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Naples.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

SEARCH the wide world over, and there can hardly be found a lovelier site than that of Naples, as she sits serenely enthroned a little on one side of the center of the deep and graceful sweep of her strikingly beautiful bay. All her surroundings add to the exquisite beauty of her position.

To the extreme right, as we steam in from the sea, lies Sorrento, Capri, with its weird grottoes and rocky cliffs, glistening like a half dissolved opal, just off the shore; to the left is Pozzuoli or Puteoli, both classic and scriptural ground; a trifle farther away is Cape Misenum, where, says Virgil, the trumpeter of Æneas was buried; a little more than a stone's throw from the Mergellina road rises the tower-like island of "Shining Nisita," her purple shores reflecting the gold and crimson lights of evening, while above all Vesuvius rears its silvery crown of vapor, and far off in the rear as the eye can reach, the blue bay and sea beyond sparkles and shimmers one glitter of smiles and dimples.

Naples, once called Parthenope, from the siren whose grave is said to be not far away, has an antiquity surpassing that of Rome, which city, as all the world knows, was founded by Romulus in 753 B.C.

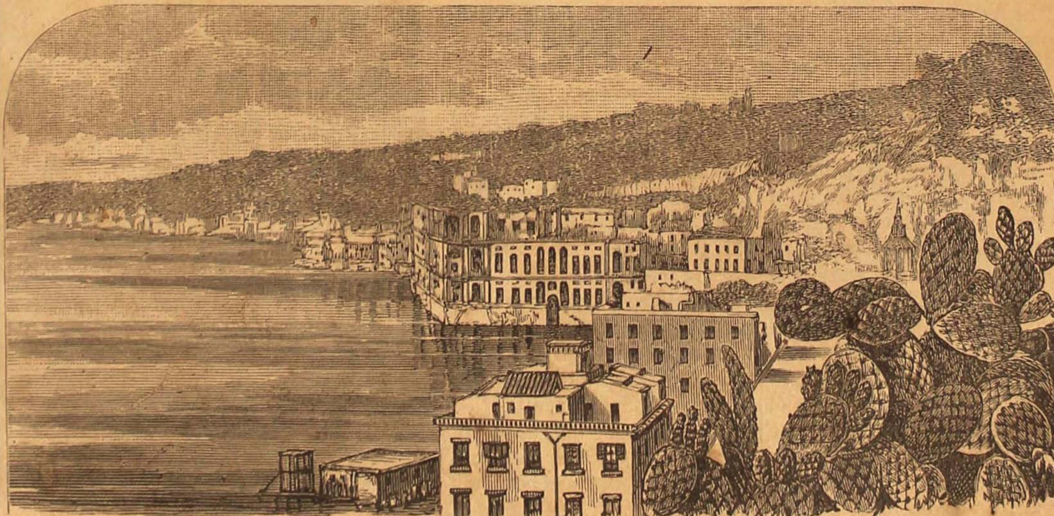
When the Romans were little more than rude barbarians, though of great courage and well inured to war, the Greek colonies in the southern part of the peninsula were enjoying the arts and refinements native—so it seems to us now—to Hellas. Cumæ, among the most ancient of them all, was founded 1050 B.C., and exercised a wide influence for civilization over the others. It was from this city that the Sybil came to Rome with her nine mysterious books, six of which she burned before the Conscript Fathers were induced to buy the remaining three.

FRUIT SELLER.

Neapolis, on the site of which modern Naples is built, was founded by a colony from Cumæ, and has been in all ages not only the abode of pleasure and luxurious repose, but illustrious as the birth-place of many eminent men, and as the residence of others. Cicero and Seneca characterize it as the mother of studies. Virgil and Seneca, Boccaccio and Colonna, Tontana and Rossini lived there. Majus, the philologist, Paterculus, the historian, Borilli, the historian, Bernini, the sculptor and architect, Salvator Rosa, the painter, and Pergolese, the musician, who wrote music when other boys are learning to read, and died at the early age of twenty-two, just as he finished the closing bars of his masterpiece, the Stabat Mater,—were natives of this charming city.

Virgil wrote a part of the Æneid at Naples, and if at the "School of Virgil," he had mapped out before his eyes the whole of the finest view of the entire bay, where Æneas and his shattered fleet could well enter,

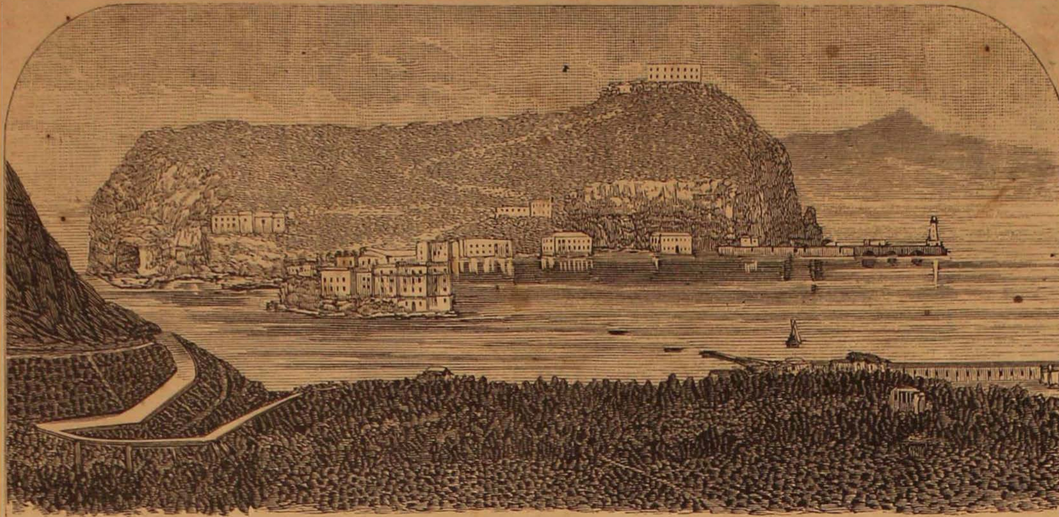
> "The weary ships may on that tranquil tide,
> Without their anchors or their hawsers ride."
>
> —Æ., Book I.



POSILIPPO, QUEEN JOANNA'S PALACE.

Here, too, on the hill-side, over the Grotto of Posilippo, the noble poet lies buried.

Naples has a famous history. After her capture by the Romans and the subsequent extinction of the Western empire, the Ostrogoths from Spain, the Lombards from the N[illegible] the forces of



NISITA.

the Eastern Empire, and the Arabians occupied the city in turn.

In the eleventh century, a Norman adventurer, d'Hauteville, established the Hohenstaufen dynasty, which lasted for sixty years, ending with the execution of the youthful and unfortunate Conradin, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," in whose honor a splendid monument was erected by Maximilian II., of Bavaria, in the Church of Santa Maria della Carmine. Conradin's executioner was the duke of Anjou, who usurped the throne and set up the Angevine dynasty.

Modern Spain has had a hand in the game of ruling the city, while in 1806 Napoleon created his brother Joseph King of Naples, who was succeeded by Murat, afterward shot in a political disturbance. The last great change of scene was in 1860, when Garibaldi, having given up the honest but humble vocation of candle manufacturer on Staten Island, in order to attempt to obtain the freedom of his native land, entered Naples and proclaimed Victor Emanuel king of Italy.

From this hasty sketch it will be seen that the history of Naples, like her volcanic soil, is checkered by long series of internal struggles. Of her many sovereigns, none was more distinguished than Joanna I., the ruins of whose palace, unfinished, is one of the most picturesque and yet saddest sights about Naples.

It stands upon the very edge of the bay, whose blue waters lazily lap its ponderous foundation stones. The gray walls are flecked with brown and orange lichen, while here and there, in the crumbling niches and broken crevices, tufts of grass and bunches of gay-colored blossoms and fragrant wall flowers look hardily forth into the shadowy air.

Funereal cypresses and huge clumps of aloes, with long flower-stalks standing erect among their dusky leaves, keep watch and ward over the history-haunted spot. Above the Mergellina, the steep hillsides are terraced and cultivated with some species of vegetable wealth, the wild untenable rocks being garlanded over with golden brown and scarlet gillyflowers and hundreds of others of the bright sisterhood.

Nothing can be more splendid than the sit- of these ruins ; nothing can be more touching than the associations they awaken ! A third-rate *trattoria* by their side offers refreshments to boating parties, who sit on the benches of an evening, and gaze upon the lovely bay, a flood of molten silver in the moonlight.

This Joanna, queen regnant, was of the French house of Anjou, and lost her father, the Duke of Calabria, before she was a year old. Her grandfather, King Robert the Wise, one of the most admirable and enlightened monarchs of his time, A.D., 1309, declared her the heiress of his crown when she was four years of age, while the King of Hungary, a branch of the family, was putting forth a claim to the same honor.

To arrange this difference in views, she was married at five years of age to the crown prince of Hungary, then a boy of seven, but it proved a most unhappy and ill-assorted union. From it sprang a series of domestic divisions, crimes, usurpations and murderous wars, which long devastated the loveliest province of Italy.

When Joanna was fifteen, her father died, and she became sovereign, in her own right, over three of the most beautiful countries of Europe—Naples, Provence and Piedmont. We cannot enter into the details of her sorrowful story, but it was her singular fate through the whole of her eventful reign of thirty-nine years, to suffer by the mistakes, the follies and the crimes of her nearest connections, and to be injured by her own virtues, for the virtues of a woman often serve as the weak points by which the unscrupulous accomplish her fall.

She was a magnificent patron of the arts and of learning. Churches, palaces and hospitals were built by her, and endowed i... th... ann...

A s... ruin, ri... island of ... extinct volc... ern side. He... a splendid sum... which Brutus reti... murder of Cæsar, ... he bade Portia good-b... he departed for Greece ... ous to the battle of Philipp... from which he never returned.

On the north side of the island is an isolated rock in the sea, connected with the mainland by a breakwater, and where a lazzaretto is erected. The tiny harbor serves as a quarantine, while the building on the height, which ought to be a noble castle, is a bagnio for criminals, as if in mockery of the place and surroundings.

On the mainland, nearly opposite the island, are the ruins of a villa of Lucullus, extending far out under the water. The shores here seem to have slowly settled away for centuries, and to have risen again as slowly, though not to any very great extent, for it is always the ruined foundations that we see under the water. Indeed, the entire promon-

GROTTO DI POSILIPPO.

tory outside the city is an arid desert of spent eruptions.

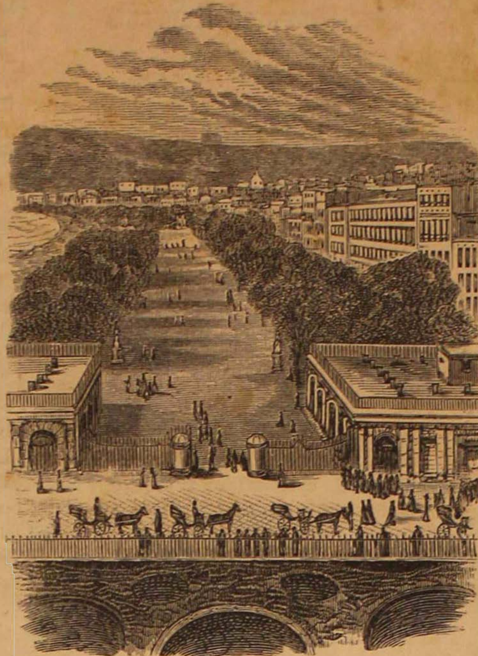
Once prosperous cities and splendid villas dotted the whole line of coast. At Pozzuoli St. Paul landed one May-day, and rested before journeying to Rome with the friends, who, even in that corrupt and voluptuous town with its magnificent temples to heathen gods, had embraced the religion everywhere spoken against. But Pozzuoli received its death-blow in the eruption which reared Monte Nuovo, when the sea shrunk six hundred feet from the shore to rush back again with destructive violence; though long before that its temples and statues had been destroyed and its glory departed.

We returned to the city through the Grotto di Posilippo, a tunnel constructed in the reign of the great Cæsar Augustus. It is a half mile long, from eighty to ninety feet high, wide enough for two carriages to drive comfortably abreast and is well lighted with gas. Small chapels are here and there cut in the sides, and they rarely lacked some kneeling figure in front of the tawdry altars. On a few days in March and November, the sun is in such a position as to shine directly through the Grotto, producing a weird and striking effect.

Emerging from the Grotto, we came upon the Chiaia, a broad street sufficiently wide for six carriages to drive abreast, without crowding or inconvenience. On a pleasant afternoon it is usually thronged with the wealth and fashion of the city, driving back and forth, in an endless circuit at a moderate and dignified rate, with an uninterrupted movement not unlike that of a gigantic merry-go-round.

The northern side of the Chiaia is built up with hotels and palaces, but between it and the bay on the southern side, lies the Villa Nazionale, a public garden with grottoes, and groves of oak and palm trees, with walks and seats, and fountains and shrubs and flowers, and poor copies of celebrated statues.

At one end of the garden a terrace extends into the bay, affording a cool and delightful resting-place and commanding an exquisite view. A large aquarium has been opened in the grounds, which, owing to the remarkable wealth of the fauna of the Mediterranean, will be one of the most interesting establishments of the kind in the world. Concerts given by the royal military bands take place every evening in the garden, to the delight of strangers and Neapolitans.



VILLA NAZIONALE.

Let every visitor to Naples have his rooms, if possible, fronting the Villa Nazionale, and the higher up the better. No matter what time of day you take your station at your window, or on your balcony, whether in the early morning or in the cool and hush of evening, in the dark and starry night, or when land and water, trees and islands are white with moonlight, you will never weary of the scene.

The rooms of the writer were ninety-six steps above the street, a long and wearisome climb, after hours of sight-seeing, yet the prospect from their balconies richly repaid the toil and fatigue dependent upon reaching them. Just beneath us was the animated concourse of people, overflowing into the green bosquets of the park. Beyond the verdure were the rippling waves which broke in faint lines of white foam on the shingle beach; beyond that again, the broad expanse of bay, sparkling in sunlight, dotted here and there with the Mediterranean water-craft, picturesque in build and rig, as easy-going and indolent in appearance as the waters in which they float, and the lazy Italians who lounge about their decks, while yet more distant were the fairy-like islands of Ischia and Procida and Capri, seeming under certain atmospheric changes like exhalations from the sea.

But to know Naples, one must know her people, who in manners and habits are entirely different from any others in Europe. They are a gay, light-hearted folk, who sing when they work, and delight in vivid colors, and love to bask in the sun, having no care for what is past, and no sense of responsibility for the future. To weave their nets, to fish in the bay, to sell enough of what they catch to keep body and soul together, and provide a scanty supply of charcoal for their *scaldinos*, to go to church on Sundays and *festas*, to love and be loved in return, and to revenge themselves on their enemies, is all they hope for in this world, trusting to the intercession of their patron saints for entrance into the bliss of the world to come.

It is about Santa Lucia that Neapolitan *folk-life* may be witnessed in its perfection. The northern side of the street is flanked by tall, whitey-yellow houses, built of tufa, six, seven, and eight stories high, which swarm with inhabitants as bee-hives do with bees; dirty clothes hang from long poles thrust out of the windows, and in warm weather on the street in front of the houses women spin, mend their husband's fishing nets, wash their rags, cook and eat their macaroni and *frutti di mare*, perform the mysteries of their toilets and attend to the necessities of their children, who are generally in a state of more than semi-nudity, totally regardless of public observation.

SANTA LUCIA.

A STREET SCENE IN NAPLES.

Naples is a noisy city, and the noise never ceases. There is an interminable clatter of wheels at all hours of the day and night, with a cracking of whips, not unlike shots from pistols, shouting of drivers, shrill screaming of venders of pretzels, vegetables and fruits, proclaiming the excellence of their wares, intermingled with the unearthly braying of that "donkey who wouldn't go," only in Naples his number is legion.

Most remarkable of all the museums in the world, all things considered, is the Bourbon Museum of Naples. It has not only works of high art, bronzes, paintings, ancient glass and pottery, cameos and medals, but all the objects found in the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. There you see spread out before you the daily life of the people, in their implements and utensils, from homely vessels for kitchen use to the musical instruments of the orchestra, from the tools of the artisan to the ingenious surgical contrivance of modern times.

The room of the papyri — the charcoal library, is exceedingly interesting, the books being rolls of papyrus charred through, looking not unlike sticks of charcoal. When first discovered the workmen destroyed many of the rolls, supposing them to be pieces of charcoal, but observing they were arranged in presses around the apartment, the curiosity of the men was aroused, and they found some words on the sticks, and so concluded it was a library, which in fact it was. It is curious that such manuscripts which had been buried for eighteen hundred years should have been unrolled, deciphered and translated. No work of any importance has, however, been discovered among them. Their being written in columns, without stops or marks of any kind to indicate the division of words and sentences, added greatly to the difficulty of deciphering.

In bidding adieu to Naples and her thousand charms, the words of the poet flitted through our mind.

> "There is a land, of every land the pride,
> Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside,
> Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
> And milder moons emparadise the night.
> The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
> The wealthiest isles, the most enchanted shores,
> Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
> Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air."

At Last.

BY MARY M. BOWEN.

WHAT matter though our blinding tears
Seem but to water parched dust?
The seed that sleeps a thousand years
At last may blossom there, in trust.

WHAT matter though the winds may take
In ruthless hold the seeds we cast?
Their heedless course a joy may wake
Within some desert place, at last!

Seed-time and Harvest.

BY SHERRILL KIRR.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE days of spring flew swiftly by. At length the time was come for Mr. Chesney to fulfill his promise of joining the party to Canada. Ethel wrote a very artful little note to remind him of this fact, and had the happiness of receiving in reply the assurance that he was quite ready to carry out whatever plans they had made for him.

When Ethel met her father at the train, the glad look in his eyes, which there could be no misunderstanding, assured her that at least one good thing for which she had striven had been attained, and it gave her strength to pursue more resolutely the rest. After inquiries given and received on many subjects, Ethel asked after Mr. Erle.

"He seems wholly absorbed, and I have seen but little of him," Mr. Chesney said. "His wife you know is a confirmed invalid. Almost every day, when I take my early walk, I meet them driving. She is a dreadfully delicate and weak-looking little creature, always muffled in shawls and veils, and though her face looks wan and weary, she is very pretty —would be extremely so, I should think, if she had health. I have never seen her until this spring, at least I've never seen her with Erle and therefore have not identified her, if I have seen her elsewhere. I presumed, by her driving with him every day now, that she must be getting better, but when I asked Erle he said he could not see that it was so. He is an admirable man, in every relation of life. He now devotes to his wife the hours at which one was always sure to find him at his office, because, as he tells me, Mrs. Erle is never strong enough to drive later in the day — she becomes more languid and weak toward evening."

"And how is the child?" Ethel asked, looking out of the carriage window.

"Much the same, I believe. I see her sometimes walking with her father, in the evening, when the weather is fine enough to tempt me out a second time. Erle still takes his evening walks—he tells me he cannot do without them, and that no amount of driving ever makes up for their loss. The two together take a great deal of time from his office, and his practice is still increasing, but he goes there earlier and stays later. I never saw such a worker—his powers of endurance are remarkable, even to me, who am used to steady application."

"Does he keep well?" Ethel asked.

"He looks a little thin and pale, and his constant exertion makes him look tired and pulled down somewhat. I ventured to remonstrate with him a little, but he only laughed and said he loved work and couldn't do too much. He will have a very important case to argue before the Supreme Bench, in the fall. He has first-rate lawyers against him, and I should like to hear his speech. It is a case that will call for his finest efforts, and I know he will do well."

For the first time for several moments, Miss Chesney turned her face full upon her father. There was such a bright smile on it, that it was not strange if he did not observe its whiteness.

"I shall be getting jealous, father," she said, "if this eulogy of Mr. Erle goes on. I never saw you seem to care so much for any one before."

Mr. Chesney laughed — a brighter laugh than would have been possible with him, before the time of Ethel's going to Fenly.

"These are the opinions I have always had of Mr. Erle," he said. "Perhaps I have been betrayed into a fuller expression of them than I ever gave before by my having been struck with the discrepancy between Erle and the other men I meet. Two days' travel on a small steamer with a man gives one a pretty fair estimate of his character, and though some of my fellow-travelers were known to me as men of consideration, my acquaintance with them has made me value and appreciate more justly the finest man I have ever known."

They drove a little way in silence. How it pleased Ethel to hear her father, for whose opinion she had such reverence, call Mr. Erle the finest man he had ever known!

In two more days they were all on their way to Canada, and in a few more they were established in a delightful hotel, whence they made charming excursions about the country. In a great many of these, Ethel had her father for her only companion, and she used to enjoy delightfully the times when they would stop to rest, after an hour's scrambling over the rocks, and something that they had seen would bear upon Mr. Chesney's scientific researches and observations, and, seated in a cool, shady spot beside him, she would listen to his explanations and learn of him. He would talk to her now with an unreserve that was new to him—a freedom that would fill Mrs. Stirling with surprise; but Ethel was very earnest in her warnings to her aunt, not to betray this feeling, and as usual Mrs. Stirling was very earnest in her desire to do what her niece suggested. So the summer passed by very happily, and not without some attendant gayeties. There was an English regiment quartered in Montreal, with the officers of which Miss Chesney at once became a favorite. She had a ball or two given in her honor, and Captain Alderstan's yacht was always at her disposal. Captain Alderstan was a very agreeable Englishman, with a very charming voice which went admirably with Miss Chesney's. It was this that at first drew them together—the ladies there got up a concert for some charitable purpose, and their singing made it a success. Miss Chesney on this occasion, sang so deliciously, and behaved in such a sensible, dignified way at the rehearsals, etc that Captain Alderstan, who hitherto had affected not affecting American girls, became her devoted attendant. It was true he had kept up his highmightiness so long that he was not sorry when a sufficiently important temptation presented itself to enable him to descend without incurring the taunts which his brother-officers, less

fastidious than he, would have been very apt to throw out for his edification. It was enough when he said, this girl was like no American girl he had ever seen before. Many of them had to own to a sneaking fondness for this or that pretty Yankee, as they called them, but no one disclaimed when Miss Chesney was placed ahead of them all. She had an uncommon amount of beauty—was a fair match for any Englishwoman in that. She surpassed them completely in style, and her manners were such as the most exacting of Britons could have found no fault with. Captain Alderstan was very quick to feel her charm, and he and Miss Chesney became excellent friends. They used to sing and dance and drive and go boating together, and though there were numerous substitutes at hand, if occasion required, Miss Chesney was oftenest with him, and her aunt began to hope she would marry him. But the time came for them to return to their home, and Ethel had made no confidence to her on the subject. So at last Mrs. Stirling concluded she would ask her. She did so, in a few whispered words, as Ethel was wrapping herself in a light shawl, to go out on the water with Captain Alderstan.

"Ethel, have you any idea of marrying him?" Mrs. Stirling said.

Ethel laughed.

"No more than he has of marrying me," she answered.

It was the night before she was to leave, and Ethel felt very sure that her efforts to make Captain Alderstan understand that they must regard each other only in the light of friends had been successful. She could, therefore, talk to him with a good deal of unrestraint and freedom, in a manner that made her especially charming.

After they had rowed out far away from the shore, they began to sing. The beautiful harmony of their two voices was a subject of great pleasure to them—it could not have been otherwise. They had no instrument. So they sang without any accompaniment, except the soft, seething waters. Has it been said that Miss Chesney possessed that rare charm of looking lovelier than ever when she sang? She had the fleeciest of white shawls around her, with one end over her head. Her voice sounded delicious out there on the water, and after they had sung once or twice together, her companion asked her to sing something to him, while he listened. She looked intensely sweet as she sang it, with her eyes fixed upon the smooth expanse of water before them, and something—perhaps a memory—giving them a wistful, tender light. Her companion's eyes, the while, were on her face, as he sat in the shadow, and listened and looked; but, by the time the song had ended, and the clear eyes had turned their full beauty upon him, all the resolutions of reticence and self-discipline he had been making lately had fled. He had forgotten how firmly he had compelled himself to face the fact that Miss Chesney obviously had not the slightest feeling for him beyond that of friendship, and he felt the love that he had been able heretofore to keep down, cry out for expression as he had thought it never would. He was feeling so great a love, and longing for her now, and the pathos and yearning in her eyes showed her capable of such infinite tenderness, that he could not help asking himself why he might not tell her of this, and beg her to bestow upon him the sweetness of her love. When the song ended, she recovered herself with a little sigh, and turned on him with a remembering smile. He drew himself toward her, out of the shadow, and told her all he had been feeling and hoping in a few passionate words. She listened with a face that grew every moment sadder and whiter. She wanted to interrupt him, but there was so much earnestness in his look and tone that she felt compelled to hear him to the end.

"I would not, for worlds, have had this to happen," she said. "Oh, nothing could be sadder and more bitter to me. But I must tell you the truth, Captain Alderstan. It will be impossible for me to promise to marry you now, or at any future time. Oh, believe how truly, truly sorry I am. To think of my bringing to you only pain and regret, when I would give so much to show you how much pleasure knowing you has brought into my life. I wish it could be otherwise, but it never can."

He had sunk into the shade again, but as she finished he drew himself up, and to her eager, searching eyes the pallor of his skin and the firm set of his lips were keenly painful.

"Just one more word," he said. "Is there any one who stands between us?"

Ethel almost wished she could say yes, so ardently did she desire to end finally and summarily every hope he might have of ever winning her. But she was compelled to answer no.

"Then don't tell me it is hopeless," he said. "You don't know how patient I can be. You will let me come to see you this winter?"

"It is a real pain to me to forbid it," she said, "for there is scarcely any one whom I should be so glad to see; but you must not come, Captain Alderstan."

"Oh, you cannot know you will not change," he said, "and you cannot keep me from loving you, and thinking of you all the time. And if I persevere, as I shall, in the end my reward may come. I shall still hope for it."

"When you are a little calmer you will see that such a course would be most unwise," said Ethel, "most unworthy of yourself and most unkind to me. Do you think I wish to wound and pain you again? Yet I tell you that must be the one result of such persistence on your part. No, I shall take comfort in the thought that you have outlived and forgotten this short pain that I am bound to inflict. That is the only thing to do, Captain Alderstan. Believe me, I wish I could do for you all you desire, but since that cannot be, we will not speak of this again. And now will you take me back?"

He took the oars, and with a steady, swinging motion that cut their pathway through the water like an arrow, he pulled toward the shore. Mrs. Stirling's party was to leave the next day, and Ethel had to say good-bye to Captain Alderstan that night. The parting was a very simple and quiet one, and though Ethel tried to invest it with all the seriousness of a final separation, she somehow felt that Captain Alderstan would not regard it so, and a fear forced itself upon her that he had determined to persevere in his striving for what she had told herself and him was so utterly unattainable.

CHAPTER IX.

It was arranged that Mr. and Miss Chesney were only to accompany Mrs. Stirling's party as far as Washington on their way home, as Mr. Chesney was to stop in that city a few days in order to procure access to the libraries and other public institutions, which he needed for the furtherance of his scientific pursuits. Ethel had asked to be allowed to remain with him, and he had seemed very glad to accord her request.

It was the day after their arrival in Washington, and Ethel had been alone for some hours in her room at the hotel, and was feeling rather dull and weary, when her father entered suddenly, and said:

"Ethel, I've just seen Mr. Erle. It happens this is the time for his argument in the Supreme Court. Of course, I am anxious to hear it. Should you like to go? He was on his way to the Capitol when I met him, so there is no time to lose."

Ethel was so pale when her father turned to her as he finished speaking, that the latter said:

"Are you not well? Do you prefer not to go?"

"Oh, no; I shall like it," Ethel said, turning to take up her hat, and arrange it before the glass. "It is rather tiresome being shut up here all alone," she went on. "We made a mistake after all, perhaps, in not seeing people."

"It was your own wish that your friends were not to be notified of your being here," said Mr. Chesney. "I am afraid I have been unthoughtful in leaving you as much as I have done, but my occupation has absorbed me so as to make me forget."

"Now then, I *am* being a nuisance, and I so wanted not to be," Ethel said. "You'll be wishing you had left me behind. I don't know what made me say such a stupid thing. I am quite well, and the fresh air will make me entirely myself. Come, I am quite ready."

They passed out of the hotel and on to the crowded avenue. Presently, Ethel asked:

"How does Mr. Erle seem, father?"

"He looks rather ill, I think," Mr. Chesney said, "and seemed to me somewhat languid and lacking in his usual energy. I was sorry to observe this, for he will have need of his greatest strength to-day. I do trust he will do himself justice. When I asked him about this case, he said there was overwhelming opposition to contend with, but he would do what he could, and he was perfectly sure he had the right on his side."

"Then he is sure to succeed," said Ethel, betrayed into sudden warmth.

"That's rather a juvenile way of looking at it," said Mr. Chesney smiling. "When you are a little older you'll have very often to distrust that theory."

"It was chiefly because I have a great

opinion of Mr. Erle's powers that I said it," Ethel answered. "But then I'm so inexperienced in these things. You've heard Mr. Erle speak, have you not?"

"Yes, and he is most variable. He is capable, however, of great things. All he needs is the incentive, and somehow just now he looked listless I thought, and I fear he is not exactly in the right vein."

"Did you tell Mr. Erle I was with you?" Ethel presently asked.

"No, by the way I forgot to mention it," said Mr. Chesney. "I was hurried and there were several people waiting to speak with him."

Ethel said nothing, but she felt it a great relief to be able to go and listen to him, without his knowing of her presence. She wondered if it would make any difference to him if he should know that she was there, and she told herself that she hoped not.

They had entered the Capitol, crossed the rotunda, and were approaching the entrance to the Supreme Court room, as Ethel said:

"Don't let's get very high up, father. I had much rather sit back."

When they entered, they found the room nearly filled, and they were obliged to take seats near the door. Ethel did not look toward the bench and bar until she had taken her seat, and she did so with timid furtiveness then, being screened by the people in front of her. Her eyes passed swiftly over the forms of the different men whose backs were turned to her, as they sat at the bar, until they arrested themselves, as they fell upon the broad shoulders and short black hair of a form that had been once so familiar to her—of which she had forgotten not one line even yet. A few moments after Ethel entered, Mr. Erle rose to speak. Only his well-remembered profile was visible to her at first—the broad brow, with the old sternness in its lines—the pale, dark skin—the slightly-shortened nose—the stiff upward curve of the soft thick moustache—the quiet self-containment of the fine mouth—the resolute power of the firm chin.

As yet, she had not seen his eyes. These were fixed upon the occupants of the bench before him, but before beginning to speak he turned and took a swift calm survey of the house. Ethel dreaded to see those eyes fixed upon herself, and trusted he might overlook her in the crowd, but she could not drop her own—she must know if he saw her, and so she did not falter in her quiet gaze upon him, and so their eyes met. It was but for one instant, but she knew he had perceived and recognized her, though not a muscle of his face changed; but when he turned again toward the bench, there was a gleam in his eye, subdued and brilliant, that had not been there before, and the swarthy skin had grown a faint shade paler. To the strangers present of course this was not evident—they thought nothing except perhaps that he was a handsome and unusual-looking man, and that the pause he made before beginning was a very long one. But Mr. Chesney as well as Ethel observed that a change had come over Mr. Erle. Mr. Chesney indeed remarked upon it, saying:

"He looks changed since I saw him an hour ago. He will do well. We will have reason to be proud of our friend to-day."

The same feeling was in Ethel's mind, though she was silent. She was longing for this painful stillness to end, and yet she half dreaded to hear the first notes of the unforgotten voice. They came at last, but instead of agitating her, as she had feared they would, she found them calming, soothing, rest-giving. There was so much of guarded self-control in the quiet tones that they met her nearest need. From the very start the power and energy within him made itself felt, and in five minutes Ethel had forgotten herself, and was lost to all other consciousness in the splendid eloquence of his words.

In about an hour the speech ended. It was a flood of intellectual glory. Not a soul there that was so dull as not to feel its greatness, and do reverent homage to its author. The speaker was excited and moved, when he concluded; the guarded, repressed look was gone, and the splendid fire of eloquence shone in full glory in his fine face. The swarthy pallor had for once given place to a slight warm flushing, which deepened the tint of the fine eyes and made the strong, dark face superbly handsome. As Ethel and her father moved away, the number of congratulatory friends who surrounded Mr. Erle hid them from view. Ethel could hear, on all sides, words of eager praise.

"What a superb man!" some ladies were saying. "I did not think him so wonderfully handsome at the first. How his whole look changed as he went on!"

Such remarks were responded to on the part of the ladies' husbands by observations like these:

"Well, it takes a woman to discern beauty in a man. Why, he looks like an Italian bandit, with his black skin and flashing eyes, but his speech was the greatest thing I've ever heard in that court-room, or any other."

Somehow Miss Chesney, going out with the crowd, felt rather cut that Mr. Erle seemed no more to her than to the least of these. After the words he had said to her, she felt it hard—how could she help it? And how could she help too feeling the warmest pride in him, and yet he seemed to give her no right to this. He might have come to speak to her, she thought, after the speech was ended, even though there were others pressing round him. He could so easily have excused himself for a moment and then gone back again.

She could not help feeling all this now, in the first moments of her pride and joy in his success. A little self-discipline, such as she so constantly administered to herself, would have convinced her that things were best so, and if she could have gone straight to the hotel and remained for a while alone, determined to take herself in hand and overcome herself, this weakness could have been conquered; but just now she had not even the will to do it, far less the power.

When her father suggested that they should stay and speak to Mr. Erle, Ethel declined quickly, and urged him hurriedly on; but they were a long while threading their way through the people in the corridors, and Mr. Chesney having stopped to point out some feature of the rotunda, they were some little time getting out into the air. As they came down the steps, a carriage was waiting, around which several gentlemen were standing. In an instant Ethel discovered Mr. Erle among them. He was listening very attentively to something a gentleman was saying, and Ethel hoped they might pass by unnoticed. She spoke quickly to her father and asked him not to speak to Mr. Erle, as they would probably see him later, and Mr. Chesney, yielding to the guiding pressure of her hand upon his arm, was walking quietly past, but something caused Mr. Erle to turn his eyes toward them, just as Ethel was hoping that they had got safely by. He came forward immediately and extended his hand to her.

Mr. Chesney, having recognized one of the gentlemen at the carriage, went to speak to him, and so Ethel and Mr. Erle were alone. She felt bound to say something! Knowing she must avoid allusions to the past, she spoke of the subject which would presumably be uppermost in the minds of both.

"It would be of no use for me to try to tell you what I thought of your speech, Mr. Erle," she said. "I am ignorant, but it seems to me above comparison with all I ever heard before."

"Then forgive my asking you to share my triumph—since you call it so," he said. "But for you I should have failed. I needed some impetus, and the sight of your face furnished it, and your praise is my chief reward." Ethel felt herself flush, as she listened to these words, and started as she perceived that her father had returned and must have heard them too. A glance at the grave surprise of his face convinced her that he had, and she further observed a sort of absence of mind in the way he congratulated Mr. Erle that would not have been there a few moments before.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Chesney," Mr. Erle returned, with easy composure, as Mr. Chesney ended. "I have just been telling your daughter that the sight of her face, and yours of course, was the thing that incited me to energy, and was the cause of any success I may have gained, and that your commendation is my chief reward. The approbation of these indifferent strangers is, of course, a trifle to me in comparison with that of my friends, and of these I have so few, that I cannot thank you enough for being here, just at this time."

Mr. Chesney took this as a very satisfactory explanation of the words which, spoken to his daughter, exclusive of himself, had surprised him. But poor Ethel! She felt his words the sudden disturbers of the momentary peace that had come to her in those few sentences Mr. Earle had spoken, following the unrest of the ones that had preceded them.

"We will not keep you longer from your friends," Mr. Chesney said, "but will you not dine with us? We are at Willard's."

"I should be so glad if I could," said Mr. Erle, "but I am under another engagement. However, that takes me to Willard's too, and I will see you there. I am to meet some of the judges and lawyers there—an ordeal I would willingly dispense with, after to-day's

experience. However, the thing is to do what we should and not what we would do."

He smiled as he spoke, and the words were uttered lightly, but the direct look he gave Ethel with them had nothing of either amusement or levity in it. He turned back to the carriage then, and Ethel and Mr. Chesney continued their way back to the hotel. She wondered, as she walked along in silence, if those words of his carried any significance. Was it just a conventional phrase or was it the earnest message of his heart to hers, in answer to her yearning need that he should still remember her as of importance in his life—should acknowledge the part she had played in it, when he had put her above all women in goodness and worth, even if she no longer held the place he gave her then. More than this, she saw in his altered expression not only the patience to suffer, but the constancy to persevere. And yet, in spite of these softening influences, the face was stronger than of old. She made her usual quiet toilet for dinner, and when she came down an hour later, with her father, she saw that Mr. Erle and his friends were already seated at a little distance from her usual place. Among this party, which consisted of six or eight gentlemen, she recognized one or two of those that she had seen in the big gowns in the morning. She saw that Mr. Erle observed her almost the moment she entered the room, but anything more than a quiet bow was impossible. Even that directed the glances of twenty pair of eyes toward her, for she could see that he was the central figure in the room, and both the members of his immediate party and the various people scattered about regarded him with extreme interest and attention. All around her Ethel could hear the people discussing him, the gentlemen were talking of the speech, and the ladies, for the most part of the man. As she sat apart from these, at her father's side, unknown and unaddressed by them all, she felt again put at a great distance from the hero of the hour, about whom they were all talking. She could see the stand he took in the midst of these people—chief among them all, and though the justness of it pleased her, she felt her identity shrink at the contrast. It seemed as if he were almost a stranger, and she could scarcely realize the cordial words he had spoken to her so short a time before, and the present course of events made it seem to her more probable than ever that he had meant them to bear only a general and conventional application. So she rose and left the room with her father, without even a passing glance toward the table where wine and conversation seemed circulating every moment more freely. True, she had observed that Mr. Erle talked less than the others, but that he entered into their anecdotes and excited conversation at all seemed to aggrieve her. She knew his reputation for reserve and self-containment at home, and instead of understanding it as a part of the improving change and self discipline within him, that he heard them all without any show of the irritation and impatience she had sometimes heard him accused of, she took it as an indication that he was more light-hearted than he used to be.

When they had reached their rooms a servant came with a request from the gentlemen below, that when he was at leisure, Mr. Chesney would join them. Seeing that Ethel looked a little weary, and was very quiet, Mr. Chesney would have excused himself; but Ethel insisted that he should go, saying she would lie down awhile and rest. When she was left alone, she sank upon a lounge, but it was no use trying to rest. Soon she rose and walked to the window, hoping to be able to find something in the contemplation of the hurrying throng upon the avenue below, on which to fix her thoughts; but their swift, uneasy motions tired her, and she went over to her desk and wrote a listless letter to Mrs. Stirling; but she brought this to an abrupt close, and fell to thinking.

"Ethel," he said, "Mr. Erle is just about leaving, in order to catch the evening train. He asks if you will come into the hall and say 'Good-bye' to him."

Ethel followed Mr. Chesney in silence to where Mr. Erle was standing, at the far end of the long corridor, with his overcoat on his arm and his valise beside him.

"Thank you for coming out to speak to me," he said; "I have only a moment. I may take your love to Nelly?"

"Yes, my best love, please," Ethel found voice to say. "How is she?"

"The most I can hope is that she is no worse," Mr. Erle said, while his face grew a shade more sad. Then he added, as he offered her his hand, "I am so happy to have seen you."

The words were spoken fervently, as her hand, for a second, lay within his close, firm clasp. He looked at her straight and hard for a moment, and then turned away. Those last words of his, how they rang in her ears, and Ethel found herself wondering, with intensest wonder, whether they meant nothing or *everything*.

CHAPTER X.

One month later Ethel had settled completely back into the old grooves at Mrs. Stirling's, and the current of her life flowed on in a round of visits, parties, concerts, church, etc. She had grown so tired of the monotony of this existence that she hailed with delight her father's first allusion to the definite fulfillment of the plan he had had for years of going to Europe. The unusual feebleness of Mr. Chesney's health just at this time caused his physician to recommend this course, and it was speedily arranged that Ethel was to go with him; indeed she had become so natural and agreeable an appendage to all his journeyings now, that between amusement and jealousy little Mrs. Stirling declared that he was grown quite a baby, and was shockingly dependent upon his daughter. Mr. Chesney was to go down to Fenly for a week, to look after things there, and only a few days after his return they were to sail.

"Should you like to go with me, Ethel?" he said, when they were discussing his trip one day, at dinner. A quick flush came to Ethel's face, and she looked up, with a doubtful expression in her eyes.

"Of course not," little Mrs. Stirling said decisively. "It is not to be thought of for a minute. Why, think how short a time she has with us, and she has half a dozen engagements for next week. I positively will not listen to anything of the sort."

Mr. Chesney smiled, and looked at his daughter, "What do you say, Ethel?" he asked.

"I think I had better remain, father," said Ethel, "unless you need me. In that case I should be charmed to go."

The firm gravity with which she had begun had been impelled by deliberate renunciation, but when the idea had presented itself that her going to Fenly might lie in the line of duty, if her father needed her, a quick feeling of delight had sprung up in her heart. Poor Ethel! Forgive her; she was often very weak in her reasons and intentions now. The days in which the right had been so easy to decide upon, and she had felt herself so strong to attain to it—the days in which the hideous outlines of wrong-doing had been so clearly defined to her senses, and so obnoxious as to be put down with exultant ease were bygone days to her now. Of course she did not fully realize this; perhaps she sometimes felt that there was less energy in her attempts to do right than there had been once, and less power in her resistance of wrong. Perhaps she felt conscious of a sort of lassitude that she had never used to feel, in the old free-from-care days; but she did not allow herself to think much now. Thinking brought her face to face with such unwelcome consciousness. There had been a time when, if she had felt this visit to Fenly to be bad for her, she could have said no, unequivocally, and forced herself to realize that in her excuse of being a comfort and pleasure to her father, the wrong of submitting herself to danger, and tampering with feelings that a high idea of right warned her to beware of, would far outweigh the good of this; but now she eagerly caught at any excuse that could give this trip to Fenly, which she somehow longed for, even a faint coloring of right. She did not know, she wished not to inquire, whether the standard she had once set up for herself had become lower. While her temptations had been few and inconsiderable, she had managed to approach near enough to that to prevent all such disquietudes as she was constantly feeling now. The *desire* had been so strong within her to realize this in all her actions that the necessary crosses it involved had been of comparative insignificance. It would have been a keen pain for her to realize either that her standard was lower than of yore, or that she now fell shorter of it than she had once done. She still tried to do what was right, but her power of resistance seemed small now. She had abandoned much of the self-examination which had been her safeguard in the past, but she gave a reason for this, with which she chose to account herself satisfied. If she encouraged the habit of thinking about herself, she would be apt to fall into reflection upon past hopes and disappointments, which she had taught herself to shun as dangerous. She did not choose to take into account, however, the fact that one reason why she avoided thinking of the past was because such memories brought far more discontent than pleasure.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. CHESNEY'S absence was a very short one, and immediately upon his return the arrangements were all completed, and, in company with his daughter, they sailed for Europe. He seemed strengthened and improved by the voyage, and was able while in London to avail himself of all the sources of information that the great city afforded to pursue and investigate the subject which formed the chief interest of his life. There was but one event of much interest to Ethel, developed by the sojourn in London, and that was an unexpected meeting with Captain Alderstan, which happened one day as they were going up the steps of their hotel. It was a great pleasure to Ethel to meet her friend again, but the feeling of interest that he took in the meeting was patent and ardent enough to give her some apprehension as to the future. He at once put himself at their disposal for the period of their stay in London, and in many ways contrived to add to Ethel's enjoyment. He insisted on their staying longer, and wanted to present them to some of his friends, but this Ethel vetoed at once. They were in town but for a short time, and Ethel did not wish to go into society. It was her father's intention to return in the spring, and she promised Captain Alderstan that he might then present his friends, whom she should be most happy to know. His own family, he hoped, would be in London then, and he showed the greatest eagerness to present these to Ethel. His father, Col. March, he was particularly anxious she should know. (Captain Alderstan had taken the name of an uncle from whom he had inherited property.) Ethel had certainly enjoyed meeting him again, but his manner toward herself was so much what it had been when they parted that she was not without misgivings as to the future, especially as he spoke of the probability of joining them soon, in the south of France. She tried greatly to discourage this, but she could see that it was useless, and she felt the more uneasy because she thought she observed about Captain Alderstan some signs of recent dissipation. They were not flagrant and disfiguring ones, but she was conscious of the fact that some of the young freshness of his appearance was gone, and her father also observed it, and it made her shudder to think she might be indirectly concerned in this.

After they had been a few days in Paris, Mr. Chesney became ill. Though it seemed to be nothing serious, when it had lasted for several days a physician was called in. He treated the case with more gravity than Ethel expected, and the seriousness of his face as he came from Mr. Chesney's room made a feeling of sickening dread come over her; but he assured her there was no special danger, but said her father had worked too hard and over-taxed his strength. The drains he had made upon his endurance, by such rigid habits of application to study, were such as he had not the constitution to stand.

Ethel listened to his words with intense anxiety.

"But he has always been so—always thin and pale," she said, "and yet never unhealthy. He has kept up these habits for many, many years now, and he does not seem to grow worse."

"True, madam," said the old man, with a shrug; "nevertheless, he works too hard—you must keep him from it."

"How can I?" Ethel said despairingly; "it is his life. Nothing else could possibly compensate for it. Oh, I trust you are mistaken."

"I think not, though of course he may have more power of endurance than I know. At all events he is much worn out at present—he must have rest and he must have sea-air."

"Where must we go?" Ethel asked, feeling the world suddenly growing desolate around her, at the thought of a horrible possibility which had never presented itself definitely to her until now. "We will go anywhere that will be good for him."

"Don't look so wretched," said the physician kindly; "but it is my duty to tell you that your father is not strong. He must take care, and, for the present, I should recommend Cannes."

Accordingly, in a few more days, they were settled in Cannes, and the charming air and sunshine of that delightful place seemed, from the very first, to revive the invalid, and in a very short time he was altogether himself again, and Ethel had almost forgotten the physician's warnings and doubts, or, if she thought of them at all, she set them down as unnecessary and exaggerated, and called to mind the many stories she had heard of the habits of French physicians to make a great and serious case out of every small ailment upon which an ignorant, and especially, an American traveler consulted them, in order either to magnify their success in effecting a cure, or to extort large fees from this prodigal class of people.

Miss Chesney had letters to some people in Cannes, which she had not thought of delivering, as long as her father was not well; but now that he seemed almost better than before his attack, and the delicious breezes from the Mediterranean had made her feel an animation and buoyancy that she had not known for many a day, she concluded to do so. After this had been done, she got several invitations, and had a good many callers. She would have been a different person indeed from the Miss Chesney of old, if she had not felt stirred to do and look and act her best, in the presence of these elegant and accomplished people, and when Miss Chesney chose to do her best, in conversation, style and beauty—in singing, entertaining and dressing, the Miss Chesney of to-day was no whit behind the Miss Chesney of old, and we, who have been with her in her days of success and favor, will give you our words for it that that is high praise.

She spent some of the abundant income allowed her by her father in exquisite costumes, which she took pleasure in wearing, and every one who looked at her and them took pleasure in seeing the two together. Her first appearance in public was at a charity concert, and as was usual, when Miss Chesney was obtainable, her services were eagerly sought. She consented graciously, as she always did, when her voice could furnish either benefit or pleasure, and under the auspices of a Mrs. Lyons, to whom she had brought a letter from Captain Alderstan, whose cousin she was, she went to the concert-room. Mrs. Lyons called for her in her carriage, and when Miss Chesney came in to her, in a superb white silk, with her exquisite neck and arms bare, and her noble face, with its coil of rich plaits above, blooming with youthful beauty, that dignified lady gave way to an enthusiasm which she would not have believed herself capable of before, and told her she looked adorable. Miss Chesney smiled, well pleased.

"I always liked to be praised," she said, "and I don't get much of it lately. Father either forgets to do it, or else his partiality sees me always looking well, and really I've seen no one else either to approve or disapprove, for a very long time."

"Why, what's become of my young cousin, St. George Alderstan?" Mrs. Lyons asked.

"Oh, Captain Alderstan," Ethel said, as if recollecting. "Yes, but he is always kind, and we are such old friends it is with him as with father, he is perhaps partial."

"He has written me that he thinks of coming over for a while," Mrs. Lyons said. "Did he mention it to you?"

"I believe he said something of the kind," said Ethel, turning to arrange her shawl about her; "but I've no idea that he will come, really."

"Still, you should like to see him—should you not?" said Mrs. Lyons. "We are all so fond of St. George."

"Oh, certainly," Ethel answered, raising her trailing skirts in her hand. "Shall we go now?"

If Miss Chesney looked adorable that night, her costume and her singing were a match for her beauty. When she walked across the stage, and only her carriage and costume were seen, she had caught the attention of the crowded house, as if by magic. When she turned her beautiful face toward them, while waiting for the piano prelude to close, she had turned that attention into wondering admiration of her loveliness; and when she began to sing, a sympathetic chord was touched in the bosom of every hearer, and when she finished she was queen of every heart.

When Mr. Lyons came forward to escort her from the stage into a small withdrawing room, behind where Mrs. Lyons sat and regulated the performance, there was, for the first time, an utter disregard of that lady's commands that the audience was to remember they were not in a theater, and must be appropriately decorous. There was a perfect whirlwind of applause, different in kind, of course, from that of a theater-gallery, but no whit less enthusiastic and eloquent.

"You'll have to go back, Miss Chesney," Mr. Lyons said.

"By no means," returned Mrs. Lyons. "I have announced distinctly that there are to be no encores. We might as well be at a public theater if a lady cannot stop singing when she is tired."

"But I am not tired, Mrs. Lyons," Ethel said, as the applause became louder and more pronounced. "I don't care to sing again, but

if they desire it, and would be pleased, I shouldn't mind."

"Not at all, Miss Chesney, not at all," Mrs. Lyons said decidedly. "These people must not forget that they are the favored ones, and not those who sing. The price they pay for admission here is much less than the favor of hearing these ladies and gentlemen is worth, and they must be taught that such demands as they are now making are indecorous and unbecoming. No one would know them for an assemblage of high-bred people."

All the time that this conversation was going on in the little green-room, where were assembled the aforesaid ladies and gentlemen who had condescendingly accorded their invaluable services for the entertainment of these unreasonable people, who had each paid the pitiful sum of twenty francs for a ticket of admission to such superior honor and enjoyment, the members of the hired orchestra were scraping away in spite of the unceasing clapping and encoring, with the stolid endurance of professionals. They had been very carefully selected and trained under Mrs. Lyons's auspices, their office being to play an interlude between every two of the amateur performances. The noise in the audience was now sinking and now rising again, when the instrumental music ceased. Simultaneously the noise among the people ceased also, and there was an expectant silence. The next performer was a thin young French girl, a marquis's daughter, who was known to be capable of all sorts of impossible trills and incredible vocal gymnastics, which threatened at every performance to get the better of her and carry her off, but which she had survived so far. As she passed Miss Chesney, on her way to the stage, she remarked very audibly to Mrs. Lyons that it was always the way with these people—they were insane over anything new.

"So I have always heard, mademoiselle," said Ethel. "I have often heard it said of your charming people that they rate novelty higher than excellence."

Every one in the little room heard this single exchange between the late victorious singer and the new aspirant, and there was set down to the score of Miss Chesney an additional point in the high favor which her beauty, elegance and singing had won.

