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MARGARET THE COVENANTER.

"Oh, Margaret, bonnie Margaret,"
Half underneath her breath
The mother whispered to her child.
As they walked forth to death.
On either side the doorway stood,
With bare blades drawn, the men of blood—
A troop of soldiers sent to take
The covenant martyrs to the stake.

The sweet May airs blew over them
As swung the portal wide ;
The sea, broad glistening in the sun,
Ebbed to its lowest tide.
Adown the village street they went,
The people following with lament,
Though ever shrinking back abashed
As in their faces sabres flashed.

"Oh, Margaret, darling Margaret,"
The mother sobbed once more,
As the grim troopers, slackening rein,
Halted upon the shore.
The leader put his sword in sheath,
And, muttering low between his teeth—
"A long day's work," he turned his eyes
Seaward ; the tide began to rise.

Then once more, would the twain recant,
Pardon was proffered both,
That, and to say "God save the king :"
But they refused the oath.
So, out across the wet salt sands,
They dragged the mother with rough hands,
And tied her to the farthest stake ;
She only said : "For Christ's dear sake."

"Oh, Margaret, maiden Margaret,"
She saw the water lave
Those feeble feet, those tottering limbs,
Higher with each new wave.
Slowly but surely, breath on breath,
Advanced the pitiless stream of death ;
Up to the waist, the breast, the chin,
And still the tide came flowing in.

Rude jests the soldiers, back and forth,
Bandied about her charms ;
"She will be glad, anon, to seek
The shelter of our arms."
She only saw with straining eyes
Far out a something float and rise,
Tossed like a sea-mew, helpless, white,
Then sink forever from her sight.

"Oh, Margaret, bonnie Margaret,"
Arose a piercing cry
From out the crowd ; "oh bonnie bairn,
Give in, and dinna die !"
An echoing wail the multitude
Sent up about her, but she stood
Gazing as if they had not been,
And still the tide came rushing in.

The Laird of Lag, with baffled rage
Swore, as he paced the sands,
That he would wait no more, and bade
The soldiers bind her hands
They led her out ; and ankle deep
The eager sea was quick to creep.
With ropes they bound her to the stake ;
She gently said, "for Christ's dear sake."

Then Margaret, martyr Margaret,
With voice serene and calm,
'To Thee, oh God, I lift my soul !"
Sang in triumphant psalm.
Uprose the flood unceasingly ;
Such glory shone upon the sea
As Scottish eyes had never seen ;
And—still the tide came rolling in !

C. D. B.

THE ADMIRAL'S WARD.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," "HER DEAREST FOE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE important Wednesday broke mistily, with gusts of rain and wind. Mrs. Crewe was loud in her lamentations at the untoward change of weather. "It makes such a mess of one's clothes," she said, as she endeavored to discover a morsel of blue sky in the square portion visible over the back garden. "And there is that dear Topsy washing her face as hard as she can, which is a sure sign of a wet day! Don't you think, Laura dear, we might share a cab from the Marble Arch—it would be money well spent—and then we would go in at Lady Jervois' nice and fresh, instead of being draggled and splashed and untidy? I don't want you to look like a poor relation——"

"Well, nor do I, though I am one," returned Laura, laughing; "let us have the cab by all means."

"It will be just ten pence each, omnibus included," said Mrs. Crewe, making a rapid calculation; "and if you do not mind a cold luncheon at half-past twelve, it will give us time to dress and get to Mount Street by two o'clock."

. . . . . .

The moment of giving their names to the serious-looking man out of livery who opened the door was one of no small trial. Laura could not reason herself out of the mingled apprehension and excitement with which she looked forward to the ordeal of introduction to Reginald's mother and sister.

Why should she dread meeting people who had gone out of their way to show her civility? But though there was no satisfactory answer to this question, she could not quiet the rapid throbbing of her pulses, nor attend to the whispered observations of Mrs. Crewe, who, with an air of haughty self-possession, uttered sharp comments under her breath: "The stair carpets are shockingly shabby," and, "What a dusty landing!" "The paint does not look very fresh," etc. The next moment the door was flung open, and their names called out in loud tones, "Mrs. Crewe and Miss Piers."

But there just within the threshold stood Reginald, erect, fresh, smiling, with flowers in his button-hole, and his usual well-cared-for aspect. At sight of him new courage sprang up in Laura's heart.

In an easy-chair near the window with a small work-table beside her, sat a refined-looking, elderly lady, whose quietly rich morning dress was well suited to a dowager of distinction, and in the middle distance a small, delicate, pretty woman, in a simple *écru* costume, with pale blue ribbons and a "Corday" cap of muslin and Valenciennes lace, was looking at an illustrated paper.

The whole scene stamped itself on Laura's memory once and forever: the somewhat dingy ready-furnished look of the room, the perfume of the heliotrope and roses, which were its best ornaments, the pose of it occupants, the indefinable air of assured position stamped upon them. Finally, the image of herself reflected in a long glass between the windows facing her as she came in, so black, so insignificant, in her scarf and large hat. She did not observe what Reginald did, that there was something dignified in her composure, something pleasant in the honest steadiness of her eyes, which to those who took the trouble of noticing them, saved her from being commonplace. The reflection of Mrs. Crewe was also a little incongruous; her height was overpowering, and though slight rather than stout, she had large ways; her dress too, though in passing good taste, had evidently not come from the same class of laboratory as Mrs. Piers'. While these thoughts were flashing through her mind, Reginald was greeting them cordially.

"Very good of you to come out in such horrid weather, Mrs. Crewe. Let me introduce you to my mother. My sister Lady Jervois, Mrs. Crewe. Mother, let me present my old playfellow, Laura Piers, to you, you have often heard me talk of her and of the Fieldens."

Mrs. Piers rose, and stepping a few inches forward, made a slight stiff curtsey, first to Mrs. Crewe, then to Laura, and after a scarce perceptible hesitation held out her hand to the latter. "Very happy to see you—won't you sit down?"

Lady Jervois was much more cordial; she came forward smilingly, and said she was very pleased to make their acquaintance, but she too only offered her hand to Laura. Mrs. Crewe was an outsider, a dweller on the threshold, an unknown quantity, who must be, as it were, kept beyond the barriers, and though good breeding insisted on padding those barriers, they must, nevertheless, be impassable; all of which was perfectly perceptible to Mrs. Crewe, who by nature and grace was peculiarly qualified to penetrate and appreciate the mystic cabala of good society. She showed no sign, however, only from the reserved force of family connections evoked the shade of her noble great-grandfather, and held him in readiness for a decisive moment to turn the tide of opinion in her favor.

After the first greetings had been exchanged, they sat down, Laura near Mrs. Piers, Mrs. Crewe near Lady Jervois, and Reginald between them, ready to lend his aid to either party.

"I was very sorry to hear of Mr. Fielden's death," said Mrs. Piers, looking earnestly at Laura, her countenance relaxing as she looked. "It has been a sad loss to his family."

"A terrible loss—one we feel more and more each day," returned Laura, and Reginald thought that a voice so sweet and clear and delicately refined was in itself a beauty, a recommendation with which his mother must be pleased.

"No doubt! you were brought up with the family, my son tells me," said Mrs. Piers, whose manner was coldly polite.

"I never knew any father or mother except my uncle and aunt Fielden," replied Laura, with a little quiver in her voice.

"Yes! Laura was poor Mr. Fielden's special favorite," put in Reginald; "she was his secretary and right hand. He kept you pretty close too, Laura! Do you remember the day we were going to see the sheep-shearing at Oatlands? and you could not come because your uncle had to finish something by post-time, and you were obliged to copy, or look up authorities, or some such thing? it was awfully hard lines! I remember you tried to hide the tears, but *I* saw them, eh! Laura?"

"Yes, it was a fearful disappointment," said Laura, with a sad little smile at the memory.

"So it was to me! by Jove! I did not enjoy the expedition a bit without you."

Mrs. Piers looked curiously at her son.

Meantime Lady Jervois, with some difficulty, started a conversation with Mrs. Crewe. "Sorry not to find you at home the other day! I had no idea Westbourne Park was

such a nice neighborhood. Have you been residing there long?"

"Nearly two years—yes! it is pretty well for a suburb," said Mrs. Crewe magnificently, "but if I had more of this world's goods it is not the situation I should choose. However, I need not say that a sailor's widow has not much power of choice, and I was a good deal influenced by the advice of my dear friend Rear-Admiral Desbarres (an old messmate of my late husband's) in the choice of residence," returned Mrs. Crewe blandly.

"Oh! indeed," said Lady Jervois. "It's rather a long way out."

"The omnibuses are very convenient," rejoined Mrs. Crewe, who disdained concealing her mode of locomotion. "They are not elegant, but most commodious," etc., etc.

"Are you going to make any stay in town?" asked Mrs. Piers.

"Yes," said Laura, "I think my home in future will be with Mrs. Crewe!"

"Ah!" ejaculated Mrs. Piers softly.

"Have you seen the Academy exhibition?" asked Lady Jervois.

"Not yet," said Laura, it is almost the only thing I care to see——"

"Very well," remarked Reginald. "We must go, and I shall listen with deference to your criticisms! Miss Piers is an artist herself, Helen."

"I am very fond of painting, but I fear I have small claim to the title of artist," returned Laura, coloring faintly.

"Indeed you will allow me to say, though perhaps I am no great judge, that you have a decided genius," exclaimed Mrs. Crewe. "I assure you," addressing Mrs. Piers, "there are some heads (one especially of an old man in a turban) which my friend Miss Piers did in Germany, that looks absolutely alive, perfectly wonderful! Then she is making a charming picture of my favorite cat—a great pet, such an intelligent darling, and she is also painting a sweet landscape, that pretty thing with trees and a pool of water, Laura, it reminds me of a part of my great-grandfather's woods at Coomb, Lord Danzil of Coomb—perhaps you know the family?"

"I know who you mean, but am not acquainted with any of them," said Mrs. Piers icily.

"It must be very nice to paint," said Lady Jervois. "Used you to copy in the Dresden Gallery?"

"Yes, occasionally."

"You must let me see your pictures, Laura," said Reginald. "I will come to-morrow about two if you will let me, and turn over the contents of your studio; of course you have a studio?"

"No, I regret to say not as yet," said Mrs. Crewe loftily; "we have scarcely settled down, but I hope to keep my young friend with me for a long time, and I have a very nice breakfast-room opening to the garden, which I shall certainly give her for an atelier! The exercise of talent such as hers should not be impeded."

"Certainly not. And, Laura, you must come down to Pierslynn and immortalize some of our 'banks and braes.' I fancy from the glance I had (it was little more) that there are many pretty bits about the place. Eh! mother we must get Laura down there, and let her paint to her heart's content."

Mrs. Piers smiled—not a cordial smile. "You are the master, Reginald," she said; "It is for you to invite the guests." Then turning to Laura, "I was sorry not to see Miss Fielden when I called. Reginald owes many pleasant days to her father's hospitality."

"Oh, yes! Reginald was quite one of us at the Rectory; we always enjoyed his visits," returned Laura with unconscious familiarity, and she looked kindly and frankly at him. Mrs. Piers' delicate cheek flushed slightly, and in spite of a lifetime of social training her brow contracted with a momentary expression of annoyance at this indication of intimacy, of perfect equality with that important potentate her son, the lord of Pierslynn—the future spouse of some noble damsel. *She* familiar! a mere waif and stray—a remote offshoot of the family!"

But Laura did not notice it—for Reginald, bending a little toward her with a look that sent a strange shiver through her veins—said very distinctly, "They were my happiest days." And Lady Jervois followed up the speech quickly by saying, "Miss Fielden has left town, has she not?"

"She has gone to stay with her aunt in Liverpool," replied Laura. Then a somewhat languid conversation dragged on—something was said about regret at leaving town so soon—and not being able to see Miss Piers again; and Lady Jervois explained that they were going to her brother's place in a few days, to await Sir Gilbert's return, and then, to Laura's relief, Mrs. Crewe rose to take leave. "I will come, too," said Reginald with the same easy cordiality he had shown all through the visit, and followed them down-stairs. "How are you going back?" he asked as they issued from the house.

"It is not raining now," said Mrs. Crewe, raising her dress dexterously in graceful folds, "and we have a little shopping to do before our return, so we will make our way to Regent Street."

"Very well. Where to?—Howell and James?"

"No, no. Nothing so fine—only to Jay's."

"But you have not told me if I may come to-morow and see the paintings. Eh, Mrs. Crewe?"

"Oh! my dear Mr. Piers, you are most welcome as far as I am concerned," said that lady graciously.

"If you really care, Reginald, I shall be very pleased to show you my work; but I did not think you would be troubled with such things."

"I am more artistic in my tastes than you fancy!" They talked pleasantly until they reached the well-known emporium—where Reginald left them, with a parting pressure of the hand, and the words, "At two, then, to-morrow."

"Well, my dear! and what did you think of our visit?" said Mrs. Crewe, as she settled herself in her favorite chair, her feet on a footstool, and Topsy curled up luxuriously in her lap.

They had done a good deal of miscellaneous buying at a small outlay since they parted with Reginald. They had had a severe struggle for places in a "White Hart" omnibus, and reached home late, where Mrs. Crewe found a short but satisfactory letter from her son awaiting her; thus tea was delayed and this was the first moment free for discussion.

"There is not much to think about," said Laura, who was sitting by the open window in unusual idleness. "It was all very commonplace. Mrs. Piers is very different from Reginald! I do not think she was particularly glad to see us."

"And I think," said Mrs. Crewe with candor and decision, "that she is a most forbidding, contemptuous person! Why, she hardly took any notice of *me*; no more than if I was—nobody at all. *Who* is Mrs. Piers, I should like to know? Nothing very particular, I believe! Lady Jervois is much nicer, much better bred! How that elegant, charming, delightful young man can be her son (I mean Mrs. Piers') I cannot imagine! But Laura, my dear, I understand it all—to me it is as plain as A B C. That woman—(excuse my calling her so, but I can't help it)—that woman is afraid of *you*; she sees that nice son of hers is devotedly attached to

you, and she is enraged at his constancy! Now do not interrupt me, Laura; pray do not be foolish at such an important crisis of your life. I am sure you are superior to mock modesty, and I am also sure you cannot be indifferent to your cousin, it would not be human nature."

"Mrs. Crewe, I beg of you," began poor Laura, trying to stem the torrent of her eloquence.

"Do hear me out," cried Mrs. Crewe persistently. "Don't let any ridiculous false pride come between you and fortune, happiness, and your bounden duty. Be advised by me, I implore and beseech! You know I only speak for your own good. Why you should be blind, or pretend to be blind, to Mr. Piers' intentions, I cannot understand!"

"You would understand, Mrs. Crewe," said Laura, seriously distressed and eager to disabuse her hostess's mind of the unfortunate impression she had so readily adopted; "you would understand if you knew the terms we were on at Cheddington. Why, he used to tell me his love affairs, and I used to darn his socks—for he was a good deal neglected—and he used to talk to me as if I was sure to be an old maid—that is, till the last time—when I suppose he was old enough to think it uncivil. He was always fond of me in a way, I think, because I understood him. But to fall in *love* with me! dear Mrs. Crewe, you don't know how he adores beauty, or you would never dream of such a thing."

"There is no accounting for such feelings," returned that lady with more candor than courtesy.

"It is just the old kindly brotherly feeling that brings him here. If you talk in this way, you will destroy my comfort in seeing him—I shall feel and seem awkward, and he will perceive it, and fancy heaven knows what! perhaps not care to come near me any more! I could ill spare so good a friend. If you will only leave him alone,—well—I will readily promise to accept him *if* he proposes for me, but only on condition that you never say anything more about the possibility of such an event;" and with a pleasant, caressing smile, Laura took Mrs. Crewe's hand.

"Very good," returned that lady, who was easily mollified. "I agree; but I must just once more say, that I firmly believe I shall see you mistress of Pierslynn before many months are over."

"Then remember our bargain," said Laura, laughing.

"Yes, I will; but you cannot prevent me from forming my own opinion," and Mrs. Crewe nodded sagely.

However, she evidently considered the compact binding, for she at once changed the subject, and did not openly allude to it for a considerable time—covert hints and knowing glances she never could resist—but for the present she began to talk of turning the breakfast-room into a "studio," as she liked to call it.

"It is really a nice little room in summer, and opens on the garden. I don't think you could use it in winter—it never has any sun—but that is of no consequence. You will probably not require—ahem! I beg your pardon."

"It has a north light, perhaps," returned Laura, disregarding this lapse; "and that is just the thing for a painting-room."

After some further explanation touching her intentions of placing sundry articles of furniture, culled from the not too-abundant 'plenishing of the other partments, in the studio, ending with, "Your cousin must have a chair to sit down upon, my dear," to which Laura returned good-humoredly, "And so must you, when you come to see me." Mrs. Crewe produced her son's letter. "Dear boy," she said, "he was just going to leave the Cape—for a place called Rio—and hoped to see me before three months were over. I think you will be very pleased with Denzil, Laura, he is so intelligent and refined. He is as much a gentleman as if he was on board a flagship! Ah! what a pity it is that adverse circumstances did not permit of his going into the Royal Navy," etc., etc., etc.

When Laura was at last alone in her own room, she could not regulate the thronging crowd of thoughts that passed wave after wave through her brain, and stood long, her hand resting on the dressing-table, just as she put down the candle seeing visions of the old time and the new.

Poor Mrs. Crewe's imaginings were simply the dream of a kind commonplace person—whose idea of feminine good fortune could reach no farther than a rich marriage, and was quite incapable of conceiving friendship between man and woman—still, strive for mastery as she would, over the suggestions of fancy, Laura could not quite turn from the glories suggested by her good-natured friend's conjectures. It was sweet and delightful enough to find Reginald so true and frank and kindly, but if it were possible that he should love her! surely the confines of mortal mold would be too narrow to hold her enraptured spirit! She knew how fondly she had cherished the memory of her gay, gallant, good-looking playfellow down in the innermost depths of her soul, where none could see her weakness, not even Winnie, her dearest confidante. And in this secrecy was her strength. Never had she deceived herself as to the quality of Reginald's feelings, and the discovery of her own warmer affection, which dawned upon her with the growing wisdom of womanhood, had brought with it the bitterest mortification. To love, when that love was unsought, was degradation, and to hide and conquer the intense longing for a return of what she gave became the supreme effort of her life. Nor was it unsuccessful. Round Reginald still centered her tenderest interest, her most artistic imaginings, that purple and golden haze of loveliest illusion, fairest, sweetest attribute of youth and genius, but his love she had ceased to long for, or regret or regard as in any way possible. She had never hoped for it. Now she could hold his hands with unquickened pulse. She could look into his eyes with the calmest, most sisterly glance. Yet the love was not dead, but slept, ready to spring into vivid burning life at the touch of the master's hand. And Laura *could* love. Within that plain unattractive exterior was enshrined a soul of rare and subtle power, keen to perceive and drink in beauty, to recognize all that was noble and true, unstinted in its generous self-devotion to those she loved, quick to resent injustice, and glowing with the healthy circulation of a pure rich nature! Ah! could she have molded the prison-house of such an inmate in harmony with its fair proportions, no lovelier form had inspired painter or poet. As it was, "she was just a good sensible girl, but decidedly plain," in the sight of her kinsfolk and acquaintance, except in Winnie's, who firmly believed in Laura's genius and knowledge and universal ability.

"Oh! I do hope Mrs. Crewe will leave me in peace; her words rouse up old follies. I shall lose all, if I lose my precious calm friendship with Reginald—I want nothing more—yet," and even her thoughts became indistinct at the recollection of his last look and hand-pressure. At last, with a supreme effort, she roused herself and undressed, taking a tough German book to bed with her, read resolutely until she had brought her imagination within bounds, and at last dropped asleep.

CHAPTER X.

THE little downstairs parlor was a tower of refuge to Laura and a source of great enjoyment. There she could spread out the implements of her art, and leave them undisturbed to return when she could. There Mrs. Crewe occasionally descended with Topsy on her shoulder, and gave utterance to her admiration and approbation in the largest

capitals. There too were Miss Brown and Mr. Brown solemnly introduced to view the progress of the fine arts as exemplified by Miss Piers' brush and pencil; there Herbert tried chemical experiments, creating horrible odors, and also endeavored to draw, under his cousin's direction. Above all, there Reginald lounged in the early afternoon or evening, criticising, praising, disputing, talking of himself and his plans, his hopes, his ambitions, very much as in the Cheddington days, only there was something of a foundation in his present castles.

He had taken Laura to several of the Exhibitions and Galleries, he had presented Mrs. Crewe with a box at one of the best theaters on several occasions, much to that lady's gratification, for she dearly loved sight-seeing and junketing, and above all, he had more than once partaken of tea-dinner, with great apparent content, praised the veal and ham pie, and declared the pressed beef worthy of all commendation.

Meantime Laura was half frightened at the dim delightful haze of happiness that seemed to fold her in its vague soothing sweetness—could it last? Could it be possible that she was growing dear to Reginald? Meantime it was almost faithless to be so happy when dear Winnie was sad and alone.

Winnie's letters had not increased in cheerfulness; for the first couple of weeks Aunt Morgan had been very pleasant, and "uncle" less morose. Then the former had suggested that while Winnie was looking about and she herself not suited with a governess, her niece might as well hear Fanny practice, and give both younger girls lessons in German, with occasional instructions in "conversation" to Amelia, "who has had very expensive lessons indeed;" so Winnie found herself an unpaid governess with an infinitely more difficult task as regards discipline than a stranger would have had, owing to the familiarity of her cousins, while their parents evidently considered themselves as infinitely benevolent in permitting her "to try her 'prentice hand at teaching," as Mrs. Morgan expressed it.

Still poor Winnie wrote bravely, though here and there touching little phrases expressive of helpless despondency escaped her pen. Yet she forbade Laura communicating the true condition of things to the Admiral. "I write to him every week," she said, "as truly but as cheerfully as I can, and it is evidently his intention that I should endure until it is unendurable."

Laura understood the spirit that upheld Winnie in her courageous obedience. Moreover, though Dick wrote kindly and sympathetically, it was evidently out of his power for the present to give the family any substantial aid. "If I could but have her with me!" was Laura's cry, and then Reginald would whisper some mysterious consolation. "Don't make yourself miserable, Laura. Let me go and see the Admiral; I will go as soon as ever I settle my mother at Pierslynn, and then—we shall see."

One of the pleasantest episodes of this pleasant time was a visit from Mrs. Trent.

Laura and Mrs. Crewe were upstairs preparing for an expedition to some elysium of cheapness in Tottenham Court Road, where Mrs. Crewe proposed to make various purchases of beauty and utility for her house, which was to her a shrine on which she lavished time, toil, and money.

"Please come down, ma'am, there is a lady in the drawing-room," said Collins, as Mrs. Crewe opened her door to the knock. "Dear, dear! I should not wonder if it were Mrs. Piers. Laura, I believe Mrs. Piers is in the drawing-room, but that stupid girl forgot to bring up her card."

"Mrs. Piers!" repeated Laura, turning a little cold and pale with an unaccountable degree of apprehension. "I do not fancy it is Mrs. Piers."

On entering the carefully darkened drawing-room, a tall handsome woman richly and tastefully dressed came forward smiling and civil. "Miss Piers, I presume! I must present myself. I am a sort of far-away cousin. Perhaps Mr. Piers of Pierslynn may have mentioned me to you—Mrs. Trent, *née* Piers."

"Oh, yes," said Laura shyly, "I am very happy to see you;" and then the usual introduction to Mrs. Crewe followed.

Mrs. Trent was abundantly civil—quite sunny—ready to agree with anything and everything: she had been away, she said, to Southsea with the youngest little girl who had lately recovered from whooping cough and required change, or she would have sooner done herself the pleasure of calling on Miss Piers *and* Mrs. Crewe. Had they seen the Admiral lately? What a charming ideal kind of man he was, a sort of knightly Christian; Miss Piers was fortunate to have such a guardian. Mr. Trent, though like most men of business, exceedingly unimpressionable, was quite impressed by Admiral Desbarres. Had Miss Piers been long in Germany? "Three years! How nice! *I* have only paid flying visits to the principal towns during our legal holidays, and always longed to make myself better acquainted with the conntry. I am told you are an artist, Miss Piers? May I see some of your pictures? I am a humble lover of art myself ——"

"Indeed I have nothing worth looking at!" said Laura.

"Nonsense, my dear," put in Mrs. Crewe loftily. "Pray show Mrs. Trent the studio, as she is so good as to take an interest in your work. I assure you my young friend has decided talent, not to say genius. Do take Mrs. Trent downstairs, Laura. Mine is but a tiny mansion," continued Mrs. Crewe, elegantly, "but we can contrive a home for art within its limits, humble as they are."

"But I am sure it is charmingly pretty and sweet," returned Mrs. Trent, amiably, while she listened to Laura's aside,

"The place is all in disorder, and Reggie has been smoking there this morning."

"Never mind, dear, a studio never is orderly, and I am sure I don't know the morning that Mr. Piers has *not* been smoking there," with a significant look at Mrs. Trent which fortunately escaped Laura.

"If you really care to see any of my attempts," said Laura, "I will bring one or two for you to look at," and she left the room.

"You see a good deal of Mr. Piers, I suppose?" observed Mrs. Trent.

"A great deal," returned Mrs. Crewe; "and a very charming young man he is, so unaffected and unspoiled with all this wonderful change of fortune."

"Quite so," acquiesced Mrs. Trent. "We were always fond of Reginald, and saw a good deal of him formerly. I believe the Pierslynn property is a very fine one, and besides there was a large sum of ready money, investments, and I know not what. Do you know Mrs. Piers and Lady Jervois?"

"Slightly, we have exchanged visits," said Mrs. Crewe with supreme elegant nonchalance. "But Mr. Piers is naturally a good deal here, his old friendship with ——." It is impossible to say of what imprudence Mrs. Crewe might not have been guilty, when Laura's return interrupted her speech and Mrs. Trent's somewhat eager attention.

"This is rather a large picture, but as it was a favorite of my uncle's, I copied it in the same size as the original. It is in the Dresden Gallery, and is by a pupil of Rembrandt."

"It is evidently an excellent copy," said Mrs. Trent, stepping backward till she got it into a proper light. "Your flesh tint is very good, and that white turban must

have been difficult; really, Miss Piers, you have a great deal of talent; and these smaller pictures?"

"These I painted from nature; that is a little study of rocks and trees near Königstein, and this is a bit of the Elbe in Saxon Switzerland, a sunset."

"Very charming, very sweet," remarked Mrs. Trent, evidently a little surprised. "I am no judge, yet they seem to me very good. I hope you will not be displeased, if I ask you to let me carry these pictures away with me; Mr. Trent understood from Admiral Desbarres that you would not object to sell some of your paintings."

"Object!" exclaimed Laura flushing with pleasure at this opening, "I should only be too glad to sell any of them, or to get an order—as artists say—but I fear the head is too large for your carriage to hold conveniently."

"Oh, I shall manage it," said Mrs. Trent complacently. "I am not able, you understand, to be myself a patron of art, but I have a friend who is a great picture-fancier, and he might possibly fancy one of these; I should like this Elbe picture myself—pray, what do you expect for it?"

"Oh! I have no idea what to ask," cried Laura, smiling; "I should be quite satisfied with whatever you would like to give;" on which Mrs. Crewe, behind the visitor's back, frowned with a warning shake of the head. "Indeed," she said, stepping forward, "I often tell my dear young friend, that genius, like hers, if known, would command a high price, and I want her very much to try what a real judge of painting would offer for her charming pictures. We have a very artistic neighbor, who is of opinion that Miss Piers ought to exhibit in ——, oh, I forget the name of the gallery, and then she would ascertain her true value; it is not well to under-rate one's self."

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Trent blandly, "and that is just what those horrid picture-dealers who frequent the galleries would do; they would persuade Miss Piers that her work was mere daubing. We must do better. You are content then to leave the affair in my hands? Trust me I shall do the best I can for you."

"I am most grateful to you for this help," said Laura warmly.

"Ahem! Miss Piers is quite enthusiastic in her artistic ardor," said Mrs. Crewe a little disdainfully—she was always averse to Laura's project of selling her pictures. "But don't you think, my dear," turning to her, "it would be as well to consult your cousin before you part with them? He takes such a deep interest in all that concerns you, I think it would be only right ——"

"Oh! I do not see any necessity," interrupted Laura, a little surprised; "Reginald will be very pleased to know that I have a chance of selling anything ——"

"Very well, Miss Piers, I hope I may bring you good fortune; and tell me, what you are going to do this summer; I suppose you would like to see something of English scenery, after your long residence on the Continent?"

"I do not suppose I shall see anything of English scenery beyond Kensington Gardens or Hampstead," said Laura, smiling.

"Ah! you think of staying in town all the summer? Well, it may do for once, as you have been so much away; but in general one requires a little toning up for the winter after the season, and the unavoidable excitement," etc., etc., and the conversation rippled languidly along conventional channels for a few minutes; then Mrs. Trent rose, and Collins was summoned to assist the refined footman to carry the pictures to the handsome double brougham in waiting, while Mrs. Trent took a gracious farewell of her young relative and Mrs. Crewe. "I hope to see more of you," she said, smiling, "and as soon as I can fix a day, I trust Mrs. Crewe and yourself will come and dine with us *sans cérémonie*."

"Thank you," said Laura simply.

"It will give me great pleasure," said Mrs. Crewe formally; and with a final "Good morning" Mrs. Trent departed.

"How very nice and kind she is!" cried Laura impulsively, as Mrs. Crewe hastily moved to her usual post of observation behind the muslin curtains.

"Ye—es—a very neat turn-out indeed," said Mrs. Crewe; "a pair of dark chestnuts, coachman, *and* footman—well, well, it has taken a great many six and eightpences to pay for all that, and I must say she is a stylish, well-mannered woman. Did you observe, Laura, she had a 'Marie Stuart' bonnet and a fringe! and real Spanish lace on her mantle; but—I don't know how it is—I feel a sort of distrust! It is really almost a misfortune to have the keen insight *I* have! I do not like her carrying off your pictures in that way; depend upon it, she will not get half their value for you; there is something under it all I cannot understand. Eh, Laura? does it strike you?"

"No, not at all, Mrs. Crewe; I see nothing whatever but simple good nature, suggested no doubt by the Admiral. Why should we suspect evil?"

"Ah! my dear, when you have seen as much of life as I have, you will be as distrustful of appearances! If there is one thing on which I specially pique myself, it is insight into character, and ——" a pause. "Should Mrs. Trent invite us to dinner (which is far from certain), what shall I wear, and what have *you* in the way of toilet?" etc., etc., etc.

In the lazy after-dinner time of the same day, when the children had had their share of dessert, and having fulfilled their unconscious task of amusing "Papa," had gone to bed, Mr. and Mrs. Trent were left alone, as their eldest daughter was staying with some friends in the Isle of Wight. "Monsieur" was half asleep in his chair, the evening paper he had been endeavoring to decipher slipping from his hand, and "Madame" in her cool careful demi-toilet of gray silk and white lace, had put down the morsel of fancy work with which she had been playing.

The room was deliciously dusk and fresh, the odor of cut grass and flowers stealing in from the gardens on which the windows opened, the small Sutherland tea-table, with its burden of delicate china and graceful silver, still standing where it had been placed an hour ago against a background of leaves and blossoms which filled up and hid the fireplace; the whole apartment expressive of the well-ordered luxury which distinguishes the wealthy English middle-class home, where every means and appliance that can make the chariot wheels of life turn noiselessly and roll smoothly is used unsparingly, yet without relaxing that constant self-restraint, that steady regard for appearances, which, let Bohemians sneer as they will, give Philistines the whip-hand of society.

"I called on that Miss Piers to-day," said Mrs. Trent, after a silence of some minutes. No answer. "Are you asleep, John?"

"No—not at all; what is it? what do you say?"

"I called on the Admiral's Ward to-day," resumed his wife.

"Well, you ought to have gone long ago!—why, it is more than ten days since he left town," said Mr. Trent rather gruffly.

"And only three since I returned to it," replied Mrs. Trent with unruffled composure. "Do you know, John, I really believe Reginald is smitten with that very plain friend of his youth—Laura Piers? It is evident he goes to see her every day."

"Hum—what is she like?"

"She is a bundle of negatives—neither tall, or short, or dark, or fair, or absolutely ugly, or decidedly ungraceful: just the sort of girl men would pass over without seeing, and yet Reginald goes every morning and smokes in some den of a painting-room she has underground somewhere."

"Oh! He will take care of himself—he is ambitious, I can tell you! He is not at all the kind of fellow to make a foolish marriage."

"I don't know—I think beauty goes a long way with him, but this Miss Piers is decidedly plain."

"I thought she was not 'decidedly' anything."

"Don't be contradictory, John!—I admit there is something pleasing and ladylike in her manners, and her voice is peculiarly sweet—otherwise she is supremely commonplace; but what impresses me with the idea that Reginald is more closely *lied* with his cousin than we think is that he came here yesterday quite late in the afternoon and begged me to go see the young artist and her works; moreover he requested me to expend twenty pounds for him in the purchase of some of her pictures, as he knew she wanted money, and did not know how to help her. He is of course to be kept out of sight."

"A very pretty bit of romance," said Mr. Trent with a quick mocking smile. "Could he not hand twenty pounds to the Admiral for her use?"

"Perhaps the Admiral would not take it; at any rate I performed the commission and brought away three pictures. She paints very well; I should rather like to take one myself, I think it would look well."

"What would you do with it?"

"I do not know—I am going to ask Katie's drawing master to look at them ——"

"Oh, as to value, that's 'nil' I fancy—but buy one if you like, only do not be too romantically generous as to price; I think you give your imagination too much play about young Piers; he is a very cool hand. Why did you not keep him to dinner yesterday?"

"He was engaged to a county neighbor, Lord Midhurst, who seems very civil to him; I fancy there is some political basis to their friendship. The present member for North Saltshire is very old and in bad health, and Lord Dereham's sons are at school."

There was a long pause. Had Mr. Trent been a smoker a few meditative puffs might have filled up the interval appropriately, but he was superior to such a commonplace indulgence, so he sat quite still until the fall of the newspaper roused him.

"When does Katie come back?" he asked suddenly. Mrs. Trent, who had been watching him, smiled and replied, "On Wednesday or Thursday next, and then I was going to propose asking Miss Laura Piers and Reginald to dinner."

"I don't see the necessity—but I dare say you have some object in it I don't understand!"

"Really, John! you credit me with more depth than I possess. My object is simply to show civility to the Admiral's *protegée* and Reginald's cousin," returned Mrs. Trent with a good-humored laugh; "your legal habits incline you to fish for whales in any milk-jug that comes in your way!"

"Well, do as you like," said her husband. Mrs. Trent rose and rang the bell for the servant to remove the tea-things, then resuming her seat she asked, "Does Reginald never go to the office now?"

"Never," returned Mr. Trent, sharply. "He intends leaving his affairs in the hands of Fanshawe and Green, the late man's advisers."

"Well—I think it is rather ungrateful of him, considering your kindness in taking him into the office on the terms you did."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Trent, tartly, "it is nothing of the kind. It is quite natural he should employ the men who have always managed the property; and we—we can do without his business."

"Oh no doubt!" said Mrs. Trent soothingly, while she thought to herself, "he does not like it though."

"Reginald is wonderfully quiet and unassuming," she resumed aloud, "considering it is really a case of a beggar set on horseback."

"Wait—" said Mr. Trent cynically; "he has not been in the saddle quite three months. I believe there is not a prouder, more ambitious young fellow in England than Reggie Piers! You'll see he will slowly turn his back on every one, but he is far too knowing to do it suddenly."

"Come, come, you are a little unjust; I have a great regard for Reginald! Would you like the lamp or candles? I am going to see the children in bed."

"Well, ring, and I will tell Thomas to bring the lamp."

The possibility of selling her pictures, of earning enough for herself, suggested by Mrs. Trent's visit, was the crowning item of joy in the ingredients of this summer-time of happiness which had suddenly shone out from among the quiet, gray clouds which formed the ordinary background of Laura's neutral-tinted existence. Of course the Admiral and Winnie were duly informed of the great fact. The former wrote a grave but not too cordial approval. "He earnestly warned his dear ward not to expect too high a remuneration. He himself sincerely admired her work, but large allowance must be made for the partiality he felt for his ward, who had always been a source of satisfaction to him. She must therefore not be too much disappointed if her well-meant efforts proved fruitless. He himself cared little or nothing as regarded the question of her independence. He was, or would be, better off than hitherto, and looked on her as a sacred charge, whose well-being should ever be his first consideration. "I had a letter from Winnie yesterday," he continued; "she is evidently progressing in the estimation of her relatives, and able to be of use, I am glad to perceive, pending Mrs. Morgan's search for a governess; yet, though she does not complain, I see she is not content; nevertheless, it will be a satisfaction hereafter to her to think that she has availed herself of her aunt's invitation in the same spirit in which we have a right to suppose it was offered.

"My dear sister is, I am happy to say, better and more cheerful. I do not despair of her making your acquaintance at some future period."

"Well! he really is a *darling!*" exclaimed Mrs. Crewe, after she had perused this letter which Laura handed to her. "I wonder if he has come into money? do you think he has? If so, it will be the better for you, my dear! Do you know anything about it?"

"Indeed I do not, Mrs. Crewe. Why do you think so?"

"Why, he says here—Where is it?" turning back the page—"Oh, here—'I am, or will be, better off than hitherto.' Now that must mean money. I protest, Laura, you are a lucky girl."

"Yes! I think I am," she returned, smiling a smile that came from a grateful, sunny spirit. "Whether any one leaves me money or not, the best of all would be to sell my pictures."

"Pooh, nonsense! *You* will never need to sell them, or anything else. Eh, Mr. Piers?"

For while she spoke the door had opened to admit Reginald. "What is the question?" he asked, as he shook hands with both ladies.

"I tell our dear Laura that there will be no necessity for her to sell her pictures."

"The fact of their being salable is a sort of hall-mark, however," returned Reginald. "What has brought the matter on the tapis?"

"Because," exclaimed Laura, eagerly, "your charming friend Mrs. Trent was here the day before yesterday, and took away three of my pictures, hoping to dispose of them; was it not kind of her?"

"To take away your pictures—I am not sure—I hope she will get a good price for them. You must let *me* have your present work, 'A glade near Cheddington;' will you not, Laura?"

"If you will give it room in your grand house, you are heartily welcome to it."

"Ah! I don't mean that. But come along to the studio; I want to see what you have been doing during those long days I have been away. Do you know I have been cultivating my Saltshire neighbors who happen to be in town? which I hope accounts."

"I, for one, feel sure, that you did not absent yourself without cause, or willingly," said Mrs. Crewe airily, as she picked up Topsy and cradled her in her arms. "Get away to the studio, then, you artistic people; I am going to look in the 'Shipping News' for my son's movements."

"Collins has not opened the window this morning," said Laura, going to it with an odd unusual sensation of embarrassment, for there was something grave and unlike himself in the way that Reginald watched her movements. "I am afraid you find the smell of paint very strong."

"And what did Mrs. Trent carry away?" asked Reginald, looking round. "Oh! the Dresden head, and those two Saxon landscapes. How have you been getting on with the water?—very good—it seems to my untrained eye very like water indeed; you have done a good deal."

"I worked a long while yesterday," said Laura, arranging her materials and taking up her palette. "I have had a long letter from Winnie, and I am afraid she is getting quite worn out with those dreadful cousins of hers, they play all manner of pranks and are so common and vulgar. I don't imagine Mrs. Morgan is at all nice. I think seriously of trying to find music lessons for her here. I intend writing to the Admiral about it, and——"

"Wait," interrupted Reginald with some eagerness; "promise me to do nothing till I return."

"Return—where are you going, Reggie?"

"To Pierslynn, with my mother and sister, only for a few days; when I see them settled I will come back. You will miss me a little, eh! Laura?" looking steadily at her, for she had grown rather pale.

"Oh! I shall miss you very much; but of course I must get accustomed to that. I cannot suppose I shall always see as much of you as I do now."

"Why not, Laura?" then, after a short pause, "I have made a sort of plan of life—I will tell you all about it when I come back—will you help me to carry it out?"

"Yes, if I can, but how can I do anything for *you?*"

"I will tell you by and by, and then we can see what can be done for Winnie."

A pause, during which Reginald looked at the picture as if absorbed in thought; then rousing himself with an effort, began to talk of Herbert and the Admiral and Mrs. Crewe, but his manner was not easy and unembarrassed as usual. At last he exclaimed: "I must go, Laura, I only came to tell you that I shall not see you for a week; and here—if you and Mrs. Crewe would care to hear Rigoletto to-morrow night—I have got a box for you on the second tier."

"Thanks, dear Reggie, you are really very good. We shall be quite delighted. When do you go to Pierslynn?"

"To-morrow. My mother is very sorry she could not see you before she left town, but she has been busy about her new house. When she is settled I hope you will see a great deal of her." To which Laura replied: "I hope so;" then there was another pause, which Reginald broke abruptly by saying:

"Good-bye then, Laura—or rather, *au revoir*—for I shall not be many days away, and you are to pray for me night and morning, remember," he said with a pleasant laugh; "and here is a new photograph I have had taken of my noble self; you see I do not trust to your unassisted memory."

"But I think you may, Reginald. I have not so many friends that I should forget one so kind and true as yourself."

Reginald's answer was to catch her hand and kiss it twice very warmly. "Say good-bye for me to Mrs. Crewe," he said, and turning away rapidly, he left the room.

Laura looked after him puzzled, agitated, almost terrified at the possibilities suggested by his mode of taking leave. What interpretation could she put on his evident reluctance to part from her even for a few days, save that he loved her with love passing that of a brother? The idea made her tremble, she dared not use her brush, the tears came with a sob to her eyes, and laying aside her palette, she began mechanically to arrange and dust the rather miscellaneous furniture of her little room, as the sound of a foot on the stairs warned her of Mrs. Crewe's approach.

"Well!" cried that lady bursting in, evidently much disturbed, Topsy sitting upon one arm, with head erect and disapprobation glittering in each wide-opened eye. "Well! so he is gone! is he? I do hope and trust you have not done anything foolish!"

"Reginald desired me to say good-bye to you, Mrs. Crewe. He had very little time to-day, for he goes out of town with his mother and Lady Jervois to-morrow."

"Out of town with those women!" cried Mrs. Crewe. "How unfortunate! how ill-advised!" she sat down hastily, and let Topsy jump to the ground unnoticed. "Why did you let him go?"

"How could I possibly prevent it? He is not gone forever, Mrs. Crewe," returned Laura, restored to herself and smiling at her friend's discomfiture; "he is coming back at the end of the week."

"Ah! *he* thinks so, and you think so, but don't expect it! I know what men are; the last woman that talks to them has the greatest influence! Mark my words, that mother of his will not let him come back. She knows what his intentions are toward you, Laura, and now they have got him down there, we will not see him back in a hurry! Oh, Laura! why did you not send for me before you let him go, you foolish, foolish girl!"

CHAPTER XI.

"Is Mr. Thurston in his room?" asked Mr. Trent one morning some days after this blow had fallen on Mrs. Crewe, as he finished dictating a letter to a clerk who took down his words in shorthand.

"He is, sir."

"And alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want to speak to him;" and Mr. Trent rose and walked across the landing to his partner's room, which was the best and most luxuriously furnished in the establishment. Mr. Thurston was enthroned in state in a mighty chair of oak and leather, surrounded by papers, law books, and all the insignia of hard work, but his absolute employment was reading *The Times*. "I have had a letter from Admiral Desbarres this morning: he wants a codicil added to his will, bequeathing two thousand five hundred (which he has persisted in putting in this canal concern) to his ward, with

another thousand should she survive his sister. Here is his letter. I wish you would see to it, Thurston, for I have arranged to run down to the Isle of Wight for a sniff of the briny this evening, and to escort my daughter home on Wednesday."

"Very well," replied Mr. Thurston, taking the letter and reading it.

"You see, he wants it to be got ready at once, as he does not know what day he can come up to town, and he wishes it to be ready for his signature."

"I will attend to it. It is a simple affair," said Mr. Thurston. "How thorough the Admiral is in all things! This young lady is very fortunate to have such a guardian."

"Very. I hope there will be some of the two thousand forthcoming when the will is proved! I don't believe Admiral Desbarres will ever get back a sixpence of it."

"I am not so sure," returned Mr. Thurston, looking at *The Times* again. "I see the shares are going up; there was a rise of a 16th to an 8th yesterday."

"The Admiral's purchase has given them a fillip," said Mr. Trent grimly.

"Well, well! we must hope for the best," replied the elder partner, who represented the heavy metal rather than the motive power of the firm, and was indolently good-natured. "Get him to sell out as soon as you can, you have a good deal of influence ——."

"Not I!" interrupted the other, "nor any one else. Admiral Desbarres' lines of action are determined on principles which actuate few, and molded on types to be found in dreams and moral essays! his gold is too pure for general circulation, and so, well-nigh useless."

"Perhaps so."

"Mr. Rogers wishes to speak to you, sir," said a clerk, coming in with a card.

"Oh! show him up! I will attend to this at once, Trent, though I see Admiral Desbarres does not think of being in town before next week."

Mr. Trent returned to his room and his writing, while many thoughts passed through his brain. Though it was no breach of professional etiquette that Reginald Piers should have left the business of his estate in the hands of the firm who had always managed it, yet he was displeased. He had the instinctive longing to gather up and hold fast documents, deeds, and papers, inherent in the legal mind. The desire of having the basis on which suits and leases, and covenants, and undertakings might be built up, within his grasp, safely stowed away in tin boxes, calculated to defy moth and rust and thieves, was but natural to a man whose training had been exclusively forensic. There was something beyond this, however. Reginald Piers, his wife's struggling young relative—his own *protégé* and favorite—had escaped away out of his hands. He could not accuse him of neglect or ungraciousness, or any uppish airs or failure on any point of good breeding, but with all his frank friendliness of manner, Reginald was all at once Piers of Piers-lynn, about whose affairs he did not presume to ask a question, or offer a word of advice.

While Mr. Trent finished his day's work, and hastened home to be carefully packed up and fed, comforted with cool drinks, and sent on his way with every possible provision for his needs, while his wife having kissed her hand to him at the hall door, stepped into her neat brougham and drove away to pick up a congenial friend on her way to the opera, Laura Piers sat at work in Mrs. Crewe's dining-room by the open window, feeling unreasonably depressed and sad. Mrs. Crewe, with Topsy on her lap, was nodding over yesterday's *Times*, and Herbert was composing with pain and grief an epistle to the Admiral at a rather unsteady writing-table beside the fireplace, his fingers dyed an inch high in ink, one cheek almost touching his left hand as if his nose was ambitious of assisting to guide the pen.

"I have put that, Laura," he said, after an interval of silence and scratching over the paper, and he read aloud: "I am getting on pretty well with Mr. Walker, and hope he is satisfied with me." "I am nearly down to the bottom of the second page," he added. "Don't you think I might end up now?"

"No, Herbert—try and think of something else."

"But how is a fellow to fill a letter every week! and not a thing to write about, no cricket or rowing—no nothing? Why, it is beyond reason."

"Well, really, Herbert, you ought to put something of your own in! However, I will tell you *this* time—say—oh! say that you will be glad when the holidays are over, as you shall like school work again."

"Ay—by Jove so I shall! I never had such stupid horrid holidays! I declare I am quite glad to go to old Walker of a morning for something to do! There, I can't say more."

"It is dull for you, poor boy! but it cannot be helped," said Laura with a sigh. "Next year things may be better."

To this there was no reply, as Herbert was now scratching on to the "finish." "That's done!" he said at last. "I've put my name and all, for it is quite a long letter! Just look over it, like a good girl, will you," and he began to put away his writing materials. "I say," he resumed after a pause, "I would much rather go to sea than stew over Latin and Greek! I ain't one bit the sort of fellow for the Church! I tell you what, when Mrs. Crewe's son comes home, I'll talk to him about it. *I* have no objection to the mercantile marine."

"What is that about?" exclaimed Mrs. Crewe rousing up at the sound of the detested appellation. "Who did you say was in the mercantile marine?"

"No one. But I should like well enough to be in it," returned Herbert.

"Don't think of such a thing, my dear boy. Would you mind opening the door? that precious puss wants to go out, she did ask prettily, she did. No, no; how much nicer it would be to go into the Church, as the dear Admiral wishes; so much more dignified and gentleman-like; perhaps getting to be a bishop with those elegant lawn sleeves and a seat in the House of Lords—think of that; instead of knocking about on a horrid dirty ship with all sorts of second-rate people; obliged to dip your hands in a tar bucket to fit yourself for the service—so a very nice young man Denzil brought up here one day, told me—though Denzil had suppressed the fact in consideration for my feelings."

"Oh, I should like sailing about and seeing all sorts of places well enough, and I would not mind the tar-bucket," said Herbert. "You must ask your son to take me with him when he goes to sea again," and he left the room with a good-humored nod.

"I am sure the Admiral would be greatly displeased if such an idea took hold of Herbert," said Mrs. Crewe, looking after him. "You must do your best to put it out of his head, Laura."

"The best plan is to do nothing," replied Laura languidly. "He merely talks, he has no strong likings—as to a profession I mean. Do you not think it is very oppressive this evening, Mrs. Crewe, as if we were going to have a thunderstorm?"

She dropped her work as she spoke, with an unconscious desponding gesture, and leaning back in her chair passed her hand over her brow.

"No! I do not find it oppressive, Laura Piers, but I do see that you are depressed, and I am not surprised at it," Mrs. Crewe was beginning, when a low melancholy mew proclaimed that Topsy was waiting for admission outside.

"Oh! you dear, dear thing!" cried Mrs. Crewe, rising quickly though a little stiffly from her chair. "How soon you have come back!" and she hastened to open the door, whereupon enter Topsy with much dignity, her tail erect and her eyes fixed on an especial chair where she loved to sit. "Do you know, Laura," continued Mrs. Crewe, still pausing at the door, suspicion and displeasure strongly expressed in her face, "I should not be one bit surprised if that good-for-nothing girl has slipped out and taken the key! I know that precious puss can't bear being alone, and not finding any one below she has come back to us. Collins!" advancing toward the kitchen stair, "Collins!"—no answer. "Collins!" in tragic and awful tones—still no answer.

