she was not asleep, but deeply and happily at rest. Now my heart and my arms are alike empty.

On my darling's childhood I will not let myself dwell. When she was twelve, I placed her at the school where her mother and myself had been before her.

"How I hate to go away from you," she said, when it came to be our last night together. "But oh, shan't I look forward to the holidays!"

The next day we went to London, and having left her at the school, I returned to our house in Rockshire, this house in which, to-day, I sit alone and weep bitter tears for her as I wept for her that day, seven years ago.

At length came the Christmas holidays, and I made the little house bright for my darling's return. I invited my neighbors and their young people: my Lilie moved among them like a queen. All manner of games were set on foot, but charades were the great thing. Exiled from my own especial sitting-room, because it made such a splendid green-room, I could hear merry tones and bursts of laughter from the young actors and actresses.

"*No, no,*" Lilie would protest—she had been by common consent appointed stage manageress—"you must not talk in that voice, it doesn't sound a bit like a housemaid; and you don't leave off your h's; you don't hold your broom either in a professional manner. Have you never seen a room swept? You sweep as if you were afraid of hurting the broom or the carpet—I'm sure I don't know which. This is the way they sweep." And from the shouts of laughter following, I knew how spiritedly she was enacting the part. The only fault which I could see in Lilian was intolerance of stupid people. Whatever she did, she did well, and did it too with all her might.

Well, the weeks grew into months, and the months into years, and when Lilie was seventeen the education she had acquired was so good that I thought she might leave school. Then followed three happy years. Lilian had no desire to hurry into the whirl of a London season. She loved nature as very few people do. She loved the flowers in the garden—especially the wild-growing things—with a very passion of tenderness. "Oh you *dear, dear* thing!" she would cry as she knelt down to smell or pluck them. Great flaming marigolds excited her as music excites some people. Different moods of nature seemed to effect her strangely. In summer twilights, large and august, she would sit moveless and wordless, her hands locked tight in one another, so still she sat, that it almost seemed as if she were listening to beauty.

Autumn twilights made her miserable, "If I am by myself in them," she said, "I am as frightened as children are when they wake up in the dark alone. It seems to me I smell death in them. Can't you tell me why I feel so?"

Brilliant moonlight would drive her almost wild with pleasure. I was in the habit of going early to bed, but long after I had been in bed I could hear her voice from the summer garden singing against the nightingales till I hardly knew which notes were the sweeter.

One brilliant June evening I was sitting by myself letter-writing, when a card bearing the name "Edgar Lawson" was handed to me. I was quite unfamiliar with the name.

I went at once to the drawing-room. I saw at a first glance, that my visitor was not, as I had imagined he would turn out to be, one of those persons who are forever wandering about the country with charity lists in their pockets. Now I saw before me a man probably a little over forty, who was evidently well acquainted with the ways of the world. He was a tall, slightly built man, with a handsome, clear-cut face—he had fine eyes as I came to see afterward.

"I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Harper?" he began. I replied that was my name.

"The intimate friend of Mrs. Hale, wife of Colonel Hale, who was shot in India just nineteen years ago to-day?" he went on.

"Yes, I was the same."

"I was a great friend of poor Hale's," rejoined the stranger; "I was with him at the time of his death. He told me that had he lived longer he should probably soon have heard of the birth of his child. He conjured me whenever I returned to England to seek out his wife, and to give to her and to that child his parting blessing. If by any sad chance his wife should be dead before I reached home, he referred me to her most intimate friend Miss Harper, of Hampton Hall, Rockshire, who would doubtless apprise me of all that related to his child. But I was not destined to return to England for years. In Calcutta I found sufficient encouragement in my career of artist to induce me to stay there; gradually ties of friendship and interest rendered my return still more and more difficult; and in fine it is not till now, when the morning of life is past with me, that I have been able once more to see my own country, and to execute my friend's commission."

I briefly told him of Mrs. Hale's death.

"There is a child?" he resumed.

"There is," I answered; "Miss Hale has been passing the day with some neighbors, but I expect her in very shortly. Won't you wait till she returns?"

Mr. Lawson said he would wait gladly, and asked me if I would not show him around the garden, what he had seen of it from the window having roused his admiration.

"Love me, love my dog," with me was translated, "Love me, love my garden." So we wandered round the garden for about half an hour. He made himself very agreeable, passing lightly from one subject to another. The sun was setting golden, in a blue and cloudless sky, when Lilian flashed suddenly upon us. She was dressed in white with red roses in her hair and bosom.

"Isn't it a splendid evening?" she began, but stopped short as she caught sight of the stranger. I introduced them, and then Mr. Lawson, very delicately as I thought, touched upon the subject of her father, and explained the cause of his visit.

"I'm down here," he added after a pause, "with a friend of mine—a rather clever artist of the name of Bedford. Some of his sketches are really excellent; he has just done the 'Village Blacksmith and Forge.'"

I could not help wondering if by any strange chance this should be the same Bedford that Lilian's mother certainly had treated so cruelly.

"How interesting!" cried Lil. "I don't know what I would not give to see the sketch for the smith himself; I love him. I'm afraid your friend won't make him nearly handsome enough. Please ask him to."

"I will," he replied with a smile. "In the meanwhile, since you care so much about seeing the sketch, I am sure Bedford will only be too delighted for you and Miss Harper to see it, so if I may, I'll borrow it and bring it up." Then turning to me: "I should really be glad to know what you think of his work. Some of his heads are good, I think. May I bring a specimen?"

"Of course," I said, "I should be only too delighted," and it ended in my asking him to lunch for that day week.

"Quite an adventure, is it not?" cried Lil, when our visitor had gone, then very emphatically, "He is the very *handsomest* man I ever saw."

"I don't think," I answered, "you would say that if you had seen more men. Wait, child, till you have gone through your first season."

"Well, at least," she said, "I don't desire to see a handsomer. His eyes seem to look through you."

"His eyes," I answered, "are doubtless his strong point."

At Lilian's earnest request, I asked the people of the rectory to meet our new acquaintance—my child and the rector's daughter were close friends.

At length the time for our modest little entertainment came. It was a brilliant June day; we were sitting on the lawn waiting the last arrival. "Oh, do tell us what he is like!" cried Helen. She was a rather romantic young person.

"Let me see," rejoined Lilie, "well, to begin with, "He's tall and slight, but there's no suggestion of weakness about him, indeed, you feel sure he is very strong. He has rather a cold face. His eyes are wonderful. I know now what people mean when they talk about speaking eyes—no least little movement you make seems to escape them. I defy any one to forget such eyes."

"How delicious—how delicious!" cried Helen in a transport, clasping her hands.

"Doesn't it make him sound quite interesting, in the language of lady novelists?" answered Lilian, and she burst out singing one of the old English ballads.

It was brought, however, to an abrupt conclusion by the appearance on the scene of Mr. Lawson.

"Won't you finish your song?" he asked. "You don't know how cool and charming your voices sounded through the trees."

"I'll finish it with pleasure," she returned smiling.

In the whole of her nature there was not one grain of affectation.

"Thank you very much," he said, when the song was over.

Then the luncheon bell sounded, and we went in.

Through the meal Mr. Lawson kept us all entertained. He had traveled far, and had plenty of good stories, which he told with admirable effect. Lunch over, he produced his friend's sketches, over which we all bent with interest. We felt, as all people who live in the country do, a sense of proprietorship in the lions of our neighborhood, and were accordingly very anxious that they should receive full justice from the hand of the artist. On the whole we were satisfied; but I was most interested when he turned to ask me aside my opinion of his friend's power in drawing heads. At the second one he showed me I could not help starting, for there looked out at me the eyes of my dead friend. This Bedford was the same then.

"How like Miss Hale," he observed, looking intently at the drawing.

"That is hardly surprising," I replied, "seeing that this is a drawing of her mother's head."

"That is very interesting," said Mr. Lawson. "May I tell Bedford?"

"Most certainly you may; moreover, I feel as if we ought to know each other. Pray ask him if he will not call some day with you."

"I am sure he will be only too delighted," returned Mr. Lawson—he was putting the drawings away as he spoke.

We spent the rest of the afternoon very pleasantly lounging upon the lawn. The conversation, led that way by Mr. Lawson, and eagerly responded to by Lilian, ran on poetry.

After Helen saying that she thought Mrs. Hemans sweet, and the rector asserting on his part that no poet had come to take Cowper's place, they left the field, and gossiped with me of indifferent things, while the other two went on talking and quoting against each other.

About five, the rector and his wife and daughter left, and Mr. Lawson soon followed.

"I'll bring you round that Persian poem, if I may, then, for it really is one of the grandest things that have ever been written," he said, as he shook hands with Lilian.

It seemed to me that he looked at her with evident admiration, and what wonder if he did? Was she not good to look at? Tall and graceful, with a pale, serene face lit by large, changeful gray eyes, whose light seemed, somehow, to me like the altar flame. The white, spacious forehead was crowned by its red-gold hair. There was a great difference between her and her mother, and yet how strong a likeness!

"He is charming, isn't he?" she said, when we were again alone together.

"Yes, dear, very agreeable, I replied. I could give no reason for it to myself, but I did not want her to care too much about him.

"You don't know how wonderfully he talks about poetry," she went on. "I have learned more from an hour's talk with him, than I should have done from pages of written criticism. Didn't you notice what a strange, sudden way he has of smiling?"

I laughed and answered, that I had not paid so much attention to him as she had.

The next day I had to go to our nearest post-town on business. Lilian drove well, and liked driving, but that day nothing would induce her to accompany me. It was hot, she said, and the sun would give her a headache, besides this she was in the third volume of a most exciting novel.

"I will have everything ready for you so nicely when you return, dear," she said, in her pretty coaxing way. "You won't be back to lunch? Well, then I'll see that you have the finest strawberries and freshest cream for tea; you shall find it all spread under our favorite tree. Now, don't you see how much better it is that I should stay at home and play housekeeper?"

Then, at this moment the ponies being brought round, she ran to pat their necks—to tell them to behave themselves, and not to be too unhappy because she wasn't going to drive them. Then with a parting kiss to me, and a parting injunction to her ponies, to behave like the angels they were, she ran into the house, singing as she went. She sang just as naturally as birds sing. Oh! subtle sweet voice, which I hear now only in the land of sleep, or fancy sometimes that I catch a strain of its old sweetness borne on the melancholy outcry of an autumn wind in the dark boughs of the fir trees!

I had a tiring day at ——, having much to do there, and it was late in the afternoon when I reached home. As I came up the garden I heard a sound of voices. Mr. Lawson was lying on the lawn. Lilian was sitting close by, in a low garden chair, and looked very beautiful, flushed and animated. I saw then, in a moment, and wondered at my own stupidity in not having seen before, her reason for wishing to remain at home. Had not Mr. Lawson the day before asked permission to bring a certain Persian poem, and was there not, to say the least of it, a strong chance that he would avail himself of the permission granted at the earliest date he could? Nor did it escape me that she had put on one of her prettiest dresses.

"I am afraid, Miss Harper," he said, rising as soon as he saw me, "I am afraid you must have had a very tiring drive in this great heat. . . . Let me see, how many miles is it?"

"Six," I replied.

"Is it, indeed? It was even farther than I thought. Miss Hale has been so good as to let me make myself at home under the shade of your glorious trees. In this poem I have brought, there is a verse which is capable of two interpretations. I have my interpretation and Miss Hale has hers; but which is right or wrong, we are going to leave to your decision."

I refused to be umpire till I had had my well-earned tea. Of course I could not do otherwise than ask Mr. Lawson to stay to tea, and to my great disappointment he accepted the invitation gladly, but I was disposed to be cross. I was tired, and perhaps too was a little old-maidish, but I had looked forward to being very quiet when I reached home, chatting or being silent just as I liked. Now I had to arrange my hair, to change my dress for a better looking one than that which I had put on to confront the dust of the roads. I had to put on also my company manner. Lil often used to joke me about this company manner of mine. Perhaps she was right. I think I was naturally formal, owing to a cold, very reserved temperament. I never could get quickly intimate with people, and this was, I suppose, the reason why I made so few friends, and why my Lily came to be so wholly the light and comfort and interest of my life.

Shortly after tea was over, Mr. Lawson took his leave, reluctantly as I thought.

"Lilian," I said, "did Mr. Lawson tell you he should call here to-day?"

"No."

"But you thought it very likely he would call?"

"Yes."

"And that was why you stopped at home?"

"Yes."

"Lil," I went on, "you are getting too much interested in this man."

"Am I?" she answered, throwing her arms round my neck, and burying her face in my bosom, to hide the blushes with which I knew it was all aglow.

"Take care, my dear," I said; "remember that we know nothing of him"—to which she answered, looking up and with some pride in her tone: "We know he is a gentleman. What more need we to know?" Then she left me.

As fate willed it, through that month of June, my child was to see a good deal of Mr. Lawson, for the rector had taken a profound liking for him. That he went so often to the rectory was probably owing to the fact that he was pretty sure to find Lilian there. I could see now that he hardly tried to disguise his admiration of her. It became the subject of talk.

He informed me that his friend Bedford had been much pleased by my invitation, and hoped some day to be allowed to present himself, but just then he had been called back to London on most pressing business. I wished pressing business would call Bedford's friend back, also. I thought that he and Lilian were just interested in each other for the time, and that, when they were parted, all must naturally end. He must have been at least twice her age, and had his years been nearer hers, there was something about him which made me feel he was not in all ways the kind of man I wanted for my Lily; yet it was hard to describe what it was in him that I did not like. Perhaps it was because it seemed to me that at times he would talk in a perfectly heartless vein, while at others he would be almost sentimental. Lil evidently thought this contrast fascinating, but, for me, I confess, it repelled me.

It was the last day of June: evening had fallen, and I sat by myself in my sitting-room, whose French windows, standing wide open, led out upon the lawn. Through the dusk a nightingale was beginning to sing, the peace of heaven seemed to rest upon the earth. I was in one of those rare moods of mind when sadness is almost sweet, when nothing stands out sharply defined. The night made me think of other far-off nights, just like this, when Lil's mother and I had sat together in the garden running round the Kensington house,

and where, waxing very sentimental in the moonlight, we had planned out our futures, always in some way to be connected, and described what manner of man we would be graciously pleased to take for a husband.

And now the moon was shining on Kate's grave! Then I wondered about young Bedford, whom she had treated so badly, wondered if he had quite forgotten her, or if he still cared anything about her memory.

Lil had gone to play the harmonium in the church. There was no service, she had only gone to practice. She was later in coming home than she had said she should be, but this did not surprise me, because the rector often looked in, and took her home for an hour or two, and then walked back with her. Still, as the time went on, I wished she would come, for it was later than was usual with her, even on such occasions, and I knew the rectory people to be early in their habits. I was growing very uneasy, when I heard the garden gate open and shut, and the light step of my darling coming up the path.

"In the moonlight only," she cried, "how nice!" Then she came to the sofa where I was lying, and knelt down beside me.

"I was getting dreadfully anxious about you." I began.

"Were you?" she answered, in what seemed to me a strangely irrelevant tone of voice, as if she had found in my words an almost incredible sweetness.

"You don't seem in the least sorry," I said.

"Yes, I am," she answered with a start.

"You've been to the rectory, I suppose," I went on.

"No."

"Where have you been all this time, then?"

"Part of the time in church, and part walking about.

Was it purposely that she leaned her cheek against my hand, that I might feel how warm it was?

"Who were you with?" I asked.

"With Mr. Lawson," in a very low tone of voice.

"Lilian," I cried, "something has happened."

"Yes," she said, in a voice that seemed possessed and hallowed by a great joy. The divinest and sweetest thing which could happen to me in all the world *has* happened. He loves me—he loves me. Hush!" seeing that I was about to speak, "let me tell you about it first. I was sitting in the church. The moon had just risen, and I was playing from memory, when I heard a footfall close by me. I knew quite well whom I should see when I raised my eyes. 'Please play that last piece over again,' he said, 'I have been listening outside for more than an hour. It was some time before I could make up my mind to enter—it is so long since I have been in a church, but you drew me, and here I am.' I said: 'I wish you would come to church sometimes.' He replied, 'Do you? Then I will; don't you know I want to do in all things that which you wish? Now play me my music,' and I played.

"When I said it was time for me to close the church, and leave the key at the sexton's, he said he would walk with me there. Then he said, 'Let us walk a little this way. I have something that I want to tell you,' and then"—here the sweet voice faltered, but resumed—"then he told me how he loved me; how, to make me his wife, there was nothing he would not do, nothing he would not give up."

"And you," I asked, "what did you say?"

"What *could* I say?" she answered, "but tell him the truth; how with all my heart and soul I loved him—how the thought that he loved me flooded my life with heaven. He is coming to see you to-morrow, early. Dear, you don't know how I love him. I am possessed by a great unutterable peace. Then, at times, the thought comes sharply home to me that it is no dream, and that he does love me. It stings me with a rapture so keen that it is almost like exquisite pain, and I have to dig my nails into my hands, and bite my lips to keep myself from crying out in my bliss, as people cry out in their agony."

We neither of us, I think, got much sleep that night. Indeed, dawn was clearly visible before we made a move in the direction of bed.

I was sorry that she should have cared so much about a man whom I could not like better; but, since she did so, since he seemed to love her in a way so pure and ardent—if other things proved satisfactory—no personal prejudices of mine should stand in the way of their happiness.

The next morning, at a very early hour, I had an interview with Mr. Lawson. Of course we were quite to ourselves. I fancy, on the whole, he hardly liked me any better than I I liked him.

"Well," I began, "my ward has told me of the very flattering feelings you entertain for her."

"Don't let us waste time in pretty speeches," he put in. "This is how the case stands, Miss Harper. I"—here he hesitated a moment, and then went on—"I love your ward. She honors me by returning the feeling I have for her. Under these circumstances, you naturally want to know something more about me than you do. My father, General Lawson, now in Bombay, will, in such an event, promptly answer any letter you may care to address to him. I have been called to the bar, but do not practice my profession. I dabble a little in painting. Occasionally I write rhymes. With the settlement my father will make, I shall, I hope, be able to keep my wife as becomes her station in life and mine. If you wish to know my views about a future life, I am not so confident of it as you are, still, I trust for the best. Up to the present time, I have led neither a worse nor a better life than is led by men who don't consider the mortification of the body as the first and necessary step toward a fairly worthy life. For the rest, our family lawyer, Stockwell, of Chancery lane, will furnish you with all the information you can desire. He is at present out of England, but will be back by the middle of next month. Now, Miss Harper, while these things are pending, may I consider myself as your ward's accepted suitor?"

He had spoken, as it were, in a breath. Then he paused and looked me full in the face.

"She seems to care very much for you," I said. "You have been frank with me, I think; I will write to your father, if you please. In the mean time I am prepared to raise no objection."

"Thank you," he said; "Then we may consider the interview over, I suppose?"

"Certainly, I have nothing more to say. I think you are pretty sure to find Lilian on the lawn."

"I shall find her somewhere, I have no doubt," he rejoined. "Good morning!" and with his most courteous bow he went, and I sat there in the beautiful summer weather and cried myself blind.

CHAPTER III.

WAS my darling as happy in this engagement as she had expected to be—as I had hoped she would be? It would have been hard to say. Sometimes I would see in her eyes a clear intense light of joy; at other times she seemed feverishly anxious, as if she feared she might lose what she held so dear, and once when she and Lawson had been together, I saw she had been crying. Coming upon them one day, quite unexpectedly, when they were sitting on the lawn, I heard him say: "No, Lil, what I say is the truth; you don't love me."

"I don't love you?" she replied, "if I don't, then, I never heard of a woman who did love."

I was passing on, when he called to me.

"Please stay, Miss Harper, if you don't mind. Miss Lilian says she loves me, and I say she doesn't. Do let us have your opinion."

"Really," I answered, not well pleased, smoothing my child's hair as I spoke. "I think there can be only one opinion upon that subject."

"Very good," he replied, "now let me tell you a pretty little fable. Once upon a time there lived a certain little boy. He lived in a small country village, alone with his father and mother. Truth to say, he was a grave, and not at all a brilliant child. His parents were poor people. They spent their time in drinking and beating their son. At length it occurred to the father that if they beat him all the time, he would get so hard as not to mind it. So the boy was left comparatively in peace. He spent his hours of freedom in wandering round the village. He was an unhappy boy, as you may imagine. He had in him a poet's soul. He took a great delight in beauty, and there was not such a thing as a pretty girl in the whole village. Well, a good fairy, seeing this, took pity on him, and made one of the very ugliest little girls you ever heard of look like an angel of beauty in his eyes. She had hardly any flesh on her bones. Her face was as yellow as butter. Two of her front teeth were gone. Her eyes were small and dim, and there were always red circles round them, and one had a cast in it. Her hair was long and coarse, and of a nondescript color. A few people in the

village said that she *did* wash her face once a week, but the rest asked for a sign and would not believe. The boy worshiped. Will you tell me *what* he worshiped?"

Mr. Lawson ceased, and looked round with a well satisfied expression of countenance.

"To all practical purposes," said Lilian, "he loved the girl. Your fairy, I suppose, is intended to symbolize that spirit of idealism by whose spell those we love seem nobler and more attractive than in reality they are. Our power to idealize, born with love, may strengthen it. Then its work is done. If we have once really loved we may be disillusionized, yet go on loving all the same."

I said, jestingly—

"I ask not, I know not, if guilt's in thy heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

To which Mr. Lawson replied, with a long laugh. There was something in his laugh that I could not like.

"I knew an old lady once, who on hearing a young girl quote those lines, burst out raising eyes and hands to heaven—'Why, he might have been a pickpocket!' Then he went on with a grim smile: 'And there are worse things in the world than pickpockets, let alone murderers. There are pickers of hearts, and these are more dangerous than pickers of pockets—women, Miss Harper, who play with men's hearts as cats play with mice."

He fixed his eyes full on my face, then looked at Lilian, and said to me: "She's like that drawing of her mother, isn't she?"

"I never knew you had one," said Lilian.

"Yes," he replied. "I borrowed it from a man who knew her once. I borrowed it that you might see it." Here he drew out the head and put it in her hands.

"She must have been very beautiful," was Lil's first remark.

"Was she, Miss Harper?" he asked, looking at me. "You can tell us better than any one."

"Certainly," I replied, "she was a beautiful girl."

"So I should think," he remarked, "and fascinating too. She had sweet, bright, unexpected ways with her, which you remembered when she had gone, and for which you loved her. She could be very scornful. With those she loved she got easily angry, being jealous and sensitive. You could not tell which was the more captivating, her anger or her repentance. She could bring you to her feet by a simple gesture. When you took her hand it seemed to cling always in yours. So was she, according to Bedford's account."

He had been lying on the lawn smoking. Now he got up and threw his cigar away, and stood looking at us both in silence.

"She must have been charming," said Lil.

"One man thought so," he replied, "good evening, I'm off now."

"You're not going so early, are you?" she asked, her voice quivering with a dreadful apprehension that he was.

"Yes, I am," he answered gayly, "'for men must work, and women must weep.'"

"But I'm not going to weep, and you're not going to work," she broke out. "I won't be left at this hour; you can't have any important work to do down here."

"I must go," he answered, as I thought sharply and shortly.

"Oh, very well, then," she said, with sweet sudden dignity, "good evening."

I was curious to see how this little scene would end. He took her outstretched hand, smiled, and turned away. There was an awful silence, neither she nor I spoke. I saw her breath was coming and going quickly. All color had left her face. In her eyes was visible an agony of suspense. Five long minutes we kept silent. At the end of that time, Lawson, who I suppose had not got further than the gate, returned, and threw himself down once more in his own place. I saw how she strove, but vainly, to keep the color from mantling in her face, and the light of joy from surprising her eyes, but her voice was perfectly calm as she said:

"So, after all, you have concluded to give up work?"

"Come and sing me a song," said he suddenly. "Your mother used to sing well, Bedford says. Do you sing any of her songs?"

Here I put in: "Only one."

"And what may that be?" he asked.

"Green Sleeves," I said.

"Green Sleeves let it be, then," he cried.

Lilian began to sing, he joining in the chorus with feverish animation:

"Green sleeves was all my joy;
Green sleeves was my delight;
Green sleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my Lady Green Sleeves?"

I left them, and an hour or two afterward, just in the quiet moon-rise—herself as quiet as moonlight—came Lilian, and stood beside me.

"He is gone?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Have you had a happy evening, my dear?"

"So happy," she answered, in a low, rapturous tone.

"He does not always make you happy," I said.

"No, not always; but, if I could, there is not one way in which I would have him different."

"We must have the rectory people here to-morrow," I said; "and we must, my dear, call on those new people."

But she made no answer. I saw that she did not hear me. She was smiling all to herself, recalling some speech or look of his. One day he said to her in my presence:

"Suppose, Lil, you were to find me out a retired burglar or an escaped convict. What would you think of me then, eh?"

"I should think," she answered gravely, "just the same as I do now, that I love you. But, please, don't talk any more like that. Now, I have to drive to ———. Who wants to come with me?"

"Oh, I do, of course," he returned; "may I?"

"Yes, you may, if you'll be very good, and not want to drive more than a third of the way."

"I promise," he said, laughing, "whatever I may want, *not* to drive more than a third of the way."

That day she was in one of her brightest moods. The July days went by. Such brilliant summer weather had not been known for many years. The want of rain, however, began to look serious. One night—it was the last in July—Mr. Lawson stayed particularly late. When my darling came to wish me good-night it seemed to me that she was disturbed. "Is anything the matter?" I asked.

"No, no," she replied, a little doubtfully; "he was just a little strange to-night; that is all. Talked as he does sometimes, in a way that I never can understand."

She was just leaving the room, when she turned round suddenly and said:

"Do you love your child?"

"What do you think?" I answered, putting my arms round her, and drawing her very close to me.

"I think you do."

I sat up late that night, thinking of long past days. In long spells of hot weather there comes one crowning day of heat, when the sun burns yet more intensely; when the sky is more intolerably blue than ever; when no least breath of wind stirs anywhere. Such a day was it which opened that August. Great heats, like great frosts, make a silence. Birds were sick with heat in the shade. The only sound audible was that produced by the garden-roller, passing from time to time across the garden walks. We had just finished breakfast when a hand-delivered letter was brought in for Lilian. Her face fell woefully, as she said:

"It's from Edgar. Of course that means he isn't coming to-day."

"Do you expect him to come always every day?" I asked.

"I'm afraid," she said, smiling rather faintly, "that I do."

I turned to finish my own letters, and she opened her's.

"Can't you and Lilian," wrote an old friend of mine, "join us in Switzerland? Till you have seen the Alps you can form no idea how beautiful they are."

I had read so far, when a cry, not loud but like nothing I had ever heard or imagined for anguish, made me drop my letter and lift my eyes in horror. Lilian was leaning back in her chair; her face was white as death. The look on it was like the cry that had broken from her lips. The letter was crushed in her hands.

"My darling!" I cried, springing up and going to her, "you are ill! Lil! Lil!"

She moved her lips as if to speak, but could not; yet she did not faint. At length she managed to say in a whisper:

"Read it."

Sick at the thought of what I might have to read, I took the letter, and this was what I read:

"When you receive this letter I shall be some way from you, and I trust, by the grace of God, that we shall meet no more. Nineteen years ago your mother was engaged to a man named Bedford. How that man loved her no one will ever know. Without note

of warning she cast him off for a richer man. Not only this, but she did not tell him his fate—only let him find it out by degrees. Such exquisite delight did she anticipate from his suffering that she would not have it come too soon. When he knew his fate, he knew too that his life was blasted. He left England and roved about the world for nineteen years. Coming back, Fate led him to this place, that through him the daughter should expiate the sin of the mother. I am that man. If you suffer to-day, I pray that she may know it. The pain will not go very deep with you. You will cry to-day, and to-morrow, perhaps; but the day after you will laugh. Now, good-bye, forever.

"MALCOLM BEDFORD."

"Is it true?" she asked.

"It is too true," I answered, as well as I could, for my great indignation seemed choking me. I turned sick with loathing. She had risen and stood with her eyes fixed on me. I was trying to speak, when she put up her hand, and said:

"Don't. How he must have suffered!"

I longed to cast my arms round her, but dared not. She stood there looking strange and awful in her quiet. Then she left the room. I can hear again the door shut behind her as on that silent summer morning. I knew she wished to be alone, so I did not follow her.

I sat there not oblivious, but morbidly conscious of everything about me. Bees were buzzing near the window: the gardener was still working his roller quite unconcernedly; and as on the eye of a murdered person is stamped the image of a murderer—the last thing seen before death—so in my brain kept ringing the last words my eyes had rested on before I heard Lilian's cry and looked up. "How beautiful the Alps are! How beautiful the Alps are!" The silences and the sounds of summer always now bring back to me that terrible morning. How long I sat there I don't know. Then I began to wonder what would happen next. *Something* must happen. Where was Lilian? Surely now the time had come when I might go to her, so I rose. The house was flooded with summer. It seemed that flame, not air, came in at the open windows. At the door of Lilian's sitting-room I listened. All there was still. I opened the door softly and looked in. No, she was not there, nor was she in her bed-room, where I went next. Equally vain was my search for her in the garden. Her ponies were not out; no, to be sure of being quite alone, she had gone wandering far away. There were some woods two or three miles off. She loved them, I knew; perhaps to these then, as to a refuge, she had gone. I could not bear to think of her being out in this burning summer weather, but she had wished to escape from the house, from me, and the wish of her grief I was bound to respect. I went back to my sitting-room and gave myself up to hours of awful waiting. It seemed to me strange that the servants should go about their work just the same as usual. At the accustomed hour the luncheon bell sounded. I got up and went to the dining-room. The parlor maid wished to know if she should not tell Miss Lilian.

"I don't think Miss Lilian will be in to lunch," I said.

I swallowed a few mouthfuls and left the room. When *would* Lilian come? God pity us who have to wait and agonize. The heavy, burning afternoon wore itself away. I went often to Lilian's room to see if she had not returned, but every time I went I was disappointed. At five o'clock came the usual cup of afternoon tea.

"Miss Lilian has not returned yet, I suppose," I said, hardly daring to venture the question.

"Not yet."

The answer was what I had expected, yet my heart sank within me. Awful and dark fears beset me. It seemed to me that there was no trouble I could not bear if only she were with me again. All her sweet ways came back to me till I felt the tears crowding to my eyes. What should I do if night fell and still she had not come? It began to seem to me as if it were impossible for her to return. I knew this to be morbid, and strove to reason it down. I was too restless to keep quiet any longer, so I went into the garden. A great change had taken place in the weather; the sun's light was no longer visible in the sky, save where, in the extreme west, one lurid patch shone out like the flame of a bale-fire, and this was soon hidden by the great masses of cloud that were spreading all over the heavens.

"We shall have a storm soon, I judge, ma'am," said the gardener to me, as I passed.

"Don't you think it may pass over?" I asked.

"Not a bit of it, ma'am, and the more we have of it the better."

In an adjoining field sheep were bleating loudly and all together, as is their wont when rain is imminent. Even at that moment came a low rumbling of thunder; or, rather, it was more like an immense prolonged shudder of the air.

I went to the house. It seemed as if the earth were in a state of awful expectation. Then came another peal of thunder, louder, as if giving the countersign to that which had preceded it. Then, for a moment, it seemed to me that I heard the earth and heavens gasp. Then from the immense, black, impenetrable vault of heaven the rain burst in a deluge, and sang and shouted as it came. The thunder followed, crash upon crash, as if God, at length provoked out of God-like patience, had taken his mace in hand, and had smitten again and again, with the strength of his terrible right arm, the old wrong-doing world, that quailed, being stricken to its center. Then suddenly a cold wind sprang up, and came rushing through the trees. In a few minutes it had grown to be a hurricane, driving the mad rain before it—the rain through which the lightning flashed. How the rain hissed against the hard, cracking earth! What a strange odor rose from it like steam! There was an instant closing of all doors and windows. Already in rooms surprised by the rain, pools of water were standing. My sitting-room, in which I was, stood at the back of the house. I walked up and down, half frantic to think of Lilian out in this storm—and where? I summoned one of the servants and ordered fire to be lighted in her room. Then I resumed my walk, shuddering at every fresh flash of lightning and at every fresh burst of thunder. Slowly, however, the thunder and the lightning ceased, but the wind raved round the house, and the rain kept on pouring steadily. I was thinking I could *not* bear the suspense, when sharp and suddenly the house-bell rang.

"Thank God!" broke from my lips. I rushed into the hall, flung open the door, and clasped my darling in my arms. I drew her into my room—the extreme tension had been too much for me, and, as I clasped and kissed her, I burst into tears. "Oh, my dear," I cried, "I thought you were lost, or that something dreadful had happened to you," and then I laughed for joy to have her back.

"I'm not lost, you see," she said quietly, "only so tired, so tired. I think I must sleep, don't you?"

The rain was streaming from her clothes; they clung close and heavily round her limbs and figure—the rain poured too from her loosened hair.

"You must go to bed at once," I said.

"Yes," she answered, "I am quite ready."

As I undressed her, she said no word, only from time to time she shivered.

"You are cold?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "very cold."

As soon as she was in bed, I brought her a glass of hot wine and water and a biscuit.

"This is only the first course," I said, with what I felt was a ghastly attempt at a joke. "More substantial things are to follow."

She drank the wine, and swallowed a few mouthfuls of biscuit; but when I brought her a small piece of chicken, and told her she *must* try and eat it, she burst out crying, and said:

"I can't—it would choke me. Won't you let me be in peace? I pray you to be good to me, now."

I could do nothing but sit down by the fire and wait. I determined not to leave her. Before long she fell into a broken, feverish, uneasy sleep.

"Come here," she called to me, suddenly waking up. "Don't let him go. He won't go, if you ask him not to. You will ask him, won't you?"

"Yes, dear, of course," I answered, seeing that she was delirious. Then she began crying, and tossing from side to side.

"Are you in pain, my darling?" I asked.

"No, only so tired," she answered; "he makes me go on walking all the time. He won't let me sit down for a moment."

Then for a while she grew quieter and closed her eyes; but before long they opened again, and fixing them full on my face, she asked with that supernatural earnestness characteristic of persons in delirium:

"Where have you taken my rose-tree? My beautiful red rose-tree."

"Dear," I said, "no one has touched it. You'll find it quite safe in its old place."

"I don't think so," she replied. "I think the wind has it. Oh! why won't he let me sit down?" and she began crying again. Ah! me! that was a fearful night; but in the cold,

wet, windy dawning she fell into what seemed an almost quiet sleep.

At a very early hour I sent for the doctor. By the time he came, she was awake again. She was feverish, but no longer delirious, though she had a sharp pain in her side, which would not let her draw her breath in peace. Did we know what that meant?—that even then the deadly work was begun?

CHAPTER IV.

All through that terrible August I had to watch the inroads made on my darling by the most pitiless of all diseases. We saw consumption making its fatal way, and could not avert it. There was only one least little chance, said the doctor, and that was to build up her strength that she might, before the winter, be enabled to travel to the south of France.

"And is this all the hope you can give me?" I said.

"I wish I could give you more," he replied gravely.

Lilian was not kept in bed, as we judged it was better for her to have the open air, so a sofa was placed for her on the lawn, where for hours together she would lie silent; or, if feeling even weaker than usual, she would lie on the couch in her sitting-room, at the open window of which the bright glowing summer weather would stream in.

One day, when I was unnaturally gay, in my attempt to hide from her the awful grief that was ever uppermost in my heart, she said, faintly, but sweetly :

"Dear, why will you try and play a part? I know that I am dying, just as well as you and the doctor know it. I knew a girl that died of consumption. We won't talk about it, if it pains you," she added, seeing that I could no longer keep the tears out of my eyes.

The summer wore away and brought September. Lilian remained just about the same. To-day she would be too weary to leave her bed; the next day she would seem a little better again, and able to lie upon the lawn. One unusually warm September evening, I was with my darling in her sitting-room. We had been on the lawn all through the afternoon, but at the first suggestion of evening I brought her in. There was a comfortable ground-floor room that used to be called her library, and I had had this converted into a bedroom for her. She was leaning back in her chair, propped up by pillows.

I was standing by the window, looking out into the wonderfully peaceful sunset. I thought she was too exhausted to speak. Suddenly she called me, but in a voice sounding so faint and far away that it seemed like the phantom of a sound. In an instant I was by her on my knees.

"Do you want anything, my darling?" I asked.

"Yes," she said.

Then she asked, as I put my arms round her, just as she had asked that night before the blow of which she was then dying had been dealt her :

"Dear—do you love your child?"

"Yes," I cried ; "more than ever a mother loved her dearest."

"Will you do something for me?" was her next question. She was leaning her cheek against my hand—that was one of the sweet caressing ways she had.

"There is nothing I would not do for you, my darling," I answered.

"Nothing?" she cried, almost eagerly. "Remember, you've said that."

"Always providing," I answered, "what you want is not bad for you."

"It would be good for me," was her reply.

Then, for some minutes, she was silent, looking out into the clear gold sunset, with those beautiful, fathomless eyes of hers. I kissed again and again her long, lily-white hand, the fingers of which had grown so slim that she had had to put aside the pretty opal ring she used to wear. It had belonged to her mother, and its changeful brightness always delighted her eye. Ah, not in vain, from my dead friend's mother to her, and from her to this my child, had the beautiful, baneful opal been handed down.

At length Lilian broke silence, and said in a passionate whisper, trying to press my hands—hers were so weak that they could only indicate a pressure :

"I want *him*. That is what I want—I want you to bring him to me."

"Lilian!" I cried, springing up; "you can't mean this?—you wouldn't ask me to do that? If I were to see that man again, I believe I should somehow kill him."

I turned away, and went to stand by the window. How could I look again upon the murderer of my child? Presently I turned and came to her. Her hands were clasped loosely in each other, and upon them the large tears were falling fast.

"You mustn't cry," I said, "it's so bad for you."

"I can't help it," she answered, simply. "I'm not strong enough to keep from crying all the time."

"Lil," I cried, desperately, "it shall be all as you wish—I will bring him to you."

At these words her tears ceased almost instantly, and she looked up with something like a smile in my face, and said :

"Thank you, dear—and when will you go?"

"We'll talk about that," I answered, "when you're in bed. It's high time for you to go now."

As I had resolved to carry out her wish, I determined to start as soon as possible. Fortunately, our housekeeper was a woman in whose care I could safely leave my treasure.

How to find the man was the point which at once occurred to Lil and me. We knew some people in London of the name of Brooks. Mr. Brooks was an artist. It was possible that from him I might obtain the information I desired. Anyhow, to go to him was the first thing to be done.

"Doesn't the night seem long?" said Lilian. "It seems as if it never *would* go."

"I knew why she was so impatient for the night to pass. That she should still love this man, was an excruciating pain to me.

The part of Rockshire in which we lived was not a long journey from London, and by twelve o'clock the next day I found myself on the platform of Charing Cross Station. Mr. Brooks lived in Fitzroy Square. I called a cab and drove straight to his house. I was relieved to find only himself at home, his family not having returned from the seaside. All I told him was that it was a matter of the utmost importance, that I should have Mr. Bedford's address at once. Mr. Brooks did *not* know the address, but he thought he knew a man who did—the fear was lest he should have left town, as he had talked of doing. He would go at once, he said, and see.

Shall I ever forget that terrible hour of suspense, when I sat and waited in the large somber studio? It was pervaded by a subtle odor of paint, and now paint always smells to me of suspense. In a recess of the room was a cage containing doves, which from time to time gave forth their peculiar, soft, shuddering, melancholy music. With the sensitiveness of one too keenly alive, I sat and listened to the passing to and fro of vehicles. A man passed with a barrow of autumn flowers, calling out, "Fine flowers! fine flowers! all a-blowing, all a-growing." Drawn by an irresistible fascination, my eyes kept themselves fixed on a lay figure. It had, thrown round it, an old-fashioned cloak of a very faded red. I had only known this room as crowded with people and loud with voices, so that it seemed to me quite strange to be in it alone. I began thinking how different was the life of this artist from the one I led, and I thought of my own sweet-smelling Rockshire garden, at that moment brimmed with pure air, and with the ardent sunlight, which my child was doubtless watching from her window.

At length I heard a quick-going hansom pull up sharply in front of the house. In another minute the heavy street-door opened and closed, and I heard a quick step coming up the stone stairs. Then Mr. Brooks came into the room.

"I am glad to tell you," he said, kindly, "that I have procured the address you wish. I see, Miss Harper, that you are in a hurry, so I will not try to detain you. Some other time I shall hope for the pleasure of a chat. By the bye, I kept my hansom, thinking it might be of use to you."

I thanked him as best I could for all his kindness. He closed the doors of the hansom, telling the driver where to drive. "It's only a few streets off," he said, and then we rattled away.

