."

"It is only my own share of our hair, certainly, Steph, and it looked so horridly as it was, and Lily coaxed to do it. Don't you think I look better?" looking anxiously up into his face.

"Don't you think your friend makes herself a little ridiculous by her affectation of childishness?" said Rose, in an aside to Kitty, forgetting that the rôle she had chosen was to praise Penelope.

"There isn't a particle of affectation about Penny," said Kitty, stoutly.

Stephen did not address any of his boyish banter to Rose, but after he had scattered it all around the circle he slipped quietly into a seat by her side, and remained there for the whole evening.

Penelope felt a little hurt that he should care so little to talk to her, when they had not met for so long; but still was she not like one of his sisters, with whom no ceremony was needed, while he himself had called Rose Germaine "a stranger."

The next day dawned fair and bright—when, indeed, was the clerk of the weather so heartless as to send a rain on Class Day?—and the little company of country pleasure-seekers were early astir, too full of happy anticipations to sleep. Rose alone, who was never in a hurry, even for pleasure, slept tranquilly until the breakfast bell rang.

The whole city seemed astir. Even while they were dressing, carriages filled with most amazing toilets were whisking by the house. Kitty could not resist the temptation to peer out at every one, and report upon its contents, though the other girls were constantly imploring her to hurry.

"Oh, girls, such a lovely hat, with a wreath of sweet pease; but such a pity that she has a snub nose. And there's a cardinal red silk dress, with freckles—couldn't somebody tell her better?—on this hot day, too! And, O Rose! isn't that pink silk pocket filled with rose-buds too sweet for anything?—but she's horridly fat! And there's an elegant carriage with a young man with tea-roses in his button-hole, and—why it's Mr. Gale Bearse, and—Penny! Penny! there are Gatty and your Aunt John!"

Only one glimpse of Gatty did Penelope catch as she rode by in state; but she kissed her hand ecstatically at the retreating carriage, feeling as if Gatty could not help knowing it.

The important labors of the toilet were over at last, and Penelope, for once in her life, was "stylish."

Rose gazed in undisguised astonishment.

"How in the world did she know enough to have a dress like that?" she asked of Sarah, having found that uncomplimentary suggestions with regard to Penelope found no favor in Kitty's eyes.

"I fancy that Penny has good taste naturally," said Sarah.

"The sweet old 'yarb' has blossomed into a gorgeous rose, and shan't be called Pennyroyal any more," said Kitty, giving her a hug, to the great danger of their respective puffings and ruches. Sarah was chiefly anxious about the exercises in the chapel, where Stephen was expected to distinguish himself; Toote's mind dwelt with peculiar interest upon the spread with which Stephen was to regale his friends in the evening; and Ju, though she leaned very tenderly upon John Sylvester's arm, was very eager to meet a certain Mr. Mapleson, one of Stephen's friends, whom he had once brought home with him to spend a vacation, and who was to graduate from the law school this summer.

Stephen's essay was a wonderful production in the opinion of his friends; in the opinion of unprejudiced hearers it was of more than average ability, and very well delivered, too, as awkwardness and bashfulness were not the young man's besetting infirmities, though on this occasion, owing either to the extreme heat, or the presence of so many of his fair friends, his face rivaled his hair in color.

A few seats in front of Penelope sat Gatty—looking, oh, so lovely! prettier even than Rose Germaine, thought Penelope—and by her side the young man with the hooked nose, and Aunt John; Aunt John more stately and dignified and stylish than ever, not looking in the least as if prosperity had ever turned the cold shoulder upon her; and beside her sat her son, looking "ten times barbered," and wearing a lemon-colored neck-tie. Penelope thought of the time when this young man had seen her digging potatoes, and cutting up turnips, and riding Pegasus, barebacked, after the cows, and wondered if he would recognize her in the guise of a fine lady.

It seemed so strange to meet Gatty again, for the first time after so long, in such a crowd of people. It was so hard not to be able to give her a hug. But she was the same old Gatty in spite of the style. She did not look happy. There was a little sorrowful droop to the corners of her

mouth that went straight to Penelope's heart, and when she saw John Sylvester the color flashed all over her face. And as for John—Ju's betrothed!—Penelope had seen that he had scarcely taken his eyes off Gatty for the whole morning. Aunt John was pleased to be very gracious, but remarked, with a critical look at her dress, that she had improved so much that she scarcely knew her. Mr. Maurice Gross comported himself as a young man naturally does who wishes to find favor in the eyes of his fiancée's relatives; and Penelope, who was prepared to detest him, decided that, in spite of his nose, he was very nice. Mr. Gale Bearse recognized Penelope with a start of surprise, and at once devoted himself to her with a great show of gallantry. He told her that he had had the jolliest time he ever had in his life at Hollow Nest Farm (which, considering the circumstances under which he had come, Penelope thought rather unfeeling), and had made Gatty promise to invite him to accompany her when she went home for a visit the next month. He had never seen such a jolly girl as she before, and he had never forgotten just how she looked riding after the cows on that horrid great horse.

"It was a queer position in which to make an impression on a fastidious young man!" Penelope remarked, laughingly; she always felt inclined to laugh at Gale Bearse.

"Young ladies never know when they make an impression!" said the young man, sententiously.

Mrs. Lovewell had invited Mrs. John Wentworth and her party to her house to lunch, and it was there that this conversation took place, Mr. Bearse never leaving Penny's side. His devotion annoyed her, because she was longing for a tête-à-tête with Gatty, after their long separation; but she was not mistress of the little society arts by which a young man is gotten rid of but not offended.

Aunt John declined to go back to the college grounds, and Gatty languidly preferred to go home on account of the heat and her fatigue. Penelope was greatly disappointed, but was consoled by Gatty's assurance that she was going home the next week. Aunt John kissed Penelope very sweetly at parting, but did not invite her to her house. She evidently preferred that her son should accompany her home; but her son was apparently accustomed to consult his own preferences rather than those of other people, and he returned to the college grounds with the gay party, who were determined to lose nothing of the Class-Day festivity.

Ju was wholly absorbed in the society of Mr. Mapleson, leaving John Sylvester—who certainly looked as unhappy as an ill-used lover might have been expected to look—to the tender mercies of one of Kitty's schoolmates, a pretty little flirt, who found him "interesting," as young ladies usually did, and poured forth her whole battery of sweet glances, artfully artless flattery, and sweet little sayings upon him—wasted ammunition, for John was thinking of somebody else.

Ah! if the fair flatterers could only know when the besieged one is thinking of somebody else how much waste might be prevented. Penelope was interested in every foot of ground of the place where Stephen had spent so much time, and of which he had told her so many stories. To be sure it would have been pleasanter to wander over the beautiful grounds with Stephen for a cavalier; but he was utterly absorbed in Rose Germaine's society, as devoted to Rose as Gale Bearse was to her, so there was nothing for it but to stifle the pang which she called mortification as bravely as possible.

The afternoon was too warm for dancing, almost too warm for promenading; they must save themselves for the evening; and besides, dancing in broad daylight was like ice-cream with the flavor left out, as Kitty remarked; so they were fain to take refuge in Stephen's room, which was decked like a lady's bower for the occasion, without so much as a trace of segar scent hanging around it, and a spread was prepared there which was elegant and dainty beyond compare.

"The dickens! but Ilsley has laid himself out, hasn't he?" said Gale Bearse, aside, to Penelope. "Is it a sure go with that gorgeous Miss Germaine? I don't call her gorgeous because I admire her, you know. Not my style. Very fine girl now, but she'll look dreadfully overblown by the time she is twenty-five. Don't like her eyes either—

"'Blue eyes are cold, and gray eyes are sober,
But bonny brown eyes are the eyes for me!'"

And the young man cast a very languishing look at Penelope, which that unsusceptible young woman returned by a gay laugh.

"And how do you like red hair?" said she.

"Hair that looks as if it had sunbeams tangled up in it! I think it is the most beautiful hair in the world. But I don't care so much for looks, after all. A frank, jolly, honest girl, who won't flatter you to your face, and make fun of you behind your back—that's what I like. And if you——"

"They are getting fearfully sentimental over in that corner," Rose Germaine's clear voice broke in. "I heard something about tangled up sunbeams a minute ago."

"And I like a plucky girl, who doesn't care for what people say," pursued Mr. Bearse, regardless of the interruption. "And if you——"

"I don't see how anybody can be sentimental with Pennyroyal nowadays," came from Ju, plaintively. "I used to think she had a little sentiment about her, but now she is discouragingly practical."

"Pennyroyal, let me send you some more strawberries. They are not like the wild ones we used to pick down in Crozier's meadows, when we were youngsters, but——"

If only Stephen had not said that. She was trying to forget that elegant inquiry of Gale Bearse's, "Is it a sure go with that gorgeous Miss Germaine?" trying not to think that all Stephen's efforts had been made to provide a fitting reception to Rose Germaine, and that she, his "crony," had scarcely been remembered; but that reminder of the old times, when she was the one whom Stephen thought of, and planned for, brought a suspicious mistiness to her eyes and a tremor to her voice.

Mr. Gale Bearse thought he had made an impression.

"I know we haven't known each other long, and I know I am not half enough of a fellow for you, but if you——"

"Penny, this Charlotte Russe is too lovely for anything, and you haven't tasted it!" called Toote. And Penelope, suddenly aroused to the consciousness that something startling might lie beyond that persistent "If you" of Gale Bearse's, arose and joined the others.

Rose was eating lobster salad with absorption, but moved to make room for Gale Bearse beside her. Stephen upon this went promptly round to Penelope's side. Rose looked as if this were the arrangement she had desired, but had been too much occupied to attempt to bring about. It is safe to predict that from the cradle to the grave no emotion would ever interfere with Rose's dinner.

"It seems so good to have you here in my room, Pennyroyal," said Stephen. "That dear old bright head of yours lighting up my dusky corners makes me think of a saint with an aureole. You look like one, altogether, in all that pretty white stuff. Has that fellow been making pretty speeches to you, as he did last fall? I wish I hadn't asked him here. I don't want him hanging round you. If it were Mapleson, now—By the way, how is business?—excuse me for not asking before."

"Very good. Miss Prissy says I shall be a match for a tin peddler in time."

"You haven't gotten over your freak, then, you silly child?"

"I shall get over it when I can retire with a competency."

"What a mercenary little wretch you are. Going to follow in Miss Prissy's footsteps, spinsterhood and all, I suppose. But I don't believe you ever would learn to take a fellow's head off with the ease and grace which Miss Prissy is mistress of."

"Yes, I am going to be an old maid," said Penelope, feeling surer of it at that moment than she ever had before, though for no reason which she could have told.

Rose Germaine was evidently already tired of Gale Bearse's society, for she drew Stephen's attention at this moment, and soon had him again by her side.

They all voted the president's reception stupid. Penelope was interested in seeing so many notabilities, poets, and authors, who had seemed to her, in her secluded life, almost as much myths as Haroun Alraschid, and yet it was strangely disappointing to see how very much like other people they looked. She had the light heels of seventeen, however, and her heart was not so heavy but that she longed for Memorial Hall and the dancing. Happier than most New England country ministers' daughters, she had had an opportunity to learn that graceful accomplishment, and her feet were, like the Vicar of Wakefield's daughter, "as pat to the music as its echo."

Memorial Hall was a delightful place to dance in, even though the grave and solemn old divines did look rather severely down from the walls—the days when their frown was of any consequence were long since over, and nobody cared how they liked it—and if the lofty arches inspired a little cathedral-like awe at first, it was soon forgotten. The German sent forth its most entrancing strains, and the lights shone o'er happy seniors whose Class Day would never come again, and many a fair girl in whose memory this night would live forever.

Stephen, though he danced his first dance with Rose, yet asked Penelope a great many times; and whatever heaviness may have lain on Penelope's heart was danced off at her heels very soon. It was so delightful to be dancing with Stephen once more—Stephen, who had first guided her steps through the mysteries of the Lancers, and who used to whistle "Buy a Broom" waltz for them to waltz by until his breath gave out.

He seemed like a boy again, to-night, too; so full of fun; he had not seemed so happy before, thought Penelope, since—since Rose had appeared upon the scene.

Ju was deep in a flirtation with Mr. Mapleson, dancing almost every dance with him, while John Sylvester looked on; Kitty was happy with a half-dozen adorers; Sarah was promenading with a divinity student; Toote had found several freshmen and sophomores who did not by any means disdain her youthful charms, especially when they found that she was interested in base-ball matches, so that they had something to talk about with her, and "had a way of helping a fellow through a quadrille when he wasn't very well up in the steps, you know."

Rose had a more languid grace, a sweeter and more downcast air than usual, and was continually casting shy little glances at Stephen, and then dropping her eyes and blushing prettily; but that did not prevent her from keeping several of the most eligible young men constantly near her.

It was wearing toward the small hours, and they were dancing what they had all agreed should be their last dance, Rose with a tall young law student, who was supposed to have a mint of money, to compensate for an awkward figure and an imbecile expression, and Penelope with Stephen. He stopped her after a few turns and drew her into a promenade outside the circle of dancers.

"Pennyroyal, I am the happiest fellow alive, and I want my crony to be the first to congratulate me! Rose has promised to marry me!—me, such an ill-looking, good-for-nothing fellow, and she the 'queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls' Isn't it wonderful good luck?"

Poor Penelope! She ought to have been prepared for this, and she was not; she ought to have been glad, or, so she told herself, since he was glad, and instead she felt numb and sick with pain; felt as if a black pall had fallen suddenly over all the hope and joy of her life.

Was it because she did not like Rose? Would she have felt differently if it had been anybody else? Surely it was not because she wanted to be Stephen's wife herself!—no such thought had ever crossed her mind.

This self-examination occupied only the brief moment, while Stephen went on with his lover-like rhapsody.

"Isn't she just the loveliest girl you ever saw, Penny? And to think that she really cares for me, when I am such a cowardly rascal that I have been trying in vain for the last three months to get courage to ask her! Of course they will all know it to-morrow, but I couldn't rest until I had told you. I knew my best little sister would be so glad for me."

Womanly pride was strong in Penelope—though she was not too proud to keep a store—and it came to her aid now.

"She is very beautiful, Steph. But the idea of your being engaged—a small boy like you! What fun you would have made of me, if—I think I shall have to go if they are not all ready. It is so warm here!"

"Yes, it is warm and you are looking terribly pale and tired! What a selfish fellow I am not to have noticed it before. You are too unused to dissipation to bear it."

And Stephen took her into the air, and then hastily summoned the others, and they were soon driving homeward, Penelope being allowed the blessed privilege of utter silence on account of her fatigue.

Happily her business duties called her home early on the following morning; she would not have to join in the unceasing comments upon the engagement, the questions, the wonderings, the congratulations.

She would not ask herself again why she suffered; she would forget it all in work and care. Surely the proprietress of a fancy-goods store had no time to attend to a broken heart.

She found care enough awaiting her at home. A calamity had at last overtaken Joel, who had hitherto looked all his life in vain for one. He had broken his leg and was laid up, with "hayin' begun, and help as skurse as rorsberries in Jenuary."

Lily, still absorbed in her literary labors, was scarcely conscious of what went on around her. Mis' Bumpus had her hands full in taking care of her husband, who did not enjoy his misfortune as much as he enjoyed the constant expectation of one, and was very nervous and troublesome, apparently deriving his only consolation from predicting that he should not live a week, and that every thing was going to wreck and ruin.

Penelope harnessed Pegasus and scoured the country around in search of help to get in the hay, and ease Joel's mind, succeeding in spite of that worthy man's prophecy to the contrary.

Little Sallie Waters, at the store, was in the depths of despair because she had taken a counterfeit half dollar, and because one of the mill women, whom she had trusted for five cents until she could get her money changed at the apothecary's, had failed to put in an appearance since. Miss Prissy was so delighted to see her back again that she declared herself feeling young and well again; but she remarked, after a keen scrutiny of Penelope's face, that her pleasuring didn't seem to have done her a great deal of good.

Altogether Penelope had no lack of work and care to keep her trouble out of her mind, if that would have done it, but it was not altogether effectual.

Gatty came home the next week alone, but with the announcement that Gale Bearse would follow her in a few days.

She would not talk about her own affairs except to say that she was "as happy as she deserved to be, and didn't feel as if it mattered very much what became of her anyway."

But Penelope, straightforward Penelope, said to her one day, when they were sitting together on a fragrant heap of hay under an oak tree in the meadow,

"Gatty, I used to think you cared for John Sylvester, or would have, if you hadn't been so horridly proud and mercenary, and I know he loves you now!"

"Pennyroyal, I am going to marry Maurice Gross, and John Sylvester is going to marry Ju Ilsley—if she doesn't fall in love with somebody else before the wedding day! That is all arranged, and what does it matter what such a little old wiseacre as you used to think? By the way, Pennyroyal, and since you want to talk sentiment—which you will live to find it wiser to ignore altogether in this practical world,—I used to think that you and Steph Ilsley would make a match some day. I suppose it was only boy and girl nonsense; but —why, Penny, you dearest child, you poor little girl, you are not crying?"

For impulsive Penelope, with all her pride, could not endure this, coming all unawares as it did.

"O Gatty! I am so ashamed that I want to die, and so wretched, and so wicked. Stephen never thought of me except as his sister—his crony, as they used to call me; and I, O Gatty! when I love him so dearly, why can't I be glad of anything that makes him happy? why am I so horribly jealous of that Rose that I hate her? Yes, Gatty, I do. It is of no use for you to look shocked. But I didn't know before, any more than you, that I was so wicked. But what have I done that I should suffer so? I couldn't help loving Stephen; but I never dreamed of wanting to be his wife. Why should I feel so because he is going to have a wife? I never wanted him to love me differently from what he did; but I know now if he loved me as he does Rose, if he would once look at me as he does at her, I should never want to go to Heaven."

"You poor little girl," was all that Gatty could say, but her eyes were wet.

"And it is worse now that I have told it. Now I shall die of shame. Gatty, don't ever tell anybody, and forget, yourself, what a fool I am."