"Well!" sailing back to the dining-room, "I call that *disgraceful!* and I had put a sponge cake in the oven and told her on no account to leave it. There is no depending on one of them! I must see to it myself," and with a swift but not ungraceful step she disappeared. Almost immediately there was a sharp ring at the front door bell. It was the postman, who delivered to Laura a perfumed cream-colored note, with a dainty blue monogram, directed to herself in small beautifully formed firm characters.

Laura opened it eagerly, glanced at the contents, uttered a little scream of delight, and flew downstairs, where Mrs. Crewe, with mingled wrath and dignity, was removing a delicately browned cake from the oven.

"Dear, dearest Mrs. Crewe—what do you think——"

"Has he written to say he is coming then?" interrupted Mrs. Crewe eagerly, while she continued to lift her cake on to the table.

"No—no—not at all—listen to this:

"'My dear Miss Piers—My friend—the connoisseur of whom I spoke to you—has, I am happy to say, taken two of your pictures, the copy of a head from the Dresden Gallery, and 'On the Elbe,' for which he has given twenty pounds. And if you will allow me to keep the view near some fortress—I forget the name—I beg your acceptance of four guineas for it. I therefore inclose a check for twenty-four pounds four shillings—and congratulate you sincerely on your success. I think it not improbable my friend may like to have some other productions of your brush. I am not at all aware what price your work would be likely to command among regular dealers, and Mr. Trent thinks it would be well if you could ascertain this, with a view to fixing your own prices. Perhaps my daughter's drawing-master might be able to assist you; I should be happy to give you an introduction to him if you wish it: he does not live far from you. Of course, the present little transaction is exceptional.

"'With compliments to Mrs. Crewe,

"'I am, dear Miss Piers,

"'Very truly yours,

"'KATE TRENT.'

And there—there is the check for twenty-four pounds four shillings," cried Laura excitedly, holding up a long slip of pale lavender paper bearing the magic numerals. "I can scarcely believe it! Isn't she kind—is it not marvelous?"

And she sat down on the nearest kitchen chair, her heart beating with pleasure at this gleam of hope.

"Twenty-four pounds four," repeated Mrs. Crewe in doubtful tones, stepping back the better to contemplate her cake. "Well, it is a nice little sum, but nothing very generous. I suppose this connoisseur she talks about is rich—and my opinion is that he has got a bargain! Let me look at the note, my dear, I am not so overjoyed, as you are. I *did* think it was from Mr. Piers by the fuss you made!"

"Well, Mrs. Crewe, so I ought! I mean I ought to make more fuss about it than about one from Reginald—fond as I am of him—this (handing it to her friend) may be the beginning of independence."

"I declare, Laura—for a sweet girl, which you certainly are—you can be rather provoking; but I will say no more now. Look here, my love, I call the end of this note nasty—decidedly nasty. Does she mean that you have got too much for your beautiful pictures—or what does she mean by calling it an *exceptional* transaction? I am sure when I went to see the Royal Academy with Miss Brown, I saw nothing better than your pictures—nothing—I give you my word."

"Then I am very sorry for English art," returned Laura laughing good-humoredly. "I am sure Miss Brown would not agree with you."

"Oh! I am quite aware I am ignorant on many subjects, art included."

"You are too good to those you like," said Laura apologetically. "But what shall I do with this money? I want to make some very good use of it."

"Buy yourself a new dress and hat, and put what is left away in the post-office savings' bank. You may want it or you may not," nodding her head sagely. "We shall see what we shall see!"

Laura made no answer. She had for some time resolutely refused to notice or reply to any of Mrs. Crewe's insinuations or suggestions, hoping they might cease for want of opposition. She was provoked, nevertheless, to find, however successfully she preserved an unmoved appearance, she was inwardly vexed and disturbed by these gadflies of words. She sat silently gazing at the slip of paper which she held, and which she felt ought to be a talisman to her and strengthen her in the daily conflict. "I must write to the Admiral and Winnie," she exclaimed, at last rousing from her thoughts. "Perhaps we may both be with you, dear Mrs. Crewe. Suppose I could sell six or seven pictures in a year at ten pounds apiece, with my own little money and some drawing lessons, I could do quite well; and they might lead to pupils for Winnie—you do not know how clever she is in music and languages."

"I do not doubt it, my dear; but teaching and all that sort of thing is miserable work. Winnie Fielden is so handsome, that if she could just be dressed up and set out in society, she would marry well; mark my words."

"I dare say she would, for she is a dear! and so bright and pleasant. But though it must be very delightful to have a nice, kind husband, don't you think it is better and more honest to try and get one's own living than to buy fine clothes on the chance of winning a good marriage? It is like gambling on the Stock Exchange!"

"Yes, yes, I know. That is all very fine, no doubt; just like the sentences they put in copy-books; but no one cares to act upon them. It is how can you get on best and fastest people think about, but as for women, they have so few ways of getting on."

"But, Mrs. Crewe, you have always been honest and self-sustaining, and you have got on."

"After a fashion. Ah! dear Laura. I wish every girl a better lot than I had. There! there is no use talking."

"No, indeed," echoed Laura; "so I will go away and write my letters. Oh! how thankful I am to have such news to tell."

Laura's letter to the Admiral was tempered by the same sort of instinct which makes impressionable people speak low when they inspect a church, and which generally affected those who held intercourse with the rare old man; but to Winnie she wrote with all the exuberance of a joyous heart, gratified beyond the money's value by the recognition of her own capability which a price paid stamps upon artistic work.

"I know she is wretched," thought Laura, as her pen raced rapidly over the paper. "The very lifting of the mist for a moment will do her good—to think there is a chance of our helping ourselves may give her courage; for though she says so little, I *know* what a horrible life she must be leading especially since that nephew came;" and laying down the pen, she opened Winnie's last epistle, turning to a part she had already read more than once. After describing her difficulties with her small cousins and pupils, Winnie continued: "Don't think I am selfish in pouring out my grievances, it helps me to bear them when I can relieve my mind, and I am by no means so doleful as I seem by this letter; but I have a fresh worry. As if Fanny and Jack were not bad enough, a nephew of Mr. Morgan's has lately come here from some place beyond the seas. He is a stout, black-eyed, *dreadful* young man, rich I believe, for his fat stumpy fingers are adorned with rings, and besides he is treated with much consideration. Well, this unpleasant personage seems to have taken a fancy to me. He is always running against us out walking, and stares at me until I am inclined to throw 'the thing that lieth nearest' in his face. Moreover he manages to show his preference in a queer stealthy way, as if it was not degradation enough that such a creature dared to look at me as he does!

"I rather imagine they all (himself included) want my eldest cousin to marry him. Mrs. Morgan has been *so* disagreeable since, and I am sorry for it, for she is much the best of them, and inclined to be kind to me—but for all that, I will put down Mr. Price! Oh! that I could talk to you once more, dearest and best! No poverty can compare with the mental starvation I suffer here!"

"This is not to be endured," thought Laura, as she put the letter again into its envelope. "The Admiral ought to know, but how can I tell him? I will consult Reginald when he comes, *if* he comes, for Mrs. Crewe may be right," —and she sighed. He had been so much with her lately, that it seemed almost impossible to endure life without him. But this would not do; she had to think of work, of real practical existence; she must write a politely grateful note to Mrs. Trent; she must try and finish that picture of a glade in Cheddington Woods; she must throw herself into art more than she had hitherto done. In occupation, in real work, she would find strength and consolation. And time, the mighty healer, would bring about new combinations and display fresh aspects, till only the tender grace of the present would be remembered, and its pain and suffering be overshadowed by the "raven down" of merciful oblivion.

So Laura closed up her letters and took them herself to a neighboring post-pillar. On her return she found Mrs. Crewe, with Topsy in her arms, holding forth to the delinquent Collins in the hall.

"Don't tell *me* you were dressing, Collins! don't do it! I know better. I would have called you up at once when you came in (for you *were* out), only Miss Brown was with me; but now I tell you it will not do! Well, suppose you were dressing, what business had you to leave my cake to burn? Do you know what judgment awaits the untruthful? Oh, you may cry, Collins, but it is most disgraceful! and if you cannot behave better, you must leave my house this day month. There, now it is time for prayers! Go—fetch me the large bible and my glasses, they are on the drawers in my room. Go, go, go, my girl! do *not* dawdle! Oh! Laura, my dear, I am quite exhausted trying to impress Collins with the iniquity of her conduct; would you mind reading prayers to-night? Read that chapter in the Acts about Ananias and Sapphira. Dear, dear! I am so tired—Collins, do you intend coming down to-night or not?"

(*To be continued.*)

Lost Happiness.

(*See page engraving.*)

To conceive a subject strongly and vigorously is not only essential to the success of the writer, but to that of the artist, too. In this the painter of the charming picture, "Lost Happiness," is eminently successful, and not only does he possess the power to conceive his subject strongly, but the conception so remains until he transfers it to canvas. This is no ideal woman he brings before us, nor one sorrowing over an imaginary grief. She is terribly realistic, and a heart-grief, for which time has no cure, is stamped upon the pale, sad face, that looks out from the picture. She has not lost wealth nor position; a far greater loss is hers. She has seen the brightest light of her life put out by the icy breath of death, and she stands a mourner forever by the tomb of her lost hopes and her perished happiness. Loving and beloved, her life flowed happily along, and she asked no higher bliss than that which centered in husband, home and child. Other women, "heart-hungry," might seek a "mission" abroad, and content themselves with dross; but in the love she gave and received, and in the quiet pursuits of home, she found a woman's truest gold, and her most satisfying happiness.

Love is strong, but, alas! for human hearts. Death is stronger, and as cruel as strong. No pleadings, no prayers can move him, as he goes on his triumphal way, crushing the buds of happiness, and trampling down the precious flowers of joy, desolating homes and breaking hearts, that, as the poet says, "brokenly live on." Moore, in his "Lalla Rookh," gives fine expression to the utter desolation that seizes the heart and shrouds the life, when a beloved one is borne off by death.

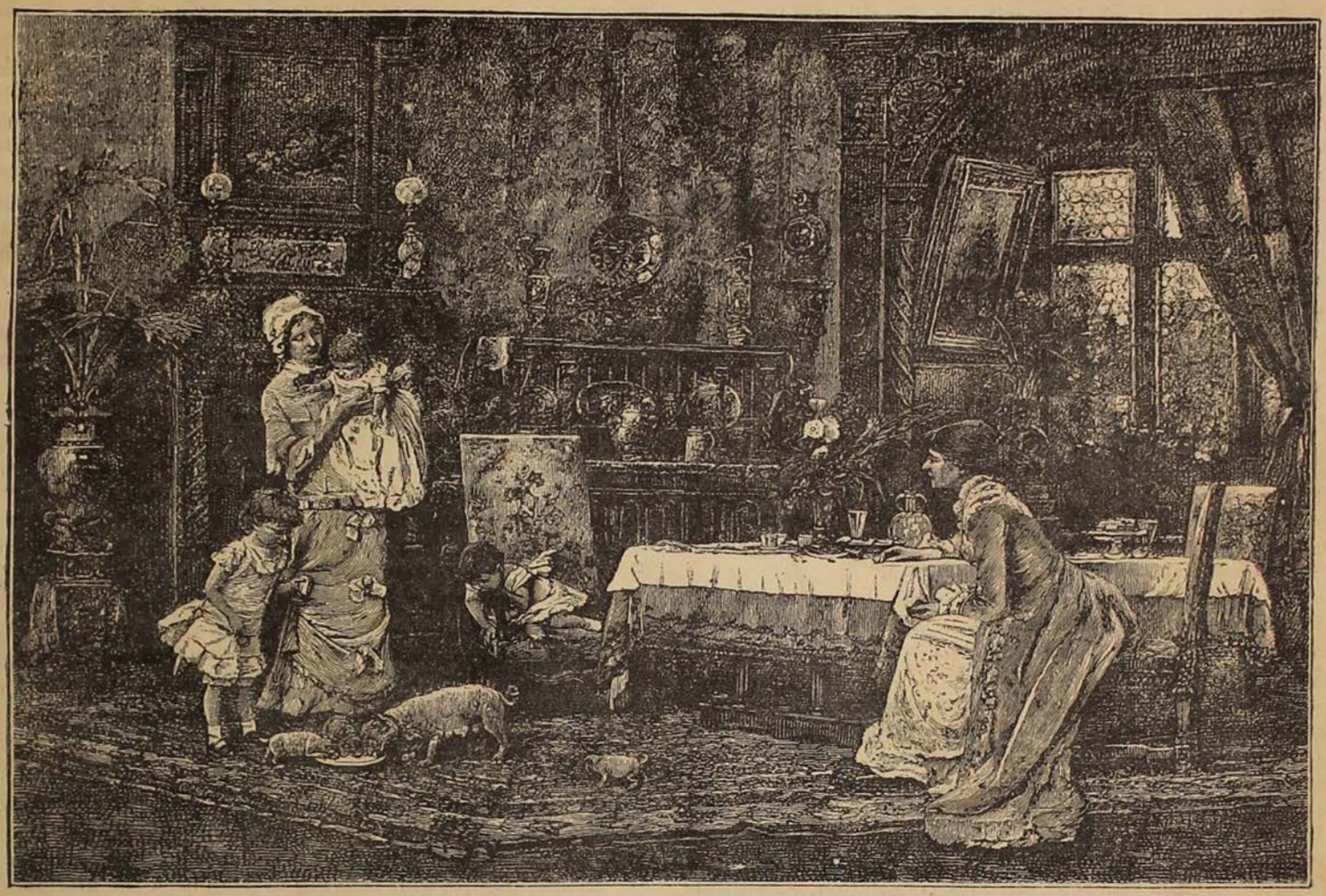
> "O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
> First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
> In the wide world, without that only tie,
> For which it wished to live, or feared to die."

The artist has depicted one of those women who love intensely, and who mourn forever—not passionately, nor loudly, nor complainingly, nor rebelliously, but deeply, silently, and with stern wrestlings for resignation. There is something pathetic in the intense woe of the pale face, the tremulous lips, as if striving to keep back the utterances of sorrow; and the unshed tears, glistening in the beautiful eyes, that seem vainly reading the record of the happy past. How she clings to the only earthly comfort left her, the golden-haired child, too young to realize its own loss, or comprehend its mother's grief. Though habited in the same habiliments of woe, yet it forms a striking contrast in its childish expression of unconcern, its hand lovingly grasping the flowers, to the all-absorbing grief of the mother, to whom even the fairest blossoms have lost their wonted charm, for the shadow of death which darkens the home and the heart, falls upon the flowers too.

The painter of the exquisite picture, from which our engraving is taken, is Carl Gussow, a Prussian, who was born in Havelberg, in 1843, and who, we may reasonably suppose, has not yet reached the zenith of his splendid powers. For the first time his pictures were exhibited in Berlin, in 1870, and their extraordinary merit gained instant and cordial recognition. In point of originality, truth, and intensity of expression, he has few equals; and not only his native country, but England and France, are pleased to do him honor. He commenced his art studies in Weimar, under Arthur von Ramberg, and continued them in Antwerp, under Ferdinand Pauvels, a scholar of Wappers. So universal was the commendation bestowed upon his pictures at their first exhibition, that he was tendered a professorship in the art school of Weimar, which he accepted, and

subsequently he was called to a similar position in Carlsruhe, and later to Berlin.

Success is generally reached by slow and laborious steps; and often the climber is found lying stiff and pale amid the snows and ice, grasping in his hands the "banner with the strange device, 'Excelsior.'" The heights have been gained at last, but the way has brought death to the tired feet, and it was not life, but the grave, which placed the crown on the head of poet or painter. Mr. Gussow has had none of this experience; he mounted to the summit of success at once, and he lives to enjoy his renown. When we look at the pathetically eloquent and wonderfully truthful production, "Lost Happiness," we feel that the painter deserved to reach the shining heights of fame by flowery ways, and not over the icy paths of long and laborious climbing, which brings so much misery, and sometimes even death itself.



The Two Families.

MICHAEL MUNKACSY is a striking example of the power of resolution, when combined with genius. Born and reared under the most unfavorable conditions, he has surmounted every impediment, and now stands on an eminence above all other Hungarian artists. This celebrated painter of the pleasing picture, "The Two Families," was born in Munkács, in 1846, an inauspicious time, as the Hungarian Revolution was not far distant. When it did come, it brought sad sorrows to this young child. His father had joined the followers of Kossuth, and being taken prisoner, died in captivity, leaving his widow with five small children to maintain. Michael, then but four years old, was adopted by an aunt, who was cruelly murdered in her house by robbers, and this threw the child upon the bounty of an uncle. The usual fate that revolutions bring to the vanquished, poverty and work, did not escape him, and despite the awakening within him of artistic aspirations, he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, and for four years, early and late, was compelled to toil at an uncongenial trade. When, as a journeyman, he received orders to paint a house, or perhaps a bride's chest or coffer, the money thus gained he devoted to the purchase of books, and to self-culture. He next took to portrait and landscape painting; and while his efforts called forth the admiration of the villagers, they had seldom anything more acceptable to give him than a dinner, or some article of dress.

He who has a vocation will surely find it, even though he may be long in reaching that for which nature intended him. Michael Munkacsy now resolved to follow the bent of his inclinations, and with but little money in his possession, he started for Budapest. He was agreeably received, and disposed of many of the sketches he had made on the way. He then went to Vienna, but his anxieties and troubles were not yet over, and not until he had successively tried that city, Munich, and Düsseldorf did success visit him. Henceforth his story reads like a romance. In Düsseldorf his *genre* painting naturally attracted the students there, and they flocked around him. A wealthy patron of art found him out, and ordered a large picture, and Goupil ordered another. Thus he progressed, step by step, and when he visited Paris, shortly after, he found himself famous. Subsequently he took up his residence in that city, married, and established a home of great elegance. He receives immense sums for his pictures, and in every country that he visits honors are heaped upon him. It is pleasant to record a story like his, and to know that he bravely struggled up through the clouds to a most brilliant success.

His charming picture, "The Two Families," gives us a

glimpse into a lovely "interior," as the painters term it. We are admitted into the midst of a domestic scene that is charmingly attractive, and one full of the gentle charities of home. The family of little children have had their wants supplied, and now gather delightfully around the household pets, who are doing full justice to their dinner. The mother gazes at the group with a pleased expression of face, preferring to run the risk of a few grease spots on the carpet than that her children should lose the lesson of consideration for the dumb creatures that look to the members of the household for care and protection. As we gaze at this charming scene, so replete with loving humanity, we cannot but feel that if every mother impressed upon her child, even in infancy, the lesson of kindness to the dumb creation, there would be no need of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. It is a treat to be admitted into a home like this, where refinement and elegance preside, and where kindness holds its gentle sway. The extreme naturalness of the composition is one of its highest charms. The geatest skill is displayed in the drawing of the figures, and the minutest article is painted with wonderful accuracy and beauty. The rich velvet carpet, the shining mirrors, the handsome vases of flowers, the lamps on the mantelpiece, and the transparent glass on the dinner table, are all finished with the greatest care and beauty, these exquisitely wrought objects being so many charms in the picture. The whole composition is charming, being a masterpiece of nature and sentiment, exquisitely rendered, reminding us of the beautiful paintings of the old Dutch master, Gabriel Metzu.

The Dome of the Rock.

IN the year six hundred and thirty-seven of our era, the Caliph Omar I., second successor of Mohammed the Prophet, captured the holy city Jerusalem, having previously laid the whole of Palestine under tribute. Thus was commenced that Mohammedan rule over the Holy Land that, with but a few short interregnums, has endured to our own time.

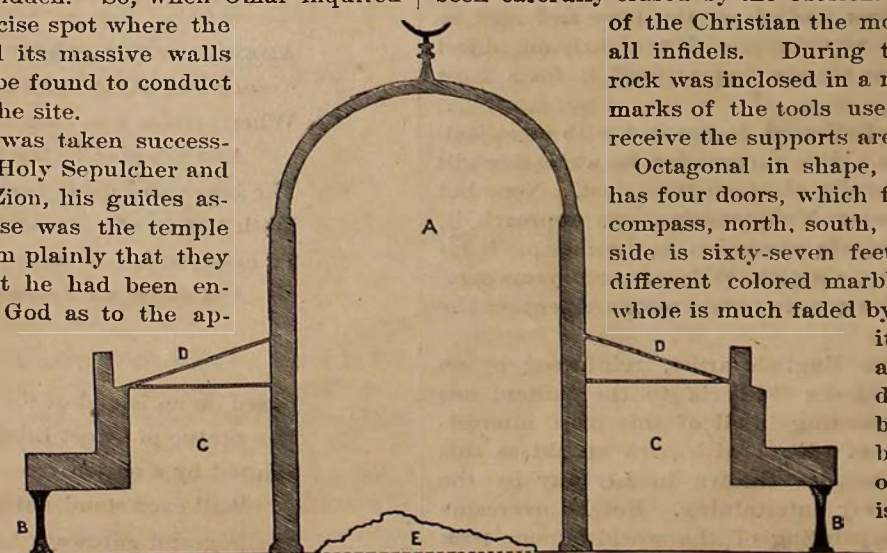
Nearly six centuries had elapsed since Titus had razed the city to the ground, and at the hands of its successive rulers, the Romans and Persians, it had recovered some of its former beauty and splendor. Still, under heaps of fallen stones and decaying rubbish, the ancient landmarks and localities were nearly all hidden. So, when Omar inquired of the inhabitants the precise spot where the Jewish temple had reared its massive walls and buttresses, few could be found to conduct the Saracen conqueror to the site.

The story goes that he was taken successively to the church of the Holy Sepulcher and to the Church on Mount Zion, his guides asserting that either of these was the temple site. The caliph told them plainly that they were deceiving him; that he had been enlightened by an angel of God as to the appearance of the true site, and that neither of these resembled it. Thereupon they took him to one of the gates, now called the gate of Mohammed, and told him he could go no farther unless he crawled on his hands and knees. The water from some stream was rushing down the hillside and through the gate, which was choked by rubbish; but nothing daunted the caliph gathered up his skirts and waded through it, and, on arriving at the summit paused awhile, then cried out: "This is that which the angel of God described unto me!" Immediately he and his servants began to clear away the filth and rubbish, using their hands and clothes for the purpose, and Omar ordered the construction of a mosque upon the spot.

The hill is the supposed Mount Moriah of which King David sung. Its highest summit is composed of a huge rock, which is the subject of many curious traditions. Here it was that Abraham was in the act of sacrificing his son Isaac when his arm was arrested by the divine voice. Here it was, also, that David saw the angel with raised sword about to smite the wicked inhabitants of Jerusalem. It was then the threshing-floor of Araunah, of whom David purchased the ground at a great price, and upon it Solomon erected the magnificent temple which his father had planned, but which he had not been deemed worthy to construct. This temple which "was not only the pride of all Israel, but the wonder of all people who saw it," was destroyed by the Assyrians, rebuilt by Nehemiah after the return from the captivity, and the second edifice was much enlarged and beautified by Herod, who, at once to gain favor with the Jews and to aggrandize his own reign, bestowed upon it without stint the wealth and skill of all his dominions. But under that last great blow which all but annihilated the Jewish people, and "left them without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without a ephod, and without teraphim," Herod's temple was made a heap of ruins, and at the date of the Caliph Omar's visit to Jerusalem, the Christians, out of contempt for the Jews, had turned its site into a place for the reception of the city's rubbish.

Most probably the mosque which Omar caused to be erected was hurriedly and poorly built, for though the present structure bears his name it was built by the tenth Caliph Abd el Ibn Marwan, more than fifty years later. Upon it was spent the proceeds of seven years' taxes levied upon Egypt by the Sultan's command, and three years were consumed in its completion. During the brief rule of the Crusaders in the Holy City, the mosque was cleansed and used as a Christian church, but all trace of this usage has been carefully erased by the Moslems, who deem the touch of the Christian the most polluting of that of all infidels. During the Christian rule the rock was inclosed in a marble screen, and the marks of the tools used to dress its face to receive the supports are still visible.

Octagonal in shape, the Mosque of Omar has four doors, which face the points of the compass, north, south, east, and west. Each side is sixty-seven feet long. It is built of different colored marbles and tiles, but the whole is much faded by lapse of time. Inside it measures a hundred and forty-eight feet in diameter, and the same beautiful stones, marbles, and tiles appear as on the exterior. There is a corridor thirteen



Sectional View of the "Rubbet es Sakhra," or Dome of the Rock, showing the Position of the es Sakhra, or Sacred Rock. A *The Dome.*—B B *The Foundation Pillars.*—C *The Octagonal Sides of the Mosque.*—D *Roof.*—E *The Sacred Rock projecting above the pavement.*

feet wide around the whole interior, flanked by sixteen marble columns of Corinthian style, which archæologists generally regard as having originally belonged to some other place. Twelve larger columns support the dome, which measures sixty-six feet in diameter, and is the most beautiful feature of the mosque.

The dome is built immediately over the "rock" before mentioned, whence the name of the mosque. In the clerestory of the dome are rich colored glass windows, which shed a beautiful mellow light on the interior. The rock projects above the level pavement four feet nine and a half inches at one end, and one foot at its lowest, and is some thirty feet long and of irregular width. Its surface is very rough, and the chisel has been freely used on it by the Crusaders.

The Mohammedans show the visitor what they claim to be the print of their prophet's feet when he ascended to heaven, and the print of the angel Gabriel's fingers where he clung to the rock to prevent its ascension with the prophet. In its top is a circular depression or basin, which is believed to have had connection, by means of some drain now choked up, with the gorge of the Kidron, in order to carry off the blood from the sacrifices once offered there.

At the south-west angle is a roundish trap or opening, in which is an arched doorway, which leads by rude steps to a cave beneath the rock. It is about six feet high, and might hold about two score people. In as many corners are shown the places where Solomon, David, and Abraham prayed, and in the center of the floor of the cave is a well, called Bir el Arwah, that is, "the Well of Spirits" in which, say the Mohammedans, all departed souls are confined until the day of judgment by Mohammed. They also assert that the rock itself is suspended in mid-air, and adduce as proof the fact that the floor of the cave emits a hollow, ringing sound when struck.

It is the general belief of Scripture archæologists that in the original Jewish temple the great altar of sacrifice was upon or over this rock, and that the so-called Well of Spirits is nothing more or less than the drain which conveyed the blood and water from the sacrifices into the vast system of drainage under the temple. Being now choked up, the "drain" holds water, and so is looked on as being a "well." There are instances in the Bible of persons having hidden in the cave under this rock, (see 1st Chronicles xxi. 20-21) and the probabilities are that David and his successors looked on the cave and rock as sacred, and so forebore to obliterate so unsightly an object from the interior of the temple, but utilized it for a most laudable purpose.

The rock, as we have indicated, is guarded with most jealous care by the Moslem. It is surrounded by a massive gilt railing, and is kept carefully cleansed from dust. None but the highest in rank among Mohammedans can approach it, and for a Christian to obtain admission to the mosque itself is well-nigh impossible. Captain Wilson, some years ago, was able, by much diplomacy, to obtain measurements of the rock, but that was all.

Recently, however, an English artist, reinforced by an autograph letter from Queen Victoria to the Sultan, has been able to make a painting in oil of this most interesting object to christendom. Even with such an aid as this the account of the obstacles thrown in his way by the priests and clergy is very entertaining. But he overcame all opposition, and his painting of the world-famous rock will shortly be exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition in London.

FREDERICK ALLDRED.

A Magnificent Compliment.

THE Franco-American Society of Paris resolved some time ago to raise funds sufficient to pay for the erection of a colossal statue of Liberty in New York harbor. It was at first intended to have the work completed in time for presentation to the United States at the centennial anniversary, as an evidence of the good feeling of France toward this country, and as a tribute of love and devotion to liberty. The proposed monument will symbolize American freedom and progress. It will be a long-lasting monument of the high esteem and indissoluble friendship of France and the United States of America. The model of this magnificent statue was designed by the distinguished sculptor Auguste Bartholdi. It is to be cast in bronze, and will be not less than one hundred feet in height, and the pedestal, which will be built on Bedloe's Island, is to be of the same elevation. This superb figure will hold the torch of liberty in one hand and the book of laws in the other. At night streams of light will radiate from lamps about its head, so that it will shine like a star to guide the sailor while it glows unquenched in the darkness—a beacon of hope to inspire and encourage the friends of freedom. Among the famous Frenchmen interested in getting up this monument, we may mention the names of the following: M. Gounod, the celebrated composer of music, Oscar de Lafayette, Rochambeau, De Tocqueville, M. Labalaye, and others of European and American fame. This splendid statue, standing at the gateway of the New World, will be a type of progress and liberty, and a perpetual memorial of the good will of France, while it will mark the civilization of the first century of our history. As a work of art it will command the admiration of all who cultivate an æsthetic taste, and, as a symbol of freedom, it will express the sentiments we cherish here; and it will need no interpreter to be understood by visitors from other lands. It will be a token of friendship, and it will keep alive the good feeling existing between France and America. At the late centennial celebration at Yorktown there were present descendants of the famous and dearly beloved Lafayette, and their presence here has revived the interest in the statue of Liberty sketched in the following stanzas:

The French Statue of Liberty.

AMERICA cannot forget
France and her gallant Lafayette,
When armies like long billows met,
And mingled in the fray.
The brave and noble marquis came,
With stripes of snow and oriflamme,
To fight for liberty and fame,
And drive our foes away.

Based on an island of the sea,
The Statue of sweet Liberty,
Saluted by a nation free,
Will ever stand sublime
At the grand gateway of the world,
Where freedom's banner is unfurled,
And slavery away is hurled,
Like a loathed thing of crime.

And every flag that floats and dips,
From towering masts of foreign ships,
And compliments from cannon's lips
Shall honor Liberty.
The unfettered tides shall rise and fall
About its lofty pedestal;
No Xerxes' chain can here enthral
The palpitating sea.

Here the free waves white plumed shall rise,
Clasped by the wingèd wind that flies,
And shadowing clouds shall line the skies,
And stoop with sheltering wings
To honor freedom fair and sweet,
When waves in chorus at its feet,
In harmony with winds repeat
The anthem nature sings.

This Statue tall, to Liberty,
Shall mark our full orbed century,
And a memorial it shall be
That here Columbia reigns;
Enlightening the sea and land,
The figure here shall firmly stand,
With torch unquenched in her strong hand
Above the reach of chains.

At the new doorway of the world,
Now tyranny is backward hurled;
Our flag of stripes and stars unfurled,
Is whispering of peace.
And the colossal form, so high,
Reflects the light of freedom's sky,
And signals the good time that's nigh,
When brutal wars shall cease.

From Yorktown to the encircling sea,
That beats like heaving bosoms free,
A nation disenthralled we see.
For freedom * "lights the scene."
And we salute all flags that wave,
Dear France, and Germany the brave;
And from our hearts we cry, "God save
Old England's noble queen."

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The Infant Moses.

(*See page engraving.*)

RELIGION and Art have ever walked the earth in loving companionship. The ancient Greeks, from Phidias down, derived inspiration for their art from the gods of their worship; and the Christian artist, looking into the sacred pages of his religion, there finds his most choice subjects. Few, indeed, are the painters and sculptors, ancient or modern, who have not drawn inspiration from the traditions of the church, or the sacred pages of the Bible.

In the striking and attractive group, "The Infant Moses," we have a scriptural incident most charmingly and effectively told. The original of our beautiful engraving is in the possession of Mr. J. Naylor, of Birmingham, England, and excited considerable interest when exhibited at the International Exhibition. The sculptor, Mr. Spence, naturally attracted to Rome, the treasure-house of art, took up his residence in "the Eternal City," where, amid the masterpieces of genius, even coldness is quickened into warmth and enthusiasm. Here the sculptor especially finds world-renowned models in those antique statues, the perfection of which has stamped them with eternal fame. The artist may or may not find his best inspiration in the material around him, but at all events Rome is "the Mecca of his mind," and there he makes his pilgrimage.

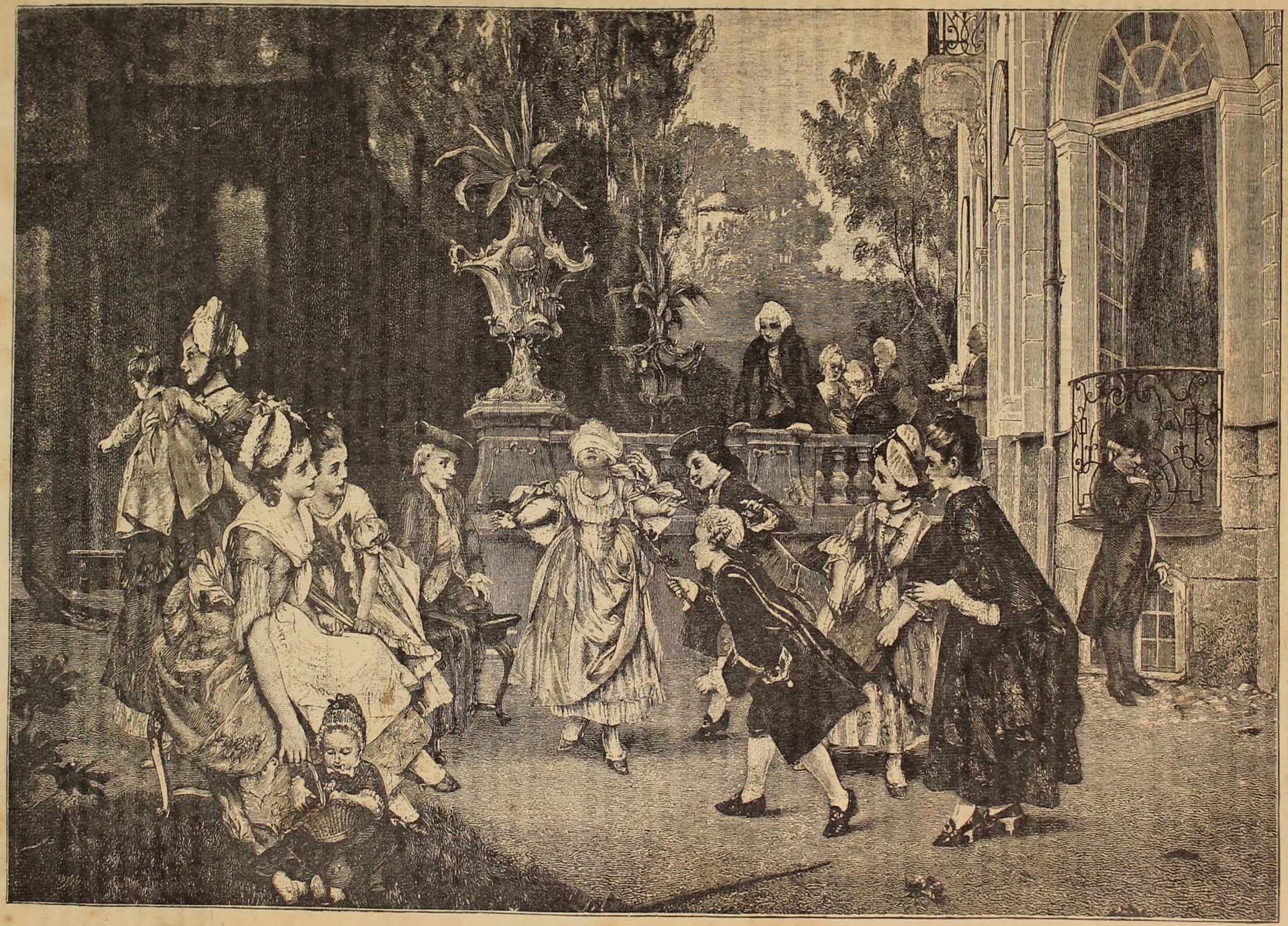
But Mr. Spence seems to have made excellent use of his opportunities. The group before us is admirably characteristic, the details in every respect thoughtfully conceived, and finely carried out. The noble figure of the Princess bent slightly, as she gazes with tender thoughtfulness upon the bright, eager face of the chubby infant, is thoroughly Egyptian, as is that of her companion, the difference being that of caste, not race. The position of the slave who presents the child is wonderfully well drawn, and though she is a handsome specimen of her class, the striking difference between her type and race is clearly marked in the thick upper lip and nostril, the close-curled hair and full frontal region, where the perceptive predominates over those higher reasoning and intellectual faculties that are so marked in the self-elected mother and guardian of the future prophet.

"Blindman's Buff."

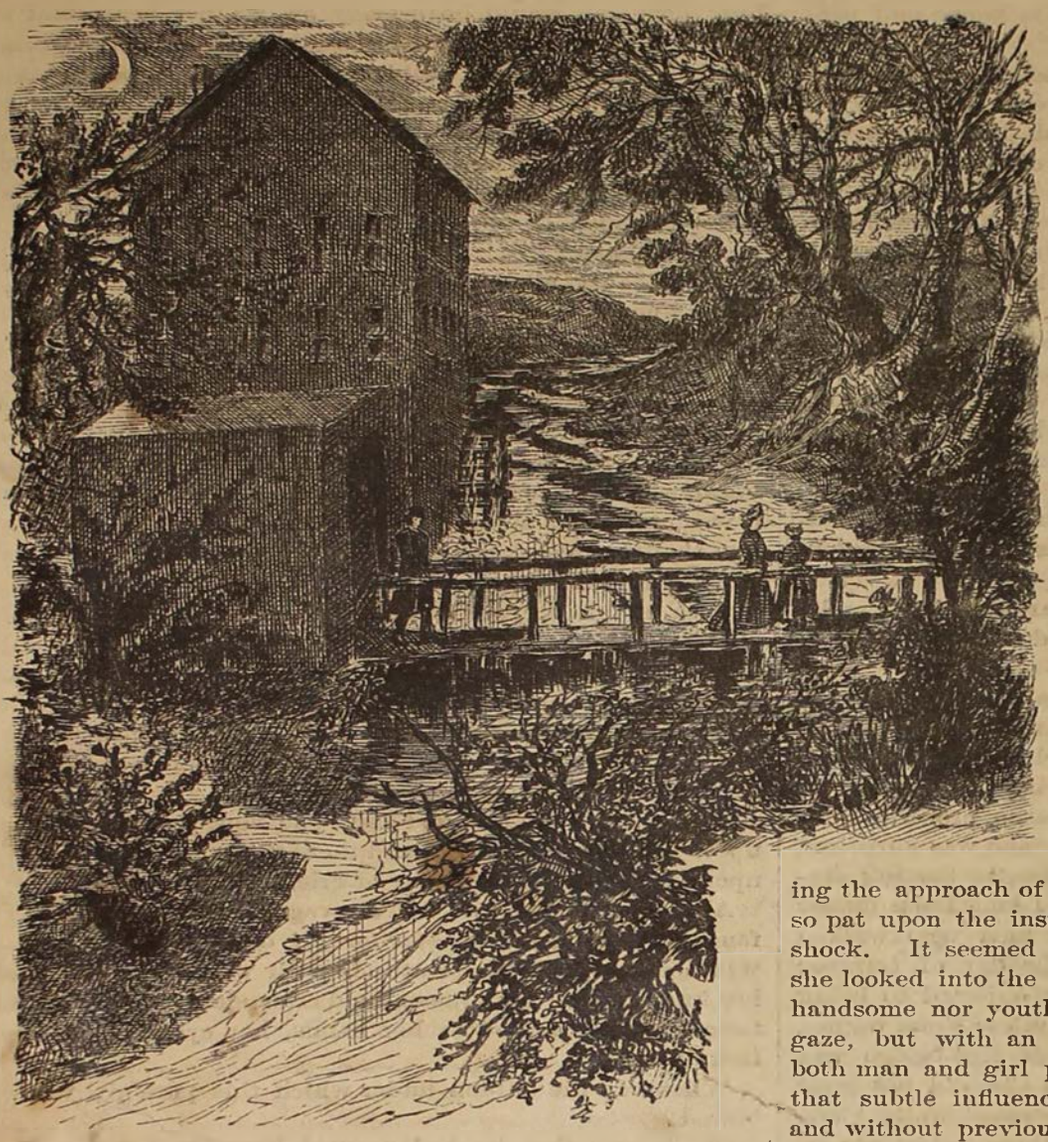
(*After a painting by* WILHELM SCHUTZE.)

BLINDMAN'S buff is fast going out of fashion. The children now-a-days play with a printed play-bill in their hands, after a carefully thought-out system. In times gone by it was better; childhood played whatever occurred to it, what it thought out for itself, and was excellently well pleased with it. They naturally imitated their elders, especially in blindman's buff, which in the times of old that our picture sets before us, the grown up people also played with great enthusiasm — the comical, quaint grace of the little ones, and the coquettish charm of the grown up beauties, making a very pretty scene, in which papa, mamma, uncle, aunt and cousins, all take a part. Blindman's buff did not seem, in the least, to be disagreeable to them. But the originality of the scene is especially set off by the style of dress; in the latter part of the last century the children of the highest rank were dressed exactly like adults, and appeared like miniatures of their parents, which gave them a half-quaint, half-comical appearance. Childhood was the reflected image of the world of the great, given over to childishness, by which the *naïveté* and candor of the little ones in the amusement gave again a fresh impulse to their elders. This is the rudimentary thought expressed in this picture of the Munich artist, W. Schütze, which represents a group of noble children of the last century playing blindman's buff. The manifold characteristics of childhood — thoughtlessness, phlegm, timidity and pride — find their typical embodiment. Even the charming sulky little melancholicus of high rank, with his hand up to his mouth, whom papa ought to attend to for his bad temper, is not lacking in our picture.

* "Liberty Enlightening the World."



BLINDMAN'S BUFF.—See Page 349.



"Where the Brook and River Meet."

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

CHAPTER I.

THE factory people had thrown a foot-bridge across the river over the dam, for the convenience of their operatives, whose homes were mainly on the opposite side of the pretty St. Agnes; little thinking what a boon to tired eyes and overwrought brain was the view one could obtain standing above the boiling torrent, and looking upward toward the green fields and flower-covered banks, from whence the stream flowed. Down the river the view was prosy enough; back doors of factory boarding-houses, back yards of bake-shops, wheelwright shops, and homes of the poorer sort gave a squalid look to the landscape. Further along, the river was spanned by two stout stone arches of a bridge across the highway, and beyond that you saw nothing. You knew only that from its source, a brooklet, through high green banks here, by wretched hovels there, the river ran on, broader and deeper, until at last it rushed into the arms of the all-embracing sea.

One moonlight night in midsummer two women stood upon the foot-bridge. The younger, a fair-faced girl, whose age might have been somewhere about that romantic and sometimes morbid period,

"Where the brook and river meet,"

broke the hushed silence, during which both had looked alternately up and down the stream.

"Auntie," said she, in a low, sweet voice, "I like this evening glimpse of down the river best. Night seems like a good fairy here, hiding the commonplace ugliness and wretched poverty of the scene. See how peacefully the water runs after this boiling whirlpool at our feet; it flows on past what might be old world castles in ruins, till it sweeps away into its tomb, the stone arches yonder. It is lonely, but it is very restful." Then, after a pause, she continued, lower, "I would like to think my life after I was dead would be so remembered; a veil thrown over my commonness and frailties, and I purely at peace."

"Hush, child," answered the elder woman, a bright-faced spinster of sixty. "It will do for me to think of death and dying, but you must not talk of it yet; your day is but dawning, and —somebody is coming to meet you on your road of life, I know."

Just then a shadow fell on the railing upon which the girl leaned; she looked up quickly, and a low exclamation broke from her lips. The roar of the water had prevented her hearing the approach of footsteps, and her aunt's words coming so pat upon the instant of the man's approach, gave her a shock. It seemed as if the voice of Fate had spoken as she looked into the face that was near hers. It was not a handsome nor youthful countenance that met her intense gaze, but with an instant's recognition it did seem that both man and girl perceived in the other—what? How is that subtle influence of sympathy, which breeds at once and without previous acquaintance mutual admiration and respect, if not love, to be explained?

He saw that his sudden appearance had startled a fair young girl: did he see more? One could not tell, but he lifted his hat and gave good evening with as courteous a grace as though she had been a queen and he a courtier, and passed on.

She saw a scholarly brow, a bright keen eye, a pale face and delicate features, and her girl's heart thrilled. She did not say, even to herself, how perhaps the "somebody coming" might compare with this chance-met stranger, but she grew suddenly silent.

Observing this curious change of manner in the girl, after the bridge had been crossed, and the two had walked in silence along the elm shaded street that led to her cottage, the aunt asked,

"Did you remark anything strange in that gentleman's manner, Alice?"

"I? Oh, no; at least, if you mean—what man, Auntie?" stammered Alice, waking up from her reverie.

The girl seemed distraught indeed. Aunt Bessie pondered a little, then replied:

"I mean, of course, the stranger we just passed on the bridge. I thought he looked at you boldly, but perhaps I am mistaken; if you are afraid to return alone, however, I'll go back with you."

"Why, auntie, how absurd! Why should I be afraid, because a strange man looked at us two women? The bell is only ringing nine now, and I have crossed that bridge almost every night since I was a child. Of course, since poor papa's blindness I am oftener alone, but I assure you I have never felt the slightest fear. Why, our own doorstep

isn't half-a-dozen rods from the bridge, you know, and papa frequently meets me."

"Yes, I know, dear," replied Aunt Bessie, absently. She was thinking how freakish young girls were. Just now her niece had been overflowing with girlish confidences and pretty sentimentalities, such as her own old heart delighted in; and suddenly, as if some great thing had happened, she had grown oddly taciturn, with a trait in her manner of secrecy. Had her joking words as the stranger appeared, stirred a chord "jangled out of tune and harsh?"

She could not tell; maybe the girl had a love affair! Well, she had no right to pry into her affairs of the heart, no right to expect to be told without asking, even though the child's mother was dead, and she wished to claim a mother's place in her niece's affections: but, somehow, one could not help feeling that the girl's confidences had been a surface affair.

"She has just skimmed the top of the river," she mentally commented, "when the keel grates on the bottom in her soul, perhaps I shall hear more."

A few moments later aunt and niece parted quietly, and a little ceremoniously, at Miss Bessie's door, and the girl started on her way homeward alone.

As she came upon the footbridge again, she saw, at some little distance before her, two figures, a man and a woman, walking in the same direction as herself. The moon had become obscured by clouds, thus rendering the outlines of distant objects vague; it was for this reason probably that, as she reached the middle of the bridge, she was surprised to discover that what she had taken to be the floating drapery of a woman's dress, was really the long linen duster worn by a man. It was therefore two men who walked slowly ahead of her. It was before the day of tramps; nevertheless, Alice had always seriously objected to being alone upon the bridge later than nine, unless some woman preceded or followed her; and as the foot-bridge was a thoroughfare, it rarely happened that she did not meet some one of her sex there, but she seemed quite alone now. She looked backward to see if there might not be some mill girl in sight; a figure caught her eye; but this, too, was a man's form, and he was walking slowly toward her.

In spite of the assurances she had made to Miss Bessie to the contrary, Alice did feel certain qualms of fear besetting her. It was so dark now, the clouds had eclipsed the moon, and there were no companionable shadows even to look upon.

The farther extremity of the bridge ended in a dark passage between two of the factory buildings, which were connected by an out-door gallery directly overhead. This shutting out of the sky, though but for a few feet, now offered suggestions of vaguely dreadful possibilities.

Alice loitered a little midway on the bridge, looking up and down the river, hoping the men ahead would pass on out of sight; then she glanced timidly back. The man coming toward her also loitered, stopped, and looked up and down the river; he was evidently in no haste. She waited a few moments longer, looking down at the river, where it died and was buried under the arches, as her fancy loved to paint it; then, mustering all her maiden courage, she walked firmly toward the dark ending of the bridge.

To her unutterable dismay, dark as it was, she could presently distinguish the dim form of a man crouching directly under the gallery. There was but one. Where was the other? Had this one paused to molest her, and his companion—what should she do? If she stopped—showing terror—even if he had no thought of frightening her, the temptation to play a practical joke might be thus given him. No, she would go bravely on, yet her heart beat so loud the while she feared he would hear it, as she came warily yet swiftly on, walking close to the opposite wall, which was but a few feet from where he stood. In her terror she fancied she heard feet swiftly following her from behind; and, hedged in thus, with only but one narrow chance in front of her, she started to run, when the man beside her leaned forward and spoke in a husky whisper:

"My beauty, allow me to accompany you?"

She knew by his tone and the foul air about him that he was drunk, but that only added new terrors.

"Leave me," she cried, endeavoring to pass him. Then she added, threateningly, "somebody is coming to meet me," with a wild hope that her father might be near. But in an instant he had come down and clasped her in his arms. Paralyzed with terror for the instant, she was dumb; and it was not until a shower of hateful hot kisses fell upon her lips that she found strength to struggle from his embrace, and cry aloud.

"Ah, my dear, your pretense of alarm is but the more alluring," cried the ruffian; but he reeled now, and suddenly she was released. Then she turned, to see standing beside her, as though he would deliver her from all peril, the pale, scholarly face of the stranger she had met upon the bridge in the early evening; and, with a cry upon her lips she turned and ran swiftly homeward.

Like some wild uncaged bird, she flew past everything, up to her own little room, and there throwing herself down upon the bed, lay in a frenzy of grief.

Ah, who can account for the vagaries of a young girl's fancies? She did not weep for joy of her deliverance; it was not a transport of gratitude with which she fell upon her knees. No; with moans and cries she groveled on the floor, her face buried in her hands, her eyes scorched for lack of tears.

What was the burden under which this pure girl was so bowed?

Oh, it was that he had rescued her; he, before whom she would have stood as a princess before her prince.

Now she felt that the pariah's touch had defiled her, and she was unclean. She had shown abhorrence of the villain who had seized her, to be sure; but what of that? the horror still remained. She had been under cover of the night, alone, where one could take the poison of such vileness as his. She had not "avoided the appearance of evil," and in her pure girlish estimate she was "unclean." She rose from the floor now, and cast off from her the garment he had touched, dashed from the window the ribbons that might for an instant have lain against his breast, washed vindictively and roughly the little hand and softly rounded arm he had held in his, and plunged the fair face, that burned with his kisses, into cold water again and again.