In a few minutes I reached my destination, a tall, ill-cared-for looking house, in a dull dingy street.

"Is Mr. Bedford in?" I asked of the poor little drab who opened the door to me.

"First floor. You can go and see," was the answer I received.

The house seemed filled with the combined odors of washing and tobacco. As I went up the stairs, I heard men's voices and laughter from what I should judge to have been the second or third floor. My heart failed me as I knocked at Bedford's door.

"Come in," called out a voice that I knew for his. He was standing with his back to the door, and called out, as I came in, without turning round :

"Why the deuce didn't you come before?"

Receiving no answer, he *did* turn his head, and that very sharply too. Seeing whom it was, he looked remarkably confused, and made a hasty apology.

"I thought it could have been no one but a model," he said, "who should have been here two hours ago. Pray take a seat," and he cleared a chair for me as he spoke. "I'm highly flattered at a visit from you," he went on, "but I am afraid I have hardly anything worth showing just now."

"Can you imagine," I said, with difficulty controlling myself so as to speak calmly—"can you imagine that after what has happened I should come to see your pictures? Can you think that of my own will I would have set eyes on you again?"

"As a piece of autobiography," he remarked with a sneer, "what you suggest is very interesting, but still more interesting would it be to me to know to what I can owe the pleasure of this visit—as you did not come of your own will. I am at a loss to see what force would have compelled you *against* it!"

"The force of death close at hand," I answered"—no *other* force could have brought me here. Oh, when I think that I have to ask something of you, the words seem as if they would choke me. How can I speak them?"

"I am more puzzled than ever," he observed. "What can death have to say to your visit? I am neither a doctor nor a parson, and those I believe are the important actors in death-bed scenes."

"Please," I said, "have the taste, if you have not the feeling, to refrain from sneers."

After a pause I went on:

"My child is dying—*dying*, do you hear me? And you, Malcolm Bedford, are as clearly the cause of her death, as if with your hand you had stabbed her. Then you would have been hung for it—nor shall you now go quite unpunished, for I will have the truth of this known about you everywhere, and men shall shrink from you, as they would from a leper."

"Enough of that," he said, with a wave of his hand—his voice was changed; "now, if you please, we will proceed with this lie, for if you say she is dying it *is* a lie."

Then, as briefly as I could, I told my story. When I had finished, I looked at him. He was leaning with his hands on the back of a chair, and his face was very pale.

"How does one feel," I asked, "knowing oneself a murderer? Don't you think the ghost of my darling will haunt you all through your life?"

He stepped up to me and caught hold my hands, while his eyes flashed full in mine.

"I tell you," he said, the words coming painfully, "believe it or not, as you like, I love her more than even you dream of loving her. How her mother treated me—how that woman wrecked my life—I believe you know. Well, returning from abroad, Fate, as I thought, brought me to your village. I heard of you—of her. A desire to see if she were like her mother overcame me, and, as you know, I called at your house. She was too like. In a moment it came to me that Fate had led me here to avenge my murdered youth on the daughter of the woman who had slain it. I strove to hate, but I loved; yet I would not give up my purpose. And this is the end of it—my God!" and he groaned aloud. "Have you no least little pity for me?" he asked.

"No," I replied, ice-cold, "none: rather I hope you may drink to the lees this cup which you yourself have prepared. Now there is nothing more to say."

"Nothing," he rejoined. "I must make some arrangements here, but I will come by the first train possible. Oh, one thing more, tell her all that I have told you."

We did not go through the form of shaking hands. In another moment I was on my way to the station, where I was fortunate enough just to catch a departing train. By six o'clock I was once more at home.

"Why, dear, how ill you look," was the first thing Lilian said. Indeed, I was just on the point of fainting, for I had eaten nothing since eight o'clock; but before I took any refreshment, I made her understand that my expedition had resulted in what she wished. Afterward I told her all that Mr. Bedford had told me. When she had heard it, she looked almost happy, and then said with a long-drawn sigh:

"Ah, me! how happy we might have been!"

It was all in vain that I tried to persuade her to let me put her to bed. At about ten or a little after, the dogs began barking, and then the house-bell sounded. She raised herself on her couch, her cheeks flushed, a warm light shone in her eyes. There was a quick rap at the door.

"Come in," she cried, before I could answer. The door opened, and Bedford walked in. He went straight to her. Something like a low cry broke from them both. I saw her arms fall round his neck as he dropped beside her on his knees; I saw his face bowed on hers; I heard her murmur passionately, "Oh, you have come—you have come! my darling—my darling! And you love me?" I could bear no more. I left them and went to my own room, and there in the bitter comfort of the darkness, I sobbed as if indeed my heart would break.

An hour afterward when I went down stairs, I found them just in the same position.

"Lil, dear," I said, "it is time for you to go to bed."

"Yes," she answered tranquilly, "I am quite ready."

So, saying I would be back in five minutes, I left the room. However, I let a quarter of an hour pass before returning.

"Good night, my very own," I heard him whisper passionately. Then he held her lips with a great long last kiss, rose and left the room.

I asked her if she was ready.

"Yes," she said, "but let me have a few minutes to rest in. No one in church rises from his knees the very moment the prayer is over." I pretended to busy myself with doing some things about the room, but I saw on her face a look of ineffable peace, an exultation of rapture far beyond reach of words to express. She drew her breath as people who love music do when the last crowning harmony has been struck, and the silence which follows is a consecration, and a respite from things almost intolerably sweet.

Presently she said of her own accord, "Now I am ready."

When she was in bed, she said, as I leaned over to kiss her:

"Such a happy hour, dear. I never guessed he loved me as he does."

Thoroughly worn out by my tiring day, I sank toward morning into a profound sleep. It seemed to me I had hardly closed my eyes when I was awakened by the sound of a little hand-bell which always stood by Lil's bed in case of her wanting anything when I was asleep, for I was always near, a bed having been made for me in her room.

"Yes, dear," I said, sitting up, "what is it?"

"It's eight o'clock," she said; "won't you get me up? I thought you never would wake. I've heard Malcolm in the garden for over an hour talking to the dogs."

"But," I said, "you don't generally get up till past noon."

"And is this '*generally*'?" she answered, half pleadingly; "don't you think we want to be with each other the little time we have to be together?"

I got up at once and began to dress. She watched my movements with evident impatience. Once she said with a sigh, "I think you never were so long before."

Her own toilet was much more elaborate than I had been in the habit of allowing, or she of desiring. At last her hair was arranged to her content, and she bade me place a red rose in it. I made her take a little bread and cream, settled her on her couch, and then went in search of Mr. Bedford, whom I found in the garden. He thanked me, and went straight to the house. Surely I was glad for any happiness that came to lighten those last days of my darling's life; yet was it not just a little hard to think that in the end it was not me to whom she turned—I who had loved her so—but to *him* whose hand was taking her from me?

Of course I had to be in and out of the room all day, for I would trust to no one else my charge of her. They were always close together. Once I found her in a violent paroxysm of coughing, which left her in a state of dangerous exhaustion.

"I am afraid she has been talking too much," I said; "perhaps it would be as well if you left her now for a little time."

He rose to go, but she made a movement with her hand, and whispered, "No, stay, don't go—" He kneeled down again by her, and round his neck fell her tired arms. There was no sound in the room but that of her quick, uneasy breathing. She grew better as she had done many a time before.

"I'm quite right now," she said. "If I want anything Malcolm will tell you. I know you want to be seeing after household things. Stroke my ponies for me."

So I went, and ah! with what a heavy heart!

At length the day wore away, and when night came, I had again my child to myself. The pleasure and excitement of being in the presence of the man she loved, and ought to have hated, had on her the effect of a temporary stimulant, to such an extent that, supported by Bedford, she was able to take a short turn in the garden, and one day even got as far as the stables.

"I never thought I should see you again, my dears, in your own house," she said, kissing the necks of her ponies.

She became quite gay, and took more nourishment than she had done for a long time.

"I shall give her back to you, and then take her from you as my wife," Bedford said to me one day when we were alone together.

"No," I said, "this improvement will last, you will see, but a very short time."

My words were cruelly verified. That very night she became dreadfully feverish and delirious, in consequence of which she was too exhausted in the morning to rise.

"Malcolm," she said, "is he up?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Bring him, then; it is so long since I have seen him."

Of course I did as she wished.

That day was one of the last in September. The sky was cloudless, and the sun, oh how warm! Through the day Lilian dozed from time to time, great blue-bottle flies buzzed in and out, or struck against the ceiling.

Bedford sat by the bedside, she had dropped one hand in his. He put his other over it to keep the flies from vexing it. Sometimes she would open her eyes and moan, but as if she hardly knew for what. At other times she would smile to see that he was still beside her. Once I heard her whisper to him:

"Dear, don't you want to go and smoke?"

"I want nothing," he answered, "but to be with you."

She smiled for reply; she was too weak to speak again then.

So that autumn day wore away, and we two, who watched in the sick room, scarce dared to draw our breath lest we should wake her from the light slumbers into which she fell; but we knew that she was going from us—that the end must be very near. After sunset she seemed to grow a little more awake, and took a few mouthfuls of jelly. Then again she lapsed into a state of half-unconsciousness. It was getting on for midnight. Malcolm Bedford had gone into the sitting-room which adjoined. I knew he had gone there to hide from me the extreme agony that was rending every nerve of him. My darling awoke; her breathing became painfully difficult. I went to her. She put her arms round my neck and said:

"Good-bye; I love you, you have been so good to me. Don't be too unhappy. Kiss me."

I kissed her, and cried:

"Oh, how can I live without you?"

"Malcolm," she said, "where is he?"

I called him. In another moment he was by the bed.

"Lilian, my love," I heard him say.

"You mustn't fret," she said.

She was propped up by pillows, but she moved so that he might put his arm round her. For a moment there was complete and awful silence. Then I heard her speak, and at the last almost distinctly.

"Good-bye, my love; perhaps some day together, forever together."

Her head dropped forward on his shoulder, from which she would raise it never more. Into the wind, which was beginning to rise and moan round the house, had gone the emancipated soul—gone whither? Some four or five hours afterward I found Bedford walking up and down the garden-path in front of the house. The morning was wet and chill.

"Can I go to her?" he asked, in a hollow voice.

"Yes," I answered.

We walked back to the house together, and there I left him alone with his beautiful, cold dead. When two hours passed and he did not return, I went gently to the door of the room. From within I heard such a bitter sound of weeping that my heart was moved to him. I went in very quietly. He was kneeling by the bed, his face bowed on her breast, his frame shaken by sobs.

"Don't be too hopeless," I said, taking his hand and kneeling down by him.

He gave me a look which I shall never forget; so there, in the darkened room, we knelt hand in hand.

On the evening of the day of the funeral, Bedford came to me and said, his manner calm and grave:

"When she left us I wished to follow her. It seemed to me that I could not bear to live and remember; but it came to me that to do so was my punishment, and that I would bear it. I am going to give up painting. I have some money. I think I know something of the poor of the world. Anyhow, I have some new ideas concerning them. For her sake I am going to try and make the best use of what remains of my life. May I sometimes come and see you?"

"Do," I said, "and may you prosper in your good work."

Before leaving Rockshire he bought ground for a grave adjoining hers.

"If I die suddenly," he said, "directions as to where I wish to be buried will be found in my possession. If I think I see death coming, then I can myself give them, and I should come here to die."

One night, two years after this, he came to see me. He was shivering, though the night was warm, and looked ill.

"I know," he said, quite quietly, "that I have taken my death. I wonder it hasn't happened to me before, I have been so much in the midst of fever and pestilence. I have come down here that I may not only be buried near her, but die where she died."

He had long ago taken a small house near mine, and to that dwelling he now betook himself. As he wished it, so was it to him. He died in the place where she had died, and was buried by her side. As I stand by those two graves, I wonder if the last words of my darling have come true, and they are indeed together forever.

A Woman's Rights.

BY SARAH A. KING.

THE theme of my discourse, dear friends,
Is rather trite and common;
We hear it everywhere we go—
About the "Rights of Woman."
And though perhaps some rights she claims
Are laughed at and disputed,
She has a host of glorious rights,
Which cannot be refuted.
So, lest the former shall engage
Too much of her attention,
I thought the latter might receive,
Just here, a passing mention.

A WOMAN has a right to act
Up to her best convictions;
To fill her post of duty
Without hinderance or restrictions.
A right to strive, a right to toil,
To own her field and till it;
A right to claim the highest place,
If she can only fill it.

SHE has a right to enrich her mind
With learning's varied store,
And drink from wisdom's well the draught
Of knowledge and of power:
A right to rise above the mists
That shut out half her light,
And, from life's mountain tops, obtain
A broader, clearer sight.

A WOMAN has a right to be
True to herself, and never,
By lack of purity or strength,
Retard her high endeavor;
Firm in her purposes of good,
Noble and strong of mind:
'Tis sad when she is false or weak,
This *mother of mankind*.

A WOMAN has a right to be
Fearless and independent;
Her nature has a right to shine
With truth and grace resplendent.
Not arrogant, or proud, or vain,
Aggressive, or defiant;
But in her own integrity
Secure and self-reliant.

SHE has a right to do and dare,
And ask consent of no man;
It is not what she does *not* do,
That makes the noble woman;
But earnest words, and worthy deeds,
And lofty aspirations.
The character is poor and small,
When made up of negations.

A WOMAN has a right to be
Awake and up and doing;
The prize that life holds out to her
Is worthy of pursuing.
Shake off the bonds of slothful ease,
Of folly, and of sin;
The loftiest aim is hers to reach,
The grandest goal to win.

THEN let the women of our land
Learn their own rights and use them.
The rest will be at their command,
Whenever they may choose them;
For all that's truly excellent
And beautiful and good,
Finds its best representative
In perfect womanhood.

Hedwig.

BY CLAIRE NORTON.

EVERY old nation has some traditions as to its origin, and in this respect Switzerland, that country of mountains, dales and lakes, is not exceptional.

Strange old stories of brave men, and of women most lovely; of all endurable hardships; of supernatural exploits—wonderful tales which appeal directly to the imagination, but yet with earnest thought—an undercurrent of truth is ever found beneath the marvelous.

The following, which Schiller makes the olden shepherds tell, has firmer foundation than many more foreign to our century's belief, since, by its very lack of the incredible, it identifies itself more closely with the brave, hardy Swiss.

"There was once a great people beyond, in the land toward midnight," said they, "who suffered from a grievous famine. In their wretchedness and want the Assembly of the people enacted that every tenth burgher, according as he might be appointed by lot, should go forth from the dear fatherland. Thus it happened that a multitude of men, women and children journeyed, wailing, toward the midday sun. With the sword they fought their way to the German's land, even to the wooded heights of the towering mountains, and at last reached the picturesque vale where now the Innotta glides through the meadows. Here could be found no traces of human dwellers. Only one hut stood on the lonesome shore, and near by was seated an old ferryman; but the swelling waves rolled heavily, and the sea could not be crossed. Then they observed the land more closely, noted the wonderful abundance of timber, discovered fountains of pure water, and thought they once more found themselves in the loved fatherland. And so they determined to stay, and thereat was founded the old borough Schwytz."

Descended from this people were William Tell and his wife, Hedwig; that is if the nineteenth century will lay aside its scepticism and accord to them the little moment of existence allotted to humanity.

Every schoolboy is admiringly familiar with the history of Tell, but Hedwig seldom, if ever, has had share in the popularity of her husband.

As depicted by Schiller, she appears a rare combination of wrath and gentleness, a loving, impetuous woman, whose worst faults were heart faults, and whose only selfishness arose from her great love of others. Hedwig lived at a time when tyranny made life a dangerous blessing, and love itself became a terror by reason of the dark forebodings over the fate of loved ones. A man of Tell's bold, freedom-loving nature, with his deadly hatred of oppression and hasty decisiveness in action, was not well calculated to allay a woman's fears for his safety during that time when Austrian power made discontent a questionable privilege, rebellious looks a punishable crime.

Is it strange that fears crept into the circle of Hedwig's home-life, chilling her heart with its forbidding shadow, and robbing her of pleasurable home-rest, even when surrounded by the loving and the loved? In the picture of home-life, the apprehensive and painful emotions which filled the mind of Hedwig are portrayed in such a manner that we involuntarily tender her our sympathy. While Tell was busily engaged in fashioning a trellis, she flitted to and fro, handing him the articles required in his work, and offering a suggestion, now and then, as woman, in her taste, is wont to do in every century. At a little distance from their cottage the children, Walter and Wilhelm, were playing with a tiny cross-bow, when suddenly Walter, the elder of the boys and the one made famous in the story, ceased singing a brave little song in praise of the bold archer, and both children came running toward their father.

"The string is broken," said Walter, holding out the cross-bow. "Fix it for me, father."

"Not I. A genuine archer helps himself," was Tell's reply, with something of asperity in the tone. The boy turned his bright, earnest face to that of the man, but saw only love and encouragement there. A proud little smile flitted over his face—a passing signal that the lesson was understood and accepted.

"Come, Wilhelm," he said. And with a laugh and a shout the resolute young archers scampered away. The sound of their footsteps was soon lost in the distance, but the echoes caught up the music of the glad, fresh voices, sending it, again and again, to the father's heart, and at last died away in quivering murmurs, as if loth to leave so precious a burden with silence. Tell stood listening quietly until at length the voice of Hedwig broke the stillness, affirming what, at the same time, was a question:

"The boys are learning to shoot early," she said, raising her eyes toward Tell, who had finished his work.

"One must practice in youth if ever he would be a master," quoted Tell thoughtfully, without taking his gaze from the distant, craggy heights, where many a time he had been to hunt the chamois.

"Oh, would to God that they might never learn!" cried Hedwig passionately, as a flood of memories swept over her. All the dreary days of anxious watching for one who saw no danger in the excitement of the hunt; all the lonely nights beset with doubts and fears; all the weary hours, when hope itself seemed almost hopeless, when tender, childish faces made her only comfort, Hedwig had endured; and, half foreseeing that she must suffer still, even through the very depths of holy mother-love, she continued, though the coming tears made pathetic little breakings in the low-voiced words:

"Alas! then even they can no more be content to stay at home."

"Neither can I, Hedwig," was the quick reply, for a possibility of selfishness had flitted through Tell's mind, which, man-like, he could in nowise bear in patience, "Nature has not meant me for a shepherd. Restless and unsatisfied, I must pursue some fickle aim." All the impatience had yielded now to regret and self-reproach. Consciousness was revealing the results of strong but inconstant purposes, and barren little places marked the way like milestones. In the days past Tell's thoughts had been struggling from the slavery of discontent, seeking some true purpose to which they might be pledged until redeemed by worthy deeds. The cause of Switzerland was one around which his every energy might center; but to openly avow himself its champion was to make still further sacrifice of Hedwig's peace, and Hedwig's claim was great. Therefore he would have no part in the stated meetings of his insurgent countrymen; but, notwithstanding, he had taken solemn oath, "In the country's hour of need Tell's arm shall not be wanting."

The arm that even now two little nervous hands were clasping, holding the strong man as other bonds could not, and touching his heart more deeply than the rapidly uttered words.

"You go, but think not of a waiting wife who weeps at your delay. I hear what is related of your dangerous adventures, and they fill me with new horror. At each departure my heart misgives me through fear that you may never come again. I see you lost in the wild ice mountains, or missing the leap from crag to cliff. I see the chamois springing backward, dragging you with him down the horrible abyss, or the dreadful avalanche is sweeping over you. I see the treacherous glacier breaking beneath your tread, and you sinking, falling, buried alive in a frightful tomb. Alas! the daring Alpine huntsman braves death in a thousand fearful forms. It is an unhallowed calling that leads one recklessly along the precipice—" She stopped, shuddering at the too true pictures her imagination wrought. Tell was moved, and, stroking the trembling hands as one soothes a frightened child, he said, reassuringly:

"If one looks around him coolly, with sound mind, trusts God and in God's strength, he can easily save himself from each and every danger. He who is born on the mountains does not fear them." While speaking thus he had drawn Hedwig with him into the cottage, talking cheerfully until the smiles came back again. The morning hours had gone when Tell prepared himself to leave the cottage.

"Where are you going," quickly inquired Hedwig, whom fear made jealously observant.

Tell had foreseen the question, and with readiness he answered carelessly, "To Altorf, to your father." Well knowing her great trust in the calmness of her father's nature, he had thought to effectually reassure her by such reply. And in this he had not been mistaken, for at the mention of her father Hedwig's face brightened visibly, and yet she asked with hesitation,

"Do you think of nothing perilous? confide this much to me." Tell only laughed, and said, "Why, little woman, how came you with such thoughts?" Hedwig arose, and coming closer to her husband, said all low, "They are plotting something against the governor—they met at Rütli. I know it, and I fear that you are of the number." Tell started as he heard the words; he had not

dreamed that Hedwig was so wise. It was now useless to evade her questioning; he trusted her completely, and since he could not spare her the anxiety that this knowledge would not fail to bring, it were better far to tell the worst, and so he gravely said, "I did not meet with them at Rütli, yet I shall not fail the country if it calls." Each word was spoken earnestly, solemnly, as if it had been a recorded oath of which there could be no escaping the fulfillment, and there was a look on Tell's face which bore evidence that the suffering was not to Hedwig only.

Then the nobility in the woman's nature showed itself. None knew the many bitter tears it cost her before she met this moment as she did. She had schooled herself by many a weary heartache, knowing that the time now come must be inevitable. How was it possible for her not to know of the Rütli league when none at Altorf in her father's house were ignorant? But she would not speak with Tell concerning it until her self-denial could more nearly match his bravery. Tell loved his country even unto death, she none the less, since by his loss her life would be less kind than death. She gave him now, willingly, as many another woman has given—gave him as a sacred trust to be redeemed by freedom only.

His life surrendered to a dread necessity, an offering for many, would make her grief sublime, but to give his life in recklessness for naught was not to be endured. She would never speak one word that would make him less a patriot, but oh, if she possessed the power to dissuade him from his rashness! As he was daring, he would be the first to take great risk, and voluntarily place himself in jeopardy; hence she would strive to make him cautious through his love, even though she gained her point through seeming selfishness.

"They will place you where danger is the greatest," she said; "as ever you must bear the hardest part."

"Every man will be taxed according to his strength," he answered quietly, as if defending his own generousness.

"But the fugitive from Unterwalden whom you rowed across the stormy waters—it was a miracle that you reached land in safety. Had you no thought of child and wife?" asked Hedwig, for in rescuing this man Tell had first incurred the governor's hatred. Tell turned her face toward his, and looking down into the troubled, questioning eyes he said, "I thought of you, my Hedwig, therefore I saved this father for his children."

From its inmost depths her heart was singing praises to the goodness of this man whose ready sympathies bound him so closely to humanity. It was far easier for Tell to gainsay his judgment by attempting the impossible than to shun whatever deed, if in the shunning he might make another's grief. In the greatness of his nature danger ever seemed least imminent to himself, and, in this light, his wife's solicitude appeared to want foundation. Thus unconsciously he placed the happiness of others before that of the one he loved the best. Now Tell was waiting for some word, but in her humbleness she only said, "Yes, you are good and true, you willingly serve all; and if trouble ever comes, will any aid you?"

"May God forbid that I should ever need their help," said he, taking his cross-bow from its place and attentively examining the arrows as he slowly placed them one by one within the quiver. There was nothing strange in this, for Tell seldom left the cottage unless he bore his weapons; yet, as if she might have had some premonition of the coming tragedy, Hedwig said, "What will you do with the cross-bow? Leave that with me." All the seriousness had vanished from Tell's face, and he answered laughingly, "No, no, my arm would fail me if I missed the weapon." Hedwig made no reply, for at this moment the boys came bounding toward their home, and as Walter spied his father through the open door, he cried:

"Where are you going, father?"

"To Altorf, my boy, to your grandfather's. Will you go with me?"

"I will that, gladly," was the joyful answer, and he hastily began to make the needful preparations, dancing about in the gladness of his gay, young boyhood until the fruitlessness of all his efforts somewhat calmed him, when real progress commenced under the deft little hands of his mother.

She assisted the child mechanically, for her thoughts were still with Tell. Now her loved ones all were safe if they might only so remain.

"Stay away from Altorf; the governor is there. Let him leave first. You have not thought of him. You know he bears us hatred." Hope made her periods brief. "His evil wishes cannot harm me much. I will do right, and fear no enemy," Tell answered carelessly, but Hedwig saw his brow grow cloudy at the mention of the governor, albeit he said, "Gesler will leave me in peace, I think."

"Do you know that?" asked she doubtfully, almost distrusting Tell in that he might deceive her to allay her fears.

Tell remained silent many moments, then turning toward her with a look commanding confidence, began: "It is not long ago that I was on the hunt through the wild ravines of Schäckenthals by an unfrequented track. And as I lonesomely pursued my way across the rocky path where nothing could be shunned, far above me rose a rugged precipice, and below the wild waters of the Schüchen rushed." As he continued, the boys pressed closer, regarding him with intense interest, while Hedwig sat immovable, never taking her eyes from her husband's face. The stillness in the little home was almost painful, and Tell's voice, unconsciously lowering, fell on the dreadful silence constrainedly.

"There the governor came forward; he was quite alone with me, who also was alone, simply man to man, and near us the abyss. As he approached, my presence was disclosed, and he recognized the one whom, on account of a slight pretext, he had generously abused. He saw me stepping onward with my trusty weapon, then he grew pale, his knees refused to do their service, and it seemed that he must sink.

"Therefore pitying him I drew near quietly, and said, 'It is I, Sir Governor.'

"He, however, could make no sound come from his trembling lips—with his hand he beckoned me to pass along my way. So I went and sent his followers to him."

Tell ceased to speak, but the silence still prevailed. The boys gazed at each other, seeking the sympathy which they dared not look for in their parents' faces, while Hedwig, closing her eyes wearily to shut out the sight of the troubled countenances, said slowly, "He has trembled before you; woe to you, that you have looked upon his weakness; he will never forgive."

"Therefore I shall avoid him and he will not seek me out," was Tell's low reply. In her misery of thought Hedwig would make another effort to detain her husband, and going near to him she plead:

"Remain here just this day, or go to the loved hunt; go anywhere, but stay away from Altorf." In his face she saw the hopelessness of her request before his lips had formed the gentle answer:

"I have promised."

Then it was all beyond her power. If Tell had given his word, not love nor fear could make her wish that he might break it. So she sadly said:

"Must you, then, go—only leave the boys with me?" But Walter spoke out hastily:

"No, no, my little mother, I must also go; but I will bring you something nice from grandfather's," coaxed he, with many a caress.

So, with the love-light on his happy face, he gently disengaged himself from her detaining clasp, and, kissing her hands tenderly, went on his way.

She stood half reconciled. Perhaps it would be well the child had gone; Tell might be less impetuous with him in charge.

"Mother, I will stay with you," said little Wilhelm, bravely keeping back his tears at the departure of his playmate.

She drew him to her in a close embrace. "Yes, you alone are left to me, my child," she said. Then, from the open door, with tearless eyes, she followed the departing ones, now hidden by the low-branched trees or overhanging rocks, then once more reappearing along the well-known path. At length they reached the bluff beyond which they would pass from sight. Here Tell paused, gazing long at the cottage and the loved forms in the door; while Walter waved his hand and sent a last "good-bye" trembling along the air.

Then they were gone, but the echoes kept repeating the last words until it seemed to Hedwig that little murmuring voices were everywhere around her, and with a feeling of utter desolation she sobbed piteously.

Hours passed by and the storm of tears subsided. Night came creeping down o'er the little home pathetically silent; only the child Wilhelm sleeping the sleep of the pure-hearted, and a woman, white-faced, heavy-eyed. She stood at the little window, and the moon looked down, wrapping the form of the weary watcher in its floods of light, then away beyond it streamed in a broadening sheet of silvery whiteness until it lost itself in the

dark shadows of the crags. The midnight hour passed, and Hedwig, turning noiselessly, bent over the form of Wilhelm, but the little sleeper did not move. Raising the latch the mother stole out softly, out into the stillness, hurrying down the path—and the moonlit leaves, stirred by the gentle night-winds, caressed her with their checkered shadows. She paused when she reached the height where Walter's last good-bye was said, looking anxiously adown the slopes until her gaze was lost in the darkening of the low-lying valley. To-night no signal gleamed on the Rütli rocks, the waters of the lake unrippled by the dip of any oar. Tell did not come, and the gleam of expectancy in the woman's face died into hopelessness. She raised her hands unconsciously, as if bearing up the oppressive stillness slowly gathering around. Her hollow eyes fixed their gaze upon a night-bird winging its heavy way across the silent waters. Farther and farther she followed its solitary flight until its loneliness had vanished against the distant shores.

Death was waiting at the gates of Attinghausen. The old manor house was strangely silent, all listening for the nearer rustling of the wings.

In a Gothic room embellished with many an armorial ensign, would the old baron welcome his last guest.

For many a year the name of Attinghausen had been a hope to Switzerland; for many a year the grand old patriot had stood between the people and their powerful oppressors, in his prudence a veritable statesman, a hero in his bravery.

The storms of five and eighty years had left his noble form unbowed, but his snowy hair bore witness of the many winters.

His staff and doublet were at hand, but he would not need them on this last, long journey.

Pallid and with closing eyes the baron sat in his arm-chair, dying. His attendants, with a number of the chief men of the cantons, stood around him, and Walter, Tell's little son, was kneeling at his side.

The aged baron's head sank slowly backward and, Walter Fürst said reverently:

"It is all over with him, he is gone." Little Walter shuddered, as he heard the words of his grandfather — shuddered with all a child's dread of death, and clasped closer the fast-chilling hand, as if his boyish strength might have the power to retard death's will.

The child's heart was beating heavily, and the sobs were very near when another whispered softly:

"He lies not like one dead; see the feather at his lips moves slightly, he is but sleeping peacefully, a happy smile rests on his face."

A silence fell upon the waiting ones, which was broken by the beat of hasty foot-steps sounding along the lonely halls. They paused at the chamber of death, and from within Baumgarten, whom Tell once rescued, softly opened the door.

"Who is it?" asked Walter Fürst in a hushed tone, gently moving forward.

"Your daughter, Hedwig," Baumgarten said, placing himself against the door, as if to bar all entrance.

"She wishes to speak with you, and would see her boy."

At the mentioning of his mother's name Walter arose, but dared not take his hand from that of the sleeping baron.

Old Walter Fürst had tried to seem brave until now.

"If the baron died, another leader would arise for them. If Switzerland could not be freed, it was glorious to die in arms," he had said, but he said it with a sickness at his heart. And now what could he do for his own child, whose husband's life was in great peril, because he dared speak boldly, before the tyrant governor? He looked at Baumgarten, and said in a broken voice:

"How can I comfort her? what consolation have I? why are all errors heaped upon my head?" He could not see the shadows settling over Hedwig's face—shadows which a father's words might not dispel, therefore he turned away as he heard her ask:

"Where is my child? Permit me, I must see him!" Even Baumgarten was touched by the pleading in her voice, and he slowly stepped from the door, which yielded to her pressure.

She was met by Stauffacher, a good and faithful friend, who, gently leading her within the room, said kindly:

"Compose yourself, remembering that you are in the house of death."

But the violence of Hedwig's grief had spent itself in the long night-watches, at her lonely little home. Her sorrowing had grown in depth and quietness, and they no longer need have fear of noisy demonstration.

She put Stauffacher's hand aside with an impatient little gesture, and, clasping Walter, said all low in the intensity of mother-love:

"My Walter, oh, he lives!"

Hedwig's face was pale, every feature bearing traces of a sorrow which the gladness in the safety of her child still left untouched. The hot tears slowly forced themselves through her quivering lids, and little Walter, wiping them away, kept murmuring in childish sympathy, "poor little mother!"

The strong men, standing near, had never been so hardened to sights of woe, that they could gaze unmoved on Hedwig's suffering. They knew that Tell had fallen into Gesler's power, and they hoped no mercy for him from the haughty governor. What could they do but grieve with Hedwig in her grief? She grew calm beneath the child's caress, and taking his face between her hands, she looked into his fearless, loving eyes, and slowly said:

"Is it true, indeed, that you are spared to me?" And as his every feature seemed to stamp itself anew upon her heart, she continued in a touching tone, more sad than tears, a tone revealing all the indignant sorrow in a mother's heart:

"How is it possible that he could aim at you? How could he? Oh, he has no heart, if he could send the arrow at his own child."

Walter Fürst had never thought to find this bitterness in Hedwig's heart, and, going up to her, he stroked her hair and said:

"He did it in great anguish, daughter, with a bosom torn by grief; he was compelled for his own life was at stake;" but she only moaned:

"Oh, if he had a father's heart, before he would have done the deed he would have died a thousand deaths."

They could almost think that Hedwig's grief had made her mad, so careless did she seem of aught that Tell had suffered. Stauffacher, whom she honored much, began:

"We should praise the gracious providence of God, who orders"—

But unmindful of his speaking, Hedwig cried:

"Can I forget? oh, God of Heaven! and if I lived forever, I should ever see my boy stand bound, his father taking aim—and forever will this arrow pierce my heart! Alas, for the cruel love of man! If once his pride is hurt he cares for nothing more; in his blind rage he sets at naught a child's life and a mother's heart."

Tell had endeared himself to many of his countrymen, and to none more truly than to Baumgarten.

This honest peasant had only gratitude and praise for Tell, and to his ear Hedwig's reproach seemed harsh. He could not understand her grief, nor see its provocation; there is a selfishness in sorrow that puzzles all at times.

Baumgarten pitied Hedwig, but he wished her pity should extend to Tell, the unhappy fate of whom seemed imminent, and so he said:

"Is not your husband's trouble hard enough to bear, that you must censure him with bitter words? Have you no feeling for his sufferings?"

He had not meant to say so much, and as Hedwig slowly turned toward him he wished it might have been still less. A look of scorn flashed over her white face, and her sad eyes steadied themselves into a cold, hard gaze which, creeping over him seemed to mark him as the cause of all her troubles.

"Have you only tears for a friend's misfortune?" said she; "where was your valor when they cast their fetters on him? Where was your help then?"

In truth, Baumgarten, with all the others, could not have aided Tell at the time when he was seized by Gesler's men. But however much his conscience cleared him, he could no longer meet Hedwig's accusing gaze, and as he turned his eyes away she continued:

"You looked on, yet allowed the outrage. You endured in patience that they should drag a friend from your very midst. Had Tell so treated you? Did he stand pityingly by, when the horsemen of the governor would have dragged you after them when the angry waters raged before you, cutting off escape? Not with idle tears did he bemoan your fate. He sprang into the boat, and, forgetting wife and child, delivered "——

"What could we venture for his safety—we, a little unarmed band?" said Walter Fürst, taking his daughter's trembling hands in his and drawing her nearer to him.

In her excitement, Hedwig lost all thought of Baumgarten, but as she told of Tell's great bravery, all the sorrow of her loss again swept over her, and resting her head against her father's breast, she said, "Oh, father, you have lost him, also—the land—we all have lost him! We miss him, and, alas, he misses us!" Then, as her swift thoughts brought new terrors, she continued:

"God save him from despair! no comforter can reach him in the hateful dungeon—and if he sickens, as he must, in the damp darkness of the prison, as an Alpine rose bleaches and pines away in the marshy air! He imprisoned whose very breath is freedom! He cannot live in the blight of the tomb."

She ceased her incoherent speaking, and Stauffacher said:

"We all will strive to open his dungeon's door." Then all the men joined hands in silent token of assent.

"What can you do without him? As long as Tell was free, then there was hope, then had the innocent a friend, the pursued a timely aid. Tell saved you all. You altogether cannot loose his bonds." She said it hopelessly, with nothing of reproach. She could not doubt their earnestness, but she felt that against the Austrian's power their strength was weak indeed.

Down in their very hearts these men dared not gainsay her words. Dark clouds were hanging heavy over Switzerland; the enemy were hunting down their bravest men, and even now death was ready to deprive them of their wisest counselor.

From the words that had just been spoken, Walter Tell was fast learning all his father's perils, and terrified by his own thoughts, he hid his face in the baron's doublet. The old man awoke, and gazing wearily around, his glance at last fell on the form of the trembling boy. Then Walter Fürst drew near and said:

"Bless him, he is my grandchild, and is fatherless." The aged patriot laid his hand upon the child's bowed head, and Hedwig gently knelt at Walter's side. A solemn hush came over all as low and even fell the tones:

"And fatherless I leave you all—all behind. Woe is me, that my dying eyes behold the ruin of the fatherland! Why should I reach the longest limit of this life to die without a hope? Yet there is hope—out of this head where the apple lay a new and better liberty will bloom to you. Old things are falling, but from the ruins a new life will spring."

His voice rose higher, clearer, as he raised himself with the strength last-given. He seemed gazing far into futurity, and, as if forgetful of any listening ear, continued:

"I see the princes and the noble lords come marching on in armor. I see them eager to make war upon a harmless shepherd folk. And now the struggle is for life or death, for liberty must be bought with blood. My countryman springs forth with naked breast, a willing sacrifice, into the thronging lances,—he breaks them, and the flower of nobility has fallen. Freedom has risen waving her 'victorious standard,'—then last, continue in your league, my countrymen, be one—one." He ceased to speak, and in the solemn hush the evening air brought up the sound of distant bells.

Day had dawned on the mountains of Switzerland. The forests and dales had lost all their darkness, and the waters were no longer lonely. The boats of merry young fishers darted out here and there from the shores, and across on the hillsides the glad songs of shepherds were waking the echoes. Far away the lowering glaciers sparkled and blazed, and the swift, milky streamlets, gushing out from their bases, ran in their white channels through meadow and vale.

The morning was glad, and the streamlets ran far through the land, but gladder and farther had the grand song of freedom gone forth.

Throughout the leaguered cantons the tidings had spread, "Tell is free, and the Austrian's power is tumbling." The shadows had lifted themselves from Tell's cottage, and were hurrying away to the past.

Little Wilhelm and Walter were flitting about like gay birds, for Hedwig had said:

"To-day the father is coming."

How all were watching. In his impatience Walter had climbed out on a branch of the linden that he might look over the bluff.

Little Wilhelm would gladly have followed, but the sturdy short legs and the trunk of the tree were not equally matched.

Hedwig stood at the door with a smile on her face; yet, despite the smile, and the cheery words to the children, this was not the same Hedwig that Tell had left in his home. Great sorrow has ever had power to leave unmistakable traces on face and in heart, and Hedwig had sorrowed.

The pain was still in her heart, for her thoughts were unquiet.

Did the crimes of Gesler justly provoke so fatal an ending? He was seeking Tell's life. Had Tell defiled his own hands by secretly taking the life of a craven? The cowardly tyrant would never have openly fought; and should one leave the snake undisturbed, begetting its poison, when its venomous fangs are concealed beneath the seen coils? Tell seemed right; all the cantons had said he was just, and were filled with rejoicing. But never, until Tell in his cooler moments should say that his conscience approved, would she dare to be happy.

Suddenly Walter sprang down from the tree and cried out, "He is coming! he comes!"

All power of motion was going from Hedwig, but her senses for suffering seemed quickened.

She heard the glad cries of the boys, and, oh joy! the voice of the father asking for her.

In an instant she was beside him—then held in his arms for one little moment.

Releasing herself, she drew back and said, "Oh Tell, Tell—how do you come to me again,—this hand—dare I take it?—this hand—oh God—"

"Has protected ourselves, and delivered the land," Tell said.

"I dare raise my hands freely toward heaven." He had said it with no tinge of guilt, and once more might Hedwig be happy.

That night the moon looked down on Tell's little cottage. No more was it silent and dark, but surrounded by warm-hearted Swiss. Over the heights and up from the valley they came—came to clasp hands with Tell, the bold archer, and Switzerland's deliverer.

Lights gleamed from the crags and the waters below.

At last the great shout went up, "Long live Tell!" and the echoes answered, "Live Tell!"

On the Lake.

BY L. D. VENTURA.

THE sky has a countenance of its own, like the human visage; the day on which I crossed the Lake of Constance by the boat to Friedrichshafen must have been for the inhabitants of the air a day of rejoicing, a gay, noisy holiday. A very singular sight was the sunset: a heavy, low fog covered the lake, giving it the aspect of a broad black-board; the wind from the southwest that occasionally changes its otherwise peaceful surface to a raging sea, was entirely still; the heavens appeared an immense azure cupola; at the base, without gradation of tints, a broad circular strip of chrome yellow extended; the amphitheater-like hills, on which the last expiring rays of the sun were reflected, glittered like a thin golden veil embroidered with diamonds. The second-class passengers were at the forward part of the boat, while those of the first stood aft; but both compartments were for the most part loaded with bales and luggage.