"You are a brave, true, little soul," said Gatty. "It is Stephen Ilsley who is the fool, and I think he will find it out and come back to you. I think he loves you, Pennyroyal; he is only dazzled by this Rose Germaine. He makes me think of the man in that German märchen we were reading yesterday, who left his own firelight to follow a will-o'-the wisp all over the world. He was glad to come back, you remember."

"O Gatty! you don't understand. Stephen never cared for me in that way. How could he care for such a horrid little scarecrow as I am? And he is disgusted with me for keeping a store, too. But I am not sorry that I did it, for I can't see yet how I could have done differently."

"It was brave and splendid of you, Pennyroyal, and if Stephen Ilsley can't appreciate it, he isn't worth caring for. By this time we should all have been dependent upon charity if you hadn't done it. I should have had no home to come to, and I couldn't live with Aunt John altogether, when she has to strain every nerve to keep up appearances, and couldn't do it at all if it were not for Gale Bearse's money. I feel terribly ashamed to owe all our prosperity to the youngest in the family, and to think that I deserted and left the battle with poverty all to you and Lily; but I always knew you were worth a dozen of me every way, Pennyroyal."

"Yes, I should think I was very brilliant," said Penelope, giving her eyes a final rub, and sitting up very straight. "Behaving like a baby! But I always did have to howl before I could get over anything, you know. I shall be happy by and by. I can't be so wicked but that I shall be happy, because Stephen is happy. And then we are so cosy and comfortable at home: earning so much money is a great comfort to me, if it does seem ridiculous. We can have a new carpet for the parlor, and lots of books, and, O Gatty! perhaps next year a new piano; and Lily is going to be famous, and Joel is almost well, and Diana's new calf is the prettiest one we ever had, and there are bushels of strawberries ripe down in the south meadow! You don't think I am going to set up for a blighted being with all those 'marcies,' do you?"

Gatty laughed at Penelope's sudden change from sentiment to carpets, calves, and strawberries, and the conversation took a practical turn altogether, Penelope declaring her firm determination to "howl" no more.

CHAPTER X.

"Do I not in plainest truth, then, tell you,
That I do not nor I cannot love you?"

A few days after Gatty's return Lily was restored to the bosom of her family, as Penelope expressed it.

The book was completed, and dispatched by mail to a prominent Boston publisher. Lily resisted all importunities to read aloud, or to let her sisters read any portion of it, and Gatty and Penelope were forced to suffer the keenest pangs of unsatisfied curiosity. But it was a consolation to have Lily free once more, especially to Penelope, who had begun to look upon that book as a ravening monster who would sooner or later devour Lily. And Lily certainly looked as if she had escaped only with her life, so pale and worn and haggard was she. And now anxiety with regard to the fate of her manuscript would not let her rest.

It was in vain that Penelope declared her firm conviction that it was sure to be a great success, because Lily had written such beautiful poetry for the Shaftesbury paper; in vain that Gatty, whose faith was not quite so strong, reminded her how many "perfectly silly" books were published and sold. Lily was afraid one day that it was "too slow and stupid;" the next day that it was "vulgar and sensational." One moment she feared that it was "unnatural and improbable," and the next that it was so commonplace as to be tiresome. At one time she proposed to have it sent back to her, that she might transform her heroine from a brunette to a blonde, but before her note to the publisher was sent she decided that she was very glad that she was dark—"light women were weak and insipid." The book was too long and the heroine too short; then that situation was reversed. The hero was too old and

the heroine too young, and *vice versa*; and at last Lily was moved to tears because she had not made the heroine die an untimely death, it would have been so much more interesting.

"O Pennyroyal! Pennyroyal!" cried Gatty, as she shut the door between herself and Lily's tears, "peddle pins and needles, travel with a hand-organ and a monkey, do anything rather than be literary."

Gale Bearse's advent put an end to Lily's bewailings, for she wished her literary effort to be a profound secret outside her own family. The young man's visit had not been looked forward to with joyful anticipations, as, taking Joel's illness and the haymaking into consideration, there was enough to be done in the house without entertaining a "stuck-up city spark," as Mis' Bumpus called him. That worthy woman donned her apron as head gear the moment he arrived, probably as much in memory of his mother as for any other reason.

The Squire's daughters voted the young man an acquisition; he was new, at least, and they were so tired of all the Shaftesbury young men. Rose Germaine was at the Squire's, and Stephen was at home, and there was no lack of merrymaking—tea parties, picnics, croquet parties, dances. Mis' Bumpus "was not going to have her young ladies outdone, not if she worked her fingers to the bone," so the tea parties and croquet parties were repeated at the farm.

Penelope could not keep out of the gayety by making her business duties an excuse, for Miss Prissy insisted upon her going to all the frolics, and became almost frantic if she hesitated. It was a trial to her to have Sallie Waters left in charge, but a greater trial to think that Penelope was deprived of any pleasure by devotion to her business—and poor Miss Prissy had grown so nervous that it was not safe to cross her.

So Penelope summoned all her pride, and was as gay as any, never flinching under Stephen's careless badinage, nor the curious, searching glances which Rose sometimes bestowed upon her.

Gale Bearse was constantly at her elbow, more devoted even than Stephen to Rose, and Penelope had to endure a continual teasing from the whole party. That was not so hard to endure, however, as the young man's pretty speeches. She could never quite decide whether he was making fun of her or trying to flirt with her; that it was serious love-making, as Gatty declared, was too ridiculous to be believed. Penelope was too morbidly sensitive to her own deficiencies to believe that anybody could be in love with her. She found out, however. Gale Bearse got beyond "If you," in spite of many efforts to prevent him.

It was one night when he was driving her home from the store, a duty which he had taken off Joel's hands entirely. Pegasus had a fashion of showing his liveliest pace between the store and his supper, and he was not disposed to moderate his gait on account of sentiment; but Gale Bearse had Penelope where she could not escape from him, and he was determined to take advantage of the situation.

"Penelope, I wish you wouldn't bluff a fellow off so. I want you to listen to me. I know you don't love me as I love you, but if you——"

"If you wouldn't keep such a tight rein on poor Pegasus I'd like you better!" said Penelope, who had begun to find a mischievous pleasure in interrupting him at just that point. Under his breath the much-tried young man consigned Pegasus to the tender mercies of the Gentleman in Black.

"Penelope, you can't get rid of me in that way. I am not good at love-making, I know. I am not that kind of a fellow. But any fellow is entitled to an answer, and I never saw a girl in my life before that I cared a sixpence for. I would take better care of you than a great many fellows who can make better speeches. You are the prettiest girl that I ever saw, as well as the pluckiest, and the jolliest, and if you——"

"If you only knew how much nicer you are when you talk sense," said Penelope.

"If that isn't sense I don't know what you call sense. And I tell you, Penelope, a fellow can't stand being made fun of by a girl forever. When I tell you that I love you—whoa, Pegasus, don't run away with us!" for at this inopportune moment Pegasus actually kicked up, a feat which he had not attempted for ten years, and started upon a run.

"When I tell you that I love you with all my heart——" began the unlucky young man again, Pegasus being appeased.

"Why, of course, you love me. You would be very wicked if you didn't love one 'who never did you any harm.'"

"Yes, but you have done me a great deal of harm. You have destroyed all my peace of mind. And I was working wonderfully well, for me, when I met you; now I do nothing but think about you."

"Am I to blame because you are a goose?" said heartless Penelope.

"Penelope, don't you like me a little bit?"

"More than a little bit. I like you very much," said Penelope, promptly.

"Don't you *love* me a little? O Penelope! if you only——"

"Why! who in the world is that with Gatty? I believe it is Mr. Gross!"

Gale Bearse wished Mr. Gross the same fate which he had desired for poor Pegasus.

"Never mind Mr. Gross now. We are almost at the door. You have only a moment more to answer my question. If you——"

"If you pull Pegasus's head back like that he'll run again."

Gale drove by the door deliberately, straight into the carriage house, to Pegasus's great astonishment.

"I shall not let you go until you answer my question," he said, almost fiercely. Evidently this "fellow had stood being made fun of" as long as he could.

"Your question? Did you ask me a question that I didn't answer?" asked Penelope, with an expression of childlike innocence.

"Penelope Wentworth, will you be my wife?"

"No! I am sure I would have told you that before, if you had asked me."

And with that she jumped out of the carriage and ran into the house. Gale followed, went directly up to his room, and appeared no more that night, sending down word that he had a headache.

Then Penelope's conscience began to trouble her. She forgot her interest in her future brother-in-law, who was making himself very agreeable, and ceased to cast furtive glances at his nose to see if the hook was so very bad after all.

She slipped up-stairs and wrote a little note, in this wise:

"DEAR GALE (she wrote dear Mr. Bearse, and then crossed it out.):

"I am sorry that I was so rude and unkind. I did not realize that you were in earnest until the last. I like you so much that I cannot bear to think you are suffering. Indeed I am not worth caring so much about. I could not possibly be your wife, because before I saw you I loved somebody else.

"PENELOPE."

That last clause cost Penelope something to write, for of course he would know who that somebody was. But it would make him understand at once that it was vain to hope, and it would be some balm for his wounds to think, as he probably would, that it was only because it was too late that she could not love him.

He left by the early train the next morning, before any of the family had arisen, leaving only a few words for Penelope, in which he declared himself "a fool, but not so big a fool as ever to forget her, or to think that there was another girl in the world like her," and called her by so many tender names, and wrote in such a heart-broken strain altogether, that Penelope was driven to "howl," and make her eyes so red that she was accused of mourning over the young man's departure, and Mis' Bumpus, for long afterward, looked upon her as broken-hearted on Gale Bearse's account, and put on her apron whenever his name was mentioned.

Maurice Gross stayed three weeks at the farm, and before he went Penelope had almost forgiven him for having a hook in his nose, and for being Gatty's betrothed, instead of John Sylvester. Gatty and John Sylvester were thrown very little together, as the Squire's business needed all John's attention, and Mr. Mapleson's constant attendance relieved him very often from escort duty to his betrothed.

Gatty's wedding took place on the first of September.

Penelope made a fervent appeal to her not to marry Mr. Gross if she loved anybody else, but Gatty's answer was very decided.

"You little, whole-souled, single-hearted thing, it won't do for you to measure all other women by yourself. Love isn't everything in the world to me. You know my old likings—ease and luxury and admiration. I haven't got over them, and I don't think I ever shall. Dreadful, isn't it? But then it is true, and it is just as well to know it and own it. Mr. Gross is satisfied with the way I like him, and I am not at all sure that I should love anybody forever, especially if I had to live in poverty with him. And if I were sure of it, do you think it would pay me to sit down and howl, as you say—for—for another woman's husband?"

And that was the only reference Gatty ever made to John Sylvester.

Aunt John's disappointment at not having a grand wedding for Gatty at her house was very great, but Gatty insisted upon being married very quietly at her own home.

In all this time Lily had heard nothing from her precious manuscript; but the day after Gatty's wedding came this brief note from the publisher:

"DEAR MADAM:

"We regret to find your very clever novel not available. We retain it, awaiting your orders."

Poor Lily took her bed at this blasting of her hopes, but rallied in a few days upon Penelope's suggestion that another publisher be tried.

"Of course, if it is very clever, somebody will find it available!" said inexperienced Penelope.

"It is just because I didn't have her die!" said Lily. "It is so commonplace and uninteresting to let heroines live!"

The next publisher was "so over-crowded with matter that it would be useless to examine the MS." Another "did not care, in the present depression in the book trade, to venture upon a novel by an utterly unknown author."

Upon this Lily was tempted to burn it, but yielded to Penelope's entreaties, and tried one more publisher. This one kept it, and made no sign, like the first one, and Lily's hopes revived. It was being read, and there was some chance that it would be accepted.

In the mean time Lily sent a story to a leading magazine—only to have it returned. Others met the same fate. At last desperation drove her to send a story to the N. Y. Thunderbolt, which was also returned, with the announcement that it was "not quite up to the standard of the Thun-

derbolt," but by persevering efforts her stories might reach that lofty altitude!

Poor Lily! She who had aspired to sit down with Dickens and George Eliot, to be told that she was not up to the standard of the Weekly Thunderbolt! But when her first feeling of mortification was over, the strong desire to earn money led her to those same persevering efforts, and when the editor of the Thunderbolt sent her five dollars, in payment for a story, there certainly was a sweet satisfaction in it.

Though the summer had slipped away, Rose was still at the Squire's, and the merry-makings still going on.

Stephen was going to Europe; it was his father's wish, and a long-settled plan that he should take a tour abroad before settling down to business. He was to be absent a year, and his wedding was to take place immediately upon his return.

They seemed determined to make the most of the time that was left, and to think as little as possible of the coming separation.

One afternoon, not long after Gatty's marriage, Ju Ilsley came into the store with such an air of having weighty matters on her mind, that Penelope foresaw that a "confidence" was impending.

"Penny, I must see you alone!" she whispered. "I must tell somebody, or I shall die!"

It was a very warm afternoon, and customers were not likely to be numerous. Penelope recommended to Sallie Waters, who was in the habit of standing with ears, eyes, and mouth wide open for a bit of gossip, to go and sit with Miss Prissy for a while, and summoned what patience and sympathy she could to her own aid.

"Penny, I have deceived myself, and I am the most wretched girl in the world!" said Ju, with a most complacent expression of countenance. "For the first time in my life I am in love! I am so tender-hearted, and I pitied poor John so much for loving me so patiently and silently, that I fancied I loved him! Of course you can't understand it—you, who are so cold and practical—but I have so much sentiment, that it isn't strange if I am sometimes mistaken about my own feelings. Penny, *now* I have found my heart's true mate. I never knew what love was before. And he—Arthur Mapleson—loves me, even as I love him, and is heart-broken and desparing! Now, what ought I to do?"

"Marry him!" said Penelope, promptly.

"And break poor John's heart?"

"That will be only one broken heart, and the other way there would be two—yours and Mr. Mapleson's. That is the way it seems to me, but my opinion isn't worth much, for I don't deal in such commodities as broken hearts, you know, Ju."

"O, Penny, if your time ever *should* come, you would learn better than to make light of such things! But I think I shall take your advice. Indeed, I have already broken it as gently as I could to John, and he was so generous as to offer to give me up at once; but O, he looked so dreadfully pale and despairing, I cried so that I couldn't say anything more, but just rushed away and left him in suspense!"

Penelope could not feel any sympathy for Ju, and was glad when the advent of a customer put an end to the conversation. Before a week had passed, all Shaftesbury knew that Ju had "jilted" John Sylvester, and was engaged to Mr. Mapleson.

Penelope wished it could have happened before Gatty was married, and yet she did not think it would have made any difference, since Gatty cared more for "pomps and vanities" than for love.

The Squire's family were all going to Boston to see Stephen off, and gave Penelope an earnest invitation to go with them, which she declined.

Stephen came into the store to bid her good-bye, the night before he left. It was the first time she had seen him alone since the night when he had told her of his engagement to Rose.

"I think it was a little shabby of you to refuse to go and see me off," he said. "It strikes me that you have grown a very cold and dignified young lady, lately. Is it business, or Gale Bearse that has changed you so, Pennyroyal? I don't think it can be the young man, or he wouldn't have disappeared so suddenly—wouldn't look so cut up as he does, either. But it is plain to be seen that you have gone back on me, in spite of our hair."

Penelope blushed—that dreadfully provoking habit which she could not get rid of—but stooped to pick up an imaginary pin from the floor, that unsuspecting Stephen might think that had caused the blood to rush to her face.

"I never go back on my friends, Steph. But you know you said that business made women disagreeable. I suppose it has had that effect upon me."

"Fiddlesticks! I didn't say you were disagreeable. Nothing could make you disagreeable—not even a mission like Aunt Ju's. I believe if you should take to lecturing on woman's rights, I would go to hear you—and I would rather be roasted on a gridiron than go where the subject was likely to be mentioned by anybody else."

"It is a pity that such devotion is never likely to be put to the test," said Penelope.

"I used to think you cared something about me, and I should like to put your friendship to the test. The truth is, Pennyroyal, I am blue about going away, and I want a good friend to leave behind me."

"I don't know what you mean, Steph, but I am your good friend always."

"I don't know just what I mean myself, Penny, that is the worst of it," and Stephen walked impatiently up and down the store. "I suppose if I were an old woman I should be called 'nervous' and have a dose of valerian. Penny, you know Rose; you know what a crowd of fellows she always has around her, and how fond she is of admiration; I am not blaming her for it, you understand; there is no woman who isn't so—unless, perhaps, it is you, Pennyroyal, who are a grade above your sex, every way. And probably I shouldn't love her so well if she were not so thoroughly womanly—so full of little weaknesses."

Poor Penelope, to be told that she was a grade above being loved!

Only a little quivering of the lips told how this stab hurt her, and Stephen, utterly unconscious of his cruelty, went on:

"Now, Penny, I know you are younger than she, but you are so strong and sensible, I wish you would look out for her, and advise her a little! I know she loves me; she says she does; and I don't mean that she is fickle, or anything of that kind; but—but it is enough to turn any girl's head a little to be so beautiful that every man she meets is bewitched with her! If you would just remind her of me once in a while, and suggest to her that it isn't just the thing to flirt—no, I don't mean that she will flirt, I don't think she will—but to receive any attention from gentlemen while I am away, you would be doing me such a good turn!"

Penelope was too much astonished and perplexed to reply at once. The idea of her presuming to advise Rose!—haughty, supercilious Rose, who, except when she was with Stephen, scarcely condescended to recognize her existence—almost took her breath away.

"Steph, Rose would heed my advice just about as much as she would Miss Prissy's parrots!" she said, at length. "But if there should be anything that I could do to be of service to you, you know I would do it. But what an ungallant lover to express such doubts of his sweetheart!" she added, laughingly, with a feeling that jesting alone would hide her pain.