Calmer thought came at length. Why should she feel so keenly the disgrace in his eyes? The man had probably not recognized her. What if to her, in the few times she had seen and heard him in the little church where he had preached that glad summer-time, while their old pastor lay ill; what if to her, in those happy beloved hours, he had become the ideal of all her maiden dreams and fancies, she was to him nothing! He had no doubt not even seen her among the many who sat at his feet, listening to his teachings. Did it matter so much then, after all, that one who would in all probability never recognize her again should have mistaken her for other than she was? This reflection brought calm, and with it tears, until little by little Alice May felt herself growing into peace, like the river she loved, leaving its foulness all behind, and sweeping gladly into the darkness under a tender softening light.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning Alice went about the house with a dull aching head, but with no change of manner that even the delicately attuned ear of her blind father could detect. At first there was so much to do to lighten his dark life, that she felt she must try and be as usual. Mr. May was a fine musician, and part of each morning's task for him was the instruction of his daughter. But she blundered sadly in her lesson this morning; she might control her manner, but her voice controlled her, and utterly refused to obey her will.

"You seem out of tune, my darling," said her father, at length, laying his thin hand upon her feverish brow; "some days there will be discords, our lives make it thus; stop now and rest. Are you troubled, Alice?" he added, anxiously turning his sightless eyes so piteously and longingly toward her face. But, as she met them, Alice thought "surely if eyes ever were permitted to see through trying, light would strike these dead nerves into quivering life again!"

"No——" she hesitated. "I fear that I am stupid to-day, papa, dear; I will rest now, and continue another time;" and she made excuse to leave him with his beloved organ, which he loved to play at all times.

"How is Alice, brother?" she heard a voice ask, anxiously, as she paused a moment on the staircase.

It was Aunt Bessie, and she looked warm, as though from a rapid walk.

"Not well, not well, nervous and feverish," was her father's reply.

"Has she—did she tell you anything?" Alice leaned forward now, and listened with dismay. Had her shriek roused the neighborhood? Did Aunt Bessie know of the affair already? Would her name be dragged through the mud of the police court records? And should she have to testify against the wretch who had assaulted her?

"Tell me anything; what thing, sister?" echoed he.

"Why, what happened to her last night. I told her I would return with her if she felt afraid; but no, she would not allow it. I think I must have had a presentiment——"

"What is it, Bessie? pray do not keep me in this suspense," entreated Mr. May, nervously tapping the floor with his foot.

"Well, early this morning, on the bridge, I met the very man——"

"Man! what man? Oh, my child!"

"The stranger Alice and I saw early in the evening. He looked at me curiously at first; then, seeming to feel sure he was addressing the right person he said, in a very gentlemanly and courteous manner——"

"Oh, sister, pray tell me at once what you have to tell."

"Well, have patience; I am coming to it," she said.

Alice bent still lower to hear, and it was odd, that the ticking of the old clock in the far-off kitchen should sound so plain; it almost seemed to force itself upon her notice, as though it would drown what she would hear.

"He said," continued Aunt Bessie, untying her bonnet-string, "'May I inquire how your young lady friend is this morning, madam?' I looked at him in surprise, and asked, 'what friend?' to which he replied: 'Perhaps I am mistaken, but I imagined the young lady I saw with you last evening lived with you.' Then I said 'no, she was my niece, and lived on the other side,' and added, 'would he be so kind as to tell me why he inquired after her?' And then he explained by saying it had been his good fortune to rescue her from the rude assault of an intoxicated ruffian, just after she had crossed the bridge the night before; and he would like to know if she had recovered from her alarm, as she ran away so fast immediately after, he could not tell whether she was injured or not."

"My poor child! and she feared to trouble me! Oh, why is it I am thus unable to protect her from the insults and wrongs to which the innocent are subjected!" cried Mr. May, piteously. Then rising, he said, "Where can I find this gentleman, Bessie? what's his name? and where does he live?"

"He is a stranger here, and I have discovered on my way that it is he who has filled Dr. Allen's pulpit during his illness, this summer. I have never happened to hear him, but the people speak highly of his beautiful words of comfort and strength. His name is Stephen Chester, and he is boarding at Parson Leavitt's, up the hill. I wish you would call on him; he is a very superior young man, I am quite sure, refined and good in every sense of the word."

Alice felt her face flush with shame at these words. Ah, the more would he despise her now; from his lofty height he would look down at her, pityingly perhaps, like unto Him the Master, before whose immaculate purity all common hearts seem foul, yet who is compassionate, and spurns not the fallen nor unclean.

"Come, Bessie, lead me to him. I must thank him for the service he has done us."

"I will take you with pleasure; it is the proper thing to do, of course. I can easily believe that Alice never paused to thank him, and one does not wish to be thought lacking in proper courtesy. And, since I dare say he is a poor clergyman—these young ones always are, brother—would it not be well to invite him to your house?"

"Yes, yes, certainly; I will give him of my best; come, we will go at once." And Alice saw them depart on their way to Parson Leavitt's. She was glad this man should see and know her father; she could not help but hope that his venerable face and noble manner would in some measure restore her to her right place in his regard. Daughter of such a parent, he must believe her of noble intention, of pure heart, however outward evil circumstances had sullied her virginal robes of white.

Oh, the curious unspeakable reveries of girlhood. Standing on the bridge that summer night she had dreamed of this man as a lover; in the glare of the summer morning he was in her thoughts an accuser and judge.

Sitting still with these thoughts in her mind, alone in her little room, the time passed swiftly, and it seemed very soon to Alice, that her aunt and father were again speaking in the hall below.

"Yes," said Aunt Bessie, fanning herself vigorously, "it is too bad, as you say. I had no idea he was leaving to-day."

"You are quite sure it was him you saw step into the cars?"

"Oh, dear, yes; didn't he smile, and lift his hat and bow? and now he will never know——"

"But where did you say he was from? Surely we can discover——"

"I have forgotten; but perhaps Dr. Allen could tell us, only he has gone away too. Dear, dear, how provoking," cried Aunt Bessie, with dismay. "Where is Alice? I must ask her about the affair," and the old lady bustled up to Alice's door to find it locked, and a piteous voice inside begged her to leave her alone; she was suffering with severe headache.

It is not good for a girl to be so isolated from persons of her own age as was Alice May. They become morbid and unhealthy in spirit and body. In consequence of Mr. May's affliction having come upon him late in life, it was necessary that he should have a constant attendant, and his wife's death following shortly after, caused this duty to fall upon his daughter Alice. It was one she performed with love and faithful service, but it took somewhat of the bloom and light out of one even fair life. Because of her devotion to her father, at last the young friends with whom she had been intimate dropped away one by one, and so it ended in

Alice's falling easily, and quite as a matter of course, into viewing the world through the darkened eyes of her father, and the old-fashioned spectacles of Aunt Bessie.

Although life had not robbed either her father or aunt of a certain dash of romance, born of their practical knowledge that truth is stranger than fiction, yet the romantic faith of the old is not the romance of the young, and the one should not be transferred to the other. If Alice had had daily intercourse with the youth and maidens about her, she would have learned to laugh at the coincidence between her aunt's words, and the sudden appearance of the young minister; would have prattled her "Who knows," and "It may be's," with just a pleasant thrill about the heart strings, and presently have had the circumstance overlaid with the memory of other pleasant scenes and images, till it had at least no prominence in her mental field of vision. Now, alas! her sky was gray, and shut down on a landscape of monotonous plains.

The sabbath now no more brought its peaceful blessed rest. She could not go to church, and her father did not urge it. He had never cared to sit amidst the crowd.

"The church is full of eyes, and I the only one devoid of sight, Alice: I feel them all upon me. Come, we will go to the river and worship." And so he and she would walk on its banks, and he would think of the past; and she? Ah, what should have been the vivid color and bracing air of the morning was full of the dull tints of evening.

Sometimes there rose before her the vision of a moonlight night, a lightly spoken word, and a face, her ideal of manly strength and beauty, full with an expression which might have been the reflection of her own eager hope, as though he too had heard the words, "Somebody is coming to meet me," and his eyes had answered, "I am he!"

When her fancy had gone thus far, her outraged intellect started up angry and defiant, crying:

"How dare you dream of him! What should he care for you? He has no doubt already found one worthy of him; you are vile in his eyes."

And so the conflict went on in the girl's morbid mind, until at length, one day, her dutiful service was at an end. Mr. May died suddenly, and without warning. This shock, and the needs growing out of its consequent changes, roused Alice into the exercise of that practical wisdom we call common sense, and the reaction proved a tonic to her depressed spirits.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER the funeral, Aunt Bessie took the young girl to her own cottage across the river, and the key was turned on the treasures of the dear old home one sad night, when the last roses of summer were shedding their leaves like pure tears over the blameless life that lay beneath the sod in the churchyard.

"Let everything remain as it is, Aunt Bessie," Alice had pleaded. "I would like to keep the rooms as dear papa left them." Her dream of life now was to teach in the village until she should be old enough to come back to the dear home, a quiet spinster, whom little children should love, for she would take them in when they were homeless and friendless, and be a mother to each.

The winter passed, and spring bloomed and budded again on the river-banks. The world went on just the same to Alice, save that although she gave no thought to the youth of the town, there were two or three who secretly admired the cold proud girl, who taught the village school.

One evening in June, Alice stood down by her aunt's prim little garden gate, with one who seemed loth to go, or so thought Aunt Bessie, securely screened behind the muslin curtains at the parlor window.

"I do hope," she soliloquized, as she peeped out at the figures standing in the moonlight, "I do hope Alice will encourage Brainard Capen's attentions. He is a steadily rising young man, and is very much respected. I don't see why Alice should be so curt and cool to all the young men who pay her any attention. To be sure, Brainard is not romantic, and I do suspect that he has waited to speak until he saw Alice was free of incumbrance, but—well, one can't have everything! I hope Alice will consider Brainard's suit."

Down by the gate the objects of Aunt Bessie's curiosity and philosophy were in earnest conversation.

"I have always liked you, Alice, and you know it; and now that things seem favorable, I want to marry you." In spite of the rude abruptness of the proposal, there was a true ring to the young man's tones.

"I thank you, Brainard, but a woman should love the man she marries, and I have told you——"

"Yes, I know you have scorned me over and over, but I am willing to bear it. I love you so dearly, Alice——"

"It would be a poor recompense, Brainard, to accept your hand and——"

"You hate me—that is the truth; why don't you say it? Or"—and his voice took a bitter tone—"perhaps it is your pride that objects. You would rather be the wife of the *owner* of the mill than that of its overseer."

"I shall never marry where I do not love," repeated Alice, with cold dignity.

"But let me tell you, Alice May," continued Brainard, coming closer, "Ralph Prideaux has more thought of his name than to offer it to a woman who——"

He stopped suddenly. Alice's face blanched. What did he mean? How much did he know?

"I know nothing of Mr. Prideaux's feelings on the subject," she replied with effort.

"A woman whose reputation he has compromised," went on Brainard, with a keen look at the girl.

Alice felt her face burn. Had this man then repeated the incident of his drunken spree to his workmen? How much had he added? Did all the village know? Oh it was hard to thus be the innocent victim of a base man's slander.

"You are a coward to speak in this way to me! Brainard Capen, I never wish to see you again! Let me pass." And, with a look of withering scorn, Alice May left her jealous, wrathful lover, and returned to the house.

Aunt Bessie waited some time to hear the result of the conference held down at the gate; but as the white figure that threw itself down upon the lounge remained silent a long while, she concluded to question her niece.

"Well, dear?" she began, timidly. It was very much like a sob that answered her.

"Did you say——"

"I said 'no,' auntie." Then, rising, Alice sat herself on a low cushion at her aunt's feet, and leaned her head upon her knee.

"You couldn't like him, dear, was that it?" asked the old lady, softly caressing the brown hair.

"Auntie, I do not love him as I feel sure I could love—I mean as I ought to love the man I marry, and when I tried to tell him this to-night, he was cruel—cruel;" and Alice burst in a passion of tears.

"Why, Alice! How could he be cruel? What did he say or do? I know he has a hot, passionate temper, but——"

"Don't ask me any more; I have refused to marry Brainard Capen, and I shall never marry any one."

Aunt Bessie said no more, but she watched her niece's pale unhappy countenance day by day with alarm, as the summer went on. School was closed now, and Alice was restless. "I want work; I must do something, auntie," she cried one day in despair.

"I shall go up to the mansion and offer my services there as serving-maid.

This home was a large summer resort, some few miles distant, opened recently for city boarders, and many of the mill girls earned their winter's school term during the season. It was a pleasant place, and some of the duties light.

Aunt Bessie lifted up her hands in horror. That a May should so demean herself. No, indeed; she decided she would go at once and consult her minister upon the subject. He would suggest some other proceedings she knew.

She put on her old-fashioned bonnet, and started on her way. As she crossed the foot bridge, a sudden recollection seemed to startle her and made her pause: then, striking her parasol point upon the ground sharply, she muttered, "I have it!" and turning around walked home.

"Alice," said she to her niece suddenly that afternoon, laying down her knitting and watching the girl's face, "that young minister is in town again; the one who rescued you from that drunken Ralph Prideaux, and——"

"Who told you it was Ralph Prideaux, Aunt Bessie?" interrupted Alice, sternly.

Aunt Bessie looked alarmed; she saw that she had blundered; she had meant to have taken this opportunity to plead once more for Brainard Capen, and now it flashed across her mind that he had not only told her his knowledge of the incident, and the ruffian's name, but had doubtless sought to use his cognizance of the affair to gain Alice's favor, and taunted her with it when she refused him.

Alice's eyes flashed; for the moment she was more moved by the mention of her traducer's name than by that of her deliverer.

"Aunt Bessie," said she in a voice of repressed excitement, "I never told even my father who it was that night who so disgraced himself and me. The man wrote me a letter after, full of penitence and remorse, and begged me not to expose him; but I know now that before he was well over his orgie, that he boasted to Brainard Capen of his having kissed me and held me in his arms, and Brainard let me feel that my good name was compromised. Yes, Brainard is a very estimable young man, very adroit and practical, as you say; but before I would be indebted to him, I would starve: and I would die before I would be his wife."

Aunt Bessie waited for the tempest to subside, then she spoke:

"You were something of a heroine, dear, to have withheld the name of your ill-doer so long. Your father would like to have punished him, but do not say your good name is 'compromised' by the affair; that is too serious a way in which to consider the wild freak of a half drunken young man; it was an unfortunate occurrence, but——"

"Auntie, I shall never feel clean again," and Alice shuddered.

After a pause, Aunt Bessie picked up her knitting, and, bending a searching gaze full of tenderness upon her niece, said:

"I was going to tell you a while ago, Alice, that I saw the young minister—you know—helping a lady and child to alight from the cars; I think they are at Parson Leavitt's; I dare say he has brought his family up for the summer."

"His family," echoed Alice, her color fleeing from her lips and cheeks.

"Ah," thought Aunt Bessie, "I was right; she has been weaving some romantic web of fancy about the stranger, and for that reason Brainard Capen has no chance. Oh what a strange thing is a woman's heart! this shadow of the spirit has for her more strength than a substance of the body!" There was small comfort to be derived from this consideration, however; and nothing now remained but for her niece to suffer and be still.

"Well, I will fulfill brother's intentions toward the man at any rate," said she to herself.

"He was a friend to Alice, if never no more, and I will deliver to him my brother's gift."

That night she unlocked a small cabinet in her room, and drew therefrom a roll of manuscript music which her brother had desired should be presented to the stranger whenever found; it was a sacred work of much merit, and had brought the musician fame as well as money. "Give it to him with a father's thanks," said he; "I am as proud of it as I am of Alice, and he shall be its heir."

When Aunt Bessie arrived at Parson Leavitt's house next day, and sent her card up to Mr. Stephen Chester, she felt a little nervous in meeting him. Perhaps he had forgotten the whole affair, and then it would be awkward to remind him, and would bring Alice's name into unpleasant prominence once more. But when she entered the room, at sight of his pale tired face, she quite forgot her errand, and broke out at once in a far different strain from that she had prepared.

"Why, how tired you look; are you ill? You should take some tramps among the fresh air of our mountains; you are too young a man to look so overworked."

"You are quite right, madam," answered Mr. Chester, smiling, and cordially grasping Miss Bessie's hand. "But you see, until now, it has been impossible for me to stop work; at the first opportunity, however, I have come back to your pretty village, where I trust I shall find not only health but—happiness. May I ask after the young lady, your niece?"

Aunt Bessie remembered now why she had come, and looked confused.

"She is—she is—I called, sir," began Aunt Bessie, sadly flustered, "to express my brother's, my deceased brother's thanks for your chivalric kindness upon—a—an unhappy occasion, and——" here Aunt Bessie quite broke down.

"My dear madam, you surprise me; is your brother—is Miss May's father dead?"

"Yes," replied Miss Bessie, drying her eyes; "but that is not all I came to tell you. I came to give you this little souvenir in his name; he said he was as proud of it as he was of Alice, and he wished you would heir it; no, he hoped you would—he gave you the music with his grateful thanks."

"I appreciate his kind remembrance, believe me, madam," said Mr. Chester, taking the roll from her hand.

"I hope your stay here will benefit you," continued Aunt Bessie, rising to go now, "and that your wife and little ones——"

"Wife? little ones? Why, I have no family; I am unmarried," interrupted Mr. Chester, smiling.

"But I saw you with a lady and some children," faltered Miss Bessie.

"Oh, yes, my sister and children; she is taking her holiday with me, and I brought them up here. 'Ever since I left here last summer, I have wanted to return, and I would like to call upon you, and—your niece—if I may——" He stopped and colored.

"Why, yes, of course; but then——" she hesitated, "I don't know about Alice; you see," she went on, more confidentially, "she feels that shocking occurrence of last summer very keenly. I don't know how she would take it to meet you again; she has a sort of notion that she was contaminated, and is sensitive to even an allusion to the affair; she kept the young man's name a secret for him; he begged her pardon, and asked her not to expose him; he was a rich, wild young fellow in town, owner of the mills. He wanted to pay Alice some attention at one time, but she is so strange. But oh, dear, what am I telling you all this for!" and Miss Bessie stopped suddenly in her renconter.

"I feel a warm interest, I assure you, in—in the affair, and I hope you will let me come and see you—and your niece, and——"

"Why, of course you can come; maybe it will do Alice good to know you do not recall that occurrence so severely; she is very sensitive about it, and thinks you——"

"What can she possibly imagine I would think——"

"Oh," interrupted Miss Bessie, grown voluble again, "she is afraid you might have misconstrued her conduct, being out so late alone, you know, and——"

"Let me go home with you now, Miss May, and prove to her that she is mistaken in that."

"Well, you may come, I suppose, just as well now as any other time. Poor child, she has suffered very keenly this last year; her burdens have been very heavy ones to bear."

"Would that I might share the rest of her trials and sorrows, as well as her joys and happiness," thought the young man, as he walked alongside Miss Bessie toward the cottage.

There had been a very pleasant web of recollection woven about his remembrance of this young girl. He had seen her sitting among the congregation while he preached in the village the summer before, and her pure sweet upturned face had inspired him. Then he had heard the words Miss Bessie spoke that moonlight night, "Somebody is coming to meet you," and he had met her eager, girlish, passionate eyes, and he had answered in his mind, "Would I were he." Then later, her fright, his rescue, and her sudden disappearance, all had left their impressions on his thoughts of the maiden, and he had determined he would soon return to the village and learn more of her. He had discovered that she was the daughter of the blind musician, Milton May, and this knowledge gave her a tenderer place still in his thoughts; and now that he heard she was bereft of her only parent, and, save for this old aunt, alone in the world, he longed to seek and comfort her, if he might.

"Alice, dear, somebody has come to see you."

Miss Bessie ushered the stranger into the darkened parlor with these words. A figure which had been recumbent on the sofa started up from its attitude of abandoned grief, and again the two pairs of eyes met, the man's and the woman's,

"And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love;"

for:

"He looked at her as a lover can,
She looked at him as one who awakes;
The past was forgotten, her life began."

A few weeks later. The moon shone down once more upon the rapid rushing tide of St. Agnes' glistening waters, and two stood upon the footbridge, looking down toward the stone arches, as the river swept on to the sea.

"And you really heard what Aunt Bessie said that night?" asked the girl, smiling up in her lover's face.

"Yes; she said, 'Somebody is coming to meet you,' and I looked at my darling, and wished I were he."

"Ah, you were 'he,' Stephen; you were my 'somebody,' who came, saw, and conquered; but——" and Alice's face grew suddenly grave.

"But what?"

"How could you ever wish to come again—after——"

"Hush; you must not let that thought trouble you; you exaggerate the affair. I came again because I saw you as you were, an innocent dove, who flew from me that night, as terrified as you were at the wretch who molested you. I could not forget your sweet pure face, and I came 'again' to seek you, and—win you, if I could."

"And, Stephen, tell me; am I all your 'fancy painted me,' all you admire and like?"

A kiss was his only answer.

And the river ran on to the sea.

A King's Mistake.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

An ancient king—the story is well known—
Wishing a queen, one worthy of his throne,
Dispatched his favorite, Athelwold by name,
To see a maid whose beauty had much fame.
The messenger, if faithful, would report
If she were worthy to appear at court,
Or if her charms no pleasure would impart,
And fail to move the royal Edgar's heart.

The courtier promised honestly to bring
The truest tidings to the waiting king,
Who better had dispatched an ugly churl
To see the handsome daughter of the earl.
For Athelwold, beholding her so fair,
Was tempted his allegiance to forswear,
And unto Edgar gave a false report
Of one whose beauty graced the English court.

"She is the homeliest creature ever seen,
And would not answer to my sovereign's queen,"
The courtier said, "and flatterers, I aver,
Have spread these wondrous tales concerning her.
Although her beauty is of little worth,
The lady, being of such noble birth,
And in possession of much goodly pelf,
Perhaps I'd better marry her myself?"

"That thou canst do," said Edgar with a smile,
"Cupid does thus cupidity beguile!
But she who will my royal honors share,
Must be in loveliness beyond compare!"
Then to Elfrida Athelwold made speed,
With all a courtier's eloquence to plead,
And such his power, ere many days had fled,
The lovely maiden and himself were wed.

Soon Edgar, hearing of this perfidy
Of Athelwold, desired his wife to see,
And ere the day arrived, the courtier told
His story unto Mrs. Athelwold,
And bade her, if his fortunes she'd not blight,
To hide her loveliness from Edgar's sight,
By artful ways her many charms disguise,
And make herself most hideous to his eyes.

A loyal wife had granted this request,
But she who was beseechingly addressed,
Vexed at the trick by which she lost a throne,
And all the splendor that she might have known,
Arrayed herself with captivating art,
Dazzled the royal eyes, won Edgar's heart,
Who found a chance, ere long, to take the life
Of Athelwold, and thus obtain his wife.

The royal Edgar, who for beauty yearned,
By this experience one good lesson learned,
Which he who seeks to play a lover's part,
Whate'er his rank, had better take to heart.
If you have heard a maiden's charms extolled,
Don't trust the loyalty of Athelwold;
But if you seek for beauty or for pelf,
Go tell your love, and win the maid yourself.

Carpets.

CARPETS are of great antiquity. The mighty Babylon made carpets of a quality and design which gained for them great favor in Greece and Rome. The figures usually represented dragons and other monsters, the hideousness of the design by no means detracting from their popularity. At a very early period Carthage also was celebrated for its carpets.

The first carpets in Spain were carried there by the Moors. Even while leading roving lives they were great weavers, and produced good specimens of the art.

St. Anthlen, who died as early as 828, had rich carpets made under his direction for the choir of his church, in Auxerre, France. One hundred years later a manufactory was established at Saumur, where carpets were made, representing silver lions on a ground of red. In 1025 a manufactory for carpets existed at Poitiers, to which the prelates and others sent their orders. In the reign of Henry IV. a manufactory was established for carpets, in which the Turkey stitch was introduced, *point de Turquie*, and this was the commencement of the celebrated carpet manufacture known as Savonnerie.

In the Middle Ages, in England, carpets were a luxury indulged in only by the rich. We hear of Queen Elizabeth having a carpet in her presence chamber. In the reign of James, a carpet manufactory was established in England. Weavers were brought from France ; but it was not until the edict of Nantes, which struck a fatal blow at the industries of that country, that this English venture was fairly established. Weavers flocked to England, and gave that country the benefit of their superior skill and experience.

Persia has always been celebrated for the beauty of the products of the loom. The most beautiful carpets come from Persia, in which country, as early as the 17th century, carpet weaving attained a high degree of excellence.

Carpets are manufactured in many parts of Persia, principally in Kerman, Kurdistan, Khorassan, and Feraghan. The carpets of each of these places has its own peculiarity, the finest being those of Kurdistan. The Kali, or pile carpet, is made there, also a carpet called "*Do-ru*," which is thin and alike on both sides. The Kurdistan carpets are exceedingly expensive, costing about $15 or $20 a yard ; consequently, an entire carpet of this manufacture is rarely seen in Europe, even the wealthy contenting themselves with a small piece, placed in a particular part of the room.

The carpets of Feraghan are cheaper, being more loosely woven, and the pattern simpler ; while those of Khorassan are superior in texture and the pattern more elaborate. The Kerman carpets rank next to those of Kurdistan ; the patterns have men and animals sometimes introduced into them. The Turcomans, in their tents, make an excellent carpet, which is soft and of good colors.

The wonder of the Persian carpets is that they are made without machinery. The loom is a frame on which the warp is stretched, the woof being of short threads, woven in by the fingers alone. When this process has been completed, an instrument, resembling a comb, is inserted in the warp and pressed up, bringing the woof tightly together. The pile is made by clipping the thread. The weaver sits with the side of the carpet to him on which the pattern is not, trusting more to his memory as a guide than to his sight. In Persia carpets are mostly made by boys, who work under a master. They are assembled before a pattern, and taught how to adjust the colors ; when the work is to be performed, the pattern is laid aside, memory serving as the sole guide.

The Persian carpets are very narrow. In that country when a carpet is laid down, strips of felt are placed along the edges of the room, and a much wider strip at one edge. This felt is made of various kinds of wool, that of the camel being the most common. The color is usually brown, sometimes without a figure, but generally woven in a geometrical design, the texture being thick and soft.

Indian carpets are greatly in favor, the least expensive being those of Mizapore. They are very durable, having great depth of pile, and the colors remarkably lasting. Very excellent carpets are made in various parts of the Presidency of Madras, which, being moderate in price, command a ready sale. Lahore produces carpets similar to those of Persia.

Turkey carpets, like those of India, are made by hand, each stitch carefully knotted. The colors are brighter than those of the Indian carpets, and in size they are six feet and upward.

There are various names given to carpets, such as Aubusson, Wilton, Axminster, Brussels, Tapestry Brussels, Ingrain or Kidderminster, and Venetian.

Brussels carpets were first made in England, at Wilton, and were introduced from Belgium. They are now mostly made in Kidderminster: also in Glasgow, Scotland. Real Brussels is made by weaving into a coarse hemp or linen body loops of woolen threads, there being about three threads in each loop.

These carpets are dyed in the wool, while Tapestry Brussels has the pattern stained in after weaving, and does not wear very well, although, when new, it presents a good appearance.

The Axminster carpet derives its name from the town of Axminster, England, where it was first made. The manufactory was removed at a later date to Wilton. The pile is short and thick, it being a very expensive carpet. What is known as the Templeton process produces patent Axminster carpets. They resemble the true knotted carpets, but are cheaper, and bear a resemblance to those of India and Persia. Hearthrugs are made in this way also.

Wilton carpets are made very much like Brussels. They are finer and thinner than Axminster, but not so enduring. After the carpet is made it is damped and passed over steam drums, with the cut loops outside, which raises the pile to a velvet surface.

The so-called Persian, Turkey, and Indian carpets manufactured in England are made in a similar way to the Brussels, the pile, however, being cut and pared even. All carpets made in that country with a velvet pile surface pass through a shearing process.

The most expensive of all carpets is the Aubusson tapestry, which is not velvet nor pile, but resembles the rep of furniture covering. The pattern is worked in by needlework, the ground being mostly maroon. These carpets are as rare as they are fragile.

The Kidderminster carpet derives its name from the place in England where first made, and by some is called Scotch carpet. It has a worsted warp and woolen weft; is two-ply or double, but is not durable. The best is made of yarns of two or three colors.

The Venetian carpet was once very popular. It is in stripes, and has a woolen warp woven over a woof of coarse linen thread.

Three-ply carpets were invented by Mr. Thomas Morton, of Kilmarnock. They are patterned both sides, are thick, soft, and durable, and for constant use are the most desirable carpets that can be purchased.

Printed carpets are of recent invention. Mr. Richard Whytock, of England, conceived the idea of printing upon the wool threads of which carpets are woven the colors necessary to produce the design. These printed threads were so arranged in the loom as when woven to produce the figure on the carpet. Printing the pattern on carpets after they are woven was the invention of Mr. Joseph Burch, of England. These are called pile carpets. In printing carpets mordants are employed as in calico printing.

Prior to 1851, carpets were wrought by the fingers or hand-loom. Steam power was subsequently applied, the power-loom being the invention of Mr. Bigelow, an American. By this process Brussels, Wilton, tapestry and velvet pile are made, and with greater rapidity than by the old method. The Axminster is never made by this process.

Carpets are made of various materials. The Persian are always of worsted. The richest India carpets are made of silk; the generality are of wool, and some of cotton.

In purchasing a carpet it is good economy to get the best of its kind, avoiding those with a mixture of cotton. Patterns of geometrical designs and moderate dimensions are preferable to flowers. The carpets of Persia and India are good models, the colors being subdued yet rich, and the patterns not pronounced in style.

Poe, in his "Philosophy of Furniture," says, "A carpet should not be bedizened out like a Riccaree Indian—all red chalk, yellow ochre, and cock's feathers. In brief—distinct grounds and vivid circular or cycloid figures, of no meaning, are here Medean laws. The abomination of flowers, or representations of well-known objects of any kind, should not be endured within the limits of Christendom. Indeed, whether on carpets, or curtains, or tapestry, or ottoman coverings, all upholstery of this nature should be rigidly Arabesque." E. C.

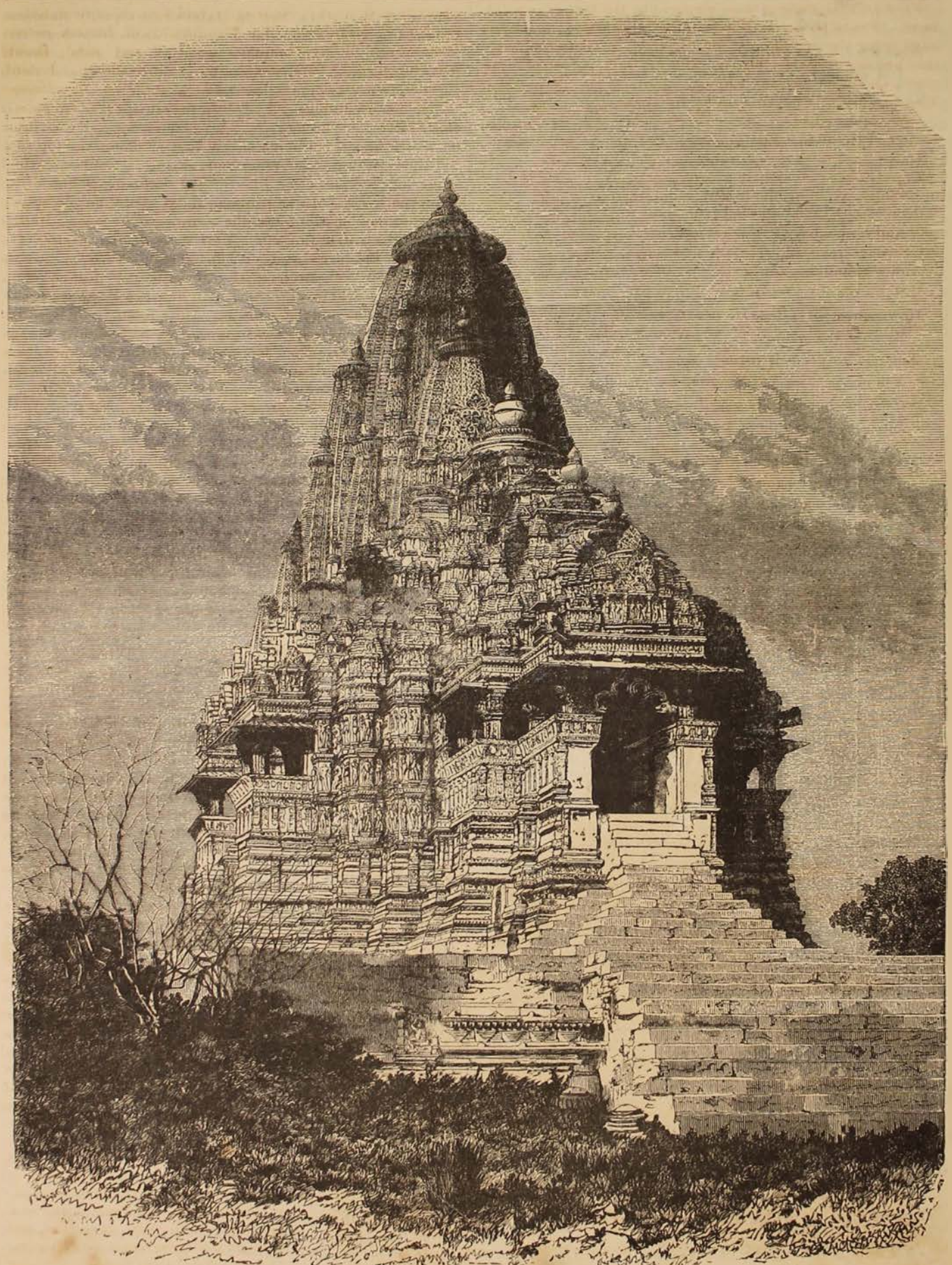
FLOWERING ALOE.

The Aloe.

AMONG the useful plants of the floral kingdom the aloe stands pre-eminent. A native of the Cape of Good Hope, it is by no means confined to that locality, but flourishes in various parts of the world. Whether seen in our own gardens, or standing solitary in the parched plains of some tropical region, it is still the same stately plant, giving the impression of repose and strength. Flourishing many years before a flower adorns its rugged leaves, suddenly it shoots forth a magnificent branch, bearing a rich cluster of greenish-yellow aromatic flowers. This stalk, encompassed by several hundreds of these flowers, sometimes grows at the rate of two feet in twenty-four hours, and has been known to attain the height of twenty feet in a few weeks. But it is not good for plants or people to spring up too rapidly; and, robbed of its vitality by this sudden and prodigal efflorescence, the plant soon declines, and ultimately dies. There are several varieties of the aloe, but the one best known to us, and of which we give a good representation, is the *Agave Americana*.

The aloe is possessed of valuable medicinal qualities, but being an irritant, should be used with caution. It is employed in the form of extract, tincture, and made into pills. Those commonly used for medicinal purposes are the Barbadoes and Socotrine. Before it flowers, the leaves are cut and the juice flows out. Sometimes, after the juice is obtained, the leaves are boiled, and an inferior aloes is produced in this way. In some countries, such as Mexico, Spain, and Italy, an intoxicating drink is made from the aloe. Just as the blossoms begin to sprout, the heart of the plant is cut out, and in the hollow thus created, the juice collects. During a period of several months considerable quantity exudes, and, after standing some time, it undergoes fermentation. The Mexicans are especially fond of this wine, which, however, has an unpleasant odor. In Ecuador some parts of the plant are used for fuel, and the school-children write on the green leaves. The fibrous matter produces flax; and aloes is sometimes employed in dyeing. Thus it will be seen that the aloe, with its wonderful leaves, sometimes ten feet long, fifteen inches wide, and eight inches thick, and its tall spray of beautiful and odorous flowers, is justly esteemed one of the most valuable productions of nature.

We find frequent mention of it in Scripture, where it is spoken of as a perfume. In the Song of Solomon, Proverbs, and Psalms, the aloe is alluded to in this connection, and in John it is mentioned as perfuming the coverings of the dead.



THE TEMPLE OF MAHADÊVA AT KADSCHRAHA, INDIA.—See Page 360.

God Knows the Best.

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned—
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue ;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me ;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
O do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with becoming grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend ;
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we would push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day ; then be content, poor heart !
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if through patient toil we reach the land,
Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say : "God knew the best."

The Temple of Mahadêva at Kadschraha, India.—*See Page* 359.

IN the temples of India, the traveler ever finds a source of wonder and admiration. In none of the fine arts save architecture did the Hindoos attain eminence ; and in their magnificent temples, some of which were built many years before the Christian era, the evidence is seen of the perfection at which they had arrived in this branch of art.

Not only is the exterior of these temples rich in architectural adornment, such as so lavishly decorates the splendid temple of Mahadêva, but the interior is equally elaborate. Colossal figures, singly and in groups, are scattered around, representing various animals, warriors, and gods ; beautifully sculptured pillars form long colonnades, and richly carved shrines are placed in the niches.

The image of Buddha occupies a prominent place in most of these temples. The lotus is always represented on the throne on which he sits ; the petals are carved along the top so as to convey the impression that he is sitting on the lotus, which is meant to express the idea of the Supreme Being sitting upon the waters which are represented by the flower. Sometimes projecting from Buddha's throne is seen a sculptured wheel attached to the seat. This is symbolical of the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, which so forcibly express the great might and power of God. Sometimes this wheel is called the "wheel of faith," and in some cases represents even the great Buddha himself. A bas-relief from an Indian temple, which is supposed to be eighteen hundred years old, shows a company of persons making offerings to "the wheel of faith." One of the titles of Buddha is "The king of the wheel." The interior of these ancient Hindoo temples, no less than the exterior, presents a very interesting study to the traveler, who cannot fail to be impressed by their magnitude and wonderful elaboration.

The Temple of Mahadêva at Kadschraha, an illustration of which we give, is one of the most remarkable of these ancient structures. It is a mass, so to speak, of the richest and most minute sculpture. It is decorated by statues and bas-reliefs ; the ascent is up a long flight of stone steps, and a lofty dome towers up in beauty to the skies. It is a surprising work of immense labor and infinite skill, conveying the idea of magnitude and elaborateness, such as distinguish all of these venerable edifices.

Easter Roses.

(*See full page of Oil Pictures.*)

WE take great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the charming group of Easter cards which we present with this number. In conception, color, design, and artistic arrangement, they leave nothing to be desired, and are unsurpassed by anything that has ever been attempted in the way of flower painting. The originals are fine French designs, each one worth more than the cost of this number, and we present the entire group because we can do so at little more than double the cost of one, and because the contrast of one with the other is not only a pleasure, but affords lovely contrasting subjects for drawing and painting. The forms of the vases, and the play of light upon them, are in themselves a study ; particularly the one whose transparent effect is that of the most daintily colored glass. The outlines of flowers and leaves, too, are most graceful and perfect ; from the curled edges of the exquisitely tinted "Marshall O'Neil," and "La France," to the darker tints of "Pius the Ninth," and the dainty sea-shell pink of the inner petals of the hybrid variety in the lower right hand corner. The nomenclature of roses that have changed their characteristics by crossing, is so numerous that we shall not try to particularize the pink tinted rose indicated ; but the shaded yellow roses are lovely specimens of the favorite Marshall O'Neil, as the pink are of La France ; while the dark red, though a hybrid, cannot fail to be recognized as the famous "Pius the Ninth," one of the triumphs of horticultural art. The shading will be remarked as exceedingly fine both upon the flowers and back grounds. Very rarely indeed is it that the details are so perfectly carried out in works of minor importance as in these Rose Studies which we commend to our art loving friends.

Woman in All Ages.

HER CONDITION, HER RELATIONS TO CIVILIZATION, AND HER INFLUENCE ON THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

SECOND PAPER.

MAIDS AND MATRONS IN CLASSIC DAYS.

THE deeper we descend into historic researches the more impressive becomes the fact that Christianity first assigned to woman a position of equality with man. As *Petruchio* says of *Catherine*, so the ancients :

> " I will be master of what is mine own.
> She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
> My household stuff, my field, my barn,
> My horse, my ass, my ox, my anything."

So that, though the age commonly called classic shows a marked upward tendency in the status of women, it is only in the more favored nations that we find one of the sex assuming any voice in public affairs or controlling and guiding in any degree the march of the world's events. Christianity issued the first great emancipation proclamation, when it announced universal equality in the memorable words of the tent-maker : " There is neither Jew nor Greek ; there is neither bond nor free ; there is neither male nor female ; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus ! "

Woman's great hope lay in the dissemination of notions of justice and right among men. Those peoples which soonest felt the warm beams of the new creed were first to perceive, though dimly, the possibility that there might be higher duties and aims for women than simply superintending the temporal comforts of men. Still the growth was as imperceptible as the gradual upheaval of portions of the earth's crust—a foot in a century ; and it took long ages to instil into the minds of men any respect or consideration for a woman's feelings, comforts, or possibilities.

As we have seen, the stronger of the two sexes has invariably assumed the powers of state, and relegated the weaker to the more humdrum, though more tranquil, cares of domesticity. True to this general principle, the Romans viewed with extreme aversion any attempt on the part of their women to achieve political power. Agrippina, when she essayed to share the honors and authority of that dominion which she had conferred upon her son, found her ambition antagonized by every Roman citizen. Subsequently a law was enacted forever excluding women from the government ; and the man who should be guilty of violating it was to be handed over to the " anger of the infernal gods." But this prohibition did not hinder many from exercising a power that was not less because it was unseen. The profligate Elagabalus was willing to be ruled by his mother ; her sister, Mæma, while shrinking from the exercise of the royal prerogative, was not averse to wielding a lasting and impregnable influence over her son Alexander. Her administration, for it really amounted to such, was beneficial alike to her son and to the empire. Under her sway " learning and the love of justice became the only recommendation for civil offices ; valor and the love of discipline the only qualifications for military employments." At the same period, in certain Asiatic and African monarchies, women were well represented in the intrigues and councils of statecraft.

Two names there are which stand out pre-eminently in this respect—those of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, and Zenobia, Queen of the East ; indeed the first named was an ancestress of the latter. Many women might be mentioned who successfully contended with the toils of government, and who also excelled in diplomacy. There is good ground for belief that Zenobia outshone them all, and in addition was the first and last, if we leave out of consideration the more than doubtful achievements of Semiramis, to cast aside the customs which from time immemorial have been held, among nations claiming civilization, to hamper the gentler sex.

Generally speaking, the Greeks entertained small regard for their women. Deeming them decidedly inferior to men, fit to execute only the trifling affairs of life, and " more necessary as a helpmeet than agreeable as a companion," it is no wonder that their system of female education chimed in very closely with these notions. The Greek woman was uncultivated and generally unrefined ; she possessed none of those graces of mind that charm long after mere personal beauty has departed. Aristotle said : " That the relation of man to woman is that of the governor to the subject ; " and Plato remarked that " A woman's merit may be summed up in a few words, for she has only to manage the house well, keeping what there is in it, and obeying her husband." The Dorians and Spartans, however, were alike in holding their women in far higher estimation than did the rest of Greece.

The women of Sparta were compelled, by the laws of Lycurgus, to undergo a certain course of physical training—something after our modern system of calisthenics. Every Spartan was regarded as a soldier ; to be efficient warriors bodily perfection was necessary, and to this end, instead of remaining at home, as did the women of Athens, spending their time in spinning or other light employments, the Spartan women " danced in public, wrestled with each other, ran on the course, and threw the discus." The aim of these exercises, of course, was to give a vigorous constitution to their offspring.

In Egypt more than in any other nation of the classic age were women treated with uniform respect. The Egyptian possessed but one wife ; and in all his honors and amusements, and in the management of his affairs, she was associated with him as his equal. In the sculptures that have survived we find that when it was desired to portray a man at the zenith of his power and dignity, he was represented as surrounded by his wife and children. Of the woman in ancient Egypt Dr. Clark says : " She is conscious of that merit which Solomon ascribes to the virtuous woman. If the wool and flax of curtains and garments are woven well ; if the fruit of the vineyards is well ripened ; if her children rise up and call her blessed ; and her husband praises her and trusts her with all the house, it is because she has made herself to be respected and loved."

The position asssigned to women in the Hebrew commonwealth contrasts very favorably with their status in the nations of the past, or in Eastern countries to-day. Probably in no other ancient society did woman enjoy a larger liberty. Jewish wives and maidens went with their face unveiled, and mingled freely and openly with the other sex in the duties and amenities of social life. They also played an important part in ceremonies and state affairs, and frequently held public office, that of prophetess or teacher being the most usual. The poems of Hannah, Deborah, and Miriam evidence a high degree of culture, which of itself speaks for the exalted position held by the sex at that period. It is certain that their influence must have been correspondingly great. Upon the Jewess also devolved the management of household affairs, a duty from which even high rank did not absolve her, but this duty was not incompatible with the assumption of others.

It is considered that among the ancients the choice of a wife was rarely grounded upon affection, for the reason that previous acquaintance or familiarity between the parties was scarcely possible. The parents were the sole arbiters of destiny in hymeneal affairs, and a father frequently chose for his son, or accepted for his daughter, a partner whom they had never seen. So marriage became merely a matter of convenience or of policy. No citizen of Greece could marry a foreign woman, but there were very few cases in which consanguinity was a bar to a union. Among the Spartans there was a mock seizure of the intended bride, a survival of the primeval practice; and among the Romans a bride "was taken with apparent violence from the arms of her mother, or of the person who was to give her away."

The Spartans, obediently to the code of Lycurgus, delayed the age at which a woman might marry in order that a robust race might be the result. But the Roman emperor Numa, in order that the husband might mold his wife more thoroughly to his will, fixed the marriageable age at twelve years.

The early Romans were but little in advance of their savage ancestors in their conceptions of what was due to woman. In their eyes she was simply a convenient appendage to one's household. It is true that but one wife was allowed, but as Gibbon states, "this union on the side of the woman was rigorous and unequal; and she renounced the name and worship of her father's house to embrace a new servitude." By her husband's judgment or caprice "her behavior was approved, or censured, or chastised; he exercised the jurisdiction of life or death; and it was allowed that in certain cases the extreme penalty might be properly inflicted." A certain statute, call the Voconian law, was at one time in force, by which female succession was prohibited, and which restricted the legacy or inheritance of a woman to the sum of one hundred thousand sesterces. But after the Punic wars the Roman matrons made a brave and successful struggle for freedom, and the burden of the law was made less stringent on the wife and more operative on the husband.

A celebrated Roman orator indicated the sentiment of his day when he said in a public speech, "that had kind nature allowed us to exist without the help of women, we should be delivered from a very troublesome companion;" and he recommended matrimony only as "the sacrifice of private pleasure to public duty." Indeed, it has been said of the early Romans that "they married without love, or loved without delicacy or respect."

Among the later Romans a woman had more liberty accorded her, and occupied a higher position than she did in Greece. She was mistress of the whole household, and occupied the best portion of the dwelling; she educated her children herself, and shared the honors and respect shown her husband, in this being like the women of Egypt. The Greek woman, on the contrary, was confined to a single apartment; her children were educated in public by hired teachers or slaves; and outside of the domestic machine, she herself was of no account in her husband's estimation.

In the religions of Greece and Rome, and in those of some other nations of antiquity, women bore a leading part. They were held in great honor, but a lapse in the duties of their high offices carried in its train frightful punishments. Among other things, they had the right to pardon a condemned criminal when they met him, and they were preceded by a lictor to announce their approach. Their duties were to see that the sacred fire was kept burning; the performance of the various sacrifices; and the care of the sacred edifices. Should the fire be allowed to die out, the guilty vestal was beaten with rods. The Druidesses also were prominent in the peculiar rites of their sect in whatever country they existed.

Classic story is not without its bright pages of womanly heroism. Despised and contemned in some nations, they rose to glorious deeds in others. In Rome we find a Portia wounding herself that she might prove to Brutus that she was proof against pain, and worthy to be a sharer in his deepest and darkest secrets. And we have an Octavia, whose beauty and moral heroism have become a part of Roman history, sacrificing herself to a union that could not have been aught but hateful to her noble nature, as a means of healing differences between her brother Octavius and Antony, that the public weal might be subserved.

It is in the classic age, too, that we find woman first entering the intellectual arena. Mention has already been made of the Jewish Miriam, Deborah and Hannah. To these should be added the Greek Sappho, called the "Tenth Muse;" Aspasia, whose house was the center of the elite of Athenian culture; and Rhodopis, the grandmother of Sappho, a woman renowned for her learning in an age when women were not usually learned.

Some centuries later there arose a name more luminous than any of these. Any age would be adorned by a character like that of Hypatia, as any era would be the better for her having lived. She displayed even greater talents than did her illustrious father, Theon; and at Alexandria she founded a philosophical school, to which the learned and the curious, the sincere and the shallow, flocked from all the known centers of learning. Though a worshiper of the heathen divinities of Greece, she numbered many Christians among her adherents. She was noted for her virtue, her simplicity of dress, her beauty, her accomplishments, and her strength of character. Her horrible fate has rendered her prominent in the ranks of those who have been sacrificed to the Minotaur of popular fury, folly, and fanaticism.

The classic age, then, exhibits woman occupying a place in the social fabric, incomparably higher than that filled by her sisters in savage nations. But it should be borne in mind that while the leaven of progress had undoubtedly permeated the entire civilized world, yet the position of the sex was far from enviable, looked at from our present standpoint. At the time of Charlemagne, unjust, oppressive, and restrictive customs still hampered the women of Europe; and if there were here and there bright and shining examples of brave hearts who rose superior to their surroundings, these exceptions were certainly projected into greater prominence because of the uniformly somber and subdued condition of their sex.

The great exceptions we have briefly mentioned achieved their high position by sheer force of character, intellect, or perseverance. Though they were aided to some extent by toward circumstances, there is no doubt that the same amount of energy displayed to-day would achieve more far-reaching results. On the other hand, the Hypatias, the Zenobias, and the Aspasias of the nineteenth century have no conception of the obstacles that had to be overcome in the years immediately preceding and following the commencement of our era, by women seeking to burst the oppressive bonds which forbade them to rise above their environment.

Though there are still many dead branches of superstition, prejudice, and misconception to be lopped off from our social tree, yet the woman of to-day has very little idea of the wide chasm which in everything separates her from her sister of eighteen hundred years ago. It may be said, without fear of challenge, that in no other department of social life has there been more enlightened progress during the period just mentioned than in the status of the women of the civilized world.