The shores of the lake belong to five states, Switzerland, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and Austria. There were, among the workingmen that composed the second-class travelers, citizens of republics and subjects of monarchies, constitutional and nonconstitutional. I approached them; they were not talking politics, but from their countenances, from their actions and conversation, I was convinced that the subjects of the German States were not envying the Swiss their liberty.

On the boat there were a few peasant girls of the Swiss Alps, possessing the two characteristics of beauty such as Titian loved to paint, robustness of body and grace of feature. To hear those workingmen debate, one would have sworn that if the choice were given to them to embrace either the republic or the peasant girls, they would have chosen the latter! What would you have done? 'Tis but a matter of taste. In the first cabin there was collected a really cosmopolitan society. It is needless to mention that the country most largely represented was England. Like the quails that at certain seasons of the year flock in great numbers to the Island of Heligoland, the English, in June, invade in legions the European continent. It is a usage that has lasted a long time, although the typical Englishman, such as our fathers saw and described, has completely vanished. The traditional English victim of continental hotel-keepers and *vetturini*, who paid a guinea for a fowl, is not found any more; now the English, if they are rich, travel like the wealthy class of any other nation except the American—if of moderate fortune, wise from hearsay and experience, they are suspicious of deceit and timorous of fraud; ask for a reduction of prices at the *table d'hôte*, and by a mere shave avoid stealing back from the inn-keeper that which they suppose he has robbed from them, in order to balance accounts with equitability.

There were individuals on board of each of these species: from the lord who possesses a town mansion at Grosvenor Square and a seat

or two in several counties, to the obscure merchant of a provincial town. Having struck up an acquaintance on the Oberland mountains, they formed a clique among themselves while crossing the Bodensee.

It happened that a discussion arose concerning the elevation of the lake, about which Murray, for some reason known to himself, has thought best to preserve silence. One said one thing and one another, when, wishing to put a stop to the controversy, one of the party seeing Joanne's (Baedeker's?) *Guide* in my hand, accosted me and requested permission to look at it. I handed it to him; he thanked me, and I was admitted to the charmed circle. He who had first spoken to me bore a name inscribed in the mighty book of the "Peerage and Baronetage." He was dressed with the scrupulous simplicity characteristic of the aristocratic Englishman—a black coat, a white waistcoat, cravat and trowsers, highly polished calf-skin shoes—a *tout ensemble* that he would have worn in Piccadilly or Regent Street, and with which he had ascended the Bernese Alps. He had traveled over the world, and had acquired an infinite number of various and curious notions, and it pleased him to disseminate in conversation the treasures of his knowledge, as Prince Esterhazy disseminated while dancing the pearls and diamonds from his slippers. He knew the most famous men of the countries through which he had traveled. In Spain he had spoken to Arjona and Montes, in Montevideo to Rosas,* in Buenos Ayres to Urquizia, and had assisted with him at the battle of Cacues. At Washington he was on terms of intimacy with Lincoln, and promenaded on the arm of Brigham Young through the streets of Salt Lake City. While at Venice he dined with Marini. In Russia he heard Pauschine read his *Demitri Godunoff;* saw Gogol write his *Anime Morte.* In Persia he prayed with Yezidi, and at Nova Tscherkark he played with the Cossacks.

He traveled alone. "If our fellow traveler," he would say, "has the same opinions, the same habits, why carry with you a perambulating pleonasm? If he has not, what pleasure is there in the enforced companionship of an adversary that one must constantly combat, a reprobate that must be converted?"

The sole companion of his peregrinations was an umbrella, that at the same time served as a stick, sword, and telescope.

In a case of ample dimensions he carried curious objects of art and antiquity, collected in a recent voyage through Italy and France. Two vases from Capodimonte, a plate of Georgione, another of Orazio Fontana, a Jesi edition of the *Divina Commedia,* a statuette in jasper from Voltena attributed to Horace Mochi, a book of gold that had belonged to Anne of Brittany with Poyet's miniatures, Erasmus' *Praise of Folly* bound by Grolier, etc.

Rich, an artist of archælogical tastes and a man of wit, aristocratic and cultured, he would have been everywhere considered an *eccentric.*

"I first visited Italy," he said to me, "twenty years ago, and since then I have always interested myself in Italian affairs. I thought by the aid of the political journals to form a correct idea of the present state of things. On seeing in person how matters stand I am doubly convinced of the nonsense that a man can entertain who derives his knowledge from the political newspapers. You Italians —"

"Stop a moment. Who told you I was an Italian?"

"Do you deny it?"

"Certainly not. I merely ask to know how you divined I was an Italian."

"My dear sir, in the first place you are not a compatriot of mine, that is certain."

"Well, and then?"

"Well, for a Greek you are too genial, too vivacious for a Hollander; you talked half an hour to a man whose name you did not know, therefore you are not a German; you talk too little for a Frenchman; as you travel without servants, you are not a Russian; you have not yet eulogized Hungary, therefore you are not a Hungarian; as you gave the boat porter a tip, you are not a Swiss; as your hands are not dirty with tobacco, you are not a Spaniard; and you do not wear diamonds in your shirt, therefore you are not an American from the States. Consequently you are an Italian."

The conversation continued; his criticism of the Italians was rather severe.

"You are," said he, "a people of perpetual contradictions, at the same time idle and restless; you have the sun, but yet wish for coal; you either devote yourselves too much to politics, or else not enough; and that is pernicious to the growth of your credit and your commerce."

"Why?" I asked, "do you think that occupying one's self in public affairs will detract from his attention to business? In the ancient republics the citizens assembled in the forum to discuss the affairs of state, after which they returned to their fields or their shops."

"And that is well; it would be curious if I, as an Englishman, said aught to the contrary; but you engage in politics just enough to distract yourself from your studies or your affairs, not enough to give a vigorous impulse to your civil growth. In substance, the Italians are not fond of liberty."

"Oh!"

"Allow me to continue. They do not love her for the advantages which she brings, but for the evils which she saves you from, but in fact an absolutism that would guarantee moderation and wisdom (if absolutism could ever give such a guarantee) would satisfy their desires. Have I not heard it said from Saranto to Susa, 'A man! a man! we need a man that would take the reins in hand and lead?'"

"You think this a strange desire?"

"Certainly, my dear sir. Events to-day are gigantic, while men preserve their ordinary stature. There is a large disproportion between events and men; you can deplore it in a thousand ways and remedy it only in one; work in many. The time when one man held in his hand the destiny of a whole people is past; the reign of great personages terminated with the first Napoleon, and even he, although he controlled Europe at will, finished by obeying the law of the new times."

He pressed my hand, giving me to hope that we should meet at Salisbury, and presenting me to some of his fellow-countrymen, left the boat at Fredrickshafen. One of them was a long, thin, cartilaginous individual, hands like an apostle's, and broad flat feet. His daughter was with him, a pretty girl from London, smooth skinned, rosy cheeked, sweet smiling, a model for Cassrence, born by chance of a model of Hogarth. They were seated side by side; the father held between his knees one of those mountain poles that the English take back with them to their homes as the Haji of Mecca take the green *caftan.* He was reading Murray with a certain tenderness, and according as Murray counseled he prepared himself to receive an impression of admiration or the contrary. Two thirds of the English travel as he did. At the Museum of Bura there is a painting by Guercino, "Hagar and Abram," vulgar and discrediting. I said it was a Guercino, but you would consider it a sickly Correggio. For some reason or other it pleased Byron. Murray could do no other than admire it on that account, and all the English afterward do the same on the faith of Byron and Murray.

The girl was sketching in the meantime. Murray had called the traveler's attention to the shores of the lake of Constance, and the father had begged his daughter to take a little *souvenir* with her pencil; Murray, however, had not foreseen the fog, therefore the father heeded it not. The picture was a perfect gem; the shores obscured by the fog could, of course, not be seen, and the sketch with its crayon *sfumato* gave sufficient evidence of the mist that covered them.

The Englishman, after having indicated with a serene smile of complacency his daughter's *chef d'œuvre,* confided to me that the products of his daughter's pencil, of which the album was full, were designed to illustrate the impressions of their journey in the Tyrol and Switzerland. He gave me his diary to look over. I recollect these fragments which I here transcribe.

"*Wednesday, August* 14*th.*—I awoke Clara at five; she says she would have willingly slept a couple of hours longer. Arr. at Pfandler at 9. Panorama of the Tyrolese Alps; a quantity of pines. Hohenents; two cascades. Stupendous sight.

"*Friday, August* 16*th.*—Bludenz. Paper factory belonging to Herr Gassner. Clara would like to rest herself. Climbed the Arlberg. Narrow valley. Beautiful spectacle."

I regretted not having left with my Englishman. There are days when one is consumed by the desire to talk to some one. I hated at that time to be alone, but whose company was I to seek? The captain's? He was busy. He exchanged a few words with me and re-entered his cubbyhole, referring me to a young relative, a doctor of philosophy, lately married, who, after having made his wedding trip, was now returning to Stuttgart.

They were seated side by side; he had a rosy fat face, she was pale and flabby. Had I to seek for them a resemblance in the history of painting, I would compare him to one

of the misers of Justino Metzys, and her to a consumptive Madonna of Guido Reni. He gesticulated and instructed his companion regarding the authority of the interior senses, the personality of the infinite; she, with downcast eyes, appeared to feel her littleness before so much knowledge, and mentally surrounded his head with an aureole of glory.

Near them was a learned old gentleman; he had a cigar-box filled with insects, diligently spitted on so many pins, which he opened and closed every other minute. I approached him, and he, exposing to my delighted gaze now one and now another of those little creatures, while he looked at me benignly over his spectacles, said, "Eleator rugosus, Platinus caerulaeus, Platinus caerulaeus, Eleator rugosus."

I could draw nothing else from him, and do not even know what his nationality was; he called the insects by their Latin names, and his coat collar was unctuous. These are two characteristics common to all scientific men in the world.

Some of these people disembarked at Immerstad, some at Hagnan; the Englishman and his daughter at Moersburg, Mesmer's birthplace. The voyage would have appeared incomplete had they not trod the soil where the furor of animal magnetism first saw the light.

"Constance!" cried a voice from the shore as the boat neared the land.

And I bade an *au revoir* to the Bodensee.

Cologne Cathedral.

MORE than six hundred years ago a mighty pageant wound its way through the narrow, ill-smelling streets of a German city on the Rhine. Churchmen, burgomasters, citizens, soldiers, all helped to swell the gorgeous train, while from overhead fluttered from many an open casement, pennons, banners, and rich-colored fabrics, in honor of the occasion; for, on this April day, in the year of grace 1248, his eminence the Cardinal Carpocci and his grace the Archbishop Conrad von Hockstaden are to lay the corner-stone of a new cathedral which shall surpass, in grandeur, beauty, and size, any similar structure of the kind.

Six hundred and thirty-two years after, in the year of our Lord 1880, another mighty concourse meets in the same city, this time to celebrate with appropriate ceremonies the completion of the edifice commenced so long ago. The city has not changed much; here are the same narrow, dirty streets; to all appearances the same worm-eaten quay washed by the silver Rhine, here, alas, somewhat tarnished; many of the old buildings are yet standing, but the times—how altered! In that six hundred years what revolutions have swept over the face of the globe! How many times has the map of Europe been altered! Even the city itself has changed rulers more than once. What a contrast between then and now; and yet this stately pile before us has grown bit bybit, stone by stone, timber by timber, through all the changes and vicissitudes around it. When its first stone was laid, Henry III. sat upon the English throne; only a few years before, viz., in 1215, Magna Charta had been wrung from his father by the English barons; gold had not yet been coined in England; Roger Bacon was in his prime; Scotland and Wales were as yet independent; Louis IX., "St. Louis," reigned in France, and the seventh crusade to the Holy Land, conducted by this monarch, was in progress; the mariner's compass was unknown to Europeans; in America, the curtain lifted by Erik the Norseman in the opening years of the eleventh century had long since descended again, and for two hundred and fifty years to come the whole vast continent was to be left in the undisturbed possession of its aboriginal inhabitants; Africa, south of the Canary Islands, was an undiscovered country, fraught with terrible, because unknown, dangers in the minds of geographers, and the tales of the newly-returned Marco Polo were exciting the derision of the same gentry; the kingdom of Granada, last refuge of the Moors from their Christian foes in Spain, had just been founded; Innocent IV., the pontiff who first gave the red hat to cardinals, occupied the chair of St. Peter; the Inquisition, with all its paraphernalia of torture, was in full force, and the unhappy Albigenses were experiencing all the terrors of the miscalled "Holy Office."

Cologne itself was early renowned as a bishopric. There was a legend that a disciple of the Apostle Peter, one Maternus, was the founder and first bishop of the Church at Cologne; and another that the Emperor Frederick I. brought from Milan to Cologne the bones of the "three kings of the Orient," which are to-day venerated as the most precious relics in the Cathedral of Cologne. "Popes and emperors vied in increasing the wealth and power of the Archbishop of Cologne, and synods held at that place declared him to have the right of precedence over all other clergy;" the power of the archbishopric was at its height under Conrad von Hockstaden, who founded the Cathedral.

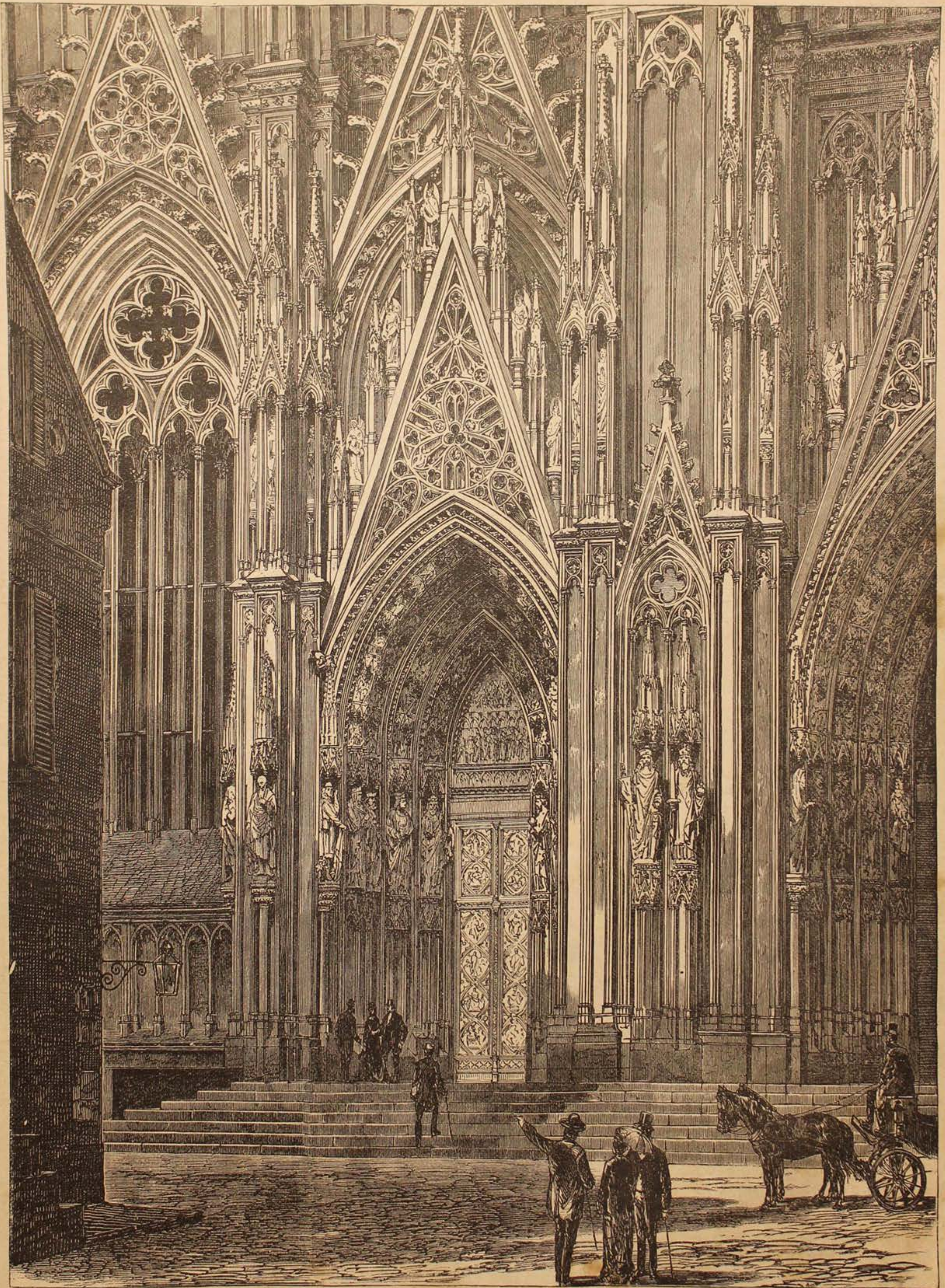
No trustworthy information as to the name of the real or original architect survives, and all hope of placing the glory of such a monument of genius upon any one head is lost. Even the original plan (which has been faithfully adhered to) was lost for years among the litter and rubbish of the interior, and was only recovered accidentally by some person searching for something to adorn a transparency for a religious festival. Architects, artists, and builders, in the course of that six hundred years have lived, wrought awhile upon the massive pile, and then died; but their united work yet lives. The design itself was said to have been confided to the original architect by the Virgin Mary in a dream; but another legend states that the prince of darkness imparted it as the price of the artist's soul. Its fame, from all these various causes, belongs rather to the nation than to any individual, and a right royal monument it is.

Its form is that of a Latin cross, and it is the largest Gothic church ever erected. The choir, which was finished and consecrated in 1322, is generally regarded as the finest part of the building, seeing that it was constructed just after the best period of Gothic art. Over the entrances are two pointed towers, five hundred and eleven feet high above the pavement, the loftiest monument ever erected by man.

In the chapter-house of the Hospital of St. John, at Bruges, is a famous picture, by Hans Memling, on a reliquary of St. Ursula, representing the famous cathedral as it appeared in the middle of the sixteenth century. In this picture appears the famous wooden crane that for three hundred years adorned the summit of one of the towers, a perpetual reminder to the beholder that the work was yet unfinished. Work was stopped in 1509, and was not fairly resumed till 1842. The crane stood in its place till 1868, and was an object of superstition to half the good people of Cologne.

During the wars of the great Napoleon, the Rhine Provinces were annexed to France, and Cologne became the capital of a French department. The Germans implored the conqueror to restore the cathedral, fast falling into ruin, and continue it until completion. But in answer to their prayer the French turned it into a great stable and forage depot. No doubt, as matters now are, the Germans are glad that the great church has been entirely finished by national energy and enterprise. It was under William III., of Prussia, that the work of restoration and completion was begun in 1823. The best architects were appointed to superintend the work; money was collected from all quarters, and throughout Germany the Cologne Cathedral was regarded as a child of the state. Many hundred thousands of dollars have been contributed by the government, the dignitaries of the empire have given liberally, and a Cologne Cathedral Building Association, the Dombauverein, was founded, with branches all over the country; even the Sunday-school children became interested in the work, and added their pennies. The result of all this energy was not long in making itself seen and felt. In 1842 the corner-stone was relaid amid much pomp and circumstance by the Emperor William IV., in the presence of all his court and many of the nobility. The king himself spoke as follows: "Gentlemen of Cologne, a great event is transpiring among you. This is, as you feel, no ordinary structure. It is the work of the fraternal feeling of all the German race and of all confessions. When I think of this my eyes are filled with tears, and I thank God that I survive this day. This structure and these towers point to a great day of unity for all Germany."

Six years later, in 1848, the six hundredth anniversary of the original founding of the building, there was a gorgeous celebration of the day in Cologne and throughout all Germany. Kings, princes, bishops, dignitaries of the church, titled heads from all Europe gathered around the shrine in honor of the event. King Louis of Bavaria gave the four exquisite windows of stained glass valued at $30,000, the work of the best artists of Munich.



THE WESTERN PORTAL OF THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

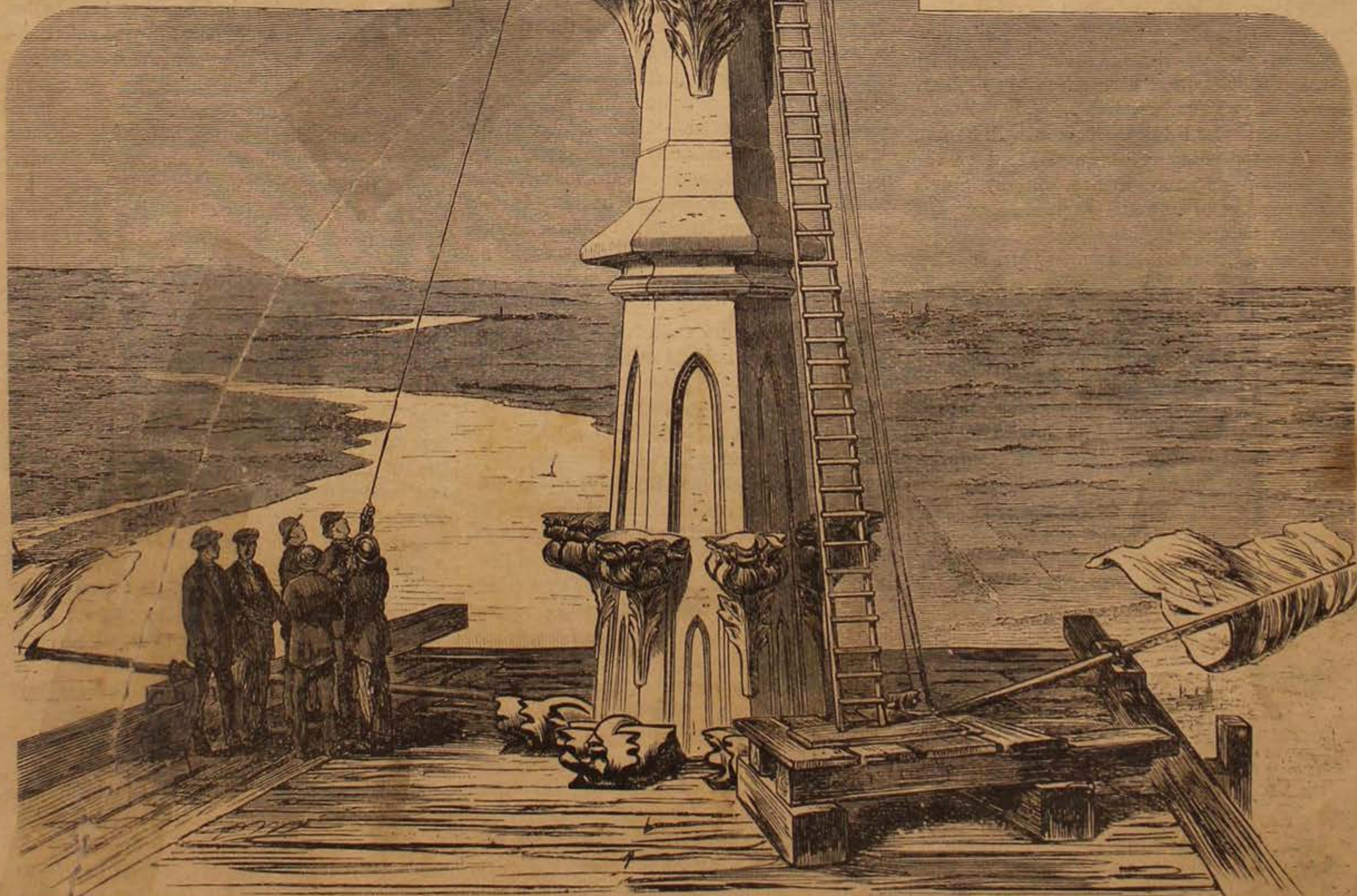
THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE. (THE LARGEST CHURCH IN THE WORLD.)

Bas-reliefs over the Western Portal of the Cathedral at Cologne.

This celebration, being an earnest that the work was going on, gave a great impetus to the collecting of funds throughout Germany, until the great wars of the two preceding decades. These over, and under a united Germany, the work again went forward, emblem of a united fatherland, at peace within and without. The 15th of October, 1880, the birthday of the Emperor William, was the day selected for the placing of the final stone. For days before, the princes of the empire, in obedience to his summons, flocked to Cologne to meet the venerable German emperor. A great crowd assembles in the square around the cathedral; documents are signed by the emperor and his sons and the other members of the royal family; these are inclosed in a box, dispatched to the summit of one of the towers; in a few moments more the box is placed in its appointed niche, the last stone is deposited over it, and the cheers of the multitude, the booming of cannon, and the ringing of bells, announce that the great Cologne Cathedral, the work of six hundred and thirty-two years, is finished. The cable flashes the news around the world, and the West clasps hands with the East in gratulation over the happy event. For centuries the German people have been accustomed to express their opinion that any undertaking was impossible by exclaiming: "The Cathedral of Cologne will be finished before that occurs!" This saying is now happily disproved, and is consigned to the limbo of false predictions along with the old legend that his Satanic Majesty had put a ban upon the work.

Next to the choir, alluded to already, the magnificent portals, designed by the celebrated Ernst Friedrich Zwirner, are the finest specimens of perpendicular gothic in the whole pile. In 1509, when on account of the troubles of the Reformation the work was stopped, the building had been carried up to the capitals of the columns. The whole was then covered with a wooden roof, and so remained till 1830—more than three hundred years; the wooden crane looking down from its giddy height all those centuries. The length of the cathedral is 511 feet, its breadth 231 feet, and the height of the towers 511 feet also. Externally, it has a double range of flying buttresses and intervening piers, and the roof is a perfect forest of pinnacles, rivaling in this respect the no less famous Cathedral of Milan.

Although, in the opinion of architects, the majesty of the whole is somewhat lessened by the too great minuteness of detail and ornamentation, the harmonious perpendicular arrangement of the lines is unequaled in any other edifice of any other age; and the Cathedral of Cologne is undoubtedly the most glorious and inspiring ecclesiastical edifice ever erected by the hand of man.



PLACING THE CAP-STONE IN POSITION, OCTOBER 15, 1880.

Kith and Kin.

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

(Continued from page 227.)

CHAPTER XIV.

DISPUTED.

MR. AGLIONBY, of Scar Foot, had died on a Wednesday, at noon. He was buried on the Saturday morning following, in the church-yard of Yoresett Church, beside those of his fathers who had been buried there before him. He was laid low with all pomp and respect, and not a town, village or hamlet in the dale but sent its quota to the following. He had been one of the institutions of the dale, one of the inseparable accompaniments of every gathering, and every event almost, that took place in it; and if he had not been tenderly loved, he had been deeply honored and respected. Therefore gentle and simple came from far and near, and saw him laid to his rest.

Bernard had arrived late on Thursday afternoon at Hawes. There he was met by Mr. Whaley, and driven by him to his bachelor house at Yoresett. Mr. Whaley was the very model of an extremely, if not needlessly discreet country lawyer. Bernard Aglionby was little less reticent. He asked few questions, and seemed satisfied with the short and cautious answers which were given to them. He learned the details of his grandfather's seizure and death. Then he asked:

"And do you think the funeral will be over in time for me to return to Irkford on the same day?—because I assure you my chiefs don't approve of an understrapper like myself absenting himself in this style."

"I have little doubt," returned Mr. Whaley softly, "that should you wish to return to Irkford on the same afternoon, it can be managed."

On the Friday morning, Mr. Whaley proposed to drive him over to Scar Foot.

"You should not allow your grandfather to be buried without paying him the last respect; you should at least go and see him before he is taken away for ever."

Bernard agreed, with taciturn gravity. Mr. Whaley's dogcart was called and they drove to Scar Foot.

Aglionby's face was like some mask of bronze, as they drove along that road over which Judith Conisbrough had lately toiled on wearily. Not a word did he say, not a comment did he utter. "Yea, yea," and "nay, nay," were all that could be wrung from him. One sign, and one only, did he give of being moved or interested. As they came suddenly to the top of the hill, from which they first had a view of Shennamere from end to end, a light leaped into his eyes, which darted quickly from hill to hill, and then adown the lake. A flash of subtle feeling passed across his face, and he said abruptly,

"That great bowlder at the foot of the lake, is it not called the Dipping Stone?"

"Yes, to be sure. How do you know?"

"I've heard of it," was the laconic reply. He made no further comment, until they had gone down the hill; and then, pointing to the buildings on the left, embosomed in their trees, he said, more quietly than ever:

"And that is Scar Foot."

"That is Scar Foot, Mr. Aglionby, and you are the last representative of the name of those who have lived there for so many generations."

"Yes, I suppose I am," he answered, as they drove into the farm-yard, and got out of the dogcart.

While it was being taken to the other end of the yard, to water the horse, a woman came out of the back door, and looked at them, then greeted Mr. Whaley as an old acquaintance.

"Good-day, Mrs. Aveson," said he; and added, "no one here, I suppose?"

"No one, sir, but ourselves. The young ladies hasn't been nigh; not even Miss Judith, nor Mistress Conisbrough."

"No, I daresay. It's a good way, you see. And—" he laid his hand upon Bernard's shoulder—"Mrs. Aveson, you do not know who this is."

She gazed intently into Bernard's dark, saturnine visage.

"N—no, sir," she hesitatingly said, "but he is—he has surely a look of the old Squire about the een and the mouth."

"Very likely. He is the old Squire's grandson, Bernard—Ralph Aglionby's son."

"Lord-a-mercy!" exclaimed the woman, looking startled. "You don't mean it! His son that he had by that foreign wife that he married. He doesn't favor his father," she added in a lower voice—"He's dark and foreign looking," as Aglionby turned away, tired of being stared at, and perhaps moved more than he cared to confess, at hearing that he was like his forefathers: though he was "dark and foreign looking," they could not deny the resemblance. He strolled away toward the front door.

During that short visit, his intensely keen eyes noted every item of every room he went into. He carried the place away with him, as it were, indelibly engraved on his memory—carried away, too, a vivid impression of the dead face of the old Squire in his coffin, which he looked upon long and intently, trying hard the while to forgive him his trespasses that he had trespassed against him, Bernard Aglionby, and those who had been dear to him. He did not feel clear in his mind as to whether he had succeeded in this forgiveness; even at the last, when he turned away, he was not sure. His mother's face seemed to rise before him, stern and sad, worn with lines of toil and grief, softening into an angel's beauty when it turned to him, or when he had caressed her. No—forgiveness was not easy, and according to his creed, no such thing as forgiveness existed.

As they drove back through Yoresett, Mr. Whaley pointed out to him Yoresett House, with the blinds down.

"That's where Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughters live," he said. "She was a niece of old John's; it was about her that he quarreled with your father."

"Is one of the daughters a tall, pale girl, with rather stately manners?"

"That's Judith—Miss Conisbrough. What of her?"

"Nothing. I saw her at Irkford with my grandfather the other day."

Later in the evening, Mr. Whaley remarked, "We shall have to go back to Scar Foot after the funeral, for the reading of the will, and"—his brow wrinkled—"I'm sorry to say, Mrs. Conisbrough intends to be present at that ceremony too. She sent me word that she should."

"Why sorry?"

"It's so needless. As if I could not have come straight back here and called upon her, and told her all about it! What do women want at such affairs?"

To this, Bernard made absolutely no reply, and this was the last hint, if hints they were, which Mr. Whaley gave to his guest, as to the disposition of his grandfather's affairs.

* * * * *

The funeral was over and they had returned to Scar Foot. Mr. Whaley again inquired of Mrs. Aveson, "Any one here?"

"Mistress Conisbrough, sir, and Miss Judith. That's all, and they're in the parlor."

Bernard, as he followed Mr. Whaley through the houseplace, passed his hand over his eyes. It was all so very strange and dreamlike. He followed Mr. Whaley onward, into the little parlor, where Judith had been received by her uncle a few days ago. Bernard was not thinking of her at all, at the moment, but was considering what was the secret he was at last going to hear—what this will, so soon to be read, was to disclose for him. He was not thinking of her when he followed Mr. Whaley into the parlor, but on entering it he saw her before he saw anything else. He might almost be said to see nothing but her at first. He was not surprised, of course; he was prepared, and he bowed to her as he entered, but she was more than surprised; he saw the look of puzzled bewilderment that passed over her face as she gazed at him, blankly at first, and then returned his salute slightly. Next, Bernard saw Mrs. Conisbrough; these two with himself and Mr. Whaley comprised the whole of the company. Mrs. Conisbrough was dressed in the deepest mourning, with crape, and every outward trapping of woe. Her handsome, rather highly colored face was flushed more than usual, her hands were restless, and her dark eyes roamed nervously and incessantly around. She formed in every way a most startling contrast to her daughter, who looked what she felt, as if she were only there on compulsion. Mrs. Conisbrough had insisted upon coming, and her daughters, after due consultation, had decided that Judith was the proper person to accompany her. Pale, sedate and melancholy, she sat beside her mother on the couch, and Bernard noticed that [illegible]t. for the fact of its being black, her dress was no mourning dress at all, but a somewhat worn one without any trimming; her hat was a little black straw hat; she wore a white linen

collar, a black cloth jacket, and black kid gloves. She had refused every entreaty of her mother to don what the latter considered a more appropriate garb; for what reason Mrs. Conisbrough of course could not imagine.

"Mrs. Conisbrough," observed Mr. Whaley shaking hands with her, "I think you will agree with me that we had better get this business over at once before any of us take any refreshment, or do anything else."

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Whaley," she said, in a trembling voice. She could not in the least conceal her great agitation. Mr. Whaley turned to Bernard, who was standing, dark, erect, and observant, by the table. He was grave, now, of course, but he was perfectly cheerful. To have curved his features to any pretense of emotion or of lamentation—to subdue his voice to the tones of a sorrow which he did not feel—were things which it was not in his nature to do. The frequent sarcastic smile which decorated his lips was absent, but his spirit of cool and rather bitter cynicism shone in double strength from his eyes. He looked cold, hard, and indifferent—exactly what he felt—as he confronted Mrs. Conisbrough, for he had always understood in a vague way that she had created mischief at the time of his father's marriage. Judith Conisbrough, measuring him with her calm and considerate eyes, clearly read his expression and admitted it in her inmost heart—"He looks a hard, contemptuous, pitiless man," she decided.

"Before I begin to read," said Mr. Whaley, "let me present to you the only near relation of yourselves and the late Mr. Aglionby—his grandson, Bernard Aglionby."

Mrs. Conisbrough gave a quick look at him, with nervously distended eyes and bewitching lips. She inclined her head a little, and her lips moved, but no sound came from them; they seemed dry and parched. Bernard merely bowed, in profound silence, and Judith did not repeat her original acknowledgment. Then Aglionby sat down, and while Mr. Whaley broke the seal of the will, there was perfect stillness, broken only by the rustle of Mrs. Conisbrough's dress, as she nervously moved now and then.

Bernard, sitting in the window, could see the head of the lake; he looked at it, his elbow resting on the back of his chair, his eyes shaded a little by his hand. And Mr. Whaley proceeded to read the will.

When Mrs. Conisbrough heard the date, October 7, 18—, she started violently. It was the date of Tuesday last, the day on which he had been to see her, and on which he had so cruelly and remorselessly tormented her. A cold perspiration broke out upon her face, and her lips trembled.

It was a very concise, unelaborate will: it provided for some legacies to servants and old friends, and one or two very distant relatives or connections. Then the testator left the whole of his real and personal estate, without fetter or condition of any kind, to his grandson, Bernard Aglionby, to dispose of during his lifetime, to give, bequeath or devise in whatsoever manner seemed good to him.

There was no more: not another word, beyond the necessary little formula, and the signature of the testator and the witnesses. Mrs. Conisbrough's name and the names of her daughters were not even mentioned.

Mr. Whaley's voice ceased. There was a momentary pause. Bernard leaned forward, and looked around the room, with a strange, bewildered sensation; a very strange sensation, as utterly devoid of triumph, or jubilation, or delight, as any sensation he had ever experienced. Rejoicing might come later, he supposed it would, for this was great news, it must be. At present the rejoicing was conspicuous by its absence.

Mrs. Conisbrough had now risen. She advanced from the sofa on which she had been sitting beside her daughter, to the table, and supported herself against it with a trembling hand. Indeed, she trembled all over.

"Is that all, Mr. Whaley?" she inquired, in a fluttering voice.

"I am sorry to say, madam, that that is all, every word."

"And you consider that a just will?"

"Pardon me, Mrs. Conisbrough, I do not, and I even went so far as to expostulate with Mr. Aglionby when he desired me to draw it up. I speak plainly, Mr. Bernard Aglionby."

"Yes, you are right to do so."

"Pooh! Expostulating? What is that?" she exclaimed, speaking vehemently, and with strong, passionate excitement. "I tell you, it is monstrous; it is wicked; it is mad. He knew what he had promised; he knew what he had led me to expect—how I had yielded to his wishes many a time, on the tacit understanding that my self-sacrifice was to be made good to me and my daughters at his death. This is a freak, a folly, a frenzy—I shall dispute the will."

"My dear madam, do nothing of the kind, I implore you. You would cut your own throat. No court would find for you, and you would simply ruin yourself."

"I shall dispute the will. And you, sir" (turning with passionate fierceness to Bernard, who had risen, and stood gravely listening to and looking at her)—"you, I warn. I warn you not to take possession of this house and property, or to spend the incomes belonging to them, for you shall make restitution of every penny you disburse. No jury of Englishmen will dispute the base injustice of this will. I should wish to be fair; it is what I have always intended; I would not grasp everything and give you nothing, but before the sight of heaven it is no upstart stranger who——"

"Beware, Mrs. Conisbrough!" said Mr. Whaley, warningly. "The upstart stranger you speak of is an Aglionby, and so far as descent goes, the direct heir male to every penny his grandfather left behind him, and stick and stone on the estate."

"No doubt, sir, it will be to your interest to support the strongest."

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Judith, rising, and putting her hand on her mother's arm. But Mrs. Conisbrough was no longer mistress of herself.

"But might is not always right," she went on, "and occasionally the innocent win their cause against the guilty."

"Shall we not discuss the matter some other time, when you are more composed?" said Bernard, with profound courtesy of tone and manner, as he too bent over the table toward her, leaning the tips of his fingers on the table, and looking with grave inquiry directly into her eyes.

Their faces were very near together. As she met this direct, serious gaze, Mrs. Conisbrough's high color suddenly faded; she gave a kind of gasp or sob, and shrank away, averting her gaze.

"Dear mother, let us go away now," said Judith, soothingly.

"Not until I have told these men who are in league against us, once again that I defy them, and that they had better beware what—"

She stopped suddenly, put her hand to her side, a common gesture with her, for her heart was weak, and strong excitement usually brought on an attack of illness. She sank down upon the sofa now, livid and unconscious. Judith sprang to her, unfastened her bonnet-strings, loosened her mantle, and bent over her anxiously. Aglionby walked up to her, and asked in a low voice, and one which he evidently constrained to express some kind of emotion:

"Can I assist you in any way?"

"No, I thank you," replied the young lady, lifting her eyes to his face, with a look of such deep and mournful sadness, that Aglionby, feeling as if he had rashly intruded upon some sacred precinct, said humbly, "I beg your pardon," and retired again to Mr. Whaley's side.

For a short time there was an uncomfortable, brooding kind of silence. Then at last Judith turned round, her face disturbed, despite its set expression, her voice faltering a little.

"I am very sorry," she said, "but my mother has had these attacks before, and she —I am afraid—I know she must remain here just at present."

"On the sofa, for an hour or two," said Mr. Whaley, almost briskly. "I am sure Mr. Aglionby—"

"For a day or two, at least, I grieve to say. I must send for the doctor—at least," she added hastily, and looking at Bernard with a deep flush of embarrassment, "it is as much as her life is worth to remove her at present."

"Mr. Aglionby," said Mr. Whaley, looking at him, "you are master here now. What are these ladies to do?"

"I beg them to make use of the house and everything there is in it, as long as it suits their convenience to do so," he replied, still in the same courteous, almost gentle tone, and looking earnestly at Judith.

"I thank you," said the latter. "Then may I ring for Mrs. Aveson, and order a boy to be sent for Dr. Lowther?"

"You know the ways of the place, I imagine, better than I do; will you please take all authority in the matter into your own hands? Pray oblige me by ordering *exactly* what is convenient to you," said Bernard. "Shall I ring the bell for you?" He put his hand upon the rope, and, turning to Mr. Whaley, added in a lower voice, "Shall we not leave these

ladies at present, and I will inquire later if they have all they want?"

With that he pulled the bell, and then, saying to Judith, "I trust Mrs. Conisbrough will soon recover," he followed Mr. Whaley from the room.

As they closed the door after them, and found themselves in the houseplace, they met Mrs. Aveson, going to answer the summons. Aglionby paused. "Do not leave it to Miss Conisbrough to tell her," he said. And Mr. Whaley, stopping the woman, said:

"Mrs. Aveson, let me present to you your new master, and the old Squire's successor."

