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NO. CXCIV.

MARCH, 1881.

VOL. XVII. NO. 3.

VICTORIA

A WOMAN'S STATUE.

By L. M. ALCOTT, Author of "Little Women," "Little Men," "Eight Cousins," "Jack and Jill," etc., etc.

CLAY.

THE man sat painting, with a stern absorption, which betrayed the hard won power of fettering rebellious thoughts by the enforced industry of a skillful hand. A weird, sad picture grew beneath his brush. A wreck upon the rocks, a sea subsiding after storm, and through the heavy clouds one ray of moonlight shone on a fair, dead figure, washed ashore.

John Stanhope always painted in that style, and people found a curious charm in his melancholy work, for there was always a touch of human suffering to give pathetic interest to these fine studies of Nature in her darker moods. A silent, solitary man, shunning society, careless of praise, without ambition, living solely for his art, yet seeming to find little satisfaction in it beyond the occupation of his lonely years, and the money which flowed in from generous patrons, for his pictures sold before they left the easel. What became of the sums thus earned no one knew, for he lived like an anchorite in his studio, in one of the quietest suburbs of London.

One luxury he permitted himself, a lovely model; for in nearly all his pictures the same face and figure appeared, and his admirers had learned to watch for it with a certain romantic interest, wondering in what new guise the soft eyes, dark hair, and perfect curves of this young creature would next appear. There was a mysterious charm about this face which wore so many tragic expressions, this form which told in every line the varying emotions of desolation, despair, or death; for long practice and stern teaching had rendered it easy to feign moods which made youth and beauty terrible or touching.

This model was before him now, stretched upon the platform with every limb relaxed, as if life had left them. Dark drapery,

close clinging, as if drenched by the salt sea, swept across her, leaving only the round arms, the pallid face, and upturned throat visible through the veil of hair that lay dark against their whiteness. So motionless was the figure, so entire was the abandon of the pose, so full of death's pathetic peace was the beautiful countenance, that the sight would have touched the heart of any observer unused to such displays of artistic skill.

But John Stanhope glanced at it with a coldly critical eye, as his brush touched here and there a shadow in the folds, a gleam of light on the pale brow, a strand of hair, or the wave-washed feet that left no trace upon the sand. Suddenly he threw down the brush, pushed back the easel, and said in a regretful tone,

"The light is gone. Go, child, and rest; you have done well to-day."

At the word the dead figure woke to life with a shudder, and gathering itself up became a tired girl of eighteen, who opened a pair of brilliant dark eyes, stretched her fine arms; and wrapping the drapery about her sat a moment in a moody attitude, looking out into the spring twilight through the cloud of hair that rippled to her knees.

"If I have done well I should be rewarded. You know what kind of rest I like best, father," she said, after a moment's silence, with a smile that woke and warmed her whole face like sudden sunshine.

"So soon again? Better come out for a quiet stroll in the park. Theaters are no places for either of us, Victoria," answered Stanhope, now walking to and fro with restless steps, as if bereft of work he was a prey to ennui.

"It is three months. I long so for a little change, that I count the hours and days between the few pleasures you give me. The

park is dreary at this hour; I love the light, the music, the splendor of the theater, and only seem to live when there, for that is the only glimpse of the world I get. Are you ashamed of me, father, that you so dislike to have me seen?"

The girl looked up at him with a tender sort of trouble in her eyes, as if she vaguely felt that her youthful beauty was not a source of either pride or pleasure to her father. A strange expression passed across his face, as he shot a quick glance at this fair daughter, who lived for him alone, jealously hidden from the world.

"Ashamed? Not yet," he answered, low to himself; then, feeling a keener reproach in her words than she could know, he added, with a sudden softening of his austere face,

"It is dull for you, poor child. I forget that you are growing up, and I am selfish in my love. There is no need for *you* to suffer and renounce."

"Then I may go; say yes, and see how well I will pose to-morrow after one happy evening. I am so tired of being dead! Do let me live a little now and then; live and be gay like other girls."

She had sprung up as she spoke, and stood in an attitude of glad expectancy, waiting for a word to set her free from the solitary slavery which daily grew more irksome to an ardent nature seeking pleasure as naturally as flowers seek the sun.

"Go, then, and make ready. You shall live to-night for the sake of to-morrow's work." Then, as the girl vanished with joyful haste, he added bitterly, "Her shipwreck has not come yet. May I never live to see it." And locking his hands above a head too early gray, he paused before the easel, looking at his work with eyes that saw in it the tragedy of his own life.

Half an hour later, as he leaned from the window watching the May dusk deepen quietly, a sudden light shone out behind him, a gay voice called, "I am ready, father," and a lovely apparition looked at him from between the dark curtains, that framed it like a pretty picture.

Holding a candle in either hand, Victoria, with unconscious art, illuminated a sweeter, brighter study than was often seen in that solitary *atelier*. The love of color, luxury and light, as native to her as her beauty, tried to find vent in the gayest costumes her girlish wardrobe allowed, and warm hued muslins flowed about her like a rosy cloud. There were flowers in her dark hair, a little ornament glittered on her white neck, and a dainty fan swung from one wrist, as, lifting the candles above her head, she swept a stately courtsey, looking up with eyes so lustrous, lips so smiling, and an air of such artless coquetry, it seemed impossible for any man to resist the charm of this blooming girl.

But Stanhope regarded her with a startled look, which deepened to something almost like terror as he exclaimed, in a tone of mingled pain, aversion, and surprise:

"Good God, child, how like her you are!"

"Whom, father?" and Victoria hastily put down the lights to run and take him about the neck, half pleased, half troubled by the impression her toilet had produced.

He shrank a little as the soft arms touched him, and held her off to look down into the wistful face, with an expression which bewildered her, as he answered briefly, his own face hardening as he spoke:

"A woman I once knew."

"And loved, father?"

"No, hated."

"Is she dead?"

"I hope so!" and he put the girl away as if the sight of her made some old wound ache anew.

Accustomed to his moods, she said no more, and when he left the room amused herself till his return by attitudinizing before the mirror with the *naïve* delight of a child in its holiday dress.

The drive was a silent one, but once in her box at the theater, Victoria forgot everything but her own keen enjoyment, while her father sat behind her in the shadow, wrapt in his own thoughts, for the charm was gone to him, and he saw only tinsel, paint, and melodrama, where she found beauty, splendor, and romance.

He watched his daughter to-night as if he saw another woman in her place, and found a painful interest in the likeness. Excited by the gay scene about her, Victoria unconsciously increased this resemblance by the change which came over her. She was no longer the quiet, docile pupil who led a secluded, colorless life, year after year, without complaint. She seemed suddenly to bloom into an eager, pleasure-loving woman, conscious of the admiration her fresh beauty won, brightening visibly in the artificial glare, and looking about her with the proud glad air of one who finds and takes her place at last.

Presently the play absorbed her, and she forgot herself in following the mimic loves

and woes of actors who played their parts so well that colder hearts than hers confessed their power. Victoria was wrought upon as only such susceptible natures can be, and when the curtain fell on the second act, she turned to her father, full of enthusiasm, exclaiming eagerly:

"Papa, let me be an actress! That is the life I long for. Let me try it?"

"I would rather lay you in your grave with my own hands."

The answer daunted her less by its stern brevity than by the undertone of bitter passion which checked the entreaties crowding to her lips. She drew back, saying, as she dried the tears from her flushed cheeks as if ashamed of them:

"I am so tired of modeling cold clay, and posing for melancholy pictures! I want life and warmth; to see and to enjoy the world as others do. Must we always live as we are living now?"

"Always, while I am here to watch over you. When I go, may God have mercy on you."

His words, his face, warned her to ask no more, and, turning away, she tried to forget them in watching the crowd about her. Glancing from box to box, her own eyes were arrested by the gaze of another pair so pertinaciously fixed upon her that she could not escape them.

Just opposite, a lady sat alone, unless some companion lurked in the soft gloom behind her. The wreck of a once lovely woman, gayly dressed, skillfully painted, gracefully self-possessed, smiling without mirth, listening without pleasure, looking out upon her fellow beings with bold, bright eyes, that seemed to have both entreaty and defiance in them, for the lace that drooped between her and them was a barrier she could not pass to take her place among the blameless women who pitifully eyed her askance, or proudly ignored her presence.

With the quick intuition of a sensitive girl, Victoria felt, rather than understood the truth, and hastily averted the candid eyes that could not hide their innocent dismay at the encounter. Had she looked a moment longer, she would have seen the woman shrink and lift her fan, as if that glance had hurt her, then lean and look again, like one yielding to an irresistible impulse.

A smothered exclamation made the girl turn to see her father looking where she had looked, with an expression of despair fixed upon his face, as if the shock of that recognition had frozen it there. Mute with wonder, Victoria watched the two for one breathless instant; then the man covered up his eyes as if to shut out some detested object, and the light curtain fell before the woman's face.

"Who is that? It frightens me to see you look so pale," whispered the girl, involuntarily stretching out her arms to protect and sustain him.

Stanhope took both hands into his own, saying with a look and tone that stamped the words upon her memory forever,

"That was an actress once, as beautiful and young as you. See what she is now, and what you surely will become, if you step beyond

the safe, small circle I have drawn about you. Am I not right in saying I had rather see you dead than live to be a thing like that?"

"Yes! keep me safe, father. I will be contented. I will not ask to come again. It is not good for me, I feel it now, and I will go back to the quiet life you choose for me," whispered the girl, with a shudder.

"I have some hold upon you then? I was afraid the poison was at work, and I should see you drift away from me. I could not bear the old misery again. Hush, now, enjoy the play; we will talk more at home."

But the play was spoiled for Victoria; a glimpse of real tragedy, the saddest life can show a woman, had swept the glamour from her eyes, and though she looked again, the love and sorrow now seemed pale and cold, the actors only lay figures posing well, the romance quite gone, since she had heard the accents of a real passion.

"Come away, father; I long for darkness and fresh air. These crowds of people weary me," she said impatiently, as hanging on his arm, she went out into the throng slowly ebbing down the wide stairs when the play ended.

Another flight was opposite, another crowd descending, and from the wall of faces, one stood out distinctly as the girl's eyes rested there. The same woman in her brilliant dress, but as she drew nearer a strange, yearning expression came into her face; tender, sweet, yet infinitely sad; the look a soul shut out from Paradise might wear, remembering all it had lost. Victoria saw it, glanced at her father's set, white countenance, and thrilled with a vague yet ominous fear, feeling as if with each step she drew nearer to some great sorrow that had come to meet her.

So eye to eye the three went slowly down to meet and mingle in the denser throng below, but just as the stairway turned, a great mirror confronted them, and in it Victoria seemed to see a young, fresh image of the woman whom she dared not name even in her thoughts. The likeness was terrible, for the same brilliant eyes, dark hair, and lips whose shape was a smile were there; the same warmth of coloring and grace of carriage; even the dress seemed alike, for the elder woman's costume was airy, gay and youthful, and as if the fatal resemblance must be complete, she leaned on the arm of a tall, gray-haired man, who, like Stafford, looked straight before him, smileless, grim and silent.

"Who is it?" asked Victoria, recoiling from her own reflection and turning involuntarily to meet again the desperate longing of those other eyes, as a perception of the truth pierced her heart before a broken voice whispered it in her ear.

"I am your mother!"

There was no time for any answer; her father caught her back, the crowd swept between them, and the girl felt herself sinking into a sea of sorrow from which no hand could save her.

She woke on her own little bed, with one lamp burning dimly, and a sense of having lived years since she left her room.

Her father sat beside her with a face paler than her own, but no longer stern. Never

had she seen such tenderness in his sad eyes as now, never heard such quiet resignation in his voice, or felt more deeply how strong was the love he bore her, the one treasure saved from the wreck when his happiness was lost forever.

"I know—I guess—you need not tell me, father," she whispered, trying, woman-like, to spare him the pain of putting the bitter truth into words.

"I tried to save you from the knowledge of the trouble that made me what I am, but it was to be, and we must bear it together now," he answered wearily, as a pressure of the hand thanked her for her thought of him.

"It is the old, old story, and needs no telling. I gave up art, ambition, everything for her, but she left you a year-old baby, and went back to the life she loved. I tried to be both father and mother to you, my poor deserted child, and for seventeen years you have been my only consolation," he added, with his hand upon her head as if he feared to lose his one comfort.

"She will not come? She has no power over me? I am all yours, father?" cried Victoria, clinging to him as a sudden fear came over her, remembering the intense yearning of the face that so strongly attracted and repelled her.

"She dare not come while I live. Her right is forfeited, yet she *has* power over you, and against that I have been guarding you all these years. My girl, your mother gave you not only her beauty, but the still more fatal gift of an unstable, pleasure-loving temperament. I feared it was so. I watched for it, labored to check its growth by a life free from excitement, full of study, work, and the cultivation of the higher nature, the nobler talents given you. Child, I cannot keep you long; let me at least have the consolation of knowing that I leave you safer and stronger for these years of jealous care."

He spoke slowly, with the pale, pinched look Victoria had seen before and always dreaded, but so imploring was the expression of his face, the pressure of his hand, that they would have won her consent to anything.

With her arms about him, she answered fervently,

"You must not leave me, father; I know now what you fear for me; I feel my need of you; I bless you for your care of me. Stay with me till I am wise and strong; make me what you would have me; save me from the worse self that already begins to tempt and trouble me. I will be all yours; I will help you to forget and be happy; I will be a true and tender daughter, and bring you honor and peace instead of shame and sorrow."

He held her close, kissed her fondly and said, looking deep into the earnest eyes fixed on him full of love and reverence. "Be a good woman: I ask nothing more; cling to your art, for such devotion ennobles the poorest life. Work is your salvation, as it has been mine; by your virtue and genius efface the stain upon my name, and make me proud of my brave and gifted girl."

"I will, father!" she cried, and sealed

the promise with a kiss which she never forgot.

He returned it and left her, saying with a smile, a gesture both sweet and solemn,

"I never shall leave you; here or there, I will watch over you. Good-night, and God bless you, my darling."

All night Victoria lay waking, weeping, suffering with the passionate abandon of youth, rebellious against its first sorrow. But something of her father's patient courage seemed to spring up within her, dominating the weaker part of her nature, and showing her not only new griefs and duties, but also reserves of strength with which to bear them bravely. A very bitter hour, but it made a woman of the girl, stamping on the impressionable clay-lines of power and beauty to be wrought out in after years, with the skill suffering and experience bring, till the spirit of the creature was ready for the marble which is a type of immortality.

In the gray dawn she rose, a pale shadow of the blooming girl who used to haunt the room, for that night's vigil had added years to her life. Tearing off the gay dress, forgotten until now, she crushed it out of sight with the dead flowers, the little ornaments so happily put on, and yielding to an intense desire to destroy the likeness which afflicted her like a visible brand of infamy, she cut away the luxuriant hair that had been her pride. Then, gathering up the long locks that curled beseechingly about her fingers, she spread them like a pall over the relics of her innocent youth, locked the lid upon them, and hung the key about her neck, a talisman to remind her of the promise given that night.

A girlish act, yet wonderfully characteristic of the dramatic instincts sleeping in her. So was the toilet that followed, for, having bathed vigorously, as if to wash away some stain, Victoria put on a gray gown, like a nun's, brushed the short curls back with a relentless hand, and then leaned to look into the mirror, as if to detect any lingering trace of the bright, care-free girl who died last night. She seemed satisfied, for her father's face, softened by youth, looked back at her; broad-browed, clear-eyed, with the firm lips, the strength, the genius, the sorrow all there, as if the fire of pain had brought out characters unseen before.

"Nothing to remind him of *her* now. I will forget I am a woman, and be a son to him, then he will trust me and be happy," she said with a faint smile at the boyish reflection of herself, and a stifled sigh for the beauty she had sacrificed that it might not be a temptation to herself or others.

There was no sound in her father's room, and for several hours she waited, hoping that he slept. Then growing anxious, she went to look for him, sadly wondering how the new life would begin, for a word, a look had changed all the world to her, and laid the weight of the father's burden on the daughter's shoulders.

He was not in his chamber, and hastening to the studio she found him there, already seated before his easel, as if instinctively he sought the old solace for despair. He had

evidently worked for hours, and seemed to have fallen asleep with his head upon his arms, wearied out at last. Fearing to wake him, Victoria stood silently looking at the picture, for it was changed, and to her startled eyes seemed a message or a prophecy for her.

A few strokes of the magic brush had changed the pale moonlight to a ray of sunshine, the rift of clouds now showed a rosy dawn instead of melancholy dusk, and on the silvery sands beside the drowned woman there seemed to stand a spirit with a face like hers, but full of blessed hope, peace, and aspiration as the tender eyes looked down, and one shadowy hand pointed upward while the other was outstretched to lift the fallen creature to the light that bathed the sad ocean in its glow.

"Am I to be the angel of salvation to my poor lost mother? or is it a symbol of the better self he hopes will rise from the ruin of my happy youth. Oh, father! teach me, help me; I am ready for whatever task you give me."

She spoke aloud and turned toward him with eyes too dim for seeing; but he did not lift his head to answer, and the cheek against which she laid her own was cold as ice. He had spoken his last word, given his last caress, put the last touch to his picture; and sat there dead, with a smile on his lips as if glad to be released from the long anguish that had worn his life away till the weary heart could bear no more.

(To be continued.)

The Unsung Song.

(After the German of HEINRICH HEINE.)

I FAIN would sing one light song more,
One little song ne'er sung before.

It must ring out through all the lands,
And reach the ear that understands;

Must fill one heart with sweet surprise,
Like angel-notes from paradise;

Must sing of eyes deep as the sea,
Of tones more sweet than melody;

Must tell the pain, the nameless woe,
That haunts my steps where'er I go.

And through this song love's light must gleam,
Like the sun's glow through vale and stream.

It must exhale a perfume rare,
Like roses sweet on June's pure air;

Must gleam and flash like dews of morn,
When the sweet South anew is born.

So real, so close, my love doth seem,
Yet never can I grasp my dream!

O, ever near! O, ever far!
Life of my life, my night's one star!

Cast down with fear, with hope elate,
"Ere all," I cry, "my love, my fate!"

FRANCES A. SHAW.

Seed-time and Harvest.

BY SHERRILL KERR.

CHAPTER XXIX.



HE work at the hospital went on admirably. Sometimes every little bed was filled, and many a sick and sad child was restored to its parents active and strong. Such of them as had no parents, or who had parents who were such only in name, and regarded their children as a trouble and burden, were kept at the little hospital and given proper work, in assisting the kind sister, or doing the sewing which Mrs. Alderstan provided. Those that were too small for this were furnished with employment suited to them, and there was harmony and health and happiness, where there had once been such discord and illness and suffering. Ethel went up to town with her husband for the season, and was quite as much admired and sought after as she had been the year before. She was just as beautiful and charming, but it was observed that that air of thoughtfulness, which she had always worn, and which in no way marred her loveliness or lessened her charm, was a trifle more pronounced; though in reality Ethel was a far happier woman than when she had been in London last. There was more patience in her character, and more peacefulness in her heart. Her work in Bascombe had accomplished much of this, but it was the approval of her own conscience which did most. She had realized intensely the fact that her greatest temptation to do wrong had come in her old habits of allowing herself to look down upon her husband, and grow careless about him. She made great efforts to conquer herself in this, and succeeded. She had taught herself now to find interest in what he cared for, and to try and interest him in her pursuits. The last was harder than the first, because, on Alderstan's side, there was no effort to come out of self, and forget personal interests; so, trying to connect their sympathies in that way was a thing Ethel failed to accomplish. But what she did accomplish, with a most happy result to herself, was to leave all self-seeking and egotism, and to take into her own life whatever in her husband's was healthful enough to dwell in that pure atmosphere. And more than all, she tried to care for him more, to increase her affection and confidence in him, and by-and-by, by slow degrees, that came too, and she felt to grow up in her bosom a gentle fondness for him, which helped her much to pardon his shortcomings, and let his offenses and faults go by unrecorded and unremembered.

But in spite of all this there was a mighty void in Ethel's heart, that she could not be unconscious of. She could not fail to know that, in spite of much peacefulness, and even a quiet sort of happiness that had come to her, her soul yearned still for a great unanswered

need. She knew this, but she had taught herself to endure it, and to realize that the need must be there always, and that the answer would never come. She could not venture to hope that she would ever find sufficiency in her husband's love. She knew that if she could recall it with ten times its old passionateness, it would not meet the requirements of her soul. Ethel loved her husband; there was much that she recognized as lovable and attractive about him; but there was one kind of feeling which she had never given him, and which she knew she never could. She knew what the feeling was, although it had never been called forth in its full strength. In spite of the atmosphere of deep tranquility that pervaded her life now, there were moments of sharp temptation and suffering that came to her; but these moods were generally successfully exorcised by the power which she had acquired of coming out of herself, and trying to fill the needs of other lives, although her own remained unanswered. A favorite medicine for such attacks was a visit to the hospital, where the cheerfulness and system and order, which Sister Ursula had established there, were effectual agents in turning the course of her thoughts away from herself. Ethel's was a strong nature in many ways, but there was an impulse of dependence in it, that had never disappeared, despite the fact that all these years it had had to be overcome. Still this feeling was assisted in many small and half unconscious ways, by the help and strength she got from seeing the sorrows that came into the lives of others, who bore them bravely and well. She went a great deal now among the sick and poor of Bascombe, and met in their midst with many an example of patience and endurance that strengthened her. But the very greatest help that she had in this time was Sister Ursula.

Soon after her return from London, Ethel made a discovery about her friend, that drew her to her as scarcely anything else could have done, and increased tenfold her love and esteem for this dear Sister of Mercy.

The Alderstans had brought friends with them from town, and the day before the departure of these guests, Ethel had a dinner. It was a very formal and imposing affair, and the next morning, after Ethel had seen her friends depart, Alderstan going with them to a point on the road where he had an appointment, she felt a sudden feeling of fatigue and loneliness come over her, and such a host of memories and emotions came into her mind that, filled with a passionate weariness and weakness, she went to her room, and spent the morning in sadness and regret and tears. She would have no luncheon, as her head was aching and she felt ill; but in the afternoon she sent a note to Sister Ursula, saying she was alone and very unwell, and would be very grateful if she would come over and spend a few hours with her. She knew that there were no very ill patients, and that the children might very safely be left to the care of the under-nurse, who was faithful and efficient. So, in prompt response to any call for aid from sick or suffering creature who had need of her, the good sister came. Ethel was lying down in her room, when the carriage that

she had sent for her friend stopped below. She got up and went to the window, feeling sure the mere sight of her sweet, serene face would refresh her. The face, as it turned itself upward to Ethel's window, was so unusually sweet and serene this evening, that Ethel felt a momentary wonder at it, and an eager desire to know more of the sister's life. She could not help wondering whether she had ever known any great grief, and what sort of experience her present state of tranquil joy had succeeded to. There was no indication in Sister Ursula of any past sorrow. She was serious and thoughtful always, but not sad; and yet there was a depth and a tone in her that is not found in those who have led light and trivial lives, or even earnest though altogether happy ones. Ethel had often wished to know something more of who and what this sister had been in the past; but her natural delicacy had prevented her from pushing such inquiries as would lead to this discovery, when she saw that Sister Ursula, however amiable and candid, did not seem to encourage these.

When her friend entered, Ethel went forward and kissed her, the sweet sister framing her face with her fatigued and work-marked hands, and looking into her eyes with tender solicitude.

"O sister, I'm so glad to be alone with you again," said Ethel. "It has done me good already to see you. You are so good to come."

Then the sister laid aside that portion of her habit which she wore out-of-doors, and the two women seated themselves on a lounge near the window, which was open and gave a lovely view of the beautiful autumn landscape. It was a melancholy evening, as autumn's evenings are, but Ethel felt herself suddenly revived and animated, as she sat there talking. Her headache passed away, and her recovered spirits led her into more free and familiar talk than usual. She fell into some reminiscences of the past, and she spoke of the gay party of people who had been with her just a year ago, and said how much less comforting and joy-giving, their bright presence had been to her, than that of the one companion she was to have this autumn, for they were to receive no more guests before going to Col. March's.

"And yet," she said gently, "one of them was a very dear friend of mine, for whom I have a very high regard and affection. I am not likely to see much more of him, ever; but he will always form one figure in my little group of friends. There have not been many whom I can really call my friends, but he will always be one, and you another, sister. You must know each other; let me show you his photograph and present you."

She rose and walked to a table near by, and took up a photograph-book, and opening it at a particular page, she placed it before the sister, and said in a gay tone, "Count Varène, Sister Ursula."

There was a low cry, and the sister covered her face with her hands, and sank down on her knees burying her head in the cushions of the sofa. In one moment it flashed across Ethel that this was the woman whom Count

Varène had loved. She was filled with a passionate regret, that deprived her for a moment of the faculty of speech; but when she recovered a little, and would have spoken, she stopped herself, divining that the poor girl was praying. After a moment's further silence, the sister rose from her knees and stood erect; her face was deadly white, but the look of sweet tranquility was gradually returning to it.

"You are no doubt surprised, Mrs. Alderstan," she began.

"No, dearest sister," Ethel said, "I understand it all."

The sister looked at her, with a puzzled glance for a moment, and then said:

"I see you are so sensitive and sympathetic that you have divined the cause of my emotion. I have recognized in your friend some one whom I have known very well in the past, and with whom I have some associations that are sad; but they are not of the kind of sorrows that cannot be borne. I would not have shown so much weakness, if I had not been taken so utterly by surprise. It is a subject that pains me to dwell upon, but I must ask you one question. Was Count Varène here, in this very town, one year ago?"

"In this very house," said Ethel lowly, for she saw that in spite of her marvelous effort at self-control, the sister's lips began to quiver, and her cheek to pale again.

"And I was here too, and did not see him—did not know!" burst from her suddenly. "O Mrs. Alderstan, do not listen to me. I don't know what I am saying. This thing has completely upset me. Will you leave me alone for a moment?"

Ethel knew that she wanted to be alone, in order that she might regain strength and composure by sharp self-conflict, but she could not bear to leave her, she felt such a mighty longing to offer a little sympathy and comfort in this hour of need to the brave spirit that had succored so many aching hearts in theirs. After thinking a moment, during which the sister had turned away and was standing by the open window with her face averted and her two hands clutching the curtain in a hard, straining grasp, Ethel went to her, and putting her arms around her, drew her head down to her shoulder. She was the taller of the two, and there was something protecting in the motion.

"Dear sister," she said, "will it pain you to know that I understand the keen suffering in your heart, and pity you unspeakably? I know what he was to you, and what you were and are to him. We had been friends a long time, and he trusted me and honored me with his regard and confidence. One day, sitting under that very tree on the lawn there, he gave me a glimpse into his life. He told me in a few words the brief story. I know nothing of the details. Only that he loved and was loved by a beautiful and noble woman, and there came the necessity that they should part. So they told each other good-bye, and went their separate ways. He did not tell me what her path was, but I can testify as to his own. He has led a brave and manly life, animated by the recollection of his love, and will go down to

his grave loving and honoring her name. It has kept him from sin and temptation, and will lead him at last to the place where their separate paths will meet. He never hopes to see her here again, but he thinks of her always, and regards her, as I do, as the noblest woman upon earth. There, then, my sweet one, I have told you. Don't struggle and resist any longer; let the soothing, comforting tears come. They are not unmingled bitter tears, I know, for they signify the remembrance that a noble life has been aided by the love of the heart from which they come, and they record the recollection of a good man's love. There, my sweet sister, I have your secret. Are you angry with me?"

The poor sister was sobbing passionately on Ethel's shoulder as she spoke; but no further answer was needed than the strong and tender pressure of the hand that Ethel held in hers, and no further answer ever came. In a little while Sister Ursula lifted up a sweet, serene face to Ethel's, and kissed her fervently. Then she asked her to order the carriage, and let her be sent home, as the babies would be waiting for her to give them their evening meal. A little later, Ethel went down with the sister, and they got into the carriage together and drove away. Ethel had asked to be allowed to return with her to see the children at tea, and said she wanted the refreshment of a drive. They drove along in silence, but their hearts were as firmly together as their clasped hands.

When they reached the little hospital flooded with the rays of a grand autumn sunset, several tiny children were watching from the porch. When they recognized the dear face of Sister Ursula there was a perfect chorus of inarticulate sounds of joy, and in another moment the tall sister was down on her knees in their midst scattering radiant smiles and glances among them, and uttering words like these:

"And have you missed your mamma, darlings, and are you glad to see her back? Come and give mamma a kiss. She has come back to stay with you always, and never will leave you again. Have my children been good while mamma was away?"

Ethel stood by, with a full heart, during this little scene. She understood so well the meaning of this renewed self-dedication. By-and-by they had tea, which Sister Ursula administered with her usual loving ministrations and cheerful face, and then she asked Ethel to stay and see her put her babies to bed, but Ethel shook her head and kissed her, and went out to her carriage. She wanted to be alone, to think; and besides St. George would be home to dinner.

It was with a good deal of reluctance that, a little later on, Ethel said good-bye to Sister Ursula and her little charges, and went off with her husband to a round of visits among her friends, beginning with a stay of two weeks at Col. March's place. She missed the companionship of the dear sister inexpressibly, for since the revelation which Count Varène's picture had caused, the two women had been far dearer to each other than ever. Neither of them had alluded to the matter, even in the most indirect way, since it oc-

curred. Ethel saw that her friend desired that no reference should be made to it, and she regarded her wishes in that respect as sacred. She never learned any more than what Count Varène had told her himself, and was ignorant of the cause of their separation; but what she felt was sympathy, and not curiosity, and so she was quite content to have it so. She wrote to Count Varène of her having become acquainted with Sister Ursula, and that an accident had revealed to her who she was. She made no allusion to the nature of the scene which had taken place, preferring that Count Varène should not know how much emotion and feeling the sister had been betrayed into. It was a very tranquil, calm and simple letter, meant only to assure him that the life whose interest he cared most for upon earth was spent in the fulfillment of noble purposes that resulted in infinite peace. She was sure in his frequent seasons of world-weariness and sadness, such a thought would strengthen and animate him as nothing else could. There came no response to this letter. Ethel had asked him not to write, but she felt quite sure that the tidings she had given him had served their good purpose, and carried to him comfort and strength and hope.

She clung tenderly to Sister Ursula at parting. She felt conscious of a strange unwillingness to give her up, even for the short period of her absence from Coldstream.

"O sister," she said, "you don't know how I mind leaving you. It seems like giving up what was best in my life. I am going into such different scenes, so unlike the serene tranquility your presence always brings. It is so much harder to be brave and patient there than here with you. Don't forget to pray for me. I feel so reluctant to go away."

The good sister soothed and comforted her with loving, reassuring words, and they kissed and parted. Afterward both of them remembered the strange emotion and dependence that Ethel had shown, for trials and sorrows utterly unforeseen were in store for her, which gave her singular uneasiness at this time the significance of a presentiment.

CHAPTER XXX.

THREE years had passed by at the period at which we take up the thread of Ethel's life again—a long enough period of time for far more numerous changes than those that had come to Ethel, and yet these had been very great. Recalled by an urgent letter from Mrs. Stirling, stating that her health was exceedingly feeble and precarious, and that the greatest wish she had was to see her favorite again, Ethel had returned to America; but there were shadows and marks of feeling on her lovely face that had not been there in bygone days, for Mrs. Alderstan was now a widow.

After parting from Sister Ursula on that autumn day two years ago, Ethel and her husband had spent two weeks at Colonel March's, and from there had gone to stay a few days with some friends in a neighboring county. While there her husband had been thrown from his horse at a hunt and badly hurt. His

injuries were chiefly internal, and at first they had not been considered very serious. Ethel had begged that, as soon as he was able to travel, they might go home to Coldstream, and that being accomplished, she had addressed herself to the task of nursing him with the most untiring zeal and devotion. Her faithful attendance kept him alive for several months, though upon further examination, the physicians had discovered that his injuries would necessarily prove fatal. Ethel was amazed at herself for the passionate grief she felt when they made this announcement to her. She forgot all the injuries that her husband had done her in the past, and remembered only her own delinquencies and misconduct to him. True, she had nothing to reproach herself with in regard to her recent behavior, but she felt a passionate need of atonement and a yearning wish that she might have him with her always, so that her whole life might be given to this end. When she was told unequivocally that his recovery was impossible, the blow almost crushed her, but after a short period of intense grief, she strengthened herself for the work before her, and resolved that every other moment of her husband's life should be passed amidst her most loving and tender ministrations. Sister Ursula offered to send for another sister to take her place at the hospital, and come and nurse Captain Alderstan, but Ethel would not permit it. The sister should instruct and advise her, but no one but herself should be her husband's nurse. So, day and night, she remained at his side, serving him with untiring faithfulness, and she was richly rewarded at seeing the contentment her presence gave him and his unwillingness to be served by any other hand than hers. At times he suffered a good deal, but for the most part he was free from pain, only very weak and helpless, and so humble that it almost made Ethel's heart burst to see him. He grew to be utterly dependent upon her, and never seemed at ease unless she was near. There was a good deal of happiness mingled with the keen pain of that time. Sometimes they would almost forget to be sad, and when Ethel sat by her husband's bedside, holding his hand in her own and singing the songs he had been used to love in the far-back days of their early acquaintance, she would quite forget to think about the wrongs and injuries that she had borne since, and remembered only her husband's old fervid love, which had now revived with every whit of its old strength, though the ardor and vehemence which were based upon passion had gone, leaving only the deeper and more tender devotion, the fruit of regard and well-founded affection. In that time Ethel seemed to forget every one else but her husband. Her father's memory, with the other associations of her past life, grew dim and unreal in contrast with the intense reality of her present experience. The dependent, clinging nature of her husband's attitude toward her now was the one appeal that her heart seemed able to respond to. As he grew weaker very gradually, Ethel would sometimes hope mightily that he was not going to die. She had not at all reconciled herself to that idea; it was one that, even after the long preparation she had

had, she could not bear to think of. She dreaded to contemplate the emptiness of her life without him. His need of her created her need of him.

One quiet evening, when they had been sitting in silence for some time, Ethel's hand wandering tenderly over her husband's blonde locks, which had grown very abundant and beautiful now that they were no longer clipped close, there came a soft knock at the door. Ethel went and opened it, and found Alderstan's man outside, with a note in his hand. She took it from him, and recognizing the hand-writing, she went outside the room, closing the door behind her, and read the note in the hall. It was from Lulu Lynne, and said she and her mother were passing through Bascombe, and knowing of Alderstan's illness would not come to them, but were at the hotel in the town, where they would be until the next morning. The object of the note was to beg Ethel to let her mother and herself come and see Captain Alderstan. Ethel hesitated a moment, and then telling the man to wait, she went back to her husband's room, closing the door behind her.

"St. George," she said gently, "I know you do not usually care to see visitors, but I have just had a petition from some that I don't quite see how I can refuse. You seem pretty well this evening, don't you think you might receive Mrs. Lynne and Lulu for a few moments? They are in the town for the night, and seem very anxious to see you."

Alderstan put up his hand with a gesture of distaste, and turned his head petulantly away.

"No, I don't want to see them," he said, "Mrs. Lynne is so officious and noisy, and Lulu chatters so much. Tell them I am not well enough."

"But, dear, that would not be civil or kind," said Ethel gently. "The doctor says bright company is so good for you, and you seem very strong and well this evening. I hardly see how I can refuse Lulu's request."

"Do you want her to come, Ethel?" Alderstan asked, with a sudden change of tone and expression.

"No, dear—not unless you do. I was only thinking of her and of you. I have no feeling in the matter beyond that."

She understood the change in her husband, and construed it rightly, so she went on:

"You shall not be annoyed, if it really would annoy you. I will write that you don't feel well enough, if you say so. You are the judge of that, and that excuse must needs be accepted."

She knew very well that a girl of Miss Lynne's caliber would be perfectly sure to construe such a note to suit her own ideas, and would understand it to be an arrogant assertion of power on Ethel's part, and would probably fancy that her husband had not even been informed of the presence in the neighborhood of his cousins. Still, such considerations as these could have but little weight with Ethel, and she was moving off to an escritoire to write that St. George was too ill to receive them, when his voice arrested her.

"Stop, Ethel," he said, "I want to tell you what to write. Say I am ill and weak, and they will find me greatly changed, but that

I will see them for a little while this evening; and then order the carriage to go for them."

Ethel could not trust herself to answer him, for it always touched her greatly to hear him speak of his altered looks. So she wrote what he told her, taking that little interval of silence to recover her usual cheerfulness and composure, and then she took the note with her and went over to her husband's side.

"I have written what you told me, dear," she said, "but I am only half inclined to send it. I certainly will not do it if you are submitting yourself to an unpleasant ordeal in order to gratify me. I think I understand the thought that first made you consent to see the Lynnes, but, my dear, you surely know that I do not require any such assurance of your regard as this. I am quite satisfied of that already. Shall we tear up the note and send the original message that you are too ill? Pray do, if you had rather."

"No, I want them to come," her husband answered. "Go now and send off the note."

Ethel did as he told her, content to have it settled so. Her motive in desiring them to come was an unmixedly self-forgetful one. Her husband now was so patient, so loving, so true to all the best instincts of his nature, that, for his own sake, she wanted the person to whose eyes he had perhaps shown himself in a more unworthy light than to any others, to see the good change. She felt proud of him as he was now, and confidence and regard had given place to the old feeling of distrust and disapproval.

It was so confirmed a habit with Ethel to rate spiritual attributes above bodily, that she did not half realize what an ordeal it would be to her husband to appear, in his shattered physique, before these people who remembered him at his strongest and manliest. The improvement in heart and mind which she was sure they would see in him entirely outweighed this consideration in Ethel's estimation, and so she never knew how great the sacrifice was.

When she had dispatched the note and returned to her husband's side, he asked her to bring a brush and smooth his hair, and try to make him a little more presentable. Ethel obeyed, and as she was brushing out the shining blonde locks, she said gayly:

"Do you know I shall quite miss this occupation when you get well? I don't want these bonny curls cut off, they are so silky and beautiful, that I protest against the sacrifice. I never could get my hair to lay in such charming rings. If you will insist on being shorn and shaven, I think I shall appropriate these curls and take to wearing frisettes. Should you like me in them?"

She spoke with a gay confidence that was very unusual with her, for she had made it a part of her hard duty to talk to her husband as if there was a strong likelihood of his dying, and to try to reconcile him to death if it should come. By the very gentlest and most subtle methods, she sought to turn his thoughts toward higher aims and better aspirations, and many times the thought that she was succeeding in this her most ardent hope made her very happy.

A little later the arrival of their visitors was announced, and Ethel rose to go down to them, but her husband kept her in her seat with a firm pressure of the hand she held in hers. "Stay, Ethel," he said, "let Edward bring them up. I do not wish you to leave me. Will you let that curtain down a little and help me to turn toward you, so—now, keep your seat here."

In a moment more, there was a rustle of silken garments, and Mrs. Lynne entered richly and showily dressed, and followed by Lulu. The sauciest of gypsy hats, trimmed with pink, was on her head, and the most charming of French costumes adorned her little body. After her mother had answered Alderstan's greeting, she came forward with a sort of timid effusiveness, and began a fluent comment on her cousin's looks, saying, in stereotyped language how well he looked, and how glad she was to see he had changed so little. She had made a motion to take the seat that Ethel vacated as she rose to receive them, but Alderstan prevented it by saying:

"Sit yonder, Lulu, please. This is Ethel's seat, and I do not let any one else have it. I begin to feel ill at ease even when the doctor takes it. *You* are looking well. You stick to the pink, I see."

There was something very mournful in the smile with which he accompanied these last words. It had such a remembering, far back look.

"I am very much changed, Lulu," he went on. "Should you ever know me for the man I was a year ago? I didn't know a fellow could feel so battered up. However, we won't talk of that. Tell me where you are going to, and where you have been."

He turned himself a little more toward them as he spoke, and with this change of position rested his hand and a part of his arm on Ethel's lap. It was their constant habit to sit hand in hand when she was, as usual in her seat by his bed, but some instinct prevented Ethel's putting out hers to clasp his now, until he turned his palm upward and said:

"Give me your hand, Ethel," and when she had complied, "you see I claim an invalid's prerogative, Lulu," he went on; "I have to be coddled; but tell me about yourself. I am falling into another invalid's habit and growing dreadfully egotistical I fear. You are *en route* for the Murrays, you say?"

Lulu answered in a surprised, confused way, and went on talking rather at random. Ethel meantime turned to Mrs. Lynne, and in the midst of her conversation with her she was recalled by a convulsive clutch of the hand that held hers, and a sudden suppressed exclamation of pain from her husband. Turning she saw that one of his most violent paroxysms was coming on, and that her visitors must be got rid of; but before she could say anything to secure that end, Alderstan, recovering himself, said quickly:

"I must ask you to go, Mrs. Lynne, I am in pain. Good-bye. You will excuse Ethel's not going down. I cannot let her leave me."

Mrs. Lynne came over and shook hands hurriedly, anxious to get away, but Ethel saw that Lulu lingered a little and seemed to think the

hasty hand-shake her cousin gave her, with the hurriedly uttered good-bye, disappointing and insufficient, and so, as she turned away, she said to her husband:

"I think Lulu meant to kiss you, St. George. Won't you kiss her good-bye?"

The first sharp twinge of pain had passed off, and Alderstan was, for the moment, at ease, but he knew there would be a recurrence of the suffering, which might be so acute as to render self-control more difficult. So he made a quick, impatient, negative gesture; but seeing the regretful look on Ethel's face, he relented and said, with a change of expression,

"Call her back, if you like, but remember it is for your sake."

"Lulu, come back a moment," Ethel said, just as she had gained the door. "St. George wants you."

"Ethel thought you meant to kiss me good by," Alderstan said, as Lulu came quickly to his side. "It may be a long time before we see each other again, and if it should be never, I want you to remember one thing; there is one sunbeam in all this sorrow that you think so horrible and so hard to bear, and that is my wife's goodness and devotion. Perhaps you and others have thought in the past that I had ceased loving her, but you were wrong; I never did—only now I love her more than I knew how to love any one at that time. Good-bye, now, little cousin. I feel the pain returning. You must give me a kiss and go."

Ethel would have turned away and left them together, but Alderstan still held her hand in a close retaining pressure. So she stood just by them, as Lulu bent over, and Alderstan turned and kissed her cheek lightly. A moment later, as Lulu glided off, she heard St. George say quickly to his wife,

"Lift me up quick, darling, I cannot get my breath," and, turning back from the door, she cast the last look on St. George Alderstan that she was to take forever. His head was resting upon Ethel's shoulder, and her arms were close about him. There was a look of painful contraction about his mouth, but his eyes were grave and steady, and were fixed with a loving patient gaze upon the answering tenderness and sympathy in the pure eyes of his wife.

Poor little Lulu remembered this scene with strange distinctness afterward, and when a little later the news of her cousin's death reached her at once associated such surrounding tenderness and confidence as that with his death-bed. And it was just so that he passed away. Ethel's arms were close about him and his head was on her shoulder, while she bent her steady gaze, full of the heavenly love that inspired the prayers she was silently breathing, upon her husband's dying eyes, in which she read, as she knew, love and repentance, and as she believed and trusted, faith and hope.

Ethel's grief for her husband was deep and powerful. Sometimes it amazed even herself to see how impossible it was for her to throw it off. Lady Mary insisted upon her returning home with her for an indefinite time, and Ethel, feeling very weak and unable to decide

things for herself, consented; but she grew weary of the idleness and aimlessness of her life there, and presently proposed to return to Coldstream. At first this was warmly opposed by her husband's parents, who wanted her to promise to live with them always now; but she was unwilling to accord that, and her heart seemed so set upon a return to her own home, that her kind friends at last yielded the point, and Ethel returned to her empty house. It recalled many sorrowful remembrances, and made her feel very desolate, to miss the sight of the sick, sorrowful face, and the weak, thin voice; but she had now learned that the way to keep from being unhappy, was to try and make others happy, and so she set about her renewed care of the sick children at the hospital and her visits among the poor, with a resolution and energy that soon brought its reward in much inward peace and contentment. Not that Ethel's motive in doing good deeds was to secure her happiness thereby; this was very far from being the case, for she had long ago learned to consider her own happiness as of far minor importance to many other things; still, the kind of comfort she longed for was to be found in doing good to others. She could feel then, that even in so small a measure as her actions could signify, she was doing something to help the great cause of right, which would have a wider spread influence for good than its benefit to the few sick and poor and needy people who were comforted by her personal service and her alms and prayers.

"— No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

are wonderful words, which much quoting has never been able to make trite.

So the time passed by, Ethel spending her first year of widowhood in seclusion and solitude at Coldstream, and refusing all the offers for providing her with entertainment and companionship, which her husband's kind relatives constantly made. Once or twice she went for a little visit to the Marches, and once they both came for a short while to her, but after having been at Coldstream and seen how full her life was there, and how energetically she employed her time, they wisely decided that her will, for the present, should not be disputed, and left her to follow her own devices. These turned chiefly upon the hospital and her work there. She and Sister Ursula had planned an addition to the hospital, which was much needed, and which was now being erected. Ethel remained at Coldstream until it was quite finished, and then, in response to an urgent letter from Lady Mary, saying there was business to be transacted which required her attendance, she went for another visit to her husband's family.

Alderstan had died without making a will, although his protracted physical illness, during which his mind was entirely unimpaired, ought to have warned him of the necessity of this. But he always knew that Ethel's own fortune, which would, of course, revert to her at his death, was ample for her, and that his parents

and brother would add to that the proper proportion of his own, if not the whole of it.

Soon after her husband's death, Col. March had given Ethel a statement of the condition of her husband's affairs, and had made her the most liberal tender of bonds and securities and coupons and all sorts of things which she did not understand, which were to be placed in bank to her credit, in addition to the income from her own fortune and her portion of her husband's estate.

Discovering that she was a very rich woman, Ethel had consulted Sister Ursula, and they had together arranged for the improvement and addition to the hospital, for the support of which Ethel at once set aside a certain portion of her annual income. She knew nothing of business whatever, and so turned over all her affairs to the management of Col. March's lawyer.

Ever since her husband's death, Ethel had been receiving constantly from her aunt and Mr. Stirling the most beseeching letters, begging her to go to them in America, if not to make her home there, as they would like, to spend a few months with her invalid aunt. Now that the hospital was completed, furnished and inhabited, and in perfect running order, under the management of Sister Ursula, aided by an assistant sister, whose presence the more extended office of the hospital made necessary, Ethel began to desire exceedingly to see her loving little aunt, and to return to those old scenes, and to fancy she would find in them more of reality and simpleness and restfulness, than even the quiet joys of her present tranquil life could yield. So one day she told Lady Mary that she would like to go, and that, unless they objected, she would begin to look out for the escort of some one who would be crossing in the spring. She had been already two years a widow, when she made this announcement, and she was still so blooming and young and beautiful that it was no wonder that Lady Mary's words took the turn they did :

"You know, Ethel," she said affectionately, "that whatever happens, Col. March and myself will always regard you as a daughter, and have your happiness very near our hearts. I am glad you think of going on a visit to your old home. It is perfectly natural and right that you should, but I confess I shall be anxious until you are back with us again, for at your age and with your health and youthful feelings, and capacities for loving and being loved, it will be most natural for you to marry again, and I could not get reconciled to your marrying in America. If you do marry, as you may, I want it to be in England, where I can have you near me, and you can be my daughter still—you might have a score of mothers-in-law, and I would not resign my place."

"Dear mamma," said Ethel gently, "I shall never have any other mother-in-law. St. George's mother will be the only one I'll ever know. You are actuated by the very sweetest and kindest motives in what you have said—I appreciate these, but I shall never marry again. Why should I? I am quite happy and content as I am. No; I shall go to America for a little while, and then come back to my

little patients at the hospital and to Sister Ursula and you. These objects are enough to give me a full life replete with purpose and pleasure, and I shall not want to marry. Don't be uneasy about my going to America. I warn you, you will find it no easy matter to get me off your hands."

"Listen, dear," said Lady Mary, "I know you are sincere when you say all this, and you may be right in thinking you will not care to marry again, but do you think it is right to cut yourself off from society as you do? It is two years now since my dear boy's death, and you have been an absolute recluse during the whole of that time. Now I don't think this is wise. Youth lasts so short a time, I cannot bear to see you cast its joys away from you; and gifts like yours are very rare ones, and are meant, I think, to give joy to those around you. True, you are bringing much happiness and comfort into the lives of those helpless little beings down at Coldstream, but were your talents not meant to diffuse a wider good? I think such a character as yours is meant for mingling in the world; not many can have the power for good in that sphere that you may. Wouldn't it comfort you to feel that, by means of the two seasons you have spent in London, the tone of those among whom you mingled was raised—even the least imperceptible little? My dear, I think it was, I really do, and you are the only woman I have ever met with in my life who has done this; I never fancied I saw such an influence from any other life. I don't think you ought to scorn this talent."

"How could you think I did?" said Ethel warmly. "I would be very happy if I could believe you."

"At least you admit the possibility of such a thing?" asked Lady Mary.

"The possibility, yes," said Ethel, "but"—

"Don't go on, dear, but stop right here and tell me if you won't go with me to town this season. Not into very gay society unless you like; you shall do as you choose about that. But won't you at least promise me to think of it?"

"I cannot refuse to promise that," said Ethel affectionately, and so the conversation ended.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was the morning of Easter Sunday, a day unutterably tranquil and sweet; the score of differently-toned church bells, as they rang out on the ear, produced no sound of discord or incongruousness; this clear, spring air and radiant spring sunshine seemed to harmonize all things. People in rich costumes that blended with many pretty effects of light and shade and color, were taking their ways along the city streets to the morning service. Even the men, to whom the grace of adding effectiveness to the scene by enriching it with beautiful colors was denied, seemed to do their part by appearing to-day in the lightest and freshest of spring equipments, and in their smart gray suits and airy appendages of hat, gloves, and boutonniere. Even the orphan children, who in a long procession headed by a mild-faced Sister of Charity in a bonnet of

dazzling whiteness, had intercepted the gay-colored stream that flowed on before and behind, had all come out this Easter morning in fresh, new, cotton uniforms of a cool and pleasant tint. They seemed quite as proud of their spring suits as any of the extravagantly dressed ladies whom they encountered on their way to church. What sunny, clean, healthy little faces they had! and in spite of the demure example that the meek sister presented to them as she passed along at their head with her eyes cast down, their eager glances were turned with a most unsisterlike curiosity upon the various objects usually allotted to the use of the votaries of the world and the flesh (not to mention the other person) which everywhere met their view. One of these, which caused them exceeding edification, was a handsome carriage with silver-mounted trappings and richly liveried servants which stood waiting before Mrs. Stirling's door. As the orphan children passed along that way, their eager gazes were all cast upon this equipage, though they might, with greater profit to themselves, have turned their eyes in the opposite direction. Rich equipages and fine horses are common enough, but it is not often in a lifetime that one may look on such beauty as was shown in the face of the tall, pale lady who stood at the window of Mrs. Stirling's house. We prefer to pass by her costume, though indeed it was rich and handsome, but the noble beauty of the face above was a thing to linger over, a thing to revel in, a thing in which to find rest. This exquisite face was filled with an animated interest as the brown eyes rested on the little procession passing below; one might have said that the light in those beautiful eyes was a sympathetic one, so tender and kind did they grow. Indeed, if the little orphans had been watching very closely they might almost have fancied that there were tear-drops in the lovely eyes as the lady turned from the window.

Just as she did so, down the crowded street there came another break in the gay coloring of the light spring costumes, as a man, clad throughout in deep black, came down the street and passed by Mrs. Stirling's windows. His very gait was a contrast to that of those around him; his swift, resolute movements had the expression of one who walks with a definite purpose and intention. However, it seemed that his aim was identical with that of the other members of the crowd, for with them he turned into the great church a little further along. A few minutes later a small, stout gentleman and a small, slender lady, in company with the tall, pale, young woman whom we have already seen, came out of Mrs. Stirling's house, and took their seats in the carriage which was waiting, and were presently set down at the door of the same church. The gentleman in the dark clothes, who had entered a little earlier, had a seat just back of Mr. and Mrs. Stirling, who, when they entered their pew, just as the service began, were no longer accompanied by the beautiful lady.

The music that day was superb, and the gentleman listened with an attentive earnestness in his serious face to the rolling harmony

of a grand *Te Deum*, and the impressive singing of the chants and hymns which the admirably-trained choir executed. He listened, too, with attentiveness to the fine sermon which followed, but not for one instant did his grave determined face lose its look of care-worn seriousness and sternness. The sermon ended, and the offertory followed. There were a few preliminary notes on the organ, and then a voice—a woman's grand contralto voice—sang, in tones of marvelous richness and beauty, these words :

" O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest ?
Who would not seek that happy land,
Where they that loved are blest ?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight."

Mr. Erle knew the voice. He had not supposed that Ethel Alderstan was in America, but he never doubted for a moment that that voice was hers. No one was looking at him probably ; he was not thinking whether or not he was being observed, as he sank quietly down in his seat, and shaded his face with his hand as the voice sang on :

" O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old,
Who would not be at rest and free,
Where love is never cold ?
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight."

He did not hear the interlude that followed. His mind and heart held only those last sounds of vocal melody, until her voice began again in these words :

" O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here."

Oh the pathos and the yearning wistfulness of those tones ! What a revelation of patient sadness and sorrowful experience they carried to his listening heart !

" O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more ;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore."

Mr. Erle had lost consciousness of everything else except that voice. He was ignorant of the fact that his attitude might be considered strange ; he kept utterly mute and still, every faculty absorbed in listening.

The voice had gained in volume and in fullness of expression as it sang the last verse, with a swell of triumphal glory :

" Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect peace above.
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight."

The voice ceased : there were a few receding notes of the organ, and then the congregation rose for the presentation of the offertory. Mr. Erle rose with them automatically, and

dropped his hand from his face. Then he slowly turned around and looked up at the choir, and his eyes settled upon the countenance of the beautiful singer. There was a tranquil radiance in her look, and a shining peacefulness upon her face which made it unspeakably lovely. She was utterly unconscious of him, and had her sweet eyes reverently turned upon the altar during the instant that he watched her, and then in obedience to the clergyman's invocation she sank upon her knees, and the curtain surmounting the choir railing hid her from his view.

The following morning Mr. Erle called at Mrs. Stirling's, and sent up his card to Ethel. She came down at once, and though her manner was very grave there was an air of peace and tranquility about her that was new to Mr. Erle. She greeted him with the frankest friendliness, and talked to him quite freely of her future plans, growing quite eloquent when she touched upon her connection with Sister Ursula and the hospital. Throughout the interview her manner was cordial and open, and the only time she gave evidence of any deep feeling was when she questioned Mr. Erle as to the particulars of his little daughter's death, the mere fact of which Ethel had heard a short while before. When he took leave he promised to see her again, and in the days that followed he came quite often. Ethel frequently consulted him about her affairs, and he showed himself always her consistent and devoted friend. He spoke of remaining in the city indefinitely, saying he had business of importance, and so Ethel was rather surprised when some little time passed by without his coming to see her.

One morning she received a letter from England which made her return there at a rather earlier date than she had intended, and so she announced to Mrs. Stirling her resolve to execute a plan she had had all along of going for a short visit to Fenly. She wanted to see the old place and the old servants, and accordingly she set out almost immediately. Mr. Erle she did not see again, and this fact she explained by the probability of his having been summoned suddenly from the city. Of course if this was so it was probable that by her departure she was foregoing the likelihood of meeting him again before her return to England, but of that she thought but little. She had learned now to trust absolutely, and she felt assured that whatever was right and good for her would happen without her own intervention if she only walked in the straight and simple path of duty which lay before her.

The day after Ethel left, Mr. Erle's card was brought up to Mrs. Stirling, and when the latter descended to the drawing-room her answer to his first inquiry took him greatly by surprise.