FREDERIC ALLDRED.

Talks With Women.

BY JENNY JUNE.

SOCIAL LIFE AND "SOCIETY."

THERE are distinctions and differences, and differences where there is not much apparent distinction; but probably no more radical difference exists in the world than that which lies between and within the boundary lines of a genuine social life, and what is known in modern parlance, as Society, and yet in the minds of very many persons there are few dissimilar states or conditions that are so often confounded.

Society, to the uninitiated, is simply social life at its acme, at its highest point of perfection. It is the fruit ripened, and enjoyed at its fullest and sweetest, and crowned by whatever can add to its richness and flavor. The pictures of society which are presented to the imagination inspire it with an intense longing. The light, the color, the warmth, the beauty, as portrayed are captivating beyond the power of expression, and if it was all real, if one could really live in this ceaseless flow of lovely sights and sounds, it would at least be difficult to live away from it. But society is a name, it is not a real thing, it is a set of moving pictures in which the personages are continually changing, and that are only interesting to each other in this particular setting, and with these special surroundings. If one or more drop out the rest cannot follow, they would lose their places in the grand procession; and the first requisite of maintaining a place in the show is keeping proper time, and place, and step to every fantastic call and clang of the instruments, duties which require all the time and strength of the devotees.

But society cannot be always on parade, and when it is not what becomes of it then? The lights must be put out sometimes, flowers quickly fade, one cannot be always eating dinners and suppers, nor dressed in one's best, and society off duty is usually a very tired, dragged, haggard, and unpleasing spectacle. Can anything be imagined more dreary than a ball-room when the dance is over, the lights put out, and the guests departed? Can one ordinarily experience a more miserable transition than the change after the supreme effort needed to hold and maintain a place in a brilliant society performance, or series of performances, to the lower level which naturally follows the exhaustion of mental and bodily resources? This is not life, or living, it is acting, it is performing a part with the energy of one who works for money, and only resting sufficiently to gather up strength for another enforced march or campaign.

In all this it is easy to see the object of social life, which is companionship, intercourse with congenial persons; the growth and cultivation of friendship, the exchange of ideas is entirely lost, or at least is quite subordinated to the movement and display. "Society" always means a crowd, and in a crowd there is no opportunity for thought, scarcely any for speech. It is a moving panorama, the figures in which are so thickly set, that all the faculties they possess are required to steer safely, prevent collision, and make proper exits and entrances. The author of a recent novel, recalls through one of his principal characters an old Provençal proverb, "joy of the street, sorrow of the home," and this must always be the case; the pet of society can never be the joy and delight of a quiet home circle, because brightness is exhausted before it reaches there. For the home life, the friend, there is nothing but the dregs, the bitterness, the memory, or the anticipation of another excitement to come.

There are many charming ways in which social life can manifest itself, but society proper has very few, and these are selfish and individual rather than social in their character. The occasions upon which society crowds are brought together are first to exhibit a fine new residence, second to introduce a young member of a society family to the circle of those who are to compose her future "friends." Thirdly, to compliment some distinguished individual by inviting an assemblage of persons to meet him, and making him (or her) the honored guest of the evening. Fourth, to pay off an accumulation of social obligations in this way, that is by issuing general invitations without regard to the number of persons your house will hold, and thus squaring accounts on easy terms.

Great society affairs like these are bills of exchange, in which the balance sheets of debtor and creditor are carefully preserved, and where therefore the obligations are understood, and, though unwritten, discharged on both sides. Not easily in all cases, it can be readily seen. The temptation constantly is for persons of small means to vie with those who possess large means, and in many cases obligations which cannot be evaded are laid upon those who are ill able to bear them. We talk of Society always as of a brilliant spectacle composed of persons without a care, therefore without hearts, without sympathies, lifted out of the reach of the accidents and anxieties of every-day life, always painless, always clad in shining garments. But this could not be true in this world of even its most fortunate occupants—and how very limited the number of these are!—while for the much larger remainder who can estimate the struggles, the mortifications, the weariness, the endeavor always to preserve bright, brave fronts, the smiling "Society" countenance, the fashionable "Society" appearance?

As individuals society might sympathize with aches and pains, with accidents and losses, with disappointments, and the weariness of waiting and suspense, but collectively it cannot. Miseries are as much out of place in a crowd brought together for a few hours for a special society purpose as pimples, a bandaged head, a broken arm, or darkened and swollen eyes. The difference between them is that the former can be crushed down, put out of sight, but physical loss, disfigurement, and suffering cannot—this must be kept out of sight and borne alone. A criticism was once passed upon a society correspondent of a newspaper for what was said to be the "false" glamour, which she cast about the ladies who led and represented the gay society of the capital. "Do they," asked the astute critic, "never have headaches, never sore lips, never roughness and redness like less favored women?" "Possibly," replied the correspondent. "But they do not take these things into society; they keep them where they belong, at home, and do not make their appearance in the brilliant circles to which they belong, until they can present a fair and brave front to friend and foe."

This is doubtless true, but see what it involves; it indicates society, not as a rest or a refuge from cares and anxieties, but as in some sort a state of warfare, where every one who engages must be armed and equipped, ready for an encounter, capable of maintaining a place, or prepared to see it quickly occupied by some one better prepared or with larger resources.

But why does any woman enter such a life? Why is it sustained at such immense outlay of time, and strength, and means, and intellectual force, if there is no satisfaction, nothing in it to repay any one for the sacrifice? naturally asks the novice; and indeed it is a question, like many others, more easily asked than answered. Life is too short to go into the details of why and wherefore people do things. It can only be said that few of us choose our own lives—

that being born into certain conditions and circumstances, what we have to do is to accept and make the best of them. To many women the obligations of society present themselves as imperative duties which they cannot escape. Position, born leadership, the demands of a husband's or father's ambition, all impose many and exacting responsibilities, all of which must be met promptly, and with cheerfulness as well as courage. Thus society to some is a business, a profession, and it is only from this point of view that it affords any permanent satisfaction. The weakest, poorest, saddest side of it is when it becomes an object of ambition for itself alone; then indeed it is a toil and trouble without any recompense; and the blame with which we visit those who struggle for a place to which they were not born, and to which the world does not recognize their claim, may be tempered with pity, for surely there are no more unhappy, dissatisfied, and sorely humilitated people on the face of the earth. Unnumbered obstacles stand in the way of every effort—in the poverty of resources and the uncertainty of results; while even the courtesies they receive are deprived of sweetness and flavor by being thrown to them, as bones are thrown to a dog, or of a kind that are distributed so universally as to lose all value for the individual recipient.

A life made up of experiences like this has neither dignity nor usefulness, and it is this pretense of society which every woman, young or old, should endeavor to avoid. If her position, her work, or her environment exact from her "society" duties, she should perform them in such a way as seems to her best, and neither make a grievance or a bugbear of them; but if this is not the case, it is above all things despicable to spend the short and most valuable years of one's life in futile endeavors to achieve something that has no permanent value, whose brightness is evanescent, that is illusive and phantasmagorical, a will-o'-the-wisp that dazzles but is dangerous, that shines with no clear or steadfast light, but more often leads the wayfarer into a treacherous bog, than toward continued light and peace.

Social life is widely different from the "Society" we have been discussing—it is one of the objects of life itself. In its various forms it gives the strongest charm to life that it possesses, and it heightens every other charm. It began with the desire for companionship on the part of the first man, and all the subsequent developments in science and art have found their highest and best use in contributing to its beauty and perfection. There is no character so bad that it is not darkened by the possession of a gloomy, morose, sullen, and unsocial temper; there is no character so fine that its goodness is not heightened and improved by a loving and sympathetic disposition.

The faculty for social life is perhaps not stronger in women than in men, but it is women to whom is mainly committed the task of expressing it, and it is one of their chief privileges, as it is one of their most sacred duties. When two people come together in marriage they cease to be individuals; they become a social unit, from which the world at large has the right to look for an extension of its social area. Heretofore and as individuals they have been recipients of social courtesies, they have been participants of a social life provided for them by others; now it is their duty, as it is usually their pleasure, to contribute in their turn to the pleasant stream of social delight which flows continuously in little rivulets to the widening river.

The forms which true social desire expresses itself in, vary with circumstances and naturally grow out of them. The school-girl who invites her mate to a share in her lunch, the college boy who divides the contents of his Christmas box, the lonely worker who seeks companionship in the enjoyment of a simple birthday treat, are all inspired by true social instincts; but perhaps the most genuine social delight is that experienced by the young wife, who, in all the pride of newly tried housewifely skill, and all the glory of newly acquired proprietorship of pretty china, gives a little social "lunch" or "tea" to the few nearest friends who she knows will sympathize with and appreciate her care and pains, and double her pleasure. The true forms of social life have only two limitations, they cannot endure crowds or uncongeniality. They are crushed out by numbers, they die a quick death in an unfriendly atmosphere. They are crowned like queens by the beautiful in art, by skill in perfecting that which gives grace and color to home life; but appreciation of a setting depends upon the character of our previous experiences and habits; the spirit of social endeavor is not affected by them, and is just as true, just as warm, just as gracious, just as kind, just as much to be commended and encouraged in the cottage of adobe as the mansion of brown stone.

A "lunch," or "dinner" of the present day, is indeed a marvel of refinement and delicate fancy, most gracefully expressed. An assemblage of a dozen persons, or less, who are bright and congenial, find nothing to lessen, but much to heighten enjoyment in the artistic character of their surroundings—in the shaded rooms, the softened, daintily colored lights, the bright flowers, the pretty *menus* which become artistic gifts, the successive services of wonderfully decorated china, and tinted and engraved glass, the silver encrusted with figures in relief, every one of which is a study—all this stamps the high character of our civilization, and artistic development upon our hospitality; but it does not make or mar the spirit of the hospitality itself, and we are not to wait for the power to be supremely elegant and fine, before being hospitable.

Neither are we to despise, sneer at, or decry that which is in itself beautiful, because it is out of our reach. The table prepared for a few, at which the best that art, genius, skill, and industry can devise is gathered, that in the space of a few hours witnesses the coming and going of the rarest things from the four corners of the earth, or which the skill of man can produce, is in a way the sum of earth's pleasures, and it is not an exaggeration to say that it has taken all the ages and all the periods, from the time of Lucullus to the modern epoch to produce and refine them to their present proportions. But an excess of luxury is not a desirable feature of social life, nor does it add to its intellectual enjoyment. There is a wise school-teacher in New York City, who makes this one condition in regard to the dress of her pupils; it is this, that it shall be destitute of ornaments, of any jingling or showy accessories that can distract attention from their studies. This principle may be carried out with advantage at some small dinners. The most perfect dinners I have ever known were prepared for a few entirely congenial persons, without ostentation, and with nothing sufficiently remarkable in their accessories to attract attention. Service, serving, dishes were quiet, harmonious, tasteful, nothing to jar, nothing to criticise, nothing to disturb the flow of bright talk, of witty story, of good-natured discussion, of kindly raillery. This has always seemed to me the perfection of a dinner; but for such a dinner the guests should be as well-bred, as intelligent and well-informed as the surroundings.

But the fashionable "lunch," and dainty dinner, are only two of the forms of our modern social life; and though perhaps the most luxurious and highly refined, not by any means the broadest or most useful. There is a lady in this city, the wife of a wealthy lawyer and influential man, who has her "teas" and her grand receptions, yet her chief pleasure is derived from the assembling in her house every Sunday afternoon, of a number of young men, all of them

strangers, most of them poor, to whom she gives tea ; what some one calls a "high tea," what is better called a "mother" tea, because it is so good, so plentiful, so cordially superintended by herself. The lady is Southern, and having only one child, a boy, her heart naturally went out to young Southern men trying to make their way in a strange city ; and to preserve them from temptation and give them an anchorage in a home, she gradually acquired the habit of making her house their Sunday evening headquarters, and thus prevented them from drifting off into unknown and dangerous paths, besides creating, or continuing for them, the invaluable influence of a gentle, refined, conscientious and truly religious home life. This was putting the social opportunities she possessed to their best use, moralizing hospitality, in fact, and adding to its virtue the higher one of true and perfectly unselfish charity, in the giving of what was worth infinitely more than mere bread.

Another instance of this kind I found in London. The house is that of the well-born, highly educated minister of a small congregation in the western center (not a fashionable locality), and his wife is as educated, refined, and devoted as himself to the interests of her husband's charge. The society is composed mainly of working men, including representatives of the professions, as well as mechanics ; and the wives of these men have little time for visits or pleasure. But twice in every month they assemble to the number of twenty to twenty-five at the residence of the minister and his wife, and there they are entertained by delightful music furnished by a niece of their host and hostess, and one of the lady members of the congregation, and this is followed by the reading of some literary selections, brief and varied, and the discussion of some useful topic in which the majority are interested. The exercises, if they can be called so, are perfectly informal, but always interesting, and close with a tea prepared and served with the same care as for the most honored guests, though of course, not elaborate in character ; the wide and loving hospitality of the house being always of the same character.

George Eliot was a personal friend of this lady, and attended more than one of these social occasions, in which she was highly interested. I myself had the privilege of being present at one re-union, and was told by several of the women present of the inexpressible benefit they had derived from acquaintance with what to many of them was a sweeter and truer home life than they had ever before known. To many it was the only opportunity for social intercourse that their lives afforded, and it widened their outlook, made them more companionable to their husbands ; at the same time equalizing and harmonizing their conditions.

This extension of the influence and happiness of the home is the finest expression we can give to our social life, and it is not limited in its area, it does not need wealth or society connections to afford it opportunity. Who does not remember some pleasant family where friends loved to gather, where in the evening a dish of apples or oranges, the only and most welcome refreshment, a circle would naturally form, and a cheap melodeon perhaps furnishing the instrumental accompainments, songs, glees, and pleasant chat would make every one forget the burdens and anxieties of the day. The most blessed feature of the home is the social influence which it is its special function to diffuse and distribute ; the sin of the boarding-house is its almost enforced selfishness and isolation. It is the duty of young married people to lay their foundatious in a house or dwelling of their own, and begin to build up a permanent home in the early years of their wedded life, a home that shall make itself a center from which all the sweetness and joy of happy domestic life may radiate upon an ever extending range of outer conditions and objects.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

THE DINING ROOM.

If one wishes good and beautiful furniture it must be paid for with something. The price may be so many dollars, or it may be so much knowledge, study and time plus a smaller amount of money. If the thing is worth the having, it ought to be and must be paid for in some way. A room that is furnished slowly with thought and some study is a double delight. A great deal of pleasure and knowledge may be gained besides the really valuable furniture. A good table, side-board, or set of chairs should last for generations. There is a sort of responsibility in the purchasing of household gods, which will be, and must be for the comfort or discomfort of others besides our own personal selves. We do well "to make haste slowly," and with time and patience select only what is in itself good and best for its use. A thing a man or woman works for or studies over has a greater value than that for which one only empties one's purse. A rare old table or side-board that one has waited and looked a half dozen years to find, when found and placed in just the right corner of the dining-room, has an especial worth besides its money value. The things in daily use should be strong, simple and honestly made. The furniture of the dining-room must be substantial and serviceable. One reason that old furniture is much sought after now, is because it was well and honestly made, and is really more serviceable than the modern tables and chairs in ordinary use.

The table for the dining-room should be heavy and substantial enough to stand firmly in its place. There is no reason why it should not be a handsome table. Our extension tables are not and cannot be finely proportioned. When closed to their smallest size the leg supports are usually heavy and clumsy, and when pulled out to their full length the table has an insecure weak look. For ordinary families there is no reason why one should not have a solid handsome table, of good convenient size for the room, with solid substantial legs and cross-bars. Then a small side-table or a table with flap leaves may be added to the length of the usual table on extra occasions. The moving of a small table across a room, or even from one room to another, is certainly not more work than the troublesome process of jerking and pulling an extension table to its full length, and lifting the heavy extra leaves, and shoving and pounding the pegs into their proper holes. The extra side-table can always be of use, but what service can the unsightly case of extra leaves be to any housekeeper? It is only something to be stowed away in a closet or back entry to catch the dust in its corners, and be moved with trouble on sweeping days. The best of extension tables will occasionally get out of order at exactly the wrong time. Eastlake says : "Few people would like to sit on a chair, the legs of which were made to slide in and out, and were fastened at the required height with a pin." There would be a sense of insecurity in the notion eminently unpleasant. You might put up with such an invention in camp, or on a sketching expedition, but to have it and use it under your own roof instead of a strong and serviceable chair would be absurd. Yet this is very much what we do in the case of the modern dining-room table." There are good designs for tables found in many of our books on household art. Any one may hunt up a good skillful carpenter, choose his own design, and order his table the right size for his room. A small table may be made the same height as the other, and used as a side or carving-table, and be added to the ordinary table on extra occasions. In this way you have two tables of your own chosen design, suitable for your room, and made of wood selected by yourself, and the money paid for them goes directly to the workman employed.

If you have chosen your design well you will have tables firm and solidly made, so as to last for generations and be heirlooms in the family, and symmetrical and restful to your own eyes all the days of your life. I know a family that is fortunate enough to own a large round mahogany table top. This is placed firmly on the ordinary dining-table, and used on certain state occasions. A round table has a peculiar charm of its own, reminding one of King Arthur's table round.

The chairs for the dining-room should be strong and serviceable, without meaningless or glued-on ornament. It should not be possible for a chair to creak and give way under a comfortable and solid person just at the beginning of grace as I saw happen not long ago. The parlor and bedroom chairs may be used daily, but the dining-room chairs *must* do service at least three times every day, and should be strong as well as comfortable. If any one is happy enough to own a set of strong high backed old fashioned chairs, with cross bars between the legs, they will probably be better, handsomer and stronger than most of the new designs found in the shops. Many, though, would value these old chairs too highly to let them fall to the hard usage of a dining-room. It gives a pleasant variety to have the chairs for the head and foot of the table different from the others. It would be worth while to wait and take trouble to select these two of especially good workmanship, perhaps honored with some carving. They need not necessarily be alike, and could be selected or picked up at different times, one one year and the other later. They will be well worth the waiting for if you find at last exactly the things you want.

The dining-room side-board is so important a part of the room that it should be selected deliberately, as it cannot be well discarded and set aside for any change of fashion. You may be able to find somewhere a rare old side-board, a piece of early English or of Italian carving, or more common one of our grandmother's of the Queen Anne period, with the six small carved legs, and the long shelf with many closets and drawers below! But these treasures are rarely found new. There are modern side-boards of good design. A piece of furniture that is expected to see many years of service should be of the best workmanship and design of the period. A table with shelves above, may do temporary service as a side-board until one is ready to purchase a really good thing. In your choice be careful that all the ornamentation used is good, honest work. It is better to content one's self with simple lines cut in the solid wood, rather than have any amount of carved machine work, glued on in unsightly excrescences. In furniture as in character it is well to be better than you appear, rather than appear better than you are. An open fire is a cheerful thing in a dining-room, but it must be so managed as not to cause discomfort to those seated at the table near it. If one must sit through a dinner party with flushed face and aching head, the delightful open fire becomes something besides an æsthetic pleasure. If the room is small, at least provide a screen to protect your guests, the dining-room fire-place gives opportunity for painted tiles about it. These give chance for some good dining-room mottoes. In very many families now one member is more or less devoted to art and equal to painting a set of simple tiles. These are best put up in the old way next the fire to protect the wood-work and reflect the heat of the fire; if only a few tiles are painted they may be inserted in the wood mantels. I have seen inserted below a dark-green old-fashioned marble mantel, a heavy oak plank with the motto in old English black letters:

"East, West, Hame's best."

The effect in color was pleasant, while the home motto was delightful. Another good motto is the old German one, "*Isz was gar ist, Trink was clar ist, Sprich was wahr ist.*" "Eat what is good, Drink what is clear, Speak what is true."

The mantel-piece for the dining-room is often made with shelves above for china and other dining-room treasures. Shelves or an over mantel can be added at any time to an ordinary mantel-piece—we wish we might still have the old chimney closets. If we may not have these we may at least have cases on the walls with glass doors to keep safely and at the same time show plainly the color and shapes of the beautiful and rare china within. These cases may be of any size to suit the dainty things put in them, they may be long and narrow with one shelf only to hold a half dozen priceless cups. I know one lined with crimson and gold, to set off at best advantage a dozen landscape plates, each of which is a perfect painting, and which taken together makes a wall space of delightfully rich color. Often above doors or windows a shelf can be managed for vases or plaques. A shelf is sometimes put all around the room, but this is hardly practical; for china that is in daily use should be behind doors away from dust. The largest love for "old blue" cannot make it a pleasant thing to eat from dusty dishes, and open shelves in a dining-room should be filled with vases and plaques for ornament, and not with china in constant use.

As it is customary to use heavy furniture, often of oak, and to have richly colored walls in a dining-room, as the wall background and room coloring is rich and dark, probably for this reason it is customary to hang oil paintings in this room. Portraits, or pictures of animals are said to belong here. I see no reason why the subject of a picture should be restricted for this room. Of course oil and water colors should not be hung together, as one takes from the coloring of the other, but I should say the one question about a picture is whether it is good, and not whether it is wild game, a landscape or a child.

Sunshine is the chief blessing in a dining-room. If you have sunshine, then you may have flowers; as a matter of beauty, thrifty plants, even if they have not one flower, are restful in color, and the growing things give pleasure. The housewife lingers after breakfast and looks at one and another, pinches off a dead leaf, fastens a vine or ties up a stalk, and forgets for a moment the next care or anxiety. If you cannot have fine paintings, you can always have some green growing things in your dining-room. In summer a rustic box of wild ferns in the fire-place is a great addition. A city house with little sunshine can have at least one pot of ferns, or a flowering plant. A small handsome plant is one of the prettiest things possible for table decoration. It takes the place of a vase of flowers, and is a little less common. When flowers are in the windows on benches or stands, a half curtain hung from the middle sash on a wire with rings, is very convenient at night, to draw behind the plants to protect them from the cold, and it also makes a pretty background for your foliage. If you have inside curtains, the half curtains may be made of Madras muslin. If you have not heavy curtains, ordinary Turkey red gives a good warm color at night, and is bright against the green of the plants.

I spoke of a pot of flowers on the table. Its beauty is not only in the thought of the growing plant or in its sweetness, but also in its color. The family gathers three times daily about the table, and this table ought to have the brightest and prettiest colors possible. It is not long ago that I showed with great satisfaction for admiration a set of blue India plates. "But wouldn't you rather have white?" said the good lady to me innocently. White plates have been so long used by many that she could not understand such weakness for color. Put any color you can on your tables and see how both your white cloth and your uncovered boards set off these colors. Don't think necessarily you must get a colored "set" at once, there is a special charm in variety. A pretty pitcher

in one color, cups of different patterns and shapes found one at a time each with its own beauty of color or drawing, you may find. If you can paint china, make a set of breakfast plates, and if you are a beginner be content to work with red and gold, covering the surface fairly well with color. The choicest old India sets are in red and gold. The choice Japanese Kaga ware is also in these colors. The red china paint wears better than the blue, and is easier for a beginner to manage. This work in one color can be done at odd times or in evenings about as easily as work with pencil, and the practice in one color in china painting has the same good effect that the practicing of scales has in music. Set designs in blues, yellows and olives, are effective and also good practice.

The great thing on the table, after good food is good color. The old India china is strong and serviceable and makes a safe beginning, because one can always add to it, and the color is one that does not injure others. Do not despise the cheap Japanese counters. The little round twenty-five cent Japanese dishes, with just a few coarse dashes of blue on them, look a deal better on the table for a baked pudding than a white stone ware one costing exactly the same money. A green or blue butter dish makes the yellow balls of butter more golden. An odd spoon holder or cream jug. These little things are easily picked up. It is only to watch for them, and almost before one knows it the table takes on an air of grace and grows into a study of colors before our eyes.

My good grandmother used to say that if her dinner were only boiled salt pork and boiled potatoes it should be daintily cooked and handsomely served. As this is written for home comfort as well as home art, remember that the comfort of the dining-room depends most upon the daintiness, skill and taste with which the food is set before you.

There are many other things, as embroidered curtains, embroidered tea cloths, side board covers, doilies, etched, or embroidered in outline or with mottoes ; all these are a part of the dining-room luxury and decoration, but all these come more properly under the class of embroideries. I would say have at least a small book-shelf in the dining-room. I know no room in the house where books may not be. A dictionary is often asked for when a disputed point comes up at table. A shelf is needed in the kitchen for cook books and some light reading for the servant, and we need not be less kind to ourselves or banish our friendly books from any room in the house, but rather let them overflow into any cozy shelf or corner of dining-room or hall.

Legendary Flowers.

FALL white the Bourbon lily blows,
And fairer haughty England's rose;
Nor shall unsung the symbol smile,
Green Ireland, of thy haughty isle.
In Scotland grows a warlike flower,
Too rough to bloom in ladies' bower.
His crest on high the soldier bears,
And spurs his courser on the spears—
O there it blossoms, there it blows—
The thistle's grown above the rose!

So sings the Scotch poet, Allan Cunningham.

All know the names of these national flowers, but all may not know the legends connected with their adoption as national emblems. We will begin with the story of the fleur de lis, the lily of France. Clovis, who ascended his throne in the year 481, became the founder of the French monarchy. When any, at first, the ruler of a petty tribe, with but five thousand soldiers, he succeeded in sweeping out of Gaul the last vestige of Roman domination ; but in his turn he was almost conquered by the Germans. His wife, Clotilda, beloved and honored by him as by all others, had long urged him to embrace the Christian faith, but his prejudice had seemed inveterate. When, however, on the verge of ruin at the hands of the conquering force of the Germans, he exclaimed aloud in the presence of his disheartened troops, "O God of Clotilda, if thou wilt grant me this victory, I will henceforth worship no god but Thee!" Suddenly the tide of battle turned in his favor and his enemies were routed with great slaughter. True to his vow, Clovis was, shortly after, with great pomp and ceremony, baptized by the Bishop of Rheims, and an old legend tells us that immediately after the ceremony an angel appeared to him and presented him with a fleur de lis to testify the signal approbation of heaven and to confirm his right to the throne of France. The coat-of-arms of Clovis and his successors was a field azure seeded with golden fleur de lis. In the reign of Charles V., the number was reduced to three, and afterwards remained so. White being the color of the national flag, the lilies took on whiteness to show that France and her sovereign were one. A singular contest over these flowers was held at one time, some affirming that the device on the flag represented golden bees found in the tomb of Childeric ; others, that it represented three toads worn as the crest of the helmet of Pharamond; but there seems no good reason for these assertions, or to doubt that from the very commencement of the dynasty the fleur de lis was the national emblem of France. Louis IX. (St. Louis) took for his device a daisy or marguerite, united with a fleur de lis, thus combining the name of his queen Marguerite with the flower of France. He also possessed a ring round which a relief in enamel represented a garland of marguerites and fleur de lis, with the inscription : "this ring contains all my love"—his wife and his kingdom ; Louis VII. adopted the fleur de lis as his badge when he formed the crusade. The consecrated banner borne by Joan of Arc, at the siege of Rheims, represented the Deity grasping the globe of the earth, surrounded by fleur de lis ; and the better to reward the services rendered to France by this extraordinary girl as well as to perpetuate the memory of them, Charles VII. gave to her family the name Lis.

England's rose—how did it first become the national flower? In a very simple way, without any of the mystery attaching to the lilies of France.

In the year 1450, a few noblemen were discussing together the rival claims of those who asserted their right to the throne of England, and to avoid interruption adjourned to the Temple gardens. Scarcely, however, had they arrived when they perceived coming toward them, Richard, duke of York ; and at once their conversation ceased. Richard begged to know of what they had been speaking so eagerly and also how many of them believed him to be their rightful king. Still they were silent both from policy and politeness. Presently Richard said, "If you are reluctant to tell me your opinion in words, why not give me a sign ; Let my friends fellow my example and pull a white rose." Earls Somerset and Suffolk declared for the reigning king, Henry of Lancaster—Somerset proposing that the friends of Henry should gather a red rose ; Earl Warwick by gathering the white rose declared for the house of York. "But," said Vernon, a friend of Richard, "before gathering more roses we ought to agree that whichever party has the greatest number wins the day."—Agreed to by all, this, nevertheless, led to violent excitement and threats, and the party separated to make known to their friends the badges of the houses of York and Lancaster. Notwithstanding a reconciliation once thought to have been safely effected between the rival factions—war again broke out and raged for many years, and it was not until the marriage of Henry VII. of Lancaster and Elizabeth of York united the two houses that the nation had peace. The

roses, then blended, became the national flower of England emblazoned on her arms and on the coin of the realm.

"Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear."

Says Sir Walter Scott:

"Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock."

Next claim our attention the white clover and the oxalis (the wood sorrel) both having been claimed as the ancient shamrock, but the decision seems to have been in favor of the oxalis as the plant of St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland. The son of a priest in North Britain, he was stolen by pirates and carried to Ireland, at the age of sixteen, where he was sold as a slave and endured great hardships for six years. At the end of that time he fortunately found a piece of gold while ploughing a field, and with it he purchased his freedom; he then hastened home to his parents, who were overjoyed to see him. But his stay in the strange land had inspired him with profound pity for a people without the gospel, and he longed to preach it to them. Urged by an inward voice, and further inspired by a dream, in which he saw a man from Ireland beseeching him to come and dwell among them, he left home and friends and went to France, where he entered upon his preparation for holy orders. After his ordination he was appointed by the Pope, Bishop of Ireland, and at once set out for his diocese. Arrived there he lost no time in commencing his labors. He traveled through the entire country, everywhere received with delight, the people hanging on his words. One day, however, while preaching to them of the doctrine of the Trinity, they failed to follow his meaning and demanded an explanation angrily. He paused for a moment, absorbed in thought, and then stooping down he plucked a leaf of shamrock and holding it up before them, bid them behold an emblem of the Three in One—the illustration of his words. The simple teaching delighted the people, and from that time the shamrock became the national flower.

Among the ancients, Hope is generally represented as a beautiful child, standing on tip-toe, holding in her hand a sprig of shamrock.

We will now turn to the thistle, "the symbol dear" of Scotland. How did it become such? Because, through its unconscious help, Scotland was saved from falling into the hands of her enemies, the Danes. They had effected an entrance into the country, and were proceeding with great caution to make a midnight attack upon an important stronghold, castle Slanis. All was dark and silent as the enemy approached, and they thought they had nothing to do but to swim across the moat, place the scaling ladders, and the castle was theirs. But all at once broke forth from their ranks such a cry as aroused the inmates of the castle, the guards flew to their posts, the soldiers mounted arms, and quick as thought pursued the now trembling Danes who fled before them—and thus was Scotland rid of her invading foes. What was the cause of this sudden change in the face of affairs? Why simply that the moat, instead of being filled with water, was in reality dried up and full of an overgrowth of thistles, which piercing the unprotected feet of the assailants so tortured them that they were compelled to cry out and arouse the inmates of the castle. In token of gratitude for this good service the thistle was adopted as the national flower of Scotland, and ever after held in high esteem by her hardy sons.

In the language of flowers the thistle is the emblem of self-defense. The Knights of the Thistle or of St. Andrew have a motto peculiarly appropriate to their floral badge, "Nemo me impune lacessit," no one shall touch me with impunity, or in plain Scotch, "Tak tent how ye meddle wi me."

K. M. HAVEN.

Boarding Houses.

WHY is it that so many people will have their fling at boarding-houses? Why do they talk so much about stuffy parlors and shoddy airs and bad English and tough beef? And why is it the boarding-house landlady is universally held up as an ignorant, shabby genteel creature, whose only two thoughts are showing off and making money? Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, my dear friend, I like your "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table;" but, oh! why did you give us such a picture of a boarding-house, with its mistress and her daughter?

I don't believe that is the usual type of a boarding-house. It may be; but if every question has two sides, the boarding-house question must have also.

To be sure, the ideal way to live is in a home of your own. There is nothing in the world like fireside sanctities and household idols, if you can have them. But, ah! in spite of all the pretty songs and stories about domestic bliss, methinks a very large proportion of our country's inhabitants possess not and never can possess, a place to call their own. So the next best thing to living in one's own domicile is sojourning in a nice boarding-house—in fact, it is a very much better thing, if the establishment which you have always called "home" is not comfortable.

Nice boarding-houses are not so rare as some would have us believe. Because a boarding-house mistress works for her living, it by no means follows that she is not a lady. I know several lovely ladies who keep and have kept boarders.

As to the general untastefulness of boarding-houses—why, nonsense! Have you ever seen beautiful parlors, with elegant carpets, lovely pictures, dainty *bric-a-brac*, sweet-toned pianos, valuable books; pleasant dining-rooms, with snowy linen, clear china, glittering glass, shining silver; cosy chambers, with inviting beds, warm rugs and abundance of pure water and towels—in all of which you might have a share for a small consideration? And as to the quality of the food—why, to say the least, it is to a landlady's own interest to provide well, even if she cared nothing for her guests personally. In large cities, generally, it would take means if not wealth, to give you so much of real, substantial good, to delight the eye, inform the mind, and satisfy the physical needs, in a private house, as you could here obtain for a comparatively little sum.

Suppose you taught music. If you lived in a boarding-house and came in wet and tired, Mrs. Landlady would most likely say, "My dear Miss Music Teacher, come right out into the kitchen and dry your clothes, while I make you a cup of tea. And I'm going to soak your feet and bundle you up to-night, for fear you take cold." If you wanted an early breakfast or a late dinner, it would be ready on the minute. If you wished any little extra comforts or alterations made in your room, your desires would be promptly satisfied. But if you had a "home"—that is, lived with your own relatives—perhaps you would find it like drawing teeth to obtain any attention that you required. You might be continually put off with something like "Oh you're only 'our Sallie.' You can take what the rest get. You ought to be ashamed to be so selfish, and make so much trouble in the house!" It may be a strong statement, but I unhesitatingly assert that the difference between a home and a boarding-house is sometimes the difference between sickness and health, death and life. You are at least sure of bodily comfort in a boarding-house, without which you can accomplish nothing.

But, says one, it is a landlady's business to make her boarders comfortable. Suppose it is. Is it not the business of everybody to make everybody else comfortable, so far as lies in his or her power? Of course it is no great thing for

a man to do his duty, he ought to do it; but what a world this would be if every man did just that, even if no more?

Boarding-houses are one of the best features of modern civilization. Not one of the worst, as some have it—not powerful factors in tempting women from domestic life and subverting homes. No, the harm which they do is little compared to the good. First of all, they are a blessed refuge for the homeless, of whom there is always an undue proportion. Strangely as it may sound, there is a far greater degree of privacy in a large boarding-house than in a so-called private family. Here, my lovely sister, you may dwell in peace, hiding your heart and fearing no embarrassing questions.

At the same time, there is a sufficient amount of publicity in a boarding-house to give to its inmates a certain regard for appearances. Those who need to live in such a place are usually isolated enough to care very little for themselves, were they not impelled to hold up their heads by the thought of others. So a boarder feels obliged to be neat and well dressed always. And this is right; the good effects will become apparent by and by. Circumstances sometimes strengthen us when our spirits are well nigh fainting.

Another good element, and a higher in boarding-house life, is the pleasant society. One meets agreeable people who know something, and can tell what they know, who can entertain, teach, and perhaps after awhile comfort and sympathize. Those who live in caravanseries ought to be lifted out of themselves—ought to be conversant with art, sciences and literature, keep up with the news of the day, find a place in delightful social circles, and form lasting, satisfying friendships.

A boarding-house filled with kind, cultured, Christian people, is to a real home what a faithful handmaid is to a true mistress. Here many learn more fully to appreciate domestic sweets, and resolve to transplant all the fragrant flowers in their way to a better, richer soil in the "good time coming," when they themselves shall have homes of their own. How many leave a boarding-house laden with mental and moral treasures acquired within its walls. Besides, how many blessed friendshps here formed lead to happy marriages and the foundation of new Edens.

I cannot help painting the picture of a boarding-house in high colors, because I know very well what the reality is, or may be. *May be*—yes. It is possible for every such place to be just like my sketch from nature—it would be if some of the troubles were removed. Petty pests inflict some houses that otherwise would be good imitations of an earthly Paradise.

One of these is the lady who makes sarcastic remarks, right and left, and has no faith in anybody living. Another, the lady who won't give up her ease under any circumstances—who won't let any one touch the piano when she wants a nap. Another, the little girl who wishes to open your pocket-book, see inside your trunks, and read your letters. Still another, the veneered gentleman who would like to impress you with his "standing," and is always talking about "good society," and "the middle and lower classes," and informing *you* on matters of etiquette. I didn't say, Dr. Holmes, that you were altogether wrong, did I? That is, that the atmosphere of boarding-houses was all celestial serenity? However, I still insist that it often is, and when it is not, it could be.

It could be, if those who lived in every boarding-house resolved that it should. This is a general statement, however. To particularize, all you who live in boarding-houses, remember that in many respects you are highly favored, and do all that you can to continue and add to the favored state of things. We are all, in a certain sense, our brothers' keepers; act as though you believed it. Here, as nowhere else, you are surrounded by the sad, the lonely, the unloved. Show to them the kindness, the consideration, the sympathy otherwise denied them. And here, also, you will meet the happy, the gay, the ambitious. Enter into their merry moods, put yourself *en rapport* with their aspirations. Your thoughtfulness for others cannot fail to react on yourself, for here one affects all. Conquer any disturbing element in yourself, seek to discourage it in others. If you want to do real, lasting good, if you want a quiet, potent "mission" of genuine truth and grace, I know of no better opportunity.

Take turns and get up informal little parties in your own rooms. Organize a class among yourselves for the study of languages and literature, have weekly sociables in the parlor and make the evenings merry with music, chess, and recitations. In some houses, a Sunday evening prayer-meeting or praise-service would be in order. Distribute little presents, such as flowers and bonbons. Lend books all around, and write free discussions of their contents. Do each other little favors, such as matching ribbons and mending gloves and stitching ruffles. Form companies to go to church and entertainments. Never will I forget one delightful winter spent in a boarding-house in which all these things were done.

Believe what I tell you. If the home is a Divine institution, the boarding-house is a special, secondary providence. Of course both may be perverted, and become anything but celestial, but then—think of the true model, always, never of its blundering, imperfect copy.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

Songs of Long Ago.

BY RALPH RAYMOND.

"I NEVER heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet."—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

"MISS HARDCASTLE—'O, sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.'"—SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

WHAT an indefinable feeling of sadness clings to a volume of old songs! The limp and faded leaves, and the torn and ragged edges are replete with memories of other days. Perchance your long departed mother or your dearly loved sister once turned its pages and voiced its now forgotten melodies. Yet, although you may revere and treasure the old book, although you may prize even the faint reminiscences it possesses of a loved one's tone and manner, the spirit of the music has fled forever. Sit you down and play the thin ting-a-ling-ling accompaniments and sing the simpering, often silly, words, and how "flat, stale, and unprofitable" do they seem. The tunes you gloried in when a boy, the melodies you chanted in your early manhood, the ballad which was the rage of the town, now sound spiritless and tame. Why? Is it that the broad stream of other and more cultivated tastes has left these old lays stranded high and dry on the margin of the flood of time? Not entirely, for there are some wonderful exceptions to this general statement. Some of these ancient melodies and their words are stirring and sympathetic as though they had been written but yesterday, and if the most profound musician be asked why certain old songs continue to charm the world's ear, he cannot answer. Such fine old strains as "Charlie is my Darling," "Coming thro' the Rye," "Home, Sweet Home," or "Auld Lang Syne," not

to mention a multitude of others are as fresh to day as when they were written, and will never die so long as the Saxon tongue is spoken or sung.

It is pleasant to know something of the origin of a song and of its maker, even though the song itself be well-nigh forgotten and its parent long dead. And when we come to seek for the events or circumstances that inspired a song or its music we often meet some curious facts and some amusing incidents.

Just imagine a lady sitting down to one of our modern "parlor grands," and warbling "Days of Absence" or Haynes Bayley's "I'd be a Butterfly." If the assembled company did not snicker it would be a wonder. Yet both those songs were, not thirty years ago, thought to embody the acme of musical expression. So with Anacreon Moore's "Love's Young Dream." When the perky little poet sung it in London drawing-rooms, proud dames and beautiful women wept, and the singer himself had often to stop because his tears bespattered the keys. Now-a-days it would not require a very stony-hearted damsel to resist its bleating blandishments. The "Old Oaken Bucket," and the "Sword of Bunker Hill," once considered peerless songs, are now fallen into total disuse; the one lies hoopless and dry, the other hangs rusty and immovable in its scabbard. "Woodman, spare that Tree," may be mentioned in connection with the foregoing. Once it was deemed the song of songs. Morris wrote the words, and Henry Russell set them to music. According to the latter, on one occasion, after he had rendered it at a concert with his usual success, a man in the audience rose and said: "I beg pardon, Mr. Russell, but was that tree spared?" "It was," said the singer. "I am very glad to hear it," said the questioner as he took his seat amid thunders of applause.

To Henry Russell, a conscientious singer of the now antiquated English school, is due the credit of making a number of songs of great popularity, but of little intrinsic merit. His "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "The Slave Girl," "To the West," and many others, were once whistled by street-boys and sung in fashionable assemblies. It has been said of Russell that he did more to help make America populous by means of emigration than any man of his time. There is a song that, when sung to-day, never fails to provoke a laugh, yet a generation ago it was thought divine. "Sally in our Alley," with its ridiculous ending, is a good specimen of the queer conceits that passed for good music forty or fifty years ago. Then it was "the mode" to tack on to the tail of an English ballad an elaborate Italian flourish. Not only was the native English music unfitted for this treatment, but the somewhat heavy, artificial singers of the day were entirely unable to cope with the graceful Italian *fioriturі*. But even the polite and polished Addison loved this song!

"She Wore a Wreath of Roses" also calls up a feeling of melancholy, though it is not by any means a poor song. Its accompaniment is a trifle thin and monotonous, but to the right voice it is still an effective ballad. So with "The Ivy Green," whose words are from the pen of Dickens and its music by the aforementioned Henry Russell. Many years ago that song was highly popular, but now its sepulchral "moldering dust" and "creeping where no life is seen" refrain are seldom heard. "Maid of Athens," once sung by worshipers of Byron, "The Lass of Richmond Hill," "Loves Ritornella," and "Had I but Aladdin's Lamp," may be numbered among long defunct ballads.

"Coming thro' the Rye" is a good song, and will probably always be one of "the immortal ones." Everybody has heard it, but few are aware that the "Rye" of the song is the river of that name, and not a field of grain. The original lassie is represented as having soiled her "petticoatie" coming thro' the Rye (with a capital "R") which she could scarcely have done among the waving stalks; on the other hand, had she to ford the Rye barefoot, she could scarcely avoid splashing the aforesaid garment. Our fair singers, however, are not to blame for their mistake, for music publishers generally print a picture of a harvest field on the front page of this piece.

Among long-forgotten sea songs we recall "Ben Bolt," "Poor Jack," "Tom Bowling," and "Black-eyed Susan." "The Minute Gun at Sea," "Larboard Watch," and "A Life on the Ocean Wave," may yet be heard from some enthusiastic yachtsman; the others never. There are two songs of the sea, however, that are as powerfully thrilling and dramatic to-day as they were when first penned—"The Three Fishers" and "The Sands of Dee," the words by Kingsley, the music of the first by Hullah, and that of the second by Boott. "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," too, is a fine song, musically treated by Knight in a masterly, devout way that shows he fully appreciated the grandeur of his subject. Emma Willard wrote the words.

There is a dear old ballad that has been popular for two hundred years, and will continue to be loved and sung for two hundred more. We refer to "Barbara Allen," which was first sung in 1665. The music is as ancient as the words, if not more so, and is or was known in Scotland as "Johnny Armstrong's Good-night."

Political songs are probably more quickly forgotten than any other class. Yet who shall measure what has been accomplished by such lyrics as "Wha'l be King but Charlie?" or our own "John Brown," and "Tippecanoe and Tyler too?" "Maryland, my Maryland" was at one time widely sung, but, as one writer has remarked, there is more power in one bar of "John Brown" than in the whole of "My Maryland." The latter is of German origin—a *burschenlied*—a theme manifestly unsuited to the ringing demands of a political or patriotic song. "The air of 'John Brown' may not be good or classic music, but it has a dogged kind of self-assertion which drives 'My Maryland' off the field."

But if there be songs that were only born to die, others there are that will live on till their origin is lost in the mists of time. And it will generally be found that where a song is accorded perpetual youth, either the words or the music are of intrinsic merit, though this is not always the case. "Yankee Doodle," for instance, spite of its stirring associations, will always be a ridiculous tune. It has done duty in a variety of causes. In the time of Charles I. it was sung to children by their nurses; in the civil war cavaliers hummed the air, cursed Cromwell, and ridiculed the Rump; it drifted to America in 1755, and helped to array the "ragged continentals" under Braddock. Nevertheless, our children's children will probably be as charmed with "Yankee Doodle" as were their progenitors who "fought and bled." "The Star-spangled Banner" is of a different mold. It was born amid the clash of battle, and may be said to have been baptized with fire. It at once took its place as the national song. The music to which the words were written by their author is an old French air, long known in England as "Anacreon," and afterward in America as "Adams and Liberty." One peculiarity about the tune is that it is a very trying one to sing. It has a compass of more than an octave and a half, and in any other key than the one in which it is usually written (B flat) would be entirely out of the range of an ordinary voice. Like the "Star-spangled Banner," the "Marseillaise" was written and the music composed for it in a single night, and in a few hours it had become the song of a nation striving to be free. It was produced at Strasburg in 1792, but in the course of a few months it worked its way southward to Marseilles, whence it was adopted by that

gallant band who went thence to the defense of Paris, and through them became known to the populace of the capital, by whom it was called the "song of the Marseillaise;" and as the "Marseillaise," says Richard Grant White, "it will be known forever, and forever be the rallying cry of France against tyranny." Curiously enough, its author, Rouget de L'Isle, was proscribed by the commune as a Royalist, and forced to leave France.

Who has not quickened his step and felt his blood tingle at the sound of "The Girl I Left Behind Me?" It is a true soldier's song or march, and its rollicking strains have played many a poor fellow into eternity. It is the one stock tune of English and American military bands, and dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, when it was first used by a body of English troops leaving Ireland. Its author is unknown. Another military song, "The Soldier's Tear," has a good air, but the verses are execrable. The refrain "And Wiped Away a Tear" has a very whining sound.

"Rule, Britannia" has been described as the best national air ever written. There is a solidity and grandeur about its theme that is very expressive. The words were written in 1740 by Mallet for a masque, and Dr. Arne made the music. In 1740 it was incorporated in an opera, and sung by Mrs. Arne at a performance given for her benefit, since when its popularity has not waned. The Jacobites used this song by changing the first two lines to read:

"Rule, Britannia! Britannia. rise and fight,
Restore your injured monarch's right!"

Just who wrote the words of "God Save the King," or who composed the music, will probably ever remain in doubt. Carey sang it in 1714, and Dr. Arne rearranged it, but of its history prior to these events nothing is known. It has been claimed for Ben Jonson that he wrote the words, and for a certain Dr. Bull that he wrote the music; but neither is certain.

Our own "Hail Columbia" has a pretty well authenticated history. The music was composed in 1789 by Professor Phylo, of Philadelphia, and was first played at Trenton when Washington was on his way to his inauguration as President. The tune was then called the "President's March." The words were written by Judge Joseph Hopkinson in 1798, ten years later, when the troubles with France were impending. Great excitement prevailed in this country at the time, and the people and the politicians took equal sides with France and England then at war. A young man named Fox was about to take his benefit at a Philadelphia theater, and applied to Judge Hopkinson for a set of patriotic words that might be sung to the tune of the "President's March," hoping thereby to insure the support of both parties for his entertainment. The judge complied, and our present version was the result. The effort was highly successful; the words breathed a purely American patriotism, and all reference to either France or England was omitted; all factions could join in its sentiments, and the feelings of every true American responded to its thrilling words. Its success and lasting fame exceeded by far anything that its author expected, although its merit consists only in its exclusively patriotic sentiment and spirit.

Of sacred song much might be written. The poets of the early church left behind them glowing strains of passionate devotion which can never die, and which have been joined to impressive melodies. But in the restricted scope of this paper reference to them only can be made. Of the influence which song has had upon the current of a nation's progress there needs no confirmation. The inspired strains of a Béranger have, more than once in the world's history, snapped the chains that shackled a people.

Women and their Duties.

IT is a gratifying sign of increasing progress that women everywhere are awaking to a new sense of duty and responsibility, and are ready to act in new and responsible ways when occasion calls for it. The evidences are not confined to a few places, or to any one quarter of the globe; they come from near and far, and they deal much more with work, its demands, its sacrifices, and its reward; in education, charities, and other fields of human activity, than with politics, though it is quite natural that in this country, where politics is so inwoven with the life of the people, that it should be difficult to separate its interests from others that have a semi-public bearing.

It is particularly gratifying to find that women use their newly found power to act for themselves in beneficent ways, in the working out and working up of social and charitable enterprises, and also in the generous recognition of exceptional achievement on the part of other women. The numerous examples of this friendly spirit of appreciation, and the growth and multiplication of societies composed, officered, and exclusively carried on by women, furnish abundant evidence of the wicked falsity of the old notion that women could not or would not work with or for each other. Quite recently the Birmingham (England) ladies to the number of three hundred, organized, collected subscriptions from among themselves exclusively, purchased, and presented an elegant diamond ornament to their ex-mayoress, Mrs. Chamberlain, on account of the active interest she had manifested in the woman's hospital, and other matters, educational, reformatory, and beneficent, during her husband's occupancy of the executive chair of the town.

Last spring in this city one of the finest demonstrations ever made was on behalf of a woman, by women. This was the Testimonial Reception given by Sorosis, the Woman's Club of this city, to Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, on the completion of a work that had cost her fourteen years of labor, and was executed with extraordinary ability and conscience, her exhaustive "History of the City of New York," in two magnificent volumes. The portrait of Mrs. Hayes, and presentations to her on the part of the Temperance Women of this country, are among the cases where women have sought by public act to show their hearty endorsement of the conduct of another woman, placed in a trying position; and there are hundreds of others in societies, schools, and business, or professional circles where the quick sense of exceptional worth or ability has been as quickly followed by the sympathetic and generous act of recognition or acknowledgment.