"Sir! I thought the young ladies—Mrs. Conisbrough—" She was paralyzed with astonishment and dismay.

"Not at all. Mr. Aglionby's property goes to his grandson. And I think the ladies want you. Mrs. Conisbrough is ill."

She made a hasty step toward the parlor. Bernard interposed.

"Listen!" he said. "Will you please attend to Miss Conisbrough's orders as if they were my own. Find out everything that she can possibly want, and see that it is got for her, and—"

"Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Aveson. "You may be master here, or not, but I need no *orders* to attend to those ladies that are in there," and, without condescending to give him another look, she swept onward.

"Good!" remarked Aglionby, with a saturnine smile. "I like that woman. She's honest. I hope she will stay here."

CHAPTER XV.

JUDITH.

Mrs. Aveson, closing the parlor door, bent over Mrs. Conisbrough. "Eh, but she's very bad, Miss Judith, this bout. Something's upset her, I guess."

"Yes, indeed!" said Judith abstractedly. She was forced to withdraw her attention from her mother for the moment, while she wrote with flying pen to Delphine:

"Very bad news. *All* is left to uncle's grandson, Bernard Aglionby, of whose existence we hardly knew till to-day. I have seen him before. Not one of our names is mentioned. Mamma has taken it to heart, made an awful scene, and had one of her attacks in consequence. She is unconscious now, and cannot be moved. Prepare some things for us, and I will instruct Toby to call for them as he returns from the doctor's. Mr. A. is very courteous and gentle, despite the terrible things mother has said to him. He has placed the house at our disposal. If the doctor thinks you ought to come, I will get him to call and tell you so on his way back.

"Yours, sorrowfully,

"Judith."

"Now, Mrs. Aveson will you give this to Toby, and tell him to make all speed with it to Yoresett House first, then on to the doctor's; then he must return to Yoresett House, and wait for a parcel? Let him go as fast as he can."

Mrs. Aveson took the note, and very soon Toby rode out of the yard, on a stout brown cob, which he astonished by his liberal use of a tough switch. Mrs. Aveson returned to the parlor, where Mrs. Conisbrough still lay unconscious. Sometimes these attacks lasted two hours, or rather, once she had had one that lasted so long, and this seemed likely to be as tedious. In vain they applied all the restoratives they could think of, or knew of; she lay rigid, and with a livid, deathly hue upon her face.

Judith was not at first alarmed, nor Mrs. Aveson, who was in every sense of the word "a friend of the family." In the intervals of their exertions the woman asked:

"Miss Judith, tell me, is this true, what old Mr. Whaley says? Was the old Squire's will so very unjust?"

"Very unjust, from a moral point of view, Mrs. Aveson. Legally, there was no fault to be found with it."

"It's a bad hearing. Do you really mean that he has left *all* to that black-looking young man?"

"Yes, all. He is his grandson. I know nothing of where he found him; yes, I do, though. He must have seen him when we were at Irkford, a week ago to-day! But I know nothing of what passed between them. All I know is that this will was made the night he died—"

"Ay! We were witnesses, me and John Heseltine, who happened to be in the kitchen at the time. Had I known how it was going, never would I have signed. It's a crying shame! People have no right to act in that way, I say; though he was my master, and I liked him well enough for all his queer ways. And this stranger, he's no Aglionby in looks, except that he has a glint of the een something like old master, and a twist in the mouth that's a bit akin to him that's gone. But that long thin body, and that lean black face! No Aglionby was ever like that before. I don't know how we shall tak' to him, I'm sure. M'appen we'll have to flit."

"Oh, I hope not, Mrs. Aveson, or we shall have lost all our friends, indeed. But see! is she not coming round a little?"

The hope was deceptive. For two long hours Mrs. Conisbrough lay without consciousness, until her daughter, without losing her presence of mind, began to grow almost faint with fear, and Mrs. Aveson openly expressed her opinion that Mrs. Conisbrough was either dead, or in a trance which would end in death.

She went out of the room at last, in search of some restorative which occurred to her mind, and to look up the road at the back in the hope of catching sight of the doctor on his roadster at the top of the hill, and it was during this absence that at last a flicker of life appeared in the lips and eyes of the unconscious woman.

Her eyes at last opened, slowly and fully; she moved them deliberately and blankly round, fixed them upon Judith without appearing to recognize her, and said, in a toneless voice:

"Bernarda told me so, uncle. She said they would take him, and that sooner than touch a crust of your bread she would starve."

"Mother, dear, it is I. You are at Scar Foot. Try to remember."

"And if you had only waited that morning, instead of going off in a passion without leaving me time to explain, I could have told you all about it. But you were selfish and tyrannical to the last, to the last! Oh dear! It is a weary, weary world, and weariest of all for women that are poor!"

She turned her face to the wall, and closed her eyes, but Judith saw two large tears force their way from under the lids and course slowly down her cheeks. All her soul went out in love and pity. Her mother's wandering remarks were for the moment forgotten, though they had at first struck her as strange and inexplicable. "Bernarda!" Surely that was the name of the woman her uncle Ralph had married. This grandson was called Bernard, too. And her uncle in a passion with her mother? What did that mean? But she could think of none of these things now; she could only stoop over her mother, and wipe her eyes, and kiss her hand, and conjure her to look up. To her great relief too, she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and directly afterward the doctor was in the room.

The doctor's orders were what Judith had expected. Her mother must be carried upstairs and put to bed, where she must have the most absolute quiet and repose. A state of the most alarming weakness and prostration had succeeded to the intense agitation and excitement which had brought on the attack. It was long before all was arranged, and before Dr. Lowther could leave his patient, white and weak and hardly conscious where she was, or what was going on around her. He promised to call the next day, Sunday, enforced again and again the necessity for the most absolute rest, strictly forbade almost all conversation, and departed.

Never had Judith experienced such a feeling as overwhelmed her when she was at last left alone with her mother in the bedroom—the well known blue bedroom which she had occupied many a score of times—with the lamp lighted on the table, and the dusk outside rapidly gathering into darkness. When the last echo of the horse's hoofs had died away over the hill, there fell upon the place a silence utter and profound, such as can only be known in the very heart of the country—far away from men that strive, from clanging bells remorselessly summoning the multitudes to their toil, from railways that deafen, and traffic that makes weary the heart of man. She went to the window—the broad deepest window—and leaning one knee on the window-seat, she curved her hands upon the pane into a kind of arch, and pressed her aching forehead upon them. Indistinctly, by the light of a young moon, she could see what Sir Bedivere called "the waves wap, and the waters wan," of silent Shennamere, and the shadowy forms of the great fells on the other side, and one solitary, steadily burning light from the village of Busk on the hill across the lake.

It was beautiful, and she loved it—loved it

dearly: but was it always to be thus? Was her prospect never to be larger than this? and even this she now no more felt to be her own. In the house of her forefathers she had suddenly become a stranger, a casual guest; and every hour that she now passed there, was like a fresh load upon her heart. Surely there must be some way of getting out of it all. Even now her mind was busy with thoughts of escape, as the minds of prisoners and caged birds are wont to be, and will be, to the world's end. Shennamere, and Scar Foot, and Yoresett, and her own home, and this existence, which was neither life nor death, without either the fullness of the one, or the repose of the other—they had long been bitter realities to her; would the time ever come when they would seem but as a dream that has vanished? Would she ever be able to look back upon them from some height attained, of usefulness, or hopefulness, or successful endeavor, and to say with a smile, "Once upon a time I had no more than those in my life; no prospect wider than Shennamere Water and Raydaleside Fell?" The wonder, the longing, the strenuous effort to force the future to lift its veil were at that moment more passionate, more intense than she had ever known them. Hard hours she had passed, when her heart had fretted as if it must burst with impatience to snap its bonds—bitter hours of self-interrogation, "Why am I here? What was I born for? Who wants me? What is there for me to do?" Such hours as thousands of young women fight through or sink under every day that dawns, in this glorious kingdom of England, under the model laws, protected by the immaculate social institutions of which we are so proud, in this grandest and greatest of great empires.

Some, whom Fortune favors, come out of the storm into a clear haven, but generally battered more or less. Others are rescued by a man's hand: they marry, have children, and rear them, and we are wont exultantly to point out these cases, and to say, "See, would you alter the laws under which flourish so beautifully all these talented women who make money, and earn honorable fame; these happy wives and mothers, loved and looked up to by husbands and children and friends?" We are chary of inquiring whether the talented and successful authoresses and artists, the happy wives and mothers, may not have attained their proud position rather in spite of than in consequence of some of our supremely wise and benevolent legal and social institutions; and we most distinctly do not turn to the other side and look over the edge into that gray twilight country where the failures dwell—the withered-up old maids; the disappointed strugglers after fame or even independence; the heaps and heaps of lives *manquées*, of vitality crushed, of promptings of intellect or talent or genius repressed—the dreadful limbo of the spirits which have failed to make good their claim to a place in the world.

Judith Conisbrough, though she did not put the situation tangibly before herself, even in her own mind, vaguely felt herself trembling on the brink which divides these two worlds; for it is a narrow ledge, though we trip so carelessly along it; trembling on the verge of that path which separates the "successful women," "the happy wives and mothers," from this holocaust composed of the failures; of those who had not found favor in the eyes of the world or of men, and who had withered or were withering away without having known any joys, whether of love and maternity, or of published books, pictures that sold, or establishments that succeeded. Sometimes she viewed the matter in a half-bantering, half-cynical way, and was inclined to smile—as we are all inclined to smile—at the failures; but to-night deeper emotions were astir—she felt in deadly earnest; she could see no smiling side to the matter; she told herself that she had been suffered to grow to womanhood in the hope that an old man would leave her some of his money when he died; that he had died and left her none, and that she was worse than useless—she was as a withered tree that cumbered the ground; that she must make a struggle soon, or it would be too late; and she asked herself by what right had those who had doomed her to this fate done so?

Thus she stood, leaning against the window, her eyes straining out into the night, her heart beating fast with a vague excitement, her spirit stretching invisible hands toward heaven, uttering an inaudible but passionate, terrible cry, "Lord, help me!"

A footstep behind her roused her; she turned, bewildered, as one who wakens from a dream, and saw Mrs. Aveson.

"Miss Judith," said she softly, "you're doing wrong to be standing here, tiring yourself; and you're in want of food. You've tasted neither bite nor sup since breakfast-time. Go yer ways down into t' parlor, and there you'll find some coffee, and something to eat, as I've got ready for you. Now go, honey, and I'll bide with Mrs. Conisbrough the while. And don't be in any hurry back again. I've nought to do. Go and rest a bit. You'll want your strength."

"Thank you, very much, Mrs. Aveson," she said, in a voice weak from fasting and exhaustion following upon excitement and suspense.

Mrs. Aveson took her seat by the bedside, and Judith slowly went down-stairs and into the parlor—the fatal parlor in which she had endured so many hard blows. How pleasant it looked! How cozy and homely, and dear it was, with the glowing, generous Yorkshire fire, and the bright lamp, and the oaken rafters and panels; the white cloth on the table, and the inviting little meal which Mrs. Aveson had spread for her—coffee in the old square silver coffee-pot, and cream in the ancient ewer of the same shape; the white and the brown bread and butter, the egg and the marmalade and the cold fowl—creature comforts, no doubt, and infinitely beneath the dignified notice of a romance writer of the highest order, but to Judith the sight of them was overpowering. They were so exactly what she had always been used to see at Scar Foot; they were what had been at her service all the years of her life whenever she came there, and now they every one belonged to a stranger, one with whom, she foresaw, they were to be at strife—at daggers drawn—unless her mother's bitter resentment subsided; this stranger's bread she was forced to eat, to sustain bodily weakness, with a feeling that it would almost choke her. Truly, it seemed as if she were destined to eat her bread with tears, and she foresaw no end to the grief in store for them all.

She leaned her elbows on the table, breaking down utterly, and cried piteously—not loudly, but with silent intensity. Her head ached, her heart throbbed—she was wretched.

The handle of the door turned; a footstep paused; a voice, curt and surprised, said,

"Oh, Miss Conisbrough, I beg your pardon. I will not intrude upon you."

Judith started up, and saw Bernard Aglionby, this "new master," this strong man, who seemed to her to have stepped to the front, and put his hand with remorseless grip upon the one chance of peace and happiness that there had been for them all, and crushed it as if it had been a fly. Her tears dried as if by magic.

"Pray come in!" she said; "Mrs. Aveson asked me to come down and have something to eat, and I had forgotten—"

She had almost added, "your very existence," but paused in time. He accepted her invitation, came forward, and closed the door; accepting her hint, and taking no open notice of her tears, though she dried them without disguise, before his very eyes. He looked at her, and his face wore a keen, sharp, hard expression, as it always did when he was studying those whom he did not know; an expression which by no means betokened dislike of the said persons, but was simply a mask which his own face took in his reserve. To show himself as he was, to those of whose nature he knew nothing, was a thing which it was not in his nature to do. To fulfill the duties of host could however commit him to nothing, and he had decided quietly to ignore poor Mrs. Conisbrough's warnings, and distinctly to assume the position of master in the house which now belonged to him.

"I am glad Mrs. Aveson has persuaded you to come down," he said. "You must have fasted long, and, after all your anxiety, must stand in need of something. Would you not prefer wine to this coffee?"

"No, thank you; I seldom touch it," said she, seating herself, and pouring out the coffee.

"Pray send me away, if my presence annoys you," he added, standing against the mantelpiece, his back to the fire, and his face in the shade.

"Not in the least," replied Judith, coldly, as she leaned back, languid and exhausted, too exhausted to eat. He saw this, and, stepping forward, urged her to try to eat something.

"You must eat," he said. "Dr. Lowther—that is his name, isn't it—?"

"Yes."

"I saw him, and he told me that Mrs. Conisbrough would require many days of absolute repose before she could possibly leave."

"I—yes—I am afraid so. I—we—you cannot imagine how I regret having thus to in-

flict my mother and myself upon you, at such an inopportune time, and—and after such a scene."

She spoke with a deep blush of mingled pride and embarrassment, and her last words came with difficulty.

"Pray do not think of that. Mrs. Conisbrough's recovery must be your first consideration," said Bernard, who was, unaccountably to himself, fascinated by the voice and manners of his guest. There was something in the situation which appealed to his fancy. He had imagination enough to understand that he saw Miss Conisbrough under exceptional circumstances, trying ones, also, and he felt a keen interest in watching her behavior under those circumstances. So far he had found it admirable. He took cynical views of life and human nature, which views his new prosperity and easy circumstances would be sure to mellow and modify. As yet, there had not been time for this effect to take place. He was still the old Bernard Aglionby, sardonic and *moqueur;* and he thought he had found confirmation of his views on human nature in Mrs. Conisbrough's fury at being left penniless—even in Mr. Aglionby's brutal caprice (as such he regarded it, though it so greatly benefited him) in thus leaving her penniless—in her threat to dispute a will which no English court would for a moment think of setting aside. So far, he felt his theories as to the predominance of self-interest over all other interests strongly supported by facts. As for Miss Conisbrough, he did not know yet. He very much wished to know. He had not been able to forget the sadness, the deep sorrow of her eyes, as she had turned to look at him while her mother lay fainting. All these various considerations prompted his words, "Pray do not think of that," to which she answered:

"You are very kind, but I do and must think of that. It is the sort of thing one cannot help thinking of."

"Is it?" said he. He had been watching her as she leaned back in her chair, trifling with her knife and fork, and now with his usual impetuousness he exclaimed:

"You really must excuse me, but you are my guest, and I must look after you. Do have some more cold fowl. I beg you will. You will need your strength, and you must not starve yourself."

He seized the dish, and placed another piece on her plate.

Judith looked surprised, but overcoming her languor, tried to eat the fowl, and succeeded better.

"Nothing like trying," observed the new ruler of Scar Foot, rubbing his nervous looking hands together, and with a gleam of encouragement in his dark eyes. Judith, looking at him ever more and more attentively, came to the conclusion that his was a face of which it was impossible to say whether the agreeable or disagreeable in feature and expression predominated in it. Now and again the lips relaxed in their cynical curve, and the dark eyes softened, and the corrugated brow grew smooth and pensive. Then, seizing this fleeting moment of softness, one was tempted to say, "Good!" Again, the cynical curve returned to those lips and marred their carving. The eyes were filled with a spark of anything but kindly feeling, and the brow was wrinkled up in lines which seemed to imply that its owner had ceased to expect the sun to shine, or the moon to be bright again, and that he experienced a faint wonder at finding others who still cherished any delusions on those points; and then, Judith and others must infallibly have said of that face, "Not good." Of one thing alone she felt sure, and that was that his face was neither a common nor an uninteresting one.

She smiled faintly in answer to his last remark. It had not occurred to her to wonder how she should treat him. For her own part, she was not sorry for the result of her Uncle Aglionby's will—all that she regretted in it was that Scar Foot had passed to a stranger, and that her mother had said things to that stranger of such a nature as to offend the meekest of men, and, however doubtful she might be as to some points of his character, she was very sure that meekness was not one of them. What had overwhelmed her, had been the utter *bouleversement* of all that had appeared to her most trustworthy and most stable—her uncle's regard, his good intentions, his plighted word. And she was terribly ashamed of the displny of anger made by her mother that morning.

"It is strange that we should have met before," she observed, not wishing to maintain a churlish silence.

"Yes, very. I little thought, as I stood beside you at the Liberal Demonstration, that you were the nearest relations I had."

"*I*—a near relation?"

"Surely you are my third cousin. That's near, when one has no others nearer."

"Third cousins—I suppose we are," said Judith musingly. "I had not thought of it in that light."

"And you are resolved that you never will think of it in that light," he said, a flash of sarcasm in his smile. "Well, I cannot wonder at that. To you, my conduct in turning up at such a time must have appeared more scurvy than cousinly, to say the least of it."

"I never said so," said Judith gravely. "I do not wish to say so, for I do not understand the circumstances. How did you meet my uncle? The next time we saw you, you were at the theater with—" She stopped suddenly short, and looked at him.

"With Lizzie—Miss Vane, I mean—the girl I am engaged to," replied Bernard composedly. "Did you notice her?"

"Yes, but I scarcely saw her, really. I caught a glimpse of her face, which seemed to me exceedingly pretty. But you did not speak to my uncle then."

"He came to see over the warehouse in which I was one of the salesmen; I was deputed to show him round. We got into conversation. But I think he saw some likeness, or something, that made him suspect who I was. He asked my name. Then he told me by degrees who he was, and invited me to come and visit him here, which proposal I declined with scant courtesy, I fear. He pressed a few home-truths upon my consideration: I returned his presents in the same coin; we shook hands, as a concession on either side, and parted. You must know the rest better than I do."

"Yes, we all know the rest pretty well, I imagine. We know the end of it."

"I hope not, Miss Conisbrough," he said earnestly. Judith seemed to him so calm, so staid and eminently reasonable a person, that he felt he could speak to her on terms of almost business-like equality; it struck him that here was an admirable opportunity for declaring his views upon the vexed subject of his grandfather's will to one who would hear them without heat or prejudice. As for Mrs. Conisbrough, he considered, with an inward feeling of some contempt, that a woman who could conduct herself as she had done that morning was quite hopeless: he was resolved not to have any further consultation with her. If he could enlist Judith on his side, no doubt she could bring about an arrangement. She must have some influence over her weaker mother, and he would infinitely prefer to conduct the negotiation he contemplated through her.

"I hope not," he repeated. "If you suppose that I consider my grandfather's will a just one, or that I am capable of taking advantage of it to the full extent, you do me injustice, indeed. I am a very rough fellow, I know. I have had to fight the world inch by inch, and have been battered about from my childhood up, and I know it has soured me, and made me an uncivil, pessimistic creature. The only time Fortune ever smiled upon me was when she threw me in the way of my sweetheart, and made her take pity on me and promise to marry me." ("His face is more good than bad, I am quite certain now," Judith decided.) "But in all my knockings about, I don't think I ever took a mean advantage of any one weaker or worse off than myself—at least, I hope not. Mrs. Conisbrough is unfit to speak of business at present; indeed, to me it seems that with her evident tendency to become violently agitated, she ought not to speak of it at all. Perhaps she will name you her delegate. I am sure you have a cool head. At any rate, we must have a discussion as soon as may be. I cannot consider anything settled until that has been settled. Mr. Whaley will help us, I am sure, for so monstrously unjust a will cannot possibly be literally carried out."

"I see you wish to be fair," said Judith calmly, "but such things are difficult to arrange. I cannot answer for my mother; I think she has been iniquitously treated. But for myself and one of my sisters I can answer. I know that nothing short of starvation would induce us to touch a penny of Mr. Aglionby's property."

She said this without heat, but with a calm determination which he saw was earnest.

"Because that property has been left to me?" he said hastily, "because you would not—"

"Not at all; but because of certain events which have lately occurred—certain things which passed between my uncle and me. This will is a decisive thing at last. I hope that now my sister and I will be able to carry out the desire we have always had, and work as

we should have been taught to do, and made to do from our childhood."

"I am sorry you do not altogether agree with me. But," he added quickly, "you will not oppose my wish that your mother, at any rate, should receive the treatment which is her due?"

"No, I shall not oppose that," replied Judith. And so impressed was he by her manner, and by every word she said, that he felt as if the cause were gained whose side she took.

"Thank you very much for that promise," he answered. "It will make it much easier for me. You will of course be the best judge as to when it is fitting to speak to Mrs. Conisbrough of the matter."

"It must not be now, nor for some days to come," replied Judith rising. "I will wish you good-night, Mr. Aglionby, and go to my mother, who I am sure must want me."

"Must you go? Then good-night." He rose too. "Miss Conisbrough, are you my enemy?"

"No."

"Then will you prove it, and acknowledge our cousinship by shaking hands with me?"

Judith looked at the hand he held out—at him—at the hand again, put her own into it, and repeated, "Good-night."

"I hope you will rest well," he replied, holding open the door as she passed out.

"I have shaken hands with him—what will Delphine say?" was Judith's reflection as she went up-stairs. She found her mother asleep. She let Mrs. Aveson go, and seated herself beside the bed, folded her hands together, and thought.

"No, he does not know," she reflected. "I should be paralyzed by the possession of that money—of any of it. But it shows a generous mind to wish to give us some of it, after what mamma said this morning. He has had his troubles, too—any one can see that. I dare say he could tell a tale of how he has been neglected and disappointed. His eyes are good—they are not afraid to meet yours. When they are not mocking you they are pleasant. Oh, I hope mamma will come to terms with him! A long strife would be so fearful—and then if he did get angry with her, he could crush her to atoms."

CHAPTER XVI.

A LANDOWNER.

When Judith had gone, Bernard felt he had a duty to fulfill. His conversation with Miss Conisbrough had brought it again to his mind. It was the duty of writing to Lizzie Vane, to acquaint her with his new fortunes—and hers, for of course she was to be the partaker for the future of all his joys and sorrows. He distinctly felt it to be a duty: was it not also a pleasure? As that thought occurred to him, he started up, muttering, "By Jove! of course it is!" And he seized pen and paper, and scrawled off these lines, in the fullness of his heart:

"My dearest Lizzie,

"You will see from the date of this that I am in the house of my fathers. You will wonder, too, what I am doing here, after all I said to you about my determination never to enter it. What I have to tell you, my darling, is a very serious matter for both of us. You remember my telling you last Monday about my accidental meeting with Mr. Aglionby of Scar Foot, my grandfather. On Wednesday last he died. They telegraphed for me to attend the funeral. He was buried this morning, and on his will being read, it turns out that he has left the whole of his property to me. I was astonished, I own, and in a measure gratified; one naturally is gratified at finding one's self suddenly rich when one had least reason to expect to be anything of the kind.

"But there are shades to the picture, and drawbacks to the advantages, and you my dear Lizzie, with your tender heart, will easily understand when I explain that my joy is not unmixed. It seems that the Mrs. Conisbrough whom I told you about, and who lives with her daughters at Yoresett, the market town, had always been given to understand that she would inherit the property.

"My grandfather's will was made only the night before he died, in a fit of pique, for some reason which no one seems able to understand. They are entirely ignored—not even mentioned in it. Mrs. Conisbrough and her eldest daughter were present at the reading of the will. The poor lady has taken it very much to heart: her means are exceedingly small, and she thinks the will a most unjust one. (So do I, for that matter—an egregiously unjust will.) And she threatens to dispute it. She will have no chance, of course; but I feel my hands in a measure tied until I know the worst she can do, and until some compromise is come to for her benefit. Meantime, she is ill up-stairs in this very house! her agitation having brought on an attack of the heart. She is attended by her daughter, for whom I feel very sorry. I feel sorry for them all. They are gentlewomen, and evidently have had a hard struggle all their lives. There is such a sad, patient, yet dignified expression upon Miss Conisbrough's face. She cannot but command respect and admiration. I wish you knew her. One dreams fast sometimes, and since this morning I have been dreaming of you settled here, and myself, having effected a compromise with Mrs. Conisbrough, and proved to her that I am not the rapacious upstart she takes me for—and of you and the Misses Conisbrough getting on very well together, and being great friends. I think this is not so foolish as most dreams. I see no reason why it should not come true. Miss Conisbrough is as far as possible from being forbidding, though she looks so grave, and I am sure your winning ways would soon make her love you. This is a most beautiful old place—very different from the din and dust of the town. To-morrow I must try to make a little sketch of the lake and the house, and send you them. As soon as I can snatch the time I shall run over to Irkford and see you, and discuss future plans. I can hardly realize yet that our wedding, which we thought must wait for so many years, need not now be long deferred—no longer than a certain willful young woman chooses to put it off. Remember me to your mother; and Heaven bless you, my own darling, is the wish of your faithful sweetheart,

"Bernard Aglionby."

His heart warmed as he wrote the words, and thought of his beautiful Lizzie, and cherished his little plan of making her and the Misses Conisbrough into great friends. Poor Bernard! He wrote out of the innocence and the fullness of his heart, not out of his knowledge of either men or women.

He had chosen to remain at Scar Foot rather than accept Mr. Whaley's invitation that he would return with him to Yoresett and be his guest. Mr. Whaley may easily be pardoned for not having surmised for a moment, what Aglionby's demeanor certainly did not suggest, the unspoken impulse which urged him to remain—the longing which lay deep at his heart to become better acquainted, in silence and undisturbed, with this old place where his fathers had lived, and where now he was to live after them; to imbibe, as it were, some ideas of the life, of the home, that was to be his. Unspoken though it was, the sentiment, the desire, was there. Deep down in his rough heart, and crusted over with the bitterness which with him came too readily to the surface, there were wells of something very like romance and sentiment. Since this morning a thousand schemes had come crowding into his mind, a thousand not wholly selfish plans and purposes, which now he could carry out to his heart's content. All his poetic instincts had been cramped, if not warped, by the life he had led, but under his unpromising exterior they were there—they did exist, and it was they and they alone which had prompted him to refuse Mr. Whaley's invitation.

His sleep, on that first night that he rested under this roof, was sweet and undisturbed. When Sunday morning dawned, and he awoke, he at first could not imagine where he was, so profound was the silence, except for the chirping birds and the smothered rush of the brook at the back of the house. Gradually his senses returned to him. He remembered it all, sprang out of bed, went to the window, and lifted the blind.

The air of the October morning was sharp; the sun was brilliant, the atmosphere clear; the view before him struck with a strange thrill upon him—a thrill half pleasure, half pain. The clear moors just opposite; the dimmer forms of the great fells behind them; the glittering silver surface of the little lake; the garden just under his eyes, filled with homely flowers, and with the green field beyond, sloping down to the water's edge—it was, indeed, very fair for any one who had eyes to see! But to him it was more—it was a revelation; there was the peculiar stillness of a country Sunday morning over it all; it was the end of the world. Most of us are acquainted with one sensation—that of arriving when it is dark at some seaside place—of sleeping soundly all night; of awakening the next morning, and on looking out, finding one's self confronted by the open sea. That is a sensation which never grows old or stale.

Something of the thrill and joy which attends its first time of being experienced, hangs also about each recurrence of it. It was with just such a sensation that Bernard Aglionby's eyes rested now on the prospect before him. Vague, unconscious contrasts were formed in his mind—this place and that—Scar Foot on a Sunday morning, and 13 Crane Street, on a Sunday morning! He opened the window, and inhaled the pure, frosty, fragrant air—Arcadian air. It was very early, he found, not yet six o'clock; but going to bed again was a thing not to be thought of; and he dressed, went down-stairs, and out of doors, and walked to the lakeside with the feeling that he was in a dream. It was as wonderful to him, and certainly quite as agreeable, as her first ball to a girl of seventeen who has been brought up in strict seclusion. He wondered at the intensity of his own enjoyment, and its *naïveté*.

"It is hereditary, I suppose," he thought, "and I can't help it. It's the stock I come of. When a man's forefathers have lived and moved and had their being for hundreds of years in a spot like this, and have appreciated it, a love of such things must be implanted in that man's nature at his birth. So it is with me, I suppose. I fear Lizzie won't delight in it as I do."

Bernard spent almost the whole of that day out of doors, literally "exploring" with the avidity and the interest of a schoolboy who has found a promising place for birds' nests. He walked completely round the lake, and thus, from under the village of Busk at the opposite side, he got a fine view of Scar Foot, and gazed at it till he could gaze no longer.

He met a farmer's boy, and asked him the names of some of the great gray fells in the distance, and the boy told him, and added that there must have been rain in Lancashire, for "look at t' Stake," which, as Bernard saw, was flecked with irregular white lines. "All the becks is oot," added the boy, and Aglionby smiled. At Irkford—for miles around Irkford—the "becks" were black as ink, and foul as only the streams of a town can be with all manner of pollution.

He went in again, to his dinner, in the middle of the day, and sent a message by Mrs. Aveson to inquire after "those ladies." The answer brought by the housekeeper was, "Miss Conisbrough's compliments, and she was quite well; but Mrs. Conisbrough was rather poorly this morning." On her own account, Mrs. Aveson added that Mrs. Conisbrough was terribly weak, and had to lie on her back as still as a mouse, or palpitations would come on again. Dr. Lowther had called and said that complete rest was still necessary. Miss Conisbrough had been reading the Morning Service to her mamma, and she was going to have her dinner with her up-stairs. With this he had to be satisfied. Then, after dinner, he sat at the open window of the parlor for an hour or two smoking, and making believe to read a county newspaper with which Mrs. Aveson had supplied him; but it was as if a spell drew him out of doors, and he again set out for what he intended to be a short walk, but on what developed into a long, aimless ramble over hill and dale: he got by mistake on to the road which leads to the great waterfall at Hardraw Scar, which was thundering in indescribable splendor, hurling itself over the rocky ledge into its deep and dark and fearful basin below. Then he climbed a long road over some great hills; discovered some vast and awful-looking "pots," crevasses of limestone, sinking for unknown depths into the ground—fearsome places indeed, bearing the unromantic title of "Butter-tubs;" and a little further on, found himself just beneath bleak Shunner Fell, gazing down into dark Swaledale, and in full view of such a "tumultuous waste of huge hill-tops" as he had never seen before. Then he thought it was time to return, and retraced his steps downward, and by the light of the moon, homeward.

CHAPTER XVII.

"GODEN ABEND, GODE NACHT!"

He crossed the farmyard and went into the garden, under the old archway, and then, just as he was about to enter, he heard a voice singing, and was arrested. The window of the large room on the right was open, and a glow of firelight warmed the background. From it came the sound of a piano being played, and of a woman's voice accompanying it. Aglionby trod softly up to the window and looked in. The fire burnt merrily. Judith Conisbrough sat at the piano, with her back to him softly playing; her voice had ceased, and presently the music ceased also. Then she began again, and sang in a contralto voice, sweet, natural, and strong, if uncultivated, a song which Aglionby was surprised to hear. He would not have expected her to sing foreign songs—if this could be called foreign. He folded his arms upon the window-ledge and gazed in and listened, and the music, after all the other strange and dreamful incidents of that day, sank into his inmost soul.

"Oever de stillen Straten,
Geit klar de Glockenslag.
God' Nacht! Din Hart will slapen;
Un' Morgen is oock een Dag.

Din Kind liggt in de Wegen,
Un' ik bin oock bi' Di';
Din Sorgen un' Din Leven
Sind allens um uns bi'.

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

Aglionby was not a sentimental man, but he was a man intensely sensitive to simple pathos of any kind. None could jeer more cruelly at every pretense of feeling, but none had a keener appreciation of the real thing when it came in his way. And this little German dialect song is brimming over in every line with the truest pathos. Sung in these surroundings by Judith Conisbrough's rich and pathetic voice, her own sadness heavy upon her and in her heart, it was simply perfect, and Bernard knew it. Like a flash of lightning, while the tears rushed to his eyes at this song, he remembered last Sunday evening, and Miss Vane warbling of how they had "sat *by* the river, *you* and *I*;" and he shuddered.

There was a long pause, as she laid her hands on her lap, a long pause and a deep sigh. Then she slowly rose. Aglionby's impulse was to steal away unobserved, even as he had stolen there, but he feared to lose sight of her; he longed to speak to her, to have her speak to him; to tell her, if she would listen to him, something of the pure delight he had this day experienced. So he said, still leaning into the room:

"May I thank you, Miss Conisbrough?"

He saw that she started, though scarce perceptibly; then she closed the piano, and turned toward him.

"Have you been listening to my singing? I hope it did not annoy you. It was for mamma. It soothes her."

"*Annoy* me!" he echoed in a tone of deep mortification. "You must take me for a barbarian. It did even more than you intended. It soothed *me*. Perhaps you grudge me that?"

"Oh, no!" said Judith calmly. "I am glad if it gave you any pleasure."

She stood not far from the window, but did not approach it. Inside the firelight glowed, and threw out the lines of her noble figure and shabby dress, and flickered upon her calm, sad, yet beautiful face.

"Are you going up-stairs just because I have appeared upon the scene?" he asked, with a slight vibration in his voice. "You have ignored me all day, now you are about to fly my presence. You certainly snub me sufficiently, Miss Conisbrough."

Judith at last came nearer to the window, and held out her hand, which he took with a feeling of gratitude.

"I think you are very ready to invent motives for people's conduct," she said, "and those motives most extraordinary ones. I was not even thinking of going up-stairs. I was going into the other room to have my supper, at Mrs. Aveson's orders."

"Were you?" exclaimed he with animation. "Then, if you will allow me, I will come and have mine at the same time, for I feel very hungry."

"As you like," replied Judith, and if there was no great cordiality in her tone, equally there was no displeasure—she spoke neutrally.

Bernard hastened to the front door, and met her crossing the passage.

"I think we had better fasten it," he remarked. "It is growing dark."

"We have no thieves in these parts," said Judith, a little sarcastically.

"But there is the cold," he replied, with a townsman's horror of open doors after dusk;

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* "Clear sounds adown the silent street
The bell that tells the hours.
Good-night! Thy very heart sleep deep!
To-morrow is also ours.

"Thy child within its cradle sleeps,
And I am by thy side.
Thy life—its cares, and hopes, and loves
Around thee all abide.

"Again the words of peace we'll speak,
'Good-even, love, good-night.'
Each quiet roof the moonbeams streak,
Our Lord God holds the watch."

and he shut it, and followed her into the houseplace where this evening the supper-table was laid.

Judith walked to the fireplace, and stood with her hand resting against the mantelpiece, she looked pale and tired.

"Have you not been out to-day?" he asked.

"No. I have been with mamma. She was nervous, and afraid to be left."

"I have been out of doors almost the whole day," he said.

"Have you? Exploring, I suppose?"

"Yes, I have been exploring. It is a beautiful place, to me especially, who have been all my life cooped up in streets and warehouses. I daresay you can scarcely believe it, but I have hardly seen any country. My mother was always too poor to take me away—allow me!"

Judith looked up quickly, as he uttered these words, and placed a chair for her at the table. She laid her hand on the chair-back, as she said:

"But you had friends who were wealthy, had you not—other relations?"

"My grandfather, Mr. Aglionby, was my only rich relation."

"But your mother—Mrs. Ralph Aglionby—had rich relations, I think."

"If she had, I never heard of them. Indeed, I know she had none. Her relations were very few, and such as they were, were all as poor as herself. Her sister, Mrs. Bryce, is the only who is left. She is a good woman, but she is not rich—far from it."

"Then I was mistaken," said Judith, in so exceedingly quiet a tone that he said abruptly, as he did most things:

"I really beg your pardon for boring you with such histories. Here is the supper. May I give you some of this cold beef?"

He helped her, and noticed again how pale her face was, how sad her expression. He poured her out some wine and insisted upon her drinking it. Every moment that he spent with her deepened the feeling with which she had from the first inspired him—one of admiration. In her presence he felt more genial, more human and hopeful. He scarce recognized himself.

As for Judith, the simple question she had put, respecting his rich relations, and the answer he had given her, had filled her mind with forebodings. A dim, dread suspicion was beginning to take shape and form in her brain, to grow into something more than a suspicion. As yet, though it was there, she dreaded to admit it, even to herself. She had high courage, but not high enough yet to give definite shape to that which still she knew, and which oppressed and tormented her. She must never speak of it. If she could prove herself to be wrong, what terrible repentance and humiliation she would have to go through; if right—but no! It could not be that she would be right.

At the present moment, she strove to put down these feelings, and exert herself to be at least civil to this young man who had so strangely stepped into her life, whom she had already begun to study with interest, and who, if her as yet unformulated suspicions should prove to be true, was one whom she could never know on terms of cordiality or friendship, even though all he said and did went to prove that he was no bragging heir, no odious hectorer over that which had suddenly become his.

"Were you at church this morning?" she asked.

"I?" He looked up quickly. "No. Ought I to have been?"

"I really don't know. Perhaps you are not a churchman?"

"I am not. And I suppose that almost every one here is."

"Yes; I think that all the gentry go to church, and most of the working people too."

"Miserable black sheep that I am! I realize from your simple question that I ought to have presented myself, in the deepest mourning—"

"Mr. Aglionby," she interrupted, almost hastily, "pardon me, but you speak of your grandfather as if you felt some kind of contempt for him."

"Not contempt, but I should lie most horribly if I pretended to admire or even to respect him. I do consider that he showed himself hard and pitiless in his deeds toward me during his lifetime, and that finally he behaved toward Mrs. Conisbrough with a cruelty that was malignant. And I can't respect a man who behaves so."

"But it was not so," said Judith, pushing her plate away from her, clasping her hands on the edge of the table, and looking intently at him.

"Not so?" He paused, in the act of raising his glass to his lips, and looked at her intently in his turn, in some surprise. "I don't understand you."

"I cannot explain. It sounds odd to you, no doubt. But I have reason to think that when you accuse my grand-uncle of vindictiveness and injustice, and then of malignant cruelty, you are wrong—you are, indeed. He was passionate. He did all kinds of things on impulse, and if he believed himself wronged he grew wild under the wrong, and then he could do things that were harsh, and even brutal. But he was not one of those who cherish a grudge. He was generous. His anger was short-lived—"

"My dear Miss Conisbrough," said Bernard, with his most chilling smile upon his lips, his coldest gleam in his eyes, "it is most delightful to find what generosity of mind *you* are possessed of—and also, what simplicity. But don't you think you appeal more to my credulity than to my common sense when you affirm what you do—and expect me to believe it? Have I not the experience of my whole lifetime? have I not my poor mother's ruined life and premature death from grief and anxiety, to judge from? And did I not only yesterday hear the will read which has brought on your mother's illness?"

He tried not to speak mockingly, but the conviction of Judith's intense simplicity was too strong for him. The mockery sounded in his voice and gleamed in his eyes.

"If I were in my usual crabbed temper," he added more genially, "I should say that you were quixotic and foolish."

"No, I am neither generous, quixotic, nor foolish. I told you I could not explain. All I can say is, that when I hear you speak in that half-sneering, half-angry tone of him, I feel—I cannot tell you what I feel."

"Then I am sure you shall never feel it again. I promise you that, and I beg your pardon if I have wounded you," he said earnestly, and, hoping to turn away her attention from that topic, he added:

"But you said something about going to church. Do you think the neighbors expected me to be at church this morning, instead of rambling round the lake, and talking about the fells with the farmers' boys?"

"I daresay people would be a little surprised, especially as it was the day after Mr. Aglionby's funeral. These small places, you see—"

"Have their *lex non scripta*, which is very stringent. Yes, I know. I ought to have gone. I would have done, if I had thought of it."

"Are you a dissenter?" asked Judith; "because there is a chapel—Methodist, I think—at Yoresett, and a Quakers' meeting-house at Bainbeck."

"I am not what you call a dissenter, I suppose, but a free-thinker: what it is now fashionable to call an Agnostic—a modish name for a very old thing."