"I don't doubt her. I think I should shoot myself if I did! I am only an idiot, howling like a school girl with the anticipation of home-sickness. Forget all about it, Pennyroyal, but yet do what you can for me. I shan't see you again for—who knows how long? But I shan't forget my dear little crony, if it should be for years or forever, and don't you forget, or go back on me, Pennyroyal! By the way, I keep those two locks of hair in my diary, to remind me every time I take it out. Don't let any of these fellows gobble you up while I am gone; I want the privilege of giving you away myself, if you must be married. Good-bye. Be a good friend to my sweet Rose Geranium, won't you—for my sake?"

And Stephen was gone.

Penelope went into the little dark passage-way and sat down on the stairs, near Miss Prissy's room, and let the tears have their way. A dreary little verse that she had caught somewhere repeated itself over and over in her brain:

> "God sets some lives in shade alone,
> They have no daylight of their own,
> Only in lives of happier ones
> They see the shine of distant suns."

[*To be continued.*]

Jim.

BY KENNAIRD.

"Whir, whir! whiz, whiz!" I started out of a sound sleep and sat up in bed trembling. What was it? Burglars? fire? I listened intently. It came again in the corner of the room, over by the window—a loud "whir, whir! whiz, whiz, whiz!" Then I knew it was nobody but Jim whirling around on his wheel. I lay down again with a sigh of relief. I was visiting friends in Brooklyn, and this was my first night in their house. Jim was a lively little brown creature, with the blackest shining eyes, the sharpest white teeth—as you would have realized had you given him a chance to bite your finger—and the bushiest tail that ever followed a squirrel as he sprang from limb to limb of the tall trees.

I had made his acquaintance the summer before, among the hills of Central New York, when Ernest, the son of my friend, had paid a visit to Uncle and Aunt Arnold, who lived at the "Grove," a great, rambling, old-fashioned house standing in the midst of a grove of maples, pines, and beeches; a house full of odd nooks and corners, and out-of-the-way closets and cupboards. If you had taken a peep into the latter you would have seen rows of glasses of blood-red jelly and bottles of blackberry jam, and old, old pink and blue tea-cups and saucers.

Aunt Arnold made the most delicious pies and cakes, and the jolliest puddings any boy ever ate. It was a grand place for a boy to spend his vacation in, and so thought Ernest as he roamed about the grove, climbing the trees, getting spots of gum on his linen clothes which would not wash out, and watching the squirrels, who stopped just beyond reach and saucily laughed at him.

There was a large sunny garden, where big red

raspberries hung in tempting clusters, and rows of pinks and sweet-williams lifted their sweet faces to the light; where great old-fashioned roses—snowy, blushing, and crimson—made all the air sweet; and where, over the arbor, the bunches of grapes patiently grew and waited for the fierce suns of August to turn them royal purple.

There were barns, too, and a horse, Dolly Varden by name, whom Uncle Arnold let Ernest ride sometimes. At first he fell off often, but after a little managed to hang on by Dolly's mane. But of all he liked the frisky squirrels, and longed to carry one home with him when he went back in the fall.

So Uncle Arnold, who was a hearty old man of nearly eighty years, and whose eyes were still as bright blue and his step as firm as when he was twenty, and who had such a funny habit of saying "I vum!" or "I vow!" when surprised—so this kind old uncle showed Ernest how to make several traps, which they scattered about the grove in the hope that some unwary squirrel would venture in after the corn. Early each morning Ernest made a tour of the traps, but for a week or two his perseverance was unrewarded.

One morning while Uncle and Aunt Arnold were yet sitting at breakfast, in rushed Ernest, hatless, breathless, and gasped out, "Oh, uncle! three beautiful squirrels! I shall take them all home!" His uncle regarded him with surprise for a moment, rose from the table, took his straw hat, and ejaculated, "I vum!"

Ernest put the three squirrels in a box, with plenty of corn, and went to the village, a mile away, to visit his cousins. Returning on the following day he at once went to look after the welfare of his pets, and found, alas! that two had made good their escape. Their little teeth were sharper than he thought! The prettiest one was left, and that he named Jim. A few days after, when he went to feed Jim, he, too, had vanished. Poor Ernest! He sat down on the empty box and felt as if there was nothing in life worth living for. After mourning sometime he concluded to make the best of his misfortune and try the traps again. When he found his uncle in the fields, hoeing corn, and told him the pitiful tale, the good old man leaned a moment on his hoe and exclaimed, "Well, I never! I vow!"

It was not many days before there were two occupants of the box, one of them the identical squirrel named Jim. Ernest took every precaution to prevent these from getting away, and made up his mind to keep Jim for himself, and sell the other to a man who kept guinea-pigs, white mice, and birds, at a place near Fulton Market in New York City. He had about decided what to do with the money, when—oh! the vanity of human expectations!—that squirrel left for parts unknown, and only Jim remained. One sunny morning in the early autumn a very brown and happy-faced boy rode away on the stage, with a queer-looking tin box, full of little breathing holes, in his right hand, and a paper bag of corn in his left.

In due time he and Jim arrived safely at his home, and his father was so pleased with the history of Jim that he went out and bought a nice, strong wire cage, with a wheel, and Jim was kept in the sunniest room the house afforded.

Many a night I was awakened by the "whir! whiz!" of the wheel as Jim flew round and round so fast that it made me dizzy lying in bed. I fancied, indeed I was sure, that he was homesick for the great old trees at the "Grove," and that he missed his little squirrel brothers and sisters so much that he could not sleep nights. Not long ago a letter came from Ernest saying that Jim had died suddenly—had gone where the good squirrels go. Poor homesick Jim!

Sea-Side Letter to Young America.

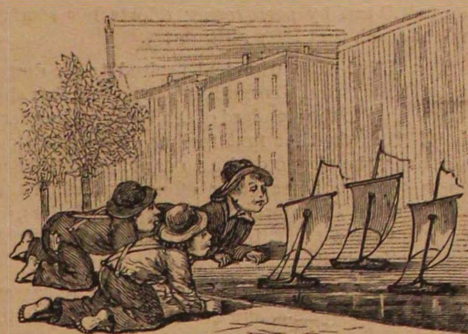
"Newport, Rhode Island.

"Dear Children:—To think we are really in Newport, and at the Ocean House after all. Just what we've been desiring for so long; but 'there's no gold without some alloy,' and ne'er a bit of the ocean is to be seen from the hotel. It's not so much matter for us young people, but mamma had pictured to herself looking out upon the water all day, when lo! her coach and six turned to pumpkins and mice, and we are half a mile from the beach. Now, that's a long walk, and, moreover, the road thither is always lined with carriages. Still, there was nothing to be done but make the best of it. So we persuaded poor mamma to go down and see us bathe the morning we arrived, for we were determined to make the most of all our time. The surf was glorious! My brother tossed me about in the water like a kitten, he's so strong, and promised to teach me to swim. Sister could not stay in very long, for she's rather delicate, and is only experimenting with salt water. But the rest of us having nothing to consider but our own amusement, took it all in. One lady from the hotel always raises an umbrella when she thinks her precious darlings ought to leave the bath. Mamma was very much amused as she sat in the carriage watching the various costumes. After bath we consumed a quantity of lunch, took a good snooze, and then dressed for dinner, which is at three. But Nell and I hurried down to have a good promenade through the halls and piazza and spy out the lanes Rob and Alf, like good brothers, gave us each an arm, and took us about. The band plays delightful music all dinner time. In the afternoon the boys hired a sail-boat, and we cruised around Newport harbor, and finally drew up at the fort and went in there to inspect. We were fortunate enough to find Lieut. —— and his family were stationed there, and he escorted us very politely. Mrs. —— was in the town making purchases; 'for women, you know,' said the Lieutenant, 'couldn't exist without shopping.' Mamma replied, 'I think the men are much more wretched when what they want is not on hand.' 'Ah! Mrs. K.,' rejoined the Lieutenant, 'if you had married in the army you would know how independent we are of circumstances.' He told the boys they ought to start a picnic with some of the hotel people, and come over to Fort Dumpling, an old stone fort on Canonicut Island, just across from Fort Adams. It is a lovely spot.

"We were glad enough to get our supper when we returned, but before we went up to our rooms we rushed to see if any one had arrived we were acquainted with, and found on the books Mr. and Mrs. F——c, of Milwaukee, and Charlie D——r, of Troy. We anticipate lots of fun finding out every day who has come.

"Yours, L. F. P."

ILLUSTRATED REBUS—SOLUTION IN OUR NEXT.



The Little Yachtsmen.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THESE little yachtsmen, on their knees,
Watching with eager eyes
The tiny sails that catch the breeze,
Are hoping for the prize
Of honest praise,
To crown them with its baby bays.

No golden treasure is at stake,
Of fame they little know;
And they could leap across the lake
On which their yachtlets go.
And yet we trace
How deep their interest in each face.

THESE little men in miniature
Show plainly as they can
"The child" at play, with instincts pure,
"Is father of the man."
The paper boat
May swell into a ship afloat.

WE all have ships upon the sea;
We trace them in our dreams
Of better days, white-winged and free,
Glinting in golden beams.
They may be gone
Beyond our azure horizon.

BUT who would in ripe age recall
The pleasures of his youth,
And let the fateful curtain fall
A blank to blot the truth,
And quench the light
That glows like a sweet star at night.

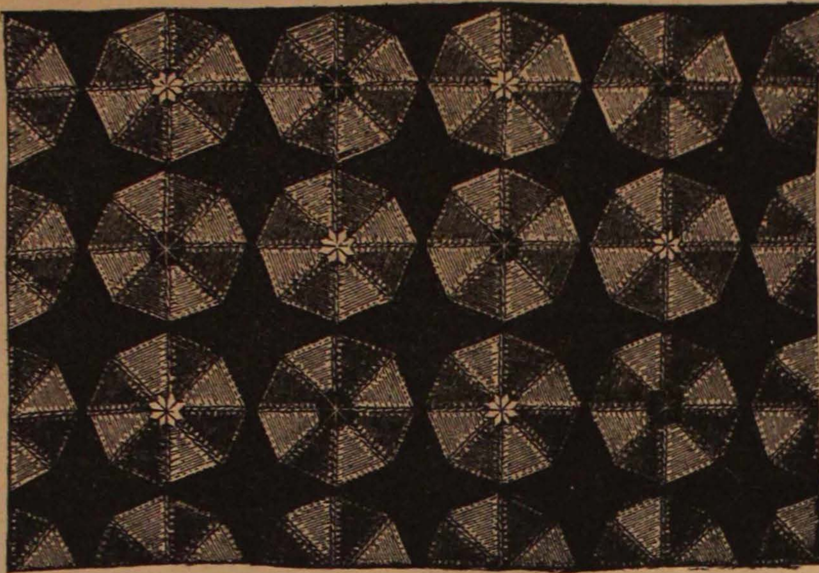
SO send your tiny yachts, my boys,
At risk of wind and waves,
Our merchant ships are only toys
The troubled waters lave.
Men risk their gain
With hope on the uncertain main.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus in August Number.

Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.

(Kine D, hearts arm o'er THAN coronets, & S imp LE fay TH THAN N o'er man BLOOD.)
50 500

From Tennyson's *Clara Vere de Vere*.

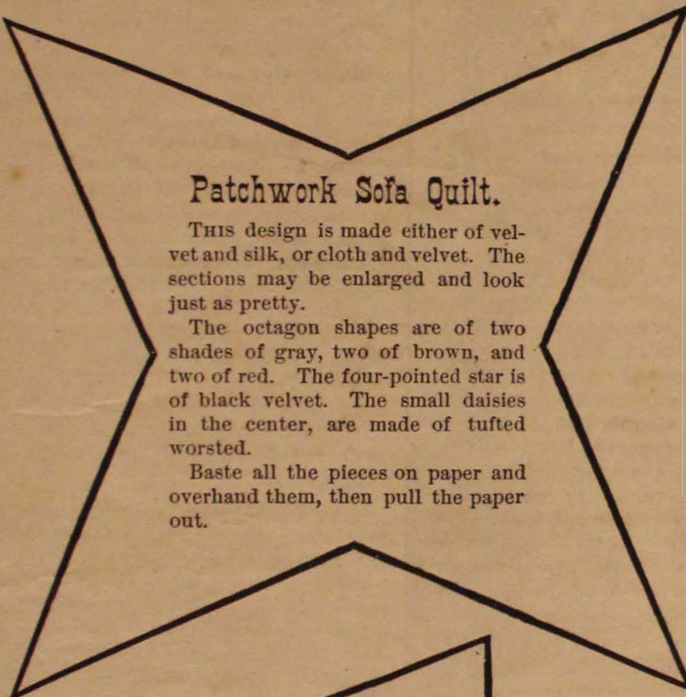


Wood Basket.

Wood is now very much burned in sitting-rooms, as it is bright and clean, and ornamental baskets for storing it are becoming fashionable; they are more convenient than boxes, being more portable. Our design is of wood; any carpenter can make it. The handle is made of a barrel hoop, and when you have all the fancy work finished, plait, small rope and fasten on the edge and wind it on the handle, then varnish it.

The sides are ornamented with a valance of red cloth, embroidered with black, bronze, and blue wools. The vandykes are embroidered with bronze and blue wools, the edge being buttonholed with gold-colored silk. The tassels between the vandykes, as well as those at every point, are made with wool of the same color as the embroidery. A black and gold silk cord, terminating at both ends with tassels, is twined round the handles.

Red or green cloth makes a good stout lining for the basket.



Patchwork Sofa Quilt.

This design is made either of velvet and silk, or cloth and velvet. The sections may be enlarged and look just as pretty.

The octagon shapes are of two shades of gray, two of brown, and two of red. The four-pointed star is of black velvet. The small daisies in the center, are made of tufted worsted.

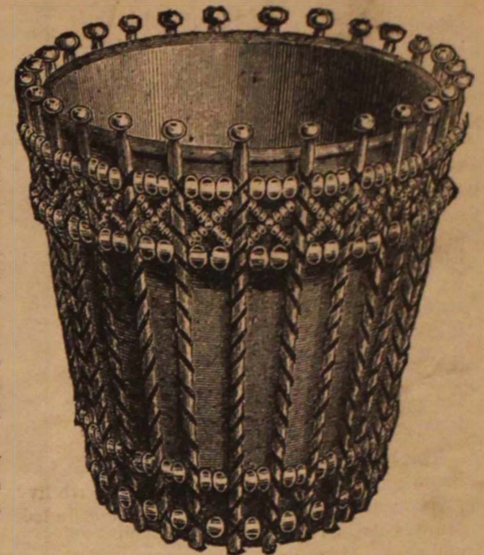
Baste all the pieces on paper and overhand them, then pull the paper out.

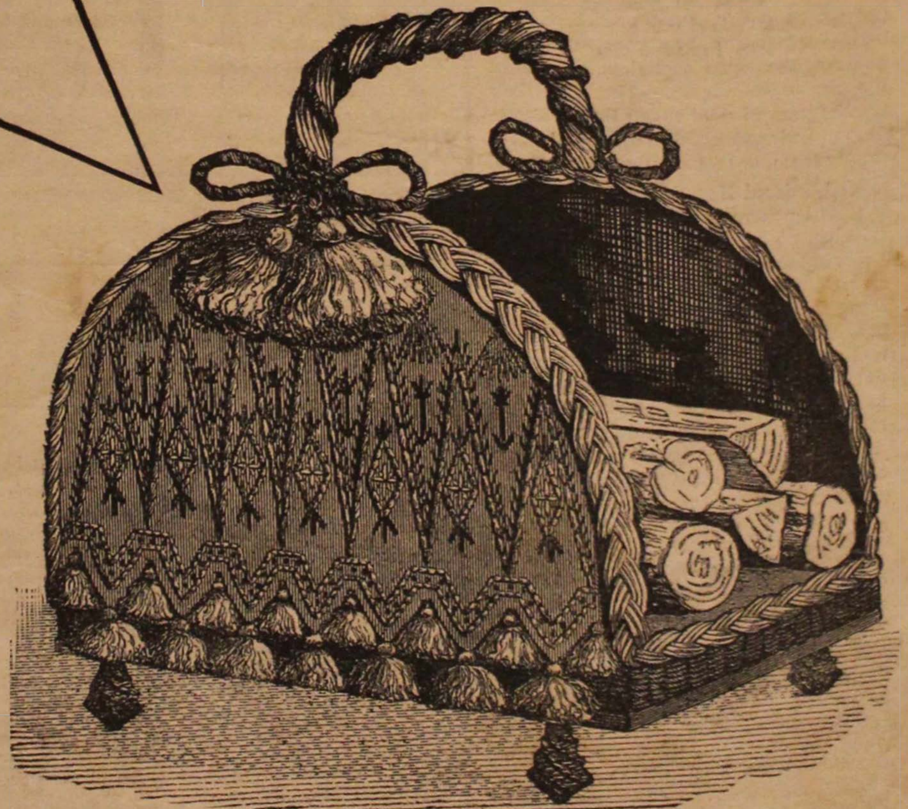
Flower-Pot Cover.

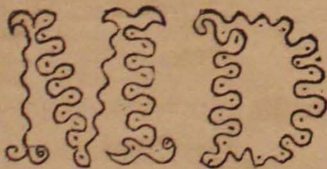
The design we give is made of hoople sticks. Drill holes through each stick in four different places; through these holes pass strong wire, and string beads of different sizes between each.

The sticks are wound with colored worsted braid or cord, and fastened at each end by a large brass-headed nail.

This makes a very pretty work-basket by cutting the sticks in half and lining it with silk







Initials.

Simple pretty letters worked with red marking cotton in chain stitch. Suitable for bed linen and towels.

Diamonds of Thought

Nothing is right in itself; neither is anything wrong in itself. That which produces good results in an individual is right to that one, although it may be wrong to millions of other men.—*Beecher.*

Revenge.—How much soever a person may suffer from injustice, he is always in hazard of suffering more from the prosecution of revenge. The violence of an enemy cannot inflict what is equal to the torment he creates to himself by means of the fierce and desperate passions which he allows to rage in his soul. Revenge dwells in little minds.