It is something that women begin to find not only the will but the power to do these things, and it is due largely to the extent to which they have become self-supporting, and also to the legal protection which the law extends to their earnings and property, and the right which they possess in progressive countries to dispose of these without interference. Not that all has been done that need to be done, or that women are not even yet hampered and controlled in ways that men are not, according to the temper, disposition, habits, and position of the men with whom they have to deal—but this is a necessary result of the past which has held them in bonds, and which it requires generations, not weeks, months, or even years to obliterate; and it should be understood by both men and women, that these semi-public demands, these semi-public duties, these semi-public activities will increase for women, year by year, and that they will more and more assume the character of obligations, and responsibilities, which it will be weak, if not wicked to evade.

A woman who attends to her home and her children, and nothing else, only fills half her place in the world. Her social influence is needed beyond the boundary of her own home; the community at large has the right to make demands upon her, and the family itself need the quickening of the spirit, the enlargement of the horizon, the fruitful and formative results of the new ideas gathered from contact with other minds. To make this work, this thought, these ideas effective, there must be aggregation and unification through organization. Men act on the principle that what is not possible for one man is possible to many men. It is just as true for women as for men. One woman may not be able to realize her idea, but if she can get enough women to act with her it may be realized.

Let women everywhere look around them, and see if in their neighborhood, in their community, there is nothing to be improved, and that the interests of the poor, the helpless, the children, the social, as well as educational, and reformatory are represented and attended to, to their liking. If not, begin to talk about it at the sewing society, or call a meeting in some one of the "halls," which men occupy for masonic or other purposes (having first obtained permission), and talk matters over with other women, or a tea-party at home is sometimes as good a way as any to get a number of women interested in some practical work, for then the semi-publicity, which all at first dread, of the "meeting," is avoided. In most neighborhoods, however, affairs have now progressed beyond this initiatory stage, and there are social, literary, or other societies through which work can be done. Encourage instead of discouraging these efforts, by example and assistance. If they are not just what you want, there is something in them which will be found useful, and the way to make it what you want is to work with it, not allow it to strengthen itself without your help. Women are largely responsible for their own happiness and for the happiness of the community in which they live; and by every degree in which they increase the happiness they reduce the proportion of misery and crime. Happy people, satisfied people, people who find sympathy, appreciation, and the opportunities for a good and pleasant life, are not criminals. We do not need more freedom, we need it better distributed and more closely allied with conscience. It is the duty of women to be that conscience, to see that men are anchored to justice, truth, and purity in their lives, and that the social atmosphere created for them in private and public by women is strengthening and elevating in its character and tendencies.

Bitter-sweet.

BY HATTIE WHITNEY.

BARBIE—I say, Barbie!"

"Well, say ahead."

"You *air* turrible fractious this mornin'."

"You took a heap of trouble to come over an' tell me that."

"You won't listen to nothin' else I want to say. You know what I come for, Barbie; you know I only jes' come to—to——"

"You only jes' come to talk foolishness."

"Then I reckon I better go home agin."

Barbie stared at the red flame in the chimney, and bit her lip. She had over-reached herself a trifle for once.

"*I* don't want to run you off the place, I'm sure, Mr. Blossom," said she with a half injured little sniff.

"You'll run me plum out of my senses 'fore you know what you're adoin'," he answered.

Barbie gave him a glance out of her vixenish black eyes, but he heartlessly refused to see it, and continued: "Barbie, there aint no use in me acomin' here an' acomin' fer nothin'."

Barbie objected to this reprehensible independence.

"*Is* there?" he asked, turning toward her again. But this time Barbie's vixenish eyes were veiled, and her rebellious red lips remained closed. "All right, Barbie, ef there ain't, an' ef you still think it's foolishness——"

"'Tis."

"I'll quit. Ef you ever want me to come, jest give me the least shadder of a sign, an' I'll come. Ef not, I'll stay away."

He paused just a moment at the door to glance back at her as she stood on the hearth in front of the old-fashioned fireplace watching the blaze that quivered and waved and deepened the glow of her cheeks and lips and the cluster of bitter-sweet berries twisted in her black locks that tangled over her head and across her forehead and down to her black eyebrows. A small inconsistent erratic bit of a girl was this Barbie, to disturb the peace of big honest bachelor Blossom. and that she refused to repair his shipwrecked heart was a fact much disapproved of by her own family and by bachelor Blossom's aunt, Miss Tabby Tinker.

"He's so big and awk'ard" was Barbie's excuse, "an' he will play on a squealin' old fiddle—an' men ain't no use noway as I see."

"The law o' mussy, what have you did now, you onnery little fyste?" was the exclamation that cut Barbie's present reflections short, as an active little woman with a thick twist of yarn over her arm, a ball of the same in one hand and a set of knitting needles in the other, entered the room with a spring like that of a cat jumping at a mouse.

"What's he goin' fer when he jes' come—*say*?" she demanded energetically, pointing an accusatory knitting needle at Barbie.

"'Twasn't my fault," murmured Barbie "if he wanted to git up an' rare an' go home. What have *I* did, I'd like to know, mammy?"

"You've done lost Bob Blossom, likely. That's what."

"Bob Fiddlesticks! I aint never had him to lose as I know of."

"'Cause you aint got as much sense as—*nothin'*. A feller aint goin' to be made a fool of *all* his life by no sich a triflin' little piece as you. What *kin* make you so fractious, Barbie Bittersweet?"

"Mammy," returned Barbie, "I'm Bittersweet by name—and maybe by nature too."

"Then I wish 't to glory you'd quit bein' one or t'other—or both. Ef you *air* bittersweet by natur 'pears to me like the bitter's mighty easy to be saw, but hit 'ud take a powerful big telescope to diskiver the sweet."

Barbie folded her arms, and flirting up to the window, stood there watching bachelor Blossom as he entered his own home across the street; and again she bit her rebellious red lips in silence.

But when another week came, and no bachelor Blossom followed it, Barbie pinned pink bows at her throat, a double quantity of bitter-sweet berries in her hair, glanced out of the window every day—and wondered!

She had certainly put her contradictory little foot in it at last, and Miss Tabby Tinker who one morning dropped in, very much overshadowed by a big black sunbonnet, for a call on Mrs. Bittersweet, catching sight of a buff skirt and a slipper in the window sill, tipped the bonnet down extremely over her nose and couldn't see Barbie at all.

"An' how's Bob?" asked Mrs. Bittersweet, "I ain't saw Bob in a awful long time. Ain't chillin' nor nothin' is he?" Chills is bad down on the crick, I hearn."

"No, he ain't," said Miss Tabby, twitching the bonnet yet

lower over her nose: "ain't doin nothin but makin a fool of hisself. Bob's a plum idit, *I* b'leeve. Goin' out yere on the plains, he is, whurs the's is Indins an' wolves an' all kine of varments."

"The law sakes! won't he git sculped an' eat?"

"Reckon he will. Be *sho'* to. I kaint help it. I tole him he was the plummest fool ever I sawn. He will go. *I* kaint help it, an' *you* kaint help it; an' whoever kin help it *won't* help it. But ef a feller's fool enough to go off an' git sculped an' eat, jest 'cause he kaint pick up a fire-coal an' tote it round with him allers, let him go an' *git* sculped an' eat—that's what."

The buff skirt and the slipper were not in the window sill when Miss Tabby rose to depart; they were upstairs, and Barbie was there too, wondering if Bob would really be rash enough to go and get sculped and eat, and how another week and another—and a life time would seem without any big awkward honest cheerful loving bachelor Blossom, and how she could ever have played such a reckless game with his kind, tender heart.

Something echoed in her ear: "Ef you ever want me to come, give me the least shadder of a sign." A sudden little motion of her head caused the bitter-sweet berries she wore in token of her name and nature to fall out at her feet.

"Poor Bob," she murmured, "you never called me a fire-coal, nor said I was bitter and not sweet." Then she picked up the bitter-sweet berries, and remembered that to-morrow would be the 14th of February.

Bachelor Blossom, having been chased out of his kitchen by Miss Tabby Tinker who sat enshrined among the sauce-pans therein, wandered into the crisp, frosty February sunshine and sought consolation in a morning smoke at his front gate from which point he caught glimpses of Barbie Bitter-sweet in a scarlet flannel jacket, the berries in her hair glowing like a faint red star in the distance, carefully watering a hopelessly frozen up geranium in the window sill across the way, and at once lost himself in a maze of unsatisfactory reflections concerning the bittersweet brunette.

A low-spirited youth in a disreputable hat, and evidently on bad terms with the family soap-dish, straggled up the road and, pausing in front of bachelor Blossom, treated him to a comprehensive stare, and accosted him with the non-committal utterance:

"Say!"

"Young feller," said bachelor Blossom, "you'll get pop-eyed ef you stare that-a-way much."

The youth proceeded to sulk.

"Needn't to snurl at a feller," he remarked with injured dignity, "'specially when he's fetched you a volunteen," fishing a little cream-colored envelope out of his pocket with the air of a highly offended martyr.

A quarter, however, restored the youth's downcast spirits, and sent him upon his way warbling blithely about a yeller gal that winked at him, while bachelor Blossom's awkward fingers snapped off both the wings of the pink Cupid on the envelope before he could reach the contents of the missive. No ridiculous jumble of hearts and arrows and butterflies and flowers met his gaze—nothing but a snow white card, in the center of which was painted a cluster of vividly brilliant bittersweet berries.

When Miss Tabby Tinker found leisure to look out of the door for the purpose of warning Bob that he better git off'n that there gate ef he didn't want to buy new hinges, no Bob was there. And Miss Tabby stood still in amazement at seeing both Bob and Barbie in the window across the way.

And Barbie had pledged her word that she would not remain Bittersweet, and Bob had gladly agreed to give up the notion of going where he might chance to get "sculped and eat."

The Gothic Kings.

(*Four Antique Statues on the Pincian Hill, Rome.*)

BY MRS. SARAH BRIDGES STEBBINS.

ANCIENT captives we,
Bound eternally,
With weary hands enchained,
And faces bowed and pained,
While eras dawned and waned,
We thus have watched the mightiness of Rome!

Never to be free!
Whither could we flee
To reach some blessed land,
Upheld by conquering band,
Ungrasped by outstretched hand,
Of an insatiate and world possessing Rome!

Images of stone,
Mournful and alone,
Amid the bright To-Day,
Signs of things past away,
We symbolize the sway
Of unrelenting and resistless olden Rome!

Types of something more,
In the days of yore,
Some subtly thinking Greek,
Beholding strength grow weak,
Made deathless marble speak
Of Freedom's yearning strife against enslaving Rome!

For as sculptor wrought,
Farther reaching Thought
Saw happier coming hour,
When e'en earth's conquering power
No more could darkly tower,
For Death the prisoners freed e'en of law-girt Rome!

Musing o'er the clay,
"Lo," he said, "alway,
O, captives, ye shall stand,
Personifying band
In emblematic land
Of bondage, wider than the thraldom of great Rome!"

"Types of awful Fate,
Common human state,
Whose chains of circumstance
Forbid the soul's advance
Toward fetterless expanse
Of liberty, beyond our stern condition's Rome!

"Endless spirit strife
Throughout mortal life,
Of longing to be free
From entailed misery
Of unsought destiny,
Controlled and crushed by an inexorable Rome!

"As the ages roll
From man's unseen soul,
Shall evermore arise
The secret, anguish cries
Of doubt that never dies,
Humanity's protest against ordaining Rome!

"Questioning of Death,
If with end of breath,
The bonds of time and place,
Of nature and of race,
Of heritage's trace,
Shall fall forever off from slaves of this earth's Rome!"

Thousands come and go,
Our sad gaze below,
But few the seeing eyes,
That in our captive guise,
Know hidden meaning lies,
Of fate-environed life 'mid universal Rome!

What Women are Doing.

Three Young Ladies have just taken mathematical honors at the University of Cambridge.

"**Juliette Somber,**" otherwise Madame Edmond Adam, once wrote a book called "An Ugly Woman," which T. B. Peterson and Brothers have published.

Dr. Caroline E. Hastings, professor of anatomy in Boston University, lectures on "The Mechanism of the Foot, and why French heels are injurious."

"**Sarah Brooks**"—who is understood to be the clever daughter of Sir Fitz James Stephen—has written an excellent little volume of "French History for English Children."

A Great Institution with many branches has since 1873 developed at Naples from a struggling kindergarten. In this institution a girl entering at three years of age can be trained and instructed until she is capable of earning her livelihood.

The Women's University at St. Petersburg has a physical laboratory with 150 students, a chemical laboratory with 60 students, and a physiological laboratory with 100 students. A special mathematical faculty was lately opened. The advantages offered equal those of the male university.

There are eight regularly educated and authorized women physicians (French), now practising in different cities in France, chiefly in Paris, and the number is very rapidly increasing.

Twenty-six medical women are registered as having passed the King's and Queen's College examinations—most of them with honors—and are now engaged in successful practice. Seven medical institutions are officered wholly, or in part, by women.

Three hundred Birmingham ladies recently organized and made a presentation of an elegant diamond ornament to their ex-mayoress, Mrs. Chamberlain, as an acknowledgment of her interest in women's movements, and special work in the Woman's Hospital. The local press expressed great surprise at the very prompt, straightforward, and business-like way, in which the affair was managed.

The Royal Humane Society has awarded its silver medal to a girl of fifteen—Minnie Cameron—for saving her sister, Kate Cameron, who was in danger of drowning while bathing in the River Ottawa, at Thurso, Quebec.

The Queen of Belgium stopped her carriage in a street of Paris lately, and made her footman get down from his box to restore a hat that had blown off from the head of a poor cabman, who was afraid to leave his horse, and was gesticulating frantically to the passers by, who, one and all, laughed at him.

The Government of Liberia has given two hundred acres of land for the foundation of a seminary for the education of young girls. Miss Margaretta Scott has gone to Liberia to begin the work. She carries with her $5,000 for a commencement and a charter from the State of Maryland, also an annual endowment of $5,000.

At the Municipal elections which recently took place in Paris, a woman, Mme. Léonie Rouzade, candidate for the Bercy *quartier*, received 57 votes. It may be observed that the voting papers which contained her name were at the time of the examination counted as legal votes. Hitherto any ballot papers containing the names of women have been annulled.

A single match factory at Stockholm employs upwards of eight hundred hands, three hundred and thirty-nine of whom are women. The factory has gained a world-wide celebrity for the quality, as well as cheapness of its products. It is exceedingly well managed, the interests of the employees are cared for, and the precautions against fire and accident so thorough, that insurance premium is very small.

Women in India.—At a recent meeting of the "Bengal Ladies' Association" (Calcutta), a paper was read by Miss Kadambini Bose on "The Advantages to be derived from Social Meetings." On these occasions the members read and discuss news from Europe and the United States relating to education and progress. The meetings are interesting and useful from many points of view.

Miss Genevieve Ward has had an immense success during her second American tour. Her acting, her company, her costumes, are all pronounced "perfect." The Cincinnati *Commercial*, the Nestor of the West, says: "She (Miss Ward) has forever fixed the standard of the part she has created; and should any one ever attempt to play the part of 'Forget-me-not,' she will be tried by the high standard Miss Ward has set; and as nearly as she attains this will she reach perfection."

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb read a paper recently before the New Haven Colony Historical Society, which was a biographical sketch of Lion Gardiner, founder of the manor of Gardiner's Island, the first English settlement in the State of New York. The Assembly was one of great dignity, and the lecturer was announced as the first lady ever invited to read before the New York Historical Society; also the first one invited to read before the New Haven Society.

A Virginia bride of two weeks, Mrs. Douglass Vass, saved her husband's life, her own, and their vehicle and horses, from injury by her courage, coolness, and presence of mind recently in a case of such emergency, owing to a swollen river, as rendered the man powerless to act, except under her direction, and when the threatened danger had been averted.

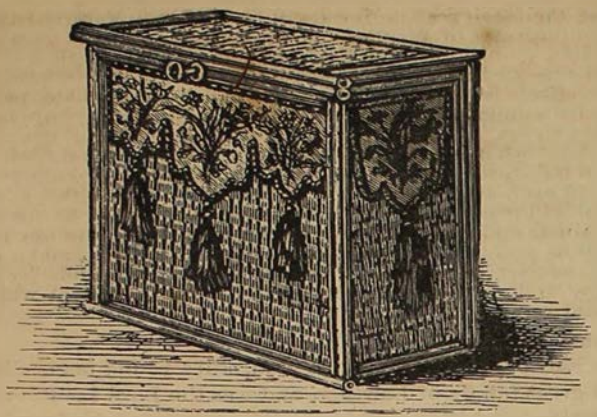
A few years ago it was said every other man in Arkansas was a drunkard, and every drunkard carried a revolver. It was about the last field in the world for temperance work; but a very large amount of it has been done within the last few months, principally by the efforts of women and their persistent determination that the laws should be enforced which defined the limits for the legal sale of intoxicating drinks. They have started petitions, crowded court-rooms, shut up groggeries, and finally beaten the dealers.

Le National (Paris), in commenting on the progress women have made during the last twenty-five years, says that last year the *Congrésphylloxerique*, assembled at Bordeaux, had two grand prizes to award to the viniculturists who had signalized themselves by intelligence, activity, and perseverance in the conflict with the phylloxera. They were awarded to two ladies. The recipient of the first prize is the proprietor of a large vineyard in the environs of Letourne, and she received the medal of honor.

Mrs. Urania B. Humphrey has given the Long Island Historical Society a fund for the purchase of books relating to women, with which one hundred and fifty volumes have been bought the past year. Misses Caroline and Ellen Thurston contributed to a department on the history of Egypt, the Holy Land, and Greece, to which the society is paying much attention. Mrs. Maria Cary established a fund much used for biography and genealogy.

A long step in the higher education of women has just been taken by the University of London. A meeting of the Convocation has adopted a motion that female graduates be admitted to Convocation. Having already taken power to grant degrees to women, and having put those powers in execution, it has now taken the logical and natural step of admitting those women who obtain the degrees to all the rights and privileges that are enjoyed by men who have taken the same degrees, including that of being active members of the governing body. Harvard and Yale and Columbia will please make a note.

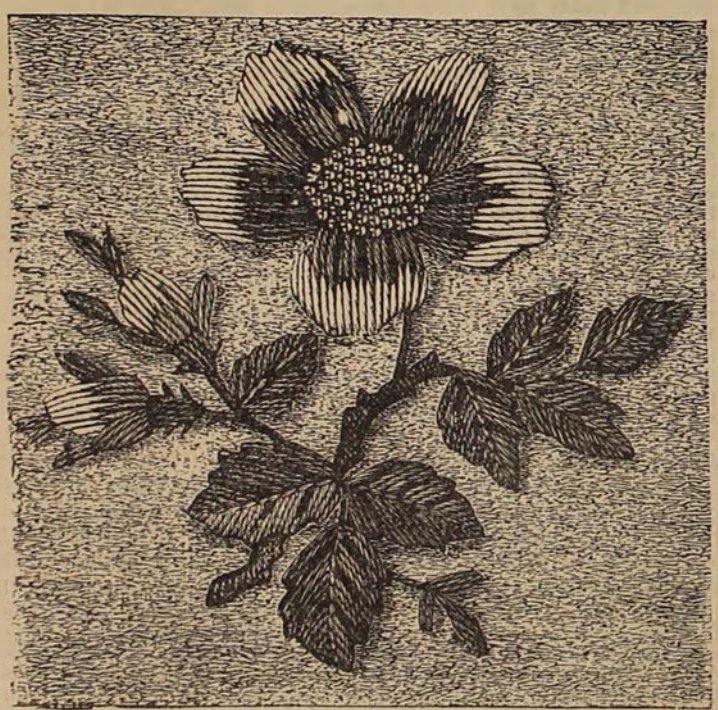
The Woman's National Relief Association, founded in 1880, to supply the Life-Saving Service with clothing and necessities for rescued persons not furnished by the Government, has had a remarkable success. The first annual report, published by the New York State Auxiliary Association, of which Miss Alice Sandford, daughter of General Sandford, is Secretary and Assistant Treasurer, states that through this auxiliary about seventy-five boxes, barrels, and trunks of good clothing and bedding were sent to the Port Huron Committee for the relief of the Michigan sufferers by fire, accompanied by money for the purchase of pins, needles, tapes, buttons, and the like. No more clothing being required at Port Huron, the work for the life-saving stations was renewed, and, in all, thirty-four boxes have been sent to as many stations during the year. In each box are sent three or four complete suits of clothing for men and women; some also for children; blankets and towels, and restoratives in the forms of steam-cooked wheat, oats, Liebig's beef extract, tea, and sugar.



Wood Box.

AS many houses in the country burn wood, this article will be found very useful.

Take a box 27 inches high, the same length, and 18 inches wide, have a cover made for it with hinges. Cover the box on the outside with a dark patterned floor matting, and to finish the edges tack on nicely either a black walnut or gilt moulding. The vandykes are cut to please the fancy. Our illustration represents the material as light brown cloth, or felt, worked in colored crewels or silk, in what is called the Kensington stitch. The enlarged design is a wild-rose in full bloom and buds. The leaves are in shaded green-olive and brown. When the embroidery is finished, press lightly on the wrong side, then line with foundation, and



finish the edges with a heavy cord, and a long tassel in the center of each large point. This box can be used for many purposes, and by a little ingenuity arranged as a cabinet by the addition of legs, and letting down the front instead of opening the top, and putting in several shelves.

Scrap Basket.

THE basket is an ordinary wicker one lined with satin jean. The outside is covered plain with dark red satin. On two sides are painted or embroidered a spray of flowers. Around the top, up one side, and at the bottom, is a loose puffing of olive colored plush ornamented with variegated tassels.

Cabinet or Door Panels.

A VERY pretty idea for painting panels. Mark out on old gold colored satin the size of panel and oval, and paint a face in the center; surround it with a wreath of variegated wild brier leaves and black berries straying up the panel; or another design is composed of two shaded purple irises crossing each other with leaves, and a straggling spray of small convolvulus leaves clinging about the stalk. For a dining-room fruit clusters of cherries of different degrees of ripeness, on a thick stalk, with blossom, birds and leaves, look well. A most effective and also simple way is in arrasene work. There are two kinds, the wool and silk chenille, and the colors of both are beautiful. Most of the design is worked with the wool chenille, and the silk kind is added to give effect and richness to the whole.

Toilet Cushion.

A SQUARE cushion, or a box with cushion on the cover, is needed as a foundation. For stuffing it is best to use bran.

The top is covered with puffings of pink silk crossed by bands of embroidery (the same design of embroidery as used for the toilet bottle-case will be found suitable). The sides of the cushion are ornamented with a double box-plaited ruffle of silk, plaited in clusters and pinked at the bottom. If the cushion is in the form of a box finish at the edge of the lid with a heavy silk cord, but if made in a square cushion, allow the bands of embroidery to continue down to the edge of the ruffle. This also answers for a handkerchief sachet.

CURRENT TOPICS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS OF THE DAY.

INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH. — CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR POINT OF VIEW.

Egypt.

The Egyptian imbroglio is likely to be a serious one. That country was recently put under the control of the representatives of the English and French bond-holders. These people cared nothing for Egypt or its prosperity, and as they represented a wholly irresponsible and exceedingly rapacious class of money-lenders, they proceeded to make all the money they could out of the unhappy inhabitants of the land of the Nile. The taxes were diverted to the payment of the interest on the bonds, and what was left was divided among the relatives and dependents of the leading capitalists who represent the bonded interest of Great Britain and France. Every appointment which involved a salary was given to young French and English understrappers, and their compensation increased in every case inordinately. Young fellows who would be glad to make a bare living as clerks in their own country were saddled upon the unfortunate Egyptians and given princely incomes. There is no government so mean, so rapacious, as that of the money-lenders, and this class had full swing in the land of the Pharaohs. Of course the wrath of the people of Egypt, especially of the leading classes, was unbounded, and was manifested in every way, but as the bond-holders had the governments of Great Britain and France behind them, no heed was paid to the righteous indignation of the cruelly plundered Egyptians. It is difficult to foresee how this will all end. The fate of Egypt is bound up with the puzzling Eastern question. Asia Minor, Syria, and the land of the Pharaohs are destined to be the scene of many mighty conflicts between Russia on one side and England and France on the other. Mighty commercial interests are at stake. It is vital to the Western powers that the Suez canal, Egypt, and the route to India should be in their hands; but the measureless greed of the bankers will help the enemies of England and France by making the people of Egypt their active enemies.

The Jews in Russia.

A great meeting was held in New York recently to sympathize with the Jews who have been so cruelly persecuted in Russia. There is a society of Hebrews who are helping the Russian and Polish Jews to emigrate to this country. So far the Jews in the United States have been so few in numbers as not to have excited any national or race antipathy. Their rivals in trade do not like them of course; but the ruling classes in this country are lawyers and agriculturists, and they do not come in conflict with members of the Jewish races. The Hebrew instinctively avoids all productive industries. There are those who argue that it is unwise to encourage Jewish immigration. They do so on the ground that the Hebrews absorb the wealth of a community but add nothing to the general welfare. They point to the fact, apparent in all ages, that the Jew when in sufficient numbers, always excites the keenest hostility in the community where he lives. It is claimed that this is not due merely to religious prejudice, but to the ability of the descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob to outlie and outcheat their Christian rivals. But the Jewish race is a marvelous one. Of their ability there can be no question. In finance, statesmanship, literature, philosophy, the arts, especially music, Jewish intellect and genius shine pre-eminent. It is a pity this splendidly endowed race should have moral shortcomings which make it detestable in so many communities. It will be remembered that Disraeli in his famous reply to Daniel O'Connell, claimed that all Europe and the English speaking race owed its religion to the Jews, inasmuch as one-half of the Christian world worshiped a Jewess (the Virgin Mary), and the other half a Jew (Jesus).

Musical Festivals.

On May 2, of this year, will commence the great musical festival which promises to mark an epoch in the history of music in the United States. There will be a chorus of 3,000 voices, selected from the leading singers of all the Eastern cities, while the orchestra will comprise 300 instrumentalists, the pick of the musicians of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore. Among the foreign attractions will be Madame Materna, the famous interpreter of Wagner's noblest music. May is usually an enjoyable month in New York, and it will be worth a visit to attend this great festival and see the wonders of the metropolis. Every citizen of the United States should, if possible, pay one visit to Washington during the session of Congress, stopping on the way to see the lions of New York. It is all well enough to read about what is going on, but our splendid capital should be seen to be appreciated, while New York is fast becoming a city that will rank among the finest in the world. But this musical festival will necessarily give an impulse to art study in this country. Music and choral singing ought to be taught in our public schools as it is in Germany. Its influence is refining, and a training in the harmonies of the "concords of sweet sounds" adds a new joy to life. Let us hope that the musical festival will be a splendid success.

A Noble Nuisance.

The Earl of Lonsdale has just died, still a young man. He was of the great family of Lowthar, and was the Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland and Westmoreland. At twenty-five he found himself in possession of a fortune of $400,000 a year. Had he even average abilities and a fair moral character, he might have aspired to any position under the English crown. He married the daughter of Sidney Herbert, a gifted and gracious gentleman; but the young lord and his lady early joined a very fast set and spent their lives in a round of shameful dissipations. The lady's name was smirched, and the young lord went from bad to worse till his fortune was dissipated and his health impaired. He came to this country on a yachting excursion with Dr. Kingsley, a brother of the famous poet, novelist and historian, but he went home to die of disorders engendered by his riotous life. A sad ending this to the career of the last of a noble house, the possessor of a vast fortune and a rank which ought to have lifted him above the common run of men and made him a shining light to all his age.

Mines of Precious Stones.

Gems of all kinds possess a curious interest to human beings. From the earliest times precious stones have had a strange attraction for the wealthy and powerful of the earth. So far no diamond fields have been discovered in the United States, but precious stones are found in several localities. In New Mexico there is a famous turquoise mine which must have been worked literally a thousand years ago, for it yielded up its treasures to the Aztecs and to other prehistoric races which dominated in Mexico and adjoining countries. It is believed this mine can still be used for bringing out its peculiar treasures, but in the eager hunt for gold and silver mines, the mining of gems is overlooked. In Alexander County, North Carolina, they are discovering emeralds, and in such quantities that the mining of them is likely to become a profitable industry. A Mr. Hidden has sunk a shaft some 36 feet on the Stevenson plantation, and in it discovered numerous pockets of emeralds. These are not of much commercial value, as the colors are defective, and flaws in the gems are numerous, but further mining may develop a great wealth of these gems. An enthusiast named Byrne, in Mott Haven, New York, is even now investigating the subject of diamond making. He thinks he is on the point of finding out the secret of nature in the production of diamonds. But this is probably as wild a dream as that of the alchemists of the middle ages who supposed they could transmute the baser metals into gold.

Large Families.

It is not so common in these modern days to have as many children in a family as in the olden times; but occasionally one hears of large families coming from one pair. Hiram Blein of Hickory Town, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, is the father of twenty-two daughters and two sons. The daughters are all married and only two of them are not mothers. Not long since the twenty-four children and all the grandchildren made up a surprise party and paid old Mr. Blein, who is 79 years of age, a visit. The occasion was an extraordinary one, and the visit must have been a pleasant one for the patriarch. Of course, in polygamous countries, the number of children in families is larger than where monogamy obtains. Some Mormon familes include a great many children. When the Turkish Empire was in its prime, a hundred children, the offspring of one father, was not uncommon. There is what may be called a communistic side to polygamy which is not usually taken into account. It is only the rich who can afford to indulge in plural marriage, and the wives and children naturally eat up large estates. The rich polygamist of one generation is generally followed by the poor soldier or artisan of the succeeding generation. An aristocratic class descending from father to son and supported by great possessions is impossible in any polygamous community where all the children inherit the wealth of the father.

The Clôture.

The British Parliament is in a dilemma. Heretofore it has had absolute freedom of debate. There was no previous question, and no vote could be taken until every one whom the House would tolerate could be heard. But the Irish members, under the lead of Parnell, used the forms of the House to stop all business,

so as to force Parliament to do justice to Ireland, whereupon Mr. Gladstone brought in a series of rules to give the House the right to stop a debate when a majority of the members so desired. With the exception of the Senate of the United States every legislative body has been forced to adopt some means of putting an end to unnecessary talk. The American Congress, being composed mainly of lawyers, do more idle speechmaking than any other national legislature in the world. The lawyer makes a business of talk, instead of talking to transact business. Some day our Senate will have to adopt the previous question, for it is beginning to be a large body, quite as large indeed as the House of Representatives in the beginning of our Government. The members of Parliament do not take kindly to the new rules, for their adoption would be a blow to the importance of the average member.

Gambetta's Position.

After occupying the position of Premier for a few weeks, Gambetta resigned power because the French Chambers declined to make a change in the constitution by which members would be elected on a general ticket instead of by districts. Gambetta said that the short life of French ministries and the lack of a definite policy of the Government, was due to the choice of deputies by single districts. Swayed by local considerations, they could not act together; so the Chambers divided into numberless cliques, and ministers were at the mercy of their caprices. There is no doubt but what it would much improve the character of our House of Representatives if at least half the members were elected on general tickets. It is undoubtedly Gambetta's intention to appeal to the French nation to return a Chamber which will make the alterations he desires. He is still the strongest man in France, and were a Presidential election in order, he could easily become Chief Magistrate of the Republic. It is believed that in his secret heart Gambetta does not desire to return to power until such time as France is in a position to demand of Germany the restitution of Alsace and Lorraine.

Condemned to Death.

The assassin of President James A. Garfield has been sentenced to be hung June 30th of this year. The trial has been a very long and costly one, and naturally has been followed with great interest by the American people. There are those who think the trial was not a creditable one to the practices of our American courts. Why should so much time and money have been wasted upon so clear a case? One hour's testimony would settle the question that Guiteau committed the murder, while it need not have taken a week to put in all the testimony pro and con as to whether he was or was not insane. When so many good men and women live miserable lives and die painful deaths, why so much waste of means and valuable time upon this unspeakable wretch? We live in an age when all inventions are economizing time, but lawyers persist in clinging to the past, and wasting it in complying with obsolete formulas.

Mr. Blaine's Foreign Policy.

Had President Garfield lived, the United States would have been committed to a foreign policy as different from that of George Washington as day is from night. Washington, in view of the poverty of the country, its small population, and its remoteness from Europe, decided that we should avoid all entangling alliances, live for ourselves and have nothing to say about the affairs of the rest of the world. And this has been the policy of the country down to the advent of Mr. James G. Blaine to the position of Secretary of State. In the diplomatic correspondence given to the public recently, Mr. Blaine had taken an entirely different tone from any of his predecessors. He wanted to have a political union of all the states on this continent; that is to say, that the South American nations should form a kind of a union with the United States at its head. Mr. Blaine was further desirous of the United States occupying a very different position toward Europe, and had he continued in office, there is no doubt but what this country would have had its say in the Councils of the Nations on all questions affecting the peace or commerce of the world. Old fashioned and conservative people were very much frightened when they found that Mr. Blaine had been so pronounced in his foreign policy; yet it is very evident that some time or other the United States will be forced into a very different attitude from that marked out by Washington, because of its enormous increase in wealth, population and power. We now are within a few days of Europe by steamer, and in instantaneous communication by cable. We will soon have 60,000,000 of people, and our commercial relations will be such that what interests the rest of mankind will be of vital importance to us. Mr. Blaine may be a merely sensational statesman, but the policy he outlined is one this country some time must take, though perhaps it may be more discreetly undertaken by some other Secretary than the one who was the life and soul of the Garfield Administration.

Drowned in Sight of Help.

Two cases occurred recently in London which have naturally excited a good deal of comment. A child fell into the water in one of the ornamental parks of that city, and although it was only two feet deep the little one was allowed to drown without a hand being put out to save her. On another occasion a wretched woman, weary of life, plunged into the water in Kensington Gardens. She was seen to drown, with a half dozen persons in sight who looked helplessly on, not caring to wet their clothes to drag her out of the lake. The papers in commenting upon these cases say that since the institution of police all personal initiative in the way of courageous action has been lost. Occasionally we hear of spirited women who make a bold fight with a burglar; but it is a fact that depending so entirely upon an armed force, the inhabitants of great cities are not as bold in helping themselves or their neighbors, as they were in times when they had no such dependence. The heroes who plunge into raging torrents to save drowning women and children are plentiful enough in novels, but are very rare in real life in large cities.

Doing Good While Alive.

Peter Cooper has celebrated his 92d birthday, and he may yet reach a hundred. His has been a long and a well spent life. He has set the fashion of not waiting till death to give money for scientific or art purposes. His Institute in New York is a noble monument to his fame. He has a rival now in Brooklyn, Mr. George I. Seney. This gentleman, the son of a clergyman, has made a great deal of money by investments in railways and the building of new lines. Ever since wealth has poured in upon him he has been giving generously, but never to beggars. He has given away in all in sums above $25,000, $1,489,000. His benefactions are for literary institutions, libraries, hospitals, infirmaries and industrial schools for homeless children. When asked why he gave away his money while still living, Mr. Seney answered: "First of all, because that I feel that I am a trustee, responsible for the right use of the money given me. With the experience that I have, I believe that I am the person best qualified to carry out the provisions and duties of that trusteeship. What certainty have I that these provisions and duties would ever be duly carried out after my death? Absolutely none. Whereas now, by making these gifts in my lifetime, I am sure that the precise object I desire is accomplished in just the way I want. And then, too, I am more and more convinced of the truth of the words: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' The great danger of increasing riches is that it fosters a disposition to hoard money only for the sake of hoarding it. Slightly to alter a common word, it becomes a *money*-mania with them: they gloat over their millions, just because they are millions, and not because of the happiness producible from them. Now I maintain that such a spirit is unworthy not only of a true Christian but of a true man, and I have determined never to let it appear in my character."

Camels in America.

Some twenty-five years ago a public spirited American brought to this country several pairs of camels, supposing they might be of value in crossing the arid plains of our Western and Southwestern country. But there was some disappointment as to their commercial availability, and so they were set free in the deserts of Arizona. They have increased very greatly in numbers, and the Indians make a business of catching them to sell to the owners of menageries. We are building railroads so rapidly to all parts of the country that camels are not needed by us for the conveyance of freight, nor will they be of much use when the iron horse finds its way across the barren places of the Old World. It is an ugly animal to look upon, but the camel has certainly been a faithful friend to man, and has served him in good stead in desert countries where wide stretches of sand separated populous communities.

About Asteroids.

Every schoolboy knows that there are small heavenly bodies in our solar system which are known as asteroids. They do not seem to be of much account, and are probably fragments of planets which have been shattered, or are segments of the larger globes which have been hurled out into space. If this took place when, according to the nebular hypothesis, the various bodies in space were incandescent, they would become globular in shape. Professor Hornstein of Vienna has recently communicated to the world the result of his researches in connection with asteroids. He thinks the number of those with a diameter of more than twenty-five geographical miles is extremely small, and they were probably all discovered some years ago. He is of opinion, also, that few of them have a less diameter than five miles; indeed, the vast mass of asteroids seen through our telescopes are between five and fifteen miles in diameter. There is little scientific value connected with these inferior planetary bodies; they have no atmospheres, and cannot support life. We know that the material of which they are composed is very similar to that which formed this earth, but they may help some time to solve the great mystery of the creation of worlds.

A Cheap Anæsthetic.

It has been discovered that if a person breathes very rapidly, he can stand a very severe surgical operation with but little pain. In inhaling and expelling the breath quickly, the blood is arterialized by the inflow of oxygen, and thus some such effect is obtained as when laughing gas is taken. Then the excitement and the fixing of attention on some other object than the cutting or probing of the surgeon distracts attention away from the pain of

the operation. In the excitement of battle the soldier often fails to realize that he is severely wounded. All this it would do well to bear in mind if pain has to be endured under circumstances where anæsthetics are not convenient. It should be remembered, by the way, that chloroform should never be taken except in childbirth. It is very dangerous in surgical cases and in extracting teeth, for fatal results often follow its use. For these cases laughing gas or a mixture of ether and nitrous oxide should be used.

Private Madhouses.

It seems incredible, yet it is nevertheless true, that all that is needed to send a person to a lunatic asylum in England is the certificate of two physicians alleging insanity. It has been proved beyond all peradventure that perfectly sane men and women have been incarcerated in private lunatic asylums, by relatives who found them disagreeable or who wished to get possession of their property. It is true there is a royal commission empowered to examine every case that is called to their attention, but even this does not protect a sane person against involuntary imprisonment. The purchased testimony of two irresponsible doctors, without any further examination, is all that is needed. A Mr. Elliot recently escaped from a private lunatic asylum in England, and he succeeded in not only proving himself sane, but that a number of persons in the same institution were of perfectly sound minds.

The Cholera Coming.

The Ganges and the Jumna, two of the greatest rivers in Asia, are each considered sacred by the Hindoos; but where the two rivers unite is regarded as the very holy of holies. This point is called Allahabad. There is quite a lake at this point, and in the middle of it a sandy fork which juts in between the two rivers. It is to Allahabad the pilgrims come from all points of Hindostan. They live and sleep upon this sandbank, singing hymns, offering up prayers and almost worshiping the two sacred streams. The sanitary conditions are of course frightful: the land becomes foul, and the rivers polluted, and it is on this filthy and sacred spot that the cholera has started in its periodical marches around the world. At last accounts the annual pilgrimage was under way, and cholera of a violent type had made its appearance. Cholera of late years has not been as fatal as of yore, and enough is known to enable the authorities to check its ravages if efficient means are taken. But still it makes its appearance once in about every seventeen years, and if it again resumes its march around the world we may expect it in the United States in 1883.

A Girl Killer.

Miss Sarah Stokes, seventeen years of age, is to be tried for her life for murdering Miss Melinda Stevens, a girl of fourteen. It seems Miss Stokes heard that an elder sister of Melinda had spoken slightingly of her. Being of quick temper, she went with her sister, a married woman, to the house of Stevens, but did not find the young lady home who had offended her. She spoke angrily respecting her in the presence of Melinda, who replied so tauntingly in defense of her absent sister, that Miss Stokes became fearfully enraged, and taking out a knife plunged it in the neck of the young girl, who died almost instantly. Since the tragedy the two families have become friends, and all are doing what they can to rescue the young girl from the consequences of a violent temper. How unwise it is to indulge in angry feeling, while it is positively wicked for excitable people to carry with them dangerous weapons.

New Government Departments.

A proposition is before Congress to have a new Cabinet officer, to be called the Secretary of Agriculture. In the new department are to be several important bureaus; one of statistics for acquiring information in relation to agriculture, a second of lands, a third of agricultural products, and a fourth of animal industry. There is an evident desire to change our Government into a great industrial republic; in which case our Cabinet will represent labor, transportation, commerce, manufactures, education and art. We have a Secretary of the Navy when we have no navy, and one of War when practically we have no army. All we need is a department of public defense, with two bureaus for the army and navy. In other countries art, education and commerce are recognized among the chief departments of the government, and it is quite true that the United States realizes that its future is bound up with questions affecting the multitude, and that the nation itself is a potent factor in stimulating the commerce and the agricultural productions of the people of the United States.

And now a Navy.

It is about settled that the United States is to build a defensive navy. This is not designed to fight the ironclad fleets of other nations, but to capture the steamships and sailing vessels of the enemy. The United States to-day is absolutely without a navy; its ships are worthless for offensive or defensive purposes. One foreign ironclad would be more than a match for all the old wooden tubs which float the American flag. It is proposed to build new vessels of steel capable of running from 15 to 18 knots an hour. These are to be armed by one or two enormous guns. The object is to fight the enemy at a great distance, while out of the reach of his cannon balls. Congress ought also to provide floating batteries for our principal harbors. Torpedoes have never yet stopped a resolute enemy from entering a seaport. We have no large guns, and our harbor defenses are as much behind the age as our warships. Potentially the United States is the greatest military and naval power on earth. Should however a war take place within the next two years, New York and our principal seaports will be easily and promptly captured by the enemy, as we have neither guns nor ships nor any defenses to beat off an attacking force. But it is well to know that we have at least begun the creation of a navy.

The Channel Tunnel.

Work has actually been commenced to construct a tunnel between France and England under the stormy channel. Indeed, there are two tunnels under way, each distinct; one by an English company, the other by a syndicate of railroad people on the Continent. This will be a wonderful work, if ever completed. It will be of great value to travelers and merchants, for it will unite the railway system of England, Wales and Scotland with that of France and the Continent. The freight business it would do would be enormous, for the thousands of vessels now employed to convey goods from Great Britain to the Continent would no longer be needed. But still the completion of this vast enterprise is far in the future, and it may be there are difficulties in the way which may prevent its consummation.

A Washerwoman's Daughter at Court.

Their first meeting was on a dark stairway at the American Hotel in Mazatlan. As he was descending he pushed somewhat rudely against the young woman, who saucily told him he had better be careful and not try to knock people down stairs. Of course he apologized and the encounter in the dark led to a subsequent meeting, when General Corona of the Mexican army and Betty Bowman became known to each other. Betty was a servant, and her mother was a San Francisco washerwoman; but her pretty face and saucy manner so impressed the handsome young officer that he offered her his hand and heart. She accepted, whereupon he sent her to school to fit her for the higher station in life she was to occupy. He pursued his career in the army under Juarez, rose to high positions in the state, and was finally sent as the Mexican Minister to the Court of Madrid. Madame Corona, notwithstanding her humble origin, was the observed of all observers, not only for her personal beauty, but because of the grace of her manner and her many and varied accomplishments. The fortunes of Betty describing her rise from kitchen to court, including the adventure on the stairway, would make a very pretty plot for a story or play.

What to do with the Dead.

The subject of cremation is likely to come to the front in Paris soon because of the difficulty of finding proper places to inter the dead. It seems all the available ground in the cemeteries will be used up by 1883. With the growth of large centers of population, this matter of the proper disposition of the dead yearly becomes more troublesome. It does not take long for graveyards to become more populous than the cities which supply them with occupants. One of two things must happen: either the bodies be destroyed by fire, or they must be buried in the open fields, and allowed to fertilize the soil, the memorials being kept in family homes or in churches. Cemeteries near large cities in time necessarily are a nuisance, and have to be removed to give place to residences. The needs of the living, in the long run, are more regarded than the respect which ought to be felt for the ashes of the dead.

The Riotous Students.

Our college boys are behaving disgracefully all over the country. From all our seats of learning, with scarcely any exception, come stories of hazing, riots, and drunkenness which are discreditable in the extreme, not only to the students, but to the colleges where they take place. It is well to note, however, that there are no disturbances at institutions where the sexes are educated together. There must be something radically wrong in our systems of education when students so generally act in this reprehensible manner. The great bulk of our college presidents and professors are clergymen, and may it not be that their avocation and training unfits them to exercise proper control over young men? If matters go on in this way much longer, American fathers will be forced to send their sons abroad for a first-class education, or keep them home and train them as best they can with tutors. It really seems as if sending a son to college involves the risk of his finally coming home a disorderly and dissipated person.

A Big Dictionary.

Just think of one book in twelve quarto volumes of two thousand pages each. Such a work it is proposed to publish, which will be the first complete dictionary of the English language ever issued. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Herbert Coleridge, at the instigation of the English Philological Society, undertook to edit

such a work. When he died, Dr. Murray was made the editor, and he found himself in possession of several tons of manuscript. The new work is under way, and the first volume which relates to the letter A will be published this year; in ten years' time this great work will all have been published. The text will of course be swollen by the many quotations which will be given to illustrate the various definitions of all the words in the English language. But, after all, will this dictionary be of much value to the mass of the community? It will doubtless be prized by speakers, writers, and scholars; but life is too short for the ordinary man or woman of the world to spend their days in poring over a preposterously large dictionary.

Wealth in the Average.

Are the rich getting richer and the poor poorer? Mr. Mullhall, an English statesmen, says no. He endeavors to prove from statistics, which we cannot give here, that in modern life the middle classes grow largely, much more so than either the poorer or the very rich class. He makes out that Scotland and France have a larger proportion of a well-to-do middle class than any other country. Among the civilized nations Russia has the smallest middle class population. The seventeen million Russian peasants have an average income of only $185 a year. In our own country we see how rapidly of late years wealth has been passing into a few hands. In abolishing primogeniture and dividing property equally on the death of parents between the children, the makers of our American constitution supposed they had put a stop to the accumulation of wealth in very few families. But the centralizing tendencies of modern speculation have, as we all know, lodged enormous fortunes in a few American families. Our new census, when published, will probably tell whether our middle class is increasing or decreasing. It is undoubtedly true that some of the rich have grown very much richer within the past few years; but the question is, has this been at the expense of the community at large, or of any particular class beneath them? It should be the chief end of legislation to reduce to the narrowest limits the number of those who are very poor.

About the Suez Canal.

The opening of this great international waterway was vigorously opposed by the statesmen of Great Britain when it was first broached. Although a similar canal had been constructed in a prehistoric era by the Egyptians, English engineers declared that there were natural obstacles which could never be overcome in the way of a permanent opening of a waterway between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. But De Lesseps persevered, and to-day the Suez Canal is confessedly one of the most profitable and beneficent works constructed in modern times. During the past year its receipts have been over $10,000,000, and the shares of stock which at one time fell from 500 francs, their normal value, to 220 francs, sold last June at 3,500 francs. Strangely enough the English are its great patrons; 2,256 vessels bearing the flag of that nation went through the canal last year. This was 82 per cent. of the entire number of vessels using this monument of French engineering. Great Britain opposed the opening of the canal because it feared that France would thereby find a short route to the East Indies. The same nation is to-day opposed to a tunnel under the British Channel for the reason that it fears a foreign army may sometime seize the tunnel to invade England; but notwithstanding this the tunnel will probably be built in time, and if any foreign nation should wish to conquer Great Britain, it can make the attempt without waiting for the construction of any such work.

A New Gunpowder.

It was a monk who first discovered that a mixture of sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal, when ignited formed a gas of tremendous explosive power. Since then it has been found that a very powerful detonative can be made by mixing saltpetre and charcoal without sulphur. Sir William Armstrong advocates the use of such a powder, in place of the sulphurous compound formerly employed. An old writer, Farmer, thus describes the action of the three ingredients. He wrote in 1735. "First, brimstone, whose office is to catch fire and flame of a sudden, and convey it to the other two; second, charcoal pulverized, which continueth the fire and quencheth the flame, which otherwise would consume the strength thereof; third, saltpetre, which causeth a windy exhalation, and driveth forth the bullet."

Many new and powerful explosives have been discovered within the last few years, and chemistry is at work upon the problem of furnishing new powders of greater strength than any now known. It is believed that man will yet be able to pierce the most formidable chains of mountains by means of explosives now unknown. One of the most surprising facts in nature is that two or three substances having no relation to each other, which uncombined are inert, should when combined over a fire be transformed into the very demon of destruction.

The New Apportionment.

If the bill in the House of Representatives is sanctioned by the Senate, the lower House of Congress will hereafter consist of 325 members. This will be an increase in the number; and the only section which will lose in representatives is New England, which will have two members less than at present. The States which gain most are Texas and Kansas. Should these additions continue to be made to our Congress on each new census, our lower House will in time become as large as that of Great Britain, which has over 600 members. There is greater delay in the transaction of business in our Congress than in some other parliamentary bodies, because of the large proportion of lawyers which it contains. Then the rules of the House of Representatives are so intricate as to interfere with the transaction of business. The best men in the country do not find their way into our Congressional halls. The single district system lowers the average talent of the House.

Women in Cities.

One of the curious revelations of the census is the large increase of females in cities. New York has nearly 25,000 excess of females over males, Boston over 18,000, and indeed in all the cities north of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi there are more women than men. In the olden times it was the men who came to the cities, leaving the women in the homesteads; but the changes in modern industry, but more especially the growth of manufactures, have had the effect of emptying country homes of the women who before did most of the making of clothing. In the times of our forefathers the weaving, spinning and other employments gave work to the females of the family in their rural homes. But with the growth of manufactures home labor was discouraged and employments were to be found only in the large towns and cities. It is the more surprising that women should come in such numbers to cities, as landladies do not like them, and prefer patrons of the other sex because they can pay them better and are not so much trouble in the household. But necessity knows no law. Women are in the field as workers, and to earn their living they must seek the large centers of population. The tendency is not a wholesome one, but society in time will doubtless do what it can to surround women with guards which they do not have in their rural homes.