But every one went to the side of the scenes now, to look out, and considerable interest was felt in watching the audience, to see how they would take their disappointment, for they all knew that Miss Chesney's reappearance was expected. Every face fell when the long-familiar vocalist hurried across the stage with a morose expression on her face and an impatient frown at the extinguished orchestra, which was unconsciously strumming away at the accompaniment; every eye grew dull and disappointed, but that was all. Mrs. Lyons had been wrong in saying they had forgotten their breeding. A similar state of feeling in some public assemblages would have found expression in certain hisses and imprecations, and possibly missiles, such as rolled newspapers from the galleries. When the heart-rending conflict was over, and their singer came out master of the situation again, there was even an honest attempt at applause, sickly and feeble it is true, but well meant notwithstanding. Mr. and Mrs. Lyons were evidently relieved, and the former was heard to remark audibly that by Jove! there *was* a difference between gentleman and a cad after all. The concert thereafter proceeded very smoothly, if without any very pronounced indications of enthusiasm on the part of the audience. Miss Chesney was not to sing again, but as the names of the performers were not on the programmes, the people were ignorant of this, and so, under a lively anticipation of future favors, they kept up their interest in the concert very well. When, however, it was all over, except one quartette of male voices, and they became aware of the fact that Miss Chesney's appearance was for that one time only, a feeling of intense regret passed through the audience, and presently a young man whom Ethel did not know came behind the scenes, approached Mrs. Lyons, and asked to be presented to Miss Chesney. Mrs. Lyons presented him as Count Varêne.

"Miss Chesney," he said, speaking in French, "a gentleman who has admired your voice with the rest of us this evening has commissioned me to solicit at your hands the favor of singing *Auld Robin Gray*. He offers to give two hundred francs to your charity if you will sing it, but I should advise you not to close with him on those terms, for in his present state he is equal to twice that sum."

"You must let Mrs. Lyons decide," Ethel said. "He is very good to set so high a value on my singing. If Mrs. Lyons thinks I may, I shall be very glad indeed to gratify him; as to the two hundred francs, that, of course, we will consider only a flattering jest."

"By no means," Mrs. Lyons interrupted, with her usual decision. "If Miss Chesney will sing, the price is not large, and it will about make up the sum I intended to realize, and which every one said was absurd. Who is the gentleman, Count?"

"Lord Maine," replied Count Varêne.

"Let us take the offer, by all means, my dear Miss Chesney," Mrs. Lyons said, "if you will be so very good. Lord Maine is extremely rich, and can do nothing better with his money. By the way, I wonder if the orchestra can play the accompaniment—that's a trouble I had not thought of. It being an English song, I fear there is some doubt."

"In case they cannot," said Count Varene, "my modest efforts are at your service, provided Miss Chesney will condescend to them."

Just here the four gentlemen whose singing had been so fine that Ethel was sorry this interruption had caused her to lose it, came off the stage, followed by some very cordial applause, and Mr. Lyons swiftly notified the orchestra of the change of programme, and Count Varêne led Miss Chesney forth. The applause was rapturous for a moment, and was followed by intense stillness. Count Varêne struck a few chords, and then in breathless silence Miss Chesney commenced, and oh, the tender pathos of that song! "The thrilling, tender, proud, pathetic voice!" Such a voice as Mrs. Browning wrote of in Marian.

Miss Chesney almost cried herself as she sang it, her eyes, as they had done before, seeking out her father's face and resting there. It was a song she often sang to him and one he loved. She sang as if to him alone now, and so did her best. She hardly knew what verses she selected—they were the ones that came of themselves. She stood still when she had finished, forgetful of the ardent crowd before her, whose emotions she guided and swayed at will, until Count Varêne came forward and led her from the stage. Then the applause broke forth in passionate tumultuousness. Nobody waited for the finale, which the patient orchestra had prepared with pains. Such of the audience as were fortunate enough to have invitations for Mrs. Lyons's supper, which was to follow, were eager to be off to where they might be nearer still to the beautiful singer, and those who were less favored wanted to be out in the air where they might give freer vent to their enthusiasm, now that there was no chance of seeing her here again. The first piece she had sung had been very difficult and operatic, and that had entranced them, but perhaps the simple pathos of *Auld Robin Gray* went the more nearly to their hearts.

In the little green-room plaudits as warm as those without awaited Miss Chesney. Count Varêne was extremely happy and eloquent in his praise—a thing that always pleased Miss Chesney, for she had been so often annoyed by the fulsome, ill-worded, exaggerated comments on her music, which were worse than none at all.

"I could not have done so well without your charming accompaniment, Count," she said, "so I must not appropriate all the praise."

"I must go now to Lord Maine," said the Count; "he will be eager to see me I know, and I must arrange for the transfer of the poor price he gives for that song, since he has chosen me for the honored medium."

"Pray tell him I sang merely to oblige him, and not for the money," Miss Chesney said. "That is an affair between Mrs. Lyons and himself, and you must tell him, too, that he has my authority to decline to pay. I should feel myself an extortioner."

"So you only sang to please him!" Count Varêne said. "Are you always as amiable—and to everybody?"

"Not always—no," said Ethel.

"Then I presume you have requirements in the candidate," said the Count. "Is it so?"

Miss Chesney smiled and bowed in answer.

"Am I permitted to know what these are, that I may set about cultivating them?"

"Certainly, but this is a requirement which it would take you years to obtain."

"Pray pass that by, and consider my suspense until I discover what you mean."

"There is only one."

"And that is?"

"Age," said Miss Chesney smiling, and turning away to the cloak-room.

The supper that followed was delightful—not crowded, but composed of a very well selected set of people, Lord Maine and Count Varêne being of the number, of course.

But the pleasantest moment of the evening to Ethel came, when her father kissed her and said he had been proud of her.

[*To be continued.*]

Inspiration: A Day Dream.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

A STUDY, round whose oaken casėd walls
In shelves that bend, old books and missals rare.
Upon the one hand, blaze the names of those
Who, dust and ashes ages since, still live
In works of history, grave philosophy,
Or glowing romance, writ in purest prose ;
Upon the other, massive, dusky tomes
Of ancient poets lie in majesty,
While scattered here and there, in contrast bright,
The daintier plumage of the singing birds
Who carol for us sweetly e'en to-day
Flames out in scarlet, crimson, blue and gold.
Beside the carvėd table sits a maid,
Before her pen and pencil idly lie,
For lo ! in shadowy background stand a group
Unto whose silent eloquence she lists !
One, a fair woman with a face aglow
And wingėd arms, which seem white shafts of flame,
Is held arrested in her burning flight
By two pale figures which impede her way.
Upon the left, a youth of beauteous grace
In airy, bounding measures, lures her on,
Or in a stately minuet of old
Advances with rare dignity of mien.
Close to the right, there marches in her path
A grave browed man, with learnėd air and look,
His downcast eyes read solemnly the ground,
Or in the past or future seemed to pore.
" Where wilt thou lead me, Man ? " The woman asks
With breathless voice, whose music waits his speech
To stop its low sweet rippling waves of sound.
In slow and measured accents speaks he then,
With hand outstretched, and pointing to a path
Where singing pines, and sturdy forest trees,
And towering mountain-tops make bold the scene.
" There would I lead thee, Woman. Firm my step
And strong and most enduring. Through long years
I've trod the path, and found the way, tho' worn,
Still new and fair. And see, on either side
Stand tall, stout, friendly oaks and rugged rocks,
Which shall uphold and give thee strength and rest.
Old ways, 'tis true, but ways grown nobly old,
And toward which minds noble still do turn
To find fresh fields and pastures of delight !
Come, let me lead thee upward, this way." Then,
Ere these slow words have scarcely earned their echo,
Breaks th' impetuous youth, with hot haste into speech,
Whose passionate pleading trembles at the sound
Its utterance gives. " Oh woman, with the brow
Whose rounded, blue veined temples surely hold
An altar unto the great gods of song,
Whereon thou offerest burning words and thoughts,
That all flame heavenward, list, I pray, to me,
And follow where I lead ! My way is bright
And full of music ; beauteous flowers bloom there,
Whose perfume dies not, rhapsodies so sweet
They live for e'er and e'er in mortals' ears.
Soul friends shalt thou find there, who speak to soul
In glorious language of the whole wide world
Of song. And see, from crownėd heights they stand
And call thee softly to come on, and up !
Oh, woman, to the *voice* be true, and come ! "
Each striving valiantly then to lure her on
The way he fain would have her follow fast,
The woman answers, smiling as she speaks,
And breaking from their close entwining arms :
" Nay, nay, I will be held in chains by none ;
Both ways seem pleasant, both well-trodden too,
But bidden will I be by none which path to choose !
You " (to the man) " would hold me down to earth
Forever, by the ponderous weight of prose,
Hard controverting history's solid rocks,
Philosophy's cold iron, logic's steel,
Or bullet-headed theories—false or true.
Nay, nay ; I will not leave *all* paths for thine !
And yet, to thee, sweet youth, who hold'st my heart,
I *fear* to turn my willing, listening ear !
Thy ways are far beyond my timid steps ;
Upon thy heights I'd reach but sunset clouds ;
The golden glory I should never touch !
Ah, tempt me not. A woman's will is weak—
Yet stay, a wayward fancy seizes me—
Oh youth, unto whom all my heart goes out,
And grave browed man, toward whom I reverent turn,
I am but woman ; see, I'll heed you *both*,
And, tho' it be in feeble, fluttering way,
Like some frail-wingėd summer butterfly,
I'll gayly follow *either*, as I list ! "
Beside the carvėd table still the maid
With idle pen and pencil dreaming sits,
But in the busy, restless aisles of thought
There throng the shapes and figures she has seen,
And still the voices murmur low and sweet,
And whisper, " Come with with me," and, " Come with [me,"
Then inspiration seizes swift her pen,
And chronicles the Maiden's noon-day dream !

Divorced By Fate.

BY LIZZIE L. SHAW.

ON the back porch of a large, hospitable-looking New England dwelling, with rich farming-lands about it, and the majestic Green Mountains in the distance, stood two women engaged, according to the time-honored custom of the New England Monday morning, in doing the family washing. They were mother and daughter, with intelligence and worth stamped on every feature; but there was evidently something in the mind of the latter which rendered her ill at ease, which came forth at last with an abruptness born of girlish reserve.

"Ma, Jimmy and I are going to be married."

"For the land sakes! When did you think o' that?"

"We made up our minds a week ago Sunday evening. Jimmy wanted me to tell you and father. He did not like to, and he thought it would be just as well for me to speak to you about it."

The two women stood over a tub of snowy linen lying in a miniature sea of azure. The clothes were going through the last process in the cleanly New England housekeeper's thorough system of washing, though the clock in the kitchen had not struck nine that morning. The elder woman who, with her clean calico sleeves rolled well up on her stout arms, and her comely, earnest face, appeared the true, honest, Yankee housewife she was, stopped with one of her daughter's pretty white dresses, which she had just lifted from the water, held high in her hands, to look with unaccustomed sternness on the girl. Pretty Myra Culberton was little used to sternness in any form. She gave the wringer that, fastened in its place on the edge of the tub, was waiting for the dripping garment, an impatient turn, but waited for her mother to speak again.

"That's exactly like James Gray," burst forth Mrs. Culberton, after a moment. "Why couldn't he a got up courage to ask for himself? He'd seem more like a man to me and your father."

"I don't know as Jimmy lacks courage," replied Myra, a flush rising on her sweet, young face.

Mrs. Culberton placed the dress in the wringer, and Myra forced it through the machine very rapidly, spattering the water over her neat, newly-ironed dress.

"Well," said Mrs. Culberton, "what is it then? Look o' the way he did when Charlie and his friend, Mr. Rhinehardt, was here visitin', last summer. Couldn't get him into the house hardly, though he was hangin' 'round the barn, talkin' to the hired man, 'most every evening; and when he did come in, he wouldn't speak hardly. And he never dares to ask you to go for a ride or a walk if any of the family is 'round to hear; and instead of walking up brave and smart like, to ask if he can see you home from meetin', he creeps out just behind you, gets hold o' your arm when you go down the meetin'-house steps, and walks you off to his buggy, just as if he had a right and didn't need to ask, when everybody knows the reason he doesn't is, he daren't ask you. I don't know, Myra, you're high-spirited naturally, like me, and I'm afraid, child, there'll come times when you'll be 'shamed o' sech a bashful sort of a man."

Myra looked almost angry, but she only said:

"I know Jimmy is diffident, but who wants a man so conceited as to be bold before every one? Jimmy was jealous of Mr. Rhinehardt, perhaps, though he had no reason; and brother Charlie did not help the matter any, for he never was good friends with Jimmy. I did not think you would talk so, mother. Most people respect Jimmy, if you do not."

"I do respect him mostly, dear; I believe him to be a young man of good, solid character, and if you have actually made up your mind to marry him, and think you can be happy with him, I'm going to help you right along, and give you my blessin' besides. But first love is apt to be hasty, and there's some things I 'most know you haven't thought of—that's why I spoke. Now I don't expect to ever see James Gray a rich man."

"Neither do I," here hastily responded Myra. "And I do not care if he isn't. People who truly love each other can be happy without a mint of money. I guess we shall get a living."

"Yes, dear; I don't doubt you would be able to do that, but 'twould be by hard scratchin'. Jimmy's like his father afore him, not much of a calkalater. His crops will always be a trifle behindhand, and he'll never hit the right time to sell 'em. You've never had a mansion to live in; but you've had a good comfortable home, plenty to eat and drink and wear, and schoolin' and music lessons and all, with no thought o' where the money come from, and I don't know how you'll stand being a poor man's wife; but if you want to try it, as I said before, I'll help you along. I know your father never'll see you want as long as he lives."

"I do not think we shall trouble any one to help us along," was the somewhat ungrateful reply. "Can you find any other fault with Jimmy, mother?"

"Don't think I'm just trying to find fault, Myra. I only want you to be sure you are not deceiving yourself. It's a great and solemn thing to take upon you the duties and responsibilities of a wife. You need to be sure that you are satisfied with the man you marry, for there's many a strain on a body's love that you can't make no preparation for beforehand. You know Jimmy has no great of an education, and it's likely he'll always be sort o' bashful, and more than likely he'll never be well-to-do in the world; he won't want to go away from home much to see anything that's going on, and i Charlie should come to see you and bring any of his city friends, I don't know as he would come nigh enough to the house to get a meal o' victuals. But, on the other hand, he will always be an honest man, and he'll do the very best he knows how."

"I suppose if I would aspire to one of those fops up in the village, or that Mr. Rhinehardt Charlie thinks so much of, you would be exactly suited."

"No, no, child: you know I want you to have your own heart's choice, when you are sure who 'tis. But I want you to make up your mind thoroughly before you take any one; and if you marry Jimmy, and sometimes afterward begin to think you made a mistake, don't let him know it. Don't open the door for Misery by reproaches for what can't be helped. Remember that, Myra. There, I'll go and hang out these clothes, and you go and rest a bit."

Ordinarily Myra would have said: "No, mother; let me put them out." This time she said nothing when her mother lifted the large basket; but, turning away, went to the room where her organ stood and tried to play. But the tears came faster and faster to her eyes till she could only give way to them, and their vexing rain poured over the rose-tinted cheeks.

Nineteen years before, Stephen Culberton and his good wife had welcomed as a most precious gift from God their youngest born, little Myra, who came years after the two daughters, who had blessed their early married life, had been taken from them by death. She had known nothing of wealth or of poverty; but the tenderest, most loving care had been hers, and all needed advantages for education and association with good society. She had been ever a comfort and joy to her fond parents, and scarce a word of chiding had fallen on her sensitive heart till her girlish fancy settled itself on Jimmy Gray, the only son of an indigent farmer lately become a resident of the place. The young man had made a good impression on the community by his quiet, honest bearing, and indisputably fine physique, but he had made few acquaintances, as he seemed to care little for general society, and was evidently not much used to it. He had lived with his parents during the two years they had been in this place, working with his father on the farm, which was so badly managed as to give some ground for Mrs. Culberton's reflections on Mr. Gray as a "calkalater."

Why bright, lively Myra Culberton had chosen Jimmy Gray, when doubtless there were at least half a dozen young men in the town as good-looking, possibly as true-hearted, livelier, and, to judge by the outward appearance, fully as intelligent and quick-witted, who would have gladly striven for the hand of the farmer's fair daughter, was one of Love's countless mysteries. But it was true, as her mother had more than once remarked, that "after Jimmy Gray come to town, Myra never thought to look to see if there was another feller in the world." Myra's girl-friends complained that they "could not get acquainted" with the young man; but he mustered courage one summer's evening to ask her to ride with him, when he overtook her on her way home from an afternoon visit to some friend, and she kept him talking so

busily that he forgot himself and his awkwardness, and everything but the daintily-clad little figure and sweet, merry face beside him, and took the wrong direction at a fork in the road, which mistake mischievous Myra did not see fit to notice by word of mouth, making them so late home that the stars were all twinkling over them when they arrived, and Mrs. Culberton was out watching anxiously at the gate, after having dispatched her son Charlie in one direction and the hired man in another to look for the missing daughter. And very soon thereafter Myra and the young stranger were discovered to be lovers by every gossip in the neighborhood.

This was some months more than a year previous to the blithe autumn morning that ended so uncomfortably, when Myra told her mother she had determined to marry Jimmy Gray.

Mrs. Culberton was a woman who spoke her mind, when she had anything to say. She had never before spoken so plainly to her daughter of her lover, because she had not believed Myra would think of marrying him. The child was only fond of him in a friendly way, she thought, and she would not wound her darling's heart by chiding when there was no occasion. James was surely too slow to ever fall in love enough to break his heart if he were disappointed; what was the use of worrying the child? The mother was deeply troubled when she knew whence her daughter's affections had strayed, yet her words, prompted as they were by earnest love, hurt sorely the untried heart into which they fell, and the day was a sad one for both mother and child.

That night, not long after the evening train passed through the village two miles away, Charlie Culberton, tall and manly, full of the gladness of the surprise his coming would be to the old folks and his little sister, walked into the farm-house. He had found an opportunity to run away from his work for a few days, he said, and could not resist the temptation to come home. The first kisses and questions were scarcely over, and a lunch spread for him by the careful mother, when James Gray came in, and the remainder of the evening was uncomfortable for all of them. A little of young Gray's old restraint had seemed to vanish since he had been oftener at the farm-house, but to-night it all returned. No attempts to draw him within the family circle were successful. He sat aside, taking part in the conversation only when addressed directly, and finally, when Charlie and the old man fell to discussing the last New-York elections, he would have remained in utter silence had not Mrs. Culberton made some kindly efforts to entertain him. Myra was unlike herself that evening. She could say but little to any one. Jimmy saw that something had vexed and worried her. His deep, questioning eyes rested on her face at times, full of a too evident love, and with it a look difficult to analyze, as if some nameless shame or regret lay heavy on his soul because he had sought and gained, in his unfitness, the love of so fair and dainty a creature.

When the heads of the Culberton household, of whose staunch New England creed the "early to bed and early to rise" doctrine had always formed a part, had retired, and Charlie also, leaving Myra alone with her lover, he came to her side, and, taking from her hands the work over which she bent in silence, prisoned them within his own, and asked:

"What is it, Myra? What has happened? Are your folks unwilling that we should be engaged?"

"I have spoken only to mother. She is not unwilling," Myra answered; but without meeting the eyes that scanned her face so anxiously.

"What is it then, Myra?" he pleaded. "Have I displeased you?"

"Oh, Jimmy!" and the tears that for an hour had been hardly restrained, flooded the beautiful eyes turned appealingly, pityingly, yet half angrily toward him. "Oh, Jimmy! I do wish you were more like other people about talking."

That was all she could utter, for her sorrow would have its way, and drawing her hands hastily from his clasp, she covered her face, and sobs shook her girlish frame. One moment of surprise and doubt, then James Gray understood her, knew that what he had feared often, yet would not allow himself to admit, was surely true, that he could never be his darling's ideal. He had no self-conceit or self-esteem that had kept him from seeing that his knowledge of the world, his conversational powers and his social acquirements were below those of most of the young men of Myra's acquaintance, and would bear no comparison with her brother's ready wit and careless ease of manner, or the brilliant rhetoric and perfectly-executed gallantries of Frederick Rhinehardt, that friend of Charlie Culberton, whom he both feared and disliked.

This friendship was one Charlie had formed after leaving his home to become a student in New York city. A similarity of tastes, and the fact that they had mutual friends in the village nearest the Culberton homestead, had perpetuated and strengthened the friendship, and Charlie never made a visit to his native place without bringing his friend Rhinehardt, if it were possible. He had long been secretly desirous of interesting Myra in this friend, apparently without success, however, and how James Gray came to dread the influence of Rhinehardt, it would be difficult to say. But that in his heart was a jealously guarded fear of this possible rival, he was well aware. He had fondly hoped, sometimes, it is true, against his better judgment, that his great love, stronger and better he had believed than any Rhinehardt could offer, was so much to Myra that she would not feel his lack of social graces. He had been so happy, in his quiet way, the great joy of believing she would be his own had so filled his heart, since the night of their betrothal, that he had dared at last to assure himself that she would be content as his wife.

But his dream was broken. In an instant there came before his mind, so much quicker to grasp than to unfold, the picture of a future in which his love would be a burden, and the bonds of her marriage hateful to that one so dear to him, because he could never be like those men whom fortune and education had made so different in appearance. He would always be awkward, he would never be "like other people about talking." And following this came the thought of his poverty, a thought that he felt sure she, in her inexperience, had scarcely entertained for a moment, but which had more than once appeared to him, like a prophecy of evil. He could not hope to give her any position but that of a poor man's wife, for years yet, perhaps never. It was a bitter moment for him, when in the silence of the night, broken only by his darling's half-hushed sobs, he realized that his fears were not without foundation. But in that moment when it seemed that his golden dream of happiness was fleeing away so far he might never hope to regain the bright vision, all the manliness of his soul rose brave and pure to meet the weakness that tempted him to selfish cowardice, and quick as was his perception of the obstacles in his pathway, so quick was his resolve that Myra should not bind herself to him in a tie that might grow irksome to her. He drew her to him tenderly, yet with a new firmness that she did not attempt to resist.

"Myra, darling," he said, when her tears had ceased to flow, and the beloved face lay quietly on his bosom, "if we have made a mistake, you shall not suffer by it. I am afraid I shall always be much the same as now. It will never be easy for me to talk to strangers, or to any one but you, perhaps. I am poor, too; and I've thought of it more than once, that it wasn't fair for me to ask you to marry me, because you can do a great deal better. So, Myra, don't think I'll call it wrong, or hard of you, if you give me up."

"Jimmy, don't!" and the impetuous girl threw both her arms about his neck. "I don't want to give you up. You must be angry, else you would not speak in that way."

"No; I was never angry with you, Myra, I don't think I could be. You don't know how much I care for you, and I've no words to tell you how it is; but there's something makes me want you to be satisfied, whatever comes to me."

Then followed words so full of a devoted yet self-sacrificing love, that Myra Culberton, lying there against the heart of her lover, and listening with the first passionate love of her untried soul all in his favor, thought that heart the noblest in the world, and before he ceased speaking, reproached herself unsparingly for desiring anything different in his nature. She heard only the low, fond tones of her lover's voice; she forgot in that hour all but the sweetness of their love; she bade him never think again that she could give him up, or that she could be happier with any one else in the world; and he went home through the star-gemmed night, with her kisses on his lips, light-hearted as man could well be, only across his joy crept now and then a shadow, as he remembered how unlike he was to Charlie Culberton and Frederick Rhinehardt.

The remainder of the autumn was passed most pleasantly by the lovers. Little difficulty was found in securing Mr. Culberton's consent to their engagement, for what his wife deemed right and proper, he never ques-

tioned; and she, believing her daughter's happiness demanded it, had given her sanction to the contemplated union. Charlie was the last to become acquiescent.

"I really cannot understand your attachment to that fellow, Myra," he said, "when a better one, in every sense of the word, could scarcely win a smile from you. But of course you have the right of choice."

Myra blushed over her brother's allusion to Mr. Rhinehardt, but declared she believed Jimmy Gray was better than half a dozen like Fred Rhinehardt, and she should never care for any one in the world but him. Charlie went back to the city, with news that made handsome Fred, who had thought half the time since his last visit to the farm, of his friend's pretty little sister, caress his blonde moustache with a very unreconciled air. He had known nothing of hardship in all his life. For years he had had nothing to do but amuse himself; and he had chosen to do little else, until, a few months before he first saw Myra Culberton, he began the study of law, and seemed likely to become noted in the profession. He was known in city circles as a conqueror of women's hearts. They called him a flirt. He was not wholly that; and he knew, if no one else did, that he had never made a conquest that was worth half to him what the favor of little Myra Culberton would have been.

The greater part of the winter sped calmly enough, so far as Myra and her betrothed were concerned. There were few merry-makings in that country place, for the homesteads were far apart, and the adjacent town was not a lively one. But at Christmas, and during the holidays after, the great Culberton farmhouse was filled with guests, aunts and uncles and cousins, some of Myra's school-mates, Charlie with his friend Fred, and some cousins of the latter from the village, and all the festivities and gayties that ever had been known in the annals of the Culbertons were revived. Mrs. Culberton, never happier than when she had her house full of people with good appetites, assisted by a neighbor's stout daughter engaged for the occasion, kept her pantries overflowing with the substantial good things of life, ovens filled with savory meats and decapitated members of the feathered population of the farm, and tables laden with profuse hospitality. There was music for the evening, and plenty of social games; sometimes, too, the spacious kitchen was hastily cleared of everything movable, and gliding feet kept time, up and down its smooth, painted floor, to the music of Charlie's violin and Myra's organ. There were sleigh-rides, skating-parties and frolics of every kind that could be devised by the young people, and they made both day and night ring with their merriment.

But pretty Myra, with her winsome face and bright, unbound hair, glancing here and there among her guests, the very sunlight of the old house, carried, all those days, a saddened heart, for her lover mingled so little with the company, that no one could feel that he was one of their number, as was intended; and when he came among them, for an hour, his silence and reserve caused a questioning wonder in the minds of all, that could not be wholly concealed, and was very apparent to the sensitive girl.

Frederick Rhinehardt found her in tears on New Year's Eve. They had been dancing. Gray had been there a short time, in the early part of the evening, danced once with Myra, then without seeking to enjoy the society of her friends with whom she wished him to become acquainted, had gone away without apology. Shortly after, Rhinehardt, ever watching the movements of his young hostess, saw her slip away into the deserted parlor, and followed her. He had suspected that she was displeased by her lover's abrupt departure; but when he found her wiping away the tears that still would come thick and fast, he was too much surprised to know at the moment, just what he should do, but unwilling to retreat, he stepped to her side.

"Myra," he said softly, "I did not know that you were in trouble. But tell me if there is anything I can do for you."

She did not speak at once, and he laid his hand lightly on her shoulder, caressing the soft, straying curls that had fallen over it from the bowed head. She raised her dark, wet eyes to his face then, and murmured her answer in such broken tones that his own eyes filled.

"I cannot tell my trouble to any one, Mr. Rhinehardt," she said; "and it is nothing that I should grieve over; but sometimes I feel as if it would break my heart."

"I know what it is," he replied passionately; "and I know that if I were in the place of that one who is so dear to you, you would never have this to bear."

"Don't," she pleaded. "How can you tell me that now when I am weak and foolish? He is noble and good. There is no one like him. And I can love no one else in the world as I do him."

Rhinehardt, rebuked by the truth that shone clear and sweet in the loyal eyes of brown, as the girl defended her choice, could say no more, and two days later he carried from the farm-house a heart weighted by a weary longing that in all his gay career had never before found place there; and he was not very hopeful about its removal.

Charlie went back to the city too, the other relatives and guests scattered to their homes, and the loneliness of a deserted banquet hall filled, for a time, every room under the hospitable roof of the farm-house.

Almost before the echoes of the last departing footsteps had fled, James Gray stood in Myra's presence, with a look in his eyes pleading, supplicating, yet with something of the native kingliness with which an eagle might cower before the white dove he had wounded.

"I'm afraid I hurt your feelings sometimes while your company was here, didn't I, Myra?" he asked with hesitation.

"Yes," was the simple reply, murmured pathetically yet patiently.

Then he began to heap on himself reproaches to which Myra would not listen, and he went away forgiven.

"I suppose Jimmy come to make his peace last night, didn't he?" queried Mrs. Culberton, on the following morning, when she was alone with her daughter.

"I don't know that he had anything of that kind to do, mother," answered the girl.

Already she had begun to learn that lesson, hard for most of us, that our idols have flaws that must be hidden alike from friend and foe.

"Well, he orter had then," said Mrs. Culberton, more truthfully than consolingly. "The only way you can break him of that awful awkward way o' his of skulking out o' the way when anybody is 'round, is to get him used to company before he gets married and settles down. That was such a nice chance for him to get acquainted with the Bryants and those other friends of yours; I declare I wanted to take him by the ears for slipping away so quick always, and he hardly spoke twice to Charlie and Mr. Rhinehardt."

"He doesn't like Mr. Rhinehardt, and he is aware that Charlie doesn't care much for him; so I do not think it anything strange that he did not choose to be with them very much. And his father was sick last week, so he had nearly everything at home to see to, and of course he could not be here all the time."

Thus Myra excused her lover.

"Well, Myra," said the mother, "if you are satisfied, I've nothing to say; but settle it for good, child, afore you take him for better or for worse, that you are satisfied, for that way o' his may make you an awful sight of trouble, by and by, if you don't."

The thoughtful, earnest words of the mother roused a momentary conflict in the daughter's heart, but left no other impress.

In the early summer Myra was married. The earth was all abloom, and rejoicing in its wealth of song and blossom. But the old women shook their heads, when, before midday, the sky, in the morning clear as the smile of a child, became dark with clouds, that in the after part of the day, drenched the earth with rain; and again when, at three o'clock, the hour of the marriage ceremony, the resonant air brought from the neighboring village, the sound of a bell tolling for some one dead. Yet the sweet-faced bride in her simple bridal robes, thought little more of these things, as she stood by the side of him she had chosen, than did the soft-tinted blossoms that lay against the whiteness of her dress and amid her bright hair. James Gray, in his wedding array, was handsome enough to win the admiration of any feminine heart, and even Charlie could scarcely criticise his bearing on that day. The score of friends invited to the unpretentious wedding, made the old house too merry to admit forebodings of sorrow, and despite the storm every heart seemed content.

Charlie came home without his friend Fred, who had declined the invitation sent him, giving some brief explanation. Charlie being questioned by his sister, replied that he knew no further reason, only Fred was working unusually steady of late; his profession absorbed most of his attention, and he seemed to be losing his relish for general society.

"The fellow has not been as jolly as he used to be, since he was here last winter," Charlie added. "He didn't make love to any of the girls here, did he, Myra?"

"I never heard that he did," was the quiet response.

"And of course he could not to you, for you hardly gave him the privilege of ordinary friendship. Probably there is nothing but business on his mind, else he would have told me. I wish he stood in Gray's place to-day, Myra. But if you are happy, it is all right."

"I am happy, Charlie. Can't you believe me?"

Looking in her face he could not doubt her words, yet he clasped her to his heart as if he saw opening before her, the pet of his boyish years, the pride of his manhood, a way full of danger, and the tears gathered in his eyes, as he said:

"Your faith should be rewarded with the best love man can give, little one."

The tears came again to his eyes when he heard the solemn words that made her a wife, that gave her henceforth from his care to that of another.

The young people went to housekeeping immediately, in a very cozy, pleasant way, in a cottage situated midway between the homes of the parents; Jimmy went on with his work on his father's farm, which he had taken to cultivate on shares; Myra divided her time between her household duties, of which she was very proud at first, and flying visits to her old home, or that of her husband's parents; their names dropped gradually from people's tongues, as names will when their owners subside into matrimonial tranquility, and apparently the story of their wedded life was to be only a repetition of hundreds of others that have begun in much the same fashion, and gone on quietly to the end.

"Livin' there in that little nest of theirs, jest as sober as if they'd been married fifty years, mother," was father Culberton's verdict, after his second call at his daughter's new home.

"Yes; I don't see but Myra is perfectly contented, and I hope it will last," answered Mrs. Culberton; but the months were few that passed before the fond old hearts found cause for grief, where they had ceased to expect it.

There was nothing but the purest, most devoted affection in the proud but tender heart of Myra Culberton, when she entered that little cottage as its mistress; the evening meal, the first of which they partook alone in their home, the beautiful sunset hour that followed, when she sat by her husband, his strong arms about her, while they talked quietly, almost solemnly, of their future, and watched the golden western light sink down behind the distant mountains, seemed the beginning of a life that was to be all her fancy had painted it, and more. This was a Saturday evening. A week later, as they sat together, in the soft twilight of the early evening, making merry over the dispatch with which they had accustomed themselves to the realities of housekeeping, Jimmy carelessly remarked:

"I don't suppose you will care to go to church to-morrow, will you, Myra?"

"O, yes; I think we had better go," quickly replied Myra, who had not thought of it before. "Mother never liked to have me stay from church, and we can go as well as not, can't we?"

Jimmy's face grew anxious.

"I'm afraid not, darling."

"Why not?"

"You are not used to walking so far."

"But we need not walk. Your carriage horse has not been worked any this week, has he?"

"No; but I've sold my buggy."

"Oh, Jimmy! that little buggy that I liked so well? How could you?"

"I knew you would want me to have a new suit for the wedding, Myra, and I couldn't see any other way to get the money just then. I had a good offer, and took it. We will have a better one soon."

Tears hot with shame and bitter with disappointment filled for a moment the brown eyes that the first shadow of the new life had reached. But they were hidden in the dusk from all notice.

"You don't care much, do you, little wife?" asked the young husband, when he had waited some moments for a reply.

"We can get along without the buggy, of course, Jimmy," was the brave answer; "but I would rather have that than a new one; for we always went riding in that, you know."

"Well, the fellow I sold to never cares for one thing any length of time. Very likely I can get it back cheap, by and by."

But the neat carriage never found its way back to its former owner, and the young man and his wife were seen so seldom in the village church, that their good neighbors prophesied all sorts of ills liable to come upon a couple who had begun life with such disregard of the principles under which they had been bred. Mrs. Culberton wept in secret over her daughter's supposed contempt for her childhood's teachings, till one day she elicited from Myra, by accident, the hitherto well-kept secret of the sale of the buggy.

"Jimmy thought he could get another in a short time," Myra added with a sigh; "but I don't see how he can."

Good Mrs. Culberton was too wise to say anything that might indicate a lack of confidence in her son-in-law's judgment or ability; but she did say:

"Well, I declare, child, I don't know what to think of your staying at home so much, when your father and me could drive this way every Sunday, in the two-seated carriage that we bought on purpose so you and Charlie could always go to church with us; and there's no reason why you and Jimmy couldn't ride with us just as well."

"I'll see what Jimmy will say to that plan, mother," said Myra; "but I don't think we should begin by being dependent on father. It would seem easy to go to him for everything."

"That would be no great amount of dependence, child, just to ride with us to meetin'. We'd be very glad to have you go along with us."

"But if we made use of your carriage, Jimmy would never see the need of getting one for himself, I fear. You know he is not inclined to go anywhere often, except to go to church."

The mother saw with pain that already her daughter had found defects that she could not bear patiently in the character of her husband.

In the latter part of September, Charlie came home for a few days' visit, bringing this time his bosom friend. They were often at Myra's home, but after their first visit there in company, Rhinehardt spent much more time there than did Charlie.

"I don't exactly like the direction matters are taking over there," Charlie said to his mother, one day, after a call at his sister's home. "The fact is, Gray is no fit mate for Myra, anyhow. She is always graceful, dignified, and at her ease, while he is awkward and constrained anywhere, and likely to be so always for anything I can see. She has no lack of education or accomplishments that would prevent her from entering a much higher grade of society than he will ever aspire to. And then he is so wretchedly poor, and has so little shrewdness or capacity for business! Why, I believe he is actually running in debt for the groceries they use. And they haven't had any too liberal a supply, till since Fred and I came, I imagine. Myra is too proud to set a scantily furnished table for visitors."

"Yes, I know; I know all about it, my son," answered the mother mournfully. "It's kept me awake many an hour, thinking of the trials my youngest-born, that scarcely knew what trouble meant, had afore her. But her father'll see that she doesn't suffer for what money will buy, the Lord willin', and for the rest, we must try to make the best of it, as she does, poor girl. I'm afraid she sees it all now, as we did long ago; but she keeps her lips shut, and so must we."

"But she don't always do that, mother, and she can't. Every evening Fred and I have been there, Gray has made some excuse to skulk off to his father's house. When we have been there at dinner or supper time he sees as little of us as possible, either contriving to be occupied with some piece of work so he could not appear in time to sit down with the rest of us at all, or hurrying through the meal and leaving before we were half through with it. Yesterday, when he took the latter course, Myra followed him, excusing herself for a few moments, and when she came back her eyes were full of tears. She makes all possible excuses for him, telling how hurried he is with his work on the farm, and all that, but I can see she does not believe in them herself. Last evening, when he began to talk, immediately after supper, that he must go over to his father's, she said, in not the gentlest tones, 'You know you do not need to go, James, and I think it would be quite as well for you to remain at home.'"

"Poor child! she can't bear everything," sighed Mrs. Culberton.

"I tried to be brotherly, and get him into conversation about his farm and its prospects. I don't think it strange he does not care to say much about that, for it's the worst-looking piece of ground I ever saw, and the poorest crops on it; but he cannot or will not talk to me about anything. We attempted to discuss politics and the affairs of the day with him, but only learned that he hardly ever read political papers much, and he seemed very

ignorant regarding what is going on in the world."

"Jimmy is no hand to read, I know."

"But there's another thing, mother, you don't know about. I did not feel sure of it till after I brought Fred here this time, though I strongly suspected it. He is deeply in love with Myra. And what is worse, though Myra is wholly ignorant of this, I believe, and Fred would not for the world give any ground for suspicion, Gray is jealous."

"Then the sooner you get Fred back to New York the better. Oh, my girl, my precious girl! there's trouble afore her such as we've none of us dreamed of! But, Charlie, it don't seem as if it could be true."

"Mother, I am sure of it. I wish you would go over there and see for yourself how Myra forgets her narrow world while Rhinehardt is talking to her, in his charming fashion, of books, art, music, and a thousand things that have small place in her life now, and see how strangely Gray acts. I would be glad to take Fred back to New York at once. But I must admit I do not know what to do. I can return immediately myself, and probably shall do so, but I certainly can do nothing more than ask him to go also, for there is nothing I can charge him with, and his cousins up in the village will be sure to urge him to stay, and keep him as long as possible."

"It may not be on account of jealousy that Jimmy acts so queer, Charlie. There's one thing I've never thought best to tell you, but I will now;—he doesn't like Fred.

"Perhaps not. Yet he should either shut his door against him or treat him as a guest should be treated. I do not care so much for him, but I cannot bear to see Myra troubled by his vexatious conduct that she evidently sees no reason for. Poor little girl! her face is beginning to forget its old brightness and gayety, even in the few months she has been married."

In the afternoon of that day Mrs. Culberton walked over to her daughter's home. She watched Myra's face while the clear eyes sparkled and the cheeks glowed as Rhinehardt gave sketch after sketch from the works of some author he had lately read, or the dainty lips parted with laughter over his witticisms; she watched Rhinehardt when his eyes sought Myra's, or followed her movements about the room; and she saw Gray come in, in a sort of beggarly, laggard fashion, in needlessly careless attire, and attempt to converse with the visitor while Myra completed her preparations for supper. Rhinehardt was suave, jovial, making every effort to put his host at ease, while the manner of the latter was in such strong contrast that Mrs. Culberton's mental verdict was, "If Charlie hasn't guessed about right, his opinion of the case will fit pretty soon, anyhow. I do wish Jimmy would sit square in his chair and talk like he had seen the outside of his father's door-yard some time or other." Nevertheless, in her heart she pitied the man whose soul, with its quiet nobility, was so weak in expression, and whose life, coming up amid poverty and toil, had gathered to itself so few of the graces and accomplishments necessary to social intercourse with the world.

It was all true that Charlie had suspected. That night, but a little distance from the cottage within which his wife sat in her sweet, innocent beauty, her rare brown eyes and her tender, girlish heart learning more and more of the eloquence of Frederick Rhinehardt's gray eyes and subtle lips, and of his cultivated intellect; while she was becoming more and more conscious of that magnetic sympathy between them which he had recognized long before; while they made the somber eventide gay with the songs that Rhinehardt loved from Myra's lips,—out in the fields, prone on the hard earth, lay poor Gray, the great, silent tears washing over his face, as his dumb lips tried to form the burden of his crushed heart into one prayer, that was only, "O God! help me to stay, and bear it till she is safe!"

Myra knew that Frederick Rhinehardt loved her. She had not suspected it until that fateful New-Year's Eve of the winter previous, and truly loyal herself, she had supposed he would cease to think of her when she became James Gray's wife. The fact that he still cared for her, betrayed as it was without word or conscious signal, on his return, was almost terrible to her. In the noble, womanly heart arose no thought of making this unwarranted passion contribute to her pleasure, in any way. Had she been able without seeming rudeness and inhospitality, to make his visit very brief, she would have done so. But Rhinehardt, in the pride of his manhood, believing himself strong enough to withstand any inclination to forget what honor demanded, surrendered without discretion to that temptation which bade him stay. Charlie returned to the city, inwardly indignant that his friend could not be induced to accompany him, while Rhinehardt, yielding apparently to the solicitations of his cousins and the village circle with whom he had made himself very popular, but really to his desire to be near Myra, remained about the town, calling often at the cottage of the Grays, and finding the thought of living without the voice and smile he loved harder each day to bear. But the time came when Myra, in fear and distress for him and for herself, said to him:

"If there is in your heart any kindness or any pity for me, you will go away. I have chosen my pathway. Whatever trials lie along its course, they are mine to bear, and I will try to bear them. Don't you see I am asking the greatest boon your friendship, if it be true, can grant me now, when I bid you go away?"

And Rhinehardt, brave and manlier in sight of her sorrow than he had been in all his life before, promised solemnly to go, then left on the bowed golden head, across which the white moonbeams lay in holy luster, and on the pearl-white brow, the touch of his trembling lips, and with a hoarse word of farewell, parted, for aught he knew forever, from the one love of his life, and within a few hours was on his way to New York.

A figure bent with pain, as if with the decrepitude of age, and a face like that of one lying in his death-throes, passed out from a darkened nook near the porch where Myra had stood with Rhinehardt, after she had passed within the cottage, and, swaying as it went, fell heavily beneath the sheltering pines that stood stately and mournful, at a little distance, as if it had sought the spot, like a dog shot by his master, to die.

Long after the midnight hour struck Myra watched for her husband, but he did not come. In the gray twilight of the autumn dawn she started from an uneasy slumber, and knew that her husband had but a moment before been kneeling beside her, that his passionate kisses on her face had wakened her; but he was gone. Rising with the weakness of fear upon her, she crept out into the little parlor, because from that she could see the highway for some distance. The moment she was inside the room her eye was caught by her husband's handwriting on a scrap of paper, addressed to herself, lying on her pretty worktable. She read the irregular, penciled lines, then, from the great horror that seemed to darken over her, slipped into unconsciousness, and knew no more till the sun was far on his day's journey, and she woke to find herself in her mother's arms, and the faces of both the women she called mother bent anxiously over her. That night Myra pillowed her aching head where it had lain in the happy days that seemed so long ago now, beneath her father's roof, while Mrs. Culberton, sitting with her husband below, talked sorrowfully of the new trouble.

"I don't know how it came about, nor does Myra altogether. The child has had more to bear than she will ever own to, I don't doubt, in finding out how many of the things I told her about Jimmy was true, but I can't learn as she ever let him know that she had missed of anything she expected, though she might have been a bit impatient at times. I asked Mrs. Gray, and she said she'd never heard Jimmy make the least complaint. So I expect it all come from Mr. Rhinehardt's bein' 'round here. Mrs. Gray says that about every night since the first two or three that Fred and Charlie was here this time Jimmy's been over home to stay till most bedtime, and he'd just sit with his head in his hands and have nothing to say to anybody, till last night, just afore he went home, he burst out a wishing he was dead, for he was no good to anybody in the world. And his mother, she wanted to go to dosing him with smartweed tea and boneset, for she thought he was coming down with a fever or something; but he began to beg her not to be troubled, and kissed her, in an excited way, and begged her to remember always that he loved her and would not willingly give her pain, and then went off towards home; about nine o'clock, she thinks 'twas. Myra says that must a been just about the time Rhinehardt went away from their house, or may be a little earlier, and as Fred had told her he was going back to New York this morning, I think it's more than like as not he kissed her for good-by, or something, and Jimmy, poor fellow! was 'round just in time to see, and that, added to the rest, was more than he could bear. I didn't say anything about that to the child, for she ain't fit to be questioned now; but there's one thing in the note Jimmy left I don't understand. He says first that he is going away never to come back, and begs and prays his darling wife to forgive him, not so much for leaving her, for

he believes that by and by she will be better off without him, but for ever daring to think he could make her happy as his wife, when he was so much her inferior. Then he says, 'I know you would be true to me, darling. I know that you would try always to love me, and it is because I know that I shall never be such as should receive so great a gift from you that I go away, and because I know from your own lips that already you have learned that your life with me must be full of trouble.' I don't know what that hearing it from her own lips means. But he goes on to say: 'There are others who will take care of you better than I have. The law will free you, for this is desertion, and I shall have this to be glad of, whatever comes to me, by and by you will be happy.' Poor Jimmy! he don't know the heart of the girl he married. She'll never get a divorce."

"No," answered the old father, with wet eyes, "Myra'll never do that. When God's sentence divorces 'em she'll be free, and never before."

Two years had gone by. Charles Culberton had made for himself, with the help of a little woman he had coaxed into falling in love with him, a pleasant and beautiful home-nest, and for more than a year his sister had been with them. Not the beautiful, light-hearted girl of the olden time was there, for the brown eyes held ever the remembrance of pain, the tender heart was often sad, and the roses came no more to the quiet face. Never one word had been heard of her husband. With the assistance of Charlie and her father she had done everything possible to discover where he might be found. For long months not a journal known in the land went on its mission without a message for the wanderer. She had made her home in the city with the thought that somewhere on its changing tides she might meet him she mourned. But as weeks and months began to gather into years, and no trace of his fate came to light, there were not wanting those who urged her to take the freedom she could so easily gain, and forget her early marriage, with all its unfortunate results. To all such friends she gave only the answer, "When God's mandate frees me, I shall be free."

There were few to whom Myra revealed by word or manner the depth of her affliction over the loss of her girlhood's love, or the keenness of the pity she felt for the homeless man whom she had all unconsciously driven from her side. She could never think of him as comforted and happy. She never forgot him. In the peacefulness of the home-circle of which she formed a part, or amid the social throngs that sometimes gathered there; on the city's streets, or in the crowded halls of pleasure, there was ever in her heart the longing to bring him back to the tenderness, the joy, the love he had forsaken. Only one of her many friends understood her singular devotion to her lost husband, and it was scarcely by any words spoken to him that he knew its strength. Never but once had the name of the lost one passed between them, for Frederick Rhinehardt, generous-minded always, grew not less noble with the growth of the forbidden love which had become a part of his life that, hallowed to him, no other passion tempted him to relinquish. He met Myra many times after she became a resident of the city before the past was mentioned by either. He frequented Charles Culberton's home almost as a brother, and to Myra his demeanor was ever that of the most faithful, compassionate friendship. Any service he could render her was given with gratitude for the privilege; no manifestation of sympathy that her position allowed, or proof of interest, was ever wanting on his part. Only once, when he unexpectedly met her in the soft glory of a summer night, whose glistening moonbeams lay on her golden hair as they did on that autumn night when he had dared to press his lips where they fell,—only that one time did he forget the vow of silence he had laid upon himself. Her heart was full of a restless pain that had driven her out into the stillness of the night, away from the throng, the music and the gayety that were nothing to her then, and there were tears on the delicate face. She recognized his presence with a smile, and as if in apology for her absence from the parlors within, said: "I am so sad that the quiet of this lovely night is more grateful than anything indoors."

"Why should you be always grieved over the past?" he answered impetuously. "Let the dead bury its dead, and the future shall give you joy to atone for all you have lost and more."

Then came a silence of many moments between them, then her face, pure as the light that fell from the distant heavens upon it, was raised to his, and slowly, gently, yet very firmly she answered him.

"In God's good time the burden I bear will be lifted from me. The past cannot be buried now, for the love and pity in my soul for poor Jimmy will not die. You cannot help me to forget, for your face brings ever the remembrance of what drove him from his home. What life might have been to you and me, had I chosen differently long ago, I do not know; but there lies between us now the gulf of a past that we must not forget." And his lips were sealed.

The second autumn of her loneliness had come to Myra Gray, when from a city hospital was brought to her one day, a request that she would come for a few moments, to one of the sufferers there. She scarcely needed to ask for what purpose the message was sent, for there was not a retreat of want or homelessness, scarcely of crime, in the city, where her face had not been seen seeking a lost one, and the keepers all knew her story.

How in his wanderings poor Gray had happened to come at last to that spot, none ever knew. A nurse saw him gazing on a fair woman's picture that his weak hands had drawn from his bosom. She recognized the face, and pitying him, sent at once for Mrs. Gray. And thus in the dusk of the night that was stealing over the senses of the dying man, they met again. There was no time for explanations, for confessions, or regrets. Already the tired eyes were closing for their eternal slumber, and the aching heart had almost ceased its weary throbbing. A clasping of the hands that Death strove to unbind, a few kisses that the death-dews chilled, murmured words of tenderness that the waves of the cold river drowned, a momentary lighting up of the dying eyes that, looking upward in perfect trust, seemed to catch the benediction of a waiting angel's smile, then turned with a last look of love, never to be forgotten, on the face of the faithful wife, and the last milestone of that short life with all its mistakes and griefs, was passed, the tried soul comforted at last, was with its God.

Back to the valley of her birth Myra bore her dead. The bell of the village church gave forth its solemn funeral notes, and within the time-hallowed shades of the old church, gathered in sincere sorrow, friends and neighbors, old and young, from far and near, with the mourning group. The voice of the venerable man who for long years had stood as the messenger of God in that place, rose in prayer, and words of consolation to the living, over the casket of death. Then beneath the sods of the quiet old burial ground, shadowed by the grand mountains sombre in the haze of autumn, with the precious words of Scripture that assure us of immortality, and with the tears of holiest love, they laid the dead away; and the feet of the widowed one turned again to the shelter of her father's house. There amid its peace, its wealth of affection, its sunlight of hope, she remained, finding by and by, in caring for the dear ones there who cherished her so tenderly, and comforting as best she might, that stricken old father and mother whose fireside must be childless evermore, something to fill the emptiness of her life. And thus the seasons with their changeful moods, passed on.

Twice since James Gray's death the months had completed the garland of the year, and it lay now, rich with fruitage, over the land. On the New England hills in their autumn glory of gold and scarlet, on the streamlet-threaded valleys, and on its thrifty homes, the sunshine smiled as sweetly as of old. Again to the old Culberton homestead came the brightness of still youthful faces, and the joyousness of young hearts, for the thrill of wedding chimes was in the air.

"It's a bright day for Myra's wedding this time," said the old ladies in the neighborhood; "and she's a better prospect before her than she had the first time."

Mother Culberton had turned from her superintendence of the preparations for the wedding feast more than once to wipe away a tear, but as often thanked God that since she must again give up her darling, it was to one who had proved his devotion and worth.