" Ethel has gone down to Fenly," Mrs. Stirling said. " I believe your home is there, is it not ? "

" It was when I knew Mrs. Alderstan," Mr. Erle said, " though I have not lived there for several years. Does Mrs. Alderstan think of returning to Europe soon ? "

" Yes, almost immediately," Mrs. Stirling said. " I have urged and pleaded with her in

vain to stay longer. Her husband's family are much attached to Ethel, and have written to beg her to return to them this summer, and she seems determined to go. I was dreadfully opposed to this trip to Fenly, hating to lose one moment of her visit, but she seemed to want so much to go, for a little while, to the old place that has so many associations with her father. The old servants are there too, and she wants to see them. She seems to cling very much to her old ties, and was so anxious to make this visit, that I had to give up. I would have gone with her, but my health would not allow it. Don't you think Ethel is looking beautiful ? Indeed, I think she is handsomer than before her marriage, and her voice, which I had thought too perfect for improvement, has changed for the better too. I wish you could have heard her sing in church Easter Sunday. It is the first time I've been able to induce her to do it, and every one is raving over her singing. But I must restrain myself and stop talking about Ethel. It is a habit that most of my friends humor me in, understanding that it is inveterate ; but I must remember that you are ignorant of that fact."

" It is a subject which cannot fail to interest me," said Mr. Erle, " as Mrs. Alderstan and myself have always been warm friends."

He made a few more inquiries as to Ethel's movements, learned that her stay in Fenly was limited to a week, talked a little longer on general topics with Mrs. Stirling, and then took leave. Mrs. Stirling asked him to return to dinner, but was informed that he intended to leave the city in an afternoon train.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ETHEL had been in Fenly twenty-four hours, and in that time had visited all the old points of interest in the house and grounds which had associations that impressed them on her mind, and made them seem strangely natural and familiar. In fact the years during which she had undergone so many changes, had left but a mild impress upon the people and things in this quiet old town. Old Tulip and Daniel looked very much the same, and the house which she remembered as rusty and old-looking without and colorless and faded within, seemed no more so now than when she had seen it last. The only changes were in her own heart, and in the glad youth and freshness of nature's face. When she had left this place it had been in chill, wintry weather, and she came back to find it now dressed in all the lavish luxuriance of Southern spring time. It was such a radiant evening that the temptation to go out of doors was irresistible, and so, in the warm spring afternoon, Ethel, dressed in cool, thin garments, set out, all alone, for a walk. Her mind was full of recollections of her father as she walked along, and she scarcely observed what route she was taking until she was startled to find herself approaching the little stile which she had left under such strange circumstances on that evening, long ago. The sight of this spot, in spite of her, banished the other remembrances, and filled her mind with thoughts of the circumstances that had occurred at this

place, and the person most nearly connected with them. They recalled Mr. Erle to her with a vividness that startled her. Her thoughts of him latterly had been infrequent and vague, and utterly free from such speculations and conjectures as must inevitably have occurred to her if her widowhood had happened in an earlier stage of her married life. But now, as she went and took her seat on the stile where they had sat together, it seemed so natural to think of him again, and the spell of his presence returned to her with such a vivid realness that it scarcely surprised her when she saw him turn around the bend of the road and come toward her. True, her heart began to beat tumultuously, and a quick flush sprang to her face, but outwardly she was as calm as himself, and rose to greet him, when he approached, with a manner as composed and quiet as his own. He did not quite come up to where she stood, but paused at a little distance, looking straight into her eyes, and saying, in a voice that slightly faltered:

"Ethel, I have come to look for you."

And then he held out both his hands and she put her own within them, and then he came a step nearer yet and their eyes met for an instant.

There was a moment of solemn silence, which his voice broke.

"Thank God it has come at last," he said fervently.

"Thank God," responded Ethel.

He drew her hand within his arm, and folded his own over it with a clasp of infinite tenderness, and looked into her eyes.

"Ethel, you must know how I love you," he said, in a low tone that was almost a whisper. "And yet, till this moment I have not known myself. I love you with unmeasured, immeasurable love. Ethel, you understand, do you not?"

"Yes, I know it all," said Ethel lowly; "I understand, to the last letter, what you are feeling, and throb for throb, my heart responds. Such joy as this could not have come to us except after deadly pain. Would God have given us to each other, do you think, unless he had proved us first, and seen that we could do without this happiness if He had chosen to keep it from us? I think He has given it to us now because we were trying not to seek it for ourselves, but endeavoring rather to follow the paths He seemed to have marked out for us in resignation and contentment. Satisfied when they lay apart, and oh, so thankful now that they have come together."

"And were you happy when they lay apart?" asked Mr. Erle. "Content to have it so?"

"If God willed it," Ethel said. "The serene peacefulness which is with me now, I had before you came, and by God's blessing, I shall keep it always, whatever comes. Apart from that is the divine gladness I feel now in the thought that we shall be together always, and I thank Him for this added joy. I am quite, quite happy now. I wish for nothing. I look back upon past pains with gratitude, and would not have them remitted."

"You are right," said Mr. Erle, after a

moment's pause. "God never would have cast our lives together now, unless He had taught us first how to live them out apart, if He had chosen to order it so. I too can look back with joy upon the sorrows past," he went on, fervently, "I too can realize that they were the blessed seed which have yielded us this harvest. How can we help being grateful, Ethel, you and I, to be together?"

There fell between them a sweet silence, as they sat together on the old stile, watching the sun go down. It was the supreme hour of both their lives—an hour infinitely full of love and sympathy, infinitely solemn, infinitely sweet.

He had taken off his hat and bared his handsome brow to the evening breeze. The soft little winds were blowing gently the locks of straight fine hair that lay above it, and either their light fingers, or something still more potent, had smoothed away the lines of sternness that used to be there, and although there were traces still of much anxiety and by-gone pain, one saw these were *altogether* by-gone, and offered no sort of hindrance to the deep, enduring joy which the fine, dark eyes were showing. These eloquent, grave eyes of his were lifted upward now and rested on Ethel's face, and the firm sweet lips were curved in a thrilling smile.

"Do you know, Mr. Erle," Ethel was saying, "I have never prepared myself for this? It has never occurred to me that you and I were to spend our lives together. The thought never came to me until I saw you approaching me, and heard you say you had come to seek me; but then, in a moment, I knew it all, that our souls had been struggling toward each other, widely separated as our lives have been, and when you came to me, I understood all this, and was ready, with full love and joy, to meet you. And, after our different and widely parted lives, is it not strange that it seems to come to us so naturally?"

"No, not strange, I think," he answered. "What would be strange, would be to have it otherwise. Have you not said that our two souls were all along struggling toward each other with like aims and intentions, and is it not a natural and simple thing that they should meet at last?"

As he ceased to speak he put his arm about her, and drew her closer to his side; and as he bent his head above her, she lifted her radiant face to his, and for the first time they kissed each other. It was the supreme moment of their lives, deeply solemn and unspeakably sweet.

Yet a little longer they sat there in the evening light, and then they rose and walked toward the town. Mr. Erle offered her his arm, and as she put her hand, with a glad confidence, within it, Ethel stole a swift look at the unforgotten face whose actual presence it was so hard a thing to realize. O, what a grand, strong face it was! How beautiful and manly—how brave and eloquent! The felt hat was turned back from the strong, dark brow in its old bold curves, the clear-cut determined features and upward turning mustache, how faithfully her memory had kept them all! But what a new meaning and beauty she saw

on his features now! What infinite joy! What untold tenderness!

Ethel's approaching marriage, which changed so altogether the course of her life, effected no alteration in her present plans. She had written to Lady Mary March that she would sail on a certain day, and after a little reflection she concluded not to alter that intention. So, two weeks later on, she returned to England, leaving Mr. Erle to the pursuance of his usual avocations, until she should return in a short time, to be married at Mrs. Stirling's house. She wished to inform her friends in England personally of her new-formed resolution, and to arrange her business affairs in England, and settle everything safely about the children's hospital, and the provision for its support. Mr. Erle had wished that the marriage should take place at once, and that he might go with her to England; but after consideration Ethel had decided against this, and he had consented to be ruled by her opinion and desire entirely. So he had remained near her until the appointed day arrived, and then on the deck of the great steamer they had said farewell, each being cheered and strengthened by the thought of the speedy meeting again, which was to know no parting afterward forever.

Col. and Lady Mary March received Ethel's announcement with the most complete sympathy and kindness, rejoicing in her happiness, and regretting nothing except the separation from themselves that her marriage entailed. Ethel went from there to Coldstream, to see Sister Ursula and her little charges, and to take leave of them. It was impossible but that these farewells should be sad, although Ethel hoped, before many years, to revisit these scenes with Mr. Erle; it was a project suggested by himself. She had made arrangements for the regular payment to Sister Ursula of the necessary funds to carry on the hospital and orphanage, and the latter was to keep her posted as to the progress of affairs, and to call on her in case of further need. Ethel did not in the least lose her interest in this work, but seemed almost more anxious and desirous for its favorable progress than when she had been at hand. Her business ended, she said farewell to Col. March and Lady Mary and Sister Ursula—her three strong ties to England—and sailed away for America. There was one other powerful interest that bound her to Europe, and that was Count Varène; but in the nature of things she could expect to see and know but little more of him, and so, although he had once been so great a power in her life, and so cordially appreciated a friend, her marriage rendered the likelihood of their ever meeting again an extremely improbable thing, and so, good, considerate, trusty friend though he had been to her, he simply dropped out of her life, as people do!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN the autumn Ethel and Mr. Erle were married from Mrs. Stirling's house—that amiable little woman being forced to make one more concession to her willful niece, who

resolutely set her face against the splendid wedding that, in spite of ill health. Mrs. Stirling wished to have. They were married privately and quietly at church, and left immediately for their home in the distant South.

It had been a morning wedding, and they had traveled all day long, and stopped for the night at a city *en route*, where Mr. Erle had relatives. As he was expecting visits from these in the evening, and it was now late afternoon, he had proposed that Ethel should lie down awhile and rest before supper. He drew a lounge near the fire, in their little parlor at the hotel, and begging her to try and sleep, he left the room to make certain inquiries about the trains, as they were to resume their journey early the next morning.

Left alone, Ethel, who was really tired with excitement and the fatigue of traveling, took down her careful, shining plaits, and let them hang behind *à la Marguerite*, and put on a soft warm dressing-gown, of loveliest, palest blue. Then, obedient to orders, she lay down upon the great deep lounge and closed her eyes trying to sleep. But forgetfulness and unconsciousness were very far away from those lovely close-shut brown eyes, and she was still occupied with vivid, animating thoughts, when she heard a light step outside, and the door was softly opened. Her head was a little averted, and she did not turn nor lift the white lids from the wakeful dark eyes. Instead, she kept perfectly quiet and still, though she knew that her husband had entered the room, closed the door softly behind him, and noiselessly taken a seat some distance off. O Ethel, Ethel! you do yourself a wrong in feigning sleep! Why are you not awake and open-eyed, to see the tender worship, the unmeasured lovingness, with which those grand dark eyes are looking at you? Surely, surely, not to every woman is it given to win such love as this from such a man! But she does not see it. Still the fair white lids remain fast shut, and still the lovely calm face keeps its entire composure, until Mr. Erle, his voice coming in a faint whisper, and his lips framing the words lovingly, says:

"Ethel, are you asleep?"

Asleep! Oh, the mockery of the word! No wide-open flower in the noonday sunshine was ever more thoroughly awake and alive to the radiance around it than Ethel's glad, brown eyes. At sight of these and of the beautiful smile that swiftly curves her lips, as she turns toward him, he crosses the space of velvet carpet that divides them, and comes and kneels at her side. He takes in both his own her milk-white hand and lays it against his strong, dark face, with a motion of passionate tenderness. Endearments from Mr. Erle are still such new-felt things to Ethel that a quick pink flush suffuses her lovely face at this, and she raises her eyes a little until they rest upon his fine dark hair, and lifting her free hand she runs its fingers lightly and caressingly through the heavy locks that, here and there in their blackness, show shining threads of silver.

"Dear, beautiful hair," she says in tones of gentle lowness, "dear silver strands that are the marks of troubles, cares, and sorrows! And how many of these you have borne! How old are you, Philip?"

"Thirty-nine, my Ethel. Past the first strength of youth and manhood, but young in hope or happiness and strong in love."

"Dear, care-worn brow," she goes on softly, smoothing with her fair, slim fingers its grave, swart surface, "dear thoughtful lines of doubt and sorrow and anxiety. And yet what are doubts and sorrows that are past in the light of such present joy? Only so many sureties of happiness and peace."

"Ethel, my wife," he says most fervently, "there is a thought that comes to me often and often now, and that is, that love like ours is a rare unusual love in one respect. I think it is not often that two people love each other with equal love as you and I. You know the old French proverb: 'Il y a toujours un qui aime, et un qui se laisse aimer--un qui baise et un qui tend la joue.' This is not true of us, for I know that it is to us both a part of the joy of this hour to feel that we love each other with a love that is not only fervent, strong, and tender and lasting, but also like and equal. And therefore is our happiness at this time of no common sort. O Ethel, my love, my wife! let us never forget this thought, and let us each help the other to make these lives of ours useful and worthy, remembering that we owe God thanks for an unmeasured bounty, because he has given us the spending of them together."

"Yes, Philip, we will think of that," she says; "we owe him too much to make remembrance hard. Strange!"--she goes on presently in tones of musing tenderness, as her fingers wander through his hair with light caressing touches. "Strange, strange, is it not, that one should be completely happy!"

THE END.

Archacon.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

THERE are few towns in any part of *la belle France* which are not glorified by some legend, either purely fanciful, or with some slight grain of truth in its first conception. At Mentone, for instance, the peasants claim that when Eve was driven from Paradise by the fiery sword of the angel, she paused before she passed through the gate, and snatching a golden lemon from a tree, she threw it out amidst the briars and thorns, which were henceforth to be her heritage. The lemon chanced to fall where Mentone now stands, and hence the profusion of those trees on that Mediterranean shore.

We do not recall any such pretty legend in connection with Archacon, which will probably be remembered in future as the trysting-place of a pair of royal lovers. It is a very pleasant, though not particularly romantic, village, situated on the Basin d'Archacon, on the southwest coast of France, about thirty-five miles from Bordeaux. The sea is close at hand, its waters rolling up almost to the houses of the town,

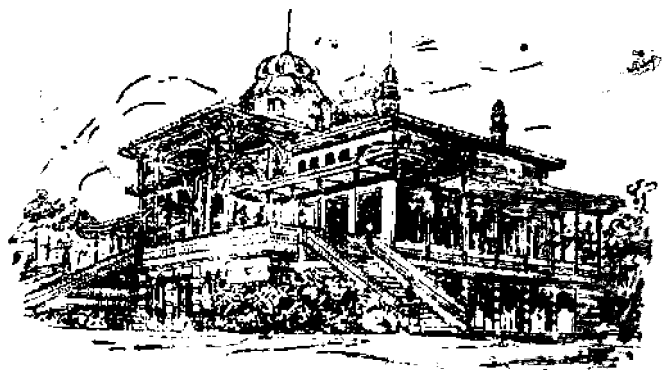
and yet while enjoying the delicious sweet sea-breezes, one is quite sheltered from strong winds by the hills on the opposite side.

The pine woods, which are the joy and pride of Archacon, were planted, we believe, to steady the shifting white sandy soil of the district, for sand, and nothing but sand, constitutes the soil, not only on the surface, but



OYSTERMAN.

deep below. Each tree has a little rough earthenware saucer fastened to it, as if containing libations to the nymphs of the woods. These vessels are, however, really intended to catch the resin oozing from the bark, which has been carefully cut. The smell of these forests is delightfully fresh and wholesome, and is thought to be, and no doubt is, very efficacious in lung and chest diseases. The walks in these fragrant woods are completely sheltered, allowing the invalid to enjoy the balmy atmosphere, and indulge in the sweetest of day-dreams during the coldest winter weather. The forests too, situated between



THE CASINO, ARCHAÇON.

the Gironde and the Adour, are full of game, and fox-hunting is a frequent and favorite pastime with townspeople and visitors.

Stone is not to be found near Archacon, but timber is cheap and abundant. Flowers will not flourish in the gardens, since they do not possess the happy faculty of living entirely on the nutriment drawn from the air, as seems to be the case with the hardier pines.

Villas of every style abound, not only in the town itself, but in the heart of the woods, for the accommodation of consumptive invalids. There is also a pretty Casino, where the holiday public meet in the evening for music and other innocent diversions, and in which, on Sundays, a Church of England service is kept up during the entire year.

But Archacon might long have remained only one of the many tiny French towns, so

of course), dances excellently, and, without being intellectual, is decidedly clever. Her voice is good, and she sings equally well a pathetic ballad or a mirth-provoking song.

Three years ago she was appointed the croziered and mitred abbess of the noble Chapter of St. Theresa in Prague, in one of those nunneries in Austria where ladies of noble birth lead a pleasant life, free to marry if they see fit, but guarded by aristocratic influences if they prefer to retain their semi-monastic seclusion.

The king and the archduchess had been playfellows when he was a student at the Theresien College in Vienna, and rumor says that while romping with and tormenting him in various ways, the young princess lost her heart to the prince.

So we need not wonder that her impatient Magyar blood felt aggrieved when she found

On one of these occasions, while others rejoiced at their ransom, one voice kept up its wailing, and when St. Michael questioned, the answer came :

"On earth a heart that loved me
Still lives and mourns me there,
And the shadow of his anguish
Is more than I can bear.
All the torment that I suffer
Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal
Death took my life away,
Not all Love's passionate pleading
Could gain an hour's delay,
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him,
If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace—then I know



PINE WOODS, ARCHACON.

charming in their oddity, and known chiefly to the English, who have a special gift for hunting out every delightful nook on the continent, and then taking possession of it, had it not been for the publicity given to it lately, by its being used as the rendezvous for the young King of Spain and the Austrian Archduchess Christina. This has thrown a halo of romance over the quiet town which will probably result in pecuniary benefit to the honest townfolk, though doubtless it is only one of a thousand times the old yet ever new story has been whispered under the flickering lights and shadows of the resinous pines, by lovers just as fond and just as true.

The archduchess is a second cousin of the present Emperor of Austria, and is now about twenty-one. She is in appearance a true Hapsburg, with high cheek-bones, bright chestnut hair, and brilliant complexion. She is highly cultivated, and a fine linguist, speaking French, Italian, English, and Spanish (German

Mercedes preferred before her, and that when the matrimonial agents of the king proposed for her at Vienna, she replied, "If he wants to win me let him come and woo me. It is his place to court me, and not mine to go and pick up the handkerchief which he condescends to throw down."

This the king gallantly consented to do, but the unfortunate death of the Infanta Pilar afforded a pretext to the archduchess for relenting and traveling more than half way to meet her royal suitor. So there, in sight and sound of the murmuring sea, the lovers met and plighted their vows of constancy. But in thinking of them I recall an old French legend which Adelaide Proctor has beautifully woven into verse.

On some certain church festival, so the story runs, the Archangel Michael descends to Purgatory to release those souls sufficiently purified from earthly stain to enter upon the perfect joys of heaven.

He would endure with patience,
And strive against his woe."

The angel yielded to her entreaties, and agreed to let her see her loved one's face and speak to him, for *one minute* only, on condition she returned and remained one thousand years in pain to pay for the comfort he should gain. The young wife sought her husband, and found him slowly pacing under the lime trees' shade, by the side of another bride :

"Near Purgatory's entrance
The radiant angels wait.
It was the great St. Michael
Who closed that gloomy gate,
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the angel,
Heaven's joy is deep and vast ;
Pass on, pass on, poor spirit,
For heaven is yours at last ;
In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed."

Poor young Mercedes !

Stories from the Classics.

BY JAMES GRANT.

THE TENTH MUSE.

"Violet-crowned, pure, sweetly-smiling Sappho."
ALEÆUS.



ALL the fair women that ever cultivated the poetic art, in the classic days when Greece led the world in literature, Sappho was undoubtedly the most eminent. The history of Solon, who was contemporary with the poetess, bears ample testimony of the high esteem in which she was held throughout Greece. We are told that, hearing his nephew declaim one of her erotic poems he exclaimed that he would not willingly face death till he had learned it by heart. Indeed, the whole voice of antiquity, with one accord, has affirmed that the poetry of Sappho was unmatched for grace and sweetness of diction, and ancient Greece testified its appreciation of her powers by calling her "The Tenth Muse;" and although, unfortunately, we have only a few fragments remaining of her effusions, posterity has unanimously confirmed this verdict, for these remains are of an exalted character, and are stamped with the true brand of genius.

For many years the history of Sappho was involved in great uncertainty, and it is only recently, so to speak, that the labors of such commentators as Welcker and Neue have resulted in placing her character in its true light before the world.

She was born at Mitylene, in Lesbos, an island of the Grecian archipelago, now part of the Turkish Empire, but, at the time of her birth, about 600 years B. C., it was an independent kingdom, though fifty years later it became tributary to the Persians. While scarcely out of her teens, Sappho became united in marriage to a patrician named Cereolas, and the fruit of the union was a daughter called Cleis, whose name is preserved in one of the poetess's surviving fragments.

Cereolas dying, his widow turned her attention to literary pursuits, and her example inspired many of her fellow country women with a taste for similar occupations. She composed lyrics, elegies, hymns, satires, etc., and the admiration which these fruits of her pen excited was not confined simply to her compatriots, but was spread abroad among the neighboring people. All of these remaining to us are an exquisite ode to Venus, a second ode, still more beautiful, various fragments, all, unfortunately, very short, found in the pages of Aristotle, Plutarch, Asthenæus, Eustathius, and others, and three epigrams. She also composed hymns to the gods, remarkable for their exalted strains, but we have no information concerning their contents.

She assembled around her at Mitylene a number of young females, natives of Lesbos, whom she instructed in music and poetry; they revered and looked up to her as their bene-

factress, and their affection was returned by their beautiful instructress. This intimacy, in later times, was made the excuse upon which to hang all sorts of scandalous stories about Sappho; making it appear that the poetess shared in the licentious spirit that too often was rife among the highest classes of antiquity. It is only recently, as we have already said, that the truth has been known about the illustrious poetess; but even were this indication lacking, we may plainly discern the manifestation of unimpeached honor natural to a free-born and well-nurtured maiden in the verses which refer to the intimacy between herself and the poet Aleæus; and the latter testifies that her moral worth was of the most exalted kind when he calls her "violet-crowned, pure, sweetly-smiling Sappho."

But what is far more to the point in her vindication, if any were needed, is the undoubted fact that by all those writers who endeavored to destroy her fair fame, she was ignorantly confounded with a dissolute female of the same name, a native of Eresus in Lesbos, a town a few miles from Mitylene. Precisely who or what this Sappho *secundus* was is not easy to determine; but the fact that the inhabitants of Eresus stamped her image on their coins makes it evident that she was a personage of some celebrity.

According to the commonly-received accounts, Sappho the poetess, despised by a beautiful youth named Phaon, leaped from the Leucadian rock in the hope of finding a cure for the pangs of unrequited love. But this is rather a poetical image than a real event in the life of the poetess. Certain it is that the name of Phaon never once appears in her verses, and we may regard it as equally certain that Sappho was never enamored of Phaon. The Leucadian leap was purely a religious rite, belonging to the expiatory festivals of Apollo, which were, of course, celebrated in other parts of Greece as well as at Lesbos. At certain times public criminals, selected as expiatory victims, were thrown from the steep, overhanging rock into the sea; sometimes they survived, but more often the terrific plunge was fatal.

At the time this custom was used by poets as an image describing the dilemmas of lovers, and the story of Sappho's leap probably originated in some poetical image of the kind, more particularly as a precisely similar story is told of Venus in regard to her lament for Adonis.

At any rate, the story of the leap would fit far more appropriately the character of the Eresus Sappho, who was a well-known courtesan, than that of the poetess—"violet-crowned, pure, sweetly-smiling Sappho."

Sappho's misfortunes, therefore, arose not out of unrequited affection; rather were they of a political nature. Having been in a conspiracy against Pittæus, tyrant of Mitylene, by the persuasions of Aleæus her friend, she was banished from Mitylene, along with that poet and the rest of his adherents. She retired to Sicily, about 596 B. C., where, in course of time, she died, and her body was transported to her native island and entombed there.

Nothing further is known concerning the

life of Sappho, and, as we have already said, her productions which gained for her so exalted a reputation are almost equally unknown, being alluded to chiefly in the writings of her contemporaries.

Gleanings from Ruskin.

SUNRISE among the Alps—wait till the east becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to heaven; the rose light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven,—one scarlet canopy—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, bow down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this!

Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity; children love them; quiet, tender, contented, orderly people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered; they are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town mark, as with a broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose heart rests the covenant of peace. Passionate or religious minds contemplate them with fond, feverish intensity; the affection is seen severely calm in the works of many old religious painters, and mixed with more open and true country sentiment in those of our own pre-Raphaelites. To the child and the girl, the peasant and the manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and monk, they are precious always. But to the men of supreme power and thoughtfulness, precious only at times; symbolically and pathetically often to the poets, but rarely for their own sakes. They fall forgotten from the great workman's and soldier's hands. Such men will take in thankfulness crowns of leaves or crowns of thorns—not crowns of flowers.

FRIENDSHIP.—Many have talked in very exalted language of the perpetuity of friendship—of invincible constancy and inalienable kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affections have predominated over changes of fortune and contrariety of opinion. But these instances are memorable, because they are rare. The friendship which is to be practiced or expected by common mortals must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

An Extraordinary Case of Somnambulism.

BY L. L. P.



My sister Juliet and I had been separated for several years; for while she was at boarding-school, my mother, my little sister Gertrude, and myself were in Europe. We made our arrangements to return in time for her graduating, and we made them with great accuracy, but, upon reaching New York, our plans were upset by a series of accidents. First, my mother received a telegram, begging her to come instantly to the bedside of her only brother, who was dangerously ill; and e'er we had yet recovered from the shock of this intelligence, the maid brought a letter from the principal of Juliet's school, saying that the scarlet fever had broken out among the pupils, and that as half of them were ill and the other half had fled from the disease, it was thought advisable to dispense with the graduating exercises. He wrote at Juliet's request, to beg that her mother would not be the least uneasy, as she had the disease very lightly, and was receiving the best care from the physicians and nurses of the infirmary. My dear mother was sadly distracted between anxiety for Juliet, and for her brother, and it was long before she could decide what course to pursue.

"If my brother is dangerously ill, and Juliet is in no danger at all," she said at last, although her inclination visibly pointed the other way, "it seems to me, that it is my duty to go to him."

"Let me go to Juliet," I urged.

"Let you go!" she cried in horror; "send you too into the danger of infection! You would certainly catch the fever and die; besides, you know nothing of sickness, you could not be of the slightest use. It would be tempting Providence for nothing. No, I have great confidence in Mr. Rivers" (the principal of the school), "and I am sure she is in good hands. I will write to him to let me know the instant there is a change for the worse, and I shall be near enough at your uncle's to reach her in a few hours. You must take Gertrude and return home, and I will go immediately to my brother."

I was quite astonished by the exhibition of so much resolution and determination in my timid and shrinking mamma;

and at once set about assisting her to carry out her plans.

I soon found out that it was very easy to say "take Gertrude," but extremely difficult to do anything of the kind; for Gertrude was the baby of the family, and had never spent a day away from my mother's side.

She now positively refused to go with me, and set up such a cry, with such vehement accompanying demonstrations, that my mother was obliged to reopen the strapped valise and put in such things as she would be likely to need; but, as it would be out of the question to take me also into a household upset and disordered by the serious illness of one of its members, I was left alone to the cheerful task of collecting the luggage, paying the bill, and taking sole possession of a great lonesome house, that had been shut up for three long years.

I found myself equal to the emergency however, for my mother's clinging and dependent nature, by forcing me to take the lead, had made me fearless and self-reliant, so I established myself in the long vacant house, looked up an old servant, who had promised to come back to us, engaged a new one, unpacked the trunks, had all the rooms opened and cleaned, and then sat down to wait for the rest of the family.

I had to wait, however, much longer than I either expected or liked; my uncle, instead of dying, grew slowly better, and declined to dispense with my mother's society. Juliet recovered, but, being unwilling to take so long a journey alone, spent the time until my mother should be ready to accompany her with one of her schoolmates. Meanwhile, all our old neighbors called, and to each one in turn I narrated the events which I have here set down, until I got it all by heart and could rehearse it with the greatest fluency.

One evening, just after tea, when I was sit-

ting in the drawing-room playing over some soft old tunes on the piano, the door-bell rang, and I heard a man's voice in colloquy with Martha.

"Is Miss Russell in?" said the voice.

"Yes, sir," said Martha.

"Then I should like to see her," said the voice.

"What name, sir?" said Martha.

"No name," replied the gentleman, "I will introduce myself."

Now this seemed to me a very strange proceeding, as the voice was one I had never heard before, but I had no time to object, for the stranger entered almost immediately, and I saw Martha's shadow vanish simultaneously from the door. I rose from the piano, and the gentleman advanced in a hesitating manner, until he reached the center of the room under the chandelier. The light fell on his face and figure, and I was forced to acknowledge that both were singularly handsome. His face bore some resemblance to the portraits of Lord Byron, the forehead being high and shaded by dark clustering-curls, his complexion was pale and clear, the nose aquiline, the chin firm, and deeply cleft with a dimple.

After a moment's embarrassment he spoke.

"I hope you will pardon this intrusion. I ventured to come, because I thought you would welcome me, as a friend of your sister."

"Of Juliet!" I cried, delighted; "of course I will; any friend of hers is welcome to me."

"I live just across the street," he said, as he took my outstretched hand, "and so I have seen a good deal of you when you did not see me. My name is Lyle Anderson; perhaps your sister has mentioned it to you?"

"No," I replied, and I saw a curious blending of disappointment and relief flit over his face, and then, to soften the harshness of this

statement, I added, "My sister and I have not seen each other for three years, and of course, in letters, we had a great deal of a purely personal nature to say."

"Of course," he acquiesced, "but I saw a great deal of her, one summer, and I thought she might possibly have mentioned my name. She spent the vacation with the sister of a friend of mine; in fact, we stayed in the house together."

"So," thought I.

I invited my new acquaintance to take a seat, and he very promptly accepted my invitation. I glibly stated to him all the reasons for the non-appearance of my family, which I have so laboriously set down here, and had the satisfaction of seeing him appear greatly in-



HER FINGERS CLOSED ON THE TRIGGER, A FLASH, AND LYLE ANDERSON FELT

terested. I played for him at his request some of my most brilliant pieces, and together we spent the evening very agreeably.

When he rose to go, he begged to be allowed to come again, and I graciously acceded to his desire; but I was scarcely prepared for his appearance on the next evening, and the next, and the next. Without incurring the charge of vanity I might have been justified in thinking that I had made a conquest, but I did not think so, for this reason, that the only subject on which he ever showed any animation was the subject of Juliet. He was intelligent and well informed, but was liable to fits of abstraction, from which the spell of her name was the only thing which seemed to have power to rouse him.

One day I got a letter from mamma, fixing an early date for their return. This I communicated to Mr. Anderson, naturally thinking that the news would give him the greatest pleasure. He received it in a manner that greatly excited my surprise.

"Then I must tell you good-bye to night," he said sadly, "as I cannot come here any more."

"Not come here any more?" I cried. "I thought you introduced yourself to me as a friend of Juliet's."

"So I did," he replied; "I am her friend, if the warmest regard for her, and the truest esteem can make me so; but she unfortunately does not reciprocate my feelings."

"Then, Mr. Anderson," I said indignantly, "you have represented yourself falsely, and I am very sorry that our acquaintance has gone so far."

"Stay," he cried; "before you judge me, hear my side of the story; your sister will tell you hers, and I cannot bear that you should be prejudiced against me, without making an effort to prevent it."

"There is no question of prejudice," I replied coldly; "my sister is incapable of perverting the truth, and if you have behaved badly to her, you cannot expect to be friends with me."

"I do not consider your friendship such an honor, Miss Russell, that I should stoop to sue for it," he replied, taking up his hat, "and of course it rests with you to put an end to it. I will wish you good evening."

"Stay," I said, "I spoke hastily; I will hear your story, if you will tell it me, and will try to render an impartial verdict."

He came back, very glad to be friends again, and took his seat beside me. "In the first place," he began, "I must tell you that I love your sister to distraction. You need not draw back and look astonished; this is no boyish folly, my affection for her has been tested by time. It is eighteen months since I saw her, and her image is as fresh in my mind as if I had parted from her yesterday."

"Why tell me this?" I began. "She will be here to-morrow; my mother—"

"That is precisely why I wish to tell you," he interrupted. "You may be able to exert some influence in my favor; promise that you will," he cried, seizing my hand—"promise that you will."

"If I can conscientiously," I replied; "but

you must remember that Juliet's view of the case will probably be mine."

He went on without heeding this caution: "In the first place, I must tell you, that I have an unfortunate habit of walking in my sleep, but I only do it when under strong mental excitement. On the three occasions when I have done it, it has been with the view of carrying out some idea that has been in my mind for days previously. For instance, once when I was at college, and could not obtain some reference that I needed for an essay I was writing for a prize, I walked the whole length of the town to the professor's house in my sleep, opened the study-window, and took the book from the shelves. I did not know how it came in my possession, until I heard that the whole town was ringing with the story that the professor's house had been entered, and a valuable book stolen, the thief having left the window open behind him."

"But what has this to do with Juliet?" I interrupted.

"I am coming to that," he replied. "When she stayed at Oxbridge, the house was full of company, and several of us fellows were in love with her; nobody, however, was as far gone as I was, except a classmate of mine, a man named Bolton, who was known to be the meanest sneak, and the most contemptible—"

"Oh, come," said I, laughing, "I wouldn't call names, if I were you."

His face flushed hotly. "I didn't say it because I am jealous of him," he cried, "though that is what you are thinking. I had no reason to be jealous of him; your sister preferred me to him, and that was the beginning of the trouble. One night, when we were all together, talking, after the ladies had gone to bed, he began boasting of Juliet's partiality for him. 'She's as cold as ice to other fellows,' he said, 'but I can do anything I like with her.' 'That's a lie,' said I, jumping up in a rage, 'and you know it.' I expected he'd throw something at me, but he didn't; he just leaned back in his chair very coolly, and took out his pocket-book. 'I haven't got much about me, in the way of proof,' he said, 'except a lock of her hair; what do you think of that?' He shook out a long, thick tress, and held it up to the light. 'That's nothing,' said I, contemptuously; 'she'll give me a bigger lock than that any time I ask her.' 'I bet fifty dollars she won't,' said Bolton. 'Done,' said I, and he entered the bet in his pocket-book. I know it was wrong," he added apologetically to me. "I had no business to make her the subject of a bet, but then you women can't tell how a fellow feels under such circumstances. I begged Juliet for a lock of her hair, but she refused; then I begged harder, but she began to suspect I had some ulterior motive, and told me peremptorily not to mention the subject again. I know now that Bolton told her that I had made a bet about it with one of the other men, and that was why she was so angry. Every time he met me in the hall, he would ask if I had succeeded, and was so insufferable in his triumph, that I wanted to kill him. At last, one night, I determined to leave the place the next morning. After I went to my room, I wrote a check for fifty dollars, and

put it in an envelope directed to Bolton, then I went to bed. The next thing I remember is hearing a shrill scream, and finding myself in your sister's room, standing half-dressed beside the bed, with a pair of scissors in one hand and a lock of her hair in the other. The scream resounded through the house, and waked up all its inmates. I stood for a moment dazed and bewildered. I have a faint idea that your sister went off into a fit of hysterics, but I cannot be sure; then I heard footsteps in the passage, and I took to my heels and fled to my own room. I did not go to sleep again, but spent the rest of the night in trying to decide what course to pursue. My first impulse was to leave the house immediately, my next to stay and brave the matter out. At breakfast the next morning Juliet did not appear, no one except the host and hostess spoke to me. I was under a cloud. In vain I introduced the subject, and tried to explain it as a freak of somnambulism; nobody believed me. I lifted my eyes and saw in Bolton's face an expression of malicious triumph. He had been at work, it was his machinations that had set everybody against me. But I did not care very much for anybody but Juliet. I appealed to her, but she refused to see me; I wrote to her again and again, but she returned my letters unopened. From that unlucky night to this hour I have never laid my eyes on her, but I cannot forget her. I believe that there was a time when she almost loved me; and I cling to that time as the happiest of my life."

He ceased, after this singular confession, and leaned his head back against a column of the piazza. The moon was shining brightly, and its rays fell full upon the handsome, ingenuous face. In spite of my boasted prudence and caution I believed in him and I sympathized with him. He was quick to read it in my eyes.

"I knew you would believe me," he cried, seizing my hand. "You will tell her the truth, you will intercede with her for me, and then perhaps she will consent to see me again?"

After having exacted this promise he went away, but when he reached the gate he came back again.

"How shall I know what she says?" he asked; "I cannot come to the house again."

"Perhaps I may see you on the street some time," I suggested.

"Will you?" he cried eagerly, "when? To-morrow evening?"

I hesitated. "I fear that will be too soon."

"Well, I shall be at the corner to-morrow evening, whether you come or not: I will be there every evening until you do come. Under the linden tree from seven till eight—you won't forget?" And then he seized my hand, kissed it, and was gone.

I could not imagine how Juliet could find it in her heart to resist so fascinating a creature. I thought he could not do anything so bad as not to be able to win forgiveness; but I found my sister, when true to my promise I broached the subject to her, of a very different mind. Her face grew dark and cold at once.

"Pray do not mention his name to me again,

Cecilia," she said. "I am very sorry you ever met him. It was very impertinent of him to force himself upon you, and to dare to mention my name at all."

"Indeed, Juliet, I am sure you do him injustice; he has told me the whole story, and—"

"Then if you have heard the whole story," she replied, "pray be satisfied with it, and don't inflict it upon me. Mr. Lyle Anderson is fortunate in having you for a champion, but it is out of the question to think of trying to change my opinion of him."

"At least, if you would listen to me, Juliet—"

"My dear, I will listen to you on any other subject for hours, but I must decline to hear anything on this."

"Is this final? Do you positively refuse to be reconciled to him?"

"I do positively refuse."

After this there was nothing for me to do but keep my appointment under the linden trees, and break the tidings as gently as possible. It was pitiful to see his face change from hope to despair, but he bore it bravely.

"Thank you," he said, "I believe you have done your best for me. I will go away at once; I cannot bear to remain near her, and have her feel toward me as she must. Good-bye, I dare say I shall get over it in time." He wrung my hand hard, and turned away. I knew it was foolish, but, in spite of myself, I felt my eyes fill with tears.

I was very much astonished as the days went by at the change that three years had made in Juliet. She had grown extremely firm and self-reliant, had decided opinions about everything, and was afraid of nothing. It almost seemed as if we had changed places, and Juliet was the elder instead of the younger sister.

The summer passed very quietly. All the people we knew were out of town, and there was absolutely no gayety. About the middle of September, however, we were rescued from utter stagnation by an alarm of burglars. Several houses in the immediate neighborhood were entered, and a great deal of valuable plate was stolen. My mother worked herself up into a fever of alarm. She packed up all the silver and sent it to the bank. She locked and double-locked the doors at night, and waked Juliet and me up incessantly to insist on our accompanying her on tours of investigation after imaginary burglars. At last, when the excitement was at its height, she vowed that she could not leave us to encounter danger single-handed in our own apartments, and insisted on our all coming into her room, where we could be of mutual assistance and present an unbroken front to the enemy; her proposition being that Gertrude should occupy the lounge, while Juliet and I should share her bed with her. Against this, however, Juliet stoutly rebelled. The weather was stifling, and she declared that she preferred taking her chances of the burglars to being smothered alive; so she loaded a small pistol, which was our only weapon of defense, and placing it under her pillow, went bravely to bed in the front room, leaving the gas turned up, so that, as she said, she could take good aim at the burglar in case he arrived.

This undutiful conduct had the effect of destroying my mother's rest for the night, but as time went on, and no burglar appeared, our fears gradually subsided, and the weather continuing warm, Juliet was allowed without protest to leave her windows open for the benefit of the fresh air.

It was entirely owing to this bit of imprudence that the accident took place which I am about to relate. One night I could not go to sleep, and long after Gertrude on her lounge, mamma on the pillow beside me, and Juliet in the adjoining room, were wrapped up in dreams, I lay wide awake and staring at the wall; presently I heard sounds which were highly suggestive of a burglar. My blood ran cold, and I tried to think of all the courageous things which I had heard of lonely women doing under such circumstances. My first thought was *not* to wake mamma, if it were possible to avoid it, while, with Juliet for a coadjutor, I felt that I would be equal to any emergency. I therefore slipped noiselessly out of bed, and crept on tiptoe to the door of Juliet's room; but on the threshold I stopped, terror-stricken, for there was some one getting in at the window; first one foot and then another was put in, then followed the body, shoulders, and head, and a man stood upon the floor, whom, in the dim gaslight, I recognized as Lyle Anderson.

In a moment it flashed across me that this was a repetition of his former experience, and that he was walking in his sleep; his eyes were wide open, and had a fixed stare in them, and he lifted his feet very high from the floor as he stepped toward the bed where Juliet lay. I cannot imagine now why I did not go forward and prevent the catastrophe which I felt was going to occur. I stood there intensely conscious of everything in the room; I saw Juliet lying with her cheek on her hand, and all her beautiful dark hair thrown over the pillow; I saw Lyle Anderson advancing toward her with his stealthy step and his terrible stare, and I stood rooted in the doorway unable to move or utter a sound. When he reached the bed, he lifted one of the long tresses of her hair and held it in his hand. The movement awakened her. I saw her face change instantly from an expression of repose to one of terror, then it was lighted with a sudden courage; quick as thought, I saw her draw the pistol from under her pillow, and aim at the fancied burglar; her fingers closed upon the trigger, then there was a flash, a loud report, and Lyle Anderson fell face downward upon the floor. For a moment I had a sickening sensation of faintness, which I forced myself to overcome. Mamma and Gertrude waked up and began to scream; Martha and Jane rushed in panic-stricken; Juliet sat up in bed, white, and trembling like a leaf.

"Have I killed him?" she whispered, with blue lips; "oh, I hope I have not killed him!"

"Do you know who it is, Juliet?" I whispered.

"A burglar, isn't it? I thought it was a burglar."

"It is Lyle Anderson."

In a moment she bounded out of bed, and knelt down beside him; she lifted his head

on her lap, unfastened his collar and chafed his hands; all the time she did not speak a word. I tried to get her to go back to bed and let us move him to a lounge. She did not seem to hear what I said, but sat in dumb obstinacy, with his head on her knees, and the blood from his wound flowing out over her white night-dress.

I hope I shall never be called upon to endure such another experience as that night's.

The servants were consumed with curiosity.

"Lord, miss," said Martha, "it's Mr. Anderson!"

"Yes," said I, "he walks in his sleep, and came in here through the window. Miss Juliet mistook him for a burglar, and fired her pistol at him. Now, Martha, I want you to go at once to Doctor Thistlethwaite's, and ask him to come here immediately. You can tell him what has happened, so that he will be prepared."

Martha, proud of the commission, set off immediately; so then I sent Jane to make the kitchen fire, and heat some water, while I got mamma a glass of wine, and administered some wholesome admonition to the wailing Gertrude. Really, I am quite proud of my behavior that night! By the time the doctor came, I had a bed prepared for the patient, had put on my dressing-gown, had induced mamma to lie down, and had effectually settled Gertrude. Order was evolved from chaos.

It was not Doctor Thistlethwaite who came, but his assistant, a young man with a dark, clever face, and a quiet manner, which inspired one with great confidence.

He examined the patient, dressed the wound in his shoulder, after having first conveyed him to bed, and was so clever and competent, that I felt a great respect for him; then Juliet presented herself at the door. She had dressed herself, and though very pale, was quite calm.

"You must let me stay with him," she said. "It is my fault that he is lying here. I must take care of him."

"Certainly," said the young physician, setting a chair for her. "He could not have a better nurse."

I made him drink a cup of coffee after his exertions, before he went away, and while he was drinking it he asked me the particulars of the recent catastrophe, and somehow I was gradually led on to tell him all I knew.

"If he gets over this, poor fellow!" said he then, "I think he will be permanently cured of walking in his sleep, and the best chance for his recovery will be in your sister's nursing him; that is, if she can put aside her private antipathies so far." His eyes twinkled as he said this, as if he had begun to suspect that poor Juliet's antipathy was only from the teeth outward, which indeed turned out to be true, for Lyle and she came to an excellent understanding, and lived to regard as a blessing the accident which came so near having a fatal termination. I may add here, that our young physician acquitted himself so creditably on this occasion, that we decided to have him practice permanently in our family, which was a very judicious arrangement, since our family will in future be his.

Kith and Kin.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF "FIRST VIOLIN,"
"PROBATION," ETC.

(Continued from page 80.)

CHAPTER IV.

MEETING THE THIRD.



HE morning of Monday was half over. Aglionby stood in the saleroom of the warehouse, which at the moment was empty. He had disposed satisfactorily of large amounts of goods already, and now for the first time he found a leisure moment in which to take up a newspaper and glance over it. It was the advanced Liberal journal of Irkford, the *Daily Chronicle*. In a conspicuous place at the head of a column, in the middle of the paper, was a letter to the editor, entitled "Education in Denominational Schools." This letter was signed "Pride of Science," as if with a defiant challenge to the rival "Pride of Ignorance." Aglionby's eyes gleamed as he glanced down the columns, and his most disagreeable smile stole over his face. The letter was from his own pen, and was not the first by several with which he had enriched the columns of that journal, on that and kindred topics. He was not aware, himself, of the attention which these letters attracted. He knew that generally they called forth angry replies, accusing him of wishing to undermine the whole fabric of respectability; to explode the secure foundations of society, and cause anarchy to be crowned; and to these fulminations he delighted to reply with a pitiless, slashing acerbity; an intuitive stabbing of the weak points in his opponents' armor which must have made those enemies writhe. He had never yet paused to ask himself whether his course of action in the matter were noble or not. He detected abuses, and those abuses flourishing rankly under a system which he thoroughly disliked; and he hastened to expose them, and to hold up them and their perpetrators to ridicule; dangling them before such a public as chose to take an interest in his proceedings, and scourging them well with whipping words and unsparing hand. His letter this morning was a pungent one. He had written it on the Thursday night before, in a bitter mood, and the bitterness came out very clearly in the composition. He had made a point of investigating the proceedings and system at several denominational schools, and had collected some significant facts, which he had used with considerable cleverness to bring a good deal of discredit on the clerical and denominational party.

"I shall be pelted to death for this, in to-morrow morning's issue," he reflected, looking cynically pleased. "Holloa! Here's a

leader on my precious effusion. What has it got to say?"

He had just begun to read, but was interrupted by a call of:

"Mr. Aglionby!"

He looked up and saw one of the principals of the firm entering the room—and behind him another figure. Aglionby felt slightly bewildered, but not very much surprised, when he recognized the choleric-looking old gentleman of the Liberal Demonstration and the play on Saturday afternoon and evening.

"The third time of meeting!" he reflected. "*Kismet!* The will of Allah be done!"

He stood silent, while his glance wandered beyond both the men to the doorway, and the beyond which was visible through it. Blank space. Neither a hat with a brim, nor yet one without: nothing but the remembrance of a pair of deep-set gray eyes, a pale face, and a steadfast-looking mouth.

"Mr. Aglionby!" was repeated.

"Yes," he answered, as he laid down his paper, and advanced a step.

"I think you are at liberty just now."

"There are no customers here at the moment," he replied.

"Then be good enough to take this gentleman round the premises. He is interested in our arrangements, so you will explain them to him as clearly as you can, and give him all the information he desires."

Then with a bland smile Mr. Jenkinson, the senior partner of the firm of Jenkinson, Sharp and Company, excused himself, on the plea of a pressing engagement at that very hour, from going farther with them, and they were left alone together.

Aglionby, turning to the old gentleman, saw that he was regarding him with an intense fixity of expression which had in it something almost fierce, and which called forth at once the young man's readily aroused sense of the ludicrous.

"Perhaps you would like to begin at the beginning?" he suggested; and the old man, meeting his eyes, and hearing his voice, most certainly started and changed countenance.

"As you like—I don't care," he muttered, still continuing to gaze on his guide.

"Then come this way," said the latter, conscientiously carrying out his directions. The visitor followed him, and Aglionby explained everything to him very clearly, but very soon came to the conclusion that his trouble was wasted, for so absent-minded a man he thought he had never seen. Merely glancing at all the things he was shown, he kept his eyes still persistently fixed upon the face of his guide, occasionally giving utterance to a "Humph!" when it appeared necessary to say something, but evidently feeling but scant interest in the vast stock and complicated business system of Messrs. Jenkinson and Sharp.

At last they found themselves back in the saleroom. Aglionby remarked:

"I think you have seen everything now." (This was entirely a figure of speech, for he was convinced that the strange old man had perceived little or nothing of it all.) "Do you wish to see Mr. Jenkinson again, or shall I show you out?"

"I should like a few words with you," was the reply, unexpected but hardly surprising after his peculiar behavior.

"If we can be alone, that is. I should like to ask you a few questions."

"Perhaps I may not be disposed to answer them," remarked Aglionby, a little dryly.

"Perhaps not, but I rather think you will. At any rate, you might as well hear what they are."

Aglionby glanced around. It was the dinner hour, and there was no one in the saleroom but themselves and a boy, the boy to whom he had given half a crown for keeping his place at the meeting on Saturday. This youth was undoing a blue handkerchief containing two slices of bread and butter, and a bottle of cold tea—his dinner.

"Bob, just clear out, will you, and get your dinner somewhere else," said Aglionby good-naturedly. The lad raised a pale, delicately-sensitive face, smiled, and picking up his little bundle departed.

"Now we are alone," observed Aglionby, propping himself up against a mountain of "goods," and sticking his hands into his pockets. The old gentleman seated himself on a solitary, wooden-bottom chair, folded his hands on the top of his stout walking-stick, and said:

"I wish to know your name."

"My name is Bernard Aglionby," replied Aglionby, lifting his head a little with a gesture of unconscious pride.

"I thought so!" burst from the old man's lips as he struck his stick upon the ground; and Aglionby, gazing at him fixedly, felt a strange sensation stirring at his heart. A rush of vague recollections—memories strange and potent, partaking both of sweetness and bitterness, came surging up in his mind. Whose spirit was it that looked at him through those frosty blue eyes? The pause that followed the last words was a long one. Aglionby waited almost breathlessly for the next question. When it came it did not surprise him—now.

"Did you ever hear of a place in Yorkshire called Yoresett-in-Danesdale?"

Aglionby glanced at him keenly, searchingly, and saw that he was agitated. Then he replied, curtly enough, "Yes."

"Were you ever there?"

"No."

"Ah! Never there!" He looked with an indescribable mixture of expression at Aglionby, and went on slowly:

"Perhaps you've also heard of a house called Scar Foot, not a hundred miles from Yoresett?"

"I have."

"And of one John Aglionby, who lives there?" he said, and his tones vibrated, while the glance he fixed upon his interlocutor was a strange compound of defiance and anxiety.

"I've heard of him too," replied the young man, his face darkening.

"You have? Well, here he is—I am he." He tapped his broad chest with his strong forefinger, and a rush of color covered his face while his eyes were fixed ever more intently

and more eagerly upon the other's face. Aglionby looked at him, his own countenance, so strong a contrast to that of his companion, set in a gravity which amounted to sternness. There was no sarcasm in his eyes now, and no malice upon his lips. He bore little likeness to the hale-looking old man, with his white hair, his ruddy full face, and yet there was, as one looked at them, a something—a flavor of expression perhaps, a similarity in the way in which their lips closed one upon the other.

"I am he," he said again. "I am your grandfather. lad; I!"

"I knew you must be, as soon as you spoke of Yoresett and Scar Foot," said the other gravely. "Well?"

"Well! Have you no word to say to me? The nearest relation you have in the world?"

"What should I have to say to you? Nothing agreeable, surely."

"And why not? What injury have I ever done you?"

"That is an odd question," said Aglionby, shrugging his shoulders. "You turned my father out of doors, and disinherited him when he married my mother, and when you *might* have been reconciled with her how did you treat her?"

"How did she treat me?" put in Mr. Aglionby, hastily and wrathfully.

"What a question! Was she to tamely submit to insults? As for me, you have ignored me from the hour of my birth to the present one, except once, when you proposed to do me a deadly injury. My mother treated that effort of yours as it deserved to be treated."

"This to me! From you—from my own grandson—"

"Pardon me, but I can be no grandson of yours, for you disowned my father for marrying my mother; and when you might have atoned for my father's death, you only pursued an innocent woman with your vindictive hatred and revenge, in asking her to separate herself from her child—from the child she had borne in trouble and adversity—her only comfort, if a poor one. A grandson of yours—no!"

Aglionby the elder was quivering with wrath and emotion. He shook his stick menacingly within an inch of Bernard's face. The latter smiled slightly, drew his hands from his pockets, and folded his arms.

"I suppose that is your view of the case," said the old man. "I say, that your father was my all—and that he broke my heart."

"You look as if your heart had been broken long ago!" retorted Bernard skeptically.

"He refused even for one instant to look at the woman whom I wished him to marry."

"Englishmen generally choose their wives for themselves, and my father just did what you had done before him, and what I have done after him," said Aglionby, quite convinced that he stated an undeniable fact.

"What! You are married?"

"No, I'm only engaged to be."

"Bah! I say an only son has no right to choose indiscriminately. There is policy to be considered, and family interests. When

your father scoffed at Marion Arkendale, and took up with—"

"Stop, if you please. You are speaking of my mother. One whisper that savors of disrespect to her, and I leave you on the instant. Indeed, I must decline to discuss her at all with you, in any way."

Mr. Aglionby chafed under this curb, but nothing in Bernard's expression encouraged him to continue the subject. He bit his lips, and drew his brows together, looking the young man over, from the crown of his somber, shadowy locks, down to the arched instep of his long, slender foot.

"Why are you called Bernard?" he asked. "It is no name in our family."

"My mother's name was Bernarda; and her father's before her was Bernard; mine is the same."

"And have you no other? No John, for instance, nor Roger, nor Ralph?"

"None but Bernard."

"Why not John Bernard? It would have made a fine name!"

"I don't suppose John sounded well in the ears of those who gave me my name."

"Then, when your mother—no, I'm not going to discuss her; don't be afraid—when she told you how she had decided your destiny for you—did you feel content with her decision?"

"Perfectly—why not?"

"Tell me what she said about me. Did she teach you to hate me?"

"No. I remember it well. I was about six years old, and I was learning my lesson in my mother's room. She had been downstairs, but presently came up again, looking pale and determined. She came up to me, and took me up in her strong arms, and kissed me often, and asked me if I would like to go away from her and live with some one else? I cried out, 'No.' Not if I had toys and sweets, she said, and a pony, and a beautiful home? 'And you, mother,' I answered. 'No, not me, my boy.' I bawled out lustily that I would not go; and she kissed me with a kind of wild passion, and called me her lion-hearted boy. Afterwards when I grew older, she told me all about your offer. She said you had sent a messenger to say that if she chose to give me up entirely to you for eleven months in the year, and during that time to hold no communication with me or with you—she might have what was left of me, for *one*—and she said she had sent you back the answer that you deserved. I say she did right. If I were begging my bread in the streets, I should say she had done right."

His grandfather had been gazing intently at him as he spoke, drinking in, as it were, every word that he uttered. As Aglionby ceased, he drew a long sigh, and a strangely subdued look came over his face. He passed his hand across his eyes and said, in a low voice, as if communing with himself:

"Ay! ay! such was my message—such was my message. Then," he added presently, looking up again, "since you are called after your mother and her people; since you have been delivered over into their hands, what have they done for you? Perhaps you were too proud to accept their assistance, eh?"

A gleam of hope, pleasure, and approval dawned in his eyes, and he looked eagerly at Aglionby.

"My mother had no people, except her one sister, who was as poor and as brave as herself. I never refused their assistance, for it was never offered me. They had no means of assisting me."

"No means! I thought—" he began, looking strangely at Bernard, while a dark red color suffused his face. He muttered something to himself and seemed to ponder upon it. Then suddenly looking up again he asked:

"And pray, what do you think of me?"

His choler had subsided, and he looked up into the somber face above him, with an expression akin to wistfulness.

"Of you? I know absolutely nothing of you, except that one action of yours, which you cannot possibly expect me to think right. For the rest, you are my father's father, and entitled to my outward respect, at least."

"Humph! Then, when your mother refused my offer, what did she do?" he asked suspiciously.