Fortune Makers in Ireland.

A poor country, as every one knows, yet there is one class who seem to be able to make great fortunes in Ireland. A man named Wise died lately in that country intestate, leaving $15,000,000 made out of a whiskey distillery in Cork. A few years since, Sir Benjamin Guinness left six millions of dollars, and an estate worth one hundred thousand dollars a day, all of which was derived from the brewing of the "stout" known throughout the world. In Cork also there is another porter brewing firm very wealthy, while in Dublin there is a distiller named Roe quite as well off as Wise. Ireland has many great landlords but very few rich ones. It is rare that a fortune is made in trade in that country, while outside of the linen manufactories, there is little that is profitable compared with similar establishments of the other nations. These rich distillers, by the way, have been very charitable, and have devoted a large part of their fortunes for educational and benevolent purposes. But this does not make up for the misery they have occasioned by the sale of intoxicating drinks. No doubt Ireland has been badly governed, but the amazing prosperity of the distillers must have something to do with the misfortunes of its people.

When will Men Fly?

A Mr. Crandell, of Brooklyn, says, he is sure that he can invent a machine by which men can fly through the air as easily as birds and many insects. It seems that there are twelve different ways of getting through the air, used in nature. But insects and birds never use any form of gas. Their bones are hollow, and the strength of the air navigating creature is on the outside. Mr. Crandell's idea is that the bird should be the model for an air machine, just as the fish is the proper model for a boat; he would have enormous wings, made of paper mache, and controlled by electricity. His idea is to fill the wings with holes which will be covered on the under side with thin shutters, made of light paper, opening downwards, so that when the wings are raised against the air, they will be sieves, and the resistance of the air will be lessened; and when they are lowered they will beat solidly against the air. A description of this machine reminds one of Dr. Johnson's story of Rasselas in which a bold inventor tried to make an aerial vessel which would transform a man into a species of flying squirrel or owl. It should be remembered, that thousands of ingenious minds are at work upon some invention that will enable man to conquer the air as completely as he has the land and the sea. Much was expected from a Russian who had discovered some method of exploding dynamite in such a way as to overcome the resistance of the air. Instead of permitting this dangerous substance to be discharged at once, he had some device by which he was enabled to explode it as it were, by degrees; but, unhappily for science, the Russian proved to be a Nihilist, and was sent to Siberia, while still engaged in his experiments. There is scarcely a doubt but what man will sometime or other succeed in navigating the air. The telegraph, the telephone, and even the steam engine perform marvelous exploits really greater than that of aerial flight, for numberless birds and insects have been performing that feat since the dawn of creation.

Novel Cooking Receipts.

Gypsy Cakes.—Gypsy or "Fortune-telling" cakes are a decided novelty, and can be made a very interesting feature of fairs in the country, pic-nics, excursions, and other like holiday occasions, and by the ingenious and inventive housewife, varied, and multiplied *ad infinitum*. One way, perhaps the simplest, is to make any nice rich dough commonly used for cookies or jumbles, and cut out in various *emblematic* shapes, such as horse-shoes, four leaf clovers, slippers, double hearts, rings, mittens, capital letters (this can be done with a sharp knife and thin card board patterns or *cutters* can be made to order at any tinner's), books, pens, silhouettes, comics, etc., etc.

When the cakes have been nicely baked in a moderate oven, cover with icing, white or pink, or both, grated cocoanut and sugar, jellies of different colors or even white and transparent custards may be used; spread on cakes in the shape of triangles, squares or circles, and perforated ones laid on top. For instance, take two round cakes, ice one with white or cover with amber or crimson jelly, take another round cake from the center of which the outline of a human head has been cut, or any other desirable emblem, and lay on top. If you have chosen a head, and white icing, cocoanut or custard, the head will appear in relief like a cameo, and will be supposed to represent a blonde; dark jelly a brunette, amber medium, and so on. Let some one of your number competent to act the part, dress up as a gypsy, and, carrying the cakes in a basket, (which must be a *covered* one) permit each applicant to draw his or her cake, interpreting its signification. Thus, books or pens indicate literary pursuits; from leaf clover, "you will get your next wish;" a full moon, a wedding tour; capital letters, the initials of your lover; cattle, farming utensils, etc., a farmer or farmer's daughter; a palette, (which by the way is one of the very prettiest of emblems, as even the colors, if put on a white ground, can be represented by different colored jellies and icings), an artist, etc., etc.

A pretty conceit is to make dough as for the Gypsy cakes, roll out very thin, line putty pans or pie plates, fill with little strips of writing paper rolled up lightly to keep the cakes from sinking, and cover; bake in rather quick oven, taking care not to burn or brown too much.

When done, remove the paper and fill with any little gift you find available. Gold and silver money, articles of jewelry are particularly appropriate for this purpose. Ice and set back in the oven for a minute or two.

Another attractive novelty, especially for the little folks, will be found in Easter Eggs. One quart of flour, half cupful of lard, half a cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one and a half teaspoonful of good baking powder, half a pint of milk, whites of three eggs and yolk of one. Sift the flour, sugar and powder together; rub in the lard and butter; add the beaten whites of the eggs, whatever flavoring you may have selected, and milk. Mix into a smooth dough just soft enough to handle conveniently. Divide your dough, taking out *one-third*, to which add enough beaten yolk of egg to make a bright yellow, adding a little more flour if necessary, and mix well. Roll out the yellow part in little round balls the size of hickory nuts or perhaps filberts; cover each with four or five times its bulk of the *white* part, roll as nearly as possible in shape of an egg, taking care to have the yellow ball as near the center as possible, and fry in plenty of hot lard until done. When cold, ice with white or fancy colored icings.

Another way to make these Easter eggs with perhaps less trouble is to take any good receipt for making crullers, omitting or not the yolks of the eggs in making the dough, roll out in your hand in the shape of eggs, putting a prune, almond or small fig in the centre, and fry as crullers; ice.

Iced Fruits For Desserts.—Almost any desirable fruit may be easily iced by dipping first in the beaten white of an egg, then in sugar finely pulverized, then again in sugar, and so on until you have the icing of the desired thickness.

For this purpose oranges or lemons should be carefully pared, and all the white inner skin removed that is possible to prevent bitterness, then cut either in *thin* horizontal slices if lemons, or in quarters if oranges. For cherries, strawberries, currants, etc., choose the largest and finest, leaving on the stems. Peaches should be pared and cut in halves, and sweet juicy pears may be treated in the same way, or look nicely pared, leaving on the stems, and iced. Pineapples should be cut in thin slices, and these again divided into quarters.

Good Sandwiches.—Stew slowly until tender a round of beef, and when cold mince fine, adding a pinch of powdered mace, allspice, cayenne pepper, and salt to taste, and half a teaspoonful of pulverized celery seed, one tablespoonful of salad oil or two of thick sweet cream. Beat all to a smooth paste in a wooden bowl or mortar. Butter thin slices of bread or tea-rusk cut in two, sandwich with the minced meat, and serve. Nice for luncheon, picnics, etc.,

Sandwich Dressing.—The yolks of six eggs boiled hard, put into a mortar with two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, or three of thick sweet cream, a large teaspoonful of made mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, a little cayenne, one large tablespoonful of lemon juice, strained through a fine sieve. Beat all to a smooth paste. Have ready some split tea-biscuit well buttered, and dipping small pieces of cold boiled smoked salmon or halibut, or boiled ham, in the dressing, lay between the biscuit, and serve.

This makes also a nice dressing for *sardines* to be used for sandwiches. Boiled mackerel, or other smoked fish boiled, boned and picked to shreds, and mixed with dressing, is also nice; or instead of fish or meat, *cheese* grated into a dressing is good, or thin slices of rich cheese may be dipped in the dressing and laid between the biscuits.

Banana Custard.—Make a white custard as follows: Two tablespoonfuls of corn starch wetted with enough cold water to dissolve it. One cup of broken loaf or granulated sugar, one third cup of butter; stir together in a pudding mold or earthen dish, and pour on enough boiling water to make a thick custard. Beat the whites of three eggs to snow, stir into the custard and set in the oven to bake for fifteen minutes; *or*, for the same length of time in a pot of boiling water. Set aside until perfectly cold, and then remove the slight crust or skin that will have formed on top, and having ready the dish in which you are to serve your custard and some fresh ripe bananas, minced finely, mix with the custard and pour into the dish, and add a meringue made of the beaten whites of three eggs, and half a teacupful of pulverized pink sugar.

A fine custard may be made according to above receipt by using peaches instead of bananas or Bartlett pears. Milk should never be used with acid fruits particularly in warm weather, and *pure cream* in any quantity is sometimes, if not always, a severe tax on the digestive powers of a weak stomach. The custards for which formulas are given here can be made thus as real cream, answer the same purpose, are quite as palatable in most cases as the ordinary milk and cream, without danger of being curdled by the acidity of the fruit. Tapioca, arrowroot, etc., may be substituted for corn starch in the making of these custards; and pineapples, strawberries, raspberries, are delicious served in this way. Custards with an extra allowance of butter and a flavoring of vanilla, almond or rose water, make delicious cream pies. Bake with either one or two crusts of rich puff paste. If the former, add a meringue.

By using the yolks as well as the whites of the eggs, and using the grated rind and juice of lemons and oranges, or both, delicious orange and lemon pies are made. These should be made with only one crust.

Banana Pie is made by making a white custard as above, and mixing with the pulp of ripe bananas pressed through a colander or sieve, and baked in a rich open pastry crust and finished with a meringue.

Delicious Little Cakes, that also have the charm of novelty, can be made by making a rich jumble paste, rolling out in any desired shape; cut some paste in thick narrow strips and lay around your cakes so as to form a deep cup-like edge; place on a well buttered tin and bake. When done fill with *iced* fruit prepared as follows:

Take rich ripe peaches (canned ones will do if fine, and well drained from all juice), cut in halves, plums, strawberries, pine-

apples cut in squares, or small triangles, or any other available fruit, and dip in the white of an egg that has been very slightly beaten and then in pulverized sugar, and lay in the center of your cakes.

Endymion Cake.—Take one and a half cups of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, seven eggs, one and a half pint of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, a few drops each of extract of nutmeg, and cinnamon, and a little grated orange peel. Rub butter and sugar to a light cream, add three of the eggs, one at a time, and the rest two at a time, beating five minutes between each addition. Add the flour sifted with the baking powder, and the flavoring and spice, beat to a smooth batter, and bake in three deep jelly tins, paper lined, and when done have ready the following paste :

Chop together one cup of seedless raisins, one half cup of French currants, one dozen of fine figs, one half cupful of sweet blanched almonds, or butternuts, and a few citron shavings. When well chopped and mixed add a tablespoonful of melted butter, mix well together, and spread in thick layers on the cakes, sifting sugar over the top of each layer ; lay the cakes together and ice with *clear icing* made as follows :

Put one cupful of sugar into a bowl with a tablespoonful of strained lemon juice, and unbeaten whites of two eggs. Just mix together smooth and pour over the cake. Place in the mouth of a moderately warm oven a few moments.

Frolics.—Take two pounds of light bread dough, work in half a teacupful of butter, and half a teaspoonful of pulverized cloves, the same of cinnamon, and a little mace or nutmeg ; roll out as thinly as possible, cut in strips an inch wide and about four long, butter one side of these strips well, and strew over thickly brown sugar and a little cinnamon, roll up tightly in little wheels, set near the fire a few minutes and bake in a quick ovenuntil done.

Any tart sweetmeats, currant jelly, or nice tart apple sauce well sweetened and flavored, may be substituted for the sugar. These frolics will be found favorites with the little folks, and are a good substitute for cake.

Orange Frolics.—For these, make a dough after your favorite receipt for *sweet* rusk, and when ready to roll out work in the grated rind of a large orange. Roll out and cut in strips as in preceding receipt, and spread over them a paste made as follows: Strained juice of one orange and half a cup of sugar, set over the fire in a new tin cup or similar vessel until it comes to a boil, stirring constantly; stir in the beaten yolk of one egg and remove from the fire instantly, and when cold spread your strips of dough (first buttering them) thickly with this paste, roll up and bake. If your dough is set with yeast, set before the fire to rise before baking. In making the paste a tablespoonful of corn starch, wetted with cold water or milk, may be substituted for the eggs.

Buttercups and Daisy Cake.—One cup of fine white sugar, and one-fourth cup of sifted flour, one-fourth cup of butter, half a cupful of sweet milk, whites of five eggs, quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful cream tartar mixed with the flour; flavor with orange.

Yellow Part.—Cream half a teacupful of sugar, and the same amount of butter very light, add half a cup of milk and the well beaten yolks of four eggs, one cup of sifted flour, quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, and half teaspoonful of cream tartar sifted with the flour.

Flavor with grated rind of a fresh lemon. Butter a deep cake pan, and put in alternately a layer of white and of yellow dough, and when baked it will be in waves of yellow and white.

Frost with the recipe given for *clear* icing, and ornament the edges with broken bits of yellow or white rock candy.

Rose-bud Cake.—*White Part.* One cup of butter, three cups of white sugar, five cups of flour, even full, one half teaspoonful of soda, whites of eight eggs beaten to a froth, and one teaspoonful of strawberry spence.

Pink Part.—Three cups of pink sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, four cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonsfuls of cream tartar, sifted with the flour, whites of eight eggs; flavor strongly with *rose.* Bake in deep cake tin, in alternate layers of pink and white, finishing with the pink.

Frosting for above : "One cup of white sugar, enough water to dissolve it, set on the stove and let it boil until it will "*hair*," beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, pour the heated sugar in the egg and stir briskly until cool enough to stay on the cake. The cake should be quite cold before it is iced. This icing will *stick* but not *break.*

Apple Butter Cake.—Two cups of brown sugar, four eggs, one pint of flour, two-thirds of a cup of water, one and a half teaspoonsful of baking powder, one tablespoonful of extract of ginger, one teaspoonful of extract of lemon. Beat the eggs and sugar together for ten minutes, add the water, the flour sifted with the powder and the extracts; mix into a smooth batter, and bake in jelly tins, and when done, lay the cakes together with sweet apple butter between, and *ice.*

Pond Lily Cake.—One and a half cup of butter, one and a half cup of sugar, whites of five eggs, one and a half pint of flour, one and a half teaspoonful of baking powder, one cup of milk ; flavor with extract of peach, and a few drops of rose water. Bake in two cakes in very deep jelly or sponge tins, and when done put together with freshly grated cocoanut and pulverized sugar between and on top of the cakes, and ice after the receipt given for *clear* icing for "Endymion" cake.

Wild Rose Cake.—Make the dough after the receipt given for Pond Lily Cake, flavoring with *rose* and strawberry instead of *peach.*

Bake in two inch deep jelly tins, and sandwich with pink icing, and the same on top. Made by substituting finely pulverized pink sugar for white. When you have put the last layer of pink icing on top, sift, very lightly and thinly, over the top granulated white sugar.

Peach Blossom Cake.—One cup of pulverized sugar, half a cup of butter, stirred together until it looks like thick cream. One teaspoonful of soda dissolved in half a teacupful of sweet milk ; beat the whites of three eggs, and put them in with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar mixed with a teacupful of flour ; stir and add half a teaspoonful of corn starch. Flavor strongly with peach. Bake in two square sponge tins in moderately quick oven, and when done sandwich with finely grated cocoanut and pink sugar. Frost with *clear icing*, and sprinkle this with pulverized pink sugar.

Cranberry Capers.—Make a dough after your receipt for tea-rusk, omitting the sugar, and when light roll out thinly as possible and cut in large squares and triangles, and bake on buttered tins in moderately quick oven ; and when done and nearly cold lay together in pairs, triangle upon triangle and square upon square, having first buttered them, and put cranberry jam between. Dip a soft linen rag in melted jelly, or cream and sugar, and rub over the top, set in the oven two or three minutes, and when entirely cold they are ready for use.

French Omelette.—Take four eggs, separate the yolks from the whites, beat the white to a snow on a dinner plate ; then beat the yolks in a small basin with sugar to taste, then add a small pinch of baking soda and three large tablespoonfuls of flour, and milk enough to make a thin batter ; then pour into an omelette-pan previously heated and greased, spread the white over the top. Fire by holding high above the fire till set brown on the top ; double over and serve hot with jam.

Scientific.

Dark Stains.—To stain the white part of a black walnut board of the same color as the rest, apply a thin asphaltum stain—asphaltum dissolved in turpentine.

Acidity in Soil.—The presence of cock-sorrel in a pasture indicates acidity of the soil, which needs to be corrected by a dressing of lime.

Attend to the Teeth.—Some of the severest cases of neuralgia, temporal, facial, and ophthalmic, arise from impaired teeth, often in cases where the teeth themselves give no trouble, and none save the acutest medical intelligence can trace any relation between the fierce attacks in the eye, ear, or temple perhaps, and the carious tooth that gives no local trouble.

Antidote for Ivy Poisoning.—Bathe the parts affected freely with spirit of nitre. If the blisters be broken, so as to allow the nitre to penetrate the cuticle, more than a single application is rarely necessary, and even where it is only applied to the surface of the skin three or four times a day, there is rarely a trace of the poison left next morning.

Poison in Tinned Fruits.—M. Armand Gautier has made a series of analyses on the presence of lead in foods and liquids, and presented the results to the Académie des Sciences. He finds lead in preserved fruits, and vegetables packed in "tin" boxes contain a minute proportion absorbed from the solder of the boxes. Prepared sardines, and particularly the oil in which they are packed, contain a still larger proportion, and the longer the sardines have been kept the greater is the proportion of lead.

Cement for Glassware.—For mending valuable glass objects, which would be disfigured by common cement, chrome cement may be used. This is a mixture of five parts of gelatine to one of a solution of acid chromate of lime. The broken edges are covered with this, pressed together and exposed to sunlight, the effect of the latter being to render the compound insoluble even in boiling water.

How to Clarify Honey.—A good way to clarify honey is to add to two pounds of a mixture of equal parts of honey and water, one drachm of carbonate of magnesia. After shaking occasionally during a couple of hours, the residue is allowed to settle, and the whole thing filtered, when a beautiful clear filtrate is obtained, which may be evaporated to the proper consistency.

Bleaching Compound.—Stir five pounds of chloride of lime into two pails of warm water; dissolve ten pounds of Glauber salt (sulphate of soda) in one pail of water; also four pounds sal soda, in one pail of water. The contents of the four pails can be poured together and kept in any suitable tight vessel. Such a quantity as the above ought to last a long time, as a dipperful of it would bleach a large quantity of linen or other goods.

How to Clean Corsets.—Take out the steels at front and sides, then scrub thoroughly with tepid or cold lather of white Castile soap, using a very small scrubbing brush. Do not lay them in water. When quite clean, let cold water run on them freely from the spigot to rinse out the soap thoroughly. Dry, without ironing (after pulling lengthwise until they are straight and shapely), in a cool place.

Receipt for the Complexion.—Make a linen bag large enough to hold a quart of bran; put it in a vessel and pour two quarts of boiling water on it; let it stand all day, and at night, on going to bed, take the bag out and wash the face with the bran-water. In the morning wash it off entirely with distilled rain-water. In a very short time it will make a coarse skin feel like velvet.

Cold-water Treatment for Burns.—A piece of linen or muslin wet with cold water, wrapped around the burned part—be it body or limb—will give immediate relief, and if continued will effect a cure. Three or more folds should envelope the part and be kept wet. It will exclude the air, relieve all pain, and cure the burn. Many persons, from the effects of burns by fire, scalding water or steam, have suffered intense agony for hours before relieved by death. The application of wet bandages as named would have relieved their pain and made their last hours comparatively comfortable. In case of injury from a scald, the clothes next the skin should not be removed, as it would tear off the skin and flesh. Wet them thoroughly, and bandage them on the part or parts, and keep all wet with cold water. The fire will be extracted and in most cases the skin will not be broken.

A cheap and excellent Bluing.—Bluing made from the following recipe has been in constant use in many families for several years. It does not injure the clothes, and the cost is trifling compared with any other bluing. The quantity here noted has been known to last a family of six persons a year. Get one ounce oxalic-acid, one ounce of powdered Chinese or Prussian blue (either will do), one quart of soft water. Put in a bottle and shake it well for two or three days after mixing it; after this do not shake it at all. If any of it settles at the bottom, you can fill the bottle after using the first water. If when you try it it is not powdered, ask the druggist to powder it in a mortar for you. Unless the Chinese or Prussian blue is pure it will not be a success; it will precipitate and make the clothes spotted.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

The crown of all crowns has been one of thorns.—ANON.

The true, the good and the beautiful conceived in the unity of their essence is God.—COUSINS.

A man must be either an anvil or a hammer.—GOETHE.

Laughter and tears both turn the wheels of sensibility, one is wind power, the other is water power.—HOLMES.

There is no evil; what we call misfortune is but the shadow side of a blessing.—MCDONALD.

If you throw salt at a man it will not hurt him unless he have sore places.—TURKISH PROVERB.

If you take an eel by the tail and a girl by her word, you may safely say you hold nothing.—SPANISH PROVERB.

That a passion does not last forever, does not prove that it was not *true* while it *did* last.—MALLOCK.

One clap of thunder will sour milk and it can never be sweetened again. So, human confidence suddenly destroyed, can never be regained.—POMEROY.

The adage, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, is a very dangerous adage. If knowledge is true, I do not believe it to be other than a valuable possession, no matter how infinitesimal in quantity. Indeed, if a little knowledge be dangerous who is there safe among us?—HUXLEY.

An intelligent reader often does find in other men's writings other perfections and invests them with a higher sense and a more quaint expression, than the author himself either intended or perceived.—MONTAIGNE.

Absence destroys *small* passions and increases *great* ones, as the wind extinguishes tapers and kindles great fires.—ANON.

It is a terrible thought to remember that nothing can be forgotten. Not an oath is uttered that does not vibrate for all time, through the wide spreading current of sound, not a prayer lisped that its record is not stamped on the laws of nature by the indelible seal of the Almighty's will.

SPICE BOX

It takes a clever man to conceal from others what he doesn't know.

What costume ought to remind a lady of her washerwoman? Why, her lawn dress, to be sure.

There is no virtue that stirs the heart as does the possession of a large bank account.

If your reputation is the only inheritance you have to leave your children the sooner it is mended the better.

Why is it that the "best man" at a wedding is never the groom? Simply because the average woman marries the worst man of her acquaintance.

Do you really know what a weak and foolish thing you carry in your hat whenever you go out to walk?

Sweet and modest.—A young lady being asked by a rich bachelor "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" replied sweetly and modestly, "Yours truly."

A Tender Way of Putting It.—When a man obtains an office he "accepts a position," and when he gets kicked out, "he tenders his resignation."

It is easy to make a resolution to be good, but very hard to keep it. We are like Sheridan, who allowed his son eight hundred a year for expenses but never paid it.

Two Harvard Students recently agreed to read Shakespeare together, and one said: "Let us begin with 'Romeo and Juliet.'" "Why," exclaimed the other, "we can't read both of them at once."

An Oxford undergraduate called out to his creditor, "Get out, you ornithorhynchus!" The man departed meekly. "Who's that?" inquired a friend of the speaker. "An ornithorhynchus." "What do you mean?" "Well, Webster defines him as "a beast with a bill.'"

Said the teacher: "'And it came to pass, when the king heard it, that he rent his clothes.' Now what does that mean, children—'he rent his clothes'?" Up went a little hand. "Well, if you know, tell us." "Please ma'am," said the child timidly, "I s'pose he hired 'em out."

Review of Fashions.

MANUFACTURERS seem to be embarrassed with the prolific nature of the new ideas which have recently forced their way into the departments of design, particularly those which have to do with fabrics for dress purposes. Novelties succeed each other with wonderful rapidity, and between the revival of old ideas, and the adoption of the new, it is difficult to decide between the relative merits of certain classes of fabrics.

In the mean time there are many old friends that keep their place, and that one is always glad to see as the seasons come round. Among these are the soft, cool, and durable foulards, the fine, thin wools, such as chuddah cloth, and nun's veiling, the well worn beige for traveling, the washing silks in their dainty little checks and fine cord-like lines, the Scotch zephyr ginghams, and the pretty cambrics in delicate chintz and leafy patterns. The pretty chiné silks are revived, and the cotton satines, as soft as silk, have become established favorites. The lace effects, which were woven last winter in raised and uncut velvet patterns upon satin, are now produced in wool, and also upon cotton. In fine new Cheviot wools, silk is woven so as to produce exquisite imitations of the finest lace, Honiton, Valenciennes, old Breton, and Spanish, or needle-point lace. The open embroideries simulate the heavy Irish, and Russian point, the Madeira work, and the Flemish lace.

An entirely new fabric, all wool, produced in white and black, reproduces all the popular designs in Spanish lace, and is used for over-dresses, in place of real Spanish lace, which is double the price, and less durable. This pretty woolen fabric will be much used for drapery for polonaises, for over-dresses consisting of skirt and basque, with silk skirts, and for all the purposes to which fine bunting and wool grenadine may be put.

Silk grenadines are very handsome, and very showy ; the patterns are large, and consist of spots, leaves and flowers, of immense size, with plush centers, and satin edge and veining upon a fine washed ground. There are also quite new grenadines, with embroidered dots, in the form of clover leaf, or shamrock, or smaller polka dots of plush or satin.

New designs in very rich silks show marvelous effects of shading flowers and foliage upon tinted grounds. Eglantine and honeysuckle are reproduced with wonderful fidelity, and even in the minutest details, with all the skill of hand painting.

Embroidery is an immense feature of the season; it enters into almost all trimmings and materials used for garniture. Fine wools, such as camel's hair, and chuddah cloth, used for suits, are embroidered in open-work patterns, upon the material both in self and contrasting colors. In the self colors, the olive and bronze shades take the lead, and can hardly be produced in sufficient quantity. All the cool shades of brown, and specially the light almond and the new albatross tints, are likewise popular, and are associated with checks and plaids, into which much high color enters. Embroidered dots, and leaves, and sprigs in self, and also in contrasting colors, are a new feature for draping and trimming fabrics, and will undoubtedly be very popular. These dots are sometimes executed in two or three shades of one color. Sunflower dresses have an enormous sunflower embroidered in distinct parts of the fabric ; but the colors are so beautiful, and so well blended, that if made up by an artist who knows how to suppress the design, without concealing it, the effect is very good. These embroidered flowers upon a dress are not confined to sunflowers ; they are as often pond lilies, or softly shaded roses, and not unfrequently tulips. One is often seen in the diagonal point of the tablier, one half revealed in the drapery at the back, and one of smaller size, is always placed to the left of the corsage.

Wide embroidered ribbons for bows have made their appearance ; and wide moiré ribbons are used also, but these are not a novelty. Brocaded ribbons simulate the embroidered ones, and are in high colors, as well as striking patterns.

Combinations of plain materials with the figured ones are universal ; there is not much change in the forms, and the shirred waists are less marked than last year, the plain designs taking the precedence, or those which well define the bust and waist. All the embroidered and polka dotted fabrics are used for the drapery, and the upper part of the dress ; the skirt is generally of the plain material.

Fine wool suitings and flannels for children's wear are in extremely attractive styles and colors, both dark and light. The old china, and a shade of gendarme blue, lighter than we have been accustomed to see, are lovely, and for children trim beautifully with white open embroidery, which is a much more effective conjunction than lace. The pale lacœken, or as they are sometimes called lichen greens, are highly fashionable, also in all wool materials, and show up embroideries in nigh, well blended, contrasting colors most beautifully. Gold in color, or in actual metallic threads, enters

into all garnitures and garnishing fabrics ; it is like diffused sunshine, and certainly does much in bringing out the good qualities of all other colors with which it is surrounded.

Illustrated Designs.

THE illustrations for the present month indicate the changes which have been made in the cut and fashion of the various parts of ladies' and children's costume, although it is yet too early for anything radical in the way of summer designs to make its appearance. In fact, revolutionary changes are not anticipated. The general outlines and formative principles which govern present fashions possess so many elements of common sense, that ladies cling to them, and are unwilling to take any new departure which may be for the worse. This has been seen in the case of the "Mother Hubbard" styles, a caprice of the briefest duration, for to many they are shockingly unbecoming, while in all cases they must be considered exceptional, and be worn only on occasions, or they look "dowdy," which is a very undesirable result of being "unconventional."

For a spring walking dress we give the "Fabiola" costume, composed of two materials, plain and figured. It consists of a walking skirt and tight-fitting waist, over which is draped an overskirt, which gives the effect of a princess dress.

The "Pastora" walking skirt is a good example of a skirt to which an adjustable train can be attached, and which may therefore be made up in rich fabrics. The skirt itself consists of three box-plaited flounces mounted upon a thin, twilled silk lining, over which is arranged irregular drapery. It is an excellent design for satin, and moiré, the moiré forming the drapery, or for cream nun's veiling, and the "Spanish lace" in white wool.

The "Odette" basque is very novel, as well as very pretty, and will prove suggestive to our intelligent lady readers. It forms a cut-away jacket, pointed at the back, and trimmed with ruffles over a sharply pointed vest. The sleeves like the vest are of brocade, or some richly figured or embroidered material, while the jacket is plain, and finished upon the shoulders with little epaulettes which fall over the sleeve, and are bordered with fringe, matching that upon the front of the jacket.

This design could be well carried out in the new embroidered materials which are used as garniture with the plain ; and the skirt should be composed of the plain, with flouncing of the plain also, headed by a drapery of the embroidered fabric ; or the skirt may be of the figured stuff, made up plain, and the drapery of the simple material.

The "Justitia" polonaise is one of the models which possesses some of the newest features of the season. The upper part is tight-fitting, the deeply pointed front outlined by the fashionable Nuremberg belt, which forms a sash, and terminates in long clustered loops and ends ; the modern substitute for the metal chains, and chatelaine attachments. The skirt is quite full, draped off from the front, and well looped up at the back, where it forms a square overskirt.

A pretty, simple overskirt, for thin, and especially for washing materials, will be found in the "Antonia." It consists of a draped apron, caught up in plaits, and tied with a large bow, over a deep but simply arranged drapery at the back. It is a good design for cambrics, zephyr ginghams, and lawns which have a border for trimming.

The "Claudia" visite is a very stylish little wrap, made up in one of the handsome embossed fabrics, which have obtained so fashionable a vogue. Of course it can be made in any of the fabrics suitable for wraps ; biscuit cloth lined with ruby silk, and trimmed with drop biscuit fringe, being one of the favorite combinations. If a light material is desired, dressy and at the same time inexpensive, the new "Spanish lace" in black or cream wool will be suitable, and may be trimmed with black or cream Spanish lace.

For a spring walking jacket the "Sarolta" can be strongly recommended. It is close, neatly fitting, yet affords room at the back for drapery by the insertion of extensions under the folds, which have no perceptible influence on the fullness of the skirt. The mounting of moiré antique is of the same shade exactly as the cloth, and the onyx buttons contain the darker color in the center, with the lighter lines proceeding outward. The facing is of twilled silk matching the cloth.

Fabiola Costume.—Unique and stylish in design, this costume is composed of a short gored walking skirt, trimmed with box-plaited ruffles at the sides and back, two deep box-plaitings across the front, and two overlapping panels upon each side, over which is draped a princess overdress. The waist is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, which is cut with extensions below the waist, forming the back drapery. The front is cut quite short and pointed, and a separate basque skirt is added falling over a draped panier at each side. A turned-down collar and coat sleeves complete the model, which is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

EASTER BALL DRESSES are made of some thin, tissue-like, silk muslin, or batiste over silk of the same color. A straight draped apron surmounts two knife-plaited flounces, and is tied back with broad satin bows under and over the puffs that compose the drapery at the back. The bodice is square at the neck, and the sleeves are composed of two puffs, tied with satin ribbons. A black velvet throatlet, with pendant flowers in front is worn with this style of dress.

VERY LONG STOCKING MITTS in tan, green, flesh, and almond tints will be indispensable to the summer wardrobe of a fashionable young lady.

NEW STYLES IN MILLINERY.

No. 1.—A stylish poke bonnet of Belgian straw, with a high crown. The straw is a tawny yellowish tinge, and is trimmed with a cluster of yellow and crimson roses and leaves on the right side, and a similar one next the face, under the brim in front. A deep crimson ostrich plume and an ornament of jet complete the garniture. The strings are a dull shade of old gold in satin-finished red ribbon.

No. 2.—This pretty poke is of dark green satin straw, trimmed with a lighter shade of olive green *moiré* ribbon, which also composes the strings. Ostrich tips in still a lighter shade fall over the crown, and a spray of Maréchal Niel rose-buds form the face trimming underneath the brim.

No. 3.—A lovely *capote* or bonnet of fancy split straw, cream tinted, trimmed all around the edge with a full plaited ruffle of cream tinted Spanish blonde lace. A scarf of creamy Spanish lace encircles the crown and is formed into a large Alsacian bow at the right side of the front, and a cream tinted ostrich feather is placed at the left side. A collarette of the same lace, and a single Jacqueminot rose on the corsage is worn with this bonnet.

No. 4.—Coquettishly simple, this dainty poke *capote* with reversed brim is of fancy yellow Tuscan straw braid, faced under the brim with red *failletine*. It is trimmed with a *monture* of red and yellow silk poppies on the outside, and a feather *aigrette* is placed at the right.

No. 5.—An exquisite bonnet of black satin-finished porcupine straw. It is a modified poke shape, with broad, shelving, drooping brim. The strings are of black net, but are knotted together at the back instead of being tied under the chin, and may be worn either way. A half wreath of full blown blush roses with delicate green foliage trims the left side of the hat, and the right side is ornamented with a bouquet of fine black ostrich tips and an *aigrette*. The face lining is eglantine pink *failletine*.

Pretty Print Dresses.

AT a recent ball in England, one dress, though composed entirely of cotton materials, had a rich and satin-like surface; the bodice and train were of substantial watered or *moiré* cotton material of buttercup yellow; the front of the dress and trimmings of a paler yellow color, mixed with a quantity of creamy lace, and the whole was complete with lovely sprays of the water lily and deep velvety leaves; the dress was for a chaperone, and the bodice was square-cut, filled in with cream lace and net, with the sleeves finished off to correspond. Another, of the Pompadour style of printed cotton, was pretty and tasteful; the skirt was bordered with a plain straight flounce, representing the ground of a wood or field, with grasses, moss, twigs, etc., most beautifully shaded in greens and browns; higher up on the skirt were represented the stems and larger leaves of the plants, interspersed sparely with blossoms, while the bodice and upper part of the skirt were studded all over with leaves and flowers on a cream ground. A train dress was made out of the red ground print, with a lace pattern worked in, and trimmed with white lace; with this a satchel to match was worn. A cream ground chintz, printed with pretty blue and pink flowers, with kilted underskirt of blue and green, edged with lace, was soft and pretty; the sleeves were short, and bunches of roses were placed over the left shoulder and on the right side of the drapery. Another dress which attracted attention was a navy blue chintz, dotted with moss rose buds; it was trimmed with pink, and the underskirt was pink and indigo, with lace; the square bodice, with a pink stomacher, was turned back with pink revers and a watered ribbon bow on the back of the basque. A similar dress had a black ground, and was trimmed with lace and pink and blue hyacinths. A pretty dress was made of print with an old-gold ground, spotted with rose buds, and trimmed with pale and blue and old-gold lace to match the principal colors and the flowers; the skirt had kiltings of old-gold and pale blue self colors; and the bodice, which buttoned down the back, was made with a stomacher of pale blue, and elbow sleeves. A light cream ground chintz-pattern dress, with long leg-of-mutton sleeves, deserves mention; it was cut high at the neck, and the skirt was trimmed with plain sateen kiltings with lace. A most attractive costume was formed of material with a black ground and bunches of roses and sprays of rosebuds printed in pink, green, and gold; it was trimmed with cream-colored lace; the skirt was puffed, and a large bouquet of sunflowers and buds with velvet leaves was worn at the shoulder. Almost all the dresses had fans made to match.

Spring Colors.

THE favorite colors for spring suits are very dark shades of bronze, green, brown, olive, prune, and wine-color. The "new" shade is lighter, a dingy green, known as "lichen" green. Blue is also in the ascendant, a dull old china blue, which is lower in tone than the gendarme, but akin to it. Dark blue cloth is used for walking, with deep coat basque, lined with red satin, red satin lining to cuffs and collar, the corners to which are turned outward; red buttons. The very dark tones, and the rich blending of all high colors render it possible for all colors to be made becoming to all complexions. There is no longer the same difficulty as formerly when a few high crude colors were prominent; and blue was set down as the only color possible for blondes, while brunettes reveled in pink, marroon, or yellow. Rosy blondes know now that dark myrtle green brings out all the gold in their hair, and reduces the florid tone of the complexion. They know that they can wear browns if they have the cool shade of the olive in their tints, instead of the warmth of purple and red. Fair and clear blondes wear pink with impunity, subdued with white lace or muslin, and fairly revel in the old blues, the bronze greens, the olives and the lichen tints.

For brunettes there are specially the new Indian reds, the warm browns, the cashmere colors, the mastic tints, which produce in the clear brunette a creamy softness of complexion which is extraordinarily attractive, all the dark rich wines, maroons, ruby, and old-gold shades which have had such a rage of late years, and lastly, they have an ally in cream-colored lace, capable of making the most unpromising materials a house of beauty for them. The study of color has become an art which cannot be taught in a few easy lessons, and it is full of never ending delight and suggestiveness.

Nature is its best teacher, and the recent combinations which have been made of browns and greens, of greens flushed with red, of rose-bud pink, and mastic brown, of all shades of yellow, melting into all shades of brown; of pink, and white, as in the apple-blossom, are all successful; and the closer they adhere to Nature's handiwork in combining and arranging, the more successful they are. A Museum of Natural History furnishes wonderful studies for color combinations for bonnets and dresses.

Malvina Costume.—Stylish and dressy in effect, this costume is by no means difficult of arrangement. It is composed of a gored skirt trimmed with two rows of deep box-plaits, and a polonaise cut off to form a short basque in front, and draped in a graceful manner at the back. Side paniers and a shirred shoulder cape complete the design. The polonaise is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. This design is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, and is very effective with the paniers made of a contrasting material, as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years of age. Price, twenty-five cents each.

SCOTCH ZEPHYR GINGHAMS are less showy than last year. The majority of the patterns are small, cool looking checks. There are some that are larger, but none that at all reach the dimensions of the high coloring of last season. There is no washing material so durable and useful as this.

DRESSY TOILETS.

FIG. 1.—This elegant reception toilet is of deep, antique olive green *moiré* and *satin merveilleux*. The designs illustrated are the "Odette" basque, and the "Pastora" walking skirt with adjustable train. The plaitings on the skirt, train and basque, and the vest front and sleeves, are of *satin merveilleux*, while the draperies and basque are of *moiré*. The caps on the sleeves are trimmed with fringe to match the dress. Collar of cream Spanish lace, and pink-hearted tea-rose in the hair and at the throat. This toilet may be transformed into a stylish promenade costume by removing the adjustable train. The basque and skirt are illustrated separately elsewhere. Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—A charming costume of black satin *damier* made up in a polonaise, over a skirt covered with ruffles of black Spanish lace. The design is the "Justitia" polonaise, which is open in front and draped high at the sides. The sleeves are cut short, and have black satin cuffs, and the neck is left open in V shape, with a *fichu* of black Spanish lace ruffles fastened low on the corsage, with a cluster of loops of crimson satin reps ribbon and a large Maréchal Niel rose and buds. A belt of crimson satin reps ribbon is worn in "Anne of Austria" style, and tied low in front with long loops and ends. Black gloves trimmed with Spanish lace. The polonaise is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size. Skirt pattern thirty cents.

Description of Cut Paper Pattern.

CLAUDIA VISITE.—LADY'S MEDIUM SIZE.

EXCEEDINGLY graceful and stylish, this model, *a pattern for which will be found in this number*, is one of the most popular designs employed for *demi-saison* wraps. It is cut with sacque fronts and sleeves inserted in dolman style, and the back is partially fitted by a curved seam down the middle. Below the waist a wide double box-plait is set on, and the joining is concealed by a sash and bow. This design is appropriate for silk, cashmere, brocade, *sicilienne, satin merveilleux*, and other goods of the same class, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with chenille fringe, or in any other style, according to taste and the material selected.

Half of the pattern is given, consisting of five pieces—front, back, plaiting, sleeve or shoulder piece, and under side of the sleeve.

The parts are to be joined according to the notches. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed at the shoulder seam. The under piece of the sleeve is to be joined to the outer part and sewed in the armhole, according to the notches. The plaiting is to be laid, as indicated by the holes, in a double box-plait on the outside, and joined to the back piece according to the notches.

Cut the fronts lengthwise of the goods on their front edges; the back pieces with the grain of the goods in an exact line with the waist line; the plaitings lengthwise, and the outer parts of the sleeves with the grain of the goods straight across the tops. The under parts of the sleeves can be cut either lengthwise or bias.

This size will require four yards and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two yards and a quarter of forty-eight inches wide. Five yards and a quarter of fringe will be sufficient to trim as illustrated. Pattern in a large size. Price, twenty-five cents.

Spring Outfit.

PROBABLY there never were so many weddings of a fashionable character within the same space of time, as have taken place during the past four months; and specially during the weeks preceding Lent. A description of a very useful, and well considered trousseau arranged for spring, will serve to show the preferences for color and style.

The bridal dress, to begin with, was quite different from the satin and brocade, the beaded embroidery and fringe, which have distinguished the majority of brides' dresses. It consisted of very rich satin-finished but lusterless faille, embroidered on the silk in three widths, one for the lower flouncing, the second for the tablier, the third for basque and sleeves. The bodice was open heart-shaped, the sleeves were to the elbow, and extremely fine tulle plaitings were used instead of lace. The veil was of tulle, and was fastened back with a wreath of orange blossoms. The traveling dress was of wine colored cloth, the skirt kilted in front to the knee, above this a shirred apron, fastened in the center with silk cord and tassels, and met by a deep square vest of moiré of the same shade, over which a cloth jacket, with pockets, and moiré collar, completed the costume. The jacket had bronze buttons at the back, and the skirt was draped but slightly, and had side flaps of moiré buttoned back upon it.

A breakfast dress was of gendarme blue Chuddah cloth, very fine, and made with a "Nelida" basquine, and skirt ruffled, but not draped. The ruffles were alternately of Surah, matching in color, and the vest of the basquine, plaited lengthwise, was of Surah; the trimming, however, consisted of a bunch of embroidery executed in colors, instead of the ruffled edge: the colors being old blue, olive, garnet, and gold.

A walking dress was of reseda faille and velvet; the plaited skirt of faille; the coat of velvet, turned back with moiré, which also formed a large bow at the back; cuffs of moiré, covered with old lace, and rich jabot of the same kind of lace at the throat.

An Easter demi-toilet was of black satin de Lyon, made with finely kilted walking skirt, plaited back, and pointed apron. Draped above the point, and tied back or fastened back under the plaits, one side of this apron, covering the pointed, is ornamented with a broad but fine and richly jetted passementerie, which is repeated upon the basque, outlining a vest, and is turned up on the elbow sleeves. There is no white upon this dress; a circle of black lace surrounds the neck, and a double ruffle of the same finishes the sleeves. A great cluster of water lilies would be worn at the left of the bodice.

A second morning dress was made of thin coral red mousselin de laine, trimmed with old Breton lace; and a pretty dinner dress of bronze Surah, trimmed with embroidery on the silk, and lovely cream colored lace.

A soft, lovely evening dress was of ivory nun's veiling, almost covered with open-worked embroidery, employed as ruffles and flounces. The skirt was flounced to the top; the pointed basque, princess shape, having side paniers arranged as wings at the back, under an enormous satin bow.

A dress of prune Surah brocaded in a deep cream Spanish lace pattern, was made over prune silk; the paniered overskirt gathered to a *moyen-âge* waist, and an enormous bow of moiré with embroidered ends, arranged at the back.

All the dresses were matched by hose; and in addition to the batiste underwear, trimmed half with lace and hand-made tucking and half with needle work upon the linen, there were a dozen of each article in silk, cream, heliotrope, pale pink, and ruby being the favorite colors.

One of the novel features of the outfit was a dolman in cream Spanish lace (the new woolen lace) lined with almond tinted silk, and trimmed with real Spanish lace, and almond tinted ribbons.

Spring Wraps.

OUTSIDE garments have been contented usually with a neutral existence; they have been important accessories, but have possessed little character of their own. Lately, however, they have developed unwonted resources; the long, gray ulster, the shapeless paletot have been discarded, and with the distinctive dolman and the restoration of the pretty visite seems to have come quite an era of color, of elegance, of beauty into outside garments themselves, so that instead of concealing the artistic finish and harmony of the dress as formerly, they now add a charm of their own which is none the less real because quiet in character. For American ladies do not take kindly to color except as lining to garments worn in the street, and though they admire grace in the form, and will stand any amount of elegance in fabric, will only admit color when it is concealed, or so well blended that it ceases to be visible as in cashmere stuffs and shawls.

And speaking of cashmere shawls let no one be so unwise, so foolishly extravagant as to cut up a "cashmere" or even a nice Paisley shawl to make a "fashionable" spring dolman. In the first place cashmere dolmans are not new or usual, and do not look any better than a dolman of pretty almond tinted cloth or handsome stamped cloth, while if there is a real desire for the blending of rich colors it is far cheaper to buy the small amount of cashmere cloth necessary, and make one than to deprive yourself of what is a comfort and satisfaction forever, and at the same time run up a bill for lining and trimming and making over almost equal to the cost of a new garment.

Of course, jackets have not been superseded. Nothing can take the place of the walking jacket; it is useful in so many ways, particularly for young girls and married women who have not yet got to that age when they feel that a jacket is no longer a suitable garment for them. Jackets are numerous, and a trifle more pronounced in the display of gold braid upon collar and cuffs, a suggestion of red or old gold under the neutral gray and brown, or the addition of plush or velvet collar and cuffs to the strictly outlined and well-shaped body and sleeves.

The cut is that of the basque rather than the coat, just as the cut of the dress basque has become more that of the coat; in fact, a semi-reversion seems to have taken place in character and attributes, not, however, to the loss of either, for the coat basque is as suitable as the body to a dress, as the jacket-basque to complete a dress for the street.

Many spring suits, however, retain the deep, tailor cut basque, such as the "Marquise" or the "Diana," and add to it a small cape, which completes the suit for the street. Costumes composed of short, plain, velvet skirts, overskirt, and basque of wool and cape of velvet, are in high favor for spring wear, and look exceedingly well. All wool Cheviots in minute checks are also made up in this way, and are most useful and suitable for traveling or any general and useful purpose.

The "Priola" mantelet and the "Claudia" visite are among the prettiest and most suitable designs for spring wear. The "Claudia" is best made in cashmere or almond tinted cloth, or in silk or satin de Lyon in light colors or black. The "Priola" looks well in "Spanish lace," silk or wool lined with cream or black silk, and trimmed with Spanish lace and fine jetted passementerie or ruchings. The cream Spanish lace (wool) is much used for dressy dolmans lined with silk, and tied with satin ribbons.

LININGS AND FACINGS of old gold-satin are used for jackets of almond colored cloth.

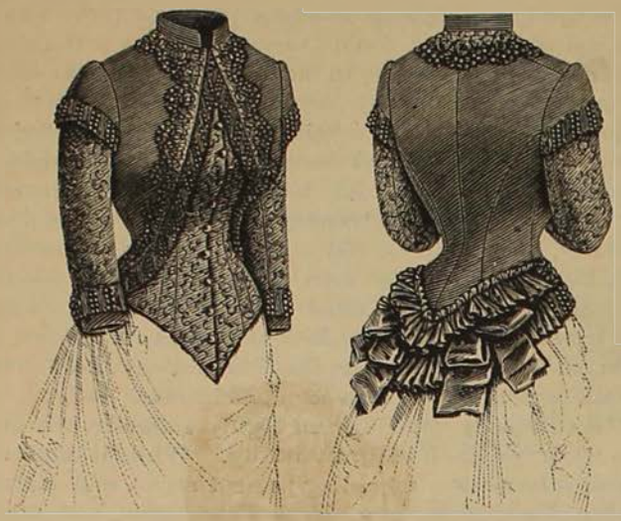
Fine Underwear.

THERE is a great deal of taste in the making of even cheap underwear nowadays, and ladies who can bestow time upon its construction, and means upon the purchase of the delicate material, must take unwonted pleasure in the possession of so much unseen beauty. There is pleasure in the very contact with what is fine and dainty, and these are peculiarly the characteristics of the newest underwear; the delicate batiste, with its handwork of fine tucking and hand embroidery upon the linen; the softer, and still more luxurious silk, with its exquisite finish of narrow ribbons and lace, and even the more durable, and less expensive India long-cloth, with its open embroidery, not hand work, upon the material, show great refinement, and an enormous improvement upon former styles. The shapes of underwear are now closely adapted to the figure, and the "improved" patterns provide an admirable substitute for two full garments in one, which is simple, and yet covering the form better than the former ones. These can be made in any fabric, and trimmed as daintily as may be desired.

The French hand made underwear is much used for every-day service by ladies whose tastes incline them to the neat and serviceable. Every stitch of plain and ornamented workmanship is executed on the cloth, and the trimming, of course, lasts as long as the material.

Justitia Polonaise.—Graceful and especially stylish, this model is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The fronts separate below the waist and are draped high at the side form seams, and the back forms a very graceful drapery. The waist is ornamented with a rolling collar, the sleeves are finished with pointed cuffs, and an "Anne of Austria" belt of ribbon is tied in front, similar bows ornamenting the drapery at the back. This model is adapted to any class of dress goods, but is especially desirable for those which can be laundered, on account of its simplicity. It may be trimmed as illustrated, or in any other style, according to the material selected. This is shown *en costume* on the plate entitled, "Dressy Costumes." Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Spring Walking Costumes.