"I'm willin' to let her go, for the heart that has ached so sore has found its true mate, I b'lieve," said the old man.

Charlie was jubilant; and even that sad mother whose only son had been brought to her dead, in his young manhood, murmured: "I hain't nothin' agin it. Jimmy's at rest, and she's mourned him faithful."

The young people whispered when Myra's face looked out upon them from its glimmer of bridal lace and flowers, that not even in the height of her girlhood's bloom had she been as lovely as then.

Frederick Rhinehardt looking with full con-

tent upon the treasure so long desired, saw life filled with hope's sweetest fruition; and Myra, with the wisdom the past had taught her, garnered in her heart, with her soul glowing with an affection deeper and stronger than any that had filled the shallower channels of her girlhood's existence, and with trust unfaltering in the wisdom of the gracious Eternal Power that had given her freedom at last to accept the heart of him who had loved her so patiently, took upon herself again the solemn marriage vows.

The "House Beautiful."

A STUDY FOR GIRLS.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

IN a beautiful city which occupies the border land between the North and the South, and has been famous for generations for its hospitality, its refinement, its beautiful women, and taste for the arts, is a very wonderful house. Exteriorly it looks like others in the neighborhood, which are all handsome, and front upon a park, but the interior is very different, and the difference is felt the moment the door is opened, and one is admitted into the hall; for the whole tone and atmosphere is that of harmonious consecration to the art idea, and it is a temple dedicated to the worship of color, form, expression, and the best work of true workers, rather than a home at the threshold of which we lay care down.

Nevertheless, it is a beautiful house, and one that artists, and students, and men of science are willing to travel many miles to see. Its treasures have been brought from far, and some represent the finest achievements of men who work for the work's sake, and others, the arts that have been lost, and as yet are not found, so that the value of that which remains to show what has been done cannot be told. It is a house where loud talking and free and easy manners seem out of place; where the quiet step and the hushed voice are only a natural, and even unconscious tribute of respect to the illustrious dead, whose labor is inshrined here.

You could not throw your hat carelessly upon a table inlaid with chalcedony and malachite, lapis lazuli and aqua marine. You could not sit, without a certain feeling of awe, upon chairs that had been owned and used for a quarter of a century by Bishop Wilberforce, or put to inferior uses a cabinet of the sixteenth century, in which is a medallion painted by Angelica Kauffmann, who, even in those days, was one of the foundation members of the Royal London Academy, an honor that the greatest women artists find it difficult to achieve nowadays!

Nor are these the only evidences of art occupation: every object that has a place, is worthy of its surroundings, and assists to make a picture perfect in color, but so little obtrusive, that examination alone reveals its beauty and its rarity.

Against the wall on one side of this rich room are plates, and cups, and vases of the rarest Viennese porcelain, a "bit" of "Henri Deux" ware, glass incrusted with gems from Russia, and glass upon which the decoration is so fine that you have to hold it up in a strong light to see the figures of cherubs or angels floating, and garlanded with delicate flowers. Then there is a lacquered cabinet whose broken lines reveal the artist in the maker, and whose decoration is a poem written in enamel.

Flat against another wall are two cases which contain marvelous collections—old silver caskets of minutest workmanship, with hundreds of figures in relief; spoons, snuff-boxes, Flaxman figures upon wedgewood; fine white and Rose du Barry cups and saucers; eggshell plates, the exquisite painting upon which can be seen upon the under side, so transparent are they, and old ivories and lacquer—the first wrought in and in, with that patience and skill which seems miraculous to modern American workers, and the latter manipulated until it becomes almost virgin gold, with only a thread of fiber to hold it together.

There is a dining-room in this house, though how people can eat there seems a marvel, for it recalls all the splendor of the palace of St. Cloud, with its solid oak carvings, its old blue and white plaques, its frieze decorations of wild birds, its ornaments of brass, of crystal, and the illuminating touch of red, toned with green from the carpet, and covering of the furniture.

But this *ensemble* is only a glimpse that we obtain through an engraved glass door, as we pass along the extension of the hall to where a warm sunset glow reveals the picture gallery. It is not large, but it is perfectly arranged for light and color, and the circular seats, cushioned with dark green velvet, permit the privileged visitor to examine at his ease the pictures, each one of which is a gem, by a great artist; many of them, the works upon which their reputation will mainly rest. The taste of the owner in the selection of subjects has been subordinated to the indispensable condition of excellence: the *best*—not the prettiest, or most emotional, or sympathetic—was what was wanted; and so the gallery is one which is famous, and consulted by connoisseurs far and wide. Throughout the house the same rigid law of selection is apparent. Everything is the best. The linen of the household won the prize at the Paris Exposition; the family table service is a "crown" set, a kind made for gifts—that is never sold—that was made for and presented to an Austrian ambassador to the Court of France, who disposed of it shortly after on being recalled by his government. The family that occupy this rare and wonderful house is very small, consisting only of a father and son; the mother died long ago, and no other woman has ever filled her place. The rooms are, therefore, not needed for family purposes, and they have been fitted up according to taste, without regard to cost. One is the "porcelain" room, one the "bronze" room, one the "embroidery" room, one the "Marie Antoinette" room, and one, the greatest of all, the "Nuremberg" room. These different apartments are devoted to the most marvelously beautiful and varied specimens of these diversified arts, yet there is no vulgar parade, no obtrusion of any hobby; masses of rich color are so harmonized, forms are so true, and splendor is so subordinated to human skill and labor, that the sense of enjoyment is perfect, the satisfaction is supreme, and entirely disconnected from any selfish desire, or envy of another's possessions. Work that is so great, beauty so unapproachable, is, one feels, for the universe, not for one alone, and the possession of it, except as a trust, seems like defrauding the rest of mankind.

Here are representatives of arts now lost—the "celestial blue" of China, the exquisite tint of which reproduces the clear sky after a rain, and which has not been approached for perhaps two hundred years.

Here, also, the gold bronzes in which the precious ornamentation goes right through, like the decoration upon the "Henri Deux" ware. Here is the fine white incised pottery of the Corean era, the masses of color and grotesque form of the East Indian and Portugese faïence; wonderful specimens of art at Satsuma and Kioto, Emri and Owari; down to the triumphs in eggshell and enameled and painted porcelain at Sevres and Dresden, or the English by Minton and Wedgewood.

Seeing these remarkable evidences of man's labor and skill, from Christ down to the present day, the idea which strikes us most forcibly is not of the growth and progress of the world, but of the curious cycles which it forms, and how one carries all the ear, and all the brain-marks of the other, only modified or strengthened by changed or changing conditions and circumstances. It subdues our tone of modern and progressive superiority a great deal to find that all the art decorations, all that we are accustomed to look upon as "new" in form and application, are simply copies, and not the best or most perfect copies at that, of what were turned out from the workshops of skilled artisans centuries and centuries ago. We have a greater variety, but we have not improved upon the forms of common household utensils; and, in fact, where we have adopted changes for the sake of convenience, we retain the original for decoration on account of their superior beauty.

The sixteenth century touched the highest point in what may be called modern decorative art. No period before or since has reached the perfection of beauty which the French nation, under the brilliant auspices of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and the ill-starred Marie Antoinette, attained. For ages to come it will serve as an example of all that cultivation can do to bring art and industry up to the highest elegance and refinement.

Yet it was at the sacrifice of the people that this was achieved, and by the sacrifice of the reigning powers, the nobles, and the *prestige* of the nation, that it was finally paid for.

Looking back, we are able to see, and estimate with some approach to justice, what the power of some and the subjection of

others has done for us. It is from the workers in metal, and the carvers in wood, and the embroiderers upon silk, and the cunning fashioners of clay, from the earliest times down, that the House Beautiful of to-day is made, and we are indebted for the preservation of these evidences of the extent to which these arts and industries were carried, to kings and potentates, whose power enabled them to control large revenues and employ skilled workmen upon grand conceptions, destined to live for all time and add to the wealth of future generations. Had the resources of those days been distributed as they are at the present time, and especially in this country, these works could never have been done; art could not have been developed, because we can only get out of a controlling body an average of its wit, its sense, its intelligence, and its taste. A republic fosters common industries, because these are what the largest number understand, and by which they are benefited; but in art it can do nothing but what is recognized and approved by the ignorant, who have as much, and often more, of a voice than the learned in such matters. Thus it is that with plenty of money, and a willingness to find the best, the worst wins the day, and the art of the chief republic of the world—its statues, its ornamentation of public buildings, its memorials—are characterless, or caricatures. Its only hope lies in general art education, and individual enthusiasm and liberality. It is a grand thing to devote time, labor, and means to the rescue of what is precious, and its preservation as a stimulus and eternal source of interest and pleasure to every beholder. The mere sight of a piece of old Japanese gold bronze gives us a lesson, not only in strength and beauty, but in permanence and thoroughness, and perseverance until the best result is attained.

But I should not choose an historical house, or one made up of rooms furnished according to different periods, or filled with mere collections, no matter how valuable, as my home, or as representative of an ideally beautiful house. A house is a *home*—that is its special function; filled with collections, it becomes a museum, consecrated to a broader, more universal purpose—a temple, but it ceases to be a home. A home is accumulative; but it is of those things, fine or otherwise, which are associated with the interesting events, the life, the growth, the development of the family.

I have in my mind at this moment an ideal home, a true House Beautiful, which has grown up out of small beginnings until it has become the representative of brightness, intelligence, hospitality, refinement, and all the domestic and social graces. It was at first only half a house in a good suburb, or rather on the edge of the best residential part of an inland city. It looked like half a house, and was too narrow for beauty, but it had a garden, and all sorts of pretty possibilities, besides the chance of enlargement in the future. This was twenty-five years ago. During these years, through all the changes and vicissitudes of civil war (this house is situated in a border State), it has prospered, and spread out, and developed new attractions, until it has become, as before remarked, a center of all that is sweet, and gracious, and helpful, and beneficent in a domestic and social way. It has doubled its boundaries, grown from half into a whole house, broad and ample in its proportions, with marginal space front and back, and all around dowered with trees and shrubs and sweet-smelling vines, which the passers-by stop to look and wonder at; for the house is now upon a populous street, the city in the quarter of a century having grown up to, beyond, and about it, like the honey-suckle, the clematis, the wisteria, the flowering locust, and the branching rose-tree.

Interiorly, as exteriorly, it has changed, yet is still the same. The household spirit is there, but it has wider space, and larger resources for its manifestation. Doors and arches cut through into the other half of the original dwelling, have enlarged the proportions, and opened up charming vistas. The windows look out from every side upon beauty and fragrance, and a modest conservatory, still bright with the blossoms of the scarlet azalea, affords a promise of rest and comfort to the eyes when the roses have ceased to bloom, and the clove pinks to send out their perfume from the garden beds.

The furniture is not all modern, nor is it all artistic; it is a delightful mixture of quaintness and simple comfort, and modern elegance and refinement, without the least particle of display. There is no china cabinet in the parlor, but the table-ware bears the choicest marks, and you or I would use as a decorative piece the antique little jug upon the wash-stand, or the pretty "bit" of Owari used for a match-holder.

Almost all the ornamentation of the house is home-made, even to the tiled mantel-pieces, the pictures, and the painted plaques, and it seems to belong to different eras. There are burlap rugs, and rugs handsome as any Persian. There are embroidered lambrequins and mantel drapery, chair covers and Turkish cushions, stand covers and chair scarfs; and finally, an era of painting, expressed in some very good tiles and plaques, and lastly in an artistic set of parlor chairs, flower designs—charmingly natural but modest, and mingled with grasses, upon gray satin, and then covered with very sheer gray batiste. The beauty and freshness of these must be seen to be appreciated.

Behind all this, of course, there was a woman, and I said to her—knowing her busy home life, her activity in educational and philanthropic work—How have you found time to fill your house with this immense quantity of beautiful hand-work, and how is it that it shows such a natural and gradual development of ideas?

"Well," she replied, "I always had a taste for ornamental, or what is called decorative work—not the mere filling up of canvass with worsted, but such work as afforded an opportunity for original ideas—and not being able to spare time during nine or ten months in the year, I determined to utilize my summers in the country for the carrying out of my plans for ornamental work, and instead of distributing my time and energies over a number of small and insignificant trifles, to concentrate them each year upon something which I really wanted, which should have permanent value, and which should be a memorial of my summer holiday, of visits among friends, or a reminiscence of pleasant places.

"The plan has succeeded," she went on to say, "remarkably well—at least I am very well satisfied with it; I feel that it has given more of a purpose to my summer sojourns; it has added another interest to my life, and an attraction to my home, and it has helped me to become acquainted with the difficulties which laborers in severer fields have to encounter."

But it must not be supposed that flowers, and painting, and ornamental needle-work are the sole or even the principal attractions of this ideal home—of this House Beautiful. Occupying a far larger and more important place is the library, a somewhat miscellaneous collection, aside from the antiques and the works of a professional character; but wholly delightful, and containing books that one hears about, but never saw elsewhere. The reason is that they were not bought all together, to fit the shelves, or because it is considered proper and suitable to have such and such "standard" works in a library; but they were bought, one or more at a time, as they could be afforded, and as the desire was felt to purchase from book announcements. You may be sure that the best art authorities are there, and the best novelists, and some famous old and new poets and philosophers, and that these worthies hob-nob very comfortably with the two Rossetti's, and George MacDonald, and William Morris, and Edwin Arnold—for one great beauty of this home is that it is so broadly human, and tolerant, and appreciative, that you can get at the most contrary sides, and read and hear the most diverse opinions, without a ripple being created upon the smooth surface of daily life and conversation. Every way I have looked at it, this house seems to me the real House Beautiful, though it does not contain anything very remarkable in the way of Egyptian relics, or Indian curiosities, for it realizes perfectly Ruskin's conception of beauty, which is felicitous fulfillment of function. The methods, too, have been very simple, merely beginning on the right foundations, and building as they went along—slowly, truthfully, honestly, and cheerfully; enjoying the little as well as the great, finding no fault, and feeling no unhappiness because they could not all at once realize an ideal—having no ideal, in fact, but only a steady purpose to do the best with such means as were placed in their hands. But you must not suppose that the occupants are aware that their house is the famous one which Clarence Cook vainly tried to celebrate. On the contrary, they imagine that their tastes are homely, and have a sincere admiration for much that they have not got, and would not consider suited to themselves. They are almost obliged to those who find rest and comfort within their walls, and consider it a mark of their goodness, rather than of their own excellence.

There is nothing unattainable about such a house; any true-hearted young man and young woman can reach it, and leave it as a legacy to succeeding generations.

The Trumpet-Major.

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

CHAPTER XXV.

FESTUS SHOWS HIS LOVE.

FESTUS DERRIMAN had remained in Weymouth all that day, his horse being sick at stables; but, wishing to coax or bully from his uncle a remount for the coming summer, he set off on foot for Overcombe early in the evening. When he drew near to the village, or rather to the Hall, which was a mile from the village, he overtook a slim, quick-eyed woman, sauntering along at a leisurely pace. She was fashionably dressed in a green spencer, with "Mameluke" sleeves, and wore a velvet Spanish hat and feather.

"Good afternoon t'ye, ma'am," said Festus, throwing a sword-and-pistol air into his greeting. "You are out for a walk?"

"I *am* out for a walk, captain," said the lady, who had criticised him from the crevice of her eye, without seeming to do much more than continue her demure look forward, and gave the title as a sop to his apparent character.

"From Weymouth?—I'd swear it, ma'am; 'pon my honor I would!"

"Yes; I am from Weymouth, sir," said she.

"Ah, you are a visitor! I know every one of the regular inhabitants; we soldiers are in and out there continually. Festus Derriman, Yeomanry Cavalry, you know. The fact is the town is under our charge; the folks will be quite dependent upon us for their deliverance in the coming struggle. We hold our lives in our hands, and theirs, I may say, in our pockets. What made you come here, ma'am, at such a critical time?"

"I don't see that it is such a critical time."

"Gad, it is though; and so you'd say if you was as much mixed up with the military affairs of the nation as some of us."

The lady smiled. "The king is coming this year, anyhow," said she.

"Never!" said Festus firmly. "Ah, you are one of the attendants at court perhaps, some on ahead to get the king's chambers ready, in case Boney should not land?"

"No," she said; "I am connected with the theater, though not just at the present moment. I have been out of luck for the last year or two; but I have fetched up again, thank Heaven! I join the company when they arrive for the season."

Festus surveyed her with interest. "By George now, and is it so? Well, ma'am, what part do you play?"

"I am mostly the leading lady—the heroine," she said, drawing herself up with dignity.

"I'll come and have a look at ye, if all's well, and the landing is put off—hang me if I don't!—Hullo! hullo! what do I see?"

His eyes were stretched toward a distant field, which Anne Garland was at that moment hastily crossing, on her way from the Hall to the village.

"I must be off; good-day to ye, dear creature!" he exclaimed, stooping, kissing her lightly, and hurrying forward.

"The lady said, "Oh, you droll monster!" as she smiled and watched him stride ahead.

Festus bounded on over the hedge, across the intervening patch of green, and into the field which Anne was still crossing. In a moment or two she looked back, and seeing who followed her felt rather alarmed, though she determined to show no difference in her outward carriage. But to maintain her natural gait was beyond her powers. She spasmodically quickened her pace; fruitlessly, however, for he gained upon her, and when within a few strides of her exclaimed, "Well, my darling!" Anne started off at a run.

Festus was already out of breath, and soon found that he was not likely to overtake her. On she went without turning her head, till an unusual noise behind compelled her to look round. His face was in the act of falling back; he swerved on one side, and dropped like a log upon a convenient hedgerow-bank which bordered the path. There he lay quite still.

Anne was somewhat alarmed; and after standing at gaze for two or three minutes, drew nearer to him a step and a half at a time, wondering and doubting, as a meek ewe draws near to some strolling vagabond who flings himself on the grass near the flock.

"He is in a swoon!" she murmured.

Her heart beat quickly, and she looked around. Nobody was in sight; she advanced a step nearer still, and observed him again. Apparently his face was turning to a livid hue, and his breathing had become obstructed.

"'Tis not a swoon; 'tis apoplexy!" she said in deep distress. "I ought to untie his neck." But she was afraid to do this, and only drew a little closer still.

Miss Garland was now within three feet of him, whereupon the senseless man, who could hold his breath no longer, sprang to his feet and darted at her, saying, "Ha-ha! a scheme for a kiss!"

She felt his arm slipping round her neck; but twirling about on her own axis with amazing dexterity, she wriggled from his embrace, and ran away along the field. The force with which she had extricated herself was sufficient to throw Festus upon the grass, and by the time that he got upon his legs again she was many yards off. Uttering a word which was not a blessing, he immediately gave chase; and thus they ran till Anne entered a meadow, divided down the middle by a brook about six feet wide. A narrow plank was thrown loosely across at a point where the path traversed this stream, and when Anne reached it she at once scampered over. At the other side she turned her head to gather the probabilities of the situation, which were that Festus Derriman would overtake her even now. By a sudden forethought, she stooped, seized the end of the plank, and endeavored to drag it away from the opposite bank. But the weight was too great for her to do more than slightly move it, and with a desperate sigh she ran on again, having lost many valuable seconds.

But her attempt, though ineffectual in dragging it down, had been enough to unsettle the little bridge; and when Derriman reached the middle, which he did half a minute later, the plank turned over on its edge, tilting him bodily into the river. The water was not remarkably deep, but as the yeoman fell flat on his stomach he was completely immersed; and it was some time before he could drag himself out. When he arose dripping on the bank, and looked round, Anne had vanished from the mead. Then Festus's eyes glowed like carbuncles, and he gave voice to fearful imprecations, shaking his fist in the soft summer air toward Anne, in a way that was terrible for any maiden to behold. Wading back through the stream, he walked along its bank with a heavy tread, the water running from his coat-tails, wrists, and the tips of his ears, in silvery dribbles, that sparkled pleasantly in the sun. Thus he hastened away, and went round by a by-path to the Hall.

Meanwhile the author of his troubles was rapidly drawing nearer to the mill, and soon, to her inexpressible delight, she saw Bob coming to meet her. She had heard the flounce, and feeling more secure from her pursuer, had dropped her pace to a quick walk. No sooner did she reach Bob than, overcome by the excitement of the moment, she flung herself into his arms. Bob instantly inclosed her in an embrace so very thorough, that there was no possible danger of her falling, whatever degree of exhaustion might have given rise to her somewhat unexpected action; and in this attitude they silently remained, till it was borne in upon Anne that the present was the first time in her life that she had ever been in such a position. Her face then burnt like a sunset, and she did not know how to look up at him. Feeling at length quite safe, she suddenly resolved not to give way to her first impulse, to tell him the whole of what had happened, lest there should be a dreadful quarrel and fight between Bob and the yeoman, and great difficulties caused in the Loveday family on her account, the miller having important wheat transactions with the Derrimans.

"You seem frightened, dearest Anne," said Bob tenderly.

"Yes," she replied, "I saw a man I did not like the look of, and he was inclined to follow me. But, worse than that, I am troubled about the French. Oh, Bob, I am afraid you will be killed, and my mother, and John, and your father, and all of us hunted down!"

"Now I have told you, dear little heart, that it cannot be; we shall drive 'em into the sea after a battle or two, even if they land, which I don't believe they will. We've got ninety sail of the line, and though it is rather unfortunate that we should have declared war against Spain at this ticklish time, there's enough for all." And Bob went into elaborate statistics of the navy, army, militia, and volunteers, to prolong the time of holding her. When he had done speaking he drew rather a heavy sigh.

"What's the matter, Bob?"

"I haven't been yet to offer myself as a sea-fencible, and I ought to have done it long ago!"

"You are only one. Surely they can do without you?"

Bob shook his head. She arose from her restful position, her eye catching his with a shamefaced expression of having given way at last. Loveday drew from his pocket a paper, and said, as they slowly walked on, "Here's something to make us brave and patriotic. I bought it in Weymouth. Is it not a stirring picture?"

It was a hieroglyphic profile of Napoleon. The hat represented a maimed French eagle; the face was ingeniously made up of human carcasses, knotted and writhing together in such direction as to form a physiognomy; a band, or stock, shaped to resemble the English Channel, encircled his throat, and seemed to choke him; his epaulet was a hand tearing a cobweb that represented the treaty of peace with England; and his ear was a woman crouching over a dying child.

"It is dreadful!" said Anne. "I don't like to see it."

She had recovered from her emotion, and walked along beside him with a grave, subdued face. Bob did not like to assume the privileges of an accepted lover, and draw her hand through his arm; for, conscious that she naturally belonged to a politer grade than his own, he feared lest her exhibition of tenderness were an impulse which cooler moments might regret. A perfect Paul-and-Virginia life had not absolutely set in for him as yet, and it was not to be hastened by force. When they had passed over the bridge into the mill-front they saw the miller standing at the door with a face of concern.

"Since you have been gone," he said, "a Government man has been here, and to all the houses, taking down the numbers of the women and children, and their ages, and the number of horses and wagons that can be mustered, in case they have to retreat inland, out of the way of the invading army."

The little family gathered themselves together, all feeling the crisis more seriously than they liked to express. Mrs. Loveday thought how ridiculous a thing social ambition was in such a conjuncture as this, and vowed that she would leave Anne to love where she would. Anne, too, forgot the little peculiarities of speech and manner in Bob and his father, which sometimes jarred for a moment upon her more refined sense, and was thankful for their love and protection in this looming trouble.

On going up-stairs she remembered the paper which Farmer Derriman had given her, and searched in her bosom for it. She could not find it there. "I must have left it on the table," she said to herself. It did not matter; she remembered every word. She took a pen and wrote a duplicate, which she put safely away.

But it turned out that Anne was wrong in her supposition. She had, after all, placed the paper where she supposed, and there it ought to have been. But in escaping from Festus, when he feigned apoplexy, it had fallen out upon the grass. Five minutes after that event, when pursuer and pursued were two or three fields ahead, the gayly-dressed woman whom the yeoman had overtaken, peeped cautiously through the stile into the corner of the field which had been the scene of the scramble; and seeing the paper she climbed over, secured it, loosened the wafer without tearing the sheet, and read the memorandum within. Being unable to make anything of its meaning, the saunterer put it in her pocket, and dismissing the matter from her mind went on by the by-path which led to the back of the mill. Here, behind the hedge, she stood and surveyed the old building for some time, after which she meditatively turned and retraced her steps toward Weymouth.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ALARM.

We pass on to a historic and memorable May night in this year 1805, when Mrs. Loveday was awakened by the boom of a distant gun. She told the miller, and they listened awhile. The sound was not repeated, but such was the state of their feelings that Mr. Loveday went to Bob's room and asked if he had heard it. Bob was wide awake, looking out of the window; he had heard the ominous sound, and was inclined to investigate the matter. While the father and son were dressing they fancied that a glare seemed to be rising in the sky in the direction of the beacon hill. Not wishing to alarm Anne and her mother, the miller assured them that Bob and himself were merely going out of doors to inquire into the cause of the report, after which they plunged into the gloom together. A few steps' progress opened up more of the sky, which, as they had thought, was indeed irradiated by a lurid light; but whether it came from the beacon or from a more distant point they were unable to clearly tell. They pushed on rapidly toward higher ground.

Their excitement was merely of a piece with that of all men at this critical junction. Everywhere expectation was at fever heat. For the last year or two only five-and-twenty miles of shallow water had divided quiet English homesteads from an enemy's army of a hundred and fifty thousand men. We had taken the matter lightly enough, eating and drinking as in the days of Noe, and singing satires without end. We punned on Buonaparte and his gunboats, chalked his effigy on stage coaches, and published the same in prints. Still, between these bursts of hilarity, it was sometimes recollected that England was the only European country which had not succumbed to the mighty little man who was less than human in feeling, and more than human in will; that our spirit for resistance was greater than our strength; and that the channel was often calm. Boats built of wood which was greenly growing in its native forest three days before it was bent as wales to their sides, were ridiculous enough; but they might be, after all, sufficient for a single trip between two visible shores.

The English watched Buonaparte in these preparations, and Buonaparte watched the English. At the distance of Boulogne details were lost, but we were impressed on fine days by the novel sight of a huge army moving and twinkling like a school of mackerel under the rays of the sun. The regular way of passing an afternoon in the coast towns was to stroll up to the signal posts and chat with the lieutenant on duty there about the latest inimical object seen at sea. About once a week there appeared in the newspapers either a paragraph concerning some adventurous English gentleman who had sailed out in a pleasure-boat till he lay near enough to Boulogne to see Buonaparte standing on the heights among his marshals; or else some lines about a mysterious stranger with a foreign accent, who, after collecting a vast deal of information on our resources, had hired a boat at a southern port, and vanished with it toward France before his intention could be divined.

In forecasting his grand venture, Buonaparte postulated the help of Providence to a remarkable degree. Just at the hour when his troops were on board the flat-bottomed boats, and ready to sail, there was to be a great fog, that should spread a vast obscurity over the length and breadth of the Channel, and keep the English blind to events on the other side. The fog was to last twenty-four hours, after which it might clear away. A dead calm was to prevail simultaneously with the fog, with the twofold object of affording the boats easy transit, and dooming our ships to lie motionless. Thirdly, there was to be a spring tide, which should combine its maneuvers with those of the fog and calm.

Among the many thousands of minor Englishmen whose lives were affected by these tremendous designs may be numbered our old acquaintance, Corporal Tullidge, who sported the crushed arm, and poor old Simon Burden, the dazed veteran who had fought at Minden. Instead of sitting comfortably in the settle of The Duke of York, at Overcombe, they were obliged to keep watch on the hill. They made themselves as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances, dwelling in a hut of clods and turf, with a brick chimney for cooking. Here they observed the nightly progress of the moon and stars, grew familiar with the heaving of moles, the dancing of rabbits on the hillocks, the distant hoot of owls, the bark of foxes from woods farther inland; but saw not a sign of the enemy. As, night after night, they walked round the two ricks which it was their duty to fire at a signal—one being of furze for a quick flame, the other of turf, for a long, slow radiance—they thought and talked of old times, and drank patriotically from a large wood flagon that was filled every day.

Bob and his father soon became aware that the light was from the beacon. By the time that they reached the top it was one mass of towering flame, from which the sparks fell on the green herbage like a fiery dew; the forms of the two old men being seen passing and repassing in the midst of it. The Lovedays, who came up on the smoky side, regarded the scene for a moment, and then emerged into the light.

"Who goes there?" said Corporal Tullidge, shouldering a pike with his sound arm. "Oh, 'tis neighbor Loveday!"

"Did you get your signal to fire it from the east?" said the miller hastily.

"No; from Abbotsbury Beach."

"But you are not to go by a coast signal!"

"Chok' it all, wasn't the Lord Lieutenant's direction, whenever you see Reignbarrows Beacon burn to the nor'east'ard, or Eggerdon to the nor'west'ard, or the actual presence of the enemy on the shore?"

"But is he here?"

"No doubt o't! The beach light is only just gone down, and Simon heard the guns even better than I."

"Hark, hark! I hear 'em!" said Bob.

They listened with parted lips, the night-wind blowing through Simon Burden's few teeth as through the ruins of Stonehenge. From far down on the lower levels came the noise of wheels and the tramp of horses upon the turnpike road.

"Well, there must be something in it," said Miller Loveday gravely. "Bob, we'll go home and make the women-folk safe, and then I'll don my soldier's clothes and be off. God knows where our company will assemble."

They hastened down the hill, and on getting into the road waited and listened again. Travelers began to come up and pass them in vehicles of all descriptions. It was difficult to attract their attention in the dim light, but by standing on the top of a wall which fenced the road Bob was at last seen.

"What's the matter?" he cried to a butcher who was flying past in his cart, his wife sitting behind him without a bonnet.

"The French have landed," said the man without drawing rein.

"Where?" shouted Bob.

"In West Bay; and all Weymouth is in uproar," replied the voice, now faint in the distance.

Bob and his father hastened on till they reached their own house. As they had expected, Anne and her mother, in common with most of the people, were both dressed, and stood at the door bonneted and shawled, listening to the traffic on the neighboring highway, Mrs. Loveday having secured what money and small valuables they possessed in a huge pocket which extended all round her waist, and added considerably to her weight and diameter.

"'Tis true enough," said the miller. "He's come. You and Anne and the maid must be off to Cousin Jim's at Bere, and when you get there you must do as they do. I must assemble with the company."

"And I?" said Bob.

"Thou'st better run to the church, and take a pike before they be all gone."

The horse was put into the gig, and Mrs. Loveday, Anne, and the servant-maid were hastily packed into the vehicle, the latter taking the reigns; David's duties as a fighting-man forbidding all thought of his domestic offices now. Then the silver tankard, teapot, pair of candlesticks like Ionic columns, and other articles too large to be pocketed, were thrown into a basket and put up behind. Then came the leave-taking, which was as sad as it was hurried. Bob kissed Anne, and there was no affectation in her receiving that mark of affection as she said through her tears, "God bless you." At last they moved off in the dim light of dawn, neither of the three women knowing which road they were to take, but trusting to chance to find it.

As soon as they were out of sight Bob went off for a pike, and his father, first new-flinting his firelock, proceeded to don his uniform, pipe-claying his breeches with such cursory haste as to bespatter his black gaiters with the same ornamental compound. Finding when he was ready that no bugle had as yet sounded, he went with David to the cart-house, dragged out the wagon, and put therein some of the most useful and easily-handled goods, in case there might be an opportunity for conveying them away. By the time this was done, and the wagon pushed back and locked in, Bob had returned with his weapon, somewhat mortified at being doomed to this low form of defense. The miller gave his son a parting grasp of the hand, and arranged to meet him at Bere at the first opportunity if the news were true; if happily false, here at their own house.

"Begad!" he exclaimed, looking at his stock of flints.

"What?" said Bob.

"I have got no ammunition: not a round!"

"Then what's the use of going?" asked his son.

The miller paused. "Oh, I'll go," he said. "Perhaps somebody will lend me a little if I get into a hot corner."

The bugle had been blown ere this, and Loveday the father disappeared toward the place of assembly, his empty cartridge-box behind him. Bob seized a brace of loaded pistols which he had brought home from the ship, and armed with these and the pike, he locked the door and sallied out again toward the turnpike road.

By this time the yeomanry of the district were also on the move, and among them Festus Derriman, who was sleeping at his uncle's, and had been awakened by Cripplestraw. About the time when Bob and his father were descending from the beacon the stalwart yeoman was standing in the stable-yard, adjusting his straps, while Cripplestraw saddled the horse. Festus clanked up and down, looked gloomily at the beacon, heard the retreating carts and carriages, and called Cripplestraw to him, who came from the stable leading the horse at the same moment that Uncle Benjy peeped unobserved from an oriel window above their heads, the light of the beacon fire touching up his features to the complexion of an old brass clock-face.

"I think that before I start, Cripplestraw," said Festus, whose lurid visage was undergoing a bleaching process curious to look upon, "you shall go on to Weymouth, and make a bold inquiry whether the cowardly enemy is on shore as yet, or only looming in the bay."

"I'd go in a moment, sir," said the other, "if I hadn't my bad leg again. I should have joined my company afore this; but they said at last drill that I was too old. So I shall wait up in the hay-loft for tidings as soon as I have packed you off, poor gentleman!"

"Do such alarms as these, Cripplestraw, ever happen without foundation? Buonaparte is a wretch, a miserable wretch, and this may only be a false alarm to disappoint such as me."

"Oh, no, sir; oh, no."

"But sometimes there are false alarms."

"Well, sir, yes. There was a pretended sally of gun-boats last year."

"And was there nothing else pretended—something more like this, for instance?"

Cripplestraw shook his head. "I notice yer modesty, Mr. Festus, in making light of things. But there never was, sir. You may depend upon it he's come. Thank God, my duty as a Local don't require me to go to the front, but only the valiant men like my master. Ah, if Boney could only see ye now, sir, he'd know too well that there is nothing to be got from such a determined, skillful officer but blows and musket-balls."

"Yes, yes— Cripplestraw, if I ride off to Weymouth and meet 'em, all my training will be lost. No skill is required as a forlorn hope."

"True; that's a point, sir. You would outshine 'em all, and be picked off at the very beginning as a too dangerous brave man."

"But if I stay here, and urge on the faint-hearted ones, or get up into the turret-stair by that gateway, and pop at the invaders through the loophole, I shouldn't be so completely wasted, should I?"

"You would not, Mr. Derriman. But, as you were going to say next, the fire in yer veins won't let ye do that. You are valiant; very good: you don't want to husband yer valiance at home. The thing is plain."

"If my birth had been more obscure," murmured the yeoman, "and I had only been in the militia, for instance, or among the humble pikemen, so much wouldn't have been expected of me—of my fiery nature—Cripplestraw is there a drop of brandy to be got at in the house? I don't feel very well."

"Dear nephew," said the old gentleman from above, whom neither of the others had as yet noticed, "I haven't any spirits opened; so unfortunate! But there's a beautiful barrel of crab-apple cider in draught. And there's some cold tea from last night."

"What, is he listening?" said Festus, staring up. "Now I warrant how glad he is to see me forced to go—called out of bed without breakfast, and he quite safe, and sure to escape because he's an old man!— Cripplestraw, I like being in the yeomanry cavalry; but I wish I hadn't been in the ranks; I wish I had been only the surgeon, to stay in the rear while the bodies are brought back to him—I mean, I should have thrown my heart at such a time as this more into the labor of restoring wounded men and joining their shattered limbs together—u-u-ugh!—more than I can into causing the wounds—I am too humane, Cripplestraw, for the ranks!"

"Yes, yes!" said his companion, depressing his spirits to a kindred level. "And yet, such is fate, that, instead of joining men's limbs together, you'll have to get your own joined—poor young soldier!—all through having such a warlike soul."

"Yes," murmured Festus, and paused. "You can't think how strange I feel here,

Cripplestraw," he continued, laying his hand upon the center buttons of his waistcoat. "How I do wish I was only the surgeon!"

He slowly mounted, and Uncle Benjy, in the meantime, sang to himself as he looked on, "Twenty-three and a half from N.W. Sixteen and three-quarters from N.E."

"What's that old mummy singing?" said Festus savagely

"Only a hymn for preservation from our enemies, dear nephew," meekly replied the farmer who had heard the remark. "Twenty-three and a half from N.W.!"

Festus allowed his horse to move on a few paces, and then turned again, as if struck by a happy invention. "Cripplestraw," he began, with an artificial laugh, "I am obliged to confess, after all; I must see her! 'Tisn't nature that makes me draw back; 'tis love. I must go and look for her."

"A woman, sir?"

"I didn't want to confess it; but 'tis a woman. Strange that I should be drawn so entirely against my natural wish to rush at 'em!"

Cripplestraw, seeing which way the wind blew, found it advisable to blow in harmony. "Ah, now at last I see, sir! Spite that few men live that be worthy to command ye; spite that you could rush on, marshal the troops to victory, as I may say; but then—what of it? There's the unhappy fate of being smit with the eyes of a woman, and you are unmanned—Maister Derriman, who is himself when he's got a woman round his neck like a millstone?"

"It is something like that."

"I feel the case. Be you valiant?—I know, of course, the words being a matter of form—be you valiant, I ask? Yes, of course. Then don't you waste it in the open field. Hoard it up, I say, sir, for a higher class of war—the defense of yer adorable lady. Think what you owe her at this terrible time! Now, Maister Derriman, once more I ask ye to cast off that first haughty wish to rush to Weymouth, and to go where your mis'ess is defenseless and alone."

"By Heaven, I will, Cripplestraw, now you put it like that!"

"Thank ye, thank ye heartily, Maister Derriman. Go now, and hide with her."

"But can I? Now, hang flattery. Can a man hide without a stain? Of course I would not hide in any mean sense; no, not I!"

"If you be in love, 'tis plain you may, since it is not your own life, but another's, that you are concerned for, and you only save your own because it can't be helped."

"'Tis true, Cripplestraw, in a sense. But will it be understood that way? Will they see it as a brave hiding?"

"Now, sir, if you had not been in love I own to ye that hiding would look queer, but being to save the tears, groans, fits, swoundings, and perhaps death of a comely young woman yer principle is good; you honorably retreat because you be too gallant to advance. This sounds strange, ye may say, sir; but it is plain enough to less fiery minds."

Festus did for a moment try to uncover his teeth in a natural smile, but it died away. "Cripplestraw, you flatter me; or do you mean it? Well, there's truth in it. I am more gallant in going to her than in marching to the shore. But we cannot be too careful about our good names, we soldiers. I must not be seen. I'm off."

Cripplestraw opened the hurdle which closed the arch under the portico gateway, and Festus passed under, Uncle Benjamin singing, *Twen-ty-three and a half from N. W.* with a sort of sublime ecstasy, feeling, as Festus had observed, that his money was safe, and that the French would not personally molest an old man in such a ragged, mildewed coat as that he wore, which he had taken the precaution to borrow from a scarecrow in one of his fields for the purpose.

Festus rode on full of his intention to seek out Anne, and under cover of protecting her retreat accompany her to Bere, where he knew the Lovedays had relatives. In the lane he met Granny Seamore, who having packed up all her possessions in a small basket, was placidly retreating to the mountains till all should be over.

"Well, Granny, have ye seen the French?" asked Festus.

"No," she said, looking up at him through her brazen spectacles. "If I had I shouldn't ha' seed thee!"

"Faugh!" replied the yeoman, and rode on. Just as he reached the old road, which he had intended merely to cross and avoid, his countenance fell. Some troops of regulars, who appeared to be dragoons, were rattling along the road. Festus hastened toward an opposite gate, so as to get within the field before they should see him. But as ill-luck would have it, as soon as he got inside, a party of six or seven of his own yeomanry troop were straggling across the same field, and making for the spot where he was. The dragoons passed without seeing him; but when he turned out into the road again, it was impossible to retreat toward Overcombe village because of the yeomen. So he rode straight on, and heard them coming at his heels. There was no other gate, and the highway soon became as straight as a bow-string. Unable thus to turn without meeting them, and caught like an eel in a water-pipe, Festus drew nearer and nearer to the fateful shore. But he did not relinquish hope. Just ahead there were cross-roads, and he might have a chance of slipping down one of them without being seen. On reaching this spot he found that he was not alone. A horseman had come up the right-hand lane and drawn rein. It was an officer of the German legion, and seeing Festus, he held up his hand. Festus rode up to him, and saluted.

"It is a false report!" said the officer.

Festus was a man again. He felt that nothing was too much for him. The officer, after some explanation of the cause of alarm, said that he was going across to the road which led by Lodmoor, to stop the troops and volunteers converging from that direction, upon which Festus offered to give information along the Broadway road. The German crossed over, and was soon out of sight in the lane, while Festus turned back upon the way by which he had come. The party of yeomanry-cavalry was rapidly drawing near, and he soon recognized among them the excited voices of Stubb of Duddle Hole, Noakes of Muckleford, and other comrades of his orgies at the Hall. It was a magnificent opportunity, and Festus drew his sword. When they were within speaking distance, he reined round his charger's head to Weymouth and shouted, "On, comrades, on! I am waiting for you. You have been a long time getting up with me, seeing the glorious nature of our deeds to-day."

"Well said, Derriman; well said," replied the foremost of the riders. "Have you heard anything new?"

"Only that he's here with his tens of thousands, and that we are to ride to meet him sword in hand as soon as we have assembled in Weymouth."

"O Lord!" said Noakes with a slight falling of the lower jaw.

"The man who quails now is unworthy of the name of yeoman," said Festus, still keeping ahead of the other troopers and holding up his sword to the sun. "Oh, Noakes, fie, fie! You begin to look pale, man."

"Faith, perhaps you'd look pale," said Noakes with an envious glance upon Festus's daring manner, "if you had a wife and family depending upon ye."

"I'll take three frog-eating Frenchmen single-handed!" rejoined Derriman still flourishing his sword.

"They have as good swords as you; as you will soon find," said another of the yeomen.

"If they were three times armed," said Festus; "aye, thrice three times, I would attempt 'em three to one—— How do you feel now, my old friend Stubb?" (turning to another of the warriors). "Oh, friend Stubb! no bouncing healths to our lady-loves in Overcombe Hall this summer as last. Eh, Brownjohn?"

"I am afraid not," said Brownjohn gloomily.

"No rattling dinners at Stacie's Hotel, and the king below with his staff. No wrenching off door-knockers and sendin 'em to the bake-house in a pie that nobody calls for. Weeks of cut-and-thrust work rather!"

"I suppose so."

"Fight how we may we shan't get rid of the cursed tyrant before autumn, and many thousand brave men will lie low before it's done," remarked a young yeoman with a calm face, who meant to do his duty without much talking.

"No grinning matches at Maiden Castle this summer," Festus resumed. "No thread-the-needle at Greenhill Fair, and going into shows and driving the showman crazy with cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"I suppose not."

"Does it make you seem just a trifle uncomfortable, Noakes? Keep up your spirits, old comrade. Come, forward! we are only ambling on like so many donkey-women. We have to get into Weymouth, join the rest of the troop, and then march Abbotsbury way, as I imagine. At this rate we shan't be well into the thick of battle before twelve o'clock. Spur on, comrades. No dancing on the green, Lockham, this year, and kissing your partner in the moonlight! You was tender upon that girl: gad, what will become o' her in the struggle?"

"Come, come, Derriman," expostulated Lockham. "This is all very well, but I don't care for't. I am as ready to fight as any man, but—"

"Perhaps when you get into battle, Derriman, and see what it's like, your courage will cool down a little," added Noakes on the same side, but with secret admiration of Festus's reckless bravery.

"I shall be bayoneted first," said Festus. "Now let's rally and on."

Since Festus was determined to spur on wildly, the rest of the yeomen did not like to seem behindhand, and they rapidly approached the town. Had they been calm enough to reflect they might have observed that for the last half hour no carts or carriages had met them on the way, as they had done farther back. It was not till the troopers reached the turnpike that they learnt what Festus had known a quarter of an hour before. At the intelligence Derriman sheathed his sword with a sigh; and the party soon fell in with comrades who had arrived there before them, whereupon the source and details of the alarm were boisterously discussed.

"What, didn't you know of the mistake till now?" asked one of these of the new comers. "Why, when I was dropping over the hill by the cross-roads I looked back and saw that man talking to the messenger, and he must have told him the truth."

The speaker pointed to Festus. They turned their indignant eyes full upon him. That he had sported with their deepest feelings, while knowing the rumor to be baseless, was soon apparent to all.

"D—— him! Beat him black and blue with the flat of our blades!" shouted two or three, turning their horses' heads to drop back upon Derriman, in which move they were followed by most of the party.

But Festus, foreseeing danger from the unexpected revelation, had already judiciously placed a few intervening yards between himself and his fellow yeoman, and now, clapping spurs to his horse, rattled like thunder and lightning up the road homeward. His ready flight added hotness to their pursuit, and as he rode and looked fearfully over his shoulder he could see them following with enraged faces and drawn swords, a position which they kept up for a distance of more than a mile. Then he had the satisfaction of seeing them drop off one by one, and soon he and his panting charger remained alone on the highway.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DANGER TO ANNE.

He stopped and reflected how to turn this rebuff to advantage. Balked in his project of entering Weymouth and enjoying congratulations upon his patriotic bearing during the advance, he sulkily considered that he might be able to make some use of his enforced retirement by riding to Overcombe and glorifying himself in the eyes of Miss Garland before the truth should have reached that hamlet. Having thus decided he spurred on in a better mood.

By this time the volunteers were on the march, and as Derriman ascended the road he met the Overcombe company, in which trudged Miller Loveday shoulder to shoulder with the other substantial householders of the place and its neighborhood, duly equipped with pouches, cross-belts, fire-locks, flint-boxes, pickers, worms, magazines, priming-horns, heel-ball, and pomatum. There was nothing to be gained by further suppression of the truth, and briefly informing them that the danger was not so immediate as had been supposed, Festus galloped on. At the end of another mile he met a large number of pikemen, including Bob Loveday, whom the yeoman resolved to sound upon the whereabouts of Anne. The circumstances were such as to lead Bob to speak more frankly than he might have done on reflection, and he told Festus the direction in which the women had been sent. Then Festus informed the group that the report of invasion was false, upon which they all turned to go homeward with greatly relieved spirits.

Bob walked beside Derriman's horse for some distance. Loveday had instantly made up his mind to go and look for the women, and ease their anxiety by letting them know the good news as soon as possible. But he said nothing of this to Festus during their return together; nor did Festus tell Bob that he also had resolved to seek them out, and by anticipating every one else in that enterprise, make of it a glorious opportunity for bringing Miss Garland to her senses about him. He still resented the ducking he had received at her hands, and was not disposed to let that insult pass without obtaining some sort of sweet revenge.

As soon as they had parted Festus cantered on over the hill, meeting on his way the Puddletown volunteers, sixty rank and file, under Captain Cunningham: the Dorchester company, ninety strong (known as the "Consideration Company" in those days), under Captain Strickland; and others—all with anxious faces and covered with dust. Just passing the word to them and leaving them at halt, he proceeded rapidly onward in the direction of Bere. Nobody appeared on the road for some time, till after a ride of several miles he met a stray corporal of volunteers, who told Festus in answer to his inquiry that he had certainly passed no gig full of women of the kind described. Believing that he had missed them by following the highway, Derriman turned back into a lane along which they might have chosen to journey for privacy's sake, notwithstanding the badness and uncertainty of its track. Arriving again within five miles of Overcombe, he at length heard tidings of the wandering vehicle and its precious burden, which, like the ark when sent away from the country of the Philistines, had apparently been left to the instincts of the beast that drew it. A laboring man, just at daybreak, had seen the helpless party going slowly up a distant drive, which he pointed out.

No sooner had Festus parted from his informant than he beheld Bob approaching, mounted on the miller's second and heavier horse. Bob looked rather surprised, and Festus felt his coming glory in danger.

"They went down that lane," he said, signifying precisely the opposite direction to the true one. "I, too, have been on the look-out for missing friends."

As Festus was riding back there was no reason to doubt his information, and Loveday rode on as misdirected. Immediately that he was out of sight Festus reversed his course, and followed the track which Anne and her companions were last seen to pursue.

This road had been ascended by the gig in question nearly two hours before the present moment. Molly, the servant, held the reins, Mrs. Loveday sat beside her and Anne behind. Their progress was but slow, owing partly to Molly's want of skill, and partly to the steepness of the road, which here passed over downs of some extent, and was rarely or never mended. It was an anxious morning for them all, and the beauties of the early summer day fell upon unheeding eyes. They were too anxious even for conjecture, and each sat thinking her own thoughts, occasionally glancing westward, or stopping the horse to listen to sounds from more frequented roads, along which other parties were retreating. Once, while they listened and gazed thus, they saw a glittering in the distance, and heard the tramp of many horses. It was a large body of cavalry going in the direction of Weymouth, the same regiment of dragoons, in fact, which Festus had seen farther on in his course. The women in the gig had no doubt that these men were marching at once to engage the enemy. By way of varying the monotony of the journey, Molly occasionally burst into tears of horror, believing Buonaparte to be in countenance and habits precisely what the caricatures represented him. Mrs. Loveday endeavored to establish cheerfulness by assuring her companions of the natural civility of the French nation, with whom unprotected women were safe from injury, unless through the casual excesses of soldiery beyond control. This was poor consolation to Anne, whose mind was more occupied with Bob than with herself, and a miserable fear that she would never again see him alive so paled her face and saddened her gaze forward, that at last her mother said, "Who was you thinking of, my dear?" Anne's only reply was a look at her mother, with which a tear mingled.

Molly whipped the horse, by which she quickened his pace for five yards, when he again fell into the perverse slowness that showed how fully conscious he was of being the master-mind and head individual of the four. Whenever there was a pool of water by the road he turned aside to drink a mouthful, and remained there his own time in spite of Molly's tug at the reins and futile fly-flapping on his buttocks. They were now in the chalk district, where there were no hedges, and a rough attempt at mending the way had been made by throwing down huge lumps of that glaring material in heaps, without troubling to spread it or break them abroad. The jolting here was most distressing, and seemed about to snap the springs.

"How that wheel do waddle," said Molly at last. She had scarcely spoken when the wheel came off, and all three were precipitated over it into the road.

Fortunately the horse stood still, and they

began to gather themselves up. The only one of the three who had suffered in the least from the fall was Anne, and she was only conscious of a severe shaking which had half stupefied her for the time. The wheel lay flat in the road, so that there was no possibility of driving further in their present plight. They looked around for help. The only friendly object near was a lonely cottage, from its situation evidently the home of a shepherd.

The horse was unharnessed and tied to the back of the gig, and the three women went across to the house. On getting close they found that the shutters of all the lower windows were closed, but on trying the door it opened to the hand. Nobody was within : the house appeared to have been abandoned in some confusion, and the probability was that the shepherd had fled on hearing the alarm. Anne now said that she felt the effects of her fall too severely to be able to go any further just then, and it was agreed that she should be left there while Mrs. Loveday and Molly went on for assistance, the elder lady deeming Molly too young and vacant-minded to be trusted to go alone. Molly suggested taking the horse, as the distance might be great, each of them sitting alternately on his back while the other led him by the head. This they did, Anne watching them vanish down the white and lumpy road.