Poisonous Breath of Slander.—It is said that the deadliest poisons are those which cannot be detected, and there are some so noxious that a single drop inserted into the veins would produce death in three seconds, yet so subtle that no chemical science can distinguish their presence. Just so may a reputation be slain by the poison of evil-speaking, although it be so insidious that it utterly escape detection.

The Love that Lives.—The love which should exist in marriage is an attachment which causes a devotion, a kindness, a respect and adaptation in one person for another. Where this exists in marriage, the life, even if one of privation, is happy. No discords can grow up, for the reverence of each for the other is so great that it gives the most perfect love. But sentiment, simple admiration, idle fancy, is not love. Love is more than this. It goes to the very core of the being; while the other is superficial, transparent, fleeting.

Kindly Manners.—Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.

Well-Ordered Households.—Where there is disorder there is no tranquillity, no excellence, no advancement, no happiness. Order in families is essential to their peace, elevation and progress. In our households everything should be done at the best time, as well as in the best manner. There should be rules to direct and govern, from which there should be no deviation, unless necessity compel. Disorderly habits, a constant want of arrangement, will entail nothing but loss and misery; and, as the children grow up, these habits will be rendered fixed and permanent, so that they will become men and women, fathers and mothers, without any love of rule or order.

Praise and Flattery.—There is just this difference between the two degrees of praise and flattery, that, whereas the former heartens up to brave and ever braver endeavor, the latter checks self-culture and destroys future progress by making one believe in attainment. According to the flatterer, the goal has been won, and the great plateau of perfection reached; there are no more dreary distances to traverse, no more rugged mountain-sides to climb. All that is needed is to enjoy what one has, and be grateful and glad for what one is.

"We Mortals," says George Eliot, "should chiefly like to talk to each other out of good-will and fellowship, not for the sake of hearing revelations, or being stimulated by witticisms; and I have usually found that it is the rather dull person who appears to be disgusted with his contemporaries because they are not always strikingly original, and to satisfy whom the party at a country house should have included the prophet Isaiah, Plato, Francis Bacon and Voltaire. It is always your heaviest bore who is astonished at the tameness of modern celebrities; naturally; for a little of his company has reduced them to a state of flaccid fatigue. It is right and meet that there should be an abundant utterance of good sound common-places. Part of an agreeable talker's charm is that he lets them fall continually with no more than their due emphasis. Giving a pleasant voice to what we are well assured of, makes a sort of wholesome air for the more special and dubious remark to move in."

THE YOUNG LADIES OF TO-DAY, No. 2.—Devoted to art study and improving the mind generally.

Spice-Box

Fox's Martyrs.—Poultry.

More on Hand.—Old Lady: "Ah, you bad boy, draggin' your little brother along like that. S'posin' you was to kill him!" Bad Boy: "Don't care. Got another indoors."

The Five Points.—A contemporary mentions five things which "every man can do better than any one else:" Poke a fire; put on his own hat; edit a newspaper; tell a story after another man has begun it; examine a railway time table.

Highly Treasonable.—They were out driving. Said Theodore, "What tree, Angelina, bears the most precious fruit?" Angelina: "Oh, Dory, I can't tell, unless it is a cherry-tree!" Theodore looked unutterable sweetness as he gazed into Angelina's eyes and said, "The axle-tree, darling!"

Sarcasm.—A gentleman once remarked to a witty lady of his acquaintance that he must have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. She looked at him carefully, and noting the size of his mouth, replied, "You're mistaken; it must have been a soup-ladle."

Toothache Extraordinary.—A man went out and hanged himself the other day because a dentist told him his tooth was affected with "nodular calcification of the pulp." He left a note to his wife, saying he didn't want to live on and give it to her and the children.

From Bad to Worse.—A wife wanted her husband to sympathize with her in a feminine quarrel; but he refused, saying, "I've lived long enough to know that one woman is as good as another, if not better." "And I," retorted the exasperated wife, "have lived long enough to know that one man is as bad as another, if not worse."

Ambiguous.—A certain lawyer was compelled to apologize to the court. With stately dignity he rose in his place and said, "Your lordship is right, and I am wrong, as your lordship generally is." There was a dazed look in the judge's eye, and he hardly knew whether to feel happy or to fine the lawyer for what on second thoughts appeared to be a plain contempt of court.

Girls.—This is a boy's composition on girls: "Girls are the only folks that has their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand girls if she wants to do anything. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about them the better off I am."

Anser-ed!—Teacher: "Now, boys, quadruped and biped, you know, are two kinds of animals. Quadruped, animal with four legs, such as cow, elephant, horse, etc. Biped, animal with two legs, such as—well, ah——. Yes, there is a biped"—pointing to a picture of a goose on the wall—"and I am a biped and you are all bipeds. Now what am I?" Pause. One of the bipeds: "A goose, sir!"

Social Formalities.—An officer quartered in Jamaica left his card for the Admiral newly stationed there, on the corner of which was inscribed "E. P." On meeting the Admiral he remarked, "I hope you got my card?" "Oh, yes! but what the deuce is the meaning of 'E. P.' on it?" "Oh, *en personne!*" Soon after the officer received the Admiral's card inscribed "S.B.N.," and in turn he asked for an interpretation. "Sent by nigger," explained the old sailor.

O Dear!—"Now, John," said a father to his bashful son, "it is about time that you got married and settled down in a home of your own." "But I don't know any grls to get married to," whined John. Look about and get acquainted with some; that is the way I did when I was young. How do you suppose that I ever got married?" inquired the old gentleman. "Well," said John, pitifully, "you married mother, and I've got to marry a strange girl."

Difference Between "Can" and "Will."—This is the way in which a Louisville girl disposes of a young man—"You have asked me pointedly if I can marry you, and I have answered you pointedly that I can. I can marry a man who makes love to a different girl every month. I can marry a man whose main occupation seems to be to join in gauntlet in front of the churches and theaters and comment audibly on the people who are compelled to pass through it. I can marry a man whose only means of support is an aged father. I can marry a man who boasts that any girl can be won with the help of a good tailor and an expert tongue. I *can* marry such a man, but I *w-o-n-t!*"

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

COSMOPOLITAN IN STYLE — FURNISHING THE BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Designs and Styles in Dress furnished in this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not merely COPY. *It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by our more refined and elevated taste at home. Besides, its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace important information for dealers, and valuable hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, dress becomingly, and keep themselves informed of the changes in the Fashions and the specialties required in the exercise of good taste.*

ALWAYS FIRST PREMIUM.

CENTENNIAL AWARD OVER ALL COMPETITORS,

MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION,

And the Medal of Superiority at the late Fair of the American Institute.

Review of Fashions.

THERE is a fitness about certain styles, certain colors, and certain fabrics, which is never wearisome to the mind, when its relation to circumstances is understood and acted upon. It is the confusion of ideas which becomes intolerable, the mixing up of all forms, and the jumble of that which is appropriate and inappropriate at all times and in all places.

It has often been said, that it is the rich alone that can afford to be economical, and this simply means that it is only the rich who can afford the dress that is exactly suited to the circumstances and the occasion. The poor woman's one best dress, has to do duty in emergencies that are fatal to its freshness and nicety, and she must wear in the mountains the one light summer gown which had been prepared for city streets. One must become intimately acquainted with the characteristics, atmospheric and otherwise, of different localities, in order to know what is best suited in the way of clothing to different climates and altitudes.

Failing the requisite knowledge, and the means for the constant re-enforcement of a diversified wardrobe, it is better always to fall back on what is dark, solid, and unobtrusive, and this is what the majority of ladies do. Whatever is light or striking in the way of toilet is adapted only for indoor wear, or very warm regions, where the glare of light is subdued, and the necessity exists for frequent renewal.

In America we have all climates, from that of the Polar seas, to the limits of the torrid zone. In San Francisco, temperate though the climate is, no one ever thinks of wearing light clothing, because it is never hot, and the sudden changes require to be guarded against by protective clothing. Moreover, the light is so strong, that faint colors pale before it, and look washed out. Black and dark colors are, therefore, universally worn both by men and women. In the mountainous parts of Maine and New Hampshire, thin clothing, even in the midst of summer, looks out of place. High colors can be worn provided they are dark, and there seems to be a natural correspondence between the mountains and the Highland plaids, which are so dear to Scottish hearts, and which look well, wherever the hills show their rocky crests inland and far above the level of the sea.

A great deal of clothing is not necessary unless one must adapt oneself to differences of climate and much society. One may travel all over Europe, for example, with two dark dresses, made for a trip to the mountains. But if one is spending the summer in a round of visits to Newport, Saratoga, and the White Mountains—if one stops at fashionable hotels, and villa-like country houses, where the ladies dress three times each day, and bathing, riding, dancing, and garden parties fill up the odd spaces of time, then several large trunks will be required to contain the necessary wardrobe, and the laundress will reap the harvest to which she is entitled for the renovation of the delicate masses of lace and muslin, of fluted ruffling, and plaited flouncing.

But it is easy to be seen that such devotion, even to dress, is the most exhausting kind of work. To think out, and provide the dress for all these varied occasions, or even carry it on one's mind, as well as one's body, putting it on and off with all its accessories and hair-splitting arrangements, three and four times every day, is the life of a galley slave, and certainly not one to be envied.

It ought to be a matter of congratulation, therefore, with the majority, that the means are not forthcoming for the indulgence of a too liberal taste. Nothing palls like satiety, and if we will only adhere to what is suitable, and study the harmonies and fitness of clothing to atmospheric as well as bodily conditions, we shall neither get tired of its monotony, nor disappointed in the achieved results.

There are many points about the dress of the present day in strict accordance with the eternal order and fitness of things, and it is very difficult on this account to dislodge them. The dark street dress, cut walking length, all its outlines simple and fitted to the form, is so thoroughly well adapted to general requirements, that few wish to change anything save some little detail of fabric or design. Nor is it hardly possible that the old enormities and caprices of fashion *à la mode* should reappear. It is true, there are occasional attempts at revival, but they grow weaker year by year, while sensible ideas obtain a deeper hold upon the public mind, and are felt to be more in harmony with the practical, industrious spirit of our race and generation.

The towering head-dresses of a century or two ago, constructed of mounds of pomatum, piles of horse-hair, and a framework of wire and muslin, as intricate as the leaning tower of Pisa, could not be revived now-a-days, because it would not be tolerated. Modern cleanliness and sanitary ideas forbid it. There are some things, therefore, that fashion cannot do. It can only work against common sense and public opinion, so far as the strength of common sense and public opinion will let it.

There was a time when fashion was controlled by the whims of idle sycophants, and men and women of leisure. Now, it is largely subordinated to trade interests, and industrial necessities. Its changes are the result of development, rather than of mere caprice, and are quite as frequently in the interests of art and sanitary science, as in the creation of a mere novelty, to tickle the fancy of those who have money to buy. Life is a more serious thing than it was formerly, and dress is becoming serious also. It is conceded to be inadequate, unless inspired by some other motive than the desire to wear something new, or even to look pretty.

Models for the Month.

THERE are few changes to be observed in costume between the latter part of August and the early part of September, but still the preparations have begun for the advent of a colder season, and among the first requirements is that of a garment for the street which shall afford some warmth to the shoulders without being deemed an incumbrance.

A recent and favorite design for black silk or *sicilienne*, and which may be also made in camel's-hair cloth, is that of the "Visite Mantelet," a pretty combination of the *visite* with the mantle,

which is very graceful, but requires a very small amount of material. Of fringe, too, but little is required, and therefore a rich quality can be afforded. The *passementerie* is studded with hanging buttons, but the loops of ribbon heading the fringe are a matter of choice, though the additional effect produced is well worth the slight cost.

The "Evora" polonaise is a pretty design for *damassé*, Indian silk or soft satin, in a small scroll pattern. The vest is cut out to form a square in front and forms side pieces, which give the effect of a double *panier*. It may be made of satin in a solid color, or of a striped satin if the material of the polonaise should be plain. Indian cashmere may be used for this design with very good effect, the only essential qualification of the material being softness. As a "tea gown" it would be made in soft, cream-colored silk, with vest of red satin, and plain mounting of red satin upon the skirt beneath. A fringe, in that case, would be a mixture of red and *écru*.

The "Panier" overskirt is new and stylish, and a most fashionable design for dresses worn at garden parties and small afternoon reunions. It is adapted to all materials, particularly the conjunction of plain and figured or striped fabrics.

The "Adelina" basque might be used with this overskirt to complete the costume, and the vest, collar, and cuffs would then be formed of the figured or striped material to match it.

A pretty costume for serviceable fall wear is the "Gisela." It consists of a polonaise, the fronts of which are cut away to form side *paniers* which are draped and inserted into the side seams at the back. The *tablier* is divided, the scarf ends at the side, forming *revers* which separate the *tablier* from the flouncing at the back. The fullness at the back of the polonaise consists of a piece draped on so as to give the effect of an overskirt, and the plain space may be ornamented by a spiral of loops, if desired.

A very elegant design for a dinner dress consists of the "Cecilia" demi-train with the "Claudine" basque. The drapery of the *tablier* is shirred in the pretty "hourglass" style, and the short overskirt is festooned away from the front, and falls in graceful folds over the paniers at the sides; the leaf-like forms at the back are arranged very simply yet very stylishly over the round demi-train of the skirt, completing an effect which is at once novel and distinguished. The basque is the favorite coat style cut away from the front in the fashion of the *Directoire* period, and finished with a broad belt laid in folds and starting from the side seams. This belt and the folds at the neck and the wrist may be made of satin or of China crape, if the material used for the dress itself is solid silk or satin.

Decoration of Household Linen.

The ornamentation of linen by hand, with indelible ink, is increasing in beauty, and is a great feature of the new fall designs. The decoration consists of tiny landscapes, floral initials, birds, animals, and almost every conceivable natural object. Designs are executed upon napkins, table-cloths, pillow-shams, and other articles. A great feature of household linen consists of handsome table-cloths, with napkins of two sizes, made and ornamented in sets to match.

Autumn Wraps and Outdoor Garments.

There are four distinct styles of garment used for outdoor wear, and each of them is so useful in its way, that it is difficult to displace it entirely, or even weaken its hold upon popular favor. These four leading styles consist of the jacket, the ulster, the round cloak, and some modification of the dolman, *visite*, or mantelet, used for purposes of dress, and generally made of rich material very much trimmed.

The ulster has had its own special place assigned to it, and is now rarely seen upon city streets. When it was first introduced, its novelty was the excuse for its introduction at all times, and upon all occasions. But this state of things naturally lasted only a short time. Handsome dresses are made to be seen; under an ulster a shilling print is as good as any other, and drapery is quite thrown away. The long, not particularly graceful garment was found compact, convenient, and protective. It was therefore retained, but remanded to its proper place as a wrap, and a defense against dust, storms, and the wear and tear of travel.

THE MANTELET VISITE.

The "Mantelet Visite" is a charming design for early autumn wear, if made in *sicilienne drap d'été* or cashmere, and trimmed with lace, fringe, and *passementerie*, or in any other style suitable for the goods used. The one illustrated is made of *sicilienne*, trimmed with a handsome fringe in which jet is intermixed, and rich jet *passementerie* to match, loops of satin ribbon, and lace on the sleeves and at the neck. Both views of this design are illustrated among the separate fashions. The pattern is in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

The round cloak is held for much the same uses, but has not been displaced by the ulster; fur-lined it is invaluable as a cover for thin dresses which would be spoiled by the pulling on and off of thick coat sleeves, and in handsome dark Scotch plaid it has a dressy appearance which the ulster has not, while it can also be used as an additional wrap over an ulster, with more facility than a shawl.

Neither of these garments therefore will be relinquished during the coming season. Both will find a place, and either or both may be employed with entire safety by those who are fastidious in regard to their belongings.

The jacket seems to have become an integral part of dress economy. Fall suits now in preparation are as usual accompanied by jackets, and jackets of light and dark cloth, trimmed and untrimmed, abound in all the shops where ready-made garments are sold.

There is, however, a marked difference in the style of the jackets *en suite*, and what are called "independent" jackets or what are made of cloth, in light or dark colors. Those which complete the dress show some trimming to correspond with that of the dress. The cloth jackets on the contrary are untrimmed, save with stitching, and effective buttons of vegetable ivory, horn, shell, or metal. Later in the season, a border of fur may be added, and in fact, no more economical outdoor dress can be imagined, nor one more stylish and generally adaptable than a costume of plain cloth, consisting of a simple, well-cut jacket and overskirt worn over a black or brown silk skirt in the fall without trimming, and over a skirt, velvet mounted through the winter, with the addition of a bordering of grebe, fox, or black marten.

But this is not a new fashion. It is only one which is found very useful and convenient by those who are obliged to utilize their forces, and make the one article answer many purposes.

The cloth jacket is usually kept as a hack. It is handy for cooi mornings, for cool evening walks, for early rides, and a thousand purposes where a little additional warmth and service are required. It is never in the way, it only completes a short walking dress, and is therefore essential when the autumn chills, or a change in the temperature demands something for warmth.

The dolman, which came to us with a broad back that was gathered up at the waist, and long hanging sleeves, has quite changed its character and appearance. It is now a combination of the *visite*, the dolman, and the mantelet. In the summer its dimensions shrunk to those of a cape, or fichu. With the autumn they have enlarged to those of a medium-sized mantle, but the cut is still close, the outlines follow those of the figure, and there is every evidence of an intention to retain the simple and artistic style of modeling which has been steadily gaining ground for the past ten years.