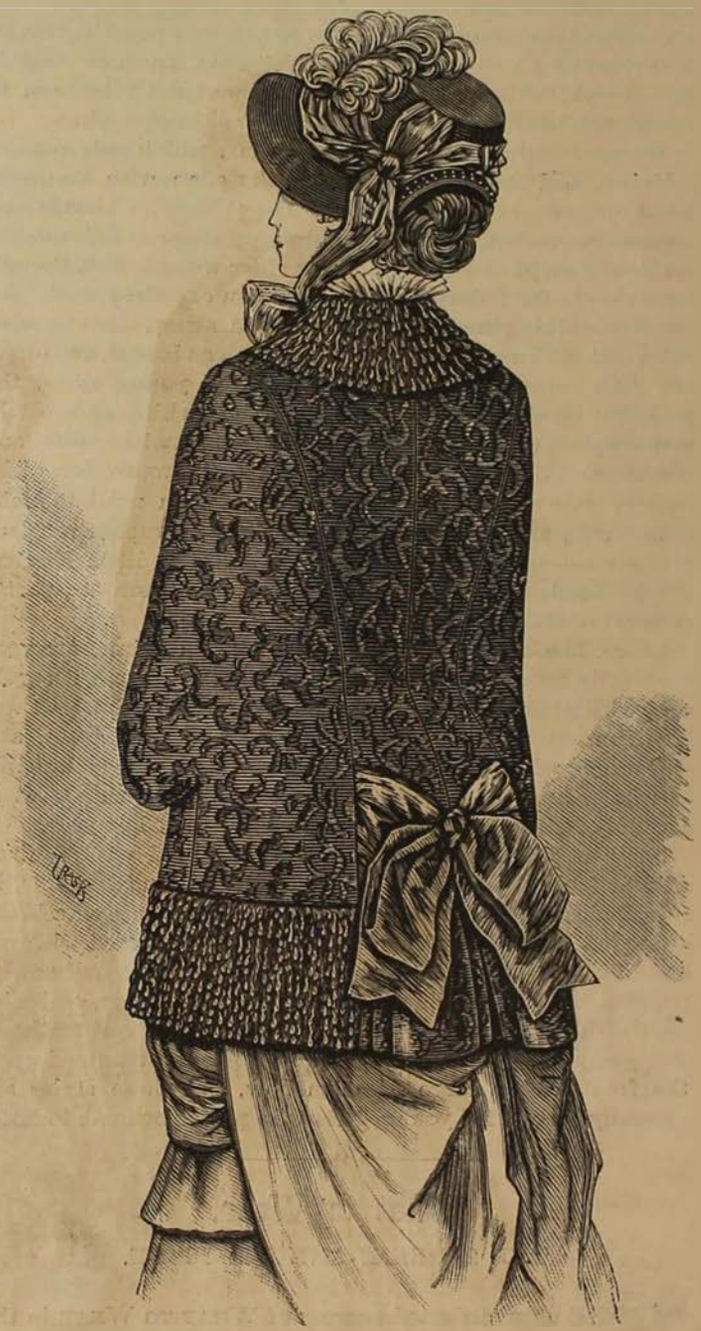
Odette Basque.—Unique and stylish, although simple in design, this basque is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. It is cut pointed back and front, and trimmed to give the effect of a zouave jacket on the front. The coat sleeves have a short jockey or cap set in at the top, and the basque is trimmed with plaited ruffles, three inches deep, one plaiting on the edge, the other above it, and a bow placed between them at each side, at the back. This design is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed as illustrated or in any other style to suit the taste and the material selected. It is shown elsewhere in combination with the "Pastora" walking skirt. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Spring Walking Costumes.

Fig. 1.—A stylish visiting dress of black camel's hair serge, completed by the addition of a satin brocade *visite* trimmed with rich chenille fringe. The short walking skirt is trimmed all around with sections of shirrings, over which is arranged the "Antonia" overskirt, with a long, draped apron trimmed with chenille fringe, and a very simple back drapery. The wrap is the "Claudia" *visite*, with large, open sleeves lined with violet satin, and trimmed with heavy chenille fringe. Bonnet of black Spanish lace, draped over a frame and fastened with a jet clasp in front. A cluster of lilacs and tea rose buds is fastened at the left side, and the wide Spanish lace *brides* are tied in a large bow under the chin. The *visite* and overskirt are illustrated among the separate fashions elsewhere. Patterns of *visite* in two sizes, medium and large, price, twenty-five cents each. Overskirt pattern, thirty cents.

Fig. 2.—A simple and pretty costume for a young girl of fourteen. It is arranged with the "Lilla" basque and "Nettie" overskirt made of Cheviot over a box-plaited underskirt of dark blue cloth. The basque has a plaited postillion at the back, and fastens in front with fancy pearl buttons, while the overskirt is simply a short draped apron, combined with a "hooped" back drapery. Hat of coarse black straw, trimmed with a band of plaid Surah and two dark blue ostrich feathers. The basque and skirt are illustrated separately elsewhere. Patterns of basque in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each. Overskirt patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Fig. 3.—The "Sarolta" jacket and "Antonia" overskirt are arranged over a short gored skirt trimmed with alternating box-plaits and side-plaitings to compose this stylish costume of brown serge. The jacket is tight fitting, with cut-away, single-breasted fronts, and is trimmed with rolling collar and *revers*, deep cuffs and bows, of dark brown *moiré*, at the side seams; and the overskirt, which is a back view of the one displayed in Fig. 1, is trimmed with a wide band of *moiré* across the black drapery. Hat of gray French felt trimmed with shaded brown *moiré* ribbon and shaded brown and cream ostrich feathers. The jacket and overskirt are illustrated separately among the double illustrations elsewhere. Price of jacket patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Overskirt patterns, thirty cents.



Claudia Visite.

THIS graceful garment for *demi-saison* is made of black brocaded satin, trimmed with chenille fringe in fine strands, with which strands of Milan balls and fine jet beads are intermixed. At the back is a sash bow of black satin. Bonnet of fine, black English straw, trimmed with dark yellow *moiré* ribbon, and yellow and black ostrich tips. The front view of the *visite* is shown on Fig. 1 of the full-page engraving, and the pattern for a medium size is given with this number. The same pattern is cut in a large size. Price, twenty-five cents.

Spring Millinery.

VERY large bonnets take the lead among the spring importations of millinery, and, as a consequence, everything else seems to be enlarged in proportion, that has anything to do with head gear. Ribbons are wide, the patterns are large that are brocaded upon them, and large, single flowers, or sprays, are preferred to the modest blossoms that obtained last season. The gaudy sunflower rears its dial-like head, water lilies repose upon beds of lace, and tulips display their rich coloring against the foam of silvery gauze, and the more solid splendor of satin. So large are the brims that trimmings have to be placed upon the inside. A revival of a very "early English" idea, and one that is full of risk, for a great deal of judgment must be used to render artificial flowers placed next the skin becoming.

We prefer greatly the modified brims, which only require a lining, and may be finished on the edge with fine gold braid, or row of clouded pearls. The "Niniche" hat is also a most convenient, and not unbecoming shape. It is modest for young girls, and protective for older women, and, though not suitable for "dress" purposes, is an excellent model for country walking wear. High colors in straw, such as wine color and dark red, and deep colors, such as bronze and olive, are little worn, except by children and young girls, the majority of older ladies still preferring white and black, and employing brown and gray only to match suits and costumes. Wide straw hats of red and bronze for girls, require only a wide, full, loose twist of thin mull to make them pretty and picturesque, while the still smaller maidens of four to eight, and thereabouts, find the little English gypsy, lined, and trimmed with wreath of primroses, pretty as heart of little girls could desire.

Large, black hats, fine chip, with flexible brims, are very gracefully arranged with ostrich feathers, white with gold tips, with pink roses low at the side under the brim. Others are trimmed with white silk muslin and pink roses, and still others with black Spanish lace and the roses; but this last has a heavy appearance for warm weather, though it is certainly lighter than the velvet trimmings of last year.

Some negligé hats are very well trimmed with foulard silk, or foulard handkerchiefs embroidered in little dots, in two shades of blue, or blue and red. We have seen a black straw hat trimmed with blue foulard embroidered with red and blue dots, and additionally garnished with small scarlet poppies. White millinery gauze trims well also, embroidered with gold dots, and combined with marabout feathers. But many straw bonnets are simply lined and trimmed upon the front with a large Alsacian bow, and these styles are specially chosen for young girls who prefer bonnets to hats.

What to Wear.

THE 23d SEMI-ANNUAL ISSUE.

THE unprecedented success of WHAT TO WEAR in the past, and the advance orders for the twenty-third semi-annual issue for the spring and summer of 1882 make it certain that the present issue will be larger than at any former period. This valuable work, prepared with the greatest care and exactness, is a *vade mecum* for the merchant, the milliner and dressmaker, the mother, the housekeeper, and ladies generally. The character of the articles is such that there are few who can dispense with the information they convey. That WHAT TO WEAR fully supplies an urgent need, is attested by the immense demand, not only after publication, but the large orders received long in advance.

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The extremely practical and highly suggestive nature of this work renders it of great utility. While it imparts the fullest information regarding present styles and materials, it aims also to give correct ideas about dress, and to refine, elevate, and improve the taste. No better proof can be given of the high estimation in which WHAT TO WEAR is held than the fact that several well-known foreign fashion publications copy extensively from its pages. In order that its valuable information may be accessible to all, we have put the price at the low sum of 15 cts. per copy.

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India Shawls, and their Uses.

THERE is a solid satisfaction in the possession of an India shawl, which can hardly be obtained from the acquisition of any other article of dress, nor does it make the difference that it does with most other wardrobe belongings, whether it is directly "in" fashion, or not. An India shawl is not an article for a day, but for all time, and there are times when no other article seems so exactly to be just what is needed. There was a time when an India shawl was an unhoped-for luxury to all but the very rich; but the enormous reduction in their price during the past few years, and the larger numbers produced, have brought India shawls within the reach of almost any one who can afford to buy a shawl at all; while the opening up of India possessions has brought to Europe and this country shawls of a pattern and grade which have never been seen here before, and bearing the hall-mark of their authenticity. The colors in some of these are surpassingly fine, and so artistically blended, as to be a revelation of effects. There is nothing commonplace about them, yet nothing *outre*, or extravagant. The impression produced upon the mind is that of a noble picture; but the work of making and combining the infinite number of fragments of which an India shawl is composed into the perfect whole, is more marvelous than painting a picture. In the very large consignments received by the house of Arnold and Constable, this season, are a number of rare shawls of extraordinary beauty and originality. There are also very handsome specimens of the "Umritza" cashmere, or mountain wool shawl, not so fine as the valley cashmere, but not coarse either, and wonderfully distinguished in pattern, and blending of rich colors. Of striped cashmere and Decca shawls, there are also numerous grades and varieties, which are worthy of the attention of housekeepers, because it is not at all likely that the low prices will continue. Decca shawls are now much used for upholstery, and the striped cashmeres for the fashionable portières, a not extravagant use to which to apply them, for they last forever, and are not dearer than other upholstery stuffs.

Summer Satinettes.

THE manufacture of cotton goods for dress purposes has advanced so rapidly that it seems now to have reached a perfection which leaves nothing to be desired. The importations of the present season surpass all others in design, color, and texture. The new name for satine, "satinette," perhaps expresses better than the first the fineness, softness, and silky texture of the fabric, which has, it must be said, advanced in price as well as quality. The average cost of satinette is fifty cents per yard, but it can be purchased in last year's patterns, and of a somewhat coarser fiber at forty, and it is displayed in wonderfully shaded designs upon cream grounds, pale blues, and China pinks at one dollar per yard. One dollar per yard for a cotton dress! but a cotton that is superior to a thin, cheap silk.

The ground colors this season are both light and dark, and upon them are the most charming little buds, sprays, flowerets, and minute leaves and tendrils shaded to the nicest point of ingenuity and faithfulness. Cowslips, primroses, daffodils, carnations, daisies, buttercups tied with wisps of straw, bunches of meadow grass, or laid in flat little willow baskets, are scattered over black, brown, old blue, red, cream, and mastic grounds. There are also lily patterns and Egyptian sphinxes, and Japanese designs, but these antiquities give way before the fresh coming of the "spirit" of the spring in the pretty combinations of leaf, and bud, and flower.

A decided novelty in design is spherical with nebulous lines in gray, black, and warmer almond tints upon pale grounds, so that they look like small, full, and irregularly darkened moons, interlaced against a pale blue or Nile green sky. There are others in which lace is thrown over jars of lilies, and still others where the lilies are apparently floating in the misty groundwork, or have become tangled in the seaweed.

Lace Work.

THE majority of what are called "lace" collars, overdresses, covers for parasols, and the like, are not real lace, or a cotton imitation, but are the results of a new industry, invented by a woman, and carried on by her with the assistance of other women, who are employed by her. The articles are made by knitting together rick-rack, and "feather edge" braid, in fine mesh, and in many pretty and dainty patterns. The work is easily and cheaply done, and has a large sale.

How to utilize Old Shawls and Scarfs.

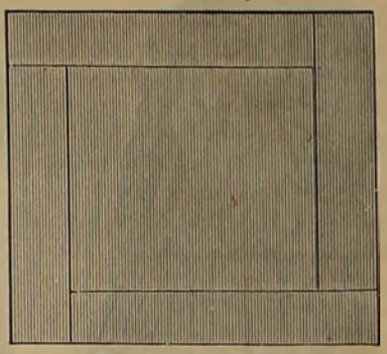
OF course the happy owner of a real Cashmere shawl wears it as long as it will hold together, or until it becomes hopelessly soiled, if it be of suitable color and style. I have, however, seen one with an exquisitely beautiful border, while the plain portion was of such an odd hue that it had never been worn. It was probably brought from the Indies by a gentleman not given to noticing the conventionalities of dress.

Sometimes one has a very handsome imitation kept in wear, till on holding it up to the light one sees many tiny breaks in the fabric besides a general effect of being *passée*.

A good way to dispose of the unwearable real Cashmere and of the nearly worn out or old fashioned imitation shawls, is to drape your chamber or hall windows with them.

Suppose one has four windows for which to make lambrequins, while the shawl is about a yard and a half square, with a wrought or woven border a quarter of a yard deep.

Cut the border so that the pieces will be of equal length. This is done of course by allowing the depth of the border on each alternate length, thus: If there are holes in the border they may be darned with fine silk and each piece should be lined with some dark color, as white allows the light to pass through too freely, giving the drapery a flimsy appearance.



For trimming, fringe of various kinds may be used, plain black or any other color that harmonizes with the prevailing hues of the material used. A very pretty effect might be made by tying into the heavy woolen fringe recently so much worn on dresses; threads of old gold, dark red, or pale green, or all of these combined.

If the drapery be somewhat faded, care must be taken not to have the fringe too vivid in hue, since if proper care be given in arranging colors, a piece of drapery that would look ill worn as a shawl, will seem very handsome in the dim light above a window and surrounded by a white or light wall and curtains.

Should the border be narrow and the shawl middle black, a heading could be easily and cheaply made by embroidering in feather-catch or other fashionable stitch a band of white or light colored flannel. Where the middle is white, black or some other agreeably contrasting color may be used for the heading.

My own arrangement for window drapery is extremely simple, consisting of a thin piece of board of the same length as the window frame, rounded at the corners but projecting over the frame perhaps two inches. Upon this piece of board I tack my curtains of white cotton cloth; then I halve my lined and fringed length of shawl border and tack or pin it to the board or curtain-band. Then I carry it smoothly to each end of the board, catching up about two inches of the width in a plait and allowing the end to hang like the point of a shawl as commonly worn. I catch up the middle with a knot or band of narrower border belonging to another old shawl and draw the curtain aside with loops of the same.

SCRAP BAG MADE OF SCARF.

I have seen a very pretty scrap bag made of an orange colored neck-scarf with embroidered ends.

In the first place make a cylindrical box of pasteboard from four to six inches in diameter and eight deep.

Cover the outside of this box with the embroidered ends of the scarf sewed together width wise, and with the seams hidden by catch or feather stitching done with scarlet or crimson embroidery silk.

The middle of the scarf sewed to the upper and lower edges of the cylinder cover makes the bag. Hem the upper edge and run through a ribon to hang by; Run a thread through the lower half turned hem and draw tight, finishing with loops of ribbon or tassels matching the fringe, which may be made to cover one of the seams where the embroidered ends are sewed on to the plain part of the scarf, while the other is hidden by feather stitch or embroidery.

Pastora Walking Skirt With Adjustable Train.—This model, at once elegant and ingenious, presents the popular design of a short walking skirt combined with a removable train, which gives the wearer the option of using it as a graceful train to form part of an in-door toilet, or a short skirt for the street costume. The skirt, without the train, escapes the ground all around, and is trimmed with three deep, box-plaited flounces, over which is arranged a very graceful drapery. The front is arranged with two overlapping draped aprons, and the upper part of the back is very *bouffant* with two plaited ends falling over the place where the adjustable train is joined to the skirt. The train itself is covered with a multitude of narrow plaitings, and a full drapery slashed open in the middle of the back giving a fan-shaped effect to the train. This design is most suitable for dressy materials, and is especially desirable for a combination of goods. The back view of this practical design is illustrated elsewhere, with the train, in combination with the "Odette" basque. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

SEVERAL BRIDAL DRESSES have been made recently of rich faille, or gros-grain, with embroidered fronts, a new departure from the satin and brocade which have been all but universal for some time past. The cheap satins are disgusting the fastidious, and they prefer the old solid "brides" faille, at from five to ten dollars per yard, to the more recent fabric which conceals so much that is false under its shining face.

Antonia Overskirt.—Although very graceful and dressy, this design is quite simple and extremely well adapted to materials that may be laundered, while equally appropriate for any other class of dress goods. It is composed of a deep apron draped up to the belt in plaits, and meeting in the back over a graceful drapery. It may be trimmed simply or richly, according to taste and the material employed. This design is illustrated *en costume*, on Figs. 1 and 3 of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

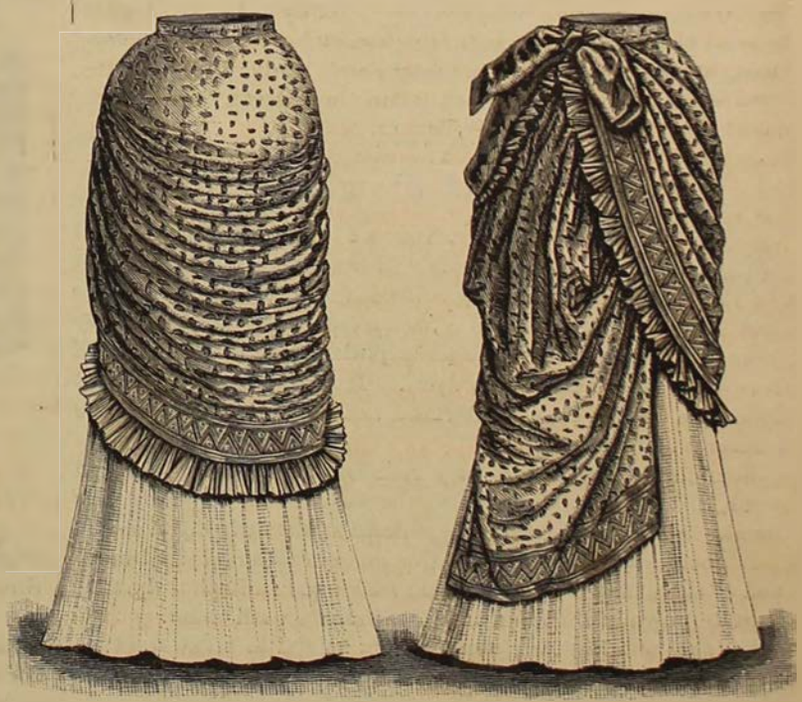
A Decided Novelty.

THE embroidered dots and sprigs upon thin cotton and wool materials are a revival of one of the prettiest fashions ever known in the manufacture of ordinary fabrics, and it will doubtless be received with favor. "Sprigged" muslins made the dresses of our grandmothers—dresses with skirts hemmed at the bottom, and worn with sashes, low round waists, and short sleeves. It is possible that these also may be revived; but in the mean time the thin lawns, nuns' veiling, and pretty batistes with embroidered dots will make charming summer dresses in almost any style.

GOLD BRAID EMBROIDERY ornaments the collars of some of the spring jackets.

COLORED GLOVES WITH WHITE DRESSES.—Graduates, this coming June, will please take notice that if they wish to be very distinctive, in short, put on the latest touch, they will select their gloves and hose in black, or tan, or biscuit, or pale gold, or lichen green, a very light tint, and wear with them, not white, but black sandaled shoes. These, be it understood, with white dresses.

BLACK AND WHITE.—It is a long time, quite a number of years, since black and white in combination have been very fashionably worn, but this year this revival, among others, seems to have taken place. Rich black tissues are accompanied by a garniture of open embroidery; black silk and black lace mantles are worn with white lace dresses as formerly, and white dresses are accompanied not only by black kid shoes, strapped or sandaled, but with black stockings clocked with white.



ANTONIA OVERSKIRT.

Spring Materials for In and Outdoor Costumes.

THERE is immense variety and considerable novelty also in the display made by the great dry goods houses of materials for in and out-door wear. The great feature is the combination of the figured fabrics with the plain ; this is universal. Sometimes the figured goods are embroidered, sometimes brocaded ; again it represents a lace design, a border, or large sprays of flowers thrown upon the surface in places favorable to effective display in the making up of the costume. Whatever the design or style, it is always used for the upper part of the dress, or for garniture, and always or nearly always in conjunction with a solid fabric.

One of the novelties in all wool materials shows a surface of fine Chuddah wool like soft and delicate camel's hair embroidered in tiny sprigs, leaves, (shamrock, or clover,) or little buds in two colors, or in shades of the same color. These stuffs are used for sleeves, for scarf-like draperies, for pockets, or basques, or for collars, cuffs, and mounting generally ; and also for the large bows and sash ends at the back.

Suitings are very handsome ; they are in dark and light Cheviot mixtures, and are made up tailor fashion, with a facing of silk or moire, and a few handsome buttons which give distinction. Other all wool costumes are embroidered upon the material in the same color ; in eyelets, open wheels ; stars set in squares, and alternating with squares forming an open lattice-work ; and other patterns suggestive of Madeira embroidery upon cotton. This open embroidery constitutes the trimming, and it is not cheap ; for it is executed in silk, and the pattern must be handsome to be effective.

Other robe dresses in all wool are ornamented with solid embroidery in contrasting colors ; but the open embroidery is perhaps the newest and most desirable. Very novel effects have been produced this season by the varied application of the lace patterns upon solid grounds, first introduced last year. The early specimens were most beautiful imitations of point lace in uncut velvet upon a dark satin surface, and were very costly ; but this year we have an over-laying of lace upon cotton satine, an entirely new fine woolen material in black and cream, called "Spanish lace" which is woven in the patterns of Spanish lace, and simulates it exactly : and we have also a new, soft, and very elegant silk, with patterns of old Breton, Brabant, Honiton, and other well-known laces, woven into its ground-work, and made a part of its texture, so that the silk which forms the pattern, covers the under side, and conceals the darker grounding. These are beautiful fabrics, they look like sewing silk grenadines with rich silk lace woven in them.

Nun's veiling will be used largely for summer dresses ; and is made a great feature of the importations. It is seen not only in cream, and the pale shades of blue, pink, and heliotrope, but in primrose, peach-blossom, biscuit-color, and various shades of dark and light-brown ; and lichen green, and old China blue is also very pretty, particularly embroidered in tinted white. Embroidery is the special ornamentation of nun's veiling ; it is embroidered in dots, in sprigs, in sprays, in large sunflowers and also in open embroidery patterns, of different widths for skirt, over-skirt, and basque or bodice.

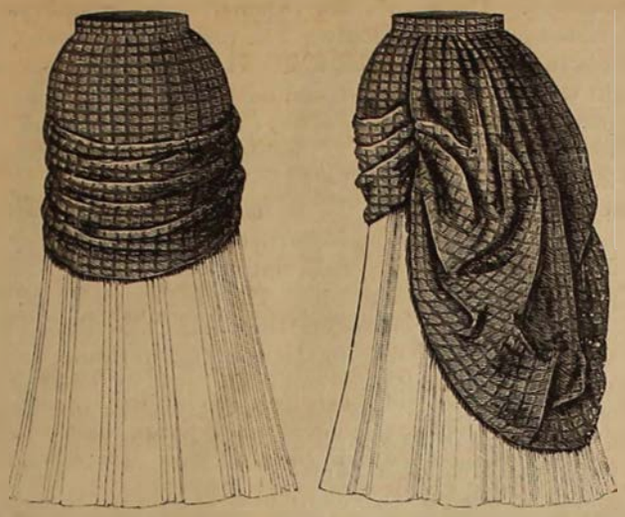
Many old favorites reappear, chinés, louisine, and foulards in silk ; the chinés being a revival of styles which had a great vogue many years ago, and will be welcomed again for their usefulness, and durability. Grenadines make their appearance in patterns of immense size ; large saucer-like spots with centers of plush, and rims of satin, and flower patterns of the largest size, which will test the ingenuity of dressmakers. The chinés are in small shaded patterns on light tinted ground ; the louisines in very minute checks, the foulards in small dots, spots, and crescents of an equal size in light tints on dark ground, and dark tints on light ground. The pongees are always the same, except that they are now frequently accompanied by embroidered garniture, which is sold in strips of four and a half yards in length.

The cottons, especially the satines, are really beautiful, and many of them thoroughly artistic in design. They are not cheap (fifty cents per yard), but not dear either ; considering their fineness and finish. They are as pretty as foulard, and in the dark olives and browns, make dresses well suited to the church-going in the country, to riding, and all useful purposes ; the lighter and more brilliant patterns, the bordered cambrics, and the dainty lawns, are easily adapted by an application of lace or needle-work to the gayest of garden party, and lawn tennis dresses.

Certainly if our girls have any taste or genius for making, there are pretty materials enough to satisfy the most exigeant taste.

Sarolta Jacket.—The simplicity of this stylish design renders it an extremely practical model for general use. It is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The front is cut-away below the waist, and fullness is imparted to the skirt portion by extensions cut on the back pieces and laid in plaits on the under side. The jacket is ornamented with a rolling collar and *revers*, and cuffs of a contrasting material. This design is appropriate for any of the goods used for ladies' out-door garments, and for many dress materials. It requires no trimming except the contrast afforded by the collar and cuffs, and a bow of the same at each side of the plaits in the back ; and the latter can be omitted, if preferred, and the effect still be good. The back view of this garment is illustrated on Fig. 3 of the full-page engraving in combination with the "Antonia" overskirt. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

THE EFFORT to reinstate crinoline has not subsided ; it is only being pursued in a quieter and less ostentatious manner. The imprudent attempt to impose upon women the winged bustle of last season was met by so peremptory a refusal that a retreat was effected in good order. But a more insidious attempt may meet with better success. We advise ladies who do not wish to be entrapped into a humped-back to guard their liberties jealously. Prevention is the best remedy for an evil.



Nettie Overskirt.—This pretty overskirt, adapted to any class of dress goods, but especially desirable for washable materials, is extremely simple. Is composed of a short apron draped in plaits, and a hooped back drapery. It may be trimmed simply or richly, according to the material selected, or left entirely plain. The back view of this design is shown on Fig. 2 of the full-page engraving, in combination with the "Lilla" basque. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Lilla Basque.—Thoroughly practical, and at the same time stylish in appearance, this simple basque is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, which forms a plaited postilion below the waist. The tight-fitting coat sleeves are finished with "Mousquetaire" cuffs, and a turned-down collar completes the design. Any class of dress goods may be made up after this model, and trimmed simply, or richly, according to the taste and material employed. The back view of this is shown on Fig. 2 of the full-page engraving, in combination with the "Nettie" overskirt. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

Children's Fashions.

CHILDREN have been relieved from much that was obnoxious, and have had a great deal that is beautiful put into their lives of late years, and, on the whole, they are the happier for it. Circumstances cannot be conceived more conducive to a happy life than those which surround the children of well-to-do, intelligent parents—parents not so rich that they separate their children from them, and give them over to hirelings, but men and women whose lives, apart from the routine of daily duty, are devoted to their children, who put their best into their homes, and are on the lookout to give them every pleasure that is in their power and not hurtful.

No more advance has been made in any direction than in that of dress. It is not so many years since girls and boys of tender age were almost frozen to death in cold weather in low, short frocks and bare legs that often looked blue, and were not in the least protected by the short socks and low slippers. Even the skirts of little girls' frocks, though composed of many layers, brought little comfort; for they were stiffly starched, and stood out from the poor little body, straight and stiff as an open parasol.

Thank heaven, it is some time now since all this was changed, so that children, who are children now, cannot remember any time when they were not comfortably and warmly clothed in cold weather; and having obtained a good model or foundation for the universal child's dress in the princesse pattern, mothers are determined to retain it, not finding anything that on the whole is as adaptable or useful.

There is plenty of choice, however, in materials, and some that are very pretty and not extravagant in cost. Among these are the suitings specially made in lovely shades of old and gendarme blue, and which trim so well with white embroidery or embroidery upon the material. They may also be trimmed with narrow braids with silk or *satin merveilleux* of the color with a stripe into which the blue enters, or with a polka dotted material either silk or embroidered wool.

The flannels for still younger children show many novelties in design and color, the combinations being, some of them, very striking. For example, upon an almond tinted ground is a check composed of garnet, old gold, gendarme blue, lines of brown and lichen green. The combination is lovely, and, trimmed with Flemish lace, becomes elegant enough for the most fastidious persons and dressy occasions.

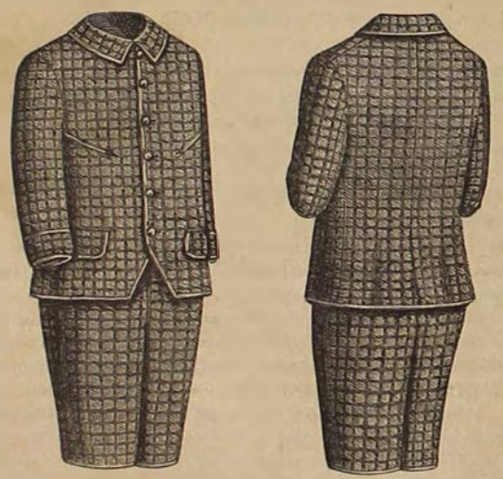
It is very much the fashion now to dress children, both boys and girls, in quaint and historic costumes upon special occasions. For weddings, birthdays, dances or festivals, or anniversary entertainments, generally, Kate Greenaway furnishes the ideas for the girls, or "Patience" is copied, the pretty village maid in the opera of that name. At a recent wedding at which the bride displayed an Elizabethan dress, her little brother wore knee breeches (of dark green velvet) crimson silk stockings, and shoes with buckles. At a birthday party a little boy wore a "Bunthorne" dress, short paletot coat, and knee breeches of almond colored corduroy, turn-down linen collar, pale blue silk tie, and silk stockings matching the suit. The general features of a boy's dress, however, after he puts on a suit of "three pieces," become strictly commonplace and conventional, and the changes from season to season are very slight. The principal point is to keep their clothes in good condition, and this is an anxious point with many mothers. One thing should be impressed upon fathers, and this is, that it is better and really more economical in the end to buy the clothes of a well-grown lad than to wear the mother's eyesight, and take her precious time making them. Shirts, also, can be bought good and cheap, and from the making of these also the overtasked mother should be relieved. Dressing boys in neat, well-made garments inspires them with ambition and a desire to "live up" to their clothes; while neglect, or the idea that anything will do for a boy, is very apt to produce the impression that any kind of boy will do for such clothes.

Hosiery continues dark, and in solid colors or very fine hair stripes. Light hose are now seldom seen or very bright hose excepting red, which is most fashionable in its darkest

shades. With the light brown corduroy suits, which promise to be a feature, stockings are selected to match with perhaps colored clocking. And it may be remarked that stockings of a good, fashionable, and harmonious color cost no more than the same quality in a bad and inharmonious color.

Very young children who have begun to walk, and even those who have only just outgrown their long clothes, have now lovely little princesse dresses made in colors—mere tints—but very pretty. The material is flannel, and they are trimmed with needlework or Flemish lace, either of which washes, as does the flannel perfectly. A novelty for girls is the "Directoire" coat in gendarme blue with facing of old gold, a little red necktie, very dark, finishes it at the throat.

Among the illustrations the "Nettie" overskirt and basque "Lilla" may be remarked as useful designs for spring, very simple, and adapted to wool or cotton. The entire overdress only requires seven yards of material twenty-four inches wide, and is complete without addition, except lining, facing, and buttons for the basque. This would be a convenient school dress with underskirt, and may be made in Cheviot, cotton satine, Scotch zephyr gingham, or any of the soft wool suitings. The "Malvina" costume consists of a skirt composed of two flounces attached to a yoke, a polonaise cut to form a basque in front, and draped at the back, side paniers supplementing the basque effect with a combination material which reappears in the deep circular collar. The "Ralph" suit, made in Scotch tweed, is a good and practical design for a boy. The finish should be a silk galloon very closely stitched on.



Ralph Suit.—This stylish and practical suit, for boys of from six to ten years of age, is composed of a single-breasted jacket, and knee-pants plain at the top. The design is adapted to any of the materials used for boys' clothing, and rows of machine stitching or a binding of narrow galloon will finish it most appropriately. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, thirty cents each.

A LACE CAP for a baby of six months or a year, is lined with pale blue Surah, and has forget-me-nots in the ruche of Valenciennes, which frames the face. A cape is added to the cap, which forms a very deep collar, which falls over the shoulders, and may also be lined with the silk, but generally is not.

THE INNUMERABLE SHADES of lovely color are a joy to the eye, and one can only appreciate them by going back to the crude blues, greens, brick red, and bright yellow, with which our eyes were formerly tortured.

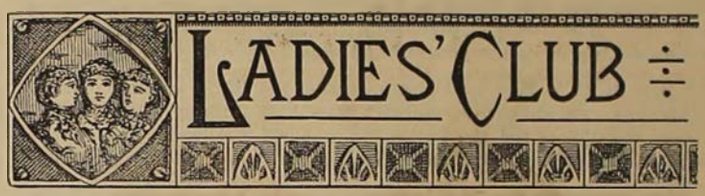
THE ESTHETES do not permit the use of starch or artificial flowers.

Our "Portfolio of Fashions" for the Spring and Summer of 1882.

OUR "Portfolio of Fashions" is now ready, and we call the attention of ladies to this most useful publication. Embracing, as it does, highly finished and correct illustrations of all the newest and most popular styles, together with clear descriptions of the same in English and French, it affords unusual facilities not only for the selection of a garment, but for the making up of the same. Every detail is given with accuracy, including the number of yards required for the garment and trimming.

The present issue of the "Portfolio" contains an unusually large number of beautiful and stylish illustrations, representing street and indoor dresses, wraps, underclothing, articles of gentlemen's wear, and all that goes to make up the wardrobe of children of every age.

The immense sale of this publication is ample proof of its utility and popularity. No safer or more satisfactory guide in the selection of a suitable style can be found, and the low price of fifteen cents places it within the reach of all. Address, MME. DEMOREST, 17 E. 14th Street, New York, or any of the Agencies.



"RUTH."—You will require a straw bonnet by this time. Get a modified poke, with rather wide brim, which line with ivory white, and trim with very pale pink, and tinted roses, or white lilac. Or you may use very pale blue for the lining. Dark green, bronze, and olive shades would be becoming to you,—also black and white. Dark green would bring out all the gold in your hair; almond shades and pale blue would also be becoming to you, and brown with a lighter mixture. Use white lace, or soft mull at your throat, and fine lace or lisse ruffles instead of linen collars; when practicable, they will suit your style. Cultivate your memory by compelling yourself to recall what you have seen, what you have read, and noting it down accurately. The memory is very susceptible of growth, and improvement by cultivation, and it is one of the faculties which best rewards endeavor, for it is through it we store up comfort and joy for old age. You should have returned your calls long before this reaches you; in a week, or ten days, after receiving them, your mother or brother would be suitable escort. Cultivate the kind of society you wish to associate with. The best is less easy of approach at first, and its acquisition is made more gradually, but it is more permanent, more true, and more satisfactory. Your handwriting shows taste, refinement—a rather critical mind; but a great deal of intelligent appreciation.

"EVA R."—A May-queen's dress should consist of a short striped skirt; blue and white, or pink and white, and paniered overdress of rose-bud chintz, cut square with elbow sleeves and long bodice draped away from the front. Small straw hat, worn a little to one side, and trimmed with a wreath of may mixed with rose-buds. Black slippers, clocked stockings, long cream mits. She may use a pretty rose-bud parasol as a sceptre, and should be attended by her true knight and bevy of maids. Her business is to preside over the sports, distribute prizes, and crown the victors.

"JULIA A. S."—Make your silk dress with a deep basque, sloped up on the hips, as this tends to make the figure more slender; finish it with flat folds, which follow its outline strictly, and terminate in front in a cluster of loops. Cut the skirt walking length, and mount it with two plaited flounces; a series of folds forming half the tablier, and a short round apron, or shirring as preferred, for the upper part of the front. The back may be straight, and laid in box plaits, or draped; a serpentine, irregular drapery would probably better suit your figure; trim with handsome jet passementerie, which may be used instead of folds to outline the basque. If to this dress you add a small straight, or slightly rounded mantelet, knotted in front, which may be trimmed with a jetted passmenterie and fringe, you have a complete suit, a dress that can be utilized for any occasion, a pretty wrap which can be worn with other dresses.—It depends how sitting-room and parlor are used, and what the style and the contents of the "what-not." As to where it should be placed you should be the best judge of the suitability of its resting place.

"ARETHUSA."—The "wonders of Solomon's Temple" are almost realized in Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt's new house on Fifth Avenue. Its entrance has walls of African marble, with a frieze of figures in mosaic. In the vestibule are fixed marble seats, with a ceiling wrought out of metal and stained glass, filled in with mosaic. The floor is of fine marble, and mosaic; the great doors are copies (reduced in size of famous Florentine gates, Ghibertis). The central hall rises to the full height of the house, and the stories are surrounded by galleries, reached by wide, winding stair-cases. The wood work of the drawing-room is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and hung with red velvet, richly embroidered by hand in exquisite flowers and leaf designs. There are columns of onyx, with bronze mounting, which bear great vases of stained glass, and clusters of lights. The family room is finished in ebony inlaid with ivory, and decorated with panels, the paintings in which show groops of children playing, and engaged in various exercises. The cost of house and furniture was three millions of dollars.

"CLARA L."—We do not see how the stain upon one part of the linen could be removed without taking the color out of the other. Probably the best way would be to bleach the whole; the extract could not have been good, and the washing must have been careless.

"AMY."—It would certainly be a most natural and courteous thing to invite the young gentleman to call under those circumstances; as you did not he will not be likely to avail himself of his proximity. At so late an hour it is neither necessary nor proper to invite an escort into your house, but it would be a perfectly proper and suitable thing to invite him to call at some other time. The person you are talking with, and whom it is fair to infer has occupied your attention some time, if you are tired of and bored with him, must be a very obtuse and also very ignorant person, if he does not know enough to resign his position in favor of any other gentleman who wishes to speak with you in a crowded general assemblage. The best way, perhaps, would be to leave him, rise and continue standing, or excuse yourself and walk away with your friend.

"MRS. M. C."—Persons desiring to enter any of the summer classes at Chautauqua, should correspond with Miss J. E. Bulkley, Plainfield, N.J. Terms, ten dollars for the entire six weeks. This sum admits to all lectures, concerts, entertainments, etc., of the "Chautauqua Assembly."

"AN ENQUIRING READER."—Apply to the U. S. Land Office, Washington D. C., and you will receive all the information you require in regard to taking up Government claims.

"SUNFLOWER."—There is a rage for embroidery this season, it is the universal trimming, especially the open embroidery upon the material. It is executed in the self color, and also in combinations which form striking contrasts.

"SYLVAN" writes:—I have not forgotten "M. A. J. H., of Fairfax Co., Va.," for I read her letters with interest. And through her letters, I had become interested in her prosperity as a woman farmer, and was looking forward to the time when she would write and give us an account of her visit to the Eastern cities, and other places she anticipated visiting in the future. But her last letter has cast a shadow over the near future, which I hope will be speedily removed. I am one who wishes her good fortune. Also, I hope that the pitiful villain, who laid the hand of destruction on the honest labor of a woman, will take up his abode in other quarters, and repent of his cowardly deeds. I shall be glad to hear from "M. A. J. H." through the columns of the "Ladies' Club" very soon again. This is my fifth year as a subscriber to your excellent Magazine, and I am well pleased with it; I have no fault to find with the literary changes.

"E. E. C."—Queen Victoria's family name is Guelph; high and royal personages do not use family names. Queen Victoria signs herself, Victoria R; Victoria Regina, or Queen; the Prince of Wales, Albert Edward, simply.

"MRS. C."—Scarlet is a "loud" shade; a border of crimson would have been much better, and then with your lambrequins, covers, and rug of crimson, the gloom would leave your north room, and the effect would be warm and pretty. We should advise the red covers, however, and lambrequins, with gold and black borders embroidered, or appliquéd on; and darned lace over the red for table, stand, or chair tidies. Trim your black cashmere with itself, and guipure lace; gros grain soon wears, used as trimming upon wool. The "Isotta" is an excellent design for cashmere.

A "CONSTANT READER" wants a permanent red dye for cotton, and not with aniline color. She also wants a design for a pretty rag carpet. Will some of our notable housewives give her the information she seeks? Beaded trimmings are not "mourning;" you could use a dull passementerie that is not beaded, or lustreless silk. Certainly we can furnish a mourning bonnet, capote shape; we could send you a very nice one for ten dollars. Mrs. Washington's age, when she married General George Washington, was twenty-seven; she was a widow with two children, born in 1732, married to General Washington in 1759.—A large canvas horse may be forthcoming, but we cannot promise it.

"ESTHETE."—Ruskin is the modern apostle of the æsthetic idea, and the one from which the minor writers, poets, artists, and others have received their inspiration. His constant teaching is that only the true and the permanent can be beautiful. He asks that dwelling houses shall be built to last, and built to be lovely; that whatever we buy shall be that which, having been a joy to the maker for its beauty and excellence, shall be a joy to the user from the satisfaction it gives. He deprecates the haste with which we do things in these days, and urges the artist, the architect, the designer, to study natural forms, and particularly those which are indigenous, or peculiar to their own land. Mr. Oscar Wilde thinks we have here mines of beauty for art and architecture in our great Western flora; the plants and other growths indigenous to Colorado.

"READING ALOUD."—"Learn to read slow; all other graces will follow in their proper places," is from Walker's "Art of Reading."

"SELF-MADE."—Latin is the basis of all language, and particularly of judicial forms of speech. You need to make a thorough study of Latin if you intend to become a lawyer, or you will find yourself at an immeasurable disadvantage in your ambition to reach any high place in the profession.

"SWEET MARIGOLD."—You might call your young association the Primrose Club, as it is to be limited in number, and confined to young girls. W. L. Bowles' lines would serve for a motto:

"'Tis the first primrose, see how meek
Yet beautiful it looks;
As just a lesson it may speak,
As that which is in books."

Your idea being to "find out what is really beautiful," it would perhaps be as well to begin by endeavoring to find out what is *not* beautiful, and you will discover that whatever is false, ungentle, vulgar, rude, pretentious, is unbeautiful. Get the poems of the Goodale sisters, and use them for reading; they will be easily comprehended, and place you in sympathy with nature, the source of all beauty, but try also to think out your own subjects for investigation and discussion. As for example, what is it that is most beautiful and desirable in character, in conduct, or in person? What is most beautiful in manner, in dress, in living, and the like? Ruskin is your best authority.

"NEILL MAY"—Tennyson's poems will be sent you on the receipt of 50 cts. Thanks for your good opinion.

"MAMIE LEORA."—The bronze shade of your silk is good enough as it is, you could not improve it by dyeing. Trim with satin merveilleux, same shade.

"HENRIETTE S."—A letter addressed to Madame Louise, Otto Peters, Lubeck, Germany, would doubtless reach her.—Subscription price of this magazine has been reduced to $2.00 per year.

"A READER."—The making of Honiton lace is a very delicate process, it could hardly be acquired by descriptive "directions." There are several modern methods of making pretty lace articles and trimmings which are easily acquired.

"MRS. B. H."—You will find directions for the making of "wash" dresses in answers to other correspondents, and also in the fashion articles of this and the March number. White dresses are always worn more or less, but while they are perfectly suitable for the country, for an occasional excursion to Central Park, or elsewhere on a very fine day, we do not consider them fit wear for city streets; they look out of place, and soil too easily. The "Sutherland" is a good model for gingham. So is the "Mirabel." You can drape the back, or let it hang straight, if you prefer either style to the successive ruffles Bunting and pongee are both good materials for excursion dresses, better than cotton, because cotton grows so quickly limp and depressed looking, if caught in a shower. Why not apply at a glue manufactory for the horn you want? you could probably get a choice for a very small sum.—Thanks for your good opinion.

"FRANCES."—The "Fantine" (girls' pattern) would suit you. You could drape the overskirt at the back in any way preferred. Or make skirt walking length trimmed upon a lining. Add a basque draped off to form side paniers, and a small, straight mantelet with ruffled edge. The skirt should be trimmed with narrow ruffles up on the front, or shirred.

"FRIENDSHIP."—There is a species of lace work easily acquired which can be done at home, and for which there is a steady demand. One woman in New York employs a large number of other women, many of whom she has never seen, many of whom are ladies, who gladly do this work to eke out an income, or provide a little spending money for themselves. The work is done by knitting narrow "rick-rack" or "feather-edge" braid together with lace stitches, and the instructions can be imparted by mail. Perhaps your friend would find a resource in this work, which is adapted to so many purposes that it is not dependent on fashion in any one direction.

"MRS. P. V. C—D."—Our purchasing bureau can supply all the materials you require for painting in oil and water colors. We cannot advertise business houses by giving their special names in this department; besides we do not know that a stranger writing from Oregon would be treated precisely like a resident of New York who knew exactly what was wanted and its value.

"SUBSCRIBER."—Had you not better have the moire antique dyed black, and made up with fine cashmere as drapery for the skirt and small visite, so as to make a complete walking suit. If you combine it with the same color, it must be in a darker shade, and plain faille or wool.

"N. J."—Your sample is figured crape cloth, and has been sufficiently popular; it could hardly be called a "fashionable" material. Its cost would depend on its width and the season when bought or sold; just now such goods are very much reduced.

"YOUNG WIDOW."—Six months is long enough to wear a crape veil, and crape collars and trimmings. After that a black lisse veil may be worn, and white fine lisse interior finishing for the neck and wrists. But white collars, and any mixture of white with the dress must not be indulged in until after twelve months have passed. Then for the second and closing year you may wear plain black wool with white linen lawn collars, lustreless black silk, and in summer white with black ribbons and trimmings.

"OLD SUBSCRIBER."—It is difficult to convey any information by writing that would enable you to distinguish the real bronze from imitation. Real bronze is made from a mixture of metals, and "imitation" bronze from a cheaper combination, or a simple coating which produces a bronzed surface. There are many grades and many varieties of bronze, and also of imitation of bronze. The only way is to study them, their composition, forms, and the like, and thus get at an intelligent opinion. Real bronze is produced by a nice process, and engages real artists in the production of its important objects; they are therefore always costly, and "cheap" bronze may be set down necessarily as imitation bronze.

"YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER."—There is no "universal" size for pillows and shams; they have to differ in accordance with width of beds, and they differ with the habits of persons. The best way is to measure your feather bolster and pillows, and allow half a yard in length and a quarter in width for seams, hems, and space. The end of the bolster should be left open, and the hems an inch and a half in width stitched or hemstitched on the right side. The pillows should be large and square; this will make the covers large and square also; the covers should be three inches wider, and five inches longer than the pillows themselves, the extra two inches allowing for deep hems closed at the open ends with small pearl buttons, and button holes. Over these the shams are placed, and are cut two inches larger on all the four sides; in addition to allowing for broad hem, unless they are finished with ruffles, then the hems will be superfluous, though this is a matter of taste, some ladies preferring them.

"GEORGE W. CARLETON."—Sparks is probably the most complete. There are so many sellers of photographs that we cannot discriminate one from another. French & Son, the European agents for dramatic works, probably keep a larger assortment of theatrical celebrities than any other. Their address is Union Square, New York city. The method of cleansing sea shells depends upon what they are, and what they contain. If they hold live fish, they should be plunged into boiling water, and the contents extracted with a small hook or crochet needle. If they are clear of occupants they should be laid in fresh water for several hours, and the delicate tracery of the shells cleaned with great care with a small brush. Why not use in combination with your black silk some fine, open wool grenadine as drapery, or as a polonaise over the silk skirt? Or you might use a fine, nice piece of black camel's hair, and of the same material make a small mantelet or visite which would complete the suit, and could be utilized for wear with other dresses.

"M. C. T."—Fraulein Calm's works have not been translated into English, nor are they for sale in New York. They could be procured by an order probably through Christern, or by addressing Fraulein Marie Calm, Cassel, Hesse Cassel, Germany. Her latest published work, "Leo," is spoken very highly of; but she is engaged in writing another, which appears serially in one of the German papers.

"MINNEHAHA."—You certainly belong to the brunette type; does not your own good sense suggest what to say under such ordinary circumstances? it seems too absurd to repeat in print so common a formula as "Thanks, I shall be very happy, or much obliged," or "thanks" only; or "Thanks, I have an escort," or "It is not necessary; much obliged all the same."—All the fashionable colors would be becoming to you except some shades of blue and green.

"AN ALBANY GIRL."—Two cushions placed in front of a stand upon which is a prayer-book in large type; that is all that is necessary in the way of special preparation for an Episcopal wedding at home. The clergyman does not kneel unless he is high church, then he would require a hassock placed back of the stand, while the cushions for bride and groom would be in front of it. The person who gives the bride away has nothing to say; he or she only takes the hand of the bride, and puts it into that of the clergyman that he may place it in that of the groom when the question is asked, "Who giveth this woman," etc. The formula is a relic of that old idea of which many fragments still remain, that the woman "belongs" first to her father then to her husband.