She then looked round the room, as well as she could do so by the light from the open door. It was plain, from the shutters being closed, that the shepherd had left his house before daylight, the candle and the extinguisher on the table pointing to the same conclusion. Here she remained, her eyes occasionally sweeping the bare, sunny expanse of down, that was only relieved from absolute emptiness by the overturned gig hard by. The sheep seemed to have gone away, and scarcely a bird flew across to disturb the solitude. Anne had risen early that morning, and leaning back in the withy chair, which she had placed by the door, she soon fell into an uneasy doze, from which she was awakened by the distant tramp of a horse. Feeling much recovered from the effects of the overturn, she eagerly rose and looked out. The horse was not Miller Loveday's, but a powerful bay, bearing a man in full yeomanry uniform.

Anne did not wait to recognize further ; instantly re-entering the house she shut the door, and bolted it. In the dark she sat and listened : not a sound. At the end of ten minutes, thinking that the rider if he were not Festus had carelessly passed by, or that if he were Festus he had not seen her, she crept softly up-stairs and peeped out of the window. Excepting the spot of shade, formed by the gig as before, the down was quite bare. She then opened the casement and stretched out her neck.

"Ha, young madam ! There you are ! I knew ye ! Now you are caught !" came like a clap of thunder from a point three or four feet beneath her; and turning down her frightened eyes, she beheld Festus Derriman lurking close to the wall His attention had first been attracted by her shutting the door of the cottage ; then by the overturned gig ; and after making sure, by examining the vehicle, that he was not mistaken in her identity, he had dismounted, led his horse round to the side, and crept up to entrap her.

Anne started back into the room, and remained still as a stone. Festus went on—"Come, you must trust to me. The French have landed. I have been trying to meet with you every hour since that confounded trick you played me. You threw me into the water. Gad, it was well for you I didn't catch ye then ! I should have taken a revenge in a better way than I shall now. I mean to have that kiss only. Come, Miss Nancy ; do you hear?—'Tis no use for you to lurk inside there. You'll have to turn out as soon as Boney comes over the hill.—Are you going to open the door, I say, and speak to me in a civil way? What do you think I am, then, that you should barricade yourself against me as if I was a wild beast or Frenchman? Open the door, or put out your head, or do something ; or 'pon my soul I'll break in the door !"

It occurred to Anne at this point of the tirade that the best policy would be to temporize till somebody should return, and she put out her head and face, now grown somewhat pale.

"That's better," said Festus. "Now I can talk to you. Come, my dear, will you open the door? Why should you be afraid of me?"

"I am not altogether afraid of you ; I am safe from the French here," said Anne, not very truthfully, and anxiously casting her eyes over the vacant down.

"Then let me tell you that the alarm is false, and that no landing has been attempted. Now will you open the door and let me in? I am tired. I have been on horseback ever since daylight, and have come to bring you the good tidings."

Anne looked as if she doubted the news.

"Come," said Festus.

"No, I cannot let you in," she murmured after a pause.

"Dash my wig, then," he cried, his face flaming up, "I'll find a way to get in ! Now, don't you provoke me ! You don't know what I am capable of. I ask you again, will you open the door?"

"Why do you wish it?" she said faintly.

"I have told you I want to sit down ; and I want to ask you a question."

"You can ask me from where you are."

"I cannot ask you properly. It is about a serious matter. Whether you will accept my heart and hand. I am not going to throw myself at your feet ; but I ask you to do your duty as a woman, namely, give your solemn word to take my name as soon as the war is over and I have time to attend to you. I scorn to ask it of a haughty hussy who will only speak to me through a window ; however, I put it to you for the last time, madam."

There was no sign on the down of anybody's return, and she said, "I'll think of it, sir."

"You have thought of it long enough ; I want to know. Will you or won't you?"

"Very well, I think I will." And then she felt that she might be buying personal safety too dearly by shuffling thus, since he would spread the report that she had accepted him, and cause endless complication. "No," she said, "I have changed my mind. I cannot accept you, Mr. Derriman."

"That's how you play with me !" he exclaimed, stamping. "'Yes,' one moment ; 'No,' the next. Come, you don't know what you refuse. That old Hall is my uncle's own, and he has nobody else to leave it to. As soon as he's dead I shall throw up farming and start as a squire. By Gad," he added with a bitter sneer, "what a fool you are to hang back from such a chance !"

"Thank you, I don't value it," said Anne.

"Because you hate him who would make it yours?"

"It may not lie in your power to do that."

"What—has the old fellow been telling you his affairs?"

"No."

"Then why do you mistrust me? Now, after this will you open the door, and show that you treat me as a friend if you won't accept me as a lover? I only want to sit and talk to you."

Anne thought she would trust him : it seemed almost impossible that he could harm her. She retired from the window and went down-stairs. When her hand was upon the bolt of the door her mind misgave her. Instead of withdrawing it she remained in silence where she was, and he began again.

"Are you going to unfasten it?"

Anne did not speak.

"Now, by heaven, I will get at you ! You've tried me beyond endurance. One kiss would have been enough that day in the mead ; now I'll give you twenty, if only to humiliate you, and show that I won't be thwarted !"

He flung himself against the door ; but as it was bolted, and had in addition a great wooden bar across it, this produced no effect. He was silent for a moment, and then the terrified girl heard him attempt the shuttered window. She ran up-stairs, and again scanned the down. The yellow gig still lay in the blazing sunshine, and the horse of Festus stood by the corner of the garden ; nothing else was to be seen. At this moment there came to her ear the noise of a sword drawn from its scabbard ; and, peeping over the window-sill, she saw her tormentor drive his sword between the joints of the shutters, in an attempt to rip them open. The sword snapped off in his hand. With an imprecation he pulled out the piece, and returned the two halves to the scabbard.

"Ha, ha !" he cried, catching sight of the top of her head. "'Tis only a joke, you know ; but I'll get in all the same. All for a kiss ! But never mind, we'll do it yet !" He spoke in an affectedly light tone, as if ashamed of his previous resentful temper ; but she could see by the livid back of his neck that he was brimful of suppressed passion. "Only a jest, you know," he went on. "How are we going to do it now? Why, in this way, I go and get a ladder, and enter at the upper window where my love is. And there's the ladder lying under that corn-rick in the first inclosed field. Back in two minutes, dear !"

He ran off, and was lost to her view.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Clinton's Mistake.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I HAVE tickets for the concert this evening, Dora, will you kindly have tea ready a half hour earlier than usual? There are no reserved seats, and I want you to be placed where you can see as well as hear. Nothing so pleasant is likely to come our way again this season," the husband added, walking to the window, and humming a bar or two of a favorite melody.

"I am afraid I cannot go, John," the young wife answered, after a moment's hesitation. "Bertie has not seemed quite well this morning, and Florrie always goes to bed so much happier if I am here, and then baby needs me, too."

"Florrie can do without you for once, dear, and it is only fancy about Bertie, I am sure. He has just eaten a very remarkable dinner for an ailing boy. As for baby, Jane can sit by her crib until we return. But if it would make your mind easier, I'll step over to mother's and ask her to spend the evening with the children."

Mrs. Clinton looked distressed.

"I know you mean it kindly, John dear, but if you would only not spend money on tickets for me I would be so glad. It is so hard for me to leave my nursery. I am sure my duty lies here, while the little ones are so young. The first five years you know are decisive. I should not enjoy the music one moment. Even mother does not understand Florrie, and if she should go into one of her cross fits, I should be so mortified; you cannot imagine how I feel about it. Pray go without me, this time, and enjoy it by yourself. Tea shall be all ready, in good season. Or, wait a moment, why not take Aunt Martha? It would be a treat to her.

"Aunt Martha!" The young man repeated the good spinster's name in a tone that was almost contemptuous. "I think I see myself escorting Aunt Martha into the Assembly Rooms. Dora," he proceeded, with new energy. "I'll tell you what I think; a fellow does not loose all his rights by becoming a father. A husband needs a little looking after, and loving, quite as much as children do."

"Why, I love you, John, poor boy, just as much as ever," said Dora, putting her mouth up to his for a kiss, "but you are able to care for yourself, and—. There, I am sure I hear baby crying, she is awake, the little darling, and nobody by her."

So away she flew up stairs, and presently her husband heard her sweet cooing accents, as she talked to her beautiful six months old pet.

In a vexed and unamiable mood, he donned his overcoat, and set out for his office. The scene of the hour was one which had been enacted with variations, in his home, ever since little Bertie came. Dora was a tenderly loving wife, but she was more than a devoted mother, and she had given up society, friends, church, and pleasure-going, and even neglected the old attention to dress, which had heightened her loveliness, in her desire to make her children's lives perfectly happy. Mr. Clinton had borne it without complaint for some time, but he was beginning now to feel that home was little more to him than a mere eating and lodging place. He had little of his wife's company except at meals. She was too absorbed to care for any conversation except what concerned the nursery, and she could very seldom be persuaded, as of old, to share his walks and enter into any social pleasure. As they kept several servants, and Mr. Clinton was generous in gratifying every spoken or imaginary wish of his wife's, he felt hurt and injured at being persistently set into the background. It made him impatient and irritable, and Dora had once or twice been pained at his fretful way of speaking to Bertie, and the anger he had shown at little Florrie's petulance. He declared she spoiled the children, and she feared he had not the proper affection for them, and a cloud, very small, but still a perceptible cloud, was gathering over the horizon of their little home.

"Walking down the street, Mr. Clinton was stopped on the corner by the sudden vision of an old friend. He had never before thought Miss Nellie Breck beautiful, but the cool wind and rapid walking had imparted a bright bloom to her cheeks, her eyes were shining, and her jaunty hat was most becoming. From under the hem of her dress, he caught sight of a trim little foot, and the gloved hand she extended to him was faultless in size and shape.

"Why, John!" she said.

"Why, Nellie, who thought of meeting you here? Where are you staying?"

"I am visiting my cousin, Mrs. Howard, on Ward Street. Will you not bring your wife to call on me? I have come to spend the winter here."

Mr. Clinton promised, and went his way, curiously pleased and interested. That was Nellie Breck! How pretty she had grown! How stylish! That nameless indefinable grace, which clings to some women like a subtle perfume, had come to her, and she would be an addition to the gay gatherings of the season, and find plenty of admirers. There would be no doubt of that. He was quite full of a sort of elder-brotherly satisfaction in thinking that he had known her always, and could take the privileges of old friendship. She had said John, in just the way she used to. Now, if only Dora would be agreeable, and show her a little politeness, how very charming it would be.

At the concert that evening, he was not long in discovering the party from the Howard's. They had eligible seats, and there seemed to be room in their neighborhood. Mr. Clinton concluded that he would enjoy the evening rather more if he went over by them, and presently he was speaking to Mrs. Howard, and giving a look of admiration to Miss Nellie, who was fascinating in her rich costume and beautiful hat.

"How I wish my wife were here!" he said, in reply to Mrs. Howard's inquiry, "but Dora is a very anxious mother, and if she fancies anything amiss with the wee ones, I cannot persuade her to leave them, even for so great a treat as this."

"They are not ill?" said the lady with a thought of her own brood, and phantoms of diphtheria and scarlet fever flitting across her brain.

"On the contrary, perfectly well," said Mr. Clinton, with emphasis. Nellie Breck in the mean time thought with wonder that Mrs. Clinton must be queer, and a sort of a half pity dawned in her mind for her old friend. John had been her brother's chum at college, and on an intimate unceremonious footing in the house when she was still a school-girl. How handsome and elegant and manly he was, a man whom any wife might be proud of, she thought, sitting by his side, as the music went on.

"Dora," said the husband next morning at breakfast, "Lawrence Breck's little sister is staying with the Howards; I wish you would call, and invite her here. I used to be in and out at Breck's, in my old Ontario days, like one of the family."

"Why cannot you call for me?" said Mrs. Clinton: "If she is a child she will not care about me."

"She is not a child, dear, but a well-grown young woman, and I owe it to her family to try to add to the pleasure of her visit. By the way, you are owing a call at the Howards, I think."

Oh, I am owing calls to everybody, John. I told Cousin Lou I had given up society, and retired from the world; and it is true; my little world is here, in my home."

"I wish it were less entirely here, my love; you are not looking well. Confinement tells on your looks, and your health, and I don't believe it's really good for baby, that her mother should just shut herself up like a nun in a cell."

"Well, I'll go to-day, if you say so," said Mrs. Clinton, to her husband's delight.

She did go, but the Howards were out. Within the week, however, Mrs. Howard and Miss Breck returned the call. They came, as it happened, at a most inopportune time. Bertie had been out to play, and had fallen in with a bad boy, who had been lying in wait to rob him of his ball and bat. He had come in broken-hearted, and was still in the ground-swell of agitation, when the visitors were announced. His mother left him reluctantly, and went down pre-occupied. Her day had been a busy one, and she had not thought of exchanging her morning wrapper for another dress. Indeed, she often omitted doing so altogether. Her hair was tucked back plainly in a little tight knot, and her cheeks were flushed. She did not look at all well in contrast with her visitors, who were daintily elegant in their attire, a subtle air of leisure and refinement pervading their whole appearance. Miss Breck's bonny face was set off by her graceful Gainsborough hat; her walking-dress of velvet and satin, her primrose gloves, and her exquisite handkerchief, bordered with the finest lace, all fitted her ladyhood. The very parlor was penetrated with the faintest

shadow of a mist of perfume. And Dora, little interest as she now took in these things, seemed to have a sight of herself as she had been in some pre-historic past. How long, long ago it was since she had had leisure and inclination to make so grand a toilet, and go out to spend an afternoon in calls.

She tried to talk agreeably, but her quick ear kept catching the sound of Bertie's sobs somewhere just outside of the room. She knew that he had followed her down from the nursery and was lingering in the hall. Excusing herself, she went into the passage and sternly sent him up stairs. To let strangers see his tear-stained face was not to be thought of. Scarcely had she returned when a quick, sharp scream—one, two, three of them—from her little passionate Florrie smote the air. Could it be that the new nurse had dared to strike the child? Begging pardon, she hastened to the room above to find Bertie angrily snatching his paint-box from his sister, who held fast to it with the grip of despairing resolution.

"Children! you must be good," she said. "Louise, you must put the baby in her crib, and entertain these naughty children till mamma's company goes. Would they had never come," she thought inhospitably, as she shut all the doors behind her and descended.

The call was shortened, and as the ladies left they made their comments.

"I cannot see how John Clinton endures it," said Nellie Breck, "so fastidious as he was. That he should have so commonplace a wife, and such ungoverned children, is simply the most unaccountable thing I ever met with!"

"Mrs. Clinton is a fine-looking woman when she is well and dressed, and not disturbed as she was to-day. Ah! Nellie, you have all your life before you. A mother with such wee tots clambering around her has not much time to spend on such things as you have ample opportunity for."

Nellie was silenced, but not convinced.

She was beginning to feel very sorry for John. That evening after tea, as Mrs. Clinton started to go to the nursery, as usual, her husband said:

"Will you be down soon, Dora? I have a new book to show you!"

"Come, sit up stairs," she answered. "I want to watch baby while Jane goes to see her cousins."

"Let Sarah take Jane's place. The babe does not need you when she is asleep. I prefer this room, and fire."

"Well, I'll see, by and by."

An hour passed, and there were no signs of her coming down. Mr. Clinton paced the floor moodily, then turning down the gas, he went out and spent a pleasant and social evening at the Howards.

The same thing happened several times afterward, and, using his plea of old acquaintanceship, the gentleman began to drop in often to see Nellie, took her out riding, and brought her flowers, new magazines, and costly note-paper.

One day Mrs. Howard felt it her duty to remonstrate.

"Nellie," she said, "I am afraid Mrs. Clinton does not approve of all this intimacy between her husband and yourself. Neither of you mean to do anything wrong, but drifting into a current is the easiest thing in the world, and I would not like a friend of mine to give another woman an unhappy heart."

"That day I went riding," answered Nellie, rather irrelevantly, "John asked his wife to go, and she did not care to. She told him to invite her sister's husband. But he is an old frump, and John came for me."

"It won't do, Nellie," said Mrs. Harland, firmly. "I shall speak to Mr. Clinton myself. Either you must decline to receive such attentions, or I must put an end to them. People will talk."

"People should not talk about what is perfectly innocent. At any rate, Mrs. Clinton has asked me to be her guest before I return home, and I mean to accept. Then I can let you all see that I am her friend too."

It was not all so smooth and delightful at the Clintons as Nellie supposed. Absorbed as Dora was in her nursery, she was not altogether blind to the change that had come over her husband. Loyal and loving herself, she was deeply pained to find that he was growing indifferent, and now that his attentions, his pleadings for her society, and his constant rain of little gifts had in a manner ceased, she missed them. One peculiarity of John was that he was always bringing things home, and though Dora had not taken too much notice of his many love tokens, she sighed at their withdrawal.

Sighed, but grew more careless than ever of her personal appearance. A more graceful and brilliant woman than she would have suffered eclipse, had she worn a dowdy gown, no collar or cuffs, and slippers down at the heel, so constantly as she did.

"I wish, John," she said, fretfully, one evening, "that you would occasionally stay at home; you are always out now."

"I would be glad to stay, dear, if I could ever have company. But it's dull sitting by myself and moping. After confinement in the store, I like a little brightness, and something to entertain me when I come home."

"I used to be thought good company," she returned.

"You used to be so, dear, before my children stole your heart away. But now you are so much the mother that you forget to be the wife."

"I don't think that is a fair way to speak to me, John. I think children should bind husband and wife the closer, not be a wedge to sunder them, and cause estrangement."

A day or two after, an old schoolmate of Mrs. Clinton's happened in before luncheon, and being assured of her welcome, stayed the day out. By taking an early evening train, she could easily reach her own home before bedtime. She and Dora chatted gayly, or at least as gayly as they could, with the constant interruptions of the children, some necessary and some quite needless. But to Miss Maxwell's regret, she saw that the Clintons, though perfectly polite to each other, were not on the footing of delightful understanding, which she had always taken for granted in the case of the happily married. After John had returned to business, Miss Maxwell, being a kindly and inquisitive soul, and Mrs. Clinton's *alter ego* as well, began to investigate.

"Dora, what ails your John? Has he embarrassments, or dyspepsia, or is he going into politics?"

"None of the three, dear, so far as I know," she replied, promptly.

"And what ails you? You are fading, my love, or is it the way you wear your hair? I believe it's that. Come, put on your prettiest dress, and let me see the effect."

"I do not put on my good dresses now, Emma—Florrie's little fingers are so often sticky, and Bertie's head rumples up my lap."

"I would be the last person to advise you to loosen the grasp of the little fingers, or cast off the little head, but dear, you have Jane here, who could keep Florrie clean, surely, and Bertie is not too proud to sit on a big apron, is he? I cannot bear to see my friend changing. And John is growing handsomer every year."

"I see that," said the wife with pride.

"Well, you must keep his pride in you. Do not let it wane. It is in your own hands."

"Have you heard anything, Emma? Has Aunt Martha, or grandma been over to Broometon, telling stories?"

"Then there *are* stories? And you have heard them? I see; you need say nothing. But pardon me, Dora, are you, or is John the one most to blame? Can you expect a man not to feel hurt and grieved when he is thrust into the second place, and made to feel that he is not essential to his wife's happiness, and that he stands to her *merely* as the purse-bearer and bread-winner? This little Nellie Breck now, (yes Aunt Martha told me all your Alderside gossip), is but a girl, and you a woman in your full flush of bloom and beauty. It will not do, Dora Clinton, for you to let her or your husband get into a false position."

"I must indeed have fallen from my wifely estate," said Mrs. Clinton, "if our family affairs are common talk. I wish I could die, and if it were not for my innocent little ones, I would not care how soon it might be."

"Nonsense!" said Miss Maxwell. "I never heard anything so silly. The idea of wishing to die, because one has made a mistake. It is not brave, Dora, and a woman who is not brave enough to face difficulties and put wrong things right is not worth caring much for. I do not believe altogether, you know, in the ivy and vine theory. A wife must be strong enough to cling to sometimes, as well as to cling herself."

"But, Emma, you are not married, and how can you judge?"

"Perhaps all the better I can judge from my quiet post of observation. I have many married friends, and I have had more leisure for thinking than some of them have had. Now, pardon me, Dora, but when I see a young mother giving *all* her time and thought to her nursery, and then excluding her husband from his share in the care-taking and government of his own children, I am very sure there are breakers ahead. A man should never be left to feel neglected at his own fireside."

Faithful are the wounds of a friend. Mrs. Clinton listened and considered, and the result was the invitation to Nellie Breck, sent in a prettily worded note, and received by the

young lady on the morning of her conversation with Mrs. Howard.

It would be hardly true to say that Nellie's motive in accepting it was a very lofty one. She was a gay and thoughtless girl, a bit of a flirt, and accustomed to pleasing herself before anybody else. She had been flattered by the attentions of Mr. Clinton, and her vanity had been inflated by his preference for her society; yet she had no thought of usurping his wife's real place in his love, and the idea of being talked about, or made the theme of malicious tongues, was terrible to her. So, from varied reasons she sat down and conveyed her thanks to Mrs. Clinton, and signified her intention to be at her house for luncheon the next day.

Mrs. Clinton had been wise enough to heed her friend's advice in many little particulars. The very day after Miss Maxwell's visit she had surprised her husband by appearing at dinner in a new and most becoming dress, her hair arranged in a satin-smooth coil, and a bit of soft lace, finishing tastefully her neck and wrists. After dinner, instead of hurrying away with Bertie and Florrie, she had allowed them to stay in the dining-room with their toys, while she had gone to the piano, and after striking a few chords, had begun in her clear, sweet contralto, a song which was just coming into popularity. From this, her husband lingering delightedly the while. She had passed to try one or two old favorites, and finally, when John declared he must go, she had accompanied him to the door, and stood a moment looking after him as he walked down the street, her eyes shining with a soft interest, which he remembered. When Nellie came to make her visit, she found herself in an atmosphere of friendliness. The house and table were brightened in her honor, and no pains were spared to make her visit charming. But Mrs. Clinton was wholly the gracious dignified and beautiful lady, queen regent in her home, and without scene or words Nellie felt reproved and rebuked, and went thence, a more thoughtful and a lovelier girl. As for Mr. Clinton, man-like, it never occurred to him that he had been to blame in aught. He had his wife again, and ere long he joined her in fond pride in their children, who were not the less tenderly loved by their mother, since she had resolved to live as well for husband and friends as for them only. What they lost in coddling and exclusive caressing, their home gained, and as they grew up, they reaped the benefit of this, in having a mother who was more than a nurse, viz., a friend, counsellor and guide in life's journey.

"The Lady of the Lake."

THE following lines from Scott's "Lady of the Lake" describe the exquisite conception from which our picture is derived :

"The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head upraised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In list'ning mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand."

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C HUNGERFORD.

"What do you think this is?" I say, holding the object in my hand in view of the girls.

"Candor compels me to answer," says Jennie, "that I think it looks like a musty and disreputable old copy-book."

"It is musty and old," I admit, "but a much valued relic, being Mrs. James Madison's manuscript receipt book, a collection of recipes and housekeeping notes in her own handwriting."

"Do you mean Lady Madison, the President's wife?" asks Miss Kitty.

"Yes, so they called her sometimes, just as Martha Washington used to be called Lady Washington, but the title was simply one of courtesy in both instances."

"I have always heard," says Miss Kitty, "that Mrs. Madison was the most elegant hostess who ever presided in the White House; but how did her book come into your hands?"

"I will tell you all about that another time," I answer; "just now I want to impress it upon your minds, that with all her elegance, cultivation and refinement, the writer of this MS. did not think it beneath her dignity to take a deep interest in household matters, and some of the dates show that even while she held the position of the first lady in the land, she was not forgetful of the things that properly come under a good housekeeper's notice. Here, for instance, is a recipe for rout-cakes, and here on the same leaf, a new method for polishing brass handles, both entries being made in the second year of her husband's term of office—I was going to say of his reign, but that is a word this country does not recognize in that connection."

"I should like to read the cooking receipts," says Sophie Mapes, "and see if they ate the same sort of things in old times that we do now."

"I do not see much difference, except in the cakes," I say. "They used apparently twice as many eggs, and much more butter than we do, and the rising element, as represented by baking powder and kindred compounds, is entirely absent from these receipts."

"Do you mean to say they didn't even use soda and cream of tartar?" asks Jennie.

"There is but one receipt in the book, I think, where anything of the kind is used, and that is for a composition with the unattractive name of saleratus cake."

"How did they get their cake light, I wonder?" Jennie asks, turning over the leaves of the old MS. "Oh, I see," she continues, answering her own question, "they used yeast in some of them, and plenty of whites of eggs in others. Just listen to this: 'To make a sponge cake, take eighteen eggs, and separate the whites from the yolks.' Now, was such extravagance ever known of? and yet my father perpetually persists in asserting that the country is coming to ruin, because there is no economy practiced nowadays. Why, eighteen eggs would make four bakings and a half of my cup cake, and I verily believe it is as good as Lady Madison's sponge cake."

"Look at the formula for custard on the next leaf," I say, and Jennie attempts to read it aloud, but stops to comment with great indignation on the recorded fact that eight eggs and a cup of thick cream were considered the proper addition to make to a quart of milk.

"We cook with positive parsimony nowadays, compared to those times," says Sophie Mapes. "I never put more than four eggs to a quart of milk, when I make a custard, and as for cream, if I had any, I should save it to eat with peaches."

"Or pour it over the custard when it is served," I suggest.

"Is it an improvement?" asks Lucy Little.

"Try it," I answer impressively; "but butter the dish you bake the custard in, and turn it out like blanc mange when it is cold. We always have ours treated in that way, and it makes a much better appearance than served in the dish like a pudding. But it must be thoroughly cooked, and not over-done either, or the whey will form. If you have not cream for a dressing, a little melted jelly or any preserved small fruit will do very well to put around the form of custard"

"There," exclaims Jennie, who still continued to pore over the yellow time-stained leaves of the old book, "I have found the evidence I needed to convince me that the pernicious amount of butter and eggs our forefathers used corrupted the integrity of their digestions, just the same as if they had been frivolous modern people; for here, right in among the buttery dainties, is a recipe for 'Dyspepsy Bread.' The name doesn't make my mouth water, and perhaps it is just as well, for I couldn't make it if I tried."

"Why not?"

"Because the very first direction is to make a hole in your flour, and pour in your barm," now, even if I had intellect enough to make a hole in my flour, I haven't any barm to pour in, neither am I likely to have any, for I haven't the slightest idea what it is."

"I suppose it means some kind of yeast," I say. "Now, look at the last leaves of the book, and you will find some items that will interest us."

"'To mend broken china,' is that one?" says Jennie, turning the leaves and reading: "If it has not been washed, smear the edges with the skin of white paint, and press them together, leave to dry, and in time they will adhere so that no effort will disconnect them."

"I wonder if that's any good," says Nellie Greene. "I suppose the skin is the stuff that dries on top of the paint-pot. I've often seen it, a sort of scum."

"Here is another good idea," says Jennie. "To join marbles; if a vase or statue be broken, join the parts with a cement made of plaster of Paris, white of egg, and gum melted in alcohol."

"What kind of gum does she mean, do you suppose?" inquires Miss Kitty.

"Gum-arabic, I should say," replies Jennie, promptly. "It is highly improbable that chewing gum was known of in those days of intellect and perfect propriety. But listen, I think I have found the article that will delight your hearts. 'To wash blankets.' I am happy, after the schooling you have given me, madam (addressing herself pointedly to me), and the practice I have had in the summer and winter care of bedclothes, it charms me to know that I had a congenial spirit in the celebrated and dignified writer of this MS. Across the lapse of years I shake hands with my Lady Madison."

With much amusement at her irresistibly absurd manner, I secure the book and read aloud to the girls one of the proofs in her own handwriting of the housewifely character of the justly celebrated wife of our fourth president. There is nothing novel about her method, but it is, perhaps, as good now as then, and although I hope such severely laborious work as washing blankets will not fall to the lot of any of the young people who listen to me, it is well, were it only to be able to direct others, that they should know how it is done, and, as Jennie pertinently observes, "One is never sorry for what one has learned, unless there is some harm in it."

"Fill a water-tight cask or barrel half full of strong suds hotter than the hand can bear. Put in this one blanket and pound it with a heavy beetle, then replace the suds with some still hotter but of less strength, and pound the blanket again for many minutes. Pour away the suds, or save it for the first washing of another blanket, and rinse in two fair waters. Wring the blanket out, stretch it very evenly from the four corners, and hang it upon a line where sun and wind may reach it. Blankets must always be washed singly, and the process being laborious in consequence of their great weight, it is more suitable that men be employed for the beetling and wringing, as their arms have greater strength than women's."

"A long and sunny day should be chosen to wash blankets as their thickness keeps them long in drying. Twice or thrice while they hang over the line the pulling and stretching should be repeated, lest in drying they full in the center and are waved upon the edges. It is the habit with some housewives to attempt to restore the fleeciness by combing the surface when the blanket is dry, but such attempts have not in my observation been successful."

"I especially like the suggestion," I say, laying down the book, "of having a man do the hard work of washing blankets, for either from inability or disinclination, the woman who came to wash mine this summer, failed to take out the dirt, in fact washed it in, as another washwoman expressed it, in such a manner that they looked worse than before they were washed. Possibly the fault was more in the rinsing than in the washing. Another time I shall oversee the work myself, as I have no doubt Mrs. Madison did from her familiarity with the process."

"I wonder if this book was written with a view to publication?" asks Miss Little.

"No, I think not."

"Then I wonder why she wrote out such things as that. I never write down anything but receipts for making things to eat."

"Perhaps she made the collection as a guide for some friend of less experience than herself," I say, "or perhaps she was one of those well regulated and methodical persons who will not subject themselves to the risk of a treacherous memory failing them at the right moment, but commit everything that they wish to remember to the safe guardianship of pen and ink.

A High-Low Dissertation.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

Once upon a time there was a man who started out to build a house (perhaps there were a great many men who did the same thing, but I am talking of one in particular, an example of a class.) He was poor, and sensible enough to acknowledge it—still, strange to say, he scarcely contemplated the possibility of his ever being any better off—so he didn't see the propriety of putting himself in readiness for any finer house than the one that he was able for at the present moment.

The plan of his house was somewhat peculiar, though he himself did not think so. Close to his boundary line on every side he built his solid foundation wall, and then laid down his first floor. Having accomplished this, he found, as he intended and expected he should, his means nearly exhausted. With the remainder thereof he purchased a large canvas tent, set it upon his massive groundwork, and then considered his house complete. The superstructure gave him shelter—what more could a palace have done? And so, because he had a substantial floor beneath, a flimsy roof above, he was content, being struck by no sense whatever of incongruity.

"Which things are an allegory." You see, my friends, in the man described above, a type of those who give so much of their time and thought and means to their lower life that they have none left for the higher. They are so anxious to have firm boards to stand upon that they take no thought as to whether their thin roof can protect them from great storms or not. Most likely, sooner or later, they will discover that the rain beats through their canopy, making it useless as shelter, while their floor too becomes so wet as to grow rotten, after it has given everybody the rheumatism.

From which I proceed to deduce my homily. Would it not have been better had he, like the man in the New Testament, sat down first and counted the cost? With a simpler foundation, adequate, however, to the proposed superstructure, might he not have reared an inexpensive, though appropriate domicile, and so had harmony, utility and satisfaction as a whole—less ambition in the lower, less poverty in the higher?

How many lives are spent according to some such a plan as this? When I see a family laying out the greater part of their substance to load their table, and so cut themselves off from reasonable pleasures and elevating pursuits; when I see them give their chief thoughts to the finery upon their backs, and so have no time or means to adorn their home with loveliness and grace and beauty; when I see them striving to equal their neighbors in show, and so leave no margin for needed instruction and intellectual improvement —in short, when they buy pickles instead of music, jewelry instead of engravings, and silverware instead of books—I think of my homely parable. And I often ask, What will the end be? What will the foolish builder do when the storm has beaten down his frail tent, and he stands upon his unprotected floor, mocking now by its wasted, vain strength?

My fair friend, don't tell me that you understand me, and would do just as I have indicated, but you can't,—your means won't allow you to do as you would like. It must be that you don't manage right. Shall I try and prove it? Very well. Why don't you replace that dingy oil-cloth in your entry? You cannot afford it, you say. But you could afford that gorgeous feather in your bonnet, I suppose. Ah! Why wouldn't a little tip have done as well? I don't think I need any more to make out a case against you.

Consider that your home is for all the members of your family, a dear abiding-place, the nursery in which your virtues and graces must grow, the spot around which your most blessed earthly associations must cluster. Is not its adornment, then, paramount in importance to your own? Yours is a question of to-day—that of your home, the gathering-place of your beloved ones, a question of eternity.

Oh, that I could properly draw the beautiful picture I have in my mind! "Some angel guide my pencil while I draw."

A young father and mother of a small, healthy family, of moderate means and average intelligence, a man and woman who know what they cannot do, and so attempt no more than they are able, but who, also, have bright hopes and just ideas regarding what they can do. Surely they will be blest in the endeavoring.

They live in the country, of course, the best types of men and women always do, or, if they don't, they would if they could. When they were building their house they understood very well that they could not afford a stately villa, or a great farmhouse, like the residences by which they are surrounded. But their completed home,—ah, a bird's nest, a play-house, a fairy bower were as nothing in cosiness, cunningness and beauty as compared to it. Only a frame cottage, two stories high, but with its wings, its balconies, its bay window, its wide veranda, it is the personification of picturesque grace. And when the climbing roses and Virginia creeper are properly trained over it, when the little lawn around it is laid out, the flower-beds filled with sweet and glowing loveliness, the ground arranged for croquet and archery, the rustic pavilion built for summer tea, the swings and hammocks and benches arranged, what will it be then? A little earthly paradise, of course, glorified by love and kindness and friendship and hospitality. But as to *money* value, the whole establishment cost very little more than a plain wooden "shanty" would have done, not a tithe of what many a rich man puts into a stable for his horses.

Everybody knows something like this. But, foolish men and women that some of us are, we are so afraid of attempting anything for fear we'll be thought *poor*, that we settle down into carelessness, and actually appear, and indeed become far poorer than we need.

What about the interior of this house. Is it gorgeous in Brussels carpets and crimson hangings and gilding? No, indeed! Did I not say that these people were in moderate circumstances? If they had spent their money for gaudy trappings, what would they have had left? How could they have had books and pictures and statuettes and *bric-a-brac?* Oh, they do after a different fashion. The floors of all the rooms except the dining-room are covered with matting, some white, some checked, while the entries and stair-cases have simply dark-stained boards, to correspond with all the woodwork in the house. The dining-room is provided with a large square of good, old-fashioned rag carpet, with a strip of the painted floor, showing all around the edge, like a border. As for the other things, description would be vain. I have only a confused picture of scattered bits of exquisite beauty, the whole, however, giving an effect of simple, satisfying grace.

Well, here is a tidy of Turkish toweling, embroidered in crewels by the fair fingers of the lady of the house. There, a mat of coffee-bag. And here a bunch of dried grasses, souvenirs of several pleasant little trips. There, a collection of beautiful shells, filling the same office. And behold, a plaque painted in oils, by one of the young ladies, a burlap table-cover, bordered in South Kensington work by another. Here is a collection of butterflies by the elder son, and here a cabinet and a bracket, made with the scroll-saw by the younger. The pictures on the walls are chiefly drawings in pencil, crayon and water-colors by different members of the family, with a few choice engravings and photographs of famous paintings and statues, the gifts of dear friends. Chairs and sofas there are in plenty, though perhaps the whole house couldn't boast of one "set." But there are inviting lounges, with frames of home manufacture, covered with artistic French chintz; there are odd chairs, of quaint designs, the upholstery of which may be coffee bag or linen, embroidered by the ladies, according to their own fancy. And there are cosy rockers and arm-chairs, of splint and wicker, set off by gay cushions and bows of ribbon. As to the beds, some of them are simple cots, though dainty as banks of apple blossoms, with their snowy counterpanes, and exquisite ruffled pillow-shams. Some of the toilet tables are nothing but frames made of barrel-staves, covered, however, with flowing dimity. Here and there, all through the house, are bright touches of color, in artistically disposed Japanese fans and umbrellas.

The same principle is carried out as regards their table. They have no highly-seasoned dishes, no abominable pastry, nor any dyspepsia-manufacturers. They have, however, plenty of fresh milk, and cream and butter, quantities of fruit and vegetables, and if they thought their guests wanted what they don't themselves, they wouldn't scruple to have it. But I wished especially to speak of the table furnishings. The china is pure white, except a few pieces decorated by the girls; the linen is like the driven snow, some of it being adorned by etching and outline-embroidery. But the silver—ah, they haven't any shoddy plate, any make-believe tea-pot, and urn and sugar-bowl. They have very little glittering show—only some spoons and forks—but what they have is genuine. Napkin rings—oh, I believe they have one or two of silver—but I noticed one of satin-wood, painted by hand, another of black velvet, embroidered in floss with a tiny wreath of lilies-of-the-valley.

Yes, they have a piano, a Steinway upright. They could afford that, because they had not wasted twice its price over in trumpery, moreover, they never buy anything that is not good of its kind. And an organ and a violin, too—the girls took music lessons instead of buying confectionery, the boys, instead of cigars. And they wear the greater part of their jewelry in the shape of a full bookcase. Besides, they have lots of games, every member of the family is an accomplished chess-player.

A woman of far less character than the women of this household might not have the courage to go to church in a calico dress, and a Fayal hat, encircled with a wreath of Spanish moss. But these women wear their simple robes with a queenly grace, as well they might; why should not a lady be, as ever, every inch a lady in a spotless garment, almost snowy in its whiteness, done up to perfection? Other women might scoff at attire like this on a warm Sunday morning, but I guess they wouldn't scoff at the consequence of this attire, a ride in a pony phaeton on Monday; nor, taking similar dressing in the aggregate, at its continuous consequence—a true, homelike home. Our ladies, however, have always their elegant black silks, and point lace, and kid gloves ready for when they really do need to dress; they find this possible because they don't take up every costly novelty that comes along for their usual adornment. To be sure, the silk dresses have been altered and made over, several times, perhaps; but by their own taste and the assistance of Madame Demorest's patterns, they make new out of old, and save extravagant dressmakers' bills. I don't mean to say, however, that they never assist the needy about them by giving out a little work occasionally. No, they fully understand true neighborliness and charity.

By a course of living such as this they hope, and reasonably too, to accomplish something in the world,—to add something to the sum of human intelligence and happiness. These worthy parents look forward to a college education for every one of their children, for special training that will fit them to do their part in life. And they hope, also, to be able to lend a helping hand to those less favored than themselves.

Were they very wealthy, I don't see what more they could have in the way of real joy and comfort. True, they might have more barbaric splendor, but, after living in this beautiful, rational way for years, would they desire it? Ah, the true soul within us despises earth's vulgar shows; we want the real, the precious, the ever-abiding. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth."

Oh, friends, resolve to have the higher, at all hazards; then consider just how much of the lower it will take to sustain it, and no more. Build, then, accordingly. And your edifice will not be an unsightly, useless pile, but a true, a holy temple.

Varieties of China Ware.

AMONG the producers of fine china ware France holds a proud position. Faience is the name given to all earthenware pottery made in that country, the word being derived from Faenza, a town of Roman Italy. What is known as Rafaelle ware is a combination of scrolls, buds and Cupids, and copies of the great painter's pictures painted upon majolica.

Nevers was the first place in France to make the enameled ware, which differs from its Italian original. It is not of the copper-green, peculiar to this ware, blue and yellow being the predominating colors, separated by a line of white.

At the present time the ware made in Nevers is generally a reproduction of the ancient.

Sèvres china is justly celebrated the world over. It is a hard ware, light, translucent, and most exquisitely painted. It is divided into ancient and modern, the former dating down to 1800, all after that date being modern. No other manufactory can produce such colors.

Those best known are *bleu de roi*, *gros bleu*; a deeper color of the same; blue *celeste*, a turquoise blue, rose Pompadour, called in England *rose* du-Barri; violet pensée, a beautiful violet; joinquille, a canary color; vert pomme, apple-green; vert pré, grass-green, and *rouge de fer*, bright red. These are the principal colors used for the grounds. Sèvres china is not sold to the trade. Sometimes undecorated pieces are purchased at Sèvres by dealers who have them decorated. Private individuals have had the privilege accorded them of purchasing the decorated; previous to the time of Napoleon III. it could not be purchased, and was used only in royal palaces, and presented as gifts by royalty.

Rouen faience is distinguished for its richness. The style most sought for is *à la corne*, which shows cornucopias combined with flowers and birds, producing an admirable effect. There are specimens of this china in this country.

It is to a woman that the lovers of china are indebted for the famous French *faience*, called "Henri Deux." Helene de Hangest set up a pottery at her chateau, and employed skillful potters. The ware was produced in small quantities, and was not for sale, being intended only for presents. After her decease, her son continued the manufacture. Fifty-three specimens only of this china are known to exist, twenty-six of these being in England; one of these pieces is valued at £1,500, having cost at a sale £96.

Brianchen has perfected a lustrous ware resembling mother-of-pearl, called "Nacre." A similar kind is made in Ireland, and is designated "Bellek."

Dresden china is a hard ware, and is highly prized by lovers of old china who have to pay high for specimens. At first it was made exclusively of a blue color, but subsequently it was gilded and decorated with colors.

In early times the pure white was never sold, but was reserved for royal use. At a later period it was purchasable, and the pieces so disposed of have a scratch cut across the mark on the bottom of the articles, indicating that they were not decorated in the factory. Celebrated painters did not disdain to lend their talents to decorating Dresden china, among whom was Angelica Kauffman. The periods when this ware obtained its greatest excellence was between 1731 and 1756, and 1763 and 1814.

Delft ware, made in the old Dutch town of that name, had a high reputation. It was a delicate china, the clay of Holland being well adapted for the purpose. The Delft ware of the present is equal in transparency and painting to the East India china.

There are specimens of the old English ware highly esteemed in this country, such as early Wedgwood. Originally, the queen's ware of Wedgwood was white of a creamy tint. Having sent some pieces to Queen Charlotte, she ordered a complete set, and to this day this description of china is known as queen's ware.

This service was painted by Daniel Steele and Thomas Daniell. A set painted for Catherine II. of Russia embraced twelve hundred views of the country residences of noblemen. The china was cream-colored with a saffron tint, the views were in purple, bordered with a pattern in India ink, and around the edge was a wreath of pink flowers and green leaves. They were valued so highly that the empress had to pay fifteen thousand dollars for them. In some Wedgwood intaglios are seen on a ground of blue, green and purple. Sometimes the adornment consists of bas-reliefs, medallions, and heads. The most choice works of Wedgwood are in black basalt.

Among other celebrated English wares are Chelsea, which is almost as good as that of Sèvres, Derby and Crown, Derby and Worcester, which is a dark blue and gilt. The ceramic art as displayed by the Chinese and Japanese is much admired.

The most esteemed of all the ancient Chinese ware is the blue. The modern celestial blue, which is real cobalt, is very expensive; fine pieces selling from twenty-five to five hundred dollars. The color varies from light to dark. The celestial blue of Nankin differs from the ordinary blue of Canton.

Sea-green is rare among the Chinese colors, some pieces date back one thousand years.

Violet and crimson are also uncommon, and are generally applied to vases and bottles.

Imperial yellow is never sold, being used by the royal family, and is a clear citron color.

The Japanese blue lacks the deep brilliancy of the Chinese celestial.

Another blue produced in Japan is called Indian. Among the varieties of Japanese china are Mandarin, Kaga ware, Satsuma, Kutani, Owari, and Kioto.

Mandarin is the name applied to such china as shows the figure of a Mandarin wearing the cap, the button of which marks his grade.

Kaga ware has a dark India red ground, the tone of which is soft and beautiful, the ornamentation being of gold.

The pictorial illustrations generally consist of figures drawn upon a ground of ivory or cream color, their robes being of richly shaded red.

Satsuma, when old, is exceedingly valuable, while that of more modern times is very beautiful. It is a delicate shade of buff, and is mostly crackled, the network of which is very fine; the ornamentation consists of sprays of plants, figures of men and women, and landscapes, which cannot be said to be painted, but merely sketched in, mingled with which is rich gilding.

The Kutani is decorated in red and gilt; the Owari is mostly blue, and the Kioto lemon yellow.

Silk Albums for Valuable Etchings, Locks of Hair, etc.

THESE are of embroidered silk, and are meant for the careful preservation of small, delicate etchings, little scraps of beautifully decorated ivory or shell, small but very valuable photographs to which some peculiar interest attaches, or for locks of hair under glass. The silk should be strong, as durability is an object, indeed, *the* object here, and great care should be used in placing those things which it is desirable to preserve from friction or breaking. Thus, the hair is attached and over it a thin plate of glass held by four slanting incisions in the silk. The etchings must not be gummed nor the scraps of ivory glued on, but the slanting incisions resorted to; this holds all in place. There is no amount of water-color decoration or embroidery for the backs of these albums that will be thought too profuse or elaborate for the present fashion, which has brought in albums of leather as well as satin and white velvet.

Novel Oddities from Nancy.

FROM Nancy comes the odd ware which is intended to deceive the eye by appearing to be destined for other purposes than the real one. Thus, for example, a book in this ware is not a calf-bound book as it appears, but a receptacle for stray articles. Another specimen of this ware resembles a folded newspaper, but is a glove-box. Another is a ring-box, but resembles a bunch of cigarettes. Still another of these "eye-deceivers"—for such is the signification of the French name applied to them—resembles a wicker-basket, but is a cigar-receiver, in which a dozen bundles of cigars may be placed and covered. Still another is apparently a double tulip, so exquisitely colored and posed as to deceive any passing observer, but it is, in point of fact, a match safe; the matches being hidden in a deep hollow between the flower and the upright green leaf. Another appears to be a glove-box, but is meant for a small riding-whip case.

Carpet-Gardening.

THE following of the design of a Persian carpet or India shawl in the pattern of a flower-bed, is a novel style of floral work which has come into very decided vogue. Variegated leaves as well as plain foliage are greatly used, and flowers with many-colored as well as with one-hued leaves. The first seen of the beautiful carpet-gardens was that at the "Trocadero," representing a Japanese rug of large size. All the palm leaves and intricate pattern of an Indian camel's-hair scarf, delicate though its outlines are can be accurately represented in this way. The manner in which "carpet-gardening" is done is as follows:—The beds are prepared either in lawn or garden by a gardener who understands how to make the surface perfectly level. Then the lady—most of this work is done by ladies—who wishes to imitate a certain design, places upon the soil a paper which corresponds in shape and size with the bed or border to be ornamented. In the perforations made in the paper are placed chalk finely powdered, or colored sand. This leaves a perfect impress on the block-mold after the paper is removed. The plants or flowers corresponding to the color required are then set into the different compartments marked out for them. If the design be very intricate, it is wise to write the name of every plant on the paper in order to assist the memory. The cost is small. An immense lawn may be covered with flower-beds of this description up to the very edge of its walks. Low-colored "cream-shade" shrubs are used for what is called the "white table-cloth design." Emblems of welcome and of hospitality can be carried out in the disposition of small, very low-growing shrubs. Thus, for the exterior of a kiosk, a pilgrim's gourd has been represented in *biota semper-aurea*; a staff in *euonymus latifolia argentea*; a pitcher in *retina-sporana aurea*; a basin—typical of that used to bathe, in olden times, the feet of weary wayfarers—in *euonymus aurea-maculata*; the word *Salve* in *aucuba* and "Hospitality" in *euonymus radicans variegata*.

Curious Facts About Red,

GATHERED FROM THE BEST SOURCES.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

EVERYWHERE Nature delights in red. It is, in a delicately graded state, the loveliest of all pure colors. In the rose there is no shadow except what is composed of color. All its shadows are fuller than its lights, owing to the translucency and reflective power of its leaves.—*Ruskin.*

Red is the most perfect color, from its relation to light and shade being equal. No flower will grow if the red rays of light are obstructed—the red ray has the greatest heat. Scarlet is the most perfect representation of abstract color that exists. Blue is associated with shade, yellow with light. Scarlet as abstract color stands alone.—*Ruskin.*

Red light is less than any other diverted from its straight path in coming to our eye. In red light the number of vibrations striking the eye in a second is about 450 billions—in violet, 800 billions.—*Schiller.*

The French scarlet inclines to yellow. The Italian scarlet has a tinge of blue. In its dark, deep state, red conveys an impression of gravity and dignity. In its light, attenuated state, of grace and attractiveness.—*Goethe.*

Yellow combined with red increases its warmth; in its combination with blue red becomes more cool and retiring.—*Hay.*

A red-letter day is a lucky day, a day to be recalled with delight. In almanacs saints' days and holidays are printed in red ink, other days in black.

Of all the colors of the visible spectrum, the red produces the highest heating power.—*Tyndall.*

Red undergarments are especially suited to kindle up the arterial blood, and may be beneficially worn in cases of rheumatism, bronchitis, dormant lungs, etc. Red is especially good for cold feet, ankles, hips, etc. Red stockings, or at least red lawn in the stockings, are desirable for many persons.

It is very desirable that these red undergarments should stand in the sun a few minutes and then be put on immediately while they are freshly charged with the light. A distinguished physician says that garments of red have cured rheumatism very decidedly. In many lung difficulties a red cloth over the breast proves very vitalizing. When a person is cold and bloodless, red stockings and drawers are admirable, and in case of dormant chest a red undervest is good. A red stocking or a piece of red tissue-paper worn next the feet will become much more warming by having its color stimulated by sunlight.

Baths of red light are said to have cured in three weeks cases of paralysis, and in a very short time to have alleviated serious troubles of the lungs. Many cases of consumption are reputed as being cured by red sun-baths. In these cases white light was combined with red.

Morbidly taciturn patients in an Italian lunatic asylum have become gay and affable after a three hours' stay in a red chamber, lighted by red glass. This may be because a torpid and melancholy condition often results from an excess of blue venous blood.

Most drugs that are healing and stimulating in their nature are of a red or reddish color.

Red is the balancing and harmonizing principle in cold and blue conditions of the system.

Cayenne pepper—a powerful arterial stimulant and rubefacient, most excellent in the beginning of fever and ague, and a powerful stimulant, producing a sense of heat in the stomach—is usually bright red.

Iron—ferre oxide—is reddish.

Ferrous trioxide wine—red color, a powerful tonic, raising the pulse, etc.

Balsam of Peru—a warm, stimulating tonic—is a dark reddish-brown.

Cloves—hot, stimulant—are internally reddish.

Ammonium carbonate, strongly red in the spectrum of its hydrogen, nitrogen, etc., is an arterial stimulant.

Alcohol—red predominates from its hydrogen.

Musk, red cedar, cloves are internally reddish and combine the same principle.

The red clover blossom has been proved beneficial in cases of diseases of the blood, cancer, salt-rheum, scrofula, etc. In an old medical work, nearly two hundred years old, we read of the virtues of the red rose leaves, red-clover blossoms and other red flowers. Red cures red diseases, says the old book.

Red brings objects nearer to the eyes, yellow retains the rays of light, and azure is a shade adapted for deep obscures.—*Lanzi.*

One Egyptian god was always represented red, the other blue. The oldest paintings were monochrome of a single color. All archaic paintings representing the human figure were of one color. The early statues and bas-reliefs were also of uniform red color.—*Wilkinson.*

On the oldest Greek statues the flesh was painted with the same tones of red throughout. The color was what we call vermilion. It was usually red ocher.—*Wilkinson.*

According to the ancient custom, all ships were painted of a red color.—*Herodotus.*

The obelisk of Sextus at Rome is made of the red Egyptian porphyry, Rosso-antico, so much sought after by the ancients.

The red damask rose, imparts to paper a dark slate-blue, so does also the close carnation. The common red poppy gives to paper a most beautiful blue color.

