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THE ADMIRAL'S WARD.

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CHAPTER I.

THE morning tide of business some dozen years ago was at its fullest flow in the extensive premises of Messrs. Thurston and Trent, solicitors, Sydenham Chambers, E.C.

Rows of clerks on the ground floor offices were rapidly covering sheets of paper with dreary crowds of monotonous words—or, worse, long columns of appalling figures. Others came to and fro, and spoke frequent messages into tubes up and down, for the "well-known firm" occupied several stories of the building.

Above, in the first floor, were the private rooms of the partners—solemn chambers, where law assumed its stateliest aspect, and visitors instinctively perceived the courtliness of Chancery.

In another quarter of an hour luncheon time would bring a temporary lull; meantime all worked at full steam.

Upstairs Mr. Trent had been in consultation with Mr. Thurston and one of the chief clerks respecting some difficult points in a heavy Chancery suit.

Mr. Trent, a slight spare man, with keen dark eyes, hair just touched with gray, and a countenance somewhat worn and watchful, had turned his chair a little from the kneehole table loaded with papers before which he sat, to look at his partner who stood in front of the empty grate.

Mr. Thurston was the type of a high class man of business. His Oxford gray morning coat and nether garments had come from the hands of an artist, his snowy linen was the "outward and visible sign" of exalted respectability, and his pale cream-colored summer waistcoat perfection itself in cut and getting up. His neat black tie was surmounted by a face, somewhat old-fashioned in aspect (there *are* old-fashioned faces), but by no means unpleasing.

A much older man than his partner, his hair was yet quite free from silver threads, and his eyes could look all men clearly in the face, although they needed the help of the small unobtrusive eye-glass with which he habitually played while discussing knotty points.

The third in the group was a young man of perhaps six-and-twenty; he might be more from his air of cool self-possession. Taller than either of his employers and remarkably well proportioned, he had that indefinable air of distinction which they lacked—abundant wavy hair, called by friends golden, by detractors red, eyes of blue gray, and lips rather soft and full perhaps, yet which could smile sweetly, frankly, intelligently, even when a glimpse of something hard might be caught in the eyes. His clothes were well cut and carefully put on; and altogether he was a figure which could not be unnoticed, as he stood at the other side of Mr. Trent's table holding the back of a chair with his long, shapely hand.

"Well, then, that is the line we shall adopt," said Mr. Thurston, in conclusion, drawing the fine black cord by which his eye-glass was suspended, through his fingers; "and now I think I shall take my biscuit and sherry."

"It is almost one o'clock," observed Mr. Trent. "I have not finished half my letters, and I have an appointment at two about that compromise of Thompson's."

"Nevertheless," said the young clerk, coming a step forward, "I am going to ask for a few minutes of your time on my own account."

"Certainly," said Mr. Thurston.

"By all means," said Mr. Trent.

"I see in this day's *Times*," continued the young man, taking up the paper and turning it rapidly over, "that a cousin of mine has been killed when hunting. Here is the paragraph;" and doubling down the paper at the passage he had found, he handed it to Mr. Thurston, who, raising his glass, read aloud in a well-trained voice and with correct emphasis, as follows:

"The accident, reported in our impression of yesterday, to Mr. Hugh Piers, of Pierslynn, while hunting with the Saltshire hounds, has, we regret to say, terminated fatally. The unfortunate gentleman breathed his last yesterday evening in the cottage where he had been carried from the field. His death will cast a gloom over a large circle with whom he was deservedly popular, both as an excellent landlord and a thorough sportsman. Mr. Piers was unmarried, and we understand his estates devolve on a distant cousin."

"Ah—um—I think we have heard of this relative," said Mr. Thurston.

"It affects you, Reginald?" asked Mr. Trent.

"Considerably," he returned, with a quick, irrepressible, exulting laugh, "inasmuch as I am now Piers of Pierslynn."

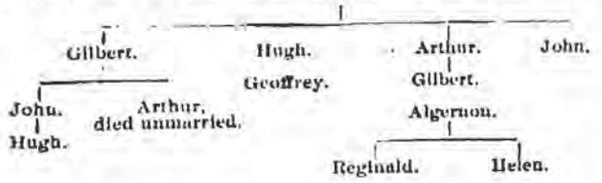
"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Thurston.

"You are sure you can prove your title?" said Mr. Trent.

"Certain," returned Piers. "I am well up in the ramifications of my family; and though I never dreamed of succeeding to the estate—for this poor fellow was little more than thirty-nine, in rude health, likely to marry and have no end of sons and daughters—I have been always aware I was his next of kin. If you will glance at this;"—drawing a paper from his pocket—"it will show you how I stand."

He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and placed it before Mr. Trent. It was inscribed thus:

Dorothy Piers, of Pierslynn, m. Geoffrey Stapleton, who took her name.



"Here you see," he continued, "is our common ancestor Geoffrey Stapleton Piers. He had four sons. The man just killed was the grandson of the eldest. I am the third in descent from Arthur. Mrs. Trent is the great-granddaughter of John."

"That seems quite clear," said Mr. Thurston, following his young friend's explanation with urbane attention and observant eye-glass.

"Yes," added Mr. Trent. "But what about this Geoffrey, son of Hugh? Had he no family?"

"No. Geoffrey died unmarried; in fact, as is usual, only the pauperised branches of our family increased and multiplied."

"Well, my young friend, "said Mr. Thurston with solemn kindliness, "accept my best congratulations and good wishes."

"It will be a great change for you, if your claim proves valid," remarked his partner gravely.

"Very great," returned Piers. "From genteel pauperism to fortune and position! I never can be grateful enough to that brother-in-law of mine for having let me have the run of his stables occasionally, or I should be an unworthy inheritor of Pierslynn, and successor to such a mighty hunter as the late owner." The young man's face grew radiant and his eyes evidently saw distant visions, as imagination depicted a fascinating array of pleasures and privilege awaiting the owner of a fine estate.

"What is the rent roll?" asked Mr. Trent, turning to his table and drawing his writing book to him.

"I do not exactly know—not under five thousand a year, I fancy," returned Piers.

"I hope it is unencumbered," said Mr. Thurston, advancing from the hearth-rug in the direction of the door; "a bachelor of sporting proclivities is only too apt to outrun his means."

"Not Hugh Piers!" exclaimed his successor. "He was a shrewd fellow by all accounts, who never let pleasure cost him too much."

"I rather imagine, my young friend, you have been taking stock of your possible inheritance," said Mr. Thurston, tugging his eye-glass with a smile of superiority; "although you say you never anticipated this sudden turn of fortune's wheel."

"I assure you I did not; only rumors *will* get afloat," replied Piers.

"Well, well, you have my best wishes, and, I may add, the law has lost a smart disciple;" which polite and proper sentence brought Mr. Thurston to the door. Before he had touched the handle, however, it was opened rather abruptly—a clerk entered, and, with a deferential "I beg your pardon" to the respected principal, went straight to Mr. Trent's table and laid a card before him, saying, "Wishes to see you, sir."

"Show him up," returned Mr. Trent; adding, as the clerk went out, "it is the Admiral—Admiral Desbarres. I wonder what has brought him up to town again. Reginald! I have no time now; but dine with us to-day, and we will talk matters over. Mrs. Trent will be very glad to see you."

"I will just shake hands with the excellent Admiral before I leave you," said Mr. Thurston, pausing.

"And I——" began Piers; when he was interrupted by the entrance of an old gentleman, above middle height, with slightly stooped shoulders, iron-gray hair, and whiskers nearly white; a thoughtful, almost sad expression, softened his handsome, embrowned face, and full dark, wistful eyes.

"Hope I see you well, sir," said Mr. Thurston, with an air of deference.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Admiral," said Mr. Trent, rising to receive him. "I hope all's well with you?"

"With me, yes," returned the Admiral, shaking hands with him; "but I have come on a sad errand. Is not this gentleman Mr. Piers? Mr. Reginald Piers," he added, arresting the young man's movement to leave the room.

"Yes," replied Mr. Trent, as Piers paused and bowed.

"I have had the pleasure of meeting you, some time ago, at Mr. Fielden's the Rev. Frederic Fielden's," continued the Admiral in a pleasant, deliberate voice, and with much grave courtesy.

"I remember perfectly having been presented to you at Cheddington, nearly three years ago; but I hardly thought you would remember me."

"I seldom forget," said the Admiral. "I regret I have to tell you that our mutual friend, Mr. Fielden, died about a week ago. It is this that has brought me up to town on my way to Dresden, where he and his family have been residing for some time. You are aware that my ward, Laura Piers, who is some distant relation of yours, I believe, always lived with her Uncle Fielden? Poor fellow! His death has been very sudden. He was considered a *malade imaginaire*, but he has proved the reality of his pretensions. His niece, daughter, and a young son are left sadly desolate."

"I am very sorry to hear this," replied Reginald, with an air of much concern. "It will be a blow in every way to Dick, the eldest son, who was my chum in former days."

"He is in a banking house in Calcutta, is he not?" asked the Admiral.

"He is, and is doing very well, I believe."

"This is the second sudden death we have heard of this morning," said Mr. Thurston, gravely. "It is remarkable and startling. I will leave you with my colleague and wish you good day, Admiral Desbarres." He left the room.

"Good morning," said the Admiral, politely dismissing Reginald Piers, who bowed himself out, and, drawing forth the skirts of his loose-fitting, dark frock coat, the Admiral sat down opposite his confidential man of business, and then there was a pause. The Admiral was not to be hurried.

At length Mr. Trent remarked mildly, "I am quite at your service; *but* I have an appointment at two."

"I will not trespass long on your time," said the Admiral in his gentle voice, which one could hardly fancy shouting orders through a speaking-trumpet; "but I am somewhat puzzled how to act under the present circumstances."

"How do you mean, my dear sir?"

"I mean, how I shall best fulfill the serious responsibilities

which have devolved upon me through the death of this poor gentleman?"

"Of Mr. Fielden? I do not see what responsibilities have devolved upon you through his death."

"They are very distinct to me. For years Mr. Fielden's kind care of my ward provided her with a happy home, and relieved me of all anxiety on her account. Now, he is summoned by the Great Master, and the boy and girl who were as brother and sister to Laura are left, I fear, unprovided for. How can I separate them, and leave these helpless young creatures to battle with life as best they can?"

"Your ward has, I presume, some fortune of her own?"

"An officer's daughter is seldom well dowered—of course it is clearly my duty to care for *her*; but the others—I must help them, though I can scarce devise the means."

"But, my dear sir, this is benevolence run riot. The children of the late Mr. Fielden have no shadow of claim upon you," &c., &c.; and Mr. Trent went on to discourse very logically on this theme.

The Admiral heard him with an unmoved countenance, while he drew a large note-book from his pocket, and turned over its contents slowly. "I see," he resumed, selecting a slip of paper covered with clear, carefully neat writing and figures, "by this memo. of my resources, I see there is a sum of two thousand five hundred pounds which only pays three and a half per cent. I should like to get higher interest, say five or five and a half."

"Certainly you might, Admiral Desbarres; but, if you remember, when we invested that amount for you, you said you only cared for a fair and safe income, and that you would run no risk."

"True; but circumstances have changed. I heard a short time back of an undertaking in Hungary, a scheme to connect some towns—the names of which I cannot recall—by means of a canal for which the nephew of a friend of mine was organizing a company. He assures me that money invested in this undertaking would yield a return of eight per cent. to the original stockholders."

Mr. Trent shook his head with utter unmistakable disapprobation. "No, no, my dear sir, you must touch nothing of the kind. They would probably give you eight per cent. for eighteen months or thereabouts—that is, they would give you about two hundred pounds for your two thousand five hundred, and that is all you would ever see of the investment. No! if you *must* have higher interest, we will look out for you; but remember there is scarcely anything safe over five per cent."

"It is a small provision," said the Admiral, thoughtfully, "and it is evident the poor children are almost destitute. Laura writes"——He unfolded a letter, and read as follows:—"'I wish you could come to us, dearest guardian; I feel quite bewildered, no one knows what to do, poor Winnie is stupefied with grief. We have only twenty-five marks and a few pfennige in the house, and it seems as if there was no more money anywhere. Where did my dear uncle keep his money? Winnie thinks you may know. Pray forgive me if I ask too much, but we do not seem to have a friend on earth except yourself.' There can be but one answer to that appeal," continued the Admiral. "I am now on my way to Dresden; but before quitting England I wish to leave matters in train to increase my income."

"I shall of course do my best to carry out your instructions; but I must entreat you not to take a load on your back which you may not be able to carry—at least without due reflection."

"I have reflected," said the Admiral, "and it is strongly borne in upon me that I ought to be the protector of these poor, helpless orphans, at least till they can help themselves. As I am bound to reside in the home my invalid sister has made for me, I must seek some safe shelter for the bereaved young creatures."

"But these young Fieldens have surely some relatives who will befriend them, or some funds of which your correspondent is ignorant?" said Mr. Trent.

"I shall endeavor to ascertain the first: of the last, from my knowledge of the deceased, I have little hope."

"How old are these young people?"

"My ward Laura Piers is nineteen or twenty, her cousin Winifrid must be seventeen or eighteen, and the boy Herbert I should say is thirteen."

"A very serious charge to any man—young people at these ages! Pray be cautious, my dear sir; be cautious!"

"I shall be prudent. Believe me, I am no enthusiast; but there is a voice within the heart which must not be disobeyed!"

Mr. Trent shook his head in token of disbelief in any voice which counseled quixotic generosity.

"Will you allow me to write a letter in your quiet room, as I have a good deal to do before I start this evening?"

"With pleasure," returned the solicitor, placing a chair before a spare writing-table, and opening a blotting-book.

The Admiral at once sat down, and, taking a silver holder which contained both pen and pencil from his note book, wrote long and deliberately with frequent pauses. Mr. Trent had finished five or six brief but important letters before the Admiral had inclosed his in its envelope and directed it to Mrs. Crewe, 13 Leamington Road, Westbourne Park.

Meantime Reginald Piers rapidly descended the stairs and entered the inner office occupied by himself and two other principal clerks, where he found only one of them, his especial friend West, a quiet, shy, gentlemanlike young man, who looked upon Piers as "no end of a swell," and was favored by him in consequence.

"Well, old fellow, I have great news for you!" cried Piers, slapping him on the shoulder. "I am about to bid farewell to courts—at least of law—to suits, six-and-eightpenny letters, and your excellent company. I am going to be a 'fine young English gentleman who lives on his estate!' Look here!"—showing him the *Times*—"read and wonder!" The astounded listener took the newspaper and skimmed the paragraph pointed out.

"And do you mean to say you are this man's heir?" he exclaimed incredulously; for, to do Reginald justice, he always had too much *savoire faire* to talk of wealthy or exalted relatives.

"Yes, I do! Look here!" He spread out the genealogical table and pointed triumphantly to his own position as undoubted heir. "What do you say to that, my boy?—a fine old ancestral place, five thousand a year at the very least, a good round sum of ready money—this cousin of mine was a saving man—a well-filled stable and well-kept preserves. Why, it is like a bit of magic! and, between ourselves, I never was so hard up as at the present moment. I protest the last two nights I have lost no end of sleep, thinking of a bill that will come to maturity next week, and wondering where the deuce I should find funds to meet it. I tell you what it is, West—I should like to dance a hornpipe on your desk, if it were not too undignified!"

"I'm sure I am truly delighted to hear of your good fortune!" exclaimed West cordially.

"Thank you, West; I believe you are! and I hope to see you at Pierslynn, where I will teach you to 'cross-country,' old fellow!"

"I am afraid I am too old to learn," returned West, laughing good-humoredly.

"By Jove! it is a special providence that I know how myself!" cried Reginald; "I never had cash enough to keep even a donkey."

"But, Piers, what will Holden say?"—in a tone expressive of exultation and curiosity.

"God knows! Of course he will not believe a word of it."

Here there was a whistle from the speaking-tube. West responded. "You are wanted in Mr. Thurston's room, Piers," he said; and added, as Reginald was about to fold up his memo., "leave that; Holden will be here directly, and whatever he says this will '*con*found his politics.'"

"Pooh, I don't care!" said Reginald with elaborate indifference as he went out; but he left the paper behind him.

He was not detained long by the senior partner, who only wanted a little information respecting one of the many cases in progress. When he returned he found the third occupant of the inner office standing beside West's table and looking at the paper Piers had left there, with an expression of contemptuous scrutiny.

Holden was considerably older than either of his companions, but, though shrewd and capable, was less trusted by his employers. He was suspected of unsteadiness latterly, and was more than once severely indisposed on the eve of the Derby. He was a thick-set, dark-complexioned man, of a lower type than Piers or West, with bushy whiskers, garments of a sporting aspect, and rather shifty black eyes. A covert warfare had always existed between him and Reginald Piers, shown chiefly in a species of shotted chaff, in which the latter had much the best of it, as he was indifferent to his antagonist's enmity, while Holden hated him for his easy superiority and steady though civil rejection of all attempts at familiarity, the more bitterly because the hatred was impotent.

To-day Holden's aspect was forbidding. Generally he was flashily good-looking, but this morning there was a coarseness in his expression, a carelessness about his dress, that bespoke relaxation of self-respect.

"So! you have come into your kingdom," he exclaimed, looking up as Reginald opened the door, "or you think you have; but there's many a slip between cup and lip! Are you sure there isn't a nearer of kin than yourself?"

"Certain! Are you so muddle-headed as not to understand that table of degrees?" cried Reginald, who was less cool than usual owing to the excitement of the morning.

"Are you so muddle-headed as not to perceive that everything depends on the marriage, or no-marriage, of this fellow?" pointing to the name of Geoffrey.

"Of course I do," replied Reginald scornfully. "But as it is perfectly well known in the family that he died a bachelor, why there is no more to be said about it."

"Nevertheless, he may have left descendants who could trouble you. For all you know, you may have to put some of them out of the way yet, and supply a drama in high life to an admiring audience of us poor Plebs."

"Bah!" returned Reginald. "It was well known that he never married."

"My dear fellow, don't grow furious at a small contradiction. What a high and mighty lord of the manor you will be! You know it's all my fun," said Holden, with irritating good humor and disgusting familiarity. "I don't doubt your title, and I am as well pleased you are not going to 'reign over us' in this humble shrine of the law any longer."

Reginald made no reply, but sat down to write, having got somewhat in arrear with his morning's work.

"Kingdom or no kingdom, I must obey the behest of our masters while I am in this lower sphere," said he at length, when he had recovered his momentary irritation enough to speak in his usual tone.

"How soon do you think you will get possession?" asked West.

"I haven't an idea. I dine with Trent to-day. We shall settle what is to be done; but I do not anticipate any difficulty."

"Had you ever any relations at a little place called Llanogwen?" asked Holden suddenly. He had been in deep thought for some moments, gazing at Reginald's extract from the family tree, which still lay on the table before him.

"Not that I know of," said Reginald carelessly. "Have you any acquaintance of my name?"

"Acquaintances? oh Lord, no! you and yours are altogether a touch above me," returned Holden, with a sneer. "But I think I have heard the name." So saying, he threw the paper, at which he had been staring in a fixed, abstracted way across the table, and turning to his own desk began to open it and move his pens and ruler about in a noisy, reckless manner.

"I saw Admiral Desbarres going up just now," said West, after all three men had written for some time in silence. "You know, him don't you, Piers?"

"I have been introduced to him; nothing more."

"Isn't he a little touched on religious matters?" asked West. "I remember hearing Mrs. Trent saying something to that effect."

"I say, Piers, do you still hang out at Palmerston Terrace?" asked Holden abruptly. "I am coming to leave my card on you; for I suppose you intend to give West and myself a spread in honor of your accession. It's clearly your duty."

"Oh, yes! I will bestow a banquet upon you," said Reginald dryly.

"Well, you may count on me. I'll call round at your place to-morrow evening."

"I am afraid I shall not be at home."

"Then I'll try again *and* again, till I find you," returned Holden, with a rather peculiar laugh.

"You are very good."

"A gentleman wishes to see Mr. Holden," said one of the clerks from the outer office.

Holden rose, and went out hastily.

"I think Holden is deuced queer to-day," said West, looking after him.

"He is in some scrape, or was drinking hard last night," replied Reginald carelessly; "but I am not going to finish up by a quarrel with the poor devil. Now I must attend to my work."

CHAPTER II.

THE day which had wrought so important a change in the life of Reginald Piers was drawing to a close; and while, in their handsome dining-room, in one of the new squares which fill up the space, physical and social, between Westbourne Terrace and Westbourne Grove, Mr. and Mrs. Trent sat long over their strawberries and sauterne, discussing with their guest his future plans—the owner of a far humbler dwelling was walking slowly through her neat but rather scantily furnished abode, with a thoughtful and even troubled expression. A tall, very tall, stately woman, perhaps past middle age, though preserving a fine figure, draped in a garment exceedingly ancient as to material, but pieced, and trimmed, and festooned into startling novelty of form. Her still glossy dark hair, streaked slightly with grey, was braided under a contrivance of lace and ribbon which happily preserved the *juste milieu* between the coquettishness of youth and the dignity of age. Her countenance still showed traces of beauty, though the eyes were faded and the lips had grown thin. She had already perambulated the highest story of the house, and had with much deliberation descended to the next, holding on her left arm a cat—a cat with long fine hair, mixed black and yellowish grey—like a beautiful miniature tiger. A long, bushy tail hung over the supporting arm, the fore paws and

small shapely head resting on her mistress's shoulder, with an air of profound content; while with her right hand the lady occasionally touched the banisters, regarding her fingers suspiciously, as if on the look-out for dust. Reaching the second floor the lady paused, and called in audible tones, "Collins!"—a pause—no reply—then to the cat, "My precious puss; did I wake you up? Collins!" still louder. A faint voice came from the depths, "Coming, mum."

"Collins! I am surprised you can let me exhaust myself in this manner, calling *and* calling, when you know I am far from strong. Laziness, Collins, is really a positive sin." This, while Collins tumbled upstairs at break-neck speed.

"I'm sure, mum, I run the very minit I heard you, and I am sorry——"

"There, there, Collins, don't. I must beg you not to talk. I really cannot bear it. You have quite put what I wanted to say out of my head! Do you know that window in your room is open? I am sure we shall have a storm; go and shut it."

"Yes, mum; but I am going to bed presently, and then I'll be sure."

"Now, don't answer me, my girl; go and do what I bid you! One of the first duties of a Christian is to obey your pastors and masters," continued the speaker, as though she enjoyed the catechetical euphony.

"Very well, mum," proceeding past her mistress at a run.

"Collins! have I not told you that it is not respectful to rush past me in that way? nor is such hurry necessary. And, stay, Collins," severely, "did you dust these banisters to-day?"

"*That* I did, mum."

"I trust you are telling the truth, Collins; but"—holding out her hand and speaking majestically—"look at that!"

"Well, mum, I did so; but the dust in this house is wusser than——"

"Now, don't tell me, Collins, that my house is worse than others— There, Collins," interrupting herself, "there's the front-door bell." Go, my girl, go, go, go! though," she went on as the servant hurled herself downstairs, "it is too late for any useful visit." And, stroking the cat softly, she descended leisurely to the ground-floor where were the dining and drawing-rooms.

"A letter for you, mum," said Collins, meeting her in the hall.

"Indeed!" as if a letter were not a common occurrence; and, taking it, she turned it over with much interest, examining the post-mark and reading the superscription—"Mrs. Crewe, 13 Leamington Road, W." "It is from the Admiral!" she exclaimed. "Here, Collins, take my precious Toppy; there is a nice drop of milk left in the jug; give it to her before she goes to bed." And Mrs. Crewe sallied into her rarely-used drawing-room, and, sitting down by an open window, proceeded, with a visible clearing of her countenance, to open her letter and read as follows:—

"DEAR MRS. CREWE:—It is some time since I heard anything of you. I trust you are well and prospering. Will you be so good as to let me know if you have still room for an inmate? My object in asking is that I shall soon want a home for my ward, Laura Piers, of whom you have heard me speak. She has just lost her excellent uncle, the Rev. Mr. Fielden, and with him the fatherly protection she has hitherto enjoyed. Will you, then, take the matter into consideration, and let me know, within the next week, what sum you would require for this young lady's board and residence? She should, of course, share your sitting-room, if agreeable to you, and have the advantage of your society.

"I know how moderate and conscientious you are; I therefore add that my young friend's means are limited, and she would require nothing beyond your own ordinary style of living. Further, Mr. Fielden has left a son and daughter, in what position I am not as yet aware. Should I find it necessary to return to them something of the benefits bestowed upon my ward by their father, I would be glad to know if you could accommodate Miss Fielden also, and the boy during his holiday. I am now on my way to Dresden, and hope to bring back my ward in about a fortnight. My address will be, Victoria Hotel, Dresden.

"I trust you have good accounts from your son,

"I am yours very faithfully,

"GEORGE DESBARRES."

"A ward of the Admiral to reside with me!" ejaculated Mrs. Crewe half aloud. "Why it is the very thing!"—and she began to read the letter over again—"something always turns up." I was quite cast down when that Mr. Holden left me, though he was really not a gentleman, and very irregular in his payments. Now it will be quite different to have a nice girl, a lady of position, with me," she thought as she folded up the epistle, and locked it away in a shabby little writing-desk with an infirm hinge. Then she looked round rather restlessly, feeling the desperate need of expatiating on her prospects to some one. At that moment enter Collins with the cat.

"She won't drink the milk, mum, anyhow, but she has lapped up nigh half a saucer full of cold water."

"Has she, the dear? Really, Collins, there is something quite *distingué* about Toppy, superior to other cats; she has scarcely ever touched milk since she was quite a kitten. Give her to me! And, Collins, do you think we could put two beds in the large back room on the second floor?"

"It would be a tight fit, mum."

"I am afraid it would; but I might take it myself, and give them the front one."

"Are you expecting new lodgers, mum?"

"I wish, Collins, you would not express yourself with such vulgarity. I do not keep a lodging-house; I take a few well-recommended inmates."

"Law, mum, I thought 'inmates' was only in lunatic asylums and workhouses."

"Never mind, Collins"—with a superior smile. "I rather expect a young lady, perhaps two, to reside with me; that is, their guardian, Rear-Admiral Desbarres, wishes to place them under my care."

"Well, mum! I do hope and pray you are not thinking of setting up a boarding-school. You have been a kind missus, and I always wished to stay on with you, but a school I can't abide! I was eighteen months in one, till my bones were near through my skin with hard work; and the poor lady as kept it, she was druv nearly out of her mind, what with the young ladies writing notes to the Commercial Academy gentlemen, and sending out for sweets till they were *that* sick. Her heart broke over it all, and she died within a year after I left!" This was uttered with immense volubility.

"What a dreadful story!" returned Mrs. Crewe; "but of course these young ladies are quite different, and no doubt of a different class."

"Don't you think it, mum; in or out of class they are all the same."

"Besides," continued Mrs. Crewe, "I do not dream of having a school. There, you may go, Collins; and as you have cleaned up the morning-room and kitchen, and must be tired, you can take the rest of that bottle of ale with your bread and cheese."

"Thank you mum"—going.

"And, Collins, have you heard how Mr. Brown is to-day?"

"No, mum; but I suppose he must be better, for there's Miss Brown a-watering in the back garden."

"Is she? I will go and speak to her. Collins! be sure you shut your window; I will put Toppy to bed myself."

So saying, Mrs. Crewe issued forth into the entrance passage and proceeded to descend the few steps which led into the garden. The little space in the rear of the house was judiciously laid out, being principally occupied by a large grass-plot having a group of rose-bushes in the centre, a couple of horse-chestnut trees at the end, and a border of bright flowers and mignonette between the gravel-walk and side walls. It was neat and well kept, thanks chiefly to the personal exertions of the owner, who considered gardening a lady-like occupation.

The next strip of garden was much more elaborately ornamented; it had box edgings and tiny, many-colored flower-beds, a spasmodic fountain, and two or three plaster figures. The owners were an elderly brother and sister—the former, managing clerk in a City warehouse—both patronized by Mrs. Crewe as "good, well-meaning creatures, though not what you would call *gentry;* nevertheless a source of comfort to the somewhat lonely widow, who found it a relief to talk about herself, her son, her affairs, her trials, and former grandeur, to the shrewd little old maid who looked somewhat enviously up to her as a brilliant woman of the world."

"Good evening, Miss Brown," said Mrs. Crewe stepping up, always with stateliness, on a large reversed flower-pot, thus bringing her head well above the wall; "I hope your brother is better."

"Yes, thank you," raising her head from the flowers over which she was stooping, and standing watering-pot in hand. "The attack is passing away; he hopes to go to business on Monday."

"Colds are much worse in summer," observed Mrs. Crewe; "his attack was pleurisy, was it not?"

"It was, ma'am; but he is nearly himself again and sitting in the front parlor. I am sure if you could spare half-an-hour just for a little talk it would cheer him ever so."

"I regret extremely that I cannot this evening; I have sent the girl to bed. She has to be up for the washing very early, and I do not like to leave the house. To morrow I shall be most happy to pay Mr. Brown a visit."

"Thank you, Mrs. Crewe; you are very good. And, pray, ma'am, have you heard of any one in the place of the young man that's gone? You know I have not seen you for a week."

"Not exactly," returned Mrs. Crewe, drawing herself up with an air of elegant *hauteur*.

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Miss Brown. "That's sad! take my word for it, ma'am, there is nothing like a card in the window. If you would only put one up, Mrs. Crewe, you would let in twenty-four hours."

"Perhaps so, Miss Brown, but it would not suit *me*. Mine is not a mere lodging, or even 'rooms to let;' but, having a house too large for my requirements, I am willing to accommodate a gentleman or two, personally recommended. However, it is possible I may change my plans. I have just had a charming letter from an old and valued friend, Rear-Admiral Desbarres, who wishes to place a young lady of good position (his ward), and probably her cousin, under my care. It will be rather a tie, and they *may* expect me to introduce them into society; but that I really cannot do, the effort would be too great."

"Well, I'm sure I am delighted to hear it. It is a great piece of luck for you. I suppose they will pay well?"

"We have not entered into that part of the question yet," said Mrs. Crewe, loftily. "With such a man as the Admiral it is not necessary to bargain."

"He must be one in a thousand," remarked Miss Brown, simply.

"He *is*," returned Mrs. Crewe, emphatically. "Still, it is as well to form some idea of what one ought to ask. Of course I shall require to keep a good table."

"*Of* course," said Miss Brown. "You'll want a joint, vegetables, and sweets every day, with poultry sometimes, and fish now and then; and *that's* not to be done for nothing."

"True, Miss Brown; though I must say that the aristocracy care more for elegancy in serving than delicacy in eating," replied Mrs. Crewe, with an air of saying a good thing.

"Aristocracy! Is she a '*ladyship*,' then?" cried Miss Brown.

"No! She belongs to the untitled aristocracy; she is of very old family and highly connected."

"I hope she is well off," observed Miss Brown, severely. "High-born paupers are very expensive customers, I believe."

"'Pauper' is a curious term to apply to the ward of a rear-admiral and the cousin of——"

"Dear, dear! I never intended to apply nothing! It is only my interest in *you*, ma'am, that made me speak, you are that generous and confiding."

"I am much obliged to you," said Mrs. Crewe, stiffly and offended; "but I don't think you quite understand my character. I hope I am just, but I am not aware that I am *confiding*."

"Ahem!" said Miss Brown. "At any rate," she resumed after a short pause, "aristocratic or not, you can't board the young lady under thirty shillings a week; then there's the rent of her rooms."

"She will use my drawing-room," interrupted Mrs. Crewe.

"With her bed-room you could not ask less than five guineas a month; and what with fire, and light, and linen, and additional trouble to the 'gurl,'" ran on Miss Brown rapidly, "to say nothing of your own care and company, a hundred and fifty a year wouldn't pay you. You ask two hundred, Mrs. Crewe."

"I shall ask what I think fit," returned that lady, sternly. "There are some subjects on which we by no means think alike."

"Very likely ma'am," said Miss Brown, suddenly lapsing into humility. "Our up-bringings have been different."

"Perhaps so, Miss Brown; and now it is getting quite dusk I will say 'Good evening.' My compliments to your brother; I am glad he is better. I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on him to-morrow." And with much dignity Mrs. Crewe stepped down from her flowe -pot, sailed into the house, and, depositing the cat in her bed, proceeded to lock the doors and shut up for the night. Then pen in hand, she sat long, with a pleased countenance, by the light of a single candle, covering scraps of paper with hieroglyphics in writing and figures which seemed traced with the point of a skewer, rather than a pen. At length the sound of a latch-key, gently turned, followed by the striking of a match, told her that her upstairs tenant, a quiet, elderly man who occupied a bed and sitting-room on the first floor, was safely housed. Then, after a final and searching look around the premises, she, too, retired.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men;" and in the inner life, too, there is a gathering of the waters at particular periods when events and emotions accumulate, and waves of joy or sorrow mount to a certain pitch, ebbing back after awhile to the ordinary level of existence.

Such a pitch had been reached by Laura Piers and Winifrid Fielden when the former wrote her appeal for help to the Admiral.

Hitherto theirs had been a tranquil, simple life, sheltered in a peaceful home, and looking up to father and uncle as the most charming and accomplished of men.

The Reverend Frederick Fielden had held for many years the small living of Cheddington in one of the southern shires —a beautiful pastoral district where life was only half alive, and of which Mr. Fielden, whose nature craved very different surroundings, had soon tired. He was a gentle, sociable, semi-artistic personage, exceedingly self-indulgent in an amiable manner, and afflicted with what his wife termed "a sensitive soul:" *i.e.* utter want of endurance, an irresistible tendency to run away from everything disagreeable, and to shut his eyes to everything unpleasant. Fortunately for him, he had a wife who guided, while she adored him; and it was owing to her influence that he had not, while their children were quite young, given up the modest competence which his sleepy little living afforded, in the vain hope of existing on the pittance he could call his own, by impossible economics, in some congenial foreign town.

But Mrs. Fielden was resolute in her determination to hold fast the substance they possessed, at any rate till the children were set forth in life; that is to say the boys. So she skillfully kept the family together on a wonderfully small amount, and gave her parson rope enough to disport himself mildly in town each year viewing the exhibitions, attending classical concerts, and hearing the most fashionable clerical orators, so rendering life bearable. But, in addition to her own flock, the parson's good wife took a little stray lamb into her pleasant fold.

One of Mr. Fielden's sisters had married an officer, a quiet, thoughtful, promising young man. It was a love match, and against every one's consent. For Captain Piers had little or nothing but his pay. Nevertheless they married and enjoyed some three or four years of great happiness before fever, during an extra unhealthy season in the West Indies, cut them both off, leaving a baby girl of about a year old.

Among the acquaintances formed by Captain Piers during his military career was Admiral Desbarres, and some especial sympathy drew them together. It was the Admiral who saw to the funeral of the young wife (who was the first to succumb), and it was he also who soothed the last moments of the father by a solemn promise to look after the poor bereaved baby, and, if possible, to induce Mrs. Fielden to give the little creature house room. "She is a kind, good woman," gasped the dying man; "she always loved my wife, and there isn't another soul on earth I could turn to, nor have I a claim on mortal."

The Admiral earnestly promised to do his best, and he did it.

Mrs. Fielden was too motherly a woman to refuse this last request, so little Laura became as one of the family at the parsonage. The Admiral, thankful to have his helpless ward so well provided for, carefully nursed the few hundreds which was all the provision left for her, adding interest to capital till, when she was old enough, he was able with a little help from his own purse to share with Mrs. Fielden the cost of a governess for the cousins; for a little girl had appeared in the clerical nest about a year and a half after Laura had been lodged there.

Thus Laura Piers and Winifrid Fielding grew up like sisters, the former scarce knowing she was an orphan. She was petted and punished by her aunt; snubbed, sent of messages, and occasionally told she was a trump by the eldest boy, who was rather a hero to both girls; and decidedly a favorite with her uncle as she grew to be useful to him at a wonderfully early age—hunting out passages for quotation and authorities on theological or artistic subjects, when he composed his sermons or wrote letters on the proper punctuation of Shakespearian sentences, or articles on the influence of religion on art, or *vice versa*. For Laura, though not pleasing to the eye, like his own daughter, was a clever, thoughtful little thing, passionately fond of books, and careful and loving in her treatment of them.

Among the group associated with those happy, tranquil early days the figure of Reginald Piers was prominent.

He was the favorite chum of Dick Fielden, the eldest son, and frequently a guest at the Rectory during the holidays; for he was the only son of a widowed mother whose means of affording pleasures or advantages to her boy were extremely limited, especially as she had in latter years resided with a married daughter, who had made what was considered a "splendid match."

Reginald was a general favorite. He was a good cricketer, a successful angler, a tolerable shot, easy going and sufficiently vain to take pleasure in pleasing. As he was a little older than her own son, Mrs. Fielden treated him with an amount of confidence she never bestowed on Dick; while Laura regarded him as an Admirable Crichton, and gloried in the slender degree of relationship he condescended to admit.

The last holidays spent by Reginald at the Rectory had had a peculiar charm for the rector's orphan niece, as he had especially patronized her, trying his "prentice hand" at the art of delicate attention; for Reginald showed a decided predilection for young ladies, even at the risk of being considered and called a "muff" by his companions.

But the Rectory had seen its best days. The winter in which Laura attained her sixteenth and Winifrid her fourteenth year, Mrs. Fielden, never very strong, caught a severe cold, which soon became bronchitis, and finally robbed the family of their best friend and firmest stay.

To Mr. Fielden the loss was irreparable. Cheddington became insupportable to his "sensitive soul;" and, fancying he could with the help of some small savings, painfully scraped together by his provident wife, and the pursuit of literature, eke out existence on his infinitesimal income more agreeably on the continent, he gave up his living, sold his superfluous books and belongings, and much against the advice of his eldest son, who had already made his first step in life—a considerable stride, as it carried him to Bombay—removed himself, his youngest boy, and the "dear girls" to Dresden, where *they* could find educational advantages, and himself the repose his broken health and broken heart required.

Here they spent two very comfortable years, an English clergyman of good private means (so report endowed him), charming manners, artistic tastes, and interesting circumstances, was hailed as an acquisition by the Anglo-American colony in that social city. His occasional sermons, when health enabled him to lighten the labors of the overworked chaplain, were universally admired, and altogether Mr. Fielden found the change from a rural parish to the Saxon capital answered in every respect remarkably well, except financially.

He was indeed at times painfully surprised to find how rapidly money melted away, though food was moderate and amusements cheap. To be sure amusements never entered into the Cheddington budget; but at Dresden it was quite necessary that the "dear girls" should attend the theatre to improve their knowledge of German, and the concerts to improve their taste for music, while it was impossible to accept the constant hospitality of compatriots without making some return; so the Rev. Mr. Fielden's æsthetic teas became quite the rage, and his opinion in all matters of taste universally deferred to. Meantime his funds dwindled away with alarming rapidity, though he consoled himself by hoping that his book on "Historic and Artistic Dresden," for which he hoped to receive a handsome sum from that enterprising firm "James Younger & Co.," would put him straight, and

then he would retire to some quiet nook in Switzerland, and practice strict economy till Herbert was fit to adopt a career.

The third year of their sojourn, however, was not so pleasant. Laura, who was housekeeper, found it very difficult to get the money requisite for daily needs. Herbert's school accounts remained unpaid. Whispers got about that the family in Christian Strasse were not flourishing so fairly as they did at first. Then both Laura and Winifrid perceived a great change in the tenderly cared for father and uncle. He could not write, or talk, or amuse himself, as he used; then a low fever attacked him, against which he seemed to have no power of resistance, and before he was thought in danger, he seemed in some mysterious way to give himself up, and died.

The suddenness of this event paralyzed Winifrid, who was her father's idol; she could only think of her bereavement. But Laura, on whom the rougher and commoner cares of their daily life always devolved, was, while truly and profoundly grieved to lose so dear and kind a protector, puzzled and terrified by the utter emptiness of the exchequer.

The Fieldens had never kept up much intercourse with their relatives; and when the half-frightened, sorrowing girls had written to an uncle in India, and an aunt who had married a merchant in Liverpool, they had no more to do but to sit with folded hands and wait what help the Admiral would bring.

As yet Laura knew him only by frequent gifts and rare visits, but she felt instinctively that he would not fail her. And when he came, what would be their destiny? Should she have to separate from Winnie, who, though little more than two years her junior, was like her child; and Herbert! who would look after *him*, and keep him brushed and mended, and prepared for school?

Where were they to go? What was to become of them? In the midst of these sad conjectures, before almost they thought the Admiral could have received her letter, came a telegram to Laura from her guardian—

"I will be with you the day after to-morrow. Refer all persons to me."

Then she breathed more freely and got a little sleep.

CHAPTER III.

It was a disheartening task which the Admiral set himself, to disentangle the hopeless confusion of Mr. Fielden's affairs. He had left no will. The death of his wife nullified the one he had originally executed, and it had been destroyed; but he had never brought himself to make another. Little, indeed, was left. He had many years previously insured his life, and paid the premiums with regularity; but then it was found that he had borrowed upon it, so that not much was left—barely what sufficed to clear the family credit in Dresden.

During the fortnight which succeeded Admiral Desbarres' arrival, though gentle and tender to the orphans, he said very little as to his intentions. He was, at all times, a man of few words, and those few were principally addressed to Laura, with whom he went over the books and accounts. He meanwhile cogitated his plans in silence. If he took these young people under his protection, he would arrange all things, and nothing save obedience would remain for them.

He was by conviction and training a despot, of the kindest and most benevolent description, but still a despot—all law, according to his belief, emanating from a Supreme Ruler. Family and social relations were but inner rings of the great circle, and ought to reproduce in miniature the same system of fatherly protection and childlike submission. This silence was hard to Laura, although by nature patient and reasonable; but it was intolerable to Winnie, an eager, sanguine, warm-hearted creature—the beauty and the pet of the family.

She was considerably impressed by the Admiral's imposing tranquillity and weighty presence. "What is he going to do with us?" she asked, impatiently, one evening, nearly a fortnight after her father's funeral, when the Admiral had taken Herbert out to walk, and the two girls were left alone in the once pretty *salon*, which now looked so bare and desolate, as all the books and photographs and small ornaments had been packed up, and everything sold or made ready for their departure. Winnie had thrown herself into the large arm-chair, which had always been Mr. Fielden's. It was drawn up by the open window, commanding a view of some pleasant gardens and the distant dome of the Russian church. Winnie was a tall, slender girl, with sloping shoulders and a pliant waist, carelessly graceful in every movement, with a clear though somewhat brown complexion, pale when in repose, but with a rich, mantling color that came and went when she was surprised or pleased or vexed or moved in any way, and was a means of expression second only to her large liquid eyes, which some thought deepest blue, and others darkest hazel, and which at this period of her life revealed every passing emotion, as if the soul that looked through them was still "as that of a little child." "What is he going to do with us, Laura? How I wish he would leave us here—we could live more cheaply than in London, and far, far more happily. I suppose we are to go to London?"

"I think so, though the Admiral has not said so positively."

"If I am to do anything," resumed Winnie, pushing back her rich wavy dark brown hair, "to earn money, I mean, I would rather do it here, though I hate the idea of having to do it at all. How it would have broken my poor darling father's heart to think of such a thing! But I suppose I must, Laura?"

"We both must, dear Winnie. I do not see how we can live without it. I cannot be dependent on my guardian, though he would not let me broach the subject, and told me to wait till he had laid his plans."

"But *I* am not his ward. I have a right to choose: and I don't suppose he thinks of supporting *me*. I would not let him if he did. Oh Laura, if he takes you away, what is to become of Herbert and me? Dick is not rich enough to have us with him in India. How maddening it is to be such a burden—yet what can I do? Oh, my father, my father!" and the ready tears began to flow afresh.

"Dear, dear Winnie," murmured Laura, holding back her own, though her lips quivered as she knelt down, and, putting her arms round her cousin's waist, laid her head on her lap. "Try and have patience; we are so young and helpless, and the Admiral has always been so good and kind, what can we do but trust him and wait his time? He told me just as he was going out that we were to start for London on Monday, and when there, he would be able to tell me his intentions. Do not vex him by seeming restless or dissatisfied. He only tries to do what is best for us."

"I daresay; but it is too bad not to be consulted. I declare I will ask him myself this evening—he always answers me."

"Yes," returned Laura, with a kindly smile, "as usual you are a favorite," and she rose and leaned against the window, gazing sadly out over the garden, and inhaling the perfume of mignonette which was wafted from it.

Laura was less reluctant to quit Dresden than her cousin. She had been too seriously alarmed by the difficulties with which she had had to contend during the last eight or nine

months to permit of forming such pleasant impressions as Winnie, who seldom troubled herself about anything, and in some vague way thought that breakfast, dinner and supper were a spontaneous growth which would always be ready for people in their position.

Laura did not resemble her cousin. She was not short, but she was not so tall as Winnie, and though straight and well-made enough, was rather high-shouldered and square-looking. Her features, too, were irregular; the jaw somewhat large, the mouth somewhat wide, though it could smile honestly, sweetly, and showed fine white teeth. Then her complexion was sallow, and her hair a dull brown; nor had she fine eyes to redeem other deficiencies—they were well-shaped, but of a pale gray, with little brilliancy, though there were topics at which they would light up and change the aspect of her face amazingly. Still Laura Piers was always considered a "plain girl;" but she was possessed of a certain gentle composure of manner, a self-possession that was never cold, which made her presence soothing to irritable people, and acceptable to all.

Laura was by nature an artist—gifted with that marvelous power of sympathy which bestows upon the possessor almost "second sight;" and, besides, a love of beauty so deep and keen that she never looked in the glass without a sigh to see how little she possessed of that most precious dower.

Yet, though this regret might occasionally sadden, it never embittered, partly perhaps because she had been brought up in an atmosphere of kindliness and genuine affection; partly because she had an inner consciousness that the joys of intellect could compensate for much.

"Yes! I will talk to him to-night," continued Winnie, drying her eyes. "He is a dear. I am sure I do not know what would have become of us without him; but I don't like to be driven blindfold about the world, and I cannot part with you, Laura—you know I can't, dear, dear Laura," kissing her fondly. "I never knew I loved you so much."

A slight glow mounted to Laura's cheek, and even shone through the tears that filled her eyes as she pressed Winnie to her.

"I don't think the Admiral will do that—not willingly, I am sure; but we cannot yet know what will become of us."

Winnie kept her word. Their usual supper was not quite over, when, with an effort for which she was almost angry with herself, she exclaimed, "Dear Admiral Desbarres, Laura says we are going to leave on Monday. Would you mind telling where we are going—I mean in London?"

The Admiral looked at the speaker at first gravely; then gradually an indulgent smile overspread his face.

"I think, Winifrid, you might trust me; nevertheless, it is time you should be told, dear children, of my plans, so far as I can form them. For the present, I mean to place you with a lady whom I have known for many years, the widow of an old shipmate of mine, Mrs. Crewe, where I hope you can dwell in comfort, until I can ascertain what Winnie's aunt and brother can do to assist her. Should they be unable or unwilling, believe me, I will not desert you, Winnie."

"You are ever so good and kind, cried Winnie, flushing with mortification, while her eyes sparkled through her tears, "but how dreadful it is to be——a beggar." The word was brought out with a sob—"I must try and do something—I can teach German and music and——"

"For the present you must be guided by me," interrupted the Admiral, in his slow deliberate tones. "Hereafter we may arrange some such plan—for the present your youth and helplessness are claims upon those who have the means to befriend you; and these necessities, though painful, are but the expression of a law which emanates from One whose supreme will must not be resisted."

"And I shall stay with Laura?"

"*I* would never willingly separate you," returned the Admiral, kindly.

"Thank God for that!" cried Winnie. "But I do hope this lady, this Mrs. Crewe, is not severe and——"

"I can only repeat that the charge of caring for you seems to have been given into my hands. I must therefore demand from you that submission which alone can enable me to fulfill the responsibilities I have undertaken. I will say good-night now, as I must write some letters before I go to bed."

It was not much that Winnie had extracted from the arbiter of their fate, but it was satisfactory so far, and she felt less uneasy.

The hours slipped quickly by, and soon the last day came. Laura and Winnie escaped in the fresh early morning, when there was small chance of meeting any acquaintance, to look once more on the river with its smiling border of vineyards and trees up to where it makes a wide bend beneath the villa of the Prussian Prince who gave up royalty for love.

It was a delicious morning; the river sparkled in the tender early sunshine; the air was crisp with the youthfulness of spring, and both girls exclaimed that never before had the view of Dresden and its old bridge, with the towers of the Hofkirche and the Schloss, looked so lovely. They had crossed to the gardens of the Japanese Palace, after strolling along the Brühlsche Terrasse, and looked long in silence on the old town which probably they would never see again; then, with a mutual sudden impulse, a vivid flash of feeling that they had nothing left save each other, they exchanged a hearty kiss, which, without uttering a word, each felt was a pledge of loyalty and love.

And so they looked their last on Dresden.

The arrival of the Admiral's ward and her cousin was a great event [illegible]rs. Crewe. In the first place, it set her mind at ease on the momentous question of rent; next, it raised her in her own esteem, and Mrs. Crewe's mental spectacles were of high magnifying power; then the presence of two young ladies in the house promised cheerfulness and company, which latter was very dear to Mrs. Crewe's heart, in spite of her troubles and disappointments; finally, it would be very pleasant for "Denzil" when he came home. Denzil was her son, the only survivor of several children, who had passed away in those terrible former days when the "expensive habits"—*i. e.* furious drinking—of her late dear husband hardly left them food to eat. It need scarcely be said that Denzil was her idol, the one object that filled her life and satisfied her imagination. He was, unlike most idols, a good son, a quiet, steady fellow, who from stress of circumstances had entered the merchant service instead of the royal navy, much to his mother's mortification; indeed she never mentioned the fact without an elaborate explanation.

"Collins" had a hard time of it from the day Mrs. Crewe received the Admiral's reply readily accepting the terms she proposed. Not only the apartments to be occupied by the young ladies, but every portion of the house, "from turret to foundation-stone," had to be brushed, scoured, polished, and dusted. The life of the mild up-stairs tenant, Mr. Jenkins, was made a burden to him by the disarrangement of his belongings in this tremendous cleaning; and even Collins' powers of endurance would have come to an end, but that in a certain degree she shared her mistress's brilliant anticipations of the indefinite benefits to accrue from such desirable boarders.

Everything was in order, however, by the time the travelers arrived. Flowers in the vases, and fresh antimacassars

bristling with starch from the over-plentiful nature of domestic washing, adorned the drawing-room, while an excellent breakfast or luncheon was laid out in the little dining-room behind.

"I am sure, my dears, you are welcome to what I trust you will consider as your home," exclaimed Mrs. Crewe, with a delightful mixture of dignity and cordiality, as she stood at the front door to receive her new inmates, who looked weary enough with their dusty black dresses and white faces. "Miss Piers, I presume," smiling upon Winnie, who happened to come first.

"No! I am Winnie Fielden."

"Oh! I am truly glad to see you; and this is your brother, Miss Fielden, dear fellow! I love all boys for the sake of my own! Come in! you must be so dreadfully tired. How many hours have you been *en route*—thirty-eight? dreadful!—had you a tolerable passage?"

"Horrible," exclaimed Laura, with a shudder, as they followed their hostess up-stairs.