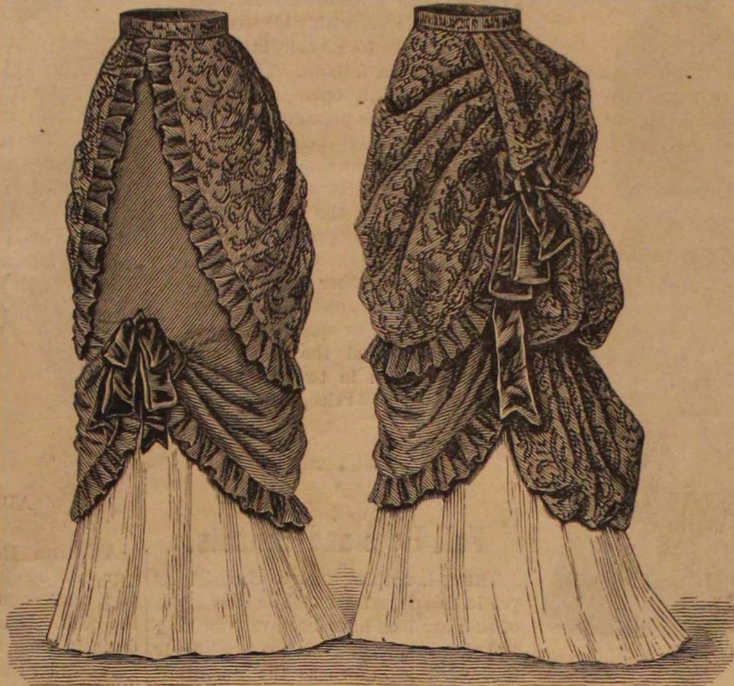
The most fashionable street garment is undoubtedly the "visite-mantelet," or modified dolman, in heavy black silk, or fine cashmere, silk lined, trimmed with fringes, shell-like ruchings of lace and passementerie. It is too early to predicate the style which will obtain fashionable pre-eminence during the winter season, but it is certain that it will not be a garment of exaggerated length. The ulster and the circular cloak will fill all the requirements of a protective wrap, and the one which meets the best demand must possess distinction without concealing the dress, or impairing its beauty by the burden of its weight.

New Fall Fabrics.

Dark olives and dark wine-colors are prominent in the new solid cloths and woolen fabrics, as well as in silks and velvets. Of course, browns and navy blues are represented largely, but the first mentioned are less hackneyed, and are more prominent among the fashionable colors.

The newest combinations are made with plain faille of a rich quality, which ranges from $3.50 to $2.75 per yard, and striped uncut velvet, figured on a satin foundation. It is particularly handsome in black and wine-color, and is used for vests, collars, cuffs, and the like, as the brocaded fabrics have been. It is $5 per yard. Small Scotch checks, and all-wool plaids are likely to be in popular demand this season, and nothing is prettier for school wear for girls than these checks in dark colors, accompanied by a felt hat, with a little Impeyan pheasant's wing.

Dress Gloves. — Very long black and white kid gloves, reaching above the elbow, are composed of alternate strips of real lace insertion, and kid. The strip over the elbow is kid, and is shaped to the joint, but there is a row of insertion above, headed with a standing ruffle of the same rich thread lace.



PANIER OVERSKIRT.

Panier Overskirt.—Particularly novel in design, this stylish overskirt is rather short, and has *paniers* at the sides over the apron, while the back is extremely *bouffant*. The design is appropriate for all kinds of dress goods, excepting perhaps the heaviest, and the trimming must be chosen to suit the taste and the material used. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

The Value of a Good Corset.

There is nothing that a lady—we use this term advisedly—appreciates more than a well-made, perfectly fiting corset, which outlines her figure handsomely without undue compression, and modifies its redundance, or angularity, without in the least impeding the flow of the healthful current, or the freedom and strength of her motions. A bad corset is one of the most hurtful as well as one of the most disagreeable of inflictions. A well-fitting dress, not to say a stylish one, is impossible with a corset which makes the figure straight, which flattens the chest, at the same time that it endeavors to compress the waist.

Mme. Demorest's corsets have won the unqualified approval not only of distinguished authorities in fashion, but of learned professors of hygiene, and physicians of the highest standing. At the World's Expositions in Paris and New York, they carried off the honors. The price is as low as is consistent with best materials and workmanship.

EVORA POLONAISE.

CECILIA DEMI-TRAIN.

Evora Polonaise.—Very dressy and *bouffant* in design, this polonaise is tight-fitting, with a vest fitted by a single dart in each side, and outer fronts having the usual number of darts in each side, and deep darts taken out under the arms. The vest extends only as far back as the second darts in the outer fronts, is cut square across the front, and falls long and square over a fully draped apron. The outer fronts are buttoned from the waist down, and are cut across square above the vest, and draped in *panier* style at the sides. There are short side-forms in the back rounded to the armholes, and short back pieces to which the drapery is attached in a *pouf* at the top, and a deep *burnous* plait which falls over smaller plaits at the sides. The design is especially appropriate for a combination of colors or fabrics, and the trimming can be chosen to suit the material used. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Cecilia Demi-train.—Very novel and *distingué* in design, the "Cecilia" demi-train has the apron shirred at regular intervals, giving a slightly puffed effect, and curtain draperies on the sides over which are *paniers* which extend to the middle of the front, while the slightly *bouffant* drapery in the back falls in two deep points. The design is appropriate for various kinds of dress goods, especially silk and such fabrics as drape gracefully. The trimming can be chosen according to the taste and the material used. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

GISELA COSTUME.

Gisela Costume.—Novel and very stylish, this elegant walking costume is short enough to escape the ground all around, and consists of a polonaise over a skirt to which it is partly attached. The polonaise is tight fitting, with the usual number of darts in each side in front, has deep darts taken out under the arms, and the side forms in the back rounded to the armholes. The front of the skirt is gracefully draped, and the fronts of the polonaise divide at the waist and form pointed *paniers* on the sides; the side forms extend to the bottom of the dress in the fashion of *revers*, while the back pieces fall in a moderately *bouffant* style over the skirt. The design is appropriate for a great variety of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of colors or materials. The trimming can be selected according to the taste and the fabric employed. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

VISITE MANTELET.

Visite Mantelet.—Particularly graceful and becoming, this "Visite Mantelet," as its name implies, combines the merits of two styles of garments. It has a dolman back, partially fitted by a curved seam down the middle; and the front is loose, with wide sleeves, below which the fronts hang in square tabs in mantilla fashion. The neck in front is slightly open in pointed shape. The cut is peculiar, the outer parts of the sleeves being cut in a single piece with the shoulder pieces, and the under parts of the sleeves are extensions on the front pieces. The design is appropriate for cashmere, chuddah cloth, silk, serge silk, *sicilienne*, or any other material suitable for cloakings, and the trimming can be very rich or quite simple to suit the taste and the fabric employed. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

Fall Hats and Bonnets.

There is nothing new to chronicle as yet in this department. The later styles of summer hats have been very striking and picturesque, and it is not at all likely that what is known as the "artistic" school will be abandoned, though bonnets for middle-aged ladies are certainly smaller and quieter than they were last year. The all-red bonnets, for example, are not visible; satin and velvet have taken the place of plush, and rich, dark shades the place of "combinations," to a considerable extent. The most striking feature is the quantity of lace upon satin, and velvet, and the profusion of elegant feathers, and feather trimmings, including crowns made entirely of small feathers.

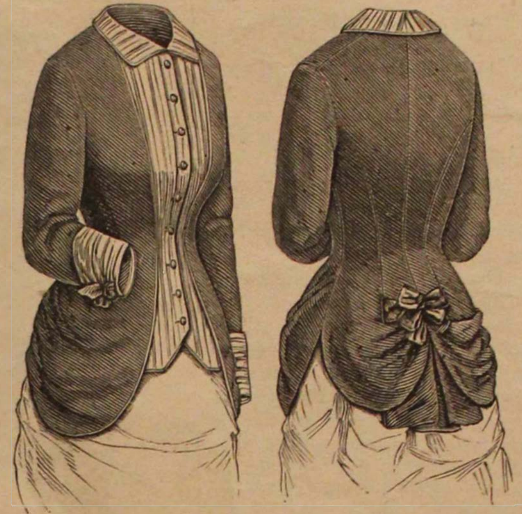
Revival of Sashes.

One of the noticeable features at the watering places has been the revival, by young ladies, of the broad, long sashes, formerly worn, but of late years discontinued.

The ultra-fashionable styles are always composed of broad satin ribbon in a solid color of the shade of the dress, or its prevailing tint. They are tied at the back of the waist instead of low down as formerly, in a bow, with two very long flat ends, reaching quite two thirds the length of the dress. With black silks and grenadines, and also with white dresses, Roman scarfs are utilized for this purpose. But the effect is newer and better in solid satin. There is no fringe, or any ornament upon the ends, which are rounded, or cut on the bias.

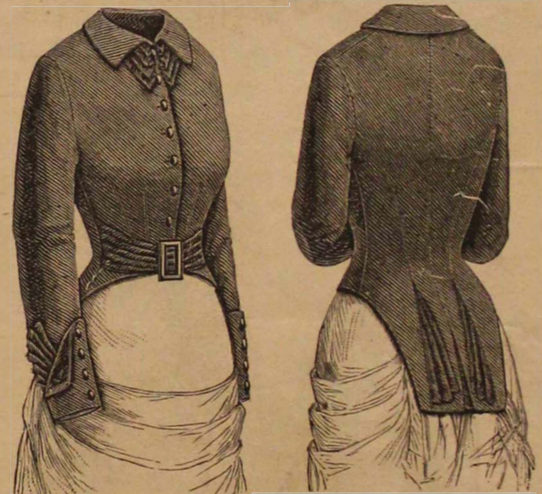
The broad belt, with aumônière attached, is as fashionable as ever. Four inches is the most popular width for the belts. The most stylish of these accessories have the belt and bag both made in the dress material.

New styles in *lingerie* have the collar and cuffs made of solid colored gingham embroidered with white in the turned-over corners.



ADELINA BASQUE.

Adelina Basque.—Decidedly novel in design, this basque is tight fitting, with a simulated vest, paniers on the sides and two small *poufs* at the back. It is fitted with the usual number of darts in each side in front, and there are side gores under the arms, and side forms in the back rounded to the armholes. The design is desirable for a great variety of materials, and is especially suitable for light qualities, and a combination of colors or materials. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



CLAUDINE BASQUE.

Claudine Basque.—Very simple, and particularly stylish, this basque is cut off at the waist line in front, lengthened gradually at the sides, and the back describes a deep postilion back in coat shape, ornamented with plaited *revers*. It is tight fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, and side forms in the back rounded to the armholes. A plaited belt begins at the front seams of the side gores, and is fastened in front. The design is appropriate for all kinds of dress goods, and the trimming, if any be used, must be chosen to suit the material employed. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Fine Woolen Materials.

The demand for these is steadily growing, and there is the prospect of a still greater advance in price than has already taken place. New designs are very attractive. Small, unobtrusive, and full of fine dark, clouded effects.

Hints for Home Dressmaking.

We cannot impress upon the minds of those of our readers who live at a distance from the fashionable centers, and who do their own dressmaking, too strongly, the necessity for watching and studying closely the forms of clothing as they are pictured in our illustrations of models. The outline of the figure was at first followed at a respectful distance, in the beginning of the new departure which has ended in a complete revolution within twenty-five years of the standard of style and fashion. Every season the strictness with which the figure is defined has become more marked, and the tailor cut, which means short shoulder seams, sleeves rounded up on the top, and a straight narrow back has become more and more essential to the success of a design, nor is it likely that the old slouchy fashion will return, at least not at present. The change in this direction is not one of mere fashion, but of actual advance and improvement.

No man ever contemplates for a moment the possibility of wearing his coat cut low on the shoulder, or loose about the arms, or broad in the back, or unnaturally short in the waist. It has been discovered by women also that the "high" cut is not only the most stylish, but it is also the best fitting, and most convenient for the use of the arms. The sleeves do not wrinkle when the waist is well cut in on the front, and the top brought well upon the shoulder, but it is extremely difficult not only to fit oneself properly, but to get other people who will do it for you.

There is an unfortunate number of persons who never strike a happy medium in anything. They must always exaggerate merits until they become defects, and defects until they become intolerable. Such persons will cut the back of a dress out until the sleeves stretch halfway across it, and instead of putting the seam on the top of the shoulder, bring it halfway to the throat. Paper patterns are necessarily cut to fit well-rounded and fully outlined forms. Their gradations in size adapt them to the generality of figures with very slight alterations. But these alterations should be made by fitting so that the effect will be as true and artistic as possible.

The great difficulty about ready-made clothing is, that it is made with so much of a margin that a small woman can never find anything to exactly fit her. This cannot be helped. All that can be done in generalizing is to strike an average. The one here and there who is very short, or very thin, or has very long arms, or a very fat chest, or rounded shoulders, or any other natural defect, must either have her clothes made to order, or take the patterns cut for the better average form, and adapted to her own physical peculiarities.

The great obstacle to successful dressmaking at home is the looping and draping, the graceful irregularities in design, and the concealment of the means employed to produce effects which have become the essential part of the modern dressmaker's art; nor will this difficulty be likely to lessen. Art in dress has not come to an end, it is only in its beginning; and there is no reason why its elaboration and development should not keep pace with other departments of modern arts and industry. What we need is that daughters should supplement their painting, their wood-carving, their study of geometrical and natural forms in drawing and modeling with an industrial training in the actual art of making their clothes, and making them beautiful.

It is quite impossible that the majority of women, young or middle-aged, should possess the means to employ the highest talent in the making of their dresses. Experience, skill, and knowledge are just so much capital, and those who require their exercise must pay for them. But the problem is solved at once, wherever skillful fingers are found in the household, and are rendered more skillful by actual knowledge and training. Mrs. Glasse's famous recipe for cooking hare begins, "First catch your hare;" our recipe for dressmaking at home would certainly begin, First secure your pattern, read the

Misses' Coiffures.

directions, cut out the material carefully by them, baste all together, and try it on the person for whom the dress or garment is intended. Occasionally shoulder seams will want taking up a little or the side seams fitted closer under the arms, in which case the armholes must be cut out, and the sleeves properly fitted. Cording and piping are now rarely seen. Seams are made as unobtrusive as possible. The whole purpose is to produce an artistic arrangement of drapery showing as little as possible the means by which it is brought and held together.

The inference is not to be drawn, however, that the work is slightingly done. On the contrary, seams are stitched as finely as though they were shirt bosoms, and the interior arrangement of looping, effected by means of tapes or elastics, is firmly stitched, and made so secure that it will not come apart by lifting and wearing. The work of second and third class dressmakers is always characterized by this lack of finish and strength. The interior seams are never made flat or overhanded; pockets are only rarely put in; loops for hanging the dresses by, and inside belts, are omitted, and bows drop off, and draperies collapse when least expected.

Some persons consider a pattern necessary for a basque, jacket or overskirt, but unessential as regards the principal skirt; that can be cut at hazard, "gored" according to somebody's formula, and put together in the happy-go-lucky style in which most women do their cooking, a "pinch" of this, a "shake" of that, a "handful" of the other. Of course the results are not satisfactory, the front is thrown forward, the back will not fall into line, and the whole effect is marred. A good well-cut pattern of a walking or demi-trained skirt does not need renewal with each recurring season, but it is so necessary to start upon, and adds so much to the comfort and satisfaction with which the dress is worn, that it pays ten times more than its cost.

A hem of the material turned over on the facing and supplemented by a patent facing which takes all the wear from the edge of the skirt, now takes the place of the alpaca braid, so long used as a binding; and when the skirt is demi-trained, to this is added a double flounce (one placed above another at the back of the skirt on the inside), of thin crinoline, black when the dress is dark, white when it is light.

The long, square train is only used for dresses of extraordinary ceremony; the small round train, into which the sinuous serpentine folds naturally flow, is more convenient, adaptable, and better suited to the requirements of the majority.

The square bodice, and elbow sleeve have established themselves as a compromise with the low bodice and short sleeve, but their use should depend upon the habits of the wearer, and the society she frequents. The long sleeve shortened a little, and finished with a fine, close interior and exterior plaiting, which leaves the wrist free to display a well-fitting four to six-buttoned glove, is sufficiently dressy for ladies whose busy lives have subdued their tastes, and the present fashion of delicate lace and muslin about the neck and throat is much more becoming to such than the slight exposure involved even in a neck square-cut without the relief of band, necklace, or ornament.

The Corbeille de Mariage.

THIS, says *Truth* (London), used to be, once upon a time—and a very long time ago it was—a basket. It next was transformed into an oak box with an arched lid. Now it is like the great cities of the world, much spread about, and surrounded with annexes. I saw a *corbeille de mariage* last week which filled a large greenhouse, a drawing room, and boudoir. The center-piece was a cabinet in the Renaissance Italian style, in ebony and ivory and set round at corners and keyholes with artistically worked oxidized silver. This piece of furniture was as large as a buffet, reaching from floor to ceiling in a high-pitched room. The under part was a press, and filled with luxurious shoes, boots, slippers and hosiery. The upper part was composed of tiers of drawers, wadded and lined with blue satin, and intended to be a receptacle for jewels and elegant nicknacks. Under tiers were aglow with jewelry, necklaces, bracelets, girdles, in precious metals and precious stones; chains and clasps were festooned on the upper ones. There was a trophy of fans standing on a large drawing-room table—a wedding present—in Florentine mosaic. Some of the greatest names belonging to the French and Spanish schools of art were written on them. There was the only fan that Courbet in all his life painted. It represented a hunt, sweeping across an open in a forest, and was spirited and fresh as a page of Homer. Lebrun, elsewhere, had brought down Olympus to some fairy realm, and disguised the gods and goddesses as courtiers of a Versaillist Oberon. Fortuny did a fan of auspicious augury for a bride. Its subject was the discovery of the first tooth in the mouth of a Murillo-faced baby, and the general pride and joy of the señora its mother and grandmother, of the buxom nurse, the jolly padre, who had come in to dine, and the paternal hidalgo. This trifle might be sold for several thousand pounds. The lace trophy was not less remarkable. Queen Christina's wardrobe, which was sold last month by her majesty's heirs at the auction mart, helped to enrich it. That princess spoiled her daughter Isabella in her minority of much that properly belonged to the Crown. She appropriated pictures, jewels, curiosities and laces rare and valuable; and, amongst others, a quantity of old English *point à l'aiguille*, sent by Catherine of Braganza as a wedding present to Louise of Orleans, niece of Charles II. Englishwomen's fingers in the reign of the Merry Monarch had a cunning which has since left them. Besides the antique British point, there was Venise point, worn by the wives of Philip II., and collars of Bruges point which Vandyke may have painted.