"Agnostic—that means a person who does not know, doesn't it?"

"Yes. At least, with me it does. It means that I acknowledge and confess my utter and profound ignorance of all things outside experience, beyond the grave, beyond what science can tell me."

"But that is—surely that is atheism—rank materialism, isn't it?"

"Scarcely, I think, is it? Because I don't presume, or pretend to say that those things which believers preach do not exist—all those things in the beyond, of which they so confidently affirm the existence—I do not deny it; I merely say that for me such things are veiled in a mystery which I cannot penetrate, and which I do not believe that any other man has the power to penetrate. My concern is with this life and this life alone. I have a moral law quite outside those questions."

"Have you? Then you do affirm some things?"

"One thing very strongly," he answered, with a slight smile, "a thing which partly agrees, and partly disagrees with what you affirm—I am supposing you to be a Christian."

"And what is that?" asked Judith, neither affirming nor denying her Christianity.

"This: that to use the words of the Old Testament, 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation,' ay, and a good deal beyond that; and that, in our system of belief or disbelief—whichever you like to call it—there exists *no* forgiveness of sins. That is all. It is not an elaborate creed; but I think any one who really comprehends it and accepts it will find that he must lead a life, to come up to its spirit, as stern and as pure as that which any system of theism can offer to him."

"*No* forgiveness of sins," faltered Judith, more struck apparently by his words than seemed reasonable. "That is surely a hard lesson. Not even by repentance?"

He shook his head. "I don't see how even

repentance can bring forgiveness," he said. "'The soul that sinneth, it shall die,' and 'the wages of sin is death.' There is no getting out of it, is there? The man who leads a sinful life does not do it with impunity, I think. If he seems to escape pretty well himself, look at his children—his children's children. Look at the punishments that are transmitted from generation unto generation 'of them that hate me and despise my commandments.'"

"That is God," said Judith.

"I know you call it so. To me it means the laws of science and nature: reason, morality, righteousness, clean hands, and a pure heart."

"And you think that would be sufficient to deter people from doing wrong and wicked things?" she asked, still with an absorption of interest in the theme which surprised him, for after all it was a very old and hackneyed one—a subject which had been disputed thousands of times, and he had certainly not thrown any new light upon it by his words.

"I do not know," said he; "I am an Agnostic there, too. It is to be hoped that if it were not efficacious now—which it hardly would be, I daresay—it may become so in the course of time, as the world grows what I call wiser, what you denominate more skeptical, I suppose. At any rate the fact remains, which no theologian can deny, that the sins of the fathers *are* visited upon the children daily, hourly, inevitably; and that if a man wish his descendants to escape punishment—if he wish to escape it himself—he must walk circumspectly: he can't be a drunkard or a profligate all his life, and by repenting on his death-bed wipe out all the consequences to himself and others; despite all that is preached about its being never too late to mend, and never too late to be forgiven, he cannot do it. He has sinned, and the effects are there. Surely you will own that?"

"It cannot be denied."

"Well, and a man or woman cannot live a dishonest life—cannot go on with a lie in their right hands—without consequences ensuing. They may repent, sooner or later, in dust and ashes, and may swear, like Falstaff, to 'eschew sack and live cleanly,' but it takes two, at any rate, to tell a lie or to act one: the effects spread out in rings—none can know where or how they will end. It cannot be escaped. Some one must be punished."

"Then those who come after—is it of no use for them to try to expiate the sins of their fathers?" she asked, with the same anxious, eager intentness; "or, would it not be natural and right for them to say, 'Since my parents left me with this blight in my life, I'll even live recklessly. No repentance will cure it. There is no justice. I will get what pleasure I can out of my maimed existence, and the future may look after for itself'?"

"I told you the creed was a hard one," he said. "We have no God of mercy to go on our knees to for forgiveness. What we have sowed we must reap, God or no God. It is open to us to do as you say—'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow thou shalt die.' Or, it is open to you to take your stand as firmly as may be, to *do without* the cakes and ale; to say, 'Whatever I may suffer for my parents' sin, none shall have to suffer for mine,' and to live righteously."

"And the reward?" asked Judith, looking at him eagerly and intently, even anxiously.

"There is no reward, that I know of, except the one which Christianity says is not sufficient to keep a man straight—the conviction that you have done right and been honest, cost what it might, and that whatever you have suffered from others, no others shall suffer by you. That is all that I know of."

"Then do you recommend this creed to others?"

"I recommend it simply as I would recommend truth, or what appeared to me to be truth, before a lie—as I would recommend a man setting out on a journey to fill his wallet with dry bread, or even dry crusts, rather than with macaroons and cream-cakes."

She leaned her head on her hand in silence, and at last said:

"It is a hard doctrine."

"Yes, I know. It is the only one that I ever found of any service to me in my life."

"It seems to me that it might be good for strong spirits, but that it would altogether crush weak ones."

"Then, Miss Conisbrough, it should be good for yours; it should be the very meat to sustain it," said Bernard involuntarily and eagerly.

Judith smiled rather wanly.

"You imagine mine to be a strong spirit?" she asked.

"I am convinced of it."

"You never were more mistaken in your life. I am a faint-hearted coward." She rose slowly, and paused near the fire. "I think, Mr. Aglionby, that there is a great deal of reason in your agnosticism. I wish people—some people, I mean—had known of it and realized it a long time ago."

There was a dreary hopelessness in her tone, a blank sorrow in her expression, which went home to him. Like many a strong soul which has been scarred in battle, he shrank from seeing others exposed to the ordeal he had gone through. He thought she was going, all desolate as she was and looked. He could not endure the idea of sending her comfortless away, and he strove to detain her yet another moment.

"Do you mean," he hastily asked, and in a low voice—"do you mean about my grandfather? Because, you know, I try to live up to my convictions. He did wrong, I know—and those who come after him must suffer from it more or less; but I have elected to take the side of not letting others suffer by me, and—"

"I was not thinking of my great-uncle at all," was the unexpected reply. "You are harping on the way in which he has left his money. And you would like to make it right. You cannot. I never realized until now how utterly impossible it is. Yes, the sins of the fathers *shall* be visited upon the children. But you have committed no sin. Do not trouble yourself. If it were merely money—though I am nearly a pauper, I never felt to care so little for money as I do now. It seems to me to make so little difference. I think I shall try your creed, Mr. Aglionby; it seems to me to be a manly one." She held out her hand.

"But you want a womanly one," he urged eagerly, yet not too boldly.

"No; I want as strong, as masculine, as virile a creed as I can find. I want a stick to lean upon that will not fail me, and I believe you have extended it to me this night, though I will not deny that it has a rough and horny feeling to the hand. Good-night."

"I am greatly concerned," he began, and his face, his voice, and his eyes all showed that concern to be profound.

"Do not be concerned. I thank you for it," said Judith, smiling for the first time upon him. Aglionby hardly knew what the feeling was which seemed to strike a blow upon his heart, as he met that smile, exquisitely sweet and attractive, like most grave smiles of grave faces. He could not speak a word, for the emotion was altogether new to him. Passively he allowed her to withdraw her hand, and to walk out of the room.

He sat with his elbow on his knee, his chin in his hand, gazing into the fire, and would have sat there till the said fire had expired, had not Mrs. Aveson at last wonderingly looked in to ask if he had finished supper.

"Yes," he answered abruptly, and the words of the song came tenderly into his mind:

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

(*To be continued.*)

Phosphorescence.

WITH sallow gleams it tints the tranquil waves
When the wan moon shines holy in the night:
On dreaming lakes, or where the Atlantic raves,
One sees its flickering, sad, phantasmal light.

PROUD Science tells us whence it comes, and how
Its force can glimmer in the placid seas.
But, as I watch its trembling beauty now,
Fancy discovers rarer mysteries!

FOR when the wonderful and lucent train
Follows the full-sailed ship that bears me home,
The iron rudder cleaves its mass in vain;
A snake of light, it glides amid the foam.

AND I, who see this shining marvel pass,
Feel that the strange glare circling round and round,
Now bright as leaping flame, now dull as glass,
Must be the imploring eyes of millions drowned!

P. S. SALTUS.

Talks.

CLUB LIFE FOR WOMEN.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

A VERY distinct and widespread prejudice exists in the minds of many good people against the very idea of clubs in connection with the unequal half of creation. The feeling arises partly from the impression which men have created in regard to clubs, partly from the old monastic idea which demands that women shall be kept secluded from the world of which they form a part. It is assumed, to begin with, that the club-life of men is vicious; it is assumed farther, that women who entertain any desire to enlarge their own lives in this direction must be vicious also.

Of course, in both cases prejudice and assumptions are ill-founded—prejudice and assumptions usually are; but they are none the less difficult to deal with and dislodge, for they naturally proceed from ignorance of all the facts, and the hostile attitude assumed of itself prevents that acquisition of knowledge which could alone modify prejudiced opinion.

Under these circumstances it may be both interesting and useful to inquire what club-life means for women? how far it has realized any conception formed of it? what its uses are? what its dangers? and who and what are responsible for the modern growth of this new element in our social life?

There is no better evidence of the inherent difference between the sexes—a difference which no theory can ever change or materially effect—than the distinction in character which the same thing assumes under the opposite guidance and guardianship of men and women.

When women's clubs were first talked about, it was assumed by many that they were a mere reflex—a weak dilution of men's clubs—where wine would perhaps take the place of whisky, and eucher the more daring games of "bluff" and "poker." That clubs could be organized for anything but drinking and card-playing, is hardly credited by those who have no personal acquaintance with them. But it may be as well to remark here, and as emphasizing the difference spoken of as existing in the constitution of things, between men and women, that at no regular meeting of any woman's club, within knowledge, certainly not in those of New York, Boston, Brooklyn, or Orange, New Jersey, has any wine or alcoholic liquor ever been introduced; and as the ladies composing these organizations must be considered as representing a fair proportion of the general "society" of their localities, this fact speaks volumes in favor of their moral influence in favor of order and sobriety, collectively as well as individually.

Another fact worthy of remembrance is this: As a rule, the small and early societies of men, out of which their clubs grew, met for convivial purposes, and the club was only an enlargement of the original idea, with, in time, a co-operative scheme attached, by which sumptuous board, lodgings, and accommodations could be enjoyed, in conjunction with perfect freedom, at a less cost than inferior provision at the usual boarding-house or hotel. It is on this hotel basis, therefore, that the modern male club has enlarged its borders. Some have rid themselves of card-playing altogether; some only admit what is called a "quiet" game, that is, games without risk; while others are specializing their objects and becoming known as "literary" clubs, "political" clubs, "sporting" clubs, and the like.

The first societies of women were not convivial, nor could they be said to have an independent existence of any kind. They were born under the shadow of the Church, and were philanthropic attempts to supplement the work of the Church with works of human kindness and charity. They were "Dorcas" societies, and "mission" societies, and "sewing" societies, of which the minister and his wife took the direction, and the meetings of which were held at the houses of members or in the lecture-room of the church. This was the kind of society that preceded the modern club, and it was the only kind that was possible. Public opinion, of which before the advent of the popular newspaper, the Church was the leader, would not have tolerated any other; for women have always been held strictly by men to the guardianship of virtue and morality, for which they did not care to become responsible themselves.

The Church was doing better service than it knew in thus employing and developing faculty. The sewing-circle was narrow enough, but it was a widening out from the treadmill round of home duties, and it not only gave women interest outside themselves and their families, but a glimpse of social life that had so worthy an object, and was hedged by so many pious observances that the most rigid male could not object to the participation in it of such of womenkind as he held in subjection to his superior control. But the capacity for affairs which exhibited itself in organizing church fairs, in getting up donation parties, and collecting subscriptions for mission societies, was competent for other things. There were human and social needs in the life about them of which men knew nothing, or, if they dimly comprehended, had no means of supplying. The efforts of women began to reach out toward a broader, more sustained, more equal life; and as a beginning they felt the necessity of learning to work in associations independently of men.

It was this new departure which created the shock. Men had endeavored to impress two articles of their social creed so strongly upon all women that they had actually come to believe them. One of these was that women dislike each other; the second, that on this account they could not long continue to work together. So strongly have these sentiments been implanted that they still exist in the minds of many, both men and women; facts to the contrary notwithstanding, and thus also it came to pass, that the first organizations of women, known as women's clubs, were considered experimental even by their founders. There is, however, a great and valid difficulty in regard to the building up of women's clubs on the basis of the complete provision which such institutions afford to men. This arises from the stigma which is cast by men and women alike upon women who dare to live independently, the absolute necessity of preserving the character of a woman's association free from any shadow of reproach, and the want of such sources of income as are supplied by the habits of men.

These reasons made it impossible for a body of ladies to occupy a club-house, at least in so cosmopolitan and expensive a city as New York. They also made it necessary to provide guaranties, so far as methods could supply them, of permanent respectability, and limited responsibility. Smaller cities and less exposed localities may be able to proceed on a broader basis than is possible in the metropolis; but all women's clubs find themselves hampered more or less by social restrictions and meager resources, and are therefore incapable of offering to their members all the privileges enjoyed by men. This, however, is hardly felt as a misfortune. The limited club is all that the majority of women themselves as yet care for, all that they are able to successfully deal with and enjoy. It was necessary that the "club" idea should be started by wives, mothers, heads of families in order to have it accepted. Now that it has proceeded so far public opinion is beginning to concede that it may go farther without hurting anything or anybody, and we may expect in time club-houses controlled by women as well as club-rooms, which must be vacated at dusk, or only opened to admit men as well as women; a curious way, it must be conceded, of proving claims to respectability. But the question naturally arises, If the club-house is not possible as yet for women, where is the object of a club at all, and in what respect does it differ from an ordinary society? The answer to this is, in its greater freedom, in its social character, and its diversity of interests. A society is organized with a single object, toward the accomplishment of which all its efforts are directed. It may be benevolent, it may be educational, it may be political; whatever it is its meetings, its enterprises are intended solely to advance this object, and it attracts mainly those who have the purpose at heart.

A woman's club on the contrary is pre-eminently social; it aims to make women acquainted with each other, and create a fund of mutual entertainment out of their own diversified gifts and graces. Incidentally, it educates women in methods, in expression, in the power of thinking upon and handling subjects, and giving to each its proper weight and place. Practically it brings together a body of women who severally assist each other in individual projects, and whose outlook is enlarged by becoming informed in regard to many social interests in addition to the one they may have at heart.

The character of a club and its work will naturally be determined largely by its location and membership; but the one word "work," marks the difference between the club idea in the mind of a man, and the club idea in the mind of a woman. The "club," for a man, is a purely recreative and pleasure-giving institution; if it became troublesome, or bored him

with schemes for doing this, or that, he would get rid of it. Women, on the other hand, consider time lost that is not spent in efforts toward something or other that is distinctly useful, or distinctly charitable. This is due, partly to their conscientiousness, partly to the fact that some of the members of women's clubs have no field of active effort outside of it, and would gladly exhaust upon it the energies which are not employed at home or elsewhere. Naturally a good deal of the time of the early clubs has been spent in acquiring methods and in gaining an apprenticeship, which, later, will not be required, for the new clubs have the older ones for examples and warnings, and the young girls of to-day know more at sixteen of parliamentary law and methods of organization than their progenitors at sixty. Much that was preparatory and experimental will thus be spared them, and they will be able to enlarge their borders in directions from which the early clubs and early memberships were excluded by the limitations of circumstance.

A terrific lion in the path of women's clubs is the dread of publicity, and the difficulty of avoiding this through the ubiquitous newspaper. This is, perhaps, inevitable in view of the secluded lives which most women lead, and the horror with which they regard their own names, or even indirect connection with any public statement in which facts are misapprehended or inaccurately put. This, it is hardly necessary to add, is very frequently the case with paragraphs—especially paragraphs written in sublime ignorance of the matter with which it deals, and which the writer is more desirous of making piquant than truthful.

These small and apparently insignificant little messengers, capable of traveling so far, are not always intentionally malicious, far from it; they are sometimes done in kindness, and as a contribution to the public spirit and enterprise which it is presumed animates the ladies in their efforts. But, if this is the case, the motive in many instances is not appreciated; on the contrary, the fluttering bit of black and white paper drops like a barbed arrow into the midst of a quiet little group, and threatens annihilation. There are ladies desirous of the intellectual stimulus and social companionship, who would not join a woman's club upon any consideration unless they can be guaranteed against their names, or even the doings of the organization, appearing in print. At first this seems an easy matter; keep out all reporters, and permit nothing to leave the club except through its secretary. If the New York *Tribune*, or any other great daily, wants a serious report of what took place, the secretary will furnish it in a day or two. But this is not what the New York *Tribune*, or any other daily paper, wants; and so either nothing is furnished or nothing is used, and the dreaded publicity comes in the form of squibs, and gossip, and items, which set fastidious teeth on edge, until they have learned to laugh at their own scruples, to furnish their own facts, and be thankful for the measure of fullness or truthfulness with which they are recorded.

Although club-life has been so recent, and, as has been shown, is yet subject to so many limitations, yet it has already accomplished some useful work in many different directions. Most noteworthy is the assistance it has almost unconsciously given to women in their development, and in enabling them to graduate into larger fields of usefulness. Where this was not required, it has taught them to voice their own thoughts; look at subjects from different sides, and respect natural and honest differences of character and opinion; directions in which it is almost impossible for the isolated woman to grow. Men who have intelligence enough to judge of human nature and its requirements appreciate strongly the uses to women of associations where the crucial tests must, sooner or later, be applied to which men have to submit, and they consider and find the time and money that may be expended well invested in such growth and enlargement; for the advancement of women means always growth and improvement in the family.

Individually, women learn much through the diversity of the woman's club. Each one brings her quota of more complete knowledge in some department of art, literature, science, philosophy, home interests, music, or business affairs, to add to the rest, and therefore, to a greater or less extent, that is as far as each one is capable of assimilating, the sum of what all know becomes in time the measure of individual attainment. In this respect, it will be seen again, the woman's club is vastly different from that of men. The former is a field in which to display and cultivate capacity, in the absence of the broader outside opportunities enjoyed by men. The latter is a nook in which men who lead busy public lives find rest and a level, a chance to conceal rather than exercise those gifts that create distinction among men.

The difference grows also out of the ways in which men and women in clubs occupy their time. Men lounge, smoke, play cards, and perhaps live there as much as anywhere. Women may or may not make a meal a part of their club programme; but the important part to them consists in the papers that are to be read, the discussion that is to follow, the music that will form part of the entertainment, and the social meeting with many friends; all of which is not life, but only an incident in it, the strength and enlightenment from which will be taken away to the home and daily routine. Of course many other things grow out of this frequent coming together. *Esprit du corps* is stimulated and encouraged among women. The strength of numbers confers distinction, or emphasizes that which has already been gained, and women receive marks of honor in ways that a few years ago would have been impossible. It ought indeed to be one of the objects of a woman's club, to do for women who honorably distinguish themselves what men's clubs make a business of doing for men, receive and entertain with every mark of respect and consideration.

Doubtless this will be done some time; it is to a very small extent now, and it will be more, as the objects of women's clubs become more specialized, and of a less didactic character. As yet they are the natural outcome and enlargement of the simply charitable, humane, and educational ideas embodied in the women's "mite" and "Dorcas" and "self-improvement" societies. But this will be gradually outgrown, the necessity for much of it will disappear. Broad systems of organization which do the work with more authority and on a thousand-fold larger scale are already taking the place of the petty system of sentimental charity which makes more paupers than it relieves, while at the same time it enforces as a duty the bearing of the burdens of the criminal, the idle, and the reckless, and takes out of the life of the honest all sweet, wholesome, healthy, happy, and hearty enjoyment which has been fairly earned.

The educational ideas in women's clubs will become modified by the enlarged education which girls are receiving, by their development in colleges and universities, and their better technical equipment, which will have prepared them for more thorough, more important work. It is possible that the club may be an important factor in carrying on that system of continued study to which it is so difficult for young women who have left school to apply themselves, and in any case the committee work and investigations may be considered supplementary and highly useful in suggestion, and in generalizing from the basis of fact upon which fairly educated young women may be supposed to start out.

For this and other reasons it is desirable to bring young women into women's clubs, and so arrange its work and pleasures as to have an attraction for them. The tendency now is toward separation, to start young societies which lack the experiences of the older ones, and to lose from the older the freshness, enthusiasm, and aspiration which belong to this precious season. It is an infinite pity to miss the good that one derives from the other on either side; and it is sad that there is not a stronger realization of the blessing each confers, for it would make the young more patient with what they consider the slowness and dullness of older persons; and in the older, it would keep alive a sympathy which would greatly modify their acts and judgment upon the doings and wishes of the younger.

All these things are capable of being worked out by women's clubs, and it is a most happy sign that the growth is inward rather than outward, for the tendencies of our life to-day are all in the other direction. The pressure of social, domestic, and active forces are all toward the external and the superficial, and any influence which can be brought to bear to resist this current should be stimulated to its best and largest growth.

Women are the guardians of the decencies, the proprieties, the amenities of life—let them never forget it. The highest and purest standard of morality is demanded from them, and the preservation of all that gentleness and courtesy which give to life its charm, and distinguish it from savagism. In the woman's club may be cultivated the refinement, the repose, the freedom from vulgar haste and loud display which are essential to growth in the true art of womanhood.

Rightly begun and conducted on broad prin-

ciples of truth, loyalty, toleration, good-will, and sacrifice of self for the interest of the whole, the woman's club might be the grandest instrumentality in our lives. But nothing mortal ever can be perfect, and there is the aggregation of failings to deal with in a club such as we each and all of us individually possess. But there is the aggregation of virtues also, and there is the aggregation of help, which nearly always masses itself on the right side, and there is the increasing totality gained in the persevering effort toward the accomplishment of any really good and noble end, whether the object is the improvement of the individual or the race.

What the future of the Woman's Club may be it is not possible to predict. It can hardly be imagined the free and independent institution the man's club has become, for the reason that the majority of women are so bound by the ties of daughter, wife, sister, mother, and even more remote relationships, that it is difficult for them to separate themselves from them, besides being obnoxious to their sense of duty. Still it is very possible for a club-house for women, under proper management, to become the center of many interests, and the realization of a true home for such women as are isolated and alone, or who desire more protection and at the same time more independence than the hotel and boarding-house afford, and doubtless these in time will make their appearance.

With the development of the activities among women marriage will not be of such supreme importance to them: young women like young men will wish and endeavor to formulate their own lives upon a basis of fitness for a special career, or preference for some line of work or study. One great obstacle to this heretofore has been the utter isolation, the absence of security, the want of companionship and some congeniality in surroundings. All this the Woman's Club might furnish. It might also greatly assist the literary and art worker by supplying through its steward or caterer the right kind of food, and cooking suited to the needs of sedentary lives, at prices less than are usually charged for inferior articles; while the refinement, the cleanliness, the order, the general atmosphere of brightness and intelligence, toward which all that was elsewhere intellectually bright and active would naturally tend, would greatly assist the woman-worker, who is too often now most cruelly held by her needs, for which the circumstances in which she finds herself make no provision. If the club-house of the future can assist in the emancipation of women from the fetters which chain them to the ground, and stimulate the growth of the wings by which they may reach the stars, surely it will do a good work, and deserves the hearty co-operation of those who can see beyond the pale of a narrow prejudice. But women's clubs, or the pleasant life which may grow out of them, must neither be advocated nor sustained by any individual at the expense of any personal duty. The personal duty which has been imposed upon us at a personal sacrifice is always superior to what may seem a larger duty toward the race, which comes to us only half hiding the strong instinct for selfish advantage. This test never fails, and while working toward the realization for some of a freer life, a life which will in some measure compensate for the absence of close domestic ties, let us never forget that in those ties rest all the hope of nations for the future, all the strength and social order which make a club-life for women possible, and the truest happiness of which human existence is capable, provided the life-long companionship of men and women is a matter of choice and fitness, not of expediency, and a commingling of lesser or baser motives.

Club-life can never be the universal life for men or women, but there is no reason why it should not be an important factor, on co-operative principles, in the lives of many women, who now meet the world single-handed, and have to fight obstacles at desperate odds; and as the organization of women, imperfect though it is at present, has already done something for these, let us hope it will do more, and possibly help to bring about that good time when no woman will turn her face to the wall because another woman-child is born.

A Woman's Work in a Barracks.

NEAR the cavalry barracks, Aldershot, is a fine large building of gray sandstone in the Elizabethan style of architecture, surmounted by roofs of red and black tiles, erected by the efforts of the late Mrs. Daniells, who for twenty-three years devoted herself chiefly to work among the soldiers stationed in England. Over the entrance porch is the inscription, "Our God, we thank Thee, for all things come of Thee; and of Thine own have we given Thee." After entering through the porch we pass into the large hall thirty feet by seventy, the walls decorated with texts, and fitted up with chairs; and a high pitched open roof, from some of the beams of which hang flags, giving brightness and color to the room. To the left of the entrance is the bar, where tea, coffee, cocoa, and all sorts of light refreshments can be obtained at very cheap rates; a large cup of coffee costing one penny; small cup, half penny; large cup of tea, two pence; cocoa, one penny; cake one penny per slice, and where hot joints and soups can be had from twelve till two o'clock every day. The public generally are allowed here every day but Sunday. Close by is the smoking-room, provided with games, and just beyond is the dining-room. On the right of the entrance is a library, where books for lending are kept; and close to this is a large, comfortable reading-room, the walls bright with pictures, and the tables plentifully supplied with newspapers and books. Over the reading-room is the drawing, or officers' room, and adjoining that a large room for lectures, prayer-meetings, temperance meetings, and Bible classes, Christmas trees and magic lantern exhibitions. The good Mrs. Daniells accomplished can scarcely be estimated; and now, that she is dead, it is a happy circumstance that her daughter is as earnest and devoted to the work as was she.

"What Dat?"

THE saying "a beautiful child makes a beautiful picture," is fully verified in the attractive chromo that we place before our readers this month. Rosy cheeks, eyes of deepest blue, coral lips, and golden hair, combine to make the charming little blonde of our picture as lovely as those little blondes who dance amid the greenery of our city parks, and make musical the air with their sportive glee. Our little friend is the darling of a country home, and has lived among the flowers and the birds the few short years of her life. Her cheeks have caught the hue of the roses, her hair the glitter of the sunbeams, and her eyes the unclouded blue of the skies. While neatly and becomingly dressed, she is not adorned in the velvet and lace of the city child, for this would scarcely accord with her rambles in the woods to search for wild flowers, or her walks on a kindly errand to a neighbor.

Young as she is, she has a woman's instinct of help, and is, by her own request, permitted to carry a few home-made buns to the old woman who lives across the fields. Her mother watches her fondly from the window, as she turns the latch of the gate, and goes forth from among the flowers, a bud as sweet as any that beautifies the garden she has just passed through.

It is a lovely morning for a walk across the green fields. The winds rustle in the trees; the birds chirp merrily in the branches; the skies are blue; the clouds are tinged with gold. Nature is in one of her sunniest moods, as if disposed to favor the walk of the young pedestrian. She walks quietly along, not without a sense of her own importance, for is she not the bearer of a gift to the old woman, who always welcomes her with a loving embrace? She stops occasionally to pick a wild flower or a blade of grass, and to listen to the song of the birds. Suddenly she sees an object in the distance; she gazes at it in wonder, and lifting her hand, points at the apparition, exclaiming in infantile tones, "What dat? What is it?" Nothing very alarming, no doubt, for there is no terror in the childish face, only curiosity, and she goes on her way, delivers her gift, and returns to the home of which she is the joy, the pride and the dearest treasure.

Life.

BY S. J. DONAHOE.

THE flowers spring, the birds sing,
And Nature smiles to see.—
The flowers die, the birds fly,
And Nature weeps with me.

THE gold locks are hoar locks,
The ruddy cheek is sere—
A brief scene, a sad scene,
The life of man and year.

A Summer at Chautauqua.

THE term "Chautauquan" has a significance peculiarly its own. The words Bostonian, Philadelphian, New Yorker, imply permanent residence or interests in the cities giving rise to these terms. Your "Chautauquan," on the contrary, may be a dweller in the "Sunny South," or the pine-forested State of Maine; he may hail from the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, or even from the farther shore of the Pacific Ocean. In short, any part of the world may claim him as its son, but he is none the less a "Chautauquan."

In 1874, Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D., of New York, originated the idea of bringing together, for mutual discussion, encouragement, and suggestion those who labor in the Sunday-school cause. The place of meeting fixed upon was Lake Chautauqua, a romantic spot in western New York, about four hundred and sixty miles from this city. Fair Point, on the western bank of the lake, a beautiful region where camp meetings had long been held, was deemed a suitable locality for this gathering of Sunday-school workers. From this idea many others branched out; the small seed planted grew into a gigantic tree; and to be a "Chautauquan" means now something more than to be a member of the Sunday-school Assembly.

One of the outgrowths of the original idea is a summer university. Here instruction is given in ancient and modern languages, by competent professors, some of whom use the Sauveur or Natural Method; and the inducements are so great, and the terms so reasonable, that many go to Chautauqua Lake to avail themselves of the advantages of the School of Languages. A ticket to the School of Languages entitles its holder to the advantages of the "Teachers' Retreat," which furnishes a variety of attractions in the shape of lectures on English Literature, lessons in clay modeling, lectures on philosophy, theology, and other subjects, and also on the theory and practice of teaching. There are classes, too, for training Sunday-school teachers. The Kindergarten system is not left out of the programme, which embraces so much that is useful and practical.

Another outgrowth is the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle." The aim of this organization is to promote habits of reading and study in various departments of literature, science, and art. Four years is the period assigned for the course; an average of forty minutes' reading each week enables the reader to complete in nine months the books to be read in one year. The course of reading is pursued at home, and lists of questions are forwarded by a committee on the books read, and after examination of the answers, a diploma is sent. The names of the books to be read are furnished; and so judiciously are they chosen, that a careful perusal gives an acquaintance with some of the "immortal lights of mind," and proves an incentive to more extended culture. An annual fee of fifty cents is paid by the members of the "Circle," who now number twenty thousand, and not only belong to every State in the Union, but are found in England, Japan, and even the Sandwich Islands. The "Circle" publishes also a monthly magazine called "*The Chautauquan.*"

The grounds at Fair Point are beautified both by nature and art. Flowers scent the air; fountains throw up their sparkling waters; statuary gleams out from amid the green foliage; and arbors, bridges, and winding walks complete the romantic and enchanting picture.

The Park of Palestine is on the grounds of the Assembly. It is a model of modern Palestine on a small scale; and here can be seen the hills and valleys, the rivers and cities of the Holy Land. The foundation of the city of Jerusalem is of rock, and carefully cemented to withstand the assaults of weather. The actual size of the city and suburbs is from one to three hundred inches. Here are presented to view the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Mosque of St. Omar, and other public buildings. To the student of Biblical lore, this model is both useful and highly interesting.

Near this is the Oriental House, an Eastern building, covering thirteen hundred square feet of ground. It has two stories, a flat roof parapet, and two latticed windows. The second story is occupied as an Oriental museum; and here can be seen many objects of interest to the Biblical student, who has them explained to him by persons in attendance.

The Auditorium, which is situated in the midst of the grove, is surrounded by cottages, and is large enough to seat three thousand persons. Beyond this is a tent that will accommodate fifteen hundred people, another known as the Jewish Tabernacle tent, and a section of the Pyramid of Cheops, which conveys a good idea of the Egyptian original.

Early in July, the grounds are open to those who attend the "School of Languages," but the "Assembly" does not open until the first week in August; and from that time, until its formal close, the scene at Chautauqua is one of great animation. During the time that the Assembly meets, the Amphitheater is always crowded with hearers. Among the speakers all nationalities are represented, and no sectional differences steal in to mar the universal harmony. All are soldiers, fighting to extend the kingdom of the Lord. Four times a day crowds throng the "Amphitheater." There is a lecture at eight o'clock, another at eleven, a grand concert in the afternoon, and in the evening various subjects are illustrated by means of the stereopticon. Sometimes the religious exercises take place in the evening, and twilight scarcely falls before eve y seat is occupied in the vast building.

Amusement is pleasantly blended with improvement at Chautauqua. There are concerts, stereopticon entertainments, bathing, sailing on the blue waters of the lake, sociables, and fireworks. The climate is pleasant, and the beautiful grounds afford every inducement for walking.

Persons visiting Fair Point can fix their "local habitation" according to fancy. They can find board in a hotel, hire a cottage, or, Arab-like, live in a tent. The latter with a floor, can be had for from five dollars to ten dollars and fifty cents per week, according to size. By paying from thirty to fifty cents a night a single person can find lodgings in a tent or cottage. Furniture can also be rented at reasonable rates; but it will be necessary to provide one's self with towels, pillows, knives and forks, etc.

Thus it will be seen from this sketch that religion, intellectual culture, and healthful recreation are in unison at Chautauqua. The movement, as it originated with Dr. Vincent, is one of importance; and the original idea has so expanded that it is now threefold, the results being most beneficial and far-reaching. To bring about this, such gentlemen as Professor Timayenis, of the Hellenic Institute, New York; Professor Cook, of Johns S. Hopkins University, Baltimore; Professor Dickinson, Secretary of the Board of Education of Massachusetts; Professor Gilmore, of Rochester University; Rev. Dr. Boardman, of Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. Deems, and others have lent their co-operation.

The ladies, too, have manifested much interest, and are not only active workers in the cause, but are members of The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. Among those who have lectured are Mrs. Willing, Professor of English language and literature in the Wesleyan University of Bloomington, Illinois; Mrs. Rev. Dr. Knox, of Elmira, N. Y.; Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, the writer; Miss Frances E. Willard, the temperance lecturer; and Miss Hattie N. Morris, of Brooklyn.

A Training Home.

AN old lady named Murray died in Kircaldy about twenty years ago, leaving to the care of trustees a sum of money, which was to accumulate for twenty years, and was then to be expended in establishing a home for the training of young women as domestic servants. The specified time has now elapsed, and the original legacy has reached the sum of thirty thousand pounds, which, under judicious management, ought to be amply sufficient for the desired object, or at least for such a commencement as shall give it a full and fair trial. The trustees named in the old lady's will are both dead, but others will be appointed; and it is hoped that if wisely administered by people who will give some little time and trouble to the subject, this legacy may be the harbinger of better days both for servants and their employers.

Canadian Colleges for Girls.

THERE are now ten ladies' colleges in Canada, besides those which ladies were allowed to attend, which were not devoted to the sex exclusively. In these different colleges not less than one thousand ladies are receiving instruction, at an expenditure in the past of about $600,000. The pupils who attend the ladies' colleges are frequently desirous of becoming teachers, and these cannot spare the time or meet the expense of a long course of study such as is demanded at the universities.

Discontent.

DISCONTENT is the same everywhere; it is a habit of mind with many, rather than the result of their condition and circumstances. We do not mean to say that it is not natural to mankind to be eternally looking for something better than has been attained. This is the law of progress; but this spirit of divine aspiration and reaching out is perfectly conformable with acceptance of what is inevitable in our present relations, and totally different from that fierce spirit of dissension and strife which finds nothing in life worth having, except that which is possessed by another.

Discontent of this sort is not only mean, it is wicked. It drove our first parents out of Paradise, and has repeated the process with many of their descendants. It begins by stimulating the worst passions, jealousy, hatred, and the like, and it continues until it upsets all ideas of right and wrong, and would overturn the foundations upon which existence in its corporate capacity rests.

The absurdity of malcontents of this description, and their dangerous character, is well illustrated in the presence of European revolutionists in this country. All that they ask for at home here they enjoy, and more; and one would imagine the sudden realization of these blessings would excite them to gratitude, and the most cheering expressions of good citizenship. But no; they are nothing if not discontented. They want constitutional rights for themselves at home; they want to abolish all rights but their own, as soon as they arrive here. They wanted lowered rents at home; they don't want to pay any rents at all here. They wanted an equal chance with others at home; here they want to divide up what others have gained by the industry and frugality of centuries, and keep up this division in favor of the idle, the reckless, and the criminal.

That much of all this is idle talk is evident from the fact that some of their own speakers and leaders are men of means, who have not the remotest idea of acting upon their avowed principles, and dividing with their poor brethren; but the effect of such loose talk is pernicious and most mischievous among a class that is not accustomed to making nice distinctions, and needs all the moral strength and backbone that can be derived from the precept and example of those in whom it places confidence.

Even revolutions cannot change the nature of things; they do not prevent the murderer from reaching the gallows, the spendthrift from becoming a poor man, the thief from being execrated, denounced and punished. Obedience to law is the basis upon which society rests. And the law which makes one man learned while another is ignorant, one man rich while another is poor, existed before men existed to illustrate it. Discontent on that score, therefore, will avail nothing. Let us rather, in this country at least, look for our sources of happiness, and endeavor to increase them rather than poison their springs by complaints and revilings.

Pictures in Embroidery.

AT the rooms of the Society of Decorative Art, in this city, there has been on exhibition a collection of pictures produced by that little implement the needle. Viewed as specimens of art embroidery (they must not be judged as paintings), the opinion generally expressed is, that both in design and execution they are very remarkable. Apparently thrown upon the silken groundwork without method, in reality there is uniformity in the arrangement of the threads, the result of a careful study of effect. The massing together of these silken threads, and the soft, silvery gradations of tint, as seen in the shading, have produced a result which, to say the least, is very unique.

Among the most striking of these pictures is the representation of a snow storm. The sky is dark and gloomy; the wind sweeps through the bare branches of the tree and drives the sleety particles athwart each other; while small, snowy flakes mingle with the delicate icy spears that seem clashing together in the air. The stitches which give this snow storm effect are of various lengths, and are placed perpendicularly, horizontally, and obliquely Another snow scene gives a house in the midst of a waste of snow, on which foot-prints are plainly discernible, the indentations being produced by a singular arrangement of the stitches. Another very good picture gives the moonlight silvering the waters of a river; the reflection on the water being produced by the massing together of short stitches of silk, very closely interlaced, giving a furrowed look just where the light of the moon falls, the river itself being worked in long stitches of silk. Another very pretty river scene shows a small boat on a blue river, while hovering in the air are birds with white, outstretched wings. A very noticeable picture is a wooded hollow, with a tree overhanging it, and a large cluster of daisies massed in the foreground.

These remarkable productions, which will be viewed with pleasure by all interested in the works of the needle, are the handiwork of Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., of Boston, and display great ingenuity, patience, skill, and taste. This may be called a new departure in embroidery; for the methods employed are entirely unlike those in general use, or any of the specimens of antique embroidery that we have seen.

IN A FOREIGN LAND.—From a Painting by M. Fritze.

Needlework.

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands."—*King Lemuel's Mother.*

NEEDLEWORK is the oldest and the homeliest of all domestic arts. We find it in the households of every age since the days of our mother Eve.

We read of embroidered garments and hangings from the very earliest times. Moses tells us that the curtain for the tabernacle door was of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen of needlework, and the curtain for the gate of the court was also of needlework.

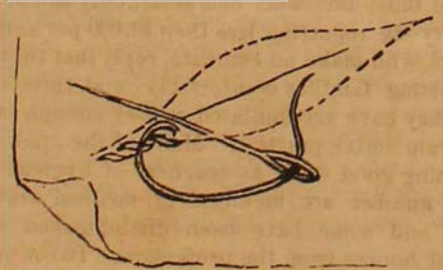
The stone pictures of the old Assyrians, after resting buried for ages, come to light again, and give us the elaborate and careful designs of their embroidered priests' robes. We have the record of Helen embroidering the story of the Trojans and the Greeks, and of the faithful Penelope. We have the history of Queen Matilda's tapestry, and at the present day the dainty work of Mary Queen of Scots is carefully preserved in Holyrood palace. Queen Victoria's daughters are notable needlewomen, both making and executing their own designs, as we all learned at the Philadelphia Exhibition. If then we delight "to finger the fine needle and nice thread as ladies wont," we need never lack illustrious example.

For the very reason that nice needlework is valuable, and worthy to be preserved for generations, we should, before beginning any work, be very careful about our design, then use equal care to choose good materials for our work. The value of embroidery is in the thought, the skill, and careful hand-work we put in it. It would be the height of folly to put a beautiful design with hours and days of careful hand-work on a poor or unsuitable material. If you are to embroider on crash, linen, or sailcloth, get the best you can find for your purpose. If you are to embroider on woolen, choose a serge or a diagonal, provided the colors are equally good, rather than a felt, even if the cloth costs you considerably more. I am sorry to say we have not the serges or diagonals in many good colors as yet in this country. Do not in embroidery begrudge good materials. But remember rich materials alone do not make art work. If you cannot draw yourself a creditable design, pay an artist to do it for you, and consider he has done you a kindness after you have paid him. If you cannot do this, then borrow your design frankly from some acknowledged good authority.