"Poor Laura was dreadfully ill," said Winnie, with a slight smile, "but I rather liked crossing; I stayed very late on deck with the Admiral."

"Well, there is your room—very simple as you see, but I trust homelike and comfortable. Pray ring for anything you may want, for I must leave you—I have not spoken to the Admiral yet."

She swept away to meet the general benefactor, and express to him her gratitude, her satisfaction, her admiration of these "charming girls," who at the first glance she saw would be an "acquisition to any family."

But there was in the profound gentle composure of the Admiral an irresistible something that quenched in an indefinable way the fire of Mrs. Crewe's eloquence, and she was soon listening to him in silence, as in a few clear sentences he thanked her for the help she had afforded him, by receiving the young people on such moderate terms.

"I trust my own ward will remain with you permanently; as to Miss Fielden, I do not know what her brother or other relations may wish for her; but, at any rate, it is a great relief to place both girls, for the present, with you. You know how I am situated. Having made a home with my invalid sister, I can neither leave her nor introduce any disturbing element into our house; and youth, however amiable, must be disturbing."

Then Mrs. Crewe ventured to touch on her own affairs, and tell how her son Denzil had sailed as chief officer in one of Duncan's ships, how he had contrived to save enough to share a venture of merchandise on his own account, besides helping herself to pay the last installment of her debt to her listener, "which I have ready for you, my dear sir, in a purse of my own netting," she concluded; "the only sort of fancy work I could ever accomplish; and this is all I can pay of the immense obligation I owe you—in fact, my present independence; for though it has been a struggle, I *do* make both ends meet in this house; and with your ward—"

But the entrance of the two girls, quickly followed by Herbert, checked her speech, and relieved the Admiral from the necessity of a reply.

And now Mrs. Crewe was in her element, conscious of having on her best black silk, which suited her well, her choicest cap, her watch, and her *châtelaine*, crowded with charms and trinkets, the crown jewel to which she had tenaciously clung through many a bitter day of despondency and privation. She had a bland delight in patronizing these "elegant girls," and the boy who, though "not good-looking, had a charming countenance." Good-looking, Herbert certainly was not. He was a very ugly likeness of his handsome sister, with a wide mouth, limp, straight, straw-colored hair; and a complexion naturally dirty-looking, and little improved by any care he bestowed upon it. He was tall for his age, but stooped awkwardly, and with huge hands and feet and ill-cut German clothes he was anything but attractive. Both Winnie and her brother were honestly hungry; but Laura could not eat; she was, therefore, the object of much persecution.

"My dear Miss Piers, you take nothing; let me give you the least bit of this veal and ham pie, with a little jelly and a morsel of egg. My cook is rather remarkable for her meat pies—it distresses me to see you unable to eat—would you like my smelling salts?—let me open the window beside you," etc.

"The tea is so nice, it will do me good; I shall be better presently," murmured poor Laura, whose head ached terribly.

"How nice it is to see an English breakfast table so bright and clean!" cried Winnie. "Though I am very fond of Germany, there is no place like England for niceties."

"I am charmed to hear you say so," exclaimed Mrs. Crewe radiantly; "I feared you would think but little of my humble cottage after foreign grandeur. But this is really a very convenient house and a most improving neighborhood. The White Hart omnibuses now come to the end of the street, and you see we have a nice garden at the back! I assure you I never buy a pennyworth of mustard-cress, radishes, *or* parsley," concluded Mrs. Crewe triumphantly.

"It is an exceedingly suitable abode," remarked the Admiral, "and does credit to its owner."

"You flatter me, my dear sir! but, indeed, if there is one thing more than another on which I pique myself, it is order—order and cleanliness!—and no words can tell the difficulties of maintaining either with ignorant, self-willed servants. Really, nowadays, with these new-fangled notions about education, and women's rights and all that, it is almost impossible to keep house!"

"We are terribly in need of that most excellent virtue, obedience, in these latter days," said the Admiral thoughtfully. "Few think of the help they can give to government by submission, instead of rebelling and finding fault."

"Quite true," replied Mrs. Crewe, with a profound tone—"but your young friends must not suppose that I am a dragon of severity; on the contrary, I like a cheerful home and freedom for every one, and though I have but few acquaintances (indeed there are not many of my own rank of life around me), I trust we shall not be dull. By the by, young ladies, I have not introduced you to a very important member of the family;" and Mrs. Crewe rose, and walking to the little sofa, standing at one side of the fire-place, took up the cat, which was sleeping there in profound repose, regardless of the smart red ribbon with which she was decorated in honor of the day.

"This is my sweet Toppy, Miss Piers—is she not a beauty, Miss Fielden? Remember" (to Herbert) "whatever pranks you may play, I will never forgive any against Toppy. Is she not beautifully marked? and *such* a lovely tail? Do you know, an old friend of mine, Major St. George, told me that his sister, the Countess of Achill, would give twenty pounds for such a cat (she is a great cat fancier); but no twenty pounds would buy *my* Toppy!"—kissing the creature, who winked with preternatural gravity.

"She is very pretty," said Laura, stroking it gently.

"Very pretty," echoed Winnie, without, however, touching it.

"It is curious to study the nature of animals," remarked the Admiral, patting its head; but the moment he touched its fur, puss gave a sudden, sharp, vicious mew, and struggled to get away.

"How very extraordinary!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewe, "I never knew Toppy behave so badly; she is generally the

gentlest and most amiable of cats. I wonder"—examining her dress—"if I have a pin anywhere."

Meantime, unseen by any one, Winnie gave Herbert a noiseless kick and a warning look, while Mrs. Crewe deposited Toppy on the sofa and returned to the table. A little more conversation, intermittent and slightly forced, ensued, in which the weary, depressed girls took no part, and then the Admiral rose.

"I shall now leave you," he said, "to make each other's acquaintance. To-morrow afternoon I hope to call and to have favorable letters for you, my dear," to Winnie. "I shall be as usual at the 'Burlington,' and shall remain about a week in town. Good morning, Mrs. Crewe; I feel happy in leaving my young charges under your care. God bless you, dear children, and direct you in this beginning of a new life."

Laura, always self-controlled, only took his hand and pressed it lingeringly in both her own, while she murmured "How can we thank you enough?" but Winnie, with a sudden movement, threw her arms round his neck and kissed his cheek. "You will be sure to come to-morrow, will you not?" she whispered.

"Yes, Winifrid, without fail," said the Admiral, emphatically, while he tenderly returned her embrace. The old man was visibly touched, and the moisture shone in his still beautiful dark eyes. "Be of good cheer," he added kindly, as he shook hands with Herbert; "for young creatures like you there is many a bright day in store behind the sad present; only keep a clear conscience before Heaven, and all things will work together for your good." And with a courteous wave of the hand, he left them.

"I am sure," exclaimed Mrs. Crewe, taking her handkerchief from her eyes (she was easily affected), "if ever there was a thorough gentleman and a true Christian, it is Admiral Desbarres! He is a saint upon earth, though one always thinks of a saint in a long woolen gown with a rope round his waist, whereas the Admiral is always so *well* dressed,"—in a tone of the highest admiration—"which shows that true religion need not interfere with the elegancies of life! My dear girls, you must cheer up; I will do my very best to make you happy! look upon me as a mother. I have lost two dear little girls, and I have a mother's heart." She embraced one after the other, or would have done so, only Herbert dodged and made a snatch at her hand.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Crewe," said Winnie.

"You are very good indeed," added Laura.

"And now, would you like to lie down and rest awhile? You must be quite worn out!"

"Thank you," said Laura; "I think I should like to put our things a little in order, and then I will try to sleep."

"Do so, dear Laura. I am not going to call you by your surname any more; we must be at home with each other."

"Certainly, Mrs. Crewe."

"And you, Master Herbert?"

"Well," replied that young gentleman, speaking almost for the first time, "I should like to go out and take a stroll, just to see what the place is like."

"Very well, Herbert; only do not loose your way, my boy."

"If I do, I speak the language, you know."

"When we first went to Dresden," explained Laura, "and he was quite a little fellow, he wandered out one morning and never came back till night."

"You must have been terrified!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewe. "Here, dear, here is your traveling bag; you left it in the hall."

And as the cousins ascended the stairs they heard the front door shut after Herbert, while Mrs. Crewe was calling in audible tones, "Collins! Collins! come and clear away the breakfast things! Now, don't delay; there's plenty to do!"

On reaching their own room, Laura, by an impulse unusual with her, locked the door, and sitting down beside the dressing-table bent her elbows upon it, covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears which she vainly tried to suppress.

"Dear Laura!" cried Winnie, putting her arms round her and looking a little dismayed—for she was more accustomed to receive than to administer consolation—"what is the matter? Do you feel very ill!"

"What is the matter?" repeated Laura, with a sob; "there is plenty the matter, I think! I don't know how it is, but it suddenly seems so awful to be away from every one we ever knew. If we had been left at dear Cheddington, the good squire and his wife, and the doctor, and every one would have been old friends and helped us; and at Dresden there was the Gräfin and the Macdonalds all so kind; but here ——" an expressive pause.

"Oh! yes, it is dreadful; but then Mrs. Crewe seems very good and pleasant—much better than I expected."

"Yes, she *is* nice, and I think I am quite over-tired. I shall just unpack the box, and then I will lie down."

"It is rather bare," observed Winnie, looking round the room with a dissatisfied expression; "yet I do not see how there would be room for anything more. I wish there was one of those delightful bureau-wardrobe contrivances we had in Dresden with little drawers and pigeon-holes. I don't know how you will contrive to be tidy *here*, Laura."

"Oh! we must be doubly tidy, or it will be intolerable," said Laura, drying her eyes; "and it is the only place we can have to ourselves, for we can scarcely write, or paint, or do anything down stairs, I suppose."

So saying, Laura rose, and began rather wearily to open and unpack a large box, which was all they had brought with them. "When the rest of our things come, where in the world shall we put them?" asked Winnie, standing in the middle of the room, her hands folded and her large eyes wide open with a puzzled expression.

"Oh! I daresay there is a box-room or some such place. Come and help me, like a dear girl—you look so distracted standing there! I feel better already just from doing something," returned Laura.

"And I feel as if I should never care to do anything again," cried Winnie, suddenly dropping on her knees and beginning to pull out the contents of the box vehemently. "To think that I shall never, never hear his dear voice, nor see him smile as he used when I had a pretty new hat or anything that suited me; and my father was not old, Laura—not quite sixty-one. I sometimes feel so angry with myself, because I forget for a few minutes, and am amused. Why I could have burst out laughing to-day when Mrs. Crewe was praising the cat, and Herbert pinched its tail and made it almost bite that angel of an Admiral—I never felt so fond of him before. But Mrs. Crewe is *great* fun: she is so elegant and aristocratic,—still she is quite a lady, and I am a shade less miserable since I saw her. Oh Laura! is it not contemptible to change about as I do?"

"I don't know," said Laura, sadly catching a roll of music which Winnie tossed to her. "You can't help your nature, and anything is better than pretending to be what you are not; besides, if one was *always* so wretched as one is at moments, you would go mad or die."

"That's true," ejaculated Winnie. After a short silence, she rose from her knees and went to one of the windows, peeping through the chink between the edge of the blind and the window frame. "It is rather a nice little street; all the houses have gardens in front, and trees, but they are very

small and low; and—" turning to the dressing-table, which was rather unsteady, but elegantly draped with white muslin and pink lining—"what an awful glass! my face looks absolutely green, and quite stumpy; and did you ever see such a marvel of darns as the piece of carpet?"

"I am afraid Mrs. Crewe is not much better off than ourselves," returned Laura, looking round with a slight not unkindly smile; "but everything is very clean, and she has given us a friendly welcome. Dear Winnie, I have put things a little in their places, and I feel I must lie down. You will find our best dresses in the hanging cupboard by the fire-place—we cannot wear these till they are well brushed; they are so full of dust."

"Certainly not," said Winnie, who was always ready to put on her best on the smallest provocation. "And as I am not a bit tired, I will write to Elise von Eichwald, while you rest, you dear old thing—we promised to let her know all about our journey."

"And Mrs. Macdonald, too—do not forget her," murmured Laura, laying her weary head on the pillow.

Soon the swift scratching of Winnie's pen, which at first rather worried her, grew fainter and fainter, and sleep came, bringing a respite from the anxieties and responsibilities it was her destiny to endure.

(To be continued.)

"Wooden-ware Seller of the Hartz."

THE Hartz Mountains have an entirely unique poetical charm of mystery, that always attracts the poet and painter, and has procured for the northern mountains a classic reputation in art and literature. The names of Goethe, Mendelssohn, and Heine are forever identified with the lovely valleys, dark fir forests, and gloomy, rocky ravines of the Hartz, and in Ed. Meyerheim have the Hartz and the Hartz maidens found their court painter. In the Hartz wooden-ware seller, Meyerheim places a type before us. Such well-formed, fully developed maidens, to whom remarkably fine, clear-cut features, with a somewhat golden tint in the faintly shining hair, and large, earnest eyes, lend a somewhat peculiar beauty, are very often found, especially in the northern half of the Hartz. The lot of these country girls is very monotonous, for there are no riches to control in the mountains, and the hard battle for daily bread may well give that serious expression to the eyes of the Hartz maiden. This wooden-ware seller counts her scanty profits, gained not without care; and this struggle with the necessities of life, in opposition to the sweetness, youth, and grace of the maidenly little merchant who is compelled to wander

"WOODEN-WARE SELLER OF THE HARTZ."

unceasingly over hill and valley, with the well-packed basket on her back, gives this *genre* picture a dark background that awakens our sympathy, while at the same time we perceive a pleasing, characteristic study of the Hartz landscape extremely true to nature.

The Hellēne Bracelet.

AN article entitled "Ancient and Modern Jewelry," published in the October number of *Demorest's Monthly*, pointed out the influence of models left by the ancient goldsmiths upon the craftsmen of the present day, and presented pictorial illustrations of examples of both the old art and the new.

An explanation of the processes employed in the production of the latest development of the goldsmith's art in America, read in the light of the previous paper, will be an intelligible supplement to it. The "Hellēne Bracelet," of which we present an admirable engraving here, not only embodies in itself one of the most valuable practical improvements in jewelry of the present decade of years, but also gives an admirable idea of that most popular style of work generally called Etruscan jewelry. The coil that forms the back of this bracelet is flexible, and has a tendency to spring to its circular form, while its flexibility causes it to conform instantly to the shape of the wrist, which renders it easy and pleasant to wear. The designs of the fronts or crowns are numerous, varying from a very simple pattern which can be sold for $15, to the most elaborate enrichment of Etruscan tracery. This tracery is formed of the most minute pieces of golden wire and globules of gold.

The skillful workman has before him a carefully drawn design, and piece by piece the particles are laid upon the unadorned groundwork until the design develops.

The particles are held in place by a mixture of borax, which serves as a flux in the fusion that takes place subsequently.

This fusion is accomplished by laying the unfinished bracelet upon a piece of charcoal, or holding in pincers, and sending a flame upon it by means of a blowpipe. This is very delicate work, for if the heat is not intense enough the particles will not be properly fastened to the base; while, if the flame is allowed to flow an instant too long, the whole body may melt and the work be ruined. Experience, however, teaches the clever workman to cause perfect fusion without injuring the design.

The bracelet has now assumed its final form, but looks little like the finished work we see in the shops, but is black and discolored. The last process is "coloring," which is really eating the alloy from the surface and leaving it the beautiful yellow of pure gold.

This is done by immersing the bracelet in an acid bath, where it is allowed to remain the requisite time, when it is washed, dried in box-wood sawdust, and is finished. So we see the skilled mechanic serving the goddess Fashion, and the resources of Science and Art devoted to her shrine.

Many of the designs employed in these bracelets have a classic origin. One that is simple and beautiful contains a motive from the lotus flower on the top of the crown, and suggestions of the everlasting pyramids of Egypt on the sides.

Others trace their origin to Byzantine art, while others point in the rich profusion of their adornment to the Renaissance.

Besides the gold ornamentation, some of these Hellēne bracelets are set with jewels, and rubies, diamonds, sapphires, olivines, tourmalines, and other rare and beautiful stones are used with fine effect. In every regard, for comfort, beauty, and artistic correctness, the Hellēne bracelet is one of the choicest productions of the current year.

Old-Maidishness.

I AM not married myself—so it is possible that I may yet live to be an old maid. But if ever I do—oh, won't I try hard to guard against the approach of old-maidishness!

Folks say the "crankiness" comes upon you without your knowing it. So it is well to be on the lookout for it just as long as you don't wear an engagement-ring, though you may still be young in years.

I mean it. I have heard, and read, and written numerous "preachments" addressed to girls, warning them not be slovenly, nor idle, nor uncharitable, nor rude, nor a great many other things. But, so far as I am aware, no one yet has warned them not to be old-maidish—or, at least, very few have.

Don't misunderstand me. Because a single lady is well advanced in years, it by no means follows that she is a real, typical old maid. There are some natures destined to remain perpetually young—and to all such, increasing age only serves to swing more widely open the gates which divide them from the immortal morning-land of seraphs. But then there *is* such a character as the *real* old maid—and she generally is, alas! a single woman of innumerable winters. It is not hard to guess at the reason of this. In old times, it was the custom to bring up girls with little education and few resources, teaching them to look forward to marriage, right or wrong, as the one end and aim of their existence. Consequently, failing in this, they feel that they have lived in vain. Hence, the prevalence of what I mean by old-maidishness.

But in this glorious age of the world, there is no reason under the sun why any of us should ever grow old-maidish. Shall I try and prove it?

First of all, it is now generally admitted, that under health

ful, happy conditions, the actual period of youth may be prolonged indefinitely. A generation or so ago, it was quite common for a woman of twenty-one to be the mother of several children, becoming a grandmother at thirty-five, consequently being pushed back on the shelf with the old folks before her fortieth birthday. But now a girl of twenty-one is scarce out of the school-room; a woman of thirty-five may be the gayest coquette or the loveliest bride; and the matron of forty may be as wide-awake and sprightly as any one of her growing daughters. All of which only proves that people are living more in accordance with nature and the light of knowledge. It is a physiological fact, proved beyond dispute, that a woman is, or should be, actually a young woman until the age of forty-five.

So don't be afraid to feel and act just as young as you please, if you are a day short of forty-five. Why, the jolliest young girl I ever met was a maiden lady of seventy.

If you like pink ribbons and feathers and flounces, wear them; if a hat is more becoming to you than a bonnet, don't hesitate to put it on. I know you dread hearing people say that you are not dignified enough for "your years," that you are affecting "lamb-fashion," and so forth—but then, that's old-maidishness on *their* part, and is precisely what you mustn't say about *them*.

It is proverbial that widows, even elderly ones, "succeed" better than single women, middle-aged or young. No doubt one great reason is, they are less afraid to dress according to their own taste, and don't hesitate to borrow even juvenile fashions if they so desire. A good fashion-magazine is a powerful antidote against one form of old-maidishness.

So, for a good twenty-five years yet, I'm going to call myself a young lady, and I'm going to dress as if I thought myself one. And if *I* think so, it will go a great way toward making other people think so too. Though, of course, I'll use judgment, if possible. When I'm thirty I won't wear quite as school-girl a hat as I did when I was fifteen; and when I am forty, I'll try and be a little more dignified than I am now. And all the time I shall endeavor to be perfectly natural. Youth, the result of culture, is not the same as youth, the result of affectation.

The question of age settled—I mean, having decided that you don't mean to get old—consider that of marriage. You intend, in a general way, to marry some day, of course. As long as a woman feels that she'll never settle down into a real old maid, no matter how long she has lived. You have known of couples who were engaged from ten to twenty years before they were married—did the lady seem in the least like the horrible Aunt Tabbies and Jemimas you read about? No, indeed; she looked as young on her wedding day as you do, though her hair was white. Have a beau, then, or several, even if they are only of that useful, indefinite order vaguely denominated "friends." Keep up the illusion—the pleasant self-delusion, if you like—that perhaps you will marry by and by—and the prospect of actually not doing so will not seem one half so real, nor so terrible to you as it would if you shut yourself up, or saw only women. You may in the end never marry; but feel, always, that there are many, many other things in the world for noble, useful women to do, and that if you enjoy the spiritual companionship of strong, true men, you have still gained much.

Talk of young girls monopolizing the attention of gentlemen! Why, I have known numbers of single ladies of thirty and forty who did not remember the time when they were without admirers. Kindness, goodness, friendliness, and knowledge attract far more than mere beauty; as ripe fruit attracts more bees than blossoms do. Men of fifty may like to flatter girls of sixteen; but men of twenty-five are more apt to worship women of thirty. Masculine vanity has not the same eyes as masculine worth.

I knew a young lady of forty who lived a broad, useful, happy life. She worked for her living, but she used her money wisely. She had a little room like a fairy bower, and she wore the richest of silks and laces, in which she took an innocent, girlish pride. She studied, she danced, she went to parties, and she got up dainty little receptions in her room. She had several devoted lovers, among them one or two bachelor cousins. Best of all, she was never known to say an unkind or uncharitable word of any one. I admired her very much, and often declared that if ever I lived to be an old maid, I wanted to be just such a one as she.

Feel young, dress tastefully, have plenty of gentlemen friends and a few ladies, mind your business, and, next—have something to do. Be active, be wide-awake, take an interest in what is going on. Pursue a daily occupation; play, paint, sing, study, embroider. Visit the hospitals, engage in works of charity, join some literary or art society. In this way you can fill your mind with plans, your hands with work. Unfortunately, maiden ladies too often have empty brains and well-filled pocket-books. Consequently they have not enough employment to prevent them from peeping through their neighbor's shutters, or examining the texture of their neighbor's garments. If I'm an old maid, I'm going to have plenty of resources, and never think myself too old to accomplish something.

Another thing. I'll learn, I hope, to adapt myself to circumstances, and regard the fitness of things. I may have my own ideals, but I won't try to make other people do exactly as I say. For instance: Old maids are everywhere known as having the most sentimental theories about the duties of wives and the training of children. But I really do hope that I won't make myself ridiculous at the age of sixty, by being very prodigal of advice to young married people upon such subjects. Understand, I don't mean to say that any intelligent observer cannot often make good suggestions concerning things with which he or she has little or no personal experience; but, where some would only smooth off a roughness, others would reconstruct the world with no tested pattern to work upon.

Patience, gentle reader, if I touch upon one thing which is the very perfection of old-maidishness—I mean mock modesty. To my mind, it is even more disgusting than the absence of all propriety, for it is such a hideous counterfeit of what nature intended to be sweet and beautiful. That scavenger-purity which is forever on the scent for evil, carries with it a viler odor than that possessed by what it seeks to discover. I have often wondered what there was in a single life that promoted such squeamish prudery on the one hand, such bold curiosity on the other. A real old maid will see a thousand hideous suggestions in the most innocent word or look or gesture; the mention of certain useful garments, such as "shirts" or "stockings," will throw her into convulsions; a "baby" is to her more like an imp of darkness than an angel of light—at the same time, she will speak coarsely of solemn truths of which a married woman scarce dares whisper. Strange to say, purity of life is not always found conjoined with purity of mind. No, my sisters. If I am an old maid, there are certain subjects to which I will never allude. And of all forms of old-maidishness to which women are liable, I pray that I may not be to this one, for of them all, it is the most heart-withering, the most soul-destroying.

I believe and hope, that before many years, the old-fashioned type of old maid will die out. She has existed too long already.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

CHEERFUL PEOPLE.

OH, the charm of a cheerful face! What can equal it? It has a missionary work all its own. Its simple presence makes even animals happier. Dogs know the difference between the cheerful and the surly man. They gambol about the former wherever he appears, and shrink away from the latter, or treat him with indifference.

And when the cheerful person comes into the room where people are out of sorts, or ill, or have "the blues," they brighten up in spite of themselves; for few people are ever so cross or so ill that the voice and face of a cheerful person will not make them brighten up just a little.

If there were only a sure and certain receipt for making ourselves cheerful! It would sell better than any cosmetic ever put upon the market, for the cheerful face can never be unpleasant to look upon. How glad we should all be to try the receipt; to have the power of cheering everybody up, to have the joy of seeing everybody's face brighten the minute we came in sight! It would be such a satisfaction, too, to be sure of a warm welcome wherever we went; for the cheerful person is always given a warm greeting. It is only natural to desire sunshine in the house.

"The sight of you jist does me good, sure," I heard an old woman say one day to one of these sunshiny people.

"I'd like to have ye in a glass case, ma'am, that I might look at ye and keep my heart warm."

Every one is sensible of the atmosphere of cheerfulness, of hope and energy, which surrounds it, and of the happiness it sheds abroad; every one admires and welcomes it in others, and wishes that he also possessed it; every one acknowledges that it is one of the chief blessings with which man is endowed.

Then why not cultivate it in ourselves? Whatever is absolutely essential to the happiness of man is within his power to obtain—if not in full measure, at least to a very fair degree. And, although there may be other things that we covet more earnestly, a cheerful spirit is a very important ingredient in human happiness. Some are, of course, born with sunny natures. It is as natural for them to look bright, to shed sunshine about them, as it is to breathe. They could not help it if they would. It is spontaneous, inevitable to them. We cannot all have this, of course, but we can all cultivate cheerfulness if we only will.

We can so foster and cherish it that after a few years the world will not suspect that it was not a hereditary gift handed down to us from generations.

There is scarcely an evil in life which we cannot double by pondering upon it: a slight scratch, by constant rubbing and irritation, can become a serious wound, and a slight illness be made by worry to end in death.

A man has no more right to interfere with his neighbor's happiness than to injure his property, and he cannot indulge in perpetual ill-humor and spleen, in complaint, in airing gloomy forebodings, or in carrying a sad, sour, or frowning visage without very sensibly diminishing the enjoyment and comfort of others, and thus violating their rights.

The power of enjoyment is in itself a faculty capable of improvement, and as practice always enhances power, it is an excellent thing to form the habit of enjoying. A mind accustomed to look upon the bright side of all things will repel dampness and mildew of care by its genial sunshine. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it, like a beautiful, sunny landscape; the melancholy, morbid mind depicts it a sterile plain, and thus life takes its hues of light or shade from the soul upon which it rests. The world is a mirror, reflecting ourselves. Smile upon it, and it gives us smiles in return; frown upon it, look sad and sour, and it gives back sadness and sourness in return. We may rob misfortune of half her power and all her frowns by meeting her with a smiling face. Can we not look at the stars when the sun has gone down? Are not the heavens blue when the earth is dark? The consistent endeavor to look at the bright side of things will gradually produce and fix the power of doing so. One who is always extracting the actual and possible woe of everything with which he deals, can hardly hope to be bright and cheery; but if, instead, he seeks for the silver lining to the clouds, life will assume for him a brighter aspect, and he cannot fail to secure a full measure of happiness. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in the presence of a determined cheerfulness. Cultivate cheerfulness if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better if you are habitually cheerful.

Cheerfulness depends largely upon good health. It is very difficult for the wearied, hard-worked housekeeper to preserve a cheerful temper under all the difficulties of household work. Fires will not burn, bread will not rise, the milk turns sour, the children will do some irreparable piece of mischief, and either one of these things is sufficient perhaps to prove the last straw upon the back of the overworked, weary woman, who has been on her feet since morning, busy with the hundred and one little things that only she ever thinks of doing, and whose nerves are strained to the highest tension. She suddenly breaks out into a real tempest of fret and fault-finding, for which no one is prepared, not knowing anything of the previous strain, and the husband goes out in anger, convinced that his wife has a "fearful temper," while the children shrink away, saying to each other, "How cross mother is!" while she, poor soul, has to get over her little outburst as best she can, suffering mentally, probably for the want of self-control that personally aggrieved every member of her family, and mortified that she cannot be always as sweet tempered and pleasant as "when she was a girl."

O busy housekeepers, don't try to do too much. Half the women patients in the insane asylums to-day would be useful members of society if only they had not worked so hard and so fast. There is that in the nature of housework, and in the bringing up of a family which demands incessant effort, and that effort falls generally upon some one member of the family—the wife, in nine cases out of ten. No matter how much sleep she loses at night, how much she worries over baby's troublesome teeth, or little Dick's croup symptoms, she must go through the daily treadmill all the same. She gives herself no rest. She does not know, or if she knows, she is heedless of the fact that she is burning the candle at both ends. She tries to economize in help, keeps no servant, or only one where two would have plenty to do, and lets mind and body wear out. If she could only learn that it is better to "let things go" sometimes, if by so doing she can preserve her health, get time to rest an hour or two, and so secure the health which gives the strength to be cheerful, to shed about her that sunshine which will cause her children to "rise up and call her blessed," to remember *home* as the sunniest place in the whole world.

FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

The Story of Von Chamisso.

AUTHOR OF THE "LION'S BRIDE," ETC.

ON the 3d of January, 1821, Adelbert von Chamisso wrote to his brother Hypollite, then residing in Paris, "To-day I am forty years old! How time flies!"

Chamisso, at that time known to the entire reading world by his curious romance of "Peter Schlemihl," was by birth a Frenchman, but by construction of mind and by education a veritable German. Not that his French nationality was ever entirely absorbed in the German, for, until his death, the dual nature was plainly evident in him. During his whole life he counted in his mother tongue. His letters, written in French, are purer and smoother in style than those written in German, in which many Gallicisms occur, and, on the night preceding his death, he returned to the language of his infancy.

Yet, spite all this, Franz Dingelstedt's words, spoken over his open grave, are strikingly true: "Ein Fremdling warst Du unserm deutschen Nord, in Sitte und Sprache anderem Stamme Sohn, und wer ist heimischer als Du ihm worden?" ("Although a stranger in our Northern Germany, in habits and language son of another race, yet who could be more at home than thou?")

In many ways, very like his own "Schlemihl," a story which is indeed by many claimed to have been an autobiography, Chamisso wandered about unhappy and discontented until he settled down to accept Germany as his fatherland, and a loving German wife on German soil.

The offshoot of an old French noble family, Louis Charles Adelbert de Chamisso was born in his father's castle of Boncourt, in Champagne, nine years before the outbreak of the French Revolution. That first dreadful year saw the loyal family driven from France and their ancestral château leveled to the ground, but in the son's verses it still stands in its original beauty and grandeur.

"Ich träum' als Kind mich zurücke,
Und schüttle mein greises Haupt;
Wie sucht ihr mich heim, ihr Bilder,
Die lang' ich vergessen geglaubt?

Hoch ragt aus schatt'gen Gehegen
Ein schimmerndes Schloss hervor,
Ich kenne die Thürme, die Zinnen,
Die steinerne Brücke, das Thor.

Es schauen vom Wappenschilde
Die Löwen so traulich mich an;
Ich grüsse die alten Bekannten
Und eile den Burghof hinan.

Dort, liegt die Sphinx am Brunnen,
Dort, grünt der Feigenbaum,
Dort, hinter diesen Fenstern,
Verträumt ich den ersten Traum.

Ich tret' in die Burgkapelle
Und such des Ahnherrn Grab,
Dort ist's, dort hängt vom Pfeiler
Das alte Gewappen herab.

Nach lesen umflort die Augen,
Die Züge der Inschrift nicht,
Wie hell durch die bunten Scheiben
Das Licht darüber auch bricht.

So stehst du O Schloss meiner Väter
Mir treu und fest in dem Sinn,
Und bist von der Erde verschwunden—
Der Pflug geht über dich hin.

Sei fruchtbar, O theurer Boden,
Ich segne dich mild und gerührt,
Und segn' ihm zweifach wer immer
Den Pflug nun über dich führt.

Ich aber will auf mich raffen,
Mein Saitenspiel in der Hand,
Die Weiten der Erde durchschweifen
Und reisen von Land zu Land."

So again in the closing verse of the "Klapper Storch," the gray-haired man recalls his lost home and inheritance:

"Mein Erb is worden eitel Rauch,
Ich musste was ich hab' und bin, mir selbst erkaufen."

The unfortunate family of Chamisso went from France into Belgium, where, however, they made but a brief sojourn, going into Germany, from whence Adelbert, after some time, wrote to one of his brothers in Russia, born Count de Chamisso of Boncourt: "I came to Würtzburg, where it was for some time a serious question whether or not they should make a joiner of me, instead of which I became a flower-seller at Bayreuth; then was sent to Berlin as porcelain painter; after which I became page to the queen, who has kindly made me a lieutenant in the Regiment von Goetz." With the acceptance of that commission began Chamisso's most trying and sorrowful experience of life. He found not the least sympathy with his higher aspirations among his associates, his brother officers finding him a most unpractical man. In his later years he laughingly recalled the circumstance of his appearing on parade one morning *minus* his sword, and his being received by his superior officer with a sharp, "But, Lieutenant von Chamisso, where, in the name of the Dreideibels, is your sword?"

When upon guard, he would often forget himself and his occupation, in philosophical speculations. The hours he should, in the opinion of his comrades, have devoted to good-fellowship, were given up to the study of Greek and Latin, of Goethe and Schlegel, and to the writing of a tragedy upon a French subject in German prose.

All this time his sensitive nature suffered keenly from his homelessness and expatriation. His parents had returned to France, while he remained in that foreign land which at once repelled and attracted him. "No countrymen, no country," he complained to his friend Barnhagen, in 1806. "I must save myself by my pen, since no sword can grow for me in this century."

And the pen he had seized most energetically. It was then the blossoming season of the romantic school of German literature. In Berlin it had many enthusiastic adherents and gifted representatives, among whom were William von Schutz, Adam Müller, Achim von Arnim, and William Neumann, while in the drawing-room of the spirituelle Frau Sander, Tieck, and his disciples met together, and there our poet also found entrance.

In 1804 Chamisso attempted a poem on Faust, which is now unknown except to very few, and which he himself, in later life, designated as a "boyish, metaphysical, poetical effort." But it had the good result of making him acquainted with Barnhagen and Neumann.

This trio of brothers in spirit followed the standard of Schlegel, and, longing to give expression to the power they felt stirring within them, they commenced the *Musenal Almanach*, printed at Chamisso's cost, and called, somewhat ominously, from the color of its binding, "The Green Book."

The undertaking was not successful, except as a means of bringing the authors into connection with other men of letters. Schlegel showed great interest in the young aspirants for literary honors, and Tieck was especially gracious to our hero.

In 1805 Chamisso was separated from his friends, as he was making the Weser campaign with his regiment, going in March, 1806, to the fortress of Hameln, whose shameful surrender he touchingly described, with "bitter pain," in a letter to Barnhagen.

After the surrender of Hameln, he obtained leave of absence, being a prisoner on parole, and went to Paris to see his parents, who had been long pleading for a visit. But he had too long delayed his going, for both were dead. Saddened by the changes among friends and relatives, he returned to Berlin, from whence he was, after a lapse of two years, called to the position of professor in the Lyceum at Napoleonsville. He hastened to Paris, to accept the offer, to find it had been withdrawn, from some inexplicable cause.

He remained in Paris, where he found congenial society, until the spring of 1811, when he accompanied Madame de Staël to Coppet. Still dissatisfied with his aimless and rather irregular life, he resolved to return to Germany and devote himself to the study of physical science.

With this end in view, he left Switzerland, and on the 29th of October, 1812, matriculated in the University of Berlin, at the somewhat, for a student, advanced age of thirty-two.

In 1813 he was sorely disturbed in mind, his love for his adopted fatherland and his detestation of Napoleonic despotism urging him to join the Prussian forces against the French emperor, and his feelings for his country people, whom he still claimed as his own, holding him back, while the sneers and bitter words of the justly incensed Prussians cut him to the heart.

It was under these circumstances that he wrote "Peter Schlemihl"—as before said, in many regards a picture of himself. "I am a Frenchman in Germany—in France, a German; a Catholic among Protestants—among Protestants, a Catholic; a philosopher among religious men—among freethinkers, a bigot; a man of the world among scholars—among men of the world, a pedant; a Jacobin among noblemen—among democrats, an aristocrat. Everywhere I am a stranger and alone."

In 1815 Chamisso joined the three years' expedition around the world, under the leadership of Otto von Kotzebue. For him it was a deliverance, since the renewal of hostilities that year between his native and adopted country could only bring him pain, however they should end; and it was a trial to be only an idle spectator amid such stirring times.

After Chamisso's return from his wanderings, he again took up his residence in Berlin, and occupied himself with a preparation of the curiosities he had collected, and which he donated to the Berlin Museum.

The year 1819 brought him many honors. The University conferred upon him the title of doctor honorarium; the Society of Philosophy and Science made him a Fellow; he was appointed Custodian of the Royal Botanical Gardens, and a lovely young woman, niece of his dearest friend, Hitzig, became his wife.

Never—so said his friends—was a happier bridegroom to be seen. His betrothed, Antonie Praste, when a child, he had often dandled upon his knee, while charming her ear with marvelous stories of elves and kobolds. Leaving her a schoolgirl, he returned from his wanderings to find her developed into a lovely young maiden, whom he speedily wood and won.

Married on the 25th of September, 1819, several years passed away uneventfully, the first break in the simple family life occurring in 1825, when Chamisso was called to Paris by business connected with his father's estate. Writing from there to his wife, he said: "I have been running about Paris like a greyhound, seeing all my old friends." Yet, in the midst of old friends and new faces, he did not lose thought for his beloved home. "Do not forget the roses, nor the alphabets (to teach the children), nor the crumbs on my window ledge for the sparrows, nor to water the flowers I have planted."

In the early spring he was again at home, and years passed away in the usual routine of work and care and homely pleasures. Honors were heaped upon him, but in 1837 a blow struck him from which he never recovered—the very sudden death of his wife. Writing to a friend, he said: "You know what she was, and what I have lost. I wait now with patience till my hour comes, and bear my cross as best I can, praying 'Thy will be done.' I have had my share of happiness—more than many men—and for that I am thankful."

The months between his death and that of his wife (May 21, 1837, and August 21, 1838) were closely occupied with work. In the summer of 1837 he wrote a Hawaiian grammar, having studied that language closely when in the Sandwich Islands; made a translation of Béranger's poems, and wrote several original poems.

His health failing completely, he was forced, at length, to offer his resignation as Inspector of the Royal Herbarium. The director made immediate application to the government for a pension, urging his faithful services, his talents, the consideration due him in consequence of his having added so much to the glory of German literature, although of another nationality,—closing the appeal by saying, "Chamisso is, and always will be, a phenomenon in our literature."

But the end for which he longed came quickly at last. Seven years he had fought with the disease which, on the 21st of August, 1838, carried him away. His last wishes were scrupulously obeyed: "I wish to be buried without pomp or parade. If the spot must be marked, let it be only by a tree, or, at most, a simple slab, with only name and date of birth and death."

None but the nearest friends were present to see the last of the placidly smiling lips and silvery curls, adorned with a laurel wreath, before the coffin lid shut them out from human sight forever.

* * * * * *

In America, Chamisso is perhaps best known by *Peter Schlemihl*, *The Lion's Bride*, *The Old Washerwoman*, *The Beggar and his Dog*, and a Volks legend, put into verse, called *The Giant's Plaything*. Unfortunately, the princes of German literature, Goethe and Schiller, have shone with such a brilliant light as to almost obscure, for foreigners, the minor poets, such as Rückert, Chamisso, Uhland, and Arndt. But in Germany, Chamisso's verses are said and sung in every gymnasium and Volksschule throughout the empire, and the children, while learning the poems, are also taught to honor and revere the man.

L. P. L.

KITH AND KIN.

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

(*Continued from Page 79.*)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE."

SURELY, more than three years later; the scene, one of the front rooms at the Nurses' Home, Fence Street, Irkford; the persons, a man and a woman, alone—he, standing on the hearth-rug, where he had been waiting some two or three minutes; she, just closing the door behind her as she came in.

The man was Dr. Hugh Wentworth; the woman, Judith Conisbrough.

He was a young-looking man—even surprisingly young when one considered the high position he had, and the really vast responsibilities which devolved upon him. But on looking more closely, one saw that if he were young in years, yet he was one of those men who are born with master minds. One forgot entirely that he was young and handsome, and pleasant to look upon, so much were these advantages overweighed by the intellectual ones—by the fire that dwelt in the deep eyes, by the grand sweep of the magnificent forehead, the mental *power* expressed in every line and every feature.

Till Judith entered, he had been leaning against the mantel-piece with his hands clasped behind him, and his eyes raised to the dingy-looking ceiling above, and he heaved a sigh. Even those two or three moments of sorely-needed leisure, of waiting and inaction, were hardly spared and much grudged.

He had not been kept waiting very long. In that establishment punctuality and alertness were laws as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians. There was she whom he sought, walking into the room, looking different from her old self, as you, reader, have known her, because she had a white cap on her head, a black gown, a white apron of lawn with a stomacher, all edged with little plaited frills of the same material.

"Good afternoon, nurse," he observed, holding out his hand.

"Good afternoon. We meet for the first time to-day, I think?"

"Yes. There is a small matter of business which I wish to discuss with you," said he, and paused.

She had moved nearer to the window, and now stood beside it, looking at him. Then, when the broader light fell upon her, one saw that the cap and apron, the badges of her order, were not the only things to distinguish her from the Judith Conisbrough of three years ago. She looked, if anything, a little taller, possibly a very little stouter, and her carriage, if not more stately, was a little more decided than of yore.

She looked a queenly woman now, in her garb of nursing sister, just as she had formerly looked a queenly woman in her shabby old gowns—in her sorrow, her poverty, her bitter unhappiness at Yoresett House, when the curse of enforced idleness, and the grip of a forbidden love, were upon her. But her face was changed. It had altered in the way in which the faces of women do alter, in whom heart is as strong as head.

No acute or even intelligent observer would have dared to say that that face wore an altogether happy, or peaceful, or satisfied expression: the faces of those who aim high and feel deeply, seldom, if ever, do look perfectly placid. There was a calm and settled power in it, not inferior, in its way, to that which dwelt in the countenance of Dr. Wentworth himself. The eyes were steady, scrutinizing, and critical. It was the mouth which betrayed, more than anything else, the touch of sadness and dissatisfaction. It was when the face was in entire repose that the lips took that curve which makes one feel as if a sigh had either just left, or was on the point of leaving them.

For the rest, one could see that she was in every way developed. She had more ease as well as more dignity of manner. She was more beautiful than before, as well as older; her face and form now more than ever were such as the most heedless could not fail to observe.

Neither she nor Dr. Wentworth sat down. Each knew the time of the other to be precious.

"You go home for your holiday to-morrow?" he said half-inquiringly.

"Yes. A fortnight amongst the Yorkshire hills will not be unpleasant."

"I wish you would take a month," was his abrupt remark.

"A month—why?" Her eyes opened a little, as she looked at him in some surprise. "Not because I look ill, surely—for I never felt better in my life."

"No; but because I wish you on your return to take a great deal more responsibility on your shoulders, and you will require some thorough rest and setting up before you undertake it."

"Indeed! And what is it you wish me to do?"

"My wife," said he, smiling, "charged me to tell you that you were to do as I wished, on pain of forfeiting her friendship. Now, before I explain, let me tell you it is an onerous post I wish you to take. Little rest, and much care and anxiety. Perhaps few friends, and lots of enemies. That for the disagreeable part of it. For the more agreeable: it ought to gratify that ambition of yours, to which you have never yet owned, though it is as patent to me as the sun in a sky without clouds—it ought to gratify that ambition, because it is a post of authority and consequence, and is well remunerated. I want you to become the matron of the new hospital at Ridgeford."

She raised her head quickly; her lips parted, and she looked at him in astonishment for a moment. Then her face flushed deeply, and she turned her eyes to the prospect outside.

Dr. Wentworth watched her unobtrusively, but with the keenest and liveliest interest. He had been her staunch friend ever since the evening he had first seen her, in this very room, standing before him in her bonnet and cloak, to be inspected, when she had said, with a naïveté which had amused him, and an earnestness which had gratified him.

"I do not know what you can give me to do, but I beg you will give me something. If it is only sweeping and dusting, let me have it: do not send me back."

He had not sent her back, for he had correctly discerned (which even genius does not always succeed in doing) that she was one of those tools which will work well, and he had

from the first let her see that he expected a great deal from her. He had not been disappointed, and he had been charmed, like inferior men, to find his own prophetic verdict so thoroughly realized.

The more he asked of work, or study, or observation, or, as he would say in moments of expansiveness to the wife of his bosom, "of general all-round perfection in her work and her behavior," the more she had seemed ready and willing to give him.

Under his influence and by his advice, she had received training, not only in nursing, but in some branches of medicine and surgery as well. He had said little to her during her studies in these subjects, but had one day, not long ago, surprised her by proposing to her that she should study medicine thoroughly, and adopt it as a profession, adding that she had nothing to fear, and would make her way.

He had calculated on that ambition, in which he now told her he still believed; but it had not answered to the call. Judith had declined, saying she had no vocation. Mingled motives, so delicately shaded and complicated that she could not possibly have explained their whence or wherefore, had led her to this refusal. He had been as nearly angry with her as possible, saying, in remonstrance:

"Scores of women, who really have no vocation for it, who want notoriety, or are curious about things they don't understand, or who want to make a living, and think they have fewer rivals in the medical line than in the schoolmistress one—they all rush into it, pushing to the front, and making themselves a spectacle for gods and men. Here are you—the very sort we want as a pioneer for women-doctors—high-minded and high-hearted, with a pure reverence for science and humanity, with every qualification, mental, moral, and physical. And you will not. You ought to lead the way, to be one of the pioneers on that road where the women who follow after you will some day be great."

Judith had shaken her head, smiling.

"You are quite mistaken," she said. "I lay no claims to a 'pure reverence for science and humanity,' as you call it. I know nothing about them, except that the one is really great, and the other is thought so by some people. Do you suppose that I became a nurse because I wished to do so? Not at all, and I never would have done it if I could have had a happier lot. I 'took to it,' as they say, because I was miserable, and wanted relief from my wretchedness; I did not like it then, and I do not like it now. You may think me a poor-spirited creature; but I would rather stay here and do as you tell me, and act under orders, than be the first and cleverest woman-doctor of all time."

"You are trying to cajole me by flattery."

"I am speaking the simple unvarnished truth."

"My wife says indignantly—as if it were my fault—that if she had had your qualifications I should never have got her to marry me."

"Oh, how could she say such a thing? It is almost wicked of her," Judith had said, and she had remained immovable. Yes, she thought it a glorious profession, she said, the noblest that existed—

"Bar the clerical one," he had suggested, with a malicious smile.

"Bar none," had been Judith's emphatic retort; and she would honor a really clever medical woman and would be quite ready to darn her stockings and do her drudgery. The position itself, of a medical woman, she declined. This refusal, and their dispute about it, was in Dr. Wentworth's mind now, as he observed her keenly and noted every change that passed over her face.

"I shall think you wish to be unfriendly to me, if you refuse me this," he said. "You are familiar with all the details of the scheme; you have heard them discussed at my house often enough. You know what the duties will be; the salary will be three hundred a year. Now, where is your 'Yes'?"

"'Yes' is sometimes a very hard word to say, Dr. Wentworth."

"It ought not to be so when duty cries for it so very loudly, as in this case."

"You are the chief of the council, and the real head of it, are you not?"

"I am."

"And would you always give me your friendship, your council, and your advice!"

"You may depend upon them entirely."

"It would be a very useful sphere?" she said musingly.

"You, as well as I, know *how* useful. In that place you will be an influence, and a beneficent one, on hundreds. My dear friend," he took her hand, "apart from all other considerations, the woman who worthily fills that office, as it will be when it is developed, and as you will fill it—with its trials and its difficulties, its powers and its opportunities for doing good—that woman may, if the right spirit animate her, attain to the rank of the other good women whose names ought to stand opposite saints' days in men's and women's hearts."

"Then I cannot be worthy of it," said she, moved.

"And I say you are; and I say that if you will not take it, I know not where to put my hand on any other woman qualified as you are qualified for it."

"If I took it, I should have to make up my mind that it should be for the rest of my life?"

"You would."

A long pause. He did not interrupt her, nor press her for an answer, for precious as the time of both was, these moments of reflection and turning-over were absolutely necessary. He leaned against the mantelpiece in silence, and she stood by the window, equally silent, seeing, without heeding them, all the throng of men and vehicles which streamed incessantly up and down the noisy thoroughfare.

What visions did she tear to shreds, he wondered, as he watched her without letting her see his observation—what hopes did she finally immolate? what bright illusions of girlhood did she lock out of her heart for ever? Could he have known, he would have been aware that she had never had any youth, and that she even now inwardly expostulated with her destiny, which had led her up through five-and-twenty years of life without that youth. Though he and she had grown fast friends, though she and his wife had become almost like sisters, no word had ever passed her lips which could give any clue to the story of sorrow and hopelessness which had driven her forth from her home at twenty-two, a sad, unhopeful woman, and had first led her to them. That there was a story, he was persuaded; persuaded, too, that she went over it in her mind as she stood looking out of the window then, before she answered him—some story connected with her home in that green dale which he had never seen, but of which she had once or twice spoken in words which, though simple, had been full of life and fire.

At last her answer came:

"I will do as you wish, Dr. Wentworth. I will go to Ridgeford."

In the joy and relief of his heart, he stepped forward and shook both her hands.

"I do thank you—from my heart I thank you! With you at its head, Ridgeford shall be the first place of its kind in England—that I swear!"

He laughed with satisfaction. Judith only looked very grave, and then he said:

"But have you no curiosity to know what my great and special reason was for wishing you to go?"

"What was it?"

"Just this. I don't want you to be lost to suffering humanity and the medical profession, whether as a member of it, or as a servant of it. Once safe in that post, you are safe for life; but, until you are installed there, I have a consuming dread, which haunts me like a ghost, of your breaking away from us, and getting married."

"You certainly need not fear that," said Judith, after a moment's pause, as she looked at him. "It is the one contingency in my life which I am absolutely certain will never occur. Therefore be reassured."

"To think of you married," pursued the fanatic, "devoted to one miserable man and his tiresome family, is to think of something monstrous. Well, good-bye. You'll see my wife to-morrow, before setting off. And stay at home a month, while you have the chance."

He wrung her hand again and departed.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WAY NOT CLEAR.

ONCE more Judith alighted at the well-known station at Hawes, and was met, as of old, by mine host of the King's Arms at Yoresett, and driven home by him. It was the third holiday she had had since first going to her work, but it was now more than a year since she had last been at home. To Judith these home-comings had their terror as well as their joy. Her love of her home, and of every spot of ground for miles around it, was a thing of a deep and ineradicable growth. Therefore there was always a certain delight in returning and beholding the familiar scenes and objects. But the desolation within was so great as almost entirely to counterbalance this joy. Since she had left home no word of leaving Yoresett had ever been spoken either by Delphine or by Mrs. Conisbrough. Each time that she returned it seemed to Judith that Delphine looked more shadowy, more exquisitely lovely, and more unearthly in her fragility. She was particularly struck with that look when she alighted on this occasion, and her sister came forward to welcome her. She formed a striking contrast to the splendid handsomeness of the youngest girl, now a tall and well-developed young lady of nineteen, as full of health, of life, and fire, as Delphine seemed shadowy and ghost-like in her beauty.