"She went on with her music-teaching and her drudgery. She worked for me," said Aglionby with passionate though repressed emotion. "And six years ago, when I could have begun to repay her, she died."

No asseverations were necessary to emphasize the feeling that lay beneath this simple and unadorned statement of a fact. It seemed to cause some reflection to the elder man, who, however, presently said:

"How would you like, when next you have a holiday, to come and spend it at Scar Foot?"

Bernard's eyes suddenly lighted. His face changed. Then he laughed a little and said: "Not at all, thank you."

"No? Why not?" asked the other, in a tone of deep mortification.

"Because I have neither part nor lot in Scar Foot, and will not go near it. I will keep to the friends I know."

"Sirrah! What friends can you have here? What influence have they? How can they help you? What can they do for you?"

"Nothing; that's just it. I have everything to do for myself, and it is best to remain where nothing can happen to disturb my conviction on that point."

"Then you don't realize that I still could, if I chose, put you out of the necessity of doing anything, could provide for you amply, without you needing to lift a finger."

Bernard laughed again, more cynically than before.

"If you chose, and if I chose," he said. "You seem to forget that I am Bernarda Long's son, but I do not. Nor do I forget your own character, your caprice, your hardness. All the Aglionbys are hard and obdurate as rocks; my mother has told me so, and I feel it in my own breast. You are not one who could put up with being thwarted. If I saw much of you, I should probably do something to thwart you every day. I have hands to work with"—he held them out; "a head to plan with"—he smiled ambiguously; "health to carry me through adversities, and

a will which enables me to restrain my wishes and desires within reasonable bounds. So long as those things are left me, I am my own master, and my own master I will remain."

"A bright life, truly!" sneered the other. "Hard work for a bare subsistence, grinding your brains to powder to keep body and soul together; a strong will to be used for nothing but to repress the natural desires and impulses of a young man of spirit—a pretty life, truly, and I wish you joy of it!"

"It's not much to boast of, is it? 'A poor thing, sir, but *mine own*.' Fortunately there are always things in this world, and especially in a big town like this, to take a man outside himself, or he would be in a bad way."

"Plays for instance, and concerts. It runs in the blood to be fond of such things."

"Yes. Luckily for me, it does. They have driven the devil from my elbow more than once, and will do so again, I doubt not."

"Oh, then he does sit at your elbow sometimes, does he?"

"Often enough, and black enough he looks."

"What shape does he take now? What does he look like?"

"Many a shape. Once he dragged me through some months of low dissipation—I'm an elevated character you perceive. He got me into the mire and held me there, till I was nearly choked. But I managed to scramble out somehow. That was after my mother had gone," he added slowly, and with hesitation. "I had nothing then, not a soul to turn to. Bah! It's a filthy recollection. He takes other shapes now."

"As what, for instance?"

"Oh, now he oftenest looks like a lean knave, clutching an empty purse, and pointing his finger along a cold road full of milestones that get more and more tumbledown-looking as you go on. I passed the twenty-sixth of them the other day."

"Ha!" said the old man, clutching the round knob of his stick, pursing his mouth, and staring down at the dusty floor with round, open eyes, as he shook his head a little. "I know him. I know those milestones too. You've many yet to pass before you get to the one that I tottered by a few weeks ago."

"Which was that?" asked Aglionby in a softer tone.

"The seventy-second."

"Ah! That is a long way from twenty-six."

"Ay, it is. Well; you haven't made yourself out a smooth or delicate character," he said, with sudden quickness and keenness.

Aglionby shrugged his shoulders.

"Why should I? You would hardly have believed me if I had, seeing that I am one of your own race. Such as I am, I have told you—why, I couldn't say, whatever you were to give me for it."

"And your existence here, is it an inspiring one?"

"No—at least, not that part of it which is devoted to business."

"It is not a business in which you are likely to rise, then?"

"Not unless I bought my rise. The heavier

you are weighted—with gold—the faster you get on in the race," said Bernard rather dryly.

"H'm! Did you choose it for yourself?"

"Necessity and the length of my mother's purse chose it for me. They bound me over to them for five years, and paid me various salaries during that time, beginning with five pounds, and ending with the dizzy eminence of five-and-twenty. Since then, by screwing hard, I have been able to keep myself."

"And is the situation pretty secure?"

"It is quite secure, so long as I am the cheapest and hardest-working fellow they can find for it."

"But why should you submit to such scurvy treatment? A grandson of mine! Monstrous! give them a lesson; offer to leave them."

Again Aglionby laughed the cynic's laugh.

"They would take me at my word at once, and there would be fifty hungry men waiting to step into my shoes, and to thank heaven on their knees for the work I was too dainty for."

"But you could find something else—something more suited—"

"When I can—something more remunerative—I shall cut the present concern without scruple, I assure you."

"What would you be, if you had to choose?"

"That's a leading question, but I happen to have an answer ready for it. I'd be a politician, with money enough to help my cause forward, and the opposition one backward."

"Your cause being—I saw you at the Liberal demonstration on Saturday."

"Yes, my cause is the Liberal cause, or rather the Liberal cause is mine."

The old man rose.

"I must go," said he. "When I came in here, I was thinking of you, and wondering where, in all this great city, you were to be found. I guessed who you were, when I heard that girl call you Bernard. Is *she* the girl you are engaged to?"

"Yes."

"Ah, well! wouldn't you really like to run over to Scar Foot? I can tell you it is a place well worth visiting—the fairest spot, I say, in the fairest county in all fair England."

"I daresay: it would do me no good to see it under the circumstances," replied Bernard curtly, while an intense longing to look upon it rushed over him. Had he not heard its every room described by his father, till he felt that were he dropped down before it, he could find his way through it blindfold! He had heard the doggerel old verse which that father had repeated in his last hours, as he lay senseless and "babbled of green fields":

"To fair Scar Foot my thoughts I turn,
Whence late I walked with you,
Through fields bedewed—"

There the recollection always broke off short: but Aglionby, from his earliest childhood, always thought of Scar Foot as surrounded with "fields bedewed." His father, exiled and banished, had never ceased to love his home, and return to it in fancy, with a salesman's deep and ineradicable love. If he,

Bernard, were thus disturbed at the mere idea of seeing the much-loved spot, what might the extent of his weakness be, should he ever really behold it? No; he would keep firm while yet he could; and he added nothing to his last words, though his lips were parted.

His grandsire watched him keenly.

"Can you unstiffen your fingers so as to shake hands with me?" he asked.

Bernard paused. Then, literally carrying out the old man's words, he did unbend his obstinate joints, and put them within the old, knotted hand held out to him.

Their eyes met; there was plenty of dogged obstinacy in both their faces, plenty of self-opinionatedness, pride, determination; rugged, twisted characters both of them, but honest. As their fingers touched, Bernard remembered—and the recollection seemed to throw a new light over his mind—that his father had not been strong and sturdy like this; who was to say what provocation this irascible old man might not have received at the hands of his beloved? What passionately cherished hopes might not have been blighted when Ralph Aglionby left "fair Scar Foot," at strife with his father, and, after sulking in London for six months, took to wife Bernarda Long, from among what must have seemed to the retired country squire the daughters of Heth—the ranks, namely, of poor, musical, professional people?

As if by one impulse their hands closed upon one another in a mighty grip; then without a word were unclasped again.

Old John Aglionby walked erectly away, nor turned to look back, whatever his secret yearnings might be. His grandson, left to a few moments' solitude, stalked to a dingy window, and looked out upon the throng in the busy street below. The din became vague in his ears; the sights blurred before his eyes. What had passed seemed like a dream. Never to any human being, save to his mother, when he had been a boy, had he laid bare so much of his secret heart, or spoken so freely of his thoughts and feelings. Why had he done it? He was roused by a touch on his elbow. Looking round he confronted the boy Bob, holding up a coin, no less a one than a golden sovereign.

"He gave me this!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

"Who? Old Jenkinson?"

"Lord, no! catch him! That old gentleman that was with you. He met me as I was coming back, and he said, was I any friend of yours, and—"

"I know what you said, simpleton," replied Aglionby, in his softest tone, and in his voice there were notes of the gentlest music.

"I said the truth. I said you were the best friend I had, and that I'd die for you, and he said, 'That's right, lad; he's worth it!' and gave me this."

"Mr. Aglionby wanted!" sang out a voice at the other end of the room, and Aglionby, having missed his dinner in the parley which had taken place, advanced to attend to the requirements of two specimens of that shy and *rara avis*, the buyer.

CHAPTER V.

OUT OF HARMONY.

WITH a vague yearning for sympathy and the comments of some fellow-creature, Aglionby that night called Lizzie aside, telling her he had something important to relate to her. They retired into the empty back parlor, and sitting side by side in the fire-light he made his first great confidence to her. She was the woman he loved; she was to be the partner of his life, his companion for better, for worse. To whom else could he have turned more appropriately?

He felt that it was not right to conceal his true history from her any longer. When he sat down beside her, and began, it was out of a full heart that he spoke, and he looked eagerly for her words of sympathy; half his trouble would be removed when she should say to him, "Dear Bernard, you have done right, and I approve of your conduct."

She heard his narrative with many expressions of astonishment, but with very few questions or interruptions. He told her what had happened that morning, and how his grandfather turned out to be the same old man whom they had seen at the theater on Saturday night.

"Then you quarreled with your grandfather?" said Lizzie.

"Not I, but he quarreled with my father at his marriage; he disowned and disinherited him, and would never see him again."

"Then your father married some one whom this old gentleman did not like?"

"Exactly. My mother was poor; she gave music-lessons; she was half English, half Spanish. She had nothing but her goodness, her cleverness, and her good looks, which last you must confess she has bequeathed to me in overflowing measure."

"Oh, nonsense! But was the old man so hard as all that? Did he never get over it?"

"You see he had wished my father to marry his own cousin, a Miss Arkendale, with whom he had been brought up all his life. My father would not. They quarreled about that first, and my father left home, and very soon afterwards sent word that he was married to my mother. That brought the matter to a climax. He was forbidden ever to go near Scar Foot again. My father was not a particularly powerful character, but he held out for several years, and would neither compromise nor temporize. Then he died, rather suddenly, as I have told you. My mother went on with her teaching, and kept herself and me. She told me once, when I asked about my father's relations, that she had only once received any notice from the old man, and that notice took the shape of a proposition that she should part with me, give me to him, you know, and not see me or have anything to do with me again, in which case, she was to be handsomely provided for for life. She never told me how she received the proposition, but I can well imagine with what rage it would be. She always told me simply that it was of course quite out of the question. From that day to this, no notice has been taken of her or me. My grandfather turned to his niece, the niece whom he had wished my father to marry. She married, too,

a clergyman, I believe, and she and her daughters have become all in all to him. They are his heiresses, quite the heiresses of the country side. One of them will no doubt have the old house—Scar Foot."

"Is it a family mansion? Have they lived there long?"

"Hundreds of years, my dear. I have heard about it till I know it as well as if I had lived there, but I shall never look upon it."

"Then, of course, that girl we saw with him, whom you admired so much, will be his favorite niece; perhaps he'll leave her *all* his money, and then won't she be a catch?" observed Miss Vane, unconsciously litting right and left at Bernard's susceptibilities. With one of those flashes of intuition which are often most surprisingly brilliant in the most stupid persons, she had hit upon a solution of the question (which Aglionby had been almost unconsciously revolving in his mind, ever since he had parted with his grandfather that morning)—a solution so exceedingly probable, so *à priori* recommending itself to the superior masculine understanding, which had not yet arrived at it by the slower but more infallible route of a process of reasoning, that the possessor of the said masculine understanding, jumping from his chair, cried with emphasis:

"By Jove, I expect you are right! I wish I had taken more notice of her!"

"Well, I think you took about as much as you could. I know I felt quite cut out. By the way, was he very disagreeable to you this morning?"

"Not at all. He has a rough manner, because he has a rough nature. But if I had encouraged him he would soon have become quite amiable. He invited me to go to Scar Foot in my holidays."

"Bernard!" her eyes sparkled. "You will come into your rights in the end of all. If you make yourself agreeable to him while you are there, you will soon thrust these nieces aside, and he'll leave all the money to *you*, as he ought. That will be grand!"

Aglionby experienced a kind of shock in thus suddenly discovering how entirely he had failed in his effort to win her sympathy. She understood that he had a grandfather who was rich, and who appeared favorably disposed toward him, and she took it for granted that he would at once endeavor to secure possession of some of that wealth. He patiently endeavored to put her right, quite sure that she had misunderstood; he had not explained clearly.

"My dear child, do you imagine that I could or would stoop to him after his years of cruelty and injustice? I declined utterly to have anything to do with him or his caprices. He can confine his attentions to those who are willing to subject themselves to him and wait for what they can get. I am not one of them."

"Well, I never! If you call that playing your cards well, I don't. I call it idiotic."

"My dear!"

"Yes, I do. To think of throwing away a chance like that? It's all very well to be clever, and to know all about politics, and so on; but if it makes you neglect your own interests, and behave like a simpleton, I've done."

She spoke with temper, and added:

"You're not so tremendously rich that you can afford to fling rude words at a grandfather with money. And you might have thought of others that you profess to care for—"

"My dearest Lizzie," said he, gravely taking her hand, and looking earnestly at her, "hear me! You have misunderstood. I have told you this story because I wish you to learn all about me and my belongings, not because I wish to take any part in the matter. I *have* no interests to look after, no cards to play in the case, as you appear to think. My intention is to remain perfectly neutral, just as I always have been. My grandfather treated my father tyrannically and shamefully. I don't say he was utterly without provocation—he may have been provoked to a certain extent; but, after all, it is not a sin for a man to wish to marry a good, and clever, and amiable woman whom he loves. There was no crime in the matter. It simply did not please him, and his nature was so despotic that unless every one gave way to him, he behaved atrociously. He would have been the first to challenge any man who had disputed his own right to choose in such a matter. I have nothing to thank him for, save utter neglect. There are such things as manliness and honor, Lizzie. If I had consented to enter his house, or stooped to accept favors flung at me as you'd fling a bone to a dog, I should have suffered sorely in my honor and self-respect. Understand me—I have nothing to do with this inheritance; it is no more to me than if it did not exist—"

"But if he left it to you, you'd take it?" she interrupted eagerly.

He laughed. "Take it? Oh, yes, fast enough! And when the first grape harvest comes off on the Yorkshire moors which surround Scar Foot, I'll take you there, to partake in the rejoicings and try the vintage. That's a bargain!"

"How can I understand such stuff as that? But I cannot see what harm there would have been in a little civility to an old man like that, for he must be old to have a grandson twenty-six."

"He's seventy-two—he told me so. I don't know that I behaved uncivilly to him after the first interchange of compliments. But you have never served under a tyrant, or you would know that civility is a small portion of what they require from those who are beneath them. To serve a tyrant for gain; to wait for dead men's shoes, generally means slavery of the most degrading description while your tyrant lives; and when he dies, to be kicked out by his successor penniless and barefoot still."

"That sounds very grand, but I know that money is a very good thing."

"So it is; and being fully conscious of that fact, I am going to set about earning some as speedily as may be."

"Why earn it, when you could have had it given you?" she said pursuing the topic with an obstinacy and an urgency which he had never known her display before.

"No one has offered to give me any. that I am aware of," he answered very gravely. "And I think, my love, as we don't appear to

agree upon the subject, we had better let it drop. I do not intend to make the slightest advance to Mr. Aglionby of Scar Foot; nor does he intend taking any further notice of me, unless I am much mistaken; or unless I am ready to lie down and let him trample on me—which I am not."

Lizzie was silent—less convinced than ever. Bernard's revelations of this evening had awakened in her all kinds of desires and ambitions. She would so like to be rich; to leave this poky little house and live in a large one, and go to the best shops, and never have to ask for the estimate of the cost of a new dress. She would like to go to parties and concerts, into the reserved seats where "the swells" went ("swells" being her term for all who could afford to live luxuriously). She would like to show Lucy Golding a few things; to open her eyes upon some points regarding which she displayed a lamentable deficiency.

Her mind was overflowing with these thoughts, burning thoughts; but when she looked at Bernard she had to confine them to the sphere of thoughts—she dare not speak them out.

As for Aglionby, the interview of this morning had left upon his mind too a deeper impression than he was himself fully aware of. He had been rough and abrupt to his grandfather, had cut short his advances, and steadily refused his half-ungracious overtures; but he had looked the old man in the face, and had not disliked his countenance. He had seen something there which he felt to be in harmony with certain chords in his own nature. He had said that if they were much together he would be certain to thwart his elder every day, but on reflection he felt less certain on that point. He fancied he could have been so far in sympathy with his grandfather as to have put up with a good deal at his hands. Then there rushed over his mind the unchanged, monotonous dreariness of his own prospects. He had described with grim humor how the devil was wont to come and place himself at his elbow, but now the humorous part of it had somehow disappeared, and only the blackness and ugliness of the vision remained.

He tried to pooh-pooh it; to consider it a mere episode, and have done with it. He took up the newspaper containing the leading article upon his own letter, and read it through. And he repeated to himself, What does it matter? 'Twill all be the same a hundred years hence.

CHAPTER VI.

YORESETT-IN-DANESDALE.

JOHN AGLIONBY, going down the stairs of the warehouse, and out at the principal door, found himself in the roar of the crowded street and some ten minutes' walk from his hotel. He paused a short time and looked blankly around him, like one in a dream; then took his way to the hotel where he knew that his grandniece would be waiting for him,

prepared to start on their homeward journey. On entering the hall of the hotel he saw their luggage awaiting them, and proceeding into the coffee room, he found his niece Judith Conisbrough sitting on a sofa reading the morning paper. She looked up as he came in, and rose.

"I thought you were going to be late, uncle," she remarked with a slight smile, as she began to draw on her gloves. "You look heated," she added considerably, "and tired. I hope you have not been overdoing yourself."

"What should I have been overdoing myself with?" he grumbled. "Here waiter! bring me my bill, and call me a cab. There's a stand outside there, I perceive."

The bill was soon settled, the cab soon called. As they drove to the station Judith glanced more than once in an inquiring manner at her great-uncle, whose whole aspect and demeanor had undergone a subtle change since he had left the hotel, and armed with an introduction to view the premises of Messrs. Jenkinson and Sharp. It was true that since the meeting on Saturday afternoon she had noticed an absence in his demeanor more than once, but she had put its cause down to the memories called up in his mind of the days of his youth, of those days when he had been heart and soul an enthusiast for the cause in which the great Irkford politicians had first won their spurs. This morning his abstraction was more marked than it yet had been. It amounted to a fixed brooding gaze before him. Perhaps, she thought, he had met with some old friend of his early days, and was conning over past scenes and past events. She did not speak to him nor question him as to his absence of manner, but she saw that all he said and did was done and said in an almost mechanical way, until they were seated in the train, and it rolled slowly forward toward "Yorkshire and the North."

Even then he had nothing to say, but sat gazing forth upon the uninviting prospect which surrounded them for a long time after leaving Irkford—endless dirty suburbs, vast manufactories, great sheds where machinery was made; these followed in their turn by still more depressing-looking localities, half town, half a dismal mockery of the country, where the trees in the beginning of October were already leafless, and had been so for the last three weeks. It all looked very dingy and half-hearted, and so the old man seemed to think, for he suddenly heaved a great sigh, and said:

"It's a go-ahead place, this, and I notice that go-ahead places are generally dirty. My throat feels dry for want of a draught of the fresh air at Scar Foot."

"Yes; I don't think a town life would suit you, uncle; for my part, I think I should suffocate if I had to live in a street."

He made no answer, but leaned his head back, and closed his eyes. With what was his mind busied, she wondered, that he should have that pinched, pained look, that sudden appearance of age, and loss of heartiness and vigor?

Whatever his secret thoughts might be, he

did not confide them to her, but maintained his gravity and taciturnity during the whole journey, which by the railway lasted about three hours. Judith Conisbrough presently ceased to study him; she knew him too well to attempt to talk with him when he was in that mood, and she leaned back in her seat, and watched the landscape as it grew ever wilder and more beautiful, while the fair and fertile lowlands were left behind, and suddenly she saw, grimly appearing above a high green hill, the round blue head of some great mountain whose height surpassed that of all the others near. It was Penygent, and from that she knew that their railway journey would not last much longer.

The train had borne them through all that wild and beautiful district of Craven, and Penygent had been left far behind, when they drew up at a little wayside junction, and got out, to pursue the rest of their journey in a dogcart. Their train had been a slow one, but it had puffed them deliberately into fairy-land.

Judith, seated beside her uncle, and with their small luggage, and the servant-man behind, enjoyed the pleasure, as she always did, of moving through that beautiful vale. Each village and hamlet that they passed gave one the idea, more and more strongly confirmed as they advanced, that they were rapidly approaching the end of the world.

It was a soft, mellow October afternoon—the sky of that tempered, chastened blue; the sun's beams of that pleasant, far from fervid warmth, peculiar to this most delicious season of the year; and the "feel" of the air, in those limestone regions of romance, how like it is to some delicate wine of which one may drink to repletion, without any after sensation but one of pleasure! As they left the little wayside station, and the good mare stretched her long legs over the white road, the faces, both of old man and young woman, lighted up, and took a brighter glow. On every side of them, as they bowled along, with an occasional slower motion as they breasted some hill, were great green and gray fells, some of them with bleak brown summits, showing where the peat-bogs lay, and where the peat was deep; others crowned by some bleak escarpment of bare gray limestone, grimly contrasting with the verdant green of the lower slopes and the fertile valleys and fat pastures beside the river, the Yore. If one stood quite still, one could hear the murmur of rushing waters, coming, one knew not whence; but one could guess that the pure springs of those streams and cascades were concealed somewhere amongst the bare folds of the hills, or were leaping down their beds deep in the recesses of the plentiful woods which were visible on every side, and of which the foliage was, not like that at Irkford—a vanished thing, but a ruddy and a golden glory, impossible to surpass. At first they saw the river, now many miles away from its dark and elevated source in the bleak side of Great Shunner Fell, gleaming through grassy meads in a bed which it filled to the brim; while the cattle drank from it, and the reeds bent and swayed in its current.

They had driven for some distance before

either of them spoke. The longed-for draught of fresh air they had at last, and an uneasy weight was removed from Judith's mind at least.

"I'll put you down at your mother's door," said Mr. Aglionby, "and your luggage with you, and I shall get home myself long before it's dark."

"Oh, thank you, uncle. But won't you come in and take tea with us?"

"No, I'll go on to Scar Foot at once," he said decidedly.

"Wouldn't you like Delphine or Rhoda to go with you for a day or two?"

"No, I want no one," he answered, with a sudden distrustful look sideways from under his bushy eyebrows, which look she did not remark, being fully engaged in glancing joyfully around at the beautiful hills, and the beloved woods, and along the up-and-down limestone road, which would lead at last to the cobble-stoned street of Yoresett, where her home was. Presently they drove up the said street, into the quaint, sloping, open space which formed the market-place at Yoresett. In the middle was the ancient stone market cross, around which at the half yearly "hirings" the countrymen and wenches stood to be hired as farm-laborers or servants. Facing the market-cross, on the left hand of the square, stood a splendid old stone house—a mansion in size, solidly built, large, commodious, and handsome; and with a date over the door of 1558, showing that it had been built in the first year of the reign of good Queen Bess. It rose straight out of the street, its gardens lying behind, and it was called Yoresett House. It was the property of Mrs. Conisbrough, and the residence of herself and her daughters. Over the way there were houses and shops, small village shops, full of the marvelously useless articles only to be found in such shops, and higher up, the winding, roughly-paved street narrowed, first up a hill, and then down one, and consisted of an inn or two, and a shop or two, and the post-office, and many odd-looking houses, inhabited by what the denizens of the busy world would doubtless have thought odd-looking people. It was altogether as old-world, quiet, quaint a place as could well be imagined.

The dogcart was pulled up before the door of the old stone house, and before Judith could get down, the said door was quickly opened, and in the frame made by this process appeared a young, fresh, handsome face, with dark, dare-devil eyes, while a young voice, high but not shrill, cried:

"I'm glad to see you, Judith! I thought it must be you. Be quick in, and tell us all the news. The slippers *are* kept in the same place yet, so you needn't ask that. How do you do, uncle? Come, Judith, we want the news, the news, I say, and we shall turn you out of doors if you haven't got any."

Judith's box was conveyed into the house by a servant maid; she shook hands with her uncle, exchanged some parting words with him, and then she was pulled into the house; the door was shut, and Mr. Aglionby drove off down the street, to take another road to Scar Foot.

Judith, her arm still grasped by her sister,

entered the roomy, stone-paved hall of the old house which was her home, and paused there, as if not quite sure which way she meant to take; whether one that should lead into one of the numerous parlors and sitting-rooms on the ground-floor, or whether toward the staircase. Her course was decided for her. The young lady who had appeared at the door—or rather, part of whose person had appeared at the door, while the remainder of it and her attire were carefully concealed behind the said door—now stood, or rather danced, revealed as a tall, healthy-looking damsel of fifteen or sixteen, still in short frocks, and with a large, coarse kitchen apron tied around her. She wound it into a kind of rope, and danced lightly and bewilderingly around her elder.

"No, you are not going upstairs," she said decidedly. "You are coming into the parlor, to enjoy a cup of tea, and above all, to tell us the news. So don't attempt to shirk it."

"Suppose I have no news?" suggested Judith, moving with serene dignity toward a door on the left hand of the hall.

"That is an idea too monstrous to be entertained for a moment. You have spent four whole days in a great city, at an hotel—of course you have news; I would give the world to stay at an hotel, it must be so grand! What a swell I should feel, if I were you!"

"My dear Rhoda—"

"How vulgar you are! I know what's coming, and am kind enough to spare you the trouble of saying it."

She laughed, still jumping lightly from one foot to the other. Judith looked at her, and smiled too, indulgently.

"Well, at least take off that apron," said she, pausing just before the parlor door. "Don't present yourself before mother with such a thing on."

"Why not, I wonder? Besides, I can't take it off till my work is done."

"What work? *You* working?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Rhoda, a ripple of mirth running over her face. "Ho, ho, ho!" she burst into a peal of laughter that made the rafters ring; "I'll tell you—I'm plucking a goose!"

"Plucking a goose!"

"Just so. One came—was sent I mean; you could hardly expect the poor thing to walk over of its own accord from Scar Foot; and that lazy old Godfrey Metcalfe had never plucked it. He *is* an aged impostor, if ever there was one. Louisa has plenty to do, poor creature! so there was literally no one to do it but me, and I've been in the kitchen, lost to all outside things, absorbed in my work, and in my work alone, as you so often say I should be. Come in! I think mother and Delphine are both—*Oh!*"

She had pushed open the door, and entered the parlor, but suddenly recoiled on the very threshold, almost falling over upon her sister, who, filled with a somewhat impatient astonishment, put her aside, and entered the room.

"Mother and Delphine" were certainly there; the former a comely-looking matron, resembling her eldest daughter in features, but with a high complexion, and eyes which

lacked the steadfastness of Judith's; the latter a very lovely, slender, fair-haired creature, who sat in a side-window, embroidering.

Rhoda's "oh" had been called forth by the fact that they were not alone. Standing in the window recess, and languidly propping himself against the side of it, was a tall young man, who, with his hands clasped behind him, had fixed his eyes upon Delphine's work, and who appeared either too exhausted or too indolent to lift them off it again.

Judith, inwardly as much surprised as Rhoda at the apparition, advanced, nevertheless, with her usual composure. Delphine rose and went to meet her, undulating forward with a peculiarly graceful, sylph-like movement. Rhoda, after her first recoil, took courage, and went forward, her color high, but her eyes defiantly laughing.

A kiss on the part of the two elder girls. Then Judith went to her mother, stooped over her and kissed her, remarking:

"I'm glad to see you haven't suffered while I have been away, mother. You look very well."

"I am very well, my dear, and very glad to see you back! You are earlier than we expected."

"We came by the Midland instead of the North Eastern, mamma."

"Oh, yes. My dear, let me introduce our visitor. Mr. Danesdale, my eldest daughter." Mr. Danesdale bowed low, rousing himself apparently from his languor to do so; Miss Conisbrough smiled, and asked:

"Sir Gabriel's son?"

"S—Sir Gabriel has the happiness to call me son," replied the young gentleman with a very slight lisp, a very slow and pronounced drawl, and a south country accent, which struck with peculiar effect upon Judith Conisbrough's northern ears.

"You have been long expected," she said.

"Yet I came quite unexpectedly after all," he answered, turning to Rhoda and holding out his hand to her. Not a smile dawned upon his handsome face, which was even sad in its tired solemnity of expression. He had mournful, slowly-moving eyes of dark blue, over which the lids fell thoughtfully—or sleepily? Judith speculated. His general expression and manner was one of weariness and ennui carried to excess.

"Good afternoon," he drawled. "That goose: is it nearly done?"

"Ah, *you* never plucked a goose, never saw one done in your life, Mr. Danesdale," she said, blushing more with suppressed laughter than embarrassment.

"I've n—never done it myself, certainly; but I've often seen other fellows do it; or if not geese, pigeons, which comes to the same thing, you know."

"Fie, Mr. Danesdale!" said Mrs. Conisbrough, smiling with a placid amusement expressing anything but fie.

"But why, mamma?" cries Miss Rhoda, thirsting for information. "What is there wrong in watching people pluck geese, or pigeons either? You are casting a reflection upon your child when you say 'fie.' And if Mr. Danesdale's friends—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I didn't say 'my friends,' I said 'other fellows.' There's a difference," expostulated Mr. Danesdale.

"Well, it's very funny," replied Rhoda, while the rest of the company smiled, and the young man placed a chair for Judith, opening his eyes fully at last, and saying:

"You have been at Irkford, Mrs. Conisbrough says."

"Yes, with Mr. Aglionby, my uncle."

"Indeed. W—what sort of a place is it? I never was there, though I used to know some fellows at Oxford who had been. They lived there when they were at home."

"I can hardly tell what sort of a place it is. Very large and very dirty—"

"Oh, what a poor, tame description!" said Rhoda. "You little know what she did while she was there, Mr. Danesdale; nor what she went for. She is a dangerous person. She went on purpose to go to the Liberal Demonstration."

"Did she go, or was she taken there?" asked Mr. Danesdale.

"Both," replied Judith, taking off her gloves. The young gentleman had seated himself, and appeared in no haste to take his departure. He was dressed in a brown velvet shooting-jacket and knickerbockers, and now Judith remembered to have vaguely noticed a gun leaning up against the wall in the hall. Rhoda at this juncture was beckoned to by her mother, and going to her, received some whispered instructions which sent her skipping out of the room.

"D—does she always run?" asked young Danesdale earnestly.

The others laughed.

"Almost always. I wish she would practice walking a little, now that she is such a big girl," said Delphine, speaking for the first time.

"I don't think I should tell her so," he said in a tone that was almost animated. "She looks very nice as she is!"

"Yes, I think so," Judith said, and Mrs. Conisbrough turned to her.

"Mr. Danesdale has been kind enough to bring us some birds, Judith; so he's going to stay and have a cup of tea, and walk home to Danesdale Castle."

"To walk!" Judith had said in some surprise, and before she had time to restrain herself.

"You seem surprised," he remarked. "I often notice that people do look surprised when they hear that I can walk at all, and then I always feel inclined to say, 'Would you rather look a better walker than you are, or be a better walker than you look?'"

"The last for me," said Judith laughing. "It is much easier to answer than the one about being a fool and looking one."

"Perhaps it is," he admitted. "At least it is very beautiful to have it decided for you so promptly. I have heard a great deal about you, Miss Conisbrough. I have pictured you in my own mind, marching on with the multitudes to the Liberal Demonstration at Irkford."

"Our chariot marched along, and that very

slowly, for the multitude was very great, literally."

"I suppose it would be. Irkford is such a tremendous place for that sort of thing."

"Only Irkford?" suggested Delphine, presenting him with a cup of the tea, which, accompanied by Rhoda, had now arrived.

"Yoresett too, it seems," he answered; "which is what I should never have expected. Miss Conisbrough, did you really go because you wished, or on compulsion?"

"I went because I wished."

"Judith is the politician of this family," observed Rhoda. "She has been known to sit up at night reading political books."

"And where did you get your politics from?" he asked.

"Chiefly from my ucle."

"By the way, Judith, how is your uncle? I wonder he didn't come in," said Mrs. Conisbrough.

"He—oh, he seemed rather in a hurry to get back to Scar Foot," answered Judith, with a sudden constraint in her manner, which Delphine noticed with a quick look upwards.

"Have you seen Mr. Aglionby, yet, Mr. Danesdale?" asked Judith. "He and Sir Gabriel are great friends, though such very opposite characters."

"I've heard a lot about him, but I have not seen him. That is a lovely place of his by the lake—what is it called?"

"Shennamere."

"Shennamere—yes. I rode over with my father the very day after my return. But Mr. Aglionby was out, they said."

"I see."

"And there didn't appear to be anybody else. Has Mr. Aglionby no children?"

There was a momentary, a more than momentary, pause and silence, during which Danesdale thought to himself:

"Now, why did I ask that question? I've put my foot in it somehow."

At last Mrs. Conisbrough remarked blandly, but not cordially:

"Mr. Aglionby's only son displeased him exceedingly many years ago. He married a woman his inferior in every way. Mr. Aglionby quarreled with him and disinherited him, and some years afterwards the son died."

"I see. It must be rather slow for the poor old fellow, I should think. He must often have regretted the loss of the only fellow with whom he could constantly quarrel."

"Oh, I don't think it was his desire to be always quarreling with any one, poor old man! Of course he felt the misunderstanding."

"Rather a serious misunderstanding, to quarrel irreparably with one's only son, wasn't it?" asked Mr. Danesdale, whose drawl had almost disappeared, and whose eyes, no longer half closed, were regarding Mrs. Conisbrough inquiringly.

"Y—yes," replied the lady, trifling with her teaspoon, and gazing into her cup. "It was a very terrible misunderstanding. It cut him up very much. But I hope we—the girls and I—have done all that lay in our power to make up to him for the loss of his son."

"Ah, y—yes," said Mr. Danesdale, returning to his drawl and his hesitation. "But an only son's a difficult thing to replace. Being one myself, I speak from mournful experience; my father tells me often what an unique article I am. I'm sure he finds me a great anxiety, just from that very feeling that he couldn't replace me if anything were to happen to me. Will you have some more tea, Miss Conisbrough?"

Judith started as she gave him her half-empty cup to put down.

"No, thank you. I'm not thirsty, nor hungry either."

"I should think that lake by Scar Foot must be a glorious place for skating," observed Mr. Danesdale. "Does it ever get frozen over?"

"Oh, yes!" Rhoda exclaimed fervently. "It does, and when it is frozen, I could live on it. You can't think what it costs me to come off it at the end of the day. I do hope the next winter will be a hard one, Mr. Danesdale, and then you would see what it is like, all about here. I always say there is no such place as Yoresett and the dale in the world, but Judith and Delphine vow they would rather live in a musty town; and why, do you suppose?"

"Society, perhaps."

"Oh, no! At least, only the society of dead men. They would like to live in a town because there would be *libraries* there."

Scorn unutterable was expressed in the accent laid on the penultimate word.

"L—libraries. But you can have a library in the country. At least, there's Mudie's. They send all over the country. Mudie's will send you anything you want."

Another pause, till Mrs. Conisbrough began:

"Well, really, in many ways Mudie's is such a tiresome institution. They sometimes keep you so long—"

"Mudie's is a delightful institution, but a very expensive one," said Judith composedly. "A box for the country, to be worth anything, costs five guineas, and then there's the carriage to and from London."

"My dear Judith, that won't interest Mr. Danesdale."

"Perhaps not. I only wish him to understand."

"Yes," said he, "in such a case you want a free library."

"Our library consists of fields and trees, and the running brooks," observed Delphine, laughing.

"Miss Conisbrough's has been something else as well," he observed looking at Judith, putting down his cup, and rising all at once.

"Not much else," answered she. "So little else that it will take me a long time to digest all that I saw and heard in Irkford while I was there."

He shook hands with Mrs. Conisbrough, remarking that he would be just in time for dinner, if he took the short cut across the moor, and then, bidding adieu to the young ladies, and asking if he might come again, he took his departure.

(To be continued.)

A Visit to the Galleries and Museums of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.

BY MAJOR L. RAMEL, C.E.



AMONG the many and grand sights of the beautiful capital of the North, none are so attractive to the traveler as the magnificent galleries of paintings, sculpture, and antiquities of the Palais de l'Hermitage. Barely one hundred years old, these famous galleries rival even the world-renowned ones of the Vatican and the Palazzo Petit; and none will repay the traveler more for his time and trouble.

Being desirous of visiting those noble galleries leisurely, I made application to the gentlemanly director, Baron de Koehne, for a permit to visit them on Friday, the only day on which they are not open to the public, but only to artists and students. My request was promptly and courteously granted, and on a lovely morning of October I left my quarters at the Hotel d'Angleterre, in *Isakofski Sabor*, and proceeded across the beautiful square, passed St. Isaac's, whose gigantic monoliths of polished granite were gleaming in the bright sunlight, and following along Admiralty Place, reached the open square between the Winter Palace and the *État Major*. In the center of this square stands the Alexander column, the largest monolith of modern times. It is fourteen feet in diameter and eighty-four high, exclusive of the bronze capital, and is surmounted by a colossal bronze angel holding a cross. The shaft is of polished red granite, and is set on a huge pedestal of the same material, ornamented with bronze *basso relievos*. Over the central one of the north side is the following short and well-chosen inscription:

"TO ALEXANDER THE FIRST, GRATEFUL RUSSIA."

Following along the broad sidewalk which fronts the Winter Palace, I reached the Place de l'Hermitage, which is formed by a *renfolement*, in the center of which stood the object I was looking for.

This gallery and museum was founded by Catherine the Great, originally in a small pavilion attached to the Winter Palace, and built by Vallin de la Notte, a distinguished French architect, in 1765. This pavilion was used by the empress as a refuge from the cares and duties of government, and hence was called l'Hermitage. Here she spent her leisure moments and evenings in conversations with philosophers, men of letters, and artists, and here also she received her lovers. Ten years later Catherine caused the second part of the Hermitage to be built by Velten for the reception of pictures. It was united to the pavilion by an arch in the form of a bridge, and in 1780 the theater was added and joined to the other parts by an arch thrown over a small canal at the point where the Moika rises in the Neva.

But the Hermitage as it stands at present was reconstructed by Leo Von Klenze, of Munich, in 1841-9.

That architect selected the Greek style in preference to that of the *Renaissance*, which would have been more in keeping with the magnificent buildings in the immediate vicinity, and therefore it presents an incongruous and inharmonic appearance, which reminds one of Sir Christopher Wren's colonnade of double Ionic columns in the middle quadrangle of Hampton Court, which has such a ludicrous appearance alongside of the portcullis, oriels, and frowning battlements of Woolsey's Palace.

But, for elegance, purity of architectural form, and for the beauty as well as the costliness of materials employed, this little palace has no rival in Europe. It is situated between the Alexander Place and the Neva, and only separated by a small garden from the Winter Palace. It is about 158 meters long by 115 meters wide (515 and 375 feet), and has two large courts, and is approached by a noble vestibule supported by ten caryatides of a hard gray (feldspar) granite, some 22 feet high, while its walls are full of niches containing marble statues of ancient and modern painters and sculptors. The ceiling is supported by sixteen finely polished granite columns from the imperial quarries of Makoff, Finland, and all of them are monoliths surmounted with capitals of milk-white Carrara marble. The stairs, divided into three flights, are of marble, but the walls on either side are only *scagliola*.

Ascending the stairs, you reach a magnificent gallery, adorned with twenty monoliths of the beautiful rose granite of the Crimea. In this stand sixteen marble statues, Cain and Abel by Dupré, a Bacchante by Bienaimé, and others, while at the doors at each end of the gallery stand two magnificent stands for candelabra, of the finest violet jasper from Siberia.

It would require volumes to describe the treasures contained in the galleries and museum. An idea of their number may be given by saying that, in 1875, at the time of my visit, there were no less than 1,735 pictures, 491 statues, 170 busts, 27,900 specimens of antiquities, relics, etc., while in the numismatic collection there were no less than 217,300 specimens, and in the library 12,000 volumes and 1,340 MSS., and some 7,000 engravings.

To those of my readers who desire a concise and learned description of these treasures, I would refer them to the valuable works of Baron de Koehne, "Catalogue Raisonné de la Galerie des Tableaux de l'Hermitage," "Catalogue Raisonné du Musée de Sculpture Antique," par M. Guédenoff, and the exhaustive work of the curator of the Museum, M. L. Stephani, "Compte Rendu de la Commission Impériale de l'Hermitage," St. Petersburg, 1871, and to Sir Thomas Mitchell's valuable work, "Six Years in the Capital of the Czars."

The Hermitage collection was brought into its present perfect order in 1861-'64 by the learned and celebrated art critic Dr. Wangen, of Berlin, whose work, "*Die Gemäldesammlung in der Kaiserlichen Eritage zu St. Petersburg*" (Munich, 1865), contains most valuable information for the general reader and traveler respecting this fine collection.

Entering a wide door immediately opposite the grand staircase, over which stands the number II, in Roman numerals, you find yourself in a fine and lofty hall, some 120 by 35 feet, and which is entirely devoted to the Italian School, and which contains some fine pieces by the best masters, the most striking of which are "The Descent from the Cross," a masterpiece by Sebastian del Piombo, and which formerly belonged to the King of Holland; "Christ carrying the Cross," remarkable for its fine drawing and characteristic heads, by Garofalo; "Perseus and Andromeda," by Tintoretto; the figure of Andromeda, for color and beauty of form, is equal to the finest efforts of Titian; "Jupiter and Io," by Schiavane, a magnificent work, remarkable for its brilliant landscape and background; "David with Goliath's Head," by Guido Reni, with dark shadows in the style of Caravaggio; "The Dispute of the Doctors," a capital picture, full of life and well-colored; "The Virgin at School," by Guido; this is one of that master's best, and the grace and childlike innocence of the group engaged in needlework is charming. At the upper end of the room there is a large and imposing picture, the "Doge of Venice marrying the Adriatic," the drawing and coloring are admirable. M. de Woronzoff, the amiable deputy curator of the Hermitage, who very kindly acted as my cicerone, told me that it had been but recently added to the collection, having been purchased from the Marquis de Campana for 120,000 francs. A charming young lady was engaged in making a large water-color sketch of it. She was the first student I had met at work, but on entering the adjoining room I found quite a number of young artists engaged in making copies. A few words, *en passant*, on those gentlemen: like their French and Italian brothers, they are the merriest and dirtiest chaps possible. Each of them has his favorite tobacco pipe, and they work in the midst of a dim cloud of smoke and a din of puns and a roar of choruses of which no one can form an idea that has not been present at such an assembly. As for their dress, that is as varied as the number of combinations in one of Herring's safe locks, and their *coiffure* embraces every variety that has ever been known. Some young men of genius have ringlets hanging over their shoulders; some have straight locks, black, red, oily and redundant; some have *toupées* in the famous Louis Philippe style; some are cropped as close as a prize fighter, and some have adopted the present *mode*, which he who would follow must, in order to do so, part his hair in the middle, grease it with grease, gum it with gum, and iron it flat down over his ears; when arrived at the ears, you take the fire tongs, heat them, and make a double row of curls close around the whole head, such curls as you may see under a three-cornered hat and in his Eminence, Cardinal Miasfortis' coachman's state wig. With respect to beards, all my friends the artists have beards who can raise them, and nature has generally been very liberal to them of hair. Then fancy these heads and beards under all kinds of caps, Chinese mandarin caps, Greek skull-caps, Persian or Kuzzilbask caps, Middle-Age caps (such as are

called in heraldry "Caps of Maintenance"), Spanish nets and striped worsted nightcaps; and then fancy all the jackets you ever saw, and you have before you, as well as pen can describe, the costumes of the indescribable Russians.

In this company and costume the Russian art student passes his days, and acquires a fair knowledge of the mysteries of art. How he passes his evenings, at what theater, at what *gostinitza*, in company of what seducing blue-eyed little milliner, there is no need to say. These young chaps (together with the students in sciences) deport themselves toward the sober citizens pretty much as a German *bursch* toward the Philister. From the height of their poverty they look down upon them with the greatest imaginable contempt, a contempt, I think, by which the citizen seems dazzled; for his respect for the arts is intense.

The next room on the left of the Italian is devoted entirely to the Flemish School. The collections of this school begin very appropriately with rich and numerous specimens of Rubens and Van Dyck, of which many of the best come from the celebrated Walpole Collection. I will mention a few. Immediately on entering, and on the right, are "Mary Magdalene washing the feet of Christ," "The Expulsion of Hagar," a most striking picture. The intense book of sorrow and despair on Hagar's face, and the loving and innocent look of the child are pathetic. Both are by Rubens, and formerly adorned the walls of Houghton Hall. Then follow quite a number of portraits, one of which is by Rubens and represents his second wife, Helene Fourment; this portrait also formed part of the Walpole Collection.* "Venus and Adonis" is admirable; it is a repetition of the famous one at the Hague by Rubens. "The Bacchanalian Scene," also by Rubens, is in his most spirited style, and none but Rubens could have imagined the satyrs. And also a large picture of the Pembroke Family, a copy of which, I think, exists in Wilton Hall. Retracing our steps, M. de Woronzoff took me to the Spanish School, on the other side of the Italian. Here we found about a dozen young ladies, pensioners of the Imperial Seminary at Peterhoff, taking sketches. They were under guardianship of two lady teachers. We examined their work, and must say that it did them credit, for none were over sixteen. As may be expected, this room is monopolized by Virgins, Christs, saints, and martyrs. There are also a few portraits of popes. That of Innocent X., by Velasquez, is to my fancy the most spirited. There are nine Murillos here which formerly belonged to the Sault Collec-

* This fine collection formerly belonged to Lord Walpole, and was kept at Houghton Hall, and comprised over 400 pictures. At his death it was offered for sale, and strenuous efforts were made by the president and members of the Royal Academy to have King George III. purchase it, but that fellow was one of those would-be immaculate hypocrites, who pretend to abhor nude pictures, so he refused, having been urged to by dominions and so-called Christians, who said that such pictures were unfit for public exhibition. Well, it was put at auction, and we Frenchmen selected 19 of the best, and of course most sensuous ones. Catherine of Russia took 176 for the Hermitage, the Emperor of Austria 4, and the King of Spain 44. Now John Bull is eternally whining over the loss of the collection.

tion.* The largest is "The Assumption of the Virgin." This picture was formerly the altar-piece of Church of Santa Isabella at Madrid, but which my gallant countryman thought too good for such a place, so he shipped it to Paris. For grace and purity of expression it yields to nothing ever painted, while the action of floating in mid air, and the effect of immense depth beneath the buoyant clouds on which the lovely group of children are borne upward with the Virgin were never better or even as well rendered. There are also magnificent stands for candelabra, of large masses of rose-colored porphyry or rhodonite; while in the center of the room are four beautiful tables of lapis lazuli, and six immense vases of the same precious material. I was glad to get away from the numerous company of Christs and saints contained in this room. Opening a door on the left, M. de Woronzoff asked me if I had seen the famous cartoons of Raphael in Kensington Museum. I told him I had. Well, said he, I will show you something better, and by the same artist. I found myself in a small room containing only nine frescoes, but those nine were worth all those I had seen outside of Italy. These frescoes were until 1856 on the walls of the ground floor of the Villa Spada, on Mount Palatine at Rome, and were purchased with the Campana Collection in 1861. M. de Woronzoff told me that his chief, M. Guédénoff, the talented purchaser of that collection for his imperial majesty, considers these fine paintings to have been executed between the years 1512-15. The best of them is the abduction of Helen. This was a favorite subject of the great master, as is evident from the drawings at Oxford, and in the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chatsworth, and from the large and beautiful picture in the *Grande Galerie* at the Louvre. The next room contains a few fine pictures of the Italian School during the seventeenth century, and consisting nearly all of religious subjects. The Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto is good, so is the "Virgin suckling the infant Jesus." But the most remarkable object in this room is an unfinished sketch of a small crouching figure in marble by Michael Angelo, called the "*Tour de Foivre*," evidently rough hewn from the stone without model or preparation. That a figure of this size could be produced from a small block of marble, not larger than would be required for a full size bust is extraordinary enough, but the position seems purposely to have been chosen by that great genius, in sport as it were with the greatest difficulties, while at the same time it may have served to display his knowledge of the Torso of the Vatican, or his idea of the original position of that celebrated fragment. The next room is one of the most attractive of all on account of its Raphaels, and we found it full of students busy making sketches, but they were more orderly on account of the presence of the young and lovely Countess Karamziun, who was engaged in making a water-color sketch, "St. George and the Dragon," painted by Raphael at

* The gallant marshal had a decided weakness for Murillos, he having seized no less than twenty-nine, thirteen of which are now in the Louvre at Paris, nine at the Hermitage, and all the rest, I believe, at Munich.

the order of the Duke d'Urbino, who gave it to Henry VII. of England in return for the Order of the Garter. Then comes "Flora and Vanity" by the same master, and which are so much admired by all lovers of art; and lastly three Correggios, of which "Marsyas and Apollo" is considered the best. The next room contains a few pictures of minor artists of the Florentine School, and the portrait of Pope Paul III. by Titian. In the adjoining room are the celebrated Titians of the Parbarigo collection, among which is the "Toilet of Venus," a most lovely picture, and the favorite of all young bachelors, who crowd around it on every public day. Next comes the *Salon de Beatrice*, so called on account of a fine copy of Guido's famous portrait of Beatrice de Cenci; this copy is finely executed, but the artist unfortunately unknown. Some (and Dr. Waagen among them) are inclined to think that it is a repetition by that great master himself. Another fine picture is "A young girl sleeping" by Caracci, very carefully painted and evidently from nature. The next room is mostly occupied by Christs, Madonnas and saints, by Balestra, Sassoferrato and C. Maratta; there is also a fine small marble statue of Cupid, with an arch look, by Falconet, whose masterpiece is the equestrian statue of Peter the Great in Isaakoff Sabor. The next room is the last of the Italian School. It contains the famous "Bacchus Asleep," by Luca di Giordano, and the *bugbear* of all English and American Miss Prudes. I shall say no more about this picture, lest my *Frenchy* description might cause them to *s'évanouir*. A few marine pieces by Salvator Rosa, and the "Rialto" by Bellotti complete this list. The latter picture is very fine and remarkable for its fine drawing and rich coloring.

Then comes the early German School. All the pictures of this collection belonged to the Walpole Collection. Among the best are "The Coronation of the Holy Virgin," by Quentin. "The Salutation," by Van Dyck, "Edward VI. of England," by Holbein, etc. The next room contains those by Potter, Teniers, Wouvermans. The first picture which attracts notice on entering is Potter's celebrated picture, the "Watch Dog," a perfection of animal portraiture, equal to his famous "Bull," now at the Hague, but which Napoleon brought to the Louvre, and remained there until 1815. The brilliancy of the eye and the texture of the dog's matted coat are admirably rendered, and the bold large signature on the kennel shows that the artist was not ashamed of his work.

What do you think of this one? said M. de Woronzoff, as he pointed with a smile to a large picture in the upper right-hand corner of the room. I turned around and looked in the direction indicated, and catching sight of the object, I answered him with a roar of laughter. It was some time before I could get over my uncontrollable merriment, for the subject was ludicrous in the extreme. It is Teniers' famous picture of "A Kitchen seized by Monkeys." It represents an old fashioned Dutch kitchen with its shining copper utensils hung on the wall, and in one corner there is one of those massive *buffets* of carved oak with brass ornaments, and in the absence of

the buxom kitchen-maid, who has evidently slyly slipped out to hear the suit of her lover (for it is night-time and a couple of candles are burning), a gang of mischievous monkeys have taken possession in force and are disporting themselves. A couple having taken down a frying-pan are melting some butter in it, while others are breaking eggs for an omelette; three others are emptying the buffet of its contents, another one is getting away with some doughnuts, while an old, bearded fellow sits on the kitchen table with a pot of cherry preserves between his legs. There is an inimitable grin of satisfaction in his face as he looks and winks at a comrade while busily engaged in diving for the luscious fruit. No words can convey an idea of the beauty and masterly execution of the work; it must be seen to be appreciated. There was an eminent English painter whose forte was the painting of grimalkins of all colors, and who received therefore the *sobriquet* of "The Raphael of Cats," and I may say that Teniers might very properly be called the "Raphael of Monkeys," for they seem to have been his favorite subjects, and he is undoubtedly a master in that line, as this and other pictures will attest. This picture, as might be expected, is the favorite one of the children, and on public days crowds of them can always be found before it, laughing and clapping their hands gleefully. On another occasion I asked a young miss of seven summers who had just come out of this room, and who was casting a look of lofty contempt on Sir Godfrey Kneller's lovely picture, "Cupid Unloosing the Girdle of Venus," which is in the adjoining room, and she very promptly told me with great *aplomb*, and with the air of a consummate critic, "I like the monkeys best;" and I suppose that this would be the answer of every youngster. Well, they must be given the credit of being pretty good critics, and I would recommend my readers, if they ever go to the Hermitage, not to fail to see this picture, and I warrant that if they are dyspeptics, or they have an indigestion from having eaten too much of *caviare*, the sight of it will cure them; for I doubt very much if those morose individuals, William the Silent of Holland, and Philip the Fifth of Spain had seen this picture, they would have persisted in making their eternal sour faces. Leaving the monkeys to the enjoyment of their fun, we proceeded to the small ball-room of Catharine the Second, passing on our way the grand staircase of the Council of the Empire. An immense vase of malachite stands at the top of the stairs; this vase is considerably larger than the one in the Vatican, but inferior in size to the two giants in the Kremlin at Moscow. M. de Woronzoff unlocked a door on the left, which leads into a gallery, beyond which is the ball-room. It is paneled with white marble, with gilt moldings, and is fitted up in the most exquisite taste. This is the original Hermitage as built by Catharine. Light galleries of gold trelliswork run around this beautiful room, supported on Tuscan columns of Cararra marble. The style is Renaissance, with an admixture of the Moorish and antique. The floor is inlaid with mosaic, and two marble fountains, after the model of the

celebrated fountain at Bakhchisarai, in the Crimea, stand at the upper end of the room. The water, when laid on, falls from one shell to the other with a delicious murmur. In the rear is a fine conservatory of exotics, which is reached by large plate-glass doors. Leaving this room M. de Woronzoff took me to the Empress's boudoir, a charming room furnished in the most sumptuous manner, and from whose windows a magnificent view of the Neva and of the palaces across it is obtained. The mantelpiece is a marvel of beauty, and over it is hung a portrait of Catharine by Lampi, said to be the best ever made. Opposite is a copy of the Death of Christ by Guido, and—strange to say, and which shows how little she cared for religion, though the nominal head of the Russo-Greek Church—Lemoine's "Vénus au Bains," and on the other side a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Monna Lissa del Giocondo," the original of which is in the Louvre.*

I next visited her bedroom (*l'emple de Vénus*), as she called it, and where she received her lovers by an invisible door hid by the heavy tapestry, which communicates with a narrow and steep staircase. Everything in this room is as she left it, even to a copy of Voltaire's Dictionnaire Philosophique, which is open at the article on priestcraft. Leaving the bedroom by the door that opens on the *cabinet de toilette*, we reached a gallery which communicates with the English School. This room contains some good paintings, chiefly portraits, and two by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The first, "Hercules Strangling the Serpents," is an allegory of Russia vanquishing the difficulties which beset its youthful state. It was painted by order of Catharine; the other is the "Continnence of Scipio," by the same artist, but it is in an unfinished state. A fine portrait of Oliver Cromwell, by Robert Walker, is at the upper end of the room. Then comes the Rembrandt Collection, the most striking of which is the little cabinet picture "The Bénédicité," a picture of great simplicity and full of reverential feeling; though unfortunate in his model of "Danaë," the artist has produced in this unique picture a *chef d'œuvre* of execution. Then comes the famous "Lesson of Anatomy," another *bugbear* of English and American Miss Prudes. In the next room are six sketches by Rubens for the decoration of a triumphal arch at Antwerp, raised in 1635 to greet the solemn entrance of Cardinal Ferdinand, and also those for the ceilings of the palace at Whitehall. In the adjoining room are pictures of fruit and game by Snyders, Voss, Wernix, Verendael, and others. In the next room are pictures of fish and a fine statue of a Nymph by Canova. The next two rooms are devoted to the Russian School, the most remarkable of which are "Sunrise on the Black Sea," and an extraordinary picture, the "Deluge," by Aivazofsky, a good marine painter. The "Election of Michael Romanoff to the Throne of Russia," and the "Capture of Kazan by John the Terrible," are fine pictures, and both by Ug-

rumoff. There is also a fine statue of Paris, by Canova. In the second room the most striking are, "The Last Days of Pompeii," by Brüllov, considered to be the best work in the Russian school; and next, "A Nymph going to Bath," by Neff (this is another *bugbear* for the prudes).