Red is a color not easily defined. The color of the original Verbena Melendres is one of the purest types. Near the Plata River and the town of Maldonado, there are boundless plains of turf and whole tracts so thickly covered by the Verbena Melendres as, even at a distance, to appear of the most gaudy scarlet.—*Darwin.*

Darwin, in the Chonos Archipelago, climbed a hill 1,600 feet high, and found there brakes of the scarlet fuschia so densely covered with the most beautiful drooping flowers that it was very difficult to crawl through them.

There is a beautiful brilliant bird in Canada called the Tanagra Rubra, or scarlet Tanager. Its plumage is of the richest scarlet, with wings of jet black. It sings its pensive tones of chip-chum at intervals, and when the bird is just over your head its voice sounds far off. This gift is bestowed upon him, no doubt, to protect him, and to compensate for the danger his glowing colors expose him to.

The Pointsella grows at Port au Spain about fifteen feet in height. It has long, bare curring sticks, carrying each at its end a flat flag of scarlet.

The red coral and tomato and the mineral cinnabar are beautiful examples of vermilion red.—*Werner.*

The shrubby pimpernell and the mineral porcelain jasper are tile red. The precious garnet is crimson red, the red tulip is lake red, and the mineral oriental ruby. The raspberry, coxcomb and carnation are all beautiful carmine red.

There are other shades of red best defined by their name—peach-blossom red, rose red, the hyacinth red, and the flesh-color red, or flesh red, as the human skin and the heavy spa limestone.

Most beautiful and purest of all is the carmine red, a pigment made from the cochineal, an insect that lives upon a plant of the cactus species. Whole plantations of this flower are raised in Mexico for the sake of the cochineal, which Indians take the greatest care to preserve and cultivate. The plant is shaken gently, and they fall upon cloths purposely spread to catch them. They are dipped in boiling water, and dried and packed for sale. The carmine made by Madame Cenette, of Amsterdam, is said to be of so brilliant a hue as to be almost painful to the sight. The French make very beautiful carmine. An English manufacturer offered a Frenchman $1,000 for the secret of making so superior a color, when it appeared that the only difference was that the Frenchman selected such fine, bright weather as the Englishman could not hope to have in his country. Pliny avers that the beautiful pink pearls are produced only on sunny days, while the dull, brick specimens are due to a cloudy sky. A laborer can pick off only about enough cochineal in one day to make two ounces, and some of this is lost in the process of drying. It takes 70,000 insects to make one pound of cochineal. When dried the cochineal insect looks like a little grain one-eighth of an inch in diameter, convex on one side and concave on the other. In the Annales de l'Industrie this rule is given for making the most beautiful carmine: Two pounds of the finest cochineal, in powder, are to be put in a vessel containing six pailfuls of boiling soft water, and the boiling is to be continued for two hours, when three ounces of pure saltpeter, and soon after four ounces of binoxalate of potash, are to be added. After ten minutes the boiling is to be discontinued and the liquor is allowed to stand for four hours. It is then to be drawn off with a siphon into flat glazed dishes, and left for three weeks. A coating of mold forms upon the surface, which is to be nicely removed in one piece, or if any fragments remain they must be taken out with the greatest care. The liquor is again to be drawn off with a siphon, leaving the cake of carmine in the dish, when it is to be carefully dried in a clean, shady place.

Carmine is very expensive, and is often adulterated by mixing with it a cheaper vermilion; but as the pure carmine is wholly soluble in ammonia these ingredients are easily detected, separated and estimated.

For the brightest glow we have in the robes we wear, the birds or flowers we paint, we are indebted to a little insect, so small we can hardly see it, whose silent death makes all the world's homes bright.

While everywhere in galleries of art we see its rosy In Memoriam, how can we ever be proud of our own fading beauty?

If different colored papers are placed in a room and dusted over with sugar, and free access is left for insects, certain insects will always select certain colors. The sugar on all the papers being the same, the red and blue were the colors most often selected by the bees.

Says the charming French writer, Alphonse Baer, from whom we have gleaned so many beautiful thoughts:

I don't know whether you have observed, as I have, the useful power which small things derive from their littleness itself; perhaps you have not on so many occasions been overcome by them as I have.

Little things do everything and undo everything; they pass across everything and over everything. No one is on his guard against them, and they always end by hitting you.

People who write history strive in vain to find great causes for events, and to prove the premeditation of the ills which fall upon the head of the world.

There is a crowd of small habits which we struggle against at an immense disadvantage, and over which I have never seen a victory obtained.

YOUNG AMERICA

Where the Harebells as Violets Grow.

BY EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

(*Continued from page* 386.)

CHAPTER III.

SICK IN BED.

"WAKE up, Kittie!" cried Miss Leslie, for the third time.

Kittie rubbed her eyes, and got up slowly, for she felt very tired and ached all over. "I haven't slept one wink this whole night long," she said solemnly.

"Why, Kittie, you were fast asleep when I came in, and I have had quite a job to wake you."

"I was only dozing, Miss Leslie, and I've been sneezing every two minutes all night."

"Oh, I think not," said Miss Leslie, laughing.

"I couldn't have dreamed it, it was too real," answered Kittie, "though I did dream heaps of nonsense."

"Dress yourself now. Fred has been up this long time."

"Has he? Where is he now?" asked Kittie, ending her sentence abruptly with a sneeze. "There! that wasn't a dream anyway," she said, triumphantly, "and I'm sure I was sneezing all night. You see, I had the fidgets after you went down stairs, so I got up and looked out. It was splendid. The moon was as bright as I don't know what; but of course you saw it too, for you were in the garden with Mr. Allan."

"Oh, Kittie, how long did you stay there? Don't you feel sick?"

"I stayed about half an hour, but I don't feel sick; just achy all over."

"Stay in bed then, and I will bring up your breakfast."

"Oh, no; please don't; I feel well enough to go down."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; quite sure."

So Kittie dressed herself and went down, and afterwards went to church. She was much amazed at seeing Mr. Allan in the chancel with the rector.

"I didn't know he was a minister; did you, Fred?"

Fred nodded.

"How did you know?" whispered Kittie again.

"Long coat," whispered Fred. "But hush now, ma doesn't like us to whisper in church."

Kittie felt very tired during the service, and she was glad when she reached home again; for her head began to ache badly. She could not eat any dinner, which Fred thought a very bad sign, and afterward she sat on a little stool at her mother's feet and laid her head in her lap.

"Had not my little girl better go to bed till the headache goes?" asked her mamma, after a while.

"Yes, please," said Kittie, and her mamma went up with her, bathed her feet in hot water, and then tucked her up comfortably, and sat down beside her in the rocking-chair.

"Will you read to me?" asked Kittie.

Her mamma said she would, and opening a little book of poetry, she read "Jerusalem, the Golden," until Kittie, soothed by the musical measure and the peaceful words, fell asleep.

She woke late in the evening, all flushed and burning, with her head aching worse than ever, and beside her she saw her mamma, her papa, and Doctor Ryder.

"How do we feel?" asked the doctor, very cheerfully.

"Dreadfully, doctor," moaned Kittie.

"So bad as that? Well, do you think you could take some pretty bad medicine if it would make you well?"

"Yes, I could take most anything to get well. Where is Fred?" she asked, rubbing her eyes and looking around.

"Well, Fred can't see you at present, my dear, or he might be sick too, and you would not wish that, I am very sure. You must be very patient, and by and by you will feel better. But it may be some days yet, or even longer. Is your throat sore?"

"No. Is Fred in his own room?"

"Fred is going to sleep in the little room off mine," said Mrs. Clair; "but only till you are well."

"My eyes sting so," groaned poor Kittie, rubbing them again. "And I am *so* hot!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms outside the covers.

"A little patience," said the doctor, who had been writing something on a piece of paper. "It won't be so very long, you know. And now, good-night. Try to sleep if you can; I will see you again to-morrow." And he left the room softly with Mr. Clair.

"Mamma," said Kittie solemnly, sitting up in bed, "is there anything *awful* the matter with me? Why can't Fred come in here?"

"The doctor says you have scarlet fever," replied her mamma; "but if you are careful you won't be ill very long. We want to keep Fred away for fear he might take it too, and Miss Leslie has never had it, so she had better not see you at present. Now, shall I read to you again?"

"If you please; but I can't go to sleep again. I feel wide awake, and my head beats like a hammer."

Her mamma laid her soft, cool hand on the hot little forehead, and then bathed the throbbing temples with eau de Cologne. After that she sat at the foot of the bed, so that the light was shaded, and read softly for a long time. Then Mr. Clair came in with a bottle of medicine and a spoon, and when Kittie had taken some of it, and made a face over it, he laid his watch on the table for her mamma to see when to give her some more. Then he went away, and Kittie dozed a little and woke up, and dozed again, and so on till morning, when she woke and saw her mamma still sitting by the little table at the foot of the bed, leaning her head on her hand. Kittie's head did not ache so much now, and she felt comfortable, so she did not speak, but lay with her eyes half shut, looking at her mamma and thinking how tired she must be after sitting up all night. Then her papa came in on tiptoe with a cunning little tray with a white napkin over it, and on it a cup of tea and a plate of toast. Mrs. Clair looked up and smiled, so Kittie said: "Good-morning, papa; did you bring me some toast, too?"

And her papa looked very bright, and said he would go down and bring some immediately, and he went off in quite a hurry.

"Do you feel better, my pet?" asked Mrs. Clair.

"O yes," replied Kittie; "but I feel weak. I don't believe I could get up yet, or stand very long."

"You must not get up for a good many days yet," said her mamma, smoothing the pillows comfortably; "but here is papa with some tea and toast for you too, so we shall breakfast together this morning."

They enjoyed that very much. Only Kittie got tired and had to lie down again, and her papa fed her.

"I never knew it was so comfortable to be sick," she said. "Mayn't I see Fred to-day?"

Papa shook his head, smilingly.

"When may I, then?"

"When you are quite well."

"O dear," sighed Kittie; "it isn't altogether comfortable, after all."

A week passed, and Kittie was still in bed. Her head ached very little, but she was too weak to sit up, and the doctor said she must wait a little longer. She was growing very tired of it, and her mamma was beginning to look pale. Mrs. Clair did not sit up at night any more, but had a bed put up in the same room, so that she might be near.

One afternoon Kittie tossed back and forth over the bed and felt more miserable than usual. She could not find a cool spot, and the pillows wouldn't stay in the right place. She was becoming very fretful, when a knock was heard at the door, and her mamma went to see who was there. No one was there, and nothing but a little bit of folded paper, lying under the door. It was addressed to Miss Kittie Clair, and a very funny drawing of a little cat

—something like that—was under the name of Kittie. "This is for you, little girl," said Mrs. Clair, giving it to her. Kittie looked at the address, and at the cat. "Fred did that," she said, laughing. "We practiced drawing cats and geese on our copy-books one day, when it was too warm to study much." Then she opened it, and a pretty, fresh rose-bud dropped out. This she laid on one side and read:

"DEAR KIT:—How are you now? It is too bad a fellow can't see you. I am having lots of fun, but can't enjoy it half without you. I went fishing this morning with Ape, and I caught three sun-fish. Miss Leslie is going to have one cooked for you and mamma, and we are going to have the other two for tea. You must eat some of it, you know. I hope you will soon be well. Papa and I have thought of something splendid for your birthday present; but you needn't ask what it is, for of course it is a secret. Miss Leslie says she knows you will like it better than anything else. She sends her love, and a rose-bud off your own bush; it has a great many on it. Hurry up and get well, and mind you eat the fish.

"Your loving brother,

"CHEVALIER BAYARD."

Kittie thought this a fine letter, and she quite forgot to be uncomfortable. Her mamma read it too, and laughed.

"I wish I could have gone fishing with Fred and that boy," said Kittie. "By the way, though,"—looking at the letter—"he has called him Ape again, and his real name is Abe. I should like to tell him about that. Might I write him a letter, too?"

"Certainly." And Mrs. Clair got paper and a pencil, and Kittie was happily amused till tea-time, when the fish came up done to a turn, and looking so invitingly brown that it engaged all her attention for the next half hour.

After this, the letters became almost daily occurrences, and Kittie began to mend.

A few days after, Miss Leslie and Fred walked around the garden cutting flowers. It was a beautiful evening, and the long, slanting rays of the setting sun fell through the trees, and over

the flowers. They had large bunches when they went in, and they arranged them tastefully in the vases, giving the parlor a festal look. Miss Leslie opened the piano, and Fred drew back the curtains and opened the glass doors toward the sunset, so that the cool evening air came in refreshingly.

"Now, we are all ready," said Miss Leslie.

"No," said Fred, I haven't brought in the cat yet. Kittie wouldn't think anything of all this without old Grim. I'll go get her."

He was gone a good while; for first he couldn't find Grimalkin, and then he found her by the kitchen fire, so near that it was a wonder her fur was not scorched. And puss did not want to move, and kicked violently when Fred lifted her by the fore-legs and carried her off. Then she got away, and ran back to the kitchen, and made a dab at his hand with her paw when he tried to catch her. But he succeeded at last, and took her to the parlor.

"What's the matter with you, Grim?" said Miss Leslie. "Why, your tail goes like a pendulum; what a cross puss!"

"Cross?" said Fred. "I should just think so. I never saw such a selfish old cat. She's mad because I took her from the kitchen fire."

"That's it, is it? Then we must pet her a little or she won't stay. Put her in my lap." And Miss Leslie stroked the bristling fur till it smoothed down, and puss forgot the kitchen fire and began to purr quite comfortably.

"That's a good Grim," said Miss Leslie. "I heard the garden gate click just now, Fred, so I think your father is coming."

Fred ran off to meet him. His father stopped the buggy, and took him in, and they drove up to the door. "Kittie is coming down this evening," said Fred, as he got out.

"That's good news," said his papa.

"Did you inquire about the—you know what?" asked Fred, breaking off mysteriously.

"Yes, all right," said Mr. Clair; we can get them."

"Isn't that good!" cried Fred. "*Your* nose will be quite out of joint then, master Charley," he added, turning to the pony, who pricked up one ear, and looked at Fred wisely, as Martin trotted him off to the stable.

Kittie came down, that is, her papa carried her down, just before tea. He placed her in a big cushioned chair. She was all wrapped in shawls, and looked white and thin. Fred was surprised to see her so changed, and he felt as if he could have cried a little if he had not happened to be a boy. Kittie was delighted to see her brother again, and talked so much that her mother feared she would tire herself. She was very glad to see Miss Leslie, too, and admired her greatly. "Did you wear your pink lawn because I like you best in it?" she asked.

"Yes, love," replied Miss Leslie, kissing her.

"And that is one of my pink roses in your hair?"

"Yes; Fred and I robbed all the bushes to adorn the room, and ourselves too. You see Fred has a button-hole bouquet."

"So he has; but the flowers don't look so fresh as yours."

"Oh, that's because Grim kicked so. She crushed them with her hind paws, when I was bringing her in."

"Where *is* Grim?" said Kittie; "I don't see her."

"Just behind your chair. Here she is," and Fred lifted her by her fore-legs and put her in Kittie's lap. Grim gave a piteous mew, when Fred touched her, but cuddled down among Kittie's shawls, and buried her claws in and out of the woolen stuff with satisfaction. The children called this baking, because it looked like the way Ann kneaded the bread. The tea-room opened off the parlor, and Kittie's chair, cat and all, was wheeled in when tea was ready. It was the pleasantest meal they had had for a long time. They were all very happy, and Kittie liked the toast so much that Fred was encouraged about her appetite.

Puss behaved very badly. She snatched a piece off Kittie's plate, and ate it leisurely, turning her head first one side, then the other; for she found the toast hard. Then she wanted something to drink, and she suddenly dived her nose into the teacup, and, of course, she burnt herself, and then she jumped down and ran under the table.

"Never mind," said Mr. Clair; "puss is better under the table; now you may eat your toast in peace."

"I don't want any more. Have you had any lessons since I have been sick, Fred? I forgot to ask."

"Not one, except music lessons. Miss Leslie went fishing with me yesterday; but we didn't catch anything; we just rowed round the lake."

"Yes," said Miss Leslie. "Fred taught me how to row, and I blistered my hand."

"Too bad," cried Kittie. "Does it prevent your playing on the piano?"

"Oh, no. Fred and I have been learning a duet to surprise you. We will play it by-and-by."

"Let us have it immediately," said Mr. Clair, as he wheeled Kittie back to the parlor.

Miss Leslie and Fred took their places at the piano, and Kittie enjoyed the music very much. "Thank you," she said, when they rose. "You must have practiced a great deal to learn it so soon."

"Yes, we did," Fred answered. "But we were mighty careful to keep the doors closed, you know, so you shouldn't hear us."

"Yes," said Kittie, wearily, leaning her head back.

"What shall we do for you now?" asked her papa, cheerfully.

"Tell me a story," said Kittie.

"Oh," returned Mr. Clair, rather doubtfully, "a story. Ah, what about?"

"Anything," said Kittie.

So he took her in his arms, and began. "Once there was a little girl—"

"What was her name?" asked Kittie.

"Her name was—let me see—Kittie!"

"Pho," said Fred, "this is going to be a story about you. I don't like that kind."

His papa did not notice this interruption, but went on:

"Her parents were very fond of her—especially her papa"—here Mr. Clair paused, evidently wondering as much as anybody what would come next. "She was generally a very good child, but was rather too fond of an ugly old gray cat called Grimalkin, or Grim, for short. Well, this cat, this cat, I mean this little girl—why! she's going to sleep!"

Yes, Kittie's eyes were closed, and she opened them very sleepily when she said, "Go on, please."

"Your story was not very exciting," said Mrs. Clair, rising.

"Why, I had only begun. You have no idea what a complication of events might have followed from that simple beginning; but as Kittie is sleepy, I really think we shall have to postpone it." And Mr. Clair looked immensely relieved. He carried Kittie off to bed. She slept very soundly, and woke in the morning feeling almost strong enough to get up for breakfast.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BUMBLE-BEE STORY.

THE school-room was one of the pleasantest in the house. The windows looked out on the garden, and there was no carpet on the black walnut floor. Two little desks were there for Fred and Kittie, and one a little larger for Miss Leslie. A book-case for the school books stood in one corner, and a large black-board and some maps hung on the walls.

When Kittie was strong enough, the lessons were renewed, as Mrs. Clair thought the children were better in the house during the heat of the day, and rightly judged that they would enjoy their afternoon play better if they worked a little in the morning. But the lessons were short, and after they were recited, Miss Leslie taught them to draw in two pretty little sketch-books that Mr. Clair had brought from the city. While they were thus engaged she read them stories from history till luncheon time, and then the bell rang and the books all disappeared till the next morning.

The day was very warm, and Kittie could not fix her attention on a very simple lesson in geography. She looked at the picture of a Moorish building in Spain, and made quite a long story out of it in her own mind, which she found much more interesting than the task. Then she looked out of the window, and watched the trees waving sleepily to and fro, and the flowers parched and drooping in the summer sun. It was very still, so still that she could hear the little brook in the distance. A drowsy bumble-bee went humming past the window, and Kittie found in him some source of interest; for her face brightened and she laughed softly to herself.

"Now, Kittie," said Miss Leslie, "I am ready for that lesson."

"But I really don't know it yet, Miss Leslie."

"Let me hear what you do know, and you can study the rest afterwards."

Now, Kittie did not know the first word; but she thought she might guess some of the answers, and she got up with alacrity; for any change was acceptable after sitting still for half an hour.

"What is the capital of Spain?" asked Miss Leslie.

Kittie hadn't the faintest idea, but Fred whispered "Gibraltar," very softly.

"Gibraltar," said Kittie.

Miss Leslie looked up surprised, but seeing Fred exceedingly grave, and studying a lesson with supernatural diligence, she suspected him at once. "Did you tell her that, Fred?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Leslie," he replied.

"I wish you wouldn't. It is not honest to tell at all, and it is certainly not so to tell wrong. Here, Kittie, try again; I will give you ten minutes. You can learn all that and more if you apply yourself."

"I won't tell again, Miss Leslie," said Fred, very penitently.

Kitty applied herself this time, and knew every word of her lesson. "Oh, Miss Leslie," she began, as they opened their sketch-books, and then she paused.

"Well?" said Miss Leslie.

"I was going to ask a great favor, but I don't believe you will grant it."

"Let me know what it was."

"Mightn't we have a story out of a story-book to-day, instead of the history?" asked Kitty, in a wheedling tone.

Miss Leslie hesitated.

"Do, please," urged Fred; "it is so warm."

"Well, then, this once," she answered, and after giving some instructions about the drawing, she left the room, and returned presently with a book which had a nice old red cover, and began:

"'A bumble-bee one morning walked into a blue morning-glory. He went in very slowly, for the day was warm, and the flower felt cool and refreshing to his feet. He drank the sweet dew, then backed out leisurely, and hummed around for a few minutes looking for another flower.

Spying a morning-glory larger and bluer than the first, he went in hurriedly and bumped against a little bee who was backing out of the tempting flower.

"'I beg your pardon, madame,' said the bumble-bee; 'I did not perceive your presence.'

"'What did you want in the flower?' asked the little bee, rubbing one foot against the other, for he had trodden on her toes.

"'My breakfast, of course.'

"'That is all you ever think of,' said the little bee. 'Hollow and selfish in spite of your handsome air. For I must say,' she added, admiringly, 'that you are a fine looking fellow, though you *are* idle.'

"The bumble-bee, who had been rather angry at the first part of this speech, was quite mollified at its termination. 'By what name shall I have the honor of addressing you?' he asked politely.

"'I'm a French bee,' replied the little one; 'but the others in the hive can't say *Abeille*, which is my name, so they call me Abby.'

"'Ah,' said the bumble-bee, I admire your country and its customs. I am myself a bee of rank. My mother was the queen of Bumblebeedom, a large and stinging community; and my name,' he concluded, taking off his hat with much grace, 'is Rover.'

"Abby turned away as he stopped.

"'You seem in a hurry, madame. Have you any particular appointment this morning?'

"'I have my work to do, and can't stay gossiping here with you all day. So good-morning, sir,' and she dived into a flower, gathered the honey, and flew off, Rover following.

"'What do you want? Why don't you go about your business?' she said, impatiently.

"'I haven't any.'

"'Then go into some respectable hive, and make yourself useful.'

"'As well as ornamental?' he asked, smirking, vainly.

"'I said nothing about that,' returned the practical Abby; 'but come, help me to work today, and see how satisfactory it is to do one's duty.'

"'Well,' said Rover, after some reflection, 'I know a marsh where the loveliest wild flowers bloom. I don't mind trying it as an experiment.'

"So they flew off together, stopping often to gather honey from the wayside flowers.

"'How did you happen to leave France?' asked Rover. He was a very inquisitive bee.

"'You must know, in the first place,' began Abby.

"'Oh, is it a very long story?' asked Rover, with some alarm. He found long stories fatiguing.

"'Not very. I was born in a forest in a delightful old hollow tree; which, though not so comfortable as a patent hive, was more romantic. The inside was all mossy, and my family had made quantities of honey, enough to last us a lifetime, so I expected to succeed to wealth. But I was fond of change, and one day I flew to a village near by. There, meeting with a company of traveling bees, I became so enchanted with their description of the things to be seen in the world, that I set off on a tour that very day. I traveled a long way, and enjoyed myself vastly, till I got to a seaport town. It was near evening when I crept into a pleasant-looking hive and introduced myself to the family occupying it. They received me courteously, and offered me a shelter for the night. We all went to sleep comfortably, and the next day found ourselves at sea. I regretted my folly too late. There was no help for me, so I comforted myself by flying away in search of new adventures when we got on shore again. After some time I joined my present companions. My family were no doubt distracted when they missed me, but have ceased to mourn for me by this time,' and she wiped away a tear with one of her front feet.

"'Quite a history,' said Rover, who had not been attending, and who had very vague notions about what she had said.

"'Good morning, father,' said Abby, addressing a very thin black hermit-bee, who was crawling on a wooden fence near by.

"'Bless you, my children,' he returned.

"'Do you find the hermitage damp?' asked Abby, lighting on the fence, and crawling toward a hole in it. She peeped in, and then looked back inquiringly.

"'There is a balm—' began the hermit solemnly.

"'Yes, yes; I know,' interrupted Abby. 'Honey, you mean. You will find a nice little comb at the hive, which her gracious majesty the queen ordered to be laid aside for you.'

"'Bless you, my child,' said the hermit, more fervently than before. Then he turned and crawled into his hermitage very seriously, and as he did not come out again, they flew off.

"'A good bee is the old father,' remarked Abby.

"'Ah,' said Rover; but he showed no interest in the hermit, and they conversed very little till they reached the marsh, which fully justified Rover's praise. Flowers grew in wild luxuriance, and the perfumed air was enough to make the quietest bee hum with delight. In fact there were a good many bees there already, and Rover was fully occupied in saluting his friends.

"'You seem to have a large acquaintance,' said Abby; 'but for my part, I am going to work. And I can't see much sense in your flying around to bow to everybody.'

"'You are not like a French bee. You have no manners at all, and have evidently been unused to the claims of society,' said Rover.

"Abby felt much offended at this rude speech. She flew off indignantly, and crawled into the biggest flower she could find, where she worked industriously and came out feeling better. Rover was waiting for her outside. He apologized with great frankness and grace, and began to work very diligently indeed. So the morning passed, but later in the day when Abby emerged from a flower cup, she saw Rover sitting by himself on a wild rose bush, and looking very cross. 'What's the matter?' she inquired.

"'All work and no play makes Rover a dull bee,' he answered, sullenly.

"'Then don't work. But wait till winter comes, and then you will wish you had.' She flew towards a pretty pink blossom, and Rover went off to have a gossip with his friends.

"He found this better fun than working. There was a grand quarrel going on between some of his friends and some other bees. They were disputing about whether it was better to work or play, and the contest was very spirited. Indeed it became evident that if no one interfered, a fight would be the consequence. Rover did not like fighting, but he did not mind looking on, so he put his hands in his pockets and swung himself up and down on the slender branch of a tree, highly amused with the noise, and careful not to swing too near. But the battle was just beginning when the thin old hermit flew up and shook his head reprovingly.

"'Here is the old hermit,' shouted Rover, by way of something new. 'Let him decide the question, and don't quarrel before his reverence.' Rover didn't care a comb about his reverence, but he thought it sounded respectable and proper, as it certainly did.

"'What is the question?' asked the hermit gravely.

"'You see, good father,' said a small bee chosen as spokesman, 'we say it is best to work, because of winter, and because it is our duty; and these others say it is best to lead a jolly life, and lay up no store—no more, that is, than is absolutely necessary. What says your reverence to all this?'

"'There is but one answer,' replied the hermit, pointing to little Abby, who was busily rolling pollen between her hind feet. 'Abby yonder, and others of her stamp, being busy have kept aloof from this quarrel, while you *all*, by not working might have begun a disgraceful fight, had I not so opportunely come upon the scene and prevented it. You, who are workers, ought not to leave your duty to try and convince others, and so you would avoid quarrels, and not lose honey. While you others,' turning to the bumble-bees, 'are, I am afraid, confirmed idlers, and no amount of argument would convince you. Disperse now, my children, in peace.' So saying the hermit returned to his cell.

"'Rover,' said Abby, 'I am going home now, having done all I can for the present. Good-bye.'

"'Allow me to escort you,' he returned, and he conversed in his best manner till they reached the hive.

"'Let me beg you to remember the winter,' said Abby at parting.

"'Oh, certainly,' replied Rover; 'by all means. Good day, madame,' and he flew off, laughing to himself.

"The long and lovely summer passed away. The fading autumn came and went. The gardens looked bare and cheerless, and the wind wailed mournfully through the forest trees. Dead leaves lay strewn on the ground; some clung shivering in the trees; and some went drifting back, back, back, in search of the summer days.

"Rover flew drearily through the woods, and lay down hopelessly at last. 'My plain little friend was right,' he sighed; 'I am a good-for-nothing. No home now; the wind spoiled that last night, when my best friends froze to death. A patent hive must be comfortable as a permanent home; but I don't believe the life would suit me. I am not fit for it.' He crawled along slowly for some time, and then bethought him of the marsh. Surely those brilliant flowers could never fade. It must be summer there. He flew away to find the spot, but it was long before he reached it, and when he did he could hardly believe it was the same. It had filled with water in the autumn, and was now frozen over with thin ice, and the flowers, once so lovely, were nothing now but little crooked black stalks bending down with the wind.

"The sun was sinking in a pale yellow sky, and night was near. 'It is dreary to die out here by myself,' thought the hapless Rover. 'I will go and ask Abby to shelter me for the night,' and he flew off with some hope.

"There was a great hubbub in the hive when he entered, for the thing was unprecedented. A bumble-bee presume to disturb a working community! Abby was not there to interfere, and Rover's explanations were drowned in the general buzz.

"'Bind him, and keep him close prisoner,' said an official-looking bee. 'Her majesty is not at leisure to give him a hearing yet.'

"So poor Rover's legs were tied with dead grass, and he could not move with ease when he was at last summoned before the queen.

"'What can you mean,' demanded the queen, haughtily, 'by invading our hive? Do you know that death is the penalty?'

"'I did not know it before,' replied Rover, sadly; 'but I might as well die one way as another. Only, now that I have grown warm again, it seems harder than when I was half frozen in the woods.'

"'Pray don't argue the point, if you have nothing better than that to say,' said the queen, impatiently. 'Take him away, guards!' And he was hurried from the presence.

"At this critical moment the little Abby came hurrying in, quite breathless. 'May I beg your majesty to hear me!' she exclaimed, 'and to delay for a few moments the execution of the prisoner.'

"Abby was a favorite, and the queen graciously gave the command.

"'That bee,' said Abby, 'is the Rover who first showed me the marsh where I collected the honey so much approved by your majesty. Then you were graciously pleased to observe that he should be rewarded at some future time. I pray that his life may be spared.'

"The queen raised Abby from her knees and smiled approvingly.

"'This alters the case, my dear. And now we come to look at him, he has a distinguished air—no common bee, we are sure. Certainly, let him go, and give him some honey to take with him.'

"Abby joyfully untied Rover's cords, and gave him some of her best honey. 'Fly to the old hermit,' she whispered; 'he will give you a shelter, and will tell you how to go far South where I am told is perpetual summer. And now—farewell.'

"Rover thanked her warmly and wiped away a tear of gratitude; took the honey and flew to the hermitage. Here he was welcomed, and the hermit confirming what Abby had said, he turned toward the South one sunny day and flew to the summer lands. Here he lived happily all his days, and was not unmindful of his friends; for he sent by a traveling bee a letter to Abby written on a tiny bit of jasimin, in which he thanked her as the author of his present happiness.

"He never became industrious, for that was not in his nature; but he led a merry life among the orange groves, and lived to a good old age."

(*To be continued.*)

Poll Parrot's Posy.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

"ONLY a rosebud for Polly"—sang the children, bursting in from school, like a small whirlwind.

Polly turned over on her little bed, screwed back the tears into the brown eyes, and looked at them.

"*I'm* a-goin' to give it," announced the "Digger Indian," so called from the remarkable warwhoops he could raise at short notice. "Miss Cutter handed it to me. Give it here, Midge!"

"No such thing!" exclaimed Philip determinedly, making a lunge for the blossom. "She *looked* at me anyway, when she said, 'Take this rosebud to Polly.' Stand aside, Dig!"

"It's mine—it's *mine!*" shouted little Midge, in a perfect frenzy, and hanging on for dear life to the poor rose. And she began to whirl around and around in such a frantic effort to keep clear of both of the boys, that Polly's eyes seemed almost to spin in their sockets, from the vain attempt to follow the course of the little brown apron in its mad career.

"It'll be torn to death," she said, as soon as she could be heard for the scuffle, "if some one don't give it to me pretty quick."

"Oh! you've spoilt it!" cried Midge, with a dreadful howl, trying to parry an energetic lunge on the part of the "Digger." "You stuck your thumb right into it. There now, just see! it's all squashed in!" and she held it up in extreme irritation.

This was too great a temptation for Philip. He gave one spring—almost catching the coveted prize; but was one jump too late. The "Digger" as usual, was on hand. The result of it was, that nobody presented the blossom, which was precipitated with so much force out of Midget's hand, that it flew over to the little bed, and landed skillfully on Polly's nose.

"Thank you!" she said laughing; "I'm glad to get it at all. Oh, how lovely!" and she buried her nose in its depths, for a good sniff. "What'd Miss Cutter say?" she asked, with a bright light in her eyes.

"She sent her love," began Midget, rattling on, to get ahead of the boys.

"An' 'Give this rose to Polly,'" interrupted both of the others; "that's all. Let's go an' play, now."

"I'll get a glass of water," said Midget, scrambling upon a chair to reach up to the shelf. "Then it'll keep fine a good while."

"I'd rather hold it first," said Polly, twisting it lovingly in her thin fingers. "I haven't had one in so long. It does seem lovely, Midget; you can't think!"

"I know," said Midget, getting down from the chair with a cracked glass in her hand—half full of water, and gazing at Polly with great satisfaction depicted in every line of her chubby face, at the delight of the little invalid. "Now, I'll put this here, an' then when you get through with looking at it, you can stick it into the water." And she set down the glass on a small stand by the bedside, and then stood and gazed at her.

"You run out an' play, dear," said Polly, looking up, and catching her expression. "You're tired being in school so long. I'm all right, now I've got my posy."

"I won't be gone *very* long," said Midget, edging toward the door. "An' I wouldn't go at all, only I know Dig is chasing all my toads, an' making 'em hop themselves to death."

"Well, hurry out then," laughed Polly. But Midget was already half way down the stairs, and didn't hear a word.

How long she lay there, thinking about, and turning over, the pretty pink blossom, Polly never knew. But the first thing that happened—she was fast asleep. And the little rosebud fell from her fingers, and lay upon the pillow, nestling against her cheek.

"An' I say it's *mine!*" said a dismal voice, from the other side of the room. "It's mine—mine—*mine!* 'Give it to Polly'—that's me."

There was a great flapping of wings, and a rustling, as if a heavy, awkward body was preparing to start on its travels; and then down, with a hop and a plunge, from its perch in the corner, came a big, ungainly parrot.

"An' I'll have it!" she croaked, waddling excitedly over to the little bed. "It's mine! Give it to Polly. It's *mine!*"

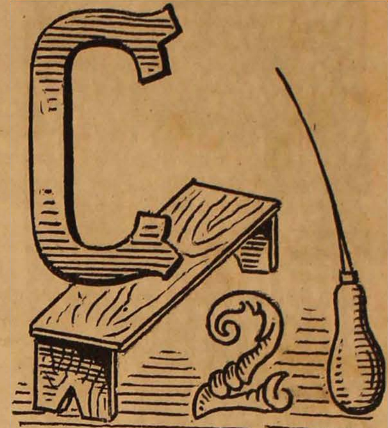
And on the little sleeper breathed, with soft, regular inspirations, and a happy smile on her face. *Couldn't* somebody wake her up?

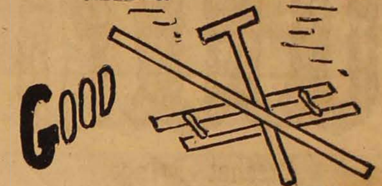
"Kr—r! *kr—r!*" With a hop intended to be very graceful, Poll-parrot scuffled on to the bed, and seizing the little pink rosebud in her ugly old beak, bore it away to inspect at her leisure.

"It's *mine!*" she croaked to herself, as if to ease her conscience. And squatting down in the middle of the floor, with one eye on the little bed and its occupant, she held up the rosebud in one claw, and took a good long smell.

"What smells so good, *must* be good to eat," she probably reasoned, for presently, she suddenly bent her head, and took a good mouthful out of the center. But with a sniff of disappointment and disdain, she immediately spit it out again—still croaking, however—"It's mine. Give it to Polly!"

And there they found her—the troop, when they bundled in again from their play. But I think it's safe to say, she never ate another rosebud.



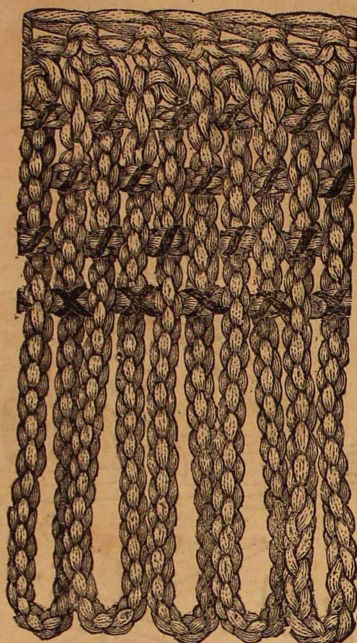


ILLUSTRATED REBUS—SOLUTION IN OUR NEXT.

Solution to Illustrated Rebus in July.

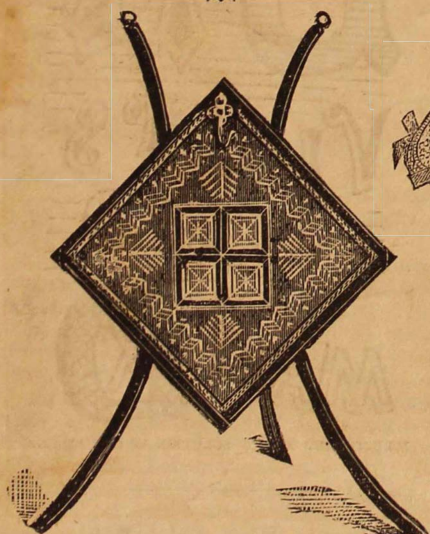
Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked into a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing,
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before a king.

Fancy Work.



Crochet Fringe.

This fringe is suitable for shawls and tidies ; it is also a pretty addition to lambrequins for brackets. Along a chain of wool crochet as follows : First row (in the back of the chain-stitch), 1 double, miss 31. Second row, going back along the stitches, double back along the stitches. Double crochet, then work three rows of cross-stitch with filoselle, taking in the loops.



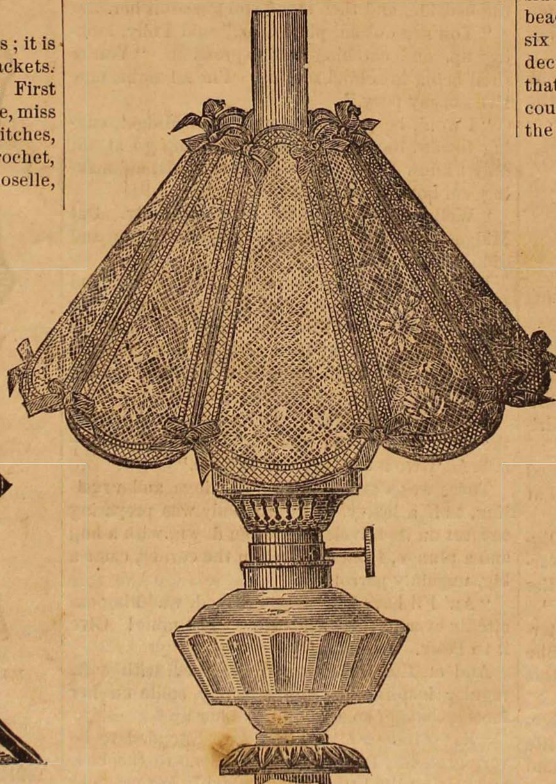
Watch-Stand.

The stand is of black wicker or wire. The square in the center is made of cardboard covered with satin on both sides, and on the side which is to be the front put several thicknesses of cotton. Cover it entire with a square of Valenciennes lace. Finish the edge with a full ruching of ribbon.

Wind a large hook with silk, and fasten at the top to hang the watch on. Tie the square to the stand case with ribbon.

Fan or Hand-Screen.

Cover two pieces of very thin cardboard on one side with silk. Paint or embroider a floral design in the center of each. For the handle use the end of an old parasol handle, or purchase a handsome carved tooth-brush and cut the bristles off, and glue it firmly between the two cardboards. Finish the edge with chenille and gold braid, and at the top glue in any kind of fancy feathers, cord, and tassels, to correspond with the silk and painting.



Lamp-Shades.

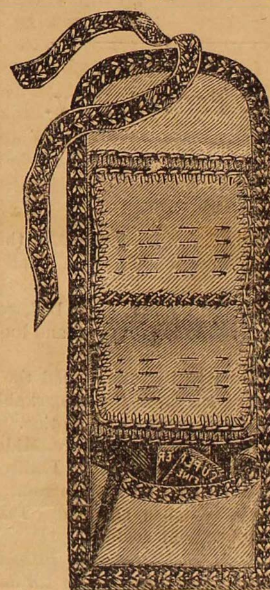
Octagonal lamp-shade of glazed paper, scalloped according to illustration. On each section is pasted a spray of cretonne or dried flowers ; and a narrow line of stamped gold paper is arranged round the edge, and each section is covered with fine white Mechlin net. The eight parts are then bound with ribbon, stitched together, and finished off with bows and ends according to the illustration.

Herring-bone Purse.

Only two needles are required for this knitting. Cast on eighty-eight stitches, begin with the silk forward, slip a stitch, knit a stitch, pass the first over the second, knit a stitch, bring the silk forward and rib the next ; when this is done, the silk will be forward ; begin again. If the purse is required to be longer, cast on as many stitches as are necessary, only it must be a number which can be divided by *four*.

Porcupine Knitting for a Purse.

Four fine needles, nearly three skeins of silk and one string of gold beads are required. Thread some of the beads on the silk before you begin. Cast 36 stitches on each of three needles, knit a plain round. Knit 4 stitches, bring the silk forward, knit a stitch—this is the center stitch of the pattern—bring the silk forward, knit 4 stitches, slip a stitch, taking it under, knit 2 taken together, pull the slipped stitch over it, then begin knitting the 4 stitches again, etc. It is better at the end of each needle to knit a stitch off the next one, as it prepares for the next round. Continue thus for six rounds, increasing before and after every center stitch, and knitting till within one of where you decreased, which stitch slip, knit the next two together, and pull the slipped stitch over it, Knit a plain round. Knit another round plain, excepting over the center stitches, where you are to knit a bead, bringing it through the stitch. Knit a plain round, keeping the beads on the outside of the purse. (This purse is knitted wrong side outward.) Knit to within one stitch of the bead stitch, which slip ; knit two together ; these six rounds increase each side of the stitch you decreased with in the last pattern, which makes that the center stitch for the bead. It is easy to count the number of rounds you have done, at the place where you decreased.



Needle-Book.

The design of needle book is shown open. It may be made of any material. It is bound with a fancy ribbon one-half inch wide. The cover of the book is six and one-half inches long, and two and one-quarter inches wide. Line it with a light-colored silk At one end make a pocket for holding papers of needles ; and pieces of flannel worked with button-hole stitch on the edges, and fastened to the silk by herring-bone stitch, are put in for needles.

FASHIONABLE CALLS.

THIS IS A LOVELY DAY FOR MAKING CALLS; SHALL WE GO OUT AND BORE OTHER PEOPLE, OR STAY AT HOME AND HAVE OTHER PEOPLE COME AND BORE US?

THERE NOW IT WOULD BE A GOOD OPPORTUNITY TO RETURN MRS. DE JONES'S CALL. I SEE SHE HAS GONE OUT OF TOWN FOR A WEEK.

Callers.—YOU ARE *quite* SURE SHE'S NOT AT HOME? *New Domestic.*—INDADE I *am*; SHE JUST TOLD ME SO HERSELF WHEN SHE SAW YEES A COMING.

Arabella.—TIRED, OF COURSE I'M TIRED. I'VE HAD A HORRID TIME. 'MOST EVERY ONE I CALLED ON WAS AT HOME.

Out of Season.—An empty pepper-box.

Useful Piece of Information.—To ascertain the weight of a horse, put your toe under his foot.

Net Profit!—The dramatic editor of a leading daily has been caught by a net. 'Twas a brunette, and he rather likes it.

Good Advice.—If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dress-maker's.

That is—nearly always.—" A Woman after All " is the title of a book before us. That's it. That is the thing they are usually after, and they always get it, too.

Irish "Bull."—A Irishman on seeing a very small coffin exclaimed, " Is it possible that coffin was intended for any living creature ? "

The one thing that is easily borrowed.—There is one thing which the poorest man can always borrow plenty of on his own personal security, and that is trouble.

Little Episode.—Waiter : " Beg pardon, sir, but I think you've made a mistake. This is five cents." —Old Gent (grandly) : " Oh, dear, no ; not at all ! I never give less."

" No Name " Series.—If you don't want to be robbed of your good name, don't have it engraved on your umbrella or carpet bag.

What Women are Doing.

Mount Pilatus, near Lucerne, was ascended for the first time this season on the 5th inst. by two English ladies.

Queen Victoria has contributed five etchings for the June number of the *Art Magazine*.

Rosa Bonheur has made a magnificent study of the famous lion "Hero" and his mate in the Marseilles Zoölogical Gardens.

Miss Eva Mills, a soprano singer and a member of the Richings-Bernard Opera Company, is the daughter of Clark Mills, the sculptor.

Mrs. Jenny M. Hicks publishes a weekly paper at Kansas City, Mo., which is said to be highly creditable to her zeal and energy.

Some Ladies in Paris, as a consequence of having the vote refused to them, have declined to pay taxes.

Providence, R. I., ladies have started a "Woman's Exchange" on the principle of the one in New York.

A Practical Course of medicine for women has been opened every Friday, at the Communal School of the Rue d'Argenteuil, Paris; Dr. Filleau is the Professor, and many ladies are attending it.

Helen E. Coolidge is a partner in the law business with her father, an ex-Judge, at Niles, Mich. The firm name is Coolidge & Daughter.

Mrs. E. M. Latimer is winning high praise for her admirable descriptions of "Colonial Life in Maryland," published in the *International Review*.

Princess Elizabeth of Prussia has received the Medal of Merit from the Ministers for her literary achievements. In addition to her other works, she has translated several of her Roumanian poems into English and German.

Holiday Rambles by a wife with her husband, is one of the most charming books of the season. MacMillan & Co. republish it from the English edition.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor is the editor of a volume of "Essays, and Literary Notes," by her lamented husband, which has been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The preface is written with excellent judgment and taste, though the tone of sadness is unmistakable.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe held a "Peace" meeting on June 2d, in Boston, but women generally do not seem much more peaceably disposed than men.

Mrs. S. R. Wells is the active and able head of the well-known publishing firm of S. R. Wells & Co., which has recently moved its business and offices into new and elegant quarters, 753 Broadway.

Miss Rosina Emmett won the first prize of $1,000 for the best design for Christmas cards, offered by Prang & Co.

Princess Christian gave a grand concert recently, assisted by Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt and others, at the Albert Institute in aid of the Union Workhouse, Windsor.

Mrs. Anna Mayhew Simonds, of Boston, who is pursuing her musical studies in Berlin, under the renowned teacher Dr. Theodore Kullak, made her *debut* with orchestra, and was most favorably received.

Gertrude Kellogg, the American elocutionist, gave recently successful recitations of American authors before a distinguished company at Willis's Rooms, London.

Mrs. Senator Windom is described as a clever woman—one so wise and accomplished that she is herself the sole instructor of her children.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will give an address on "Changes in American Society," before the American Social Science Association at its meeting in Saratoga next September.

Miss Annie Louise Cary intends to spend the summer in Switzerland, among the mountains of which she hopes to regain robust health.

The Empress Eugenie proved herself to be a very good sailor during her voyage to the Cape. She never missed appearing at table, though for many days she was the only lady of the party who did so. She is said to have endeared herself to every one on board.

Mrs. Stowe is now at work dramatizing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" entirely anew for Mr. J. B. Pond, who will produce the new version in New York in December. Mark Twain is said to be assisting Mrs. Stowe.

Mrs. Jane Germon, the mother of Effie Germon, of Wallack's Theater, was complimented by a benefit at the Academy of Music, in Baltimore, on the occasion of reaching her fiftieth year upon the stage. She is still an admirable "Old Woman."

The Duchess of Marlborough attended the last "Drawing Room" given by the queen for the present season, wearing the Order of Victoria and Albert, conferred upon her by the queen, for her labors in behalf of the suffering Irish. Her dress was of old-gold and bronze satin, trimmed with magnificent lace.

Miss Amy Dunsmuer has written a novel, "Vida," which is attracting attention because it is a study of a girl who has "simple honesty, sincerity as transparent and pure as a limpid brook, and directness of sense and feeling almost instinctive." She is an uncommon heroine of modern fiction.

Miss Helen Potter, of Boston, well known as a reader and impersonator, has become a citizen of New York. She has taken a house with her sister, Mrs. Rice, on 126th Street, near Ninth Avenue. She has impersonated John B. Gough five hundred and ninety times, her mimicry of his peculiar style being her most popular characterization.

The Future Empress Stephanie's first experience of the outer world was gained at the Paris Exhibition, to which she was taken incognita by her father, who used, after passing the morning in the galleries, to lunch with her at one of the restaurants. The young lady is quick-witted as well as good-hearted, and will make an excellent empress.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is an invalid, and therefore, says *The Boston Herald*, is unable to maintain any regular system of work; she writes when she is in the mood and health to do so. Her chief trouble is sleeplessness, and on a day that follows a night of sleep she does her literary work. She is a slender, graceful woman, with a sympathetic face and a gentle voice. She is kindly and charitable and full of good deeds.

Mlle. Marie Van Zandt, the new American prima donna, has received a high compliment from M. Ambroise Thomas. "She does not play Mignon," says the composer; "she is Mignon." Madame Christine Nilsson says that the young girl in her voice and her ways so reminds her of herself in her youth that she calls Mlle. Marie "La Petite Nilsson."

Miss Anna Dickinson has made an immense impression with her reading of her new play of "Aurelian" throughout the West. It is a splendid piece of work, and will take the highest rank both as a reading and acting play.

Some Philadelphia ladies have formed themselves into a society called the Northern Day Nursery Association, have rented a house and placed therein an experienced matron, who, assisted by her daughter, will give a mother's care and attention supplemented by three square meals a day, at a nominal price, to the little children of the poor while their mothers are out at work.

Signora Carina, of Brescia, bequeathed, in 1851, to the Athenæum of her native city 12,000 francs, the annual revenue to be used as a prize to recompense philanthropic work. At the last distribution Teresa Biagi received a prize. She saw a child of four years fall into the river, which was very deep in that place. This woman, though in delicate health, ran precipitately down a ladder, snatched the child as he rose, and gave him safely into the hands of those who were on the bank; she received a diploma of honor and 50 francs.

Miss Selma Borg's lecture on the "Kalevala" is a rich treat, and opens up a mine of Finnish poetry and literature, which has never before been worked, at least, in a popular way, and in this country. It aroused the utmost enthusiasm upon a recent occasion in Boston.

At the Marriage of the Princess Pauline of Würtemburg, to Dr. Willem, the clergyman in a brief address preceding the ceremony reminded the bridegroom that in marrying him the royal bride had surrendered a good deal that was esteemed grand and valuable in life. When the bride's turn came, however, to make the marriage response she added to the syllable "Yes" the following words in a quiet tone: "I declare I give up nothing that can at all be valued in comparison to the happiness awaiting me, and I consider my lot a most enviable one."

The Success of Miss Genevieve Ward in her remarkable experiment of playing "*L'Aventurière*" in the French language in London, has been followed by something still more wonderful. This is her appearance in "Misanthropie et Repentir," Kotzebue's German original of "The Stranger." An American Mrs. Haller speaking French, and playing in a French translation of a German piece to an English audience must have been a singular spectacle, and one that would certainly invest Mrs. Haller with a new interest.