They welcomed her—Delphine very quietly, Rhoda enthusiastically. Judith had been visited often by a torturing suspicion that Delphine had never regarded her with the same feelings since that afternoon when she had found her in her painting-room, and had told her old Martha Paley's tale. She fancied that Delphine regarded her sometimes with a strangely cold and alien glance, as if she suddenly recollected the mortal blow which Judith's hand had dealt to her happiness, and shivered and feared at the remembrance of it. The idea was almost intolerably painful, and she had never dared to put it into words. Where would have been the use? Delphine could not order her feelings and expression to be exactly that which was most pleasing to others.

Rhoda's cry now, as of old, was for news:

"What's your news, Judith? Surely you have some news?"

"Yes, I have, this time. But I shall not tell it you till I can tell it to mamma as well."

"She is upstairs," observed Delphine, "but I fancy she will come down before long."

They were in the parlor, and while Judith sat down and rested, Delphine remarked:

"Judith, I think you will find mamma looking a good deal changed—I am afraid so. But don't seem to notice it, for there is nothing she dislikes more than for people to make remarks about it."

"Why, do you mean she is ill, or—or failing, or anything?"

"I don't know, I am sure. She is very much changed—I can hardly describe to you in what way."

She had scarcely finished speaking when Mrs. Conisbrough came into the room. Judith could not but agree with her sister's words. Their mother looked haggard, worn, and aged, and all these things had greatly increased upon her since Judith had last seen her.

Judith advanced, and greeted her with tender affection; but Mrs. Conisbrough received her coldly. It was one of the girl's heaviest trials, and one which, she felt, was not likely to cease while her mother lived.

Judith had been desperate when she had taken that extreme step of speaking to her mother of the wrong she had done; but she had spoken of it, and as a simple matter of fact Mrs. Conisbrough had never forgiven her for it. They had never been very sympathetic, but that episode had created a breach between them—not very noticeable on the outside, but deep—deep as the respective bases of their own characters.

Judith always felt as if she hardly dared lift her eyes to her mother's face. She always felt as if she were the culprit, and as if she were for ever laboring under the ban of a parent's heavy and merited displeasure. These feelings are settled for us, and arise within us, not at the dictates of reason and justice, but in obedience to inherited traditions, whose beginning has its source somewhere in the dim vista of our ancestors' habits, countless generations back; in obedience, too, to certain instincts in our own individual natures. Such instincts as these it was which made Judith Conisbrough morally cast ashes upon her own head for ever having dared to speak to her mother of sin; which made her feel almost as if that mother were justified in treating her with the distant and ceremonious coldness which she had observed to her ever since the first moments of the silence with which she had received her daughter's words.

Delphine also knew the miserable secret, but it did not appear to have caused the same breach between her and her mother. Mrs. Conisbrough spoke almost genially to her, and called her "my love!" It was three years, Judith reflected, her heart rent with anguish, since that term of endearment, or any like it, had been bestowed upon her. She waited until the evening meal was over, and they were all seated together in the familiar parlor. She had noticed her mother's slight and failing appetite, and how she turned away in distaste from almost everything they tried to tempt her with. Though it was July, there was a small fire, and Mrs. Conisbrough took her place beside it when tea was over. Judith took her position on a stool at her mother's feet, and clasping her hands on her knee, looked up into her face and said:

"Mother, I have something to tell you."

"Indeed," was the listless reply.

"Yes. You know all about Dr. Wentworth now. You have often heard of him from me, and I am sure you have heard his praises sounded by the Mallesons."

"Oh, yes! I suppose he is a very great man. I know he seems to have the art of making people slave for him without giving them much remuneration."

"It is not always he who decides what the remuneration shall be. He called upon me yesterday. He wants me to take a month's holiday instead of only a fortnight, and then he wants me to undertake a very serious responsibility."

"Has he any thoughts of paying you for the responsibility?"

"The payment is in the hands of a committee, and it is very liberal. He wants me to be the matron of the new hospital at Ridgeford, near Irkford."

"You?" said Mrs. Conisbrough, looking at her curiously, as if she could not take the idea in. "Matron of a hospital—and what did you say?"

"He begged me to go," said Judith, looking into her mother's face with a great longing. "He is to be the head of the conficil, and really the master of it all, and he promised to be my faithful friend if I undertook it. It is an almost terribly responsible post."

"Ah, indeed! And pray, what did you decide? I should have felt myself too young and inexperienced had I been in your place," said Mrs. Conisbrough almost coldly; while Delphine, with a sudden rush of surprise and sympathy, exclaimed:

"Why, Judith, it will be an immense work. It will want a woman of great power in every way—a woman like you, and I am sure I think Dr. Wentworth hit upon the right person when he chose you for it."

"He would not allow me to decline, or to urge any objections," said Judith, turning to Delphine, almost choked with grief at the manner in which her news was received. Was it not the turning-point of her whole life? Did not her mother know well its full significance? And had she nothing warmer, nothing more sympathetic to say to it than this? "I have had great difficulty in believing that I ought to accept it," Judith went on, "but at last I felt that I must at least try, and I accepted."

She turned to her mother again, and said:

"The salary is a good one, mother; it is three hundred a year."

"Dear me! That is certainly an improvement. The walk in life which you have chosen is not one which would have recommended itself to me: but, since you *have* chosen it, I congratulate you on being successful in it."

Judith said no more. She had communicated the news somewhat as one does a disagreeable duty, but she had not expected it to be received thus. When Mrs. Conisbrough retired, which she did early, Delphine went with her to her room, and thus Judith and Rhoda were left alone.

"Why didn't you tell me about mamma?" said the former. "She ought to have a first-rate physician to see her, even if we had to send to London for him. I am perfectly certain she is very seriously out of health. You should not have kept me in the dark, Rhoda."

"It was Delphine, Judith. She said you had care and trouble enough, without having that added to them. Poor Del! She has been longing for you to come. She has had a dismal time of it with mamma."

"Why, has mamma been cross?"

"Dreadful! She can't help it, poor thing. I can often see that it is not because she feels unkind or spiteful, but because she is miserable. Uncle Aglionby has a great deal to answer for, and I hope he *will* have to answer for it. I don't despair of *seeing* him brought to account some time. Meantime it is not very agreeable for us here below. I don't know how Delphine bears it as she does, but mamma has been at her alone about having refused Mr. Danesdale."

"Rhoda!"

"You cannot imagine what I have felt sometimes, when I have had to watch Delphine being literally tortured. Of course I don't pretend to understand the facts of the case, or why Delphine refused Mr. Danesdale, but I do know that she adores him, and that her heart is breaking."

"Oh, Rhoda, it is what I have feared, and what has haunted me again and again, while I have been away. She is one of those who never complain, and *never* get over a thing of that kind. Poor child! But it must not go on. Does she ever see Mr. Danesdale?"

"Oh, at church, sometimes. She never looks at him, but I have seen him look at her with a look I cannot understand. I don't think she has ever spoken to him since that ball you went to. Sir Gabriel has not been well, and they say he is very anxious for Mr. Danesdale to be married, and that he will be soon."

"Ah! To whom? Do they say that too?"

"Some people talk about Miss Bird. They say she has refused no end of men for his sake."

"I don't believe it. She is a sweet little thing, but I don't believe she cares, or ever did care, a straw for Randulf Danesdale. No; depend upon it, if he marries to oblige his father, it will be a different sort of woman—one who will put as little heart into the affair as he will himself. *Poor* fellow!"

"I know nothing about that. I know they say he is going to be married, and if he does marry I believe it will kill Delphine. She says he is quite right—she told mamma so. She says he must marry, but it will kill her all the same."

Judith sat silent, her heart wrung; and Rhoda, who was, for her, exceedingly subdued, did not enlarge upon the situation. Presently Delphine came downstairs, looking, as Judith's eyes sharpened by pity and fear observed, almost transparent in her fragility.

The girls talked about their mother, and Judith found her sisters as anxious as herself to have advice. She said she would write to Dr. Wentworth, and ask his advice, and request him to tell them whom they ought to consult.

Later, when Judith and Rhoda again happened to be alone, the latter said:

"Mr. Danesdale has been abroad for ever so long with Mr. Aglionby."

"Has he?"

"Yes; they are most tremendous friends. People call them Orestes and Pylades. Whenever Mr. Aglionby is at home, Mr. Danesdale is with him, or he is with Mr. Danesdale. But our cousin doesn't spend much of his time at Scar Foot. He's there just now though, and nobody says anything about his getting married. His aunt lives with him and keeps house for him, and some people seem to like him. The Mallesons do. I've seen him there once or twice, and he is fearfully grave and dignified. I can't hate the man, though I should like to."

Judith was saved from the necessity of a reply, by the entrance of Delphine. She pondered upon all she had heard, and in her mind the situation resolved itself into this—that her mother would not live long. Her eye, now practiced in reading the signs of most kinds of disease, beheld the beginning of the end, written very plainly in Mrs. Conisbrough's appearance and expression. With her would die her secret and all chance of its becoming known; and for them, in their youth and loneliness, would remain nothing in the world but to work out, as best they could the sad behest:

"Work, be unhappy, but bear life, my son."

For herself she could answer. She felt within her strength to meet her fate and master it. She thought she could answer for Rhoda too. No doubt the struggles would be desperate, the torture keen, before conquest was hers, but it would be hers in the end, she felt sure. But for her best-beloved, to whom she was powerless to give hope on the one hand, or callous indifference on the other, or, yet again, the resolve that rides triumphant over death—what remained for her? She dared not attempt to look forward or to answer the question honestly. She had reso-

lution to face most possibilities, but not the one which carried Delphine out of her life.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"WAIT TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME."

IT was a little more than a week after Judith Conisbrough's return, a sultry afternoon at the end of July. At Scar Foot all was quiet except the rooks, which wheeled and cawed noisily in the trees. The windows were all open, now that the sun had left the house, after being closed all morning, with the blinds down, to keep the said sun out. In the dining-room the luncheon-table was spread, with Aglionby and Mrs. Bryce at the head and foot of it, and Randulf, as guest, at one side.

The meal was just over as Aglionby observed:

"You look tired, aunt. Is it the heat?"

"I suppose so. I think it is going to thunder. I generally know by my nerves when it is, and they prognosticate a storm now."

"Just like Philippa," said Randulf, with the air of one who has made an interesting discovery. "She says she always knows when there's going to be a thunderstorm.

"You don't look too brilliant yourself, Bernard," observed Mrs. Bryce, laughing. "Does he, Mr. Danesdale?"

"N—no. A bit thundery (like the weather), as usual, when he doesn't get enough of his own way. I should take no notice of him; he'll come round."

"Who could not, after hearing such soothing comments passed upon his looks and the causes of them?" said Aglionby, who had been looking, as a matter of fact, pale, but darkly handsome, as usual, but across whose gravity there now flashed a smile, transforming his whole face. He pushed his chair away as he spoke, and opened the door for Mrs. Bryce, saying:

"I really would go and rest, aunt, if I were you; or you'll be having one of your headaches."

"I think I shall," said Mrs. Bryce, going away.

"Where shall we go?" said Aglionby to his friend, "for I'm at your disposal this afternoon."

"Wherever it's coolest, and wherever it takes least exertion to get to," was the characteristic reply.

"That's my den, then, across the house-place," said Bernard, leading the way.

Randulf flung himself at full-length on a settee, and began, with the usual promptitude of action which contrasted so oddly with his drawling speech:

"Can you guess what it is I want to have over with you?"

"I suppose you are really thinking of getting married?"

"Yes, more's the bad luck, I am. I want you to give me some advice as to a suitable lady."

"Me—surely you know best yourself."

"You!! My father is anything but well, you know, so he wasn't sorry for the excuse to leave town, and I don't think Philippa minded much. She has got a fancy that he is really failing, and I can see that he is just miserable till I decide upon something. He has sacrificed an awful lot for me; it is right that I should sacrifice something for him, so I told him I was willing to oblige him."

"You told me at the time" (they both seemed to know what this rather vague expression meant) "that he had told you to wait five years if you liked; but that you should do nothing of the sort."

"Ah; I fancied my powers of getting over troubles were greater than they turn to be. To make a clean breast of it, I care for that girl as much to-day as I did the day she refused me—ay, and ten times more. I never shall care for another girl. My father says I talk cynically. Philippa, poor lass! turns her eyes toward heaven, and says she wonders how I *can*"—he laughed. "She knows nothing about it. I am going to do it, but I'll never utter one word of pretense in the whole matter; I won't have 'love' so much as mentioned. Therefore, my dear fellow, think of money, beauty, rank, cleverness, discretion, dignity, suitability, as much as you please; but for God's sake don't ask me to marry any girl whom I should have to pretend to care for, or who would pretend to care for me."

"You talk as if I could lay my finger on the proper person at a moment's notice."

"So you can, if you choose."

"It's plain to see, from that, that you know perfectly well who is to be the victim of your despair, or the accomplice of your heartless project—whichever you like to call it. You mean Miss Askam, I suppose?"

"Well, she is well known to be the most heartless, ambitious, worldly self-seeking little monkey in the North Riding."

"So I believe."

"I thought of her instantly. But I had a scruple."

"What was that?"

"Some one told me that you admired her."

"I? Good Lord! Set your mind at rest, I beg; and if my services can be of the least help to you in the matter, command them. But I would like to give you a word of advice."

"Well?"

"You would do better to look for some one else. I know that Dorothy Askam appears to be exactly what you have said. I don't believe she knows she has got a heart, but I also believe that if you made love to her, she would find it out, and that very soon."

"Then she won't do. I must have some one to whom I shall not have to pretend even to make love. Make love!" he added, bitterly. "Make *love!* after seeing *her* last Sunday, and her drooping looks! I know this—I must not see her again if I can help before it's all over, or I shall funk it at the very last. It's hideous—hideous! I've often heard of girls selling themselves, and seen them do it, too, with smiling faces, and take any amount of spooning from fellows whom they may almost loathe; but I never knew what it must feel like till now."

"Poor innocent victim! Poor unsheltered lamb!" was the soothing reply.

"Ah, your sympathy was always of the robust kind," grumbled Randulf. "A stroke on the back with one hand, and a cut of the whip from the other."

"If you drop the whip for long in commiserating either your friend's grief or your own, you find yourself wreathed with weeping willow before long, and blown out with sentimental sighs," retorted Aglionby.

"Well, will you think it over, and let me have the result of your meditations?"

"I will."

"Do you ever hear anything of Miss Vane 'that was,' as they say, now?"

"I have seen her more than once since her marriage, and her husband says that sometimes she tells him what prospects she gave up for his sake. I go over and see them when I want to be reminded that once upon a time I was made a great fool of, all the time that I thought myself a person of the greatest penetration."

A pause ensued, which was broken by the entrance of a servant with a note for Aglionby.

"The messenger is waiting for an answer, sir."

He read it through—it was very short—got up, and without making the slightest observation, scribbled off an answer as short as the note, gave it to the servant, and said:

"Tell William I want Egyptian—he must saddle him at once."

"Are you mad?" murmured Randulf. "To ride—on an afternoon like this."

"It's a summons," said Aglionby, "which may mean a great deal, or perhaps nothing at all. Hark to me, Randulf. Establish yourself here for the night. I can't tell when I may return, but it will be some time to-night, and I may have news for you."

"News—about what?"

"Don't press me! It is but a chance. But stay—to oblige me, old fellow. And, for Heaven's sake, don't write and propose to Miss Askam, or Miss Anyone, while I am out."

Randulf shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, to please you. And what am I to say to Mrs. Bryce?"

"That I was called off on business, and will be back to-night."

When Egyptian was announced as being ready, Randulf Danesdale, despite the heat, followed his friend into the yard and stood bareheaded while he mounted, followed him to the gate, and leaned upon it long, watching while Aglionby rope out in the blazing sun, along the road to Yoresett.

"Perhaps the riddle is going to be solved at last," he said to himself, as he returned to the house.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONFESSION, OR EXPLANATION?

AGLIONBY rode swiftly under the scorching sun, along the high, wild road to Yoresett. He went up the village street, and dismounted at the inn, where it was customary for the visitors of all degrees to leave their horses while they transacted their business in the town, and then he walked down the street again to Yoresett House, pulled the bell, and asked to see Mrs. Conisbrough.

The servant seemed to understand that he was expected, for she said "Yes, sir," with some alacrity, and admitted him at once, ushering him into the parlor at the left hand of the hall—the one room of that house which he had ever been in. The light in it was somewhat dim after the blaze of sunshine outside, for the blinds were half down, and Bernard, as he entered and looked around him, appeared very tall and pale, and rather gaunt, as he had grown to look of late. He had deluded himself lately into the idea that he was "getting over" his disappointment about Judith, and that he was becoming reconciled to the position to which she had relegated him; but he was mistaken, as this afternoon and its occurrences had made him feel. The mere knowledge that Judith was at home, that he might meet and see her, had excited him; he could have echoed, with regard to her, all that Randulf had said about Delphine. Then Mrs. Conisbrough's note coming had made the emotion deeper, and, as it were, given a significance to their conversation.

He found Mrs. Conisbrough alone, and he was shocked to see what an invalid, what a wreck she had become. She leaned back in her chair, with a white fleecy shawl round her shoulders, and close beside a small fire, even on this fiery July afternoon. Her cheeks were wasted; her eyes were hollow. He had not Judith's practical experience to go upon, but he instinctively felt that he was in the presence of one whose feet were hastening to her grave; whose spirit must soon say farewell to this life, to its griefs and joys, and hopes and fears. She looked at him long and steadily, and in silence. There was an expression upon her face which he did not quite understand—a look of coldness, of something like defiance. He laid down his hat, bent over her, and said:

"You sent for me, Mrs. Conisbrough."

"Yes. I happen to be quite alone to-day, and as I felt a little stronger and wished to speak to you, I sent for you. I hope I have not inconvenienced you."

"Your summons would have been obeyed at whatever inconvenience, but, as it happens, it caused me none at all."

"Pray be seated, Mr. Aglionby. We have not seen much of you since my uncle's death. It is long since I even saw you. I have been a great invalid of late, and have not left my house for many months."

"I heard you had been in ill-health, and was sorry to learn it. I hope there is no cause for any real uneasiness."

"Not uneasiness," she replied with a peculiar smile, which chilled him, he knew not why. "Oh, no! I have nothing—it is long since I had anything left to be uneasy about. My daughters were uneasy, and last Sunday Judith's great friend, Dr. Wentworth of Irkford, came to see me."

"Yes."

"They did not tell me that he had come just for that: and they imagine that I did not know it. He professed to be staying at the Mallesons', and to have called casually to see Judith on some business; and then he pretended to think me looking ill, and offered to examine my heart. They think I did not guess it all, and I have not undeceived them. He tired me dreadfully with his stethoscopes and instruments and poking about. I had no breath left in me when he had done. Such things are very trying in a heart-complaint."

"They must be, indeed," he said gravely. "I hope——"

"Oh, he told them what I could have told him without all that fuss—that I have not long to live. I have known that for some time now, but they don't tell me, for fear of upsetting me."

"It is a most natural feeling. And perhaps, after all——"

"Oh, no!" she smiled in the same chill and weary manner. "My days are numbered. I am going to die. Death has come to my bedside day and night, as I lay awake, and has taken my hand, and said to me, 'Very soon I shall come and bid you arise, and then you will have to get up and follow me, willing or unwilling.' As it happens, I am willing—very willing. And knowing that—I have sent for you."

Aglionby was dumb; and made no answer to her. She spoke with perfect calmness, but he realized the entire and unvarnished truth of all she said. There is no mistaking the mien of those who have, as she had, held daily communication with Death, and got to look upon him as a friend: to wait for his final coming with eagerness, and who have but one thing to reproach him with—that of not fulfilling his warnings with greater promptitude.

"I have something to say to you," she went on presently. "For a wonder the girls are all out. They are spending a long day with the Mallesons at Kumer in Swaledale. Mr. Malleson is taking the clergyman's duty there."

"Yes, I have been to see them once or twice since they went."

"They will not be back till quite late, as Mr. Malleson is going to drive them over. So I was free to carry out my purpose. I want to explain to you how it was your grandfather left all his money to you instead of to me and my girls. You must have wondered about it many times, have you not?"

"Naturally. And perhaps you on your part have thought me grasping and hard, to——"

"No. I did once think so, and expressed an opinion of the kind, but Judith explained. She told me it was not your fault, but hers. She would not allow you to act differently."

"She would not allow me to speak to you, and I obeyed her."

"Yes, I know. It is the fashion now to make all your confidences to strangers, and to obey any one rather than

your parents. And yet, had you come to me, *I* could have explained it all, as no one else can. In order to make you understand, I shall have to go back a long way, but I will be as quick as I can about it. I was left an orphan very early, and almost penniless too. I was brought up by my uncle at Scar Foot, with my cousin Ralph, your father. If my uncle had had a daughter, he would have expected blind obedience from her; so you may imagine what he exacted from me, a niece, and his dependent. He did not mean to be unkind, but no power on earth would ever have convinced him that he did not know people's wants, and wishes too, far better than they did themselves.

"'As a rule I managed to get on with him, but I was an Aglionby as well as he—his sister's child—and I had some of the Aglionby spirit in me. There were times when I revolted in secret, but I was afraid of him—I always have been afraid of brute force; what they call the superiority of sex.

"Sometimes I succeeded in gaining my own ends in opposition to his, but if I did it was by means of subterfuge. I am not going to apologize for that, and I do not feel in the least ashamed of it. I read the other day that that 'superiority of sex' argument must always be unanswerable in the hands of a coalheaver. Quite true; and the man who chooses to treat a woman to arguments of the coalheaver kind, transformed from the physical to the moral side, that man deserves to be cheated, and he may expect to be cheated. I cheated my uncle many a time, in order to obtain things which a generous-minded man would never have needed asking for. I am glad that I did it," she added slowly, and with cold and concentrated bitterness, while Aglionby sat silent, astounded, and almost aghast at the psychological problem that was gradually being laid bare to him. "I just explain this to you to show that with me to deceive him when he oppressed me beyond bounds with his tyranny, had grown into a habit, which I first excused to myself, then justified, and presently realized that it required no justification—it was right. I cheated him as a matter of course when I should have behaved with transparent honesty to any one else.

"Ralph was better able to get his own way openly, but he had recourse to subterfuge many and many a time. Often and often have we combined to circumvent the plans of his father, when they were odious to us. We were very good friends, Ralph and I—brother and sister, you understand; but I cared more for him than he did for me—till the wretched day came on which my uncle took it into his head that we should be married.

"'No sooner said than done,' was his motto. He told Ralph privately what he desired, and bade him propose to me. Ralph did not want me, and said so openly—which I did not know till later. It was the first time he had boldly opposed his father, and when he saw the storm of wrath that ensued, he said, by way of excuse, that he was sure I did not wish it either, and that I would not have him if he asked me.

"Now, mark, when he wanted his own way, my uncle could flatter and dissimulate. It was not that he had thought we cared for each other, or that we had struck him as being exceedingly well suited to one another. He wished it, and it should be. He came to me, and said he had reason to think Ralph cared for me—would I marry him if he wished it? And then he painted the future—how he would provide for us, how one day Scar Foot was to be ours, and so on.

"Ralph was agreeable to me; I was tired to death of being treated as a child without will, or an idiot without reason. I foresaw freedom and independence, and an indulgent young husband instead of a tyrannical old uncle. I said yes, I would consent. This news was communicated to Ralph, who, for all answer said that he had given way in many things, but that, as to choosing a wife, he could do that for himself, and that he was not going to marry a woman whom he looked upon as his sister, especially when she did not care two straws for him, nor he for her.

"That answer touched my vanity. I never forgave Ralph for saying it. I was furious at having seemed willing to marry him, even though I had been told he wished me to do so, and I hated my uncle, for having put me into such a position, with a hatred I cannot describe. To gratify his own imbecile self-will and love of power, I was to be made cheap—to profess myself willing to be forced in marriage upon a man who would not have me.

"Still my uncle would not give up his scheme. He threw us together; his favorite plan was to send us out for walks in the summer evenings. I remember it well—we used to go one on one side of the lane, and the other on the other; he used to switch off the tops of the flowers and weeds with his cane, and I used to pout, and pluck the grasses, and pull the seeds off, saying, 'This year, next year—sometime, never.' That was to see when I should be married—not to Ralph.

"We became the talk of the neighborhood, of course. People laughed at us. My uncle raged; my cousin was sullenly obstinate, as weak characters are when they get a fixed idea into their heads. I was miserable and furious, and we were all three unspeakably ridiculous.

"At last an opportunity came, which even my uncle hailed with delight, of sending Ralph away for a few months.

"There was some business in London to be attended to. All would have been well if Ralph had been allowed to go in peace; but his father, with his usual insane spirit of self-assertion, told him, threateningly, that he expected him to come to his senses while he was away, and to return home prepared to obey. It was just a threat—bravado—meant to show that he was the master, which he was not, with all his blustering. Ralph chose to take it in earnest. In London he met Bernarda Long, and the next thing we knew was, that he had married her. He simply sent the news to his father, leaving him to receive it as he chose. I conjectured that your mother's high and resolute character had for the moment inspired him, and rendered him regardless of consequences. He suffered for marrying her, but I think he did well to marry her, and I do not believe he ever really repented having done so.

"I need not go into the details of my uncle's rage when he heard the news. You have heard about it; how he vowed to disinherit Ralph, and said he would never own him. He took possession of me in a savage kind of way—not because he really loved me much, or desired to benefit me, but to make me the instrument of his revenge on Ralph. He made my life a burden to me. Men are brutes—that is all I know about them. *I* had to bear the brunt of his displeasure; I had to [illegible] all his useless railings and ragings. I hated the Aglionbys, father and son, and nothing will ever make me see that I had done anything to deserve my lot at that time. Two selfish headstrong men, who when they could not subdue one another, poured the vials of their wrath upon a poor woman over whom they had fallen out, and who would have asked nothing better than never to see them or hear of them again.

"My uncle made a will in my favor, and told me he had done so, and never lost any opportunity of impressing upon me that he had done it out of no superfluous good will to me, but out of hatred to Ralph. That was soothing to my feelings, as you may suppose. I got to look forward to his death, and to the distant future, as to the time of my release and my salvation, and to the possession of the money as my

just indemnification for what I had gone through; and I see it still in that light.

"I did not marry immediately after Ralph. I lived at Scar Foot for two long years after that, and went through trouble and humiliation enough, I can tell you. It hardened me. Two years after Ralph's marriage I married Mr. Conisbrough, who was the incumbent of this place, which you know is in the parish of Stanniforth. When you were six years old your father died. My first child died an infant. Judith, when Ralph died, was a little infant. When the news of your father's death came, it struck my uncle to the ground; but he was not tamed even then. He knew, though, that he had done wrong—he had always known it. The news of his son's death came like a revelation to him, I suppose. He thought about it, and remembered you. He imagined that if he could get you into his hands he could mold you to his will, and then, after all, an Aglionby, flesh of his flesh, and all that, would have Scar Foot. No sooner planned than he set about executing his scheme. *I* was nothing; I was a woman. I had been his dependent; he had always felt that he might dispose of me much as if I had been a bale of goods. He had made a will in my favor and in favor of my children; but what did that matter? A will can always be altered while a man is in his right mind, and while he is able to hold a pen and sign his name. His will should be altered. And with the delicate consideration which had always distinguished his treatment of me, *I* was the fortunate person whom he selected to be the instrument of his purpose. I had the honor of being ordered to go to Irkford, where Ralph had settled, and where your mother and you were then living. He would have gone himself, but he hated your mother so that he would hold no personal interview with her, and it never occurred to him that Marion could resent; that Marion could question his will: she would go and invite another woman to practically step into her place; she would go and use every effort to secure to the child of the man who had scorned her—for Ralph did scorn me—all the advantages which had been promised to her, and which had been earned hardly enough, in all conscience, if they had been ten times as great.

"What a fool he was! What a great, selfish, blundering fool! Men *are* fools. The great mystery to me is how they, with their consummate stupidity, have yet managed to gain the mastery over us. Brute force again, I suppose, is the only answer to the question. I went to Irkford. I had to take my nurse and baby with me, of course. My commission was to tell your mother that your grandfather was wishful to provide for you as if nothing had ever happened, and, finally, to leave you his estate and property, as he would have done in the natural course of things. The conditions attached to this proposal were, that you were to live with your grandfather eleven months in the year, and one with your mother, and that no direct communication was to pass between your mother and your grandfather. On these conditions she also was to be suitably provided for, and was to be free as air to follow her own course in the future—even to marry again, if she chose to do so.

"You perceive that this proposal was susceptible of being made either openly insulting, or, at any rate, fair and politic, just according to the way in which the messenger delivered it. I was in no mood to make it smooth, or to deliver it pleasantly. When I saw your mother, also, I am bound to say that she received me with a coldness and a haughtiness which were by no means conciliating. Smarting under my wrongs and insults, and indignant at her reception of me, I felt a savage pleasure in delivering the message as rudely and abruptly as possible. I did not for a moment suppose she would refuse my overtures. I told her that Mr. Aglionby, of Scar Foot, wished to have the guardianship of his grandchild, and that he was willing to provide for him on condition that the mother contented herself with seeing him one month in each year, and that she never, under any pretext, sought a personal interview with Mr. Aglionby, or wrote a direct letter to him. All this I told her as if it were a matter of the profoundest indifference to me what course she took, or what became of her and the child.

"You will please understand that I was faithful to the letter of my instructions. I said exactly what my uncle had said, but I said it in a certain way. The effect of it surprised me. Your mother rose up and almost ordered me from her house.

"'Tell him,' she said, 'that I would rather beg my bread and my child's bread through the streets, than hand him into the power of a man who can behave as he has done. He ruined his own son; he shall not ruin mine; nor shall he insult me with impunity. And you,' she added, 'how could you, a woman, a mother with a baby at her breast, come and offer such terms to another mother, one who is widowed; one who has *nothing* but her child to make this life worth a moment's purchase to her?'

"I shrugged my shoulders—how was it likely that she could understand? I took her answer: I came away; I left Irkford. I was not sorry that she had answered me as she had done: it would be a blow to my uncle; it would humble his pride. They would both have to humble themselves—the proud man the proud woman too if they were ever to come to anything like an understanding. I had been staying at Scar Foot, when I had been sent to Irkford. I returned straight there.

"Your mother had said to me that she was not so utterly destitute as I seemed to imagine; that she yet possessed a relation or two who, even if she died, would not let her child starve. I told this to your grandfather. I said her relations would provide for you rather than that you should get into his hands, and I was happy in saying it."

(Here Mrs. Conisbrough related the scene which had taken place on her return to Scar Foot, and her narrative agreed in every particular with that given by old Martha to Judith, except that she omitted to mention her own excessive agitation at the time.)

"At times, after that," she went on, "I used to amuse myself by thinking that I, if I chose, could bring about a reconciliation—I alone. But I am not so sure now that I should have been able to do so, had I tried. Then my old troubles began, and I gave over thinking of you and your mother.

"Soon after Rhoda's birth, my husband died, and with him, of course, the greater part of my means of subsistence. I was more in the power of my uncle than ever, and that fact hardened me as nothing else could have done. Sordid, grinding poverty oppressed me, forced self-interest ruthlessly to the front, and induced me to keep silence.

"All went well—what I called well—for twenty-two years. Just fancy what a length of time in which to live as I did! But you cannot understand it—men never can understand women's lives and women's trials—it would be as absurd to ask the sea to understand a stagnant pond. Then my uncle went to Irkford, three years ago—simply on a matter of amusement—to attend a political meeting in a town he had once known, and took my daughter Judith with him, 'for a change,' he said. She had always been his favorite—so far as he had a favorite.

"The day after his return, he came here, and told me that he had seen you, and how deceived he must have been about those relations of your mother's. I knew that my day was over. I do not say I knew I was found out—for I do not see that there was anything to be found out. I had told no lies; I had kept to the letter of my message. But my

day was over, of course. It was my ill-luck. I have been an unlucky woman all my life. He sent for Mr. Whaley that night, and made the will which left everything to you. As to the rest, you know it all."

She stopped.

Aglionby, his elbows on the table, his chin in his hands, was intently staring at her, honestly but vainly endeavoring to put himself in her place. He did not speak, and by and by she went on:

"Different reasons make me wish to tell you this. Not that I am afraid of anything that you can do to me. Do not suppose it for a moment! Partly, I wish you to understand that it was not out of any sudden affection for you that your grandfather altered his will—it was because I had been too true to him, and he wished to be revenged upon me. He was true to his character to the last: 'the ruling passion strong in death' was exemplified in him, if ever it was in any one.

"When you leaned over the table that day at Scar Foot, and looked at me, you were so strangely like your mother, and your father, and even your grandfather, that I was frightened: it was as if I had seen three ghosts at once—specters that I hated, all of them. I could not bear it.

"Next, there is one person who in life believed in me, and was good to me—good as a kind angel. If he had stayed with me, I should have been a better woman; I should have confessed my wrong, and he would have forgiven me. It is he alone whom I am afraid to meet. That one is my husband.

"I fear neither my uncle, nor my cousin, nor my cousin's wife. They made me what I was. But I fear lest my husband should turn away from me. You must know that he was the purest and best and gentlest man that ever lived—he was like Delphine, only a man. I am in hopes that his spirit hears me now, and that when I die it is he who will be sent to lead me into the next life—whatever that may be. Therefore, because I feel that he would approve of it, I say, will you forgive me? I shall soon be out of the way. Perhaps that may make it easier to you."

"But your daughters—do you not see that it is they whom you have injured irreparably?" he said almost breathlessly.

"My daughters," said Mrs. Conisbrough, her face hardening, "have behaved unnaturally. They condemned me unheard—at least Judith did; and Delphine believes in Judith as if she were God—so she condemns me too. They do not know what you know now, yet they condemned me. That is all I have to say about them. I was born to be wretched, and most faithfully has my destiny been carried out."

Aglionby started up, and began to pace about the room, distracted how to answer her. He wanted, with the instinct of a reasoning animal, to account for her conduct; to assign some central motive—some ruling idea as the origin and motive-power of her actions during her life. He could find none. He had yet to learn that Mrs. Conisbrough, like many another woman and man who sins, sinned very greatly in consequence of having no ruling motive in her life. That "commanding voice, which it is our truest life to hear and obey," had been absent with her; as it is with millions of her fellow creatures, Christians and sceptics alike.

Ruling motives are not so common as the romance-writer in general would have us believe. It would be much easier correctly to portray human nature, and what the author of "Caleb Williams" calls, "things as they are," if they were. A man or woman with a ruling motive, a supreme passion regulating all his actions, is a fine conception. Provide the ruling motive: let it be good or bad, according as the romance-writer feels well and cheerful, or bilious and gloomy; only make quite sure that all else is well-subordinated to it, and hey, presto! your character is bare before you, as plain to read as the roads and mountains in an ordnance map, and you have nothing to do but take a clean sheet of paper, and a new pen, so that your flow of language be not interrupted by scratches and splutterings, and write it down. A pleasing idea for lessening the toils of the scribbler, but unfortunately one which is simply useless to the artist: since chaos oftener than order rules the majority of commonplace lives; anarchy, not law, is God. A high emotion here, a low one there, predominates; now the soul draws us upward; now the senses drag us downward—it is one long game of pull devil, pull baker, between the higher and the lower nature: sometimes the one has it, sometimes the other; seldom does either hold undisputed sway for long. The "ruling idea" retires discreetly into the background, and places itself modestly upon the golden throne which many generations of enthusiastic but deluded story-tellers have combined to erect for it. The "ruling motive" is, so far as the millions are concerned, a beautiful figment of the imagination: perhaps, in the case of some scores, or more probably tens, it may become a reality, to be embraced and obeyed.

Aglionby, with the ingenuousness of youth, for he was young, and he was ingenuous, as surely all his actions heretofore must have proved—Aglionby, then, had a vague, youthful belief in the "ruling motive" hypothesis. The flat contradiction given by Mrs. Conisbrough to his preconceived notions staggered him. We often are staggered when we are confronted in others by the results of principles of which we are ourselves living illustrations.

"Well," she suddenly broke in upon him, "you have come off the victor, as I might have known you would, you being a man, and I a woman. It is always the way. Since you have conquered, surely you can manage to forgive."

He stopped abruptly before her.

"No, I cannot," he said curtly. "At least, not yet. I must first know something which *you* cannot tell me, however much you desired to do so. You must excuse me a short time. I have heard you; you seem only able to see things from one point of view; but you must allow me to see them from one or two others. I trust I may be able to extend my hand to you this very night, and say, 'Let us forgive and forget.' I hope so. But there *is* a contingency—if it occurs, I cannot—no, by Heaven, I cannot and will not forgive you!"

The answer was not what she had expected. The idea that perhaps this forgiveness which she had, as it were, rather demanded than begged, might be refused after all, startled and alarmed her.

"Oh, you must, you must," she exclaimed, in agitation. "You must not let me die unforgiven. If I did wrong for it, see how I have suffered—every day, every hour of my life has been a privation, a disappointment, a mortification."

"That may be," he said coldly. "But until I am satisfied on one point, I cannot promise forgiveness. I am human—I am flesh and blood, and not made of wood, or cast-iron. I never even pretended to think any man ought to offer his right cheek to him that has smitten his left. You shall know to-night—before the sun sets, I hope. There are others whom you have wronged even more than you have wronged me; and it is to them I must first appeal. But you shall know before to-day is out."

He picked up his hat, walked out of the room, and left her.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ON YORESETT MOOR.

JUDITH had gone unwillingly with her sisters to the Mallesons' temporary home in Swaledale. They had driven there. It was only some four miles distant from Yoresett, but the road was a mountain-pass, going first sheer up, and then sheer down a steep hill, with glorious views of moor and mountain on every side. The Mallesons made much of the girls, and were heartily delighted to see them. Delphine and Rhoda were pleased and touched by this kindness; so, too, was Judith, but she could not shake off the weight which oppressed her spirits. The cause of her unhappiness was not far to seek. It was the wretched breach between herself and her mother which took the pleasure from her life at this time. That breach had only grown deeper during the week she had been at home, certainly not from any wish of Judith's. But all her submissiveness, all her eager wish to please, only seemed to irritate Mrs. Conisbrough further and further against her daughter. She had parted from her with marked coldness that morning, and the remembrance of her alien glance, and of the hard and unfriendly ring of her voice, lay like a leaden weight at Judith's heart.

All morning the sense of unhappiness had been growing, until the idea suddenly darted into her mind that her mother was alone this afternoon. What if she were to return home, and taking advantage of this solitude, were to plead for forgiveness—though for what fault she could not have told were to assure her mother of her deep and unchangin for her, and beg her no longer to be so cold and sev her?

The desire to act upon this impulse became stronger, until at last, as she and Mr. Malleso had been talking about Dr. Wentworth, sat den-bench when lunch was over, and whi Mrs. Malleson were equipping the childre to a well-known waterfall, where they w tea, she suddenly said:

"Mr. Malleson, will you do me a fa

"With pleasure, if I can."

"Let me go home now, and if the say I did not like to leave mamma and are not on any account to follow me

"But, my dear Miss Conisbroug over the hill——"

"I am as strong as ever I was. have offended my mother; I wa her. I must have behaved wron proud or too stiff, or something. sure, if I beg her to do so. She better chance."

"In that case, go, by all mea with you. I will explain what

"Thank you—thank you," sai adding, with a rather feeble smi and Paulina again before I retur pend upon me."

With which, picking up her s set her face toward the hill, in t Her heart was beating with one of assail us sometimes, without much the less potently on that account.

Dr. Wentworth had said her moth at once, or even very suddenly: but might do so: there was always the thing."

Judith wondered almost wildly why th all to leave her. Who knew what migh their absence? It was just at such times which she meant calamities—so often did happen. And at any rate she must make an effort to put an end to this unnatural hostility between herself and her mother. If the latter were to die without having forgiven her?—her heart came to her throat at the mere idea of it.

It had been nearly four when she left the Mallesons' house. The climb to the top of the ridge from Swaledale was a steep one. Then came a rough but more level road, where the moors spread around far and wide, and then the path quickly descended again into Danesdale, and being directly above the town, was known thereabouts as Yoresett Moor, or Common.

She met not a soul as she went up the hill—slowly, in spite of her heart's eagerness; she met not a soul, and she heard scarce a sound, save the melancholy call of the curlew, or the full-throated song of a lark. The shooting season had not begun, so that not even the crack of a sportsman's gun disturbed the quietness. It was almost w grand and beautiful to see the sweeping wa moor—to mark one huge hill-top afte ether, each like a gre which had planne

Judith was ural to he miser of

"Ha, Judith! This is greater luck than I expected," said he, dismounting, and without further ado throwing the bridle over a tall stone pillar which stood hard by. He came to her side, and said abruptly: "I heard that you and your sisters were with the Mallesons to-day, and I was on my way there."

"Indeed!"

"But it was you whom I wanted to see," he added; and there was a strangely breathless and excited look about him which excited her also, and made her wonder, with a vague alarm, what was coming.

He seated himself beside her, but he had not asked her how she did, nor offered to shake hands with her.

"So you are at home for your holiday?"

"Yes."

"Do they loose your chain for long? How soon have you to be back? ...son?"

"I ... oliday?"

... you must go, to nurse a ...

... you like it or not?"

... self. I am going ...

... said, essaying ...

"And ...

... on ...

befooled me, and held me at arm's length, and devoted yourself to a martyrdom to expiate the sin. And, above all, you were determined that I should never know it—oh, never? Hard, pitiless wretch that I was, you would never give me the chance of using the blessed privilege of forgiveness. What do you say? I do not hear you."

His voice had sunk to a whisper as he bent nearer to her, and thought he distinguished something like:

"You did not believe in forgiveness."

"Nor you either, it appears," he said tenderly, though he went on with his accusations. "You used your power over me—for you had unbounded power over me—from the time you became my kinswoman and my guest; and I believe you knew it; you used that power to keep me away from your mother, who could have explained. Ah! she has a tale to tell. I was to suffer, and you were to suffer: Randulf Danesdale, and your sister—you did not mind how many of us suffered——"

"Did not *mind*—oh!"

"We were all to suffer, and I was to remain ignorant. Your plans were well laid, but they were not quite flawless: they have been frustrated, for Mrs. Conisbrough sent for me this afternoon, and told me all about it. She wished to vindicate herself, and to humble me."

Her face had sunk into her hands, but he could see between her fingers the scarlet flame that covered it. To his last words she made no reply. She gave no sign. Was it ...me, or joy, or terror, that overcame her? He bent over ...ls her, and said softly:

..."th!"

... turned aside in silence, and he said:

..."ou have inflicted upon me, and I love you the ...t shows me that you thought much of me, ...t have taken the trouble to do it. I love ...r it, I say—and I love the pride, and the ...plicity that dictated your course—and the ...at carried you through it all—and I ... better when my love has tamed their ...'s something of the savage in the way in ...d me—is there not? But not enough ... Your mother asked for my forgive... ...ld give it to her, had to see you."

...tly from before her face, and looked ...d never known what rejoicing was ...h eyes which claimed as his own ... all the anguish of fear and shame ...d there.

... said. "It has been my fate to ... is you who can forgive. What ...

... s not I. It is you who have been ...u and her."

... me," he replied emphatically. ...o Scar Foot, it has been between ... last three years, and tell me, if ...ween you and me. Three such ... is worth it, after all. If you had ...ession of you even more precious ...ave been, you could not have suc... ...a man to win you—I have found ...ery man; but, you may believe me, ... holds your hands at this moment."

...t, looking at her, and she gave him a ...his heart beat more wildly, so exquisite ...ts trembling mixture of pride, love, and ... stooped forward, and kissed her parted ...as for that, for *that*, that you have mis... tortured me," he said, with almost angry ...oh, I hope and trust you have tortured your-

self as well, you 'most delicate fiend,' or all my sufferings will have gone for nothing, and I must have my revenge."

There was triumph in his tenderness, and she tried in vain to release a hand, to hide her face, to shelter her grief and her rapture somewhere—for it was rapture she experienced at his imperious wooing, and not distrust; she knew the love of which it was the almost uncouth expression, and she knew too that he was right: the man to win her was himself and no other.

"You cannot escape, my well-beloved cousin," he said, "till you have answered my question. Tell me—am I to go home with you to your mother, and thank her as well as forgive her? or am I to ride back to Scar Foot, unreconciled still? You only can decide."

"You mean—you will do—as I wish?" she stammered.

"On one condition."

She was silent.

"Of course you know what it is," he went on, with the same little smile of triumph which he could not quite repress. "Three words—you know what they are"—he bent over her, and whispered, for the delight of whispering.

"Your mother has asked my forgiveness. She knows she has acted wrongly, though she says she has not. But I care not whether she were wrong or right. I say that if you will give yourself to me for ever, I will forgive her, fifty times over. If you will not, I never will."

"Never?"

"No, never."

"Then—I must," she returned, yielding, as he saw, only inch by inch, but yielding. "I suppose I must," she repeated, casting a wavering glance at him, and then suddenly hiding her face upon his shoulder,—"I must, if you wish it, Bernard. You have made me wish what you wished from the first moment I knew you."

"It is well to bow to necessity," he said, in a voice which was not quite steady, as he folded her in his arms, with a sensation of the deepest, profoundest peace and contentment. "And," he whispered, with a half-laugh, "nothing will give me greater joy than to impress that fact upon your friend Dr. Wentworth."

She pressed his shoulder, as if expostulating, and he said: "Don't grudge me that bit of malice. No doubt he is worth a thousand of me. I know he is. But, Heaven be praised! it isn't only the first-rate men who can get a good woman to love them—a cross-grained carle like me, even, has his stroke of luck sometimes, and can induce a woman more or less like you to take him in hand."

"When he has left her no choice, because of his goodness and generosity to those who have wronged him—churl that he is!" she replied; and he, looking through her eyes into her very heart, saw there—his own image.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

GOOD-NIGHT.

"Noch eenmal lat uns spräken,
Goden Abend, gode Nacht.
Dt Maand schient up de Däken,
Uns Herrgott hält de Wacht."

RANDULF kept his promise to his friend, established himself at Scar Foot for the night, and waited for Aglionby's return. He and Mrs. Bryce dined *tête-à-tête*, and he told her that Aglionby had been called off to Yoresett on business, but was to return that night, sometime.

It gradually grew apparent that the "sometime," whenever it came, would be late. The evening drew on, and darkness fell, and still he did not come. Mrs. Bryce, who still felt languid from the heat, and from her recent headache, went to bed early. Randulf merely said he would have a smoke, and wait for Aglionby—the servants need not sit up; and presently all the household had retired. It grew so late that he knew he must be the only person waking beneath that roof. He sat in the house-place beside the open door, for the night was balmy as night could be, and the moon flooded the earth with her radiance.

Randulf for the most part lay back in his easy chair, his hands clasped behind his head, content to be silent and to dream. Once or twice he got up, and paced about the garden, and found his way down to the water's edge; looked across the motionless lake, and raised his eyes to where, at the foot of it, Addlebrough, like a grim sentinel, kept watch. It was very beautiful, but there was also something irrepressibly weird in it, and he realized this, as he reflected upon the calm peace and homely shelter of this spot, and then recalled all the waste of wild, unearthly moors, savage falls, desolate fastnesses, which spread on every side—all full of the glamor and mystery of the summer night. A wild land, and the race that dwelt in it had something of its own sternness in their nature—especially, he thought, with a slight smile, that very family under whose roof he was sojourning this night.

As he stood, motionless, leaning on a rail, he could hear in the dead silence of the night the murmur of rushing waters borne by the faintest breeze to his ear, from the inmost recesses of the hills, in which they sprang—cascades which rush forever, and forever tell their tale, whether any be there to listen or no. He heard the voices of the night—those weird voices which it would be well for many of us to hear oftener—and they told an old story to him.

"Many voices spake—
The river to the lake;
The iron-ribbed sky was talking to the sea:
And every starry spark
Made music with the dark.
* * * * *
When the day had ended,
And the night descended,
I heard the sound of streamlets that I heard not in the day,
And every peak afar
Was ready for a star,
And they climbed and rolled about until the morning gray."

"And I am ready for my star," thought Randulf, "if she would but arise for me."

He did not know how long he had been there; he was not sleepy, and he was not weary. He did not know that it was nearly half-past one in the morning, when at last, a very long way off, in the stillness he heard hoof-strokes. Not another sound interfered to hinder them from being carried to him.

Having once caught the sound of them, he listened lazily, at first amusing himself by speculating as to whether the rider were in good or bad humor—glad or sorry—excited or depressed. He guessed it to be Aglionby returning. No doubt the turnings and windings of the road, its ups and downs, had something to do with the fact that occasionally the sounds ceased entirely, or again died away into faintness, or seemed to be traveling in exactly the opposite direction. Be that as it may, they came irregularly; and as he listened, his mood, which had at first been simply one of idle speculation, grew into one of excitement. He threw his cigar down, stood up, and listened with a gradually increasing anxiety, which presently grew quite breathless.

What news did this rider bring—what cheer? Sorrow or joy—laughter or tears? It was the strangest sensation he had ever had. Nearer came the hoof-strokes, and nearer: slowly, as the horse breasted the rise; quickly, as it descended the hill. Randulf at this point made his way quickly round the house into the courtyard. A light was burning in the stables, but the men had gone to bed, as he had desired them to do.

Nearer and nearer those hoof-strokes—loud, hollow, and slowly, through the dark shaded lane at the back of the house—then Aglionby rode into the yard, drew rein, and flung himself off his horse.

Randulf looked at him, and saw that he was very pale and very grave, but that in his eyes and about his mouth there was a look of wonderful softness, contentment, even sweetness.

"You have sat up for me, old fellow," he said; "you expected some news?"

"That tells me that you bring some. Is it good or bad?"

"For me it is good. I know that much. For you—that is as you and your father decide. Just let me give Egyptian a shake down, and I will tell you all about it."

A few moments sufficed to attend to the horse, and then they went into the house again.

"You have been long in coming. I had no idea it was all that time," said Randulf, casting his eyes toward the clock, as they entered the house-place.

"I have. I could not come away before. Randulf, I told you that some day those girls should find out that I was their kinsman, and should treat me as such."

"And they have done so?"

"They have done so. It's a strange story. But I know all now, and what the blight was that hung over them—or, rather, what they chose to make into a blight. It is all gone now" . . . he paused . . . "their mother is dead."

"Their mother!"

Young Danesdale was thunderstruck. No suspicion that Mrs. Conisbrough had anything to do with the proceedings or the fate of her daughters had ever entered his mind.

Aglionby sat down.