We then proceeded to the gem-room. The collection here is the largest and richest in the world. It has been made up of various collections purchased at different times by the sovereigns of Russia, and conspicuous among which is the renowned cabinet of the Duke of Orleans (Philippe Egalité). The gems from that collection may be distinguished by their rims presenting a surface of deadened gold. It would be impossible to criticise in an article like this so vast an assemblage of engraved stones and *camei*, or even to direct attention to objects in it of especial beauty and interest. Leaving the gem-room, M. de Woronzoff showed me the theater. It was built by the Court Architect Quarenghi in 1779, but has since been renovated. It is constructed in the semicircular form of an antique theater, and will accommodate about five hundred persons. The Empress Catharine had her own comedies acted there, and also some composed by the members of her court; and the actors and actresses were generally nobles and ladies of the court. It is seldom used now except for balls given by the Grand Duke Constantine. Contiguous to the theater are the barracks of the Transfiguration Regiment, a kind of Prætorian Guard, which has the privilege to enter the Hermitage by a side door. Next comes a long gallery known as Raphael's Loggie. It was built by Catharine to receive the copies of the famous frescoes in the Vatican by Raphael. Those fine frescoes are too well known to need a description. From the windows of this gallery a vast and beautiful panorama of the Neva is obtained. We then visited the French School, which occupies twelve rooms, and which comprises the works of Horace Vernet, Gaspard Poussin, Mignard, De Troy, Le Moine, Claude Lorraine, and others. Space will not permit me to describe all the noble pictures of this fine collection. I will only give therefore a notice of a few. In the first room "Vue de Palerme," by Vernet, is the most attractive, and it is considered to be one of his best pictures. "Le Jura," by Gaspard Poussin, and one of the often repeated convent interiors, by Garnet, are the best of the second room. The third room, which is known as Le Salon d'Hélène, on account of the beautiful copy of Lemoine's "Paris and Helen," now on the Louvre, is a magnificent hall. The walls and ceiling are richly frescoed, and the floor is of Russian mosaic, and the columns over the mantelpiece are of a beautiful ribboned jasper, while the doors, which were made in Paris, are of very fine and costly workmanship. In the center of this hall is Mignard's large and fine picture representing "Alexander and the Family of Darius," once the property of the Duchess of Kingston, and the one at the upper end is Lemoine's "Vénus et Adonis," unsurpassed as a specimen of flesh painting. The next room contains small pictures by Chardin, Lanent, and Watteau, the best of which is a

* The authorities of the Hermitage claim that this is the original, and that that of the Louvre is a copy, because it was bought from one of her descendants. For an account of this fine picture, see the able article of Mr. Cook in *Scribner's* for Jan., 1879.

"Landscape on the Marne" by the former artist. The next room contains Greuze's "Death of the Paralytic," a very impressive picture. "Cupid Asleep," and dreaming of his amours, as is evident by a certain unmentionable sign, is admirable. This is the picture which provoked the ire of Miss Gordon, a prudish English belle, who threw a bottle of black ink over it in 1847, for which freak she spent six months in prison. It has since been completely restored, but a guardian generally keeps his eye on it now. In the center of the room is a large and magnificent mosaic table made at Rome for the late empress. It represents views of the cities visited by H. I. M., and the statues and pictures she most admired. The next room contains Boucher's great picture, "The Emperor Valens and St. Basil." The mass of light formed by the robes of the priests in the center group is admirably treated. In the next are a fine series of Boucher's pictures, representing mythological amours, flirtatious of fashionable shepherdesses and their beaux, bathing nymphs, and other nudities. This is the room which Mr. Murray calls the temple of the devil, and warns his immaculate countrywomen not to visit, as the subjects are unfit for a lady's eye. The collection closes in the next room, which are all Poussins; the two best are "Hercules and Cacus." The silvery moonlit clouds and the effect of twilight are admirably rendered. The other, which is the centerpiece, is "Neptune and Amphitrite," remarkable for its fine drawing, composition, and freshness of color, as well as for the beauty of the female figures, which are evidently studies from life. This room closed my explorations of the picture galleries. We then went down the grand staircase of the Council of the Empire, and M. de Woronzoff opened a heavy door which led to a sort of small antechamber, where two soldiers of the Imperial Guards were on duty, and a guardian opened a double door, and we found ourselves in the finest, richest, and most extensive numismatic collection in the world. This collection was founded by the illustrious Empress Catharine, and consists of upwards of 200,000 specimens. The empress was an amateur antiquarian, and she spared no means to make the collection worthy of her. The original has been increased by presents, exchanges, and the purchase of the collections of Baron de Chaudoir, M. de Beulé, Count Perofsky, and M. Reichel. The coinage of Russia is shown by over 7,000 specimens, of which the most precious are four gold coins of St. Vladimir, tenth century; some Poltinas of the Golden Horde of Tartary, a complete set of the coins of Poland from the tenth century, also a collection of Anglo-Saxon coins, consisting of several hundred specimens of Ethelred II., Canute, Hardicanute, etc. This collection is peerless, England herself not being able to muster one-third the number. There is also a fine series representing the Greek colonies of Olbia, Chersonesus, Panticapæum, Phanagoria, and many others, while the series of the Pontus kings is very rich, embracing specimens ranging from Leucon and Rheseuporis, and including Mithridates VI., Asander, Cotys, Polemon II., his wife

Tryhæna, and Eupator. In the fine galleries are over 16,000 specimens of Greek and Roman coins, among them a large number of *staters* of Asia Minor, and the Athenian collection contains over 600 specimens of the rare *tetradrachmas*. This fine collection is not open to the general public, but only to antiquarians and students. M. de Woronzoff very kindly gave me permission to visit it whenever I chose, and I spent several days agreeably in inspecting its peerless treasures. We next visited the Museum of Antique Sculpture. It occupies sixteen rooms on the ground floor, and is especially rich in remains from Kertch and Siberia. It is altogether out of the question for me to attempt, in a short article like this, to even mention the most interesting objects, let alone giving a description of them. I will therefore confine myself to mentioning a few. Entering by a door on the left, guarded by two beautiful and tall candelabra of rhodonite, you find yourself in the Egyptian and Assyrian room, containing rich fragments of sculpture, and six fine sarcophagi, and some casts of bas-reliefs from Nimroud. Rich as this collection is, it is far inferior to the one in the British Museum, or even to that of the Louvre. In the next room are fragments of Greek and Roman sculpture, among which are a large bust of Antinous, found at Adrian's Villa, and a head of a statue of Juno, from the Taurida Palace, beautifully executed.

In the next room is a colossal statue of Jupiter, considered to be the largest in the world, found at the Villa Barbérini; a fine statue of Venus Génétrix, a beautiful specimen of the best style of Grecian art; a colossal head of Minerva in Parian marble, probably of the epoch of Phidias, and two large marble sarcophagi, remarkable for the beauty of the figures in relief. In the fine hall adjoining is the famous Kertch collection, comprising the antiquities of the Cimærian Bosphorus; the discovery of a few medals and gold trinkets in 1831 led the Russian government to explore the vicinity of Kertch, and after forty-five years of patient labor this rare and valuable collection was exhumed. In the center of the hall is the fine sarcophagus of a Scythian prince, which was found in a chamber of hewn stone underneath a large tumulus, which had for ages been known as the "Hillock of the Brave." Side by side with it were those of his favorite wife, and the remains of his horse and equerry. His crown, his weapons of gold, his ornaments and golden robes, which for over two thousand years had lain undisturbed, were transferred to the Hermitage. There is also an extensive collection of ancient jewelry and pottery discovered in various parts of the Crimea, particularly at the ancient Greek colonies of Theodosia and Nedvigofka, and near Kertch, the ancient Panticapæum. On visiting the Di Cesnola collection in New York last year, I was struck with the similarity of a great many objects in that collection with those in the Hermitage, and I spent several days in comparing them with the photographs which M. de Woronzoff had given me of those in the Hermitage, and found no less than three hundred and twenty-seven objects identical with those in the Hermitage. I intend shortly to publish an account of my researches and com-

parisons, as soon as I shall have received the opinion of M. L. Stephani, the learned curator of the Hermitage, on various objects of which I sent him sketches. In the adjoining room, a magnificent hall, whose ceiling is supported by twenty monolith columns of gray granite, the remainder of the treasures of the Cimærian Bosphorus are displayed, which consists of jewelry, table utensils, toilet utensils, vases of bronze, and also painted ones of marvelous beauty. I deeply regret not to be able to mention some of those peerless treasures. In the next room, called the Galerie des Muses, is the lovely Venus de l'Hermitage, and the Siberian collection is also very rich. Here the progress and influence of Greek art may be studied in another stage. Although the Scythian ornaments found near Nicolaef and the Don, at a comparatively small distance from the Greek colonies, are of the most exquisite workmanship, and might well have come from Athens, yet the greater part are somewhat inferior, and different in point of art. The mythology of the Greeks appears replaced by representations of the domestic usages of the Scythians, or confined to the representation of fabulous animals or persons. Gold appears to have been cheaper inland than on the shores of the Euxine, and the jewelry of the Scythians of the Don is consequently more massive than that of the Greek colonies, and that of Siberia still more so, approaching clumsiness, and also generally in the lowest style of art, with scarcely any Greek attributes. This may also be said of gold ornaments of the Oriental Scythians, whom Strabo describes as wandering between the Oxus and Jaxartes, and as wearing "in combat girdles of gold, and round the head bands of gold; the bits and plastrons of their horses are of gold.* I cannot omit to mention the beautiful silver gilt vase discovered in 1863, with the dish and ornaments of a Scythian king, in a tomb on the banks of the Dnieper. It is eighty centimeters (thirty-one inches) high, and in the most perfect style of Greek art. The magnificent relief figures around the upper part represent Scythians taming horses, which probably belonged to the king's stables. The *repoussé* griffins attacking stags are mythological allusions to the country inhabited by the Scythians, in which the fabulous animal was supposed to exist. Instead of being poured out with a *eyathus*, the wine evidently flowed out through the heads of the Pegasus and lion below, after passing through a strainer. This vase is probably the work of an Athenian artist of the period of Praxiteles.

Leaving this interesting room, we entered the library founded by Catharine II. It was formerly composed of the libraries of Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, and many others, but the greater part of the books and MS. were transferred to the imperial library, leaving only about twelve thousand, chiefly on archaeology, some of which are of great value and interest. Part of the library is railed off and appropriated to a collection of archaeological curiosities and small bronzes, the former chiefly from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Here ended my visit to this wonderful museum of art.

* Strabo, book xi.

Talks with Women.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

"GEORGE ELIOT."

(IN MEMORIAM.)



GEORGE ELIOT "dead." How like a knell this announcement, coming on the edge of Christmas Day, sounded when made through the columns of the daily papers a few weeks ago. For a quarter of a century the woman who wrote under that name has filled a place accorded to no other, and that for years to come cannot be occupied by any other, for the century-plant takes long to grow, and finds all the circumstances requisite to its production only rarely.

Her public life began in 1857, with the publication in *Blackwood's Magazine* of her sketches, entitled "Scenes from Clerical Life," which attracted the attention of literary authorities; but it was not until the appearance of "Adam Bede," in 1859, that she took the rank, since uniformly and universally assigned her, of the greatest novelist of her time. This declaration is not made without due consideration. Thackeray was perhaps the greater artist, the more skillful painter, capable of crowding his canvas with more figures; but his touch was lighter if not more superficial, while that of George Eliot probed, as with the knife of a scientific surgeon, who, while spilling no blood unnecessarily, leaves not even the minutest part of the anatomy unrevealed.

Dickens was the pen-painter of foibles, and as such received instant popular recognition. Every one understood him—every one was acquainted with the traits of character which he depicted and exaggerated. But the power of dissecting human weakness and human strength, of analyzing character, of weighing motives, of preserving the just and equal values of fact and circumstance, of according to each its due place in the molding of heart and mind, and, finally, in fitting each together like the pieces in a mosaic, until the whole design was turned out complete and perfect—this highest of all creative faculty belonged supremely to George Eliot, and in this she infinitely surpassed Dickens, and was superior even to Thackeray.

George Eliot is credited with the saying that "Genius is industry;" but she herself is a strong witness to the fact that "true greatness is born, not made." The genius for industry is not common—that patient, persistent, unflagging industry, whose results are less seen upon the surface than in the spirit and purpose of the entire work—in its strength, its truth, its faithfulness, its steadfastness, its devotion to the highest aim, its determinate use of noble powers for noble ends.

Although George Eliot's name has been on everybody's tongue, she can hardly be said to have been a "popular" novelist. She was talked about because her recognition came from the highest authorities—men whose verdict in literature it was impossible to gainsay; but thousands read her novels from curiosity, who found them, though they hardly dared say it, dull reading, and wondered what all the fuss was made about. Thousands in the same way have found Shakespeare "unfit" to read, and Goethe "stupid;" yet Hamlet lives, and Stratford-on-Avon continues to be visited as a shrine hundreds of years after the poet's heart has ceased to beat; and Goethe still occupies his pedestal alone.

When readers do not understand why authors are great, who have been pronounced so by judgments superior in numbers, and possibly in character, to their own, it would be well for them to study their work closely and suspend opinion. Impressions are something for which we are hardly responsible; they are cast upon the surface of the mind, like the action of an invisible camera, by temporary causes from birth to death. But impression should not be allowed to deepen into prejudice, nor take upon itself the force and dignity of opinion until, at least, it is sure of its ground, and able to maintain it by something more than individual assertion of taste, which may be the result of ignorance and inexperience, and is unsupported by higher authorities.

It is perhaps the misfortune of genius that it is impossible for it to realize the place it occupies in the public imagination, and the array of physical, mental, and spiritual qualities with which it is invested. Quiet, unassuming Marian Evans, a student by nature and training, intent upon earning a living by the drudgery of literature, books, reviews, editorial articles and translations—she probably considered novel-writing the work for which she was the least fitted, and from which she was farthest removed by previous habits and methods. Her clerical sketches were merely reminiscences of early experiences and observation in the family of the clergyman from whom she received the beginning at least of her classical education.

She made few allusions to her early life, and it was probably commonplace enough. Her father was the steward and business manager of several landed estates in Warwickshire, a position which her brother occupies at the present time, and the girlhood of the plain, deeply reflective, honest child, whose wonderful intellectual forces were slowly shaping themselves into grand instrumentalities, probably afforded little evidence of her future achievements, and presented one of the many unsolved problems to those who saw beneath the surface. The daughter of a man holding a responsible but subordinate position to men of rank, her life must have been more or less isolated, being separated from the villagers on the one hand, and the "gentry" on the other, by the law of caste, which only the superior in rank is allowed to forget. Her radicalism was profound and philosophical, though it is doubtless influenced by a partial alienation from her own family, for there are nowhere such rank conservatives

as among those who live in the light and shadow of great houses.

Be this as it may, Marian C. Evans was a lonely woman, and lived an isolated, and quite unrecognized life until the publication of her "Scenes from Clerical Life" in 1857, at which time she was thirty-seven years old.

A great many romantic stories have been told of her meeting with Mr. George H. Lewes; that they met abroad, for example, that Mr. Lewes was dangerously ill, and that Marian Evans nursed him back to life. The more probable story, and the one that is said to have had the indorsement of Marian Evans herself, is, that Mr. Lewes was attracted by the clerical sketches, and wrote to her desiring to make the acquaintance of the author, and presuming that it was a man whom he addressed as "George Eliot." But, fortunately or unfortunately, certainly fortunately for the world, for there is no doubt of the excellent influence Mr. Lewes exercised upon her life and work, the acquaintance was made, and ripened under very peculiar circumstances. Mr. Lewes, a ripe scholar and kindly-natured literary man, had been married early to a pretty, vain, frivolous woman, wholly incapable of understanding him or his work. She ran away with a man about town, but subsequently returned, and entreated to be restored to her home. He, fearing that worse would befall her, took her back, thereby condoning, according to a legal formula, her offense, and placing a barrier between himself and any future redress in case of a second injury, which the foolish, wayward woman was not long in inflicting. She eloped a second time, and Mr. Lewes had been leading, practically, a single life for several years when he first met Miss Evans. "George Eliot" was not an attractive or fascinating woman at first sight to the majority of men or women, and at that early stage of her career public applause had not surrounded her with a glamour which made notice from her distinction. The bond so soon created between them was one of profound intellectual sympathy and attraction. Mr. Lewes, an experienced journalist and literary worker, saw the rich mine in "George Eliot" of which she herself was hardly aware; to him she was an interesting study, a revelation of power and depth and truth and insight. He could not endure to be separated from it. She herself felt the new stimulus she received from his vigorous and discriminating estimate of her work, and found in him what she needed, and as she has expressed it, "critic and inspiration." But the curse of his ill-fated marriage stood between them and any legal tie, and after a long and thoughtful consideration they submitted their case to a jury of their friends, the representatives of the wisest thought in England, and asked their sanction to a life-long companionship based upon the ardent need of each for the other, and to be solemn and sacred as marriage, which a wicked legal complication alone prevented them from contracting. For themselves they avowed a willingness to abide by all consequences, content to be understood by a few, and to do the work of which they might find themselves capable. The compact became a solemn treaty entered into and ratified by

their personal friends, who numbered among them the most distinguished men and women of letters in the British metropolis. From this time, about 1853, a new life began for "George Eliot," her work took on a more sustained and vigorous form. Her husband encouraged her social studies, which she produced under the form of novels, and which were so different, so immeasurably superior to anything else that had ever appeared in story form, that critics and public were as much inclined to be puzzled as pleased.

"Adam Bede" was, however, at once recognized, by those competent to judge, as a work of the highest order of literary merit, and in some respects it has never been surpassed by any of her later productions. It placed her in the foremost rank of male novelists, a position never before accorded to a woman, and one which has never been in the least disturbed. The discovery that a star of such magnitude existed in the British midst aroused the curiosity of the reading world to the greatest pitch, and it was then, and has always been stimulated by the difficulty of learning anything definite in regard to her. Her few intimates honored her too much to make her the subject of personal gossip. She lived a secluded life in a pleasant home, visiting not at all, but receiving her friends and those who came accredited by character and mental endowment. Her aims were always high, never personal, or mean, or narrow. She lived in her work, in pictures, in music, and her friends. She made few visits even among her intimates, but she received by request, and often by entreaty, the most distinguished persons, both men and women, restriction being necessary to the preservation of personal privacy and strength for study and literary labor, which she never relaxed, and which was indeed the severest toil to her, for her matchless productions were wrung from the throes of continuous and protracted intellectual struggle.

Considering the quality of her work, the rapidity with which one book followed another was marvelous. "Adam Bede," published in 1859, was followed by the "Mill on the Floss," also a powerful novel, and as a work of art equal to "Adam Bede," though containing no personages so strongly and dramatically interesting as "Adam," and "Lisbeth," the itinerant preacher. In 1861 appeared "Silas Marner," a wonderful study of human nature, and of the intricate working of a man's heart. Every one recognized the cruel wrong which mean and gossiping tongues so often inflict upon a naturally noble nature to such an extent as to sour and embitter it, and change the religious kindly man into a miser and hermit. The growth of his avarice, its punishment, and the cure and final happiness which comes to him through affection and sacrifice are more than pictured. They are stamped with that singular clearness yet completeness of detail which renders every piece of work from the hand of George Eliot like one of the old intaglios, which has cutting within cutting, design within design, each perfect in itself, each perfect in its relation to the other, and a masterpiece, taken altogether, which the ordinary workman does not approach.

After "Silas Marner" came "Romola," published as a serial in the *Cornhill Magazine*, in 1863. This is by some considered the finest of her works. It was certainly the result of the most faithful study and research. No anachronisms or incongruities mar the reproduction of that interesting period when Savonarola swept Italy with the fire of his eloquence, the ardor of his pious and uncompromising zeal. From amidst the warm and brilliant coloring, the outward and interior life of peasant and priest, the figure of Romola stands forth pure, serene, gentle, the embodiment of all the virtues of womanhood, and the constant guardian and defender of the helpless. This instinct of a broad and noble humanity inspires every one of George Eliot's works, and seems to have been the breath of her life. Her novels give us the truest insight we have into the lives of the agricultural class of English people, their strength, their honesty, their intelligence, their individualism. Where else can we look for the clear sight, the insight, the foresight, and hindsight of kind-hearted Mrs. Poyser? And where else can be found another such specimen of sweetness and soundness, of honest, manly independence as Caleb Garth, in "Middlemarch?"

"Felix Holt, the Radical," is, to my thinking, the most hastily conceived of her later productions, and the least notable. This was brought out in 1866, and "Middlemarch" in '71. The novel of "Daniel Deronda" was published in 1876, and what is called the philosophical novel of "Theophrastus Such," but which is in reality a series of philosophical essays, in 1879.

Besides these novels and her important translations of "Strauss' Life of Jesus" in 1844, and Feurbach's "Essence of Christianity" in 1854, she wrote two poems of considerable length, entitled "The Spanish Gypsy," and the "Legend of Jubal," which were published, the first in 1868, the second in 1871. To these poems it is said she attached a higher value than to any of her novels, but the public did not confirm her opinion, though they are admitted to contain lines of almost unexampled beauty and majesty.

"George Eliot" is a shining example of what industry and genius together may accomplish, and the lesson of her career should be taken to heart by those ambitious aspirants for literary distinction who possess neither the one nor the other. We hear of her triumphs and her successes; we know her as the recognized star, the most wonderful woman writer of the day, or who had appeared up to her day, and it seems to the excited youthful imagination that she cleared the earth, and sprang into immortality at one bound; and that all they need is courage to take the leap. But this is not the true state of the case at all. We hear nothing of the long years during which she worked for a pittance at the drudgery of German translations, and the underpaid work of the press; and as she had already reached the edge of middle-age before her great fame even dawned upon her, she must have lived more in the shadow of her past than in the sunlight of her present, even during the period of her

greatest successes, which were also the periods of her hardest, most self-denying work.

Some one has said that George Eliot was the "Apostle of the human deed and its consequences. That, impressed with the great, sad spectacle of life, which, with its manifold forms of suffering, its limited joys, appeals to her woman's heart, she sees how fatally the destiny that shapes those ends is always and forever man's own act, if he but knew it; and she brings all her learning, her wisdom, and her power for art to the labor of illustrating this, the supremest topic of human life."

It is this purpose, this duty, this sad spectacle, this great outcry perpetually reaching her, which makes her novels wisely, humanly sad. The Christ is always the crucified; the good are often sacrificed; yet through labor and sacrifice noble character is developed, and the end with George Eliot is always the elevation of humanity, not the accumulation of riches, or the "creation of an impossible paradise peopled by fools," as some writer aptly designates the rose-colored finale of the popular story-writer.

It seems a pity that more is not truly known of the early life of the woman who has held for so long so remarkable a place in the world of thought and literature. One would like to understand the influences that went to the molding of a mind truly said to have been a "miracle of genius." George Eliot dead is a thought to which even yet we have not grown accustomed; the world is darker and poorer since the light of that far and clear-seeing intellect went out, and the wealth of brilliant acquirement was lost to the world forever.

Of the private affairs of one so honored, so lamented, it is not fitting to speak. We know her only through her work—that speaks for itself. It was no ignoble soul that found such grand expression, that has left such sublime evidence of its greatness. Little minds may question George Eliot living, but angels might veil their faces before George Eliot dead, and chant on her entrance into their midst, her own beautiful and majestic lines:

*"Oh may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity;
In deeds of daring rectitude; in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self;
In thoughts sublime, that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To waster issues."*

*"So to live is heaven:
To make unlying music in the world,
Breathing a beautiful order, that controls
With growing away the growing life of man."
* * * * * "May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
That cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."*

One Foot in the Grave.

BY G. H. E.



MARKET-DAY in the noisy, dirty, ill-paved little village of Killarney; women in voluminous dark-blue cloaks, believed proof against cold, heat, and wet, wrangling over weights of potatoes and cabbages; red-faced, bright-eyed men, lounging in and about their donkey-carts filled with various merchandise, chattering a confused mixture of Irish and English; grimy children darting through the crowd on the alert to seize a stray apple, or avoid the stroke of a toil-worn hand—eager interest or lazy indifference on the faces of all except one sitting aloof beside her little stall at the end of the street. Nelly the apple-woman, instead of polishing her rosy-cheeked wares on her tidy apron, as was her wont, leaned her head sadly on one hand, and with the deep hood of her cloak drawn about her face, and her wide cap-frills drooping, she looked the picture of sorrowful meditation.

"Good-morning, Nelly; you seem out of spirits this morning—or were you taking a nap?" said a cheery voice.

"No, Misther Vyvyan, it's not sleeping I am, only thinking over and over agin of me Patsy, and how me poor ould gray poll is to be brought in sorrow to the grave wid him."

"Patsy has been at the bottle again, I suppose?"

"Thru for ye, sir; two young ladies and their aunt, one of them purty as a picture, with a handful of yellow curls the length of me arm tossing about over her shoulders, two eyes blue as the water around Ross Castle, and cheeks like the pink daisies in the park—"

"But, my good woman, what has this charming creature to do with Patsy?"

"I was coming to that, your honor; Patsy, the spalpeen I was to take these ladies to-day through the Gap of Dunloe, to the parks and everywhere, and was to have seven shillings for himself, and the promise of a car to drive for the summer, if he did his duty well to-day. But, bad luck to him! he was off last night on a spree, and lies now on the cabin floor declaring he will drive the young ladies into the Devil's Pauch-bowl and out agin in five minutes. The poor darlin', he is so easy led away! In an hour the ladies will be ready, and devil a bit of safety is there in Patsy at this moment."

"I quite agree with you, Nelly."

"The car and horse are in the stable-yard, and if I only knew some *gosssoon* that would take Patsy's place and keep a still tongue in his head, my boy would be safe; but I can't think of nobody, and he will fall into disgrace and never be hired agin."

"I see, you want some discreet fellow who will drive Patsy's car to-day, and resign it to him to-morrow, when he is himself again, and say nothing about his little escapade last night."

"That's it, your honor—and a fine glib tongue you have. Does your honor know such a boy?"

"I will think about it; where do these ladies live?"

"They have rooms in what we call 'O'Donoghue's Castle,' a tall, gray house standing alone just beyant the Kenmare Arms. The aunt is Mrs. Mayne; I never heard the names of the young ladies."

"I will remember Patsy's trouble and try to help him out if I can; but if he gets drunk again I shall have nothing more to say to him."

"It shall be the last time, your honor—I promise you."

"Give me the apples and oranges for Master Louis, I must be off."

"Bless his little heart! would he eat a gingerbread horse too?"

"Yes, anything you like—he has a fine appetite."

Robert Vyvyan sauntering down the street with a bag of fruit and cakes for a little acquaintance at the hotel, merits more than the brief description we have time to give him; a tall, robust, fresh-complexioned Englishman, age twenty-five or thereabouts, disposition frank, impulsive, and joyous, blood gentle, and fortune comfortably ample. He had been idling away the summer at Killarney, growing familiar with all the attractive spots on land and water in that charming resort. His acquaintance with Nelly the apple-woman dated from the past summer, when for six weeks she had carefully tended him through the suffering and annoyance of a wound received while hunting. A feeling of gratitude prompted Vyvyan to rescue Nelly's "ne'er-dowell" of a son from his present difficulties, if possible.

* * * * *

The gaunt, grim house facetiously called by the villagers O'Donoghue's Castle, looked in the warm sunlight peculiarly forbidding and silent, save for one redeeming feature, a narrow window half wreathed in ivy, from which leaned a bewitchingly pretty, roguish-eyed girl.

"Aunt Clara," she said, "there is a shaky old jaunting-car drawn up in state before the door, and something tells me we are its victims; the driver is a big, hearty-looking fellow whom three bottles of porter and ham sandwiches will never satisfy—I am going to tell Mrs. Cahill to double the quantity; it is a great bother to have to carry lunch for one's self and charioteer on these expeditions."

"Say to the man that we are coming, Lotty."

The car-driver, a sunny-faced fellow in a torn coat and battered hat, with a cock's feather stuck jauntily in the ribbon, glanced up at the sound of the voice; the girl nodded and smiled pleasantly from the window, and soon appeared at the street door accompanied by her aunt and cousin. Lotty, with the clear, delicate features and complexion, small feet and graceful figure which seem to be the birthright of so many American girls, was even lovelier than old Nelly's enthusiasm had represented. She wore a closely-fitting dress of dark blue cloth, and a hat with holly ber-

ries nestling under the wide, rolling brim. Her companions, Mrs. Mayne and her daughter Emily, clambered on one side of the rickety jaunting-car, while Lotty made herself comfortable on the other.

"But you will be alone there, dear," said Mrs. Mayne; "what a pity we are not a party of four."

"Oh, no, aunt, I shall not feel lonely; if you and Emily grow tired of twisting your necks talking to me, I shall make friends with our coachman. What is your name?" she asked suddenly, addressing the man who had taken his place at the front of the vehicle.

"Terence—Terence Flanagan," he answered with some hesitation. Notwithstanding his rusticity, he had been secretly admiring the girl's vivacious manner and pretty face, and her questioning blue eyes turned full upon him made the honest fellow blush.

"Terence," she continued, "if you will be kind to your horse, and do not beat him, and at the same time show us all the beauties of Killarney, you shall have something to remember us by when the day is ended."

"Lotty dear, I beg of you do not be so friendly with this man!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayne in French; "he has a saucy look about him, and might be impertinent on very little encouragement."

The so-called "saucy look" deepened into one of intense amusement at this anxious remark; but no one noticed the change, or believed it possible that an Irish carman could understand the polite language of Europe.

The quivering, swaying car being admitted at the massive, curved iron gates, with their stone lions and fuchsia-hung lodge, bowled merrily along the hard, white road intersecting Lord Kenmare's beautiful home. The sound of wheels and cheery voices started groups of deer from the shelter of one clump of trees to another, or frightened the mild-eyed southdowns grazing in the meadow with the ducal coronet stamped on their woolly coats. The vehicle rattled over dainty bridges and through the shade of extensive plantations, disturbing an occasional flirtation between wandering tourists, and at last emerged on the highway, its occupants delighted with the auspicious beginning of the day.

The air, the smoothness of the road, the constantly changing view over lake, mountain, picturesque ruin, and flourishing demesne, was charming and exhilarating beyond expression.

Terence taxed his voluble tongue and imagination to the utmost to describe every point of interest; dilating here on the mysterious cause of foot-prints on a certain rock, and pausing there to call the attention of the ladies to the curious semblance of a deer graven by the water in the side of a cliff. The purple mountains on this bright day merited their name indubitably, and a dark, wide-winged bird was seen to hover over and alight on the rugged summit of the Eagle's Nest. Terence told the story of Macgillicuddy and his famous reeks, in tones which, under the spell of an intent pair of blue eyes, relapsed from a rolling *brogue* into pure, clear English; but the interest of his hearers in the

well-told anecdote prevented their noticing this curious change.

Ross Castle was mirrored in the bosom of the lake with startling distinctness, and Lotty from one of the tower windows nodded and smiled to her reflection below.

"Let us give up the Gap of Dunloe for to-day," said Mrs. Mayne; "we shall be over-fatigued if we attempt too much, and here in the shadow of the castle walls would be a delightful place to eat our luncheon."

Terence at a respectful distance consuming his porter and sandwiches watched somewhat ruefully the ladies arranging the dainty contents of their lunch-basket on the grass near the water's edge. Lotty was the presiding genius of the feast, and Terence found himself envying keenly her companions, who received the ambrosial food from her fair fingers so indifferently. Now like a graceful Hebe she flitted backwards and forwards from the brink of the lake with water; the tame sparrows and even the fishes were remembered with biscuit crumbs, and seemed to recognize in this fair girl a friend and protector.

"Will you have some porter, Terence? you drink very little," said Lotty in a kindly voice.

"No, thank you, miss," pulling his forelock in true rustic style. "I have been well served."

"Do you hear that, Aunt Clara? an Irishman refuses a drink! All your little prejudices regarding this class of people will gradually wear away if I am spared to enlighten you."

"Saucy child!" retorted Mrs. Mayne in mock indignation; "but we must continue our way; this air grows very cool after sunset, and we are not well provided with wraps. Terence, have you attended well to your horse?"

"Yes, your honor, he is as fresh as a daisy."

A brisk drive along many miles of smooth avenue, leading through the Herbert estate, the way charmingly varied with shrubbery, broad expanses of mossy turf, flowers in wild luxuriance, and cultivated splendor. An overhanging branch of hawthorn plucked from Lotty's soft hair a knot of pale blue ribbon; the attentive driver, in cutting away the offending branch, seized furtively on the bit of ribbon and concealed it in the bosom of his rough coat.

The horse stopped unbidden before a small wicket. Terence sprang to the ground and helped the ladies alight with such graceful alacrity that even Mrs. Mayne smiled her thanks.

Terence, to the surprise of all, declared that rather than loiter under the trees with a bottle of porter, he would act as guide to the ladies, if they would permit. They agreed willingly, and a few steps brought them to the quaint old court-yard of Muckross Abbey, overshadowed with crumbling walls held together or wrenched asunder by the clinging arms of the giant ivy. One fine window remained entire, its delicate stonework seeming like fine lace, through which one saw the sparkling water of the lake. A lofty yew-tree, with gnarled branches, rose through the space

which had once been covered by the vaulted roof—an endless source of speculation among antiquarians as to the probable age of the abbey—casting a pitying shadow over the forgotten graves and mouldering tombs and monuments beneath.

"Where is Lotty? Oh, do you see her, mamma, high above our heads in that narrow gallery? She will surely fall, the steps are broken, and there is a bit of that railing gone."

"Terence is close behind her; he is certainly a model attendant to voluntarily take upon himself the office of guide as well as driver. Lotty chats with this sort of people too much; do you see him now watching her with wide-open eyes as she talks?"

"Yes; looking at her one would suppose she was trying to make a new conquest, instead of condescending to talk with Paddy from Cork; how she is gesticulating and flourishing about with those small white hands of hers! I am sure she is telling him some thrilling, exaggerated tale of America. The fellow has a bright, honest face and a thoughtful manner that is very pleasing; the heart of many a village maiden must beat faster at his approach. I am afraid he drinks, and takes advantage of strangers like all the rest; but if we fail to detect in him these vices, we must try to engage him for other excursions. I am sure he would always be delighted to serve Lotty."

Mrs. Mayne and Emily had wandered away to inspect a curious inscription on one of the outer walls; Terence sat aloof on a broken column, shading his eyes with his hand, and at the same time watching intently every movement of his third charge, the golden-haired Lotty; she flitted about the sunken, weed-grown graves, deciphering a name and date here and there, and imagining to herself what might have been the history of each, when a sudden cry brought Terence flying to her side. Lotty, springing quickly backward to avoid a speckled lizard basking in the sun, sank above the ankle in the rotting end of a coffin hitherto concealed under the main wall; growing deathly pale with the pain at her wrenched ankle she would have fallen, had not the faithful Terence caught her in his arms.

Mrs. Mayne and her daughter, frightened at Lotty's cry, hastened to the spot, and were much alarmed and astonished at seeing her lying white and still on the grass, with their charioteer bending anxiously over her.

"I was afraid her ankle was broken, but I see it is only a sprain," he said, without a trace of the peasant accent in his words.

"Stepped in some one's coffin, did she? The poor thing, how horrible!" Emily exclaimed in compassionate tones.

"She is rallying; can you not give her a mouthful of water?" said Terence eagerly.

"What is the matter?—have I hurt myself?" Lotty asked slowly, opening her eyes and fixing them on her roughly-clad companion's face.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Mayne; "drink this, and you will feel better. Do you think you could walk to the carriage?"

"If you will allow me I will carry the young lady to the car; it would be dangerous for her to walk."

"Thank you, you are very good; it would be wiser for her not to tire that ankle."

Terence raised the pale, tearful girl gently and tenderly in his arms, and she was soon pronounced as comfortably as circumstances would permit on one side of their infirm vehicle, with Terence's coat for a pillow. Arrived before the door of the O'Donoghue Castle, Terence's prompt forethought manifested itself again, and Lotty reclined comfortably on the sofa in her own room before he bid the ladies adieu.

"Terence," said Mrs. Mayne before handing the man his fare, "my niece, Miss Lotty, wishes you to be particularly remembered for your kindness to-day, and I want you to come to-morrow, when she is well enough to see you, and she will be happy to make you a little present. If there is any favor you would like granted, or position you are anxious to secure, we might use our influence to help you."

Terence bowed his thanks and stepped into the street, actually forgetting to take his wages from Mrs. Mayne's hand; even when reminded of this, he seemed to hesitate before taking possession of that which was rightfully his. Mrs. Mayne impressed with his absence of greed, inquired afterwards of the housekeeper, "Who is the car-driver we had, to-day, Mrs. Cahill? He seems a very respectable, in fact superior sort of fellow."

"Patsy, the apple-woman's son, usually drives that car—he has sent this man as a substitute, I suppose; he must be a stranger in the place, as I do not recognize his face."

The next morning a barefoot boy appeared at the "Castle" with an exquisite bouquet of hot-house flowers.

"How is the young lady who hurted herself at Muckross Abbey yesterday?" he asked of the round-eyed little waiting-maid who opened the door.

"Better—goin' on finely."

"Tell her Terence asked—do ye mind? and say a friend would be pleased if she would accept these flowers. Mind yer eye now, and don't forgit."

The messenger departed without further ceremony, and Sally delivered the flowers to Miss Lotty as requested. Many surmises and questionings ensued as to who the sender might be, and as no definite conclusion could be arrived at. Mrs. Mayne and Emily fell to ridiculing Lotty's clandestine admirer.

The day passed and no Terence arrived to claim his reward; the inhabitants of the "Castle" wondered much, and could throw no light on the mystery. Again the barefoot boy came, laden on this occasion with a dainty basket of delicious fruit from the same unknown source; before the urchin had time to vanish, Mrs. Mayne waylaid and questioned him.

"Where is Terence? Why does he not come for his money, and who is this friend who sends the fruit and flowers?" she asked quickly.

"I was told not to answer any questions, but to take myself off lively afther givin' up the basket, yer honor."

"If you refuse to tell me who sent you, Miss Mayne cannot accept this fruit, and you will please say to this unknown friend that

she will be obliged to refuse all further anonymous favors. Do you understand?"

"No, yer honor."

"Go and tell your master, or whoever it is that sends you here, that Miss Mayne will take no gifts from strangers."

The boy picked up the basket and departed crestfallen, appearing no more as bearer of mysterious messages.

Lotty's ankle recovered rapidly under the careful treatment bestowed upon it, and she was soon able to again accompany her friends on their various excursions in the neighborhood. One fine afternoon the two girls escaping the *surveillance* of their vigilant *chaperone* took a tiny boat and rowed themselves out to Dinis Island; returning to the mainland, the amateur rowers collided suddenly with a larger boat, which shot from under the overhanging trees. A disagreeable accident was avoided only by the dexterity of one of a party of gentlemen in the skiff, a handsome, stalwart fellow, with a face that struck the two girls as being strangely familiar. Many apologies and exclamations of regret followed, and the girls recovering from their fright, regretted that the *piquant* little adventure had ended so quickly. As the skiff glided up the lake, Lotty said with feeling, "I hope we shall encounter that young fellow again; he did not seem at all displeased at our carelessness, though the others were inclined to make fun of us."

"He looked like Terence, didn't he?" said Emily.

Lotty scorned this suggestion, though in her heart she acknowledged its truth.

While her aunt and cousin had gone into the village to make a few necessary purchases, Lotty remained at home to write letters, but ere her galloping pen was fairly in motion a visitor was announced. "A gentleman wishes to see Mrs. Mayne and the young ladies," said Sally, appearing with a card on which was engraved the name "Robert Vyvyan," with "Terence has come to ask the promised favor," written below in pencil.

"Who is Robert Vyvyan, and why should he come with Terence?" mused Lotty as she descended the stairs. "I wish Aunt Clara and Emily were at home; they might enlighten me." As she opened the drawing-room door, a tall, handsome young man advanced to meet her, bowing respectfully, and beginning an apology for his intrusion. A glance at his bright eyes and curling chestnut hair assured Lotty that it was the gallant youth who had saved their boat from capsizing on the lake. She blushed slightly as their eyes met, and expressed regret that her aunt and cousin were absent. "Where is Terence?" she asked suddenly, looking about the room.

"Do you not recognize me, Miss Mayne? I am Terence."

"You! please do not bewilder me any more—what do you mean!"

"I came this morning to confess the truth, and ease my conscience, if possible. The man who drove your car the day you met with that accident at the abbey was no other than myself; I borrowed suitable clothes, disguised myself as much as possible, and assumed this office partly out of compassion for an old wo-

man whose dissipated son was in danger of losing his place, and partly for my own amusement; your kindness and amiability throughout made me heartily ashamed of my foolish escapade. I left you that evening, meaning to call the next day and ask your pardon, but as my little offerings were rejected I had not the courage"

"So it was you who sent the fruit and flowers? I have wondered so much who my mysterious friend could be."

"Yes, it was I; when I saw you on the lake yesterday, and met the perplexed gaze of your eyes, I felt guilty and miserable, and determined that you should know all."

"Your wonderful resemblance to some one whom I could not recall has haunted me persistently ever since."

"I knew I was half recognized, so I came to confess and ask for mercy. Terence begs that you will pardon his foolish deception; is this favor granted, Miss Mayne?"

Lotty at first felt it her duty to cherish some resentment, but the pleading look in the man's eyes overcame all her scruples, and she put her soft, fair hand for a moment in his, in token of entire forgiveness.

"I owe you a debt of gratitude, Mr. Vyvyan, for your thoughtful care yesterday, and at the abbey, and could ill refuse to grant your request."

Mrs. Mayne was a little dismayed at Lotty's affability and friendliness toward this man who had so deceived them all; but she had learned by long experience that remonstrance with her niece was of little avail, and gradually grew accustomed to the presence of Mr. Vyvyan on their many pleasure jaunts.

"You know you always regretted that we were not a party of four, Aunt Clara," said Lotty complacently.

Half a dozen mules were wending their way through the picturesque Gap of Dunloe, bearing on their backs a party of guests from "O'Donoghue's Castle," of which two had loitered far behind the others. "We shall lose our way if we do not make haste to overtake the caravan," said Lotty half indifferently.

"There is no danger," answered her companion, Robert Vyvyan; "I know the road well; let the others go at their own pace. You look tired, Miss Mayne; will you not rest here under the trees?"

"What is that music? it sounds so far away and ghostly."

"That is Dennis, the blind fiddler; he sits concealed in the shadow of the great rock yonder, and plays these weird tunes to make people believe the place haunted."

The music and its echoes died away, and almost unconsciously Vyvyan and his blue-eyed companion relapsed likewise into silence.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Lotty suddenly, as the stillness grew palpable.

"Will you really listen to what I was thinking of?"

"Yes," intently uprooting a clump of daisies with her parasol.

"I was wondering, Lotty, if I dared tell you how I have dreamed and thought of you ever since the day I drove Patsy's car. I seemed to myself at the time an impertinent scamp, but now I feel that I can never thank Nelly

and her good-for-nothing son enough, for through them I have found my 'lily of Killarney,' if she will allow herself to be so called. Do you understand me, Lotty? I love you; you must have guessed my secret long ago. Answer me, darling, and say you are not angry!"

Lotty's blushing, happy face expressed anything but anger as she lifted her dewy eyes to his, and there, screened and sheltered by the tall rocks, their betrothal was sealed by one long kiss, witnessed only by the nodding, whispering trees.

A Legend.

BY MARY M. BOWEN.

LIVED a race of strange dream-people,
In a country by the sea;
Far behind them lay the water,
Vast and vague as death may be.

EAR before them stretched the desert,
Foot of man had never crossed,
For the people had a legend:
"He who ventures there is lost."

OST amid the sandy mazes,
And the uplands, bleak and bare;
Nightly monsters, grim and eerie,
Hold their woful revels there.

HE who treads within the borders,
Takes his risk at fearful cost;
All is death within the desert—
He who ventures there is lost."

THROUGH the valleys and the uplands
Of that long and dreary way,
Passed a novice, veiled and hooded,
Singing softly on her way.

SOFTLY, lightly, oh! full sweetly!
All the people flocked to hear;
All the people flocked and followed,
To her measure, falling clear.

LEFT their dove-cotes and their gardens,
Left their browsing goats and kine,
Followed, followed, till the glories
Of a sunset round them shine.

ONE by one, their cares forgetting,
Loosened many a weary hand,
And its gifts and stores down dropping,
Fell upon that barren land.

UP a rugged steep the novice
Drew the people as she trod,
Till a shining gateway opened—
And the singer passed to God!

ALL the desert is a garden,
And a land of fruit and wine;
For the seeds the people scattered,
Blossomed in that path divine!



My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"If I am not mistaken," says lively Jennie, "we are to be treated to-day—not to good things exactly—but to the way to make them. In other words, for one thing, the dark mystery of wedding-cake is to be revealed to us."

"It is a dark mystery, I think," says Nellie Greene, "and I did not suppose ordinary people knew what the ingredients were, or how to put them together. I heard an old man say once that black cake, as he called it, was made of tar, lead, and molasses, baked all night, and warranted to kill if taken freely."

"I don't believe he was as great an admirer of it as the old woman in Brooklyn, who ate all she could of it every day for six weeks after coming into possession of an unexpected legacy," says Miss Kitty.

"Is that a true story?" asks Jennie.

"Indeed it is, and the woman is living still in spite of her gluttony."

"Well, do let us have the recipe, for I adore wedding-cake," says Jennie, "only mamma is so afraid of its killing me outright, that I've only been allowed to eat a piece the size of a thimble. But if it didn't slay that woman, it won't me, so I'll make a big loaf to-morrow and eat it up. I wonder if it is good hot?"

"I don't believe it would be good for your complexion," I say. "But if you can get your mamma's consent, you can try it. I should not advise trying to make the cake all in one day, but prepare the fruit at leisure before you begin it. I have brought the recipe I told you of, and only wish I could have brought a specimen of the cake."

"I am sure I wish you had," says Jennie fervently.

"Never mind, you will make some for yourself. Here is a list of the substances required: One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, two pounds of flour, four pounds of raisins, four pounds of currants, one pound of citron, one pound of figs, two pounds of dates, one tablespoonful of mace, one of allspice, one of cloves, one of cinnamon, ten eggs, and one wineglass each of wine, brandy, and molasses. Finally, a pinch of salt.

"Brown half of the flour till it is coffee-colored; rub the butter and sugar (which should be of the darkest brown quality) till creamy, then add the browned flour, the molasses, the liquids, the spices, and the yolks of the eggs. Have the raisins seeded, the currants washed carefully, and the citron cut into thin long strips. The dates must be stoned and chopped. The figs must be chopped also after careful examination, as they are not always above suspicion; they can be chopped more easily if some of the flour is mixed with them. The remainder of the flour can be sifted over the other fruits, which should be well mixed together, excepting about a quarter of the sliced citron, which must be reserved to stick in after the cake is in the pans. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, and add to the cake batter already mixed, then put in the fruit immediately.

"If you have no large, straight-sided tins to bake the cake in, you can borrow them at a bake-shop. It is best too, if possible, to send the cake to be baked by an experienced baker, as the

oven of a stove or range cannot be kept sufficiently long at the proper temperature."

"Couldn't the baker ice the cake too?" asks Nellie Greene.

"Certainly, if you choose to have him, and unless you want a plain frosting I should advise you not to attempt it yourself."

"But suppose," says Miss Lucy Little, "that there is no baker to bake it, or frost it, what's to be done then? You city folks have no idea of the inconveniences of the country."

"Fortunately," I answered, "the inconveniences in this case are not insurmountable. In a country neighborhood there is sure to be some family old-fashioned enough to have a brick oven; you can borrow the use of that for a day, and bake the cake yourself. I believe when the bread comes out is the correct time for putting the cakes in, the heat then being too mild to burn, but strong enough to bake. As to frosting, take whites of eggs in the proportion of one to a teaspoonful of sugar and teaspoonful of starch, and mix together without beating the eggs."

"Is it the starch that makes it so hard?"

"Yes, it hardens it, but a soft icing, such as you would require for cake that is to be eaten at once, would not answer at all for this kind; it would absorb the color of the cake and be objectionable on various accounts. I do not think any one eats the frosting of bride's cake, it is more for ornament, and to keep the cake moist."

"But it grows yellow even with the starch, doesn't it?" asks Miss Little.

"Yes, it inclines to, but it should not be put on till the cake is at least two months old. To ornament the edges and center you will have to buy a little funnel; I think they are sold for the purpose at tin shops, or you will find a cornucopia of stiff paper a very good substitute. Fill this with the frosting, and squeeze it out at the small end, tracing any form you like. I saw very full directions for ornamenting cake in the kitchen page of Demorest's Monthly for January. Silver sprinkled white leaves and flowers you can get by sending to a confectioner, and, if you wish to express appropriate sentiment, you can buy various hymeneal devices in sugar paste, even to a center-piece in the form of a tall two-story temple, with hovering cupids above gazing down in rapt admiration upon a happy bridal pair beneath."

"Speaking of bride's cake," says Sophie Mapes, "makes me think of a gorgeous one I saw lately which deserved to be called a whited sepulcher, as far as the outside appearance went."

"How was that?"

"It was at a wooden wedding. There were a great many presents, of course, and some were lovely, for you know there is no end to the pretty things that can be found in wood. A great many of these presents were useful, but some were ornamental too, such as brackets, mantel vases, card receivers, cigar racks, and a whole set of jewelry, carved from peach stones, which was brought from China. One lady begged to be allowed to furnish the bride's cake as her contribution, so when we were called to supper, there it was, a great big elegant cake, with sugar dome, temple and all. The carving knife had a great white satin ribbon tied on the handle, and the bride prepared to cut the cake herself; she had not seen it before. She began, but she couldn't make the least impression on it. It was nothing but a round wooden box turned upside down and splendidly frosted."

"What a disappointment!" ejaculates Jennie.

"Not at all, there was plenty of black cake in baskets on the table, and we had great fun out of the wooden one."

"Is there always a grand supper at a wooden wedding?" asks one of the girls.

"Oh, no," I answer, with a recollection of

some very informal ones I have attended, "often there is only cake and wine, or some other trifling refreshment passed around. It is the same with all anniversary weddings. The distinguishing feature of each is the character of the presents, which should be appropriate to the occasion. Tin presents for a ten years' anniversary, silver for a quarter century wedding, and so on.

"But for the rarer weddings whose names point to costlier gifts, such as silver and gold, which might be a tax upon the donor, and an uncomfortable obligation to the recipients, flowers make the most acceptable offerings. But it should be generally understood at all these entertainments that presents are not obligatory. Friends must be invited as for an evening party. I lately received an invitation to a silver wedding printed upon a silver card, and have often seen them upon silver edged paper with silver lettering. At the tin wedding I spoke of the guests were few enough to sit down to a spread supper in the dining-room, and the cards indicating each person's seat were tiny oval tin plates. Much of the table furniture was tin, which being bright and new was showy, to say the least."

"Must a bride wear her bridal dress at an anniversary wedding?" asks Miss Kitty.

"Few care to do so, unless years enough have elapsed to make the costume quaint and interesting. Antiquity, you know, lends a becoming grace to garments, while new, old-fashioned clothes (if you understand the expression) are simply grotesque."

"We are invited to a crystal wedding next week," says Jennie, "but the husband and sister are getting it up for a surprise to the bride; I suppose you call them brides when they are having anniversary weddings."

"I don't see how they can keep it a secret from the mistress of the house."

"It is all planned; she is to be invited to our house to dine, and mamma is going to ask her to wear a pretty dress to meet some friends. After dinner, her husband is going to send word that company has arrived and she must come home. Then we shall take her home in the carriage, and she will find her parlors full of people. Won't it be fun?"

"Jolly, I should think," says Nellie Greene, "but what are you going to give her?"

"Mamma is going to give her a glass ice-cream set. It comes in a pretty leather box with red satin lining. But there is no trouble about selecting crystal presents. If you are ever so short of money you can buy a glass saltcellar for five cents."

"Yes, there is great range of selection in glass ware," I remark, "and fortunately, small gifts are as usual as rich ones at these commemorative weddings, so no one need be ashamed to carry a modest present."

"Now do you know," says Jennie, "that we have consumed all our time without getting through with all the recipes we were to have."

"Never mind," I say cheerfully: "to reverse the words of the Sunday-school hymn, 'Here we part to meet again,' and next time perhaps we'll be more fortunate."

House Decorations.

THE taste for ornamental needlework, in some instances, appears to conflict with the general order of house furnishings. The lover of art needlework, when working for the ornamentation of her own rooms, should carefully consider the design and color. Few people can afford to vary their carpets and window drapery to suit the changing fashions. Those who do not, or cannot, change their carpets, should study the character

of these furnishings before adding a prevailing style of lambrequin or portière. Not long since we chanced to see an otherwise very pretty old-fashioned parlor quite spoiled by the introduction of modern art needlework. The quaint old mantel was disguised in a lambrequin of light drab cloth, profusely ornamented with flowers in the brightest hues. The execution, in needlework, was very good, but the arrangement was faulty and the design stiff. The "colors swore" at the carpet, which was old-fashioned and large figured. A table was decorated to match; the same stiff stems *poking* (there is no other word to express it) the flowers into notice, making a disagreeable glare in the quiet tone of the other furniture. At each side of the fireplace stood two large old chairs of carved mahogany, upholstered in black haircloth, and pleasantly suggestive of old-time grandeur; but, alas! between them stood a hopelessly modern screen, shooting forth unnaturally bright and perfect sumach leaves. Lace curtains hung at the windows, a corner of each trailing with studied carelessness far into the room, replacing the damask drapery that once shaded the windows and gave a warmth and cosiness that lace curtains never suggest. We do not disdain the beauty of art needlework, and the "Kensington stitch" is dear to our hearts, but suggestions are always in order, and "a word to the wise is sufficient." Select the quiet tones of color in adding decorations to rooms of slightly bygone days. Sacrifice your love of color to the harmony of your rooms. A portière of dark green momie cloth without ornamentation of any kind will add more to a room than one of brighter color rich with embroidery can do, if the colors are not adapted to the other furnishings. A mistake that one is very apt to make is duplicating a design. This should be avoided if you do not wish uniformity. The charm of nearly all these decorations is the unique. Tidies—those ugly little conveniences—deserve a word. Squares of linen crash with fringed ends and threads drawn out, with a little fancy stitching in the same color, are pretty and useful for everyday rooms, and far surpass the atrocious animals that a few years since glared at us in all shades of red worsted from a white background of Java canvas. Again, people decorate their mantels with colored grasses. Grasses and ferns are always pretty when preserved and arranged in a simple, natural manner. Artificially colored grasses are neither pretty nor ornamental. A bunch of ferns gathered in July and pressed in their fresh green tints preserve their beauty, and group themselves gracefully wherever placed. A bunch of wheat with long stems tied carelessly with a bit of scarlet ribbon to prevent their spreading too much, is a pretty ornament for a vase; break a few stems to allow them to fall carelessly and naturally. The long "Catkins," now so fashionable everywhere, are, by some people, arranged in large bunches, the long stems tied once or twice with bright ribbons. They are placed in a *blue ginger* jar, and make a pretty decoration in a hall or corner of a room. All art students learn more or less about "conventionalized nature;" this is a mistake; nature is beautiful enough to be admired without the conventionalized ideas of those who would "paint the lily." Nature furnishes our best models for hues and tints. Wood browns and shades of green always form a better background than strong contrasts of crimson and drab.

H. P. R.

MISS LOUISE McLAUGHLIN, the discoverer of painting under the glaze on pottery, realizing that art, like health, was free to all, told her process to other artists, explained it to reporters, and even published a book giving directions. A man has now taken her process and patented it!