It is cruelly unkind to your friends to call upon them to admire embroidery of which they can only honestly say, "There is a great deal of work in it. It must have taken a deal of time," or more kindly, "The work is exceedingly neatly done." You want to really give pleasure by your work and earn more hearty praise.

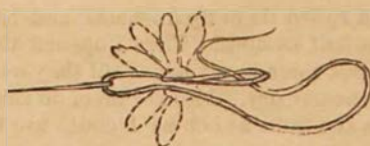
Be sure your design is good, your materials the best for the purpose. Then be careful of your

colors. The thing that pleased me most at the Royal School of Art Needlework, at South Kensington was the exceeding softness and beauty of the colors. New England brought from Old England the art of needlework, as numberless pieces of ancient embroidery scattered through our smallest country towns plainly show us. I hunted around the show-room at Kensington again and again to find a new stitch, and once, when I thought I had found one, a second glance told me it was only a variation of an old stitch my grandmother taught me as a child. The articles were not put together with remarkable niceness. I remember one gown in a glass case heavy with embroidery that the fifty guineas of the price mark would hardly tempt an American gentlewoman to wear as it was then fashioned. The designs of course were good, but a large portion of them not so unattainable that a good artist need lose heart. But the colors everywhere! they were incomparable, always soft, always right, and always exquisitely combined. This was due partly to the English crewels, which are generally more loosely twisted and much softer in color than American wool. The Kensington School has many of its colors dyed expressly for its own use. The use of colors is a thing it is almost impossible to describe helpfully on paper. I can only make a few suggestions. Remember that satins and silks are brighter in color in the piece than in a sample, velvets are darker, and cloths and serges lighter. In choosing materials for curtains or hangings do not choose by a sample, but if possible hang the material in the place you wish it first, and be sure your color is satisfactory before you begin your work. If you work with crewels, wash them in the skein, before using, in water in which bran has been boiled, or in good soapsuds. It may change the tone of your colors somewhat, but it will generally be a change for the better, softening it. I remember looking at a bedspread, field flowers embroidered in crewels on squares of linen, in most dainty colors. When I asked the woman in charge about them, she said, "Oh, you can't find these colors exactly. This has been washed three times." Choose the yellow pinks, the yellow blues (old blue), and the softer, duller shades of green, the celadon, the sage, the olive greens, and olive browns. There is no absolute rule for colors, as the most brilliant one is not harsh when put in the right place. "I would paint with distilled sunshine if I could get it," an artist once said to me. It is not simply the colors of the silks and crewels, but also how you put them together that makes the difference between good and bad work. Cut your skeins in at least two lengths. Never use too long a needleful; use a needle large enough to allow your thread to pass easily. The stem stitch is the first we give. Take a long stitch forward above the cloth, a short stitch back under the cloth, keeping your needle at the left of the thread. When you reach the point of the leaf reverse, keeping the needle to the right of the



STEM STITCH.

thread, that the outline of the leaf may have the serrated edge common to most leaves. If the leaf is broad and to be worked solid, work next a line through the middle, then work the sides of the



BUTTON-HOLE STITCH.

leaf. This stitch is suitable for outline work. When a very straight line is wished the needle may be brought up so as to split the thread. Then it is called split-stitch. We give a little Japanese

JAPANESE DESIGN.

design suitable for corner doilies. They may be worked in outline in brown or red fine working cotton, or in various colors of split crewels or fine silks. The one color is easier and very satisfactory for beginners. The daisy-like flowers are made in button-hole stitch, the one loop of thread, as in design, making one petal of the flower.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

City Lungs and Country Lungs.

THE great cry of the city is, and always has been, for lungs—for breathing space, for out of doors, for anything that will take its swarming masses out of the pent-up holes in which they are confined, and enable them to realize the strength of active manhood and womanhood, or forget themselves and their miseries. If Moody and Sankey come to town, or a circus, it is all the same to vast numbers who besiege doors and throng the spaces. It is for the time being an excitement which makes them forget their narrow quarters, their want of fresh air, of better food, of cheerful companionship.

The poor in the country have no realizing sense of the great advantage they possess in having an "out of doors," as a resource against a narrow and perhaps uncomfortable indoors. In the fields, on the lakes, looking out toward the mountains, they can at least stretch their limbs, expand their lungs, and claim a share in the freedom, the strength, and enlarging influence of earth and atmosphere.

It may be one man's right to pay the taxes on a beautiful landscape, but every other man can enjoy it, and does, perhaps, more than its owner.

Everything else being equal, therefore, a country home is worth much more than a city home, because of the larger opportunities that go with it; and it is a matter for surprise that the tendency among the poor is not to gravitate toward a country rather than a city life.

The land agitation which is stirring Great Britain to its center to-day, is on account of the aggregation of land in the hands of a few individuals; and the demand of the Land Leaguers in Ireland is for its division among the poor, or for such an act of reconstruction as will lead to such division. Yet, when Irishmen come to this country they do not seek the new lands which the Government is ready to give away, nor do they bend their energies to the acquisition of a few acres and a home of their own, such as could be obtained in desirable localities, on very easy terms. On the contrary, they swarm in the large cities, they herd in tenement houses, and, apparently, have not the slightest desire to avail themselves of the opportunities for which they profess to be imperiling their lives at home. Cities mass together capital for great enterprises; they are the centers of trade and commerce with the nations of the world; but they contain no homes for the poor, and the wise poor will do well to avoid them, and work toward the acquisition of a home where all "out of doors" can be pressed into the service of its healthfulness and beauty.

It has become the fashion for dwellers in cities, those who can, to rush off at the beginning of the summer season, and seek for the restorative influence which country air imparts. But those who need it the most, those who would derive the greatest good from this change in their lives cannot obtain it; and a vast number of those who do, imperil many interests to secure it, and forfeit that peace and permanence which are essential elements of a true home.

Acquire country homes, cultivate them, and make them attractive. Encourage and stimulate in every possible way a public spirit that shall make country homes secure, and increase neighborhood attractions. The great drawbacks to a country life are the absence of protection and the need of social enjoyment. Coöperate in these matters—make every house a pleasant social center, every man an active vigilance committee, and set the women to work to form a club which shall provide musical and literary entertainments, and let the chief residents give their parlors, or the clergyman his lecture-room for the purpose. Stir up your neighborhood; make it honest, cheerful, clean, hospitable, and it will soon grow beautiful, and be a true lungs for those who live in it. The country is the only place for the development of a strong manhood and womanhood, and every effort should be made to induce the "family"—that important element in our national welfare—to make its abiding place there.

Miss Florence Hales, of the Ladies' Art Association, New York, stains and paints glass, and fires her decorated glass and china in her own kiln; not a miniature kiln, but the ordinary kiln such as is used in the potteries. Miss Hale's father, finding her predilection for this work so strong, built the kiln for her use on his own place, and she has learned the art by patient and persevering experiment; she has orders from large firms to copy ancient stained glass, and is the only woman in this country who does this work in all its stages.

Miss Agnes Amy Bulley, secretary of the College for Women, Manchester, has been awarded the gold medal, together with a prize of ten guineas, offered by the council of Trinity College, London, for the best essay on "Middle-Class Education: its Influence on Commercial Pursuits."

My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"I HAVE received a letter from Miss Belden," I say, addressing myself to the class in general.

"Has she gone home?" asks some one.

"Yes; her visit to her aunt ended a few days after our last meeting, and she went home to get ready for her sister's wedding. She was a very quiet member of the class for the short time she belonged to it, but, like many other silent people, she writes a nice letter."

"Did you bring it with you?" asks Miss Little.

"Yes, I brought it, and will read it to you, if you like," I say, taking the letter out of my pocket, and beginning:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

"We have settled down into quiet humdrum ways again after the commotion my sister's marriage made in our sober family, and as you asked me to write to you, I will devote a little of my over-abundant time to that purpose.

"In the first place, I must tell you that our table at the wedding was highly approved of by the guests. I arranged it as you advised when we talked about it, and had all the things you suggested. The wedding cake was good, 'splendid,' every one said, even if it was rather fresh. Please tell Miss Jennie that the salad made by her recipe was perfect, and everybody ate so much of it that I began to wish I had made a barrel full. But there was enough, so I need not have worried.

"I have been wondering if there was anything I could tell the Housekeeping Class in return for all the good ideas I gained when I attended it, but I cannot think of anything except doing up swiss muslin curtains. Ours had to be done before the wedding, so the process is quite fresh in my mind, particularly as I washed them myself without any one's help. It is very delightful, I have heard people say, to be able to have plenty of light in a room when you want it; but perhaps people would change their minds if they had a parlor like ours, with five windows in it, and they had to wash the five pairs of curtains themselves. I don't suppose many city girls have to do up curtains, but in the country, if we want anything of the kind done, we have to do it ourselves, for there are no professed cleaners, or even regular laundries, and even if there were, country folks are so cautious about spending money, or else have so little of it to spend, that I am afraid they would have very few patrons.

"The first thing I did to the curtains after taking them down was to give each one a good shaking. There was a great deal of dust up in the gathers, and if it had not been shaken out, they would have been harder to wash. Then I put them into a tub of strong suds made with white soap. I put in a pinch of borax too, which I need not have done if it had been the right weather for bleaching them on the grass. I left them soaking for an hour, and then squeezed and pressed them to get the dirt out. I did not rub them at all, or wring them, for even if that didn't tear them, it would make them look badly. Swiss muslin gets so easily twisted out of shape. I washed them the second time in clean suds, and rinsed them out once in fair water and once in blue water. I put very little bluing in the water, though, for fear of making them streaky. Then I squeezed them out and dipped them in thin water starch. If it had been summer I should have hung them in the open air to dry, but as it was cold enough to freeze them, and that would have destroyed them, I hung them on a clothes' horse in the kitchen. After they were dry, I sprinkled them and rolled them up in sheets, and left them for about half an hour. Then I opened them out and clapped them in my hands till they were clear and very nearly dry. I ironed them on the wrong side with the irons as hot as I could use without scorching them.

"There may be some easier way of doing up curtains, but I should be almost afraid to try it for fear it would not be as successful; and I advise every one to try my old-fashioned way, for our curtains look exactly as well as new ones. I washed a pair of figured swiss ones that belonged to my room, and did not take so much trouble, for if they are not clear it does not make so much difference as for plain muslin. I washed them in two suds, rinsed them in two waters, with both bluing and starch in the last, and ironed them on the wrong side before they were entirely dry, with a blanket underneath to make the figures stand out well."

"The remainder of the letter is about a little matter of her own," I say, folding it up. "I think that is all she says that is of general interest to the class."

"Well," remarks Jennie, "I am brimful and running over with respect for a girl who can write down a method for doing anything in an understandable manner."

"She was clear in her statement, because she knew just how the process ought to be conducted," I say.

"Oh, indeed," says Jennie, "that doesn't make a bit of difference with some people. For instance, papa wanted me to send the recipe for making his favorite doughnuts to the *Sunday Tribune*. So I began as glib as could be: Take three eggs and half a cup of milk, and roll them out thin, and fry in hot lard, and add half a cake of yeast. Oh, you'd better believe I made a grand muss of it, and finally gave up in despair after two or three trials. If anybody thinks it is easy to write out recipes or formulas in decent English and keep any sort of sense in them, I only wish they would try."

"It is not the easiest kind of writing," I say, "and I agree with you that Miss Belden has said what she had to say very neatly. I am glad she brought up the subject, for I had been thinking that washing was one topic we carefully avoid in our discussions."

"Mercy on us!" exclaims Miss Kitty, "what upon earth do any of us want to learn how to wash for?"

"Really, I do think it is an unnecessary accomplishment too," chimes in Jennie. "Marrying your father's coachman has quite gone out of fashion now, so I don't see how we can ever get into a condition where we shall have to do laundry work. If such a calamity ever happens to me I shall wear celluloid clothes and carry Japanese paper pocket-handkerchiefs."

"You have always something funny to say, Jennie," I reply, "and I see you are all shocked at my idea; but I do think it would be well for you all to be thoroughly acquainted with the theory of washing and ironing, even if you never know much about the practice. I am not skillful enough myself to tell you all the details as they should be told, but I will try to persuade an old woman, who has been mistress of ceremonies in my house every Monday for a dozen years, to enlighten us next time we meet."

"That will be fun," says Jennie.

"Yes," I answer, "but I won't have my old woman made fun of. She is a fine character, if she is in an humble sphere, and has done a great deal of good in her day and generation."

"Will you tell me why," says one of the girls, "different things have to be washed in different ways?"

"We will let you ask that question of old Alice next time. She may not give you the scientific reason, but she can tell you what would be the result, if you attempted to wash swiss muslin curtains and blankets together. And apropos to the latter article," I continued, "I have a scrap upon the subject here in my pocket which I cut from a paper some time ago, and which I will read to you, if you are willing.

"WASHING WOOLENS.

"Professor Artus, who has devoted himself to the discovery of the reason why woolen clothing, when washed with soap and water, will insist upon shrinking and becoming thick, and acquiring that peculiar odor and feeling which so annoys housekeepers, says these evil effects are due to the decomposition of soap by the acids present in the perspiration and other waste of the skin which the clothing absorbs. The fat of the soap is then precipitated upon the wool. These effects may be prevented by steeping the articles in a warm solution of washing soda for several hours, then adding some warm water and a few drops of ammonia. The woolens are then to be washed out, and rinsed in lukewarm water.

"The Professor further tells us that flannel which has become yellow by use may be whitened by putting it for some time in a solution of hard soap, to which strong ammonia has been added. The proportions he gives are one and a half pounds of hard curded soap, and two-thirds of a pound of strong ammonia to fifty pounds soft water. The same object may be obtained in a shorter time by placing the garments for a quarter of an hour in a weak solution of bisulphate of soda, to which a little hydrochloric acid has been added."

Women in Medicine.

THE valedictory address of Prof. Rachel L. Bodley, M. D., Dean of the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, delivered to the graduating class of that institution recently, presented a careful exhibit of the work done, and the advancement made during the thirty years of its existence. In order to enable herself to speak with accuracy, Dr. Bodley sent out circulars to all the former graduates, and received replies from 181 of the 244 who survive. Of these, 151 are in active practice, thirty having retired for various reasons. As to social status, it is said that out of the 151 replies, 144 report a cordial recognition, while only seven report negatively. The average income of seventy-six of the physicians is $2,907.30. Of these twenty-four report as much as $1,000, and less than $2,000 per annum; twenty as much as $2,000, and less than $3,000 per annum; ten as much as $3,000, and less than $4,000; five as much as $4,000, and less than $5,000; three as much as $5,000, and less than $15,000; while four report sums ranging from $15,000 to $20,000 per annum. Pecuniarily, therefore, the showing is of the most favorable character, only ten of the seventy-six reporting less than $1,000 per annum. Others, who make no estimate, reply that they are supporting families comfortably; and three state that they have accumulated money enough to retire from active practice. Many of the graduates are doing good work as teachers of hygiene. A large number are members of medical associations, and some have been distinguished with special honors from the profession. To the question as to what effect the practice of medicine has had upon their domestic happiness, the replies from the fifty married ladies are highly favorable. Only six, in fact, report that it has been even partially unfavorable, while but a single one considered that professional duties were incompatible with domestic relations.

A Trip to Europe, and How to do It Economically.

DEAR DEMOREST:—It is coming on toward that season of the year when hopes of summer wanderings begin to stir in the brain, and questions arise as to the desirability of certain places of interest and pleasure. This letter, which is written solely for those of the feminine gender whose desires are high and whose purses are light, will, I hope, point out the way in which some portion of the Old World may be seen and well seen, for comparatively small cost. There must of course be a habit of self-denial and a willingness to undergo many trifling discomforts for the sake of the greater good which will be attained.

Take passage for London by the National Line. You can obtain return tickets first class for ninety-five or one hundred dollars. The steamers are safe, excellent, well-manned and everything possible is done by the officers to promote the comfort of the passengers. It is better to sail on Wednesday if practicable, rather than Saturday, so as to reach London in the middle of the week. Take with you one dress—a partly worn black silk is best—and your traveling dress, two or at most three changes of undergarments, an ulster, a rubber overcoat, rubber shoes or thick-soled shoes (English climate is moist), two or three ruffles for neck and sleeves, and a good sized sun umbrella. Wear on the steamer underclothing that you are willing to throw over for the mermaids when you need to change, that you may go on shore fresh and trim, and without having to ask for the service of a laundress, one of the first things you do.

Take with you a copy of Baedakar's London, the latest edition, or Dickens's London will do, to study on the steamer. Read up, before you start, Hare's "Walks About London," and make notes from it in your guide-book.

When you reach Victoria Docks, how happy will you be, if upon landing you have only a hand bag. The custom officers will give you no trouble, and threepence will convey it to Tidal Basin station, where you take train for Fenchurch Street. Now comes the first possibility of commencing your economies, and yet it requires some resolution to do so. In the United States we all travel first-class, because there is no chance of doing otherwise, but in England very many people of education and refinement, but restricted means, ride third-class. Third-class compartments are on all express trains. They are very comfortable, much cheaper, and will make a great difference in the amount of your sight-seeing and the number of photographs you take home with you.

If you reach Fenchurch Street station before noon, leave your bag, if too heavy to carry with you, in the luggage-room of the station, being sure to take a receipt for it, and take an omnibus marked Oxford Street; any policeman will tell you which is the right one. Tell the conductor to put you out at Southampton Street. Have your guide-book with you, and if it has no map in it, buy one at the first stationer's. There are two or three on Southampton Street. Turn to the right on leaving Oxford Street, and walk out to Bloomsbury Square. This was once the fashionable square of London; here Baxter, author of "Saint's Rest" lived for many years, here Cardinal Manning was born, and in No. 6, Disraeli first opened his eyes to the light of day.

Crossing the square, Bedford Place leads into Russel Square, which will recall memories of Amelia Osborn and Becky Sharpe. All through the streets of this neighborhood lodgings are to be found. In Russel Square, Bedford Square, Keppel Street, Montague Place, Montague Street, etc., etc., are rows of lodging houses. In 13 Montague Street, the writer found lodgings for herself and family at reasonable cost, and rooms were to be had in the same house for ten shillings per week ($2.50). This includes cooking and attendance, but of course not food. But one must not be afraid to drive a bargain with lodging-house keepers, for they all expect it. And be very careful to make the terms "inclusive," otherwise an unexpected bill may be sent in for kitchen fire, candles, etc., and also be specific as to your term of letting. Give notice that you take for only *one week* at a time, when you first make your agreement.

I have recommended this neighborhood because it is so central and within walking distance of so many places of interest. But if not suited here, cheaper lodgings may be procured, and very respectable ones, over Westminister Bridge, up Kensington Road, in the neighborhood of Oakden Street and St. Mary's Square. There a comfortably furnished bedroom—and for your short stay you scarcely require a sitting-room—with attendance should not be over seven or eight shillings a week, and a penny omnibus will bring you over the long bridge into the sight-seeing part of the city.

Two or three hours' work will suffice to obtain comfortable lodgings, and then you can again take your omnibus at Oxford Street, and go for your bag, and then be ready for a dinner or supper in your new home, as you may choose.

Directly upon settling in your new abode, request a letter from your landlord or lady, to the Chief Librarian of the British Museum, for the privilege of a ticket to the reading-room. Take or send it to the museum, and in a day or two an answer will be received, requesting your presence. You go, and upon answering certain questions as to your business, etc., etc., a six months ticket will be given you. This will prove an indescribable comfort on a rainy day or if overdone by too much sight-seeing.

If London is reached late in the afternoon, go to some one of the hotels mentioned in your guide-book, or to Charing Cross Hotel perhaps, and when you go, ask for their "cheapest beds." That means the fourth or fifth story, but the beds are good and the rooms clean. Take your own candle with you, and so avoid paying the hotel proprietor a shilling for one.

In London there is a choice as to the time of seeing the sights, many of the places of interest being opened free on certain days. The Tower may be seen Monday and Saturday quite as thoroughly as if you paid your shilling for it on some other day. South Kensington Museum is open without charge Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays. Take your lunch, be at the gates at ten A.M., and spend the entire day there. If you go on Saturday, you can remain until ten P.M., and indeed you should not fail to see it when lighted. There is a grill-room in the museum building, where you can buy a hot chop or something more expensive if you wish.

Westminister Abbey, to be enjoyed, must be visited on Monday. Other days there is a fee for seeing the chapels, and you are hustled about by a verger, whose chief desire is to get as many parties as possible through in the day, for the sake of the sixpences each person represents.

The National Gallery too, a magnificent collection, has for its free days Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Another collection which Mrs. Jameson called "a fairy palace of virtu," but which is very little visited, is the Soane Museum, open Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays from ten A.M., to four P.M. Sir John Soane was the son of a bricklayer, who distinguished himself as a student in the Royal Academy, was sent to Rome with the academy pension, and became architect of the Bank of England. There are some exquisitely illuminated manuscripts there, pictures, cameos, intaglios, Hogarth's celebrated Rake's Progress, but most interesting and valuable of the many treasures is the magnificent Sarcophagus of Osiris, father of Rameses the Great. It is cut out of a single block of aragonite, and is covered with hieroglyphics.

In visiting the churches, go either on Friday afternoons, when they are open for cleaning and you can walk around at your leisure, or in the mornings, when they are always open from ten A.M., to one P.M., for marriages and baptisms. Be sure to go to St. Helen's, Bishopgate Street, founded in 1216, a marvelous old church; to St. Sepulchre's, where Captain John Smith's grave may be seen, with its three Turks' heads; to St. Savior's, Southwark, just across London Bridge, where Gower's tomb is yet to be seen in excellent preservation; to St. Olane's, Hart Street, where Samuel Pepys went to church, and where a marble bust still commemorates the wife with whom he found so much fault, and whom he at the same time so tenderly loved; and when there, go round without fail and see the curious gateway to the churchyard; to St. Giles, Cripplegate, where Milton was buried and Cromwell married; to St. Bartholomew's the Great, founded in the early part of the twelfth century, and which is so completely shut in by the neighboring houses that one must look for it to find it. When there, look among the tombs, some of which are magnificent specimens of ancient art, for a tablet upon which is the following touching inscription,

> "She first deceased, he for a little tryed
> To live without her, liked it not and dy'd;"

to St. Luke's, Chelsea, commonly called Chelsea Old Church, where Sir Thomas Moore attended church and sung in the choir, and where his family tomb is now to be seen, and where also is to be noted at the entrance of one of the aisles a curious lectern and book-case, containing the Bible, the Homilies and Fox's Book of Martyrs, all chained securely to the desk. The Irvingite Church in Gordon Square, one of the most exquisitely beautiful buildings in London, and to the view of which intense interest will be added by the reading beforehand of Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Edward Irving," more interesting than any novel; to St. Giles in the Fields, and St. Martin's in the Fields, where poor Nell Gwynne was buried, and where bells are still rung one Friday in the month in memory of her, she having left a donation of sixpence and leg of mutton to the bell-ringers *in perpetuo.*

St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and St. Margaret's, Westminster, every one visits, therefore it is scarcely worth while to mention them. At 8 A.M., and 8 P.M. in summer, prayers are read daily in the Crypt Chapel of St. Paul's, which as a matter of curiosity it is well worth once attending. Should any one wish to visit a ritualistic church, go by all means to All Saints, Margaret Street, the interior of which is the richest in London, and where the service is equally elaborate and ornate.

Do not omit going to the Temple Gardens, as well as the Temple Church, and walk around the side of the building toward the Master's house to see poor Goldsmith's grave; ask also any one of the members of the Temple, whom you see hurrying through the lanes, for the privilege of having a look at the great hall of the Middle Temple. It will certainly be accorded to you. Walk through Lincoln's Inn Gardens and those of Staple's Inn. When these are familiar to you, your pleasure in Dickens's and Thackeray's stories will be increased tenfold. Staple's Inn, Holborn, is one one of the most picturesque and charming bits of architecture in London.

Go to the Charterhouse, and if possible to some

Sunday morning service. The building is quaint and odd enough in itself to be attractive, but the crowds of associations are even more attractive. Look at the "gentlemen pensioners." Each one with a history of failure written, if not always on his face, certainly in his heart, and recall the touching close of Colonel Newcomb's life, which is represented as taking place within these walls. The porter will show you the rooms which may be seen by the public for a trifling fee, and you will always after be glad you have seen them.

If you have no prejudice against grave-yards go to Bunhill Fields, where John Bunyan and Isaac Watts and Daniel De Foe lie buried, to Kensal Green, where are Thackeray, Leech, Lover, Mulready, Sidney Smith, Lockhart, Tom Hood, Balfe, and hosts of others who have left pleasant memories behind them; to West Brompton, where Tom Taylor, Lady Morgan, Murchison, etc., etc., find

"Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please."

Another pleasant excursion can be made to Highgate, by taking the tramway at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, a few blocks out from Oxford Street. Go on top, that you may see the country; it is perfectly respectable, though not fashionable. Get out at the terminus of the line, and ask your way to Highgate Old Church, where S. C. Coleridge, Hartly, and Sarah Coleridge are buried. From the crown of Highgate Hill, the view over London is very fine and is well worth an effort. But go on a clear day, or you will have nothing to recompense your pains.

Hampton Court Palace requires a day, and it is best to go by train and return by steamer. Windsor and the Crystal Palace each take a day, while the various parks of London can be visited any time.

If you wish for a sight of the Prince of Wales, his lovely Princess, and the royal children, go to St. James Chapel Royal on Sunday. The band of the Scotch Fusiliers play in the quadrangle of the palace at 11 A. M., and the music is superb. After leaving this, go into the court of the palace, where you will find entrance to the chapel. A ticket is supposed to be required from United States Embassy, but it is always a bother to get one.

The service begins at 12.30 noon, and if by 12 M. no strip of carpet is spread before the entrance it is not worth while to make any effort for admittance, for though the music is good enough, it is much better in many other churches, and as a rule the preachers in the royal chapels are very dull, while the building itself is not worth walking across the street to see. If you find the carpet, speak quietly to one of the vergers, say you are a stranger and an American, and ask for a seat. He will be almost certain to accede to your request, though his manner may not be quite as agreeable as you could wish. If you have a friend who wears a clerical vest and white tie, there will be no doubt of your having a good seat, for these fellows, like the Western traveler, have "a great respect for the church—you bet!"

Saturday is the day for seeing the Houses of Parliament. Free tickets are to be had in the Victoria Tower, entrance in Palace Yard, and you may spend what time you like in the show rooms.

These are only a few of the many objects of interest with which London is crowded, but my own experience tells me that it is better to be contented with studies and thorough visits to a few places of special interest, rather than with a hurried glimpse of many scenes, which is apt to be confusing, as indeed I this summer heard a prominent New Yorker say he had seen "miles of picture galleries and acres of statuary," and would take the winter to see what he could remember.

As to the expense of such living, six dollars a week will suffice, if the *small items* are carefully watched. There are indeed two or three very good boarding-houses in the neighborhood of Russel Square, and Guilford Street, where board with rooms in the upper floors, might be had for five dollars a week. Should any difficulty be found or anticipated in securing lodgings, there is a house agency on Museum street, near Oxford street, where every possible assistance will be given you.

For photographs to take home with you, go to Lockett's, Bloomsbury street. Ask for his *cheap* photographs of London, and he will show you them, beginning with one penny unmounted, and advancing in price from that up.

In giving six dollars as the amount to be expended in board and lodging, it does not cover the expense of excursions into the country. That must be extra, but the greater proportion of the sights herein enumerated are within walking distance of Russel Square, and the neighborhood of the British Museum. One advantage in walking must be remembered—the characteristics of place and people are much more enduringly stamped upon one's mind, when walking rather than being hurried by in a carriage or omnibus.

In my next letter I will give directions and details for a few weeks' sojourn on the Continent, and I sincerely hope that some may find help in the few simple directions here laid down.

L. P. L.

European Letter.—No. 4.

Granada, Spain, *Feb.*, 1881.

We are now in the land where one can hear the sweet tinkling of the guitar, the clatter of castanets, and where beautiful dark eyes gaze coquettishly at us from behind gay fans! We felt like kneeling to kiss the earth when we landed at Malaga, so glad were we to have our journey across the Mediterranean safely over. The sailors, who rowed us ashore in small boats, looked quite wicked and fierce enough to verify the reports we had heard of these fiery Spaniards. We found Malaga a rather dull, Moorish-looking place, with a bare, rocky coast, and not a single Malaga grape in the whole city! We had expected to feast upon them, but either we were too late in the season, or they had shipped them all off to our New York friends. Flitting here and there through the shadowy, narrow streets were many of the Spanish beauties, their pale dark faces and long-lashed eyes shaded by the becoming lace *toqua* or headdress. We saw not a single bonnet, except upon tourists like ourselves. As we sat in our window, looking out upon the street, we were surrounded by beggars—Gypsy-faced women, who begged us for *un poco*. One dark-skinned young fellow unslung his guitar and played a few sweet notes, which made us realize that we are indeed in the land of poetry and song, where Romeos still play beneath the windows of fair Juliets. But we were anxious to hurry back among the Sierra Nevada Mountains to Granada, where the palace of the Alhambra rears its princely walls. With the memory of the blue African skies and slender palm trees still fresh in our minds we were determined to see only a moderate share of beauty in the landscape; but the glittering orange groves, smiling green valleys, and towering Spanish mountains soon won us to deepest admiration. Who could be indifferent while passing through the fairest portion of Andalusia? Some one reminded us that we were passing through the largest orange grove in the world; the whole valley was planted full of them; we seemed to pass miles and miles of orange and lemon trees, and winding in and out among them was a beautiful stream of water; back on the hills olive trees were planted to the very crest. I thought we had seen oranges in the African groves, but never did I behold such an array as this! The trees looked like huge yellow bouquets, with only here and there a green leaf stuck to relieve the glare; they twinkled up to the sun like millions of stars; the gutters on the ground were filled almost knee-deep with the fallen fruit, and here and there on the ground they were piled in huge heaps, with peasants adding more and more to them. It was the most prodigal fruit scene I ever saw in my life! Back on some of the olive-covered mountains were veritable "*châteaux en Espagne*," some of them in ruins. There they were; castles in Spain. I have been building them all my life, and now I saw them—not however the ones I have built! As we shot in and out among the bold frowning mountains, that had been fed with the blood of the Moors, we could not wonder that they fought so desperately to keep these fair lands. Back on the mountains, and lighting up the dark foliage, were bright fires, gleaming red in the approaching night. We thought at first that these must be Gypsy fires, and that the gayly-dressed peasants who shone out in the weird red lights were the Gypsies preparing their evening meals over the woodland fires; but upon questioning the guard we found that this is a celebration always given on the eve of the second of February, which is "Candlearia Day," or "Day of Fire." The country folks upon this night gather all of the old rubbish of their cottages—old furniture, old rags, paper, and everything burnable—and light them in huge bonfires, before their doors, and this was the meaning of these many picturesque fires lighting the mountain sides with such beautiful effect. It would be well if some of the occupants of the untidy old shanties in New York would celebrate the "Day of Fire" also! We reached Granada late at night, and in perfect safety. We congratulated ourselves upon this, because we had heard so many stories of the danger of traveling among these lonely mountain passes, where bands of desperate men lay concealed, ready to rob carriages and even railway trains. We saw no signs of this whatever, except that companies of heavily-armed soldiers accompanied each train. After a sound slumber in the Hotel de Washington Irving, which is upon the grounds belonging to the Alhambra, we started with something like excitement to wander through the marble halls of the "pride of Granada and the boast of Spain." The broad walk leading from the hotel to the palace is bordered by a wood of tallest, straightest elm trees; these splendid trees were brought from England by the Duke of Wellington. Thick on the ground underneath them were glistening green leaves of violets and wood flowers in full bloom, birds were splitting their throats in the tree tops, and the bright morning sun shone down through the thick leafless branches of the trees, merrily lighting our way to the halls of the Moorish kings. We had for our guide a fiery-eyed Spaniard, who wore a long black cloak lined with scarlet. As one looks up at the huge stone walls crowning a peak of the mountains, it seems merely an ordinary antique fortress. It is only after entering the gateway in the dull stone that one sees its beauties. It is as though a beautiful diamond were resting in its rough pebble coating. Over this gateway, which we passed under, is carved in the stone a huge hand, and below it, quite out of its reach, is also cut a large key. It is said that the wizard who built this "dream in stone," predicted of it, that "its walls should not fall until this hand should reach down and clasp the key." It really seems as if the palace does rest under the charm of magic, for the walls seem to stand as firmly now as they must have through almost a thousand years. The walk through this

arched gateway leads up to a broad plain, planted with hedge-rows of clipped myrtle. At the end of this plateau, and completely barring it, as well as hiding behind it the palace of the Alhambra, is the unfinished palace of Charles the Fifth, who vainly tore down some of its precious walls that he might have a still more splendid palace; but though busy workmen were employed upon it during 150 years, it was never finished, and is now a huge, clumsy, roofless pile. Behind this grand failure is a small, unpretentious door, which leads into fairyland. This is the luxurious beauty of the Alhambra, hidden behind the gloomy walls. It burst upon us suddenly, and for a moment we were speechless. These slender, delicate marble pillars, the intricate lacy carvings, the stuccoed ceilings, so minutely and perfectly done, that it seems the work of Jack Frost on the window-pane—ah! who would dare to describe them since Irving has made them known and dreamed over by the whole world? One enters first the court that is seen always in Moorish houses, and it is surrounding this court, and opening out of it in every direction, that one sees the slight marble pillars, the heavily decorated floors, colonnades, niches, walls, and ceilings. The carvings of the arches have been compared to lace, and so it is, beautiful stone lace-work, so fragile looking that one almost looks for it to wave to and fro in the cool breezes that blow off the snowy mountains above. Yet this apparently flimsy lace has hung there unmoved through wars and earthquakes and years. We all stood quiet in these silent, empty halls, while the sweet mountain air fanned our checks, just as it once did the dusky cheeks of fair sultanas and fierce Moors. They have long since been driven away from their ancestral halls, and not a couch, not a cushion, not a perfumed fountain remains, to tell us of the life they once led. Only beautiful walls, and floors, and ceilings! We passed from one portaled apartment to another, and in each and all is the same elaborate embroidery in stone, the same beautiful, smooth, many-colored marble pavements, and the same honeycombed frescoed ceilings. In one of the apartments is a marble fountain, stained red as if with blood. It is said that in this peaceful spot —beautiful as a dream—the cruel sultan once summoned the Abencerrages, a noble race of handsome men, and with his glittering sword cut their heads from their bodies, allowing the blood to flow into the fountain. This was all because only one of them had dared to look with love upon his sultana. The fiery Moor was not content with punishing one, but all of his race. Whether the story is true or not, it is certain the blood-colored stains are there! Over this fountain the ceiling comes down like a great hollowed-out comb of honey, each cell open and differently colored with lovely frescoing. Another fine ceiling is in the state apartment; it represents the starry heavens. The background is of cedar wood with stars of ivory, and is a most precious and beautiful thing. A pretty little balcony overhanging a garden is caged in by iron bars. It was here that "Crazy Juana," the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, was confined during her madness. This madness was all because she loved her handsome, weak husband better than he loved her. After his death she carried about with her his coffin. We saw not only the portraits of her and her husband, but this very coffin. The view from the "Toilet of the Sultanas," a charmingly adorned room, where the beauties of the harem stayed, was superb. Far below, down the straight, steep mountain side, rushed the golden Darrow, which flows fresh from the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The trees that are planted down this steep acclivity are so tall that their tops reach up to the battlements of the Alhambra. Below is the Moorish town of Granada, and looking down over the roofs one can see the fountained courts of the houses. Up the vale is a peaceful-looking convent, looking well protected from the world by the mighty mountains around it. All around is the most luxuriant green of summer, while the air from the snowy mountains tempers the heat of the sun to delicious coolness. The whole place, the enchanting palace on the mountain top, and the surrounding country, the broad green Vega dotted with white villages, and the blue mountains beyond covered with purest blinding white snow, all seemed too beautiful for earth; it was a leaf from an Arabian Night's fairy tale. One has only to repeople this fair place with the haughty race who once dwelt here, who reclined on softest couches and cushions, who dressed in gorgeous gold-embroidered apparel, who had armies of soft-footed slaves to wait upon every caprice, to furnish its arches with silken hangings, and place here and there embroidered ottomans and divans, and the witchery of the scene is complete. Who would not fight as they did, till the last drop of blood, to keep one's enemies from placing their Spanish feet in these ancestral homes? In the Moorish houses in Africa we saw hanging upon the walls the keys of the castles they once owned in Spain. These keys descend from father to son and are guarded sacredly, in the touching hope that one day they may reconquer Spain, and take possession of their rightful homes. The sun was sinking behind the mountain tops as we left the Alhambra walls, and started down through the elm woods. A nightingale—the first I have ever heard—was singing a sweet song in the tree tops, another answered him, and so we had a bird vesper to celebrate our first visit to the palace of the Moorish kings. Down in the woods, and making a bright bit of color among the somber tree trunks, was a little nut-brown Gypsy boy in a bright red jacket; he too was humming a plaintive little song as he walked on through the woods. We are to return again to the Alhambra to-night, to view it by moonlight. It is said by the peasants here that sometimes at midnight flitting turbaned figures are seen to glide through the moonlighted arches, and that often the sound of the lute breaks upon the air, while mingled with these sounds are the groans of the ghostly captives from the dungeons below. Of course this is only the vivid imagination of the superstitious peasants; yet the gurgling of water in the pipes and the sigh of the night winds might make one fancy the spirits of those proud people had come again to visit their marble halls.

We lingered for several more days, after writing my last letter, in the fascinating regions of the Alhambra, and returned to it many times; so that now when we close our eyes we can still see vividly that beautiful palace, the snowy tops of the mountains, the broad, green Vega, with its pretty white villages, and the historic river Xenil winding through it.

A New York Girl Abroad.

Miss Fanny Butler, a distinguished pupil of the Women's School of Medicine, Henrietta Street, London, has just undergone her final examination at the King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Dublin, and is now about to proceed to India, to labor there among the natives as a medical missionary. Miss Edith Shore, a pupil in anatomy of the same school, has obtained, at the examination of the first division, the first degree, M.B., of the London University.

YOUNG LADY (*to herself*).—Shall I give up Ambition, give up Art, Music, Literature, and Load Myself with Household Cares and a Husband?

Work Bag.

MATERIALS.—Java canvas, fancy ribbons, floss, and two ivory rings. Take a piece of Java worsted canvas one yard long and half a yard wide, fringe out one end of it; then lay on three rows of fancy plush and silver ribbon, and work different patterns on each edge of ribbon with floss. On the opposite end put only two rows of ribbon, and work the floss on the edges. Gather the end on the inside, and finish with three silk balls. The end fringed, lay it flat and stitch it across, then sew the selvedges together, leaving an opening in the center nine inches in length, to put the work in. Put the rings on and slide back and forth the same as those used on a purse.

If ivory rings cannot be had, take the rubber rings used by babies, and crochet a network over them or cover with the fancy ribbon.

Fancy Mats for Smelling Bottles, Lamps, etc.

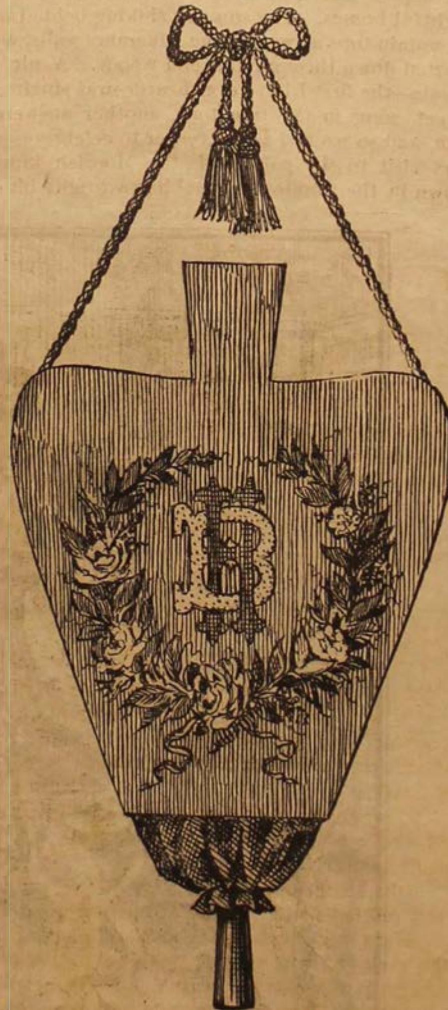
THESE simple mats are made of thin gray cardboard, worked with red cotton in fancy pattern, and finished round the edge with a full plaited ruffle of colored paper pinked on the edge. Cut a little star of gilt or silver paper, and paste on the top of each plait. Many pretty trifles can be made in this way for summer use, putting all worsted things away till the colder months.