"I must own that once or twice lately I have had an inkling that she was at the bottom of it," he said. Then he told Randulf everything that had passed between him and Mrs. Conisbrough, and dwelt strongly upon the view which she herself had taken of her act. "Nothing seemed to make her understand," he went on, "the significance of what she had done. She is a regular Aglionby with a weaker stock grafted on her, but she has all our hardness and bitter strength of resentment. I thank Heaven for my mother; she gave me a spirit of another sort to counterbalance that one. Well, she seemed unable to comprehend that she had almost ruined her daughters' lives; and there our family spirit crops out again, Randulf—in their conduct, I mean. Who else would have looked upon such a thing as an insuperable bar to allowing themselves to be happy, or to be loved, or to be married? Ridiculous! But I love them the better for it. We are kindred spirits in that as well as in some other things. Mrs. Conisbrough seemed mad with resentment against my grandfather; she had cherished her wrongs till she could see nothing else, poor woman! But she could not utterly blind herself. It was a secret conviction of her sin which had made her send for me, in the first instance. The truth would out, for, with all her fierceness, she was not strong—she dared not die with that burden upon her soul. She waited awhile, as if expecting me to say something. As I didn't, she had to speak. She asked me to forgive her; but it was a demand, rather than a petition. I said I must hear another verdict before I could do that. I felt I must see Judith. I was sorry for the woman, but I felt obliged to make her understand that I did not exonerate her, that I knew she had sinned. I said something, I don't remember what, and rushed off to the inn, got my horse, and set off for Swaledale. I met Judith on Yoresett Moor; she had felt uneasy about her mother, and was returning to see how she was. I stopped, and had it out with her then and there. I told her how simple she had been, and how I loved her for it; that kind of simplicity is a refreshing thing to meet. I won my cause; in mind and body we two shall never wander far apart again. We walked back to Yoresett, and found Mrs. Conisbrough looking much as she had done when I left her; but I suppose she must have been brooding, and got more excited than appeared on the outside. At any rate, when she saw us, her face changed very much. She got up from her chair and cried out: 'I *have* sinned: I have sinned against you all.' She held out her hands to us, and Judith caught hold of her, crying, 'But it is all forgiven, mother; he forgives you freely.' I managed to make her understand that it was so, and that if she would have told me all, at the very beginning, I would have forgiven her then, and condoned it; for though I know I have this hateful hardness which belongs to my race, I believe I had it in me, even then, to have forgiven her——"

"Of course you had. Well?"

"As I say, I managed to make her understand this, and soon afterward she complained of a terrible pain in her side. It was getting dark then. We laid her on the sofa; even at that moment I felt that the right I had to be with them made up for everything we had gone through, and had yet to endure. Judith sent off for the doctor, and her mother presently went off into a kind of stupor. She scarcely roused again after that. She recognized the others when they came. Malleson was with them, you know—he brought them back—and she asked to be left alone with him for a few minutes. Of course we don't know what she said. I suppose it must have been a sort of confession. It was close upon twelve when she died. She called me to her again, and looked at me and said: 'So you love Judith?' I answered, 'Yes;' and she said, 'Ah, you are kindred spirits. I cannot understand either of you; but your forgiveness—are you *quite sure?*' I knew what she meant, and said, 'Yes, quite.' It was directly after that that she died."

They were both silent for a little time, till Aglionby said:

"As I rode home, it suddenly flashed upon me—I had had no time to realize it before—what a miracle it was that I should at last know all! Mrs. Conisbrough vacillated for ever so long before she decided to send me that note, bidding me to go to her. Suppose she had decided not to do it! My last chance would have gone, for those girls would never have confessed. There is a kind of touch-and-go in the whole business which is horrible to me. I feel as if I had escaped being drowned, or tumbling over a precipice, by a hair's breadth."

"Ay," responded Randulf absently.

"With me, that sin of Mrs. Conisbrough's weighs nothing—now," Aglionby went on. "But it was a sin, all the same. I once had a conversation with Judith, in which I maintained that there is no such thing as forgiveness of sins—and I was right in a way. I meant, that the penalty has to be borne for them by some one. I suppose I expressed myself with my usual ungracious hardness. She took it to mean that I should consider myself justified in punishing any one who had sinned against me, and that helped to make her see this affair in a morbid light. When she is my wife, I will try to show her that there is another side to my nature. As for you and your father, being both of you what you are, I think I know which way it will go."

"So do I," said Randulf. "I think that before long my father will ride over to Yoresett House again. Perhaps I shall go with him this time, and I believe we shall have a better measure of success. Poor little girl! Well might she droop, while trying to strain her gentle nature to hard thoughts and harder deeds. As for you," he added looking with a smile at Aglionby, "all I can say is, you've had a hard day of it; therefore I'll leave you, and say, *felicissima notte!*"

To be continued.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT.

IN a former number I have described the method of using run stitch or darned work in embroidery. This simplest of stitches may be made use of in many ways with good effect. Design No. 2 is drawn for solid darning in coarse silks on satin sheeting for a table scarf, table cover, or mantel lambrequin. The darning is done as I mentioned in a former number, in the same manner as one would run the heels of stockings. The silk is almost wholly on the upper surface. This work wastes no material on the wrong side, and the solid mass of silk in the leaves and flowers gives a very rich effect. This work has the advantage of being very rapid. As this number comes to hand some days before New Year's, even at this late date I can recommend this simple design for a holiday gift, with good prospect of its being finished in good season. I know no better way to give all kindly readers the good wishes of the season than by offering them a design that may be easily embroidered. For the darning of this design, use a coarse not too tightly twisted silk. Elliot and Goodwin, Agency of Morris & Co., London, Eng., No. 42 East 14th Street, N. Y., have these silks in most beautiful shades. These silks, being imported and of choice colors, are expensive (twenty cents a skein). The spool knitting silks come often in soft colors, and are not so expensive, and may be used in this work satisfactorily. These spool silks can be found without difficulty in a few good colors. For design No. 2, three shades of pink and three shades of green silk are sufficient. The flowers are darned in the direction of the petals, with one color to a petal. If your three shades for your flowers are carefully chosen, you will find that the lights and shades on the mass of silk in your flowers will cause the three shades of the flowers to blend together with delightful effect. The stems and leaves are darned in the direction of the stems and leaves, not across them. The lines in the border below may be done in couching or in stem stitch. The loops in the small figures of the border are done in daisy-petal or button-hole stitch with green silk; the cross lines in pink, blue, or yellow, as the background may suggest. This border should be at least an inch above the end of the table scarf, and an inch or an inch and a half of the material should be allowed for fringing, if the scarf is made, as it should be, the length way of the satin sheeting. Do not forget to make your fringe heavier, and also give it a heading with little caught-in loops of filosel a quarter of an inch apart. If you wish to use less expensive materials, the design may be worked on a linen as in No. 1. The background may be darned in with crewel or silk. This darning is not done closely, as in the first mentioned work, on the satin sheeting, but with the threads at least an eighth of an inch apart, and more of the cloth may be lifted on the needle than in the other work. Embroidery on linen should be firm enough to bear washing, so the stitches need only be longer on the right than on the wrong side of the work. This darning is to change or tone down the light color of the background. The flowers and leaves are then outlined in stem stitch with silk or with double crewels. This work is simple, inexpensive, and effective. The designs for the darned work are made purposely very simple.

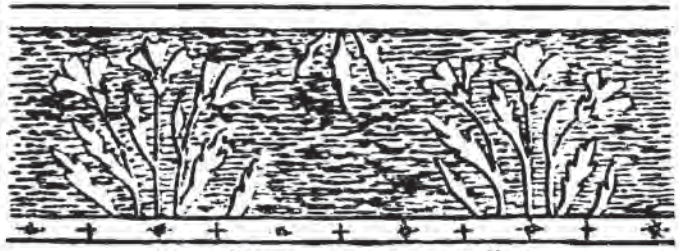
No. 3 may be used as a corner design for a woolen table cover, and can then be embroidered with crewels in stem stitch solid, and shaded. Three shades may be used in the greens, and two or three in the pinks. The most successful work for the average workwoman is best done as nearly flat as possible. Use few colors, and be sure these few blend well together, and also with your background or material. For the shades of color used I can only give general directions which adapt themselves to all designs. The young leaves and buds of a flower, when growing, are always brighter and fresher in color than the older part of the plant. Light coming by day always from above on a growing plant makes the top leaves always lighter. So it is safe as a rule, though all rules have exceptions, to use the lighter colors for the smaller younger leaves, when embroidery is done in shaded colors. A larger leaf calls for the darker shades. If the large leaf in the darker color looks heavy, it may be lightened by lighter colored veins. The large leaf in this design may be made much brighter by making the veins of gold thread. This gold thread is laid on the outside of the embroidered leaf and caught down with yellow silk in the proper position of the veins of the leaf. This design may also be repeated and used as a border for a table scarf. In this case, it may be worked directly on satin sheeting, as described above for design No. 2.

If still richer work is desired, this design, or design No. 2, which is simpler, may be drawn on a strip of thin unbleached muslin. It would be well to color this muslin a few shades darker by dipping in coffee before drawing the design. This should be done that the lifted threads may not contrast too much with the silk used.

Embroider stems, leaves, and flowers solidly with darned work in coarse silk. The background is then darned in solidly in straight lines across the band. In this way the muslin is wholly covered with a solid mass of silk thread. A border on each side may be darned in with one or two shades of another color, contrasting well with both background and material. This band may then be applied to a scarf of satin, velvet, or plush. This darned work, with solid background, is exceedingly rich and effective.

If you have some natural love for color, and are not afraid to use your pencil, I would strongly urge the making of your own designs. Try to make your design simple. Draw from the flower itself, and use the colors nature gives, and you cannot go wholly wrong. Every honest attempt will teach you something. In your designs take hints from nature. If you wish a vine border choose a nasturtium rather than a zinnia or a marigold for the purpose. If you wish to use the last mentioned flowers in a border, let them grow stiff and upright side by side, as they do in your garden-beds, and do not try to bend unyielding stalks into a vine. Begin with inexpensive materials, and do not load your work, when finished, with heavy trimmings. Do not let your trimmings outweigh your work. No amount of trimming can make bad work good, and good work needs nothing that will call attention from its own beauty and loveliness.

HETTA L. H. WARD.



No. 1.—FINISHED APPEARANCE OF NO. 2.

Designs Nos. 2 and 3 of full size will be found on the extension sheet—next page.

CHRISTMAS GREENS FOR HOME DECORATION.

"And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all good Christian men;
Carol, carol Christians,
For Christmas come again."

"Our churches and houses, decked with bayes and rosemary, holly and ivy, and other plants which are always green, winter and summer, signify and put us in mind of His Deity; that the Child who now was born was God and man, who should spring up like a tender plant, should always be green and flourishing, and live forever more."

IT is a custom almost as old as the world to use green boughs for decoration on holy days. One early spring morning in Dresden, Germany, our servant returned from market with young birch trees, which she placed at once in our sitting-room. I looked up with surprise from my work, and asked, "What is this for, Mina?"

"Ah, meine Fräulein," she answered, "it is a feast day, and we must have the green trees." And there they stood turning our sitting-room into a summer bower, while we ignorant Puritan Americans, questioned and asked the meaning of the day, until we found at last it was really but a Christian celebration of the old Jewish Feast of Booths.

The Christmas holy day is of all feasts of the year the most joyful for Christian people.

"This is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring."

We will not delay, then, but bring into our homes our green boughs, the holly and laurel, the fir tree and the box together, the trailing vine and winter fern, and make merry and be glad,

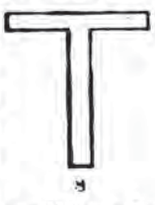
"So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

I will try to give some simple hints for those who wish to bring "Christmas Greens" within their own four walls. If your home is in the country you may use green boughs of holly with its bright berries, branches of fir, spruce or cedar, as they come fresh from the woods, filling any empty fireplace with boughs, or big jars with branches, or hang vines and sprays of holly about your pictures, or loop them from your picture rods. But after this is done, or if this may not be done, as it may not always be possible in city houses, then you may with more economy of evergreens make use of certain sacred shapes and symbols. To do this understandingly one must have some idea of the meaning of the figures used.

Since the time of Constantine the cross has always been the symbol for Christianity. There are various forms of this symbol, and each has its own historical interest, which it will, at least, be well for us to keep in mind in our decorations.

The Tau Cross (No. 8), which takes its name from a Greek letter, is the oldest form, and is called the cross of the Old Testament. It is the mark mentioned in Ezek. ix. 4, "upon the foreheads of men that sigh." It is the supposed cross of the brazen serpent, and has been called the ideal precursor of the real cross, the anticipatory cross. There is a tradition also that this was really the cross of our Lord.

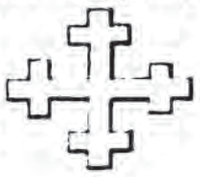

1


8

The Latin Cross (No. 1) is generally supposed to be the cross on which our Lord suffered, and is used as an emblem of sorrow—the cross of the passion.

The Greek Cross (No. 2) is said to represent our Lord's ministry. The four equal arms also represent the gospel preached to the four quarters of the earth by the four Evangelists. The Latin Cross calls to mind the atonement, while the Greek Cross speaks of the religion of the cross. This equal armed cross is also called the Cross of St. George, the cross of all good Englishmen.


2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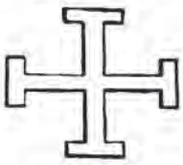
The Cross Crosslet (No. 3) is composed of four Latin crosses.

No. 4 is the Cross of Jerusalem, and with four Greek crosses in the four right angles of the arms, forms the coat of arms of Jerusalem.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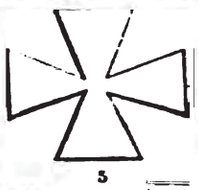
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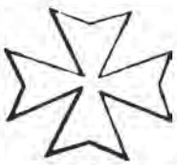
The Cross Pattee (No 5) is often confounded with the Maltese Cross.

The Maltese Cross (No. 6) is said with its eight points to symbolize the eight beatitudes.


6

St. Andrew's Cross (No. 7) is the cross of Scotland, and, with No. 2, is the Union Jack of England.


7

The Cross of Iona (No. 9) is the Irish cross, and the oldest form of cross used in Great Britain.

No. 10 is called the Cross of Constantine, and is simply a monogram of the first two Greek letters of the word Christ. This symbol is found in the catacombs of Rome, and to this day the X continues to be used for the word Christ, as in the word Xmas. This monogram is sometimes represented with a single line across the P, as in No. 17, and when this is used with the letter N, as in No. 18, it forms a monogram for the Greek form of the words "Christ Conquers." In this connection we would mention the monograms IHS and IHC (No. 13 and No. 15). Both of these are abbreviated forms of the Greek word

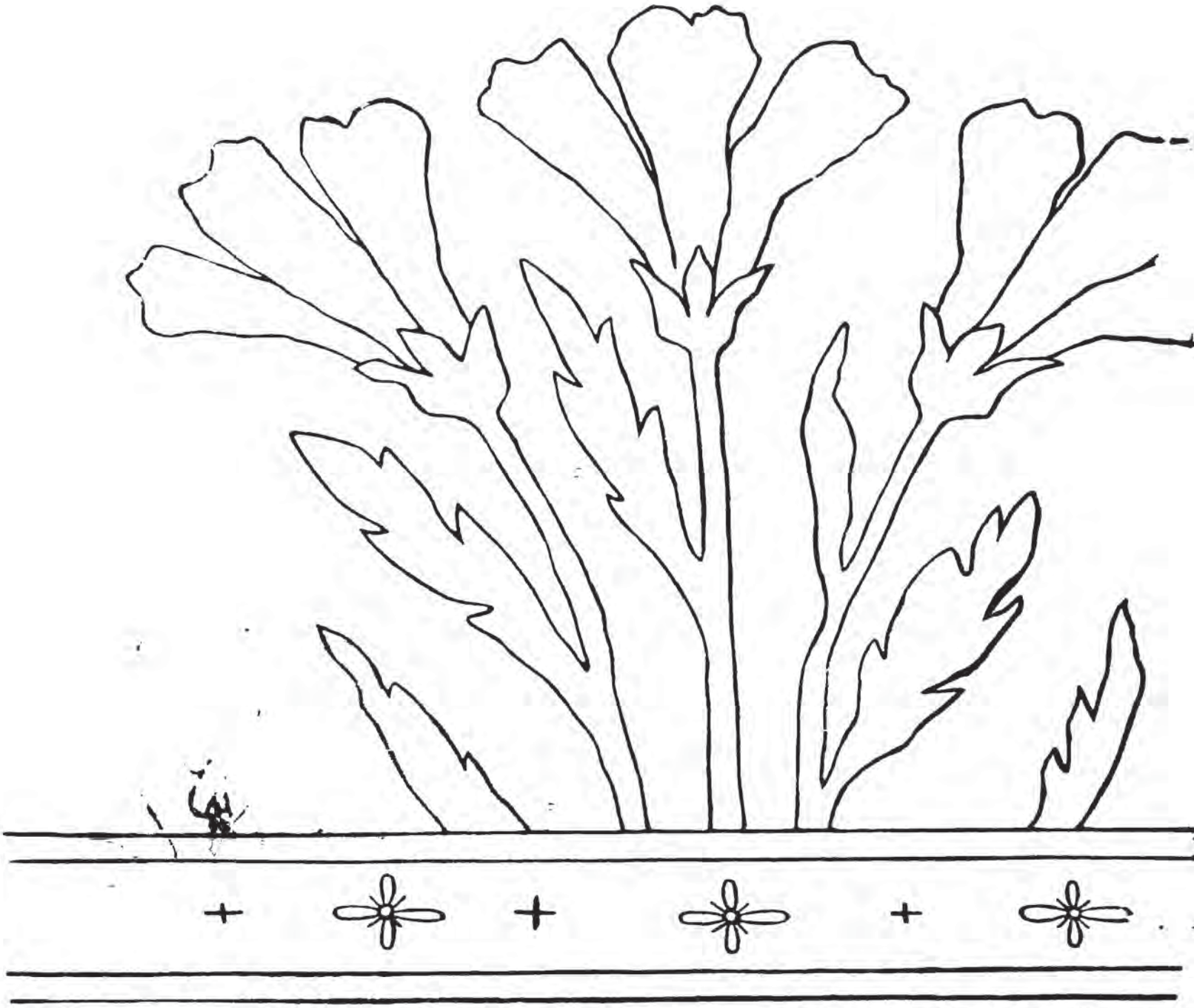

9


10


17

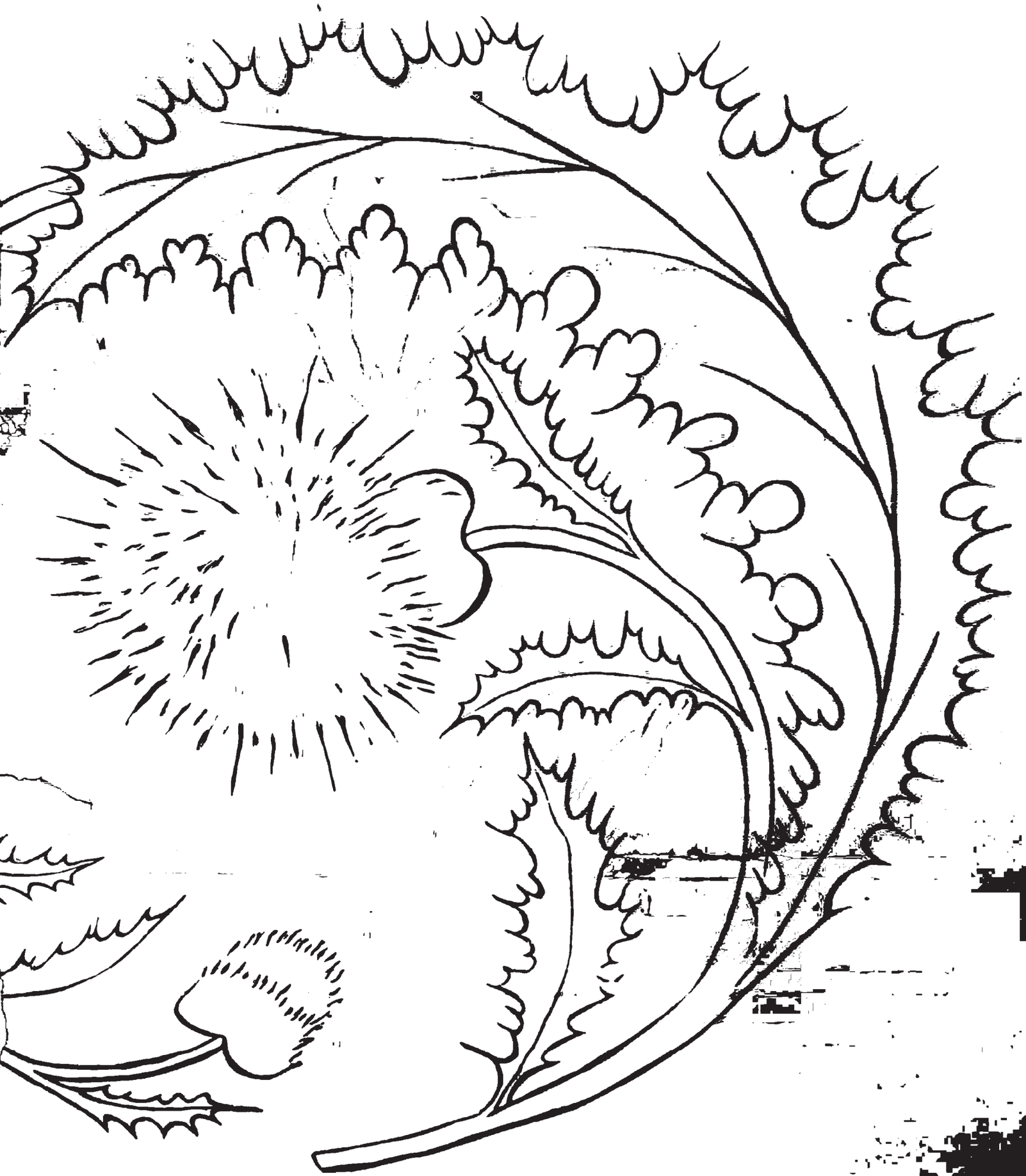

18

"Jesus." They are the two forms of the three first Greek letters of the word Jesus, and, not as is often said, a monogram for the words Jesus Hominum Salvator, or Jesus Hominum Consolator, or still more incorrectly for "I Have Suffered."



No. 2.—Design for a Table Scarf, Table Cover, or Mantel Lambrequin.—Designed by Hetta L.

(See Page 167.)



No. 3.—Corner Design for a Woolen Table Cover.—Designed by Hetta L. H. Ward.

(See Page 167.)

13

15

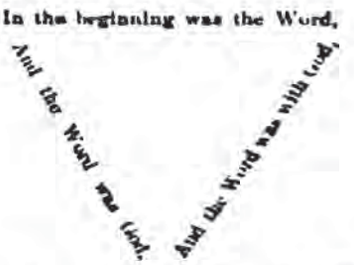
The cross No. 11 is an emblem of Christ as King, Leader, Peace, and Light, the L in the word "Lux" being reversed.

I have only now to mention the symbolism of certain forms, which are useful in our Christmas decorations. The five-pointed star, called the Pentangle of Solomon, and in the East used as a charm against witchcraft, and by Pythagoras as an emblem of health, is called the Star of Bethlehem.

11

14

The seven-pointed star, which is said to refer to the Lamb in Revelation, "with seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God," is sometimes used as the same emblem. The six-pointed star, or double triangle, represents the author of the elements. The intersecting angles were held in ancient times to represent fire and water. The triangle is an emblem of the Triune God. When it is thus written

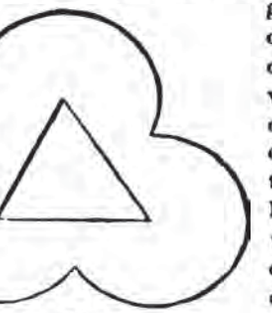


it becomes an emblem of Christ himself. The circle is an emblem of heaven and eternity; the hexagon or sixfoil the emblem of the attributes of God—blessing, honor, glory, power, wisdom and majesty. A triangle in a circle represents the everlasting Trinity. The study of symbols suitable for Christmas day carries us over the whole history of the Christian Church. I can only give the simplest facts, which are interesting, if we wish to do our work intelligently, as well as with a love for color and form. It is easy to see how these symbols may be used in different homes. A family of English, Scotch, or Irish descent will appropriately give prominence to its own national cross. The Greek cross rather than the Latin will be chosen for a glad festival, and the ends of the cross may properly be foliated and ornamented with color, as it then symbolizes the joy and triumph of Christ's Church. The choice of a monogram will depend somewhat on the wall space to be covered. The geometrical figures are suitable between arched windows or below or beside pictures in empty wall spaces.

16

The evergreens, which may be used in our decorations, are fir, Norway spruce, cedar, arbor vitæ, holly, laurel, rhododendron and box. The vines are the ground pines (*Lycopodium dendroideum*, *Lycopodium clavatum*, and *Lycopodium complanatum*). The last of these, though not so common, is the most beautiful, the connecting vine stalk being as soft a green as the upright branches. This vine may be used almost exactly as it comes from the woods. The other two varieties will generally be best made into wreaths with the aid of scissors and twine. The myrtle (periwinkle) and the evergreen ferns, Polypodium, Asplenium and *Aspidium acrostichoides*, are all very useful in decoration. Mosses of various kinds may be used.

The colors most suitable for Christmas are white, which is the most joyous of all colors, and red, which symbolizes God's love, and green for the bountifulness of God. Gold may be used with the same significance as white. It is impossible to tell exactly how to decorate a room with Christmas green, for every room has its own individual character and coloring. Rooms that are very bright may bear more ornament with wreaths and designs of green, and others that are darker will need to have their greens brightened with scarlet and gold in cross or monogram. All this will depend on wall background and room ornament. In the country more lavish decoration seems more suitable. The wreaths and branches can be more easily obtained and cast aside when their freshness is gone. It is always wiser to attempt to do less decoration and let that little be well done. Put your chief work on one central cross, monogram, motto or star, which shall have the position of honor, and let all other greens lead up to that. Whatever designs you decide upon, let them be carefully drawn, if they are of home manufacture. Designs and letters can always be had at any church decorator's. Perforated zinc is the best background, and devices of this material will be useful year after year. If it is not convenient to obtain this, cardboard must be used. The design drawn should be made with compass and rule with great care. The small sprays of green are then sewed with strong carpet thread and coarse needle upon the given shape. On a cross the ends of the four arms are first covered, working all toward the center. Care must be always taken to cover the stems. Small green leaves are used for decorations on the level with the eye. In a high position the coarse greens may be used with advantage. Circles when needed can be made the right size of strong wire, then wound with evergreens. Three circles crossing each other to form a triangle make a simple and effective device. The three circles can be fastened together with fine wire in proper position. A monogram in red in the center of a circle of green with a small cross pattee fastened above, below, and at the two sides of the circle is easily managed and very effective. When red berries are used for a surface, the cardboard is covered with glue or melted gelatine, and the berries laid thickly over the glued surface. Everlasting flowers may also be used, though I do not myself wholly like them. One is apt to connect these flowers too much with funeral wreaths. The white and yellow flowers are the pleasantest in color. We have many varieties of red berries, which have a more natural and cheerful winter appearance than the dried flowers. The holly, bitter-sweet and alder may all be used. The double



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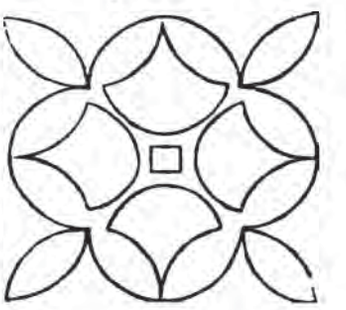
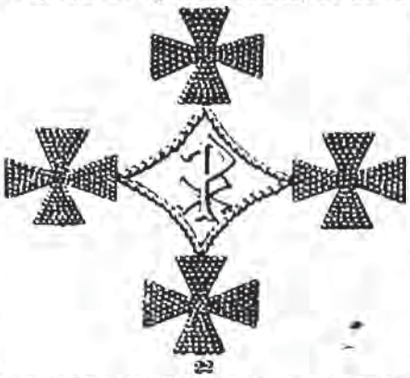


20

triangle (six-pointed star) is effective made of strong wire and covered with different foliage for each triangle. In the same manner the Alpha and Omega monogram No. 17, can be made in two varieties of foliage sufficiently different to give a separate shade of color to each letter.

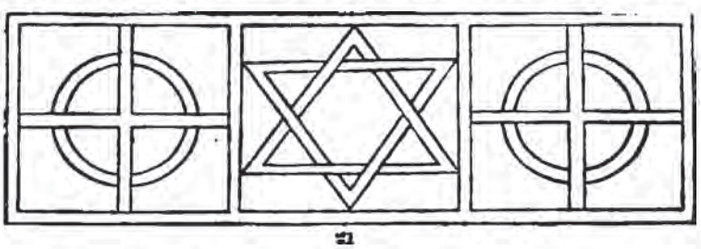
The figure No. 22 may have the center scarlet with border of green and green crosses, or the colors may be reversed.



22

In No. 23 also, the colors used must depend greatly on the color in the room. No. 21 gives shapes, which may be used in a bay window, their very simplicity being attractive. Our present custom of picture rods makes it possible to hang a festooned wreath about a room without marring the walls. If this is desirable, it is well to remember that the wreath should be much lighter than those used for a large church or school-room. Wreaths are best made of small sprays of green wound with fine wire or cord about a light rope. Further directions are not necessary. In a home it is best to make the decorations as homelike as possible. After the suitable set symbolic designs, let the rest be as easy as may be. Fill your big jars with boughs. Let your hanging wreaths, when it is possible, be only the handsomest vines of ground pine. Fasten a sprig of holly to the top of the high-backed chair at the head of the table or to any house-

23



21

hold god you wish to honor, and above all, fasten each spray of green within the house with a kindly thought, and each will surely find its best and loveliest place.

And just here the Christmas tree must be mentioned. In a Southern town one Christmas eve, feeling myself very forlorn, as I was away from home friends, I hunted up some little toys and gifts to carry to the poorest household I knew of in the city. There in the empty, dismal upper room was a branch of evergreen, put up as a tree with a few bits of colored paper, an apple, and one or two equally valuable gifts. I never saw a Christmas tree that moved me as more beautiful in its place than that. Into the poorest house in the city, the dear Lord had entered with love and gladness. I do not need to remind any one what other Christmas trees need to be laden, while we plant those in our own homes. If there are children in a household, if possible give them their Christmas tree. Use a fir or a Norway spruce, rather than pine or hemlock. Let the tree be well weighted, and if possible put on an uncarpeted floor. This is for the comfort of not being afraid of the necessary muss and litter. A curtained-off end of a hall between parlors is a very convenient position, as the tree need not be carried far and is easily removed after the festivities. A walk through the shops and your own nimble fingers will give you the best directions for the ornamentation of your tree. It may be well to remember that not the costly gift alone is precious, but the one in which we put thought and consideration.

I have made no mention of mottoes. Our houses are not large enough to do much in evergreen letters. The prettiest thing would be an embroidered hanging to keep for Christmas day, and on that day border it with real holly leaves and berries, besides its needle-work border. This should be on a strong linen, with only the verse and proper symbols. There is nothing better than the well-known Bible verses, as any of these:

12

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."
"Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."
"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men."
"His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

If a verse is short, each word may be separated with the cross No. 12. If the verse is long, the cross may be put simply above and below.

We give also a few verses from hymns that could be used in the same way:

"Adeste fideles, laeti, triumphantes,
Venite, venite, in Bethlehem;
Natum videte Regem angelorum,
Venite, adoremus Dominum."

"In the ending of the year
Light and life to man appear."

This next would be good for a Christmas smoke cloth or chimney hanging:

"Heap on more wood! The wind is chill;
But, let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

A better one for the purpose could hardly be found; but here are others:

"O ye shepherds, what have ye seen
To slay your sorrow and heal your teen?"

"In an ox-stall this night we saw
A babe and a maid without a flaw."

"And a marvelous song we straight did hear
That slew our sorrow and healed our care."

"To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King,
Of simple graces and sweet loves,
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves;
At last in fire of thy fair eyes
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice."

"The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise,
Its faith and hope thy canticles
And its obedience praise!"

"The world is glad for Thee! The heart
Is glad for Thee! and all is well
And fixed and sure; because Thou art
Whose name is called Immanuel."

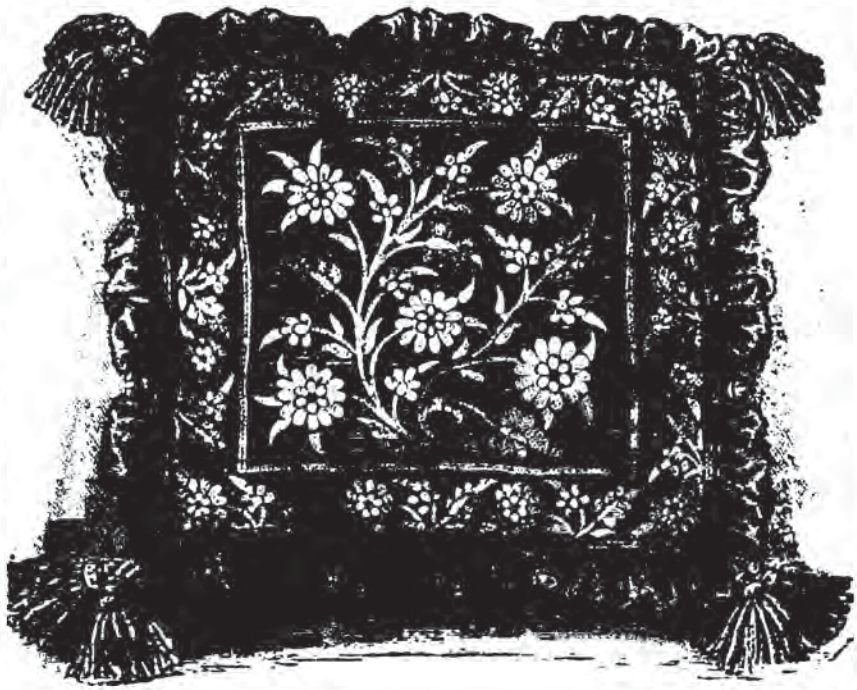
"Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us bliss to see Thy face,
That we may sing to Thy solace,
In excelsis gloria."

What need be added after these to make our homes beautiful, save the words of Scrooge after the visits of the three spirits:

"I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year."

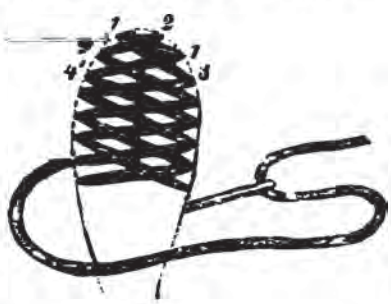
HETTA L. H. WARD.

Sofa Cushion. (Janina work.)



OUR design is a square sofa cushion, covered with brown cloth and embroidered with different colored coarse purse silk in Janina stitch. A thick twisted cord, silk tassels, and puffing of satin complete the cushion. The Janina embroidery is very effective, and can be worked by a very unpracticed hand.

Trace the design upon the cloth, then stretch it in a frame, and begin the work from the point of a leaf. Consult the diagram of leaf which gives an enlarged representation of the stitch. Bring the needle from back to front of the right side of the outline; the spot is marked 1 in the illustration; work from right to left to the corresponding 1; then bring out the needle to the right hand 2, and work from right to left to the corresponding 2, so making a cross. Then bring out the needle at the place marked 1 on the *left* hand side of the diagram, and carry it to the 3 on the right hand side; take it out at 1 on the same side and carry it to 4 on the left side; continue the work in the same manner. The flowers of the pattern are worked with blue, and the stamina with red and yellow silk; the large leaves with yellow and nut brown; the small leaves, stems and straight lines with three shades of gold brown. The buds are worked with heliotrope and cream color, and the green part of them with very pale green.



Fancy Side Pocket.

THE pocket is of heliotrope satin in two shades. The paler shade measures ten inches wide by seventeen long, and is hemmed at the upper edge, and drawn up with a satin ribbon of the two shades, and fastened at the belt with large loops. A piece of the darker satin eight and a half inches by eighteen is then graduated at each end till it is only six inches wide, and hemmed. It is then shirred five times on each side leaving about two inches at the outer edges, forming a ruffle. A fancy pin fastened on the top of the puff adds to the beauty of the bag.

The Song of the Shirt.

(*See Illustration.*)

UNTIL Thomas Hood, the punning-poet, sang the "Song of the Shirt," and aroused the heart of the world, even as Mrs. Browning did with her "Cry of the Children," none ever dreamed of giving sympathy to the poor slave of the needle. How could so small an implement cause so great a misery? How was it possible that so "lady-like an employment" as sewing for a living could crush the life and the heart out of a woman? Who ever thought of the long, weary hours, when the tired frame still bent over the needle, because it dared not rest? Who ever thought of the sleepless eyes that dared not sleep? Of the pale worker, shut out from the sun, the air, the world? To whom the sweet fragrance of the flowers came but as something remembered in a dream; and whose ears heard not "earth's countless melodies," and whose feet trod none of its pleasant paths. Rest! There was no rest for her but in the grave. Joy! There was none for her until the golden gates opened and let her in. A bird twittered past her window exulting in God's best gifts, liberty and sunshine, and a pang shot through her heart. Why? Because she was deprived of freedom and sunlight; because necessity chained her to a never-ending drudgery more remorseless than fate, more cruel than death.

How came it to pass that the poet's heart reached out to her, the poor, weary seamstress, in her dark attic? Why did he stop, this man of "infinite jest," to tune his lyre to sadness, and to sing in tones of deepest pathos his immortal "Song of the Shirt?"

It was no sentimental imaginings to which Hood gave words, nor impossible picture conjured up by a poet's teeming brain. It was a terrible reality of every-day life, for all over the land women were sewing, suffering, dying, and there were none to say "God pity them!"

It remained for the poet to first call attention to the world's suffering and starving needle-women. In "words that burn" he told of their cruel fate,

> "Work—work—work,
> From weary chime to chime,
> Work—work—work,
> As prisoners work for crime;
> Band, and gusset, and seam,
> Seam, and gusset, and band,
> Till the heart is sick and the brain benumb'd,
> As well as the weary hand."

The "Song of the Shirt" touched the heart of humanity, and sympathy awakened, relief came to the underpaid and overworked needle-woman. Well might the poet desire no prouder epitaph than "He sang 'The Song of the Shirt.'" He had written much that the world admired, but his crowning glory was "he sang the Song of the Shirt."

The beautiful statue "The Song of the Shirt," is the production of the sculptor, Marshall Wood, of London, and at one time was on exhibition at Tiffany's, in this city. The sculptor has succeeded in bringing before us not only a pathetic, but a life-like representation of an overworked and weary needle-woman. The listless, dejected attitude; the thin face, with its weary, hopeless look; the careless arrangement of the hair, as if the hands were too tired to braid it; the work lying across the lap, as if it had fallen from the grasp, shows us not an imaginary being, but the overtasked slave of the needle, who had

> "No blessed time for love or hope,
> But only time for grief."

Talks with Women.

BY JENNY JUNE.

THE GREAT MOTHER.

MOTHER-HOOD is the mystery of the world, and almost as much a mystery to mothers as to those who are not and never can be mothers. True mother-hood does not always reside with those who possess and exercise the function of maternity; while on the other hand the sacrificial and sympathetic spirit of the true mother is sometimes found in men and in women who have led lives unblessed by domestic ties.

Women have been in all ages credited with the monopoly of the spirit, as with the function of mother-hood, and the fact that they have always been credited with it is a pretty good evidence that they have possessed and exercised it. Whatever the hard conditions of the woman's life may have been,—carrying loads for her master, cultivating the soil for her own and his benefit,—she has never failed in her duty as a mother. She has protected the weak, and been proud of the strong; even when the strength was used against herself. Isolated, and alone by her function, and the strict performance of her duty in regard to it, the mother of the past was a martyr to her destiny, in which she yet found her deepest joy and compensation. Except her children she had nothing; through these she obtained honor, and recognition; her children, therefore, were all-important to her, and the supreme joy and happiness of her life was to train them to honor and distinction. "*These* are my jewels," said the Roman mother, when another Roman woman proudly exhibited her rubies and diamonds; and to the mother who had nothing else her children were all in all, even though the law made their father the controller of their destiny.

This totally unselfish love has stood as the symbol and representative of all that is loving and bounteous. Nature is the "great mother" because she pours herself out fully and freely in the service of the human race, caring equally, as the human mother does, for the wicked and the good. This impartiality, this absence of discrimination on account of condition, or quality, is the peculiar attribute of the true mother, and it is the most divine attribute that the human possesses. Like loves like,—the good may love the good, and the evil the evil, and no special virtue is called forth on either side,—it is the mother alone who forgets everything, but that the bad, reckless son, the erring daughter, are son and daughter still.

This great gift of mother-hood, as before remarked, is specially accredited to women, and to all women, as one which springs into sudden and active life on attaining woman-hood, and that woman is considered a monster who does not possess it, although it would be shameful to suffer because denied an opportunity for exercising it. But does the mother-faculty spring full-grown, and armed like Jove? is it not susceptible, like other high gifts, of cultivation? is it not injured, impaired, and finally lost by indulgence, by vanity, by absorption in other cares and ambitions? Is the mother-faculty as strong and self-sustaining in these days as formerly, and is the mother as much an object of love and reverence as in older times, and among nations whom we are accustomed to class with the heathen, and the barbarian? In individual cases doubtless, yes; in the aggregate, no; and the disregard of this supreme duty is not confined to any class, but is found in them all, and quite as much; perhaps more among the rich than the poor.

It has been reserved for this age to exhibit in the public prints, day after day, successive announcements of the willingness to sell, or give children away even before their birth, sometimes conditional upon sex, and offer inducements of

shape and size, and comeliness, and aristocratic birth, to would-be purchasers, or persons willing to assume the responsibilities that the natural guardians were desirous of throwing aside. These cases are not isolated, or occasional, nor do they represent the whole number of women who have recklessly, or wickedly, drawn aside the veil from the divine mystery of their being, and left it to trail in the slime of the streets. Foundling hospitals, infant asylums are so full of motherless children that one is amazed at the apparent ease and frequency with which the highest and most sacred claims are disregarded, and the burden shifted to any shoulders that are willing to assume it.

Scarcely less reprehensible are those women who bring children into the world and turn them over to the mercies, tender or otherwise, of hired servants. If the hired nurse is the better mother then mother-hood is a delusion, a sentiment, and a snare, not a true spiritual force, animating and inspiring its subjects to a life of faithfulness and devotion. What are the modern petty ambitions which fill up and actuate so many women's lives beside the profound sense of satisfaction in having trained one life to noble uses? Mother-hood does not begin, nor end, with the exercise of the physicial function: a woman is not a mother merely because she has given birth to a child. That child may be a badge of dishonor; its existence may be the seal and sign of excommunication from the society of the pure and virtuous; yet if the mother should prove herself a true mother, if her future life should be devoted to it, and the expiation of a fault that must cloud its life, as well as her own, would it not go far to redeem it? would she not prove herself possessed of the higher quality of mother-hood though deficient in the lower quality of woman-hood?

But what can be said of one who yields to degrading passion, and strives only to get rid of the consequences? What is to be said of those who accept wedlock as a means of defraying their bills, but cast aside their obligations, and neglect the most sacred of their duties? It is such as these who undermine the foundations upon which we build our temples, and deprive the world at large of its gentlest traditions, its most tender and beneficent associations. Mother-hood is not born full-grown, it is capable of development, and susceptible of cultivation. Some of the best mothers have strongly doubted their own ability to become good mothers, because they did not experience that effusive tenderness toward all children which is popularly supposed to be the indication of the maternal spirit and function. The best mother I ever knew would have gladly avoided being a mother, because her standard was so high, her realization of the perpetual and unceasing nature of the duties and responsibilities such that she dreaded undertaking them; yet once assumed, her faithfulness knew no check, and could cease only with her life, and her reward came in the influence exerted in the formation of the characters of her children, and the strength of their devotion to her.

The mothers control the lever that moves the world, there is no doubt of it, but in striving to exert a more direct influence upon affairs, there is danger that they may lose their vital hold; that which comes to them by right divine, and which only themselves can weaken, or destroy. There is no reason why tastes or activities should be relinquished, which do not militate against the performance of the higher duty, women who shut themselves up, who lead a hermit life, to devote themselves to supplying the merest physical wants of their household are not wise, or best mothers. The child is a complex being, from its mother during the first years of its existence it receives all its ideas of that world which lies beyond its ken. From her it derives its impressions of good and evil, of beauty, and its opposite. She translates to him the language of the blossoming or snow-covered-earth; the air, the sky, the songs of birds, and the glow of the sunset. She must be a woman of experience, and thought to do this, she must be capable of looking beneath the surface, and seeing the hidden springs which may be finely attuned to the sweetest harmonies, yet are more often rasped till they produce nothing but discords.

The mother's influence upon the boy makes him a chivalrous, manly man, or permits him to become the embodiment of meanness and selfishness. Of course hereditary transmission of qualities from the father counts for much or little, as the case may be: some children deriving their strongest points from one parent, and some from the other. But the mother, if she is wise and steadfast, can always modify, strengthen, or counteract natural tendencies, and this is a part of her business, something of what she is in the world for; is the best reason, in fact, for the existence of the high office of mother-hood, for it is the most powerful aid that exists in the work of moral advancement, in the accomplishment of that duty which devolves upon each generation to leave the world better than they found it.

Undeveloped mother-hood thinks it has performed its whole duty in bearing many children, and providing for their obvious wants. Developed mother-hood limits the number to those which can be educated and provided for with due regard to other obligations and necessities, and realizes too well the hardships to which all lives are subject, to handicap any with conditions that make existence, and the struggle to maintain it, still more difficult.

This very morning, riding by my side in a street car, were an elderly woman and a young girl. The woman carried a bundle on her arm, which, partly unrolled, proved to be a pretty, healthy-looking four-weeks-old boy baby. The girl, a clear complexioned, handsome specimen of very young woman-hood was its mother; "and the shame of it," the old lady said, with tears in her eyes, "was 'like to kill her.'" She would not say anything, she went on, "if her daughter had been a wicked, or a disobedient girl, but she never had been one to go to balls, or parties, she had always worked steady, and brought her money home to her mother who needed it, for her father was not much good." And now the wicked father of this child was only anxious to disown it, was not willing to do anything for its support, and they had determined not to be under any "complement" to him, but would take care of it themselves, and try and rear it "honest."

Was not that a tragedy in brief, and a revelation of true mother-hood on the part of the old mother, as well as the young daughter? Nurseries and asylums could tell terrible stories if their secrets were unlocked. The wet-nurse of a lady in New York City received one day the news that her own baby had died in the "Child's Hospital" in which she had left it, while she went out to earn support for herself and it. She would have dashed the rosy baby, she was nursing, to the floor had not the mother caught it, and said, or rather screamed, "Get out with it, or I shall kill it, the life of my child has been given for yours, and now I shall never see it again." She dashed out of the house in a frenzy. The lady provided for her child's needs, and followed. She deeply sympathized with this poor mother, who had not even the consolation of nursing and caring for her own child. It had been with a bitter pang that she relinquished this right to another, and realized perfectly the thoughts and impulses that had flashed upon the not weak but undisciplined mind. She followed her to the hospital, gave orders for the funeral at her own expense, and left the poor mother to sit and wail her heart out by the side of her dead babe. It was born in privation, had never been a strong child, and could not have lived. These facts would, she knew, in time, find an entrance into her over-wrought brain, and restore her to a normal

condition. Leaving word, therefore, that the poor distracted mother should not be disturbed and that she should be cared for, she went home to make the necessary preparations for her own child so that it might suffer as little as need be from the absence of its nurse.

And incidentally, and to show the difference between the father and mother nature, the first thing she did was to request her husband to dine and spend the night at his club, so that he might not be annoyed, or disturbed, by her close attendance upon "baby." Then she put on a wrapper, and established herself as nurse until the "nurse" came home. The next afternoon, about four o'clock, immediately after the funeral, the woman made her appearance. Her face was white and set. She took the baby from its mother's arms and immediately sat down and began to nurse it. "Yours was not to blame," she said briefly, and that was all. The mother went out of the room and left her alone with the child to which she was ever after passionately devoted: all the mother love that she would have lavished on her own child she garnered up for this little one, whose strength and health were a perpetual commentary on the cruel fate of her buried darling.

Said a lady directress of an Infant Asylum, not long since, "The love of these poor girls, many of them not out of their teens, some of them scarcely in them, for their children, whose existence brands them, and condemns them to a life of perpetual shame, makes us very tender toward their fault. They are willing to bear any hardship, if only they are not deprived of them, and they will gladly work for their support, if that will give them an undivided claim to their possession. The difference between these poor girls and the well-to-do and fashionable women, who with home, husband, care, protection, and provision, turn their children over to hired nurses as soon as they are born, and never know the depth, or strength, or sweetness of true mother-love, because they have never cultivated it, or afforded it any opportunity for growth or development, is all on the side of the girl whom the world has stamped as unworthy, and whose life, if not consigned to darker depths, must be spent in isolated expiation of a fault which was, perhaps, more another's than her own.

Women may well be excused for much since they have to bear the pains, the penalties, the burdens, and the life-long sacrifice of this martyrdom of mother-hood. For the material part of it, man should consider it a small thing to provide the means of support to the life he has called into being, since this is all that is required of him. Few men but can earn more than they require for their own use, if they do not expend the rest in the fulfillment of their obligations, they expend it for mischief: speculatively, or personally, so that it does them no good. The one thing that ought to be impressed upon the moral nature of men is their obligation to provide, and to the best of their ability, too, for women and children; this is their part of the debt, and he is the most contemptible of men who does not willingly and gladly pay it.

But, on the other hand, mother-hood is to a woman the highest, the most sacred of her duties. It may be that she is called upon to perform there to children not her own, and their acceptance in this case is all the more praiseworthy; but she is sure to find the demand for mother love, care, protection, guidance, made from some source or other; and, if there is the real mother in the woman, if it has not been destroyed by habits of selfishness, of indulgence, by the cultivation of vanity, and low ambitions, her nature will respond to it. In this city live two self-supporting women, who, having passed the age of thirty, and being determined not to marry, or break up the happy life they lead together, each adopted an orphan child. When taken, they were under a year old, they are now nine and ten, have been most tenderly reared; are being most carefully educated; and will make such women as will well repay the care bestowed upon them.

Another self-supporting woman, a widow and the mother of one child, a girl, took an infant boy that had lost its mother, and been deserted by its father. She has brought him up as her own, educated him as she would her own, and is repaid by a love and devotion which is uncommon; but which is the combined result of the boy's sympathetic nature, inherited doubtless from his mother, and her own well-balanced and admirable character.

A gentleman and his wife, living in New York, are both passionately fond of children, but never had the joy of calling any their own. The fact did not, however, make them miserable, or misanthropic, or impair their love for each other: they were too good and just and true and honorable for that. They waited and sought an opportunity to adopt one, or more of God's children—children deserted or parentless. They found two, a boy and a girl, possessed of the qualities, as far as they could judge, that they desired, and took them from infancy. They are now the joy and sunshine of their home.

A wedding took place, the other day, of two young girls, who had been adopted into a family that had no children, on the death of the mother, who was known to the lady who was destined to fill her place in caring for the hapless little ones. The father was simply shiftless and reckless. He married again a few months afterwards, and has made the adoption of these children the basis of a claim for money and assistance ever since. But the adopted parents nobly fulfilled the obligations they had assumed, and the girls as faithfully repaid the care they had received. They were educated and provided for precisely as daughters. They participated in their adopted mother's duties and pleasures. They were suitably, though never extravagantly provided for by their adopted father, who is not rich, but an honest, honorable and respected man. What a different life this would be for women, if all men were careful in assuming obligations and conscientious in fulfilling them!