Boys' Rooms.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

THIS subject resolves itself into two heads, as I turn it over in my mind. So I might appropriately write an article divided somewhat in this way:

CHAPTER I.—BOYS' ROOMS.

CHAPTER II.—MEN'S ROOMS.

However, I will not be so arbitrary in my divisions—still, I will keep them in sight throughout, as my readers may observe.

Who does not know the average boy's room? Who does not find oftentimes, even in pleasant, refined homes, a difference between the resting-places of the brothers and sisters of a family, as great as that between night and day? The sister's chamber is very often a beautiful bower, lovely in its dainty muslin and bright ribbons and pretty pictures. But the brother's? Oh, this is too often treated as though it were simply a convenient place in which to dispose of old furniture and dingy hangings which nobody else wants.

Scarcely a girl, possessed of lady-like instincts, would not feel a certain pride in taking her young friends into her own fair domain. But let the door on the opposite side of the hall from hers be only partly open, does she not often blush and hasten to close it, for fear her bright-eyed visitors may catch a glimpse within? What is she afraid of—dust and dirt? Oh, no! But the bureau is rickety, the carpet faded, and, most likely, he's got an old coat spread out over the bed, his boots in the middle of the floor, and the mantelpiece littered with newspapers, cigar-stumps, and stray buttons and buckles.

Oh, my lady gay! Can you imagine *your* room looking like that? But it may, some time. What! Yes, indeed! What did I say might be my second chapter?

But, you say, my brother *will* throw his things on the floor. He *won't* put his clothes away properly. And he don't care—there wouldn't be any use in his having anything nice.

Well, perhaps not. But just try an experiment. Take out all the "trash" that he has in his room, and then give it a thorough cleaning. So far as it lies in your power, banish the old pieces of furniture to the garret, and replace them with better. Put some fans and shells on the mantelpiece, hang some engravings, or, better still, your own drawings, on the wall; set a vase of flowers on the table, and lay a bright rug before the washstand; make some fancy trifles for the bureau; here and there dispose a gay mat or lambrequin or tidy; cover his trunk with a pretty chintz drapery, and his bed and pillows with snowy counterpane and shams. And *then* see whether he cares or not. He may not, at first, but persevere, and before long he will learn to keep things nice, and be no more embarrassed by them than he now is by simple clean sheets and towels.

Did it ever strike you, mother and sister, that by allowing your son and brother to have such a forlorn room, and to use it accordingly, you are piling up petty miseries for some other woman? And, mademoiselle, does it not occur to you that other women are in the same way preparing untold annoyance for yourself? So do differently, not only for your own boy's sake, but for the good of your sex generally, and as a consequence, for all humanity.

How hard it must be for a refined woman, who has always had dainty surroundings, to find that her husband, good soul though he is, feels in the midst of the delicate finery in which she delights like a bull in a china shop! Does she like to see

a pair of dirty stockings lying in a heap on her bureau, or a wet towel flung down upon a satin-damask chair? Is it pleasant for her to form a habit of running round and picking up, which she feels has no real necessity? Or to begin a course of training which ought to have been completed long before she was married? But all this is a common experience. I often wonder that women succeed so well in their teaching as they do, and that men learn so quickly.

Never will I forget when my dear cousin Gertie was a bride—when she went to live in her own cosy little home. She had a model husband, who knew exactly how to behave himself—but, alas! he had some young men friends who didn't. So, occasionally when she entertained a masculine guest, she was in terror for the safety of her guest-chamber. And this was the reason:

One night, with all a young housekeeper's pride, she showed one of her husband's friends to her beautifully furnished spare room. How lovely it looked, adorned with fluted muslin and blooming flowers. But, alas! what a sight did the poor lady behold the next morning, when, after breakfast was over, and the guest had departed, she went into the vacated room! He had gotten into bed, *right on her exquisite yellow-shams!* There they lay, all crumpled up into unsightly heaps, and greased with streaks of hair-oil. Oh! how the poor fellow's mother must have felt, could she have seen the picture her neglect had made.

And I know a worse story than this. I know of a man who was invited to stay all night with friends of mine. The mistress of the house was one of the most particular ladies you ever saw, and her house, from garret to cellar, was, as they say, "like wax." Her best bedroom was provided with long white muslin curtains, the pride of her heart. Judge of her consternation to discover, next morning, that her guest, perhaps wishing to see the earliest daylight, had *jerked up* the curtains, and *tied them in big knots!*

I don't suppose very many of our young gentlemen friends could be so grossly careless as the men in these cases. But I *do* suppose that not many are quite as careful as they might be. And I say also that the fault lies mainly with their mothers, and sometimes with their sisters.

Remember, then, ladies, that men are to be the companions of women; therefore see to it that your boys grow up with such refined, dainty habits that delicate women will find life with them not merely tolerable, but enjoyable. But in addition to, and before any consideration such as this, think of the effect of beautiful surroundings upon a boy's own mind. Will it not be a factor of education, a means of grace to himself, if he learn to care for and appreciate fair household adornments? And is it not proverbial that boys need elevating influences even more than girls?

Think it over, and then act accordingly. And I believe you will find your reward a thousand-fold one in proportion to the amount of energy employed. The simple influence of the effort may go on for generations as an ever-increasing power of mental and moral beautifying, both through your own boy and all in any way connected with him. Is not this true? Indeed and indeed, yes.

Women of Yesterday and To-day.

FRAU OTTILIE WILDERMUTH.

Author of "Swabian Sketches," etc., etc.

OTTILIE ROOSCHUTZ was born in Rottenburg, Swabia, February 22d, 1817. When two years of age, her father removed to Marburg, the birth-place of Schiller, where he had an appointment under government, and where Ottilie grew up and

lived until her marriage and removal to Tübingen, where she died. Her father was a very original character, and it was from him she inherited her passion for story making, a faculty which she began to exercise when a tiny girl of seven, for the entertainment of her school companions and the relief of her fervid imagination.

When in her sixteenth year, she was sent to Stuttgart for a six months' course in accomplishments, or, as she put it, for a course of "white-washing." There she went through a series of instruction in fine cooking, lessons which, she says, gave her far more pleasure than those of her dancing-master, as she had always a very decided taste for the vocation of a cook. She was also "finished off," by lessons in needlework and embroidery, starching, and fine ironing, after which came the less important ones, as was then thought to be, of French and drawing.

After her half year's residence in the court city, her education was considered complete, and she returned home, where, after the customary manner of German girls, she was employed in housewifely cares from early till late, varied by simple and unexciting pleasures, and now and then a short journey into Switzerland, or some distant part of Germany.

In 1843 she was married to Dr. Wildermuth, Professor in the Gymnasium at Tübingen, and now widely known as author of many standard school books. From the commencement of her married life, Frau Wildermuth's door was ever on the latch for friends or strangers, especially for those who needed aid and sympathy. Though she still kept up her childhood's habit of "recounting," yet she never thought of committing her narratives to paper, and still less did a thought of having them printed occur to her.

But one evening her brother read aloud a sketch from the *Morgen Blate*, which interested her so little that she went to sleep during the reading. When awakened by the laughter of those about her, she excused herself by saying, "It was so tiresome. I could do better myself." Some doubts being expressed, she went to work quite secretly and wrote out a bit of her Marburg reminiscences, which she placed in the next number of the *Morgen Blate*, and then read aloud as if from the pages of that journal. Seeing how interested her hearers were, she disclosed the trick that she had played upon them, and was then in turn deceived by her brother, who without her knowledge sent the manuscript to the editor, who gladly printed it with a request for further communications from the same pen.

It was in accordance with this request that Frau Wildermuth wrote "Genre-Bilder, Aus einer Kleinen Stadt," and "Swabischen Pfarr-Haus." From all sides flowed in compliments upon the new fresh talent and the bright genial humor manifested in her writings. Without wishing or knowing it, Ottilie Wildermuth had become a famous woman, for whose sketches newspaper and magazine editors were importunate.

But it made not the slightest change in the home life, she continuing to give the same constant oversight to the petty duties and cares of the family that she had always done, as if quite unconscious of the use of a pen. In a letter to an editor who was very urgent for an article within a specified time, she wrote, "A speedy answer! That is a little too much to expect so near Christmas from a woman who, from morning till night, must bake, and brew, and run, and buy, and sew, and knit! It makes me wish—

Frömmel nadel hätt ich nimmer,
Mit der Feder dich vertaucht.

As it is, I am now up before dawn, writing by candle-light."

In the useful employment of every moment lay

the secret of her success in so many different lines of action. Though eagerly devoted to the happiness of husband and children, yet she found time for the entertainment of friends, and also of strangers, whom she received with simple warmth, her house being seldom free from guests. In addition to this, she was the loved and honored "Mutterlein" of a circle of students, who, under her sympathetic guidance, spent many profitable and delightful hours, which might otherwise have been very differently employed.

To show her ready sympathy with youth, we tell the following anecdote, as it was told us: One of her husband's pupils had been detected making verses caricaturing a fellow pupil during class hours. In consequence of this, he was condemned to spend his dinner hour in composing ten four-line verses, celebrating a recent Tübingen festival. His work being finished, he took it to Dr. Wildermuth's house. Sending it by the maid, it was quickly returned by Frau Ottilie herself, with a couple of "Nudeln" from her dinner table to comfort the boy's empty stomach, and an additional verse which the doctor had certainly not written:

"Und bis mein Bart wird keimen,
Mein Arm wird stark genug.
Besinge ich daheimen (sic)
Der jungen Helden Zug."

In 1866, her eldest daughter, Agnes, now well-known for her children's books, was married to Pastor Willms, of Holstein, and very shortly after this event Frau Wildermuth became the prey of a nervous disease from which she suffered for six years, though even then her pen was never entirely laid aside. During this time she published "Aus Nord und Sud," "Aus Schloss und Hütte," and "Von Berg und Thae."

Upon her own abilities she placed so slight an estimate that when, in 1871, the King of Wurtemberg sent her his portrait and the gold medal for art and literature, she said, "The less I have done to deserve this kindness on the part of the king, the greater the pleasure to think he can take any interest in my simple tales."

In the fall of 1876 Frau Wildermuth was seized with rheumatism of the joints, from which she suffered all the winter, until taken to Baden-Baden in April, where the warm baths seemed to effect a total cure. She returned to Tübingen in June full of spirits and in seemingly renewed health and vigor, and with many plans of future literary work mapped out.

But on the 8th of July she was suddenly attacked by her old malady, and on July 12th she peacefully passed away to that better land, from which so much of her sunshine in this life had been borrowed.

L. P. L.

Letters from Europe.—No. 1.

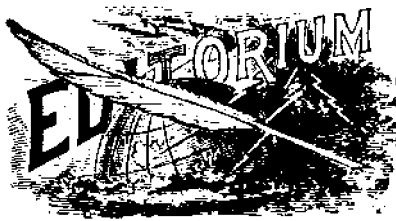
PARIS, FRANCE, December 8.

FROM this far-away land, among strange new scenes, new ways and new people, I write of my journey since crossing the "sad sea waves." Sad indeed they proved to me—I never so fully realized just what that expression meant. The *Gallia* is a staunch vessel, but oh how she rocked us in her rough cradle, how she groaned and creaked, and tossed us from side to side, and how ill everybody was for many days! What cared we for the dainties the steward brought us? The sight of broths, grapes, and jellies only made us loathe life the more. A "beautiful chop sea," the sailors called it! Beautiful indeed, to be sent away down into the waves one moment, and high in the air the next, striving vainly meanwhile to preserve our balance! By and by, however, we were able to crawl on deck, or lie in our sea

chairs watching the great mountain waves rising and falling forever around us, and to take some interest in our fellow voyagers. Mr. Cunard himself was on board, which is perhaps the reason they took pride in making one of the shortest trips known to the *Gallia*. He is a cordial Englishman—a rarity it seems. Why is it there is always such a feeling of hostility between English and Americans? In our little world this was quite evident. On Thanksgiving evening there was some attempt at sociability by joining in a concert, but when our national hymn, "America," was sung, not an Englishman joined us, and when they sang their "God save the Queen," they all rose to their feet, while we sat still. We were all glad when next morning the brown Kerry coast of Ireland came before our land-starved eyes, and never did town look lovelier than did the little white port of Queenstown. After that, all was hurry till we landed next day at Liverpool. Hasty farewells were said, and all went our several ways. A dear, genial one of our number was Mr. Powers, son of the great sculptor. He has asked us to visit his studio in Florence, which, as we go south in a few weeks, we will surely do. We've turned our back upon rough old Neptune right gladly, and wended our way to the quaint old city of Chester, with its narrow, moldy streets, ancient ruins, and towers. We went to Blossom's, a funny old inn, all narrow, crooked halls, darting off here and there into unexpected doors and angles. There were strange little rooms, wide fireplaces, and, best of all to our recovered appetites, delicious old English cooking. We had Welsh rarebit, pheasant, and jugged hare all served in a cosy parlor, before a bright fire. In the afternoon we drove out three miles to Eton Hall, the castle of the Duke of Westminster, the richest peer in England. As we drove through the gates and into the fine old park, with its herds of deer grazing here and there, with its beautiful, glassy little lakes, and beyond the turrets of the castle, above the tree-tops, I felt as if I were turning the pages of a delightful English novel, while sitting by the home-fire in far-off America. This, my first castle, however, soon proved reality, and we had a charming ramble through the lovely grounds and conservatories. We sat on the piazza and played at being great lords and ladies, wondering how it would seem to be owner of so many broad lands. It was, indeed, a sight to remember, with the river Dee winding in and out of the green meadows. The next day we drove six miles into Wales, to the residence of William E. Gladstone—Hawarden Castle, it is called. This is another grand estate, large park, and beautiful buildings, but all around was dark and gloomy as a tomb. We climbed through wet, dead leaves, to an old ruin that stands overlooking the castle. But we were well repaid by the fine view of Wales to be seen from there. The ruin is a most fascinating old place, with its dress of ivy and holly, its slimy old moat, dark dungeons, and drawbridge. One could not but think of ghosts, toads, and lizards, in such an uncanny place. After shiveringly exploring every dark hole and corner, we hurried back to the carriage to drive home through a delicious Welsh twilight, to find a cheery fire and a nice dinner awaiting us at the home-like Blossoms. For the next few days we devoted ourselves to seeing the old Roman wall, said to have been built by the Romans around their ancient race-ground. I thought it would have been very nice to see a chariot drawn by fiery horses dashing around the place that is now only a pasture-ground for a few innocent cows, who were quietly eating their grass all unconscious of the memories attached to the place. At the end of this wall is Cæsar's Tower. The old cathedral is also very near this wall, and is "a dream in stone," with its tall, grand archways, ancient cloisters, and beau-

tiful carvings. We were, however, more interested in the old ruin of St. John's Abbey, which stands right in the town, on the banks of the river Dee. Its mossy old stones, crumbling with the wear of twelve hundred years, and ivied arches, make a picturesque view from the river. We stood long and gazed at it, wishing the stones might speak out and tell us the stories of those long years. Among its stones is the imprint of a coffin standing upright, green with age like the rest. It is said that in this coffin a beautiful maiden was nailed alive for offending her guardian in some way. Let modern maidens be thankful that such punishments are not given now! But at last we were obliged to tear ourselves away from Chester, which seems to belong to a past age; even little children of but a few years are dressed like little grandmothers. How would New York babies look with bonnets on old enough for their mammas, and black dotted veils demurely tied over their rosy little faces? Perhaps it was just as well for us to hurry up to busy London, for I really began to feel somewhat moldy and old myself, and to blush for our new land where nothing is half so old. We saw London through a cloud of smoke and fog, and began to wish ourselves back in the green country, but we performed dutifully the round of museums, picture galleries, and shops. Our evening at Madame Tussaud's wax works was quite amusing. The wax figures of various celebrated people are standing here and there in the most natural attitudes, and as they are exact copies of the originals, both in dress and features, many laughable mistakes were made in taking the real from the unreal. One of our party called me to obtain a good view of the figures of the royal family, who were arranged on a platform. I seated myself beside a dear old lady, who, like myself, was earnestly regarding Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales. In sitting down I jostled her, and feeling distressed lest I should seem rude, I begged her pardon with my most polite bow. Stony silence met my effort at peace, when, peeping into her face, I made the discovery that she too was made of wax. Adjoining this room is the Chamber of Horrors, where figures of prominent criminals stand glaring, as if they would stab the crowds that come to look upon them. It is here that the famous guillotine stands, with its cruel knife that severed the heads of twenty-two hundred people, pretty Marie Antoinette among them. Her head in wax is at the foot with the blood spots, just as when it was severed from the body. It was so frightfully realistic as to be painful. We felt quite sure we would dream that night that we too lived in the time of so many butcheries. We went into the Napoleon rooms before leaving, that we might forget somewhat the impressions of the Chamber of Horrors. Some of the relics of this great man are really absurd. Think of preserving one of his teeth on a silver rosette, with the forceps lying near that drew it from his mouth! A piece of his horse's tail is kept in a beautiful red velvet case. The guide allowed us to climb into the coach in which he rode to the battle of Waterloo, but I could not feel at all as though I were going to a war. We soon hurried away from London that we may reach a more southern clime, but have stopped for a few weeks at bewitching Paris. My French utterly forsook me when we arrived among the jabbering crowd at the Custom House. I found that "Where is the black coat of the carpenter's brother?" and such other sentences as I had learned in the grammar were of no use with which to find our trunks. Our troubles, however, are over for a time, as we are nicely settled in a French family, though, alas, we all heartily wish, with Mark Twain, that we "had been born in every country at once."

ELEANORE, H. P.



Methods of Charity.

It is becoming one of the most difficult problems with many kind-hearted people how to distribute alms without doing positive evil—how to help those who need help so as to do the most good. There are quantities of institutions in existence, but they run in a rut, and never seem to meet individual cases. Giving, it is pretty well understood, is the quickest method of manufacturing an eternal race of paupers, and when a lady (Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson) declared that of the six hundred thousand dollars she has distributed among the poor, she does not know an instance in which her money has not done more harm than good, we may well sympathize with those who wish to do good so that no evil may come of it. Newspapers have taken up the work, and scarcely one of note but now has some pet scheme of philanthropy of its own. With one it is an "Always with you" column, in which deserving cases are brought to public notice and usually relieved. But in an editorial reference to this method, and to the necessity for the strictest investigation of all such appeals, it was stated that at least nine out of ten of all such applicants proved to be impostors, utterly undeserving, and often not needing the charity of the public.

Another scheme, started and carried through by a benevolent man, with the aid of an evening paper in New York City (the *Post*), is that of a "Fresh Air" fund, for taking tenement-house children into the country, and providing them with two weeks' board and lodging free, in the families of farmers and country residents. The theory is not only to give them the benefit of change, of pure air and wholesome diet, but to make them acquainted with, and thus create a taste for a sweet, sound, and healthful country working life. The difficulties in the way of such an undertaking are great, but they have been met, and undoubted good has been accomplished. A third scheme is that of finding permanent homes for children, boys especially, in the country, and that also seems to have been successful.

Institutions, that is individual institutions, are terrific absorbents of the surplus time, strength and means in a community, and it is a question if it would not be better if they were all swept away, and the functions left with those who deal with general principles and work from a broader standpoint. To teach self-help and begin with the young is the important point, and this should be followed by a course of regular, undeviating industry, kindly and wisely directed. We doubt the wisdom of teaching boys and girls that work is play. It is not, and never can be. But they can be made to know that work is better than play, and not half so wearing to body or mind. The popular belief that work is disagreeable and that play is agreeable has done infinite mischief, when, in reality, it is exactly the other way: it is play that is tiresome, work in which there is eternal strength and refreshment. A method of charity that will bring to the young the gospel of work is the one that is needed.

A Hard Winter.

THE winter of '80-'81 has been distinguished by intense cold and severe storms, but we are promised a "favorable" spring by the prophet Veunor.

"Keeping Accounts."

WITH some people the whole duty of woman is summed up in keeping accounts; exactly what accounts she is to keep is not precisely stated, but it is rather indefinitely hinted that the money spent in a thousand little ways of which she takes no cognizance amounts to a fearful sum in the course of a year, and in fact represents the difference between economy and extravagance, riches and penury.

There may be something in this to the woman who is intrusted with an allowance for "pocket" and dress money, and a certain proportion of the income for housekeeping, both of which are paid to her with the regularity with which her husband pays his workmen or receives his wages. But such an one rarely errs on the side of spending too much. Her accounts naturally divide, and make a sum total, and all she has got to do is to see that one does not intrench upon or overlap the other.

A greater danger is this, that in the absence of any special provision for various other household and housewifery requirements the sum (usually a meager one) allotted to the table will be made to stretch over half a dozen other important necessities, and thus the "living" be unwisely curtailed of its due excellence and variety. It is an extremely rare thing for men to provide freely, ungrudgingly, and in the proper way for the wants of their households. Some do their own marketing, run bills, and not only deprive their wives of any opportunity to "manage" on their own account, or practice the lessons they may have received, but make daily life a purgatory by their complaints and grumbling concessions whenever an article is required, and their more elaborate tirades when the bills they themselves run become due. At least a third, perhaps half the married women in the world live in the most literal manner from "hand to mouth." They never have a dollar to call their own; and life narrows itself little by little to almost penurious limits, because beyond this nothing can be had without a struggle and a contest which it is very soon felt is too "wearing" to be often repeated. "Keeping accounts" under such circumstances as these is discouraging, if not impossible; they would run something after the following fashion:

"Wanted sugar, salt, soda, and butter. Husband grumbled dreadfully, and thinks we use more of everything than any one in the neighborhood."

"Asked husband to bring some steak for dinner. He brought it, but it was so tough he would not eat it, and I had to cook ham and eggs for him, and let the children make up on bread and molasses."

There are many details in a household, many incidents in the growing life of children that cannot be dealt with or even understood by a man, and unless he is prepared to trust his wife with their direction he should not marry, but lead an old bachelor existence, confining his responsibilities as well as his faculty for making people wretched to himself. If a wife is not fit to be trusted with the disbursement of her husband's money she is not fit to be a wife.

Among children, however, to whom money is given as an allowance or for their personal uses, a system of keeping accounts is desirable, and in fact essential to order and regularity in expenditure. Just as soon as they are old enough a small sum paid weekly should be intrusted to them for special personal uses, to be increased as they grow older. For the use of this they should be held accountable, and this will give them a sense of its value; moreover, if they expend it foolishly it should not be replaced, but they should be compelled to resign the good thing it

might have done for them. A habit of preserving system and order in one's cash disbursements, of dividing the income into appropriate funds for the maintenance of each department, and not permitting one to intrench upon or impair the integrity of the other, is a capital way to keep family accounts, and does not take the time nor excite the weariness incurred by putting down each separate item. A methodical housekeeper of twenty-five years' standing says that she has always divided her income into "funds," and never allows one to rob another. For example—she has a fund for table expenses, a fund for servant's wages—and this also includes kitchen wear and tear, and gas bills—a fund for the dress of herself and daughters, and a fund for the payment of larger bills, replacing articles of furniture, annual fuel bills, and the purchase of the fall stock of canned fruits, vegetables, jellies, and the like. In this way, without keeping detailed accounts, which are almost impossible for a busy woman, she is able to calculate accurately the cost of her living.

Good Times.

EVERYBODY is willing to be tried by prosperity, yet, after all, it is more of a test than adversity, and more often results in the shipwreck of hopes and happiness. Still, it must be admitted that prosperity is a much more cheerful companion, and almost the only reason why it is not altogether desirable, is because so many do not know how to treat it.

We have entered, it is said, upon an era of prosperity for this country, after several years of great depression, and it is to be hoped that adversity has taught us some lessons that may be of use to us. One is, or should be this, that these alternate upheavals and depressions are mainly our own fault, that there is no necessity in the nature of things for the violent fluctuations which mark our eras of financial stagnation and inflation. The recent "hard times," from which so many have suffered—in which so many have been plunged from affluence into beggary, were directly traceable to causes which might have been prevented—to the speculative spirit caused by the paper inflation during the war, on the one hand, and to the premature building of enormous systems of railroads, on the other, which the business of the country was not able to sustain.

Doubtless there was a use in developing new regions, in establishing communication with distant points; but we must not do even what is desirable faster than we can do it honestly, and with full justice to the other interests in which we are involved. How many small fortunes, the results of long years of sacrifice and saving, have been swept away by the desire to add to lands and property, a desire allowed to outride every other hope and absorb every other interest! Prosperity is good as it enables us to enlarge our own boundaries of thought and do good to others. It is detrimental if we use it simply as a means to accumulate burdens we cannot carry, and which must be an obstacle and a hindrance, rather than a help to others. We should not think much of rain or sunshine, at least they would fail of their most beneficent purpose, if they ran the trunks of trees and the stalks of plants up to an inordinate height, but left them thin, leafless, fruitless, good neither for shade nor refreshment. Yet this is what we do when we use prosperity to accumulate in one direction only; sacrificing the growth, the cultivation, the enlargement of those about us, and also our own satisfaction in the knowledge that we are putting our prosperity into many lives, and setting the example of a life put to its best uses.

If we use our prosperity wisely we need not fear adversity, for it will not have power to harm us. On the other hand, adversity is often only a mask, and if met with an honest and hearty handshake, reveals the smiling face of a friend beneath.

"Uncle Toby and the Widow."

(See Steel Engraving.)

OUR readers will find a study and a treat in the excellent reproduction of one of C. R. Leslie's most charming pictures which is given with the above title. Every one who has read Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" will recognize at once the famous scene where gallant Uncle Toby lends himself to the dangerous task of extracting a minute speck that had dared to lodge in the corner of one of the widow's luminous orbs. Uncle Toby was profane, but he was soft-hearted; he looked into the poor eye, which, notwithstanding its hurt, shone upon him with dangerous power, and he surrendered at discretion, or rather with no more discretion than if he had been a boy and the widow a girl of nineteen.

The situation is depicted with immense drollery. The appealing sweetness and innocence of the artful widow's expression; the attitude which displays her rounded arm and white, taper fingers, and the gentle assuaging of her grief, which the soft mixture of mull with her black attire indicates, are all valuable accessories of the picture, and help to tell its story. Mr. C. R. Leslie, R.A., was a literary man as well as a painter. He wrote several books, and his subjects for pictures were mostly taken from books. Among his best-known works are "Anne Page and Master Slender," "Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church," and "May-days in the time of Queen Elizabeth." He was professor of drawing at West Point in 1833, for a few months only. He died in 1859 at the ripe age of eighty-four.

Scandal from the Pulpit.

A CELEBRATED actress who had been very much abused by a clergyman who had never seen her, and who knew nothing of her except by report—never a safe guide—declared her intention, if again assailed, of having her libeller arrested and made to prove his declarations in open court.

This would be a severe measure, but it is not certain but it would be deserved. Clergymen are too much in the habit of denouncing what they know nothing of. It may be said that they do it on general principles, and believing in the immorality of that which they denounce. But even so, they should confine themselves to general statements, not condemn individuals, for this is setting the worst kind of an example to others. We cannot expect communities to be purged of the sin of gossip and slander, if it is taught by and practiced from the pulpit.

"How to Get into Good Society."

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL recently delivered an address on the above topic, in which he recommended books as the very best way in which the young could reach the best society, and inculcated the importance of so selecting their reading as to become accustomed to the society of the best, and then they would not tolerate the less worthy, but would acquire a mine of infinite value to them in the future. The way to become acquainted with authors is to read their books carefully, and try to identify yourself with them, and their motives, or purpose. Make notes of whatever is new to you, in fact, or idea, or opinion, and if honestly put down, and properly classified, these notes will also become most interesting as a transcript of the growth and development of your own mind.

Cause of Depravity in the Young.

TWO clergymen recently preached sermon in regard to the number of youthful criminals and the cause. One of them traced it to godless homes, and the growing neglect of the Sabbath; the other to the want of employment for the young. The mistake of the first seems to be in making a cause of what are in reality effects. An early industrial training, a habit of work, which is soon cultivated into a love of it, is the best, the only preservative against idleness and crime. The abandonment of the apprenticeship system, the difficulties put in the way of teaching boys trades, and girls useful household arts, the development of machinery, which requires a new adaptation of existing forces—these are the causes of the depravity among the young, which only grows for lack of the better things which ought to have filled the place.

"The First Sunbeam."

(See Page Engraving.)

EVERY mother will appreciate the simple charm in the reproduction of Mr. T. Faed's delightful picture of "The First Sunbeam." The scene is the interior of a cottage; the sun is striking its rays through the window, and sends a shaft down by the wall to the floor, lighting up the figure of the mother, and throwing a golden beam where the eyes of the girl baby, just beginning to walk, light upon it. As it dances before her, it is the brightest and prettiest thing she has ever seen, and she holds out her hands toward it, wishing to clasp and make it her own. It is a pretty domestic scene, and represents three generations—the grandmother, the mother, and the child. The old lady is knitting, and watching the baby's movements retrospectively; maybe she is thinking of the days when the mother was the baby, and looked at the sunbeams longingly as they played upon the floor. The brick oven by the side of the old-fashioned fireplace, the spinning-wheel, and every little detail of the cottage kitchen is in harmony with the time and purpose, while the curtain drawn in front of the shelves upon which is disposed the crockery gives evidence of the neatness and housewifely qualities of the house-mother.

The picture is considered one of the choicest gems in the large and valuable collection of James Fellows, Esq. It is one of Mr. Faed's latest and ripest productions, and was exhibited in the London Royal Academy in 1858.

Utilization of Waste Chambers.

"THE audacity of American invention is proverbial: it disdains belief in the impossible. We learn that fireproof houses can be built of cotton and straw. In preparing these materials, raw cotton of inferior quality, the scattered refuse of plantations and sweepings of factories, are mixed, and converted into a paste, which becomes as hard as stone, and is then called architectural cotton. It may be made in large slabs, whereby the building of a house would be rapid in comparison with the practice of laying brick after brick, and at about one-third of the cost.

"For the other part, wheat straw is treated in a way already known, and converted into paste-board. The sheets thus prepared are soaked in a solution which hardens the fibers, and are then compressed under enormous power into beams and boards of any required size; and the effect of the soaking is said to render them difficult of combustion. No information has reached us as regards the mode of operation or the nature of the chemical preparations required: hence, to save trouble, we intimate that further particulars are not as yet forthcoming."

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.

What a Blind Man Saw.

Professor Fawcett, who is postmaster-general of England, is a blind man; but he can write books, farm, hunt, and fish. In short he is a very remarkable person, and has a very clever wife, Mrs. Millicent Fawcett. Since he has been a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, he has instituted what is called The Shilling Savings Bank; any very poor person or child in Great Britain, by filling a blank form with penny post-office stamps, can, by handing them in at the nearest post-office, draw interest on his or her petty investment. At last accounts nearly a hundred thousand of these deposits have been made, that is to say, about twenty-five thousand dollars had been saved, which would have gone for useless toys or strong drink. It has only been a few months in operation, but this poor people's savings bank has proved so successful that it is believed in time millions will be invested in this way by very poor people. Professor Fawcett is about to organize a cheap parcel-post, in which the Government and the railway corporations will jointly agree to carry parcels at a minimum cost. This will be of immense advantage to retail trade, and will cheapen goods all over the United Kingdom. And then he is urging the reduction of charges for telegrams to a half-penny a word. Although telegraph charges in Great Britain are not one-sixth of what they are in this country, yet the Government has made two million five hundred thousand dollars profit during last year. The loss of revenue by the proposed reduction is estimated at \$850,000. But if the reduction brings a larger patronage to the government telegraph, there may be no loss at all. But whether there is or not, Mr. Fawcett proposes to make the change for the benefit of the class to whom the amount of a half-penny is a matter of moment. How much more this blind postmaster can see than certain American postmaster-generals, and for that matter, the American people themselves. For we hand over our telegraph system to corporations who are prolific of devices to add to their profits at the expense of the public; instead of demanding that our Government should do the work, so as to give the facilities of this great agent of modern civilization to all its citizens at the lowest possible cost. Jay Gould, the great American telegraph king, has excellent eyesight, especially in matters of advantage to himself; but he is very, very blind in matters which are intended to benefit the community. It is in this last respect that the blind postmaster-general of Great Britain has the advantage over him.

France, the Fortunate.

A prosperous country is France. It has no very poor. Outside of the Rothschild family, no very rich. The great fortunes which our millionaires are piling up are unknown in France, and impossible under her laws. The wealth which we lavish upon our railway, bonanza, telegraph, and land kings, in France is distributed among the mass of the people. The only cloud in the future is the certainty that, when the time comes, France will again try conclusions with Germany, so as to recover Alsace and Lorraine. The Republic has decreed that all the children of France shall be educated. It is also settled that the young women of France shall have the same educational advantages as the young men. At the last elec-

tions the voters declared almost unanimously for the Republic. The monarchic and imperial factions are in extreme popular disfavor, while the communists proper scarcely return a member to the city councils. Gambetta is the real ruler of France, and he believes in a radical republic, the free education of the people, and the deliverance of France from the priests. He also hopes to have the State so help the poor that there will be no suffering from hunger or privation in all that fair land, of which he is the real but unacknowledged dictator. America might learn something from France.

The great Brokers' Trades-Union.

A seat in the New York Stock Exchange sells for over \$30,000. During June of 1880 the price was \$18,000. In 1878 James Gordon Bennett presented his friend "Larry" Jerome with a seat in the Exchange which cost him \$5,000. The present board embraces 1,100 members, and was formed of three rival boards shortly after the close of the war, the membership in two of which cost only \$100. It follows that an investment of \$100 in 1866 would bring to-day over \$30,000; in case of the death of a member of the board of brokers the widow or heirs would get the price of the seat together with an insurance fund of \$11,000. For upon the death of a broker all the other brokers are assessed \$10 each to pay the heirs. The New York Stock Exchange is a great trades-union. Should a member deal with the brokers belonging to any other board, he loses his seat. He also forfeits his right as a member if he lends money at less than 6 per cent. to his customers; nor is he permitted to charge less than \$25 for buying and selling a hundred shares of stock. So jealous and close is this corporation that a rival open board was not permitted the use of the tape upon which is recorded stock prices. It is believed that the price of these seats will steadily advance. A seat in the Paris Bourse is worth \$300,000, but then there are only sixty members, while there are eleven hundred brokers in the New York Stock Exchange. Seats in the San Francisco board of brokers have sold as high as \$60,000, but the membership is very limited. It is understood though that recently, due to the depression in the price of the mines on the Comstock lode, the value of shares in the San Francisco boards has fallen very greatly.

But, say our readers, what interest has the country in the price of seats in the New York Stock Exchange? Simply this: A rise in the price of seats from \$100 to over \$30,000 within 15 years, shows the enormous development of stock operating—or shall we call it gambling—within that period. We have no national lotteries here as they have in France, Italy, and other countries, but Americans take to speculation very readily. Every day tens of millions of dollars are bet on the price of stocks. This is not confined to New York, for the "ticker" with its roll of tapes gives instantaneously the price of stocks to the whole country. It is almost as easy to operate on the New York Stock Exchange in Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Boston, as it is within a stone's throw of the Exchange. More than half the business in the Exchange comes from telegraphic orders from out of town operators. We are in the midst of a great speculative, gambling excitement, which will end some day in a heavy crash, though, perhaps, not this year or next. But the medium for this excitement in prices will be the New York Stock Exchange.

Dressing the Dead.

She looked so lifelike that some of her friends would not believe she was dead. We are speaking of the corpse of Miss Barbara Leifield of Baltimore. She was a beautiful girl, but was seized with a dreadful disease, and died untimely in the bloom of her fresh young womanhood. Although her physicians declared her dead, her friends insisted that she should be deposited in a vault for fear she might only be in a trance. There was a rosy tint on the cheeks and ears, and other parts of her body seemed full of healthful blood. It turned out, however, that the corpse had been subjected to a process, in which sulphuric ether and other chemical agents were used, the result being the restoration of the apparent vitality of the body. It is said that this new invention is quite perfect in its way, and that the features and form of the deceased become life-like, and the

person seems to have fallen into a deep slumber. And this suggests the question, May not vanity survive death? Is it not possible that this dressing of the dead, this simulation of life and health, may become fashionable? May not people argue as death is natural, why not make it less repulsive? To some people there is a strange fascination in viewing the features of the dead. They like to mark "where beauty lingers," having partially escaped "death's defacing fingers."

When religion died out in the Roman Empire there was a period of despair, and suicides became very common among women. So serious became the mania for self-destruction, that to check it, the emperor issued a decree that every woman who took her own life should have her body exposed, nude, to the gaze of the rabble of Rome. This put a stop to suicides, for, though life might be unhappy, death to a modest woman must not be shameful. If a sense of modest shame could overcome a desire for death, may not a wish to be beautiful survive the pangs of dissolution? Perhaps dressing the dead may become the rage of our descendants.

\$500,000,000.

A large sum this. What a world of good it would do if properly expended. It would give us a telegraph system for the people. It would build us a navy, and subsidize steamship lines wherever they were needed. It would found great scientific universities and art colleges. Well, the American Congress has voted \$500,000,000, for what? For any of these beneficial purposes? No. This money is to be given as a gratuity ostensibly to the soldiers who fought in the last war; but really to claim agents and swindlers of all kinds. It is estimated that less than \$30,000,000 of the \$500,000,000 will go to deserving and really needy people. Congressmen and Presidents do not like to seem mean to soldiers who have fought for their country, and so these swindling bills are shoved through without protest from any quarter. It is estimated that two-thirds of our pension list are a pure steal. But there is not a public man with nerve enough to tell the people the truth about it.

The Westward March of Empire.

Where does all the money come from? A few leading bankers issue proposals for the sale of bonds to build the Northern Pacific Railroad. Twenty million dollars is called for, but forty million dollars is at once subscribed. Another banker opens a subscription list for a sale of bonds to build a road to the city of Mexico, and the bonds are taken up, and at a premium, within a week. Investors in these costly railways through wildernesses will lose their money, but the bankers who handle the loans will make a splendid profit. But, whether the roads pay or not, new countries will be settled and new empires added to the Union. The Northern Pacific will open up the wonderful Yellowstone region, as well as the vast possibilities of Oregon. To the southwest a railroad will spread American influence, ideas, and goods. Within a couple of years the traveler will be able to reach the city of Mexico within six days from New York, and he need never get out of his Pullman car for the whole distance. For return freights we will get silver, coffee, cocoa, dye woods, and a great abundance of tropical productions. But what a marvelous age we live in, and how steadily the march of the English-speaking people is toward the setting sun. The West gains, but we in the East do not lose, for our Eastern cities are growing with a larger per cent. of advance than in any period of their past history. Yes, we certainly live in a remarkable period.

A Splendid Scheme.

We allude to Captain Eads' Tehuantepec Ship Railway. He has obtained the concession from the Mexican Government to build a railway, which shall convey not only passengers and freights, but which can be used for transporting bodily sailing vessels and steamships; that is to say, a ship can sail from England to a port in the Gulf of Mexico, there hoisted upon a railway line, taken to the Pacific Coast, and then launched so as to continue the voyage to Asia. The Mexican Government warmly favors the project, and there are many distinguished engineers who believe it quite feasible. Should Captain Eads succeed, it would render unnecessary De Lessep's famous canal. But still European capitalists seem to believe in

De Lesseps; the money has been subscribed, and the engineers are already on the road to commence the construction of the new avenue between Europe and Asia.

A Cave Wonder.

This one is in Arizona, in the Santa Rita Mountains. We all have heard of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, one of the wonders of the world; Howe's Cave, in Schoharie County, N. Y., is a very remarkable place, and too little known to travelers in search of the marvelous. Some of the chambers of these caves are of rare beauty, the irregular limestone formations multiplying marvelously the flickering lights of the tourists. A few tallow candles reflected from these myriad-faced surfaces will often produce an illumination equal to the electric lights of Menlo Park. In this Arizona cave were found numerous chambers, and there were many weird effects produced by the light glancing upon stalactites and stalagmites. Skeletons of Indians were found in several parts of the cave, with their tools and warlike apparatus. At last accounts it was only partially explored, and it may, in extent, be as great as the Mammoth Cave. In the early days our rude ancestors were forced to live in caves, so as to be protected from wild beasts, and for generations to come we will be discovering these ancient habitations of man. Marvelous as is this cave in Arizona, we would not advise any one to go and visit it until after they have seen the caverns in the earth nearer home.

No Fear of Over-Population.

Malthus was an old goose. His theory was that, while food-production increased at an arithmetical ratio, population increased geometrically. Hence he said that wars, pestilences, and famines were essential to keep down the number of people to the food supply. But Malthus lived and wrote three-quarters of a century before artificial fish culture was tested. According to the latest pisciculturists, there is no limit to the production of fish food. B. B. Reading, of California, declares that "If the ocean itself could be cultivated for food it should yield a supply, not as the area of its bottom is to the area of the land above its surface, but as all its areas of density and temperature are to the surface of land above water." As there is three times more water than land, this practical writer argues that the methods now in use are sufficient to produce a supply of fish food that can only be limited by the amount of food for fish that now exists in water, or that may hereafter be cultivated. And he draws the conclusion that population can never exhaust the supply that may be produced by artificial production, wisely conducted. Fish culture is yet in its infancy, yet it has increased the fish supply in certain lakes and rivers a thousandfold. The fecundity of fishes is something marvelous, and so much superior is man's providence to nature's wastefulness, that, whereas ninety-five per cent. of the fecundated ova are lost in the ordinary processes of nature, barely two per cent. of the young fishes are wasted when man supervises the work of fish propagation. But the pity of it—the pity of it is, that with all this ability to produce food, so many of the millions of earth's children suffer from want and hunger. There is enough and to spare for all, if man himself will see to it that all the possibilities of nature are taken advantage of. Man can multiply the fish in the sea, his care can increase the cattle of the field, and as for the earth itself, it does not begin to produce as abundantly as when science will be brought to bear on that problem. Oh! that we could go to sleep for two hundred years, and wake up to see all the improvements in store for the human race.

Twenty-four Husbands.

A Chippewa squaw known as "Old Montment" is living with her twenty-fourth husband on Ann River, Minnesota. Forty years ago, at Battle Hollow, she was living with her thirteenth husband, a distinguished warrior who fell pierced by the arrows of the Sioux. Since then she has been married and divorced from ten husbands, and her present spouse is the medicine man of the tribe.

This is the most married woman on record. It however recalls the fact that polyandry was the

prevalent marriage custom in the very early history of the race. What with wild beasts, few tools, and the mechanic arts undiscovered, the struggle for existence was very severe. Only the most active and vigorous could live, hence infanticide of female offspring, and the killing of the old and useless. Hence also the marriage of several husbands to one wife. It was the custom for one woman to marry all the brothers of a family as they came of age. Polyandry still exists in Thibet and among the hill tribes of India, while the destruction of female offspring is not unknown in portions of densely populated China and India. Polyandry in its time was an honored institution, sanctioned by custom and blessed by religion. An unclean variation of it is not unknown to-day in the midst of our high civilization, but it is under the ban of public opinion, and is sometimes called "the social evil."

The New York World's Fair

will certainly be held, but there is some doubt as to whether matters can be arranged so as to hold it in 1883 as was first designed. General Ulysses S. Grant has accepted the presidency. A site called Inwood has been selected, and four million dollars subscribed to begin with. Inwood is on New York Island, some three miles northwest of Central Park. It is a picturesque and romantic spot. Before and while the buildings are being erected, there will probably be a great real estate excitement in New York City.

Enoch Arden Again.

When Tennyson wrote his "Enoch Arden," the story seemed improbable. It was held to be unnatural that a husband could tamely permit another man to possess his wife whom he loved, and not even let her know of his existence. But quite a number of such cases have come to light since the poem was written. In Brooklyn recently a Mrs. Wiggins died, leaving a large fortune. Two husbands appeared and laid claim to their share of the property. One of them named Phillips finally proved that he was the first husband. He went to California. His letters home were intercepted by his mother-in-law, and thinking him dead his wife married Mr. Wiggins in entire good faith. Phillips finally returned to his home, found how matters were, but declined to interfere with the homelife of the second husband. There were children by both marriages, and a contest over the will of Mrs. Wiggins brought the matter into the courts. But the two husbands compromised in the interest of their children.

In this traveling age, when enterprise and the spirit of advantage tempt men away from their families, we may expect that many of these domestic complications will arise. Indeed one of the most serious problems of the future is how to maintain the sacredness of marriage, and provide for the welfare of offspring in view of the facility with which discontented husbands or wives can remove to other parts of the earth and there form new alliances.

A Queer Community.

The good and aspiring of all ages have tried to realize heaven upon earth, by writing out their dreams of ideal communities. In these there was to be no poverty; a wise human Providence was to guard not only against sickness, but all the ills of life. Plato's Republic was permeated with this conception, and Sir Thomas More's Utopia involved the notion of a millennium upon this sin-cursed and suffering earth. In these modern times numberless attempts have been made to practically realize these dreams; but they have very generally failed. Probably the most successful was the Oneida community, which has been in existence since 1840. It was a child of the Perfectionist revival of 1832. This community, after numberless trials and afflictions, at length became rich. It had "all things in common." There was no individual property, not even in wives or husbands. They tried an experiment, which had not been tested since the time of the ancient Spartans; they endeavored to so control the conditions under which their children were born that they should inherit health and strength, physical, mental, and moral. Although the Oneida communists were orthodox Christians, the novelties they attempted in their social relations

created against them violent prejudices, which they could not live down. About a year since, in deference to public opinion, they gave up their system of "complex" marriage, and adopted the monogamy which generally obtains in the outside world. They claim that the sixty odd children born to them are exceptionally healthy and well-favored. In ordinary society, from two-fifths to one-half of the children born die before they are five years old. In the Oneida community there have only been two deaths, from malformation at birth, while the usual children's diseases, whooping cough, measles, and the like, are entirely unknown.

The community still exists, 300 strong, but hereafter it is to be simply a joint-stock company. Its founder and leader, John Humphrey Noyes, is a first cousin of Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States. Noyes is upon record as saying that community life is incompatible with monogamic marriage; hence the past success of the Oneida community and the Shakers, promiscuity being the practice of the one and celibacy of the other. Although the Oneida community have a splendid domain, spacious buildings, prosperous factories—for they make silk, traps, and metal ware, and sell large quantities of canned fruits—yet it is in the book of fate that its days are numbered. Though not much regarded to-day, it has tested some of the most serious problems of man's life on this planet, and it is a pity that some unprejudiced person should not write its history.

Athleticism.

Foreign journals are noting the extraordinary progress the United States is making in athletic sports. A few years ago we were a sedentary people; now we excel in all outdoor games. Our climate is somewhat against us, for our winters are very cold and our summers very warm; but in walking, running, rowing, football playing, baseball and bicycling we beat the world. Slosson is determined to beat Vignaux, the famous French billiard expert. Captains Bogardus and Carver can kill more pigeons and break more glass balls than the crack shots of any nation on earth. Our marksmen are always victorious over foreign teams. We have not heard much lately of pedestrianism, since Hart and Pogreem, two colored men, beat all their white competitors. There is one athletic game greatly in vogue among our college youths, which is voted dangerous. We allude to football. It is a very exciting one, and is getting to be exceptionally popular; but it has made too many cripples, and not a few powerful young men have been ruptured for life. Our young women are adepts in croquet, while lawn-tennis, an athletic outdoor game, is getting to be deservedly popular. All this cannot but add to the stamina and health of future generations. By all means let us encourage harmless and vitalizing outdoor sports.

John Chinaman again.

It seems a new treaty has been negotiated with China, which practically will give the United States power to limit, if not stop, the emigration altogether of Chinese laborers to this country. It hardly seems to be the thing for the foremost free nation of the world to adopt a non-intercourse policy with a nation holding dominion over one quarter of the human race. France and England have used fleets and armies to batter down the obstructions which China put in the way of intercourse with foreign nations. Yet now we are enacting, or trying to enact, the very same laws which China herself was forced to abandon under military coercion. Hereafter the Chinaman may come here to trade or to travel, but if he comes to work he can be prohibited by our national or municipal laws. It must be confessed that, where best known, the Chinese are least liked. They lower the standard of comfort of the working-classes; they sell what they make, but do not purchase; they are without wholesome family ties, and practice hideous and unnatural vices. They would add an undesirable element if incorporated into the American race, and while their thrift and industry are admirable, these virtues will not outweigh the many evils which would come to the nation if they were allowed to settle indiscriminately in all parts of the country. At least this is the argument against Chinese immigration.

Matches.

Not love matches, good reader, but those with which we light our gas and fires. Who would think this is so important an industry that a syndicate has just been formed for monopolizing their manufacture, with a capital of \$2,250,000? 300,000 cubic feet of pine were turned into matches last year. For the manufacture of shoe pegs, 100,000 cords of timber were used, while lasts and boot-trees used up 500,000 cords of maple, birch, and beech, and the handles of tools as much more. There are nearly a million telegraph poles in the United States, and nearly 300,000 new ones each year. Each pole represents a tree. 2,000,000 cords of wood are burnt up in brick-making. It takes 75,000 acres' growth of 30 years' old wood to supply the annual demand in railway ties. Is it any wonder that our forests have disappeared? In view of the immense consumption of timber in matches, was not the little boy who sold them, when asked his business, justified in saying that he was a lumber merchant?

Cold Snaps.

This has proved to be a phenomenal winter. The cold commenced earlier, has been more intense, and has extended farther south than in any year for half a century. Cold weather is expected in the north. We have the clothes and the houses to mitigate the rigors of the climate. But a real cold snap is a serious matter south of the latitude of Washington and St. Louis. Frost extending to the very Gulf of Mexico is not only unusual but destructive. It injures orange groves, retards cotton, and nips untimely all semi-tropical agricultural productions. Owing to the absence of necessary provisions, cold is more keenly felt when it comes in Italy, Spain, and indeed all the warmer regions of the earth. The winter of 1881 will long be remembered for its cold and storms.

Down with Gambling.

A notable effort is making by the governments of France and Germany to put a stop to the gambling hells connected with the leading continental watering places. The small independent cities, where the health-giving springs are situated, long abused their privileges by establishing gambling houses. With the extension of the authority of the German Empire came a responsibility which the government has met, by forbidding gambling. France has brought a pressure to bear upon the Prince of Monaco, to put a stoppage to faro and roulette in that principality. It is strange how widespread is this immoral passion, this willingness to risk money in order to make money without working for it. We have had our share of gambling in this country; indeed every contest, whether of boats, horses, or men, is made the occasion of pool-selling. But the great gambling in this country is in the Stock Exchange. Millions are staked daily on the prices of stocks, and the extension of the telegraph is adding to the number of those, all over the country, who gamble in the fluctuations, natural and artificial, in the prices recorded by the telegraph. There is not much open gambling, that is, the playing of cards or dice, in our large cities. Government lotteries, which are common in Southern Europe, are unknown here. But all Americans are speculative, and sometimes it is very difficult to distinguish between a speculative purchase and the turn of a card. Trade proper is an exchange of equivalents. But when you get something for nothing, or for very little, it cannot be called an honest business transaction.

An Infinitesimal Republic.

It is called Andorra, situated in the Pyrenees. This little principality has been a republic ever since the time of Charlemagne. It rendered that great king some service, and he gave it a charter recognizing its autonomy for all time. Andorra, 17 miles long by 15 wide, has recently made some noise in the world by refusing permission to a railway company who wished to open a gambling saloon. It will be remembered that Monaco, another little republic on the borders of Italy, has, in the past, been one of the great gambling centers of Europe. But this little republic of the Pyrenees would not consent to profit by gambling. There are only ten thousand people in this little

community, and they are governed by twenty-four councillors. These rulers have a uniform: knee-breeches of gray cloth, waistcoat and waistband of red wool, woolen stockings of light blue shade, shoes with silver buckles, a black cravat, a red cocked hat, a black mantle with crimson trimmings. They also wear a sword. The building in which they meet is supposed to be the oldest piece of architecture in Europe. The only interference with their independence was when Henry IV. of France prohibited them from establishing the inquisition. August Comte was of opinion that in the fullness of time the whole world would be cut up into minute republics or communes. There will be a great temporal and a great spiritual power dominating the whole world, and caring for the interests of mankind at large. But the real social and political life of the race was to be settled in these small and practically independent communities. Monaco and Andorra are oddities, but all good republicans must hope that their independence will never be taken from them.

What a Hundred Thousand Dollars Did.

This is the appropriation which the government allows the fish commission to spend. We doubt if the investment of the same amount of money ever produced such immense results. Literally billions of fish have been turned into our streams at a trifling cost. In 1873 about one million shad were turned out; last season fifty million were set afloat. Twenty million of shad can be hatched at one time. The work commences in Georgia in the early spring, and the tug containing the spawn keeps moving up with the advancing season, stocking all the streams that pour into the Atlantic. During the year 1881 between two and three hundred million of shad will have been hatched by the commission. In addition to the shad the streams are stocked with salmon, cod, and Spanish mackerel, the last a delicious fish, too little known, but which, alas, must be eaten near where it is caught, or it loses its dainty flavor. Nor are the inland waters neglected. Thirteen millions of white fish were turned into the lakes last year, and this year fully forty millions will be hatched out. Then a new fish, at least new to these shores, is the German carp, an incomparable pond fish. It is of Chinese origin, and is to fish what the chicken is to fowls, and the pig to animals—very prolific and excellent food. Some three thousand ponds were stocked last year. This year it is expected that forty thousand ponds will be stocked. Wherever a good duck pond is possible a farmer can grow a crop of carp which will cost him nothing and give him fresh fish-food the year around. We might fill a page of this Magazine in telling the wonders performed by very little money in the propagation of fish. All this has been done by the National Fish Commission, of which Professor Baird is the head. New York State also has an excellent fish commission. But we are sorry to say that the governor of that State vetoed the small appropriation of a few thousand dollars, which was necessary to keep its work under way. The commissioners, however, Seth Green and R. B. Roosevelt, are rich gentlemen, and so they advanced the money themselves, trusting to the good sense of the people of the State to reimburse them, and continue the good work in which they are engaged.

Another Rival to Sam Patch

Niagara Falls will probably be the scene of another suicide this summer. Last year a man succeeded in jumping from High Bridge into the Harlem River without loss of life or limb. It is a tremendous descent, and it is a miracle that he was not killed. His success has emboldened him to undertake the feat by which Sam Patch lost his life. He is to jump from the Niagara Falls Suspension Bridge some time toward the end of May. We have no hesitation in saying that the authorities should prevent this person from risking his foolish life. There is no good in successfully accomplishing such a feat, and the interest in it is whether he will kill himself or not.

What Next?

There is no engineering feat the imagination can conceive that is not mooted nowadays. Rowan Helper proposes to run a double-track railway from Behring's Straits to Patagonia, the

road to run upon the tops of the Sierra Nevada and Andes Mountains. We judge that before that scheme is tested man will navigate the air. But there are persons who are now seriously proposing to build a railway at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. It is not designed to tunnel under the bed of the ocean, but to lay a huge pipe from the shores of Ireland to the shores of America, the tube to be 3,000 miles long, and 26 feet in diameter, through which two trains might travel simultaneously with perfect convenience and safety. As this mighty tube would be subject to water pressure equal to 120 atmospheres its casing will have to be 18 inches thick. The tube is to consist of sections, each 60 feet in length, and are to be laid down five sections at a time, of course carefully welded together. Both ends of the link thus sunk are to be hermetically closed, but in such a way that they can be opened from within. Then the entire compartment, 300 feet long, is to be lowered into the sea by steel chains so that it shall reach the bottom in immediate proximity to the section it is destined to join. The junction will be effected by submarine workmen, and these processes shall be carried on until the tube reaches the shores of Ireland. Meanwhile the laying of rails, telegraph wires, lighting and ventilating apparatus, will go on inside of the tube as it grows longer and larger. It will be built simultaneously from both sides of the Atlantic. Edison is to be called on to furnish the motor power by an electric locomotive. The time of the trains to be fifty hours from continent to continent; the cost not to exceed \$700,000,000. Does not that take away one's breath, and yet who will say that it is wholly impossible? The tunnel underneath the British Channel will soon be a veritable fact, for work has already commenced. We venture to say that very few persons would like to volunteer for the first trip through the tube at the bottom of the ocean.

A Modern Plague.