The Wife of a miserly old man of Philadelphia brought a suit, complaining that she had been compelled to live on potatoes, mush and sour milk, and was ill-treated by her husband and daughters. She demanded a comfortable subsistence out of the estate, as she had helped in its accumulation by attending market for years, rain or shine, and selling the produce of a farm. The husband, Mr. Mathias Powers, whose estate is valued at over a hundred thousand dollars, has been ordered to pay fifteen dollars a week for his wife's support. An exchange says, pithily, "This for women, and if there were more such instances there would be fewer farmers' wives in our lunatic asylums."

Victoria, Crown Princess of Germany, who is an active sight-seer, has been having a happy visit in Rome. The Pope commanded that every courtesy should be offered to her in the Vatican galleries. She dressed plainly and excited little observation, preserving as much as possible her incognito. She visited the Pantheon during her explorations, and caused a garland with the Prussian colors to be laid on Victor Emmanuel's tomb.

Dr. Augusta Herz, the renowned orthopedist, known for her skill in cure of deformed feet, far and wide through Northern Germany, died in Altenburg, April 16. Her educational course was a rather extraordinary one. She was first a pupil of the famous musical masters Mieksch and Wieck in Dresden; later attended Fredrich Fröbel's lectures on kindergarten system; afterward when her husband lay for years in prison for political offenses, she established the first public kindergarten in Dresden, and also trained kindergarten teachers. Still later in life she devoted herself to gymnastics and orthopedy.

The Indiana State Board of Agriculture has voted to give to the Women's Board of Industry the entire control and management in the next

State Fair of the goods in the textile and domestic departments. This body also appropriated 1,000 dollars to carry out this plan. The idea of a women's department in the State Fair, managed exclusively by women, was first suggested to the Indiana State Board in the summer of 1878. To the surprise of all, the idea was favorably considered. The success of the first year's experiment was so great as to give it strength.

Mesdames Elizabeth and Madeline Girelli have founded at Marone a large establishment where 120 poor girls are educated to earn their own bread by work; 120 girls are thus saved from misery and vice. These benevolent ladies superintend themselves this institution, to which they have consecrated their fortune and their life. They were decreed a silver medal, but their modesty equals their generosity; they have asked that the price of their medal should be given to their asylum. Another woman, a vegetable seller, Angelina Trinilla, refused a gold medal which had been voted to her for a heroic deed, saying—"I only did my duty in aiding others; send the price of the medal to Sicily, to aid our sufferers there; this will make me happy." Her noble wish was granted.

Mrs. E. A. Smith, the well-known scientist of Jersey City, has been on a visit to the Tuscarora Chief, Mr. Mt. Pleasant, and his wife, the daughter of Col. Parker, of Ex-President Grant's staff at the Tuscarora Reservation, for the purpose of making a study of the folk lore of the Iroquois Indians, for the next meeting of the American Science Association, in Boston. The great Sachem was so well pleased with the lady and her good intention toward his people, that he solemnly adopted her as his sister in presence of the tribe, conferring upon her the name of "*Rah-je-je-stah-gnast, O-whadeah-ge-nh-je-rah, Tuscarora.*" Or, "Beautiful Flower, the White Bear of the Tuscaroras."

Mlle. Nevada, the new prima donna who has just appeared in London, is called in the West "the Sagebrush Nightingale." Her name off the stage is Emma Corinne Wixom, and she is a daughter of a physician in Nevada. As a little girl she showed musical capacity, and was sent abroad to study under Marchesi at Vienna. The young lady is short in stature and plump; she is not handsome, but has a pretty mouth, expressive eyes and a charming manner. Her voice is sweet, but small, and she cannot act at all.

Mrs. James Brander, an eminent English teacher, has been appointed by the British Government to the high position of Inspectress of Schools for Madras. The appointment, says the New York *Tribune*, was wholly unsolicited. It is a curious comment on republican conservatism that women should be advanced to higher posts of educational trust in England than America.

The two most promising American woman artists in Europe are Miss Cornelia W. Conant and Miss E. J. Gardner. Each contributes regularly to the Paris Salon, and is represented there this year. Miss Conant appears also at the New York Academy exhibition. Her picture for the present season is a very artistic transcript of peasant family life at Ecouen, France—an interior with figures of a mother, an infant sleeping in a cradle and a young girl seated at a table. Its charm of color is notably refreshing, and the paint shows nothing of that dryness, and the touch nothing of that uncertainty which are sometimes supposed to be characteristics of woman's work with pigments.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria and Queen of Hungary made a public speech in Pesth, the other day, in aid of the Red Cross Society, for the support of soldiers' widows, orphans and mothers. She is mentioned as looking superb—"the queenliest of queens"—in a long, tight-fitting black robe, trimmed with Bordeaux velvet, and a "Gainsborough" hat crowned with heavy feathers. The little speech, which was admirably delivered, with regal haughtiness tempered with womanly sympathy for the cause it treated of, concluded with the words, "Forget for an instant that I am your queen, and consider me merely as a woman pleading to women in the cause of women." It was greeted by her audience with deafening cries of "Eljeu! Eljeu!"

American Tea.—For the last five years a lady in Georgia, who has a plantation favorable to the cultivation of the tea-plant, has been trying the interesting experiment of tea-growing in the United States. Her success has been quite decided, the plants growing as vigorously as in China or Japan, and though the modes of picking and curing are very crude, this native American tea is reported unusually fine in flavor. As an opening, this may be considered an important beginning, though it is hardly probable that it will develop sufficiently during this century to turn the tide of our foreign importations.

Miss Riley of Cincinnati is making her mark as a dentist. One day her father asked her if she would not like to study dentistry. She caught at the idea eagerly. "I went into it with all manner of enthusiasm," said Miss Riley, "and I think it is beautiful work." One could not but think of the horrible clamps and other instruments of torture, but evidently these had no part in the young lady's visions. After studying at Hamilton, she came to the Ohio Dental College, and took the course, setting up herself as a professional dentist only last month. "Do you find that you have the strength to pull teeth?" was inquired. "Yes, if necessary," she replied, "but really it is very seldom that it is necessary. Dental science has discovered so many ways that are better, and we restore the imperfect tooth rather than extract it."

Miss Louisa Lander, sister of the lamented General Lander, is doing on a small scale for old Salem, Mass., what Miss McLaughlin is doing for Cincinnati. After a protracted residence in Rome she has opened a studio in her old home, a fine old-fashioned house, where she has a wheel and fashions vases. Among the attractive features of a recent art exhibition in Salem was a collection of her own pottery and porcelain. There were small vases and jugs, every one of which had some special beauty of its own, either in color or design. A placque in biscuit was particularly noticeable, not only for the delicacy of its execution, but also for the beauty and originality of its design. It was called "Night," and represented a robed female figure with bowed head resting upon the uplifted arms, floating through space. An imitation of Japanese ware was also extremely good, the design being faithfully copied, while the color of the glaze, and its application were so deceptive that any one would have been justified in pronouncing it genuine "Kioto." The vase, on which was a graceful figure entitled "Psyche," was modeled from old Bass River clay, the baking being done at the "Old Danvers" pottery in Peabody. This may be called a true art product of Essex County.

A "Smart" Woman.—Mrs. Drusilla Laha was born in Wellfleet, Mass., September 19, 1787, and at eighteen years of age was married, her husband then being in command of a vessel. After having been married six years, she being but twenty-four years of age, and having two children, a boy of four and one two, her husband was brought home to her an invalid for life, having been taken from the side of his wrecked vessel after four days' exposure to wind and the wash of the waters. Then it was that he became disheartened and saw nothing but destitution staring him and his family in the face. She started a store, small at first, of course, but for fifty-nine years she made monthly visits to Boston in small sailboats, replenishing her stock, etc.; and she says many and many a time she has taken over $100 a day over her counter. For fifty years she took care of her invalid husband, who was not able even to dress himself. She educated her two boys and started them in business. She also adopted, clothed, fed, educated and placed in good positions in the world twenty orphan boys and girls, besides visiting and taking care of the sick at all hours day and night. She will be ninety-three years old in September.

Women in the Northwest.—After many years of arduous labor, both in the lecture field and through her paper, the *New Northwest*, Mrs. Duniway has lived to see the women of Oregon admitted to the elective franchise in all matters relating to public schools.

Mrs. Duniway belongs to a family of journalists. Her brother, Mr. Scott, editor of the *Oregonian*, the leading daily of the Northwest, is a recognized leader in his profession. Her sister, Mrs. Coburn, editor of the Portland *Daily Bee*, is also a writer of ability.

Saving Life.—The Ministry have accorded a silver medal to Madame Petit, a baker at Gironde, for having put off to sea in a little boat in the midst of a storm to save life in a shipwreck. A similar medal has been given to Madame Marie Combreuil (Haute Loire) for devoting herself to the succor of several persons who were in a burning house. Other medals have been given to the following ladies for acts of humanity:—(1) Madame Marie Auradon, President of the Society Sainte Anna de Saint Louis, at Bordeaux; (2) Madame Clemence Prudhomme, President of the Society for Mutual Beneficence at Grenoble; (3) Madame Josephine Bessard, Administratrix of the Society of Female Manufacturers of Tobacco at Berry; (4) Mademoiselle Charlotte Moulin, of the Society Sainte Clotilde of Saint Cloud; (5 and 6) Sisters Rosalie and Germaine, of the Civil Hospital of Mustapha, for *boundless devotion* during the small-pox epidemic of 1877 and 1878.

A Brave Daughter.—A man in Toledo, with a wife and three children, became involved with an intriguing woman, and procured a divorce in an obscure Indiana town. He did not say a word about it at home. One day his oldest daughter received a parcel of patterns from a lady in Indianapolis. It was an old copy of a country newspaper. An advertisement attracted her attention. It was an application for a divorce for her father from her mother. The young lady decided to visit her friend in Indianapolis and to make an excursion to the county where the divorce had been granted. She returned with ample evidence that her mother was living with a divorced man. She showed her father a copy of the advertisement, and told him that she had found out all about him. He walked the floor for a minute, and then turned to his daughter. "I have been a very bad and guilty man," he said; "but it is not too late to make amends. I will go to her and confess all, and undo what I have done." "Confess first to me," said the girl. "It is Miss —— who is the woman in the case, is it not?" "It is." "I thought as much. Are you to marry her?" "I was to have married her." "You must not go to mamma yet. She must be your wife again before she knows the truth." The young lady was equal to the emergency. The twentieth anniversary of her parents' marriage was close at hand. She invited all their friends and had them married again by the same minister who performed the ceremony twenty years before. She took pains to have her mother's rival present, and remarked to her in a corner: "Papa and mamma are married again as fast as the law can do it. Whether the truth is ever known depends upon you. Papa will never tell it, I am sure, and for mamma's sake I never shall. But it seems to

me, dear, that some other climate would suit your constitution better than this."

Secondary Schools in France.—The following is the course of instruction as given by the *Droit des Femmes*, which the French Chamber orders under the new law, for the secondary education of young girls in the various departments and towns. It is stated that this law may be taken as the starting point for a new intellectual life among Frenchwomen.

The course of instruction comprises:

Moral teaching.

The French language, and at least one other modern language.

Ancient and modern literature.

Geography.

French history, and a survey of general history.

Mathematics, and physicial and natural sciences.

Hygiene.

Domestic economy and needlework.

Some instruction in common law.

Design and modeling.

Music.

Gymnastics.

A special course of pedagogy for the pupil teachers may be added to these establishments.

After an examination, a diploma will be given to the young girls who may have followed the course of instruction in these secondary schools.

Each school is placed under the authority of a directress. The instruction will be given by professors, men or women, provided with regular diplomas. When the professor who conducts the class is a man, a mistress, or a sub-mistress, shall be present as a superintendent.

Foreign Decorations Given to Women.—The following countries give decorations to women. The date of the institution of the order follows the name:

Austria.—Order of the *Croix Etoilée*, 1668.

Bavaria.—Order of St. Elizabeth, 1766. Order of Theresa, 1827. Order of St. Anne of the *Convent des Dames de Munich*, 1802. Order of St. Ann of the *Convent des Dames* de Wurtzbourg, 1803. *Croix du Mérite*, 1870, for both men and women.

France.—The cross of the *Légion d'Honneur*, 1802, has of late been given to women, as for example, to Rosa Bonheur in 1865.

Mecklenburg.—Order *de la Couronne des Wendes*, 1864; the grand cross of this order is given to women only.

Persia.—*Ordre pour les Dames*, 1873.

Portugal.—Order of St. Elizabeth, 1801.

Prussia.—*Ordre de Louise*, 1814.

Russia.—Order of St. Catherine, 1714.

Saxony.—*Ordre de Sidonie*, 1871.

Würtemburg.—*Ordre d'Olga*, 1871, for both sexes.

England.—The queen, as sovereign, is at the head of the Order of the Garter, but since the time of Edward IV., women have not been admitted to that order except when a queen occupied the throne. England grants several minor decorations to women, the "Victoria," the "Albert," the "Crown of India," and "St. Katharine," this last being for nurses especially.

Spain.—The royal order of Queen Maria Louisa, created by Charles IV., a blue and white ribbon worn as a scarf with an eight-pointed cross. There is another order, worn as a bracelet, but reserved for ladies belonging to the "Junta of Women," in Cadiz, in the insurrection there. It is continued to their descendants.

Decorations given to women are that of the Amaranta, Sweden; Elizabeth Theresa, Austria; St. Isabella, Spain; *Tesle Morte*, Würtemberg. The first female knights were the women who preserved Tortosa from falling into the hands of the Moors in 1149. Women have also been admitted to many of the male orders.

Women of Yesterday and To-Day.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

"Love learned, she had sung of love and love,
And like a child that, sleeping with dropt head
Upon the fairy book he lately read,
Whatever household noises round him move,
Hears in his dream some elfin turbulence,—
Even so, suggestive to her inner sense,
All sounds of life assumed one tune of love."
—Mrs. Browning.

Strikingly strange, like the wild tropical scenes of the African gold coast, amidst which she died, were the incidents in the life of the gifted L. E. L. Like Byron and Shelley, she was a born poet, of more than ordinary powers, and like them she possessed by nature an over-sensitive soul. But while those brilliant geniuses left behind them the records of sad, wild and willful lives, through their own faults and uncurbed passions, against L. E. L. no charge has ever been sustained for an hour.

She suffered through the malice of foes, and what was worse and harder to bear, of unknown foes, who hid themselves behind the cowardly screen of an anonymous correspondence, and attacked their helpless victim, while careful to keep beyond her reach.

Miss Landon was forced, at a very early age, to pursue literature for a livelihood—a necessity, the miseries of which it is hardly possible to exaggerate, for a woman. Her troubles began with her first venture in public life. The secret of the bitter and relentless persecution which she met will probably never be disclosed. The grave now covers victim and persecutor, but wherever told, her story must awaken interest and excite sympathy.

How often have we walked past the house, 25 Hans Place, just off Old Brompton Road, where the sweet song bird was born, and in whose neighborhood, until within a year of her death, she generally made her home. Alluding in a letter friendly to the "fascinations" of H. P., as she playfully styled her residence, she says: "Vivid must be the imagination that could discover them.

"Never hermit in his cell,
Where repose and silence dwell,
Human shape and human word,
Never seen and never heard,

had a duller life than the indwellers of our square," and Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her "Maid Marian," says: "It was so quiet in Hans Place, that the very cats who came to live there unlearned to mew."

In this still spot most of her school days were passed, and when she became her own mistress she chose the same scene for her residence. When one group of inmates left the house she still clung to it with their successors, and after every temporary wandering returned again, "like a blackbird to its nest."

Her father dying when she was quite young, her uncle, the Dean of Exeter, paid for her education, and that being complete, she went to reside with her grandmother. When but thirteen some of her poems were published, the avails of which were appropriated by her grandmother, who, from some unhappy peculiarity of disposition, made the young girl's life anything but a pleasant one.

With this introduction to the public, through these juvenile essays, began her sufferings under the most calumnious attacks. There was no slander too vile, no assertion too wicked to heap on her fair fame. Immorality of the grossest kind was after a while charged against her, when there was not the shadow of a foundation for it. They who disbelieved the accusations repeated them, so that after a while her reputation was questioned by all. Not one of her own sex stood forward to defend her, and like a hunted fawn at bay, she found herself, while highly gifted, keenly sensitive, and pure as the new-fallen snow, a victim of the most heartless and cruel slanders. With all this, she possessed qualities eminently fitted to gain esteem and affectionate regard, great warmth of feeling, a peculiar charm of manner and address, an affectionate nature, a simplicity of mind wholly free from affectation, and a guileless character, child-like in many of its traits.

Her hand was sought in marriage, again and again, but as soon as it became known that she was receiving special attention, her suitor would be unceasingly plied with anonymous letters. He might have perfect faith in his love, but what racking torture must thus have been inflicted on her sensitive spirit. It always ended by her breaking the engagement, and so dragged away years of anguish, while she kept herself to herself as much as she could, and sang from an aching heart her plaintive lays.

When she had accumulated a little money from the sale of her poems, she bought an annuity for the old grandmother whose trying temper had been to her, for years, a heavy cross, and then hied back to Hans Place. Some very silly things were said of her, as that "she ought to write with a crystal pen, dipped in dew, upon silver paper, and use for pouce the dust of a butterfly's wing." The writer of the above would probably assign for the scene of her authorship a fairy-like boudoir with rose-color and silver hangings, fitted up with all the luxuries of refined taste. But it was her invariable habit to write in her bedroom, a barely finished and still more barely furnished attic room.

When stung almost to madness by the falsehoods circulating about her, she was sought in marriage by a British army officer, stationed at Cape Coast Castle, but then in England, on a furlough. A few months before her most unfortunate union with this man—Captain Maclean—one often in her company says, "She was the admired of all admirers, the great object of attraction, surrounded in every company where she appeared by many of the most eminent and literary men of the day."

After her engagement her *fiancé* absented himself from her for months, not once writing to her during the interim, which with other vexations brought her to the verge of the grave. When asked by one of her friends if he intended to fulfill his engagement, he replied that he feared the climate of Africa would be too much for her, that he did not wish to marry her, but shrank from telling her.

His conduct seeming to her to be dictated by generosity, she wrote him affectionately, and the engagement was renewed on condition it should be kept a secret, although her friends warned her against him. When the ceremony was performed, it was in private, and was acknowledged by him only a short time before going on shipboard, and then he refused to allow the maid who had been in her service for years to accompany her, though permitting her to take a new one.

During the tedious and protracted voyage, the captain of the ship observed the marked indifference with which her husband treated her, and when on landing, he added to indifference, ill-humor and reproaches, her nerves became so unstrung that she wrote to a friend in England that she trembled at the sound of her husband's voice. When she finally reached the castle which was to be her home, the maid she took with her was discharged, and she was required to do the work of a menial!

To another friend she wrote: "There are eleven or twelve chambers empty here, I am told, yet Mr. Maclean refuses to let me have one of them for my own use, nor will he permit me to enter the bedroom from the hour I leave it, seven in the morning, until he quits it, at one in the afternoon. I never see him until seven in the evening, when he comes to dinner, and when that is over he plays the violin until ten o'clock when I go to bed. He says he will never cease correcting me until he has broken my spirit, and complains of my temper, which you know was never, even under severe trials, bad."

The real cause of this extraordinary conduct was afterward made known. He had formed a liason with a woman of the country, a niece of a colonial merchant, such a connection not being considered disreputable, in the low state of morals prevalent there, though the presence of the English wife necessitated the departure of the colonial concubine.

Her untimely death followed in a few weeks after her landing, and was caused by poison, accidentally administered by her own hand. For months she had used minute doses of prussic acid to relieve her extreme sufferings, occasioned by nervous and mental struggles. When she left England she had a small phial of it with her, which she used once on the voyage, to her husband's annoyance. That she died from an overdose of a remedy she had been in the habit of using as an alleviation of pain, was the verdict of the coroner's jury. But many thought her death no accident. She was about to lose the companionship of the only English woman she knew in the settlement, the only one who was acquainted with her occasional profound dejection and depression of feelings and of bodily energies; these, with other causes, of which we know nothing, may have produced some sudden, uncontrollable impulse of passionate grief and despondency that overthrew reason and led to self-destruction.

The morning of her death she arose as usual at seven o'clock, and on reaching her dressing-room engaged in letter-writing until nearly half-past eight. Then calling her maid, who was to leave for England in a few days, she sent her on an errand to another room. The servant, returning in about half an hour, found the door closed and a heavy weight against it. Pushing the door back, she found her mistress stretched on the floor, senseless and motionless, a small empty bottle, which had contained prussic acid, in her right hand. The medical man attached to the post being called, found that life was extinct, and considered it unnecessary, under the circumstances, to make a post-mortem examination.

In those warm latitudes interment follows death with cruel haste, and the same evening the remains of the unfortunate L. E. L. were laid to rest. The spot chosen for the grave of this accomplished and unhappy lady was in great contrast with the shrinking retirement she had ever evinced in her life, being in the very center of the open court-yard in front of the castle, where the rough discipline and noisy parade of the native troops goes on daily, where the blare of the bugles and the roll of the drum are the sounds that salute her spirit in her last repose.

Some time after, some one going from England to the colony was charged with the request to her husband that a friend might be allowed to erect a monument over her remains. Captain Maclean replied that it was unnecessary, for a mural slab with suitable inscription had been lying for some time in a store-room in the castle, and that he would have it put up shortly. A few days after a volley of musketry announced one morning that it was at length in place on the castle wall.

One who witnessed the last sad honors wrote: "I remained to see the brick arch above her brick-lined grave completed. All had departed for their homes, except the workmen. A heavy tropical shower having come on, the bricklayers were obliged to get a covering to protect them and their work from the rain. Night had come on before the paving stones of the court were all put down, and the workmen finished their business by torchlight. How sadly yet does that night of gloom return to my remembrance! How sad were then my thoughts as, wrapped in my cloak, I stood beside the grave of L. E. L. under that pitiless storm of rain! I fancied what would be the thoughts of thousands in England if they could see and know the meaning of that flickering light, of those busy workmen, of that silent watcher!"

At the time of her death she was employed in writing sketches of Scott's heroines for Lady Blessington's celebrated Book of Beauty. The night before she died, she wrote two letters, which some of her friends thought were in a strain of forced cheerfulness. In one, she described the castle as a very noble building, all the rooms as large and cool, while some would be considered handsome even in England.

The one in which she wrote was painted a deep blue and was hung with fine engravings, while the library was fitted up with book-cases of African mahogany, and hung with portraits of distinguished authors. "But I never approach this room," she adds, "without preparation and humility, so crowded is it with scientific instruments, telescopes and the like, none of which may be touched by hands profane."

For her husband was a fine mathematician, all his tastes being for the exact sciences. With theodolites, quadrants, sextants, barometers and thermometers, he found his enjoyments, when not in revelry with his male companions.

The chief characteristics of the poetry of L. E. L. was tenderness, imagination, geniality of feeling and harmony of versification, and although a prolific writer, her popularity suffered no decline. One of her last poems written during her voyage to the Cape and sent to England is entitled, "Do you think of me as I think of you?" Upon it Mrs. Browning has fashioned some exquisite verses:

"Hers was the hand that played for many a year
Love's silver phrase for England smooth and well!
Would God her heart's more inward oracle
In that lone moment might confirm her dear!
For when her questioned friends in agony
Made passionate response, 'We think of *thee*,'
Her place was in the dust, too deep to hear.

"Bring your vain answers—cry, 'We think of *thee!*'
How think ye of her. Warm in long—ago
Delights, or crowned with budding bays? Not so.
None smile and none are crowned where lieth she,
With all her visions unfulfilled save one—
Her childhood's—of the palm-trees in the sun—
And lo! their shadow on her sepulcher!"

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.)

"Amateur."—In regard to *backgrounds*, the best colors for fair people and children are blues, purples (not bright, but negative), and grays. Dark complexions may have dark grounds, inclining to red or warm brown; and where the flesh tint is sallow, use warmer colors—greens approaching to olive—to throw up the reds in the face to advantage. If a curtain be represented in the picture, make it a connecting color with some other analogous to it in the figure or accessories. Never paint a bright blue ground and crimson curtain, but keep everything quiet and subdued, so that the eye may take all in at a glance, having no light patches of color spread over the picture to dazzle and distract the gaze from the head, but let every color blend and harmonize.

2. *Backgrounds.* — Stone is represented by a tint formed of carmine, indigo and yellow ocher; and the more distant you wish to make it appear, the more must the indigo prevail. If the photograph be a very white one, it will be necessary to lay a foundation of neutral tint, to support the local color.

Grays.—Cold and warm grays of many different hues are made with sepia and indigo. The grays which are used in the flesh, will also answer the same purpose. A background capable of many modifications is made of cobalt, burnt sienna, and a little rose madder worked into it.

Madder-brown and cobalt are well adapted for the same purpose, and form good grounds for fair subjects, and may be strengthened in the darkest places with the addition of a little indigo.

Indigo and madder-brown produce a duller gray than the former, and of more depth.

A purple, cloudy ground is made of indigo and liquid carmine or lake; be very careful not to paint it too bright.

In opaque ground, of a chocolate color, is composed of lampblack and Indian red, and may be lightened by the use of Chinese white.

Burnt umber, chrome yellow and Chinese white, produce a lighter ground than the last named. Opaque backgrounds are far from being artistic and are seldom used; if very dark, they give the head and figure the appearance of having been cut out and pasted down upon colored paper. If you resort to them, you will have to soften around the outline to take off that effect, and that can only be done by adding a little white to the color. If the background of the photograph be very dark, you can lighten it by laying on the transparent color and stippling some white mixed with the local tint over them, this will relieve the head and whatever parts of the figure you want to bring out.

"Mary M."—In tinting *glass positives*, daguerreotype plates, etc., photographic powder colors are most frequently used for the purpose. They are applied to the picture in a dry state with sable pencils; camel-hair pencils being employed for softening, and bringing the work into form and character. Begin by breathing lightly upon the surface of the portrait, and dip your pencil into the bottle containing the flesh color, and work in a circular direction, pressing gently upon the glass, to cause the color to adhere. The breathing is for the same purpose; then blow off the superfluous powder with an India-rubber bottle. As the color approaches the outline, soften it off with gray, and be careful to preserve the roundness of the cheeks and forehead by keeping the high lights in the center, and graduating the flesh tints into the grays and shadows. Next put in the darkest parts of the draperies and hair. When engaged upon the latter, cause your pencil to move in a wavy manner, as the hair flows. The lights are to be laid in last, with the colors provided for that purpose, and be careful not to soil them with the shadow tints, keeping them as bright as possible. Proceed in the same way with all the other colors, modifying with white, and when at work have a piece of black cloth or velvet

on the reverse side, which will show up the head to advantage.

A Pretty Window Transparency.—Get two panes of good white glass, of equal size. Make them perfectly clean. Lay one of the panes down on the table, and cover it with a piece of the sheeves and tarlatan or India muslin, pressed smooth. Be careful to have the threads of the muslin perfectly parallel to the sides of the glass, fasten it to the edges with fine paste. To get this on right is difficult to manage. Arrange on the tarlatan a group of ferns and leaves, securing them in place by a drop of mucilage. Now lay over it carefully, so as not to disturb your picture, the other pane of glass, fasten the two together with a narrow strip of linen or muslin pasted on. Put an extra binding of tape across the top edge, on which, when dry, sew in the middle a loop of the same to hang by. Bind it all with a ribbon wide enough to cover the other, paste on, cutting a slit in that which goes over the top, through which pull the loop.

A New Hanging Basket. — Pretty hanging baskets are made of Japanese umbrellas. Take the stick out of a medium-sized one; sew a strip of cardboard together to form a circle of suitable size; fasten it to the inside of the umbrella, so as to keep it in shape and falling open. Put a bow of ribbon, or a cord and tassels at the top, which will be the bottom when inverted; hang it, with ribbon, to your chandelier, or in one of your windows. Fill with pressed ferns, dried flowers and autumn leaves, and it will be a pleasant bit of color for your sitting-room. The newest umbrellas have flowers and figures on a brilliant red or blue foundation. Costs 10 cents.

"Curiosity."—Martin Luther's betrothal ring has come into the possession of a Dusseldorf jeweler. A Silesian nobleman was its last owner, and its authenticity is fully attested by documents. The ring is of gold, and bears the inscription: Dr. Martino Luthero; Catherina V. Bora, 13 Juni, 1525. It is elaborately carved to represent the Passion of our Saviour. In the middle is the crucifixion, and on either side are shown the hammer, nails, ladder, sponge, hyssop, etc. The head of the high-priest also appears, and a group of Roman soldiers, while a tiny ruby represents a drop of the sacred blood.

"Herbarium."—The University of Gottingen has just received a splendid herbarium, which was left to it by Dr. Griesbach, the director of the Gottingen Botanical Gardens. It includes more than 40,000 species belonging to all parts of the earth, and has long been known as the most important private collection in existence. When the herbaria of the East India Company was given away to distinguished botanists, Dr. Griesbach received more than 5,000 East Indian plants. After his death an attempt was made to secure the collection for Paris, but its acceptance by the Gottingen University has been sanctioned by the King of Prussia.

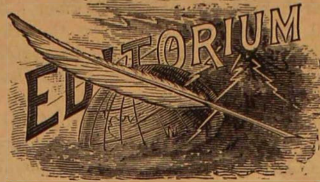
QUESTIONS.

"Cor. Class."—Will you give me directions for painting upon velvet and satin, in oil colors? "Mrs. D."

"Cor. Class.—Will you inform "De Vries" how to restore oil paintings that have become cracked?"

"Cor. Class.—Can you give me a few hints to crystallize some natural flowers? Arivle."

"Cor. Class.—Can you give me directions for painting or staining glass windows, doors, etc., in interior decorations? Home Decoration."



Women at the Front.

Whatever may be thought or said about it, there is no gainsaying the rapid strides that have been taken by women within the past ten or fifteen years, and which are limited to no class and no country.

It is true, in all ages, that clever women, like religion, have never been left without witnesses; but for the most part they have been exceptional instances, which were only supposed to prove the general rule of man's superiority in active affairs—in whatever indeed required the exercise of thinking, reasoning, intelligence. But events are fast causing many persons, men as well as women, and women as well as men, to retract their opinions, and at least to ask themselves if the difference between men and women is not largely physical, one of function merely, and if women, while lacking some of the brute force of men, cannot more than make up for it by moral courage and endurance—while so far as mere intellect, and even the administration of affairs is concerned, they are certainly proving their capacity to stand alone. One of the largest public gatherings ever known in the city of London convened during the month of May at St. James's Hall, and was presided over with signal ability by a Viscountess (Lady Habberton), while the overflow organized itself into a second convention in another part of the same building, found a second equally excellent presiding officer, and another list of speakers, which "exchanged" with those on the main platform. The conduct of the whole affair is acknowledged to have been perfect. Preparations had been made with the utmost care and forethought. The speeches were short. The best speakers were called to the front, and they voiced the meeting in a clear, decided, but wholly moderate and unobjectionable way. Some of the cleverest women in England were represented on this occasion, and it was, in all respects, a demonstration of which their sisters in this country, as well as elsewhere, have reason to be proud.

At almost the same time, the Empress of Austria, a woman as proud as she is beautiful, presided in person over a public meeting of the Woman's Hungarian branch of the Red Cross Society, while the number occupying public positions of responsibility has become legion. All these, it must be remembered, have won their way through eminent fitness, and usually notwithstanding the bitter and determined opposition of unfit men.

It is doubtless natural that men should resist the loss of power, but it is inevitable, unless they can keep sufficiently in advance, and are sufficiently many-sided to enable them to meet all the new emergencies, solve all the new problems, provide for all the new requirements, and in other ways show themselves equal to the entire situation. If that was or is the case, there would be no excuse for interference; we might consider the ability of women in the light of a reserve, but only to be drawn upon when necessity demands it. But it is useless to blind one's eyes to the fact that women are at the present time shouldering one-half of the responsibility of the human race. Setting aside the fact that it is women who bear the burden of children, and bring them into the world—a necessity that ought to bring her some immunity—it is women who do four-fifths at least, of the cooking, sewing, cleaning, nursing, and care taking for the entire race. Not more than one-hundredth part are "supported" by men in the sense of having money provided for their wants—and these usually give them children, and act as their social representatives, while an immensely larger number not only support themselves, but assist in the support of the family, by steady, drudging labor in the arts, in the professions, in the industries, in shops, by keeping boarding-houses, by working farms; either of which is in addition usually to harassing family duties.

It is a mistake to suppose that men, at least nowadays, take the burdens of life upon themselves. Thousands upon thousands of married men get the credit of it, when in reality, it is the wife who stands in front, and carries the weight of responsibility, and permits the man to act as her representative because it is more "respectable," because a family loses tone and character through the degradation or lack of manliness of its presumed head and provider.

If illness or disaster step in to bring calamity, it is rarely the boys who feel called upon to put their shoulders to the wheel for the common welfare, but in nine cases out of ten, the girls, from whom little or nothing was expected. The great difficulty is, as before remarked, that women have always to carry a double burden. Earning a livelihood for themselves or others does not excuse them from the cares of home, the demands of sick friends and relatives, or the requirements of a wardrobe, which is infinitely more perplexing than that of a man, and which it is a great mistake to suppose they can alter or revolutionize; for whatever *is*, is right, in the sense that it must be accepted by the majority.

The present age, however, furnishes a marvelous exhibition of the power and influence of women in quite new directions, and while we deprecate any loss of the diviner gifts, which are felt rather than seen, yet it is useless to shut our eyes to facts, or fail to acknowledge that a good deal of the reason why women come to the front, is because men occupy the rear.

The Influence of Women in National Affairs.

The death of the Empress of Russia has afforded occasion for considerable comment on the influence which women have heretofore exerted in national affairs, and it cannot be said to be always for good. The narrow views of life, the social prejudices, the bigotry in religion, which women are apt to cherish, they carry into such contact with larger affairs as they are permitted to find, or rather as is inevitable to their position, and the result is not favorable to growth, progressive development, or the happiness of the state.

Notably this was the case with the Empress Eugenie, as well as with the recent consort of the Emperor Alexander, and in both cases the consequences were disastrous; in the one case plunging the nation into a war, which cost Eugenie her crown, her husband, her everything; in the other retarding the progress of a people, and embittering every natural tie. There can be no real sorrow over the death of such a woman, except on the part of those who remember the sweet, simple, innocent young girl, before her morbid nature had exerted its baleful influence upon the nation and individuals. The suffering she endured was largely self-created, from much of what she might have known she was mercifully protected. Poor woman! she was indeed, and after all, much to be pitied; for, having lost the confidence and love of her husband, she had nothing else — and life must have been very wearisome to her, even though she was an empress.

Too Many Doctors.

One of the most important things done by the National Medical Association, during its recent annual session, was to increase the time for a regular course of medical study from two to three years, with the double object of raising the standard of medical proficiency, and reducing the number of doctors annually turned out to make a living in some way off the public.

At present there is no limitation to the aggregation of medical colleges, or the number of medical students, save inclination and the time necessary in order to obtain a diploma; and the consequence is that the country is already flooded with incompetent, incapable, inexperienced doctors, who live from hand to mouth, who realize no higher obligation than pocketing their fees, and whose actual interest it is to keep people sick instead of making them well. If the science of therapeutics has made any progress, it is in teaching physicians how little they know; how very uncertain all remedies are that are not in accordance with nature, and its fixed, inevitable laws. If they have learned anything, it is that there are no such things as special drugs for the cure of special diseases; but that when the body, or any part of it, has become disordered, nature itself can do more than any doctor toward its restoration, and that the most that can be done is to make the conditions favorable for a cure, and not put any obstacle in the way, through our ignorance or previous habits.

What patients usually demand of physicians is that they shall be cured of certain symptoms. The doctor, therefore, attacks the symptoms, and often succeeds in changing their character; but this does not always cure the disease; on the contrary, it is not unfrequently the cause of its assuming a more dangerous form. Time and patience are required to cure disease that has assumed so decided a shape as to exhibit marked symptoms; for it may work a long time in secret before this occurs. So when a doctor or a drug professes to cure disease in this touch-and-go fashion, it is safe to set them down as frauds, and the chances are greater without their help or interference.

The tendencies of the race are toward health; there is twenty-five per cent. less of sickness now than formerly, considering the increase of population; and if the more doctors we have the more healthy we become, we shall not feel inclined to quarrel with them; but we have a strong suspicion that it is in spite of them, rather than by their help, that we are well, or at least better, and that the high, humanitarian idea which is spoken of as the ruling motive of the good physician is necessarily absent, when it is a constant question of personal ambition, or personal necessity.

Right Use of Wealth.

The advantages of wealthy men using their money during their lifetime in acts of benevolence, is exemplified in the case of the Louise Home, founded and endowed by Mr. Corcoran, of Washington city, as a memorial to his wife and daughter, both of whom bore that name. The home is for gentlewomen, particularly those of Southern birth, who having been reared in affluence, have lost their property at a period when they are no longer fitted to struggle with the world, either because of ill health or advanced age. All the appointments of the house are those of an elegant private residence. The rooms are furnished with Brussels carpets, marble-top walnut furniture, and the table is provided with the finest damask and brightest silver. The library is supplied with choice books, and a beautiful parlor is always at the service of the inmates. The ladies come and go as though in their own house, only notifying the matron when they expect to be absent from meals. The grounds about the establishment are extensive, and kept in perfect order. The building is situated in the healthiest part of the city, and commands a fine view. No money or pains have been spared in any of its appointments. When in the city, Mr. Corcoran always takes tea once a week with the ladies, whom he calls his *guests*, and these occasions are a source of great pleasure to both host and visitors.

"The Old Mill."

(*See Steel Engraving.*)

We have very great pleasure in presenting to our readers an admirable copy of one of the finest works of one of our best artists, Mr. J. F. Cropsey—so well known for his studies of American color and landscape effects, both in this country and Europe. The "Old Mill" is a genuine bit of American scenery in New York State, and Mr. Cropsey's summer home in the town of Warwick. The mill is over a hundred years old, and has fallen into disuse, but it is a most picturesque spot, and has given Mr. Cropsey an opportunity for an infinite variety of suggestive and charming effects, of which he has taken the fullest advantage. The different aspects of the water is not the least of these fine touches: there is the spray as it ripples and dashes over the stones, the miniature cataract, white with foam, which is forced over the mill-wheel, and the clear, placid pond, in which the ducks and ducklings swim contentedly. The detail of the foliage is exquisite, and its light and shade most delicately and truthfully managed. The sky is lovely, and the old bridge seemed ready to give way beneath the weight of the two figures, accompanied by a dog, which give the touch of human interest to the scene. The careful finish is not now considered a merit by some professors of art, but we confess to an old-fashioned liking for work well done, and the breadth and freedom are gained by the beautiful outlook between the trees into a world of light and peace, upon which the serenity of late afternoon is settling down.

Tardy Honors.

The third centennial of the greatest of all the poets of Portugal was celebrated with almost divine honors on the 10th of June at Lisbon, the capital of his country. Yet Camoens while he lived was the victim of the most cruel misfortunes, and he died in such abject poverty that there was not a shroud to cover his body. He was noble by birth, yet an exile, and it was his separation from the lady whom he loved, and who loved him, that first supplied the motive for his devotion to poetry, to which he turned for consolation. He wrote the remarkable poem of the "Lusiad," on a voyage to India, which ended in shipwreck; and sacrificed his whole possessions, to the safety of his manuscript, which he held aloft with one hand, while using the other to swim with difficulty ashore.

He was recalled to Lisbon and received a miserable pension of twenty-five dollars per year. His constant troubles, poverty and disasters had undermined his constitution. He died at last in a public hospital, no one knows when, or how. A friar who saw him die, wrote these words on a fly-leaf of a copy of the first edition of the "Lusiad": "How miserable a thing to see so great a genius so ill-rewarded! I saw him die in a hospital in Lisbon, without possessing a shroud to cover his remains, after having borne arms victoriously in India, and having sailed 5,500 leagues—a warning for those who weary themselves by studying night and day without profit, as the spider who spins his web to catch flies."

"De Foe in the Pillory."

(*See Page Engraving.*)

This picture is a reproduction of one of the most remarkable paintings in existence. It represents the great satirist and novelist, Daniel De Foe, in the pillory to which he was sentenced for writing political squibs and satires which excited the wrath of the House of Commons. The artist, Mr. E. Crowe, has well and graphically told with his brush the excitement that the event created, and depicted the struggle between the soldiers and the populace, who were eager to express their sympathy. The London *Gazette* of July 31, 1703, thus reports the circumstance:

"Daniel Foe, alias De Foe, this day stood in the pillory at Temple Bar, in pursuance of the sentence given against him at the last session of the Old Bailey, for writing and publishing a seditious libel entitled 'The Shortest Way of the Dissenters.'"

The scene affords the utmost scope for the painter's skill in grouping and arrangement. De Foe has been called the founder of the English novel.

Art School.

The Art Students' League have secured for their Drawing and Life Classes a new and able instructor in Mr. William Sartain, a student for years in Paris, of Yvon and Bounat, and also of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. The list of teachers for the season of 1880–81 stands: for Drawing and Painting in the Life Classes, Mr. William Sartain; Drawing and Painting, Portrait Classes, Wm. M. Chase; "Composition" Classes, Walter Shirlaw; "Drawing from the Antique," J. Carroll Beckwith; "Modeling and Artistic Anatomy," Mr. J. S. Hartley; "Perspective," Frederick Dielman. The students' year of eight months begins Oct. 1st, but drawings are received from applicants after September 15th, at 108 Fifth Avenue.

The Art Students' League has now established itself as the most practical and progressive art school in New York City. Its terms are moderate—its teachers are representative of modern ideas, and have the enthusiasm of their profession. Through this school is the best and most direct way to reach a paying public, or at least one capable of furnishing a livelihood.

The Census Returns.

A great effort is to be made this year to make the census returns accurate. All the trades, all the occupations will be put down, with the number of persons engaged in them, and whether men or women. But what will they do with the millions of women who are employed at home in cooking, sewing, cleaning, nursing the sick, and caring generally for the family? Will these be put down as idlers, non-producers, and as "supported" by some man?

All previous census returns have done this wrong to women. They have taken no count of work unless it was paid for by regular wages, and have recorded millions of women as idle or unemployed, who fill half a dozen important positions—in short, do the unpaid or half-paid drudgery of the world. It is acknowledged that women bring all the children into the world—and this with labor and pain. It will be acknowledged that they do the most toward taking care of them, up to ten years of age. Add to this tremendous responsibility the feeding and clothing of the majority of the human race, and the number who are actually put down as earning their own livelihood, and it will be seen that the farce of being "supported" is very nearly played out, and that women do the largest share of the work of the world, whether they stand as the representatives of it, or not.

Common Topics.

What the World is Talking About at Home and Abroad.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

Wonderful, isn't it? that it is possible to tell what is at the bottom of the ocean. It seems incredible to the landsman who has ventured a few hundred yards outside of the coast line that any one can tell the secrets of the great deep. Yet the scientists have mapped out the bottom of the ocean, at least of the Atlantic Ocean, and the story is told by Dr. Carpenter of the results of the exploration by the English ship *Challenger*. The average depth, it seems, is about thirteen thousand feet, or about two miles and a half. The average height of the entire land of the globe is only one thousand feet above the sea level. The area of the sea is about two and three-quarter times that of the land. The form of the depressed area is likened to a tea-tray, the edges of which abruptly slope up, thus forming Europe and Africa on the one side, and America on the other. It is on this flat and relatively even surface that the cables are laid. Venus or Love, in the old Greek mythology, was born of the sea. Strangely enough, the scientists all seem to think that the origin of life was in the ooze and slime which covers the ocean beds. But how different are the researches of the scientists compared with the visions of the poet. Who does not recall in this connection the splendid lines which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Clarence, the brother of bloody Gloster, who thus tells his dream of the ocean bottom:

"Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by."

Fine poetry this, but wholly unlike what Dr. Carpenter found in his researches.

THE STORY OF A BOTTLE.

Not a whisky bottle, dear reader, though they do sometimes tell very pitiful stories. This bottle was picked up in Mobile Bay. We know that people who are shipwrecked try to tell the story of their suffering and peril, by inclosing an account in a corked flask which is committed to the waves. Mariners pick these up at sea, and in some few cases the friends and relatives have had the melancholy satisfaction of hearing from their dear ones who went down to the sea and were never heard of more. The bottle that was picked up in Mobile Bay had been thrown from the ship *Hesperia*, on May 12th, 1878, off the Azores Islands. It was found on the 22d of last month on the coast of Alabama. It took therefore a little over two years in making the circuit of the Equatorial Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. Look at the map, good reader, and you can easily follow its course.

Captain Beecher of the Royal Navy, tested the rate at which bottles would travel at sea, and found they made about 10.06 miles per day. The bottle we have been telling about traveled about 5,500 miles, and made about eight miles a day. The interest in this matter to scientists is that it shows the mean average of oceanic currents.

COSTLY COWS.

Just think of it! Fourteen hundred dollars for one Jersey cow, and fourteen hundred and twenty-five dollars for another. This was the price obtained recently at a sale in New York City. At the same auction a number of other cows sold from two hundred to eight hundred dollars apiece. Of course these prices are absurd. It may flatter a farmer's vanity to have it known that he keeps fancy stock of this kind, but there is no money in it. But this recalls the story of the farmer who complained that when he lost his wife his neighbors were willing to supply him with a daughter or sister to take her place, but when he lost a cow it did not occur to any one to make it good. Perhaps the cows in that neighborhood were twelve hundred dollar ones.

A MIXED FAMILY HISTORY.

"What was your father?" asked an inquisitive bore, who was questioning Alexander Dumas, the famous French romancer. "Well," replied Dumas, "as I am a quadroon and my mother a white woman, my father was, of course, a mulatto." "But," pursued the bore, "what was his father?" "Oh! he was, of course, a negro," replied Dumas, getting nettled. "Well, what was his father?" continued the questioner. "Sir," replied the now wrathful romancer, "his father was a monkey. My ancestry began where yours has ended." The granddaughter of this same brilliant and erratic writer has just became engaged to be married under very romantic circumstances. It was at a fancy ball she first saw her fate. She was dressed as a lady of the First Empire. Mr. Morris Lippman, a wealthy manufacturer, beheld her there for the first time, and was conquered. He besought an introduction, and next day asked her hand in marriage. Colette Dumas has an ancestry which shows how lax is the morality in certain French circles. Her grandmother was a poor seamstress who was never married. Her father, the author of "Camille," was an illegitimate child. Her mother was the widow of a Russian prince, and was a member of the Greek Church, while her father is a Roman Catholic. Her betrothed is an Alsatian and a Jew. What a mixture of races her offspring will embody: Negro, Russian, Jewish, French!

ABOLISHING THE HORSE.

Just think of it! Scientists say that in a few years there will be no need of horses; that inventions have been perfected which will give us artificial locomotion, and we can do without the aid of quadrupeds. It is not the bicycle, although that is coming more and more into popular favor. Already we hear of the improved bicycles being used in traveling all over the country; but the new machines are run by a kind of air-pump and have already been tried in England. Their inventor is a Col. Beaumont, a member of Parliament, and he has succeeded in hauling twelve tons twenty miles with only one charge of air. The machine is noiseless, and looks like a large tank on wheels, with handles on top, where the driver is placed. This engine, it is thought, is capable of immense development, and may not only replace horses, but dispense, in a measure, with railways. Just think of it! A machine that will do the work of a horse twenty times repeated and which will never run away! What new marvel is in store for us?

THE CABLES UNDER THE SEA.

It was thought that the French cable had been lost, and every one was looking for a large advance in cable rates in consequence. But the missing link was found again, whereupon the English Company put down the rates to twelve and a half cents a word to any part of Great Britain. The owners of the French cable say they cannot work at that rate, and ask fifty cents a word.

What a marvel electric communication is! Just think of being able to send messages of affection or business thousands of miles instantaneously. Why should not the governments of the world appoint a commission to buy up the cable companies? Let us have free communication between all the nations of the earth, to be paid for by a pro-rata tax upon all the countries to be benefited? The burden would scarcely be felt, and look at the convenience it would be to all mankind! New cables under the sea could be laid in every direction, and the interests of humanity would be advanced by the concurrence of nations in this vast and world-wide matter. Why not have a telegraphic convention from all nations to hold its session at the World's Fair in New York in the summer of 1883, so as to arrange this matter? Who seconds the motion?

BEWARE OF MATRIMONY.

The statisticians it seems are all wrong. It is not true that marriage helps to a long life. Richard M. Proctor, the scientist, has written a long article to show that we have all been mistaken, and that after all, people who lead single lives have as good if not a better chance for a long life as those who marry. It is true, as a matter of fact, that a large proportion of the insane and diseased are single, but their avoidance of marriage is because of a consciousness of personal weakness. We have been putting the cart before the horse in saying that people die because they do not marry, when in truth they avoid matrimony because of their liability to an early death. Mr. Proctor points out one alarming fact, viz., the very great mortality of those who marry young. There is no question but that those who are united before their bodies are full grown and well matured run very grave risks. Women should not marry before they are twenty-one, nor men before they are twenty-five. All this should be very comforting to old bachelors and old maids. No doubt it is hard to live a single life, because, perhaps, of poverty or an early disappointment; but still it is after all wiser that a certain proportion of men and women should not form matrimonial alliances. The very poor, the sickly, or those who have a family taint predisposing to insanity should not marry. St. Paul was nearer right in this matter than he has been given credit for. Let the poor young man then, and the sickly girl recall the advice of Punch, who, when asked whether it was best to marry, replied "Don't."

TELEGRAPHING FOR THE MILLION.

In Switzerland or Belgium one can send a letter by telegraph for little more than double the cost of a letter by mail in this country. In Great Britain you can send twenty-five words to any part of Great Britain or Ireland for an English shilling. But in Europe the telegraph is owned and managed as the Post-office is here, by the Government, which does not for profit, and is willing even to submit to a deficiency in the revenues, to serve the public. In this country, the Western Union Telegraph Company has had a monopoly, and it, of course, has been worked in the interests of the stockholders, and not of the public. It has been so lucrative that a new company has been organized, called the American Union, which has built and leased fifty thousand miles of wire in this country and Canada, and has located some twelve hundred offices. The American Union has been opened for business lately, and you now can send a message of ten words to Denver, Col., for $1.25, the old rate being $1.50; to St. Louis or Chicago, for 50c. instead of 60c.; and other places in proportion. This is some reduction, but not enough. With people who use the telegraph as freely as do Americans, there should be a uniform rate of twenty-five cents east of the Mississippi, fifty cents to all points west of the Mississippi and east of the Rocky Mountains, and seventy-five cents or at most a dollar for any point on the Pacific Coast. Some day the Government will control the telegraph, and then it will be relatively as cheap and efficient as is our Post-office Department.

ALARMING INCREASE OF DIVORCES.

If women ever vote, one of the planks in their first national platform would be a demand for some law defining the relations of married people to each other. Our State laws are conflicting and chaotic. Under them a person is married in one State and single in another. This condition of affairs complicates matters for men, and is very, very hard on women and children. It is the weakest who go to the wall in law as in nature, and incalculable misery must have been afflicted upon deserving families by our anomalous divorce laws. In Great Britain it is held by the courts that a divorce granted in the United States is not valid in the old country unless the causes are such as would be sufficient under English law. Children born under unions which would be valid in the United States could not inherit their parents' property in Great Britain.