But two wrongs do not and never can make a right. The wrongs that women suffer are not a reason, or excuse, though they may be a palliation, for the wrongs they commit. To women are committed the care of the most sacred interests in this life. It is they who are set to guard the sacred fire in the temple, and it is they who are and must be called to account, if it is suffered to go out, or is put to unholy uses. This is the perpetual duty of most women, and if, after having assumed it, it is cast aside, or neglected for a lesser duty or from some vain, personal, or selfish motive, she must not only suffer the consequences, but the whole world which is fed by that divine light and warmth, suffers also, and eternal principles are imperilled. Mothers are the great need of the world, now and always. Wise, tender, and true-hearted, conscientious mothers, who know how to choose such fathers as are needed, and who failing these will not mate with the less worthy, but devote their mother-hood to such as need it, knowing that in the summing up of the great account it will not be mine or thine, but what have you done with the noble nature, the possibilities for good, the womanly gifts with which I endowed you? And for answer, what shall we say? I was not satisfied with that which I possessed, so I threw it away, and spent my life in an endeavor to grasp at something else. The attempt was vain, but am I to blame? and for reply may appear an innumerable host who have conscientiously fulfilled their trusts, who have cultivated and strengthened the faculties with which they were endowed, and put them to the highest uses. This is what we are bound to do, or the dreadful fate of nations will be demanded at the hands of women who failed in their duty as mothers.

Entertaining in the Country.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"I DO not quite understand" says Miss Prince, "why people in the country think it such a labor to entertain company."

"But I do not think they do consider it a labor," answers Miss Little, with a spice of indignation. "We have a good deal of company at our house in the course of a year, and I am sure no one has ever heard us complain of it, or call it a hardship."

"Oh, excuse me," says Miss Price, "of course I don't mean to be personal, I know all your family are hospitality itself, but I mean the generality of folks."

"If the generality of country folks, as you say, dread company," I remark, "it may be because they feel more thrown upon their own resources to provide entertainment for their friends. When city people have visitors there are a thousand sights to show them, and even a prolonged visit is hardly long enough to take them to half the places they want to see. Every hour is filled with the pleasant pursuit of sight-seeing, or else with resting from too great devotion to the absorbing business. In the country there are fewer outside amusements, and those which do exist are apt to be undervalued by those to whom they are every-day affairs; so the entertainers, quite naturally, feel as if the responsibility of making the visit agreeable depended upon personal effort, and it would not be strange, if a little dread of company grew out of the pressure of that feeling."

"But indeed," I continue, "country people make a great mistake when they fancy there is but little in the way of entertainment within their reach, for city visitors are delighted with the novelty of country life, and so anxious to enjoy it to the full, that nothing pleases them more than to take it pure and simple, without being bothered by any aping of city ways. The delicious air, the sweet tranquillity, the lovely views, the rides, the drives, the walks, and the change from bustling activity to calm repose, are all delights most highly appreciated by citizens."

"Your way of entertaining visitors would be to turn them out of doors, I suppose," says Lizzie Leigh. "I am not sure but it would be the best way in summer, and even in winter there are many outside attractions."

"But suppose the weather did not favor open air diversions?"

"Well," I say, we are all slaves of the weather, and must be governed by it, but, unless it really rained, there would be no need for staying in."

"It is horrible to have rainy weather when you have company," says little Miss Nolan.

"It is unfortunate," I admit frankly, "but it is not worth while to make yourself miserable about it. If your guests are obliged to stay in the house let them enter into the family life, and become a part of it. Do not be mortified because your way of living may be a strong contrast to their own. They will enjoy the change, and like and respect you more for not sailing under false colors, and affecting more pomp and ceremony than properly belongs to your *menage*. If your guests are sensible persons they will enjoy the change, and relish the entire difference between your separate ways of life. A prominent British nobleman who once visited this country complained pathetically, after he reached home, that he was not able to form any just estimate of American family life as he had wished, because all his entertainers subdued their nationality, as one might say, and imitated, as far as they were able, the style and manner of entertainment to which they fancied he was accustomed in England. It was doubtless a poor copy, because few native Americans have very clear ideas of the details of aristocratic life in other countries; foreign travel, of necessity, making them acquainted mainly with hotel life. Our wealthy classes do live very elegantly, and in a style that needs no apology (except it be for extravagance), and it would be more dignified to adhere to it always whether entertaining neighbors and friends, or receiving distinguished foreigners. The difference between city and country life is wide enough, but, as I say, the change is welcome to visitors, and it is foolish to depart from the usual family routine because of the stranger within your gates."

"But it is very unpleasant to be made to feel your inferiority," says Lizzie Leigh.

"But you have no inferiority to feel," I answer; "because your family customs happen to be of another sort from those of your guests, it does not follow that they are not as good; and if you are so unfortunate as to extend your hospitality to a person who is underbred enough to assume superiority to her entertainers, treat her well during her visit, but never let her repeat it, for she has proved herself unworthy of your society."

"I think you are right," says Miss Little, approvingly; "and some day I will tell you of an experience we had with some rude visitors."

"We shall enjoy hearing it when we have more time," I say. "If it is a grievance I suppose it will be a long story, for we don't find it easy to condense our wrongs when once we begin upon them. I should not want you to shorten the account, because I have no doubt it will be interesting, and so I ask you to defer telling us."

"But really," says Miss Leigh, "people who live in the country do not know a great deal about entertaining, as it ought to be done, and can't help feeling awkward and at a loss to know how to do some of the simplest things such as townspeople know almost by instinct from going into company, more or less, all their lives."

"That is true," adds Miss Bently, "as I know to my sorrow. Now, for instance, we invited a lady to tea last summer who was stopping at the hotel. She was a friend of a friend of ours, who lives in Boston, and for the mutual friend's sake we felt like showing her some attention. But such a stew as we were in getting ready for her. Not about eatables, for mother never fails there—"

"I cannot imagine, then," I interrupt her to say, "what you had left to worry about if you were sure of your supper being perfect."

"Oh, a thousand things. Nettie and I argued about fifty points without ever coming to a decision about who was right. She wanted the bread cut thick and passed around, and I wanted it thin and buttered, and set upon the table."

"I think you were right for about the bread tea," I say; "if it had been dinner her way would have been most appropriate."

"Well, that was only one thing, and some of the others were more important and harder to decide than that. The result of it all was that when everything was ready we were flustered and worn out, and didn't know whether we had succeeded in making the table look as it ought to or not, and we were quite inclined to be dissatisfied."

"How did your friend seem affected?"

"She was perfectly charmed, at least she said she was, but she was so ladylike that if she had not been pleased she would not have betrayed it."

"Is it ladylike to say what you do not mean?" asks Miss Little, rather cynically.

"Not at all," I say: "neither is it Christianlike, but Miss Bently means, I know, that her friend would have taken pains to suppress disapproval, even if her praises had been less diffuse."

"Yes. I think I meant that," says the young lady, "al-

though I might not have been able to express it in the same language. But after all, don't you think all very polite people are a little bit insincere?"

"Indeed I do not," I say; "some of the loveliest, most perfect characters I know are the most polite as well as the most truthful. A truly polite person cares more for the feelings of others than she does for her own, and one with that noble spirit is not likely to descend to insincerity. Her desire to give pleasure will make her always ready to say agreeable things; but her genuine kindness of heart will help her to find something to commend, where less amiable souls would see only a clear field for criticism."

"Well, as I meet more critical people than thoroughly polite ones," says Miss Bently, "I should like to know just how everything ought to be done, then I could defy criticism. I think you are right about receiving visitors who come to stay days or weeks, without ceremony, and letting them become part of the family; but I should like to know how to give teas, lunches and dinners, and all kinds of companies as they ought to be given in the country. I don't aim at city styles of entertaining, because everything is different in town. I want to know all about setting the table, and decorating it, and serving the food, and how the table should be waited on. There is no harm in knowing how a thing ought to be done, even if I never should succeed in doing it right. I wish to aim high, but I don't know what to aim at."

"I can imagine," I say, "that there are many difficulties in the way of an ambitious person, who wishes to entertain pleasingly and yet has not had sufficient experience or opportunities for observation to give her confidence. Would it be an assistance to you if we were to discuss some of the matters you are anxious about, in a friendly way, exchanging ideas, as they arise in our minds, on these topics which seem to be ever new and interesting to housekeepers?"

"Oh, yes," responds Miss Bently; "do throw some light on our difficulties. I, for one, shall be so much obliged for suggestions."

"And I warn you," says Miss Leigh, "that I shall probably impose upon your good nature by asking numberless questions."

"And I promise to answer them cheerfully, when we meet again," I say, "if they come within the somewhat limited scope of my knowledge."

Japanese Art.

THE interest in decorative art of every kind continues unabated. Art needlework is undertaken by aspiring fingers, and very great things are accomplished in it, but a glance at some of the Eastern embroideries is enough to damp the ardor of the most enthusiastic needlewoman in the country. How do the Japanese accomplish the marvels of hand-work which one finds in rare exhibitions? It is quite a mistake to suppose that Japanese industry and art are purely represented in the ordinary specimens offered to purchasers.

A great authority upon the subject in New York, a native of Japan, asserts that most of the art decorative efforts sold as Japanese are manufactured in that country for American houses, and are rarely met with in the homes of the cultivated families; and the work he shows us truly illustrative of Japanese industry certainly endorses his words. The most exquisite effects are rendered by the needle, and the worker of Japanese designs succeeds as no European or American has, in conveying an idea of life. Birds on the wing, fishes swimming, buds bursting into flower, water flowing—all these actions, and thousands like them, are told in silks, and so exquisite is the illusion, that it is very difficult to realize that the outspread wings are not real feathers and quills, that the fish are mere stitches, and that the exquisite rose cannot be plucked from the canvas. This is real Eastern embroidery, and the low scale of price, at which it is offered proves that it represents an exceptional effort on the part of the worker. It is a pity that to the general public the idea of Japanese decoration conveys merely a notion of the grotesque—the fact being that as yet it is scarcely understood by western nations at all.

Gipsy Musicians of Spain.

(*See Illustration.*)

THE original of the charming engraving, "Gipsy Musicians of Spain," is in the collection of T. Robinson, Esq., of Lingdale, Birkenhead, England. It was painted by John Phillip, the Scottish artist, who died in London in 1864, after having achieved an enviable fame.

No artist could pass several years in Spain without portraying some phase of gipsy life; for however dark in many aspects, it has its picturesque side. The gipsy of Spain has often formed a study for the painter, and in no case has the result been more pleasing than in the life-like representation of these two beautiful gipsy girls as given by Mr. Phillip.

These are not the Gitána, as the gipsy women of Spain are called, who pretend to see into the future, promising riches to the old, and love to the young. They are not treacherous nor dishonest, as are many of their tribe, seeking a living in nefarious ways. They dance merrily beneath the light of the moon, and sing the wild songs of the gipsies, for even they weave their lays. Dwelling sometimes among the stony hills, then in the sunny plains, camping out in the woods, or living in the narrow lanes of Madrid, notwithstanding their vagrant life, the gipsy girls are as innocent as they are light-hearted. They are watched over by mothers as careful, even more so, than many mothers who boast of advanced civilization; and no Spanish gipsy girl dares go without the gate of the city, or the vicinity of the camp, in company with one of the opposite sex, even if he is her betrothed. Sings a gipsy poet,

> "Thy sire and mother wrath and hate
> Have vowed against us, love,
> The first, first night that from the gate
> We two together rove."

All over the world, whether found in England, Germany, Russia, and Spain, there is a family likeness in the gipsy race, modified by climate. In their faces it is not difficult to trace their Egyptian descent. Especially is this the case in the two striking faces of our picture, whose darkness so vividly contrasts with the surrounding light, which, falling upon, clearly reveals every touch of the admirable artist.

One who has ever seen the gipsy girls of Spain will recognize the fidelity with which our artist has painted. The coal-black hair, unconfined by ribbon or comb, the large dark eyes and coral lips, the delicate white teeth, and dusky-hued skin, the jewelry which their girlish hearts love so dearly, the gorgeously-colored attire, and even the head (the gipsy women never wear bonnets) thrown back and revealing the pleasant face of the singer, all proclaim that the artist's study was from life. The composition and coloring show the qualities for which the painter was celebrated, and the spirit and truth shown in the execution is most admirable. We need not go to sunny Spain to catch a glimpse of this phase of gipsy life, for here we have the veritable girls who, accompanied by tambourine and guitar, sing the wild lays of their tribe to a listening crowd, beneath the canopy of the skies.

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.

Apotheosis of the Worm.

Dr. Charles Darwin has written a work which is creating a profound sensation in scientific circles. He has been studying the common earth-worm for over thirty years, and has come to the conclusion that mankind is more indebted to that loathsome, wriggling little creature than to any other race of the inferior orders of creation. The earth, according to Darwin, would be a desert were it not for the worm. Its value is that it eats dirt and turns it into vegetable mold. There are on an average, on every acre of ground, over 57,000 worms. These eat and digest from eight to sixteen tons of soil per acre in the course of the year. Whatever passes through the intestinal canal of the worm becomes vegetable mold, and without this mold there would be no crops and no increase of grain or the animals which feed upon the products of the soil. Nor is this all. The worm is the preserver of the memorials of the past. Its mission is to cover naked surfaces with vegetable mold. The deserted cities and memorials of the past are first hidden from sight by the work of the worm. Then comes the dust and the sand storm and the accretions from outside of our atmosphere. Troy is two hundred feet underground, and it took three thousand years to cover it with so much soil, but the earth-worm is the great sexton who buries the monuments of the past out of sight. Yet this wriggling, loathsome creature is one of the most degraded and imperfect organisms known to the naturalists. It has no brain, no organs of vision, cannot hear, and has no sense of smell. It has a certain amount of intelligence, and knows enough to get out of the sunlight. But notwithstanding its deficiencies, it is the greatest benefactor not only to man but to the other superior animals. It may comfort fishermen to know that the worm they use in angling has but little nervous sensibility, and cannot be said to suffer pain when impaled on the fish-hook. It will not do hereafter to despise the worm, for, as a London paper well says, "It from this time forth will wear the blue ribbon of science."

Reviving Spain.

It really looks as though Spain has again come to the front as a great nation. It has a good, ambitious young king, its elections are conducted peaceably, the government is liberal, and there is a movement on foot to pay the debts of the nation. There is some talk of Great Britain voluntarily returning to Spain the Rock of Gibraltar. This famous fortress fell into the hands of the British in the eighteenth century, but Spain has never liked the idea of a foreign nation holding its most impregnable citadel. Gibraltar, it will be remembered, is situated at the mouth of the Mediterranean, and commands the straits which lead into that inland sea. It is very strong by nature, but is still made more so by art, and all the improvements in artillery would not affect so inaccessible a fortification. But it ought to belong to Spain, and that country will gladly pay any reasonable price for it. Its possession by a foreign power is a constant menace to the Spanish people.

The Cotton Exposition

Cotton is no longer king, but it is a more powerful potentate than when it claimed the sovereignty in old pro-slavery times. We have quite doubled our cotton crop since ante-bellum times, and now it is far more valuable pound for pound. The oil from the seed brings a fine profit, and the husks are used in the fattening of cattle. The growing of cotton is a serious business. The northern farmer puts in his grain in the spring and reaps his harvest in the early autumn, but between sowing and harvest he pays no attention to his fields beyond hoeing his corn and his vegetable beds. But cotton demands continuous labor. The hoe is employed from February until October, all through the burning months. But the Atlanta exhibition has shown the vast improvements effected in cotton culture since the old slave times. Additional machinery is now employed and labor is relieved of its severest toil, while its product has been improved and its yield increased. One of the most hopeful signs of the times, however, is the manufacturing of cotton in the Southern States. So far the factories have been very profitable, and if they continue so, it means revolution in the industries of the South.

Queen Victoria and the Women Doctors.

It has been charged that Queen Victoria did not like the idea of her own sex becoming physicians. Indeed, at a recent conference of doctors in London, her family physician went so far as to announce that if women doctors were permitted to take part in the proceedings, her Majesty would withdraw her subscription of £300 per annum, and so the female physicians were refused admission to the convention in consequence. But the question has again come before the Queen in a somewhat different shape, and she has been forced to admit that there are circumstances in which it is desirable to have women act as physicians. Miss Beilby, a lady medical missionary at Lucknow, was called to attend the wife of the sovereign of that part of India, who was suffering from a painful internal disease. The Maharanee, for such was the title, of Punna was eventually cured, and her gratitude knew no bounds. When about to leave her, the Indian sovereign besought the physician to lay before Queen Victoria the unhappy condition of the women of India. According to the Brahminical law and the customs of the country, no woman can be visited by any man except her father, husband or brother. Hence a native woman of station can never see a physician, no matter what her ailment. Miss Beilby was implored to see the Queen on behalf of the women in the Zenanas, which is the name of the Indian harems. Miss Beilby represented to the Maharanee the difficulty she would have in getting access to the Queen: that with us it is not as in the East, where any one can go the palace and lay a petition before the native sovereign. Besides, she told her she hardly knew what good it would do if she could do as she wished and take her message to our Queen. The Queen could not make lady doctors, or order them to go out. It was not in the power of even the great Queen of England to do this. "But," said the Maharanee, "did you not tell me our Queen was good and gracious, that she never heard of sorrow or suffering without sending a message to say how sorry she was, and trying to help? Did you not show me a picture of a train falling into the sea, where a bridge broke, and did you not tell me how grieved our Queen was? Well, it was very sad those people should have been killed, but our condition is far worse. If you will only tell our Queen what we Indian women suffer when we are sick, I am sure she will feel for us, and try to help us." Miss Beilby felt she could no longer refuse to promise to convey this message, if possible. The Maharanee next bade her write it down at once (giving her pen, ink, and paper), lest she should forget it, and added: "Write it small, Dr. Miss Sahiba, for I want to put it in a locket, and you are to wear this locket around your neck till you see our great Queen, and give it to her yourself. You are not to send it through another." On Miss Beilby's return to England, the Queen, having been told by some of the ladies of her court of Miss Beilby's work and her message, determined, in spite of all difficulties and many engagements, to see her and hear all for herself, and accordingly sent for her. Her Majesty listened with great interest, asking many questions and showing the deepest sympathy. Turning to her ladies, she said, "We had no idea it was as bad as this. Something must be done for these poor creatures." The Maharanee's locket, with its message, was given to the Queen, and her Majesty intrusted Miss Beilby with a message in reply, which was intended for the Maharanee alone. But the Queen also gave Miss Beilby a message which might be given to every one with whom she spoke on the subject—"We should wish it generally known that we sympathize with every effort made to relieve the suffering state of the women of India." The Maharanee, in parting with Miss Beilby, said in solemn and earnest accents, "If you forget your promise your God will judge you."

Noted in their Way.

On a certain day early last month two men died, one in the United States, the other in Hungary, each of whom accomplished a revolution in widely different fields of human activity. Franz Hillmer, who departed this life in the city of Prague, was the inventor of the polka. Previous to his time the popular dances were the grave cotillion and the stately minuet. Occasionally a slow waltz was permitted, but the introduction of the polka revolutionized modern dancing, for it was followed by the redowa and the galop, and the ball-room now is a scene of brisk animation, in which the couples slide, glide, and whirl till their heads are dizzy and their feet are weary. The original polka was an old Czech country dance. But the person who died in West Newton, Mass., on the same day that Hillmer expired in the city of Prague, was William Green. The latter was a notable man in his day, though he almost outlived the remembrance of his fel-

lows. He was the organizer of the modern Sunday-school, which has done so much in the last few years to populate our churches. William Green was one of the organizers and the first treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society. His house was mobbed in Tryon Row, New York, some time before Lovejoy was shot in Illinois. Mr. Green was one of the chief disciples of the great revivalist Finney, and one of the three capitalists who erected the famous New York Tabernacle. Late in life Mr. Green adopted heterodox views, so the church for which he had done so much took no note of his death.

A New Caliph.

The waning power of the Moslems is shown in the fact that they are about to make a new Caliph out of one of the descendants of the prophet Mahomet in the city of Mecca. The Caliph in the Mohammedan religion corresponds with the Pope in the Roman Catholic Church. But the successors of the prophet failed to separate the temporal from the spiritual power, and as the Turkish empire grew, the Sultan became the defender of the faith, and the Caliph of the Mohammedan Church. To retain this title the Sultans have paid for many years over two million of dollars to the Arabian holy places, and have guarded the pilgrims who visited holy Mecca. But of late years the tribute has been withheld and the pilgrims neglected. Mahomet, it seems, himself designated the Koreysh tribe as his successors, and it was among the Sherifs or chiefs of that tribe that the Caliph was to be chosen. Two-thirds of the Moslem world would be filled with enthusiasm were an Arabian once more the chief of their church. While the Turkish power is decaying, the Mohammedan faith is as active as ever. It is winning many converts in India, and is conquering Central Africa. The only part of the world in which it does not thrive is in European Turkey. Indeed, its missionaries to-day show more zeal and meet with more success than those which bear the banner of the Cross.

Living in Comfort.

It is claimed that the French city workman leads a happier life than any artisan in the world. He somehow gets more out of life, his food is cheap and nutritious, his bouillon is the liquid essence of beef, and costs but a penny a bowl; French baked bread is the best in the world, his coffee and hot milk are served at one sou a cup. Then look at his amusements. He gets a nice seat in a beautiful theater where there are artistic performances, for sixpence. Then there are open to him free the *Jardin des Plantes*, the galleries and museums of the Louvre, Hotel Cluny, and the palaces of Luxembourg and Versailles. Treasures of art and science are at his service at very little expense, or no expense at all. We should aim to accomplish something of this for our working people. They now have the Central Park and the Museum of Art in New York, but we ought to have a garden of plants, and more museums and art galleries free to all. One virtue the French have in excess of any other people; they are frugal without being mean; they are economical, but not at the expense of utility or beauty.

Under the Banks.

At Loire, in France, a fisherman in digging for bait, unearthed what has proved a treasure to the antiquarians. He found a vast quantity of hammers, axes, javelin heads, broken swords and daggers, together with bracelets, necklaces, and old coins. These relics of the past clearly antedate Cæsar and his Gallic conquest. The earth is full of memorials of the past, and scientific men are everywhere digging for the remains of ancient empires. A number of American archæologists are now busily engaged on the island of Assos, and at last accounts had reached the Greek temple. Our own land is full of evidences of generations that lived and died long before Columbus. Mexico and Central America are particularly rich in the ruins of mighty nations which flourished before the white man settled on these shores.

Electricity Again.

And now they are applying electricity to surgical operations. Dr. Bonwyll, of Philadelphia, has invented a surgical engine which is intended for amputations and operations generally where the removal of bone is required. It consists of a series of drills and circular saws, which, by suitable gearing, are revolved at a very high velocity. With this machine limbs are cut off with great rapidity, and with much more neatness than by the unaided hand. Dr. Bonwyll declines to protect his invention by a patent, as he wishes it to be used for the benefit of humanity. Almost every day brings some new application of this mysterious and powerful motor for the benefit of mankind.

About Aqueducts.

New Yorkers have been proud of the aqueduct which conveys the Croton water from the lake of that name to the reservoirs on Manhattan island; but although less than forty years constructed, this work shows signs of giving out, and a bill to construct a new aqueduct was passed by the last legislature of the State. But now comes an account from Italy that the ancient aqueduct built by the Emperor Augustus to supply Bologna with water, has been inspected and found to be in so good a state of preservation, that with some repairs it can be restored to its old use, to supply water to the original home of the sausage. We are very proud of our modern improvements, our railways, and the like, but long before the era of steam and modern mechanical appliances, some splendid public improvements were made, quite equal to anything man is capable of doing to-day. The Roman roads are the wonder of the world even now, and the aqueducts and baths of the same people surpass anything of their kind constructed in these days. If New York should build another aqueduct, it ought to try and equal the work of the Romans.

A Cheap Precious Metal.

It is claimed that a domestic revolution is impending, due to the ability to so manipulate nickel as to render it chemically pure. In the laboratory of a chemist a great deal can be done in getting perfect results from experiments, but it is quite another matter to achieve these results when great masses of metal are used in an ordinary furnace. Pure nickel is a more useful metal than silver. It is harder, lighter, more ductile, and can be employed for all vessels of use for which silver is available, while it will not oxidize nor tarnish, and retains its polish much better than silver. It can, it seems, be used for all domestic purposes, while it is cheaper than any other of the common metals. It would fill a page of this magazine to tell of the possibilities of nickel in a pure state. It will supersede silver for all beautiful and enduring domestic vessels. There is another chemical metal which will some day be extensively used. It is aluminum, the basis of common clay. It is the most widely diffused metal known to man. There is more of it in the crust of the globe than any and all of the rest of the metals put together. Yet the process of extracting it from common clay is so costly that its use is very limited. It will be one of the greatest triumphs of chemistry when it is produced cheaply. It has all the valuable properties of nickel and silver, and, in addition, is wonderfully light. It is predicted the balloon of the future will be made of aluminum, as its weight is not much more than that of silk, while gas could never escape from it on account of its density. How lucky will our descendants be, when the myriads of inventions now being tested will be rendered available for the benefit of mankind!

Water Gas in Locomotives.

It is known that the two gases of which water is composed are inflammable when separated, and many efforts have been made to use water for illuminating purposes. But the cost has been proved so great as to make its general use impracticable. But a certain Dr. Holland has found that decomposed water when associated with carbon is a motor of rare power and can probably be used in place of steam in propelling locomotives and other engines. A locomotive to utilize this invention is now constructing at Paterson. Indeed, this fuel has already been used experimentally on the Long Island railroad, and the constructors of the locomotive in Paterson are of the opinion that coal and wood will be in disfavor for heating purposes as soon as the merits of this invention are known. If light and heat can be produced by decomposing water, then coal beds and forests will lose their value as fuel and for illuminating purposes. What a change would be effected over the entire surface of the globe were water to become the source of heat and light for all the purposes of mankind!

France all Alone.

The recent hobnobbing of the emperors and kings in Europe is said to have resulted in a union against France. The emperors of Russia, Germany, and Austria have struck hands with the king of Italy for the purpose of isolating the French republic. The Czar is angered because France refuses to surrender suspected Nihilists. Germany does not wish the republic to repossess Alsace and Lorraine, while Italy covets Nice and Savoy which were ceded to France by Victor Emanuel. Then, all these monarchs view with real apprehension the great success of this conservative republic. The people of Central and Eastern Europe are learning the lesson that nations can live and thrive without kings, nobles, and courts. Every year that the republic lasts is a standing argument in favor of the grand republic of the future, which will embrace all Europe. This antagonism may result in war to force France to agree to the dominion of a king or emperor. What a pity it is that the United States is not likely to be in a position to give its moral if not its material support to the nation which helped us so vitally in the war of the Revolution, and which took so active a part in forcing Cornwallis to surrender at Yorktown.

The Search for the Jeannette.

The vessels sent to find the whereabouts of the vessel equipped by James Gordon Bennett to discover the pole, can find no trace of her. Captain Wadleigh in the United States steam vessel, the *Alliance*, got as far north as the 80th parallel of latitude, and although the search was diligently made, not the slightest trace of the *Jeannette* could be found. Something has been added, however, to our geographical knowledge, for Wrangel's Land is found to be an island, and not the end of a continent. There is an open sea to the north of it, and it is not unlikely that the *Jeannette* in 1879 steamed toward the pole and succeeded in reaching the highest latitude known to navigators. The crew had provisions for three years. If not heard from or found during the coming summer all hope must be given up of ever hearing from the *Jeannette*. What a surprise it would be if the pole was reached and the crew able to return to report their success; but that is expecting too much. The mystery of the two poles will probably never be known until the air is made navigable.

Making Calls.

A right pleasant old Knickerbocker custom that of making calls on New Year's day. For a long time this calling was local to New York City, but the custom has spread to nearly all the large cities in the Union, and there are no signs of it ever being given up while America is a nation. Most of our festivals have an astronomical origin, and date back to the very early history of the race. Our savage ancestors were always alarmed when the days became shorter. They feared annually that the day would gradually diminish and the earth be wrapped in darkness. As soon, however, as the winter solstice was passed, and it was evident that the sun would remain above the horizon for a longer and still longer period, then joy was universal and feast and license were the order of the day. Our holiday season thus came down to us from the savage and far distant past. In Rome and other ancient cities it was the Saturnalia, when joyousness ran into the wildest license, and when scenes occurred which cannot be described by modern pens. The early Christians battled against the orgies which characterized the great Roman holiday, but were finally forced to institute the Christmas festivity to purge it of its grossness. We now can see why the holidays suggest good eating and drinking, and greater sociability among neighbors than is common during the rest of the year. Certain fashionable ladies have tried to refine New Year's day by not supplying food and drink to their guests, but this empties the holiday season of all its historic significance, and the innovation can never prove popular. But, of course, no lady who respects herself or has any regard for her guests will furnish them with intoxicating drink. Every friend should have bountifully of all innocent foods and drinks, but it is a profanation of the sex and of the day for a woman to tempt a man with strong drink. But New Year's calling is a kindly and hospitable custom. In our busy lives there seems to be no excuse for visiting certain friends we have known in our past lives, but on New Year's day it is no intrusion to claim an acquaintance with those you have known, and thus many friendships are prolonged which would otherwise die out. It is well for some families to get outside of themselves, to become interested not only in the set they must see daily or weekly, but in the larger world of all the acquaintances they have made during their lives. Let New Year's day thrive and let it be associated in the minds of all men and women with hospitality, good cheer and kindly courtesy.

The Magic Box.

A few months ago M. Faure sent to Sir William Thompson, the famous English scientist, a common little metal box which was coated upon the inside with a red oxide of lead. There were cells or interstices in the box, also covered with the same apparently very innocent preparation. This simple apparatus was really a reservoir of electricity. Within it was stored a sufficient amount of energy to have shattered a pyramid or the section of a mountain. But it could be used in a steady moderate stream, like the water in a cistern. The difficulty with electricity heretofore has been its fickleness. It had to be discharged as soon as made; there was no controlling or averaging its power; but this is accomplished by the magic box we have spoken of, the electricity in which can be poured out in a feeble or a strong current, as the operator wills. The defect in our street electric lights is that they are unsteady and will flare and become faint by turns, but this uncertainty of continuous light is overcome by the accumulator, as it is sometimes called, of M. Faure. An electric light fed from this reservoir has just been tested in a Pullman car on the road between London and Brighton, and its success is so remarkable that John Bull is quite delighted, and declares the electric light is the flame of the future. It will soon be produced on all the English railways. There are thousands of other applications of stored electricity which will soon be made. As a motor it may replace steam, while there is a good chance of it becoming an important part of the airship of the future.

France, the Free.

After ruling behind the scenes for many years, Gambetta has at last been forced to form a ministry of his own. He will himself be the head of its department of foreign affairs, but he also will be minister, as it were, at large, overlooking all the departments of his associates. Great things are expected of Gambetta, and he is certainly a man of exceptional genius. The French are fickle, and it may be that the popular hero of to-day will be the "squeezed lemon" of to-morrow. France has become isolated in Europe, for the monarchs do not like the spectacle of a great, free republic maintaining itself as one of the richest and most prosperous of the Western nations. There is no doubt but what of late years the example of France and the United States has converted multitudes of people in Europe from monarchism and imperialism to republicanism.

The Woes of the Wealthy.

Fairly prosperous men throughout the country are disposed to envy men like Vanderbilt, Gould and the other Wall street magnates their great wealth. But probably there are no more badgered people on earth than the possessors of millions of dollars. Their own relatives prey upon them and have no gratitude for what they get. The great capitalist can never escape from the cares his wealth brings upon him. He is in danger of robbery, and is bored by inventors and speculators of all kinds, and then his very life is in danger. Jay Gould has been assaulted more than once, and detectives are always on the watch to protect him from actual violence when he walks the street. He hires for a secretary, who accompanies him everywhere, a great, big man who is understood to be fully armed. Quite recently a man who had been unsuccessful in Wall street speculations sent him anonymous letters, threatening to kill him unless he gave him points on the market. This blackmailer had formerly borne a very high character, but Gould was so afraid of him that he spent a small fortune to catch him. In this he finally succeeded. After all, the prayer of the old Hebrew for the Lord to give him neither poverty nor riches, is the one which should be made by all sensible men. Poverty is to be dreaded, but then great wealth has its own burdens and afflictions.

The Land Question in England and Ireland.

The new land commission established by the recent Irish legislation of the British Parliament is hard at work reducing rents. They have done so much in this direction that the landlords have taken alarm, and say they will demand compensation of Parliament when it meets. The cheapness with which American grain can be landed in England, has all but ruined the landlords in England, and many farms do not rent for more than two-thirds of the former prices. There is clearly a revolution impending in Great Britain. It is the monopoly of the land which is the great source of power to the English aristocracy. This class is now becoming impoverished by the reduction of rents and the competition of America. The next step of the Gladstone government will be to give manhood suffrage to the people of the counties, and then the farmers and day laborers will make their appearance at the polls not in the interest of the landlord but in their own. In Ireland the privilege of hunting over the farmers' grounds has been stopped. The game laws in England are certain to be swept away, and primogeniture will not outlast this century. There is lots of trouble ahead for the English people. Their trade is diminishing, they are depending more and more every year upon foreign countries for the food they consume; the tariffs of all the nations with which they deal are hostile, and all the signs indicate, in the language of one of its journals, that "the greatness of England topples to its fall."

Irregular Medical Appliances.

Physicians are forced to rely on poisonous drugs to cure disease, although they well know that there are other appliances mainly in the hands of quacks, but which they cannot make use of. Medicated and hot air baths, body rubbing, electricity in motion, diet, exercise, all can be made useful in the cure of both acute and chronic diseases. It is proposed to erect in New York a great sanitarium or hospital for the cure of chronic diseases, which will have within its walls every curative agent apart from medicine. The patient is not to be taken from his physician, who will continue to him and will have the care of his case. There will be several departments in this institution, one for those who can afford to pay and another for the sick poor. In time it is expected that the institution will have branches in every large city in the country.

Annexing Canada.

This project has again been revived, and it is said if a vote was taken a surprisingly large number of the people of the Dominion would vote for a union with the United States. It is conceded that with the same kind of population, there is not so much enterprise and energy north of the Lakes and the St. Lawrence as there is south of it. The natural increase which ought to swell the population of the Canadas emigrates to the United States because of the superior chances in business and public life afforded by a residence in the Union. A native of the Dominion is a nondescript. He is not a British subject in the sense that an Englishman or Scotchman is, and while he is under free institutions, he practically has no country. Should a war break out between the United States and Great Britain, the Dominion is entirely indefensible, and it would have to bear the ravages of war with certain loss and no glory. Should a union ever take place, it will be a great thing for both countries. The territory of the United States will be more than doubled, and would extend from the Gulf of Mexico to the North Pole. The Dominion would make seven or eight good States. But the difficulty in the way seems to be about how annexation is to be brought about. The first steps, if any, must be taken by the Canadians themselves. It is said, by the way, that President Arthur, who was born almost on the boundary line of the two countries, wishes to signalize his administration by making North America one nation.

What to do with the Indians.

From what appears in the newspapers, and is partially confirmed by the report of the Secretary of the Interior, it would seem that some change is about to be effected in our treatment of the Indians. It is not unlikely that our Indian Territory, so called, will be thrown open to white settlement, and the Indians permitted to sell the lands which they now hold in tribal possession. But it is believed that the Government will insist upon every Indian possessing a certain amount of land which shall be unalienable, and which he cannot sell. The Indian Territory is now a vast artificial desert. It is a beautiful country, and anything can be raised from it, cotton or corn; but it contains only here and there a few scattered huts. On every side of the Indian Territory are populous States, and railway enterprises are under way to cross it in every direction. As for the Indians, they ought to be treated as other people are. It is recognizing them as a tribe and making special treaties that leads to the wars with these wards of the nation.

Incinerating Cadavers.

The cremationists claim to have made considerable progress in enlisting public opinion on their side, but it is a notable circumstance that very few bodies have as yet been given to the flames. The Le Moyne cremation furnace at Washington, Pa., has been in existence for some six years, and it has not averaged the cremation of two corpses a year. No one has been cremated in England as yet, and when Sir Charles Dilke's wife died the body had to be taken to Gotha, Germany, to be incinerated. In Milan, Dresden, and Gotha are admirably equipped furnaces for thus disposing of the dead, but it is believed that not more than a hundred bodies have been thus disposed of. In truth, cremation is an old pagan rite that can be traced back to the worship of fire or the sun. There is much to be said against our present method of burial. Cemeteries or graveyards are unwholesome, and are no longer permitted in or near large cities. Then, the rotting away in a coffin is very offensive. A sensible plan is that which obtains in some parts of England, where the body is laid in a wicker basket and placed underground in dry earth so that it will mingle with the soil without becoming offensive. If cemeteries and graveyards are persisted in, in course of time the earth will become too small for its burial places, and we will be forced finally to cremation or a wicker basket. We must learn to pay less respect to the mortal remains and more to the personality of those who have passed away.

Mecca.

The astonishing vitality of Mohammedanism is shown by the enormous number of pilgrims which daily visit Mecca in Arabia. These come from all parts of Asia and northern and western Africa, and embrace all classes and conditions of people. There is no doubt but what these pilgrimages have some value in educating the pilgrims. The inhabitant of a village in central Asia cannot but be improved by a journey through strange lands to a shrine a thousand miles away. But many physical ills are apt to befall pious devotees; herding together for mutual protection, and many being very poor, filthy habits are indulged in, and, as a result, pestilence often decimates the pious Moslems. At last accounts cholera was raging at Mecca, and as many as five hundred a week were killed by that dreadful disease. It is strange that these people should [illegible] with reverence and affection a god who when they come do him honor should smite them with death; but there is no diminution of faith, no matter how many of the faithful die on the roadside on the way to or from this sacred city. As there are no proper accommodations for the multitudes who crowd to the shrine of Mecca, it follows that the sanitary condition is very unwholesome. It is a veritable nest of fevers and foul diseases, and yet the Mohammedan religion advocates temperance, abstinence from wines and liquor, and bodily cleanliness quite as much as does the Christian religion.

Through the Pyrenees.

And now another great tunnel is about to be commenced. Spain and Portugal have been isolated from the rest of the world by the Pyrenees. They are accessible by sea, but the mountain range puts a stoppage to the flow of travel and freight which would otherwise build up the commerce of the Iberian peninsula. It is now proposed to build a tunnel through these mountains midway between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. It will be one of the great engineering feats of the age, and will be of incalculable benefit to the Spanish people. That country, by the way, is regaining some of its old prestige. It is a beautiful land favored by nature, but the great riches found at the discovery of America probably sapped the high qualities of the Spanish people, and brought them to the low estate of the past century.

With Bands of Steel.

Within the past month a new through line has been opened between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The Texas Pacific road has been united with the Southern Pacific road eighty miles east of El Paso, and a passenger from San Francisco can now reach the east by a route untroubled by snow storms. The road runs south in California, then turns off into Arizona, across New Mexico to El Paso, where it meets what is known as the Gould system of roads, which running through Texas, brings the passenger or freight to any eastern city. We have now three transcontinental through lines, and the fourth, the Northern Pacific, will soon be completed. These railway connections settle the question that this Union can never be severed on any line running north and south. These new western connections are opening up millions of acres of land for settlement, and what perhaps is of more importance, are making the mineral regions of the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains get-at-able by those who wish to work them. The wealth of the country within the next few years will be very greatly increased by the development of its mineral resources.

How to be Generous.

Mr. Drexel, the well-known banker, is said to have expressed regrets at his inability to do any good for the poor. Charity degrades its recipient, and the great bulk of the money spent on the necessitous is worse than wasted, for it makes them paupers. There is a vast deal of misery in the world that can be alleviated; but it should be the work of relatives and friends, or should be given for self-supporting work. Educational gifts are rarely misapplied, and then the presentation to cities of public works to adorn them is a very useful way of spending money. The rich men of all our large cities are beginning to realize this, and are presenting statues, fountains and works of art to adorn the municipalities in which they have made their fortunes. A recent gift of this kind in New York was a fountain for Union Square. The donor was D. Willis James. It is well for rich people to purchase pictures and statues for their own private art galleries, but it is mean for them to keep these beautiful creations concealed. A thing of beauty is not only a joy forever, but it should be where it will give pleasure to all who care to see it. The custom of putting jardinières and beautiful ornaments in windows fronting on streets, is a commendable one, for it adds to the attractions of a large city, and gives tens of thousands of poor people a chance to see objects of luxury and art which cannot be viewed in any other way. Let the rich remember that in no way can they benefit the public more than by educating the masses not merely in schools but by noble architecture and works of art displayed in public places.

Wealth from Pills.

Holloway, the famous English pill vendor, is really making a worthy use of the enormous fortune he made out of the gullible British public, by charging them a shilling a box for a medicine that cost him less than a penny. He is building a splendid college for the higher education of women. It is to cost $1,250,000, and will accommodate three hundred and fifty students. He has also devoted the like sum for a great sanitarium which is intended for the relief of persons in the middle classes afflicted with mental diseases. People with nice tastes who cannot work are to be taken care of. In addition to the cost of the building, $1,000,000 has been set aside for an endowment. These benefactions recall that of Vassar, who made his money in selling poor beer, but who spent it nobly in endowing a college for young women in Poughkeepsie.

What Women are Doing.

Mrs. Erminie Smith has a new lecture on "America, the future Arena of Science," which she gave recently before "Sorosis," with great *éclat*.

Miss Helen Lenoir is the efficient manager of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience" in this country; she is a very bright, energetic, and able young woman.

Miss Dora B Robinson, one of the efficient officers of the Ladies' State Charities Aid Association, has been appointed Assistant Deputy Collector of Brooklyn; first time, etc.

Miss Jenny J. Young, author of "Ceramic Art," one of the best books ever written on that subject, is lecturing on Robert Burns, the "Muse of Coila," illustrated by vocal exercises, consisting of Burns's songs.

Mary E. Allen, M.D., a young Philadelphia Quakeress, and a graduate of the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, class of 1876, has been appointed resident physician of Vassar College, and Professor of Physiology and Hygiene.

The Sisters of St Augustine's, Kilburn, London, have opened a cheap, clean, well served, and liberally provided restaurant for working-men. The waitresses are the orphans whom this society adopts and educates.

Miss A. A Woodward. ("Auber Forestier"), has given her evening of "Music in Norway" before the New York, Boston, Brooklyn, and other clubs of women, to delighted audiences. Miss Woodward's enthusiasm for Northern music is as remarkable as her genius for Northern literature.

In School District No. 4, of Pomfret, N. Y., all the school officers this year are women. They are persons of character and influence in the district, and are known to take a deep interest in educational matters. It is in the country schools that the value of women's services as school authorities is to be tested and proved.

The Lectures to be delivered by lady lecturers at Newnham College, Cambridge, England, during the ensuing term, include courses on English Literature and Constitutional History, by Miss Crofts; on Æschylus' "Prometheus Vinctus," and "Euripides' "Hippolytus," by Miss Merrifield; on mathematical subjects, by Miss Harland and Miss Scott; on Chemistry, by Miss Cross; and on Zoology, by Miss Clarke.

A Female Military Company.—A military company, composed of twenty-one young ladies, rank and file, has been organized in this city, says the San Diego *Union*. The following are the officers: Miss Blanche Downs, Captain; Miss Bertie Bush, First Lieutenant; Mrs. Philo E. Beach, Second Lieutenant; Miss Fogg, First Sergeant; Miss Maxwell, Second Sergeant.

Mrs. Alice B. Schoonmaker's will disposed of property valued at $700,000. $10,000 is bequeathed to the Hospital for Crippled and Ruptured Children in New York City. $50,000 to found a similar hospital in Alleghany City, $5,000 to the Homœopathic Hospital, and $10,000 to found a children's department in the hospital—provided the institution gets out of debt. An only son receives $300,000, her husband $400,000, which is giving him considerably more than his "thirds."

Women Students.—The presence of women students at the University of California has, *The San Francisco Bulletin* says, contributed to establish a wholesome standard of conduct on the part of the young men. These young women have been among the cleverest students of the institution. They have carried off a large proportion of the prizes and honors, and they are working with great zeal.

The New York Training School for Nurses graduated seventeen students a short time ago most creditably. Two essays, one on the "Duties of a Nurse," and another on "Emergencies," were excellent; and showed careful, intelligent thought. The graduates now belong to the Association of Charity Hospital Trained Nurses, whose headquarters are at No. 106 West Thirty-fourth street. Here nurses are obtained by physicians and others, and the reign of the Mrs. Gamps may be considered to be at an end.

Miss Fay's interesting little book "Music Study in Germany," which so vividly paints conservatory life and the methods and manners of famous pianists and teachers, has attracted the attention of Franz Liszt, who has requested a German authoress to make a translation of it. Miss Fay is the sister of Mrs. Charles Pierce, whose "Co-operative Housekeeping" in the *Atlantic Monthly* attracted so much attention some years ago.

Mrs. A. B. Hathaway, of Chicago, says the *Woman's Journal*, is fast gaining a reputation as one of the ablest philosophical thinkers in America. Mr. Alcott, after hearing her speak once before the Chicago Philosophical Society, immediately invited her to appear before the Concord School of Philosophy, and says that she undoubtedly possesses the keenest mind in speculative philosophy in this country. Her address before the Concord School, August 12, was an admirable exposition of the system of Schopenhauer.

Young Women Journalists.—Two young ladies have done all the work on the Guadalupe, Cal., *Telegraph*. They have been writing the editorial articles and local reports, preparing the general news and miscellaneous reading matter, setting the type, making up the forms, lifting them from the stone to the press, doing the presswork on a No. 7 Washington hand press, and mailing and distributing the papers. This work usually required on the same paper a force of three men. The young ladies are said not to represent the muscular type of their sex, but to be gentle and fair to look upon.

A Plucky Woman.—Miss Lelia J. Robinson, a Boston woman, has hung out her shingle as a lawyer, in Pemberton Square, notwithstanding she was refused admission to the Suffolk bar, recently, by Chief Justice Gray. In the absence of permission to talk in the court-room, Miss Robinson has made an arrangement with a prominent gentleman of the green bag to conduct her cases in court, and thus circumvent the decision of the learned and honorable gentleman of the silk gown. Miss Robinson is a graduate of the Boston University Law School, having been No. 4 in a class of 32. Her backers are among the best lawyers in the city. Miss Robinson is also a graduate of journalism; and this fact alone is sufficient evidence of her ability to hold her own among gentlemen of the legal profession.

Silk Culture.—The Women's Silk Culture Association of Philadelphia proposes to hold a fair during the last week in January, 1882, at St. George's Hall in that city, for the purpose of exhibiting all that is now done in America in the manufacture of silk products, for clothing, decoration and the like, and all that is done, also, in the growth and preparation of the raw material. The prominent silk manufacturers of Paterson, Manchester, Conn., and other places have promised handsome exhibits, and the display of rich fabrics—brocades, plushes, satins, *satin merveilleux* and the like—will surprise many. Strawbridge & Clothier, of Philadelphia, offer premiums, to be distributed at the fair, amounting to five hundred dollars, to be awarded in sums of $300, $150, $100 and $50 each, for the best four grades of silk cocoons, in not less quantity than one full pound. Ladies' art associations are solicited to send exhibits of painting and embroidery on silk, of art decorative works of every description, that it may be seen exactly what the missing link is between these beautiful finished products, which are equal to any in the world, and the raw material, which is already successfully grown, and which can be made more important to the wealth of this country than any other single product, except wheat and cotton. The Philadelphia school has already sent eggs into twenty-one and trees into twenty-five different States. From the experimental processes with these beginnings have been produced raw silk, reeled in Philadelphia from cocoons sent to the association, which such authorities as Cheny Brothers, Mr. Wyckoff, of the Silk Association of New York, Mr. Jas. Booth, of Hamlin & Booth, of Paterson, and Mr. Louis Blodgett, of the Textile Association of Philadelphia, pronounce superior to the raw material brought from France and Italy. A young American engineer is now in Paris experimenting in machinery for reeling silk by electricity, and when this great motive power can be utilized to perform the hand labor, which in Europe is executed cheaply, but here adds so vastly to the cost of production, the one hiatus will be supplied necessary to the complete development of a profitable silk industry. The Philadelphia association is altogether managed and officered by women, Mrs. J. Lucas being its able and active president; and if it should succeed—and there is little doubt that it will—in establishing the culture of silk as an industry in the United States, it will have achieved a great work, and one that deserves special recognition.

Jersey.

(*See Steel Engraving.*)

OUR superb steel engraving, "Jersey," executed especially for this magazine, is after a painting by the eminent artist Edwin Douglas; and certainly anything more attractive it would be difficult to find.

A sweet young milkmaid is leading home her cows in the early evening, through "the lush grasses," enameled with daisies. Her dress simple, yet picturesque, is not without a touch of coquetry, as seen in the ribbon bow which ornaments the front of her daintily folded neckerchief, and the graceful cap which shades so becomingly her youthful and expressive face. Her features are replete with beauty and purity, and there is a simplicity and loveliness about her, as she walks through the daisied fields, which at once takes the heart captive. We can imagine her to be the fair girl of whom Tennyson wrote,

> "The flower she touched on, dipt and rose,
> And turned to look on her."

Beautiful as she is for a maiden, no less beautiful of their kind are the gentle animals she is leading. Here we have all the characteristics of these far-famed cows, which originally came from that island in the British Channel from which they derive their name. The smooth coat, soft and velvety in texture, and of a lovely fawn color, the short amber-colored crumpled horns; the small thin ears; and the large full placid eyes, almost human in their expression. Bland and gentle, they walk quietly beside their fair leader, the very embodiment of well-fed and well-behaved animals.

The setting sun lights up the distant horizon, and gleams upon the figures in the foreground, tinges the rugged trunks and overhanging boughs of the trees, and turns to brighter gold the crowns of the daisies. Two birds are seen clearly outlined against the darkness of a clump of trees, winging their flight to a shelter for the night.

To paint animals well requires especial study, long and laborious, and the fidelity with which these beautiful Jerseys are depicted shows that the painter has given that care to his subject which Paul Potter and other eminent artists did not disdain. In every particular the picture is highly effective, bringing before us a rural scene tranquil, yet full of light.

KITCHEN.

Cakes.

IF there is one thing more than another in this country that is stomach-destroying and dyspepsia-breeding, it is cake. "Candy?" Yes—but candy is not so universal as cake; it is not made so much a part of daily food and living; it is eaten under protest, and occasionally; while cake is an insidious element of every tea-table, of every lunch, of every supper-party, and is recklessly thrust down the throats of children whenever their perverted appetites demand it.

That the healthy and natural craving for food on the part of young children should be thus unnaturally and viciously stimulated is undoubtedly one of the great causes of the depraved condition of adult stomachs, and I feel a great deal of reluctance on this account to adding another chapter to the voluminous directions on this subject, which are given in every cook-book, and occupy so large a space in all private collections of receipts. But the subject of "Cake," as part of the household economy and a field for culinary skill, must be discussed some time or other; and the edge of the New Year, when, if at any time, cakes many and varied must be brought into requisition, seems as suitable as any; so with this partial excuse to conscience, let us see how they can be made least hurtful, gratifying to the palate.

But first let it be premised, that cake should be considered a dainty, suited to holidays, and "occasions," as abroad, but not for daily food.