And why not? While some improvement has been made in the condition of the working classes in civilized countries, there are millions of human beings, who from birth to death live under conditions which invite pestilence. Mankind in all ages has been liable to plagues and disorders which baffled all human skill. What a hideous list they make. Smallpox, typhus, cholera, the black death, leprosy, yellow fever. And now it is reported that some Russian flux has brought the plague into Ireland, and the government has taken steps to stamp it out. It will be remembered that this dread visitation appeared in Russia about a year since. The Czar acted promptly; a cordon of troops surrounded the infected districts, and the sick were isolated until the pestilence disappeared. It is the telegraph which will prevent the spread hereafter of any infectious or contagious disease. The yellow fever got as far as Memphis two seasons in succession. But that city was cut off from the rest of the country, and the dread disease in time disappeared. It is no longer contagious that ought to be dreaded, but disorders incident to modern life, nervous troubles, cancer, insanity, pestilences which come from overcrowding, alcoholism, and consumption. Where the cholera or the smallpox will kill its units, liquor drinking, pneumonia, bad habits, and nervous excitements will kill their tens of thousands. It is not probable that mankind will ever again see a visitation of the cholera such as we had in 1802, or plagues such as those of Egypt, and which ravaged ancient Athens. The death-dealing influences to-day are more fatal, because insidious and unobserved.

Controlled by One Man.

All the telegraph wires of the United States, as well as the cables to Europe, are to-day practically under the control of the great Wall Street manipulator, Jay Gould. In every other nation the telegraph is owned by the government for the benefit of the entire community. But in this country a conscienceless corporation has owned all the wires, and has taxed the people at their own pleasure. We have hereafter to pay interest on property estimated at \$80,000,000, which could be replaced for less than \$7,000,000. Jay Gould is now supreme in the telegraph system, and can manipulate the news of the world at his will. He has the fixing of the price of every commodity in all the markets of the country. If our government is less competent to manage the telegraph system than is Jay Gould, is not the republic a failure?

What a Lot of us.

Yes, there are 50,152,559 persons in this United States. There is little doubt but this is an underestimate of the census; there are probably several hundred thousand more than were actually counted. In twenty-five years or less this immense population will have doubled, and we will have the most numerous and strongest nation on earth. By that time, it is safe to predict that the United States will occupy the whole of North America. Our dominions will extend from ocean to ocean, and from the Isthmus of Panama to the North Pole. Young men just entering life will only be middle-aged when this wonderful growth in power and population will have been accomplished. Of course it is the centers of population, the great cities, which will gain most largely, and in less than half a century the capitals of the Old World will hide their diminished heads, for the United States will contain not one, but a dozen Paris and Londons. There is no danger of our falling apart, for we will be bound together by railroads and telegraphs. But will we retain virtue enough to govern the country aright? will our people be educated and free during the early and middle part of the twentieth century? Let us hope so.

An Old Time Brigand.

His name was Imbro Brkanies of Diakover District, of Croatia. He was the terror of the country, robbing, and sometimes killing, in defiance of the soldiery who attempted to capture him. He was the veritable king of the mountains. Indeed the unsettled state of affairs in Southwestern Europe has developed the bandit, and when he is successful he becomes the hero of his district, for after all it is the traveler and the rich whom he despoils, giving his gains very often to the poorer people. But Imbro came to grief. He plundered the mayor of a local village who had the tax money in his possession. The bandit committed the imprudence of visiting two women to have a revel, and spent some of his money. It happened that he boasted of killing a person who proved to be a former lover of one of the two girls. She determined to be avenged, and when he was asleep she sent for the soldiery. They came, and then the girl told him that she understood the soldiers were on his track and he had better leave. He jumped up, armed himself, rushed out, whereupon the girls cleverly shut the door behind him. The soldiers were about the house; he fought desperately. He plunged into an arbor, jumped over a wall, shot the sergeant dead, and was just escaping when a lucky bullet through his brain toppled him over.

It was not long since when bandits were very numerous, during the reign of King Louis, only some brigands who were travelers, but that has been restored to peace and order. A Greek bandit some ten years since captured an English lord and held him for a high ransom. Robberies like this flourish in troublesome times. Even our own Western Territories were in parts rendered insecure by the presence of highwaymen. But in this age of telegraphs brigandage is out of date. The robber, no matter how fleet his steed, cannot beat the lightning, and so the record is a monotonous one, for in nearly every case of robbery now in the extreme West the offender is pursued and killed.

Digging in Old Ruins.

Francis H. Bacon, of New York, Joseph T. Clarke, of Boston, and Maxwell Wrigley, of Brooklyn, sailed for Europe last month to investigate the ruins of the city of Assos, in Asia Minor. This is the first expedition ever sent from this country for the study of Greek archaeology. Four other gentlemen are to follow, and it is expected that before the first of April the work of excavation will begin. Assos is on the southern coast of Asia Minor, thirty miles south of the site of Troy, and directly opposite the island of Lesbos. It is now a Turkish village, but one thousand years before Christ it was renowned for its wealth and refinement. The visible ruins are the finest of any Greek city now extant. We have an American Archaeological Society, but so far we have done very little toward discovering the records written in earth of prehistoric civilization. We have in our southwestern country, in Mexico, on the Isthmus, and in South America, memorials of an ancient civilization before the white man trod these shores. As yet no rich American

has had interest enough in his country or the continent on which he lived to make a generous donation for opening up the records of prehistoric races. It is different in Europe. France has done a good work in reading the hieroglyphics and revealing the civilization of ancient Egypt. Ledyard of England unearthed Nineveh, and now Germany is exposing to the world the site of Olympia, where the games were held for so many generations, and which contains memorials of the religion, the art, and the greatness of Greece. The discovery of Minerva of Phidias has been the most recent feat of the German explorers. Then we all know what Dr. Schliemann has done for Troy. Let us send after our countrymen to Asia Minor our good wishes; but instead of spending their money on horses and pictures, why does not one of our great millionaires equip an expedition to explore the Western mounds, the sites of the Aztec power in Mexico, Central America, and on our Southern continent? We live, after all, in an old, old world, and some of our modern conceit would be taken out of us were we to realize the greatness of former generations.

Always at War.

The Romans had their temple of Janus, which was closed during periods of peace; but these were so infrequent that the temple was only closed twice during the existence of the empire. England and Russia, of modern nations, are always at war. With Great Britain, the contests are with semi-barbarous people in distant climes. Now it is Abyssinia, then Dahomey, Zululand, next Afghanistan follows. But the most recent war was with the Boers of South Africa, who object to be transformed into British subjects without their own consent. The fighting so far has not amounted to much, but the descendants of Europeans in South Africa ought to be self-governing. The method of the British in annexing the Transvaal Republic was purely arbitrary, had no basis of right, and was unjustifiable by any code of international law. There can however be but one result. The British arms will be successful, and as there is no high court of nations to redress such wrongs, the South Africans must bow to their fate. But surely the time must come when the "Parliament of Man," the grand council of the nations, will legislate and act so as to prevent the injury of the weak by the strong. Why should not the United States have the honor of being the first to call such a council?

Perilous Investments.

Mr. G. D. Croly, who gained some credit for predicting the panic of 1873 fourteen months before it occurred, a prediction the more remarkable because he hit upon the very banking house which would first fail, that of Jay Cooke, is now quoted as predicting two prosperous years ahead, in which anything is a purchase. He thinks the present monetary excitement will culminate in the greatest land speculation of the century. The great increase of our population, from immigration and natural causes, will, in his opinion, be felt most in the large cities, where tens of thousands of persons will be added by wise investments in realty. Mr. Croly is of opinion that the average price of land, the whole country through, will advance thirty per cent. within five years, of course, the greatest advance being in city property and in locations near railways. There is, in his judgment, a large margin for an advanced quotation in prices in all well-located farm lands. But the future is not altogether lovely, according to this authority. We ought to have another panic within five years' time, due to excessive railroad building, as well as other permanent improvements, such as house-building, which is using up the available capital of the nation faster than it is made. In other words, we are discounting our profits. Mr. Croly thinks that people who invest in Northern Pacific, Mexican Railway, and similar bonds will lose a great part of their money. He points out the fact, that, with few exceptions, all new railway lines have to be reorganized two or three times before they pay expenses, as witness the Northwest, Fort Wayne, Missouri, Kansas and Texas, Kansas Pacific, Iron Mountain, etc. Building great railway lines through wildernesses is a good thing for the country, for the bankers and brokers who place the loans; but a bad thing for the investors, who expect permanent dividends. The history of the original subscribers to the Northern Pacific Road will be repeated several times, according to this authority. But then, times are prosperous and

are likely to remain so, and the propiets of evil ahead will get no hearing.

A Murderous Sheik.

Cairo is a busy city. In its streets jostles the missionary and merchant of the West, with the dervishes and traders of the East. The extremes of religious fanaticism meet at this mouth of the Nile. Cairo city has been shaken to its center recently by the discovery of fearful crimes committed by a person who was at once a sheik and a doctor. He ministered to souls as well as to bodies. Certain women disappeared, quite a number in fact; but the morals of Cairo are none of the best, and the husbands and fathers simply supposed that they had taken flight with some favored lover. But finally a wife disappeared, whom her husband really loved and believed in. He was a high Egyptian official. He knew that his wife was going to see this medical saint, and he had his suspicions somehow aroused. He sought the proper authorities, and the officers undertook to search the premises. The saint was at his prayers upon a small strip of carpet. They had to wait long before he recovered from his religious trance. They questioned him. He denied all knowledge of the lady, but upon searching the house her jewels and clothes were found. Then the garden was examined, and, oh, horror! quite a number of corpses of women were discovered, and on top of the heap was this his latest victim. The pious murderer then confessed. If a woman had rich jewelry with her, he cloaked her with a scarf and concealed the body in a well in his garden. Such crimes as this are common in every age and nation, but it is rare that the desire for plunder and murder should exist in connection with the pretense of exceptional devotion.

Fighting the Evil One on His Own Ground.

A movement was started in London which is worthy of imitation. A music hall company has been formed, to furnish, to all who care to attend, a concert hall entertainment without the vicious accessories of drink and debauchery. London is full of music halls of the other sort, all of which are well patronized. In the new music hall an excellent entertainment is given, and the use of coffee and tobacco is allowed. Thornberry, the lightning cartoonist, shows his skill the Berrisor troupe of Roman gladiators. Mr. Howard Paul, and negro minstrels help to fill out the merry evening to the patrons of this new entertainment. Man is an animal who will be amused, and if religious people wish to save the body of the community from evil associations, they could not do better than invest their spare means in concert halls such as is sketched above.

Chili and Peru.

The war between Chili on one side, and Peru and Bolivia on the other, has resulted in the victory of the Chilians, who have beaten the Peruvians and their ally in several battles, and have occupied the city of Lima. The war was about some of the mines which each nation claimed, and the frequent occurrence of wars among the South American republics shows the advantage of our system of government, which protects localities by a separate State system, while it prevents wars by adjusting disputes in Congress, or before a Supreme Court. It is a pity that all the States of South America could not form one grand confederation. Each locality might be permitted to do what seemed best for its own environment, while disputes, such as those between Chili and Peru, could be settled by a central authority or court, without a resort to arms. The United States might take the initiative in suggesting a confederation of this kind. It is to the discredit of our statesmanship that we have had no more weight in the counsels of the South American nations. We ought, indeed, also to monopolize the trade of South America; but Great Britain gets the cream of it, because of the government help given to steamship lines. It is not the American flag which is seen in South American ports, but the Union Jack of Great Britain. The people of South America prefer our carriages and agricultural tools, but they are forced to buy less desirable goods from Great Britain; for we have no steamships on the Atlantic coast, while the heavy freight charges of the Panama Railway monopoly make profitable trade with the West Pacific coast impossible.

Scientific Items.

Ink to which sugar is added will not dry up rapidly.

Steel knives may be saved from rusting by being rubbed with mutton tallow, wrapped in paper, and put into a baize-lined chest.

Woodwork strongly impregnated with tungstate of soda or silicate of soda—by treatment in strong aqueous solution of these salts—will be found to be quite unflammable.

One of the best things in the world to give a horse after he has been driven, is a quart of oat-meal stirred into a pail of water. It refreshes and strengthens him, relieves his thirst, and prepares his stomach for more solid food.

Butter, Cream, Milk and flour are peculiarly liable to absorb effluvia, and should therefore never be kept in moldy rooms or places where there are sour liquids or green vegetables, such as onions, cabbages, and turnips, smoked fish or bacon, or any kind of food of a strong flavor.

Celluloid is proposed as a material for stereotype printing, by E. Jeannin, of Paris. The plates produced are said to be very light, flexible, and durable, and very suitable for high-speed cylinder machines.

Ink from Carpets.—To remove freshly-spilt ink from carpets, first take up as much as possible of the ink with a teaspoon. Then pour cold sweet milk upon the spot and take up as before, pouring on milk until at last it becomes only slightly tinged with black; then wash with cold water, and absorb with a cloth without too much rubbing.

Care is needed in the selection of sweetbread, which is the thymus gland of the calf, for butchers will sometimes send the pancreas or stomach-bread instead. This may be recognized however by its large veins and arteries; and as it is very inferior in digestibility to the more delicate gland, it is as well to be quite sure about the real article before buying it.

Reviving Kid Gloves.—To revive old kid gloves, make a thick mucilage by boiling a handful of flaxseed; add a little dissolved soap; then, when the mixture cools, with a piece of white flannel wipe the gloves, previously fitted to the hand: use only enough to take off the dirt, without wetting through the glove.

To Clean Hair-brushes.—Rub into each brush from a quarter to half a teaspoonful of powdered borax, according to size and condition of brushes; then, holding the brush on a slope, slowly pour warm (not hot) water over, and continue until the bristles are clean. The brush should be dried in the air to dry. The brushes thus cleaned keep a beautiful color, and the bristles never get soft.

Mint Vinegar.—Procure some fresh mint, pick the leaves from the stalk and fill a jar with them; add vinegar to them until the bottle is full; cover closely to exclude the air, and let it infuse for a fortnight; then strain the liquor and put it into small bottles for use, of which the corks should be sealed.

A Self-acting Machine.—A wonderful invention has been made in England, by which a young cotton spinner in Bradford has constructed machinery which, when set in operation, goes on continuously night and day, making silk cord, fringes and trimmings, without any one to tend it, even stopping to mend its own breakages.

Putting away Clothes.—When putting away winter clothes, see that they are clean and whole; it is a great comfort to take them out ready for use. Have a bag to hold the stockings of each member of the family. Label each one, in order to save time and not be obliged to look into each to find the ones you wish to use.



Iced Coffee.—Mix a breakfast-cupful of very strong coffee, sweetened to taste, with three pints of scalded cream; strain, freeze until half frozen, and serve.

Canned Peas.—Boil the peas in plenty of salted water, and as fast as possible. When done, drain off the water effectually, lay half the peas in a hot vegetable dish, put a pat of fresh butter on them, and the remaining half of the peas on the top of it.

Beef Extract.—Take one pound of juicy beef and cut it into small pieces, remove all the fat, then place it in a jar, and add one and a half pints of water, and salt to taste; cover the jar closely, and put in a moderately hot oven, and bake for three or four hours, then strain.

Chicken Jelly.—Take the legs, wings, and neck of a fowl, and after skinning and scalding it, remove all fat, and wash clean in cold water, then put it into a saucepan, with one quart of water, and salt to taste; simmer slowly to rags, strain and let it stand till jellied.

Excellent Coffee Cake.—Take one cup of strong coffee infusion, one cup of molasses, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one egg and one teaspoonful carbonate of soda. Add spice and raisins to suit the taste, and enough flour to make a reasonably thick batter. Bake rather slowly in tin pans lined with buttered paper.

Croquettes for Lunch.—Add to some carefully prepared and very finely minced meat, poultry or game, the beaten-up yolk of an egg, and a little pepper and salt, roll the mixture up into small balls, egg, bread-crumbs, and fry them in hot lard or butter. A little crisply fried parsley to garnish the above will add to the tempting appearance of the dish.

Wild Duck.—Wild duck should be scalded for a few minutes in salt and water before roasting. If the flavor is very strong, the duck may be skinned, as the oil of the skin is the objectionable part. After skinning, spread with butter and thickly dredge with flour before putting in a very quick oven.

Soft Gingerbread.—Mix one pound of flour and a tablespoonful of ground ginger; rub in four ounces of butter, beat up two eggs with a cup of milk and a pint of molasses, and stir into the mixture. Make into a soft paste, and bake in a square, shallow tin, in a moderate oven, being careful not to scorch it.

Fritters.—Take apples, oranges, pineapples, lemons, steep them in lemon and sugar for an hour before using. Dip the fruit in batter and fry it, each part separately, simply dropping the fruit and batter into the kettle of boiling lard.

Spice Cakes.—Take one cup of molasses, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, and a teaspoonful each of powdered cloves, cinnamon, and allspice. Add these to one-half cup of melted butter, and beat in two teaspoonfuls of soda, and flour enough to roll. Roll very thin, cut out with a tin cutter, and bake in pans in a hot oven.

Hop Yeast.—Boil gently 1 oz. hops in a gallon of water for an hour and a half, strain it, and when half cold add one-fourth pound brown sugar and one-fourth pound of flour. Next day add one pound of boiled potatoes, peeled and well pounded. Let the jar remain near the fire to rise while making, afterwards bottle it off, cork it well, and keep in a cool place. Let it remain in the jar till a good froth rises to the top.

Ham Toast.—Scrape or pound some cold ham, mix it with beaten egg, season with pepper, lay it upon buttered toast, and place it in a hot oven for three or four minutes. Dried salmon, smoked tongue, potted meats, or any other relishing viands, answer equally well upon toast.

Doddings.—This is a New England dish, and is nice at the seaside, where appetites are expansive. Take three cups of fine rye meal, three cups of Indian meal, one egg, and three tablespoonfuls of molasses; add a little salt and allspice, and enough rich sweet milk to make a batter stiff enough to drop from a spoon. Fry to a good brown in hot lard.

Potato Croquettes.—Pass some cold boiled potatoes through a sieve. Make them into a paste with the yolk of an egg or a whole egg, according to quantity; add pepper and salt to taste and a little minced parsley. Fashion the paste into round balls the size of a nut by rolling them in bread-crumbs. Dip them in egg beaten up, and again roll in bread-crumbs. Fry in hot lard, and serve with fried parsley.

Apple Snow.—Pare and core six good-sized apples, steam them in two tablespoonfuls of water, with a little lemon peel, till quite soft; add a quarter of a pound of finely-sifted white sugar and the white of one quite fresh egg; beat it well for three-quarters of an hour without stopping, and serve in custard glasses with a whip on top.

Batter.—Beat up one tablespoonful of cider, one of olive oil, and a little cold water, with the yolk of one egg; add a pinch of salt, then work in sufficient flour to make, with the addition of more water, as much batter as will be wanted. It should be of the consistency of thick cream. Just before using whisk the whites of two eggs to a froth, and mix them lightly but effectually with the batter.

Boston Brown Bread.—One pint of tepid water, two gills of wheat flour, one pint of rye meal, one pint of Indian meal, half a pint of molasses, one and a half gills smart yeast, one teaspoonful salt, one small teaspoonful carbonate of soda; mix well, pour it into a tall straight-sided mold with a tight cover. Let it rise three or four hours. Steam or boil for half an hour. Remove the cover and dry for half an hour.

Soda Cake.—Rub half a pound of butter into two pounds of flour, mix with it a pound of currants, half a pound of raw sugar, two ounces shred candied peel, and a little grated nutmeg. Beat up two eggs, add them to a pint of new milk, and two teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda, stir quickly into the cake, and bake immediately.

Excellent Salad Dressing.—Take the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, a little salt, red pepper, and the yolk of a raw egg. Add oil slowly as you mix it with the back of a fork, stirring it all the time one way. One tablespoonful of cream or condensed milk, and the juice of a lemon.

Snow Cakes.—Half cupful of butter, three eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, four of flour, one of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir butter and sugar together, add the beaten yolks and half the flour, with the baking powder in it; pour in the milk, beat the whites thoroughly and mix in; then stir in the rest of the flour. Bake in small, fancy-shaped pans, and keep when cold.

Irish Stew.—Take about two pounds of chops from a loin of mutton, place them in a stewpan with alternate layers of sliced potatoes and layers of chops, and three small onions, and pour in a pint and a half of cold water; cover the stewpan closely, and let it stew gently until the potatoes are ready to mash, and the greater part of the gravy is absorbed; then place it in a dish, and serve it very hot.

The Children's Pudding.—Mix six ounces of bread-crumbs (well grated), three and a half ounces of sugar, and a pinch of salt; then take one and a half pounds of apples, pare, core, and quarter them, arrange them in close layers in a deep tart dish, and strew amongst them four ounces of sugar and the grated rind of a fresh lemon; add the strained juice of the lemon. Then place the bread-crumbs in a thick layer over the apples, sift powdered sugar over the top, and bake in a quick oven for rather more than three-quarters of an hour.

Plain Plum Pudding.—Take of currants, raisins, and sugar each one pound, two pounds of bread-crumbs, brown or white, two pounds of carrots grated, two pounds of potatoes grated, one pound of suet, a half pound of lemon peel, salt to taste, one ounce of ground ginger, one pound of flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of carbonate soda, one ditto tartaric acid, the two latter well mixed with the flour and bread-crumbs, dry, with milk sufficient to moisten. This will make a large pudding, but can be divided. Boil six hours.

Breakfast Dish from Cold Chicken or Mutton.—Take, if chicken, some of the white meat from the breast, and remove all skin and outside parts; if mutton, an underdone slice or two from a leg, saddle, or loin; mince it very finely; put it into a stewpan with a little very good strong gravy or beef tea, free from fat; flavor it, if liked, with a few herbs and spices, and simmer gently until quite hot, but not boiling; then thicken it with a little butter and flour, and season to taste with pepper and salt. Put this mince on a small dish, and serve on the top a nicely poached egg.

Roast Neck of Mutton.—Take a piece of the best end of the neck, trim off all superfluous fat, saw off the chine, wrap up the joint in a piece of oiled paper. Roast it at a brisk fire, basting frequently. When it has roasted half an hour remove the paper, sprinkle the joint freely with salt, and put it nearer the fire, and as soon as it has taken a good color it is ready. Time of roasting must necessarily vary according to the nature

dry, add a teacupful of water when they are half done. Serve with Boston brown bread.

Mayonnaise Sauce.—Carefully strain the yolks of two eggs into a basin, place it in a cool place, or, if necessary, on ice; add a tablespoonful of salt, mix well; then proceed to pour in, a few drops at a time, some salad oil, without ceasing to stir the mixture. When one spoonful of oil is well incorporated with the yolks of eggs, put in, in the same manner, a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar; keep on adding oil and vinegar in these proportions until you get a sauce the consistency of very thick cream; then add white pepper to taste, and more salt if necessary.

Charlotte Russe.—Line a plain mold with Savoy biscuits, carefully cut to fit exactly; brush over the inside (very lightly) with the white of an egg, set it on ice. Beat up half a pint of rich cream with 1 oz. of isinglass (previously dissolved in sufficient water just to cover it). Sweeten to taste, and flavor it with two liqueur glasses of noyau and the juice of half a lemon. Pour this into the mold, and cover it with a slice of sponge cake cut exactly the size. Ice it, and turn it out very carefully.

Apple Fritters.—Peel three large apples, core them with a column cutter, and cut them across in slices rather less than half an inch thick; put them in a flat dish with half a tumbler of brandy, and strew plenty of powdered loaf sugar over them; let them remain covered for a couple of hours, then take each piece separately, dip it in batter so that it is well covered with it, and fry a golden color in plenty of hot lard. Lay the fritters in front of the fire, and when all are done pile them up on a napkin, shake plenty of powdered loaf sugar over them, and serve.

Canadian Jelly Cake.—Beat one teacupful of white sugar and 4 oz. of butter to a cream: add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Stir into the above one pound of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and one of soda mixed in it. Last of all add the whites of the eggs beaten to a strong froth. Flavor with lemon essence, and pour the batter into four shallow tins like plates, and bake ten minutes in a quick oven. When cold, two are placed on the top of each other, with butter between. The cakes should be baked, and covered with powdered

Chicken Salad.—Take the remains of cold chicken or turkey, freed from the bones, and a stalk or two of celery, according to taste, and a quantity of chicken. Mince them finely in a mincing machine, or with pestle and mortar. Take as much cream as will mix it into a soft paste, with a little mustard, and just a dash of vinegar to give it piquant flavor; pepper and salt must be added to taste. If cream be difficult to get, two eggs beaten with half a pint of milk, and stirred over the fire until it thickens—it must not boil—and then a piece of butter melted in it, will prove a good substitute. It must stand until cold before it is mixed with the chicken, and the vinegar should be added when cold. This makes a pretty luncheon or supper dish, with a wreath of parsley round it, and garnished with beetroot cut in stars.

Lemon Jelly.—Soak and dissolve two ounces of Nelson's gelatine, or sixteen sheets of the best French gelatine, in one and a half pints of water, add the juice of four lemons and one pound of loaf sugar, more or less, according to taste. Whisk the whites of three eggs to a froth, add them to the above, put the whole into a saucepan on the fire, and keep whisking the mixture till it boils, then add the thin rind of three lemons, and let it stand about ten minutes. Place the rind of the fourth lemon at the bottom of the jelly bag, and pour the mixture over it. If it does not come out quite clear the first time, it must be passed through the second time; but it is generally sufficient to return to the bag the first half pint of jelly that comes through. When all the jelly has passed through quite clear, pour it into a mold, and place it in a cool place, or on ice to set. Dip the mold in warm water, to turn out the jelly.

INTERESTING TESTS MADE BY THE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST.

DR. EDWARD G. LOVE, the present Analytical Chemist for the Government, has recently made some interesting experiments as to the comparative value of baking powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use. And as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder. Dr. Love's report gives the following: "The prices at which baking powders are sold to consumers I find to be usually 50 cents per pound. I have therefore calculated their relative commercial values according to the volume of gas yielded on a basis of 50 cents cost per pound."

NAME OF THE BAKING POWDER.	EACH OUNCE POWDER.	PER POUND.	COMPARATIVE VALUE.
"Royal" (cream tartar powder)	127.4	50	cts.
"Patapsee" (alum powder)	125.2	49	"
"Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh	122.5	48	"
" " " old	32.7	13	"
"Hanford's None Such"	121.6	47½	"
"Redhead's"	117.0	46	"
"Charm" (alum powder)	116.9	46	"
"Amazon" (alum powder)	111.9	44	"
"Cleveland's" (short weight ¾ oz.)	110.8	43	"
"Czar"	106.8	42	"
"Price's Cream"	102.6	40	"
"Lewis's" condensed	98.2	38½	"
"Andrews' Pearl"	93.2	36½	"
"Hecker's Perfect"	92.5	36	"
Bulk Powder	80.5	30	"
Bulk Aerated Powder	75.0	29	"

NOTE.—"I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and Tartaric Acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."—N. Y. Tribune, Dec. 17.

potatoes, and the
able all of a size; wash them
a saucepan to the height of about one inch with
cold water, put an inverted saucer in it, and on
this put the potatoes with a small handful of salt;
put a wet cloth (four or five folds) over all, and
leave the lid of the saucepan lifted on one side.
Put the saucepan on the fire, and let it boil half
an hour, then draw it on one side till the time of
serving.

Caramel Custards—Put a handful of loaf sugar in a saucepan with a little water, and set it on the fire until it becomes a dark-brown caramel, then add more water (boiling) to produce a dark liquor like strong coffee. Beat up the yolks of six eggs with a little milk; strain, add one pint of milk (sugar to taste) and as much caramel liquor (cold) as will give the mixture the desired color. Pour it into a well-buttered mold; put this in a bain marie with cold water; then place the apparatus on a gentle fire, taking care that the water does not boil.

Boston Pork and Beans.—One quart of navy beans, a half pound of pickled pork, 2 tablespoonfuls of thickly-mixed mustard, one large teaspoonful of molasses. Soak the beans in tepid water all night. Next day change the water, place them on the fire, and boil them a few minutes, not long enough to crack them, drain them, place them in a "bean-pot," or deep earthenware pan, nearly bury the pork in the middle of the beans, add the mustard, molasses, pepper, and salt, with enough water to cover the whole. If they become too

Cocoanut... of desiccated
pared off.
small
cocoanut, or grate
into a pudding dish. Break in pieces
sponge cakes. Pour over the cocoanut and cake
a quart of boiling milk with one tablespoonful of
butter melted in it and four tablepoons of sugar.
Let it stand an hour, covered close. Beat four eggs
and stir into the mixture; then bake in a slow oven
like custard pudding. To be eaten either warm
or cold.

Stewed Beef.—Take a piece of fresh silver of beef (7 lb. or 8 lb.), with a sharp knife make five or six incisions through it. Cut as many square pieces of bacon, fat and lean, long enough to go right through from one side of the piece of meat to the other. Roll each piece of bacon in a mixture of powdered pepper, spices, and sweet herbs, and insert one into each incision; tie up the meat carefully, line the bottom of a stewpan with fat bacon, put the meat on this with some onions and carrots cut in slices, some sweet herbs, a couple of bay leaves, parsley, whole pepper, and salt to taste; add a pint of common claret, and half that quantity of stock; set the whole to stew gently for some hours, turning the meat occasionally. At the time of serving strain off the gravy, skim it well of fat, remove the string from the meat, pour the gravy over it and garnish with any vegetable that may be in season, either stewed or plainly boiled.

YOUNG AMERICA

Prunes and Prisms.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

(Continued from page 85.)

CHAPTER III.

CICELY'S FIRST ELEGANT VENTURE.

"It makes no difference," said Cicely, with the greatest dignity, a few mornings later, "I'm just going to have all those Fanshawes to tea; so there, Rex. They're the *de-gantest* girls! And they're going back on Friday. So it must be tonight."

"Glad to know it," said Rex, with an awful shrug, "for then I cut and run!"

"If you *do*," cried Cicely, whirling around on him savagely, and grasping the top button of his coat to its imminent danger, "you'll be the *mean-est* boy that ever lived; so!" She gave the button a final tweak, that sent it spinning off on a tangent.

"Now," cried Rex, staring down at the little wisp of black thread sticking out to mark the spot, "I hope you are satisfied! And then you'll go and pile in those giggling, diddling creatures. I wish the train had run off the track before it ever brought such a load to Briarville!"

"Giggling, diddling creatures!" cried Cicely, in high disdain, while her blue eyes flashed ominously. "Well, I can tell you they're two million times better than *your* friends, that you think so much of, Rex Seymour. There's Tom Brent; he looks just like an old fish; yes, he does, a great, cold, slippery fish! And I'm sure he don't say any more than an oyster."

"Well, he can talk fast enough," cried Rex hotly, straightening up to his greatest height in defense of his friend, "when girls round. They wouldn't know what's the use?"

"I cared Cicely magnificently, with her head up in the air, at this announcement; "you are always asking me to come in, and teasing me like everything. I don't care if I never see one of those dreadful boys again; so there now, I don't."

"And I'm positively sure I don't care for those old Fanshawes," cried Rex, snapping his fingers derisively at the whole bunch. "And, besides, you don't know how to get up company, Cicely, you don't, not to have it decent."

"Much you know," cried Cicely triumphantly. "I know the stylishest, newest things. The Fanshawes will be dreadfully surprised, you see if they aren't. Rex."

"And everybody else too, I guess," he muttered.

"And Maum Silvy has promised to let me do exactly as I want to," cried Cicely, running on, and entirely forgetting the slight on her friends, "and not interfere in anything."

"She couldn't keep her black hands out to save her life," said her brother warningly.

"She *promised*, I tell you," cried Cicely, bobbing her head at him decidedly. "Well, and it's

the first company I've ever had, and I'm *determined* to have it just magnificent!"

"You'll be just as sorry," cried Rex, bringing his hand down heavily on the table, so that Cicely hopped in spite of herself, "and you'll wish yourself out of the scrape a thousand times! Take my advice, Ce, and *stay out!*" He moved away a few steps, and looked volumes.

"I shan't!" cried Cicely, with a perfectly confident soul that nothing, not even her dearly-loved brother, could shake. "Oh! I wouldn't *for anything*, Rex! And, besides, I've as good as invited them already. I spoke to Fussy."

"The dickens you have!" exclaimed Rex, turning on his heel. "Well, be it on your own head then; that's all *I've* got to say about it! I wash my hands of the whole thing!" And he took one stride toward the door.

"But it ain't the least bit all that you've got to say!" cried Cicely, flying after him. "Why, Rex, I depend on you, and I said that you'd be here, and play games with us, and all that," she cried, in perfect despair.

"Well, you said what you didn't know then," cried Rex, in the greatest dudgeon, and marching on. "The idea! Catch me in any such muss!" and before she could say another word he went out, and slammed the door.

"If that isn't"—began Cicely, standing quite still just where he left her, with a bright spot on either cheek.

"Miss Cecy," said Maum Silvy, poking her turban in at the door.

"What *is* it?" snapped Cicely, about as pleasantly as a mud-turtle, and turning around, the two bright spots not going down in the least.

"Wy, if you's agwine to hev comp'ny," said Maum Silvy deliberately, and bringing the whole of her ample body to follow the turban, "ye'll hev to git some o' dem pesarve sassers. I ben a-lookin' at 'em, an' mos' de whole lot is snicked."

"Is *what*?" asked Cicely blankly, feeling sure that snicked saucers would be a calamity she couldn't sustain.

"Wy, snicked, I said," repeated Maum Silvy, in a louder tone, "jammed in all around the edge, ye know, an' dey look *awful*. Oh, yer par would never let you gib comp'ny wid dem, not home, he wouldn't."

"Well, I s'pose that's *enough*," said Cicely, with a sigh of more at the store.

"An' under the big glass-dish Fuskins broke a-humpty up de sideboard?" said the old woman, patting down her blue checkered apron thoughtfully.

"Oh, dear, yes," cried Cicely in dismay, "I forgot all about that. Now, what *shall* we do! and I was going to have peaches, Maum Silvy, some of your nice peaches."

"Ye couldn't a hed peaches," said Maum Silvy, wriggling all over at the praise of her sweetmeats; "cos, don't ye remember, we et de las' o' dem las' week?"

"Were those the *very* last?" cried Cicely; "why, I thought we had lots more. Oh, dear me!"

"I'm sure I can't spend my days a-makin' pesarves," said the old woman sharply, dreadfully sorry to see the disappointment depicted on Cicely's face, and vexed that she couldn't lighten it. "An' ye know ye *would* hev dem peaches, do all I would; I *wanted* to save 'em."

"Why, they were on the table," exclaimed Cicely, "it wasn't our fault, and of course we ate 'em then. Oh, dear me! I don't care for anything but just those peaches!" She drummed impatiently on the table, every little drum sounding like a knell to Rex's funereal words.

"Hev'n't I told ye ye *can't* hev 'em!" cried Maum Silvy, so nervous she didn't know what to

do. "Ef a thing's *et*, ain't it et, eh?" she screamed positively.

Cicely, not being able to contradict this logical statement, turned her attention to other matters.

"Well, now let's see what we *have* got for supper, Maum Silvy," she said at last, stopping the drumming, and drawing near the old woman. "It must be a real good, splendid tea—just everything as elegant as we can *possibly* have it," she cried, warming with her subject, "for these girls are just as rich as they can be—they live in a big city, you know, and they have just *everything*, you know."

"How d'ye know?" interrupted Maum Silvy coolly. "Hev ye ever ben thar?"

"Why, no, of course not," said Cicely; "but Fussy says so, and—"

"Hes *she* ever ben thar?" asked the old woman abruptly, indicating the individual by her stumpy thumb.

"No," said Cicely; "but then she knows."

"How?" persisted Maum Silvy concisely.

"Why, I don't know, I'm sure," stammered Cicely, "I s'pose the Fanshawes—"

"Humph!" ejaculated Maum Silvy, coolly rolling her eyes up to the ceiling, and folding her hands composedly across her big bosom, "I tort so!" And then she unfolded the hands and put them on Cicely's two shoulders, and brought down the eyes to look keenly into the two blue ones before her. "Don't ye nebber say ye *know* 'bout folks till ye've seen 'em *lib*," she said bluntly with two or three bobs of the turban.

"Well," said Cicely with a long breath, "it must be elegant, that's all I know!"

"I guess dar ain't any Fan—fan—what-d'ye-call 'em can git ahead of de Seymours when dey wants to do anything!" cried the old woman in the greatest pride, while her big black eyes glowed as she stood erect with one hand uplifted to give more emphasis to her words. "Dar *was* a time wen yer par could a bought de hull a dis yer town ef he'd a wanted it afore he lost his fortune. Remember dat, chile; money's vulgar," she added, bringing down the hand again, and falling into her old

"Well, maybe," said the old woman twisting uneasily, "maybe, but you hain't got it, so it's jest as well. Now, what else was yer a-goin' ter say 'bout yer comp'ny?" she asked changing the subject quickly.

"Oh, nothing," said Cicely bringing herself back to the matter in hand, "only we must have everything splendid!"

"An' it troubles me 'bout Miss Eld'kin," said the old woman, thoughtfully wrinkling up her forehead. "I don't like to take no gret 'sponsibilities wen she's away."

"Why, she said I might have 'em," said Cicely impatiently, "some time."

"But not to-night," said Maum Silvy in a worried way. "An' she hed to go, ye know, cos that business of yer par's won't wait. Ye better put it off till to-morrow, Miss Cecy."

"Haven't I said they're going to-morrow?" exclaimed Cicely irritably. "Didn't Fussy tell me so just half an hour ago that they'd had a letter, and they must go? And I sh'd just *die* not to invite 'em. 'Twould be awfully rude, Maum Silvy, you know yourself."

She fixed the old woman with such a reproachful gaze, in which a dozen "etiquette books" seemed to be combined, that Maum Silvy at once flew over to her side convinced.

"Well, I s'pose thar ain't no other way," she said, settling her turban with the air of one in society who knew what was due to the family. "I shouldn't want a Seymour to be unperlite, I'm

convinced.

"Well, I'm in a scrape; my sister's got a lot of company on her hands; those stuck-up girls visiting at Fussy Hitchcock's—had to invite 'em, you know—and we've got to see the thing through and make it a success. In short," said Rex, pulling out his watch, "I want you boys to come and help. And if you *don't*," he cried, giving them one glance apiece, "why I'll never shake hands in friendship again with the fellow that refuses."

There was silence for about *one* moment. "I'll go," said Tom Brent quietly getting up. "Good for you! Thank you, Tom!" cried Rex heartily, with such a clap on the back that the recipient nearly saw stars.

"Count us all in!" cried the others, "Shove on, Rex, tell us what to do!" And with about as pleasant expressions on their countenances as if they were to be led to immediate execution they signified their intention to "help" forward this grand movement!

"You're to tell a story, Tom, in your best style," said Rex decidedly. "A song is booked for you, Harry Wilde, and the rest of us will fill in wherever we're needed," he added. "Now pitch in and fix up a bit; I'll be back in five minutes." And he was gone.

Down the long street he went with rapid footsteps to the village store. "I'll do it!" he said through set teeth. "I don't care if 'Fourth of July don't come but once a year,' nor what the boys say. Here goes for Cecy!" And without allowing himself time to think twice, he rushed in and astonished the fat old storekeeper with a handful of silver bits and pennies, and buying up every motto in the enterprising establishment!

Cicely's tired little face had grown very pale, and with all her efforts she was at the very last gasp of endurance in the matter of polite entertaining, when the grand entrée came. Evidently the tables were turned! The Fanshaws, who had been on the point of departing, with the terrible verdict in every line of their pleasing faces, of a "slow, stupid party!" suddenly settled down again, and the fun began.

"Oh, you dear, magnificent, lovely old Rex you!" cried Cicely, when he came banging in, his eyes compar

cally, and singing

"I know," said Rex sympathizingly. "Well, it's all right now, Puss."

"And I *am* so sorry I talked so about your friends, Rex," she said humbly, and wiping off the tears on his coat sleeve. "Why, Tom Brent's an *angel*, he is!"

"Isn't he?" said Rex, his eyes glistening. "Well, I'm not sorry for what *I* said about those Fanshaws, Ce," he declared, his tone changing, "not the least bit, for they're more horrid than I even supposed."

"Aren't they?" said Cicely heartily. "I don't care if they *are* rich," she said vehemently, raising her head to look into Rex's eyes. "They weren't a bit polite; they made fun of all the dreadful accidents, and they wouldn't look at pictures, and they wouldn't do *anything*! Oh, you can't think, Rex," she said, "I've had such a *horrible* time!"

"Don't think of it," said Rex soothingly, as if she had had the nightmare, "it's all over now, and you needn't have any more company in an age, if you don't want it."

"You needn't think I'll *want* it very soon again!" said Cicely, with the first enjoyable laugh she had indulged in since morning. "I feel like that old woman Maum Silvy was telling about the other day, that said, 'It's a sight easier to go a-visitin' than 'tis to have company.'"

(To be continued.)

What shall I be, Mother?

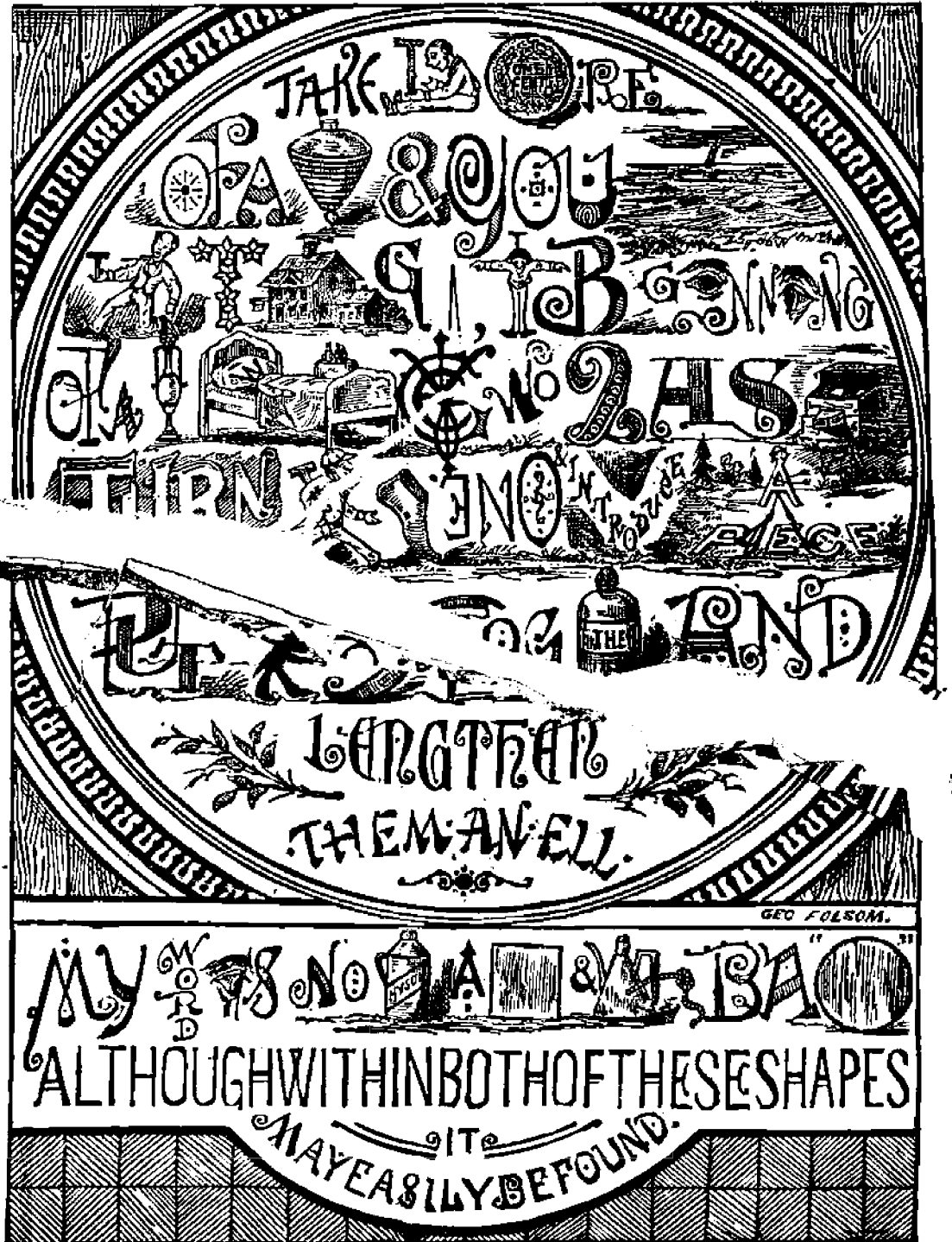
Be a man, my son; be firm and brave.
If safe from temptation, try others to save.
Be gentle and courteous, honest and true,
Doing always to others as you'd have them do you.
Be calm when provoked. Let not passion have sway,
Lest you grieve on the morrow for the work of to-day.

WHAT shall I be, mother?
Be a soldier, my boy. Begin now in youth
To fight in good earnest the battle for truth.
But rule first your spirit, greater by far
Than taking a city 'mid the carnage of war.
Be frank and outspoken, and fearless in views,
But thrust them not rashly before those who'll abuse.

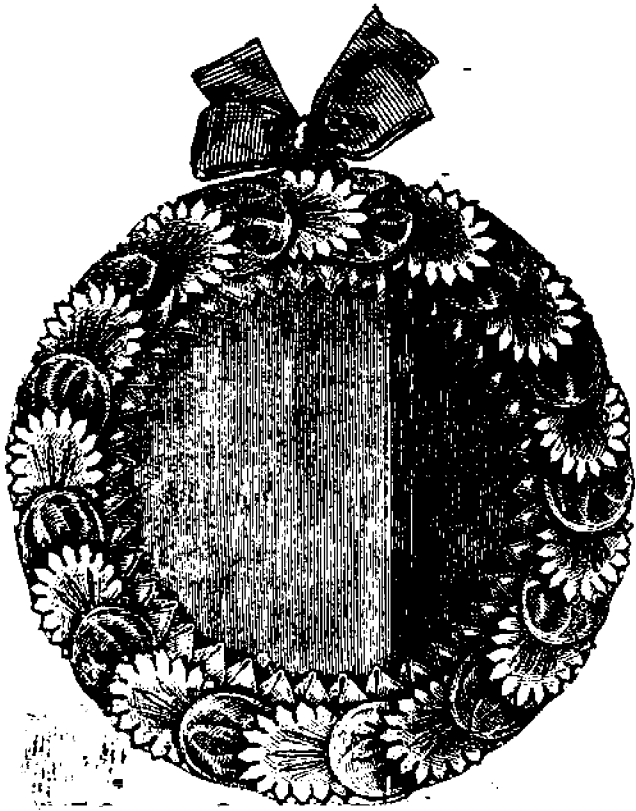
WHAT shall I be, mother?
Be a student, my love. Consider your mind
A trust lent you, to furnish with wisdom refined.
Be a lover of books, but still more of thought.
Be not governed by wishes, but ruled by "I ought";
For duty alone can keep you steadfast to right,
From which you'll not swerve if you keep it in sight.

GOOD LITTLE BOY.—Aunt: "Has any one been at these preserves?" Dead silence. "Have you touched them, Jimmy?" Jimmy, with the utmost deliberation: "Pa never 'lows me to talk at dinner."

HE WAS READY.—Georgie (four years old, at the tea-table): "Mamma, may I have some sardines?" Mamma: "Wait till I'm ready, Georgie." Georgie (surprised): "Why, ma, it's me as wants 'em."



REBUS ENIGMA—ANSWER IN APRIL MAGAZINE.



Needle-book.

CUT four pieces of cardboard the size of the top of a teacup, cover each piece on one side with blue satin. Cut of black and old-gold colored velvet half circles two inches on the straight side, on the round side notch the edge, and plait them up to form leaves as shown in the design. Cut of satin, pieces an inch square, fold them cornerwise and double them again to form points, place them in a circle on two of the covered pieces of cardboard, and fasten the leaves one over the other around the edge. Overhand together a trimmed and plain covered cardboard in book form. Then cut graduated pieces of cloth, button-hole stitch the edges, place them between the covers and fasten securely. Sew narrow ribbon on to tie the covers together. These covers if enlarged make very pretty lamp-mats, simply by adding a full plaiting of satin or fringe around the edge.

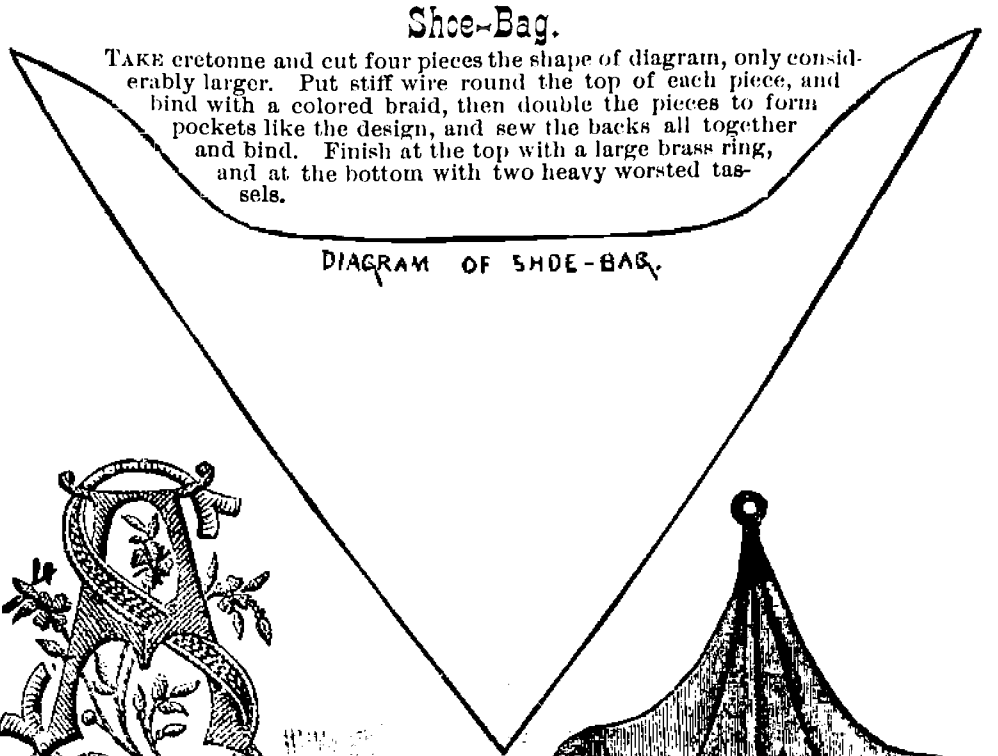


DIAGRAM OF SHOE-BAG.



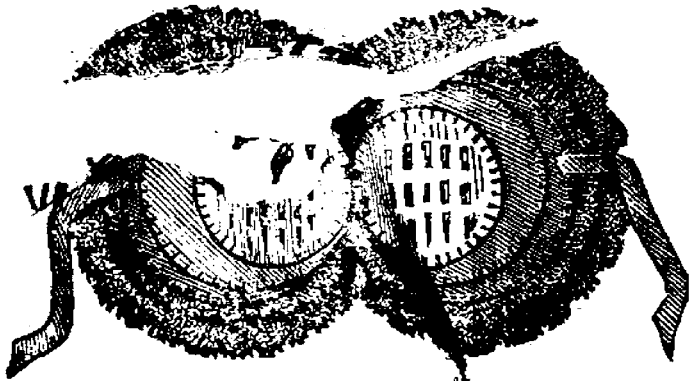
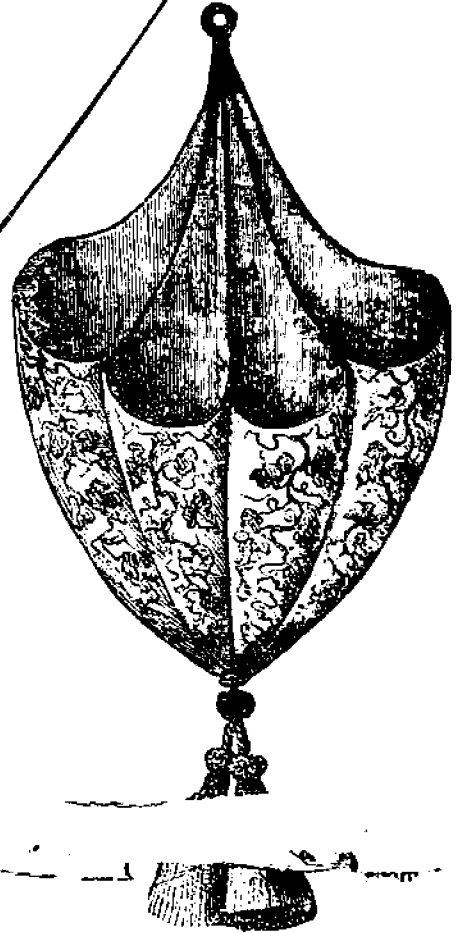
MONOGRAM—A. B.



Sofa Afghan (Crochet).

The afghan is worked in alternate stripes of Victoria crochet and cross-stitch. For the crocheted stripe proceed as follows: along 13 stitches crochet with blue wool 2 pattern rows in ordinary Victoria stitch. In the 1st row of the 3d pattern row take up the stitches as usual, and for the raised spots, crochet 6th chain after the 3d, 7th and 11th stitches, drawing up the last of the 7 chain with the vertical part out of which the stitch

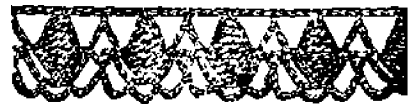
was taken, and in the return row crochet off all the stitches as usual. In the 1st row of the fourth pattern row, when the raised spots are completed, take up the stitches as usual; but at the 3d, 7th, and 11th, in the sixth chain, take up twice alternately 1 stitch, pass the thread round the needle, then take up one stitch at the same place, and, lastly, draw up together everything that is on the needle: the return row is crocheted in the usual way. Repeat the 3d and 4th pattern rows, letting the raised spots occur in reversed position. Along the long sides crochet as follows, on the wrong side, * 1 double in marginal stitch, 4 chain, 1 treble in first of 4 chain, miss 2, repeat from *; for the alternate stripes of canvas, work the pattern in cross-stitch, in filoselle of the following colors—"three shades olive, two shades violet, two shades blue, two shades pink, two shades blue-green, two shades fawn."



New Embroidery.

The great feature of the embroidery of the season is the lavish use of gold thread, either as outline or a filling in, for both home and dress purposes. Singly or twofold, the metallic threads meanders round crewel or silk flowers, birds, deer, tigers, insects, etc., and further defines veiwings, limbs, paws, and, in short, any point requiring relief. It is also intertwined with gold silk cord, an edging very much in requisition for heavy portieres and hangings in twill silk, satin, velvet, cloth, or serge. Some of these cords are nearly as thick as a little finger, and agree with the massive character of the gold embroidery.

Repeat the 3d and 4th pattern rows, letting the raised spots occur in reversed position. Along the long sides crochet as follows, on the wrong side, * 1 double in marginal stitch, 4 chain, 1 treble in first of 4 chain, miss 2, repeat from *; for the alternate stripes of canvas, work the pattern in cross-stitch, in filoselle of the following colors—"three shades olive, two shades violet, two shades blue, two shades pink, two shades blue-green, two shades fawn."



Crochet Edging.

Crochet as follows: 1st row: * 14 chain, 1 leaf as follows: going back along the chain, 1 slip stitch, 1 single, 1 double, 2 treble, 1 double, 1 single, 1 slip stitch, repeat from *. 2d row: * 1 double in 4th of the 6 free chain stitches, 3 chain, 7 treble in center 7 stitches of the leaf, working the center of the 7 treble in the point of the leaf, 3 chain, repeat from *. 3d row: * 1 double in 3 chain, 5 chain, 1 double in center of 7 double, 5 chain, 1 double in next 3 chain, 1 purl of 5 chain and 1 double, repeat from *. 4th row: * 1 double in 5 chain, 5 chain, 1 double in 5 chain, 5 chain, 1 double in next purl, 5 chain, repeat from *.