Lilian Costume.

THIS charming costume is made in plain and *damassé* woolen goods, *gendarme* blue in color, trimmed with quillings of satin of the same color, and bows of satin ribbon to match. The double illustration of the design will be found among the separate fashions. Pattern in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Our "What to Wear" for the Fall and Winter of 1879–80.

THE enormous circulation that this publication has attained shows that ladies generally recognize it for what it is—a *multum in parvo* of information and direction in regard to dress and its belongings—taken from the most useful and practical side. In a handy form for reference are found all sorts of useful facts in regard to costumes, fabrics, outdoor garments, hats and bonnets, children's clothing, hosiery, and all the details of the toilet, illustrated, and embodying many new and exclusive styles. New subscribers for "WHAT TO WEAR" are requested to send in their names immediately and prevent disappointment. The price is only fifteen cents, postage paid.

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MME. DEMOREST'S What to Wear, and Portfolio of Fashion, and Illustrated Journal, all three publications for one year, postage paid, for seventy-five cents.

Fashions in Fans.

ALTHOUGH to a foreigner the dress of the Chinese would seem to be most monotonous and unvarying, and from its very shape and style not at all susceptible of much variety, yet the fact is that it does change from season to season, and some variety, however slight, is introduced almost annually.

The cap, which a new style ordains, is made a little more round or peaked, the shoes and slippers more elongated at the toes than were their predecessors. But these changes are not rendered mandatory by any ukase of Dame Fashion. It is far different with fans. They are made of heavier or lighter material, and larger or smaller in size in proportion to the amount of air required at the particular season at which they are intended to be used. There is quite a difference in size between those for winter and summer; reminding one, as a recent writer has remarked, of the "old Roman luxury of summer and winter rings."

It seems rather ridiculous to speak of warm and cold fans; yet in a poem by a celebrated Chinese poet, Ow-yang Hisu, the following line occurs:

> "In the tenth moon the people of the city turn to their warm fans."

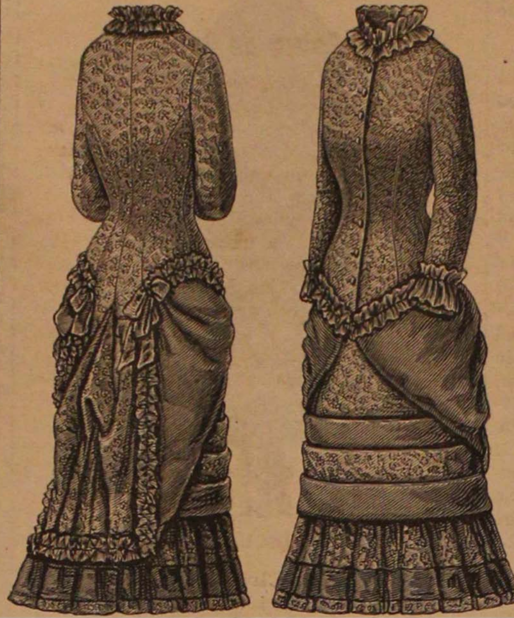
If some enterprising merchant would import a cargo of "cold fans," it is safe to assert that they would find a ready sale in New York during our torrid summers.

It is considered the height of bad taste, in China, to be seen with a fan too early or too late in the season. But there is no absolute date fixed for discarding or taking up with fans; certain it is, however, that custom has rendered it as ridiculous for a Chinaman to be seen in the streets of Canton or Yokohama with a fan out of season as it would be for a New-Yorker to wear an ulster in July.

Very few persons in America or Europe are aware that the superb black fans, which are imported and sold at oftentimes high prices, are absolutely unsalable—indeed no Chinese, man or woman, except the most humble, would be seen with one, for the reason that they are considered emblematical of moral impurity, precisely as the white fan is regarded as typical of death and bereavement. All black things are avoided on the strength of the old proverb, that "proximity to vermilion makes a man red; to ink, black." The poorer classes, perhaps, cannot afford to be too fastidious, so the black or Hangchow fans are relegated to them and the hated foreigner, for whom nothing is considered bad enough. There is an exception to this rule, however, in favor of old people, who, rightly enough, are regarded, after having lived a blameless life, as being beyond the risk of contamination by the despised black fan.

The height of fashion attainable in a fan is one of white silk, either round, square, or hexagonal, and decorated with paintings of flowers, birds, etc.; or, better still, by some verses from the giver. But the number of artists who can both write verses and paint is necessarily limited, and any one who can do both is sure of constant employment and handsome remuneration.

There is another fan made in China, which seldom finds its way out of that country, the process of manufacturing which is a secret. Although made only of paper, stretched over thin whalebone or bamboo, it may be left in water for many hours without injury.



LILIAN COSTUME.

Lilian Costume.—This novel costume consists of a polonaise and a trimmed skirt. The polonaise is tight fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, deep darts taken out under the arms, and the side forms in the back rounded to the armholes. The fronts are turned back over the hips, to form paniers, and the back is very simply draped. It is suitable for all classes of dress materials, and is especially adapted for a combination of colors or goods. The front view is illustrated *en costume* elsewhere. Pattern in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

ELLICE POLONAISE.

Ellice Polonaise.—A simple, tight-fitting polonaise with a single dart in each side in front, deep darts taken out under the arms, and side forms in the back extending to the shoulder seams. The fronts separate about halfway down, showing a deep plaiting, and the space between the points of the collar in front is filled in with a fine plaiting. The design is suitable for all kinds of materials, and the trimming can be selected to suit the taste and the material used. Pattern in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

For state occasions and "high days and holidays," the large non-folding feather fan is considered indispensable. This kind it is which is used as a fire-screen in Europe and America; but a Chinese would open his almond eyes with amazement to see it put to such a use.

But one has to go to China to become aware of the possibilities of the fan-maker's art. Such marvelous effects, such a happy blending of feathers, beetles' wings, paintings of butterflies, birds, flowers, etc., can only be seen in the country itself, and then, oftentimes, only as a great favor at the hands of some great man.

The most curious, however, is, though it seems a paradox, a fan that is no fan. This is the "steel" or "bludgeon fan," painted and shaped to resemble a closed fan, but which is, in reality, a solid bar of steel. This is carried sometimes as a life-preserver, but more often as a weapon of offense by the dangerous classes of Canton and the other large ports. It will be readily seen what a formidable weapon such an instrument would be in the hands of a desperate or lawless character. Another weapon of the same character is the "dagger" fan. This is far more elegant in appearance, often being made of the finest ebony, ivory, or lacquer, in imitation of a folding fan; but the resemblance goes no farther than the two outside pieces—it is merely a sheath for a long sharp dagger of the finest steel, which shoots out on touching a hidden spring. It is but just to the Chinese to say that this is an invention of their neighbors, the Japanese, and its importation into China has always been strictly forbidden; but of late years numbers have been manufactured in Foochow and other maritime cities

Fashions for Children.

SCHOOL outfits are what principally employ the attention of mothers at this season, and the illustrations which we have to offer in this number of the Magazine will furnish many valuable suggestions in the construction of the useful wardrobe.

The "Julie" apron, for example, furnishes an excellent design for black or gray mohair to be trimmed with braid, and narrow plaiting of the material and worn as an overdress over a plain gabrielle dress of Scotch plaid. Two such dresses and aprons are sufficient for school wear for an entire season, save washing, and always look neat and lady-like, for mohair, if pure, can be cleaned as readily as white cotton cloth. There is no need for any additional trimming, save the narrow plaiting of the material, and two or three rows of machine stitching to serve as a heading. The jacket is simulated by the trimming, and therefore but little material is required. The skirt affords complete protection to the underdress.

The "Mina" apron is cut something in the same style, but it is less dressy in appearance, unless a wide sash is added, which renders it only suitable for ceremonious occasions. It is very pretty made in dotted muslin and trimmed with Valenciennes lace, the *revers* back and front being formed of strips of fine tucking and lace insertions. It may also be made in soft Italian silk, pink or blue, such as is used for underwear, and

trimmed with Valenciennes or torchon lace. In this case the *revers* would consist of alternate strips of silk with lace insertions.

The Miss's "circular" cloak is an almost indispensable garment for a girl between the ages of twelve and sixteen. As a wrap it can be used to better advantage than any other form of cloak, while it is always stylish and graceful. The cost can be brought within five dollars if the material does not cost more than a dollar to a dollar and a quarter per yard, and a crimson or garnet flannel lining may be added which will render it sufficiently warm for the coldest weather. The loops of ribbon are, of course, an improvement, but they are optional.

The "Evra" jacket is one of the simplest and prettiest forms of these useful garments, and in gray or wood-colored cloth, in snowflake cloth, or some one of the many fine stripes and mixtures, it serves as a model for a very stylish little costume at slight cost. A contrasting material is used for *revers*, cuffs, and pockets, also for the interior lining of the narrow collar, which has little corners turned over in front. A simple overskirt of the same material will complete a costume for fall wear.

For a combination dress, the "Ellice" polonaise is very pretty, made up in a mixed or figured material with plain silk plaiting and a plaited flounce mounted upon the underskirt. Such a costume may be made at small expense and look very dressy by using for the foundation material of the skirt either thick silesia lining or a coarse empress cloth, a material sufficiently nice for the purpose, to be obtained from seventy-five cents to one dollar fifty per yard, and even for less; and three yards of silk would not only make the flouncing, but the plaiting, collar, and bows for the polonaise. Thus, at a cost of about eight dollars a suit could be obtained, which, purchased ready-made, would cost from fifteen to twenty.

The "Rodah" dress is complete in itself and very graceful. It is also adapted for the combination of two fabrics, and the wide loops in which the back terminates should be lined with the silk or satin which forms the plaitings and the upper part of the collar and *tablier*. It is prettily made in any of the dark mixtures of silk and wool, the predominant tint supplying the shade for the plain contrasting fabric.

The "Lilian" costume, furnishing a very elegant design, may be made in two colors, two shades, and two materials. It consists of a skirt and polonaise, the latter turned up on the side to form paniers, and draped at the back in the sloping Marguerite style. The design is as simple as possible, yet affords an opportunity for most effective draping and contrast. A garnet dress would be very handsome made after this model, all in one color, but with two fabrics, one silk or wool, the other satin or velvet.

Small dark checks in Scotch plaids are fashionable as ever for every-day and school wear, but the rich, solid colors are most admired for complete and dressy suits. Trimmings cut from piece velvet are the most durable and among the most fashionable for dark wool costumes, but it should be of the same shade, and only the buttons show any contrast in color, silver and gilt still being popular for children's wear.

There is evidence that black velvet and striped velvet corduroy trimmed with lace will be among the materials most in demand for children between the ages of four and ten years. Corduroy requires no finish save buttons, and stitching; but plain Lyons velvet and its silk-faced German imitations are rendered very effective for young children by an open embroidery or handsome piece of Irish point laid flat upon the goods like a braid, or broad galloon.

MISS'S CIRCULAR CLOAK.

Miss's Circular Cloak.—Graceful, and easily arranged, the circle is a favorite style of wrap for outdoor wear, and, made of appropriate goods, forms a light and convenient *demi-saison* garment, and a comfortable one for winter use. The one illustrated is made with a pointed hood, which is a stylish addition. This pattern possesses the requisite fullness to allow it to hang gracefully over the dress, and is about the same length all the way around, reaching to within a few inches of the bottom of the skirt. The design is suitable for cloth, cashmere, silk, suit materials, or plaid goods, the latter to be made bias down the middle of the back. The very little trimming requisite for this garment may be selected and arranged to suit the goods, and personal taste. Pattern in sizes for from eight to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

RODAH DRESS.

Rodah Dress.—Particularly stylish, this becoming dress is tight fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, and side forms in the back extending to the shoulder seams. The front has the effect of two sashes cut out in squares at the bottom, and the ends of the back pieces and side forms are turned up to form eight loops over a box-plaited flounce. The design is appropriate for a great variety of dress goods, and is also desirable for a combination of colors and materials. Pattern in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Our Purchasing Bureau.

LADIES living at a distance from the metropolitan center, will appreciate at once the advantage of sending their New York orders to an old-established and responsible agency. The Purchasing Bureau in connection with our establishment is under personal supervision, and possesses facilities not obtainable by an individual, and within the reach of few associative firms. Costumes and complete outfits are made to order with great promptness, or any single article purchased, or made to order, from a pin to a piano—in millinery, both goods and made-up hats and bonnets. Our resources are such that we can buy better for parties than they can usually purchase for themselves, and our specialties, in a velvet bonnet for fifteen dollars, trimmed with satin, and ostrich tips, or satin trimmed with feathers, are unequaled in style, at much higher prices.

Underwear and baby outfits can be purchased cheaper in New York ready made, than elsewhere on this continent, and the quality is now so good, and the prices so low, that it is absolute folly to spend valuable time in the making of them.

The following are selected for their brevity, from hundreds of letters sent.

"FAIRFIELD.

"MME. DEMOREST:—The dresses fit beautifully. My daughter was delighted with your selections.

"Respectfully,

"M. R. B."

"ROGERSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

"MME. DEMOREST:—The neck chains came to hand safely, and gave *entire satisfaction.*

"*Many, very many thanks*, for your kindness, and judgment in selection.

"Very respectfully,

"MISS E. H."

"HOMER, N. Y.

"MME. DEMOREST:—The gloves and other articles received all right, and very satisfactory.

"MRS. F. D. B."

Our "Illustrated Journal."

IT is the first record that a ladies' paper has attained the circulation of six hundred thousand within the first year of its existence. But we can say with truth, that six hundred thousand comprises the edition with which we shall start our fall number of this latest of our fashion publications, and that the prospect is, that we shall require three hundred thousand more as a second edition to suppy our increasing list. The cheapness at which we have put this popular publication for the household, must be considered a great reason for its rapid advancement. It not only gives the latest news in regard to fashions, but more valuable and instructive reading for the money, than any other paper published in the world. Our vast facilities do not admit of rivalry in our own field, and our friends know that we are not only as good, but better than our word. Demorest's Illustrated Journal is issued quarterly with the seasons, sixteen pages 16½ by 11½ inches (same size as the Illustrated Weeklies), and the price is only five cents per copy, or fifteen cents per year, including postage. Try it for one year.

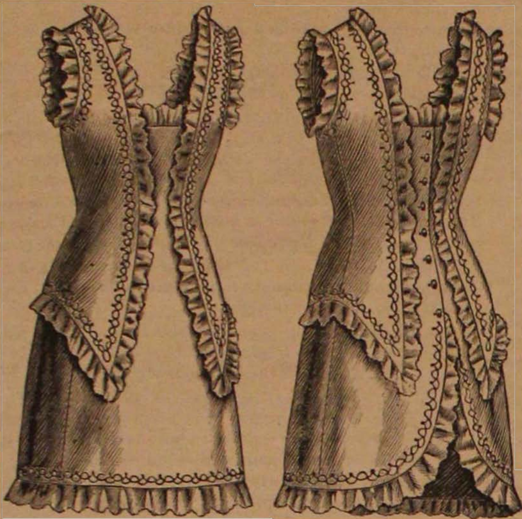
Address,

MME. DEMOREST,

17 East 14th Street,

New York.

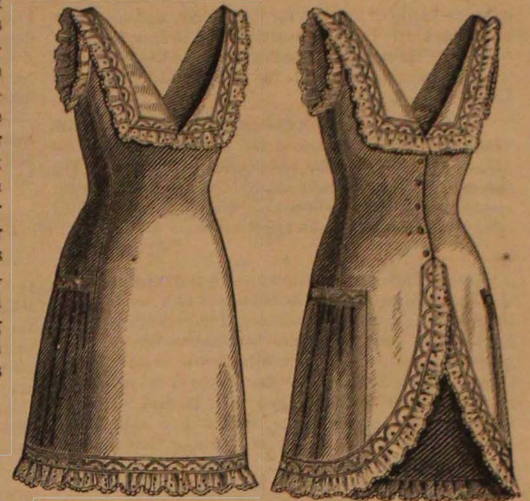
Demorest's Illustrated Journal, Mme. Demorest's Portfolio of Fashion—and Mme. Demorest's What to Wear, all three publications for one year, postage paid, for seventy-five cents.



JULIE APRON.

Julie Apron.—Particularly graceful, and very simple to make, the "Julie" apron is dressy in effect, and at the same time affords a complete protection to the dress. It is partially fitting, with long side forms back and front, extending to the shoulders and forming points that simulate a jacket over the skirt. The short front and back pieces give a Pompadour effect in front and behind. The design is desirable for all kinds of washable materials, or would look well made in silk or black alpaca. The trimming should be chosen to suit the taste and the material used. Pattern in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, fifteen cents each.

Evra Jacket.—The "Evra" is of medium length, and about two-thirds tight, with a vest simulated by long *revers* extending the entire length of the jacket, and finishing in a deep, sailor collar at the back. The fronts are in sacque shape, and there are side gores under the arms, and side forms in the back rounded to the armholes. The design is appropriate for all materials used for outdoor wear, and is also desirable for suit goods, and a combination of colors or materials. The *revers*, cuffs and pockets, trimmed with oblique rows of braid and buttons, constitute all the trimming required. Pattern in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.



MINA APRON.

Mina Apron.—Simple and practical, this pretty apron is almost loose fitting, and is cut with side gores under the arms, and has extra fullness imparted to the sides by means of wide side gores in the skirt, that are gathered, and attached to the lower edges of the upper side gores. The neck is in heart shape, both front and back, and is ornamented with *revers*. The design is appropriate for all kinds of washable fabrics, silk or alpaca, and can be trimmed to suit the taste and the goods selected. Pattern in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, fifteen cents each.