There are plenty of delightful ways of making biscuits, graham and oatmeal crackers, and adding a relish to the ordinary tea, or lunch, without wandering into the domain of cake; unless an occasional exception is made in favor of good, plain ginger bread, or the simple ginger nuts, and then they will be found more healthful, and actually more palatable, if made with pure graham flour, only the yolk of one or more eggs (no whites), and with caraway seeds as an ingredient.

When cakes are reserved for family festivals and events, and their making considered an important exercise of culinary skill, much more care is expended upon them, and they are less likely to be hurtful than when hurriedly mixed up at the last moment on every "baking" day, and possibly eaten "hot and heavy" from the tin. Cake has its place; it is not necessary to deprive the world of sweets, but we do not need to live on them, and in a concentrated form, like cake or candy, we are better on the average without them. But if we are usually simple and healthful in our habits of eating, we can afford occasionally to indulge in a little luxury, and the consequences will be all the more harmless for the accuracy and thoroughness with which the dainty dish is compounded.

A German birthday, or company cake is made thus: One pound of sweet butter is placed in an earthen dish, and beaten to a cream; to this is added half a pound of sugar, half a pound of flour, half an ounce of cinnamon (in powder), four whole eggs, and the yolks of six others, a teaspoonful of salt, and a small cup of German, or what we call "baker's" yeast. When these are all thoroughly blended, begin to incorporate gradually, half a pint of cream, and enough more flour to make a batter thick enough to drop from a spoon. Probably another pound will be required. When the proper consistence is obtained, pour into a hollow and fluted mold, which has been previously prepared by sticking rows of split almonds closely round its buttered sides. Let it stand in this, and rise gently in a warm place until it reaches the top of the mold, then bake in a moderate oven, until of a golden brown color. When turned out of the mold it should be covered with cinnamon sugar.

"Kaffee Kuchen," or coffee cake, eaten with afternoon coffee, which is always served at four o'clock in Germany, is made of bread dough into which a little butter, sugar, and the yolks of two eggs are worked. When well mixed it is put into a round fluted tin, and after it has risen to a honey-comb lightness, baked a light brown. It is eaten while fresh, crisp, and without butter.

In England it was customary formerly, and is probably yet in old-fashioned families, to have a large "seed" or luncheon cake made at Christmas, to be placed on the sideboard with a Stilton or piece of "Cheshire" cheese, and a slice of both offered to every one who called between Christmas and New Year's, or until after New Year's day. This was the formula: Into a "quartern" of light bread dough was worked most carefully half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, four or more eggs, half an ounce of sifted caraway seeds, some grated lemon and orange peel, and a teaspoon of salt. When these ingredients were carefully mixed—and it was at the option of the cook to add currants or chopped raisins (floured) to the list—the dough was worked over, put into the molds, and left to rise a second time. Care must be taken not to let it get so light as to become sour before it is baked. It keeps good a week by being kept in a japanned box.

Our old Knickerbocker ancestors had a fashion of the same kind, only instead of a seed cake they used doughnuts washed down with mugs of cider. Here is a good old receipt: Stir into one pint of warm milk a small teacup of sweet butter, a teaspoonful of salt, a teacup of baker's yeast, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. When it has risen, work in two cups of sugar (granulated), four well beaten eggs, and a whole nutmeg grated. Mix well, add flour to make a soft dough, let it rise again until it is very light. Then take it up in the hollow half of a spoon, press into round shapes, and drop into boiling lard. Turn them, and

take them out upon a large platter with a skimmer, and cover while hot with powdered (cinnamon if liked) sugar.

Afternoon receptions and "teas" have popularized a number of little cakes, half cake half confection, of which the following is an example; they are called "brides' maccaroons." Stir near the fire until very dry two pounds of white powdered sugar, have ready two ounces of fresh orange blossoms carefully taken from their stems. Cut them into minute shreds into the sugar with a small, sharp pair of scissors. See that they are covered with it or they will become discolored. When they are ready add the beaten whites of nine eggs, and a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Whisk the whole together till it looks like a heap of snow, then drop the mixture on buttered white paper, and bake or rather harden in a very cool oven. Violets may be used in this way.

Very nice little reception cakes are made by blending smoothly half a pound of sweet butter with three-quarters of granulated sugar, two eggs, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, and one pound of flour. If more moisture is needed, add a tablespoonful of cream, but not milk; milk is very apt to make cakes heavy; boiled down cider or water is better than milk. The flour should be what is called self-raising; if it is not, put into it dry, and well mix with it a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half of carbonate of soda, or a dessertspoonful of Horsford's baking powder. A great variety can be given to these little cakes by putting a few dried currants into one third, caraway seeds into another, and leaving the third as plain lemon cakes. They should be dropped with a teaspoon on white buttered paper, and baked fifteen minutes.

Delicious little cream biscuits for afternoon tea are made by mixing self-raising flour with cream, which roll into a thin, smooth paste, prick, cut, and bake immediately. They should be kept dry in a close tin box. If the flour is not self-raising, salt it lightly, and mix with it a dessertspoonful of baking powder.

"Snowdon" cake, made by a genuine Scotch receipt, is a great favorite with some Scotch-American families. Beat to a cream half a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar, the whites of six eggs, half a teacup of cream, and one pound of Bermuda arrowroot. Add the beaten yolks of two of the eggs, and a very little salt. Bake in a mold one hour or more.

There was a plum cake which made its appearance at our house at stated intervals which greatly rejoiced the hearts of the children. It was composed thus: One pound of butter was beaten to a cream with one pound and a half of sugar, into which was grated the rind of two lemons, an orange, and one whole nutmeg. Six eggs beaten to a froth were poured into the middle of a pound or more of fine flour, previously mixed with a dessertspoonful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt, and with which had been also incorporated a pound of clean and dried currants, three-quarters of stoned and cut raisins, and some finely shredded candied lemon peel. Flour and fruit raised a wall about the sea of eggs and flavoring, to which was gradually added half a pint of cream, and the creamed butter and sugar. Then the skillful manipulation with a wooden spatula, in which every one took a turn, began, and continued until a thick fruity batter was produced. If not quite stiff enough more flour must be added, but this requires care and judgment. Then the baking process was watched with anxious eyes, and many were the tests with broom splinters before the final fiat was pronounced, and the "plum cake" borne off in triumph to be iced and decorated.

Our "soda" cake, made in "half a minute" if any one dropped in to tea, was not so bad. It was made with one large cup of sugar, one egg, piece of butter size of an egg, teaspoonful of essence of lemon, half a teacup of milk, a few cleaned and dried currants, and two large cups of flour previously prepared with a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one of carbonate of soda. Everything was in the thorough blending of these materials with the flour, the quick mixing, and baking.

"Black" New-Year's cake was made a week beforehand this wise. A pound and a half of butter was blended with two pounds of granulated sugar, and a half a pint of New Orleans molasses. Into this was incorporated the beaten yolks of twelve eggs, two ounces of mixed spice, cinnamon, cloves, and mace, two nutmegs, half a pound of chipped candied peel, lemon, orange and citron, four pounds of cleaned and dried currants, four of stoned and cut raisins, one of cut candied cherries, half a pint of pickled fruit syrup or boiled down cider, and self-raising flour enough to make the whole hang together. If the flour is not "prepared," add baking powder to it (dessert spoonful heaping), before putting it in. The whites of the eggs should be beaten separately, and added the last thing. About one pound and a quarter of flour will be required. It should bake from two to three hours in an even but moderate oven, and not be disturbed on any account.

Hickory nut cake has the merit of being almost as indigestible as "black" cake. We used to make it (we do not any more) with two coffee cups of granulated sugar beaten to a cream with three-quarters of a cup of butter, the yolks of five eggs, almond flavoring, a little salt, half a cup of cream, and two teaspoonfuls of yeast-powder put into three cups of flour. The batter should be very stiff when mixed; and then is added a pint of blanched hickory nut meats, split, and lastly, the beaten whites of the eggs. It should bake two hours.

"Orange" cake is a favorite birthday cake with some children, and as it is not so rich or expensive as plum cake, and is very nice, it may be worth giving. For the layers make an ordinary cup cake of one of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, and the yolks of five eggs. Prepare the flour with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, a little salt, and one of soda. Bake this in thin layers as for jelly cake, flavoring with extract of orange and lemon, one teaspoonful each. For the filling, beat the whites of the eggs with a pound of powdered sugar, the grated rind, the juice, and pulps of three large oranges and one lemon. Spread this between the layers, and also cover the top with it. Use more sugar if needed, to harden.

A good chocolate cake is made by beating half a pound of sugar with a quarter of a pound of butter, adding three eggs, and a small cup of milk. Sift a tablespoonful of baking powder with the flour, and bake in layers like the preceding, or as for jelly cake. Make an icing of half a pound of grated sweet chocolate, half a pound of powdered sugar, and the whites of four eggs. Spread between, and smoothly over top, set it in the oven to harden.

It is no use to suppose that cakes will not continue to be made. So long as that bright meal "tea" lasts, and friends are invited to partake of it, cake in this country will be an institution; and when tea disappears, as it has done practically, as a meal, in our large cities, ladies will transfer it to lunch, and use it as a part of the dessert, with ice cream, or fruit. For the tea-table there is no cake more delicate, or more universally liked, than almond cake, but it should be made carefully, and of the best materials. Take a whole cup of sweet butter, two large cups of granulated sugar and beat them to a cream. Add to the mixture the beaten yolks of five eggs, two heaping teaspoonfuls of Horsford's baking powder, one cup of cream or rich milk, a little salt, and flour to make a thick batter. To this add a cup of stoned and cut raisins, floured; a cup of blanched and chopped almonds, and half a cup of citron chipped very thin. This quantity will make one very large or two medium sized cakes, and they are better made and baked at least one day in advance. But they should be kept cool and dry.

Here are cakes enough to ruin the digestion of an army, yet what a vast number of popular "mountains," "coffee," "spice," "golden," "silver," "almond," "pound," "jelly," "cream," "white," "lady," "sponge," and other cakes rise up, an infinite host, the subject being practically inexhaustible.

American women beat the world in cake-making. When they are equally proficient in soups and meats, they will be the finest cooks in the world.

Cure for Chilblains.—Carbonate of potassium, three drachms; rose water one pound. Dissolve and filter.

A Cure for Warts.—Dissolve as much washing soda as the water will take up, wash the warts in it and let them dry without wiping. In three weeks they will all disappear.

For Chapped Hands.—Spermaceti one and one half ounces; white wax one half ounce. Scrape the wax into an earthen vessel and add powdered camphor six drachms. Pour on the whole, best olive oil four tablespoonfuls; let it stand before the fire until all is dissolved, and then stir well. After washing the hands, rub on some of the mixture, and also some before going to bed.

Scientific.

No dark Rooms.—Light is a most important agent in maintaining the human body in health.

Eight measures of bran with one of powdered quicklime make an excellent packing for eggs in transport.

The application of powdered pine-wood charcoal to burns and scalds has been recommended by a foundry workman as giving speedy relief and cure.

To clean gold ornaments, wash in warm soap and water with a clean brush, and dry with wash-leather.

It is necessary, to prevent butter tasting of turnips, that the cream, before being placed in the churn, should stand in a room with a fire and be raised to the temperature of 65 degrees Fahr.

Dry salt is often recommended as a good preservative packing for stored eggs, but practical experience has shown that salt alone is but little better than dry bran, especially if stored in a damp place or exposed to humid air.

To prevent bruising, apples intended for the cider-press should always be hand-picked. After sweating, each apple should be wiped dry, examined, and any damaged or decayed fruit thrown out and used for making vinegar cider. In the pulping operation the seed is often crushed, and is apt to taint the juice; hence it is always better to core the apples before grinding them, as the cider will not only taste and look better, but keep better.

By coating over the surface of glass mirrors with glycerine, their clouding by the accumulation of condensed water vapor will be prevented for a considerable time. The attraction of the glycerine is so great for the water as to absorb the latter as fast as deposited. This hint may prove of great use to dentists, who are frequently troubled by the clouding of mouth-mirrors, and it may also be of value to those who are compelled to shave themselves in chilly apartments.

Eggs (to preserve).—Three gallons of water, two pounds of salt, one ounce of saltpetre, boil together for ten minutes, when new milk warm add nine tablespoonfuls of fresh quicklime powdered; stir well every day for nine days. The eggs must be put in one by one with the hand. An earthenware vessel is the best receptacle.—*Field.*

Improvement in the Manufacture of Lace.—The most recent improvement in the production of lace is the introduction of shaded tints in the flowers and patterns, giving them the relief of a picture. This effect is produced by varying the application of the two stitches used in making the flowers, the "toile" which forms the cloth tissue, and the "grille" employed in the more open part of the pattern. The system is so successfully applied to the laces of France that it has been adopted with the greatest success.—*Textile Manufacturer.*

Whooping-Cough.—Medical opinion seems to be generally unanimous as regards the efficacy of the carbolic acid treatment in whooping-cough. Dr. R. J. Banning has been in the habit of using it for some time with very good results. A few drops evaporated upon a hot shovel in the bedroom upon going to bed will generally prevent any severe attack during the night. He has also found the administration in the ordinary doses of croton chloral extremely beneficial. Mr. J. R. Clouting, M. R. C. S. E., considers carbolic inhalations the most successful mode of dealing with the disease which he has employed during the ten years he has been in practice.

Food for Infants.—The French commissioners on the Hygiene of Infancy, in awarding the prize in a competition of essayists, report that the conclusions generally arrived at lead to the following recommendation.—No child should be reared on artificial food when the mother can suckle it; but such food is preferable to placing the child with a wet nurse poorly remunerated and living at her own home. For successfully bringing up an infant by hand, the best milk is that of a cow that has recently calved, or similarly of a goat, to which should be added during the first week a half part of water, and subsequently a fourth or less, according to the digestive powers of the child. Glass or earthenware alone should be used; no vulcanized india-rubber mouthpieces or vessels containing lead ought to be employed.

Paper for Dishes.—The latest application of paper is said to be the adoption of paper plates by some of the great restaurants and cafés in Berlin. The innovation was first introduced during the summer of last year by the enterprising landlord of a much-frequented open-air restaurant. Every customer who ordered bread and butter, rolls, cakes, buns, or similar articles had them served to him upon a little paper plate, made of a light papier-mâché, adorned with a pretty border in relief, and having at the first glance a great similarity to porcelain. Guests, waiters, and host were all pleased with the novelty; it saved the waiters many a deduction from their wages on account of breakages, which the deftest and cleverest can scarcely avoid when he handles hundreds of pieces of crockery during a single afternoon and evening. The paper plates were so cheap that the landlord did not care to assert his ownership over them, and his customers were allowed to carry them away.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

It is easier to live down a lie than to talk it down.

It does not follow that you are humble because you are always talking against pride.

Take care of your habits, and your health will take care of itself.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which one wishes one had done when dying.

No man ought to complain if the world measures him as he measures others. To measure one with his own yard-stick may be hard, but it is fair.

Difficulties are always mountains till we meet them and mole-hills when we have passed them.

Advice is like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Commending a right thing is a cheap substitute for doing it, and with this we are too apt to satisfy ourselves.

Self-love is at once the most delicate and the most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but nothing on earth will kill it.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act uncivilly—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

Sorrows are often like clouds, which, though black when they are passing over us, when they are past become as if they were the garments of God, thrown off in purple and gold along the sky.

The Difference.

The pure Christ knowing all our deeds,
A pardon holds for all men living;
The man who most forgiveness needs
Is of all men most unforgiving.

Mrs. E. V. W.

SPICE BOX

Cheerfulness is the bravery of wisdom.

The smaller the caliber of mind the greater the bore of a perpetually open mouth.—*Holmes.*

When a man has no mind of his own, he should marry a woman who will give him a piece of hers.

A homely young girl has the consolation of knowing that, if she lives to be forty, she will be a pretty old girl.

I wish it was customary to publish the causes of marriage, as it is of deaths.—*The Married.*

A good suggestion is like the crying baby at a public meeting; it ought to be carried out.

A little child was addressed by a gentleman the other day. "How old are you, my dear?" he asked. "Old!" said the child indignantly. "I'm not old at all. I'm quite young!"

Everybody is happy when times are prosperous but the pawnbroker and his wife.

There are some things which human nature cannot endure with anything like equanimity. No matter to how many churches a man belongs, when he sits down on a tack he always thinks the swear he may not utter.

Men find all sorts of reasons for not becoming religious, but there are none of them equal to that of the boy who didn't want to be born again for fear of being born a girl.

A Scotch clergyman, while discoursing on the petition of Dives that Lazarus would dip his fingers in water and cool his tongue, spoke of it as "this apparently reasonable, but, under the circumstances, totally inadmissible, request."

"I wish I were you about two hours," she said to her husband with great tenderness. "And why, my dear?" he asked. "Because," she said, toying affectionately with his watch chain, "because then I would remark: 'Dear, here is a check for you, and hereafter you will receive the same amount every month, to do as you please with.'" He looked puzzled.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE
THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

Review of Fashions.

IN the midst of diversity, greater than ever has been known, in the materials and styles of dress, there are some ideas that have found general acceptance, and give a tone of similarity to costume, especially that which is worn upon the street. Cloaks are long, bonnets are large; thus the minor details are less conspicuous, and the result more uniform in appearance than in reality. The large beaver and plush bonnets, with their panache of feathers and projecting brims, are quite a new departure from the small almost brimless bonnets that have been worn so long, and are unexpectedly becoming, as well as full of character. To women of a somewhat pronounced type, who are verging upon middle age, they are a boon, softening the harsh lines, and shading the coarser color into gentleness and refinement. Many ladies who have been vulgarized during the past few years, by the bold outlines of a tilting hat or bonnet which brutally exposed the face, have been made almost beautiful by the protecting shade of a soft, black poke, and its clustering plumes of black or mastic feathers.

The long black brocade cloaks, too, are very rich and distinguished looking; they conceal the possible shortcomings of the toilet, while the gold or crimson shades of the plush lining furnish all that is needed in the way of suggestion of color for street dress. Nothing can be finer indeed than these wintry costumes in contrast with the snow; and the few hours or days in which it remains unsullied in city streets makes one know how much more effective winter dress can be rendered in the country, where the snow remains to furnish the high lights in which dark furs and fabrics come out into strong relief.

A fact worth noting in regard to the general aspect of the dress question is this—that the increasing resources do not develop a more fanciful, but a more practical style of dress, and an individual independence which is very promising for the future. The dress question, even for women of society and wealth, has its strong practical side, and they are as much bound by its limitations as the daily worker for bread. No intelligent woman nowadays can call her time her own. The superintendence of her household, social necessities, church affiliations, committee meetings, and charitable work leave little time for the cultivation of purely personal tastes, whether they take the form of visiting, reading, or dressing. Short days hold so little of available time that when she rises she must dress for going out, and the costume that she selects must be adapted, or at least must be put to a variety of uses. A little shopping, a meeting of the board of something or other, a necessary call, an art opening, and an afternoon reception in a fashionable quarter, may easily face the woman of society as she leaves her home, at perhaps ten o'clock in the morning, and surely the hours of daylight are little enough in which to get through the list. Her dress must not therefore stand in her way; it must be short, dark, simple, and inconspicuous; and she congratulates herself that the informality of afternoon receptions and the independent modes render it possible for her to fulfill social duties without neglecting other interests.

Foreign visitors are surprised at the practical matter-of-fact appearance which American ladies present at day entertainments, for which many fanciful designs, in the way of "gowns" and the like, are constructed; but the majority of American women have taken a new departure of late years in interesting themselves actively in educational, philanthropic, and business affairs, and their dress must of necessity conform to it. Nevertheless there is some beautiful dressing for the ball-room, and some that would be beautiful if it was more modest, and much that combines whatever is most rare and costly. It is discouraging to see that while the sense and intelligence of women abroad work toward the condemnation of the traditional "low-neck," and hold up the women of this country as patterns of good taste for their avoidance of this method of exposure, a certain class here, whose vanity is a stronger incentive than modesty, out-Herod Herod in their adoption of a *decolleté* style which affords only the barest line of connection between the skirt and the waist, and gets rid of the sleeve altogether. The number of these is small compared with those who adhere to the high bodice, or who go no farther than to cut a dressy corsage square or V-shaped. But they are usually the most striking and conspicuous objects in an assemblage, and they get talked about in such a way as to make them representative of the majority of fashionable women.

Pale amber is a noticeable feature of the season. Charming toilets are made of it, and trimmed with white lace—real old needle-point, or the modern excellent imitation. Amber beads and amber combs are also very much desired, and very much admired as ornaments with dresses of bronze, green, or amber satin, or dark wine-colored velvet.

Illustrated Designs.

AMONG our illustrated designs for the present month we call attention to the "Carmen" toilet, as a charming compromise with the low-neck, for evening wear, and one that will be found very pretty and becoming. A bare neck is not beautiful, even if the neck itself is lovely; for the exposure of so much uncovered flesh is disagreeable to the refined and artistic eye, and it is so strongly condemned by gentlemanly men, that it is surprising that any woman, or any young girl, will lay herself open to the remarks they make in regard to such a mode. The "Carmen" has a pretty, well-defined pointed bodice, cut square at the neck, which is filled in with thin tulle, lace, or very fine muslin, and shirred at the throat; where it is additionally edged with Valenciennes, Duchesse, or some fine trimming lace, like that which surrounds the bodice of the dress. The design is especially adapted to the soft makes of silk, such as satin Surah, satin brocade, *satin merveilleux*, or satin Rhadames, and in wool to fine cashmere, nun's-veiling, grenadine, or the like. It is made up on a lining, therefore does not require an extravagant amount of material, seventeen yards for a medium-sized young lady, including plaitings, and puffs. The back is a princesse, with two puffs arranged as drapery over the lower flounces.

The "Mirville" cloak is a quite new design which adapts itself to different classes of fabrics, and loses little in effect by not being made in the most costly, provided the shade of color is dark enough. It looks almost equally well in velvet or satin brocade, embossed plush, satin Rhadames, or soft, dark velvet beaver, with plush or fur border. Made of rich silk it should have a handsome plush lining. Made in the cloth mentioned, lining is not necessary, only an interior facing of satin. The sash is a great addition to silk, but is unnecessary, if the cloak is made of cloth; although it may be retained if preferred.

A pretty and seasonable novelty will be found in the "Lotta" muff, which is at once muff and reticule combined. The clasp shows where the pointed flap falls over the pocket, which is sufficiently large for purse, handkerchief and other small articles. These useful little articles, which are muff, bag, and reticule all in one, require only a yard and a half of material—three-quarters for outside, three-quarters for lining, and may be made to match any dress.

The "Genevieve" train is a design for a dinner or reception dress in two materials—plain satin and satin brocade, *moire* and satin, satin and velvet, or any other preferred, one of which, however, must be solid. The front forms a kilted apron terminating in a shirred puff, over a kilted flounce. Side paniers are set into the belt; and long, leaf-shaped draperies fall over the round, demi-train, which is finished with a thick notched ruche.

The "Zerela," or "Lisita" basque, may be made with this trained skirt, which requires a good deal of material to make as illustrated, and must therefore not be selected by any lady who has only what is technically known as a "scant" pattern. The "Lisita" basque is very effective, is best made in two materials, and is a special boon to ladies with thin and flat chests, as the plastron gives the appearance of fullness, and outlined with black or white lace, or beaded passementerie, is very dressy. Two yards and three-quarters of silk, or any other fabric, twenty-four inches wide, is required for it, and three-quarters same width, for the plastron and sash; or the sash may be of ribbon. Five yards of lace will trim it.

The "Zerela" should only be employed by tall, slender figures, the fullness over the bust and the hip plaitings adding to the apparent size. It is a very effective basque, however, for a combination dress, and for a slender, rather angular figure, that requires elaboration in costuming to give it roundness and proportion. It may be made in two or more materials, as illustrated, with three yards and three-quarters of figured, two and a half of plain material, and three-quarters of velvet, all not more than twenty-four inches wide.

The "Floreska" polonaise is a simple, graceful style, which will be found available for spring. Its pointed apron, leaf-shaped draperies, and small paniers which only form a sort of broad sash over the hips, and give an excuse for the stylish bow at the back, are likely to appear, more or less, throughout the coming year, and are well adapted to simple materials. The "Rosine" sleeve shows a novelty in its double spring cuff, turned up on the arm, and over, so as to display the lining, which should be of satin and contrasting in color.

There is no decided departure this season from the modes of last winter, there are only differences of detail, which require to be studied, for they make a considerable change in the general effect. When a revolutionary process takes place from small bonnets to large ones, from short cloaks to long ones, and in others to something totally dissimilar to what has been, it takes time to adjust ideas to the new order; and so in fashion, perfection in new styles is not always achieved at once. Improvements are made which are very desirable, but do not show for much to those who are not accustomed to the study or detail in fashion and design.

Carmen Toilet.—Unique in style and dressy in effect, this design, although elaborate in arrangement, is not difficult to reproduce. It is composed of a tight-fitting bodice, cut low and square, disclosing a shirred *guimpe* around the neck, with short shoulder straps, instead of sleeves; and shirred side *paniers* joined to the bottom of the pointed basque on the front and sides, while the back, in princess style, forms two Camargo puffs over a short gored skirt, which clears the ground all around, and is trimmed with a deep plaiting on the bottom, and a deep, sagging puff and ruffle across the front. This model is especially desirable for dressy fabrics and evening wear, and can be trimmed, as illustrated, with lace ruffles and ribbons, or with some other garniture suitable to the material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Evening Dresses.

THE feature of evening toilets is their color and variety. Instead of the all white or all black of past seasons, we have soft pinks, clear blues, coral reds, chocolate combined with old gold, and canary color with deep crimson. The contrasts are most startling, and the association of three and four fabrics, or shades of color (when the robe is of one color only), not at all unusual. There are also most violent transitions; while some dresses cannot sufficiently crowd trimming, others are very simple—in fact, evening toilets, above all things, aspire to character of some kind; they must be one thing or another; quaint and picturesque in their simplicity, or very elaborate in design and rich in color and material.

When white is used it consists of rich satin, or brocade, almost covered with lace or expensive pearl and white jet embroidery. Fronts of white and tinted satin dresses are entirely covered, and cost one hundred and fifty dollars and upward for the single breadth alone, without anything of materials or trimming for the rest of the dress. Often the train is made of *moiré antique*, paneled at the sides with long *jabots* of wide Spanish point lace, and the basque bodice of satin richly trimmed with beaded embroidery and lace. Such a dress is considered cheap at three or four hundred dollars.

Black and dark dresses of satin and brocade, satin and velvet, or satin, velvet, and *moiré antique*, are enriched with wonderful combinations in beaded embroideries in shades of ruby, bronze, amber, and pale gold. Some of these are solid masses of rich bead-work, and have the effect of encrusted gems; other designs are cut out, and show the color of the fabric between leaf and flower and stalk.

Some very handsome brocades, on the contrary, have been made up without any trimming or any contrast in color—with long plain skirts laid in a triple box-plait, or what is called a "princess" fold, a wide belt across the front of the bodice, and small "leg-of-mutton" sleeves.

Complete princess dresses are made of bronze satin, with gathered plush fronts, and outline border of ruby, bronze, and amber embroidery upon the satin. The sleeves are formed of two large puffs of satin, one at the top, the other over the elbow, divided by a broad band, and completed by deep cuffs of the plush. The proper finish for this dress is a deep collar, and cuffs of old lace, and of course it should only be worn by a matron.

Young ladies still wear soft materials very much shirred and cut short—the latest notion being to gather the drapery on the hips and use narrow kilting, or alternate rufflings and plaitings for the front. Among our illustrations is a pretty evening toilet for a young lady, the "Carmen." Fine cashmere in pale blue, pink, or ivory white, is very much admired, and very much used by the most refined persons for the evening dresses of young ladies. They are trimmed with satin, and satin ribbon, and lace, and are most appropriate for girls who are on the edge of womanhood, yet not quite entitled to its honors, privileges, or pains. *Satin merveilleux* and satin brocade in delicate tints, trimmed with white lace, are suitable materials for girls who are "out," but they should be made short, and not too showily. Daintiness is the most charming, as well as most fitting quality for a young girl's dress.

Zerela Basque.

THIS stylish figure illustrates a front view of the "Zerela" basque, reproduced in brocaded satin of that shade of garnet known as dregs of wine. The basque forms a plaited postilion at the back, sloping sharply down to a point in front, being lengthened to the required depth by a graduated plaiting of plain satin of the same color, above which is a pointed *revers* of wine-colored velvet. Plaited satin drapery, shirred at the shoulders, is arranged in surplice fashion on the front of the basque, and fastened at the waist by looped bows of *moiré* ribbon of the same color. The sleeves are ornamented with a shirred puff of satin below the elbow, and a velvet cuff to match the *revers* on the basque. The rolling collar is of velvet, with a *moiré* ribbon bow in front, and ruffles of white Mauresque lace finish the neck and sleeves. The rest of the costume is of the same materials, with corresponding arrangement of trimming. The basque is illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Lisita Basque.

BUST MEASURE, 38 INCHES.

THIS model, the *pattern for which will be found in this number*, is especially adapted to dressy wear and rich fabrics, although simple in design. The basque is tight fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The back forms a plaited postilion, and a shirred *plastron* ornaments the front, which is cut quite short and pointed and finished with an "Anne of Austria" sash and bow. The neck is cut square, but high, and is to be finished with lace ruffles like the elbow sleeves, or some other suitable garniture in accordance to the material of the basque. This design is suitable for any class of dress goods, and is most effective in combination, as illustrated. The front view is shown on the full-page engraving in combination with the "Genevieve" train. Half of the pattern is given, consisting of eight pieces—front, side gore, side form, back, sash, *plastron*, and two sides of the sleeve.

The parts are to be joined according to the notches. The darts in the front are to be basted and fitted to the figure before they are cut off. The extension on the front edge of the back piece is to be laid, according to the holes, in a plait to be turned toward the back on the inside. The extension on the back edge of the back piece is to be laid, according to the holes, in two plaits to be turned toward the front on the inside, so that when the plaits are laid on the corresponding piece they together will form a double box-plait on the inside. The *plastron* is to be shirred at the lower end by rows of gathers half an inch apart, the upper row to be in a line with the lowest row of holes in the *plastron*, and the others below. The *plastron* is to be shirred above this by three rows of gathers in a cluster, the middle row to be in a line with the upper row of holes in the *plastron*, and the others at the distance of half an inch upon either side of it. All the gathers are to be drawn in to fit between the row of holes and the front edge of the basque, the middle row of gathers in the second cluster to be in a line with the crosswise row of holes in the front. The upper edge of the *plastron* is to be shirred by two rows of gathers, one on the edge, and the other half an inch below, and drawn in to fit the upper edge of the front piece as far back as the row of holes. The sash is to be laid, according to the holes, in a plait to be turned upward on the outside, and the back edge joined in the side seam of the basque, according to the notches. The sash is to be placed on the lower part of the front and side gore, with its lower edge in a line with the bottom of the basque, and finished with a bow and ends in front, as illustrated. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed at the shoulder seam.

Cut the fronts lengthwise of the goods on their front edges, and curve them in a little at the waist line in fitting, if necessary. Cut the side gores, side forms and back pieces with the grain of the goods in an exact line with the waist line. Cut the *plastron* with the front edge of the pattern placed on a lengthwise fold of the goods, to avoid a seam down the middle of the front; the sash lengthwise, and the sleeves so that the parts above the elbows shall be the straight way of the goods.

For this size, two yards and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three-quarters of a yard of contrasting material, of the same width, for the *plastron* and sash, will be required. Five yards of lace will be sufficient to trim as illustrated. Patterns in smaller and larger sizes. Price twenty-five cents each.

The Winter Bonnet.

THE winter bonnet is large, there is no mistaking that, nor the fact that it is very much more becoming to many faces than the small ones. There is one fact in regard to the small bonnets that is not fully appreciated; it is that they not only expose the wearers to neuralgia, but create a roughness and discoloration of the complexion, which cannot be gotten rid of. The brown and roughened aspect of the Turks and Armenians is greatly chargeable to the wearing of the fez, which exposes the face so fully; and ladies therefore who wish to preserve a fine, clear skin, or those who show traces of age and wear and tear, should rejoice in the revival of a bonnet which is at once protective and picturesque, not merely hideous, as some large bonnets have been in times past.

Doubtless the soft furry materials of which they are constructed—the beavers, the plushes, and the feathery felts—have something to do with the charm of the large bonnets of to-day; for their depths hold light as well as shadow, and soften the harshest lines; but there is still more in the fact that they take away the bold, hard, prononcé appearance which some faces have when pushed out of a small, tilting, snappy, or meek bonnet, which gives the impression of being totally inadequate to the task it has undertaken.

Small bonnets have their uses, however; they are suitable for theater, concert, or afternoon reception purposes. On these occasions it is a barbarism to wear a bonnet that interferes with another person's point of vision, and which is evidently designed for the street. The small bonnet is also more suitable for these purposes, because it can be made more ornamental and of more dressy materials than a large one. The small bonnets at the present time are mere head-dresses—the foundation is covered with colored beads embroidered in patterns, or with white jet and downy feathers, or with lace, satin, and flowers. They are the dainty crown to a costume, not the serviceable protector from wind and storm.

The newest hats are shaped something like a flour shovel, but they are not unbecoming to fresh faces; they are an improvement on the wide brims always turned up at just such an ungraceful angle.

The advent of the large hats and bonnets has made feathers almost exclusively the trimming of the season, flowers being reserved for the ornamentation of ball dresses and the "dress" bonnets already referred to. Ostrich plumes and ostrich feathers are always distinguished, and should not be mixed with less handsome objects, or with those that are inferior in character.

A novelty in bonnets has a puffed crown of shaded velvet, chenille, or plush, and a shirred brim in a solid color. These are usually trimmed with smooth pheasants' breasts or wings, held by a smooth clasp of polished metal. A great convenience of the beaver and large furred edge felts is that they can be used as hats or bonnets.

American Silks.

THE progress of American silk manufacture has acquired new interest in view of the efforts now being made to establish silk culture as an industrial interest in this country. Millions of dollars have been sent abroad to France, Italy, and elsewhere, not only for the manufactured fabric but for the raw material, out of which our manufacturers make silks as fine and more durable than those brought from abroad. The results of their efforts to improve upon the early promise of their work is seen now in the production of an almost infinite variety of choice colors and fabrics, which not so long ago, it was supposed, must long continue the exclusive property of European producers. Satin de Lyon, satin brocade, satin merveilleux, satin Rhadames, and other comparatively novel fabrics are sent out from our own mills in as rich and attractive styles as from the looms of France. Our manufacturers are, however, handicapped by the want of raw material, and the necessity for depending mainly for supplies upon distant countries. Was raw silk a home production it would reduce greatly the cost to the buyer of the American manufactured article; it is therefore of importance to all that this industry should be cultivated.

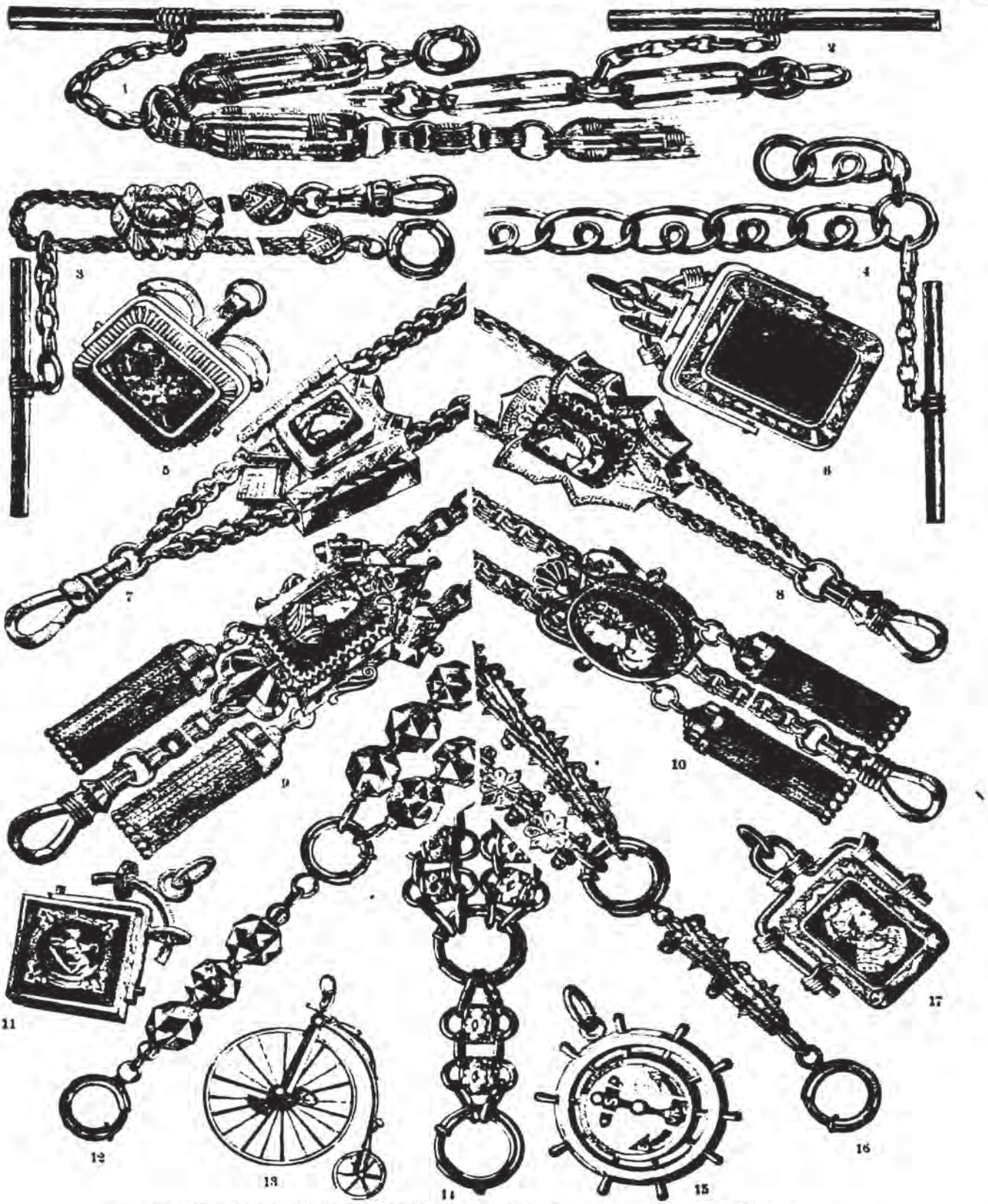
Philadelphia has taken the lead in forming an association the object of which is the cultivation of the silk interest in this country. Toward the close of this month it will hold a fair, and exhibit the results of its work, and the evidences of the fitness of twenty-four out of thirty-six States to become centers of silk growth and cultivation. Manufacturers will contribute specimens of their fabrics to this novel silk exposition, and ladies' art societies the decorative work for which American silk has been as the basis. It is heartily to be hoped that the cultivation of the tree, the worm, and the formation of the cocoon, will be taken up largely by women, for it is an industry that can be pursued at home, and which is sure of compensation.

Mirville Cloak.

FIG. 1.—Illustrates a back view of the "Mirville" cloak. This elegant wrap is of black velvet brocade, with raised flowers of velvet upon a satin ground. The sleeves are wide and square, and black double chenille fringe, forming two rows, trims the cloak around the neck, sleeves, and lower edges. The sashes are of black watered silk, one tied in a large bow just below the waist at the back, and the other coming from under the sleeves, and each falling in two ends gathered and finished with a *passementerie* ornament of jet and chenille. The rest of the costume is of black *satin merveilleux*, and the poke bonnet is of black plush, with ribbon bow and strings tied under the chin, of cream tinted *moiré* ribbon. A feather, shading cream and pink and olive, is arranged at the right side. The cloak is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

FIG. 2.—This stylish figure represents a front view of the "Mirville" cloak. The cloak is made up in dark brown *satin merveilleux*, lined with brown and red striped plush, and handsomely trimmed with furrowed or plowed plush, shaded in tints of brown. The sashes are made of brown *moiré antique*, the side sashes being finished with brown silk plush *pendeloques*. Brown fur felt hat, with broad brim drooping at the right side and slightly raised at the left, and trimmed with a long Amazon ostrich plume in shaded brown, and a *moire* scarf. The muff is of the plowed plush, trimmed with a bow of brown watered silk ribbon, and lined with striped plush. The design is the "Lotta" muff, the separate illustration and description of which is given elsewhere. Price of muff pattern, fifteen cents. For prices and sizes of the cloak pattern, see previous description.

PEARLS are still the most popular jewels worn.



WATCH-CHAINS, NECKLACES, etc.—Actual Sizes.

No. 1.—This handsome vest chain or gentleman's watch guard of "rolled" gold, is composed of sections of heavy double circle links alternating with long double bar links, all in highly polished gold. The design is very neat and chaste, although heavy and somewhat elaborate. The chain measures twelve inches from the button-hole bar to the swivel, and the pendant chain, to which a charm or locket can be attached, measures two inches. Price, $7.

No. 2.—Vest or guard chain of "rolled" gold for a gentleman. The chain is composed of flat bar links of highly polished gold, alternating with quadruple circle links, forming a very handsome pattern. There is also a pendant chain, to which a charm or locket can be attached. The chain measures twelve inches from the swivel to the button-hole bar, and the pendant chain measures one inch and a half. Price, $5.50.

No. 3.—This dainty chain of "rolled" gold is a lady's vest guard, composed of a light cable chain of dead gold, with bar and guard of highly polished gold. The sliding guard is set with an oval cameo medallion on the engraved surface. One

end of the chain is finished with a patent ring for a locket or charm, and the other end with a watch swivel. The chain measures twenty inches its entire length. Price, $5.75.

No. 4.—Gentleman's vest chain of "rolled" gold. The chain is composed of twisted curb links of highly polished gold, and has a short pendant chain, to which a locket or pendant may be attached. The chain measures twelve inches from the button-hole bar to the swivel, and the pendant chain measures one inch. Price, $6.25.

No. 5.—This pretty charm for a gentleman's watch chain is composed of an oblong swinging medallion of "rolled" gold, set with moss agate on both sides, the colors being different in the two stones. Price, $1.50.

No. 6.—A very handsome pendant of "rolled" gold, set with a square medallion, one side of which is plain onyx and the other a heliotrope or blood-stone. The setting is richly chased and engraved, and the medallion opens with places for two pictures. Price, $2.75.

No. 7.—A neat guard-chain for a lady's watch. It is composed of heavy links of satin-finished "rolled" yellow gold, and measures sixty inches its entire length. The sliding guard is of engine-turned and polished gold, with a raised square medallion in the center set with a small cameo head in profile. Price, $6.50.

No. 8.—This handsome guard chain of highly polished "rolled" gold is composed entirely of flat circle links, closely interlaced. The sliding guard is of highly polished gold, engraved and set with a head in cameo. The chain measures sixty inches its entire length. Price, $11.25.

No. 9.—Opera chain of yellow "rolled" gold. The medallion of highly polished gold is engraved and richly ornamented with designs in filigree. A single small pearl is set at the top, and a cameo head is set in a square crown setting in the center of the medallion. The pendent tassels are composed of fine chains mounted in a heading of highly polished gold. The chain is composed of heavy double links of chased yellow gold, and measures twenty inches around the neck, and fourteen inches from the medallion to the swivel. The lower chain is removable, so that the upper part can be used for a necklace if desired. Price, $11.50.

No. 10.—Lady's opera chain of "rolled" gold. The chain is composed of fine double links of chased yellow gold, and measures twenty inches around the neck, and fourteen inches from the medallion to the watch-swivel, the lower chain being removable, so that the upper part can be used for a necklace, if desired. The medallion is of highly polished gold, with scrolls of filigree set with a single small pearl at the top, and the oval is set with a handsome onyx cameo representing a fancy head. The tassels are composed of fine chains of yellow gold mounted in a heading of highly polished gold. Price, $11.25.

No. 11.—Lozenge-shaped pendant of "rolled" gold, suitable for a gentleman's watch chain. The medallion is set on one side with a sunken *intaglio* of black onyx, and on the other with a circular piece of moss agate in a frame of engraved gold. Price, $1.50.

No. 12.—A pretty necklace composed of highly polished "rolled" gold beads strung on a flexible gold chain. The beads are round with the entire surface cut in triangular facets. The neck chain measures eighteen inches, and the pendant chain one inch and a half. Price, $6.

No. 13.—Very unique and attractive in design, this charm of "rolled" gold represents a bicycle constructed after the most approved model, composing a very appropriate ornament for a gentleman's watch-chain. Price, $2.25.

No. 14.—An elegant necklace of "rolled" gold, composed of heavy flat links, interlaced with long links of dead gold and round links of highly polished gold. Upon the surface of the heavy chain thus formed are set small flat ornaments of highly polished gold, one on every flat link. The neck chain measures nineteen inches, and the pendant chain one inch. Price, $6.75.

No. 15.—Charm for a gentleman's watch chain, in highly polished "rolled" gold, representing a pilot's wheel inclosing a mariner's compass with the needle and points in a steel anchor. The charm is alike on both sides. Price, $2.25.

No. 16.—Necklace of "rolled" gold. This delicate and beautiful design is reversible, the illustration showing both sides of the chain, one side being a series of links in dead yellow gold connected by small bars with tiny balls of polished gold at each end, and the other side showing in addition to the links, a flat engraved and polished ornament of yellow gold set on the surface of each link. The neck chain measures eighteen inches and a half, and the pendant chain one inch and a half. Price, $5.75.

No. 17.—Cameo pendant for a gentleman's watch guard, set in "rolled" gold. The swinging medallion is richly engraved, and opens with places for two pictures, one side of the pendant being set with a fine cameo of a Florentine female head in profile, and the other side with veined agate. Price, $2.75.

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.

Floreska Polonnaise.—A graceful model, tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The front of the polonaise forms a long, pointed apron, the back is draped in double points, and full paniers are draped over the hips. A *bébé* bow at the back, just below the waist, a square collar and coat sleeves complete the design, which is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with bands of contrasting material and narrow, plaited ruffles, or in any other style, according to individual taste and the material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

NEW ARTICLES IN JEWELRY are of onyx marked in delicate lines, set in silver; silver is also united for the first time with different colors in gold; but these are imported designs, and scarce, and high, compared with their intrinsic value.

EVENING TOILETS.

FIG. 1.—A charming evening toilet for a young girl of sixteen years. The design illustrated is the "Moira" costume, with basque front and polonaise drapery at the back of white watered silk. The lower edge of the underskirt is finished with a fine *balayeuse* plaiting of white satin, and above this are three deep, shirred flounces of white silk muslin, edged with flat Valenciennes lace, the upper flounce mounted upon the basque front. The shirred elbow sleeves are of silk muslin finished with a gathered ruffle of flat Valenciennes, and a *fichu* drapery is arranged upon the corsage with a bouquet of pale pink roses and leaves in front. The neck is left open in surplice shape, disclosing a double row of gold beads around the neck. The hair is arranged in a cluster of heavy curls at the back, tied with a bow of white watered silk ribbon. Tan-colored, long-armed gloves and silver bangles. Black satin dancing slippers, and pearl-tinted,

open work silk hose. The "Moira" costume is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—The "Lisita" basque and "Genevieve" train are combined to form this elegant and graceful toilet of Burgundy red brocaded satin, and plain *satin merveilleux* of the same color. The skirt is arranged of the *satin merveilleux*, with a deep kilt plaiting across the front, over which is an apron similarly plaited and forming a shirred puff at the bottom, fastened in the centre with a bow of Burgundy red *moiré* ribbon. The side paniers draped in full box-plaits are of satin brocade, which also composes the basque with narrow plaited postilion, and one-half of the back drapery. The long, round train, trimmed all around with a *chicorée ruche*, is of plain *satin merveilleux*, and also the other half of the back drapery which is edged with a rich fringe of colored beads in red shadings. The shirred and pointed *plastron* on the front of the basque is of *satin merveilleux* finished with a ruffling of *dentelle Stéphanie*, which is a heavier variety of white Duchesse lace. An Anne of Austria sash belt and bow of red *moiré* ribbon finishes the front of the basque, and bows of *moiré* ribbon and lace ruffles ornament the elbow sleeves. Tan-colored "Mousquetaire" gloves, antique gold bracelets, and a black velvet dog-collar with a gold slide, complete the accessories of the toilet. The hair is arranged *à l'ingénue*, with a half wreath of geranium flowers across the chignon. The basque and train are both illustrated separately elsewhere. Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size Train pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 3.—Evening toilet of pale blue *moire antique* and blue satin trimmed with Louis XIII. lace ruffles. The design illustrates a front view of the "Carmen" toilet. The short round skirt is edged with a plaiting of pale blue satin over which falls a deep ruffle of white Louis XIII. lace. A deep shirred puff and ruffle of satin completes the skirt garniture. The square cut *decollet* corsage of pale blue *moire antique* is extended in princess style at the back to form the draperies, and is cut pointed in front with shirred side paniers added in Camargo style. These are trimmed all around with a ruffle of Louis XIII. lace, and a large bow of pale blue satin ribbon is fastened at the point of the corsage. The neck is filled in with a shirred *guimpe* of white *crêpe lisse*, and the square neck and sleeves are edged with ruffles of narrower lace to match that on the skirt. A necklace of rosebuds, arranged like a fringe, is fastened closely about the throat, and a cluster of *Ysbaire de Dijon* roses is fastened at the corner of the corsage which laces in front with a silk cord and silver buttons. White undressed kid gloves and silver bracelets. The double illustration of this lovely toilet is given among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

English Suiting.

A NEW cloth of English manufacture, cheviot make, with gold threads interwoven, is called the "Eldorado cloth." It is in several shades of gray and brown, also in dark green and blue, and in some mixtures it is light and warm, and specially adapted for costumes and jackets. The gold threads are sometimes in lines, forming a broken check; and in other samples are so intermixed as to give the appearance of gold dust having been scattered over the cloth. Some costumes made of this new cloth look extremely well, the skirts being trimmed with either three or five plaitings, or with a very deep kilting graduating to a point in the front, and rather full drapery behind; the bodices are either single or double breasted habit basques, or a pretty little coat shape, fastening with a lapel from the left shoulder.

Mirville Cloak.—A unique and stylish model, in sacque shape with loose fronts, and slightly fitted by a curved seam down the middle of the back. Additional fullness is imparted to the skirt portion by an extension laid in a box-plait on the under side in the middle of the back, and a *bouffant* effect is produced by a sash proceeding from the lower parts of the sleeves, and tied in a large bow just above the plait. A simulated sash falls at each side from under the large Japanese sleeves, forming two ends each gathered in and finished with a tassel or *piquet*. This design is suitable for any goods adapted to *demi-saison* or winter wraps, especially for those to be lined and trimmed with fur or plush, and may be also effectively made up in plush or brocaded velvet. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

Rosine Sleeve.—This style of sleeve is especially appropriate for an evening dress, or upon occasions when it is not desired to have the sleeves entirely short. It reaches to the elbow, and is finished by a side plaiting three and a half inches deep, headed by a double cuff, and finished on the outside by a bow. The design can be made up in various kinds of materials, but is especially suitable for a combination. The plaitings may be made of *tulle* or lace, if desired. Price of pattern, ten cents.