WOMAN'S WORLD

BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Designs and Styles in Dress furnished in this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not merely COPY. It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by our more refined and elevated taste at home. Besides, its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace important information for dealers, and valuable hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, dress becomingly, and keep themselves informed of the changes in the Fashions and the specialties required in the exercise of good taste.

PERFECTION
OF ARTISTIC
EXCELLENCE



ALWAYS FIRST PREMIUM.

CENTENNIAL AWARD OVER ALL COMPETITORS,
MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Review of Fashions.

This winter which is hardly yet past will be remembered as exceptionally brilliant and varied in its displays of dress, and the production of art designs in ladies' clothing. The remarkable severity of the weather, following upon four years of unusual mildness, stimulated new and elegant designs in furs, and for street dress, while the social gayety, the private and public festivities developed an artistic beauty in evening and at-home costumes, which added the charm of picturesque attire to the comfort and refinement of the prettiest "interiors" in the world.

There is probably no country in the world, and no city in any country that is better suited than New York for the actual employment of all the varieties of winter costume. The perfection which has been reached in the means of heating our houses renders it perfectly possible to wear comparatively light dresses indoors without discomfort, and, in fact, puts fur, and heavy cloth, and wadded materials out of the question, except for invalids. In France, on the contrary, and even in England, the means of heating are so imperfect, that grace, fashion, elegance are all subordinate during the severe cold to the one necessity for keeping warm. Dinner dresses ordered from Paris were sent over here made of velvet, and trimmed heavily with fur so as to be almost unbearable in our hot rooms, and subject to rapid deterioration. The French with their smooth, icy floors, only dotted with rugs, and freezing atmosphere, on very cold days, indoors as well as out, cannot realize close, thickly-carpeted rooms and warmth that makes silks in January as suitable as in May.

Soft, woolen under-clothing has nearly reached perfection, and this, of course, is indispensable in winter; but this religiously and conscientiously worn, the rest of a lady's clothing can be adapted to the circumstances. Indoors, as before remarked, a cashmere wrapper, or a silk or satin gown may be appropriately worn, but the comfort and protection afforded by our houses renders it highly necessary that the outdoor gar-

ments be warm and ample for covering. Cloth jackets are not enough; the long fur-lined cloaks and pelisses, the thick cloth ulsters, are most welcome, and this year to these have been added coachmen's capes of fur, boots bordered with fur, gloves lined with seal-skin, or plush, an outfit, in short, capable of facing the snows and ice of Russia.

In this climate it is of real importance to women that their outdoor dress be such as to enable them to face cold, and a temperature quite opposite to that which they find indoors, else they shut themselves up for several months in the year, and soon lose all energy and power of resistance, and their face weather, nor ward off slight at-

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One of the features of the beautiful fashions of the season has been the revival of luxurious wraps. For a time "opera" cloaks, as they were called, became obsolete, and white India shawls, Arab burnous, cashmere scarfs, and other coverings were used for the wraps which are so essential as a covering to light evening and rich dinner dresses. Of late we have improved upon these by the introduction of a long stylish pelisse, and dolman-shaped cloak, which is made of the richest material, and lined with fur or quilted satin, so that the warmth and luxury of them are indescribable. They are untrimmed save with a border which is always of feathers or fur, or a very thick, soft ruching of fringed silk which comes up high at the throat, and surrounds the loose

sleeves. These pelisses are made of Titian red silk plush, or of soft Indian stuff in red and gold, lined with chinchilla or minever. More sober styles are of the new fine seal-skin silk plush, lined with down quilted in old-gold satin. This plush is a beautiful fabric and durable. It is used for the lining of elegant cloaks and dolmans of satin de Lyon, and is as rich as the fur in appearance and almost as costly.

Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the effect when these rich cloaks with their magnificent contrasts, or blending of color, are thrown back from a costume of ivory satin or brocade at the opera, or in a ball-room; so fine indeed is the effect that there is no danger of their being quickly relinquished.

White seems to have become the livery of the drawing-room, or at least of the elegant private ball-room. Naturally the white sometimes alternates with black, or color, but in exclusive as- handsome white toilets always pre- dominate. The best equivalent is white satin

or brocade for a pale pink satin trimmed with white, or languedoc, or Mechlin, and garlanded with pink and red roses, which are now often arranged as an order, and carried to the side of the skirt, where a loose bunch fastens the drapery.

Models for the Month.

In the illustrations which we give for the present month our lady readers will find several suggestive designs for the making up of spring costumes, which may be relied upon as in the general line of incoming fashions.

The "Fernande" costume, for example, may be used for wool, gingham, cambric, or any of the pretty materials used for walking dresses. It will bear the appropriation of a rather high and pronounced class of "handkerchief" goods, because the arrangement is such that but little of the plaid shows, and this in points which have an irregular and striking, but by no means "loud" effect. The simplicity of the knotted handkerchief at the throat adds a charm to its pictur-

esqueness, and the draping away of the side paniers from the double points in front harmonizes and completes the design, which is one of the best for a medium class of materials.

A favorite way of making up the "Fernande" is to use "stockinet" for the basque, and handkerchiefs for the draperies and flounce, which are mounted upon a lining.

Another very pretty and useful design is the "Reinette" costume, which is walking length, and suitable for indoors or street wear. It is a good design for black in a combination of wool with figured silk or brocaded velvet. Or it may be made in three materials—the skirt of satin, or plain velvet, the polonaise of wool with side panels of figured silk, satin, or velvet. It is a very simple yet very dressy style, and very youthful in effect. No great amount of the handsome materials composing the skirt would be required, as it might be mounted upon a lining of gray twilled silesia, or thin wool, as preferred.

Fourteen yards of any one kind of goods makes the complete dress. A less expensive way to make it is to use a woolen fabric for the skirt, as well as the polonaise, and contrasting figured, in tapestry, or embossed design, for the sides and mounting.

A graceful polonaise is the "Ophelia." It is quite full, but the fullness is well distributed, not "bunched" into distortion or ungainliness. It requires nine yards and a quarter of material, twenty-four inches wide, or five of forty-eight inches, but it forms, with the exception of a flounce, a complete and very handsome dress. It is a good design for embroidery which a young lady may execute herself, or which can be purchased in bands.

The "Panline" is a handsome design for a walking skirt made in contrasting materials, silk and velvet, or wool and satin. In the latter case, the draped front and back drapery would be composed of the wool, the sides of figured satin, or silk and wool brocade. In the former, the front and back would be of silk, or the plaited ruffle round the bottom, and the sides of velvet. The sides being undraped, and forming a paneled trimming, should be of the richer and heavier material. The festooned cord or ornaments to which spikes are attached as pendants add much to the distinction of the effect. ~~Elaborate~~ ~~of one material~~ ~~in like~~ ~~the same~~ ~~materials~~ are used two yards of the richer or figured one will be needed.

The "Cordelia" overskirt has the effect of a trimmed skirt, and may be used with round waist and belt or basque. If the latter is preferred it looks well made of the figured material which forms the sides of the skirt. The kilting of the under-skirt may be of the plain material which forms the drapery. Six yards of goods makes the overskirt complete, but one yard and a half of this should be of the figured stuff. Three yards more will make an independent basque, and three yards of the plain the kilting or flouncing necessary for a skirt trimmed upon a lining. This gives twelve yards altogether for a complete suit, four yards and a half of which would be of a figured fabric for sides of overskirt and basque. There are several seasonable outdoor styles, one of which is the "Capuchin" ulster with hood. This is well-shaped to the figure, and almost tight-fitting. The hood may be replaced with the "Pelerine and Hood," given also, and which is a garment

by itself, as well as a stylish addition to a stylish ulster. We recommend the "Capuchin" with hood, or cape, and hood for tourist purposes in conjunction with a simple whole cloth, or cloth-finished flannel dress of the same color and material. Invisible green, seal brown, black blue, or very dark wine-color are all suitable, and the hood may be lined with satin or tapestry silk as preferred. Stitching, and the satin lining for hood, are the only trimming required except buttons. A serviceable jacket for spring is the "Humberta." The only novelty is the double effect of collar and revers given to the front. It is finished with stitching upon a satine facing, and horn or shell buttons which reproduce the mottled effects in the cloth.



Capuchin Ulster.

MADE of fancy English check cloth with large pockets, revers and hood lined with red Surah silk, and used to complete a walking dress of marine-blue serge. Dark blue hat of felt, trimmed with a natural ostrich plume and red pheasant feathers. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

Gloves.

There is great variety in the gloves nowadays, and so far as taste is concerned no other style can ever surpass the fine, plain, dressed and undressed glove of kid such as ladies now wear. It is long, it is shapely, it is soft, it is flexible, it is delightful to the touch, and if large enough, but not too large, a luxury to wear.

But every one cannot always, and for all purposes afford to wear the finest of kid gloves, and the diversity of common ones would seem to fill every possible requirement. But alas! common gloves are a delusion and a snare. They are of every grade of ugliness, they are harsh, they are stiff, they are ill-fitting, they break out in unexpected places, they are a humiliation unspeakable while they last, and they are found to be unwearable before they are half worn out. There are superior makes of English and French lisle thread gloves which do not fall under this sweeping ban of condemnation. The only difficulty about these is that the ends of the fingers wear out so very soon, and so much quicker than the rest of the glove, that it is surprising ingenuity has not suggested some such remedy as that applied to the heels and toes of hosiery, viz., double thread in weaving or knitting. The subject is well worth consideration, now that gloves are becoming so peculiarly a branch of American manufacture, and these classes of gloves are those for which there is the greatest demand. A new woolen or "merino" glove has also made its appearance during the past winter which corresponds as a winter glove to the lisle thread in summer. It is not quite so well shaped, the fingers are too straight, but it is neat and warm, and requires no buttoning, the long ribbing stretching well and without any trouble over the wrist. But the difficulty with the lisle thread glove is emphasized in the merino, the ends of the fingers wear out almost immediately, and they are less easy of adjustment, because the fingers are

There is a fine opportunity for manufacturers to make a new departure in this direction, and give us a well-made, well-shaped, and durable American glove in lisle thread and merino. They could surely afford to do it at a cost not exceeding the price of English and French lisle thread and merino gloves, and possibly for less, and by establishing a reputation, would sweep the market, and obtain a monopoly of it. We hope some manufacturer will take up this matter, and work upon it until a good secondary glove is produced for all seasons, and will not be ashamed to christen it the American glove. There is "millions" in it—of gloves for the million.

"What to Wear"

Is too well known to need more than the announcement of its appearance for the Spring and Summer of 1881. Its practical character has already secured for it 80,000 circulation, and it has only to be seen for every lady to place herself on the list of its subscribers. What it tells is just what every woman wants to know in regard to her own wardrobe. Price, fifteen cents, post free.

Send order at once to W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, or MME. DEMOREST, 17 E. 14th Street, New York.

Fashionable Jewelry.

No. 1.—Novel and delicate in design, this beautiful lace-pin is in "rolled" gold, the triple bar in polished gold connected by a succession of tiny balls in dead gold, and having clover or shamrock leaves at the ends. In the center a scroll-work of polished gold incloses a pendant set with a pure white stone that has all the beauty and brilliancy of a genuine diamond. Shamrock leaves alternating with tiny balls of polished gold, on long stems, radiate from the outer curve of the scroll. The bars and stems are in knife-edge work. Price, \$2.75.

No. 2.—Lady's scarf-pin of "rolled" gold. A very stylish design. The head of the pin is a ball of burnished Roman gold, with *plaques* of highly-polished gold on four sides. Price, \$1.25. A similar style, with plain round head, either polished or dead gold, is used to secure bonnet strings, jabots, and neckties; $\frac{2}{4}$ inches in length, 75 cents per pair; $\frac{2}{4}$ inches, \$1 per pair.

No. 3.—A unique and stylish lace-pin of "rolled" Roman gold. The center is a ball of burnished gold, ornamented with filigree and tiny *plaques* of highly-polished gold. The round bar is of burnished gold, and the ends are covered with filigree work and ornaments of polished gold. Price, \$2.

No. 4.—A simple and pretty lace-pin of "rolled" gold. In the center is a succession of tiny *plaques* in polished gold, between two raised flat bars. The edges are filigree work. Price, \$2.

No. 5.—A light and graceful lace-pin of "rolled" gold, the bar of polished gold in knife-edge work, with a single shamrock leaf at

is engraved and polished gold, and is ornamented with a lily in frosted silver and leaves of green frosted gold. All the polished gold is solid, and the silver used is coin silver. Price, \$1.50 per pair.

No. 8.—Artistic and beautiful in design and workmanship, this set consists of ear drops and brooch, which may also be worn as a pendant. The design is executed in "rolled" gold, set with Watteau paintings on copper. The center is a painting of a tambourine player in white and rose-color on a silver background, set in a raised oval of polished gold, surrounded by an outer oval ornamented with frosted gold. At the top is a flower of frosted gold; at the sides tiny gold balls and leaf-shaped ornaments, connected by bars of gold, depend from the lower edge. The ear-rings match in design, and the oval is a swinging pendant. All the polished gold seen is solid. Price, \$9 for the set.

No. 9.—Ball ear-rings in "rolled" gold. The ball is of burnished gold, ornamented with lozenges of highly-polished gold with heart-shaped scrolls of filigree work. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, \$2.25 per pair.

No. 10.—A stylish lace-pin in "rolled" gold. The design a round bar of dead gold, with balls of dead gold and filigree ornaments at the ends. In the center is a raised square medallion, set with a Byzantine mosaic, representing a white bird on a

dark ground. On each side are scrolls of filigree and small bars of polished gold. Price, \$3.

No. 11.—Lace-pin of "rolled" gold. This stylish design is in filigree, on burnished gold; the half-sphere in the center being ornamented with engraved *plaques* of highly-polished gold. Price, \$2.25.

All of these goods are of the best quality of material and workmanship, and many of the designs are fac-similes of those made in solid gold.

Our Spring "Portfolio" for the Spring and Summer of 1881.

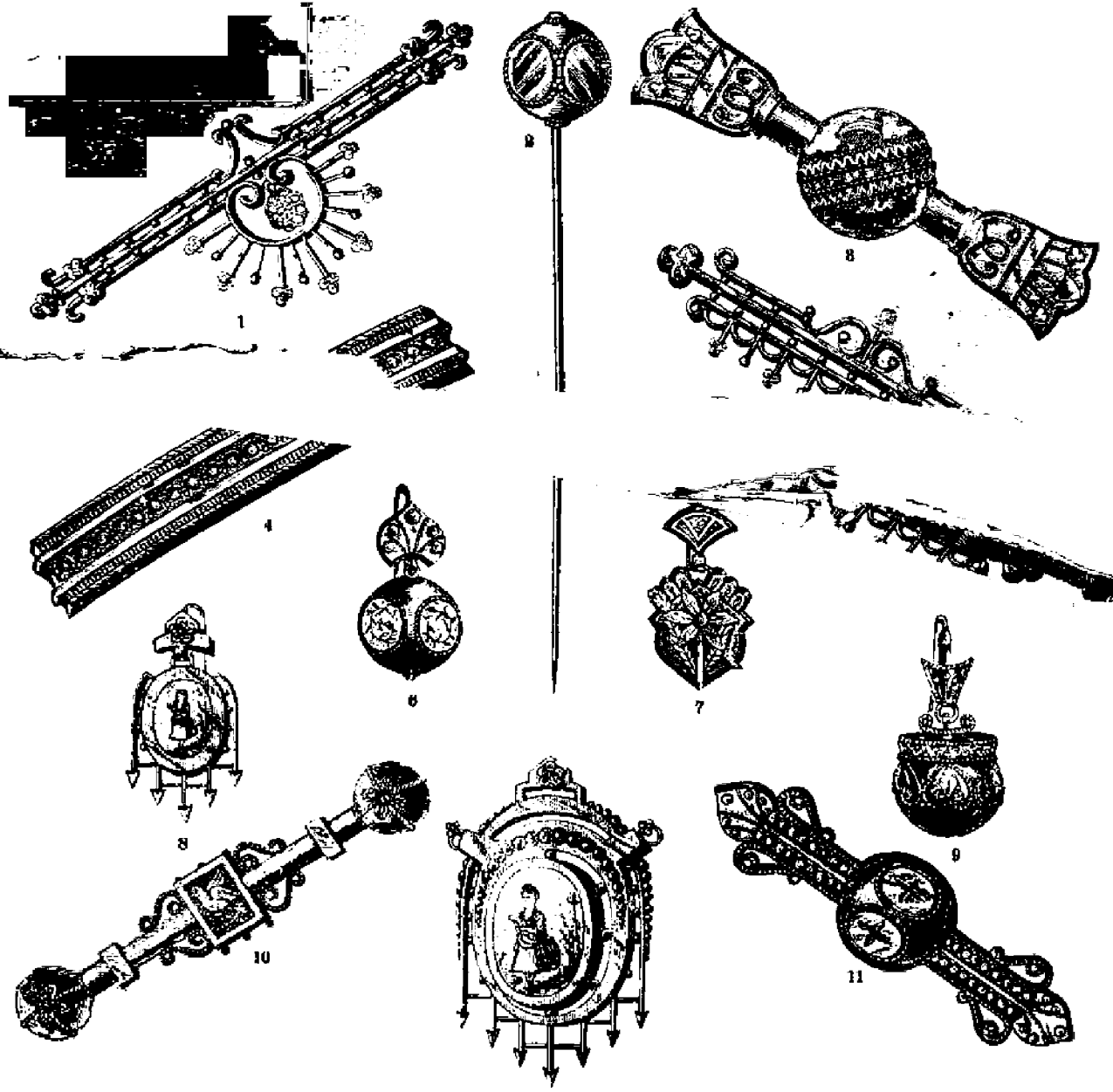
OUR Spring "Portfolio" of latest designs in fashions for walking, morning, traveling and indoor dresses, and which includes pictured details of all outdoor garments, wardrobes for children of all ages, and many useful home-made articles for gentlemen, will be ready March first, and may be sent for at once, as the large number of its regular subscribers and purchasers, renders an early order necessary to a prompt supply.

The "Portfolio" of fashions offers unusual attractions this season in the beauty and novelty of its designs, as well as in the constant improvement made in the style of the illustrations. As a mirror of form and design, in which ladies can see clearly the effect of different styles, and thus decide with intelligence upon the selection of patterns and models. Its value is indisputable and fully acknowledged. The cost, moreover, is so slight, compared with the advantage gained, that few ladies will be deprived of it, after having had an experience of its great use in aiding them to decide between that suitable

alternated with tiny gold balls in polished gold, the stems in knife-edge work. Above the bar is scroll work, and a leaf in the center of polished gold. Price, \$2.25.

No. 6.—These ear-drops of "rolled" gold are swinging balls, ornamented on four sides with polished *plaques*, and are similar in design to the lace pin No. 11, with which they may be very appropriately worn as a set. Price, \$2.25 per pair.

No. 7.—This pretty design for ear-drops is in "rolled" gold. The ground work



Address, 17 E. 14th Street, closing fifteen cents.

THE "Charmeuse" necklace is composed of a fringe formed by gold or silver balls graduated in size.

A HORNED OWL, with ruby or diamond eyes, sitting sleepily upon the hooked crescent of a golden new moon, is a favorite device for gentlemen's scarf-pins.



STYLISH SHORT COSTUMES.

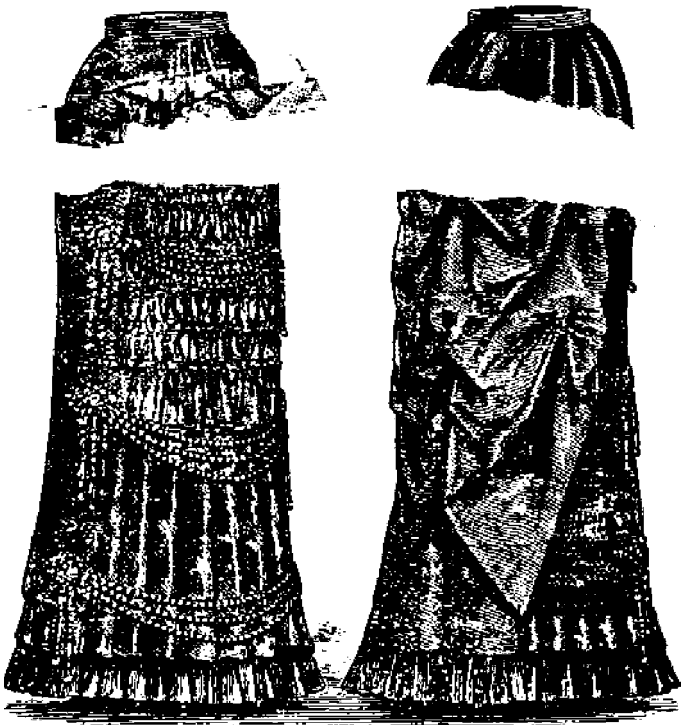
Stylish Short Costumes.

(See full-page engraving.)

FIG. 1.—A graceful street or visiting costume composed of a polonaise of black gros-grain silk, trimmed with wide bands of black and gold brocaded velvet, over a short skirt of black *satin de Lyon*, trimmed with gathered ruffles. A pelerine and hood of the brocaded velvet lined with old-gold satin complete the costume. Black satin hat, faced with gold color, and trimmed with long black plumes. The designs employed are the "Ophelia" polonaise and the "Pelerine with Hood," both of which are illustrated separately elsewhere. Pattern of pelerine, a medium size, price fifteen cents. Pattern of polonaise, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—This illustrates a front view of the simple and pretty "Reinette" costume, of slate-blue *satin duchesse* and plush. The panels at the sides simulating a Louis XV. vest, are of the plush, lined with red silk, and the rest of the costume is of slate-blue satin. The front is trimmed with cashmere jet passementerie ornaments, and the top of the sleeve is ornamented with a short *tablier* of *passementerie*. Plush hat faced with red, and trimmed with clusters of slate-blue satin ribbon bows, and ostrich tips in their natural colors. The costume is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 3.—House dress of green and gold handkerchief-plaid Madras cloth. The design represented is the "Fernande" costume, with plain gored skirt, trimmed with kilt-plaiting and handkerchief draperies, combined with a tight-fitting corsage. Ruffles of "vermicelli" lace at the neck and wrists. The hair is dressed in waves, with gold bands across the front. The costume is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



PAULINE WALKING SKIRT.

Pauline Walking Skirt.—A decidedly novel and very stylish design for a walking skirt, with short, shirred apron over a deep kilt-plaiting in front, and an overskirt plain on each side, but draped in a *bouffant* manner, and falling in two points at the back. This design is desirable for almost any dress material. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

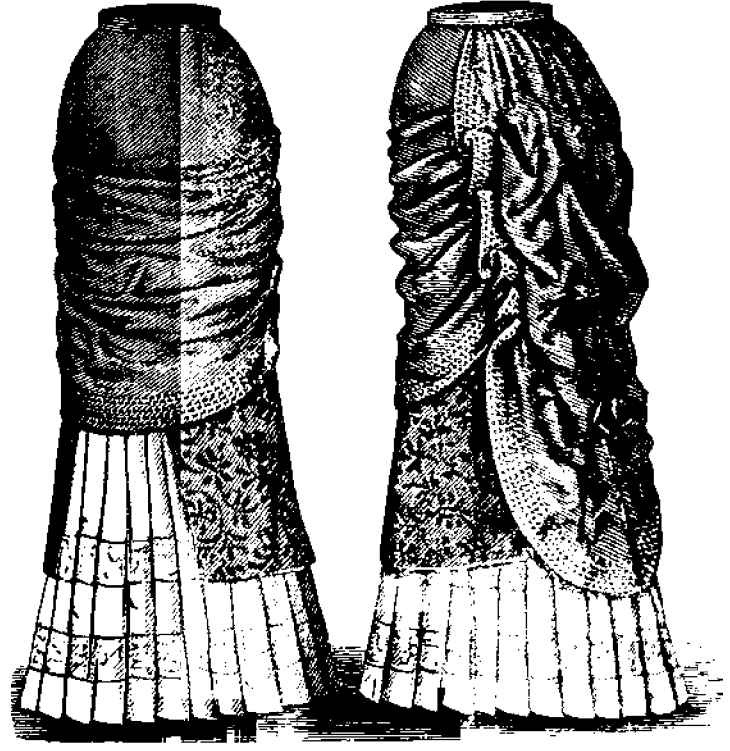
Theater Dress.

THERE are many occasions upon which a basque or jacket-bodice differing from the skirt is found most useful, and the theater is one of them. The dress skirt is of no consequence so long as it is short and inconspicuous; the long wrap nearly covers it, and in the crowd going in and out of a theater a train is very much in the way, and an elegant dress stands a chance of being spoiled.

But the seat reached and wraps thrown aside the upper part of the costume, without being light or showy, should be handsome and arranged with taste, and nothing is more suitable or convenient than an independent jacket bodice of velvet or red and gold brocade or with neckerchief or jabot of lace; a small bonnet beaded or made of feathers, or picturesque hat. The hats, we may remark, should be chosen with some care; gentlemen complain bitterly of the large hats with broad beef-eater crowns, that interpose a wall between persons who sit behind them and the stage; and there is some justice in their objections. Where every one pays a certain amount of money to see a performance, one part of the audience has no right to wear an article that excludes the view from the rest. Occupants of boxes, of course, can do as they please, as these being exclusive and placed at the sides of the house away from the body of the assemblage, no one is interfered with by any head-gear that ladies may choose to wear; but in the parquette and balconies it is a very different thing, and the indulgence in any form of wide-brimmed hat or towering bonnet which happens to be in vogue affords some justification for the refusal of some English managers to permit the wearing of bonnets in the stalls of the theaters (corresponding to our parquette) which now is not permitted.

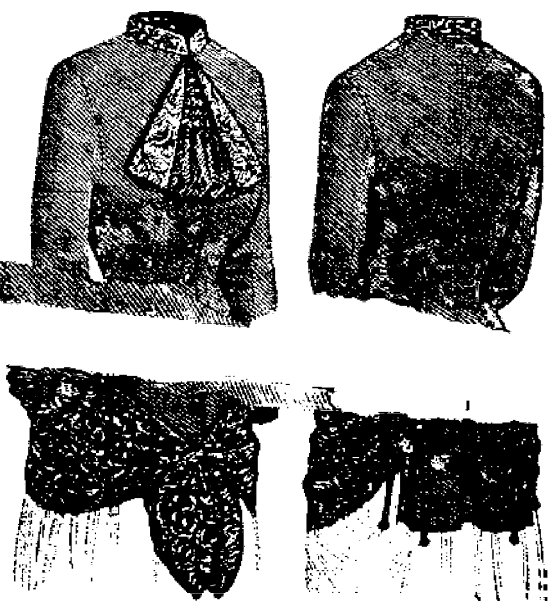
The polonaise... for half-evening costume, and suitable for theater wear. Some made in wool have a hood lined with satin, others are hand-embroidered with crewels, and still others are of dark wine-colored satin, draped off from the front, which may be beaded, shirred, or embroidered, and the neck and sleeves finished with a flat trimming to match, and plaitings of lace.

Velvet bodices are not infrequently made with the high Medici collar lined with satin, and with an inner ruffle of Mechlin lace; but these are not seen in the body part of the house—they would be deemed too conspicuous for good taste; they are employed for receptions and what is called "box" dressing. Dinner dresses half-worn and cut down to walking-length make good theater dresses, particularly if dark in color. Bangles, wristlets, necklets, all sorts of fancy ornaments find a place at the theater, as it is not considered a suitable occasion for the display of very costly ornaments.



CORDELIA OVERSKIRT.

Cordelia Overskirt.—A novelty in the arrangement of this graceful overskirt is the introduction of the plain panels on each side under the short, draped apron. The back is full and very gracefully draped. The design is suitable for all classes of dress goods, and is very desirable for a combination of materials. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



GILBERTE BASQUE.

Gilberte Basque.—The novel style of *revers* and *plastron* on the front of the basque, and the graceful arrangement of the side drapery renders this an extremely attractive design. It is fitted tightly 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. The *revers* are cut on the fronts, and arranged in such a manner that, if desired, the *plastron* can be omitted and the *revers* buttoned up with the rest of the waist, thus giving a perfectly plain front. The design is appropriate for a great variety of materials, especially the richest qualities, and is well adapted for a combination of fabrics. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



FASHIONABLE COIFFURES.

The Novelties in Dress.

THE "Tea Gowns" are among the newest things—not the long wrapper-like gowns of the English esthetic era, which never could or can be made to look like anything but a *robe de chambre*, but the odd "tea" gowns cut after Chinese models, or at least suggestive of their quaint costuming. Tea gowns are sometimes made in pink or blue flannel, and worn in the morning; sometimes in figured and damasked silk, and worn in the evening. They are sometimes shirred at the back of the neck, sometimes set in a yoke; they are cut loose and almost shapeless, with wide sleeves, and fold well over in front, the waist being confined by a sash of doubled silk or satin, with lace or tasseled ends. From the throat a ruffle of soft Breton lace is thrown back over the neck and carried down the front to the belt or sash as a jabot. The length is not quite that of a walking-dress, and the flounces of a ruffled, and often embroidered skirt peep out from the plain edge.

An elegant novelty is a very small black bonnet, little more than a crown, made entirely of the minute blue-black feathers from the breast of the raven, laid closely one over another upon a doubled lace foundation. The strings are doubled black satin bordered with black thread lace. Only a wing and the talons of the raven are used for ornaments. Indian ornaments are coming into vogue made of velvet trimmed with a network of beads or gold coins. Throatlets and wristlets appear of this description and are useful with square necks and the half-short sleeves now in vogue.

Pretty handkerchiefs for the neck are of white twilled silk embroidered in Indian colors and gold, and edged with deep Breton or Langædoc lace.

A new arrangement for the neck consists of a doubled scarf of satin gathered at the ends above the edge, and trimmed upon this edge with lace put on a little full. This scarf is worn as a collarette, and above it, close to the throat, folds of white tulle which meet in front and are held with two lace pins, one at the top and one at the waist. The bouquet of roses is placed at the left of the tulle.

and Summer of 1881.

THE enormous circulation that this publication has attained shows that ladies generally recognize it for what it is—a *multum in parvo* of information and direction in regard to dress and its belongings—taken from the most useful and practical side. In a handy form for reference are found all sorts of useful facts in regard to costumes, fabrics, out-door garments, hats and bonnets, children's clothing, hosiery, and all the details of the toilet, illustrated, and embodying many new and exclusive styles. "WHAT TO WEAR" for the Spring and Summer of 1881, will be ready on April first. The price is only fifteen cents, postage paid. Address MME. DEMAREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York.

OLD blue is a new color.

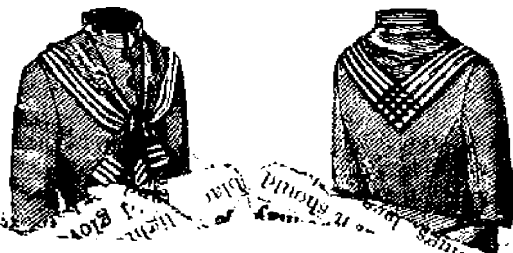
LACE-TRIMMED FICHUS are preferred for dressy occasions to those embroidered.

HALF handkerchiefs of India mull with black, blue, or red polka-dots are pretty for morning wear.



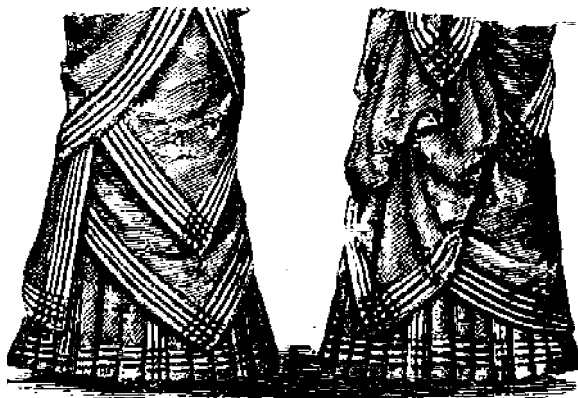
OPHELIA POLONAISE.

Ophelia Polonaise.—A long, draped apron, pointed side *pantiere*, full drapery at the back and a large "Pierrot" collar, are the distinguishing features of this stylish model. The polonaise 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. Almost any dress goods may be employed in reproducing this design, but it is especially adapted to the heavier varieties and is desirable for a combination of materials. This is shown on Fig. 1, of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



Costume Hats and Bonnets.

THERE is nothing positively new to be said about head-gear at this season, which is too early for spring styles to be decided, and too late for much to remain to be usefully said about winter styles. The bonnets for the season or half-season as the Parisians call it, are of various styles, and so popular that...



FERNANDE COSTUME.

Fernande Costume.—In this dressy design, the close-fitting, cuirass basque is cut 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; and with this is combined a gored skirt trimmed with kilt-plaiting and handkerchief draperies falling in a double pointed apron in front, pointed side *pantiere*, and a shawl-shaped point at the back. This design is especially adapted to the bright-

colored Madras plaids or handkerchief patterns; but it is equally stylish made in any other materials. The front view is illustrated on Fig. 3 of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Spring Brown and Spring Green.

UNDOUBTEDLY the successor of black for street wear is brown, at least it promises to be fashionable this season. Seal-brown costumes in a combination of exquisite camel's-hair with satin are in preparation, accompanied by small hats and bonnets of brown straw, or close bonnets of satin the same as that used for the dress. The trimming for the straw is satin and shaded foliage; for the satin bonnets, clusters of feathers shaded off into golden brown, and very rich gold and brown tapestried silk arranged in folds as a scarf, and *pointe*. The costumes need not be trimmed with anything save the satin; but one was made recently which exhibited an embroidered plastron, and bands in several shades of brown, from seal to golden—the faintest edge of a golden brown balayuse being visible round the bottom of the skirt.

Olive brown is also in great demand with green or golden lights in it, and some gold in the ornamentation of the bonnet: a golden butterfly, or green and gold scarabæus, insects having taken the place, to a considerable extent, of the long pins and spiked ornaments. The new spring green and spring blue are the genuine old bottle colors—they are dark and subdued, yet have softened lights in them which render them cheerful and pleasant to look upon. The contrasts in the costumes are effected in fabric, not in color, and some are made entirely of satin with cords, or silk, and gold braids as trimming. The conjunction of fine wool with satin in spring suits in these colors is charming, the satin furnishing all the trimming required except buttons, which are usually of dark, iridescent pearl.

venient style, and such caps have been invented also, made of the fabric of the dress, or matching in color, which are adapted to the young, and those who do not want the conventional bonnet.

Most ladies, therefore, in ordering a spring suit, order bonnet or cap to match, and this is supplied by the dressmaker—that is, by all first-class dressmakers—most of them having a milliner attached to the establishment, or some one with millinery taste and experience.

Of course the designs for costume hats and bonnets are, and ought to be, somewhat limited. They cannot be large and wide-brimmed, they must be close and somewhat compact, but they are often pretty and almost always becoming. When the suit is dark brown, brown straw can usually be found to match, and trimmed with the fabric, or trimming fabric of the dress; but in other colors the straw dye is not always fortunate, besides there are ladies who object to jumping at once from velvet to straw, and as a matter of dress etiquette, not to say health and propriety, they are quite right.

Sleeves.

THERE is one point in spring dressmaking to which we beg to call the attention of our readers. This is in regard to the present fashion of coat sleeves. Women are so used to enduring inconvenience in clothing, that unless the fact is brought home to them in some unmistakable form, they let it go without trying to remedy it.

Sleeves have gradually been growing tighter and tighter—until the long, ordinary sleeve as cut by ultra-fashionable or ignorant dressmakers has become paralyzing. The idea has been to fit it close to the arm, to render cuffs unnecessary by bringing the long glove down to the shortened sleeve, or below it, and thus preserve the pure outline. This is all very well, but the theory as applied to sleeves for day wear is injurious to the last degree to those who have to use their arms in a continuous manner, in sewing or writing for example.

A coat sleeve made for a working-dress should be gathered on the under side at the elbow, like No. 2277, the "Princess" sleeve, unless it is made loose enough to enable the arm to move freely. Evening dress sleeves may be made tight, because they are worn less frequently, and not during working hours—but evening and dressy sleeves, with a singular perversity, are usually made to afford plenty of room, while the sleeves worn all the time are the ones which subject the wearer to a species of torture.

Another point in regard to sleeves is to be observed in reference to outside jackets or ulsters made *en suite*. See that they are large enough to put on over dress sleeves, without pulling or dragging, and exhausting time and strength which could be put to better use. They may be well-shaped without arresting the blood in its course through the veins, as many of the sleeves now, and becoming instruments of punishment. Ready-made jackets and other garments frequently err on the other side, and make the sleeves so wide and so shapeless as to be an offense to taste. It is best to avoid both extremes in dress-making, for use and comfort.

Newest Styles in Mourning.

THE recent introduction of decided color into the dress of every day has had a tendency to revive mourning, and make it more still, and a time black had become

teries, and not even jetted trimmings, until after six months have passed. When crape is taken off, folds of armure silk or dull jet may be put on, but even then the ornamentation must not be made too conspicuous. A short street dress for deep mourning is made of Henrietta cloth, with kilted front and slightly draped back. The basque is a cuirass, and is trimmed with bands or collar and cuffs of double English crape. Some ladies omit, without any impropriety, the crape trimming from the street dress altogether, and leave it quite plain, the sleeves shaped closely to the arm, and meeting the glove, which is extended upon the wrist, without cuff or even fold. A long black cloak or ulster envelops this dress in very severe weather, but for spring it may be accompanied by a jacket cut rather long and close, and finished with a monk's hood lined with crape. A small bonnet should be made of Henrietta cloth, and trimmed with folds of crape. The crape may be taken off of both hood and bonnet at the end of three months, and dull armure silk substituted. If the mourning is not required very deep, the armure silk may be used in the first place. A plain but elegant mourning dress is made of rich armure silk cut with a princess back, and a round demi-train, bordered twelve inches deep with double English crape. The front is draped, and closely shirred above several narrow-plaited flounces of crape, and the belt which confines the front of the dress is also formed of folds of crape. Several rows of doubled black tulle, very finely plaited, are used for the finishing of the neck and sleeves, or plaited *crêpe lisse* (black), but no lace until the end of six months.

Nothing but the simplest ornaments are, of course, needed; for no lady in mourning goes to very gay entertainments, and for the small occasions which it is neither wise nor necessary to avoid, the dressing, including gloves, hosiery, and accessories of every description, should be all black.

The finest care and judgment, however, are required during the transition period, when deep mourning gives place to lighter textures and habiliments, and when it is found very perplexing to decide that one thing is admissible and another not. In this case, as in many others that are more important, it helps wonderfully to find out what is best *not* to do. And, first, it is best not to admit of any color until the lapse of twelve months, not even violet. Crape may be discharged at the end of three months; all blackened by white and white undi

feet, and, if they can be afforded, there is nothing quite so nice as plain black spun silk stockings for every-day wear. If these cannot be managed, very dark gray will be found better than black in thread or cotton; and for dressy wear silk will be absolutely needed. Crape veils are unhealthy, and should be avoided. If veils must be worn, let them be *tulle* or *crêpe lisse*.



Gilberte Basque.

circle, and it was all between persons in and persons out of mourning, unless they wore crape.

Black is still resorted to by all classes, and must continue to be, for its undeniable style, neatness, and convenient unobtrusiveness both for ladies in and ladies out of mourning; but it is now much easier to draw the line and make the distinction between what is and what is not mourning. For example, much of the black that is ordinarily worn is glossy, such as satin, woolen material striped, spotted, or figured with satin, and, when dresses are made of black wool for usual wear, they are nearly always mounted with figured silk, satin, plush, or some fabric which relieves the depth and plainness of the wool.

More elegant black toilets are always of satin, *satin de Lyon*, brocaded silk, or velvet combined with enriched silk or satin. Many, also, are embroidered with cashmere beads, or trimmed with old gold; and to all, in one way or other, the effect of glitter, and more or less of splendor, is given to atone for the absence of color. All this is totally out of place in mourning. No glossy material should be used, no fringes or *passemen-*

dulged in, except very plain black ear-rings and long pin.

Some people affect to consider attention to the detail of mourning as quite unworthy sensible women; but if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and while the outward signs of mourning for friends have become a matter of taste and personal convenience more than obligation, yet if it is done it should be done conscientiously, and with the care which comes naturally with habits of refinement and culture.

Summer mourning has been quite a problem until the production of the exquisitely fine wools which have no warmth largely solved the difficulty. These can be made upon thin twilled silk (French lining silk), as may also the sewing-silk and iron-frame grenadine—the only two kinds of grenadine suitable for mourning. Of course indoors, in hot weather, there is no necessity to be miserable in a black dress when one can be comfortable in a white sacque or wrapper; but out of doors there is no reason, with the immense variety of thin black fabrics at command, to suffer any more than one must in other clothing.

A great point in mourning is the dressing of the

THE "Gilberte" basque is here illustrated, made of black *satin de Lyon* trimmed with black brocaded satin, the remainder of the costume being of *satin de Lyon* and brocade. The basque is of plain *satin de Lyon*, and the drapery, cuffs and revers of brocade; and the joining of the drapery to the basque at the back is concealed by *passementerie* ornaments enriched with jet. Plaitings of Alençon lace around the neck and sleeves. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Lenten Dresses.

It is becoming more and more the custom for ladies to attend the Lenten services of the churches which take place during the Lenten season. The costume for this purpose is black, and is cut short with Jersey bodice, and simple draped and kilted skirt which is united to the bodice, the join being concealed by folds arranged scarf-wise. With this dress is worn a little black embroidered mantle, or, on cold days, a dark gray ulster, and Derby hat, with pale gray vell folded round it, and round the throat. A silver-mounted ebony prayer-book is carried by silver chains.



REINETTE COSTUME.

Reinette Costume.—A distinguished simplicity characterizes this pretty costume. It is arranged with a close-fitting polonaise reaching to the bottom of the skirt in the back, and a simulated Louis XV. vest on the front, leaving only a small portion visible of a short, round skirt, without trimming. The polonaise is cut with three darts in each front, two in the usual positions and one under the arm, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. The design is appropriate for all dress materials,

excepting the thinnest varieties, and is especially adapted to a combination of fabrics; and it may be trimmed, as illustrated, with rich *passementerie* ornaments, or in any other way to suit the taste and material employed. The front view is shown on Fig. 2 of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Capuchin Ulster.—A stylish and serviceable garment for street wear or traveling, a novel feature of which is the "Capuchin" hood which is extended to form *revers* on the front. It is nearly,



CAPUCHIN ULSTER.

but not quite, tight-fitting, and has a single dart in each front reaching to the bottom of the skirt, side forms rounded to the armholes, and the back cut with a seam down the middle. Additional fullness is imparted to the back of the skirt by box-plaits let in at the back and side form seams. This design is suitable for any quality of cloth, and the *revers* on the hood and cuffs may be made of the same goods, or silk or satin. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each

"Portfolio of Fashions."
 The popularity of this publication has increased so rapidly that we start a new edition of 100,000, at the rate of advancement. The ladies want to see a truthful picture of styles before buying patterns, and in the "PORTFOLIO" they obtain a complete gallery of designs, so large, so distinct in detail, and so well described, that they are enabled to judge accurately of effects, and are not betrayed into useless expenditure. The "PORTFOLIO," with all the new designs in costume for the Spring of 1881, will be ready March first, and prompt application should be made. Price, fifteen cents, post-free. Address, W. JENNINGS DEMAREST, or MME. DEMAREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York City.



HUMBERTA JACKET.

Humberta Jacket.—Double-breasted, tight-fitting, and somewhat masculine, but decidedly stylish in effect, this is a thoroughly practical design for a lady's out-door garment. It is cut with a single dart in each side of the front, and one down the middle, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. Additional fullness is imparted to the skirt by extensions on the back and side form seams forming plaits on the inside. The jacket is ornamented with *revers* and a broad, turn-down collar, large pockets and cuffs. This design is suitable for any of the materials used for ladies' coats and jackets, and many kinds of suit goods. For cloth, the "tailor" finish—several rows of machine-stitching near the edges—is

the most appropriate, and if made in suit goods the trimming can be made to match with that of the rest of the costume. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

"Illustrated Journal."
 It is the first record that a ladies' paper has ever made. We can see it in the hands of a hundred thousand.

It has comprised the edition of the "Illustrated Journal" for the past year. We started our full number of this latest of our fashion publications. The cheapness at which we have put this popular publication for the household, must be considered a great reason for its rapid advancement. It not only gives the latest news in regard to fashions, but more valuable and instructive reading for the money than any other paper published in the world. Our vast facilities do not admit of rivalry in our own field, and our friends know that we are not only as good, but better than our word. Demorest's "ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL" is issued quarterly with the seasons, sixteen pages, 16½ by 11½ inches (same size as the Illustrated Weeklies), and the price is only five cents per copy, or fifteen cents per year, including postage. Try it for one year. Address, W. JENNINGS DEMAREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York.

RED is in especial favor for millinery devices.

A HANDSOME comb or natural flower, placed low, at the left side, behind the ear, is all the ornament worn in the hair for full dress toilets.

"What to Wear."

LADIES should look out for the spring and summer number of "What to Wear." A full description of whose interesting contents will be given in the next number.

BRACELETS are worn outside the sleeves. GOLDEN buttercup is the newest shade of yellow.

NECKLACES are worn even over high-necked dresses.

DIRECTOIRE collars, covered with jet embroidery on net or edged with cut jet beads are worn with black silk dresses.

Wedding Dresses.

BRIDAL dresses have become a uniform of white silk, or satin. There is nothing objectionable about this, except that very many people think they must do exactly as their neighbors do in this respect, who cannot afford the expense, and for whom it is quite inappropriate, as the bride may hardly have another opportunity of wearing her wedding gown. White is undoubtedly a suitable dress for a youthful bride, but white muslin has gone out of fashion, and the white brocades, the white satins, and rich satin-finished silks are only adapted to wealth, and the refined surroundings which it brings. A cheap outfit of this kind is beyond all measure tawdry and destitute of the comfort and satisfaction gained from a really useful and handsome church and street costume, which could be obtained for less money. A young lady wealthy in her own right, and about to be married to a member, indeed the representative head of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families in America, chose as her wedding dress an embroidered India muslin which had been her mother's, and declined all offers of a magnificent trousseau. "Why should I burden myself," she said, "with a lot of clothes that I do not need, and have to think about them, and take care of them, and see them go out of fashion? I have all the wardrobe I need, and I would rather get my dresses when I want them."

She dressed herself for her wedding as she would if she was going to an evening party, walked quietly down unattended into the back parlor, and was married to a millionaire, and a very handsome man, without ushers or bridesmaids.

There is a reason, however, why the case

is not "the suit," when they marry, which did not exist for the young lady in question. It is their one chance of acquiring a tolerably complete and perhaps elegant wardrobe; and they gladly avail themselves of it. Comparatively few girls are in a position of independence before marriage, whatever they may be after; and though they may dress, and spend money, yet the latter seldom comes in the shape of a regular allowance upon which they can depend, and with which they can do as they please; on the contrary it usually comes as an occasional "gift" from papa, or squeezed out of the housekeeping money of "mamma," or a godsend from a brother or other relative. Her efforts therefore are always concentrated on some "must have" for a special purpose or occasion, and the hundred wants unsupplied bring up the rear in a very unsatisfactory manner. A girl about to fulfill the first end and aim of her being by getting married is in a position of vantage. Every one of her friends and relatives is willing to make an effort on her behalf. Her father opens his purse-strings, as he hopes for the last time; her mother works, and saves, and spends in her behalf, anxious that her daughter shall go out

from home well supplied with what she needs, and feeling that nothing is too much that will give her pleasure, or a happy remembrance of her home. To try to rid marriage of these labors and sentiments would be to become inhuman; but it is

sometimes necessary to give them wise direction. The gain is not always worth the cost, and it is as well to inquire, before spending a hundred and fifty dollars on the white satin and tulle, whether they will be of any use in the days and years to come, whether the money cannot be put into something that will do more permanent good and strike the very note of their probable future more truly and honestly. It is not doing less, but doing it differently, that is often most desirable.



Boy's Suit and Miss's Costume.

FIG. 1.—English check suit for a small boy. The design illustrated is the "Randolph" suit, with double-breasted jacket and knee-pants. Lilac cravat and gray felt hat. The double illustration is given with the separate fashions elsewhere. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, thirty cents each.

FIG. 2.—A stylish costume for the street or house, of garnet Madras cloth, with handkerchief draperies of red, gold, and bronze plaid, in a *mouchoir* pattern. The illustration represents the "Miette" costume, which is also a design especially adapted to gingham and other similar fabrics in plaids and handkerchief patterns. The costume is also illustrated among the separate fashions elsewhere. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Children's Fashions.

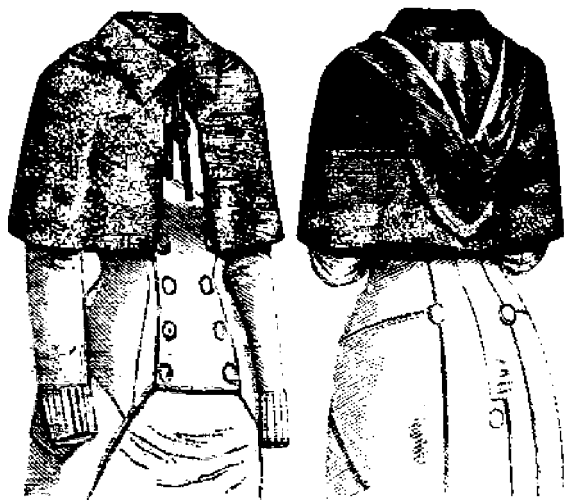
THE season of fancy dresses and children's parties is about over, and the anxious mother begins now to turn her thoughts toward spring, and the preparations which will largely include summer. To many the changes of the seasons bring a vast amount of additional work in "making over" and reconstructing; but this is really less profitable now than formerly, and the better way is to reduce the number of wearing dresses to the fewest possible, wear them, and replenish when necessary with new ones, giving the old ones away, cutting them up for sofa pillows or chair cushions, but not exhausting human strength upon old material which often does not repay the trouble.

Our illustrations for the present month give some pretty designs for girls, and a boy's suit which may be made in tweed or heather mixture. The "Miette" costume for misses, is suitable for spring wear, and for all

summer dresses. The latter covering the back of the basque, and falling in two burnous plaits at the side; while in front it is arranged as half handkerchiefs knotted, the lower points falling upon a kilted flounce, the upper upon the lower draperies. The belt shows a pretty knotted attachment, and a deep collar forms a pointed handkerchief at the throat.

The "Edla" basque is a pretty and stylish little design for dotted or figured goods, combined with plain in the making of a spring suit. The chemisette may be made of silk, or it may be of embroidered wool, or of a tucked material like the skirt; but if embroidered, the cuffs for sleeves should be decorated to match.

The "Lynette" overskirt is a good design for a combination, because so graceful, yet simple in arrangement. The "Bouita" paletot may be made in cloth suiting, flannel, heather mixture, or any soft, all-wool goods that is not too heavy. It is a suitable garment for spring and fall wear, and for taking to the country, the mountains, or the seaside. The "Randolph" suit may easily be made from the pattern by any seamstress who can handle a needle. Scotch heather mixture, checked English Melton, or other light cloths in dark colors are suitable. The buttons are horn, shaded or speckled to match the mixture of the goods.



Description of Cut Paper Pattern.

PELERINE WITH HOOD.

LADY'S MEDIUM SIZE.

A STYLISH design, illustrating the favorite cap and shoulder cape combined. The cape is in circle shape, fitted by gores on the shoulders, and reaches nearly to the waist line. It is a suitable model for all qualities of cloth, and may be made of the same material as the coat or jacket with which it is to be worn, or of the dress goods to complete a street costume, or in silk, cashmere, cloth, plush, or velvet, to be used as an independent garment. The hood and cape, or the hood alone, should be lined with a contrasting color or material. Heavy materials will require no trimming; but fringe, lace, or any other suitable garniture can be used on thinner fabrics.

Half of the pattern is given, consisting of three pieces—cape, hood, and collar.

The shoulder gores in the cape are to be basted and fitted to the figure before they are cut off. The edge of the hood, near which there is a cluster of holes, is to be laid to a crosswise fold of the goods.

The hood tried on before they are cut off, and the space in the back of the hood between the gores is to be gathered and drawn in so that the notches in the top of the cape and hood will match. Turn up the hood in a line with the inner row of holes, and then turn the edge over on the outside in a line with the outer row of holes, to form a revers. The collar is to be sewed to the neck of the cape according to the notches, and rolled over but not pressed flat.

Cut the cape lengthwise of the goods on the front edges. Cut the hood exactly crosswise of the material in a line with the cluster of holes that designate the middle of the outer part of the back, and the collar bias and without a seam in the middle of the back.

Two yards and an eighth of a yard of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required, and one yard of contrasting material to line the hood. If both the cape and the hood are to be lined, the same quantity of contrasting material will be required as for the outside.

"What to Wear,"

FOR the Spring and Summer of 1881, to be ready April first, is the most practical work in the world for the mother of a family to possess. It furnishes comprehensive and reliable information upon every subject connected with the wardrobe, and in compact form contains the solid results of knowledge and experience.

Spring Materials, and Decorative Embroidery.

THERE is great variety in the thinner class of materials which have made their appearance in view of the approach of spring, but not as yet much of novelty to chronicle. "Handkerchief" dresses will continue to be popular according to present indications, and many materials with striped or checked borderings are shown which in making up have precisely the same effect as the handkerchief costumes.

So far as style is concerned, however, these are quite according to the crewel and outline-embroidered suits and house dresses. The desire for this sort of ornamentation is steadily increasing, and, strange to say, the larger number of really



Bonita Paletot.

Miss's paletot of light mixed cloth, which completes a street dress of garnet cashmere. The design is about half-fitting, and trimmed with a band of silk fastened with several rows of machine stitching, and a silk cord arranged to simulate a *passementerie* ornament at the side-form seams. Garnet felt hat, trimmed with natural ostrich plumes, and a cluster of loops of silver-gray satin ribbon. Patterns of paletot in sizes for from eight to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

pretty hand-embroidered dresses are to be found in the country districts, in intelligent rural neighborhoods, where life is not exhausted at so rapid a rate as in New York City, or in smaller towns where needle-work and art societies have stimulated the young women to something besides the making of impossible articles in Berlin wool, rice, and sealing-wax. Of course embroidery must be done on a plain surface, and the smooth all-wool Glenham suiting is found by experiment one of the best materials for the purpose. The flowers preferred are dog roses, china asters, apple blossom, the starry almond blossom, and the pretty *beauvardia*. It is a mistake to embroider silk upon wool or wool upon linen; each material should be treated with its corresponding thread, the wool with wool (in any colors or shades preferred), the linen with linen. Several shades of a high color—yellow or red, very pale pink shaded up to red, very delicate yellow shaded up to brown, which, in conjunction with shades of olive, form stems and foliage—are more artistic than the masses of crude color or union of only two or three vivid shades.

Violets are lovely upon dark gray, but they should be massed, carefully outlined, and artistically shaded.

The German linen used by the art societies is considered the best as a foundation for the new decorative embroidery which has so far been applied mostly to mats, tidies, covers, curtains, table-cloths, napkins, and the like. It is a species of etching with the needle, and is usually done in black, dark blue, or brown, in stem and feather-stitch.

Coral and sea-weed patterns in stamped and printed border are rather new and very effective, and give a fresh appearance to the bordered designs. The colors, too, are in marked contrast to the light prints and cambrics which formerly appeared in profusion at this season. All the colors used now for every-day wear are dark with "high lights" in small quantity. What were known as "cloth" shades, very dark blue, brown, green, wine-color, and black appear in cottons, in Madras gingham, linen, cambric, and other summer goods for ordinary use and wear. Thin India woods are in such great demand for evening dresses that they have become very scarce, and (profusely trimmed with lace) are "morning and indoor" goods, that is, all

of India silk, this season, especially render them economical for they are often trimmed with a profusion of lace—eight dozen yards having been used recently on one morning dress.

Nearly all these silks have a twill like Surah, and are made plain and in delicate flower patterns. The figured silk makes a charming polonaise draped from the front, and trimmed with a quantity of Breton or Languedoc, or fine torchon ruffling. The skirt would be made of the plain twill, the front vest or plastron tucked (longitudinally) or shirred, the lower part ruffled. Such dresses are light, simple, and very useful, particularly for young ladies, who can use them for "teas," or evening sociables, and find them at the close of several months' service ready to do duty at watering-places next summer.