From a recent article in the *North American Review* it seems that divorces have become painfully common in this country, especially in the New England States. In the olden times one divorce in two hundred marriages was considered a large percentage, while now, in some localities,

one divorce in twelve marriages is not uncommon, and that in Puritan New England. Divorces are becoming more frequent every year, and the law more and more lax. Some day the evils of the present system, or want of system, will become so apparent that a demand will come from every quarter for marriage laws which will be alike throughout our whole country, and which will prevent this capricious changing of partners whom every family interest should keep together for life. The union of the States has been the battle-cry in many a political contest, but the union of the family is a far more vital matter, and may form the nucleus of a party in which women especially would be interested.

SCIENTIFIC CROQUET.

Talk of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted: that is nothing to the exclusion of women from croquet. Yet this is being done in New York City by a new croquet club. Not only are women dispensed with, but the green sward is tabooed. The ground is covered with sand and rolled hard, and placing the foot on the ball is not admitted. The size of the wickets is reduced to four inches, while the ball, made of hard rubber, is three inches and a half. Everything is done to make the game difficult. Indeed, this new variation of croquet is not unlike pool as played on billiard tables. We doubt whether this so-called scientific croquet will ever become popular.

WHO IS THE RICHEST WOMAN?

The wealthiest woman in the whole world is said to be Mrs. E. H. Green, wife of the vice-president of the Louisville and Nashville Railway. She is a New England woman born, the daughter of a whaling master of New Bedford, who was known by the unromantic cognomen of "Blubber" Robinson. He died when his daughter was a little girl, leaving her an estate of $8,000,000. She was a prudent young person, and was so simple in her tastes and wise in her choice of business agents, that she is now said to be worth $30,000,000. Her husband is also very wealthy, and their united income is said to be $3,000,000 per year. There is some doubt as to whether the Baroness Burdette-Coutts, of England, is not even wealthier than Mrs. Green. Miss Coutts is famous not only for her wealth, but for her wise munificence. She has given away millions for the good of mankind. Mrs. Green is yet only forty-three, and it is to be hoped that she will at some time in the future use her great wealth as wisely and as usefully as the good Baroness Coutts.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE INDIAN.

SET him to work. Give each head of a family a farm. Take away his rifle and arms. Give him a spade and other agricultural tools. Then if he won't work and will starve let him do so. "Root hog, or die" is a coarse but very accurate way of stating the plan of nature in dealing with man as well as with the lower animals. These constant Indian wars are a disgrace to us as a nation. We have another one on hand in New Mexico. A very remarkable savage, calling himself Victoria, is on the war path, and many people will be butchered needlessly because of the unwise policy of the United States toward the Indian tribes. We sell them arms, cheat them, and then treat each tribe as an independent nation, making treaties with them which we never keep, and so year after year is the same sickening story of wrong and outrage, and unnecessary loss of life and property. How different all this is across the Canadian border. There are no Indian wars in the Dominion to the north of us. Brother Jonathan would do well to send a commission to Canada to find out the secret of the British methods of governing the Indians without war and without scandal.

A DEAD EMPRESS.

OUR age has seen one new Empress, Victoria, who was made by the British Parliament the imperial head of India. Russia has lost an empress, and will not have another until the heir apparent mounts the throne. Despite her high station the late Czarina was an object of pity. She was an unloved daughter, a disappointed mother, and though her marriage was a love match on both sides, she lived to see her husband infatuated by the beautiful Princess Dolgorouki. Her health through life was poor, her temper gloomy, and she died as she had lived, a most unhappy woman.

A MIGHTY EMIGRATION.

THEY are coming—six hundred thousand more. There arrived at the Castle Garden, New York, during the month of last May, 55,083 emigrants, while to other ports and from Canada it is estimated that we have received 15,800 additional, about 70,000 in one month, or at the rate of 800,000 per annum. This is really startling. The largest number in any one year before was in 1872, when 294,581 registered at the Castle Garden. From May 1st, 1847, to January 1st, 1880, 5,857,025 landed at New-York from Europe, 2,000,000 of these being from Germany and about the same number from Ireland. But at the present rate of emigration the same period would land on our shores about 25,000,000, or half the present population of the United States. If our republican institutions can stand the strain of this enormous emigration, then indeed will they be the wonder of the world. This vast inpouring of the nations will of itself give us prosperous times. It will increase our railroad earnings, occupy our waste lands, furnish labor and add to our production as well as consumption. But the vexed question is, will these emigrants add to our spiritual forces? Will these foreigners be as thrifty, energetic, educated, and as self-controlled as are our own people? Will we not have more poor to take care of, more of the dangerous classes in our large cities, and then will there not be a large addition to the number of voters who can be used by demagogues to the detriment of the republic? We shall see.

AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN AS A RELIGIOUS REFORMER.

HIS name is Lord Adelbert Cecil, and he was a Lieutenant-Colonel of dragoons in the British Army. After middle life, while still in the army, he heard voices and dreamt dreams which changed him from a lover of things fleshly to a Christian missionary. He distributed $30,000 per annum among the poor, prayed and preached to them, and became so zealous in good and pious works as to excite the wrath of the British military authorities. He was told he must stop preaching or resign. He chose the latter alternative, and emigrated to the Dominion. Here he took a boat on the St. Lawrence, hired a tent, and preached the Word as he understood it in every village he passed through. Up the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, and along the north shore of Lake Ontario, he has preached with acceptance and established permanent congregations. His ministry has been among the poor, whose necessities he relieved, with whom he lived and to whom he preached the gospel of humility and good works. He does not believe in splendid churches, or showy ritual, and he eschews all ostentatious parade. He aspires to follow the example of the primitive Christians. At last accounts, he was about to transfer the field of his labors to New York State. A strange spectacle this—a wealthy nobleman of the great house of Cecil preaching Christ and Him Crucified to the poor and the outcast! A contrast this to his brother noblemen, whose money is too often spent in dissipation and horse-races.

WHERE SHALL WE GO THIS SUMMER?

To the mountains or inland if you live on the seashore. To the coast if you reside in the interior. What one needs in summer time is change. You must breathe a different atmosphere if you wish to benefit by your summer vacation. Probably any change from city to country, provided the latter is healthy, is useful; but surely it does not benefit a New Yorker to go to the salt, moist air, Coney Island, or Newport, as much as it would if he went to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, or the hills of Pennsylvania. Are you rheumatic or scrofulous? Then go to Richmond or Sharon Sulphur Springs. Are you debilitated and nervous? Try salt water bathing along the coast. Are you consumptive? Then live out of doors in some high, dry, bracing atmosphere. Any of the cathartic springs are useful in stomach or liver troubles, but consumptives should avoid mineral waters. For scenery—but we will not go into that. It would take up too much space. We live in a beautiful country, and guide-books are abundant. Avoid dissipation, liquor, and over-exertion. Our water courses are malarious and it will be wise to be in-doors after sunset. Summer vacations are becoming more popular year by year, and those who are prudent will profit by them.

WHO WAS SHE?

WE mean the woman who shouted for Blaine at the Chicago Convention. When the storm of cheers was loudest, a stately lady planted herself on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty, screaming out cheers for Blaine, and waving parasol and flag, diverting attention from all the other picturesque personages of the Convention. She commanded more attention for a time than the superb Senator Conkling when he waved his Grant banner, or than Bob Ingersoll who roared his huzzas while flapping excitedly his wife's scarlet shawl. Her voice could not be heard in the din, but probably never such a sight was seen as this handsome but excited woman, since the time when the French, in the throes of the Revolution, worshiped the Goddess of Reason, in the guise of a fair but frail woman.

OUR INSECT ENEMIES.

A FEW years ago it was the grasshopper that threatened our crops. Sections of States in the Far West were desolated by this insect scourge. They almost created a famine. They ruined railroads and impoverished hundreds of thousands of families. Then came the potato bug. That too came from the West. Less destructive than the grasshopper these pests confined their attention to potatoes and vines. They marched steadily east until they came to the ocean, and two years ago they lined the Atlantic coast, and vainly endeavored to cross over the water. Now a new enemy has appeared this time, oddly enough on the coast, and marching westward. It is the army worm, which suddenly appeared in great force on Long Island, where it has destroyed promising fields of wheat, rye and grass. It is still on its march westward. New Jersey has been attacked. It seems to have started on the coast line, and following Horace Greeley's advice, is "going West." The reproductive powers of this insect are simply marvelous. Unless the farmer is up early and can dig or plow deep furrows in front of the invading insect, his crop is certainly ruined. The army worm, like the potato bug, must be fought with Paris green and similar poisons. Its march is like that of an army, continuous, persistent, destructive. It is a far more dangerous enemy than the potato bug, as it attacks all crops. Among the enemies that man must fight to secure subsistence from the earth none are so dangerous as the insect tribes. Storms, droughts, earthquakes, unseasonable weather, lay heavy burdens upon the labors of the agriculturalist; but the real enemy to be dreaded is the comparatively insignificant worm. It is a notable circumstance that the weevil, which in times past was so destructive, first appeared on Long Island, and year by year marched inland, paying special attention to wheat fields. This was thirty years ago, and it is only recently that Eastern farmers have dared to plant wheat. But now it is the army worm which is more destructive than the weevil, for it attacks crops of all kinds.

THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT.

It has really been seen at last. But it was dead. Probably ninety-nine persons in a hundred entirely disbelieve the stories which have frequently appeared in the newspapers respecting sea-serpents of enormous size, which have been seen from time to time by sea-faring men. But Captain Ingalls, of the schooner *Chalcedony*, lately saw a huge sea-snake off Monhegan Island on the coast of Maine, the dead body of which marine monster as it floated having the appearance of the hull of a capsized schooner, and was head and body estimated together, sixty feet in length, the body tapering from a diameter of ten feet near the head to the "size of a small log." The best scientific authorities agree in countenancing the opinion that in the depths of the ocean huge serpents can still be found, corresponding with what are known as the fossil elasmosaurians found in New Jersey, and which are whales as to their bulk, but serpents in form. These fossils are found in many parts of the country, and it seems, some of them survive, and are occasionally seen. It will be remembered that the mastodon has only recently disappeared from this earth, and that the zoa, a gigantic bird, has been seen by persons living in the island of New Zealand, but is now extinct. So they who will may believe in the sea-serpent as a veritable fact.

ARMED EUROPE.

Why did Secretary of State William M. Evarts allow England to get ahead of us in trying to urge upon Europe to reduce its gigantic armaments? Nearly half of the able-bodied men on the Continent are under arms to-day. Taxation for the support of armies is eating up the industrial life of the Old World, and is driving its able-bodied men to the United States. This state of things is what is making the working classes of Europe communists, socialists, and nihilists. They are crushed to the earth by the "man on horseback." It is the United States which should have moved in this matter. We could have asked France, Germany, Russia, Italy, and Spain to have cut down their army estimates one half. We fear, however, that this insane arming in time of peace can only be ended by some one nation conquering the others. Had Napoleon the Great succeeded in his vast design Europe would have been unified and her armies disbanded. After his fall Napoleon prophesied that Europe would become Cossack or Republican. We think it not unlikely that both events will occur—that in the fullness of time Russia will overrun Europe as Macedonia did Greece, but that European civilization will conquer the conquerors, and the Western Continent will be under one government, but that government will be a republican one. Italy became unified through its conquests by Piedmont. Germany was united only after the victories of Prussia. Russia itself represents conquered nations, and Europe will become free in institutions and get rid of its armies when the myriads of Russia are led by a statesman like Bismarck and a soldier like Von Moltke.

A NEW EPIDEMIC.

Every age has its own fearful visitation in the way of some new form of unmanageable disease. Athens in the pride of its power had its dread pestilence. The Middle Ages had the plague and the black death; more modern times, Asiatic cholera. Later still came the ship fever and typhus. As yet the pestilence of the last half of the nineteenth century has not come to light, but up in Adams, Mass., they have had a strange malady which afflicted nearly all of the inhabitants, though no one died. Its symptoms were the same as cholera morbus only much more severe. Its origin is still unknown, though it is suspected that it is due to atmospheric influences. We all remember the epizootic among horses a few years since. Perhaps the yellow fever may become a prevailing epidemic. At first this dread disease was confined to the seacoast bordering upon salt water, but it has gradually worked its way inland changing its symptoms somewhat, and last year it made its appearance apparently spontaneously in Memphis, Tenn. Should it reappear this year in the interior of the country we may as well make up our minds that the yellow fever has been acclimatized, and will be a regular visitor. The trouble at Adams is not so mysterious after all. It is the old, old story. The sinks and privies were too near the wells. They who drink filth must expect to be sick.

SELF-MURDER.

In all the countries of Europe, save one, statistics show an increase in the number of suicides. The exception is Norway, where cases of self-murder have been some ten per cent. less during the past ten years than in the previous ten years. This exception is supposed to be due to the stringent laws against drunkenness; or rather because of the good effects of the famous Gottenburg system, in which the liquor is sold by government officers, and all drunkenness is prevented; the venders having no pecuniary interest in the sale. For each million of inhabitants in Saxony there are three hundred cases of suicide; in Denmark there are two hundred and eighty, in Russia one hundred and thirty-three, in Austria one hundred and twenty-two, in Bulgaria seventy-three, and in Norway, forty. In this country the statistics are not available, but it is known to a certainty, that suicides are most numerous where liquor is drank with least restraint. In Maine, where liquor drinking has been kept under by force of positive law, suicides are of rare occurrence. In California they are very numerous, due to business excitement and certain atmospheric conditions, such as dryness, which create morbid nervous conditions. The isolated lives of many of our farming population are always provocative of insanity and suicide; but our statistics are not as full as they should be on these vital matters.

MURDER! MURDER!!

Into a train bound for Antwerp enter three Frenchmen. It was one of the carriage compartments common on the Continent. They have no communication with the guard, and it cannot be opened. At the next station enters a wild-looking stranger. Upon the starting of the train the wild man takes a knife from his pocket and stabs M. Corneille Borch to death. De Voldet and Van Eyck, the two other passengers, throw themselves upon the assassin, and although dreadfully injured succeed in mastering him, and he is handed over to the authorities at the next station. Murders of this kind are not uncommon on English and Continental trains, but would not be possible on our American cars. They have got the Pullman car in England, and perhaps in time an Englishman may feel as secure from attack on their railways as Americans do on theirs.

CULTIVATING CROW.

Down with the scarecrows! At least so says the Superintendent of the A. T. Stewart's farm on Long Island. He has magnificent fields of wheat, rye and grass, which have been saved from the ravages of the army worm and other insect pests because of the multitude of crows which are protected upon this estate. This friend of the crow family declares that these ungainly birds are insectivorous; that if they injure fields of grain it is in search of their food. We fear, however, that the prejudice of farmers against crows is too deeply seated to be readily overcome. For generations agriculturalists have regarded the crow as an enemy of their crops, and it will take many years to overcome a dislike so universal, and so sanctioned by tradition.

LOST AT SEA.

It is a pitiful story. We mean that of the British training ship *Atalanta*, which sailed from Bermuda on the 29th of January last, and was never heard of more. She had on board over three hundred souls, mostly lads, who were training to become seamen in the British navy. The vessel ought to have reached England within three weeks' time, but no vestige, not even a bottle, giving any clue to the mystery has been so far found. Yes, a vessel on the 30th of April did see a great raft about three hundred miles south-east of Bermuda, on which were dead bodies. It was not, however, examined, and it may be that at some future time this raft may be cast upon shore, and some relic among the bones may indicate that it was launched by the ill-fated *Atalanta*. The sea does sometimes give up its dead, and the dismal story may yet be told in all its harrowing details. What is remarkable is that the *Eurydice* the companion training ship of the *Atalanta*, upset within sight of the British coast within the previous twelve months, and every soul on board, young and old, was lost. There is something very saddening in the thought of these young lives suddenly cut off. Think of the brave young lads full of the romance of the sea, expecting to lead adventurous lives on the briny deep, and then all to perish in the cruel, cruel sea. The difficulty with these ships, it seems, was want of ballast. The commander of the *Atalanta* complained, before he sailed, that his vessel was over sparred, in other words that she carried too much sail. We have our training ships in this country, the *Minnesota* and the *St. Marys*, and naval officers say that they are liable to just the same accidents as the English training vessels. They do not carry enough ballast, and are therefore liable to be upset by any squall or storm in mid ocean. There was a dispatch in the papers recently to the following effect:

"HALIFAX, N. S., June 21, 1880.

"While some children were playing on the beach at Cow Bay this afternoon, they picked up a piece of a barrel stave, about four inches by two and a half inches in size, on which the following was written with a lead pencil:

"'*Atalanta* going down, April 12, 1880; no hope; send this to Mrs. Mary White Piers, Sussex.

"'JAMES WHITE.'"

The piece of wood appeared by its looks to have been in the water about two months. The place where it was picked up is about twelve miles east of this city, and opens directly into the Atlantic Ocean. But some people doubt the truth of this news.

HONORING THE JOCKEYS.

The rich merchants in the middle ages spent their surplus means in patronizing artists. The sculptor, the painter, and the poet, if he had any merit, was recognized by the merchant princes of Florence, Genoa, and Venice. Even a hundred years since literary men were sustained and maintained by wealthy noblemen. But now our rich men spend their money on horses. Our Belmonts, Lorillards, Astors, etc., give their surplus to horse-jockeys and breeders, leaving the world of letters to be supported by the army of readers. Matters are still worse in England. One of the honored guests at the Mediterranean villa of a popular English duchess was a horse-jockey, and another of the same fraternity was the guest of a member of a famous James Street Club in London. The public came to know of this last fact, because some of the members of the club objected to the jockey, and threatened the expulsion of the member who introduced him within the sacred walls of a fashionable club. Would it not be well for Americans to get up a public opinion which would call upon our rich men to do something more for letters and art, and something less for horse-racing?

IMPROVING THE TELEPHONE.

What next? The improved Gower Telephone, the invention of an American in Paris, is now so perfect, that the exact tones of the speaker's voice are reproduced so distinctly, one involuntarily turns around to see if the other person is not at his side. Already this instrument has been so improved that it is not necessary for the mouth-piece to be within a foot of the mouth. In other words, any vibration of the air can convey the sound to immense distances. The time is not far distant when orators can speak to millions of people; when famous singers can have for an audience every music-hall in the country full of listeners. Nay, it may be possible in time for one man or woman to speak to every grown human being on the globe. What poor things the ancient miracles seem when compared with the marvels of the telephone and telegraph.

P. T. BARNUM TO THE FRONT.

Another museum, the greatest ever seen in the globe, the most complex and the most interesting. Its location is to be on the site of the old Madison Square Garden, made memorable by the Hippodrome, the great Arion Balls, and the sad disaster at the Homeopathic Fair. The site of the building will be 200 by 425 feet, covering an entire block. It will be fire-proof, five stories in height, with towers at each corner except the southwest where an observatory of an enormous altitude is to be erected. The lower or basement floor will be used as a place for mass meetings, for walking matches, ball-rooms, and in summer, a garden. On the first floor, will be a great opera house or theater, and a smaller hall for lectures, concerts, or readings. This same floor will contain a skating rink, aquarium, zoölogical department, and offices. The second and third floors will be devoted to a museum, into which all the wonders of the earth will be collected. A space will be preserved for curious mechanical inventions. The fourth floor will be a great tropical garden, the finest in the world, filled with flowers, plants, vines, shrubbery, and with walks, bowers, waterfalls, and grottoes. The roof will be of iron and glass, arranged to admit air in summer time. Around the upper floor will be constructed a veranda with refreshment tables. The dome at night will be circled by electric lights, which can be seen far out at sea. It is supposed that it will be completed before the close of the year 1881. Barnum gives his name to this enterprise, and it will be a fitting monument to his life work.

TO VESUVIUS BY RAILWAY.

In eight minutes one can now ride from the bottom of Mt. Vesuvius to the very mouth of the crater. How marvelous this would seem to a resident of Pompeii. Had there been a railway from the last-named city to Rome at the time of its destruction nearly all of its thirty thousand inhabitants could have steamed away out of danger. A trip to the crater of Mount Vesuvius will now be a very commonplace matter. This road is not so interesting of itself as the one which takes tourists to the top of Mt. Washington. Nor is

it any more remarkable than the switchback at Mauch Chunk. The inventor of the railroads could never have supposed that they could have been made so that cars could climb mountains—yet this is what they now do, and very steep ones at that. The time is coming when all the difficult ascents will be overcome by machinery. The Matterhorn and the Mont Blanc will be robbed of their terrors to tourists, and the highest peaks of the Andes and the Himmelas will be accessible to the ordinary traveler.

TURNING POISON INTO BREAD.

What a strange provision of nature it is, which produces from corruption and filth fields of waving wheat and acres of golden grain. The waste and offal of a great city, if not dissipated, can be made to add a thousand-fold to the fruitfulness of the farm. Our great cities pour their filth into the rivers to pollute the streams and kill the fish. The city of Paris some time since turned its sewage upon the plain Gennevilliers. The residents did not like it. The odors were not those of "Araby the Blest." But this foul stream added amazingly to the productiveness of the district; and land which could not be sold for $75 per acre rose in value to over $700 per acre. Truly has it been said that "dirt is matter out of place." What millions and millions are wasted in all our large cities. Were it possible to collect the sewage and spread it upon the waste places, it would add hundreds of millions to the wealth of the world.

GIGANTIC JUPITER.

Do you ever look upward, good reader, at the starry heavens at night to view the constellations and observe the stars? Well, next time look out for Jupiter. It is now a morning star and rises at 3 A.M. He is now wheeling his way along, in order to be in at the coming perihelia of the four great planets, the first opportunity he has enjoyed for two thousand years for so near an approach to the other members of the celestial family. On September 25th he will reach the perihelion, and in October will be nearer our little planet than for many long years. He will hardly get within hailing distance however, for when nearest us he will be 400,000,000 miles away. Jupiter has not looked so bright for twelve years, and he will continue to grow in brilliancy till October. The sun has numerous spots on his face. Jupiter has a pimple, red colored, oval shaped, and some twenty thousand miles in diameter. It is now believed this great planet shines by a light of his own, and is a small sun in his way. Astronomers are getting excited over Jupiter. They hope to discover the mystery of that huge pimple, and some pseudo-scientists affect to believe that we will have a burning hot summer, because of our nearness to this mighty planet.

THE ACCIDENT ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Now that a little time has elapsed, how causeless seems the excitement shown by the newspapers over the accident on Long Island Sound by which the *Narragansett* was sunk by a blow from the *Stonington* in a fog. At first it was supposed that a couple of hundred persons were drowned, but it finally dwindled down to some thirty, supposed to be killed or missing. The real marvel is how so many millions are able to travel nowadays with so small a percentage of fatal casualties. So perfect is modern travel that deaths and accidents are extremely rare. In the old stage-coaching times one person in five hundred lost life or limb; now not over one person in two millions loses life on the modern railroad or steamship. It is natural that people who are imperiled by a great accident should blame officers or crew; but really the collision on Long Island Sound was accidental, and were it not for the explosion of the gas-tank every soul would have been saved. But the injured steamboat took fire; and was burned to the water's edge in twenty-five minutes. Some absurd persons may be deterred from traveling on our water courses because of this accident, yet it can be demonstrated that more persons are killed by lightning in the year than by accidents on our rivers and sounds. There is really more danger in walking on Broadway in New York, or on Walnut Street in Philadelphia, or on the Boston Common, than there is in crossing the ocean in a steamship. Life is uncertain wherever we are, and our business is to be always ready, for the King of Terrors generally comes in some unexpected shape and time.

PAPER, PAPER EVERYWHERE.

The Japanese have become famous for their skill in making various useful utensils out of paper; and there is now a probability that the western world is about to follow their example. At the great exhibition in Sydney, Australia, a house was exhibited made entirely of paper. Not only the framework but the entire furniture, including the chandeliers and the stove, is of paper. So too are the carpets and the curtains—and there is a large paper bed, with paper blankets, sheets, and quilts; and even the crockery, so called, pertaining to the bed-chamber is of paper. Hung around this bedroom are all sorts of underclothing, chemises, dresses and bonnets in the latest style. A series of banquets were given at this paper building, in which the plates, dishes, knives, forks, and drinking utensils were of paper. The object of the exhibition of course was to try and popularize paper for these uses, it being claimed that the utensils made from it were cheaper and quite as useful as when constructed of other material. Will wonders never cease?

NO VACCINATION.

How hard it is for the world to overcome its prejudices. Although it is obvious that vaccination has checked the progress of smallpox all over the world, yet thousands of people believe that it is wrong to vaccinate, and that the practice creates more physical ills than it cures. A society has actually been formed to put a stop to compulsory vaccination, but it is not likely to have many proselytes. The dangers from smallpox are obvious. Those from vaccination, if there be any, are not so apparent. But there will be people who are determined to act eccentrically, and to these belong the members of the New York Anti-Vaccination Society.

BICYCLING A NATIONAL SPORT.

When first introduced the bicycle was a dangerous vehicle to use. It caused certain physical difficulties which made physicians warn parents against allowing their sons to patronize them. But the improved bicycles are not dangerous except with the unskillful; and as a consequence they have grown in public favor, until they are in use in every town and village in the country. Many thousands of young men are using them for summer excursions. They go faster than a horse, and do not require grass or oats. The first National Bicycle "meet" was held in Newport recently; and over a hundred "wheelmen" made a splendid showing as they rode down Bellevue Avenue. The next meet will be in New York in September; and there is every evidence that before many years the majority of our young men will become "wheelmen," which is the name the bicyclists seem to prefer. As yet women have avoided the bicycle, because it necessarily involves pantaloons and riding astride. But then pants must be worn in horse riding, and we judge that after a time some bold young women will imitate their brothers and use the bicycle.

CONQUERING THE NORTH POLE.

It will be done some time. Man will never rest satisfied until he is in possession of all the secrets of nature. He has made numberless attempts to get at the north pole, but so far unsuccessfully. Commander Kane believed that a great sea—an open sea—surrounded the north pole. Indeed, he claimed to have discovered it; but other navigators think the path to the pole frozen all the way. Heretofore all the attempts have been directed to reaching it by a short dash, not covering more than two seasons. But Captain Howgate, of the U. S. Signal Service says the way to reach the pole is by gradual approaches, like an army compassing a great city. Hence he proposes to plant a colony, who will make a permanent settlement, and work its way gradually toward the pole. The plan is to build permanent works all the way along, so that advantage may be taken of very open summers to risk a forced march to the mysterious axis of the earth. Captain Howgate's plan is not so brilliant as some others, but is certain of success if persevered in. The leader who first plants the flag of his country upon the pole will be memorable for all time. Let us hope he will be an American. Some strange superstitions have centered about the mystery of the earth's axis. A writer named Syms believed that there was no pole, but a huge hole which led to the center of the earth, in which were animated beings, similar in kind to those upon the outside of the earth; but of course this was mere speculation, though there are people who really think there was something in this fanciful dream. Captain Howgate's first vessel the *Gulnare* has already sailed, and though we may not hear of it soon, we really believe the pole will in time be reached by this sensible, if slow, plan of proceeding.

THE STEAMERS AND THE ICEBERGS.

Did you ever realize, good reader, one of the gravest perils which a steamship encounters in a voyage to Europe during the spring or summer months? It is in running into an iceberg. These are to be found east of Newfoundland, right in the track of the shortest route to the French, German, or English ports. It is usually a foggy region, but although icebergs abound and fogs are ever present, the steamship dashes swiftly along, trusting to luck or Providence for safety. It is really a marvel how few accidents occur. But then it has been noticed in battles that no matter how thick the bullets, but comparatively few persons are killed and wounded. Several tons of lead are required to maim or murder one human being, in what are called very bloody battles. So it is with steamships. They dash through fog and mist in the region of icebergs unharmed, except in very, very rare instances. This year icebergs have been more numerous than ever before known. Large fishing fleets have had to put back because of the impediments they presented to navigation. Several vessels were injured, but fortunately no great calamity occurred. An iceberg is a most magnificent sight, and is the most picturesque object in a voyage to or from Europe. It is believed that this year some poly-christic ice has been brought down from the Arctic regions. Perhaps you do not know what that big word means. It is ice which has been congealed perhaps for millions of years. A great deal of the ice is of course re-made every year. But in certain other parts of the region about the south and north poles the ice never melts, but continues age after age without being liquefied. Strange as it may seem, there are evidences that icebergs floated at one time over our present land. The bowlders, that is, the great round stones scattered all over our northern country and entirely unlike the rocks in the neighborhood, were certainly deposited by icebergs, which millions of years since floated in an ocean which covered the upper part, at least, of the continent of North America. What a wonderful world we live in!

THE WHALES COMING BACK.

Twenty years ago it seemed as if whales were destined to be exterminated. The daring fishermen of New England had not only driven them from our coast, but had cleared all the seas of them, and were following the remnants in the Arctic and Antartic regions. But the discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania gave the world such an abundant supply of coal oil that whale oil was no longer required, and the great whaling industry came to an end. Since then these sea monsters have multiplied and are coming back to their old haunts upon our coast. They have returned to Nantucket and Cape Cod, and are frequenting the very seas and bays from which issued the thousands of vessels which had slaughtered their kind in all parts of the ocean. Some fifty have been killed off the coast of Cape Cod during the past year; and the time may not be far distant when whale fishing will become a sport instead of a business, as it was formerly. The harpoon is not now used as of old; but instead, an explosive cartridge which tears and kills the huge fish, if struck in a vital part. Ho for a whaling trip to the coast!

THE SMALLEST YET.

Just think of it. Something new in steam. A little vessel arrived in Halifax recently, the smallest that ever steamed from Europe to America, only 84 feet long, 10 feet deep and 16 feet of beam. Her engine and boiler room is only 26 feet 6 inches, and her gross tonnage is 70.26 hundreds tons. This little vessel, called the *Anthracite*, was to test what is known as the Perkins system, which is high pressure, the steam and water being used over and over again. During a voyage of eighteen days she used only twenty tons of coal and 436 gallons of water. It is believed by many that we are only in the alphabet of steam; that great improvements are yet to be made in its use, and it is not improbable that the *Anthracite* may be the forerunner of the adoption of high pressure in place of low pressure steam engines.

Science at Home.

A Good Old Yellow.—Among old yellow dyes one of the best was obtained from the dyer's broom, *Genista tinctoria.*

The Use of Guinea-Fowls.—It is said that guinea-fowls will keep insects of every description off garden stock. They will not scratch like other fowls, or harm the most delicate plants.

To Make Paper Resisting.—Preparation for coating paper to make it resist the action of acids, alkalies, and water: Dissolve caoutchouc cut into small shreds in a mixture of bisulphide of carbon with six per cent. of absolute alcohol.

Forest Temperature.—The temperature in a forest is much less unequal than in the open, although, on the whole, it may be a little lower; but the *minima* are there constantly higher, and the *maxima* lower than in regions not covered with wood.

To Clean Steel Ornaments.—To clean steel ornaments, dip a small brush into some paraffin oil and then into some emery powder—such as is used in the knife-machines—and well brush the ornaments, and all the rust will soon come off; polish with a dry leather and duster.

To Keep Meat Fresh.—The Japanese keep meat fresh in hot weather by placing the raw flesh in porcelain vessels and pouring on it boiling water, whereby the albumen of the surface is quickly coagulated and forms a protection against the further action of the weather. Oil is then poured on the surface of the water, so as to prevent the access of air and consequent putrefaction of the meat.

Unhealthy Suburban Residences.—The unhealthiness of various streets and roads in the suburbs is ascribed to the fact that the houses are built upon garden-ground to which, in order to get a quick succession of crops, the gardeners used to apply enormous quantities of manure. Hence foundations laid upon this substratum are not much better than if they were built over cess-pools.

Invisible Ink for Postcards.—The following is a new recipe for magic ink, which is made visible by warming, either by holding against the fire or over a burning match. It consists of a solution of nitrate or chloride of cobalt, or chloride of copper, which may be procured from any chemist's shop, which is mixed with a little gum or sugar, to the required consistency for writing with a goose quill.

How to Restore Faded Upholstery.—To restore faded hangings, beat the dust out of them thoroughly, and afterwards brush them; then apply to them a strong lather of Castile soap by means of a hard brush; wash the lather off with clear water, and afterwards wash them with alum water. When dry, the colors will be restored in their original freshness. When the colors have faded beyond recovery, they may be touched with a pencil dipped in water-colors of a suitable shade, mixed with gum water.—*Furniture Gazette.*

Impenetrable Cement.—The cement commonly used for fastening the tops on paraffin lamps is plaster of Paris, which is porous and quickly penetrated by the paraffin. Another cement which has not this defect is made with three parts of resin, one of caustic soda, and five of water. This composition is mixed with half its weight of plaster of Paris. It sets firmly in about three-quarters of an hour. It is said to be of great adhesive power, not permeable to paraffin, a low conductor of heat, and but superficially attacked by hot water.

Gold Varnish.—A permanent gold varnish, says a writer in the *Furniture Gazette,* which does not lose its color by exposure to air and light, may be prepared in the following manner: Two ounces of the best garancine or artificial alizarine are digested in a glass vessel with six ounces of alcohol of specific gravity 0.833 for twelve hours, pressed, and filtered. A solution of clear orange-colored shellac in similar alcohol is also prepared, filtered, and evaporated until the lac has the consistence of a fair sirup; it is then colored with the tincture of garancine. Objects coated with this have a color which differs from that of gold only by a slight brownish tinge. The color may be more closely assimilated to that of gold by the addition of tincture of saffron.

Cheap Illumination for Domestic Purposes.—A French paper states that Dr. Phipson has proposed a new solution of the question relative to a cheap means of illumination for domestic purposes. He has succeeded in augmenting considerably, by means of a comparatively weak electric current, the phosphorescence of certain substances influenced by the solar rays. He incloses within a Geissler tube a phosphorescent substance, such as the sulphide of barium, and causes the tube to be traversed by a constant current of a certain intensity. By this means, it is stated, a uniform and agreeable light may be obtained at a less cost than by means of gas.—*Electrician.*

How to Detect Unwholesome Tea.—A correspondent writes—"Tea drinkers nowadays will do well to apply the following simple test to the tea purchased of their grocers. Turn out the infused leaves, and if they are found a good brown color, with fair substance, the tea will be wholesome, but if the leaves are black and of a rotten texture, with an oily appearance, the tea will not be fit to drink. The purer the tea, the more the distinctively brown color of the leaf strikes the attention. I am sorry to say that the mixing that is frequently adopted by the trade to reduce price results in the two kinds of leaves being supplied together. I need hardly add that it is important to see that the leaves have the serrated or saw-like edges, without which no tea is genuine."

Milk as Food.—Unadulterated, undiluted, unskimmed, and properly treated milk, taken from a healthy cow in good condition, and produced by the consumption of healthy and nutritious grasses and other kinds of food, contains within itself, in proper proportions, says Professor Sheldon, all the elements that are necessary to sustain human life through a considerable period of time. Scarcely any other single article of food will do this. When we eat bread and drink milk, we eat bread, butter, and cheese, and drink water—all of them in the best combination and condition to nourish the human system. All things considered, good milk is the cheapest kind of food that we have, for three pints of it, weighing three and three-quarter pounds, contain as much nutriment as one pound of beef, which costs more, and contains much waste. There is no loss in cooking the milk, as there is in cooking the beef, and there is no bone in it that cannot be eaten; it is simple, palatable, nutritious, healthful, cheap, and always ready for use, with or without preparation.

How Diseases are Propagated.—The assertion is made by Professor Tyndall that diseases are propagated, not by effluvia or sewer gas, but by solid particles discharged into the atmosphere by currents of air or gas. This conclusion he was led to by the following experiment: He cut up a piece of steak steeped in water, heated it at a little above the temperature of the blood, then strained off the liquid; in a short time this fluid became turbid, and when examined through a microscope was found to be swarming with living organisms; by the application of heat these were killed, and when the solution was filtered he obtained a perfectly pure liquid, which, if kept free from particles of dust, would remain pure for an unlimited period; but if a fly were to dip its leg in fluid containing living organisms, and then into the pure liquid, the whole would be swarming with animalculæ in forty-eight hours.

Theory of Life.—The late Professor Faraday adopted the theory that the natural age of man is one hundred years. The duration of life he believed to be measured by the time of growth. In the camel this takes eight, in the horse five, in the lion four, in the dog two, in the rabbit one year. The natural termination is five removes from these several points. Man, being twenty years in growing, lives five times twenty years—that is, one hundred; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives forty years; and so with other animals. The man who does not die of sickness lives everywhere from eighty to one hundred years. The Professor divides life into equal halves—growth and decline—and these into infancy, youth, virility, and age. Infancy extends to the twentieth year, youth to the fiftieth, because it is in this period the tissues become firm, virility from fifty to seventy-five, during which the organism remains complete, and at seventy-five old age commences, to last as the diminution of reserved forces is hastened or retarded.

Borax in Infectious Diseases.—According to *The Lancet,* M. Polli has recently reported to one of the medical societies of Lombardy the results of numerous experiments made by him to ascertain the antiseptic properties of various substances. It appears that the energetic disinfecting power possessed by boracic acid and borax, and the facility with which these substances can be absorbed into the economy, have led M. Polli to recommend their use in diseases concerning the infectious nature of which no doubt exists, or in which septic conditions readily arise. He adduces several examples in which the febrile conditions of tuberculosis underwent diminution. In chronic cystitis, the muco-purulent discharge quickly diminishes, and even altogether disappears in a few days, and rapid improvement has occurred in cases of bad suppurating wounds, when applied externally.

Watercress Salad.—Pick out a quantity of nice sprigs of watercress, turn them over in a mixture of three parts olive oil and two parts tarragon vinegar, with salt *q.s.*; and serve in a bowl.

Devonshire Cream.—Put new milk into a pan, let it stand for twelve hours; then put it on a slow fire or stove in the same pan in which it has stood. Let it heat slowly until one can just suffer the finger in it; let it then stand in a cool place for twelve hours, after which skim it.

Whipped Cream.—Sweeten half a pint of cream with some loaf sugar which has been well rubbed on the outside of a lemon, and then pounded. Put it into a perfectly clean cold bowl, and add to it the beaten-up white of an egg. Take a perfectly clean cold whisk, and whip the cream to a stiff froth in a very cold place, or over ice.

Gascony Butter.—Take equal quantities of parsley picked from the stalk and parboiled, of anchovies washed, boned, and pounded, and of fresh butter. Mix the ingredients well together, and pass them through a hair sieve; shape the butter into egg-shape balls, ice them, and serve with a piece of toast under each ball.

Shape of Rice.—Boil 2 oz. of rice, well picked and washed, in one pint of milk, sweetened to taste, and flavored with vanilla; dissolve ½ oz. of gelatine in half pint of milk, and add to it the rice

with half pint of cream. Stir the mixture lightly until cold, put it into a shape, set it on ice or in a cold place, and when firm turn it out and serve with custard or jam, or with both.

Swiss Macaroons.—Mince ½ lb. of sweet and 2 oz. of bitter almonds; mix them with a ½ lb. of fine sifted sugar, and put them in a cool oven until they take a pale brown color; then add ½ lb. of fine sifted sugar, the whites of two large eggs beaten to a strong froth, or sufficient to make a paste stiff enough to form into cakes. Finish as for the above recipe.

New Carrots with Cream.—Trim a quantity of the smallest new carrots that can be obtained, and boil them in salted water. When done drain off the water. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a saucepan, add to it a dessertspoonful of flour, pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, a pinch of powdered sugar, and a small quantity of cream. Put in the carrots, simmer gently a few minutes, and serve.

Ginger Biscuits.—Put two ounces of butter into four ounces of Vienna flour, mix in two ounces of castor sugar, a teaspoonful of freshly ground ginger, and make into a soft paste with the yolk of an egg beaten up in a tablespoonful of milk or cream. Put the paste on a board, and roll out to the thickness of a shilling. Cut the biscuits into round shapes, put them on a floured baking sheet, and bake very slowly until crisp; if the biscuits become brown they are spoiled.

Lamb Chops.—Have ready a clear, bright fire; lay the chops on a gridiron, and broil them a nice pale brown, turning them when required. Season them with pepper and salt, serve very hot and quickly garnished with crisped parsley. Asparagus, spinach and peas are the favorite accompaniments of lamb chops.

Tapioca Pudding.—Boil ½ lb. of tapioca with one pint of milk sweetened to taste, and flavored with either lemon peel, vanilla, or orange-flower water according to taste; pour the mixture into a buttered pie dish, and bake for half an hour. If prefered with eggs, the boiled tapioca should be allowed to cool, and then two eggs well beaten up may be added before baking; but this kind of pudding is more wholesome, especially for children, without eggs, if made with plenty of milk.

Shoulder of Lamb Stuffed.—Take the blade bone out of a shoulder of lamb, fill up its place with force-meat, and sew it up with coarse thread. Put it into a stewpan, with a few slices of bacon under and over the lamb, and add the remaining ingredients. Stew very gently for rather more than two hours. Reduce the gravy with which to glaze the meat, and serve with peas.

Cream Tartlets.—Make a short paste with one white and three yolks of eggs, one ounce of sugar, one ounce of butter, a pinch of salt, and flour *quant. suff.*; work it lightly, roll it out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. Line some patty pans with it, fill them with uncooked rice to keep their shape, and bake them in a moderate oven till done. Remove the rice, and fill the tartlets with jam, or with stewed fruit, and on the top put a heaped spoonful of whipped cream.

Rhubarb Tartlets.—Make a short paste with one white and three yolks of egg, one ounce of sugar, one ounce of butter, a pinch of salt, and flour *quant. suff.*; work it lightly, roll it out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. Line some patty-pans with it, fill them with uncooked rice to keep their shape, and bake them in a moderate oven till done. Remove the rice, and fill the tartlets with rhubarb stewed with plenty of sugar and a dash of lemon juice, and at the top put a heaped spoonful of whipped cream.

Plain Omelets.—Beat up three or four eggs with one dessert-spoonful of parsley very finely minced, and pepper and salt to taste. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a frying pan; as soon as it is melted pour in the omelet mixture, and, holding the handle of the pan with one hand, stir the omelet with the other by means of a spoon. The moment it begins to set cease stirring, but keep on shaking the pan for a minute or so; then, with the spoon, double up the omelet and keep shaking the pan until the under side of the omelet has become of a golden color. Then turn it out on a hot dish, and serve.

Boudins of Salmon.—Take equal quantities cold boiled salmon and bread crumbs. Put the salmon, finely flaked and picked free from bone and skin, into a mortar; pound it, pass it through a sieve, and return it to the mortar, then work into it half its bulk of butter, and the bread crumbs soaked in milk and squeezed dry; season with pepper, salt, and nutmeg; then work in sufficient eggs, in the proportion of two yolks and one white, to bind the mixture. Put it into buttered moulds, and steam it for half an hour in a saucepan full of boiling water. Serve with Dutch sauce.

Rock Cakes.—Put a quarter of a pound of butter into one pound of flour, mix in a quarter of a pound of raw sugar, half a pound of currants or sultanas, one ounce of candied peel finely chopped, the grated peel of half a lemon, and a large pinch of baking powder. Beat two eggs for a minute, mix the other ingredients into a paste with them. In order that the cakes may have a rocky shape, the paste must be very stiff; if it is too moist, the cakes will be flat. If, however, the two eggs are not sufficient to work up the paste, a few drops of milk may be added. Flour a baking sheet, with your fingers, put little pieces of the cake at equal distances, taking care to drop them on lightly, so that they will retain their proper shape.

Vol-au-Vent of Fresh Fruit.—Make one half pound of puff paste, taking care to bake it in a brisk oven. Have ready sufficient fruit, such as gooseberries, raspberries, currants, cherries, etc.; fill the *vol-au-vent* piling high in the center, stewing the fruit previously, but taking care not to have the syrup too thin. Powder a little sugar over it, and put in the oven to glaze. The dish is then ready to serve.

Hominy.—Boil for an hour, and eat with milk and sugar or with milk alone.

1. *For Breakfast.*—Soak six tablespoonfuls of hominy in two pints of boiling water over night. In the morning pour off the water, and add one pint and half of milk, and boil half an hour. Pour on to plates and serve with cream or maple sugar. 2. *Blanc mange.*—Into a pint of new milk put three tablespoonfuls of hominy and a little salt; boil gently until it begins to thicken, then add half a pint more milk; boil until sufficiently thick. Add sugar, and flavoring to taste; pour into a mould. Serve cold with jam or stewed fruit.

Clear Apple Jelly.—Pare, core, and cut two dozen apples into quarters, and boil them with lemon peel until tender. Then strain off the apples, and run the juice through a jelly-bag. Put the strained juice, with the sugar and isinglass, which has been previously boiled in half a pint of water, into a lined sauce or preserving-pan. Boil all together for about a half an hour, and put the jelly into moulds. When this jelly is clear, and turned out well, it makes a pretty dish for the supper-table, with a little custard or whipped cream around it.

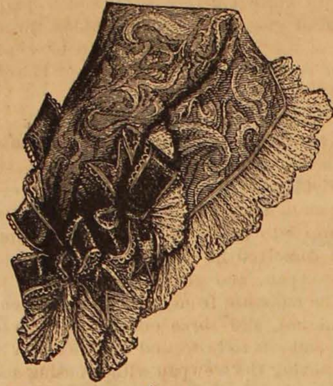
Chow-Chow.—One peck green tomatoes, half peck green peppers, quarter of a peck of onions, one large cabbage, one cauliflower. Chop all fine, mix well together, pack in a jar, or any large vessel, with a layer of salt to each layer of chow-chow, in the proportion of half a pint to a peck. Let it stand over night, then squeeze it out of the brine, and add to the chow-chow a quarter of a pound of white mustard seed, and a quarter of a pound of ground mustard sprinkled through it. Put it in the jar in which it is to be kept, boil vinegar enough to cover it, and set it away for use. Keep it covered closely.

French Mode of Cooking Beans.—Take young beans, cut off the heads and tails and a thin strip on each side of the beans to remove the strings. Then divide each bean into four or six pieces, cutting them in a slanting direction, and as they are cut, drop into cold water, with a small quantity of salt dissolved in it. When tender put them in a stewpan, and shake over the fire to dry away the moisture from the beans. When quite dry and hot, add three ounces of fresh butter, pepper and salt to taste, and the juice of a lemon. Keep moving the stewpan without using a spoon, and when the butter is melted, and all thoroughly hot, serve. If the butter should not mix well, add a tablespoonful of gravy, and serve very quickly.

Lamb's Sweet-Breads.—Soak the sweet-breads in lukewarm water, and put them into a saucepan, with sufficient boiling water to cover them, and let them simmer for ten minutes. Then take them out and put them into cold water. Lard them, lay in a stewpan, half pint veal stock with pepper and salt to taste, small bunch green onions, one blade pounded mace, a thickening of butter and flour, and stew gently for twenty minutes. Beat up two eggs with half pint of cream, add a teaspoonful minced parsley and a very little grated nutmeg. Put this to the other ingredients, stir it well till quite hot, but do not let it boil after the cream is added, or it will curdle. Have ready some asparagus-tops boiled, add these to the sweet-breads and serve.

Soup a la Bonne Femme.—Cut up a good-sized onion into very thin rounds, and place these in a saucepan with a good allowance of butter. Take care not to let the onion get brown, and when it is half done throw in two or three handfuls of sorrel, one lettuce, and a small quantity of chervil, all finely cut; then add pepper, salt, a little nutmeg, and keep stirring until the vegetables are nearly done. Then put in one tablespoonful of pounded loaf sugar, and about half pint of vegetable stock; boil until the onions are thoroughly done. Meanwhile prepare about a dozen and a half very thin slices of bread about 1 in. wide, and 2 in. long, taking care that they have a crust along one of their long sides. Dry these slices in the oven. When it is time to send up the soup, first remove the superfluous fat from it, then set it to boil, and when it boils take it off the fire and stir into it the yolks of two or three eggs beaten up with a quarter of a pint of cream or milk. Pour the soup over the slices of bread, and serve in three minutes.

Fricandeau of Veal.—Cut away the lean part of the best end of a neck of veal, with a sharp knife, scraping it from the bones. Put the bones in with a little water, which will serve to moisten the fricandeau; they should stew about one hour and a half. Take off the skin, flatten the veal on the table, then at one stroke of the knife cut off as much as is required, for a fricandeau with an uneven surface does not look well. Trim it and make three or four slits in the middle. Lard it thickly with fat bacon. Slice two carrots and two large onions and put these with a faggot of savory herbs and mace, allspice and pepper to taste, *in the middle* of a stew-pan with a few slices of bacon at the top. These should form a sort of mound in the center for the veal to rest upon. Stew very gently for three hours. Baste it frequently with the liquor, and a short time before serving put it into a brisk oven to make the bacon firm. Dish the fricandeau, keep it hot, skim off the fat from the liquor, and reduce it to a glaze, with which glaze the fricandeau. Serve with spinach, asparagus or peas.



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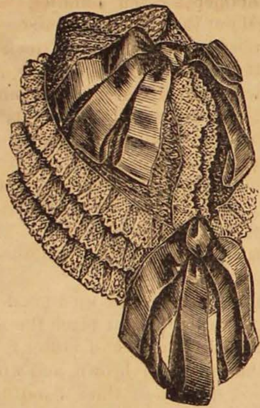

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LADIES' BREAKFAST CAPS.

FOR DESCRIPTION SEE PAGE 468.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS
THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE IN STYLE FURNISHING

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

CRITICS must be very hard to please who are not suited with the fashions of the present season. In the first place we have the universal short dress unencumbered with any of the Dolly Varden hoops, bustles, bunching, and deformities such as embarrassed it ten years ago.

Then this practical, sensible kind of dress can be made up in the simplest materials and still be "fashionable."

Checked gingham, well made, is actually more stylish than hair-striped silk, because newer, and is suitable for almost all the occasions for which young girls want a pretty out-door dress in summer, while it may also be used for morning walks and calls by married ladies who have not arrived at a degree of age and *embonpoint* which renders a dress of this informal description unbecoming and undignified.

The greatest latitude, however, prevails in regard to material and style, provided the limitations are kept in mind, and these are generally an adherence to natural forms. The greatest diversity in fabric is provided, and it is a curious illustration of the way in which fashion adapts itself to conditions and circumstances, that the "cheese"-cloth at eight cents per yard, the gingham at twenty-five, the lawn at fifteen, and the plain wool at fifty, are as well worn, even as elegant in their way, as the brocade at fifteen dollars per yard. Indeed, a royal duchess in England is criticised strongly for going to the races in a golden-brown satin, which was "unsuitable" upon an occasion for which a "handkerchief" dress would have been considered perfectly proper.

This sense of fitness, and this possession of the most suitable thing for the occasion, is the test of fashion. The majority, upon any occasion of public or social interest, wear the finest thing they have got, or the last new thing, without reference to its relative character of the event, and this is the reason why dress is so miscellaneous and frequently so incongruous.

The rule now, in fashion, is to reserve silks for evening and dress occasions, and then have them very rich and handsome. Nothing is too handsome or costly for "full" dress; the softest, thickest satins, the most splendid brocades, and these are further enriched with every ornamental device, and with the most exquisite handiwork in the way of lace, fringes, and embroideries. But for day wear, out-of-doors, wool, or a costume that is at least part wool, is more desirable than all silk; and, as before stated, the new cottons, such as the "handkerchief" ginghams, the foulard finished cambrics, the lovely satines, are even more stylishly worn during the summer months, by young women particularly, than richer fabrics. The unusual heat and length of the summer has doubtless had much to do with popularizing all sorts of thin and washable costumes. Freshness has been the great desideratum, and fortunately it has been within the reach of most, for it is possible to buy or make what are called "wash" dresses at almost any price, from one dollar to fifty, according to fineness and kind and amount of trimming. But the ginghams, the soft-finished cambrics, and the linen lawns have been the favorites, and with their belted waists, and pretty fichus edged with lace, are as simple and dainty as can well be imagined. Printed foulards are new, and are favorite dinner and summer evening dresses at home. They can scarcely be called new, but they are at least a revival of a manufacture that had a great vogue upwards of a quarter of a century ago, at a time when, oddly enough, checked ginghams were as popular as they are to-day; and many ladies of fifty or thereabouts will remember being in possession then, as now, of a flowered foulard and checked gingham for morning wear. The foulards of to-day, however, differ in having a ground well covered, while the figures of that time were detached, and blocked out upon a plain surface. The pea-spotted foulards are not new, but the smaller dots set closely are a great improvement on the old polka spots.