Knitted Lace.

PUT on eleven stitches.—1st row. Knit plain.—2d row. Slip one, knit two, put thread twice around the needle, narrow, bring thread forward, narrow, knit two.—3d row. Bring thread forward, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit three, thread forward, knit two.—4th row. Slip one, knit two, bring thread forward, narrow, knit plain to the end.—5th row. Cast off three, knit seven, bring thread forward, narrow, knit two. repeat from the second row.

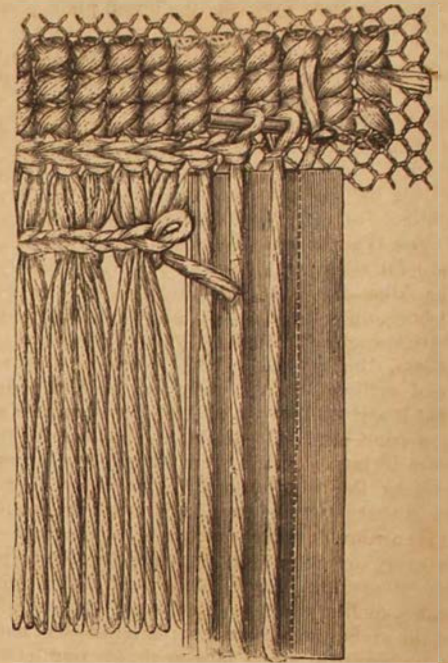
Pelerine.

THREE-PLY fleecy wool. No. 12 needles. Put on thirty-five stitches; knit 8 turns straight, then 36 turns, increasing one stitch on one end each row. Decrease on stitch for 21 rows on the straight side to form the back part of the neck, still increasing on the other side. Then knit 12 turns quite straight—the center of these 12 turns is the center of the pelerine, and the other side must be knitted in reverse.



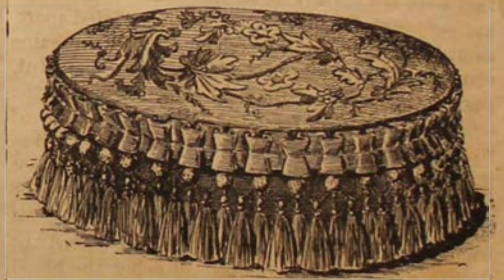
Brush Holder.

CUT two pieces of cardboard the shape of a pair of bellows, and cover with silk. Paint in water colors, or embroider a monogram and wreath of flowers in the center of one piece of silk, then overhand the edges of the bellows together at the sides, leaving the top and bottom open for the brush to slip through; cover the top of brush with silk to match, and hang the case with a heavy ribbon or cord and tassels.



Worsted Fringe.

A VERY pretty design for fringe made of worsted, for the edge of canvas tidies or mats. It is crocheted in the edge. The piece of cardboard is placed in the long loops of worsted to make the fringe even, and slipped out as you go along. It is so simple that we consider further explanation unnecessary.



Ottoman.

THIS little article can readily be made at home. Take a round or square box six inches in height. Cover the box with dark olive cloth, placing a little wadding on the top, and embroider in shell-colored silks, or wools. Around the top of sides, finish with a wide worsted fringe and full plaiting of satin ribbon, or, if preferred, pink out strips of the cloth two inches wide, and fasten on with brass-headed nails around the edge.

Table Cover.

THE PALM of patient industry was carried off by a pensioner in the Grenadiers, named Fish, who exhibited a portière (or quilt), a table cover, and six framed specimens of a perfectly original style of work. The ground was composed of pieces of cloth, chiefly red and black, arranged in a pattern, and covered with lines of embroidery, in the stitch of cashmere work, executed with doubled coarse thread in geometrical patterns. The effect is very much like that of the work of the American Indians and other primitive races. It would be a pity that Mr. Fish's art died out with him, though perhaps only industry equal to his own, and the leisure of a pensioner, could attain the same results.

Prunes and Prisms.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

(*Continued from page 238.*)

CHAPTER VII.

OFF FOR THE WOODS!

INTO the wilderness! Could anything be more beautiful than the morning on which the little party started to bury their sorrows, to find new life and exhilaration in a summer mountain home?

"It looks as if it was made for us," cried Cicely, sniffing the fresh, dewy breeze from the car-window, when they had, as by one consent, broken the pause that naturally falls upon all who are leaving home—even if the home *roof* is gone—"Don't it, aunty?"

Aunt Elderkin pulls down her thick traveling veil a little closer; but the smile is there, and after a minute the words come bright and strong,

"It's just the day to begin a new life in."

Uncle Joe looks at them keenly, then nods to himself, "I shan't be sorry. They won't fail me." Then goes off into the next car to talk business with a friend he has spied.

"Pruny'll have her head taken off," cried Cicely, with a little gasp. "Do see her, aunty; she runs it out about a yard every two minutes."

"I guess you had better go over and sit by her," said Aunt Elderkin anxiously. And in truth there was some ground for Cicely's fears; for every time the whistle blew, every time the steam was let off, and at the approach of the train to each bridge, the small black head was thrust out wildly, to see whatever of interest might be going on. And as something of the sort referred to *did* naturally happen about every few moments, the little woolly tails adorning Pruny's head were kept in a chronic state of commotion, terrible to the spectator!

"She won't let me," said Cicely complainingly, who had her own plans of sitting next to Miss Elderkin. "She feels so smart and stuck up to sit alone. Don't make me, aunty."

"Very well, then *I* go," said Aunt Elderkin, making a decided move to shift the canvas traveling bag out from between her feet. "I can't take the responsibility of having an accident happen, at least *before* we get to the Adirondacks; after that, I won't answer for anything."

"Oh, don't go, Aunt Elderkin!" cried Cicely, full of remorse, and flying out of the seat, she made her way staggering, with the uneven motion of the cars, across the aisle to Pruny.

Her welcome wasn't *very* sweet, as she knew would be the case, but the consciousness of doing her duty, as she looked over at Aunt Elderkin's tired face, was; so she leaned back, and tried to content herself with that.

"It's mos' *awful* hot!" exclaimed Pruny, running her legs out to their extreme length, and bunching up against Cicely, "an' dretful clus—oh, dear!"

"Don't jam so!" exclaimed Cicely, very indignant, and giving her a small push; "you've got nearly all the room now."

"Oh, Miss Cecy, I haven't," cried Pruny, with a most righteous expression, and wide-open eyes, and giving another scrouge as proof; "I'm mos' squashed to def, I am. Oh, my, wot's that!" and as quick as lightning she whirled around, and ran her head out of the window, as if it were a bullet shot from a gun.

"Come back!" screamed Cicely, leaning forward, and giving her an awful pull that tore something, "you'll be killed!" she cried, as Pruny succumbed to the pull.

"Wot's goin' to kill me?" demanded Pruny, twitching away, and glaring at her. "Lemme alone, Miss Cecy! I wanted to see that," she lamented, looking back over the space they had traveled.

"'Twas nothing in the world but an old red wooden bridge," said Cicely in contempt; "you'd be a goose to have your head taken off for *that*, Prunes."

"How's my head goin' to git took off?" asked Pruny, feeling of it with both hands, and shaking it to see if it stuck fast. "It's on awful tight."

"I guess 'twon't be long, if you go craning it out that way!" cried Cicely decidedly. "Now, don't you put it out again, child. It will roll off just like a croquet ball some of these times."

"Ker-slap," said Pruny, "wot, right down on the ground, under the whiz cars?"

"Right straight under the whiz cars," said Cicely firmly, seeing no other way than to frighten her smartly.

FINDS HERSELF NOT EXACTLY "RIGHT SIDE UP."

"Then I'll look out now, an' see where it's a-goin'," she announced, and running it out as much worse than her previous attempts as was possible, she investigated, despite all Cicely's frantic tugs at her skirts, the methods of her decapitation.

"That child must take in her head," commanded the conductor sternly, coming along; "we can't have any accident here."

"Oh, I can't make her," cried Cicely, with a very red face, and hanging on to the little dress.

"Here, you," cried the conductor, leaning over the back of the next seat, "take in your head!" and he gave a pull that wasn't to be disregarded.

"Lemme—" began Pruny, coming up with a lunge. "*Ow!*" when she saw the hat with a band, and the stern face underneath it.

"The next time I see that head out," said the conductor warningly, "I'll put the *whole* of you out." And he passed on.

"I don't want to stay here," cried Pruny passionately, wriggling to get past Cicely out of the seat. "I ain't a-goin' to stay where I'm sassed, neither!"

"Oh, dear me!" cried Cicely almost in despair. "Don't you want something to eat, Pruny?" she said, catching at the first wild hope.

"Ye ain't a-goin' to give her nothin'," said a voice close to their ears. And then came a bump on Pruny's shoulder that immediately commanded attention. Maum Silvy, who had been watching operations from the farther end of the car, had waddled and rolled her way along, despite the train was speeding its way at a dreadful rate to make up for lost time; and now took matters into her own hands. "Ye're a bad, naughty chile!" she said sharply, "an' don't deserve nothin' but a whippin'. *Now*, ef ye don't set straight, an' behave, ye'll come down to the furder part of the keer to me!" and she waddled back again.

Uncle Joe came back to find his party in anything but a delightful state. Pruny was grunting and grumbling away to herself, and Putkins, as if catching the infectious example, had gotten into a wrangle with the popcorn boy over a package of the delicacy which Jane didn't want him to eat. Rex was trying to arrange a comfortable seat for Aunt Elderkin, where she could lie back against the shawls, for this was a through train; and although she protested against it, her weary looks helped him out in his persistent urging.

Maum Silvy alone, after laying down the law to her daughter, was the only one who had the least appearance of enjoyment. *She* was taking solid comfort. With not a particle of care on her mind, with the simple trust of her race to what the future might bring, she was in such a happy-go-lucky frame of mind, that any turn in the day's kaleidoscope of events was simply bliss to her.

"Whew!" said Uncle Joe to himself, "this is certainly festive to commence on!"

"Have you heard of the dreadful times they're having up in the Adirondacks lately?" asked a gentleman in the next seat, looking up from his paper.

"No," said Uncle Joe; "what is it? anything special?"

"Oh, no," said the other, "only I notice it more, I suppose, because I've got cousins up in that section. Went for their health, you know, and all that. But I think there's a good deal of humbuggery about the whole thing, and I guess people will come to the same conclusion before long."

"What's happened?" asked Uncle Joe carelessly.

"Why, in the first place the weather's bad; dreadfully rainy season up there it seems, and people are dying who've gone to get cured. That is, my cousin wrote there had two died at the hotel where he stopped before he went camping out. Then the guides are getting perfectly exorbitant in their charges, and uppish, and disagreeable, and this," pointing to the paper he had thrown down on his lap, "says there has just been a dreadful accident on one of the Saranac Lake steamboat. A lady shot and killed instantly by the careless firing of a boy, who got the fever for hunting, that possesses every one who goes there. *I* wouldn't go near the place!"

"All these things might have occurred anywhere else," observed Uncle Joe coolly; "sickness and death are likely to come to all; and cheatery and carelessness *are* known to exist in other places than the Adirondacks."

"Oh, well," said the other with a shrug, "of course it don't make any difference to you, as

you are not particularly interested in that region, but my cousin —"

"Blandford," called the conductor. "*Change cars for Castleton, Freebury, and the north.*"

"That's my summons," said the stranger laughing, and reaching for his bag. "Good-day, sir," and he was off.

"Evidently I'm not to find many props to courage on *this* train," said Uncle Joe to himself. "Never mind, we're nicely in for it, now, we'll carry ourselves through, and it *can be done*."

Rex came up and joined himself to his uncle. "I tell you what 'tis, Uncle Joe," he said with sparkling eyes, "you've done about the best thing that was ever thought of in this Adirondack expedition. The very best!" he added emphatically.

"Hey!" said Uncle Joe, making a place for him. "Give us your reasons, my boy," and his keen eyes sparkled not much less than the pair looking down into his face.

"Oh—well," Rex slung his knapsack to one side, threw his tall, well-knit figure into the vacant seat, then turned a merry face to the questioner. "Everybody thinks so, and Aunt Elderkin says it'll be the making of us all over, as good as new."

"Bless her!" ejaculated Uncle Joe earnestly, with an involuntary glance over at the big black bonnet with its running folds of green veil that challenged any cinder to intrude. "We'll all see it through, I guess, and come out about right, Rex."

The boy turned quickly to meet this new mood.

"You've got to help me through with this thing!" exclaimed Uncle Joe, with such a clap on his knee as compelled attention. "If *you* fail, the whole thing drops flat."

Rex still stared, and not knowing just what was expected of him, he wisely said nothing.

"And this day three months," said Uncle Joe, leaning back in the seat again, and bestowing a brisk little nod on his nephew, "we'll compare notes; *then* it will be time to talk about it, for it's kill or cure."

"It's *cure!*" said Rex. And then there was silence. And in and out, in and out, among their thoughts went the monotone of the swift-flying train; the chatter of other voices, high above the din-like, resonant, inspiring chords, saying over and over again, "It *shall* be a grand success."

The end of that day's journey had come! Up to the little town where they were to spend the night the train pushed, with lazy puffs, as if its strength was almost spent, and it would like to pause and rest till morning too!

"Come!" cried Uncle Joe, hauling down traveling bags, and grasping shawls. "My goodness, if you're not all half asleep!"

Rex flew over and shook Pruny up, who, despite all her frantic efforts to keep awake, had at last succumbed, fighting every inch of the way, and slipped down into a little heap in the corner of the seat.

Cicely rushed down for Maum Silvy. But unfortunately that individual, impressed with her *own* powers of taking care of herself, stalked out, forgetting all her bundles, with such a high air of pride, that she pitched down the steps, only escaping being thrown under the cars, by the efforts of the bystanders, who rolled the old lady safely on to her feet.

"Sich steps I nebber *did* see!" she exclaimed in great dudgeon, and straightening her bonnet. And then, recollecting her precious parcels, she sent out such a howl of misery that everybody in hearing distance turned around in sudden dismay.

"Thar's my ban'box!" she screamed, rushing forward, to find the train moving slowly off, and *her* locomotion somewhat impeded by several people hanging on to her garments to prevent her destruction.

"Lemme go!" she cried, enraged at the detention. "You'll tear all my clo'es! Lemme go, I tell ye!"

"Madam!" said a kind-hearted man in spectacles, "you'll be injured—the train is moving at—"

"O' course it be!" she screamed, as much louder as she could possibly shout, and breaking, by a violent plunge, entirely free from all detaining hands, she jumped off the edge of the platform and ran wildly up the track crying, "Sto-*op!* I say—*sto-op!*"

"Oh, I've got them, Maum Silvy," cried Cicely, in tones of the greatest distress, rushing after her with her arms full of packages up to her chin. "See—see—everything's safe! *Do* come back!" she pleaded.

"Ye got the paper o' terbaccy?" cried Maum Silvy, turning around, and looking at her wildly.

"Yes—yes!" cried Cicely hastily. "Come, everybody's looking at you," she added, in a lower voice, and imploringly gazing into the old woman's fact.

"Wat d'ye s'pose I keer if they be!" she cried disdainfully, casting a withering glance over the amused groups scattered on the platform. "Let 'em look. I reckin that's about all they're good fer! Did ye fotch the pewter candlestick?" she asked anxiously, peering over into Cicely's burdened arms.

"Yes," said Cicely, glancing down upon a big newspaper bundle, out of which gracefully protruded the article in question. "Here it is, Maumy, all safe and sound."

"That's good," ejaculated the old woman with an immense sigh of relief. "I sh'd a hated to hev had that took, when Mister Josuf was so *gallant* as to buy it fer me. Hev ye fotched—"

But Rex jumped off the platform with white face, and eyes full of terror.

"*Have you got Putkins?*" he asked, fairly hissing the words.

"*No!*" said Cicely, with a horrible dread settling around her heart. "Oh, *Rex!*"

She dropped the bundles where she stood, and rushed after him. "Oh, Maum Silvy—*Maum Silvy!*" she cried, clasping her hands, "*Putkins*—"

That was all she could get out. The next moment she was surrounded by a crowd of people.

"What *is* the matter?" exclaimed an old lady, the first one on the ground. "Is the old woman crazy?"

"My dear child," interposed the kind-hearted man with the spectacles, who had followed to the end of the platform to witness the rest of Maum Silvy's antics, "can I do anything to assist you?"

"It's *Putkins!*" gasped Cicely into their faces, and waving her head wildly from one side to the other.

"What does she say?" said the benevolent stranger, in great perplexity, and looking on all sides for a chance of relief. "Does anybody know?"

"I guess she's crazy too," said a small boy cheerfully on the edge of the crowd.

"Be still, my young friend," said the kind-hearted man, waving him back authoritatively, and stepping nearer to Cicely, who, by this time, was driven up to the side of the building, where she was so hemmed in by her sympathizing friends as to be unable to proceed in either way. "I can find out if you will only give me time—only give me time," he added, bowing impressively to the old lady, who showed signs of taking matters into *her* own hands.

"Excuse me, sir," she began haughtily.

"Excuse *me*," he retorted most politely, and with a very elaborate bow.

"I think *I* can find out about the little girl without interference," she said, laying her hand on Cicely's arm.

"And *I* certainly can render more able assistance," he returned decidedly, and laying *his* hand on the other arm.

"Ye jest *git* out o' de way, both o' yer old meddlin' critters!" said a voice; and before either of them had a second in which to think, the benevolent stranger was set spinning at such a rate that his glasses were shot from his nose to be dashed into a dozen pieces, and Maum Silvy had gained the old lady's side.

"Ye kin go o' yer own accord," she said scornfully, "an' wen we either o' us want ye agen, we'll send fer ye. Now then," and she turned around on Cicely, "wot's all this cantankerous row fer, chile?" she demanded, "an' where is your Uncle Josuf?"

"*It's Putkins!*" cried Cicely, precipitating herself into the dear old black arms, bundles and all, "and *I guess he's dead!*"

"Sho!" said Maum Silvy, who had heard nothing, and horribly frightened, though she pretended not to be, she grasped Cicely's hand firmly.

"Come on," she said, striding off with monstrous steps, upsetting, with cool nonchalance, the small boy, who ventured too near to see the whole that was going on, till they ran directly into Aunt Elderkin, who had her hands full to keep Jane from going clean daft.

"Left in the cars!" explained Aunt Elderkin quietly through white lips. "Here, Jane, do just as I tell you," she commanded. "Do you drink this lavender water."

"I thought—I thought—you—you—" stammered poor Jane, rolling her eyes imploringly up at Cicely.

"She thought I took him out," explained Aunt Elderkin, administering the draught, and setting to work directly on another for Cicely.

Maum Silvy, meanwhile, was turning around and around like a very ample dervish, simply saying, "Ham an' Ja*phet!*" an expression she never indulged in save on extra occasions, as she considered it verging decidedly on the profane.

Uncle Joe was addressing with lightning speed every official and hanger-on around the place. No one had seen the child.

Rex meanwhile dashed up to the telegraph office. And this was the word sent ahead:

"Little boy about three years of age, with yellow curls; left by mistake asleep in the train due at 8.20. Had on brown linen suit, hat with dark brown wing. His name is Farrington Seymour; though he will only answer to 'Putkins.' Keep him till his friends arrive."

Uncle Joe just then rushed in. "Oh!" he cried, "you've done it." He ran his eyes over the message. "Right!" he said, and signed "Joseph Seymour" in bold letters. "I know Peterson, the station-master," he said, to comfort the wild-eyed boy, whom he couldn't look in the face. "He'll do what he can."

Nothing now but to wait! Slowly the twilight shadows fell over the town. Happy people went by the railroad station, or came in by groups to catch the next train, with children, laughing and merry, hanging to their hands, or running on before in glee. Cicely shuddered and wrung her hands at the sight. Aunt Elderkin went around with quiet steps to comfort by some reassuring word, while Pruny, seating herself on the upper platform step, set up the most unearthly wail, that chilled through and through the hearts of all who had heard the sad story.

And now back comes the word, "*No child been found on the train.*"

The little party, crushed by the terrible blow, gaze blankly into each other's faces, only half realizing—only half hearing; when a small voice,

close to Aunt Elderkin's elbow, said, "Here she is; here's my Aunt El'kin!"

"*Putkins!*" They never, one of that little circle, through all the rest of the joys and sorrows that befel them in after life, forgot the gasp that proceeded from Miss Elderkin's mouth.

"He-he-he!" said Putkins, perfectly delighted at the reception he received. "She's booful an' nice, she is!" pointing with one hand, in which remained a remnant of peanut candy reduced to a most unpleasant stickiness, and turning, with a most condescending glance, a face smeared from top to bottom with the same delicacy toward a comfortable, motherly sort of a person, following at a little distance, to assure herself that he was *really* safe.

"*Where has this child been all this time?*" cried Uncle Joe in stentorian tones, and marching up to her. "Be so good as to explain, madam!"

"Way down there," said Putkins, determined to do the talking himself; "an' we had lots an' lots of things to eat. Les' go back an' get some more," he suggested, unclasping his sticky hands from Cicely's new traveling dress, "owanges, an' squash cakes, an' big, big pies, an'—"

"*Hush!*" commanded Uncle Joe. "Now then, madam!" He turned his keen gray eyes on the comfortable, motherly person, who smoothed down her stuff gown composedly, all the while smiling in a cheery way, as if immensely relieved.

"In the eatin'-room, sir," she said, with the air of a siege at last withdrawn, "an' I was glad enough to git him there, for I thought he never *would* leave the baggage-room. An' all the while nobody come for him, an'—"

"How *could* we?" cried Uncle Joe, too exasperated to keep still. "We've been at our wits' end to be in every place in the same minute."

"I ran through the eating-room the very first thing," cried Rex. "There was no one in it but two old men, and they hadn't seen him."

"Ah!" cried the comfortable little woman, and she looked volumes at Putkins. "*We* were in the baggage-room then."

"An' 'twas booful; an' I wouldn't come when she told me to," chuckled Putkins. "Oh, no, I wouldn't! An' there were *gre—at* big boxes—oh, *so big*, an' I run behind 'em all—eve—ry single one! Oh, dear, I want to go again, I do!" And he gave a plunge down the platform.

"You little rascal!" cried Uncle Joe fervently. And recovering him without mincing matters, "Go on, madam," he said, with more respect; "from the depths of my heart I pity you!"

"It *was* rather tough," said the comfortable little body. And then she burst out into a rollicking spasm of laughter that it was impossible to resist. So there they all were, a sight to behold—plunged from one extreme of woe into a fit of glee, in which Putkins, with his little smeared face, joined with great gusto.

"He was just ahead of me," said the good woman as soon as she could speak, and wiping her eyes, "a-stalking on out of the cars just as grand and smart as you please, an' I s'posed his friends was close by, until I see him spring into the baggage-room, in among all the pitching round of the baggage. Then I run after him, to make sure [illegible] mischief to pay. Well, I fin[illegible] eatin'-room, an' there he *di*[illegible]r I didn't durst leave him, [illegible]it till just this blessed minu[illegible] looked worn to a thread, and [illegible] part with her traveling companio[illegible]

"If you've got any li[illegible] at home," said Uncle Joe, slipping *somethin'* into her hand, "give them that, with Putkins's love."

"I have," cried the little body, with a motherly look of pride, "five, who'll be very glad the little fellow is safe. Thank you, sir."

"Good-bye," sang out Putkins, as they struck out for the hotel. "I ain't a-goin' to be your little boy any more—I'm a-goin' by myself."

"Do you all hold on to that fellow," commanded Uncle Joe. "It'll take the whole lot of us sharp, and we'll see then if we can't get him safely through!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A FRESH START IN HOME-LIFE.

"LAKE-MOUNTAIN wagon *and* buck-board! I don't know which is nicest!" cried Cicely, in a perfect transport, on the third day. "*Aren't* we almost there, Mr. Higgins? I'm *per*fectly wild to see what it's like!"

"*But*-board—*but*-board!" screamed Putkins, his cheeks like two roses, and beating a lively tattoo with his heels on the back of the seat that had the honor of holding him. "Can't I have a but-board when I get up to the Wondax—say, Mr. Higs, *can't* I—*can't* I?"

"For pity's sake *do* be still!" cried Cicely, looking back from the front seat where she sat perched up by Mr. Joshua Higgins's side—familiarly called by all in that region "Uncle Josh." "You've been going on so ever since we started that a body can't think hardly. *I* want to ask lots and loads of questions—*do* make him be still, Jane!"

"You might as well stop the wind from blowin'," said that individual, who—what with the fright and discomforts of the journey, aside from various reasons of her own, had been decidedly averse to the mountain expedition to begin with—was in a frame of mind not in the smallest degree influenced by the exquisite unfolding of nature, every moment opened up to them. "*Ow!* my back's most broken, a-bouncing over these hunks of rocks!"

"*I* think it's fun!" declared Putkins, springing almost out of his side of the vehicle. "Make 'em bounce some more, Mister Higs, *do!*"

"She's so bounced in her mind," observed Uncle Josh, pointing a very grimy thumb over his left shoulder to the disconsolate nurse, "that *per*edise wouldn't be fit to stick her foot in! That's the trouble with *her!*"

"I ain't upset in my mind at *all*," cried Jane, just tired enough to be ready to wrangle with the first one who offended. And she gave her shawl a twitch, and sat bolt upright, to show this impertinent stranger, who was only a hired man, as she supposed, that it wasn't for *him* to address her.

"Hain't left nobody to home that you'd a leetle rether'd a-come along, hey?" said Mr. Higgins, twisting around to throw her a sharp look, and rolling his quid of tobacco over into the left cheek. "*That* sometimes makes a place look a leetle onhandsome. Sho now, Bep. Easy there, Fidget. Look fer the boulders, all of you," he warned; "there's a pooty deep rut jest a piece ahead."

But Jane, too angry to hear anything but the first part of his sentence, only sat stiffer than ever. And the first thing that she was made aware of was the finding herself, not exactly "right side up," in a bed of thick black mud, interspersed with generous rocks, such as no other place than "the Adirondacks" has the facility of producing.

"Sho there!" called Mr. Higgins to his beasts, who were proceeding at the same stolid pace, that would have carried them to the end of the world, without a "pull up" from the controlling mind. "Now that's too bad!" he ejaculated, throwing the reins to Cicely, and vaulting over the wheel to her assistance. "Why didn't you hold *on!*"

"I'll help her," cried Putkins, rolling out from his seat with the greatest alacrity, perfectly delighted to find an excuse to stretch his legs. "I'll bring her back," he declared pompously.

"Do you stay back!" cried Jane in a perfect fury, shaking the clinging mud from as much of her garments as she could reach. "You'll only get into the muss, an' make me twice the trouble. Stay where you are!"

But Putkins, hurrying with all his might, was picking his way with remarkable zeal over the damp, slippery boulders. "I'm a-comin'," was what he *meant* to say. Instead of verbal utterance, there was a slight commotion among the stones, a pair of small boot-heels elevated at an unsightly height, and a very small thud!

"I'll pick you up fust," observed Mr. Higgins, fishing him out unceremoniously. "Then I'll help 'tother one."

"You won't help *me!*" cried Jane snappishly, tottering on over the uneven road, nearly breaking her neck at each step. "And if your old wagon, or whatever you call it, had had sides to it, we sh'd have been all right. I'll ask Mr. Seymour not to hire *this* again." And she flounced in, in time to receive Putkins to her muddy embrace.

"Very well," said Mr. Higgins, with a smile, slouching up into his seat again, and recovering the reins with a "G'lang!" "You'll feel better when you git washed up. They *are* a pooty lookin' pair, ain't they?" he said slyly to Cicely, bringing into requisition the thumb again.

"To think," said Jane, who was excessively neat, twitching off Putkins's little straw hat to snap off some of the mud, "of driving up looking like this. It's outrageous."

"Ther won't be many neighbors to stare at ye," said Mr. Higgins composedly. "The cow may look some, cos she's 'xpectin' ye, but ye needn't git scared about yer cloes. G'lang!"

"There come the others!" announced Cicely in joyous tones, craning her neck, as a turn in the road brought the bigger buck-board into view. "Do hurry and get ahead of them, Mr. Higgins," she begged. "They're whipping up—do hurry."

"Ther ain't no special need of killin' ourselves," said Mr. Higgins coolly. "We're almost ther, only a few steps more. An' my horses know it, an' they won't hurry any more'n they're obleged."

"*Almost there!*" screamed Jane, in utter dismay. "Why, it's right *straight in the woods*. Nobody could live *here!*"

"Yer didn't s'pose ye'd find a wilderness with an opery house inter it, did ye?" said Mr. Higgins, bursting out into a jolly laugh at the sight of her face, whose surprise was something startling, seen through the mud-streaks. "Ther, here we be! Now, jump out, an' see how you like yer new home!" And he pulled up in front of a log-cabin, set at the side of a little grove of pines, just back a short distance from the road.

"Oh!" cried Cicely, with one jump over the wheel, "can we really live here! Isn't it beautiful! Look, look, Mr. Higgins!" she cried, as if it were the first time he had ever seen them, "at those beautiful, grand old mountains, back of the house! They look as if they'd take care of us, and guard us from all harm, don't they?" she cried in the greatest delight.

"Guard from fiddlestick!" exclaimed Jane in the greatest contempt, not vouchsafing a look, and turning her back on the whole thing in dreadful disappointment; "I wish I was dead, before I'd ever come to this outlandish place!"

But Cicely was over at the other buck-board, catching hold of Rex's hands for an enthusiastic spin. The boy took one keen, searching look, then drew in a long, deep breath. Cicely in after years, in recalling his boyish face, remembered him as he looked that instant!

"It's *all right*, Uncle Joe!" he sang out cheer-

ily, and then went to help Aunt Elderkin and Maum Silvy on to *terra firma.*

"This the house?" exclaimed Maum Silvy in a high key. "Wot, to stay and *lib* in!" she repeated, going up in the scale at every syllable. "It's the *craziest* place I was ever in!" she finished in a perfect shriek.

"Oh, Maum Silvy," cried Rex, with flashing eyes, "it's the noblest, *gloriousest* place in all the world!"

"Humph!" ejaculated Maum Silvy with a snort. "Wot yer goin' to do here, I'd like to know, libin' stark alone so? Ther ain't no store to run out to handy, and ther ain't no set tubs, I know! It's a perfec'ly *crazy* place!"

"There's all the world to wash in," said Cicely merrily. And tossing back her hair from her joyous face, "O *Maum Silvy!*" she ran up behind the faithful creature and gave as much of the ample back as she could reach a loving hug.

"Wal, I s'pose I've got to be content whar my chilluns is," said the old woman, swallowing something very hard. "An' I mought as well go in that thar shanty an' make ye all a cup o' coffee, as nothin," and not daring to trust herself with a look around, she waddled in-doors to wrestle with worse disappointments, in the place of the modern improvements for which she had looked!

As for Pruny, she was nowhere and everywhere, at one and the same moment! For once she was in a place where there seemed to be plenty of space for Pruny Simpson! And the realization of it so went to her head that her small figure became nothing but a dissolving view, or a swift-flying dot upon the landscape!

"Look here, now!" said Uncle Joe, spying her making for a brook that gurgled its way under precipices and overhanging crags, filled with boulders and moss-grown logs, pursuing its wild way through the forest; "if you don't limit yourself, Pruny, we'll tie you up in the house; come back this moment!"

"Thar's fishes in it!" said Pruny, slowly turning around.

"*Come back!*"

"Oh, dear!" she grumbled, obeying the order at a snail's pace. "I want ter go. Why can't I go?" she whined at every step.

"Now just see here!" Uncle Joe took hold of the small black arm, and compelled her to look up into his face.

"I tell you if you go out of sight of this house you'll be lost," he added impressively. "To-morrow I'm going to run up a tall flag, so that will be better than nothing if you get astray. But *now*, if I catch you at any tricks of exploring, Pruny Simpson, you won't step out of the house for a month!"

"Woteber *is* 'xploring?" asked Pruny vaguely. "Is't gettin' jam an' sich?"

"Oh, dear me!" cried Uncle Joe in dismay, "how can I expect to talk to children, who scarcely ever saw one! No, no, child, it's poking and prying into things that you've no business to; in short, running away. Now you understand, don't you?" he asked sharply.

"Can't I go *nowhars?*" asked Pruny, beginning to whimper outright. "Oh, dear, wot a mean, squinchin' place! 'tain't no better'n t'other home—'tain't!" and horribly disappointed, she threw herself flat on the damp moss, and filled the air with dismal, heart-rending cries.

"Why, child," exclaimed Uncle Joe, bending over her, "don't you understand that it's only for a day or two? Then, I expect you'll be a perfect little mountaineer, and race and scramble with the best of 'em!"

"Hi!" Pruny jumped to her feet with such a sudden fling that she nearly overturned her kind comforter. "Whickety! Oh, Mister Josuf! I'll stick to the house like the plasters that Maum puts on her back—I will, for shore!"

"If you don't there'll be another kind of stick called into service," said Uncle Joe laughing.

"I'm so glad you think it's going to be all right." Mr. Seymour looked keenly at the plain face before him, with its clear gray eyes and firmly-cut mouth, that certainly would have told if their owner *didn't* "think it all right." "It will need a good deal of patience with the children, and a good many winkings at discomforts; but, *if* persevered in, I trust it will restore them to my brother in fine condition."

"I think so," said the firm lips decidedly, while the gray eyes took in a comprehensive sweep of the wild grandeur spread before them.

"For as to health," pursued Uncle Joe enthusiastically, "there wasn't a sicklier lot in all New York than the Congdons, and after their one season in this very house—" he paused to look over beam and rafter, as if to say, "*There* is a record for you"—"there wasn't a *tougher* lot in all New York than they were last winter. I used to meet them the *stormiest* days, tramping down town, with bright, rosy cheeks of perfect health, that had 'Adirondacks' written all over them. So what could I do but accept their offer, now they're off in Europe, to take the cabin all furnished this season? 'Twould have been a clear case of flying in the face of Providence if I had let the chance go by."

Miss Elderkin turned an honest face, over which a kindly light flashed like bright sunlight, toward him.

"Those children will live to bless you all their lives," she said simply. And then set about making the "Seymour season" in the old log cabin as much of a success as lay in *her* power.

"Don't it seem as if you breathed clear through, aunty?" said Cicely, at early dawn of the first morning in their new home. Kneeling before the low window she drew in long, pure breaths of keen delight.

"Clear through what?" said Aunt Elderkin, running over in her mind just how she could compass all the comforts and conveniences that Maum Silvy's ample kitchen of the time that now, alas seemed so very far in the distance, had contained for her. "It's spoiled her," she said to herself, "for anything short of perfection, but we must make the best of it. What do you mean, Cicely?" she asked again, bringing herself back to present things.

"Why, right straight through the mountains, aunty," she cried, with a merry laugh. "It's so pure and sweet that it *must* come *through* 'em like a filter, you know."

"Mercy, no!" exclaimed Miss Elderkin practically. "I sh'd never think of such a thing. There, tie up your hair now, an' be ready for breakfast. It looks like a wild Indian's for all the world!"

"It's the very beautifulest place," cried Cicely, tearing herself away from the window reluctantly, and beginning to dress, "that I ever *sup*posed was in all this world! And to think that we're going to *live* here, aunty!" She made a little pause over the word, as if too great for her to dispose of summarily, and then dashed off again to her toilet. "And to think of always being allowed to hop right into this dear flannel dress," she exclaimed, giving it a loving little pat before she threw it over her head. "Oh, it's *such* a comfort!"

"You're to keep yourself just as neat and nice in that rig," said Aunt Elderkin decidedly, "as if 'twas a silk gown, remember that! A mountain suit is for comfort and health, not a makeshift to help lazy people along. *That* I abominate!"

"Oh, don't be worried, aunty," said Cicely, with her mouth full of pins; "the dear old mountains won't spoil all your lessons, never fear."

"They won't spoil *you*," said Miss Elderkin, with a glance of pride; "only be sure you get nothing *but* good out of 'em!"

"What makes Putkins *so* cross and hateful?" exclaimed Cicely, as a wail smote upon their ears from the part of the big room that was curtained off for the use of Jane and her enterprising charge. "I thought he would be perfectly heavenly when he got up here. Oh, dear, *do* you suppose he's going to fight like that *all* the time, aunty?" as a loud outburst proclaimed that a decided wrangle was well under way.

"Children are pretty much like other people," observed Miss Elderkin coolly. "They've got to wait, after being shook up, to settle of themselves. The more you work over 'em the worse they get, till they've a mind to be reasonable. Then they're as sweet as a June rose!"

"There isn't much of a June rose about *him*," said Cicely, as wail after wail arose on the lovely stillness of all nature about them. "Goodness me, aunty! What *can* be the matter with him! He'll scream himself to death!"

Aunt Elderkin stepped across the low room and lifted the chintz curtain.

"What's the matter, Putty?" she said kindly. "My, deary me! *What* a face! When I thought you were going to be our good little man!"

There sat Putkins in the middle of the bed, which, in his anger, he had perfectly upset, pulling the clothes in every direction, as a sweet revenge for the grievance weighing on his mind.

"I want to go *home!*" he roared dismally, "an' have my own crib in the nursery, I do! This is a howwid, bad old place!"

"And that's the truth!" assented Jane devoutly.

"I'm going to put you up a real pretty mosquito net to-day, Putkins," said Aunt Elderkin briskly, "just like what your own little crib had. Then that will be nice."

"No, 'twon't," denied Putkins, screaming on; who began to be suspicious over the detention of his crib, which he considered purposely withheld from him, and in many ways inclined to consider life as a good deal of a mystery. "'Tain't my *own* cwib! Boo—hoo—*hoo!*"

"The whole wilderness won't hold us, if you're going to screech like that!" said Rex, coming up the low stairs at one bound. "Putkins, if you'll *only* stop, I'll let you see the first bear I shoot, I will, upon my word!"

Vague as the promise was it filled Putkins's whole soul with delight. He immediately tripped up, and scorning Jane's help, jumped out of bed, and announced himself ready to begin the day.

"I'm goin' to have one of the ears, and the whole of the tail, an' all five of the legs, an'—"

"No, no, no!" cried Pruny, "you *shan't* have the whole. I'm a-goin' to have somethin' of it!"

"*No!*" said Putkins decidedly, and setting his little white teeth together with a small snap.

"Then I'll get a bear for myself!" exclaimed Pruny magnificently. And she *did*, but not *exactly in the way she intended!*

...eir hands, or runnin
...ely shuddered and wi
... Aunt Elderkin wen
to comfort by some
...y, seating herself or
...t up the most unea
and through th
story.
...on

Answe[r to] Enigma in [M]ay.

You all know of the elements,
Quartette of world-wide fame,
One comes from my initials,
And another from my name.

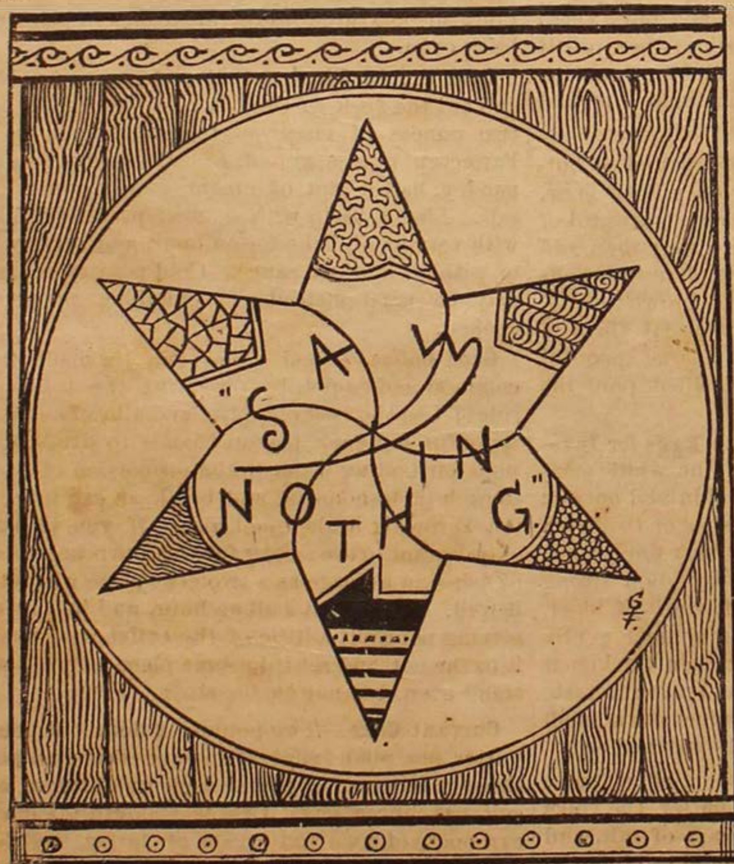
SOLUTION.