Lotta Muff.—This dainty and convenient little accessory to the winter costume is intended to serve both as muff and reticule, and may be made of material to match the bonnet, wrap or costume, or of entirely different goods, as desired. Plush, velvet, satin and silk are all equally appropriate, and a clasp or ornament, and a bow of ribbon at the top is all the trimming required. Price of pattern, fifteen cents.

PINK GLASS as a medium for light is coming into high favor.

Some Aesthetic Dresses.

FIG. 1.—An artistic and charming design, from a painting by R. Beyschlag. The dress is of pearl-gray cashmere, with a full skirt trimmed with bands of gray plush of a slightly darker shade. The long, close sleeves are of cashmere trimmed at the elbow and wrist with bands of plush, and have an enormous puff above the elbow gathered into a plush band at the armhole. The close-fitting low bodice is of forest-green velvet, trimmed with wide bands of silver embroidery. A chemisette of India muslin is drawn closely around the neck, standing in a full *ruche* against the throat and confined by a band of plush. The long apron is of heavy white linen, with two broad bands of antique lace insertion. *Châtelaine* and hanging pocket of dark-green satin with silver clasps. The hair flows loosely, and is bound with a violet ribbon, and a light gold chain hangs around the neck. This dress is especially becoming to a blonde.

FIG. 2.—Costume for afternoon tea, adapted from a painting by Mantegna. The long, loose, double-girdled robe is of old-gold satin, cut low and round in the front and high at the back, and ornamented around the neck and shoulders with narrow bands of embroidery on cloth of gold. The lower part of the sleeve is close-fitting, and of cloth of gold richly embroidered in a large pattern, and the upper part is of white silk muslin with gold polka dots, tied down with narrow, gold-embroidered, blue satin ribbons finished with gilt *piquets* on the ends. The sleeves are a continuation of the under-waist of the same silk muslin, which is gathered up around the neck with two narrow ribbons. The gown is tied around the waist with a narrow, gold-embroidered, blue satin ribbon, and the skirt is gathered and drawn up to form two deep, falling puffs, and trimmed around the lower part with a broad band of embroidery to match the bodice. The hair is arranged classically with a narrow fillet, and a sunflower is carried in the hand. This dress will be found most becoming to a fair brunette.

FIG. 3.—*Châtelaine* dress of Japanese gray satin, adapted from a picture by Carlo Crivelli. The dress is in the early Florentine style, and is simply a long, plain, princess dress of satin, trimmed around the skirt, and on the square-cut low bodice with bands of claret-colored velvet. The *guimpe* is of white satin shirred closely around the neck. The long, close sleeves are of claret-colored velvet, with elbow puffs of the same slashed with white satin, and they have full shoulder-puffs of sage-green velvet also slashed with white. *Châtelaine* sash of gray satin, knotted in front, and trimmed with gold bullion fringe. The hair is arranged *a l'Anglaise*.

FIG. 4.—This uniquely æsthetic dress is taken from a painting by Marco Marziale. The long petticoat is of old-gold satin, and the skirt and bodice of gold-colored *damassé* silk, the skirt trimmed all around with a band of black velvet, and the bodice with bretelles and straps of black velvet across the front. The long sleeves of old-gold satin are puffed to the elbow and trimmed with lengthwise bands of black velvet, and long velvet streamers from the shoulders. Black velvet hanging pocket with gold clasps and embroidery.

FIG. 5.—An exquisite artistic dress, composed of a full skirt and close-fitting bodice of willow-green serge. The skirt is trimmed with a broad band of violet plush on the bottom, and the sleeves are of plush, with slashed elbow and shoulder puffs displaying the cream-tinted mull undersleeves. The bodice is cut heart-shaped, and finished with a band of scarlet satin ribbon caught here and there with antique silver clasps, and discloses the full *guimpe* of cream-tinted India mull drawn up around the neck in gathers. An enormous sunflower is carried in the hand; but, if preferred, a Portia fan may be substituted, made of green and scarlet feathers.

A NEW AND COSTLY LACE.—A new variety of duchesse lace is imported, called *dentelle Stephanie*. The design is very much like that of regular duchesse lace patterns, but around the edge of the leaves, flowers and delicate vines, is a hand-wrought tracery of fine silk cord which veins the leaves and outlines each exquisite bud and blossom. The price ranges from five to fifty dollars per yard.

DRESSY COIFFURES.

CHARMING BONNETS which shade the face, and are a sort of American cross between the English poke and the French "Niniche," are made of black or dark velvet, lined with white or a delicate color, and having a cluster or plume of large, soft ostrich feathers of the same tint, set up high on one side. Seal brown and pale pink—black, and the same shade of pink—black and white, black and pale blue, or wine and canary, are all good combinations. The light color is confined absolutely to the satin lining and the exterior feathers. Some very handsome hats are made of silk, satin or velvet, puffed upon large frames; the puffed arrangement of the fabric adding to the apparent size.

A Chair Bow.

A NOVELTY for ladies interested in household decoration consists of the Hungarian bow, which is used instead of a scarf, upon chairs and sofas. It is formed of a long scarf with embroidered and fringed ends, but plain in the middle, which is arranged in a knot or bow. This is fastened to the back of the chair or sofa, and the ends prettily draped over it. Bronze and gold colors are the most used, embroidered in tulip design, with shaded red silk and gold thread. The fringe may be gold, or red silk and gold.

The Fashionable Winter Cloak.

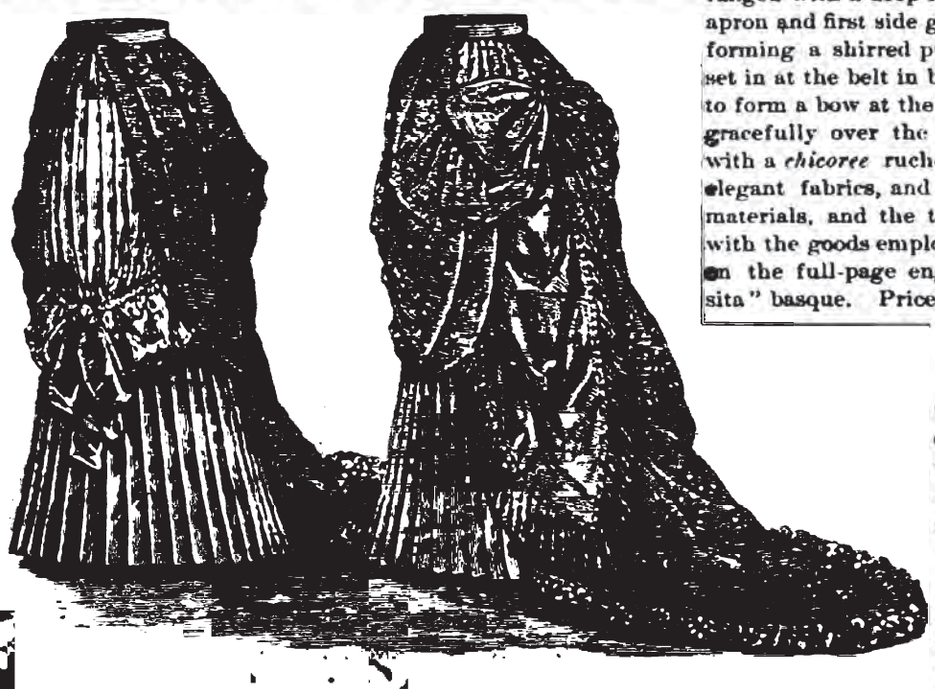
A FEW years ago one style of cloak was considered sufficient for all practical purposes; and there was a time when even that was discarded in favor of the novel walking-suit, which was too pretty to cover up. Temperature, however, must be thought of even in fashion, and the cloak was quickly revived, and has been multiplied until we have now a cloak for every occasion for which there is a dress.

The fashionable winter cloak is doubtless the long, dolman-shaped silk garment, lined with shaded plush and bordered with fur. Of this, however, there are many varieties, from the cheap shiny taffeta, lined with fur that comes off every time it is touched, or with a mixed plush that has not even the virtue of warmth, to the rich, heavy satin cord, or brocade, lined with a silken pile nearly an inch in depth. The range of prices for silk cloaks is very wide, from twenty-five dollars to a hundred and twenty-five; but the handsomest of these are by no means the richest cloaks of the season. More costly are those which add the enrichment of silk and beaded embroidery to the splendor of fabric, or that are made of exceptional skins from the fur of the seal.

A cloak, of which a glimpse was obtained a short time ago, was of such exceptional beauty, that at four hundred dollars it was sold without ever having been placed on exhibition. It was a long, dolman-shaped garment of the finest Shetland seal; lined with quilted satin, and having collar, and sleeve bordering of rich dark beaver, as fine in its way as the seal fur. The whole thing was unique in quality, style and character. In size, shape, outline and finish it possessed the highest distinction; while the fur being rigorously selected from the very finest skins, presented not a flaw, but held infinite variation of light and shade in its dark, soft depths. Only one such cloak can be made at one time, for out of an immense number of skins only enough could be found for one garment of this perfect quality; but there are second grades, and third grades, and fourth grades, and fifth grades in seal-skin, and every other description of cloak which please equally well, if the purchaser is not acquainted with anything better. It is difficult for one not an expert to distinguish between articles of an exactly similar kind which approximate closely in value, but when the ultimate is reached in any direction every one recognizes it.

Another very rich and much more novel cloak was of the finest black plush, lined also with quilted satin. Silk plush is a very distinguished fabric, especially when of the deepest, finest and closest quality; but this cloak was additionally marked by its sleeves, which were of deep, graceful form, and covered with a superb embroidery in raised silk, and fine cut jet. Cable-cords, with passementerie pendants hung low upon the otherwise plain back, and pendants to match ornamented the front, but only the trailing princess sleeves exhibited the skill of the artist-worker; and these gave an air of such unmistakable distinction as to separate it from all others, and render it the star above all others in the constellation. A singular cloak in bronze feather cloth was as decided in its way as either of the others mentioned. It was ugly, but it was "*chic*" with heavy gathers, mandarin sleeves, and striped and shaded plush lining in bronze, and gold, and ruby. Bronze satin ribbons clustered at the back of the sleeves. The style was a sort of combination of the Mother Hubbard and dolman, and was certainly not commonplace. But cloaks for visiting are not the only ones required. The necessity seems to have arisen for a great variety, and to have come in with the silk cloak, which is too special in character for general wear.

For example, a lady must have, in addition to her silk visiting-cloak, a water-proof, an ulster for traveling and stormy days which are not rainy, an evening wrap, fur-lined, an opera cloak, a mantle for between seasons, and lace, or one or two that are thin and light for summer. These are all necessities for a woman who visits, and does the ordinary things in society—not extravagances; and it is a serious question with many how to preserve an appearance of knowledge of the different requirements, within the limits of a narrow income. The majority try to do it by having one handsome garment, and wearing it; but this soon spoils a nice fabric, and exposes the wearer to the liability of colds from using a too warm or too cool a garment, as well as risking it in unsuitable weather. A better way is to avoid the silk cloak, get a nice cloth one, and make your spring mantles and summer traveling ulster at home. This will reduce the cost of cloaks to a minimum; and just now cloth, with plush trimming, and with or without a lining, according to weight, is good wear for the most fastidious.



Genevieve Train.—This graceful trained skirt is arranged with a deep kilt-plaiting across the lower part of the apron and first side gores, over which is a plaited apron front, forming a shirred puff at the bottom. Draped side paniers set in at the belt in box-plaits, and back draperies arranged to form a bow at the top, compose the overskirt, which falls gracefully over the long, round train, that is trimmed all with a *chicoree* ruche. This design is adapted to the most elegant fabrics, and is very desirable for a combination of materials, and the trimming can be selected to harmonize with the goods employed. One view of this design is shown on the full-page engraving in combination with the "Lisita" basque. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

A USEFUL WOOL VEST.—For wearing under jackets and mantles not sufficiently warm, there is nothing like the undyed Shetland jacket, very thin and warm, and not capable of creasing any dress over which it is worn.

MUFFS of plush, satin and silk, trimmed with lace, are made to accompany dressy opera cloaks and bonnets.

OUR PURCHASING BUREAU has become an institution in some sections of the country, and receives occasionally some rather strange orders; none, however, has been more remarkable than one received lately from the far off Western State of Mississippi to send two handsome specimens of a live "pup" and kitten to that apparently catless and dogless region. Cats and dogs abound in New York City; nevertheless, it is no easy matter to find just what one wants in these particulars, when one wants it, and it was after patient and diligent search, that animals of the required size, age, tribal, and other qualifications were found, secured in a provisioned and perforated box, and sent to their distant destination. Their safe arrival is announced in the following letter:

NOVEMBER, 1881.

"MME. DEMOREST:—The pup and kitten came yesterday morning, 'all safe and satisfactory.' They certainly *are* beauties—am so delighted at having such pets, that I cannot complain of the prices. Both are in fine spirits; the cat seems not to relish our fare very well, but she will soon become accustomed to change of diet. Let me thank you again for taking so much trouble out of your line."—S. B.

"Our Purchasing Bureau" is also highly appreciated on the Pacific coast, as the following note, selected from many others, for its brevity, testifies:

"MADAME:—I have just returned from a trip to the coast, and find the fringe ordered before I left, which suits me in every respect.

I inclose the balance due you, $1.16. I assure you I appreciate the favor of having your "Purchasing Bureau" to order through. Everything sent for has been perfectly satisfactory. "Thank you."—MRS. L. O.

The "Purchasing Bureau" never filled so many orders in the same space of time as this season. Ladies begin to understand the necessity of communication with the great centers, in the rapid changes and fluctuations of fashion, and the advantage of securing experience and special facilities in the selection of goods, in addition to reliability and promptitude. Our "Bureau" is prepared to furnish anything that can be bought, or sold, from a house to a watering-can, and complete bridal or other outfits, to a single costume, or a baby's bib. Address, "Purchasing Bureau," care Madame Demorest, 17 East 14th Street, New York City.

Zerela Basque.—Entirely unique in design, this stylish basque is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The basque is cut short on the hips, sloping sharply down to a point in front, and the required length is furnished by a graduating plaiting added to the bottom of the front and side gores, while the side forms and back pieces extend the entire length of the basque forming a plaited postilion. Pointed *revers* above the plaiting, and shirred and plaited surplice drapery ornament the front of the basque. The sleeves are completed by a shirred puff below the elbow, and a pointed cuff to match the *revers* on the basque. This design is suitable for almost any class of dress goods, and is particularly adapted to dressy fabrics, and a combination of two or three materials. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Children's Fashions.

THERE has been no material change in the fashions for children for several years except the substitution of very large hats for small ones, and the occasional appearance of a queer "poke" bonnet on a baby little larger than its quaint head-gear. It has taken a long time to impress the fact upon the majority that very dark shades of very dark colors are more fashionable than light or bright ones. But, nevertheless, it is pretty well understood now, and the very darkest shades of brown, plum, wine, garnet, blue, green, and crimson, are used in solid masses for suits, coats, and the like, or in conjunction with delicate shades of mastic—the mastic, or almond tint, being employed for the coat, and felt or beaver hat, with its waving feathers; the dark color for dress, hosiery, and gloves.

The features of the costumes for girls are, as before remarked—the large, furry hats; the large lace, or embroidered collars—the coat with small coachman's cape of plush, or fur, the *whole* dress or princess cut all in one; the very dark or black hose, and the complete massing of one dark, rich shade in the entire dress—coat and hat included.

The polonaise for children, that is, girls, is less used than formerly—trimmed skirts and basques are more in favor, and the "Jersey" dress proves very stylish, well adapted for girls of all ages. Some of the "Jersey" combinations are very pretty in plain, solid colors with stripes—peacock blue, for instance, with Roman stripe for sash, and collar, and cuffs. Bronze, or olive wool, with olive, gold, and crimson stripe. Invisible green, with gold, red, and black stripe.

The striped material is used for the straight sash which is knotted at the back, or upon the sides, and also for a large turn-down collar and cuffs. Some of the stripes have gold lines, or rather, the gold color is introduced in metallic threads, and makes a pretty effect.

But perhaps after all the most elegant out-of-door dress for a girl of ten or twelve, is a seal brown velveteen with inserted satin kiltings same shade, alternating with square or battlemented tabs of velveteen bound with satin. Very light mastic feather cloth coat, with collar and cuffs; border may be added of seal brown plush, or coachman's cape of the plush; large and light felt hat, with fur border and plumes, and seal brown hose and gloves.

The prettiest party dresses for girls are of satin Surah, or merveilleux, coral red, blush pink, or clear blue, trimmed with white lace in alternate ruffles upon the front, and the flounces at the back, or in jacket form. An artistic dress for a little girl of eight or ten consists of a princess dress of black velveteen with flounce made of five clustered side pleats alternating with straps of dark red satin merveilleux. A shirred front of red satin merveilleux is let in and forms the entire front, outlined with white Russian lace put on flat. The sleeves are of the coat shape, but are puffed at the top and over the elbow with red satin merveilleux, which also forms the sash.

Among our illustrated designs will be found a pretty dress

with a double effect—a princess front and polonaise back. The dress fastens at the back, and may be made in plain wool or any simple material—even print, if it is of good quality and washable. If made of wool, and trimmed with plaid or stripe, the trimming material should be cut on the bias.

The "Yetta" jacket and "Hugo" overcoat furnish examples of the coat "cape" mentioned, and the large collar, which, in dark plush or fur, makes so stylish an addition to a street jacket. Both are pretty and stylish, and easily made, requiring only facing, buttons, and tailor stitching for additional finish to the plush, which should be lined with twilled silk.

The sac-overcoat for boys supplies a good, well-fitting design for a very useful garment. The lining should be of flannel, the facing of "farmer's" satin, and the buttons dark horn or gutta-percha.

Combination underwear is now universally used for children, and is much more convenient, as well as comfortable, than separate garments. The warmth is more evenly distributed, and there is no aggregation of bulk about the waist. The clothing, with the "Jersey" or princess dress to complete, consists only of a certain number of layers, as many as are necessary to warmth—but it is highly necessary that mothers should see that the feet of their little ones are covered with warm lambs-wool or merino stockings.

Children's Street Costumes.

FIG. 1.—This stylish overcoat is of fawn-colored pelisse cloth, with a coachman's cape, rolling collar, and deep cuffs of brown seal-skin plush. The design illustrates a front view of the "Hugo" overcoat, which is double-breasted, and cut perfectly loose in sacque shape. Large buttons of vegetable ivory close the overcoat in front, and the "Polo" cap of seal plush finishes the costume. The double illustration of the overcoat will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, twenty-five cents each. Pattern of cap in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, ten cents each.

FIG. 2.—A pretty dress of black "Nonpareil" velveteen, made in princess style, with a plaiting of *satin merveilleux* around the bottom under the deep square slashes, is almost concealed by the long jacket of dark gray ladies cloth, finished with a short shoulder cape and deep cuffs of black "Nonpareil" velveteen. The illustration represents a back view of the "Yetta" jacket, which is double-breasted and tight-fitting, and ornamented with large, smoked pearl buttons. The side forms are cut shorter than the rest of the garment, and side-plaitings added to give the required length. Turban made entirely of gray feathers, with a bright-colored feather ornament at the side. The double illustration of the "Yetta" jacket is given among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

THE LATE COMBINATIONS of color, such as seal brown with dark green, and lines of gold, and ruby, are very effective, and are seen in birds' wings.

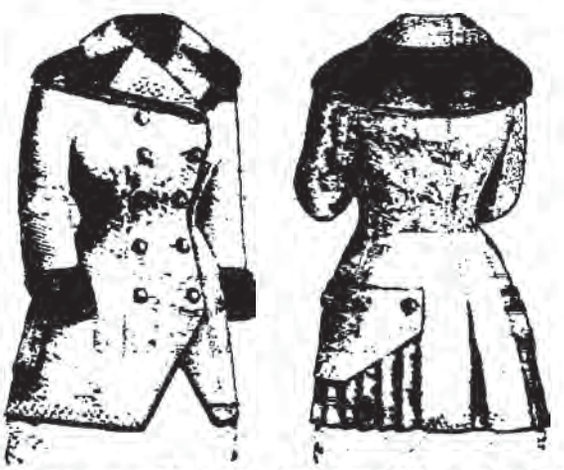
A SLEIGHING GLOVE.—A new glove has been brought out under the name of "sleighing glove"—viz., lined kid, with a new mode of fastening, *i.e.*, the thumb piece brought to the edge of the glove, and drawn together by strong elastic, so that it can be drawn off and on in a minute.

WHITE moire, trimmed with Spanish lace is a fashionable toilet.

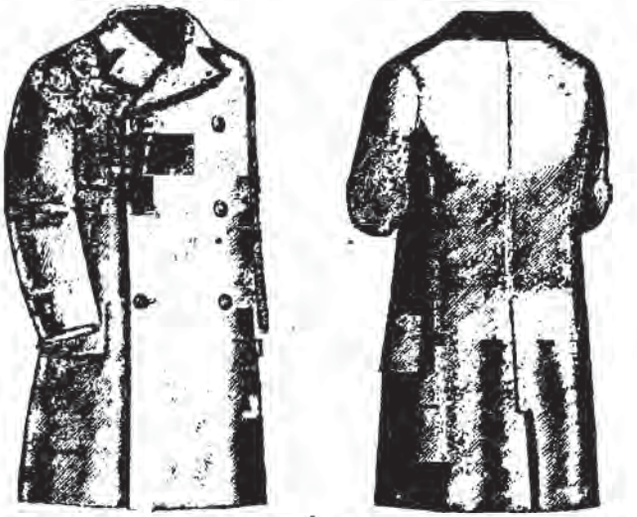
Under-Linen.

NOT content with the most expensive satins and velvets, we are now becoming ultra-extravagant in under-linen. The new night-gowns are trimmed round the neck and cuffs with much lace, embroidery, and puffings, and also the same trimming is continued down the front; a lace frill bordering the edge of the hem, a slight gathering at the waist, and a loosely tied ribbon sash making them more like morning than night-gowns. Peignoirs also are more costly each year. Now they are made of brocaded silk, and also in soft silk and cashmere, with cascades of lace. The dressing jackets are of the blouse pattern, plaited with a belt at the waist; and some have yokes of a distinct color under lace. Chemises are gathered at the waist, and trimmed square below the bust.

Moira Costume.—This dressy, but easily arranged costume, is at once practical and stylish. It is composed of a short, gored skirt, trimmed with two shirred flounces, over which a polonaise is draped in double points at the back, and cut off at about the depth of an ordinary cuirass basque on the front and sides, with a shirred flounce added to the bottom to give the required length. 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 front, and is fastened down the middle of the back. Full sleeves, shirred at the top and bottom, and a surplice drapery on the front, complete the design, which is adapted to any class of dress goods that will shirr nicely. The front view is shown on Fig. 1 of the full-page engraving. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

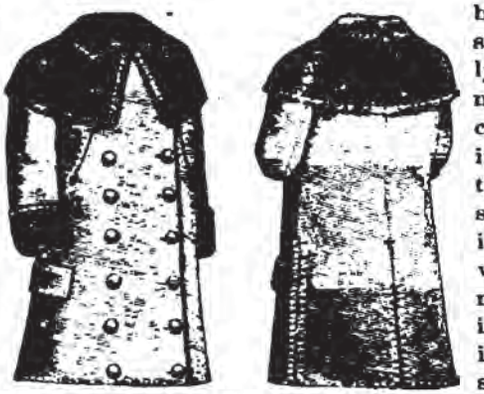


Vetta Jacket.—This novel and stylish jacket is double-breasted and tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The side forms are cut shorter than the rest of the garment, and to these, plaitings are added to give the required length. Large side-pockets, a deep, round collar, a short cape and wide cuffs complete the design, which is adapted to any of the goods usually selected for out-door garments, as well as to many qualities of dress goods. Patterns in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Sacque Overcoat.—This design represents a double-breasted sacque overcoat, with loose fronts and partially fitting back. It can be appropriately made up in cloth, and lined throughout with a material adapted to the season and the thickness of the goods. All the edges should be bound with silk braid, or if the cloth be very heavy, finished with a row of machine stitching. It is also a good design for linen or alpaca. Patterns in sizes for from six to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Hugo Overcoat.—This stylish little overcoat is double-breasted, and cut in sacque shape, perfectly loose. A coachman's cape, rolling collar, and deep cuffs impart originality to the design, which is suitable for any quality of heavy cloth for winter ulsters, and most of the materials in use for boys' clothing. Rows of machine stitching form the most suitable finish. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Beautiful Holiday Wares.

THE most beautiful things brought in for the holiday season are not exhibited, but are the results of special orders, or are characterized by some quality that renders them so desirable that eager customers are found who will pay almost any price for what is not common. In this category belong fine cut gems, gems of unusual size and beauty; artistic work in silver of exceptional character and finish; rare porcelain, choice little paintings, and marbles representative of the best subjects and best works of the chisel.

Best things are always rare and hard to find because so many conditions have to be met, and so many elements are necessary to their production; so that it is upon holiday occasions, when people who have money are more lavish with it, and when purchasers can be relied upon for whatever is best, that the finest may be found, not in the shop-windows, but in safes and drawers, in odd corners covered up from the curious glance of passers by.

Seeing the many pretty things that are displayed, and that are far beyond ordinary reach, it may be a comfort to think that the superior are not missed, and that indeed it is difficult to realize the superiority except by comparison, and the insight which thorough knowledge and a cultivated experience give.

Among the holiday gems is a bust of "Evangeline," so exquisite that it obtained a purchaser at five hundred dollars on the instant, and a duplicate order to the sculptor in Florence who executed it, and so faithfully embodied the virtues, celestial faith, meekness, love, patience, and forgiveness, that distinguished Longfellow's charming ideal.

A lovely fancy was a crescent moon in pure white marble, upon a background of dark blue velvet, from which a cupid stepped forth to work havoc in the hearts of young men and maidens. Magnificent plaques are painted with scenes from the Iliad of Homer, and one exhibits the portrait of Pauline Helser, that beautiful maiden, whose exquisite loveliness in the twelfth century captivated the heart of the son of a reigning Grand Duke, and whose goodness maintained her supremacy. Her lover threatened with the utmost vengeance of his incensed father, Pauline disguised herself, and in a foreign garb sought his presence and forgiveness. At first sight he became so enthralled by her sweetness and marvelous grace, that he gladly yielded assent to her prayers, and the marriage was celebrated with rejoicing.

There are dessert plates in sets of only a dozen, each of which has been painted by a different and distinguished artist, and which cost (for the set) from eight hundred to a thousand dollars. There are tall glass vases and jugs of Bohemian or Viennese manufacture, with intaglio cutting, and pure gold ornamentation, which are easily worth from three to five hundred dollars each. In jewels it would seem to be hard to improve upon the sprays and clusters and crescents and "collars" of pure gems which dazzle the eye, and cost the price of a home for more than one family. But experts know that it is easy to put together an ornament made of many small and comparatively inexpensive stones, and few large ones; but very difficult to bring together any considerable number of gems of large size, perfect shape, and purest water. This was done however in one necklace which contained at least twenty-five magnificent diamonds, all absolutely perfect, exactly the same in color and quality, and forming a broken line of living light of wonderful power and brilliancy. This necklace, mounted without ornamentation, and with extreme simplicity, though with great accuracy and purity of material, and so as to show the size and value of the diamonds, was offered for fifty-six thousand dollars; while a diamond collar, very pretty in design, and containing a very large number of smaller diamonds, could be bought for ten thousand dollars.

One superb pendant obtained its principal distinction from the size and beauty of the sapphire which formed its central stone. This alone was worth nine thousand dollars; the diamonds which surrounded it, and which were very large and fine, brought the price up to thirteen thousand five hundred dollars.

It is rather remarkable that in this country we can now do work in silver that is not done elsewhere in the world. Tiffany & Co. have revived some of the arts which the Japanese have lost, and not only received the awards of the Centennial Exposition over all competitors, but have received orders from nearly all the crowned heads and great social lights of Europe for their inlaid and overlaid, their hammered out, and repoussé work. Their great achievements have been made with in, and in-laying, and ornamentation with different metals. The process is their secret; the results are equal to the best work of the ancients.

Among the popular pieces of artistic workmanship, the most noble perhaps is the "loving-cup," so called from its origin. In old barbarous times it was common to invite an enemy to sup or dine, and stab while pledging him; his hands having grasped his cup, he could not immediately defend himself. But with the crusades came in nobler ideas, and a class of knights and gentlemen who considered themselves dishonored by the treachery of such an act. They therefore formed themselves into an order to put a stop to it, and on the life of a man being threatened in this way, two of these good knights would spring to his side, and each, seizing a handle of his cup, swing their swords aloft, and avow themselves his champions and defenders while he remained a guest at the board, a participant in their social life. Thus the old two and three-handled cup became known as the loving-cup, and now it is revived, and is a favorite gift at anniversaries and silver weddings.

It is very useful to know the origin of some old names and customs, for they reveal to us the growth of the moral sentiments, and how they have kept pace with the intellectual advancement of the race.

New Year Surprises.

THERE is nothing so delightful as a pleasant surprise, unless indeed it be the anticipation of one; and of all surprises those dictated by affection and friendship are the sweetest.

As if to prove how true it is, that "our best things lie near us, are close about our feet," the opportunity for preparing surprises is given to us all. No one is so devoid of friends that it may not be his to gladden some heart by an unexpected pleasure, no one so poor that his purse is not equal to giving a new year's harbinger of joy to another. One thinks of Dickens, and his appreciation of these little evidences of affection, of the influence too that he traced in such seasonable gifts of a better nature, even in the most surly, in the least generous heart. We recall Scrooge and the turkey, and other memorable instances, and feel that to each of us the golden opportunity of rejoicing the heart of another comes with the New Year.

What to give is the serious question. How to find something appropriate, that shall suit our means, and satisfy our ideas of beauty, and at the same time be sure to give pleasure where we desire to bestow it! And there never was a time when a greater choice was possible; indeed it almost seems as if the varieties to choose from were so great that one cannot choose at all. There are so many pretty things that can be made, so many delightful knickknacs, and fancy ornaments, as well as such myriads of more useful things, that we pause upon the threshold of our enterprise in sheer bewilderment.

After all, novelty has great charms. If the man who could make two ears of corn grow where one grew before would be the greatest benefactor of his race, he who could devise a gift wholly original would deserve no small measure of thanks. But is there anything new under the sun? "Novelties," after all, are at best revivals: but one can appreciate even these, and look around with wonder upon the new combinations of old effects, the fresh elaboration of ideas, and the pretty results obtainable by simple means.

A gift fashioned for us by our loved ones has a thousand times the value of a gift bought; one such we know of, in preparation for this very New Year, which, if not essentially new, has at least the merit of being suggestive. This is a "selection book," which is to contain noble thoughts from great writers, either in prose or verse, and in which each extract is to be accompanied by the portrait, and wherever

possible the autograph of the author. Such a selection, well made would be priceless, and yet its chief value would consist in the loving patience and care with which it was prepared.

Birthday books are very fashionable, but how enhanced their value would be if they were home-made, and how easily they might be. In the old-fashioned time presents were the result of weeks and months of preparation; and how sacred they were, how carefully treasured, and valued! Those were the days of patchwork, and elaborate nettings, and laces; and among the imported novelties to-day are the very same old ideas revived. The combinations of velvet, satin, and plush, in the latest decorative needlework are nothing but the old patchwork mixtures of form and color. Tidies, made of four or five different materials in diamond squares, having a plush star in the center, are very pretty indeed; the colors can be judiciously selected; and now it is possible to buy designs of all kinds which simply require to be appliquéd on, and produce the quaintest and prettiest effects.

Bullion cord and thread is largely used. In making such a tidy of different materials, the squares can be joined by a stitch in gold thread, and upon dark furniture the effect is extremely pretty, and the arrangement and shape of the pieces are capable of endless modifications.

Scrap baskets are made perfectly elegant by the many trimmings brought to bear upon them, not only are ribbons interwoven with the basket work, but they are now furnished with loose hangings of plush, velvet, or silk, or of all combined, which are rendered beautiful by the number of new bullion effects, and tall tassels covered with crochet in gold thread. These bullion ornaments are the latest novelty, and are to be bought singly or in quantities; they are effective in every sort of decorative work. Little hand baskets of colored straw are simply ornamented by a number of golden tassels, sewn on at intervals, and sparkling with the tinsel interwoven in them. Handy fingers can make a very novel present in a crochet basket, which is rendered firm upon completion by gilding, and is then finished off with tassels of crimson or blue, while the possibilities of pretty baskets, lined and puffed with satin, are perfectly endless.

The same can of course be said of bags, reticules and fancy boxes; very pretty cases decorated upon the same principle as the decalcomanie of a few years since, only new, carved out on silk, satin, or plush, are pretty. A plush glove box can be made entirely at home. The material itself is so solid that by stitching the sides and bottom together, and then making an inner case of stiff buckram, and adding a silk lining of the same size, it is as substantial as any manufactured box, and would make a most acceptable present. Patterns in satin appliquéd on, or a design painted on satin and pasted on the upper side of the lid, would be very effective, and a charming addition can be made by introducing a scent satchet. Skeleton boxes are obtainable in which a mere framework ebonized wood is prepared, to be lined with silk, satin, or plush, as may be preferred.

If a present is needed for a gentleman, there is a novelty in shaving cases, in round cardboard sides, which can be had painted or decorated, edged with lace or gimp, and mounted upon a gilded stock, the effect being both novel and pretty. So, too, are little shaving mats, of Japanese canvas, embroidered in silks.

The very latest importations in needlework can be used at this season with great effect; these are the tapestry canvases. They are obtainable in all lengths, in border designs, and are already filled in in colors, which makes them extremely easy to finish off in backgrounds. These tapestry borderings, would be charming as edges to portières or window draperies, or as borderings to table-cloths. They are not suitable for anything very small, but for those who wish to make an effective present, with little labor, a few yards of tapestry bordering would certainly be acceptable to any home.

Old-fashioned leather work is reviving; baskets formed entirely of flowers and leaves in stamped leather are coming in, but they are not yet common; and it seems doubtful whether they ever can obtain the old favor in these days of bright decorations, because they are, at best, somber in effect.

Those who desire to delight the heart of a child cannot do better than buy a tambourine, and paint it. These novelties are just perfect. The parchment of the instrument takes color well, and pretty scenes or fancy portraits in gay tints are very effective, while a handsome bow of colored ribbon gives finish to the whole. Probably there is no possibility of a novel suggestion as to dolls, and yet the fancy stores display such a variety that it seems as if every child in the land must possess a family. Some of the prettiest for home dressing are those in leather, which can be dressed entirely in crochet work in the finest wools, and are especially suitable for cuddling and loving, which is not always the case with more fashionable dollies. Tissue paper dolls are a novelty; and are a good deal more substantial than their name might suggest, for tissue paper, now a-days works marvels; and every thing from a doll's body to her parasol can be made out of it, with the assistance of a little mucilage. So too for those whose purse is limited can reticules, mats, lamp shades, and flowers. The latest novelty in mats is that known as the Pond Lily Mat, which is very easily made of colored tissue paper, and is admirably adapted as a lamp mat. Different shades of green and yellow tissue paper are selected, which are cut out in the shape of a pond lily, in graduated sizes, the largest forming the foundation, and the remainder being placed successively one upon the other. The leaves are easily curled with the fingers, and the result is very pretty.

Beads are gaining in favor. Many of the hangings for scrap baskets are decorated with bright beads, worked in pyramids, looking at a little distance like brilliant knobs, and net-work, carried out in colored beads is very handsome. The old silk nettings are fashionable. Lovely squares are made in gold colored silk netting, and then worked in raised silk stars by darning stitch; very pretty little bedroom window curtains can be made in this way, by netting a foundation in white cotton, and then darning a pattern in and out in raised designs. Chintz, or cretonne baskets, finished off with a thickly knotted variegated cotton fringe, are very pretty and useful, and framework can be obtained for larger hanging work-baskets, to be filled in with the same material.

Children are often sorely exercised in their longing to give mamma or papa a surprise at New Year's. What simple thing can they think of beyond a mat or a pincushion, that little hands can cut out, and little fingers fashion? A very easy gift for such ambitious workers would be a match-"boot," which is simply constructed of pieces of cardboard cut into the shape of a boot, and covered with pretty silk, then sewn together like a pincushion, and a little rounded piece of cardboard, neatly covered and stitched on to the front, serves as a receptacle for the matches. Those who are sufficiently clever, can paint a little picture on the outside of the boot, or paste some pretty little scraps upon it.

Talking of scraps reminds me of the mania for cards. We cannot but think what lovely scrap-screens could be made in nurseries, and what joy they would give the little ones. A simple canvas framework would be the only necessity; then the children's eyes might rest with delight upon the colored scraps and cards which they themselves had collected together.

The number of pretty presents possible for those who paint on china, silk, satin, or plush, is perfectly inexhaustible. Plush banners, with designs, either worked on silks or painted, are always handsome. Little saucers or plates are never unacceptable, and a hint to those who long to paint on china, but are disenchanted by the vagaries of views, may be useful. Every one who wishes to succeed in china painting should first experimentalize with colored combinations on a piece of useless porcelain, number the tints, and keep a record of the mixings, then have the porcelain baked and keep it for reference; they would not then so often see their delicate pinks turn to ugly salmon color, or their blues come back from the furnace unrecognizable. Egg cups prettily painted are a welcome gift, tiny scolloped butter plates with a deep edge of colors, and a single flower or insect in the center, are nice; and as to the subject of plaques, plates and dishes, every one knows what can be done.

Painting on satin does not seem to be as extensively in favor as it was, and yet, nothing could be more suitable a gift for persons who like their parlors pretty than panels painted on satin and framed in ebony. These are, perhaps, even more acceptable, painted on wood and varnished, as they are more lasting; and in all modern rooms these odd panels are beaming more and more at home.

To those who are skillful in the use of the brush, ingenuity will suggest myriads of possibilities from the handsome bordering of a satin table-cloth to the tiny mat for the boudoir table. If we once lease the field of "wrought" gifts, we enter upon a domain which is limited only by the resources of the individual. No one can number the gifts that lay invitingly on the counters at the great stores. Enter Tiffany's and attempt a selection, and only some resolution as to the cost of a purchase can bring such a quest to within reasonable limits. For $12 one can buy the new opera glass in dead gold speckled with diamonds and emeralds, and hosts of other desirable luxuries, but for modest buyers the range is even greater. Porcelain dogs have given place to bronze cats and birds. The last device for inkstands presents grimalkin on hind legs on guard over the ink, a curious combination of ideas, which, however, appears to be very much admired. Parrots in the same material mount guard over watch stands, and a jewelry case is a gilded cage with a parroquet perched on the cover.

Where money is no object a piece of furniture may constitute a New Year's surprise, and if the selection fall upon a hat stand, the gift would deserve the name, for there certainly is something startling in the newest of its kind. This is neither more nor less than a grizzly white bear, holding in his claws a mirror framed in polished wood, from which depend hooks of the brightest steel. There would be something truly formidable in this article as a New Year's gift. Imagine entering one's own hall to find a grizzly bear in grinning possession!

Modern taste runs greatly in the direction of the grotesque so we find monkeys playing their part as gifts. Bronze monkeys represent candlesticks, card tray holders, ring stands, bouquet holders, anything and everything; and for those who find beauty in such an application of the ape, there is an endless variety to select from. Birds seem in truth more appropriate for such purposes, and they are obtainable in every shade of plumage.

Gifts become yearly more impersonal, for the reason probably that everything for wear is so readily obtained at the stores, that few people like to waste time upon the making of trifles for personal adornment; and moreover, the love of home decoration has spread to such a degree that most people, if given a choice, would unhesitatingly prefer a gift for the house to a more personal one. In some respects this simplifies matters very much, even if it takes something of subtle sentiment from the gift. Very few probably to-day would feel disposed to offer a dear friend embroidery in hair, and yet, is it possible to think of any more really precious gift? Handkerchiefs, with monogram and initials embroidered in the silken hair of a beloved wife or children, have been treasured for many years; and in Switzerland and Germany, where sentiment predominates, such a gift is looked upon with rare favor. Very pretty combinations are possible, where different hair is used, as the gold of the childish tresses mingles with the darker hair of father or mother. Now and again, even to-day, one meets with suggestions for hair work, but it is no longer in favor, and there is no reason why it should be; but the simple gift just alluded to has charms of its own.

"A gift not used is a gift refused," said the ancients, and perhaps one plain rule might be suggested in the difficult task of fixing upon a New Year's surprise for those we love. Let it if possible be something that can be used; something not purely ornamental. The great mistake in the æsthetic movement of to-day lies just in this—in the introduction of too much useless ornament. The first lesson in art should be as to "motive," and the same is true in a measure of decorative art. But a few things comparatively are acceptable as purely ornamental. It is only after a room has been made beautiful with appropriate things, each as beautiful in itself as possible, that decoration for decoration's sake is permissible. Bearing this in mind, we see how wide a field of possibilities opens to us, for there is scarcely an article in a room which will not repay the effort to make it beautiful; and when the necessary things have all been made as handsome as they can be, the result will be truly artistic. In making a present destined for another's home, a further consideration of harmony is necessary. How annoying it is to receive a costly gift, or one upon which infinite labor has been bestowed in the working, and find it entirely unsuitable to the coloring of the room for which it is intended. This reminds us how valuable a little thought is in the preparation of a surprise. How often we hear the remark: "Well! I suppose I must give her something! but I'm sure I do not know what to give!" and then, at the last moment a hasty choice is made, and a gift presented and accepted which in reality has no inherent value at all. Perhaps gentlemen are the greatest sinners in this respect; their only idea is to give *something*, no matter what, and so they go to an attractive store and make a hasty choice—and expect a good deal of gratitude in return very often, and may even get it too, for few persons like to be ungracious in accepting a gift; yet how often, if thoughts were audible, something very far from appreciative comment would be heard. "What a thing to give me! What made him choose that!" and so forth.

For which reason, all who desire to give pleasure, and that is the only motive that makes a gift acceptable, will discover that it is by no means always so easy as it seems. Many little considerations should be taken into the account—suitability and appropriateness, to say nothing of needs. We recall the embarrassments of certain favored individuals—clergymen or doctors, for example—who in their bachelor days are often overwhelmed with tokens of admiring respect, and must be tempted to follow the example of Mr. Spurgeon who gave notice from the pulpit, that as two drawers in his house were already full of slippers, which he should probably never live to wear out, his fair friends might like to proffer some other tokens of regard. And while there is nothing so delightful as an acceptable present, is there anything more annoying than an unsuitable one, for which we are bound to appear grateful, and expected possibly to give something in return? One is often tempted to wonder how few royal personages ever enjoy the gifts lavished upon them. It seems like a relic of barbarism when we read of the sumptuous presents offered to a prince or governor upon a tour through his

dominions' gifts often the result of mere ostentation, or wrung out of the laboring classes, who stand far more in need of gifts than he. The Emperor of Russia rewards great artists by presents of jewelry; and so little is the motive of his gift respected, that it has become a practice for prima donnas to take the royal present the very next day to the Court jeweller, who buys it back at a reduction and sells it again to the Czar for the same purpose. This is so usual that the same necklace has been presented to half a dozen successful singers in turn, even more than once to the same artiste. Now, in such cases, where is the grace or beauty of the gift? It is merely a cover for pecuniary reward, and has lost the personal element which alone could make it worthy. In home life gifts are too often apt to degenerate also: to be given because they must: "I have always given something, and it is expected." But wherever that spirit has entered, the soul of the gift has fled, its value is no longer the subtle living instinct, and desire to give pleasure, but the bare fulfillment of a recognized and unwelcome duty. Let every New Year's gift be the result of loving thought and honest desire to give pleasure, and it will be, whether costly or inexpensive, whether the result of hours of work or only of money reserved for the purpose, in the truest sense a satisfactory surprise.

"RUTH ROYAL."—We should advise wide black satin de Lyon, or sicilienne, for your cloak, and silk plush lining, old gold, or a ribbed and shaded plush, in gold and garnet. Select a pattern from our "Portfolio," or the illustrations given in the "Magazine." The "Mirville" is a very stylish design; the side-sash is optional. Plain black silks are very cheap just now, and we should really advise you to get one. Trim with itself, and interior plaitings of lace. The "Lisita" is a pretty design for the basque. The skirt should be made short, or demi-trained, shirred or plaited in front, and draped or laid in box-plaits at the back. Tan-colored undressed kid gloves are fashionable this season, what are known as the "Bernhardt" style, long, but having only two buttons at the wrist. We have given full information in regard to furs in previous numbers, and you will not need them at the South. A wide mull tie, embroidered, will look better, or a lace scarf, and be more comfortable.

"MAUD."—You would not find learning to waltz very easy without practice, and a guide to see that your first efforts were all right. City girls say of waltzing, "Oh, waltzing does itself when the music gets started," and another remarks, "There is no rule about waltzing; it's only two steps and hop around." It is in fact two slides and a hop. The best way would be to get some girl or young gentleman who knows, to show you the formula, and then practice till you acquire facility. It is perfectly natural that you should like to acquire the pretty arts and accomplishments of refined society, and, from the correctness with which you express yourself, we should say you had laid a very good foundation for them already.

"COUNTRY GIRL."—You will naturally write and engage your room, if you expect to become a boarder at any special hotel. If not, you will be driven to any one you may prefer, and if there are no rooms vacant, take your chance at another. A porter will take charge of your luggage, a clerk will register your name, and furnish the key of your room. You will probably have to inquire your way to the dining-room the first time. You are not required to recognize any one unless they should be friends or acquaintances; indeed it would not be proper to do so. The reception-parlor is usually on the first floor, above the office, and is free to all guests and their friends; you would naturally invite only very intimate friends or relatives to your room. A short street dress is as suitable as any for wear at breakfast, and is then ready for walking. It may also be worn at lunch; but you should dress in silk, or a pretty combination toilet for dinner, and wear lace, and some jewelry if you choose. A simple princess dress, with small leg-of-mutton sleeves, is the most effective for morning or indoor wear, with large collar and cuffs.

"HARDWOOD FLOOR."—You can not do better than have it rubbed with oil—linseed oil, rubbed in, and then rubbed dry and bright.

"PUSSY."—You have the bonnet, or hat, most becoming to you in the modified poke, with projecting brim. The close fitting almond-tinted paletot, with fur or plush collar and cuffs, is very fashionable for young girls, and would suit you. Black and white, invisible green, seal brown, and navy blue, are all suitable shades for you. Almost any color can be made becoming, but we would not advise red or pink for you, or very light colors, as these will increase your apparent size, and the deep red would also be unsuited to your complexion.

"NEW YORK CITY."—A synopsis of "Kith and Kin" would occupy too much space, as we are compelled already to appropriate more than we can well spare to each installment. You are right in considering it a very interesting and powerful story, but the Holts publish it in book form this month, and it seems too late, therefore, to go over all the previous ground. We shall finish it next month, and, in the mean time, begin in this number our new serial by Mrs. Alexander, author of the "Wooing O't," entitled "The Admiral's Ward."

"M. B."—You may return calls made by very intimate friends at any time you choose; more formal calls may be returned three months after the death occurred, and cards should be left where calls were owing at the same time.

"MRS. J."—Gentlemen's morning robes and jackets are cut closer and neater than formerly; that is all the difference. Young gentlemen like the morning robe, or "Jacquette du matin," better than the long gown. Long or short is a matter of taste, and either of our patterns is good—Jacket (2282), or Robe (2254). Empress cloth, corded wool, makes very nice morning robes, and is not expensive—olive, or bronze, faced with crimson, gold cord on the edge. Fawn color, and garnet satin facing, with gold cord, or narrow braid, on the lower edge. The lining should be twilled (cashmere) flannel same color as the facing.

Onyx sleeve and collar buttons are a welcome present, a decorated coffee cup with monogram, a cut-glass bottle of perfume, a gold or colored pearl-mounted tooth-pick, a rack with carved pen, pencils, etc., an artistic inkstand or paper weight, or a more homely shoe-bag of etched or embroidered linen. All these are suitable presents for gentlemen.

"FRANCES."—The "Jersey" is a very good costume for a school-girl. A school dress should be made as simply and in as few pieces as possible. Dark colors, and the darkest shades of these colors, are the most refined and lady-like for general wear.

"A SUBSCRIBER'S DAUGHTER."—Wear very dark colors, seal brown, invisible green, very dark wine color, or indigo blue. Make your black silk walking length, with a pretty basque, such as the "Clorinde," or "Lolita," and trimmed skirt.

"ENQUIRER."—You can stain your floor yourself, but the best way would be to have the border painted and grained, if you can get some one who knows how to grain wood, or, rather, make a surface that looks like it. Dados are made in paper, in fact they are a sort of paper or painted wainscoting. They are arranged very artistically with a border which separates them from the upper part of the wall. Dark colors, olive, bronze, and gold, are most fashionable. "Tinting" is very often done in distemper—that is in a sublime sort of whitewash. But papering is better, and more fashionable, or painting. Cover the walls of your parlor with an artistic paper, and a carpet of dark olive shades in the ground, and mixture of garnet and gold in the pattern, which should be small, solid garnet border, garnet and gold rug. Bay window draped with antique lace, and wide garnet ribbon. Furniture upholstered in raw silk in olive, garnet, and gold mixture. Ebony and gold brackets for the support of ornaments, and small shelf cabinet.

Your poplin is not worth taking any trouble with. Wear it as a skirt with some sort of sack, jacket, or polonaise. Your handwriting is that of a sincere intelligent lady, possessed of much natural refinement.

You can only combine black with your brocaded silk, and it should be either plain black silk or cashmere. Make jacket and scarf drapery of the skirt of the brocade, and use the plain silk or wool for the body part of the skirt. Certainly you can make a sleeveless jacket of your velvet sack, but can you not get enough out of it for elbow sleeves? This would be a dressy little bodice for wear with a light silk skirt.

"EDA."—Your plush would make a very pretty basque, and probably leave enough for bands across the front, and side panels for a plain silk skirt which should be made with a soft shirred and puffed or ruffled front, the fullness scant, and prettily draped back.

"JEAN."—"Nonpareil" velveteen is seventy-five cents, one dollar, and one dollar and a quarter per yard, according to closeness and fineness.

"MISS S. J. E."—The custom of throwing rice after a newly married couple is one of those the origin of which is lost in obscurity. Probably it was not at first rice, but any kind of grain, and was significant of the wish for plenty in barn and store to bless the lot of the newly wedded couple.

"EFFIE."—See the "House-keeping Class" in present number for full reply to your question. The "Moira" costume will furnish you with a handsome design for a black velvet suit. Or you may use a deep basque, to be terraced up squarely on the sides or in front, and skirt shirred, or kilted in front, and draped at the back.

"MRS. W."—A cloak of seal brown silk plush, lined with old-gold twilled silk, and finished with gold chased buttons, would be much handsomer than cashmere. With it the child could wear a white hat with feathers, and white cashmere dress. Brown hose to match the cloak in color.

"MAID-CAP VIOLET."—You cannot do better than arrange it in a mass at the back, and surmount it with a pretty comb or fasten it with pins. Fluffy hair should be allowed to remain fluffy. We do not know anything that will really take out freckles. Those who are subject to them can do more by way of prevention than cure.

"A LADY SUBSCRIBER."—You will find pattern for table-cover and border in crewel work in the November issue of the Magazine. Watch the department of "Home Art and Home Comfort," for patterns which represent the very latest art designs in needle-work. We cannot give these patterns in colors. We do not know what you mean by a "Josie" for your baby. Is it a sacque? If so, the "Paletot" sacque would suit you, or the top of a sacque apron, cut the proper length would answer your purpose.