"MRS. A. H. J.—There are many pretty ways of making gingham, and other washing dresses; one way is the following: Round shirred waist, wide belt, sleeves full, and shirred at the wrists; plain skirt, gathered full at the back, and trimmed with two gathered flounces. No. 2, Plain skirt, trimmed with knife plaiting, draped apron overskirt, plaited blouse waist, belted in to the figure. No. 3, Plain skirt, trimmed with three or five narrow ruffles; Princesse polonaise, draped off into side paniers, and forming a camargo point in front. Half long sleeves shaped to the arm. No. 4, Wrapper cut all in one, and shirred at the neck, and back, and front of the waist, to fit the figure; the shirring faced underneath. Small leg-of-mutton sleeves. Black silk ranges from one to five dollars per yard.

"MARY D."—It would be impossible to tell who invented the rattle; it was probably the simultaneous idea of thousands of mothers who wished to obtain some rest for themselves, by making a noise that would amuse as many restless, energetic, and already brawling youngsters.—"Sally Lunn" took its name from the brisk mistress of an English Inn, who became famous for her tea-cakes, perhaps a century ago. We do not know who wrote "Sally in Our Alley," but "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," was written by Mrs. Emma Willard, the well-known teacher, of Troy, N. Y.

"H. T."—Dinner napkins of large size and fair quality can be purchased for $2.50 per dozen. Black silks from $1.50 to 2.50, of good "medium" quality.

"MRS. C. C."—Dye your red jersey black, and put with it a kilted skirt of black nun's veiling, concealing the conjunction under broad scarf folds of black surah, or damasée. The neck and sleeves of the jersey should be trimmed with rows of black lace, forming a round full collar and cuffs. Your idea is very good in regard to your silk; mount it on a thin lining to match, and use for an over-dress the cream "Spanish lace" in all wool; a sort of wool grenadine which is a novelty this season, and very useful, as well as pretty and effective. It is about half the price of "Spanish lace," drapes gracefully, and would assist in completing your "evening" costume at very small expense, cut the neck square, make half long sleeves, and trim with real "Spanish lace." You could have nothing better than a half worn black silk for a traveling dress. We would advise one new suit of wool in an olive shade with open-work, embroidery trimming on the material, and one good satine, or gingham morning walking dress. Nice cottons are much better made as walking dresses than as mere wrappers; as they can be put on in the morning, and are ready for "anything."

"M. R. F."—We do not know of any handsewing machine without treddle, unless it may be a toy for children; too small for use.

"Nina."—It is the *quality* of the color, not the particular shade that ensures against fading. It is a soft, very pale shade of rose pink, that is the most fashionable and desirable. Steel and silver bead trimmings are not peculiar to brides; in fact, would hardly be suitable for them. Silver is sometimes introduced into the embroidery upon brides' dresses of white satin, but silver beads and steel beads would be out of place unless very fine, and introduced very judiciously.

"GENEVIEVE R."—Certainly there would be no reason why the elder man should feel "insulted;" he might properly feel that the mode of address lacked dignity, and refinement of courtesy, a failing common to the young men of our day, who are taught to consider "push" more important than politeness. Respect is due to superiority of years, and this respect is shown in a rather more formal mode of address than one would consider necessary in writing to an individual of equal age and experience.

"AVICE."—We do not know of any such publication, and you can see yourself, there would be but little demand for it, not enough to render it a paying concern. Your best plan is to send for our "Portfolio," half yearly, which contains all the new designs in children's clothing of different ages, as well as that for adults; and then by reading the MAGAZINE and its fashions you will be kept well-informed in regard to styles and materials for children's wear.

"MRS. W."—De-mas. Pla-toe. Thé-oc'-re-tus. The-o-cy'des. Cover first with white silesia, cutting the size carefully, and turning in a narrow edge all round. Cut the satin, and draw it over the fan very neatly fastening first around the handle, and basting it up on the edge, which should be finished with a twisted silk, and silver cord, clustered loops, and ends of ribbon to ornament the handle. The samples you mention did not reach us. Our Lily and Roseate bloom are warranted harmless.

"WINNIE."—The binder would answer for holding and protecting the pictures as well as anything we know of. Insert some strips of stout cotton cloth under the pins and attach the pictures to them. Scissors eight inches will be sent for $1.00, post free.

"MABEL CLAIRE."—We should advise you to have a shirred waist gathered into a belt, and a pretty, round apron overskirt, bordered with open embroidery over a skirt, edged with two knife-plaited flounces. Belt wide, and covered with a moire ribbon belt, with loops, and ends at the side. White satin shoes, and white silk stockings are necessary if the dress is satin, or rich silk, and brocade, but with a muslin fine thread hose, and neat black kid shoes, strapped, or boots as preferred, are sufficient.

"Sylvania."—A light all wool beige, or a pretty, brown cheviot mixture, would make you an excellent traveling dress for the Niagara, lake, and eastern regions; there is nothing so durable, so clean, and comparatively inexpensive. A cheviot cloth in a small dark mixture would be suitable for an ulster, made after the "Scarborough" pattern. Avoid shirred waist and sleeves, use plain deep basques, coat back if you like, but not shirred. The light-brown is more suitable for a combination than the green, still, a "flavor" of the green will give character and originality. It should be used as folds intermixed with the other materials, and as part of the garniture merely. We only furnish such articles in rolled gold as are described in "What To Wear." The price of a carved gold band for a finger ring would be, according to weight, $3.00 to $10.00.

"Francis Bright."—"Knowledge" is not in the recent lists of English or American publications, and is not to be found at the publication depots.

"**Numa Roumestan**," Boston, Lee, and Shepard. Charles T. Dillingham, New York. Daudet's romances are to French literature what Sardou's dramas are to the French stage; they mirror the life, the color, the brilliant activity, the wonderful antitheses that everywhere present such mocking contrasts in gay France. "Numa Roumestan" is one of the most brilliant of modern French novelists' productions; its art and its literary skill are also perfect. It creates for us a central figure so marked in all its outlines, that none can fail to recognize it, and he surrounds him with circumstances somewhat different from his own, in order that the world may see what he would be, as well as what he is.

Numa Roumestan is a distinguished French politician, whom the French press with one voice have called Gambetta, and there is no reason to discredit the general belief; the voice, as some one had said, is the voice of Gambetta; the soiled hands those of any facile politician, Gambetta or others. The one beautiful, truthful figure in the story is that of Numa Roumestan's wife: Gambetta has no wife, he is a bachelor, but Daudet has chosen to represent him as a benedict, and the portrait he draws of the selfish, mercurial, dominant man—incapable of remorse, a mass of egotism and impulse, the idol of the public, the sorrow of his home, can never be forgotten, and stands in dark tumultuous contrast to the clearness, truth and purity of Rosalie, his suffering wife. With what vivid imagination is the South depicted—that wonderful Provence, whose atmosphere seems to have been distilled from the burning heart of its own roses. With what lance-like touches the life of the politician and his myrmidons is laid bare, and the gangrene which eats out every false, selfish and cruel heart exposed. There is no satisfactory close to an existence which has sacrificed every sentiment of honor to its instincts; and so the life does not end—it leaves him still the idol of the hour. There is no happiness for the wife who has ceased to feel respect, and whose illusions have been entirely dispelled; but there is the consolation of the mother, and this with the last and finest touch of his supreme art, Daudet affords to Rosalie, who only asks as she looks at the baby over whom all Paris rejoices; "Will you be a little Roumestan? will you break the hearts that trust in you? will you be inconstant and cruel; 'the joy of the street, the sorrow of the home?'"

"**John Eax**."—Both North and South have reason to be congratulated on the possession of a writer of Judge Tourgee's readiness and fluency, his keen sense of humor, his power for graphic, photographic delineation of persons and character, and his vivid description of scenes and places. Above all both may be congratulated on a writer whose sympathies are as quick as his judgment is just, and who is capable of doing entire justice to the best that he finds on both sides—that once famous, but imaginary line of Mason and Dixon. In the book of which the above is the title, there are two stories which reveal quite another person from the clever lawyer, the astute politician, the successful man of business, the keen satirist, all of which Judge Tourgee has proved himself to be. It shows us the delightful story teller, the literary artist, who by the strokes of his pen restores the past with startling distinctness, and blends it with a strong, vigorous self-reliant present. In John Eax we have the picture of a Southern republican family as dominative; as keenly alive to its supremacy, as determined to maintain it, as any representative of the old feudal system, and seeing this old life contrasted with the new, must compel the admission that the new is worth all it cost, even to those who lost most in the struggle. The glimpses of old Southern life, the descriptions of local scenes and events, and the transformation effected by the introduction of modern machinery and new industries, are full of vigor and realism. John Eax is not at all so fine a type of man as Paul, the hero of the second story, but he is a type, and as a story it is intensely interesting from first to last. Fords, Howard & Hulbert are the publishers of the handsome volume, which is sold for one dollar.

"**Madame Lucas**."—The latest of the "round robin" series issued by James R. Osgood & Co., does no credit to author or publisher. The title page says "perhaps it may turn out a song—perhaps a sermon;" as a matter of fact it is neither the one nor the other, it is not any thing of any consequence, and one cannot imagine for what purpose it was written, or how the author could write so many pages of purposeless commonplace, the absence of story not being redeemed by any brightness of dialogue, or clever description. Curiosity is excited in the first place in regard to the symposium presided over by Madame Lucas, but the characters turn out so commonplace, that they naturally drop apart, and certainly do nothing worthy of record.

The Throat and the Voice.—P. Blakiston & Son, of Philadelphia, have added to their valuable series of manuals, one upon the "Throat and Voice," which should be carefully studied by all who use the voice, or expect to do so in speaking, singing, or lecturing; and also by those who are subject to affections of the throat, which are at once so simple, and yet difficult of management as forms of disease. The author, J. Solis Cohen, M.D., takes up *seriatim*, all the known ailments which have their seat in the throat; describes their origin and conditions, and often suggests preventive measures; he also shows how these ailments, acute or chronic, as the case may be, affect the voice. He also goes into the entire medical philosophy of the respiratory organs, and their influence upon the vocal cords, an analysis of great value to those to whom they furnish the means of livelihood. The price is 30 cents in paper, and 50 cents in cloth.

How to Paint in Water-Colors is a flower manual of a strictly practical kind, by Lavinia Steele Kellogg. It restricts itself to instructions in flower-painting, and proposes to solve the difficulties which beginners encounter, and the remedies for which, in her own case, Miss Kellogg could not find in books. She has, therefore, prepared this simple little work, containing explicit directions in regard to materials, their preparation and use. The volume contains less than forty pages, so it may be imagined there is nothing superfluous, and has been very neatly printed by E. L. Kellogg & Co., of New York.

Mrs. Hugh L. Brinkley has written, and the American News Company has printed a spirited appeal on behalf of Women in Civil Service, their qualifications, claims, etc. Mrs. Brinkley has exhausted argument in so able and temperate a way, that the very best thing those persons can do who are at all interested in the question, and every man and woman ought to be, is to get the work and read it. We recommend one of her mottoes to our readers: "Give a woman a chance for independence and you give her a chance for virtue; open one more door to labor, and you close one more door on vice.

"**Marriage and Parentage**" is one of that kind of books of whose usefulness there could be no manner of doubt if the right people would read and profit by them. It contains valuable information, sensible hints, and useful suggestions enough to set up a family; but the people who are likely to read it are precisely those who have been reading the same class of books, acquiring useful information all their lives in regard to themselves, and the laws of their own well-being. Nevertheless it will not do to stop printing good books because the bad people who need them do not read them. M. T. Holbrook & Co., Laight Street, Publishers.

A New Religious Quarterly.—"*The Christian Philosopher*" has made its appearance, edited by Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the Strangers in New York, and the President of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, of which this new periodical is the outgrowth. The Institute was organized at Warwick Woodlands, Greenwood Lake, N. Y., on the 21st of July, 1881, and grew out of a meeting called for the purpose of organizing an institute which would have for one of its objects the investigation of those questions in philosophy and science which bear upon the revelations of the Bible, and the principles which form the basis of theology. The organization was effected on the basis of the Victoria Institute (England), of which Dr. Deems has long been a member, and the first effort was to secure as members competent gentlemen to perform the work in hand. The list as published includes the names of the most eminent divines in this country; a number of laymen noted for their public spirit and Christian character, and several ladies, both as full and associate members. The first number of what may be called the transactions of the institute contains five lectures, one on the "Origin and Primitive State of Man," by Prof. Alexander of Princeton; another "The Foundations of Christian Belief," by Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott of New York. Several of the papers are ably written, but there is this exception to be taken to the number as a whole, that it confines itself to statements of its own belief, but does not examine science except from its own point of view. As a new departure, however, both Institute and periodical are interesting, and a very desirable addition to our religious thought and literature, which so far as periodicals are concerned, has not yet reached a high intellectual standpoint. The Institute with Dr. Deems at its head, can hardly fail to make its mark on the religious thought of the time, for he is at once "broad" and sound on all

questions of doctrine; a man of enlarged ideas, and scholarly attainments, capable of giving the intellectual impetus needed, and not afraid to put the grasp of the grandest of all subjects, the relations of philosophy and science to religion, into capable hands. We hope the Institute will escape the "rut" which is the fate of most institutes, and we shall watch its future with real interest. The quarterly is $2.00 per year.

The Magazine of Art, Cassell, Petter & Galpin. We can always speak in praise of this excellent and conscientious publication which shows an almost religious care and an admirably trained judgment in the selection of its material for illustration and record. So many journals that have more or less to do with what is called "art," produce only confused ideas and impressions, and mix schools and quality in happy unconsciousness of any clear and fixed lines of demarcation that it is not only a comfort but an education to possess one first-class popular periodical whose sources and methods can be relied upon, and whose work within its limits is always sound and reliable.

The frontispiece of the March number is the famous Nuremberg Madonna carved in wood, "The Madonna at the foot of the Cross," artist unknown, but doubtless a monk. There are also excellent articles illustrated upon Nuremberg and Belgian art, a description of the atelier d'elévés of the celebrated French artist, M. Bonnat, and a sketch of his methods as teacher. "Alnwick Castle," the finest representative of border greatness in the old feudal times, is the subject of historical reminiscence, and eight engravings. There is a brief but truthful article on color in dress, a subject which might be usefully enlarged upon, an illustrated chapter upon book decoration, and one upon historic spoons. Altogether the March number is most interesting.

"The Elder and the Younger Booth."—This latest contribution to the dramatic series now being published by James R. Osgood & Co., has been wrttten by Mrs. Asia Booth Clarke, the wife of Mr. J. S. Clarke, the comedian, and sister of Edwin Booth, the tragedian. Mrs. Clarke justifies Mr. Hutton's good judgment in selecting her for the work. It might have been supposed that a member of the family—a woman, and one without any lengthened or exact literary habits and training, would have proved somewhat effusive, in relating the personal experiences, and describing the personal traits of famous kinsfolk, also that the style would have lacked continuity, in fact been diffuse and discursive. But neither of these fears are warranted by the simple, direct, and unostentatious manner in which a difficult task has been executed; while the information it gives, the photographic clearness with which it places the elder Booth before us, renders it a valuable contribution to American history, as well as that of dramatic celebrities.

The patriotic and republican antecedents of the elder Booth; his early career, the impression he created in the minds of the best critics, his personal experiences, and struggles, are all told, or indicated, but with such conciseness as never to burden the text with unnecessary details, or hardly a superfluous word, a fact in striking contrast to the high-flown, weak, and wordy style of some biographies. The book is illustrated with the elder Booth taken from a daguerreotype, and also in two characters of Posthumus and Richard III. It also contains fac-similes of interesting old play-bills and letters, a portrait of Edwin Booth, and a picture of him in character, his favorite Richelieu. Edwin Booth is treated naturally, with cautious reserve, a reserve that shows again the good taste of the writer. The time has not yet come when a complete estimate can be passed upon the work, or the career as an artist, of Edwin Booth; and when the time does come, the task should not be committed to a relative, or injudicious friend in the interest of true dramatic art—but made free from exaggeration as from prejudices or personality. A chief excellence of this present sketch of Junius Brutus Booth is its freedom from personal flights and personal opinions, and the careful manner in which an estimate is built up of well-considered opinion on the part of others, expressed on high and broad grounds, without affectation on the one hand, or hyperbolism on the other.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE annual report of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is most satisfactory and encouraging as regards its condition and prospects. Its acquisitions of art treasures during the past year include collections of modern and antique glass, which render this department almost complete in its illustrations of the history of this form of art industry. A very valuable gift of engraved glass has been made by the president, John Taylor Johnston, and a famous collection added by legacy—that of S. Whitney Phenix, Esq.—which is valued at $50,000. Besides these, casts, carvings, and other objects have been given which, added to the fine collection of Cypriots statuary and pottery; its old lace; its Vanderbilt collection of classified proofs and engravings; its pictures its scientific possessions; all classified, arranged, and under the charge of Prof. Whitfield, and its practical work so well and thoroughly begun in the Art Industrial Schools, render the Metropolitan Museum of Art something to be proud of, and something all strangers ought to see who would measure the capacity of New York for doing a good thing.

Good Words.

THE following letter is so exactly what one would wish to say for oneself, if one could, that we give it entire, premising that the writer is a lady of literary intelligence and culture, of whose good opinion we may justly feel proud.—(EDS.)

"NORWALK, CT., Feb., 1882.

"TO EDITORS DEMOREST MAGAZINE:—

"I am not in the habit of writing letters to magazines, feeling a little delicacy about trespassing upon editorial time; but for this once I hope I may be excused. Henry Ward Beecher once told a friend of mine, that if a particular sermon helped and encouraged her, to stop and tell the preacher so, and that would encourage him also; so acting on that principle I feel justified in writing a few words of appreciation to you.

"Your magazine is a very welcome visitor to my family. In its various well conducted departments we all find ourselves remembered. My husband, who from a mistaken impression that it dealt entirely with fashions, was for a long time disposed to look at it simply with good natured tolerance, now applauds it highly, and last month pronounced it the best arranged magazine he knew of, and admitted that he never took up a number without learning something new.

"The notes and comments on events of the day is of the greatest value to out of town readers, and my young sons never fail to turn to that page as soon as the magazine arrives. What Women are Doing Abroad and at Home is a perpetual delight to my daughters and myself. The Talks with Women are so practical and yet so full of thought and ability, that we find them both suggestive and elevating. The Home Department is also of the greatest value, and in many parts wonderfully original and interesting to housekeepers.

"I am not disposed to find fault, and yet, as the mother of boys, I am sorry you dropped the Talks with Boys, which, in my opinion, were valuable and helpful articles. Few people think it worth while to write anything for boys except stories of adventure, so the papers I allude to were exceptional, and hence important assistants to those persons who give anxious thought to the rearing of their children. Boys get tired of mother's preaching, but they are not unwilling to listen to advice that is offered to them through the pages of a favorite magazine.

"We read each number exhaustively, and it would be hard to say where all are so admirable, which department pleases us best. It is peculiarly a family magazine, and, though fashions are well remembered, there is a general excellence and cultivation through it all, which makes it elevating and educating.

"The change from narrow to broad columns I consider a great improvement, and I send an occasional copy to a friend in Europe, and think, with considerable national pride, that my English friends cannot fail to admire the beautiful appearance and the literary and practical wealth of one of our American magazines.

"Yours very truly,
"A. M. F."

"Feb., 1882.

"DEAR EDITOR:—It has long been my intention to write and tell you how very much I enjoy your department called 'What Women are Doing.' Every true woman cannot fail to find interest in the progress, mental and moral, made by her sisters, and your compilation of "Doings" is a valuable and interesting record.

"I think I am only echoing a sentiment of many by expressing gratitude to you for willingly undertaking a labor requiring so much time and thought.

Sincerely,
"H. H. C."

ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT says:—"You cannot know the blessing your magazine is to women who, like myself, live in the country, and have daughters to bring up—it educates and refines us."

AND still another writes:—"I believe your magazine grows better and better, and I have never enjoyed it during the past five years as much as I do now. It is by far the best magazine I know of, and is really the *only one* one needs. May its years be many and prosperous is the sincere wish of your friend and subscriber,

"MRS. C. C."

Premiums with Short Subscriptions.

WE have received thousands of subscriptions for less than one year, since the issue of the first number of volume eighteen; and already many persons are sending in renewals for the remainder of the volume or year, and making the inquiry if they are entitled to, or can select a premium. To obviate the continual reference to our books, we shall extend to all the privilege of selecting premiums for the additional sum of fifty cents, without reference to the term being a full year.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,
PUBLISHER.

How to Purchase in New York.

Ladies who wish to make their spring purchases from the newest stocks,—dealers who cannot afford the time, and do not wish to spend the money in coming to New York, will find in our "Purchasing Bureau" a prompt, conscientious, and experienced agent in obtaining what they need, from an entire outfit to a paper of pins,—a fresh spring stock, to an india-rubber ring. Our long experience, which dates back upwards of a quarter of a century, and our unequalled facilities for knowing, not only what to buy, but how, and where to buy to the best advantage, render the opportunities afforded by our house unequalled for reliability, and certainty of pleasing. We are constantly in receipt of such letters as the following:

"Lead City, D. T.

"Dear Mme. Demorest:—I have received the dolman and satin; came through very nicely. I am very much pleased with the dolman, and also the satin. I can't tell you how much I thank you for your kind attention and trouble. I shall certainly speak my praise of the 'Purchasing Bureau.' H. T."

"E. E. C." writes:—"Please accept many thanks for cards sent so promptly, and received by me with great pleasure. May I also say how much I admire the magazine, of which I am a steady subscriber, and constant reader. Such a grand book as yours is high above all others; we consider it a valuable educating influence."

"A. M." writes:—"Dear Mme. Demorest:—The suit was lovely, so were the bonnets; and the gloves and the fichus pleased us exceedingly; they are so different from anything we could get here. Accept our thanks for the trouble *somebody* took in the selection of shades and trimmings; we shall certainly know where to come next time."

Absence of Mind.

About the most curious instances of absence of mind are found among persons who write orders for special articles—describe them minutely, inclose funds, describe these, and send the whole to a business house hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles away, without signing any name to their document, or without giving such address as will enable the receiver to fill the order or send the goods, if they are purchased. We have before us a dozen letters, all of which lack name, or some indispensable part of the address of the sender, and most of which contained money in larger or smaller sums, from twenty-five cents to several dollars. A late one is from Edna Mills, Clinton Co., Indiana, ordering articles for a child, but signing no name. Another is written in pencil, and is almost illegible, but an address is traceable on one side of the slip, and "please send right away" on the other, but no name anywhere. One lady sends two indignant postal cards after her first letter, the first one of which repeated the failure of her letter to contain her name; and it was not until the third time of writing, that she herself gave her name, and enabled the patient clerks—who have to keep track of careless letter-writers, compare one postal with another, hunt up envelopes, which are thrown away, not put on file with letters, and forced to do a vast amount of unnecessary work in their endeavors—to remedy careless omissions, not so much for the sake of the individuals whom they do not know, and who deserve to pay a penalty for their want of business attention to details, as for the honor and credit of the house, whose reputation suffers in the minds of these persons, and is injured further by their reckless statements.

In an establishment that communicates with hundreds of thousands of persons through its different departments, that has to rely upon mails, and means of transportation which it cannot control, accidents and losses must sometimes occur, but they are very rare and never wilful. Let our friends remember in sending their orders to send name and address fully and fairly written, and they can rely upon promptness and fidelity in fulfillment. Upwards of a quarter of a century of business experience has taught us that honor and honesty are the best capital in the world, if even no higher motive prompted faithfulness in dealing with others.

"Up-Town."

The march of business, as well as residences, is steadily "up-town" in New York city; the lower thoroughfares and business having been gradually absorbed by warehouses, shipping, manufacturing, and other commercial interests on a large scale.

Among the latest removals is one that some of our readers are interested in, that of Worthington, Smith & Co., recently of Broadway, Houston, and Bleecker streets, to 33, 35 and 37 East Seventeenth street. North side of Union Square. This old and well-known millinery house has largely increased its facilities for supplying an exclusive and very attractive class of goods, it is always first in the field with novelties in its line, and can be relied upon for best styles for patterns, as well as in millinery goods, generally at moderate prices. This new location is central and commodious.

An Exemplary Record.

Instances of pluck and energy are not rare among the business men of our country; but there are none who excel the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Mayor of Washington, New Jersey, in these qualities so essential to success. This gentleman, by his ability and energy, had built up an immense trade in organs and pianos, and while in the full tide of success, his large factory, with its costly and valuable contents, was burned to the ground; nothing but the charred remains being left standing to tell the tale of the unfortunate disaster. A less brave heart would have quailed at a blow like this; but not so Mr. Beatty. Undaunted by the calamity, he set to work, with his usual resolution and energy, to rebuild what the remorseless flames had destroyed, and, in four months from the date of the disaster, a larger and more complete factory had arisen from the ruins of the first.

Furnished with all the latest and most improved wood-working machinery, and an engine of two hundred horse-power, this gigantic factory is running day and night in order to fill back orders, and from thirty to forty organs are turned out and shipped daily. To facilitate the work, Edison's electric light has been placed throughout the entire building, thus enabling the workmen to continue their labors at night. Three hundred hands are employed in the factory, and a large force are kept busy in the office.

There are not many who can show a record like that of Mr. Beatty; and while, doubtless, the qualities which have made his wonderful success are inherent, he deserves, at the same time, much credit for his pluck and indomitable spirit, which not only faces misfortune bravely, but fights and vanquishes it. Of such men it has been truly said, "they are the bone and sinew of the young Republic."

Not for the Present.

"Mack's milk chocolate" has become an indispensable breakfast and lunch luxury with many persons, and the announcement that "no more orders can be filled at present, in consequence of a recent fire which burned out the machinery of the establishment of Basley & McAlbrauah, 181 and 183 Chambers street," will be received with infinite regret. This will only remain in force for a time, however; the firm have gone vigorously to work to repair damages, and it is hoped will soon be able to resume business.

A Highland Breakfast.

IN the May issue of the magazine we shall present our readers with an exquisite oil picture equal to the most highly finished oil painting, and which, for grace of conception and beauty of coloring, cannot be surpassed. The subject of this lovely picture, which is called "The Highland Breakfast," is a most attractive one. A little girl is holding a bowl which contains her simple breakfast of oatmeal and milk. Her eyes have all the tender blue of childhood; her luxuriant brown hair, burnished with gold, floats around her sweet face, and the gay, rich colors of her attire are in beautiful contrast with the somber hues of the background. It is in the style of some of Sir. Joshua Reynolds's children, and cannot fail to elicit universal admiration. It is seldom that a publication offers to its readers so charming a picture as this, one that so exquisitely combines grace of expression and the glory of vivid color. Not only is it a valuable accession to the art gallery of Demorest'sMonthly Magazine, but it is most suitable for framing, and will prove a highly pleasing ornament for the parlor walls. We congratulate ourselves on having secured for our publication this beautiful gem, which will greatly enhance the attractions of our May number.

Divorce Again.

While the law of the State of New York forbids a defendant who has been divorced from re-marrying under five years, the Court of Appeals have practically abolished that provision. A case came before them of a divorced husband who took his bride to Connecticut, married her there, and immediately returned to New York. The union was held to be a legal one, despite the prohibition of the State law. Theodore D. Woolsey, a former president of Yale College, has just published a work on divorce and divorce legislation, which is very sad reading. It shows that every year there is a marked increase in the number of divorces compared with marriages. In the time of our revolutionary forefathers one divorce or separation in every two hundred marriages was shocking to the community; while now in New England the average is about one divorce in every twelve marriages. The loosening of the marriage tie that is going on is simply appalling. Think of the misery which the separation of families creates, and which bears hardest upon women and children. Unless our laws are reformed, marriage will become a mere business contract. Indeed, even that relation would perhaps be better than the present chaos, for under it the woman would have some legal rights, and provision would have to be made for the children.

The Belle of the Ball.

THE STORY OF AN OLD BEAU.

OH, certainly. most happy to oblige you. Mrs. James, did you say? Ah, Mrs. Jones, beg pardon. Bye, bye, Tom; shall be happy to guard Mrs. Jones till you return. Weak eyes, Mrs. Jones? Yes, blue glasses are a great help. The electric light is trying, very, and after an illness, too—dear, dear! a whole year! No wonder your eyes are weak. Allow me—yes, that screens you nicely. Have known what it was to have weak eyes myself.

"Brilliant scenes, Mrs. Jones, brilliant, very. Yes, I've been at the ball of the cuirassiers every Christmas now for thirty years. Quite our most elegant occasion. You've probably never attended one before, being from the country. 'Yes?' Ah! 'years ago?' Indeed?

"Yes, they are quite the thing. The young belle who can attract attention at the cuirassiers' has her reputation established for the winter.

"That tall girl in pink satin? Miss Smith, very handsome, very, and backed by several hundred thousand dollars.

"The blonde at our right in gas-light green? Miss Robinson, very popular, highly educated. Yes, they're fine-looking and well-dressed, Mrs. Jones. But, demme, Mrs. Jones, they're not what the girls were twenty and twenty-five years ago. There was Helena Dare, probably you've never heard of her, but here in town, she was the most famous beauty of her day. Great gray eyes like stars, a mouth like crushed strawberries, and a walk like a queen's, the finest dancer, Mrs. Jones, that ever trod this floor. There were scores of men dying for her, absolutely dying. There was Jack Tower, handsome fellow, rich, too, shot himself because she wouldn't have him, and half a dozen southerners fought duels over her; wealthy southerners were plentier back in the fif—, well, perhaps sixties, or so, then was the war,—well, *at that time*, we will say, Mrs. Jones, than they are now.

"She had a romantic career, this Helena Dare, but I'm boring you, Mrs. Jones. You would rather talk about these handsome girls who are here to-night. No? You would like to hear it? Well, I'm one of the old *régime*, you know, Mrs. Jones, and demme, if I don't believe I'm proud of it, too!

"One Christmas night, the cuirassiers gave their usual ball. It was the most magnificent thing, Mrs. Jones, that had then been given in New York. Some great foreigners were here, and the boys, including myself, were pretty sure that we weren't going to get much show, and feeling rather sore at the way the girls were counting on a little attention from a few titled fools. We stood together in one corner of the ball-room, this very corner in which we were sitting now, Mrs. Jones, and grumbling, when Helena Dare came in with her father and mother. She had a brother who was very popular, socially, Jim Dare—went to the dogs long ago, poor fellow! Yes, the light flickers badly to-night, Mrs. Jones, electric lights aren't perfect yet, by any means, let me move the screen a trifle—well, Jim had told her just how matters stood with us. As they passed us in the crush, she called out softly to Patterson, one of her most devoted admirers, and he was by her side in a moment.

"'I'm not going to dance with any but our own set to-night, Mr. Patterson,' she said, so that we all could hear, 'The other girls may have the dooks,' and she laughed, 'but our own New York boys are good enough for me.'

"Then the old gentleman had their seats ready, and she passed on, but in five minutes her programme was full.

"What a night that was! Demme, Mrs. Jones, but the walls were literally hung with flowers, banks of superb exotics in all directions—and such banners! The girls used to do that sort of thing more then than now, embroider them in gilt and colors, and then they were magnificently fringed. I saw some in the attire of the ball a few days ago, tarnished, and faded, and motheaten, too bad! made me feel bad, demme! foolish, I know, Mrs. Jones—where's my handkerchief? but I'm growing, well, rather along, Mrs. Jones, rather along, as they say, and my heart's too soft for any use!

"As I was saying, Miss Dare's programme was full at once, and my name was down twice. I'll never forget that waltz, Mrs. Jones. No such rude stride at this horrible racquet. Helena Dare glided round and round without a waver.

"Of course, the first girl that the foreigners wanted to know, was Miss Dare. Heavens! what superb manners that woman had! These fellows raved over her, and how mad they were because her programme was full! Ha-ha!

"Pretty soon, the biggest of them all, the Duke of Something-or-Other, came toward her with her brother, and after a most impressive introduction, informed her that two new dances had been put upon the list, and begged her in that lordly style that all these well-bred foreigners affect, to honor him with her hand for one of them, and to oblige his distinguished friend, the Marquis of Something-or-Other, with the second. Demme, Mrs. Jones, if they hadn't had two dances added, just so that they could dance with Helena Dare!

"Well, the marquis was brought up and introduced with a great flourish, and Helena Dare turned red and pale, and red and pale, chatting and laughing all the time, the wittiest woman, Mrs. Jones, that ever adorned New York society. She had said, you know, that she wouldn't dance with any but her own set, and she hated awfully to break her word, but finally, she had to consent, and the duke managed to take her to supper too. The other girls turned green with envy. I remember, well enough just how she looked that night in the supper-room, dressed in white silk and gold-colored satin, and priceless lace, with yellow topaz on her neck and arms and in her hair—simply superb, Mrs. Jones. This duke told everybody that he never saw a woman who compared with her.

"The next week there was a rumor all over New York that she was going to marry him, that he was completely infatuated and had either laid his coronet at her disposal or was about to do so, when, presto! old Dare lost his money in a single day on Wall Street, died shortly after of softening of the brain, Helena, meanwhile, shut up with him and taking care of him. The duke was taken frightfully ill at his hotel and had to be carried home as soon as he could be moved, and so everything was changed, and Helena Dare never became a duchess, after all, though, demme, she was worthy of it, worthy of it!

"What became of her? Goodness only knows, Mrs. Jones, two or three of the boys, who couldn't bear to lose her, tried to hunt her up, but her mother and she had moved to some obscure village, and Helena supported the family, I've heard, by giving music lessons, plucky to the last! She's probably dead now, it's years since I've heard from her. Couldn't bear to think of that magnificent girl ill-dressed, and pinched for money, demme, I really couldn't, Mrs, Jones!—

"What! 'I needn't pity her?' 'She's very comfortable?' Do *you* know her? Mrs. Jones, won't you please remove your glasses for a moment? Good heavens! Helena Dare!"

—Premiums.—

THE unexpected demand for some of our premiums has been the cause of delay; the demands of trade are very urgent at present, and our orders to manufacturers could not be filled immediately. This will be an answer for those to whom we may have omitted to reply.

We cannot fill any more orders for Stereoscopes and Graphoscopes for four names, the manufacture of them having been stopped.

We cannot give the scale to a single subscriber as before, as no more are manufactured.

POETRY OF FLOWERS. — SIGOURNEY. —Premiums for two names are out of print.—Inkstands for two and three names cannot be furnished.

CICERO'S LIFE AND LETTERS. — SMOLLETT'S WORKS, AND CANTERBURY TALES, for three names are out of print.

BROWNING and JEAN INGELOW for four names are out of print.

Pencil Paragraphs.

ACTING is slow and poor, to what we go through within.—ANON.

WORDS have weight when there is a man behind them —ANON.

THE real canker of human existence is not misery, but sin.—MISS MULOCH.

ONE cannot take up an old life where it was left off.—EDWARD EGGLESTON.

GOD purifies the world by gentle zephyrs as well as by north winds.—RUTH GARRETT.

MEN who have seen a good deal of life, don't always end by choosing their wives so well.—GEORGE ELIOT.

WE never admire truth and sincerity so highly as when we find it wanting in an adversary.—BRET HARTE.

WHO that has a confidant escapes believing too much in his discretion, and too little in his penetration?—GEORGE ELIOT.

WHEN a woman's will is as strong as the man's who wants to govern her, half her strength must be concealment.—GEORGE ELIOT.

THE best help one man can give another is the opportunity to feel and use the strength that God puts into him.—JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Is there any age when hope is quite dead? I think not, even to those who know that the only spring that will ever come to them will dawn in the world everlasting.—MISS MULOCH.

IT is easier to bear one's own misfortunes than to bear the good fortune of better used people. That is the insult added by fate to injury.—FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

THE indignation of an honorable man at the imputation of some meanness foreign to his nature, is weak compared with the anger of a rascal accused of an offense which he might have committed, but didn't.—BRET HARTE.

I THINK, of all pangs not mortal, few are worse than this small, silent agony of waiting for the post; letting all the day's hope climax on a single minute, which passes by and the hope with it, and then comes another day of dumb endurance, if not despair.—MISS MULOCH.

PERHAPS, after all, we should thank God oftener for the prayers he does not answer, than for those he answers. Answered prayers are so often sent as punishments, alas!—BEATRICE MAY BURT.

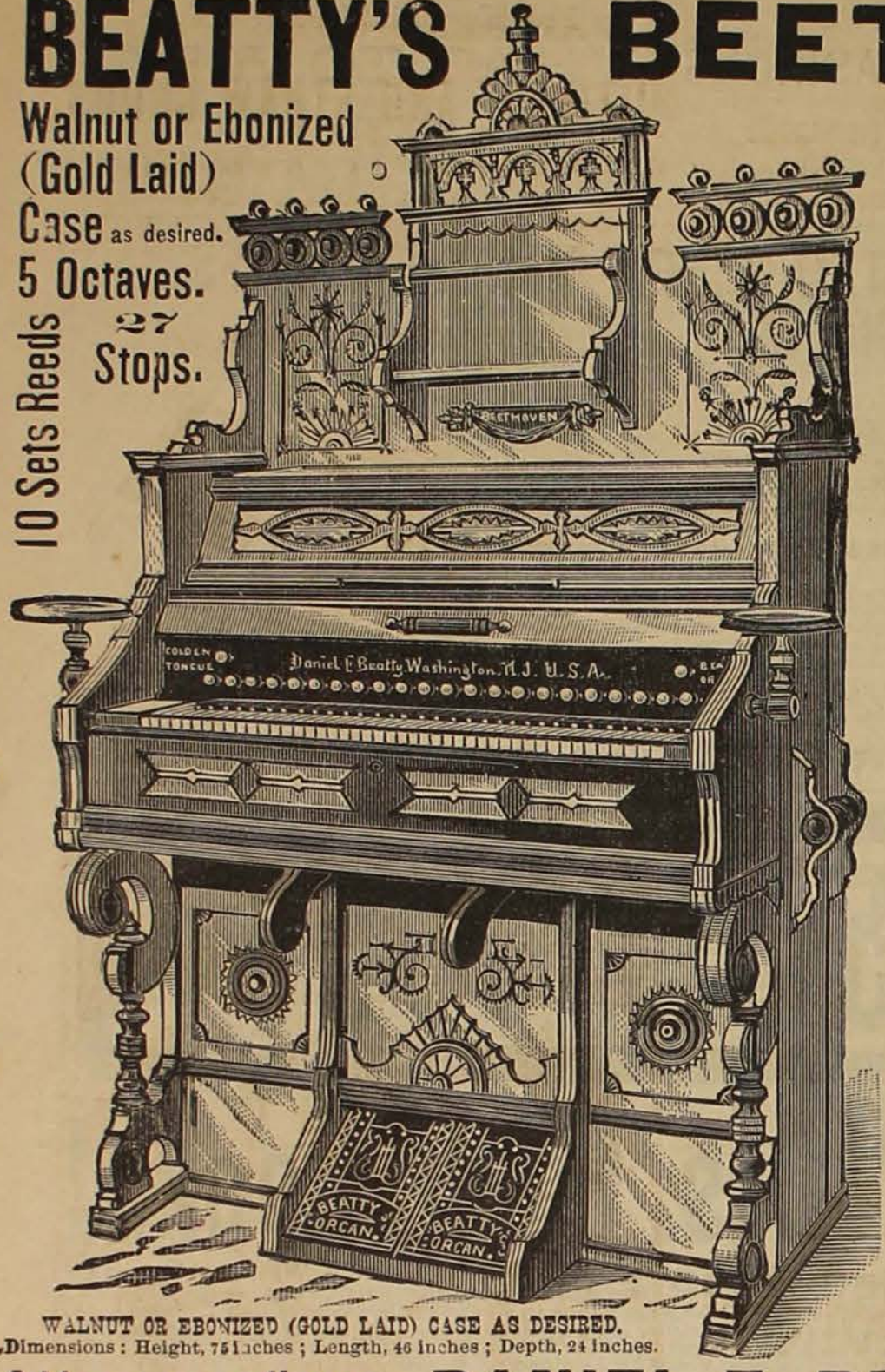
You never can know how much dearer
The one you love dearest can be,
Till you've had him come back to you safely
From out of the jaws of the sea.
—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

IT'S bad enough to fight with a man to prevent his having his own way, and be beaten and see him getting it, but it is far worse to see him thriving on it.—ANON.

THAT perfect surgeon—and there are many such—whose peculiar gifts for his calling were bestowed upon him by the divine will; he with the lion's heart and the woman's hand, whose success, born of patience, courage, judgment, experience, has become, by God's blessing, an assured fact. A man who has brought all the grand discoveries of earthly science to his aid and help in the study of his art; who has watched Nature day by day, and mastered her intricacies; who has, in fact, attained to that perfection in skill which induces the involuntary remark to break from us, "We shall never see his fellow!" Before such a man as this, as I look upon it, the world should bow. We have no benefactor greater than he. The highest honors of the land should be open to him; all that we can give of respect and admiration should be his.—MRS. HENRY WOOD.

BEATTY'S BEETHOVEN ORGAN.

Walnut or Ebonized (Gold Laid) Case as desired.
10 Sets Reeds
5 Octaves.
27 Stops.



WALNUT OR EBONIZED (GOLD LAID) CASE AS DESIRED.
Dimensions: Height, 75 inches; Length, 46 inches; Depth, 24 inches.

PRICE, delivered on board cars here, with Stool, Book and Music (a complete musical outfit) for ONLY **$90.00**

The **Beethoven Organ can be shipped in 5 minutes notice,** (now shipping over 50 a day, demand increasing.) Working nights by Edison's Electric Light to fill orders for this style promptly. **Remittances may be made by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter,** or by **Express Prepaid.**

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

If the Beethoven Organ, after one year's use, does not give you entire satisfaction, kindly return it at my expense and I will promptly refund you the **$90** with interest. **Nothing can be fairer.** My object in placing this Organ at $90, is to have it introduced into every home in this country. Every one sold is sure to sell another. Often 50 sales can be traced from the first one introduced. All that is asked of the purchasers after giving the instrument a fair trial, kindly bring friends to see it and hear its musical effects, having no agents no warerooms in large cities (selling direct only), I rely solely on the merits of the Beethoven to speak for itself and kind words from satisfied purchasers, which I am proud to say are many.

THE BEETHOVEN CASE

[Height, 75 inches: Length, 46 inches; Depth, 24 inches], is, as the cut shows, the most magnificent ever made. The view is of a walnut case, highly polished, and ornamented with gold, but when preferred, you can order an ebonized case in pure black, inlay ornamentations in gold, which produce a fine effect, **now very fashionable,** and is furnished at the same price. When ordering, specify definitely which case is wanted. The designs are alike and no case as beautiful was ever put upon the market for any such money, even when ordinary music—as used by other builders—was put in them. Read the following description of Reeds and Stop Combinations carefully, and then give this more than liberal offer a trial by ordering one. **The World cannot equal this Beautiful Organ for anything like the money asked.**

TEN (10) FULL SETS GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS.

It contains 5 Octaves, 10 full sets of GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS as follows: (1) **Manual Sub-Bass, 16 feet tone;** (2) **Diapason, 8 feet tone;** (3) **Dulciana, 8 feet tone;** (4) **Cello, 8 feet tone;** (5) **French Horn, 8 feet tone;** (6) **Saxaphone, 8 feet tone;** (7) **Voix Celeste, 8 feet tone;** (8) **Viola Dolce, 4 feet tone:** (9) **Violina, 4 feet tone;** (10) **Piccolo, 4 feet tone;** also Coupler Harmonique, Harp Æoline, Grand Expressione, Vox Humana, Vox Jubilante and other grand accessory effects.

27 STOPS! (NO DUMMIES. ALL OF PRACTICAL USE.) There are no Reed Organs made in this country, but what when the stops are used wrong, some will give no sound, hence are then dummies. **It used as directed** every stop in the Beethoven is of **practical use.** Don't be deceived by misrepresentations of Monopolists or their agents. There are 14 perfect combinations on this Organ, equal to 14 common Organs usually sold by agents combined, and the full effect cannot be produced with less than 27 Stops and not then, without my Stop Action (applied to my Reedboard) which is fully covered by patents, and can be used by no other manufacturer.

SPECIFICATION OF STOP WORK. 27 IN ALL.

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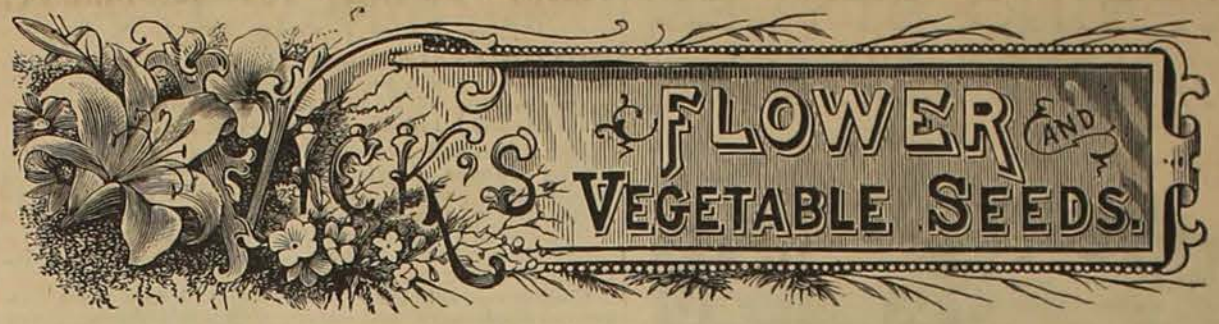

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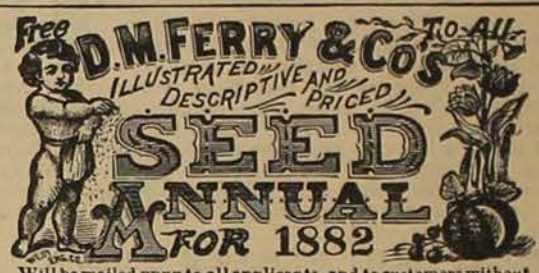

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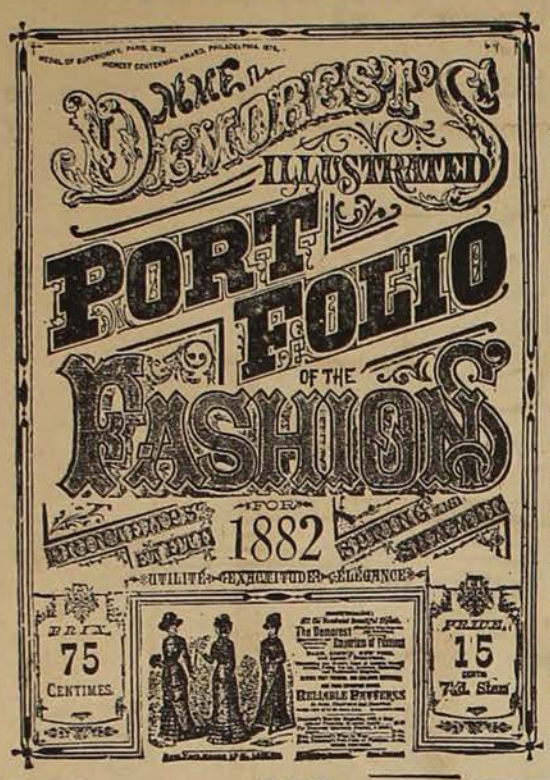

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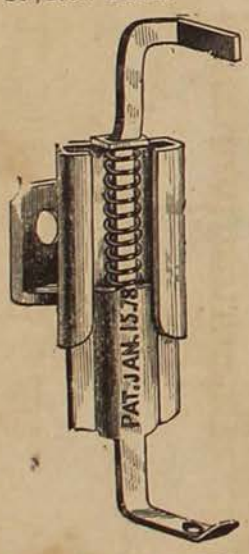

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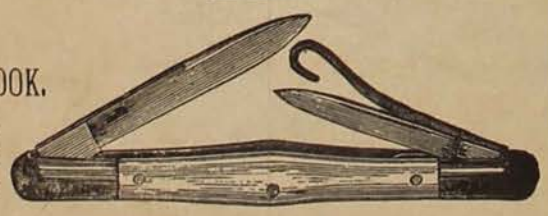

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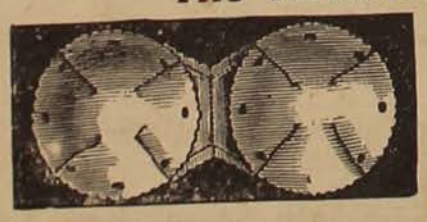

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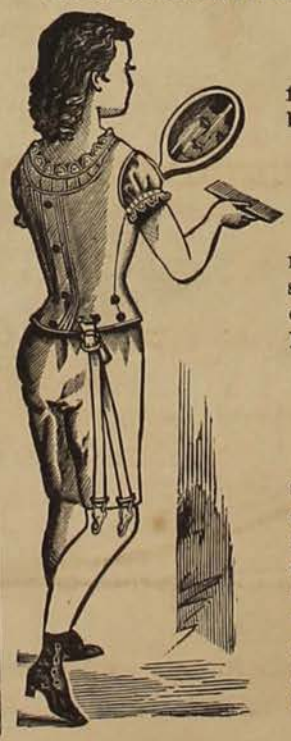

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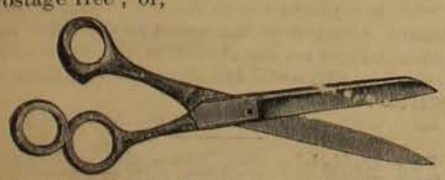

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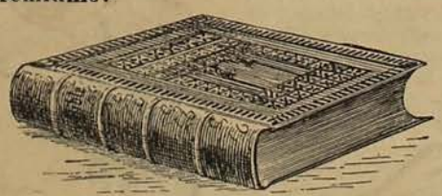

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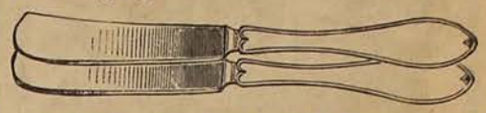

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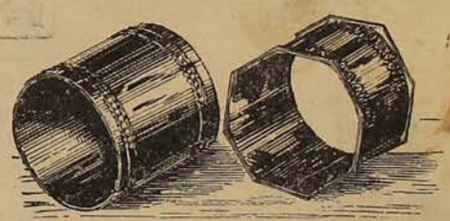

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