LADIES' CLUB

"Botanist." — "*Reana luxurians*" is a new grass lately imported into Ceylon from Java. It attains a height of eight feet in three months. It is full of saccharine matter, and horses and cattle like it.

"Student."—1. Of eleven feminine candidates who presented themselves for the first examination for the degrees of the University of London, six were placed in the honors division, four were declared entitled to exhibition, and one was second in the whole list of candidates. The standard of the London University is a very high one.

2. There is a prospect of a railroad in Southern Africa. Mr. Hardwick, acting under instructions from Mr. James Bradshaw, of Manchester, and the intended African Corporation, recently laid before the Sultan of Zanzibar a scheme for a railway between the coast and the Victoria Nyanza Lake. The Sultan is delighted with the project, and promises to assist it in every suitable way. He will probably agree to the condition, not to sanction any other line to be laid by a different company within 300 miles north or south of the proposed line to the Victoria Nyanza for a term of fifty years. He also promises to provide the company with sufficient space for their works at any of the harbors on the eastern coast which they may select.

"Alice D."—The lines are by Thomas Moore.

"Oh! life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

"Progress."—Cremation is about to be introduced into Père-la-Chaise Cemetery. The committee of the Paris Municipal Council appointed to consider the question, pronounced it a measure of sanitary progress. It has been decided to set up an apparatus on Siemen's principle, and a columbarium.

"Geographer."—1. St. Petersburg is to be made a seaport by means of a maritime canal, which will permit the large vessels, obliged now to stop at Cronstadt, to take in and discharge their cargoes in the capital. The works necessary to make St. Petersburg the largest seaport in the Baltic, will be executed within six years at a cost of 8,000,000 roubles.

"Curiosity."—1. Since the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government as the capital of united Italy, twelve Protestant churches have been built there, of which three are Episcopal, two Methodist, one Presbyterian, one Baptist, and one called the American Union Church; the others are the Liberal Church, the Waldensian Church, the Evangelic Military Church, and the Apostolic Church of Rome.

2. Valhalla, in Scandinavian mythology, is the palace of immortality, inhabited by the souls of heroes slain in battle.

3. The Mort d'Arthur was compiled by Sir Thomas Malony, from French originals, edited by Southey, the poet laureate. The compilation contains "The Prophecies of Merlin," "The Quest of St. Graal," "The Romance of Sir Launcelot of the Lake," "The History of Sir Tristam," etc., etc. Tennyson has a "Mort d'Arthur" among his poems.

"Subscriber."—1. The British Museum is about to acquire a well-preserved Egyptian papyrus belonging to time of the later Ptolemies. It contains nearly the whole of the thirty-fourth book of the Iliad. The museum has secured another papyrus, even more ancient, recently found in an Egyptian tomb, and containing an almost complete transcript of the eighteenth book of the Iliad.

2. Last year's conscripts of the German army, taken from all ranks and classes of the community, furnish interesting evidence of the spread of education in the German Empire. The conscripts numbered 140,197, and it was found that of this whole body, 130,939 had received clementary education, and that 6,283 had gone beyond the elementary stage into the higher branches. No country in the world but Germany, and no State of the American Union could make such a show in the educational line.

"Man Milliner."—There are several very good ladies' tailors and male dressmakers in New York city, with whom you could doubtless enter as an apprentice, or improver. But for obvious reasons, we cannot give their names and business address in this column.

"Molly Alderman."—Our combination suspender and shoulder-brace is especially adapted for such cases, and we should advise the immediate attachment of a suitable size to her heaviest skirt.

"Editor Ladies' Club:—The letter in your Monthly of July over the signature of 'M. I. H.,' I have found very interesting. It has aroused my curiosity considerably. The writer must be a lady of energy and skill. As I am a farmer's daughter, I have a limited knowledge of the farming business; but, just how a lady can take charge of the field hands, and successfully control them, I have not yet been able to comprehend. I know that in the district where I live, it is difficult to get hired men who will be true to their employer and do a full day's work, unless he is in the field with them, taking the lead in sowing, hoeing, and reaping. There is another trouble that appears before my mind in her case. It is in reference to putting the produce of her farm into market. I wonder if she will take the whole worry and trouble of the task into her own hands, or will she do the business through agents? The step she has taken is certainly encouraging to many of her sex, who have to

fight the battle of this life for themselves, and especially to her juniors. I will be much pleased to hear from her frequently through the columns of the Ladies' Club, and to know her progress with the 'slavery-killed Virginia Land.'

"In my county, the fruit and grain crops are both small. The cellars that were packed full of winter apples last fall, will this year be the receptacles of but few. The severe drought has greatly injured the cereals, nevertheless the patriotic pulse beat as fast at our Fourth of July celebration in a shady oak grove as it ever did before.

"SYLVANIA."

"DEAR MADAME DEMOREST:—Your Magazine I consider a public benefactor, as important to a household in its way as dictionary or almanac. I have worked by the light of its good common-sense instruction for three years now, and am able to testify clearly to its real solid worth. When my husband first brought home a copy of it, I was as much startled as if he had walked in serenely and presented me with a live rattlesnake. Was this the first sad note of warning that the good man was losing his senses? He well knew my profound contempt for fashion periodicals, my eagerness for journals of a literary or scientific order, and the times were hard; how, if his mind were sane, had he subscribed for this? I watched him anxiously for seven days, confidently expecting to see him put pepper and salt into his tea, or answer my questions in melancholy pantomime; but when all his actions and words were flavored strongly with intelligent purpose, I was obliged to abandon the idea of cerebral infirmity. I disposed of the Magazine summarily, as Jonathan Edwards would have done with a copy of Voltaire's 'Ruins,' and in the study of Oriental history soon forgot that clothes were a necessity of poor human nature. The next month came round and another number walked in by the hands of a postman, and met the same obscure fate as its predecessor. The third found me in the agonizing grip of a new dressmaker, of the tailor school. Oh, the unutterable miseries of standing for the multitude of measurements that were the preliminaries of the artist's work! I think she measured the length and breadth of every rib, the solid and superficial contents of each arm, the elevation of nose above the other facial organs, and distance from each separate point of waist line to the zenith and nadir! All of these she proceeded to record with an air of most mathematical exactness in a blank book, and then I suppose by some sort of algebraic formula she deduced the pattern she wanted for me. It was as bewitching as Greek mythology, and I thought she would perchance produce some sort of Olympian regalia that would delight with its antique grace and elegance. Another two hours of standing to have this mathematical garment tried on, and a series of observations taken at different altitudes in the room; turned round and round till my brains were dancing a Virginia reel; pinched till I realized what parting with the final breath would be, and my costume was pronounced 'a perfect fit.' I looked forward eagerly to the completion of this perfect apparel, expecting to be fully rewarded for the suffering incurred in the process of its development. But oh, how were my fond hopes crushed! Instead of a comfortable and artistic costume, it seemed as if the one design had been to produce something torturing and ugly. And was this the ordeal I had got to go through on every occasion of a new dress? Life began to assume an intensely melancholy aspect, when all of a sudden I thought of the despised Magazine, and decided to see what iniquitous methods of dress it advocated. My eye fell first upon some of the editor's strong common-sense observations, then upon 'Hints for Home Work,' upon pretty and effective designs for dress, and before I was aware I was really interested, and felt that here was light and help for me, who had scoffed at such publications. I read carefully the directions for independent work, and resolved to try my hand at dressmaking. It seemed very much like attempting to build a house; but I selected my patterns and went to work. Thanks to the clear, careful directions, every difficulty vanished, and my first dress, a black silk, came out feeling as if it had grown on me, and elicited commendation from many friends. What a happy contrast this was to the dress of the mathematical computations! In that, I felt waspish; in this, gentle as a dove. I tried again and again, always with the same success, and I am now not only a convert, but an apostle to your patterns, and preach the really saving grace there is in having guides that *never* deceive you. Your Magazine has emancipated me from dependence upon milliners and dressmakers, and there is a delightful satisfaction, to say nothing of the immense saving to one's purse, in being able to serve myself. If I am in any dilemma as to what to do in any particular department of dress I am sure to find the key to it in your monthly. I know that if you were to give patterns for making men's boots, I should be tempted to try them also, and that as usual the rules would work like magic; —so please don't, for I really do not care to go into that branch of art. I trust you will live for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and I, if here, shall continue to be an ardent subscriber to your Magazine.

"Sincerely yours,

"E. F. F."

"BROOKLYN, July, 1879.

"EDITOR LADIES' CLUB:—I have read several letters in the 'Ladies' Club,' and many wise and kind answers which are not only of value to those who ask the questions but to many who have been wishing for the information, perhaps for a long time. I think most of your correspondents must be wealthy, fashionable people, and they all speak in high praise of the Magazine; but I doubt if its value is so great to them as it is to women like myself, who are too poor to indulge in many pleasures. The stories make us feel brighter; the receipts help us to get nice, cheap dinners; 'The Kettle Drums' are nice and cheery, and teach us how to make home pleasant; the fashions are very beautiful, and there is a look about them I never see in any others, but I can only use the very plain ones, as my materials are always cheap lawns and calicoes. The patterns you send are nice, and some of them come in very conveniently; the pictures are pretty, and I mean to have most of mine framed; and there are many other nice things; but to me, all the rest is as nothing when compared with Jennie June. Brave, noble woman! If I could have read her 'Talks with Girls' when I was a girl, I would have been a better woman to-day. I would like to ask all girls who can to read the 'Talks,' and take her advice. And now I must thank you for all these good things, and beg you to answer some questions for me. Some of them perhaps I ought not to ask; if so, instead of an answer mark 'impertinent.'

"Please answer these questions for me. And now, Madame, let me tell you we are poor women, who work hard. Our husbands have what they call a 'hard time,' but we love you, and thank you for your good words, and you are helping to make us all better, wiser, happier, and *prettier*.

"Very truly your friend,

"NORTH CAROLINA."

Ans.—Mme. Demorest lives in New York, but pays frequent visits to Paris. Jennie June's married name is Mrs. D. G. Croly. She lives in New York and has four children. We cannot answer your questions concerning the writers named at length, and they do not admit of just yes or no.

A simple, a pretty way to make a calico dress is: skirt walking length, trimmed with a gathered flounce, and long paletot, well cut in to the figure, and belted broadly at the waist. And the style is, with two skirts and plaited basque; or round waist, with which a belt should be worn. The skirts should be simply made, without ruffles except upon the lower skirt; the upper straight, slightly draped at the back, easily effected by shirring at the sides, and trimmed with a fold, or border stitched on. Comb your hair back, arrange it in one heavy braid, and crimp or fringe a small quantity across the front.

"EDITOR LADIES' CLUB:—Is the style of the following card correct? 'Mr. Jones presents compliments to Miss Smith, and, if agreeable, would be pleased to call this evening at 7 o'clock.

'June 29th, '79.'

"The custom of card writing upon such state occasions prevails throughout our section, and quite a diversity of opinion exists as to the propriety of prefixing the noun 'Mr.' in the above case.

"Respectfuly,

"TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE."

Ans. The style of writing such notes in the third person is now obsolete. The form you have given would at any time have been questionable, because it places the name of the gentleman asking the favor before that of the lady of whom the favor is requested. The best forms are those which are most simple and most direct, and the first place in society always belongs to the lady. The "Mr." is indispensable in this instance, unless the gentleman prefixes his proper name.

"MRS. C. H. H."—Make your striped silk with trimmed skirt and deep basque, belted in from the side seams. White lace caps in small hat shapes would be the prettiest for your twin boys. Boys of two years wear small straw chip hats, trimmed with white ribbon and small ostrich tips.

"GAUDALUPE."—We do not sell these articles, we only give them away as Club Premiums.

"MRS. L. H."—*Sicilienne* is a rich ribbed fabric of silk and wool. *Batiste* is a thin linen fabric, and *des Indes* simply means from the *Indies*, in that it has the soft India finish. *Byzantine* is a dull semi-transparent fabric, silk and wool mixed, and closely woven like *barége*, which is used for summer wear, in the deepest mourning. Satin-stripe *Byzantine* is used for light mourning.

"MRS. W. J. C."—The suits as illustrated in July number would cost about seventy-five dollars each, each hat twelve, and parasol eight.

"A READER."—Put plenty of salt in the water with which you wash your pink and blue calicoes, add to it some borax, and wash them in cold water.

"PANSY."—"*Fête Champêtre*" is pronounced *Fate Shom-paytr*, and "Amateur" is pronounced not *Amature*, but *Amatur*, the *u* as in rude. You cannot study any particular thing with the certainty of having it make you a good conversationalist. General intelligence, quick perception, ready sympathies, and a wide acquaintance with books and the world at large, are the elements of which a good conversationalist is made. Whatever tends toward these conditions will help you; but conversation is an art, and as such requires both natural gifts and training. Your paper is very good, but the etching would be better if smaller, and less obtrusive. Black ink is preferred to colors by refined people, but violet ink is sometimes used because it flows so much more readily. Your skirt should be cut rather short, walking length. Do not begin to wear trains, it will age you before your time. Collars are very little used by young girls. Fine ruffles, bows, and small square plaited ends of lace are their substitutes for collars and neckties. The latter are only used in white in the street. To make tomato preserve, pick them green, or use the small yellow ones of uniform size. Wipe them carefully, and prepare a sirup in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of tomatoes. Boil it clear, add the juice and grated rind of one lemon to each pint of tomatoes, and a bit of green ginger. Split the tomatoes, if green, and put them into the boiling sirup. Cover them down nearly close, and let them cook until the moisture is pretty well evaporated, but do not let them get broken or mashed. Take them out with a skimmer or large spoon, and put them up in scalded, or self-sealing jars, which have been well dried by the fire. If the sirup is still thin, let it boil away until it is reduced, and then pour over the preserve.

"TON."—To wash your Spanish lace scarf, you must procure a bottle, or a rolling-pin long enough to wind it tightly and smoothly around. Pin it firmly, and put it in a clean pan of salt water prepared with soap and a little mixture of liquid gum-arabic. Put it in cold, and let it come to a boil, then squeeze it out, and if clean, take it off carefully and pin it on a sheet, laid upon some flat surface. Fasten down the edge of every scallop carefully, and let it dry. If an iron is necessary, place another sheet over the one to which it is pinned, and do not allow it to become too hot.

"HARRIETTE."—We cannot see the object of your letter without the formula. If you send that we shall be happy to publish it.

"L. E. H."—Brown velvet would be better with your shade of cloth than black—pure seal-brown. The cloth is too heavy for the principal skirt. We should advise a plain overskirt and jacket of it, with brown velvet ruffles or facing upon a skirt of silesia or common empress cloth. If velvet is used upon the overdress at all, it should be as collar and cuffs, with perhaps side folds to simulate a coat basque at the back, but the most stylish costumes are made plain, with only stitching and buttons for trimming. Tortoise-shell buttons are the prettiest with a brown velvet skirt.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—Cards sent in that way have no meaning except to the person who sends them. When cards are left, the upper right-hand corner turned down signifies that it was left in person. There are initial letters which are used in various ways to signify farewell, condolence, or congratulation. Cards, under the circumstances indicated, might have meant that he would have made the explanation personal if he could. The plain one you could have returned with "Thanks" upon it.

"EMILY."—Your sample of silk is very good in kind and quality. There are some imperfections in the manufacture, but it is pure silk and will wear well. Its price would be from two dollars to two and a half per yard.

Fifteen yards would make you a Princess dress of the width designated.

"MRS. L. P." (Subscriber).—The trains attached to walking-skirts are not now in vogue. It is much easier to raise a simple demi-train by some one of the prevailing methods, or even to lift it by the hand, than to carry around an extra mass of material, and endeavor to adjust it to a walking skirt. Breton lace is now the most fashionable for trimming, and a white silk dress for a bride would be prettiest made with a trimmed skirt, coat basque, and broad belt composed of white satin starting from the sides. The satin could be otherwise intermingled with the Breton lace, in the trimming. Gray cashmere, or real camel's hair trimmed with rich faille or satin of the same shade, make up into very handsome costumes.

"NUMEROUS CORRESPONDENTS" are informed that the "Mistletoe Bough" is by Thomas Haines Bayley, and to be found in Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song."

"ELLA."—What you call "skulls" are masks grouped with the lyre, the scroll, the brush, the palette, and the pencil, each and all signifying the different forms in which art finds expression. The masks, of course, refer particularly to the stage. Such a pronunciation may be Continental, but it is vicious all the same. The correct pronunciation of Goethe is *Gur-tay*, with a slight trill of the *r*.

"MRS. S."—Your sample of figured worsted grenadine is the kind used for polonaises and overdresses generally. It looks well mixed or trimmed with black silk, and may be made into an entire suit in this way, the trimmed skirt and basque being perhaps the most useful form in which it can be put.

"ALICE."—The third finger of the left hand is the proper one for the engagement ring, which is afterward used as a guard for the wedding ring. Camel's hair suiting can be purchased for from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half per yard. Black brocaded silk makes up very well with rich black faille, but a combination with satin is more fashionable. Black brocade ranges from $2 to $5 per yard.

"QUERIST."—Better consult a photographer in regard to the picture. You can address your friend as Dear Mr. ———, or, what is less formal or more fashionable just now, begin your letter without any address at all.

"S. A. D."—The gloves are patented, and known as the "Foster." The price of the six-buttoned, that is, three upon a side, is one dollar and a half per pair; for each two buttons, that is, one on each side, twenty-five cents additional is charged.

"BRUNETTE."—A dark-blue or gray traveling dress of thin beige or bunting with jacket, two ulsters, one linen and the other waterproof, which should be put with a shawl, a long extra-gauze veil, and a knitted woolen scarf in a hand-strap, one silk dinner dress, and one street suit of silk and grenadine, black the most useful, are almost indispensable. In addition, a white dress which may be worn in the evening, a cool morning dress or wrapper, and a short, dark, cambric suit. These ought to be sufficient for a trip of six weeks duration. The most useful hats you can take are a white and black straw, the latter, of course, for traveling and ordinary walking wear.