"A MUSICAL BABY."—There is a case in Berlin (Germany) of a musical baby prodigy like the one you mention. He is a pretty two year old boy, but can neither walk nor talk, though possessed of remarkable musical talent. He sings with greatest exactness all the melodies which he hears, and curiously enough, makes a slight pause before any very difficult passage, as if appreciating the difficulty. A friend gave him, in sport, a coffee mill with which to accompany his musical exercises, and now, whenever he wishes to sing, he seats himself by his coffee mill and grinds it in exact time with his tune, to the great amusement of his family and friends who are allowed to hear him.

"WESTERN BOY."—The word *east* is full of significance. It is from the root *ush*, to burn, and denotes that which is bright and warm. It is from the portals of the East that the beauteous Aurora comes dancing forth. Aurora (aurea hora) the golden hour, the time just before sunrising, the golden throned, saffron robed, fair haired, white winged, rosy fingered goddess, beloved of all, brings to mortals light, activity and joy. Her name is connected with the Latin aurum, gold; and suggests the brightness of her advent, the golden luster that fringes the clouds when she rises over the eastern hills. Ancient tradition makes her the daughter of Titan and Terra; and as the ruddy goddess of the morning, Virgil gives her a chariot with four horses, as signifying speed and flashing.

"YULE-TIDE."—See the directions in "Home Art and Home Comfort" for Christmas decoration. They are specially appropriate for small churches, chapels, and school-rooms, though there are also plenty of suggestions for home use.

"HOLLY-BERRY."—See "article on page 175" for many hints in regard to entertaining in the country, both as regards ceremonial and refreshments. Do not try to be formal, or copy too much a great city's ways; because there are many of them created by a great city's limitations, and some of them by its more available resources. Company tables are in America generally too profuse. Have fewer articles, but each one plentiful and good.

"SCHOOL-GIRL."—Here are some "first" things that may help you.

The first Bible taken into Britain was written on very course tough paper, and was carried there about 601.

The first Saxon laws and first Saxon parliament came into existence about the beginning of the seventh century.

The first church that was covered in any degree like churches nowadays, was that of Ripon. This had been thatched or covered with straw. Wilford, the bishop, had it covered with "lead."

The first glass windows in churches were put in in the time of this same bishop. A rude sort of glass had been previously used, but at this time a better kind, a real glass was used.

The first professional music-master in Britain lived about 670. His name was Edda; he came from Kent, and was a great precentor or teacher and leader of church music.

"CHRISTMAS TREE."—There are small self-fed jets to light Christmas trees, which only require sticking in and lighting. They are not so tall, therefore not so difficult to manage as candles. Do not waste money on useless things in trimming; you can make your tree quite as pretty without them. First tie on about a pound of "flower" mottoes, in different colors; then a goodly assortment of small cornucopias filled; then lady apples underneath and to the back part of the heaviest branches; then the German snap gold and silver papers, containing paper caps of quaint forms; then the small and pretty gifts, ranging the others around it, on the floor, or table, according to the size of the tree. The top of the tree may have a few permanent ornaments, and should be crowned by a full-sized paper (chromo) Santa Claus. Necklaces of popped corn, or dyed seeds, are some times appreciated by the young folks; and brilliant imitations of colored glass or stones by their elders.

"THE LAND OF THE FREE."—The Jewish Free School is in the Spitalfields quarter of London, and in it every child is taught Hebrew as well as English, and the sounds which met our ears on first entering were strange as were the strongly marked Hebrew faces. The school is divided into three parts, infant, girls, and boys. The infant class partakes more of the nature of a crêche than of a school, an unlimited amount of play and good food and a very moderate share of instruction being given them. The girls' school was divided into compartments, each alternate compartment being occupied by a sewing class, so as to avoid the disturbing sounds which proceed from oral teaching. The girls are taught only enough Hebrew to enable them to read their prayers, which is really learning the prayers by heart, they having a general idea of what they may be saying by means of translations. They are, fundamentally, geography, history, grammar, and arithmetic; besides, needle-work, cooking, washing, ironing, and general house-work. The boys' school now consists of two large rooms connected by folding doors, which are at times made into one and used as a synagogue. To each boy and girl is annually presented a suit of clothes by the generosity of the Rothschild family, as also a dress to each of the pupil teachers, while two prizes in money are yearly given *in memoriam* of deceased supporters of the school, and fifty pounds yearly to the cleverest, most diligent, and well-behaved girl in the establishment—this last donation being made in perpetuo some years ago by Sir Moses Montifiore, in remembrance of his wife.

COXSACKIE, N. Y.

"DEAR MME. DEMOREST:—Your Magazine grows more interesting and valuable with each number. We are delighted with the picture of 'Queen Louise,' as all who see it must be. Could you not favor us soon with one of England's noble Queen 'Victoria?' I feel sure it would be gratifying to all.

"Believing you strive to please all, I remain sincerely yours,

"M. C. C."

[We do sincerely wish to please in every way that is right, and as many of our subscribers as is possible. We would gladly give Queen Victoria's picture, but it is so common, so well-known, and so easily obtainable, that it does not seem worth while for any American magazine to do it. All of them have given one or more portraits of Her Majesty in the years that are past. A picture and sketch of Queen Victoria was given in this magazine in the April No., 1870.]

"N. K. S."—Hat No. 1, page 147, would cost you eleven dollars. A collarette of the kind mentioned, $3.50. Plush would make a warm and stylish collar for a riding cloak, and a soft feather cloth would be the most suitable for a cloak trimmed in that way. Otherwise the best cloth for a round cloak is a Scotch plaid, lined with crimson, gold, or garnet flannel, of the fine twilled kind, or with what is called the "cashmere finish." Made in this way it is softer, more yielding, and warmer, than when made of a single thick fabric. Of course such a cloak could be mounted with a solid plush collar, but Scotch plaid is better adapted for a permanent back wrap, than a cloak which has to do duty upon various occasions. A round cloak made of cloth should be faced with satin. The reduced price, we hope, will double our subscription list.

"LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER."—It is a thankless office to tell disagreeable truths, and we do not usually express opinions in regard to MSS. We only return what we do not want. But if you truly want a candid opinion, and it will do you any good, we will give it through the Ladies' Club, in regard to your story.

"ECONOMY."—The fashionable fur capes are straight and small, "coachman" style; they are worn in conjunction with cloth cloaks. The old-fashioned fur cape, which was a sort of mantle, is not now to be had,—its place is occupied by fur-lined cloaks, dolmans, and seal-skin sacques. You cannot do better than buy of Boos & Bro., 449 Broadway, —mentioning this magazine. The coachman's cape and muff of natural beaver, is an exceedingly stylish set.

"PENELOPE POPE."—The Kensington Art School has a "Hand-book of Needle-work," and other manuals, but all of value it contains has been well embodied in the manuals published in this country, of which S. W. Tilton & Co., Boston, are probably the best. They are the publishers, we think, of the "Art at Home" series. We hardly understand your question in regard to a "Shakespeare suitable for ladies to read." If "Shakespeare" can be read and taught in schools, surely it can be read by women. If the Bible is fit for home reading, the "poet of all time," need not be excluded. "Ladies" who are intelligent enough to appreciate Shakespeare will find sufficient in his marvelous characterization, his splendid imagery, his keen wit, his lofty eloquence, his broad philosophy, his comprehensive knowledge of all that was great and small in human nature, to compensate for an occasional coarseness of expression, which is very infrequent considering the times in which he lived—and which must remain to a certain extent, as evidence of those times, and because of the lack of equivalent substitute.

"MRS. S. R. R."—We do not know where "Fifty-nine Years at a Russian Court," by the Countess Van Voss, can be obtained. It is not known by the booksellers in New York.

"MIGNON."—We are not acquainted with the Professor, nor with the articles mentioned, but it is easy to see that they must be pretenses. The only natural development must come through improved respiration and exercise of the chest instead of the limbs, or as well as the limbs.

"VICTORIA."—The present royal family of England consists of her Majesty, Alexandrina Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, born May 24th, 1819; succeeded William IV., June 20, 1837; crowned June 28, 1838: married February 10, 1840, to her cousin, H.R.H. Prince Albert, of Saxe-Coburg, who died on the 14th December, 1861. The issue of the marriage are:

H.R.H. Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa, Princess Royal, born Nov. 21, 1840; married Jan. 25, 1858, to H.R.H. Frederick William, Crown Prince of Prussia, and has issue, living, two sons and four daughters.

H.R.H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Cornwall, and Rothesay, Earl of Dublin, born Nov. 9, 1841; married March 10, 1863, to H. R.H. Princess Alexandra of Denmark; and has issue, H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, born Jan. 8, 1864. H.R.H. Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert, born June 3, 1865; H.H.R. Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, born Feb. 20, 1867; H.R.H. Princess Victoria Alexandra Olga Mary, born July 6, 1868; and H.R.H. Princess Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria, born Nov. 26, 1869.

H.R.H. Alice Maud Mary, born April 25th, 1843; married July 1, 1862, to Prince Louis of Hesse; died Dec. 14th, 1878, leaving issue, living, one son and four daughters.

H.R.H. Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, born Aug. 6, 1844; married Jan. 23, 1874, to the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna of Russia; and has issue one son and three daughters.

H.R.H. Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25, 1846; married July 5, 1866, to H.R.H. Prince Christian of Augustenburg; and has issue, living, two sons and two daughters.

H.R.H. Louise Caroline Alberta, born March 18, 1848; married March 21, 1871, to the Marquis of Lorne.

H.R.H. Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1, 1850; married March 13, 1879, to the Princess Louise Marguerite of Prussia.

H.R.H. Leopold George Duncan Albert, born April 7, 1853.

H.R.H. Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora, born April 14, 1857.

"Mrs. A. P. C."—Your invitations should be sent out ten days at least before the date of the anniversary. And the dates of wedding and anniversary should occupy the upper corners of the cards. If you cannot seat so large a party, have the table set its full length in the dining-room, and filled with such dainties as are best eaten cold. Do not try to have anything warm but tea and coffee. Have pickled oysters, chicken-salad, ham and tongue-sandwiches, or you may put chicken or veal with the ham and chop all up together, and make "pic-nic" sandwiches. A cold turkey is also very good, and looks well. Have olives, pickles, jellies, buttered biscuit, piles of plates, plenty of forks, spoons and napkins to fill the spaces—cake in baskets as well as whole, a center-dish of fruit and flowers. A basket of flower-mottoes and German snap favors will please the young people, and the elder ones, too, for that matter. Your husband and yourself should stand near the entrance of the parlor to receive your guests, and if presents are sent they should be displayed in a small room off the parlor, or in a room up-stairs. Flowers in baskets or bouquets may, of course, if sent, be used in decoration.

Winter Opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE birth and growth of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is one of the most gratifying results of enlightened effort for the public welfare that New York city can boast. Founded on the broadest principles, sustained by men whose love of what is true and ennobling in Art is superior to all personal considerations, it represents their labor and sacrifices, more than the spirit of the people for whose benefit it exists, and whom it is obliged first to educate before they rise to the measure of appreciation and intelligent enjoyment of what it has to offer.

Accustomed to the sight of the accumulated treasures of the Old World, it requires a rare degree of courage to lay the foundations of a grand enterprise whose glory is in the future, and that can, even by utmost endeavor have little to attract the multitude in its inception and early progress. Steps in advance are slow and difficult, and stand for little except with those who have the practical experience of the labor that lies behind them; and how many of these steps had to be taken before this art infant could acquire its present condition of strength and promise. The acquisition of its home in Central Park was a great point, and the forecasting wisdom of its founders, trustees and directors, in providing such a nucleus for the aggregation of art treasures, is daily more apparent. Thousands can add something of value to collective objects, who could not initiate or lay the foundations for such an institution if none existed. All large cities have their museums, but in a city like New York, with its cosmopolitan and migratory population, it is a much more difficult task to concentrate effort, to interest the public, to obtain aid for local objects, than in smaller and less distracted communities. Money will be poured out like water for a national object that would not be given for a local one, though never so imperative or desirable.

The interest of the Winter Exhibition was greatly enhanced by the recent contributions made by individuals, both as permanent gifts, and loans. Prominent among the first, is the Charvet collection of antique glass, purchased and presented to the Museum by one of its trustees and generous friends, Mr. Henry G. Marquand. The workmanship of these rare specimens is very wonderful when it is remembered that they were found in sarcophagi of periods long anterior to the Christian era. An illustrated work on the subject of these treasures has been prepared for the Museum, which not only gives the date of each, but describes the positions in which they were found, generally in the stone coffins of the princes and distinguished personages, which often contained additionally gems of priceless value. It is generally known now that the beautiful iridescence which modern art has copied was due to the roughening of the delicate surface by disturbance either of position or by the action of damp or of salt in the air where they were exposed. Every variety of glass is to be found among them—from the first rudely fashioned vial, somewhat clumsy in its outline, to the delicate bowl with exquisite tracery in glass of another color. One beautiful specimen of a rare shade of dark blue, and from its shape and rude molding of the very earliest period, is valued at $1,000.

It is most interesting to compare these early specimens with later workmanship of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, in the same hall. These latter, presented by Mr. T. Jackson Jarves, the American Consul at Florence, comprise some of the most beautiful examples of Italian glassware which have ever been exhibited, not only for beauty of form and color, but for the delicacy of the workmanship and the elaboration of the engraving. A remarkable feature is the extreme delicacy and fragility of form in connection with the richness of the gold medallion and other ornamentation. How the minute confectionary work which distinguishes some of the pieces could be made, how it could be handled, kept, transmitted, and displayed, without being shattered, is a problem.

Most interesting of all, perhaps, is the King collection of gems, which were brought to this country by the Messrs. Feuardent, and sold by them to Mr. John Taylor Johnson, the President, who has presented it to the Metropolitan Museum.

The name of Mr. King is alone sufficient to guarantee the value of the gems, for he is the great European authority upon such matters and a general referee in the case of disputes. The glyptic art has never been more completely represented than in the carefully arranged and tabulated gems now in the central hall of the Museum. Forty years of the great collector's life were devoted to the search for and classification of these treasures, and they comprise every possible variety, from the black and green serpentine, which the Assyrians pressed into the service, to the rare use of the sapphire for the signets of kings. Then, too, in this collection one may note every step of the engraver's work, from the rough scraping of the surface by a sharp stone, and the earliest attempts at polish by means of silicious sand, rubbed in with a sharp piece of wood, to the finished works of Grecian and Etruscan masters of the art, with the drill and the use of adamant and emery powder. The value of this interesting collection is enhanced by the careful casts which have been taken of each separate specimen, and which are placed beneath the gem itself. The collection is accompanied by the valuable manuscript catalogue of the collector, prefaced by an introduction, also from his hand, which consists of a historical treatise on the glyptic art.

Mr. C. Vanderbilt's contribution of old etchings, drawings, and engravings is well displayed, but lacks descriptive indication of character, time, and often of the master from whom it emanated. When the catalogues are issued they will doubtless supply this want.

The loan collection of pictures is one of the finest ever exhibited in New York city. It is not so uniform in style and character as the Centennial loan collection, of course, but it has a more diversified interest, and it possesses many gems that must have cost their owners a pang to part with, for even a limited time. Loan collections have heretofore been composed mainly of pictures representing the modern French school. In the present exhibition are some excellent examples of the ancient and modern Dutch schools. Dirk, and Franz Hals, Jan Steens, and Teniers, the elder and younger. There is a characteristic German landscape, and "Marriage Festival," by the later, and a "Dutch Kitchen" by the former, which show how well those old representatives of a realistic school know how to paint pictures that tell their own story.

There is a "Hille Bobbe" of Franz Hals, one of those jolly and inimitable creations of the Dutch fish or vegetable market. "A Father's Curse," by Greutze; a sunset scene, with beautiful reflections in the water, by an Italian painter, A. Vertunni.

Breton's "Le Soir" is retained, also Le Page's "Joan of Arc," which is spoiled by the confectionary in the way of foliage with which he has embowered his figure.

The most important recent permanent acquisition to the art treasures of the gallery, are the large Clays called "Fête de l'Affranchisement de l'Escaut à Anvers en 1863" (Celebration of the Declaration of Freedom of the Port of Antwerp in 1863), which has been presented in equal thirds of 10,000 francs each, by the artist, his Paris agents, and several friends of the Museum.

The basement is put this autumn to its legitimate use as a salon for the exhibition of plaster casts and models of industrial and decorative art study. Much is required in this direction, and General Di Cesnola has made arrangements to supply some of the most important needs by exchanging some of his duplicates for duplicate works in foreign museums. Altogether, the outlook of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is bright. It is already an institution upon which citizens may look with pride, and its progress is inspired by judgment so discriminating, by liberality so wise, that the best things and a far more rapid growth may be augured for its future.

The Children We Keep.

THE children kept coming one by one,
'Till the boys were five and the girls were three,
And the big brown house was alive with fun,
From the basement floor to the old roof tree.
Like garden flowers the little ones grew,
Nurtured and trained with tenderest care;
Warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in its dew,
They bloomed into beauty like roses rare.

But one of the boys grew weary one day,
And leaning his head on his mother's breast,
He said, "I am tired and cannot play;
Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest."
She cradled him close in her fond embrace,
She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song,
And rapturous love still lighted his face
When his spirit had joined the heavenly throng.

Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful eyes,
Who stood where the "brook and the river meet,"
Stole softly away into Paradise
E'er "the river" had reached her slender feet.
While the father's eyes on the graves were bent,
The mother looked upward beyond the skies:
"Our treasures," she whispered, "were only lent;
Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise."

The years flew by, and the children began
With longing to think of the world outside;
And as each in his turn became a man,
The boys proudly went from the father's side.
The girls were women so gentle and fair
That lovers were speedy to woo and win;
And, with orange blooms in their braided hair,
The old home they left, new homes to begin.

So one by one the children have gone—
The boys were five, and the girls were three;
And the big brown house is gloomy and lone,
With but two old folks for its company.
They talk to each other about the past,
As they sit together at eventide,
And say, "All the children we keep at last
Are the boy and girl who in childhood died."

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

A Story.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

ALL the world is asleep. Through the darkness rings the hours—
"One—two—three!" and the silence folds with the folding flowers.

Yet on her couch she muses, listening, hears the low
"Tick-tack-tick" of the seconds, marks how the night winds blow,

Notes of their chill and shiver, catches a half-heard cry,—
Sighs, lest some weakling lambkin, lost in the fields, will die.

Then she turns in her rest. "Long are the nights; ah me!
Strange I should always waken to hear the clock strike three.

"I, when my feet are worn with journeying to and fro,
And my flesh and brain rebel on the wretched rounds I go!

"Strange!" Then a gust outside and the sound of a sob within,
Tears that wrong in the day, at night are no grievous sin.

What if the brow be pale—the eyes be heavy and red—
What?—if the house be garnered, and hungry ones be fed.

Who but this one remembers?—far in the hush of years—
The cry of her soul in yearning and bitterness of tears?

Well! There is but this story: "The baby died—Annette.
Puny and weak. A sickly girl is better gone: don't fret."

The farm is a busy place, with stir, and hustle, and noise.
Work to be done; enough for each of seven sturdy boys.

"All that 'Lizbeth does is to cook the bite of grub,
An' tend the little matters—dairy, an' broom an' tub.

"Just what is fit for women. They be a weakly pack,
An' the meanest thing on earth is a house where women is slack!

"My plan's trusty to follow—seis' its brought me through—
Say what you mean to expect, and never make much ado!

"That's the fashion for me—let the rest think as they may!—
Boys, an' a first-class leader; that's the style that'll pay.

"Women's a poorly set; you write that down in your book!
What I say I'll repeat—only to patter an' cook.

"Yes; the one that died was a girl—came in the dark o' moon—
Born for a life-long burden—went not a day too soon!"

All the world is asleep. Through the darkness rings the hours—
"One—two—three!"—and the silence folds with the folding flowers.

The Power of Patience.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

BY JOEL BENTON.

WHEN your firmest efforts fail,
And no struggle can avail,
Then, against the wind and tide,
Patience rallies to your side.

Held in faith, this virtue can
Be your potent talisman;
For, after toil hath done its best,
This will often do the rest.

Her hours are long, but she can wait;
There is no task for her too great;
Ever nurtured from above,
She will moats and mountains move.

Nothing small to patience is,
And faithful are her ministries;
Labor's hand would lose its power
If she left it for an hour.

She with smallest atoms plies
Her work—and coral islands rise
Whereon vast acres o'er the sea
Swarm with life and industry.

It is patience that hath crushed
All your obstacles to dust;
Be patient, and where thorns repose
You will see the blooming rose.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

Holiday Books.

"Old Proverbs, with new Pictures," introduces us to some old friends in a new dress with charming embellishments. The proverbs are familiar, but the rhymes are new of which they form the text, and the pictures have all the charm of the modern illustrative designs, which are at once highly realistic and charmingly decorative. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,"—gives us one of the quaint children with whom we are now familiar, blown about by a wind, which, while it has carried away his hat, is also shaking the falling apples around his ears. The pictures and poetry all, of course, with domestic scenes, with children, and birds, and flowers, and household pets, but they are presented with so much taste in design, color, and detail of finish, that they must yield pleasure to the most fastidious adult perception. Lizzie Lawson is the artist, Cassel, Petter & Galpin publishers.

The "Little Folks" Album of Music. issued by the same publishers, will delight song-loving children, and some grown folks as well. The songs and rhymes are mostly collected from Little Folks and other sources, but some older friends will be recognized among them, and the music by J. W. Elliott and I. M. Bartley is new, or newly arranged. It makes a very handsome volume, and has a more permanent character than most juvenile gift-books.

"Bessie Bradford's Secret," is a story by the author of the "Bessie" books, and is dedicated to the readers of that popular series. It is hardly necessary to say that it is bright and full of incident, and as it is profusely illustrated will be joyfully welcomed by a large class of young devourers of books.

"Little Folks."—The bound volume of the "Little Folks" Magazine, republished here by Cassel, Petter & Galpin, has a cover which would win the most obdurate heart, and delight the dullest eyes, just as the contents never fail to interest the youthful mind. It is a very bright, varied, and interesting collection of stories, sketches, poems, anecdotes, music, and songs, all profusely illustrated, and is deservedly a favorite in America as in England. Children who have once had a bound volume for a Christmas present, always want it again.

"Three Wise Old Couples" is a clever absurdity, of which, in regard to the pictures, it is enough to say they are by Hopkins, and as good as the rhymes, which are by Mrs. E. T. Corbett. The best of them is that they are really funny and very bright; while the pictures have good anatomy enough in them to set up a life class, and genuine caricature enough to stock a new comic paper. The cover is highly colored in Japanesy, with a touch of the spectrum, and the outlines of a map.

"Tutti Frutti."—This dainty volume is a charming collection of child songs, printed in old letter, artistically illustrated, and dressed in a cover fit to be the robe of so fine a piece of workmanship. The verses are by Laura Bayard and W. T. Peters, and are not childish in the sense of silly, frivolous, or meaningless; on the contrary, there is much sense and true poetry in them, yet they are loved by children, who, if they are intelligent, are as quick to recognize a good thing as those who are older. The designs by D. Clinton Peers have the same merit of sense and significance, and convey the idea most admirably. We take the first at random.

A lonely little man stands beside the sea, and illustrates

"My Ship."

"Oh! once was a melancholy, lonesome little man,
And I live alone beside the restless sea,
And every mighty vessel that I saw upon the main,
I was positive that ship belonged to me."

But he marries a lovely decorative little wife, and his happiness is thus described, though it is plainly visible in the second picture:

"But now I'm a contented little, merry little man,
For I do not dwell alone beside the sea,
And tho' I love those mighty vessels never shall mine,
I'm happy as a little man can be."

"Tutti Frutti" is printed on thick tinted paper, and one of the most charming juvenile books of the season. George W. Harlan is the publisher.

From Messrs. Lee & Shepard. Boston and New York, we have received "Hannah Jane" a poem by David Ross Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby), illustrated by designs by S. G. McCutcheon and E. H. Garrett; arranged and engraved by George T. Andrew. It is a poem with a fine and true sentiment in that well deserves the honor of such a setting, and author and publishers are to be congratulated. We would advise all the admirers of the humor of the writer to buy this book, for it is not only a good thing to have for a possession, but those who have not yet seen the pen will place Mr. Locke on a much higher level than he could touch as mere humorist and caricaturist. Hannah Jane's story is the true inwardness of many a woman's life in this country, but they rarely obtain recognition even on paper.

The Bys Oh! the Boys, how delighted they will be with the "Tribulations of a Chinaman," from the French of Jules Verne; illustrated with fifty triumphal scenes, accidents, collisions, disasters, and other striking and hair-breadth subjects. It is a fearfully adventurous book, and shows that the Celestials do not escape mortal woes. It is a book of nearly three hundred pages, and has a charming romance which wends happily intwoven with it, besides much that is interesting in regard to Chinese customs, for it is not wholly exaggerated. In fact it is as likely to interest the head of the family, as the young hopeful, whose presence at this season is at once dreaded and desired by his anxious mother. Take courage, the "Tribulations" will keep him out of mischief one day at least. Lee & Shepard are the publishers.

Lady Duffus Hardy.—In her new volume "Through Cities and Prairie Lands," published by E. Worthington, Lady Duffus Hardy is very noble in her treatment of American men and manners. She came over here to enjoy herself, and she evidently accomplished her object. From Canada, through New York, out to Chicago, and on to California, she travelled by easy stages, stopping long enough in the big cities to enjoy their hospitality and learn their characteristics. Her book is amusing for she is a woman of wit as well as wisdom. There are no dry pages, but all are filled with the interest that is sure to be found in the conversation of a bright woman who takes social topics and the striking features of a country for her subject. Lady Hardy is the author of several popular novels and books of travels. She is now in New York, where she will spend the winter, and where she has a large circle of friends. The American edition of "Through Cities and Prairie Lands" has several pages more matter than the English edition, which has been added by Lady Hardy since her arrival in New York.

The Norway Music Album.—It was through Ole Bull that the American public first made acquaintance with the Music of Norway, and it is therefore, as stated in the introduction, peculiarly appropriate that this book, the first attempt to gather the folk-songs, dances, domestic, and national airs, into a concrete form, accompanied by words in the English language, should be dedicated to this great father of Norwegian music in this country. It is also most fortunate that its work has been accomplished by the co-workers in Norwegian literature, music, and folk-lore in America. Prof. Rasmus B. Anderson, and "Auber Forestier," who are also engaged in the translation of Bjornsen's works, of which two have already appeared, and others are in course of preparation. For the Music Album we are probably principally indebted to "Auber Forestier" (Miss A. A. Woodward), this lady having made the music, as well as the literature of Norway, a special study, and her *nom de plume* being appended to the translations of most of the works. The powerful pen of Professor Anderson, has, however, been called into the interpretation of some of Bjornsen's ringing lines, and adds a strong element to the graceful yet spirited renderings of Auber Forestier. Lovers of original music will be highly repaid for the acquisition of this volume in the unique character of many of the compositions. "Hanting the Hind" (Hindradidrin), is an old-time favorite Yule play, in which the girls, joining hands, dance round in a ring, while one of them, chosen as leader, sings. There is also legendary music, "Underground Music for Yule-tide, made by the "hill-folk" (fairies), in which there is blending of voice, fiddle, organ, fife, etc.

Altogether, the Norway Music Album is fine representative of the national music of a most interesting people, and adds a valuable quota to the schools of music with which the public is already familiar.

C. C. Shelley, of 12 College Place, has published a handy little note book, which he calls the "Whist Score Book," and recommends to all patrons of the "gentlemanly" game. It furnishes a simple and convenient method of keeping "tally," and is a system tied to a systematic game.

"What every Mother should Know."—This valuable manual in regard to the treatment of women and young children by Dr. Edward Ellis, of London, a practitioner of the highest reputation in the specialties whereof he treats, will be found just what is needed by inexperienced young married women, and contains also a great number of useful hints for all persons who have to do with the care and bringing up of children. It deals largely with dietary—the different kinds of milk, the best substitutes for mother's milk, the influence of light, the formation of habits, and the symptoms of disease in children. It gives tables of regimen for daily use, which are of great service, and formulæ for the making of broth, beef-tea, veal jellies, and other things suited to a child's digestive organs, or the weakened condition of an invalid. The price, very neatly bound, is only seventy-five cents, and it is indeed well worth that small investment of capital. P. Blakeston, of Philadelphia, is the publisher.

"**A Romance of the Nineteenth Century.**" With the revised edition of this work the publishers (G. P. Putnam's Sons) announce the author's reply to his critics. Certainly no book has ever received more diverse treatment than Mr. Mallock's "Romance." But this was natural, for it is a psychological study, rather than a romance, and deals in the analysis of human emotions, rather than the narration of incidents and accidents in two or more lives. It is a work of singular power, of keen insight, of philosophic thought, of strong imagination, and that it is a true romance of the nineteenth century is not to be denied for it follows closely the incidents of a remarkable romance in real life, which occurred a few years ago, but with which Mr. Mallock could hardly have been familiar. Psychological plays have appeared, as "Daniel Rochat," and the psychological novel, of which "George Eliot" was the great founder, must supersede largely the narrative novel in this prolific and analytic age. It is to be expected that it will also be admired on the one hand and criticised on the other, for it deals with problems which perplex many, but for which few are able to work out a solution, and in regard to which poor human nature is often mercifully kept in the dark.

"**He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.**"—This exquisite poem of Elizabeth Barrett Browning has been selected as most worthy to follow in the series of Illustrated Hymns and Poems, published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and which have won a marked and distinguished popularity. The poems heretofore issued have all had more or less of a religious character, and have been originally illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphreys, who has also furnished the suggestive pictures for the present work. The thick, tinted paper, gilt, and cream laid, the typography, and tasteful binding are everything that could be desired for a refined yet inexpensive gift to a pious friend, the cost being only $1.50 for this or any of the previous volumes, which include "Abide With Me," "Nearer, My God, To Thee," and others.

"**The Vicar's People.**"—This is the story of a Cornish mine, by George Manville Fenn, and a very interesting story it is. The "people" are the inhabitants of the picturesque village of Carnac, on the coast of Cornwall, and there is a vicar, but he has about as little to do with the people as with the story, so that the title seems to be something of a misnomer. The "Fortunes of Wheal Carnac" would have been more appropriate; Wheal Carnac being the name of the mine upon which the fortunes of all the people in whom the reader is interested turn, as upon a pivot. The story is well and dramatically told, the characters are interesting, and though not original, not commonplace; and it ends as a story ought to end, in punishing the wicked and making the virtuous happy. "The Vicar's People" is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and is the seventh in the series of trans-Atlantic novels, following Mallock's famous "Romance of the Nineteenth Century."

"**Eleanor Maitland**" is a new departure from the ordinary American novel, as indeed it should be when it is considered that the author is Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement, heretofore known as a student and writer upon art, but not all as a constructor of romances. Naturally, therefore, Mrs. Clement's romance differs from the majority that have preceded it. It has no plot, unless the concealment of his rank and title, for a brief space, by the hero, can be considered one. Their is no attempt either at novelty in characterization, yet the book is interesting from the first line to the last, because it is well written, describes intelligent and refined people under the everyday circumstances of their lives, yet influenced by the most powerful of human emotions—love and pride—and shows minute knowledge of the circles of society of which it treats, knowledge very unusual in the writers of high society novels. What is a little curious and amusing is the fact, that while the heroine is represented as the typical republican woman, to please whom her husband resigns hereditary rank, the atmosphere in which the author dwells with the most fondness is that of foreign courts; and the praiseworthy pride of the republican is made really greater than the condemned pride of the ancient member of an almost royal family, who had a right to expect great things, from her own point of view, for her sons. Elizabeth Maitland is a very perfect woman, almost too perfect, and she talks "like a book," but we confess to a little sympathy with the Countess Hohenstein, who after reigning wife and mother for forty years, must listen to such words as her son addresses to her, and see herself dethroned in favor of a woman whom she can never recognize as born to the place. We do not approve of Mrs. Clement's apparent plea for foreign titled marriages, and think Elizabeth Maitland would have been better employed performing the duties of the wife of a Secretary of State in Washington.

"**Cat's Cradle**" is one of the exceedingly clever holiday books for children, of which this season has been so prolific. The rhymes are by Edward Willett, the pictures by Charles Kendrick, and Mr. R. Worthington has put their bright and funny conceits into a brilliant holiday dress. The verses have sense as well as jingle, and the numerous illustrations are exceedingly pretty and appropriate. Of color, it is not at all likely the children will consider there is too much; it has, however, in one or two instances, got into the wrong place. But in the eyes of the children it will not mar the artistic value of the work, which is, as they all declare, "perfectly lovely."

"**The Art of Knitting**" W. Tilton & Co., Boston, have issued Nos. 5 of their pretty and useful manuals for art work. The fifth is devoted to Knitting, and is by Lucretia P. Hale, the author of several others of the series. The illustrated directions are very clear, and the patterns include all the favorite stitches and designs, both old and new. The manuals are uniform, in very pretty artistic covers, at fifty cents each.

J. S. Ogilvie & Co. have made a hit with the "Thorn Papers," equal to the "Bad Boy's Diary." They are very brightly written, and under their vein of rather coarse fun and satire contain some very uncommon sense. Everything and everybody receives a cut with a lash which spares no one, but is wielded so good-naturedly that even the sufferers cannot complain.

"**Miss Slimmens Window**" is by the author of a "Bad Boys' Diary," and therefore full of food for laughter. Poor Miss Slimmens! But never mind, read for yourself.

The Popular Library series contains some works that are very superior to the ordinary ten cent productions. "Sister Dora," for example, by Margaret Lonsdale; and "Round the Moon," by Jules Verne; "She Would be a Lady," by the author of "Bridged by his Love"; and the "Shadow in the House," by Eliza A. Dupuy, are also in the ten cent series. The "Private Secretary," by the author of the "Dilemma" and the "Battle of Dorking," is only fifteen cents, and double the size of the others.

"**The Album Writers' Friend.**"—The same publishers issue for fifteen cents, and within paper covers, a collection of verses and lines for the use of practical people who are bored by requests to write in albums. The selections are very good; no authors' names are given or where found, but there is something appropriate to all seasons and nearly all circumstances.

Messrs. Ogilvie & Co. have also issued the "Bushel of Fun," gathered from funny sources, and put in pink cover for ten cents.

Dempsey & Carroll, the art stationers of New York city, have issued a series of hand books for the use of polite society which are gems as to appearance and typography, and contain a vast amount of useful information and incidentally charming reading. "Diamonds from Brilliant Minds" contains the usages and etiquette of cards, wedding invitations, stationery, correspondence, and the like, and in addition many fine quotations and an alphabetical list of proverbs.

"**The American Newspaper,**" read as an essay by Charles Dudley Warner, before the Social Science Association, at Saratoga Springs, last September, has been published in Little Classic form by James R. Osgood & Co., and well deserves a second hearing. There is nothing easier than to criticize other people's performances; but Mr. Warner does a good thing when he calls attention to the ash-barrel rubbish which occupies so large a space in our daily newspapers, and which by them is elevated into importance until men, women, children, and events have only to be exceptionally dirty, vicious, mean, or disreputable to be blazoned with a notoriety which feeds vulgar desire, and makes heroes out of carrion. A really noble act or character is the subject of jibes and sneers, or dismissed in three lines of "close" type. An immoral act or person is paraded in column after column of leaded type, and every detail in regard to them carefully recorded.

"**Like A Gentleman.**"—This is the title of a powerful and interesting story which deserves to be widely read, for the author, whose name is not given, has accomplished the difficult task of pointing a moral, and at the same time making a readable book. It is the story of a man who drinks "like a gentleman," who is rich, who has a beautiful wife and lovely children, but is given over to the besotted habit. Drinking is the habit of the society with which he is surrounded, and he receives no help, therefore, even from his best friends in the endeavor to save himself from a degrading appetite which has already obtained control of his manhood; and threatens to wreck his home. The writer's protest against the *trade* in intoxicating liquors is strong—and her condemnation (we presume it is a woman) deserved. The pictures of home and society life scattered through the book are charming; and impart an interest wholly distinct from the moral aspect of the work. From a temperance point of view it is quite different from the average story. Drunkards are usually miserable wretches whose wives suffer from their brutality; their children from cold and hunger. Here is one, however, who belongs to the "best" families, who is rich, handsome, and generous, the best of husbands when he is himself, never harsh or unkind even when he is not. But the misery and humiliation which his wife and children suffer all the same, are well portrayed; and show a result very much the same wherever the baleful influence is felt. The work, like all Lee & Shepard's publications, is very nicely gotten up.

"**How is Your Man!**" is the somewhat sensational title of a little brochure directed against the "Sharks of Sharksville," a town in Pennsylvania, infested with life insurance policy hunters. Sharks abound everywhere; but according to the author of this work they must be more greedy in Sharksville than elsewhere. It is under the guise of village narrative, an exposé of a system which, carried on in the way indicated, is systematic robbery. Lee & Shepard are the publishers.

"**Young Americans at Japan**" is a large, profusely illustrated volume, with a beautiful cover, and a most attractive table of contents. Under the form of Cousin Tourists in Japan, accompanied by a young Japanese gentleman who has been educated in the States, Mr. Edward Greeby

has given complete insight into manners, customs, the domestic life, festivals, religious observances, and whatever else could be considered of interest in that land, of a race so ancient that it seems to have always existed, yet in some respects younger in experience than our own. The volume is fascinating to old as well as young people; Mr. Greeley's knowledge and experience giving it value as well as an air of vivid reality, and his perfectly natural style and freedom from the pomposity of book-making rendering it delightful to young people. It is one of Lee & Shepard's finest holiday publications. The pictures admirably supplementing the graphic letter-press.

"Who Wrote It" is a dictionary of titles, and authors of "famous poems, plays, essays, novels, romances, and philosophical and literary treatises," according to the preface which bespeaks indulgence for a work which must necessarily be limited in its scope and plan. It must be admitted however, that within his limits, defined as they must have been by his own judgment, the author, Mr. William A. Wheeler, who has died since the work was completed, has executed his laborious task, faithfully and well. The selections have been made with the judgment of a scholar and the impartiality of an historian: and though the field is so enormous the student will find few names of books or men absent that are worth preserving; that, to quote the preface again, "come within the scope of the work." We recommend it highly to all those whose work or pleasure leads them to the study of facts, or the acquisition of authorities. Lee & Shepard, Boston. New York, Charles T. Dillingham.

Shadow Pantomimes.—Under the title of "Ballads in Black," Messrs. Lee & Shepard, who have done so much to popularise interesting home amusements, have published a series of what are called "Shadow Pantomimes" sufficient to furnish an entire evening's entertainment, and supplemented by complete directions for their production. The illustrations are silhouettes by J. F. Goodridge; the verses are by F. E. Chase. The figures in black describe, in light and in shadow, all the positions to be taken, and the general views of the *mise-en scène* of the pantomimic entertainment, so that they can be accurately studied both in regard to costume and action—color being put in according to directions or individual taste. It is an extraordinarily amusing and valuable work for the price, which is only one dollar.

The Double-Runner Club, or the "Lively Boys of Rivertown," will be a joy to all the boys who have ever heard the name of "Mrs. Partington" and her son "Ike."

"Mrs. Partington" has long been known as B. P. Shillaber, the kindly, genial humorist and poet, whose fun, while it is of the most hilarious and jolly sort is neither coarse nor far-fetched. All the boys like Mr. Shillaber's boys, because they have "no nonsense about them," yet are gentlemen or bound to become such.

The "Double-Runner Club" is the story of a boating-club; its organization and fortunes—its scrapes, adventures, and achievements. It describes meetings and official business, and furnishes lots of hints to boys who want to do something of this sort, and don't quite know how to set about it. If there is a boy in the world who does not know B. P. Shillaber let him make his acquaintance through the "Double-Runner Club."

We desire to call the attention of such of our readers as may be contemplating holiday presents to the card of Chas. L. Hadley, Cooper Institute, N. Y. City, where may be found in his spacious salesrooms full lines of useful and ornamental goods appropriate to the season, such as decorated Dinner, Tea, and Chamber Sets, etc., etc., as well as all house-furnishing necessities.

This firm has long made a specialty of sending goods throughout the country on receipt of P. O. Money Order, or C. O. D. when desired.

Illustrated catalogue and price list mailed free on application.

The "Roman Band."

A PATENT has been taken out recently on a very simple but very useful little invention which signalizes a new departure and revolution in the manufacture of ladies' ornamental combs. The invention consists of a perfectly elastic India-rubber band shaped and made on the same principle as the spring of an eye-glass, and by the aid of a single small tooth in the center capable of holding its position in the back, upon the side, or in front of the head. A small crescent of hollow cut jet or vulcanized rubber balls furnishes the ornamental top, which adjusts itself with perfect ease to any part of the head, and is at the same time so light that its presence is not noticeable. The idea is certainly as ingenious as it is simple and practical: and in lightness, self-adjusting capacity, beauty, and cheapness the new comb or "Roman band" is all that can be desired. The cost is twenty-five cents to a dollar, and all "notion" houses have it.

"Only Two Dollars!" remarked one gentleman, "then put me down for five copies, to distribute among my lady friends. It will be the cheapest ten dollars worth I ever got, and I am sure you can count upon them as perpetual subscribers.

"Metaline" is the new sensation: hundreds of thousands of dollars will be saved in oil alone by its use on railroads and heavy running machinery.

"Nonpareil" Velveteen.

THE decline in velvet as a fashionable fabric was doubtless occasioned by the rapid changes in fashion, and the modern habit of wearing good clothes upon all occasions. Silk, or Lyons velvet, is not only very expensive, ranging from five to twelve dollars per yard, but is very perishable. It does not wear out easily, but it rubs and flattens and grows shiny, and has to be preserved carefully from contact. This tender preservation is almost impossible in these days of street-cars and much travel, and the consequence is that costly velvet is at a discount. It is beautiful and becoming, but not any more so than many other fabrics, while the price seems quite out of proportion to the result.

There are uses, however, to which velvet may be put, for which it is extremely difficult to find an equivalent, and among these are plain, stylish suits, indoor jackets, boys' best suits, princess dresses for indoor wear, and velvet combinations with satin or brocade. For all these velvet is desirable, but is usually out of the question on account of cost. A new fine make of velveteen exactly meets the requirements of the case, and we therefore call the attention of our readers to it, and knowing the details of the manufacture we can do so with confidence. It is stamped "Nonpareil" upon every piece, and has the short, thick, close pile of velvet, with the depth and softness of plush. It is made up the same way as velvet—that is, with the pile rubbing up instead of down—what workers in wood would call "against the grain," and it looks so exactly like Lyons velvet when made up that few experts can tell the difference. It wears with more evenness than Lyons velvet; it is not so apt to rub in places—and the cost being about one-sixth, there is no fear, and therefore perhaps less danger—for excessive caution as often results in catastrophe as recklessness. The colors, such as garnet, ruby, and seal brown, are beautiful, and the black is excellent.

A plain "Nonpareil" velveteen suit in garnet, with gilt buttons and satin facing, is an inexpensive, yet thoroughly handsome, winter dress for a young girl, and nothing can be prettier than the ruby as a short princess dress trimmed upon the neck and sleeves with white lace. Ladies may unite the "Nonpareil" velveteen with satin, satin Rhadames, satin merveilleux, or brocade, with very good effect, and trim it with anything in the way of passementerie or beaded lace that they would put upon velvet. The price of "Nonpareil" velveteen ranges from seventy-five cents to one dollar twenty-five per yard; marvelously low for the effect and real wearing quality of the material.

Only Two Dollars for the choicest Christmas gift you can make to wife, friend or daughter,—a year's subscription to this magazine.

"Makuza Ware."

LOVERS of artistic pottery will find much to admire in the works from the hands of the celebrated artist Makuza Kozan. The ware is manufactured in Ota, but takes its name from the originator. It has a peculiar outline of beautiful crackle, differing from either Satsuma or Kioto in its clearness and fineness. Very fine specimens of Makuza ware may be seen at the establishment of Monoturo Sato, 849 Broadway. A pair of large jars, in particular, are worthy of considerable study, from their curious and grotesque decoration. The design is in relief, and describes an old Japanese legend, which runs thus: "A certain lacquered box held the supposed treasures of the Prince of Satsuma, and had been handed down from his forefathers for generations. The demon living near his palace had from time to time been foiled in his attempts to gain possession of the box, by the strong guard placed over it. One night, after celebrating the Prince's birthday, the guard fell asleep, and the demon embraced this opportunity to secure the box, which, upon being opened, let loose hundreds of evil spirits, instead of containing precious stones, gold, and enamels." The jars are of rough clay, the demon is of unglazed pottery, but executed with extraordinary power. The box, representing fine old lacquer, is decorated in harmonious colors of gold, blue, and brown. The evil spirits of unimaginable shapes cover the rest of one vase, and extend all over the other one of the pair. The whole constitutes one of the best executed works of this artist, not so much from its minuteness and beauty of decoration, but as a work which expresses so much of life and animation.

"Silk Ornaments."

AMONG the very best results from applied methods of ornamentation are those known as "silk ornaments." These imitate, and are in fine decorative effect, superior to some hand-painting, and are specially adapted to the decoration of odor bottles, tidies, pin-cushions, lamp-shades, satchels, handkerchief cases, shaving cases, and the like. The shades, combinations, and designs are very pretty, graceful, and artistic, and the work of transfer so simple that a child can easily accomplish it. Messrs Palm & Fechteler, 403 Broadway, are the original manufacturers and importers of these ornaments which were patented in 1878, and afford a cheap and charming method of making pretty, decorative articles, inexpensively.

Blessings often fail to reach us through the wall of circumstances with which we have surrounded our lives.—I. T. P.

Misunderstandings are far more difficult things than people imagine to be in love or in friendship.—Miss Thackeray.

Perhaps nothing wins our feelings more strongly toward another than times when we have lost our own self-esteem, and our pride has been wounded to the quick. A friend who still has faith in us, still believes us better than we fear ourselves to be, is to us as life from the dead.—Christie Cornwell.

Is there ever a hard question in morals, that children do not drive straight at in their wide-eyed questioning?—Mrs. Stowe.

To bless is, to excel the blessing of some generous hearts.—Miss Thackeray.

After all, is it not true that, as we grow older, the relationship of one's self make itself felt?—Mrs. Stowe.

Those well-meant deceits, those agonizing suppressions by which people try to save others from pain, are they worth the grief they occasion? Very often the sense of confidence and security far outbalances any pain of frankness, and even of condemnation expressed.—Miss Thackeray.

Even to remember is scarcely possible: to put oneself back is sometimes a feat almost as difficult as to put oneself forward.—Id.

It is true that interest itself fails at times, and that it is then very saltless and ashy to the taste, but even this is a part of its experience, if honestly accepted.—Id.

Individuality and spirit—how weak when the superstition of imagination wraps them round!—J. H. Dromgoole.

Tears like which flows and ebbs, that alternate waking and sleeping which belong to all living emotions. If our tears did not beat with alternate pulses, they would not be alive.—Miss Thackeray.

People made up of so many contradictory feelings, when a person's conduct surprises us, we forget how much circumstances have to do with the outward.—Id.

Home Decoration.

Before it will not be too late for the directions in Home Decoration in the department of "Home Recipes Home Comfort," to be of use to some of our readers. They are very clear, and have the merit of simplicity, appropriateness, which are the best qualities they could possess. But they suggest also effects which are exceedingly beautiful, as well as symmetric, and well worth a little pains to produce. They are adapted to small churches, chapels, and schoolrooms, as well as homes.

Mrs. Alexander's New Story.

With this, the first number of the new year, we began our new serial story of the "Admiral's Ward," by Mrs. Alexander, author of the "Wooing Ot," etc. It starts off admirably, at once enlisting the reader's attention and interest, and suggesting some very lively complications in future. Mrs. Alexander is one of the most popular of the women novelists of the day and we hope the Admiral's Ward will prove, what it has been asserted it will be, the best of her works.

Only Two Dollars per Year should give this magazine the largest subscription list in the United States.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood's article on the 'Guardianship of Children, and Status of the Mother,' is unavoidably crowded out by the length of the concluding chapters of the powerful story of "Kith and Kin," by Miss Jessie Fothergill.

New York Medical College and Hospital for women, 213 W. 51th street, between Broadway and 7th Avenue, now open for reception of patients in wards or private rooms. The only Homœopathic Hospital where women are treated exclusively by physicians of their own sex. For admission, apply to the resident physician. Dispensary open daily.

In some ways disappointment is as good as success, for it does not prevent the sincerity of your good intentions, nor alter the truth of your feelings.—Miss Thackeray.

To be ill thought of in another person's mind is in itself no wrong-doing, although it may signify some discomfort to yourself.—Id.

Strange that the things we long for most, should be the last to happen!—Anon.

Some people have a gift of magnetism of personal influence, which is quite indescribable, which belongs partly to the interest they take in the concerns of others, partly to some natural simplicity and elevation of soul.—Miss Thackeray.

We mortals are very impatient beings, and we seem to have some instinct by which we make bad matters worse, far worse than they need be.—Id.

When known evil seems absolutely good to a man, and conscious falsehood takes on the semblance and the authority of truth, the Devil has him fast.—J. G. Holland.

Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress.
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.
—Longfellow

Folks do live through a sight of suffering!—Anon.

Nothing more annoys a woman than delicate attentions diluted with judicious neglect.—Anon.

For who is there, not being able to compass that she *would* have, but will fain accept that she *may* have?—Anon.

One of the sweet uses of adversity is the genuine satisfaction which comes from hearty work of head and hand; and to the inspiration of necessity we owe half the wise, beautiful, and useful blessings of the world.—L. M. Alcott.

Often between ourselves and those nearest and dearest to us, there exists a reserve which is very hard to overcome.—Id.

When we make little sacrifices we like to have them appreciated, at least.—Id.

The homeliest tasks get beautified, if loving hands do them.—Id.

Clothes possess an influence over many more powerful than the worth of character, or the magic of manners.—L. M. Alcott.

Simple, sincere people seldom speak much of their piety; it shows itself in acts rather than in words, and has more influence than homilies or protestations.—Id.

The increased affection which seems to bind households tenderly together in times of trouble!—Id.

When woman is the adviser the lords of creation don't take the advice till they have persuaded themselves that it is just what she intended to do; then they act upon it, and if it succeeds, they give the weaker vessel half the credit of it—if it fails, they generously give her the whole!—Id.

To be understood is to be nice one's self.—Julian Hawthorne.

There are none who bores like our own relations when uncongenial, none who so try our patience and wring our nerves.—Mrs. C. J. Warfield.

Forbearance becomes a vice when it ceases to be a virtue.—Id.

Happy those who are permitted to select their companionship, and not forced to blindly accept such as fate and circumstance fob upon them.—Id.

I am sure, so far as the other world is concerned, that the Creator who adapts the rush of light from the sun to the fragile eye, can and does adjust Heaven to each of us who arrive there. As he does earth to all who are born therein.—Anon.

Every strong, active man is systematically engaged in creating and sharpening the instruments for his own destruction.—J. G. Holland.

We *accept* our relations but we *choose* our friends.—Anon.