Dots are a sort of summer *fureur*. Fine and closely-dotted muslins are as much worn by young women as flowered foulards by their mammas. These foulards are not gay, they are only delicate. The grounds are a creamy white, the figures are suggestions of Japanese designs in olive, brown, and old blues, with a little red, or pink, or gold. The trimming is always white lace—Languedoc or Breton—or the fine imitation Mechlin, and sometimes ribbons; but ribbons are less used now than formerly, and in some cities—Baltimore, for example—they are considered in execrable taste, except for wrappers, or negligée, tea-gowns, and the like. Elegant sashes are a great feature of the white summer dressing. They are of broad rich satin, or brocaded ribbons, handsome enough to keep, as Japanese ladies do their sashes, for heirlooms.

Models for the Month.

OUR lady readers will find among the illustrations for the present month some very interesting studies for costumes, and designs for indoor wear.

The "Greek" over-dress, sometimes called the "Pinafore" over-dress, is one of the styles adopted by young ladies for afternoon, garden party, lawn-tennis, and other purposes, and besides being exceedingly pretty, serves admirably to "dress up" a simple gown, or protect an elegant one.

The "Greek" over-dress is suitable for chintz, cambric, foulard, dotted muslin, lace batiste, or any other material preferred. Usually thin or flowered materials are selected, although the soft-figured Surah shows to great advantage over white or black toilets. The majority, however, as before remarked, are made of washing materials and are trimmed with needle-work or torchon lace, and a few loops of ribbon. They are inexpensive therefore, and very useful, as well as picturesque.

The latest, and one of the most useful and seaside styles of walking-skirts will be found in the "Clarissa." This has the straight plaited back, and round apron front, draped in upon the sides, but leaving the lower front perfectly plain. A variation may be made from this by shirring the

apron, and kilting the front of the skirt, and this will adapt it further to early fall suits of plain or checked wool; but when a figured fabric is used, whether the figure be large or small, the goods cotton or wool, the front of the skirt is best left plain.

The proper bodice for this skirt is the "Box-plaited Waist"—which is high, plaited back and front, and belted in; but a plain basque, shaped like the waist to the figure, but without the plaits, may be selected, if preferred, by those who do not consider belts or plaited waists becoming to them. Seven yards and three-quarters of material, ordinary width, are needed for the skirt, and four and a quarter for the waist—twelve altogether—which is a very moderate amount, and quite carries us back to the old days of home dressmaking. We recommend this design strongly to school teachers and elder students for school wear.

A more elaborate walking dress, one suited to a combination of richer materials, is the "Molina" and "Inez" waist. This may be made of plain, and trimmed with figured foulard; or of plain silk or satin, and trimmed with Surah; or of wool, and mounted with figured silk and wool in the pretty Persian and India patterns which seem to have lost none of their popularity.

The "Molina" makes up beautifully also, and most appropriately in plain dark silk, combined with the pretty "illuminated" brocades in small figures used so largely for coats, and independent basques, and in which the ground, matching the shade of the plain silk, is thickly covered with small leaf-like designs, into which bright bits of color enter.

The "Inez" waist is a dainty design, charming for slender young women, and very dressy. It is pretty for white evening dresses of *toile religieuse*, or dotted muslin with skirt to match; the pointed bodice being made in cardinal or heliotrope satin, and laced with silk cord to match; the tags of the laces may be left hanging.

An elegant bodice for wear with a white or black skirt may be obtained by copying the "Inez" in black silk or satin, or satin de Lyon, and putting on a shirred fichu of fine white India or mull muslin. The corset should be of satin. This shirred fichu will be found excessively becoming.

The "Princess Costume" furnishes a model for a princess dress, walking length, which is particularly desirable, because the foundation of it is a plain, yet complete, princess dress, and any other mode of arranging drapery upon it may be substituted. The mounting has the advantage, however, of not being intricate, and of presenting a very graceful effect, while it can be carried out in any material or combination desired. About seventeen yards of any fabric not less than twenty-four inches wide would make the entire dress, plaitings included.

Dress coats for ladies have achieved an unlooked-for popularity, and the "Eusebie" is a stylish model, one that can be copied in any rich material or fabric, with a certainty of its fit and good effect. Too many coats look like caricatures; or fantastic garments fit only to be accompanied by the suggestive cap and bells; but if well made in a rich fabric and worn over a handsome and appropriate skirt, the dress-coat is a very elegant and effective garment, well suited to a tall, graceful figure. It should be made in satin the color of the trimmed skirt, or brocade with a ground color to match; the tails should be faced or lined with satin. Four and a quarter yards is required to make it twenty-four inches wide, exclusive of the *guimpe*, or chemisette at the throat, which may be of plain satin, if the material is brocade, or India mull, if the coat is plain satin.

The "Justine" princess dress, furnishes an excellent design for an indoor dress, which is closer fitting and more elegant than an ordinary wrapper. It may be made in figured print, in the handsome dark Egyptian and cashmere patterns now manufactured, or in plain garnet, or gendarme blue cashmere, the plaiting being made of silk, satin, or wool. The "Colette" fichu is the shape of shoulder cape, or small mantle which has been and is so fashionable in Spanish lace, white and black, and will also be copied in black cashmere for fall wear. It is very suitable for early fall, and in black can be worn with any costume. It requires only a yard and a quarter of twenty-four inch material.

Lace Pins and Ear-Rings.

No. 1.—A handsome lace pin in "rolled" Roman gold. It is in the shape of a half lozenge ended by three-quarter circles enriched with filigree work and open flowers in frosted green gold, the lower edge being ornamented with scroll work and filigree. The center is occupied by a real cameo mounted in highly burnished gold, with triangular *plaques* of red gold, finely chased and polished, on each side. Price, $2.50.

No. 2.—An elegant lace pin in "rolled" gold. The body is in Roman gold, satin finished, and is enriched with bars of polished red gold, filigree work, and sprays of *myosotis* in frosted red gold, with leaves in frosted green gold. The center is occupied by a raised medallion, with a rim of polished gold encircling a fine painting on a pearly background. Price, $2.

No. 3.—A very unique lace pin, in "rolled" Roman gold, ornamented with filigree work and curved *plaques* of polished red gold. A dove in frosted green gold, with outstretched wings, occupies the center. Price, $1.50.

No. 4.—A brooch and ear-rings in "rolled" copper-colored gold, representing the implements of archery tastefully combined. Price, $2.50 for the set.

No. 5.—This entirely novel design is in "rolled" Roman gold, and consists of two reeds, solid gold finished at the ends, which are connected by finely engraved bars of polished gold, the center being occupied by a horse-shoe with the nails of polished red gold, and having clover leaves in frosted green and copper-colored gold, and small berries in dead gold on each side of it. Price, $1.75.

No. 6.—A unique design, made in "rolled" gold, representing a horn in polished gold, suspended by a spray of leaves in frosted green and copper-colored gold. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, $2 per pair.

No. 7.—This dainty design for ear-rings, suitable for a miss, is in "rolled" gold, egg-shaped, the ground-work Roman gold, ornamented with a floral spray having filigree stems and colored leaves. Price, $1.75.

No. 8.—A very stylish lace pin in "rolled" gold, the upper part of which consists of a round bar in highly burnished gold, ended by balls of dead gold with filigree work, and connected with the lower part by a succession of tiny balls in Roman gold, and two curved *plaques* of highly burnished gold, frosted and finely engraved. This lower part, in the shape of outstretched wings, is in Roman gold, with filigree and leaves of frosted green gold on each side of a triangular *plaque* of highly burnished gold, from which is suspended a ball in Roman gold, ornamented with filigree. Price, $2.

LACE PINS AND EAR-RINGS.

Abundance Baskets.

"*Cocagne*" or abundance baskets are the little straw baskets, some five or six inches long, which the "art-ladies" wear in the country, and which affect the shape of those upon the top of the *mât-de-cocagne*, or poles on which are placed the tempting prizes, which the French peasants strive to capture by climbing after them. Made to resemble narrow, flat cheese-baskets, and lined with cheese-cloth, these pretty *paniers* have loops of fanciful ribbon above and below, and serve to hold wild flowers, mittens, or pencils or a narrow leaf of drawing paper for sketching, without which ladies now are seldom seen. There is in some of the *cocagne* baskets a small net of lace, in which beetles are placed ready for art-decorative purposes. Oddly enough, the pictures on the new drawing-books, and sketch folios, represent these baskets upset, and with the contents falling in every direction, while the ribbon ties stream out as if in despair at the mishap. A very pretty imitation of these baskets, is made by plaiting three strands of straw with three of dried grass, and, preserving the elongated cheese-basket shape, by adding a binding of straw-colored ribbon or silk on the edge.

Pretty Summer Fashion.

One of the pretty summer fashions consists of the white mull kerchief edged with Breton lace, which young ladies wear around their necks, fastened with round-headed pearl pins. No jewelry, except small knobs of pearl in the ears.

Seaside and Garden Hats and Bonnets.

Large hats of coarse straw ornamented with a wreath of daisies or buttercups, and the brim faced with mull are the favorites for the seaside and garden wear in the country. They are very simple, though they are sometimes made very striking. For instance, hats of coarse, black straw are pulled low down upon one side of the head and face, and turned up very high on the other.

The wide brim is faced with red, and further ornamented with a cluster of shaded red silk poppies. Round the crown a loose twist of red and gold silk, and low at the back more poppies, and some golden wheat, only a few spears.

The white straws and the wreath of daisies, and the mull look cooler, and are in reality less weighty, and any advantage of this kind is to be considered in a season such as we are having, both for the sake of health and comfort. Some quaint, high-crowned hats have appeared of manilla, light, but more suitable for children than grown women. They are mounted with shells and shell ornaments in a way that will remind the traveler of Venice and Havre, where the shell ornamentation is so pretty, and used for so many purposes.

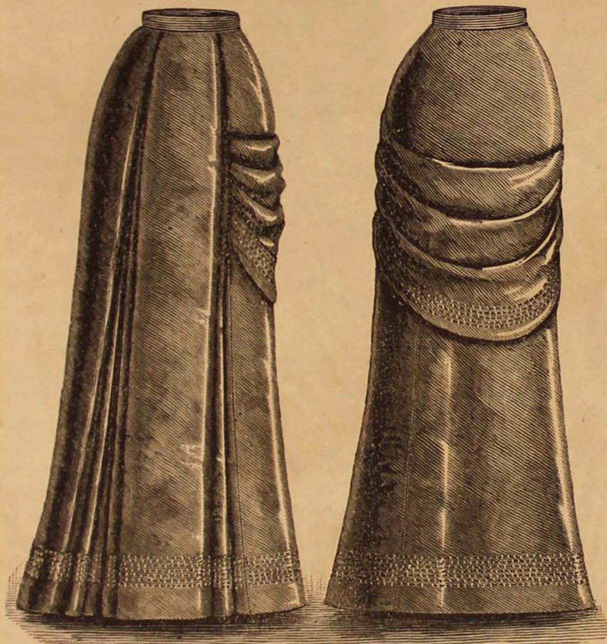
Summer bonnets are small, one consisting simply of a crown set close to the head, the other a pretty modification of the "cottage" shape, and by far the most refined and lady-like of the popular styles. The first appears in all the fancy yellow straws, satin straws, Tuscan straws, gold straws, open straws and the like, all deep in color, and some very new and pretty, mixed in different shades of dark, rich colors. These are trimmed with soft silks in Persian mixtures, lined with satin, and exhibit very striking ornaments of gold, cone or key-shaped, and magnificent flowers, either single specimens of very large flowers in shaded silk or satin, or half-wreaths or clusters of superb damask or Maréchal Niel roses.

The cottage styles, with moderately flaring brim, are made in fine white or black chip and English straw; the former, both black and white, often trimmed with nothing but soft folds of fine, white mull, and a white silk pompon, while the latter will show a lining of soft ivory corah, and an exterior trimming in which the Pompadour color, pale pink and pale blue will be blended.

Pale-gold satin is also used to trim English straws, accompanied with a close wreath or fringe of cowslips, or daffy-down-dillies. Heliotrope satin ribbon is also used with violets in two shades, or white and purple lilac gracefully arranged with mull and satin ribbon. Mull is also used in conjunction with clusters of white, red and black currants upon black chip.

Garden Suits.

Pretty garden suits consist of over-dress of linen embroidered in crewels, and worn over a colored silk skirt, and garden hat embroidered in crewels, also in vine and berry, or flower pattern. The skirt will be brown, or gendarme blue, corresponding with some prominent color in the embroidery.



CLARISSA WALKING SKIRT.

MOLINA WALKING SKIRT.

Clarissa Walking Skirt.—This unique and stylish design is an extremely simple walking skirt, short enough to escape the ground all around, the back breadths full and straight, and a short apron gracefully draped over the front and sides, which are slightly gored. This design is suitable for all dress goods excepting the thinnest, and is particularly desirable to be worn with a round waist and belt. Rows of machine stitching will be the most appropriate finish for heavy goods, but, if preferred, a narrow plaiting or a gathered ruffle can be used on the bottom of the front and sides. The back view of this skirt is illustrated on Fig. 1 of the full-page engraving in combination with the box-plaited waist. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Molina Walking Skirt.—A dressy and novel design, having for its foundation a gored skirt, short enough to escape the ground all around, on which a very graceful drapery is arranged, giving the effect of an overskirt having the apron draped at the sides and in the middle, the back shirred at the top and falling plainly below, and *revers* at the sides which are looped in a moderately *bouffant* manner. The skirt is trimmed with a kilt-plaited flounce, fifteen inches deep. To reduce the weight the skirt may be cut off under the flounce, and the plaits can then be held in place by tacking their inner edges to tapes placed across them on the inside. Any other style of flounce can be substituted that is preferred. This design is suitable for all classes of dress goods, and is very desirable for a combination of materials. The front view of this skirt is illustrated in Fig. 2 of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

LADIES' COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—The "Box-plaited" waist and "Clarissa" walking skirt are combined to form this stylish and serviceable street or traveling costume. The skirt has a short draped apron in front, and two double box-plaits at the back. This costume is represented as made of navy blue flannel, simply finished by rows of machine stitching. Bonnet of fancy straw trimmed with a dark blue veil with white polka dots, and fastened with gilt pins. White linen collar and cuffs. Both the waist and skirt are illustrated among the separate fashions. Skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of waist, twenty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—Costume of polka dotted foulard and Surah. The designs used are the "Inez" waist and the "Molina" walking skirt combined. The full waist and side drapery are of bronze *foulard*

with cherry color and white polka dots. The corselet and skirt are of Surah of a darker shade of bronze; a cascade of cherry colored and bronze ribbons trims the front of the skirt. Plaitings of Breton lace at the neck and wrists; a single tea-rose with bronze leaves at the throat. Both of the designs used for this costume are given among the separate fashions. Skirt pattern thirty cents. Pattern of waist twenty cents each size.

FIG. 3.—The "Princess" costume made of *satin merveilleux* and Pompadour foulard, with the "Colette" *fichu* compose this pretty visiting dress. The side draperies are of Pompadour *foulard* and the rest of the costume of black *satin merveilleux*. The *fichu* is of *satin merveilleux* trimmed with fringe and a *coquille* of black lace; the ends of the *fichu* are lined with pale blue satin. Bonnet with openwork straw border, lined with pale blue, and trimmed with a scarf of pompadour *foulard* and *aigrette* of fancy straw. Strings of pale blue satin ribbon. Parasol of Pompadour *foulard* with pale blue lining. The costume and *fichu* are illustrated separately elsewhere. Pattern of *fichu* in two sizes, medium and large. Price twenty cents each. Pattern of costume thirty cents each size.

Beaded Costumes.

THOSE who possess handsome dresses, or garments enriched with bead embroidery, need not fear that the fall will not bring back the last year's craze in this direction. There is no other trimming so effective as this, and the development of color and new beauty in design is such as to stimulate the desire on the part of ladies to possess at least one costume which shall be characterized by this species of adornment.

Black Satin de Lyon.

THIS elegant fabric is constantly gaining in favor. It is greatly preferred by persons of the best taste to the more glossy satin, and it is richer and more effective than plain silk. An American satin de Lyon has lately been produced which is a superb fabric. It is sold at six dollars per yard, and it is equal to any ever imported and sold at nine or ten. It forms a magnificent background for jet embroidery, although, indeed, it is handsome enough of itself for any purpose.

Lace Garments.

LITTLE scarf mantelets and fichus in black or white Spanish lace are much more used this season than lace shawls. When lace shawls are worn at all, they are taken up on the shoulders, and arranged as fichus in large folds, and the corners are held by a belt. However, few shawls are seen, and the effort of those who have them is to utilize them as drapery, and give as little the appearance of a shawl as possible.

Few outer garments are employed since the warm weather came upon us in such force, except as traveling wraps. Embroidered scarfs are made *en suite* with handsome embroidered robes—but even they cannot be worn in such weather as we have had; they will be good for September, however.

The coat-shaped dress, too, has done much to get rid of the wrap—and it is really an interesting question how long ladies will be willing to wear a straight skirt, and long straight coat, flat to the figure, and within a few inches of reaching the edge, which often shows a line of red, or some strong color, used instead of a white balayeuse.

JUSTINE PRINCESS DRESS. EUSEBIE COAT.

Justine Princess Dress.—A perfectly plain princess dress, suitable for house wear, and an especially desirable pattern to be made in silk or silesia, to use as a slip under an overdress made of thin goods; or of any dress fabric to wear with an overdress of contrasting material made in Greek style, or open at the sides. It is tight fitting, with two darts in the usual positions in each front and a deep dart taken out under each arm, has a seam down the middle of the back and side forms carried to the shoulders. The illustration represents the skirt cut in squares at the bottom and filled in with plaitings. These places are marked, but not cut out, and the skirt can be trimmed in any other way that is preferred. The neck and sleeves can also be changed to suit individual taste. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

PREVALENCE OF ORIENTAL DESIGNS.—Japanese and Turkish designs, showing the moons, fans, fishes, and dragons peculiar to these styles, are seen this season in lawns and percales as well as in the foulard silks.

THE NEWEST STYLES in bathing suits have gone back to original forms—full blouse belted in, and trowsers. A complete outfit, including cap and and slippers, can be obtained for $5 and upwards.

Wreaths for Garden Hats.

THE handsomest of the very beautiful wreaths of flowers now used for garden hats, are the imitation of the very beautiful hop-vine and the grape-tendrils mingled with the excessively delicate grape-flower. The dyed straws, especially the Indian red and the gold yellow are adorned with these, for the present principle in flower arrangement is that what is found in nature can be used in the milliner's art, however strong the contrast. The hop-green and Indian red are found frequently in the tropical plants associated together, and are not so strong a contrast as the cactus forms to its own leaf. Large jars of natural plants and flowers are now placed in the leading millinery establishments abroad to show how greens are associated, and to these ladies match their "art-dress" ribbons.

Eusebie Coat.—Very elegant and stylish, this design has the front in cuirass shape, slightly pointed; the waist ornamented with a *guimpe* between broad *revers*, and the back very deep, in coat shape, with plaits let in the middle seam. The design is suitable for all sorts of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials or colors. The *guimpe* and plaits in the back, if made of contrasting goods, produce a very effective result, and broad *passementerie* can be used to finish the bottom of the coat, the sleeves, and *revers*. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

LOW-NECKED DRESSES.—The extent (says *Truth*) to which *décolleté* dresses have lately become fashionable has tardily attracted what Lord Beaconsfield would describe as "the attention of Majesty," and the Queen has expressed a wish that in future ladies will not attend court in a state of semi-undress. In fact, next season the wearers of any such costumes as astonished and horrified lookers-on at this year's drawing-rooms will not be admitted.

Cheap Goods.

There are some very singular illusions prevalent in the minds of some of the dwellers in rural districts in regard to the prices at which goods and garments can be obtained in New York city. They read astonishing advertisements; they receive surprising circulars, detailing at great length the rates to which suits, jackets, underwear, skirts, hosiery, and the like have been reduced in New York city. They are fired with an instantaneous desire to share in this brilliant opportunity. A camel's-hair dress trimmed with satin and real lace, at about three dollars and seventy-five cents, expressage and all charges paid, would suit them exactly; and the announcements are so ingeniously mixed, that the impression that they can procure some such costume for some such price, obtains a fixed lodgment in the brain.

Moreover, it is supposed and expected that the lowest prices announced for materials and fabrics in the bulk, and which frequently consist of treacherous rates attached to a few shop-worn, or old-style goods, can be reached in the purchase of small quantities of fresh materials, which are required of a particular color, or to match another fabric.

In a store the other day, where "great bargains" were announced, was a placard over a pile of checked gingham dresses for children of three and four or five years of age, at 98 cents each. This was certainly very cheap; but on examination it was found the placard only applied to a few ugly aprons which lay on top, the gingham, in simple Gabrielle patterns, trimmed with a narrow colored embroidery, were from $2.75 to $4.50 each.

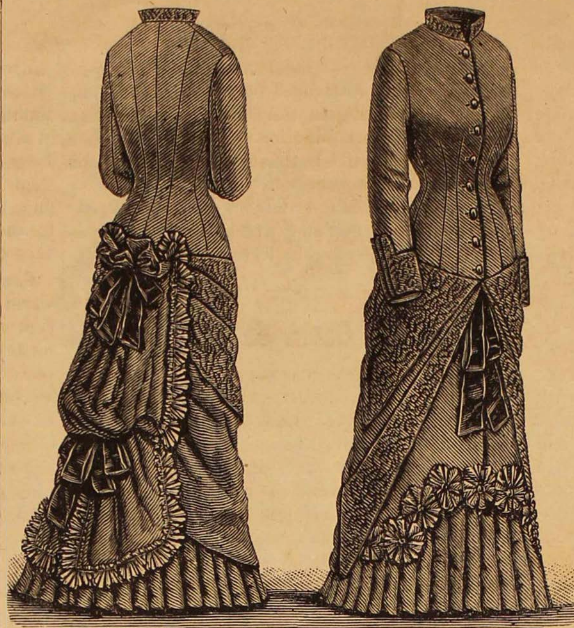
Just so with cheap dresses. Attracted by an advertisement, ladies go to stores, and find that what is cheap is not fit to wear, and that what is good, and fresh, and fashionable is not cheap.

Occasionally in great city stores, a bargain may be had; but it is near the close of the season, and because the style of the garment, or the design of the fabric, is such that it is not considered safe to keep it over. But even these are chances that only occur at certain seasons and in certain cases, and are not to be relied upon as furnishing more in value than the amount paid, for usually the season for the goods or article very quickly passes away, and it is left on the hands of the buyer, and may be so obviously out of date, as hardly to be wearable another season.

There is nothing more difficult than to attempt to furnish or "match" certain goods at given prices. It is almost certain to be a failure. If it is really desirable, and offered at an unusually low figure, it will be snatched up within twenty-four hours, so that it will have been sold and forgotten before a purchase could be effected from a distance.

The only way to make a good purchase through an agent, is to trust somewhat to your agent's honesty and discretion; but women generally seem very much afraid of doing that. They want time, pains, judgment, to be bestowed on purchases; they want all the risk of loss to be taken by the actual buyer, and then they are as a rule frightened at the thought that they may not get two yards and a half of something or other at the very lowest rates at which they read such goods can be purchased, though the actual quality may be far different from what they suppose.

It is possible that some of these people might invest their money in the worthless trash that is sometimes turned out in quantities, and labeled cheap; but if such things were sent to them individually, and per order, they would feel insulted. It is so different getting other people to spend one's money, and spending it one's self.



PRINCESS COSTUME.

Princess Costume.—The foundation of this stylish costume is a plain, princess dress, on which is arranged particularly graceful drapery, falling away from the front and moderately *bouffant* at the back. As the drapery is entirely separate from the dress, any other style can be used that is preferred. The dress is fitted with three darts in each front, two in the usual positions and one under the arm, and has side forms carried to the shoulders and a seam down the middle of the back. The design is suitable for all classes of dress goods, and is desirable for a combination of materials. The trimming can be selected to correspond with the material used. The front view of this costume is shown on Fig. 3 of the full-page engraving, in combination with the "Colette" fichu. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

GREEK OVERDRESS.

Greek Overdress.—This simple and stylish design, known also as the "Pinafore" overdress, from its resemblance in front to a bib apron, is intended to be worn over a plain princess dress, or a plain waist and skirt, the skirt to be long or short, as preferred, and trimmed on the bottom. It is open at the sides, showing the dress underneath, and can either be fastened at the shoulders with bows or buttons, or down the back. It is appropriately made in all classes of dress materials, and is especially desirable for those which drape gracefully, thin fabrics and washing goods. It is most effective if made in a different material from the dress worn under it, and can be simply or elaborately trimmed, according to taste and the material used. Pattern in two sizes for ladies, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each. The same design is in sizes for misses from six to sixteen years of age. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Ladies' Breakfast Caps.

(*See illustrations, page 462.*)

No. 1.—A jaunty design, rather high and square in front, but gradually lowered toward the back, made of *damassé* silk in Persian colors, formed in a deep plait on each side, and finished at the back under three graceful bows of red and gold satin ribbon, intermingled with Breton lace. A plaiting of the same lace finishes the edge. No. 7 shows the front view of the same design. Price in colors to suit, $3.75.

No. 2.—This charming cap consists of a stiff foundation, finished all around with plaitings of Breton lace, and upon which is gracefully draped an embroidered handkerchief, trimmed on the edges with Breton lace. A bow with long loops and ends of fancy satin ribbon is placed at the back. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, $3.75.

No. 3.—An elegant house cap in turban shape, made of citron-colored *damassé* silk trimmed all around with three plaitings of *valenciennes* placed one above the other, and finished at the back with long loops of pink *gros grain* ribbon. Two plain rows of the lace are carried up the back to the top, where they end under a bow of the ribbon with loops falling gracefully on each side. Price, with *damassé* and ribbon of any desired color, $3.50.

No. 4.—A dainty breakfast cap in net shape, made of "*point d'esprit*" *tulle*, and trimmed all around the edge with two rows of "*point d'esprit*" lace, one ruffled and the other *coquillé*, between which runs a ribbon in lavender-colored satin, forming graceful loops among the *coquillés* of the lace, in front. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, $3.

No. 5.—A very simple and graceful breakfast cap, in "Charlotte Corday" shape. The crown is soft and made of India muslin with an ample ruffle of *Languedoc* lace all around the edge. A large bow of wide, light-blue *gros grain* ribbon, with long ends, ornaments the front. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, $2.

No. 6.—A coquettish house cap, made of a piece of *bleu ciel damassé* silk, gracefully draped and finished all around with a plaiting of Breton lace. Price, with *damassé* of any desired color, $2.75.

No. 7.—This figure illustrates the front view of No. 1, and the manner of wearing it. For price and material, see description of No. 1.

Summer Styles.

THE most fashionable colors this season are heliotrope and white. The white toilets are usually made in wool, fine India, or dotted muslin, or soft silk. Nothing is seen of the thick materials, such as Marseilles, and the striped cottons formerly worn.

A thin white flannel, and white armure cloth are in vogue for seaside dresses, and especially for overdresses over red, black, or dark blue skirts; the skirts made either of silk or satin; and this also forms the round, flat collar and cuffs, beyond which is a thick ruching of lace.

When the dress is entirely of wool, it is made with a plain, deep basque, shaped like a blouse waist, but without any plaits, and belted into the figure with broad, undressed leather. An apron overskirt is attached, turned up *a la* fishwife, or cut short and rounding, and finished with bands of embroidery, below which is a deep kilting. The back may be draped, or formed of three straight kilted flounces.

Dresses of white dotted muslin are often belted in with heliotrope satin, and accompanied by a hat or bonnet faced with heliotrope satin and trimmed with violets in two shades.

Heliotrope dresses require that the accessories should be either white, or a lighter shade of the same color; no other distinct color harmonizes with it.

In the belts of white dresses worn by young girls, it is fashionable now to place great bunches of wild flowers, ox-eyed daisies, golden-rod, and such as we should have termed weeds a few years ago. These flowers are reproduced artificially with such naturalness, as to make the illusion perfect, and little bunches tied with meadow-grass and sweet-clover, are fastened here and there upon the sleeve, the bodice, or the pocket or bib of the apron, if one is worn.

Coats stepped at once into high favor. The smaller cut-aways are used for dress purposes, and the long straight coats, open upon the back, are used to finish costumes, and have largely taken the place of the ulster.

The most effective of the informal evening dresses seen at the watering-place hops have consisted of dark red satin coats, showing cascades of white lace at the throat, and worn over skirts of white India muslin trimmed with lace.

Brocaded coats are still more fashionable, and more generally useful, as they can be worn over a greater variety of skirts, and upon less marked occasions. Large figures are never selected for these coats. They are always small, and set close upon the ground of the fabric, so as to give the effect of embroidery.

Shirring is universally applied to all kinds of material, from the richest satin to cheese-cloth, and in thin materials, a very becoming effect has been obtained by carrying the shirred pieces from the shoulders to a point below the waist. This takes away from the plainness of a thin fabric, drawn straight over the surface, and improves the majority of American figures, which are apt to be somewhat thin and flat.

Charming little substitutes for mantles, capes, and outdoor garments have been found in the deep collars of netted silk and jet, which can be added to any costume, and are as well suited to indoors as the street. Very pretty fichu capes also, of black and white Spanish lace furnish a dainty little addition to outdoor dress, and possess the advantage of being equally well adapted to white, black, or colors.

Beads have disappeared through the hot weather, but will re-appear with the early fall, the trimmings in preparation, being wonderfully beautiful and showing some marvelous contrasts and effects of color. Nothing so well adapted for the ornamentation of rich black toilets has ever before been invented, and we may expect to see a *fureur* for bead passementeries and fringes during the fall and winter.

"Artistic" Dress.

ANY new development in dress is always a signal for a vast amount of silly jibes and jests on the part of would-be wits, and, of course, so obvious a subject as the recent efforts to produce artistic models in dress in England—efforts which have doubtless had their absurd imitators—could not be allowed to pass without the usual amount of bad rhetoric and false statement in attempts to turn them into ridicule. The falsity is in endeavoring to give a popular impression that these "artistic" styles of dress, so-called, are worn in the street, are intended to attract popular attention, or win public notoriety. Nothing could be farther from the truth; the historic and classical styles originated, so far as their renaissance is concerned, with poets and artists, who confined them to art requirements and private in-door social entertainments and occasions. Naturally the new idea, being a reaction from dullness and tameness and monotony, struck a vein, and the originators can hardly be considered responsible for follies that may grow out of their ideas, because foolish people are always finding occasion for folly, and if they did not in one way, they would in another. As for carrying individual fancies into ordinary dress and habits to such an extent as to attract attention and appear *outrè*, there is nothing to justify such an assumption.

Colette Fichu.—A simple *fichu*, strait across the back and reaching only to the waist line, the fronts long and pointed, and tied just below the bust. It is fitted by gores on the shoulders. The design is especially suitable for summer and *demi-saison* wear, and can be appropriately made in silk, cashmere, thin summer fabrics, and many suit goods, and the trimming chosen to correspond. This is illustrated *en costume* on Fig. 3 of the full-page engraving. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty cents each.

Persons of intelligence and refinement are the last to wear a style of dress in public which renders them in any way remarkable, and if they attract attention at all, it is from the absence of superfluous ornamentation, not from any other eccentricity.

Modern esthetic art in dress exercises its function strictly in private, and upon social occasions, it permits ladies to wear loose and graceful robes at five o'clock tea, or an esthetic "lunch;" it renders it possible for brides to adorn themselves with the antique glories of their grandmothers and great-grandmothers, or receive their friends in a dress made as in the time of Josephine and the First Empire, in case they possess or have had handed down to them ornaments to correspond to that era.

But no one would think of calling either one of these styles *fashion*, for they are worn once, or by one person as a fancy, but they do not, and cannot obtain a vogue, for they are odd, and not suited to general purposes.

The tendency of the day is toward the practical—toward that which can be produced and reproduced readily. The great effort of the very rich is to find something original, or revive something that has passed away. Cost is not an object—use is not an object. Ladies who want the design for an historic dress sometimes go to a great artist and pay hundreds of dollars for the mere sketch from which the modiste will work out the costume.

But the value of it to them is that it is a faithful reproduction of a by-gone time, and that no one else has one like it. If it could be duplicated and worn upon the street, they would not care for it enough to pay for it.

The "artistic" dress seen at tea-parties consists mainly in wearing plain, trained skirts, without overskirts, in a revival of the Watteau styles, in an occasional reappearance of the "leg-of-mutton" sleeve and "surplice" waist, and in the wearing of light and white materials in preference to dark and heavy, or solid fabrics.

The individuality of the costumes at home does not, however, extend to the street to any great extent. Those who indulge in the widest latitude in their at-home dressing, are usually those who appear most soberly attired upon the promenade; while, on the contrary, persons who have few opportunities for wearing clothes socially, take all the chances that the street affords them to air the most startling effects of color, as well as the latest novelty in design.

Cheese Cloth.

THIS material is a creamy cotton bunting, and it makes up into very useful and, strange to say, stylish looking dresses. The prettiest way of making them is to cut a short princess form in lining, and cover it with a deep princess basque draped away from the front, which is trimmed to the knee with narrow gathered flounces, and crossed at the back to one side, which is trimmed with a cascade of linen lace.

The edges of the basque in front are also trimmed with lace put on full at each side, so as to form a double cascade, and the shirred sleeves, which are shortened from the wrist, are also edged with lace. Plain gold satin ribbons are used for garniture, and put on the sleeves, at the neck, and in a cluster of hanging loops on the opposite side from the lace.

Modern Stage Dressing.

THE London *Queen* says: — "Three ladies—Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt at the Gaiety, Mme. Modjeska at the Court Theater, Miss Genevieve Ward at the Prince of Wales's—appear in their various *rôles* in a variety of modern dresses, all appropriate and beautiful. There is nothing stagy in those costumes; they are simply pleasant and tasteful garments to look at, harmonious in color, perfect in fit, always suitable for the occasions on which they are represented to be worn. Costly many of these must be; but the becomingness of the style of dress to the wearer, within the fashion and yet sufficiently individual in its make, and the harmony of the tints brought together in them, are not the reason of their costliness. Cheap stuffs are often as becoming as expensive materials; and if we advise those of our readers who have the opportunity of seeing these ladies act to pay more attention to their raiment, it is because of the taste displayed therein, not because of their magnificence. Let us take Mlle. Bernhardt in "Frou-Frou." In the first act she is the unmarried girl spending the summer in her father's chateau in the country. She dashes upon the stage in a close-fitting gray frieze habit. She disappears to dress for dinner, and returns wearing a dainty petticoat of pale yellow silk, ruched, puffed, and short, and showing little boots of the same shade; over it is looped a Pompadour tunic of yellow and crimson; round the neck there is a high ruche of écru lace, and pinned close up to the throat are roses of every shade, running from cream to deep red. The get-up is sunny and delicate in effect. In the second act Frou-Frou is married. She is at home *en négligé*. Her gown is composed of modulations of white écru underskirt covered with coffee-colored lace, and long dead-white sleeveless overdress; high ruche and pale yellow roses near the throat. At the end of the act she appears for a moment dressed for dinner in crimson satin, the bodice cut square and low, the skirt looped up in front, showing an underskirt of cream-colored satin painted with poppies. In the third act she wears the same loose gown that she wore at the beginning of the second act, the long folds of which drape the figure with a classic effect. In the fourth act her dress is of gray cashmere and silk, trimmed with fringe and bugles. The cut and make of this dress are singularly graceful. The full high bodice is gathered into a point below the waist, and the skirt hangs in clinging lines. Mlle. Bernhardt's slender figure requires the full folds of the bodice to enhance its grace; the high ruche is peculiarly becoming to the delicate oval of her face. In the last act she is clothed in black satin, and a black ruche round her throat.

Mme. Modjeska, in the first act of "Heartsease," wears a purple satin dress, disclosing in front an amber satin underdress, trimmed with garlands of heartsease. In the second act she is in a clinging white crêpe de Chine gown, falling in flowing lines about her slight figure. In the third act the scene is laid in Switzerland; she is dressed in pale gray cashmere, trimmed with pink; a white fichu round her neck, fastened at the throat with pink ribbons. The cut of the purple gown is picturesque, with its elbow sleeves and puffings of delicate rose color. In the third act she has returned to Paris, and appears in a wonderful ball dress of white silk, covered with painted wild roses, the leaves and thorns of which are wrought with varied shading and finish. She wears diamonds in her hair, a lace mantle, and a small white muff, in which a bunch of roses is fastened.

Miss Genevieve Ward's three dresses in "Forget-me-Not" are not less handsome than those of the two foreign ladies, whose Continental taste rules their attire. The first is a dinner dress, "designed," she tells us, "by Worth," a rich and sober arrangement in black and gold; black satin bodice and draperies over yellow and black striped underskirt, the black satin heavily trimmed with gold fringe; gold ear-rings of classic pattern, and small gold coronet in the hair. The second is a walking costume of sang-de-bœuf-colored cashmere over silk of the same shade; a bonnet and feathers to match; pink roses fastened in the bodice and in the bonnet. The third dress is an evening costume of jonquil-colored satin: train skirt open in front, showing a gold-brown satin underdress; a trail of roses, with russet and green leaves, trimming the bodice and train; roses in the hair, and diamonds round the throat.

Description of the Cut Paper Pattern.

BUST MEASURE 36 INCHES.

INEZ WAIST.

YOUTHFUL in effect, and especially becoming to slender figures, this design is particularly adapted to thin summer fabrics, but is appropriately made in silk, cashmere, bunting, and dress goods of like quality. The corselet should be made of a different material from the waist.

Half the pattern is given, and consists of eight pieces—back and front of lining, back and front of outside, half of the corselet, two sides of the sleeve, and shirred piece for sleeve.

Join the parts according to the notches. Both the back and front of the outside are to be shirred at the top by three rows of gathers, the lowest to be in a line with the row of holes, and the others to be at equal distances above it. These are to be drawn up to fit the lining, and the outside is to be sewed in with the side and shoulder seams of the lining. The outside of the waist is to be gathered at the bottom. Place the outer seam of the sleeve to the notch in the armhole. The piece for the the sleeve is to be shirred by three rows of gathers through the middle, about half an inch apart, and drawn up to fit the sleeve. The corselet is to be lined, and can be laced either in the back or front or at both places.

Cut the fronts and backs lengthwise of the goods down the middle; the sleeves so that the parts above the elbows shall be the straight way of the goods, and the corselet bias.

For this size, three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for this waist, and one-half yard of the same width for the corselet. This does not include the underwaist, which should be of lining, and will take one yard and one-quarter. Price of pattern, twenty cents each size.

Underwear.

IT is hard to believe, seeing the enormous quantities of made-up under-clothing under which the counters of ladies' "furnishing houses" groan, and the hundreds of dozens which figure in the list of daily sales—it is hard to realize that twenty years ago it was not possible to purchase a made-up under-garment in the city of New York, excepting mens' shirts, and a few garments imported at high prices for ladies' use, and which were purchased as patterns, few venturing beyond the extravagance of a single chemise, or *robe de nuit*. Even this step had been an innovation, for it was not so very long since the flax was spun, and the linen woven at home, as well as the garment made, and the first of the "bought-en" cloth was considered a thriftless substitute for the solid linen which had been made for centuries beneath the home-roof.

All this is well within the knowledge, if not the experience, of any woman of fifty years, and in view of the recent introduction of made-up underwear, the quantity disposed of and exposed for sale seems little less than marvelous.

Great improvements have taken place in cut and style since the first crude attempts were submitted, but there is still much room for improvement, and it is principally in finishing and trimming. Perhaps it is only natural that the first should be cheap, and the second imperfect in view of the prices, which scarcely represent more than the cost of the material; and the variety certainly gives a better quality in which the ornament is somewhat subordinated to the better quality of material and workmanship, if the buyer chooses to avail herself of it.

Some of the later styles of underwear are beautifully shaped, and the lace-formation of the bust and shoulders makes them exquisite in appearance. But one shudders at their fate in the hands of the ordinary washerwoman, and wonders how women can have the heart to wear them, and have them put through the usual destructive process. They are bought, however, for quantities of these dainty garments are sold, and their quick disappearance is probably the reason why there is an eternal demand for more.

BOX-PLAITED WAIST.

Box-plaited Waist.—A particularly becoming design for slender figures. It is a rather deep blouse-waist, laid in box-plaits back and front, and confined at the waist by a belt which may be either of the material, or of a fancy kind to suit the taste. It can be suitably made in all the fabrics used for dresses, excepting the heaviest, and is very desirable for summer goods. Price of pattern, twenty cents.

Misses' Costumes.

Fig. 1.—This charming costume is made of *écru* pongee, combined with satin *foulard* in Pompadour colors, and trimmed with Languedoc lace. The "Delia" basque is long, and has shirrings of pongee on the front, which render it especially becoming to slender figures. The bottom is trimmed with the lace, which is disposed in cascades the entire length of the front, and on the back of the basque-skirt, and forms a full "Bernhardt" *ruche* at the throat. The sleeves are demi-long, and finished with three rows of lace. The "Nanon" overskirt is shirred in the middle of the front and draped high at the sides, and is trimmed with a broad band of the *foulard* and a row of lace. The underskirt is trimmed with a full, box-plaited flounce. Belt and bow of *gendarme* blue satin ribbon. The double illustrations of both the skirt and basques are among the separate fashions. Basque pattern in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years of age. Price, twenty cents each. Pattern of skirt in sizes for from eight to fourteen years, twenty-five cents each.

Fig. 2.—The "Gladys" costume made of *fleur de thé*, in which several shades of blue are intermixed in a delicate design, combined with dark blue cotton satine. The greater portion of the dress is made of the crêpe, the satine being used for the corselet, the band on the underskirt, and *revers* on the overskirt and sleeves. A plaiting of red satine finishes the bottom of the skirt. Full *ruche* of Languedoc lace around the neck, and ruffles of the same at the wrists. The hair is tied with a blue satin ribbon, and a knot of the same ribbon is worn at the throat and on the overskirt. The double illustration of this costume is among the separate fashions. Pattern in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Fig. 3.—For this stylish costume the "Greek" overdress made of Pompadour *foulard* is worn over a "Princess" slip of cream-colored Surah. The underdress is trimmed on the bottom with a shirred flounce of the Surah. The overdress is draped on the sides and trimmed with loops of pale blue and pink ribbons. The sash is of pale blue Surah. Frills of Breton lace at the neck and wrists. Cream-colored lace mitts. The overdress is illustrated separately elsewhere. Pattern in sizes for from six to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Walking Skirts and the fashion of filling up the interior of the lower part of the dress skirt with a foundation plaiting has done away with the uncleanly extravagance of long trained white skirts. White skirts are hardly made now more than walking length, and are popularly finished with two or three ruffles tucked on the edge, and sometimes finished with needle-work or lace.

Dark Sea-Green flannel has superseded navy-blue flannel for yachting suits. They have no trimming but stitching and silver buttons.

Japanese Fans in England.

Japanese fans have been in such demand in England lately that last year 3,000,000 were exported from Hiogo and Yokohama, whereas in former years the whole trade never exceeded 10,000. The cheapest and most beautiful, by the way, are made at Tokio. In the process of manufacture one set of workmen prepare the plain bamboo stick, and another ornament the ribs and the handle, while the artist chooses the colors and the decorations for the back of the fan and gives the design to the engraver to execute. The paper used is exclusively Japanese, foreign papers having proved useless.

Breton and Languedoc lace is used for trimming Surahs and foulards.

Gingham umbrellas to match should be carried with handkerchief costumes.

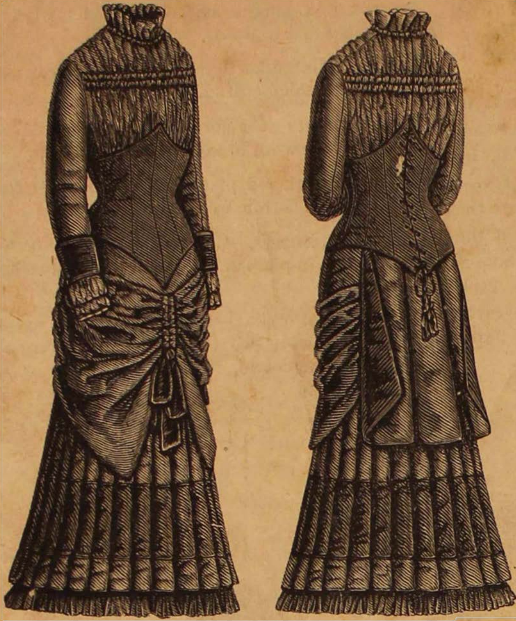
Blouse waists of colored Surah are belted in at the waist, or worn loose in sailor fashion.

Buff and dark red plain calicoes are used for plaiting on the bottom of cambric dresses.

Fruit Ornaments.—Clusters of fruit are occasionally worn in place of the popular corsage bouquet.

Flowered Matting.—"Tong Sin" is the name of the new matting that is stamped in flower designs in natural colors.

MISSES' COSTUMES.



GLADYS COSTUME.

Gladys Costume.—The shirred waist and corselet render this costume very novel and stylish. With these are combined an overskirt, plaited in the back and having a shirred apron in front, and an underskirt with a deep, kilt-plaited flounce. It is suitable for all classes of dress goods except the heaviest, and is especially desirable for thin goods and a combination of materials. The front view of this costume is illustrated on Fig. 2 of the plate of misses' costumes. Pattern in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Children's Fashions.

The modifications of the Gabrielle costume still continue to be popular for the wear of both boys and girls up to the time when a difference of sex begins to be distinguishable in costume. At this time (five or six years), the boy puts away all his vanities, the girl takes on a larger supply. He is promoted to the dignity of male simplicity, she crosses the Rubicon, and is initiated into the trials and perils of a life of which dress is one of the main objects and temptations. Then Gabrielle dresses become monotonous, "I have had those always," she says, and her mamma casts about for a compromise that shall satisfy her awakening desire, without making her look too old, or over-dressed.

The pretty materials are a perpetual joy, yet their selection must depend largely on the climate and temperature which the wearer will have to encounter. In the North, where it is never very warm, white or dark blue flannel is excellent summer wear for children; and they especially can be made handsome enough for any occasion by a finish of silk, embroidery stitching, and torchon lace.

Sailor suits are useful for boys between six and ten, but after that they look better in blouse and pants, or suits consisting of pants, vest, and deep jacket.

White dresses are always pretty summer wear for little girls, but this season they are closely run by the charming checked and striped ginghams, trimmed with needle-work, and which keep cleaner, while they can be laundried equal to white.

Pretty little overdresses in chintz or foulard, may be made for wear over plain white Gabrielle dresses after the Greek pattern, which is illustrated in the present number. It may be made also in dotted muslin or colored lawn trimmed with white lace, and will dress up a plain form that has perhaps been outgrown, and adapted to a new order.

The "Gladys" costume, which is also illustrated, is a good walking model for a college or school-outfit. It might be made in cashmere and silk or cashmere and velvet, but in either case we should advise that the underskirt be plainly kilted without the broad band; or else that the underskirt be composed entirely of plain velvet. Of course in such a case the bodice would be made of velvet, and the whole exterior of one color; the *revers* on the back, however, gives the opportunity for contrast.

In lighter materials this design makes up very prettily in pea-spotted foulard and in pongee, which is *écru* in tint. In the latter case, the *revers* should be faced with cardinal red, and an *écru* straw bonnet should be worn with it, trimmed with a soft twist of the pongee fastened with gold pins and shaded "Jacque" roses.

One of the prettiest of the new shirred overskirts is the "Nanon." It is very simple, yet very graceful, the shirring giving it great distinction. The Delia basque is also very pretty and very becoming, particularly to slender girls. The style is very good for the light and some thin class of silks which are often selected for a girl's "best" at the age of twelve or fourteen. It is also suitable for muslin or lawn, and will be wearable next year if any one wishes to look forward so long.

One of the most distinctive fashions of the season for girls between the ages of five and ten, has been that of English gypsy straw bonnets trimmed with a wreath and bow on the crown, and tied down under the chin with pale pink or blue ribbon. They are the prettiest, daintiest and quaintest little bonnets which have been seen for a long time, and a welcome change to the monotony of the round hat.

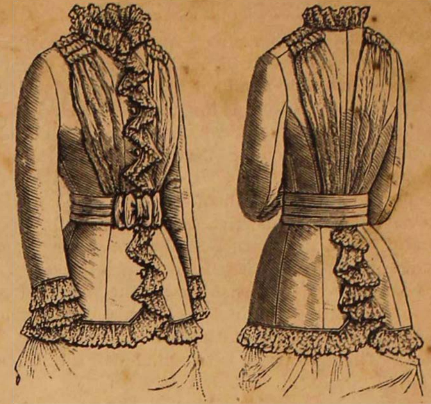
Do We Owe You a Premium?

Those of our subscribers to whom premiums are due, both single and for clubs, more particularly those entitled to single premiums, are requested to inform us of their selection, and we will respond immediately.

We find that a large number of subscribers to whom premiums were sent in the past six months have not received them, owing to the express companies failing to notify the subscriber that a package had arrived at the office.

We have a full supply of every article on our list, and we hope you will select your premiums without delay. Those who have already selected oil pictures that have not been received in consequence of the requisite sum of fifty cents not being forwarded for postage, can change their selections to any other article.

It would be well to remember that the size of the picture, Consolation, 20x28, is too large to be forwarded by mail when mounted for framing. We will pack them on a roller and pay the postage unless the subscriber resides were it can be forwarded by express at a cost of not over fifty cents, in which case we will send them mounted for framing, the express charge to be paid by the subscriber.



DELIA BASQUE.

Delia Basque.—An especially desirable style for slender figures, the full pieces on the front and back imparting a roundness to the form. It is tight-fitting, with one dart in each front, side-gores under the arms, side forms rounded to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The design is suitable for all classes of dress materials, being especially appropriate for thin goods and washable fabrics; and is also a good style for a combination of colors or materials. The trimming can be selected and arranged to suit the material used. This basque is illustrated *en costume* on Fig. 1 of the plate of misses' costumes. Pattern in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

NANON OVERSKIRT.

Nanon Overskirt.—A very graceful overskirt, quite novel in design, but extremely simple in arrangement. The front of the apron and the side seams are shirred, and the back has horizontal shirring at the top, and quite *bouffant* drapery. The design is suitable for all classes of dress materials, especially those which drape gracefully, and on account of its extreme simplicity is a most desirable one for washable fabrics. The trimming on the bottom can be selected to suit individual taste and the material used. This overskirt is illustrated on Fig. 1 of the plate of misses' costumes. Pattern in sizes for from eight to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Shoes may be worn in the country, but nothing as yet has popularly replaced the neat buttoned boot in city streets, and there are no shoes so becoming, or so suitable for wear on a public promenade.