"A. L. C."—Get a good India matting for your parlor, and cover it with neat drugget which you can take up or lay down without any trouble. Curtains of Brussels net and a pretty Eastlake cabinet of unpainted wood. Have a lounge and chairs made by the village carpenter, stuff them, and cover them with chintz yourself. Have your walls painted in French gray, with a border of crimson, with lines of China blue, yellow, and black. Fasten back your curtains with broad ribbons, and have pine cornices painted to match the border. Hang a pretty bracket here and there in the corners, upon which put a statuette or any bit of China you may happen to have, and your room will be very pretty at a cost within the sum named.

"MRS. L. E. N."—Mrs. Elizabeth Carter represents the oldest established lace house in New York, and supplies all information and material. Her address is Broadway near 20th Street.

"FANNY."—A black bunting suit would cost you anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five dollars.

"JULIA."—Cultivate a larger, freer hand. Write with blacker ink and a coarser pen. Can any reader tell where the lines

"Soft, soft music is stealing,"

and

"No, ne'er will thy home be mine,"

can be found?

"MARY W."—We do not write out opinions upon rejected stories. Life is too short and duties too many. We may say, however, that "Lilies of the Valley" is not up to publication standard, and that correct spelling is one of the first essentials of any kind of writing.

"MRS. W. S. W."—See advertisement for additional facts in regard to the Knee Protectors.

"MRS. H. E. T."—Your damask silk might be utilized, but it is not fashionable in design, although the color would pass muster. If you could match the blue in plain silk, the best way would be to get enough for mounting upon a silesia skirt, using the figured silk for a draped overskirt and basque, which should have bows of the plain blue, a flat collar cut square across the front, and folds or pipings intermixed with the trimming. The interior plaiting should be Breton lace.

"JANETTE L."—If you have enough of the plain to make your dress independent of the ruffling, using only the ribbon stripe of the latter, it could be made to look modern and fashionable. Or you may take the thin starred part of the border and make ruffles of that, alternating them with ruffles of plain and barege, and using the stripe for a heading. Your best plan would doubtless be to mount the material upon a lining, and if your dressmaker was clever she could easily work in the thin and thick part of the bordering to produce very pretty effects. The "Athalie" overskirt would be a good pattern for you, with flounced skirt and belt waist.

"MRS. J. P. C."—Send for summer Portfolio. This will give you all the styles, and you can make your own selections.

"MRS. S. L. S. G."—*Working Her Way* has not appeared in book form to our knowledge. *Married and Settled* was by an English author, and may have appeared in book form since its serial publication, but we are not certain.

"MRS. L. H."—We do not know any book by the title you mention. We could conscientiously recommend Mandarin tea as a perfectly pure and wholesome beverage; but the best tea costs a high price, and there were not enough persons willing to pay it, so the importation was stopped. A really good Oolong is a very fine tea, but in some dealers' hands all kinds are more or less adulterated, so that the only way is to purchase of a house in whose honesty as well as judgment you have entire confidence.

"QUIDORA."—It was not really necessary for the young lady to do more than bow in acknowledgment of the civil little speech. She could hardly have said more than "Thanks," and this would have been useful as a preliminary to conversation. We consider the article named very good indeed as a dentifrice. Your writing is very good; quite up to the average, and possesses more character than the average.

"TESSIE C."—Elbow sleeves can be worn to church in summer, provided the gloves or mitts are long enough to cover the arms.

"E. L. E."—It is impossible to give directions for furnishing a parlor by itself. Its furnishing must have reference to the rest of the house, and the habits of its occupants, whether it is to be much or little used, whether children are to creep over the carpet and climb upon its sofas, or whether it was to be shut up and sacred to company. An elegant cabinet is the one piece of furniture which modern taste considers indispensable, but it is quite out of place if the means are small and the rest of the furniture ordinary.

"MRS. I. D. S."—A handsome cape of beaded lace would cost about ten dollars. From that to twenty-five. Dress elevators can be obtained from a dollar up, and chatelain bags with belts from two dollars and a half.

"BEATRIX."—A long, close-fitting sacque and skirt, trimmed with one or more plaited flounces, would be as becoming a way as any to make your linen lawn. Trim with a cascade lace down the back, and knots of ribbon in front. Attach a belt to the sides of the cascade above and below the waist line, and fasten it in front. Try sage tea, slightly warm, and tar soap for cleaning your scalp. Immediately after cleaning, comb it with a fine comb, and when it is dry brush it vigorously and apply a little bay rum to the roots of the hair. Persevere in this treatment for a while, cut the ends carefully once a month, and you will be likely to see a change for the better. Trim your black and white hair-striped silk with black and white lace, and black ribbon with a reversible of cream satin.

"IGNORAMUS."—In reality there was nothing improper in your action, but you can see that it led to embarrassing consequences, and therefore it would have been better to have staid at home. A girl must not only not do wrong, but she must avoid putting herself in a false position, or in one that will give occasion for idle, gossiping people to misrepresent her. You can see yourself that the position in which you were placed toward the gentleman compelled you to overlook a familiarity that you would have otherwise resented, and that he would not venture upon under ordinary circumstances. A good girl wishes so to conduct herself with one man that the whole world might look on if it pleased, while her conduct in the face of the whole world should be such that the one man whom she loves, or who loves her, can take no exception to it. We think as you do, that the gentleman meant nothing and expressed nothing but the instinctive desire to protect, and the gossips who are trying to make capital out of it deserve the severest condemnation.

"M. I. H." has another admirer in "Little Dorrit," who writes as follows:

"DEAR LADIES' CLUB: I was much pleased as well as interested with the letter from the lady in Virginia signed 'M. I. H.' in the July number of your Magazine. I have been a reader of your delightful Magazine for a number of years, and words cannot express the pleasure and comfort I find in it. I am especially interested in the 'Ladies' Club,' and have often wished I could write something worthy of your acceptance, but have always been deterred by a profound conviction of my poor qualities as a letter-writer; but now that I have found in the letter of 'M. I. H.' an excuse for writing, I feel compelled to say that I have never enjoyed any Ladies' Magazine as much as I do DEMOREST'S.

"LITTLE DORRIT."

"PENNY ROYAL."—A simple alterative, and one much recommended by physicians, consists of equal parts of magnesia, powdered charcoal, and cream of tartar, with half a part of sulphur, the whole making a desert-spoonful of mixed powder, which must be carefully blended with cold water, and taken on retiring. Take several such doses, following it up with a glass of Sulphur Spring water early in the morning of every day. The virtue of sulphur is that it kills animalculæ in the system, and as these frequently carry the germs of malignant disease, it is extremely valuable. In the meantime put a few drops of ammonia in the water in which you wash, and use carbolic soap. Keep sifted oatmeal on your toilet stand, and dust your face with it after washing. Borax is not at all injurious if used in small quantities, but it should only be used to soften hard water.

A Pleasant Prospect.

INVALIDS can remain in their sick-rooms and hear their favorite minister's sermon—by telephone. Recently in a church in Richmond, Va., a transmitter was placed upon one of the pillars of the pulpit, almost entirely hidden from sight. A small insulated wire ran down inside the pulpit rail and across the angle of a stair, up the wainscoting and along under the top rail out through a gimlet-hole in the window frame, and to the top of the parsonage, passing down through the ventilator into the chamber of the invalid young lady, where it was attached to the ordinary hand telephone. Imperceptibly to all around the little instrument did its work, conveying to the ear of the patient sufferer the sounds of the well-known voice in the pulpit for the first time in long years.

"English Skies."

EVERYTHING in England takes on a mellow tone from the climate—music, the sound of bells, and the countenances of the people. One of the very few differences observed between the Americans and the English is a calmer and serener expression of countenance. This in the descending scale of intelligence becomes a stolid look, the outward sign of mental sluggishness. The toil and struggle of life is harder in England than it is here: poor men are more driven by necessity; rich men think more; among all classes, except the frivolous part of the aristocracy (not a large class), there is more mental strain, more real anxiety, than there is here, where all the material conditions of life are easier, and where there is less care for political and social matters. Why, then, this difference of look? It is due, in a great measure, to difference of climate—not to such effect of climate upon organization as makes a difference in the physical man, but to a result of climate which is almost mechanical, and which operates directly upon each individual. Briefly, an expression of anxiety is given to the "American" face by an effort to resist the irritating effect of our sun and wind.

LITERATURE

Art Interchange.—This journal was started as a sort of organ of the Woman's Decorative Art Society of New York, and is published from their rooms, 34 East 19th Street. It is issued fortnightly, at $1.50 per year, and gives a resumé of art news, of information upon decorative art subjects, and of facts in regard to work, which renders it particularly interesting to students and ladies interested in the modern decorative school. It is very neatly gotten up, and deserves success.

Souvenirs of Mme. Vigée Lebrun.—This charming work, first published in 1835, has been reprinted in one volume, with a steel portrait of the author, by R. Worthington, 750 Broadway. As a perfectly literal presentation of the life and manners of the time, as well as of the real character and opinions of many distinguished persons, the book is more valuable now than when it was issued. It not only photographs Europe, as it then existed, but it gives the most delightful reminiscences of the great personages in social life, art, and literature. Such facts, indeed, as could only have been known by one in constant and intimate association with them.

Mme. Marie Louise Elizabeth Lebrun was a French painter, born in Paris, in April, 1755, and who died there in May, 1842. The lists of her works are omitted from the present volume, but these actually numbered upward of 650 portraits, 200 Swiss and English landscapes, and 15 other pictures. Among her best portaits are those of Lord Byron, and Mme. de Staël, as "Corinne." In her eightieth year, she executed a portrait of her niece, with whom she lived, which showed no decline in power or delicacy of treatment. No woman, who can afford a library, should fail to add to it these souvenirs of a noble woman and great artist.

Music from Cincinnati.—The enterprising music publishers of Cincinnati, Geo. D. Newall & Co., have sent us some capital new songs, by Mr. Will S. Hays, one of which bears the significant title of "Keep in de Middle of de Road;" another is "Maid of Miami, I Love You," and is dedicated to Mr. Ed. D. Miller, of Cincinnati; both these have a chorus attached. "Friends of Old are Good as Gold," is a motto song, the words by A. W. French, the music by C. W. Brown. "Parted Not," is a song by J. Remington Fairland, and is dedicated to Mr. William Castle. It is printed as sung by this well-known tenor. "Thou Dost Not Know" is another song by J. R. Fairland, dedicated to, and printed as sung by Miss Adelaide Randall.

"Ye Starry Lamps of Heaven" is a ballad, the words by A. W. French, the music by H. M. Cole, and "Just For Luck," a waltz by Geo. W. Turner. "The Morning Star Te Deum" is by Trott, and gives words as well as music. Wm. A. Pond & Co. are the agents of Geo. D. Newall & Co. in New York.

New Music.—Among the late music published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 25 Union Square, is a charming song, a serenade, entitled "My Lady Love," the music by Albert J. Holden, the well-known organist of Dr. Chapin's church, and the words by Miss Mary B. Ferry. Mr. Holden is not only a gifted musician, but a composer of refined taste, and this latest work is dedicated to Mr. Eugene Clarke, the *primo tenore* of the leading English Opera Troup, and of Chapin's church in this city.

"Silver Bells," a nocturn for the piano, by Francis Mueller, is dedicated to Hon. Carl Schurz, and the "Arab Girl's Song," a very pretty ballad for the piano, was composed for, and dedicated to Miss Celeste Winans, of Baltimore, Md., by George W. Morgan.

"Never Again" is a song, the words of which are by Adelaide Proctor, the music by Fred. H. Cowen. It is a very effective composition for soprano and contralto, and so also is the new song, "Blow, Bugle, Blow," the words from Tennyson's "Princess," the music composed expressly for, and given exactly by Miss Emma Abbot, by S. Austen Pearce.

A brilliant Valedictory song, for three female voices, is "Bright Be Our Parting," and in this connection it may be remarked that Mr. Wm. A. Pond makes a specialty of trios for both male, female, and mixed voices.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's second volume of the history of the city of New York is being issued by subscription from the press of A. S. Barnes & Co. The volume will contain 16 parts of 48 pages each, and will bring the history from 1774 to the present time. It is written ably and impartially, well printed and illustrated, and besides its especial local interest, it is of value all over the country, for everything that concerns New York is of national interest. Although sales are made only by subscription, booksellers in all places where no agents have been appointed will receive orders.

The Staten Island Dyeing Establishment.

This house, the oldest of its kind in this city, has branches in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and is synonymous wherever known with thoroughly good work, and prompt and honorable dealing. The extent of the business done is enormous, and covers all the departments of cleaning and dyeing. Nothing is ever slighted, and it is very rare that the slightest dissatisfaction is expressed, and then it is more the fault of carelessness on the part of the sender and owner of the goods, than that of the proprietors of the cleaning and dyeing works. Laces, curtains, real cashmere, and chudda shawls, dresses, and all articles of apparel, furniture coverings, in short, anything composed of a pure material, whether silk, woolen, or cotton, can be renovated and dyed to look "like new," by improved modern processes, by the Staten Island Dyeing Establishment, whose principal office is 5 and 7 John Street, New York, where goods can be sent by express.

Meeting Misfortune Manfully.

(*New York Times, June 4th*, 1879.)

Horace Waters & Sons on May 21st made an assignment for their creditors, owing to losses and heavy expenses. This course was adopted because Mr. Waters believed it more honorable to make an assignment while he could pay one hundred cents on the dollar than to go on and be obliged at a later date to compromise with his creditors. He does not intend to let circumstances keep him down, but he has given up all his property to his creditors, and will, while satisfying their demands, seek to retain the custom which he had acquired by thirty years of enterprise and fair dealing. He has made arrangements to act as agent for a person who has furnished capital to do a cash business. He will furnish for cash instruments of precisely the same quality hitherto sold by the firm of Horace Waters & Sons, selling them at a great reduction from former prices. To those who send their orders to him at 40 East Fourteenth Street, post-office box 3,530, he gives assurances that they will be cheerfully and faithfully executed, and that all who desire to make purchases may depend upon securing bargains. Mr. Waters has business experience and integrity, and with these and indomitable energy he will assuredly retain his old business friends and speedily re-establish his affairs on a firm basis. Mr. Waters has also signed over his private property to be held in reserve to meet any deficiencies.

"Good Words."

From a valued source comes the following:

"Woodstock, Ont.

"Dear Mme. Demorest:—I have taken your excellent Magazine for three years, and shall continue to do so as long as possible, for I value it more each year, and I do not believe there is another Fashion Magazine in the world which can be compared with it. Quez."

Another lady writes:

"Your Monthly Magazine is a great favorite in our household, and has our best wishes for its continued success and prosperity."

A young lady says:

"The Dalles, Oregon.

"While I am writing, I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration for your delightful Magazine. Mother and I, as well as many of our friends here, consider it unquestionable authority in all fashion matters. May 'Demorest' live long and prosper. W. G."

The publishers of Demorest's Monthly possess the secret of making their magazine always interesting, so that wherever its pages are opened one can scarcely help reading on. The number before us contains no special cause for astonishment, yet its excellence in every part is so remarkable, the stories, the essays, the traveling articles, the poems. the illustrations, are so fresh, so well selected, and so skillfully combined, that there is scarcely a page which one does not examine with pleasure as well as profit. The articles which we especially notice are an adaptation from the old ballad, "The Bluebells in the Church Tower," and Henry Fauntleroy's poem, "The Old Coat of Arms." Besides numerous wood illustrations of merit, there is a fruit picture in oil, a steel portrait of the poet Tennyson, and an engraving of the tomb of Grace Darling.—*Stockland, Me.*

Demorest's Magazine is brimming over with good things. Two of its most excellent features are the "Correspondents' Class" and the Ladies' Club. In the former all queries relative to art are answered; in the latter, is given information as to literary matters, fashions, household and social interests, in reply to questions. "House and Home" is another department which must commend itself to every lady. In it all affairs pertaining to home, from washing windows to doing the artistic in the way of mantel and bracket draping, are intelligently presented. "The Kitchen" has five columns of most attractive recipes. The number is profusely illustrated. There are thirty-seven fashion cuts, besides engravings of fancy work, designs for working on canvas, a May-day scene, and a colored view of the Harbor of Julie, which latter is an exceptionally pretty picture. Numerous short stories and two serials serve to give spice to the more serious articles. Prominent among these is Mrs. C. S. Nourse's interesting sketch of Hawthorne; a pleasant talk about Fans, by Major L. Ramel; Jennie June's Committee Work in Woman's Club, which contains many admirable suggestions.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

Our Premium Pictures.

As we shall shortly withdraw the five superb oil pictures from our premium list, we make this announcement that our subscribers and their friends may avail themselves of the few remaining copies, as they will not be reproduced after the stock on hand is exhausted.

A selection of any two has been given to each three dollar subscriber to Demorest's Monthly, and those who desire to avail themselves of the opportunity to complete a full set can do so at the following rates:

1 Picture,	60c
2 "	$1.00
3 "	1.35
4 "	1.65
5 Pictures, *one of each*,	1.90

More than one picture of each kind will not be furnished at the above prices.

They are mounted on canvas and stretcher and varnished ready for framing without additional charge.

The above prices do not include the cost of transportation therefor. If you desire them forwarded by mail, twenty-five cents must be added for each picture, or otherwise we shall forward by express at the expense of the purchaser.

In distant States and Territories it is advisable to forward the postage, in consequence of the high charges by express.

"The Lion's Bride," 21x15 inches.
"Rock of Ages," 15x21 inches.
"The Captive Child," 26x17 inches.
"After the Storm," 26x16 inches.
"The Old Oaken Bucket," 26x17 inches.

Suitable and elegant frames of French walnut and gold, with engraved corners will be furnished for $1.50 each. The framed pictures can only be forwarded by express, the charges for which are payable by the subscriber on receiving them.