Aprons of silk or linen, hand-embroidered or hand-painted are creating a *furor* among the young devotees of decorative art. The Swiss or Roman are the favorite styles; outline embroidery upon linen and crewel stitch in floss on satin being mainly used for the latter, which would do equally well for stand, toilet, or chair scarfs were it not that the ends are decorated on opposite sides, so that the upper one may turn over from the top.



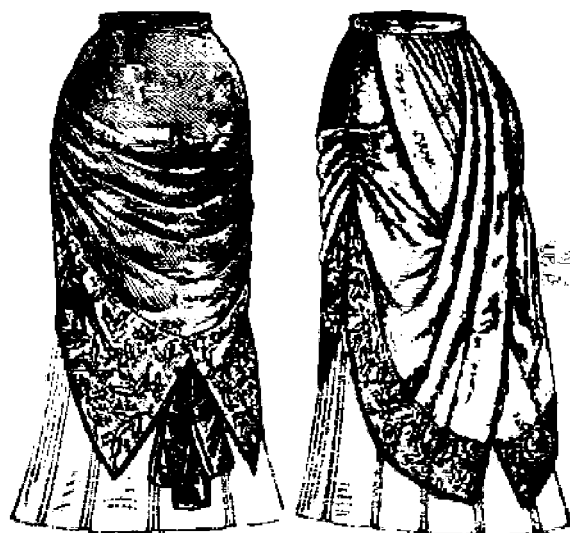
MIETTE COSTUME.

Miette Costume.—Handkerchief draperies loosely knotted together at the front, and gracefully draped at the back, impart a distinctive character to this pretty costume. The 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. The skirt is trimmed with kilt plaiting. This design is especially appropriate for goods in handkerchief patterns or plaids, but is quite as stylish in any other dress material. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



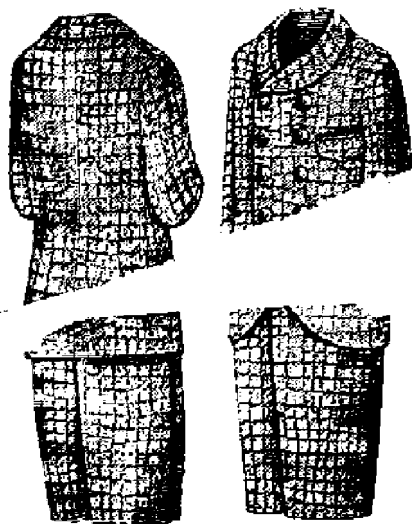
BONITA PALETOT.

Bonita Paletot.—Convenient, practical, and possessing a simple style of its own, this is an excellent design for a miss's comfortable, outdoor garment. It is about half-fitting, cut with loose, double-breasted fronts, side forms carried to the armholes, and a seam in the middle of the back. This model is appropriate for cloth and similar goods, and some of the heavier varieties of suitings. The trimming should be simple—galloon, bands, or rows of stitching. Patterns in sizes for from eight to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



LYNETTE OVERSKIRT.

Lynette Overskirt.—Simple and graceful in arrangement, with a full draped apron cut open to form double points in front, the novel feature of this design is the peculiar and effective style of drapery at the back, which is arranged with two separate pieces joined in gathers to the belt half across the top, then cut down lengthwise and the ends thus left detached plaited at the top and crossed diagonally to fasten in the belt at the opposite side, leaving the lower part to fall in two deep points. The "Lynette" is a suitable model for any dress material, and is especially adapted for a combination of fabrics. Patterns in sizes from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



RANDOLPH SUIT.

Randolph Suit.—A double-breasted jacket with a rolling collar is combined with knee-pants in this stylish suit for boys from six to ten years of age. Any of the materials usually selected for boys' clothing can be appropriately used, and rows of machine stitching or narrow galloon will be the most stylish finish. Patterns in sizes from six to ten years. Price, thirty cents each.

A CHARMING idea is to transform the large Renaissance cravats into vests. With the basque open in heart-shape, the cravat is worn simply passed around the neck, showing through the opening, and coming out below the waist.



Lancelot Suit.

SUIT of prune-colored ladies' cloth, trimmed with Stuart plaid, for a small boy. The design illustrated is the "Lancelot" suit, with kilt-plaited skirt and half-fitting jacket. A plaid sash crosses the front of the skirt and is tied in a large bow at the back. "Pierrot" collar of white linen and embroidery, and satin ribbon bow. Red and white plaid stockings. Plum-colored felt Derby hat. Patterns of suit in sizes for from two to six years. Price twenty-five cents each.



EDLA BASQUE.

Edla Basque.—This novel and pretty design for a young girl is partly double-breasted, the fronts cut-away in pointed shape and crossed diagonally from right to left over a pointed vest laid in fine perpendicular plaits. It is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the arm-holes, and a seam in the middle of the back. The back separates into two long tabs which are drawn in at the bottom, and finished with bows to correspond with the bow on the point of the vest in front. It can be made up in almost any dress material, and is especially adapted to the more dressy varieties, or a combination. Patterns in sizes for fourteen or sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

LUSTERLESS silk or Surah is used with crape for deep mourning.



"Mrs. C."—The "Imperia" walking skirt with adjustable train would furnish an excellent model for the graduating dress of satin, which we advise should be on an ivory rather than pearl tint, the latter looking "old," and certain to prove very trying to the complexion by daylight. The beads are not fixed in price, and would be difficult to obtain at this season. They might be bought for \$1.50 a bunch (six strands). Our purchasing bureau would furnish them, or any wholesale trimming house. For the black silk how would the "Reinette" costume suit, illustrated in the present number? It may be relied upon as a good, permanent design.

"Mrs. W. H. L."—Neither jet passementerie nor fringe can be properly used with crape; they belong to the secondary stage of mourning.

"A GRATEFUL SUBSCRIBER."—Your sample is cotton cheese-cloth, of, as you know, the very cheapest quality. It would not be worth making up into curtains. The kind used, and which sells for fifty and sixty cents per yard, is all linen, and strong. It is usually trimmed with a border and insertions of antique lace. You could use it plain, however.

"A WORKER AMONG THE POOR."—The Ragged Schools and Night Refuges in Field Lane, Hatton Gardens, London, conducted by a society under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, are doing an immense work among the poor and forsaken and vicious of that degraded neighborhood. They have day schools and night schools, with mothers' meetings, Sunday schools, and church services. The refuse of London gather together there, many of whom have been in prison for various terms, and others in penal servitude. During the week those who have homes are visited by the chaplains and assistants, and every possible aid is given to induce them to become good members of society.

"BUNHILL FIELDS."—Bunhill Fields Cemetery, where are buried John Bunyan, Daniel De Foe, over whose grave is a monument erected by penny subscriptions from the children of Great Britain, Isaac Watts, the hymn writer, Susanna Wesley, the mother of John and Charles Wesley, and fifteen of her children, General Ireton, son-in-law of Oliver Cromwell, and two or three of Cromwell's grandchildren, was made in the reign of Elizabeth, from a deposit of more than one thousand cartloads of bones, removed from old St. Paul's; from which came the name of *Bonehill*, afterward changed into *Bunhill*.

England in one of the old inns of the town. At what time, and by whom, is still preserved the famous bedstead used by Ben Jonson, and by Shakespeare in his *Twelfth Night*. It is large enough to hold comfortably twenty-four persons.

"STUDENT."—The victory of Agincourt, in 1415, gave birth to the first piece of English music known which can be regarded as a regular musical composition. The original may be seen at the present time in the Pepysian Collection at Magdalen College, Cambridge. The words are as follows:

"Our Kynde went forth to Normandy
With grace and myght of chyvalry,
And God for hym wrought marvelously;
Wherefor England may calle and cry,
Deo Gratias! Anglia!
Redde pro victoria!"

"CURIOUS READER."—The celebrated Portland Vase was discovered in a Roman tomb in the seventeenth century. The ashes it contained were supposed to be those of the Emperor Alexander Severus. For a hundred years it remained in the Barbarina Palace, Rome, but upon sale of the Barbarina library, was bought by a Scotch gentleman, who afterward sold it to Sir William Hamilton, and by him was taken to England in 1784. There it was purchased by the Duchess of Portland, an enthusiastic collector, and upon her death, sold to her son, the Duke of Portland, for more than five thousand dollars. He sent it to Mr. Wedgwood, the famous potter, that it might be copied. In 1810, the Duke of Portland, one of the trustees of the British Museum, allowed it to be placed in that institution for exhibition. In 1845 William Lloyd took up a bit of ancient sculpture,

and throwing it at the case containing the vase, broke both into pieces. His excuse was that having been under the effect of liquor for some weeks, he was so nervous that he felt a continual fear of everything, and under this impression committed the act. Upon some technicality the young man escaped, after paying three pounds for breaking the case. The vase was skillfully restored, and some twenty copies were produced by Mr. Wedgwood. The vase has since been kept in a private room. It is nearly black, though really blue, with reliefs in white, cut like a cameo for beauty and fineness. It is ten inches high, and six in diameter at the broadest part.

"LARKSPUR."—There is not the least danger of short dresses going out of fashion at present, or, indeed, in this generation, for there are enough sensible women, and women whose active lives need a convenient dress, to keep them in fashion.

"DOLLY."—Black costumes are always affected by fashionable women in Lent, and it is very much "the thing" to go to a lenten morning service wearing a very simple, almost conventual, black costume, with a bunch of violets at the belt, and carrying an elegant prayer-book, all ebony and silver.

"EDELWEISS."—There are plenty of ladies who would be glad to act as chaperones to a party of young girls who wish to go to Europe. But it would be wisest to limit the number. It is difficult to move large bodies made up of separate individualities, each one of whom would consider they had as much right as another to direct and insist. The best plan would be to find a bright intelligent chaperone; decide on the general route before starting, and trust to her guidance. Four or eight would form a sufficient party.

"BACK-WOODS."—The following is a list of George Eliot's works, with dates of production: "Scenes in Clerical Life," published in 1857; "Adam Bede," 1858; "Mill on the Floss," 1860; "Silas Marner," 1861; "Romola," 1863; "Felix Holt," 1866; "Spanish Gipsy," 1868; "Agatha," 1869; "Middlemarch," 1871; "Legend of Jubal," 1874; "Daniel Deronda," 1876; "Theophrastus Such," 1879. The aspiration of her life is expressed in her famous poem, "O may I join the choir invisible," part of which will be found appended to J. J.'s In Memoriam to George Eliot, in this number.

"MOQUETTE."—The difference between "English" Brussels and tapestry Brussels is this, that the first is thick, soft, and more durable, because the wools go through to the "other" side; in the tapestry the surface only is covered, the back is hemp, and, of course, not nearly so soft to the pressure, or so durable. We should prefer handsome matting to cheap carpeting for the bedrooms of a country house, supplemented in winter by home-made rep or drugget.

"STUDENT."—Henry the VIII. of England was the first English sovereign, styled His Majesty, the titles of English sovereign being many changes. His Highness; Henry VIII. at unward His Majesty.

"A NUMBER OF ADMIRERS."—It is not improper for a young lady to invite girls with whom she is personally acquainted, to an entertainment, if there is good reason why she should do so. Of the motive, she herself must judge; no one else, except her parents or those who stand in their place, has a right to interpose an objection. From her school acquaintances she must naturally select whom she pleases, and it would be perfectly natural and proper for her to relinquish some with whom she may have been brought into close contact as a child, and cultivate others whom inclination or circumstances render more desirable. The position of parents, their habits and standing form the passport of their children into society; and thus character becomes the most valuable part of an inheritance. The question proposed in regard to the man who by no fault of his own has lost his social position, and been compelled to accept an inferior one, is constantly coming up, but the fact should never be allowed to weigh with those who know the family and circumstances. Let strangers think what they please, or make what remarks they please, sustain your friends, especially those who have suffered from ill fortune, and consider circumstances of this kind as a test of breeding—for criticism in regard to persons or facts of whose hearings we are ignorant, is in very bad taste, and presumptive evidence of the want of a training in cultivated society. A sister should not

always consider herself entitled to an invitation, because her brother receives one from a young lady. Reasons may operate against it, which she does not take into account. Above all things in social life, do not look for slights. Happy the woman or girl who "does not know" when she is snubbed, for she never will be snubbed, and will never grieve over a wrong that probably exists only in the imagination. Mothers who constantly intrude themselves upon young people must be very much wanting in tact. It is a sad reflection upon themselves, if they cannot trust their daughters, and this confidence, exercised under perfectly suitable and proper circumstances, is a very different thing from allowing them to choose their own companions at all times and in all places, until familiarity becomes license, and license contempt. We hope we have covered the ground contained in the Alabama letter.

"DAUGHTER OF AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—An Afghan of large size is a very expensive piece of work. We have seen one finished lately, the wool for which cost twenty-five dollars, at a cost of \$1.65 per pound. For one somewhat smaller, make two strips of olive, and two of garnet, for each of which you will cast on thirty-six stitches and knit till they are one yard and a half long. Make three other strips in pale blue, same length, but a little over half in width, for which cast on twenty stitches. Knit the strips together with old gold, and have olive for one side edge, and garnet for the other. This size would require about fifteen dollars' worth of wool.

"M. A. H."—Make a plain cuirass (close fitting) basque of your velvet, and use the fringe in straight rows across the draped front of a skirt. A small cape made of passmenterie and guipure would look extremely well, although guipure is not now a fashionable lace, and it would complete the costume for the street.

"LIZZIE M. K."—There are several ways of taking out mildew. One is to soak in sour buttermilk or lemon-juice, and expose the spotted portion to the rays of the sun; another, to mix soft soap or Windsor soap with powdered French chalk, until it forms a paste, and rub this well in, then expose the article to the sun, washing it afterward in tepid water. The operation may have to be repeated, but in either case it is usually successful, unless the stains are of very long standing.

"NEEDLE WORK."—The best modern endeavors do not as yet rival the tapestries and battle pieces in embroidery executed in old times. Needle-work was not done for pay in the old days,—it was an aristocratic art, and almost confined to ladies of rank. Queens Mary and Elizabeth were illustrious and accomplished needlewomen, Elizabeth giving a shirt of her own manufacture to Edward Sixth as a Christmas present. Anne Boleyn also embroidered a bed tester for her royal husband. The duties of the household were studied by the daughters of the nobility, dressmaking being especially cultivated, as also the getting up of linen and laces. A certain amount of needlework was used to charge four to five pounds for the most part, and iron, and twenty shillings for the most part, and iron, and twenty shillings for the most part.

"A NUMBER OF ADMIRERS."—It is not improper for a young lady to invite girls with whom she is personally acquainted, to an entertainment, if there is good reason why she should do so. Of the motive, she herself must judge; no one else, except her parents or those who stand in their place, has a right to interpose an objection. From her school acquaintances she must naturally select whom she pleases, and it would be perfectly natural and proper for her to relinquish some with whom she may have been brought into close contact as a child, and cultivate others whom inclination or circumstances render more desirable. The position of parents, their habits and standing form the passport of their children into society; and thus character becomes the most valuable part of an inheritance. The question proposed in regard to the man who by no fault of his own has lost his social position, and been compelled to accept an inferior one, is constantly coming up, but the fact should never be allowed to weigh with those who know the family and circumstances. Let strangers think what they please, or make what remarks they please, sustain your friends, especially those who have suffered from ill fortune, and consider circumstances of this kind as a test of breeding—for criticism in regard to persons or facts of whose hearings we are ignorant, is in very bad taste, and presumptive evidence of the want of a training in cultivated society. A sister should not

"SAM."—The earliest love song known in English and which dates from the year 1200, begins thus:

"Blow north wynd,
Send thou me my sweetynge.
Blow, north wind,
Blow, blow, blow!"

"TWO GIRLS."—The little island of Heligoland in the North Sea can be reached by steamer from Hamburg in five hours' time. It is only about six thousand feet in length by two thousand in breadth in its widest part, while there is only one place where a landing can be made. On the Lowland, as it is called, there may be a hundred or so of houses and shops, and on the Upperland, two hundred steps up, is the church, lighthouse, and governor's house, and perhaps five or six other houses, all of which have tiny front yards gay with flowering plants. There are but few trees on the island, and not one horse or donkey, though there are several hundred sheep and a few, very few cows. The ancestors of

the present inhabitants were Frieslanders, and they claim the island to have been the "wonderful island" of Virgil's *Æneid*. Helligoland used to belong to Schleswig, but passed with that Duchy into Danish hands in 1714. In 1807 it was transferred to England, in whose possession it now is. The governor is one of the few of the "six hundred" who remained after the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. The people are chiefly fishermen and are remarkable for their good looks, and also for their intelligence and good morals. The houses are built with an alley quite surrounding each of them. The church is of brick, with very thick walls, the ceiling being painted to imitate bright-colored French calico. Helligoland would be a charming and healthful place in which to spend a few weeks, the expense of living there in the best hotels not exceeding two dollars a day.

"CURIOSITY."—In Greek mythology Endymion is the sunset, with which the moon is in love. Endymion was condemned to endless sleep and everlasting youth, and Silene kisses him every night on the Latmian hills. In Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," V. I., you will find the lines:

"The moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked."

2. Pictures have three distances, called grounds; the foreground, where the artist is supposed to be; the middle ground, where the most salient parts of the picture are placed; and the background or distance, beyond which the eye cannot penetrate.

"LATRA."—"What is truth?" was the great question of the Platonists. Plato said we could know truth if we could sublimate our minds to their original purity. Arcesilaos said that man's understanding is not capable of knowing what truth is. Carneades maintained that not only our understanding could not comprehend it, but even our senses are wholly inadequate to help us in the investigation. Gorgias the Sophist said, "What is right, but what we prove to be right? and what is truth, but what we believe to be truth?"

2. The drinking glasses of the middle ages, made at Venice, were said to possess the peculiar property of breaking into shivers if poison were put into them. Venice glass, from its excellency, became a synonym for perfect on.

"STUDENT"—1. Nimbus characterizes power and authority, not sanctity. The color indicates the character of the person so invested; the nimbus of the Trinity is gold; of angels, apostles, and the Virgin Mary, either red or white; of ordinary saints, violet; of Judas, black; of Satan, some very dark color. The form is generally a circle or half circle, but that of Deity is often triangular.

2. See answer to "Curious Reader."

"MARIA."—The Tinkers are a politico-religious sect of Ohio. They came from a small German village on the Eder. They believe that all will be saved; are Quakerish in plainness of dress and speech; they will neither fight nor go to law. Both sexes are equally eligible for any office. Celibacy is the highest honor, but not imperative. They are also called Tumblers, and tobacco-smokers.

"a pop into wine," and has been given them, but they are harmless people."

"SARAH."—1. In Hindu mythology Rahu is the demon that causes eclipses. One day Rahu stole into Valhalla to quaff some of the nectar of immortality. He was discovered by the sun and moon, who informed against him, and Vishnu cut off his head. As he had already taken some of the nectar into his mouth, the head was immortal, and ever afterward hunted the sun and moon, thus causing eclipses.

2. Hansatic League was the first trade union. It was established in the thirteenth century by certain cities of northern Germany, for their mutual prosperity and protection. The diet which used to be held every three years was called the Hansa, and the members of it, Hansards. The league was virtually broken up in 1630.

3. St. Yves is the patron saint of lawyers, being himself a lawyer. As he used his knowledge in defending the oppressed, he is called in Brittany "the poor man's advocate."

"CORSETS."—In your January number, in answer to an inquiry, you say: "You can wear corsets, however, that will greatly improve your appearance, and not injure your health." Permit me to request you to insert this communication in your valuable magazine, so that

what I know by experience may benefit others, and perhaps remove prejudice.

"About ten years ago, a weakness in my chest and back led me to seek medical aid, and I was advised to use a bandage; but I soon found this would get slack, and I then tried a corset. My business at that time was writing (copying), and eight pages, of three hundred words each, was my day's work. The first day I wore a corset I copied thirteen pages. Its support caused me to sit erect, and relieved my weakness, and I have used one ever since to my great benefit and comfort.

"I do not believe health will be injured by wearing a corset, unless it is laced too tight, which will soon be known by a peculiar sensation in the face and head, caused by a retention of the blood.

"The size I wear is thirty inches waist measure, which is less, by an inch, than my actual measure, as I find it must fit moderately tight to be of any benefit, and it is best to have an inch or two open in the back where it laces. The one I wear is fourteen inches deep in front, and laces a few inches on each side, and has thirty-six bones. A dealer (a lady) told me: 'We sell nearly as many corsets to gentlemen as we do to ladies, because slender young men in sedentary employments find great benefit in the support and comfort they receive in wearing them.' A. M."

"PET."—It is only recently that it has been considered obligatory for gentlemen to send cards if they do not call on New Year's day. It is equally incumbent on ladies to send cards announcing their intention of receiving. At least it is so in a large city, where people change their residences, and friends do not see each other often.

"ORPHAN."—An institution has been successfully established in London which might well be imitated in New York. In 1870, a Home was begun under the care of a leading official of the Eastern Central District, for the purpose of providing board, clothing, and education for the orphans of sorters, letter-carriers, and other members of the minor establishments of the post office in London or the provinces. The benefits of the institute are restricted to the children of those who have been subscribers to its funds, while the characteristic feature of the operations of the institute is that no separate establishment is maintained for its work. The children who are cared for are either placed at schools as boarders, or under carefully selected "foster-parents," who are under the supervision of the committee. Since the foundation of the institute upward of a hundred children have realized its benefits. In the selection of schools or homes, the committee endeavors to place the children in each case, within easy access of their widowed mothers or nearest relatives. The institute is liberally supported by the higher post office officials, as well as merchants and others, the voluntary subscriptions amounting for the past year to over ten thousand dollars, and the members' subscriptions being fifteen hundred dollars.

"LAW."—It is said to be the great thinkers; Newton, Leibniz, and many others of that stamp of mind being gifted with an enormous quantity of that useful member. So well was this saying recognized, that Tycho Brahe, the great astronomer, having lost a portion of his in a duel, supplied the loss by an artificial nose made of gold, so well formed and colored, as to be hardly distinguishable, it is said, from the natural feature.

"Mrs. S. V. S."—It is not now considered necessary to use the expletives "Sir" or "Madam" in addressing a gentleman or lady. In fact modern ideas, that can hardly be called rules, since they get rid of all rules, favor the absence of formality in speaking even to strangers after their claim to title, rank, or distinction of any kind, has been once recognized. This has its disadvantages, and among the young and persons who are not really well bred, is apt to lead to a degree of familiarity which borders on impertinence.

"Mrs. S. G. H."—Black cashmere is an excellent material to put with "old fashioned" black silk. Use the silk for the skirt, the cashmere for polonaise or cuirass basque, and drapery. Have a small visite or mantle made of the cashmere, and lined with twilled lining silk, and trimmed with mossy ruching or passementerie and fringe for the street, and to complete your suit for church and visiting. The "Musette" dress is a capital model for cambrics for your little girl of six; the "Blouse" dress for flannel for your boy of three, and the "Norvill" a polonaise for your daughter of twelve. Look at the

"Miette" costume for a girl, illustrated in the present number. Would not that be pretty as a design for a "handkerchief" costume?

"GRETCHEN."—There would not be the least impropriety in your attending the church festival you mention six months after the death of a parent. It is not well, and one rarely feels like going much into society immediately after a shock of that kind, but on the other hand it is injurious to the health to shut oneself out from all social life and companionship. Some people cannot bear it, and people who "pass remarks" on the harmless acts of those who have suffered grave affliction are themselves doing a much greater wrong than the one they condemn.

"COUNTRY GIRL."—It is very provoking to have to dress as you say in "other peoples' clothes," or clothes which represent their tastes and ideas instead of your own. Can you not persuade your father to make you an allowance as an equivalent for what you do at home, instead of occasionally buying a dress when he goes into town. If this cannot be managed, suppose you try to find some kind of employment that will give you dress money. The "big plaid" could be used then for a "horse blanket."

"VIOLA."—A woman who nurses her own children aids both her health and her complexion. It is a very great disadvantage to absorb into the blood and cellular tissues the fluid that contains the elements of life for another. We will give you a recipe, however, that may help to restore your freshness. It is taken for granted that you use plenty of cold water, a bath every morning, and a tepid bath twice a week with castile soap or something equally harmless. In addition mix an ounce of rice powder with the same quantity of prepared magnesia, a gill of bay-rum, same quantity of good cologne, a teaspoonful of oil of lemon, and double the quantity of glycerine. You may add a little essence of bergamot, but it is not necessary. Put these ingredients in a wine bottle, which holds about a pint and a half, and fill up with rain water. Shake before using. Put on the face with a linen cloth before retiring or after having been exposed to wind or cold air. Wash off with tepid water and rinse with cold.

"ELIZA."—Certainly there is nothing improper in a gentleman subscribing to a "lady's" magazine so-called. On the contrary, it is a pity more do not do it, they would be better for finding out what there is in them, or whether there is anything in them or not. Boys and girls are born in the same family, they are brought up together, live together, may die together, why should they not read the same papers and magazines? It is very often men who conduct ladies' magazines, and there are always men who write for them; why then should men not read them?

When strangers are introduced, no matter what the age or sex, they usually confine their first attempts at conversation to general topics, such as the weather, or some circumstance connected with their meeting. Afterward, that is when they have become friends, their conversation will grow out of their mutual tastes, the books they read, the people they know, their daily experiences, and the like; it is impossible to give rules; no rule can supply the place of brains and intelligence.

"REBECCA."—We send "Knight's History of England" in two volumes, paper covers, as a premium for three subscribers, and will supply it to you for \$2.80—in cloth for \$3.65. Our \$5.00 corsets are made of the best coutil, and last a long time, always keeping their perfect shape. We do not supply cheap corsets. Ours are especially cut by an improved method, so as to scientifically fit, shape, and not injure the form, and are especially and individually made, each one to order, and in the best manner. The prices for French jean are \$2.50 and \$3.00, for fine satin jean, \$4.00, for best coutil, \$5.00. Young ladies do not prefix "Miss" to their names upon their visiting cards, but use the simple name and nothing more, unless they choose to add their address. What you call Queen Victoria's Bible will be likely to supersede all others in the English tongue, because it will be the most perfect, and the only one free from sectional bias and interpretation.

The cost of a solid gold necklace of the design mentioned, would be about \$40.00. Robinson's Algebra is very good, but Ray's Arithmetic and Algebra are considered still better. An English conversational grammar, of which we have forgotten the name, is the best in use. Any good bookseller would know it. There is no average for salaries of public school teachers—they are graded according to position. The primary teachers

begin at \$400 per annum and work up. The highest salary paid, except to a principal of high school or college is \$2,000. Mary E. Lee is a public school teacher and resides in Brooklyn. The author of "Seed-time and Harvest," "Strangers yet," "Elizabeth," etc., is a young Southern lady.

"Rebecca" concludes with the following, which we quote as evidence of the general recognition of our new and live department of "Current Topics."

"Let me say a word in praise of the 'Current Topics.' It excels anything I have seen in any periodical; and I prize your Magazine above any of my reading matter. For a long time I had to take it by stealth, as my father, being ignorant of its contents, said I must not throw my money away for a 'trifling' magazine. One time he got out of reading matter, and picked up your Magazine, and found the 'Current Topics.' Since then he has acknowledged his error, and has to read it before he does political and commercial news, then complains it does not come but once a month."

"JENNY."—The department of answers to correspondents is intended for the use and benefit of subscribers only, we neither ask nor accept any compensation for answering questions, and conveying to others such information as we may be able to impart. We are also free to ask help occasionally from our well informed readers on literary points of which we are ignorant, or may have forgotten, or not have the books for reference at hand. It is impossible to answer outsiders, and send the one number in which the reply appears, because correspondents rarely understand the time necessary to obtain an answer, and the complication and detail would be too confusing. The only way such a thing could be managed, would be to send the question, attach a distinctive signature, and watch the numbers of the Magazine as they appeared, until the one containing the reply made its appearance.

"DEAR EDITOR:—I see announced a serial by the author of that splendid story the 'Trumpet Major;' will read it to see if it is as good as the 'Trumpet Major.' What has become of your correspondent of Fairfax, Virginia? I am interested in her welfare. I see her brave persevering friend, Mrs. Lolland has gained an entrance to the Supreme Court of the United States. Women of courage, intellect, and perseverance can do as they please nowadays. The world is ready and willing to recognize them. Of course, nothing good or great is accomplished without hard work. Honor to those who do it now, making the way easier for those who follow.
E. V. W."

"MME. DEMAREST:—I never receive a copy of your magazine without feeling a desire to sit right down and thank you for the many beautiful things you send me each month. Yesterday I received two copies of your magazine, with lady's knife as premium; as usual am highly pleased with all. Tell me how to make a handsome black silk satin de Lyon for a special occasion, to be afterward used as a church and visiting dress, and which is expected to last for years.
M. M. W."

Would not the "Simplice" walking skirt with adjustable train suit your requirements? It is very stylish and graceful in arrangement, and need not be combined with a figured fabric unless wished. The front may be draped in any way preferred; the shirring missed above a deeper flounce, and the upper part left drawn or shirred from the waist down to a greater depth. The "Clorinde," or "Titania," would be pretty basques for this skirt, but perhaps the "Clorinde" would suit you best. The "Titania" has a belt across the front. The amount of material needed for these is not large. Eighteen yards will make the entire dress.

"DEAR DEMAREST:—I promised the club to let them know my progress in farming—not that I suppose the ladies are interested in me—but they may be interested in 'How a Woman Farms.'

Ladies visiting me during the summer, and seeing the growing and ripening grain,

the blooming clover fields, the prolific orchard and garden, the gentle and affectionate animals, think farming is 'So pleasant, they too would like to farm.' They think it is so easy too—'just scatter a little seed and you will have much bread. See the fat pigs and snow-white sheep, how they grow *all by themselves!*'

"But farming is no holiday life, and I only have a holiday when I have visitors. Farming requires an education, as much so as any of the so-called learned professions. It requires diligence, thought, and executive ability. And I would advise no lady to undertake farming unless she is cognizant of the right way to harness her teams, the right implements to use, and the nature and requirements of the soil she proposes to cultivate.

"The parts that compose a wagon, a plow, or reaper, have each distinctive names, and certainly the lady who undertakes to use them, for the purpose of living by them, should be as conversant with the names, as she is with the names and uses of the parts of her sewing machine.

"The knowledge of rearing and feeding animals, must also be among the accomplishments of the lady-farmer—'tis not prudent to trust hirelings; they are cunning and will soon gauge your ability. Suppose now, the lady has raised good crops and they are garnered, would it be prudent to give a servant the keys, and say, 'Feed my animals?' No, she must go and give out the requisite amount of feed, and then follow on and see each animal has its due—no more, for that is waste—no less, for an impoverished and unthrifty animal is a misery to itself and a shame to its owner. Most ladies know that economy in housekeeping has beneficial results. Farming is, in one part, housekeeping on a larger scale. Farming in Virginia is not wealth and luxury, it is health and plenty, and keeps both body and mind active and strong. After paying all expenses, and having everything, even on the farm, paying for two needed farm-buildings that will last my lifetime, having meat and corn enough for the coming year, plenty of vegetables, stock in good condition, I have only one hundred bushels of wheat I can call my own.

"I lost a fine young horse this year. I let a man take it to sell for me, and he has made no return of the sale. I have another to sell, a beauty, whose shining coat looks like the softest brown silk; she has a line of ancestors

inbred, so as to produce a perfect lady's riding or phaeton horse. I shall miss her when she is gone, and she will miss me, for she knows my voice and my step, and will lay her head so lovingly on my shoulder. I have another riding horse, swift and strong enough for a cavalier, and have been offered three hundred dollars for her, but nothing ever will part us but death. With all the love of the Arab for horses, I could not rest one hour if I thought my horses were not well cared for; and they love me; even the patient work teams whinny at the first glimpse they catch of me in field or barn, and the young colts take food from my hand. Such are the cares and pleasures of farm life.
M. A. J. II."

"DEAR MADAM:—For the last twenty years, that is for ten years in the home of my parents in Germany, and for the last ten years in my own home in America, I have read a German fashion paper.

"Last fall your Magazine attracted my attention; I bought it, and was so delighted with it, that I have subscribed for it, and gave up my German. Now I use your patterns, your corsets, shoulder braces and skirt supporters, and I am pleased with everything.

"I see that you give answers to ladies under the heading 'Ladies' Club;' may I profit by it too?

"How should I dress my little boy of three years next summer? A thin flannel kilt with white waist, or gingham dresses for every day, as I cannot keep him in white always. Is he too small for kilts and blouse, and must he wear skirts under the kilt?
L. F. M."

Your little boy is at just the right age to wear kilts. A good and convenient way to dress him is to make him little combination drawers and waist in one, what are called "under-drawers" 2115. A dark blue or gray flannel kilt attached to a straight waist with broad tape straps, and a blouse apron of dark checked gingham or undressed linen. For the street the "Rodney" is a charming little suit, and may be made in thin tweed and also in linen or white flannel. Narrow striped seersucker, blue or brown, is excellent for summer kilts for every-day wear, because it is neat, inexpensive, and washes and wears admirably. Very soon you will be able to put him in a taller suit of dark blue flannel. The combination drawers may be made in cotton, thin flannel, or canton flannel, according to the season.



WHAT A WOMAN CANNOT DO.

SHE CANNOT GO ON A JOURNEY WITH ONLY ONE SMALL VALISE FOR BAGGAGE, AS A MAN CAN.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

Poetry of Religion—The strongest part of our religion to-day is the unconscious poetry.—*Matthew Arnold.*

Honor.—As the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor appeareth in the meanest habit.—*Shakespeare.*

To be appreciative.—It does not require any genius or talent to ~~be~~ appreciate; but to give credit where credit is due is indicative of a good heart and sound judgment.

Starving the Heart—More hearts pine away in secret anguish from the want of kindness from those who should be their comforts than for any other calamities in life.—*Dr. Young.*

Revenge always unsatisfactory.—The exasperating thing about revenge is that it never satisfies, but leaves one at the end as angry as at the beginning. After all, one might just as well forgive at once.

To be Remembered.—Let it never be forgotten that the amount of vital energy which the body at any moment possesses is limited, and that, being limited, it is impossible to get from it more than a fixed quantity of results.

Guard the Thoughts—The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore, guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature.—*Marcus Antonius.*

People do not need to know more about virtue, but rather to practice what they already know.

It is always better to keep out of a quarrel than to make it up ever so amicably after you have got into one.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

No man ought to complain if the world measures him as he measures others. To measure one with his own yardstick may be hard, but it is also fair.

What you Admire.—Tell me whom you admire, and I will tell you what you are, at least, as regards your talents, tastes, and character.—*Sainte-Beuve.*

Action is, after all, the main business of our lives—we are to work "while it is called day;" and thought is worth nothing unless it lead to and embody itself in practice.

Bright Places.—You can train the eye to see all the bright places in your life, and so slip over the hard ones with surprising ease. You can also train the eye to rest on the gloomy spots, in utter forgetfulness of all that is bright and beautiful.

"Be what you would seem to be."—The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and, if we observe, we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.—*Socrates.*

Persistence is as needful to the life of thought as to that of action. Though often confounded with obstinacy, it is essentially different. The latter is a dogmatic and unreasoning inaction of the mind, the former is an earnest and continuous approach to truth.

Truly brave.—True bravery is sedate and inoffensive. If it refuses to submit to insults, it offers none; it begins no disputes, enters into no needless quarrels, is above the little troublesome ambition to be distinguished every moment, bears in silence, and replies with modesty, fearing no enemy, and making none, and is as much ashamed of insolence as cowardice.

Wendell Phillips says that no reform, moral or intellectual, ever came down from the upper classes of society. "Each and all," says he, "come up from the protest of martyr and victim."

A Good Newspaper.—Believe that a great and good newspaper is as sacred in its own way as the Bible. It has something in it of the very present word of God to man and the very present word of man to God. The heartbeat of both pulses is in such a paper; the hands of both set the type, and the spirit of both reads the proof.—*Dr. Robert Collyer.*

Selfish Sentiment.—The mere sentimental and slothful indulgence of feeling or emotion always wears out even the most robust of capacity. Just as a muscle, if it is not used, finally withers up, so the sensitiveness that does not quicken thought and imagination, that does not teach any lesson or suggest any duty, gradually loses even its own power of impressibility.

Hospitality.—There should never be a guest in the house whose presence requires any considerable change in the domestic economy of one's household affairs. However much the circumstances of business or mutual interests may tend to the entertainment of a stranger, he should never be taken into the family circle unless he is known to be worthy of that high social distinction; but, when once admitted, he should be treated as if the place had been his always.

Different ways of Speaking.—There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last to speak of entertainments before the indigent, of sound limbs and health before the infirm, of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable is cruel, and the comparison which

naturally rises in them betwixt their condition and yours is excruciating.

Self-respect in the Young.—It is well to infuse into every child's mind the wholesome principle of self-respect, to teach him that certain things are to be avoided and others cultivated, not because you say so, but because of his own dignity and social position. So should they be taught in their earliest years that certain things are for their good; that gentleness, unselfishness, and neatness are not only admirable in themselves and pleasant in the family circle, but that they make their possessor welcome in the world and are excellent capital to begin life upon.

Four Good Habits.—There were four good habits a wise and good man earnestly recommended in his counsels and also by his own example, and which he considered essentially necessary for the management of temporal concerns. These were punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and dispatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

Respect the Burden.—Verily he has the highest condition on earth who best serves his fellow men with what he is and has. Napoleon I. once in the street very meekly gave way to a heavy-laden sack bearer, and in an earnest tone said to his surprised attendants, "Respect the burden." Yes, if all had felt so we should now see a very different state of things in this world.

'Tis True, and Pity 'tis 'tis True.—"It is unmistakable," says Dr. Holland, "that the tendency of modern criticism upon novels has been to make them petty and trifling to a nauseating degree. It is a lamentable consideration that the swing of a petticoat or the turn of an ankle or the vapid utterance of a dandy, or even the delineation of a harlot and a harlot's disgusting life, should be counted quite legitimate material for a novel, when the great questions which concern the life and prosperity of the soul and the state are held in dishonor, and forbidden to the novelist as material of art."



WHAT A WOMAN CANNOT DO.

SHE CANNOT GET A SALARY OF TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR FOR DOING NOTHING, LIKE THE PRESIDENT OF AN INSURANCE COMPANY.

SPICE-BOX

A Great Hardship.—An iron steamer.

The Question of the Hour.—What time is it?

An Anachronistic Pun.—Adam was married on his wedding Eve.

Slower than a Tortoise.—No other living thing can go so slow as a boy on an errand.

A primer-rangement.—An infant is the primer of humanity bound in more rocker.

Proverbial.—Men are geese, women are ducks, and birds of a feather flock together.

Woman's Silence.—Woman's silence, although it is less frequent, signifies much more than a man's.

To Carve Fowls in the German Fashion.—"Use a club, and avoid the joints," says Mark Twain.

Curious Coincidence.—Burns is the great Scotch poet, and Skalds were the favorite Norse ones.

Now for Ayes and Noes!—A bridge that is warranted to support any "strain"—The bridge of a fiddle.

Mean Thing.—A crusty old bachelor says he thinks it's woman, and not her wrongs, that ought to be redressed.

Paws! rash Youth.—"If I hit yer," said one small boy to another, "ye'll be usin' yerself for snuff-termer."

A distinction with a Difference.—Artemus Ward said of the Mormons—"Their religion is singular, but their wives are plural."

Overheard by a Passer-by.—"Jane, it is eleven o'clock; tell that young man to please shut the front door from the outside."

Husband and Wife.—The experience of many a life, "What a fool I've been!"—The experience of many a wife, "What a fool I've got!"

Rather Personal.—Why is the money you are in the habit of giving to the poor like a new-born babe? Because it's precious little.

Poor thing.—"She never told her love"—because the young man, anticipating something of the kind, hasn't called to see her since ten years opened.

Slight Difference.—Said he as he stole one, "I seal my love with a kiss." And she, suiting the action to the word, replied, "I seal mine with whacks."

The Young Physician returns from his vacation to find his patients lively as crickets. He inwardly vows that he will stay at home and attend to business hereafter.

Too True.—The Arab horse is not broken until his fourth year. That's where they differ from teacups. But then Arab horses are not washed by the average kitchen girl.

Not a Gun.—A little boy being told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder, powder," said he, putting on a roguish smile; "mother, I ain't a gun."

Ambiguous.—A reporter for a Wisconsin newspaper writes: "Those who personally know our esteemed fellow-citizen Col. — will regret to hear that he was brutally assaulted last evening, but not killed."

Definitions.—Teacher—"Define the word 'excavate.'" Scholar—"It means to hollow out." Teacher—"Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar—"The baby excavates when it gets hurt."

Only Boston Girls.—A traveler says "When you kiss a Boston girl, she holds still till you are through, when she flares up all at once, and exclaims, 'I think you should be ashamed!' New York girls box your ears."

A Beautiful Panel Picture.

We have in preparation a subject, the presentation of which will be superior to anything we have heretofore attempted. It is a portrait of Queen Louise, wife of Frederick III. of Prussia, and mother of the present Emperor, arranged in panel form, deeper than the magazine but forming a part of it. It is well worth the year's subscription to the magazine.

A Faithful Worker.

REV. OBADIAH M. JOHNSON, member of the Presbytery of Hudson and Synod of New York, who died recently, was a striking example of the thoroughness, faithfulness, and devotion which characterized ministers of what are called the "old school." His last sermon, preached a few weeks before his death, was written in as clear, as firm, and fine a hand as if he had been forty, instead of seventy-five years old; and the text from Psalm lxxvi., verses 8-12, was given in Hebrew, as finished and firm as copper-plate. He spent the last few days before his death in closing up unfinished business, settling affairs calmly, as if going on a long journey; gave minute directions in regard to some personal affairs, and died serenely, and without any apparent regrets. Mere memorandums made in his notebook, shortly before the final event, were executed with the same precision and accuracy as if they had been sermons, or records upon which important issues might depend. He was pastor of one church for thirty-four years.

Success in Business.

THE CAREER OF A NEW JERSEY ORGAN-BUILDER.

Success in business is undoubtedly the result of intelligence, pluck, and enterprise. It is said that the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, N. J., began business in 1869 *without one dollar*. Since that time he has built up an enormous Piano and Organ trade all over the civilized world by his remarkable pluck and enterprise. His attention was early turned to music, and in this way he became interested in the sale, and finally in the manufacture, of musical instruments at Washington, N. J., which bear his name. His first operations were on a small scale, but his active and progressive mind saw wide scope open to energy and enterprise. He has never wavered or faltered in his project. By his shrewd, skillful, and persistent newspaper advertising he has attracted wide attention everywhere, so that at the present his instruments are in use in all parts of the civilized world. He believes in the free use of printers' ink, and it has paid him a thousand-fold.

But amid the rush and hurry of a vast business Mr. Beatty never forgets the duties of a man and a citizen. He has twice been elected Mayor of Washington without his own seeking, which office he now holds. His fellow-citizens chose him. He conducted no campaign whatever, and was not even at home on election day. His generous donation of orders upon the largest local stores to supply flour to the needy during the past winter, and his liberal contributions to the various religious organizations, without regard to denominations, are indicative of but a few of the many incidents that are continually transpiring, and which have made him exceedingly popular among his fellow-citizens.

Men who have won for themselves honorable distinction in their particular avocations in life, and which we denominate as the successful self-made men of the day, are apt to possess all the qualifications necessary for the high position of public trust, and form the nucleus from which the nation draws its best supporters. Mayor Beatty's career thus far has been marked by untiring perseverance, indomitable will, acute perception, and good, sound, common sense.

Circulation of the Bible.—There are now in circulation about 148,000,000 copies of the Bible, as against only 5,000,000 copies at the commencement of the present century.

A Curious Relic.—A most interesting relic, to be seen in the Library of the Royal Society, London, is the manuscript of Newton's Principia, written in the great philosopher's own hand. It is in admirable preservation, and is justly considered the greatest treasure belonging to the Society.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, A MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS.

THE BEST IN FORM AND THE LARGEST IN CIRCULATION.

The advertising columns of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY furnish the most reliable, cheapest and best advertising medium in the world. Goes everywhere. Read by everybody. A book of reference for the family, and sometimes the whole neighborhood; especially for the enterprising, and for all those who can afford to purchase. For advertising purposes, no other one medium covers so much ground, or is so universally read and sought for as DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.

Please remember that for a card of 5 lines, costing \$2.50, is at the rate of only 25 cts. for 10,000 cards, and most efficiently distributed to the best families.

We aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers—to exclude whatever is pernicious, at whatever sacrifice—and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely as represented.

ADVERTISING RATES.

ORDINARY PAGES.....	\$.50	} PER LINE. AGATE MEASURE, 14 LINES 1 INCH.
NEXT READING.....	.75	
BUSINESS NOTICES.....	1.00	

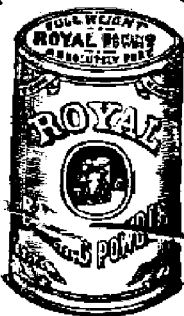
NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR CUTS OR DISPLAY.

Remember that Advertising at the above rates costs only about 1 cent a line per 1,000 copies.

Advertisements for insertion should be forwarded not later than the 28th, for the next issue. No medical, questionable, or ambiguous advertisements will be admitted on any terms.



ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Made from Grape Cream Tartar.—No other preparation makes such light, flaky, hot breads, or luxurious pastry. Can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the ill resulting from heavy, indigestible food. Sold only in cans, by all Grocers. Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.



CASHMERE BOUQUET TOILET SOAP.

The novelty and exceptional strength of its perfume are the peculiar fascinations of this luxurious article, which has acquired popularity unequalled by any Toilet Soap of home or foreign manufacture.

Our Parlor Pictures.

The progress of art is in the direction of color; we are in the receipt of numerous letters showing how strong is the appreciation of the fine portraits and other chromoed pictures which we have recently given with the different numbers of this magazine, and the knowledge encourages us to further efforts in the same direction.

REED & BARTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF FINE

Silver-Plated Table Ware,

686 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

A Million Readers.

The aggregate circulation of our "Monthly Magazine," "Illustrated Journal," "Portfolio of Fashions," and "What to Wear," now falls little short of one million, an unexampled list in this or any other country.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S CHOCOLATES



Baker's Premium Chocolate, the best preparation of plain chocolate for family use.—Baker's Breakfast Cocoa, from which the excess of oil has been removed, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids.—Baker's Vanilla Chocolate, as a drink or eaten as confectionery is a delicious article; highly recommended by tourists.—Baker's Brown, invaluable as a diet for children.—German Sweet Chocolate, a most excellent article for families.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO.,
Dorchester, Mass.

KID GLOVES A SPECIALTY AT

Harris Brothers,

877 Broadway, bet. 18th and 19th Sts., N. Y.

Harris' Seamless, Lauretta, Donna Maria, Fernande and various other makes of Kid Gloves for Gents, Ladies, Misses and Children, in 2 1/2 button and upwards. Gloves of all descriptions, Lisle, and Lace Mitts. Prices and quality unsurpassed. Wholesale and Retail. Write for sample color card and price list, which will be forwarded free of charge.

Renewals of Subscriptions for 1881.

To those interested in making up clubs for Demorest's Monthly Magazine, we are prepared to send on application, by return mail, circulars, cards, and blanks for renewal of subscriptions for 1881. We endeavor to supply all in advance, but may have overlooked some of our interested friends.

DE GRAAF & TAYLOR
FURNITURE & DECORATIONS
 • NOS. 47 & 49
 WEST 14TH ST.
 [OPPOSITE MACY'S] NEW YORK
THE CENTENNIAL PARLOR BED

FIRST PRIZE AWARDED 1876 & 1879.
 We are offering THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK of all modern styles of Furniture and fancy articles for interior decorations in the City, AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.
 Thirty years experience as Cabinet Makers and Upholsterers.
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO PURCHASERS.
 New Buildings and Box Facilities.
 Between 5th and 6th Avenues, New York.

Established 1848.
A. EICKHOFF,
 Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds of
CUTLERY,
 Such as Tailors' Shears, Razors, Ladies' Scissors, Table Cutlery of all kinds, and Pocket Knives.
 381 Broome Street, N.Y. near Mulberry St.
 The above line of goods always on hand, and warranted.
 All kinds of Cutlery Ground and Repaired.

BAMBERG HILL & CO.,
 IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
MILLINERY GOODS,
 Also all the Latest Novelties in
 FANCY RIBBONS, FLOWERS, STRAW GOODS,
 AND MANUFACTURERS OF
 PATTERN BONNETS and TRIMMED HATS.
HAVE REMOVED TO 654 BROADWAY,
 Between Bleecker and Bond Streets.



Livingston's Perfection
TOMATOES.
 Rated by the "Inquirer" as superior to the Globe and Paragon Tomatoes. Blood-red, smooth, solid and productive. Original Packets, 25 cents; five for \$1.00. Brewer's Garden Calendar for 1881 mailed free. Valuable to the market gardener, amateur and farmer.
HENRY A. DREER, Seedsman,
 714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.


BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE.
 Its merits as a WASH BLUE have been fully tested and endorsed by thousands of housekeepers. Your grocer ought to have it on sale. Ask him for it.
D. S. WILTBERGER, Proprietor.
 No. 281 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

SPLENDID FLOWERS OVER 1500 Distinct Varieties
 All Strong Plants, each labeled, delivered safely by mail. Largest assortment. Low prices. In business for 27 years. Guarantee satisfaction. Stock comprises all desirable varieties. Only mature plants sent. Our new Illustrated Hand-Book, sent free, contains the name and description of each plant, with instructions for successful cultivation. Do not purchase plants elsewhere before sending for our new Hand-Book. Every lover of flowers should have it. All buyers of cheap plants should have it. Every one wanting new and choice plants should send for our Hand-Book.
HOOPER, BROTHER & THOMAS,
 CHERRY HILL NURSERIES, West Chester, Pa.

STATEN ISLAND FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
 Office, 5 and 7 John Street, N. Y.
 BRANCH / 1190 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y.
 279 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
 OFFICES / 47 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.
 110 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore.
 Dye, Clean and Refinish Dress Goods and Garments, Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c., of all fabrics, and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully without ripping.
 Gentlemen's Garments cleaned or dyed whole.
 Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed.
 Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods.
 Goods received and returned by express or by mail.
BARRETT, NEPHEWS & CO.,
 5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

WORSTED CROSS-STITCH PATTERNS.
 A BOOK containing nearly 100 Patterns for Worsted Work, A Toilet Sets, etc., including Patterns of Flowers, Birds, Animals, Borders, Corners, Pansies, Roses, Comic Designs, Alphabets, etc., for 25 cents; 8 for \$1.00, post-paid. Stamps taken. Card Collectors, 36 Pictures, and Fancy Advertising Cards for four 3c. stamps. J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass. Box D.

MUSIC
24 CHOICE PIECES 36 Cts.
 With complete Words and Music.
 The usual price of sheet music is 30 or 35c. per piece. In the two latest copies of **MUSICAL HOURS** will be found 12 new and beautiful songs, and 12 choice instrumental pieces, all having complete words and music. In fact they are the same pieces that are printed and sold singly at 35c. each. The high cost of music is due to the few sold of each piece and the large discount made to dealers. By printing 12 pieces in one issue of the *Musical Hours* and sending off many thousand every month, we are enabled to supply two copies, each containing 12 pieces,—vocal and instrumental, by the best composers for 12 1/2-cent stamps. This Magazine has an elegant engraved cover printed in two colors, and is the handsomest *Musical Monthly* in the World. Terms per year \$1.50 with three musical premiums. Two of the latest copies (containing 24 complete 35-cent pieces) sent post-paid for 12 1/2-cent stamps. **G. W. Richardson & Co., 25 Temple Pl., Boston.**

DECKER'S

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES with the NEW CORDED EDGE CUSHION
The best now made!
WAREROOMS, 726 BROADWAY, N.Y.

ORGANS 14 Stops, 4 Sets Reeds, ONLY \$65.
 PIANOS, \$125 up. Paper free. Address Daniel F. Boatty, Washington, D. C.

50 ALL GOLD, Silver, Shell, Motto and Floral Chromo Cards, in beautiful colors, with name, 10c.; Agents Sample Books 25c. Star Printing Company, Northford, Conn.

SOUTH KENSINGTON STITCH. Over 200 Hand-colored Designs for Art Embroidery, each accompanied with a Perforated Pattern, Transferring powder and full instructions for transferring to the material to be embroidered. Price lists sent by mail on application, by **S. W. TILTON & CO., Boston.**

50 All Gold, Chromo and Lit'g. Cards, (No 2 Alike,) Name On, 10c. OLIVSON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

50 Elegant Cards, with name, 10c. 30 Gold and Silver Chromo, 10c. W. MOORE, Brockport, N. Y.

GET RICH Selling our Rubber Stamps and Music. Samples free. Cook & Bissell, Cleveland, O.

50 Finest Chromo, Gift & Colored, Scroll Cards ever sold only 10c. Agents Samples 10c. G. A. Spring, Northford, Ct.

125 Embossed Scrap Pictures, by mail 10 cents. 144 Transfer Pictures, 10 cents. HENRY S. DATE, CHICAGO.

WORSTEDS BY MAIL. 20 Skeins 30 shades 25 cents. 100 Skeins \$1. FRANK GARDNER, LYNN, MASS.

Elegant and Artistic Chromo Business Cards In sets of one dozen assorted styles. Price, 5 Cents per set, or sent by mail on receipt of two 3-cent stamps. Address, W. JENNINGS DEMAREST or MRS. DEMAREST, 17 E. 14th St., N. Y.

HERCULES SUPPORTING CORSET.



(Patented Nov. 19, 1878.)

No. 1, Sewed, \$2.00.
 No. 2, Woven, Spoon Steel, 3.00.

This new and improved Abdominal Corset is so constructed as to give a natural and permanent support to the abdomen. It cannot stretch, break or lose its shape, avoids all pressure on the chest and imparts an elegant and graceful appearance to the wearer.

For sale by all first-class dealers in the U. S., or samples sent on receipt of price by **LEWIS SCHIELE & CO., Sole M'rs, N.Y.**

BUIST'S GARDEN SEEDS

are always warranted, being exclusively of our own growth. Best for the Gardener! Best for the Merchant! **BECAUSE RELIABLE!**
 They never fail to produce the finest vegetables, and are planted in all parts of the world. The constant improvement and care in their growth, extending over a period of more than half a century, have brought Buist's Seeds to a state of perfection and reliability second to none.
BUIST'S GARDEN MANUAL for 1881 (192 pages of useful information), mailed for 3c. stamp. Wholesale Price Current for Merchants on application. **ROBERT BUIST, Jr., Seed Grower, Philadelphia Pa.**

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED FLORAL GUIDE

1881.

Is an Elegant Book of 100 Pages, One Colored Flower Plate, and 600 Illustrations, with Descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, and Directions for growing. Sent free, by mail, for 10 cents, in English or German.

VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. The Floral Guide will tell how to get and grow them. **Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine**—32 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price, \$1.25 a year; Five Copies for \$5.00. Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cents; 8 trial copies for 30 cents. Address, **JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.**

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS
—A GREEN-HOUSE AT YOUR DOOR—

We will send free by mail, and guarantee their safe arrival in good condition, our choice of sorts.
60 \$1 SETS. For example: 12 Roses, \$1; 20 Verbenas, \$1; 15 Basket or Bedding Plants, \$1; 10 Geraniums, \$1; 10 Tuberoses, \$1; 6 Hardy Flowering Shrubs, \$1; and Hundreds of others—**NEW AND RARE** CHEAP, and many varieties, see our 72-page Catalogue, with colored plate, free to all. We also offer an immense stock of **SMALL FRUITS** Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, etc. 8 Currants, \$1; 25 Raspberries, \$1; 75 Strawberries, \$1; 8 Grapes, \$1; 8 Apples, \$1; 4 Pears, \$1; 8 Peaches, \$1; etc. Sweet Chestnut, \$1; 100 Hardy Catalpa, \$1; etc. A Catalogue (with 11 colored strawberries) free. 27th Year. 15 Greenhouses, 400 Acres.
STORES, HARRISON & CO., Painesville, O.