We will first take an elegant bee,
And exactly one-half of two-fourths of a knee,
Two strokes of a bell when ringing a knell,
Enroll now the most oval part of a rose,
Remember to put in the first of your woes,
Forget not to enter the last of your toes,
And if with all these you hasten a flame,
Let the light of it aid you in finding my name,
Let us see if your answer and mine are the same.

Elegant B . . . . B
$\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{2}{4}$ of a knee—letter E . . . . . E
1234
Two strokes of a bell when ringing . L
an L L
Most oval part of a rose—letter O . . O
First of woes—letter W . . . . . . W
Last of toes—letter S . . . . S

Initials.—WATERFALL. *Name*—BELLOWS.
Element.—Water. *Element.*—Air.

ANSWER TO REBUS. — All that glitters is not gold.



The star now shows the words "SAW NOTHING." This is an anagram of the name of a great American soldier. Who can tell his name?—Answer next month.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

An Unwholesome Lesson.—It has become a sort of fashion to tell boys that with energy they can win for themselves any position in life that they desire. This is not true, and therefore not a wholesome lesson for them to learn. There is every variety of work in the world to be done, and every variety of ability and talent to do it. If these could be wisely fitted together, both public and private interests would be secured. But, if, instead of this, people are forever aiming to do something beyond their powers, and neglecting that for which they are specially adapted, nothing but ruin can ensue.

Progressive Manhood and Womanhood.—There are men and women who seem to be, in their minds and hearts, more like the manufactured article than living personalities. Circumstances, training, and other influences have brought them to their present status, and there seems to be no inward vitality to carry them higher. They have been molded into certain shapes, and they merely retain the form. Or, if they undergo changes, it is the result of external pressure, not of inward vitality.

Labor.—In all labor there is poetry, if we can but find it, containing its deepest meaning and its truest realities. One mechanic sees nothing beyond his tools and their daily use; another beholds the civilization and refinement which his work is daily spreading. One merchant measures his business only by his yearly account of profit or loss; another sees in it the extension of commerce, the employment given to labor, the triumph of honest principles. One physician looks at his profession only as a ladder for his own advancement and popularity; another beholds suffering assuaged, disease overcome, sanitary habits enforced, healthful living secured, happiness increased. One woman sees in her house only an arena for hard work and physical comfort; another sees exquisite pictures of the possible happiness, honor, development, and value which may be cherished within it, and may issue from it to bless society and strengthen the nation. It is only as these higher truths of labor become vividly pictured in the imagination that labor itself can rise to its true position. Its poetry is its best reality, and ennobles all its prose of hard work or dry details.

Depreciation.—The disposition to depreciate what is not ours is often shown with regard to pursuits in life. It is right and best that each person should follow some special occupation in which he should strive for excellence. It is not supposable that he can know as much or be equally interested in any other pursuit. But, for this very reason, it is incumbent upon him to be modest and unassuming, willing to observe and ready to accord respect to that which is plainly out of his power to perform. On the contrary, how frequently are such avocations made the subject of contemptuous remarks and slighting allusions! There are professional men who look down upon business as a mere money-making affair, and business men who look down on the profession as offering no sure road to wealth. There are philosophers who despise the practical walks of life, and practical men who have nothing but contempt to give to philosophy. There are scientific men, dealing only with established facts, who can accord no respect to ideas, and idealists who have no patience with the tangible details of science. There are men carrying the burdens of state, who sneer at poetry, and poets who disdain all knowledge of politics. What does all this prove? Not certainly any superiority in one or the other, but a deficiency in the power of appreciation—not any peculiar depth in one direction, but a decided narrowness in another.

KITCHEN

Summer Food.—The great danger in warm weather is in cooking too much and eating too great a quantity of heavy farinaceous food. Of late years a public opinion has been created against meat in warm weather, and many persons abstain from it who do not at all understand that they may be doing themselves more injury by the warm bread and biscuit, the rich pies and puddings, the heated butter in vegetables, the fried potatoes, the tough omelets, and the thousand and one ways in which people who are accustomed to meat endeavor to make up for its absence.

Meat in excess is not good at any time, and less is required in warm weather than in cold; but to the worker, and those who lead active lives, meat once in the day is not too much in the warmest weather, and it ought to be of a good, nourishing, digestible sort, such as tender roast beef, broiled steak or chops, roast or stewed veal, roast lamb or chicken. Fish can be made use of in summer, especially the solid kinds, such as bluefish, twice in the week with very great advantage; but it ought to take the place of meat, not be used in addition to it, at least, not upon ordinary occasions. A dish of nicely cooked meat or fish, two vegetables, a salad, an *entrée*, a simple pudding, or dish of fruit, and some light graham rolls, or whole wheat bread, is good enough dinner for any one whose taste has not been very greatly indulged and perverted.

Salads should be simply dressed during the summer so as to get all the benefit possible from the fresh lettuce, the water-cress, and the green garden growth of which it is composed.

Fried dishes should be discontinued, and potatoes should give place to peas, greens, rice, spinach, cauliflower, and the various delightful products of the summer in the vegetable line, which culminate in the ever-welcome corn and tomatoes. Potatoes contain more starch than any other kind of food in common use, and have consequently less nutritive quality; they therefore return less for the time and trouble required to digest them than the same amount (in bulk) of other foods. Moreover, they take long to ripen, and before they are ripe, are not fit for food at all. The early, what are called "young" potatoes, therefore, are about the poorest ingredient that can be introduced into the regular bill of fare, and as "old" potatoes are often "grown" or begun to decompose, which they show by black spots, it is really of importance that they be discontinued for a while, even those who are very much wedded to them, returning with double zest to their favorite dish after a brief respite, and when it has acquired mealy perfection.

Eggs are very useful in summer. Nothing can surpass for lightness and healthfulness the summer morning breakfast of fresh, soft-boiled eggs, crisp, cool water-cresses, well-made cocoa, and graham or oatmeal rolls, or toast. Of course to this may be added a dessert of fruit, the fresh strawberries or strawberry cake, the stewed rhubarb for those who like it, the decorative red and white currants well mixed with powdered sugar, or the marmalade, not to be compared, however, to the sanitary quality of fruit fresh and free from its weight of cooked sugar.

Delicate rice griddle-cakes may be added to the breakfast occasionally, but not "flannel" cakes, because they are made wholly of flour, and are not easily digested.

Boiled hominy, too, is always useful, and like

boiled oatmeal, is delightful with cream or very good milk. What is left of either makes nice cakes with an egg, a cup of flour, a cup of milk, and a little carbonate of soda.

RECIPES.

Graham Pudding.—Take two cups of graham flour, one cup of milk, one cup of molasses, one cup of raisins, two teaspoonfuls of soda; steam one hour and a half.

Scotch Woodcock (for an *entrée*).—Take four slices of bread half an inch thick, toast and butter them well, take the crust off and spread over them some anchovy paste, lay them one on the other, pour over thick melted butter made with milk; send up to table very hot.

Gingerbread Cakes.—Take two pounds of brown sugar, half pound of butter, pint of molasses, mix together and make hot; then add one pound of flour, three eggs, whites and yolks, beaten thoroughly, one ounce of powdered ginger, one dessert-spoonful of carbonate of soda; mix all the ingredients well together, and bake in a buttered tin, with buttered paper over.

Rice Pudding.—Boil a cupful of rice in milk until it is well swollen; add three eggs well beaten, a quarter of a pound of seedless raisins, a little sugar and nutmeg, all beaten up together with the rice. Fill a mold, and bake for three-quarters of an hour.

Summer Drinks for Children.—Rice water, barley water, oatmeal water, with lemon and sugar, should be ready in every house where children are. These are surely better than cold tea, which is often given, or milk, that cannot always be trusted.

Preserving Eggs.—To one pound unslacked lime add two ounces salt, one ounce cream of tartar, and six quarts of cold water. Let it stand for some time and immerse the eggs in it, taking care to cover them well. If they do not feel rough after a few days, add more lime.

Irish Stew.—Take part of a neck of mutton, cut it into small pieces, put it into a kettle, the meat well covered with water; some small white onions cut in slices, pepper and salt; a number of potatoes must be cut rather larger than the meat (not sliced); put them at the top, let all stew together till done. A breast is nice done in this way.

Bread Sauce.—Pour half a pint of boiling milk on a teacupful of fine bread-crumbs, add a small onion stuck with three cloves, a small blade of mace, a few peppercorns, and salt to taste; let the sauce simmer five minutes, add a small piece of fresh butter, and at the time of serving remove the onion and mace. This sauce is used for stewed or boiled fowls.

Summer Entrée.—For a light entrée snow cream is delicious. Put four ounces of ground rice, two of sugar, some strong rose-water to taste, with two ounces of fresh butter, and a quart of rich milk; boil from fifteen to twenty minutes, till it forms a smooth substance; then pour it in a mold previously buttered; it should be jellied when turned out cold, and may be used for dessert with fruit.

Chicken and Ham Pie.—Season some slices of boiled ham, lay them on a puff-paste about half an inch thick; then season some pieces of chicken, and place them on the ham, with the yolks of some hard eggs; cover these with more slices of ham, season as before, put some gravy in over half a cup of tomato sauce, and put a puff-crust on the top, and bake it thoroughly. If to be eaten hot, more gravy may be added when done.

A Dessert Dish.—A dish which is easily made, and which is economical as well as palatable, is to take slices of cake which are a little dry and pour over them while hot some boiled custard; cover the dish quickly, and the hot custard will steam the cake sufficiently. Eat with fruit or jelly.

Old-fashioned Cup Custards.—In a shallow pan beat six eggs till very light, thick, and smooth. Stir them gradually with the milk together with a teacup of fine sugar. Turn the mixture into cups, set them in an oven to bake till the top is a rich golden brown, and as they cool grate nutmeg over the surface of each. The cup must be placed in an iron pan half full of warm water. They should bake in fifteen minutes. If kept baking too long they will be porous and tough, and whey will settle in the bottom.

Stuffed Veal.—Take the hind quarter of veal, three slices of salt pork, three slices of bread, as many eggs, and salt, pepper and a bay leaf; chop up the meat and bread in a fine minced hash, add the beaten eggs and soak it all with milk. Fill the cavity made by taking out the bone, and see that the butcher has previously larded the joints. Let it bake two hours in a baking dish, so when done it will be turned out in the same shape; good hot or cold.

Summer Sausages.—English mutton sausages make an agreeable addition to the breakfast table. Take some cold roast mutton, cut it in as large slices as possible; then take some bread-crumbs, chopped sweet herbs, salt, pepper, and moisten them thoroughly with two eggs, and put a small quantity in the center of each slice; then roll it after the fashion of a sandwich, and tie each one up tightly as possible; lay them in hot melted butter and cook until brown and crisp.

To Make Milk Toast.—Put half a pound of butter into a tin toastpan; dredge on a little flour, and rub it in with a spoon; turn on a teacupful of boiling water, stirring it all the time; then add three gills of milk or cream, and stir it until it boils up once. Toast the bread a light brown; dip it while it is hot, one piece at a time; lay them in the dish, and over each piece put a large spoonful of the sauce. When the dish is filled, pour the sauce over the whole.

Minced Chicken or Mutton with Eggs for Invalids.—Take, if chicken, some of the white meat from the breast, and remove all skin and outside parts—if mutton, an underdone slice or two from the leg, saddle, or loin; mince it very finely; put it into a stewpan, with a little very good strong gravy or beef tea free from fat; flavor it, if liked, with a few herbs and spices, and simmer gently until quite hot, but not boiling; then thicken it with a little butter and flour, and season to taste with pepper and salt. Put this mince on a small dish, and serve on the top a nicely-poached egg.

Strawberry Tartlets.—Make some short paste with two oz. of sugar, two oz. of butter, the yolks of four eggs, a little water, a pinch of salt, and flour just enough; work it lightly, and roll it out to the thickness of one-eighth of an inch. Line some pattypans with it, fill them with uncooked rice to keep their shape, and bake them in a moderate oven till done. When brown remove the rice from each tartlet, and fill it with strawberries which have been previously heated through in an oven in a covered dish, with sugar, but no water. To be served cold.

Stewed Rumpsteak.—Take a piece of rump steak an inch thick, fry it in butter on both sides, add enough hot stock just to cover the steak, a bundle of sweet herbs, pepper and salt to taste, two carrots sliced, and a dozen very small onions. Cover the saucepan, and let the contents simmer very gently for about two hours. Mix a piece of butter and some flour in a saucepan on the fire, add the best part of the liquor in which the steak has been stewing, put in a little Worcestershire sauce and mushroom ketchup. Lay the steak on a dish, the carrots and onions round it, and pour the sauce over.

Velvet Cream.—"Velvet cream," to be eaten with cake, is made in this way: Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly, two tablespoonfuls of raspberry jam; beat all well together; cream may be added or not, as you choose, but it is a great addition, provided it is *real* cream. Velvet cream is a fine accompaniment to blanc-mange.

Potato Cakes (Breakfast dish).—Mash the well boiled potato in a warm saucepan, adding milk, butter, and salt. To make the mixture light, take two forks in one hand, with the prongs of the forks turned outward, and beat to the desired lightness. Then form it into cakes, smooth them, and spread over the tops the beaten whites of eggs, brown them in a hot oven and immediately serve.

Cathedral Pudding.—Butter some thin slices of bread, without crust, and over the butter spread a good layer of jam. Cut the slices into convenient pieces. Line and border a deep pie-dish with puff paste, arrange the slices of bread and butter in the dish until half full. Make an ordinary, rather milky ground-rice pudding, flavor the milk with which it is made with the rind of a lemon. Sweeten to taste, and add to it two or three beaten-up eggs, according to the size of the pudding. Pour this mixture into the pie dish, and bake in a brisk oven.

Cold Pie for Picnic.—Boil a chicken or rabbit and cut the flesh as thin as possible. Then boil two ounces of macaroni, the same quantity of Parmesan cheese grated, a little finely-chopped parsley, half a pint of cream, some pepper and salt. Line a basin with a good paste sprinkled with vermicelli, bake for an hour, and serve with or without a brown sauce. Cold poultry or game may be used instead of something purposely cooked.

Good Coffee.—Good coffee can be made in a common coffee-pot by observing the following rules: Use the best old Java, and allow one tablespoonful for each person that is to drink, then pour on boiling water in the proportion of a pint to each tablespoonful, and break an egg into the pot throwing in the shell also. If you think it extravagant to use an egg for this purpose, a piece of fish-skin as large as a two cent piece will settle it well. Boil about half an hour, and just before serving pour out a little of the coffee and return it to the pot, and set it in some place where it will stand even, but not on the stove.

Currant Cake.—Two pounds of flour, one pound butter, one pound sugar, two ounces candied peel, three-quarters of a pound each of currants and sultanas, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls each of carbonate of soda and cream of tartar, sufficient milk to mix to a proper consistency. Rub the butter and flour well together, add the currants sultanas, and sugar, and the peel finely cut. Well beat the eggs, add the milk, and beat into the mixture. Mix the carbonate of soda and cream of tartar with a little milk, and while effervescing pour into the cake and beat the whole for about five minutes. Have ready a cake tin lined with greased paper, pour the mixture into it, and bake in a quick oven till done (about three hours).

Vermicelli Pudding.—Put four ounces of *vermicelli*, with a small stick of cinnamon, into a pint and a quarter of boiling milk sweetened to taste. Let the whole boil till the vermicelli has absorbed all the milk; remove the cinnamon, and put them into a bowl to get cold; then work in, one by one, the yolks of four eggs freed from the speck, and the whites of two eggs whisked to a froth. Butter and bread-crumb a plain mold, using very fine bread-crumbs; put the mixture into it, and bake about twenty minutes; then turn out, and serve the pudding with wine or with jam sauce.

"HOW TO LIVE IN SUMMER."

We extract the following recipes and suggestions, which are applicable to any season, from a little pamphlet by Mrs. Amelia Lewis, with the above title:

To Steam Rice.—It is quite an art to steam rice well. Wash the rice once in water; place it in the saucepan with enough warm water to cover, and put it on the stove, so that it does not actually boil, but only simmers. When the water is soaked up, add more, and repeat this again and again till the rice is done and every grain comes out like a pearl. It must not be a squashed mass.

Fresh Food the Most Nourishing. Soups should always be made of fresh meat, and fresh bones be but added sparingly. Meat that has once undergone cooking can be warmed up in various ways by a slight heat process, but even then it will be but little nourishing. Stale cooked meat and bones boiled for hours into stock or soup will produce but a greasy, acid, indigestible mass. It is no saving to work up stale material, the saving is in never cooking much more than is wanted at the time, and having "fresh food." Whoever has studied the changes of food, the process of digestion, and the requirements of the human system to maintain its vitality, will know this.

Steamed Lemon Pudding.—Crumb stale bread, add one or two spoons of fine flour, put to it very fine chopped beef suet, brown sugar, the juice of two or three lemons, well strained, and the finely chopped peel of one or two, also a few pounded sweet almonds, if desired. Beat up the yolks of three or four eggs well, and the whites of two, with white sugar; when the dry substances have been well mixed, add the eggs and a little warm milk. Mix well and place into a buttered shape for steaming. If there is no steamer, place it on trivet in saucepan. When done pour over it sweet white sauce with vanilla flavoring.

Mutton Stew.—Stews of fresh vegetables and lean mutton cutlets, made by browning the cutlets with a little butter and flour, and adding warm water to make gravy, then putting in pepper, salt, chopped parsley, and any vegetables desired, are nourishing for summer. Potatoes can even be placed over the stew, but must only be allowed to steam over it gently, not be broken up into pieces.

Tea and Coffee.—Tea and coffee, now our staple beverages, are often but badly prepared. Coffee should always be fresh ground, be placed in a china vessel of whatever kind, or one of granite ironware, and very little boiling water be poured on it. It should then be allowed to stand and the remainder be poured on, be well covered and placed a few minutes on the stove, without allowing it to boil. Coffeepots should be so arranged that when the coffee is poured out it is strained. No boiling up of old coffee will ever make anything like a good cup. We must have the aroma, and that is destroyed by any mixture whatsoever. It is believed that *boiled* milk should be added to coffee; it should never be boiled, but be just warmed. Tea making is a very delicate affair and should be well watched. Teapots of pure silver and those very best plated make good tea; but the plain chinaware or the granite ironware are even preferable. Tea should be placed in a heated pot, some warm water just sprinkled over it, and after standing three or four minutes, the boiling water be poured on. Water must be added when required, always before the last cup is exhausted, and the teapot must never stand on the stove, but on whatever rester is near it, if the tea has to be kept warm. Unless the tea is taken when made, the real aroma is lost.

Vegetables.—Of vegetables all that can be got is suitable; green vegetables have so beneficent an influence on our blood that they should form a daily part of our food. Vegetables are not sufficiently used in our large towns. Young carrots and turnips are exquisite for sweetness, beetroot is a most wholesome tuber, cresses and salads of all kinds very refreshing, and the shell vegetables, like peas and beans, excellent foods. Spinach corn, cauliflower, and asparagus are very agreeable and wholesome, and cabbage the best standing dish for the large classes. The cabbage is as invaluable to the nation as the oyster and the clam.

Tomatoes are like mushrooms, most aromatic foods; parsley, celery, savory herbs, cives, and the whole onion tribe are helps to digestion; the latter is most precious to mankind. The onion contains an oil which has an invigorating effect on our organism, and is anti-alcoholic in its influence on the human system. The Spaniards use the onion tribe most frequently, and they are without doubt the soberest nation in Europe. The potato, man's good friend, is not at its best in summer, before the new crop is thoroughly ripe.

Breakfast Dishes.—There is no doubt that we should greatly benefit by breakfasts made of some cereal, as wheat, oats, barley, corn, or even rice, combined with milk or water, flavored with a little spice and sweetened with molasses or sugar. These breakfasts are always digestible and nourishing. A porridge of whole meal, or oatmeal, or hominy, or rice, made with milk, or milk and water, or water alone, will give sufficient nourishment to various workers. The wheat and oats will give strength to heavy, the corn and rice to light workers.

As for children, nothing can be worse than to accustom even infants to tea and coffee in the morning, adding thereto hot half-baked bread and rolls. Perhaps they even partake with the father of a piece of steak. Those poor little stomachs become distended, the blood gets heated, the digestive process clogged, and evil consequences must follow. How much better to accustom a child from infancy to partake of food natural to it.

If porridge is taken, mix with it, if boiled in water, a little lemon juice and some brown sugar; if boiled with milk, cinnamon or a little nutmeg, drink a cup of digestible cocoa or coffee, and eat a couple of slices of wholesome bread and butter —using little butter—or very plain home-made cake, and eat some fruit. Avoid tea, if possible, in the morning, but if the habit is so strong that it cannot be left off immediately, be sure to eat some nourishing food with it. The habit of drinking tea in the morning, without taking food, is very injurious to the digestion and to the nervous system.

Stuffed Leg of Mutton.—Have the butcher take out the first joint in a leg of mutton, or it can be done at home, by using a very sharp, narrow-bladed knife, and holding it close to the bone. Rub in a tablespoonful of salt, and then fill with a dressing made as follows: One pint of fine bread or cracker crumbs, in which have been mixed dry one even tablespoonful of salt and one of summer savory or thyme, and one teaspoonful of pepper. Chop one onion very fine, and add to it one egg well beaten. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg in hot water, and pour on the crumbs. If not enough to thoroughly moisten them, add a little more. Either fasten with a skewer, or sew up and roast. Skim all the fat from the gravy, as the flavor of mutton fat is never pleasant. A tablespoonful of currant jelly may be put into the gravy tureen, and the gravy strained upon it. The meat must be basted and dredged with flour.

Baked Omelet.—One large cup of milk, five eggs, a saltspoonful of salt, and a half a one of white pepper mixed with the last. Beat the eggs well, add the salt and pepper, and then the milk. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg in a frying-pan, and, when it boils pour in the egg. Let it stand two minutes, or long enough to harden a little, but do not stir at all. When a little firm put into a quick oven and bake till brown. It will rise very high, but falls almost immediately. Serve at once on a very hot platter. This omelet can also be varied with chopped ham and parsley. The old-fashioned iron spider with short handle is best for baking it, as a long-handled pan cannot be shut up in the oven. This omelet can also be fried in large spoonfuls like pancakes, rolling each one as done.

Ham and Eggs.—Cut the ham in very thin slices. Take off the rind, and, if the ham is old or hard, parboil it for five minutes. Have the pan hot, and unless the ham is quite fat, use a teaspoonful of drippings. Turn the slices often, and cook from five to eight minutes. They can be served dry, or, if gravy is liked, add a tablespoonful of flour to the fat, stir till smooth, and pour in slowly a large cup of milk or water. Salt pork can be fried in the same way. If eggs are to be fried with the ham, take up the slices, break in the eggs, and dip the boiling fat in them as they fry. To make each egg round, put muffin rings into the frying-pan, and break an egg into each, pouring the boiling fat over them from a spoon till done, which will be from three to five minutes. Serve one on each slice of ham, and make no gravy. The fat can be strained and used in frying potatoes.

Baked Fish.—Bass, fresh shad, bluefish, and pickerel, can be cooked in this way:

See that the fish has been properly cleaned. Wash in salted water, and wipe dry. For stuffing for a fish weighing from four to six pounds, take four large crackers, or four ounces of bread-crumbs, quarter of a pound of salt pork, one teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of pepper; a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, or a teaspoonful of thyme. Chop half the pork fine, and mix with the crumbs and seasoning, using half a cup of hot water to mix them, or, if preferred, a beaten egg. Put this dressing into the body of the fish, which is then to be fastened together with a skewer. Cut the remainder of the pork in narrow strips, and lay it in gashes across the back of the fish about two inches apart. Dredge thickly with flour, using about two tablespoonfuls. Put a tin baking sheet in the bottom of a pan, as without it the fish cannot be easily taken up. Lay the fish on this; pour a cup of boiling water into the pan, and bake in a hot oven for one hour, basting it very often that the skin may not crack; and, at the end of half an hour, dredging again with flour, repeating this every ten minutes till the fish is done. If the water dries away, add enough to preserve the original quantity. When the fish is done, slide it carefully from the tin sheet on to a hot platter. Set the baking-pan on the top of the stove. Mix a teaspoonful of flour with quarter of a cup of cold water, and stir into the boiling gravy. A tablespoonful of walnut or mushroom catsup, or of Worcestershire sauce, may be added if liked. Serve very hot.

Before sending a baked fish to the table, take out the skewer. When done, it should have a handsome brown crust. If pork is disliked it may be omitted altogether, and a tablespoonful of butter substituted in the stuffing. Basting should be done as often as once in ten minutes, else the skin will blister and crack. When the fish is large, it will be better to sew the body together after stuffing, rather than to use a skewer. The string can be cut and removed before serving.

If any is left, it can be warmed in the remains of the gravy, or, if this has been used, make a gravy of one cup of hot water, thickened with one

teaspoonful of flour or corn-starch stirred smooth first in a little cold water. Add a tablespoonful of butter and any catsup desired. Take all bones from the fish; break up in small pieces and stew not over five minutes in the gravy. Or it can be mixed with an equal amount of mashed potato or bread-crumbs, a cup of milk and an egg added, with a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper, and baked until brown—about fifteen minutes—in a hot oven.

Lemon Pudding.—Put into a quart of milk half a teacupful melted butter, one cup sugar, one cup of bread-crumbs, yolks of three eggs beaten, the juice and half rind of one lemon grated fine. Stir together well, and bake in a pudding dish to a light brown. Then beat the white of three eggs to a foam, and stir into it a cup of pulverized sugar. Spread it over the top of the pudding and sprinkle a little sugar on. Then bake slightly to a light yellow.

English Buns.—Take one cup of yeast, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, three cups of sweet milk. Mix at night, omitting the butter and sugar; make a very soft sponge: let it stand till morning and then add the butter and a pinch of soda, and the sugar; let it rise again until it is very light, then knead lightly and put into the tins. When light enough bake in a moderate oven till the top is a dark brown; while hot rub over the top with a little bit of butter; this makes the crust tender and smooth.

Saratoga Omelet.—Beat up to a foam six eggs, a teaspoonful of sweet cream or milk, and some salt, and fry in a pan in which there is half an ounce of melted butter over a quick fire. To keep the omelet juicy and soft the pan must be hot before the eggs are poured in, then keep it continually moving to and fro until a cake forms, four inches in width and one inch thick; serve immediately.

A Savory Omelet.—For an *omelette aux fines herbes*, take as many eggs as are necessary and beat them up in milk, then add, gently stirring all the time, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, thyme, a little sage, sweet marjoram, with pepper and salt. Fry immediately and serve while very hot.

Stewed Chicken.—Have a pair of fine large chickens cut in six pieces each—two wings, two pieces of the breast, and two legs cut off at the joint. Put in a stewpan two boiled onions, chopped, and four tablespoonfuls of fresh butter. Shake the pan till the contents begin to simmer; then add four tablespoonfuls of curry powder and mix it well in, also four tablespoonfuls of grated cocoanut. When well mixed put in the pieces of chicken. Let all stew moderately in the covered pan for half an hour, stirring it round occasionally; if too dry add a little hot water; at the last add also the grated yellow rind of a lemon and the juice. It should stew until the flesh parts easily from the bones. Serve it very hot.

Macaroni with Tomato Sauce.—Throw one pound of macaroni into a saucepan of boiling water and salt—the water must be quite boiling. When sufficiently cooked—in Italy it is liked firm and far less boiled than in England—strain off all the water, put it into a saucepan with three ounces of butter, three ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, and the tomato sauce. Keep it on the fire until the macaroni acquires a fine color from the tomatoes, but care must be taken not to keep it too long on the fire, lest it become soft and pasty. The tomatoes are prepared for the sauce as follows: Take ripe tomatoes, wash, dry, and cut them into halves; put them into a saucepan without any water, with salt, pepper, a few cloves, a little onion and celery, and boil till sufficiently done; pass through a sieve, and pour into the saucepan of macaroni as above.

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.

No More Small Bills.

Secretary Windom is about to withdraw the one and two dollar bills, and their place will be supplied by gold eagles, half eagles, silver dollars and other small change. In other words, our currency for retail trade will be gold and silver, instead of paper; the same as in England, France, Germany, and all the leading commercial nations. The one and two dollar bills have been found very convenient to retail trade, as they could be sent through the mails; but we ought to use the vast quantities of gold and silver bullion, piled up in treasury and bank vaults, and now practically useless for the purpose of commerce. The United States produces more gold and silver bullion than all the rest of the world put together; and it is wise statesmanship to use it, as it is a direct benefit to a most important, industrial pursuit, the mining of gold and silver. We have used paper money in retail transactions for so many years, that it will be something of a novelty to see small gold coins once more in active circulation, instead of bankbills or greenbacks. But Congress ought to provide some medium in the shape of postal notes, by which money could be sent in small sums by mail. These notes would be useful for newspaper and magazine subscriptions, as well as for the retail package business, which require the expenditure of something less than five dollars. It is believed the time will come when no bills of less than twenty dollars will be allowed to circulate in the country. The smallest Bank of England note is five pounds, something less than twenty-five dollars.

Our Gold and Silver Stores.

The United States are becoming very rich in the precious metals. Some years back, we sent abroad in exchange for foreign goods nearly our entire bullion production, $60,000,000 to $70,000,000 per annum. But since resumption, in 1879, we have drawn a great deal of gold and some silver from the rest of the world, as well as retained all we produced ourselves. It is estimated that from August 1880, up to August of the present year, we will have imported nearly $100,000,000 of bullion, three-fourths of it gold. Before the close of the present year it is believed the sum total of our gold and silver will amount to nearly $700,000,000; all of which will be available for currency, if Congress, in its wisdom, should determine that silver shall have free coinage under some fixed ratio, as well as gold.

A Rich, Rich Country.

Milton, in his great poem, speaks of the wealth of "Ormus and of Ind" which "showers on their kings barbaric, pearls and gold." But how poor these ancient nations really were compared with the United States! The statistics of our exports of cotton, wheat and provisions, show how enormously rich we are in all that goes to make up comfort and even luxury. In available mineral wealth we are comparatively ahead of all the nations of the earth. Our railroads are now penetrating those portions of the western territory which are filled with gold, silver and copper mines. We already produce more of the money metals than all the rest of the world put together. And soon Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, as well as Utah, Nevada and California, will be pouring out their tides of gold and silver, in a way that will astonish the world. Ours is indeed a happy land. The avenues for wealth are open to all who have education and ambition. Land is cheap and easily accessible; and to those who love new scenes and an adventurous life, there is a vast mineral region to be explored and its great wealth developed. It is idle to fear any evil results from great wealth. It is the nations that have had the most gold and silver which have been the most progressive, and in which the highest civilization has been maintained.

What his Wife Thought.

All the literary world is just now interested in the relations of the late Thomas Carlyle with his wife. In his "Reminiscences," Carlyle idealizes his companion; and his constant references to her, and the care she took of him, shows how essential a part she was of his daily life and conversation. She seems to have been a bright, vivacious, clever little woman, who, in her younger days was not averse to mild flirtations. Indeed, Carlyle tells himself of the innocent fooling which took place in his early married life between his childless spouse and Lord Jeffery. If all we knew of this bright, little lady, was contained in her husband's narrative, he would live in history as a most devoted and considerate husband, and she as an admiring, loving wife. But they lived among people who were writers by profession and among them was Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, who tells some tales out of school, not altogether to Carlyle's credit. He was a man of strong character and violent prejudices, absorbed in his work, and inordinately self-regarding. His wife undoubtedly recognized his exceptional ability; but he was not the hero to her which he supposed he was. The wife loved him tenderly, devotedly, but she was not blind to his foibles; and, indeed, did not scruple to allude to them in her confidences to her female friends. She looked upon him as a great baby, who had to be humored, petted, cared for; and when he, blinded by his self-conceit, thought his wife was filled with admiration for his resplendent talents, she was treating him with a kind of affectionate contempt, which would have astonished and galled him, had he suspected it. "No man," says the proverb, "is a hero to his *valet de chambre*;" and doubtless there are many husbands who accept the homage of their wives as something due to them, when it is as often prompted by policy as by affection. But the reader can best judge the kind of impression created by Mrs. Carlyle upon those who knew her intimately, by the little poem written by Leigh Hunt, after an impulsive greeting on "Jenny's" part:

> *"Jenny kissed me when we met,*
> *Jumping from the chair she sat in;*
> *Time, you thief! who loves to get*
> *Sweets into your list, put that in.*
>
> *"Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,*
> *Say that health and wealth have missed me;*
> *Say I'm growing old, but add—*
> *Jenny kissed me!"*

Another African War.

Algeria has proved a very prosperous colony to France. The country was misgoverned under the Arab rule; but France introduced order, encouraged agriculture, and made a profitable trade possible. Algeria has formed an outlet, too, for some of the dangerous classes of France. But now that country wishes to extend its dominion in Northern Africa, and has picked a quarrel with Tunis, with the evident intention of conquering it. Italy has long looked with covetous eyes upon Tunis, and has taken umbrage at the action of France. Spain, it is known, would like to overrun Morocco. Before the close of the present century, Northern Africa will be under the authority of one or more of the European nations. In the ancient world, the southern shore of the Mediterranean was under the control of warlike nations, and was noted for its fertility and wealth. Later it was the granary of Rome, when that power was at its height. As soon as it again passes under the government of civilized nations, we may expect it to again become the abode of progressive populations. France will undoubtedly attempt to convert the Desert of Sahara into a great inland sea. If this is successfully accomplished, it will add millions of acres of arable land to Northern Africa. What, with these conquests in the north, and the British annexations in the south of Africa, the dark continent will soon cease to be a land of mystery.

Peru and Chili.

After conquering Peru, Chili imposed very harsh conditions. It is needless to recount them here,

but one of the provisions ought to be adopted by every nation under the sun. Peru is forbidden to have an army or a fort for fifty years, and she must not begin the construction of a navy for forty years. Happy thought! Why should not Secretary Blaine, on behalf of the United States, make this same proposition to all the nations of Europe?

Boat Races.

Well, Oxford has beaten Cambridge again in the annual contest on the Thames; and very shortly Yale and Harvard will have their contest for boating supremacy. Why not revive games, similar to those which the Grecians engaged in annually, at Olympia? They had races, and feats of strength; but, in addition, poets, historians, and orators had their contests for supremacy. Surely the modern student can do something besides row a boat and play base-ball.

The Great Floods.

The heavy snow-falls of the past winter have been followed by destructive floods in all the western streams. Spring freshets are almost entirely due to human wastefulness and neglect of common precautions. Were the head-waters of rivers and the banks of streams to be covered with forests, freshets would never be dangerous. It is the denuding of the regions bordering upon rivers of its wood, which dries up the streams in summer and causes destructive freshets in the spring. If we had some thought for posterity, the National Government would provide for the re-wooding of the country, through which rivers run, and more especially the head-waters. When we read, therefore, of the loss of life and property by freshets, let us put the blame just where it belongs; not on God, or nature, or a particularly hard winter, but on man himself, who fails to make proper provision for the generations which follow him.

Wonderful Discovery.

A German Professor has discovered a way of changing the peculiarities of certain microscopic insects, which are the germs of disease. That is to say, he can transmute a dangerous and poisonous animalcule into one of an innocent and harmless type. In Southern Russia there is a very fatal disease known as the malignant pustule. The germ of this painful malady is a microscopic *infusoria*, known as the *Batullus anchorcis*. This little pest the Professor has successfully converted into an ordinary *bacteria*. This discovery may be the means of putting it in the power of the chemist to overcome all disease by transmuting the low forms of life, which communicates from one organism to another. Cancer, for instance, is a morbid growth, due to the propagation of cellular life. Malaria, cholera, all the fevers, are due to the multiplications of specific germs in the system. What a pleasant world it would be to live in, if we could banish from it the varied "ills, which flesh is heir to." It is too much to expect this, at least in our generation.

The Earth in an Ague Fit.

There is a line in Shakespeare to the effect, that "Earth was feverous, and did shake." Certain it is, that during the past six months this old globe of ours has had a chill. Not only was our winter exceptionally severe, and our spring late and tempestuous, but the same phenomena were perceptible over the entire Northern hemisphere. Such winter storms were never known in England and France; and now the news reaches us from Japan and Eastern China that so much snow and ice have not been seen before in those countries since the beginning of the present century. Can it be that we have reached some point in the interstellar spaces which is unusually refrigerated, or has our sun been shorn of some of his beams. Scientists say, once in every ten thousand two hundred years, the earth loses its centre of gravity and topples over. There is such an accumulation of ice at the Pole, that the Earth tilts side-ways, and a new axis is made. It is in this way that the glacial action, seen all over the earth, is accounted for. What if, while we are searching for the North Pole, our little planet should capsize; the plane of the Pole become coincident with that of the Equator, and some new point, say Coney Island or San Francisco, become the new centre of the Arctic circle. All this may seem very wild, but such things have happened on this globe of ours, and may again.

Volcanoes and Earthquakes.

While the entire Northern hemisphere has experienced unusually cold weather, it is evident that this old earth of ours has also been disturbed by internal convulsions. The volcanic regions of the Pacific Ocean have been unusually active, the Sandwich Island craters being in a violent state of agitation. The eastern shores of the Mediterranean are also disturbed. Vesuvius is again active, but the perturbations there come in the form of earthquakes. Last month we told the story of Ischia, near the Bay of Naples, where three hundred persons perished; and now we have to give a still more terrible account of the partial destruction of Chios, an island in the Ægean Sea, seven miles wide by thirty long. It was visited by the worst earthquake since the famous one at Lisbon, which engulfed thirty thousand people. It is said that from ten to fifteen thousand persons have lost their lives, and fifty thousand have been rendered homeless by this last cruel freak of nature. Chios has an unfortunate history. It was one of the seven places which was claimed as the birthplace of Homer. Its inhabitants have repeatedly been slaughtered. Darius once killed every Greek on the island. And early in this century, the brutal Turk murdered one half the people, and banished the remainder. Indeed, it was this exploit which led to the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino, and the subsequent disenthrallment of Greece from Moslem rule. These earthquakes and volcanoes, occurring all round the circle of the globe, give us reason to believe that they must have originated from some cause affecting the whole earth.

Statesman and Novelist.

"Dizzy" is dead. No man of modern times has had a more singular career than Benjamin Disraeli, known in later life as Lord Beaconsfield. He was descended from a race of Spanish Jews, who claimed to have left Palestine before the birth of the Savior. Disraeli's father was a literary man of eminence, who voluntarily left the Jewish community without becoming an active Christian. The son commenced life as a novelist, and won real distinction as the author of Vivian Grey, Coningsby, the Wondrous Tale of Alroy, and Tancred. He entered Parliament while still a young man, and failed dismally in his first attempt at speechmaking. He was jeered and laughed at; but, before he took his seat, he shook his fist in the face of his deriders, and told them the time would come when they would be glad to hear him. He won his spurs in attacking Sir Robert Peel, who abolished the corn laws, while still leader of the Tory party. Subsequently, Disraeli became leader of the so-called Conservatives, who, when they got into power, made him Prime Minister. It was very remarkable that a Jewish adventurer, whose very race was an offense to the ultra Tories, should have become their leader. When last in office, he was the apostle of "Jingoism." He swindled the Boers in South Africa out of their liberty. He pushed armies into Central Asia, to uphold the military prestige of Great Britain; while he took an active part in the politics of Europe to uphold the traditionary warlike proclivities of the Tories. But the English people had no stomach for foreign wars, and Premier Gladstone is undoing the work of his predecessor. Disraeli will pass into history as a man of remarkable talents, a fluent and graceful writer, a ready speaker, with a rare ability for party management. But the world is not much better because he lived in it. He was all his life playing a part. He was proud of his race; and his novels are full of allusions to the greatness and glory of descendants of Abraham. He published two novels in his old age, Lothair and Endymion, both notable works in their way. It is to his credit that he died poor. In his will he declines the honor of a grave in Westminster Abbey, and directs that he be buried by the side of his wife, who by the way was a wise and good woman.

Executed.

Five Nihilists, directly implicated in the killing of the late Czar, have all been hanged. For the first time a woman has been capitally executed in Russia. From the public confessions of these people, it seems they were really animated by the highest motives. They desired certain political and social reforms, which could not be accomplished, as they thought, under the system represented by the Czar. The terrible "third section" of the police would not permit them to hold meetings or publish newspapers, in which to advocate the changes they desired to bring about in the constitution of the State, and of society. What they wanted was free speech and a free press. But all who expressed heterodox views by writing or speaking, were promptly sent to Siberia. The Nihilists are all educated people, most of them students; and they clearly announce their intention of keeping up their murderous warfare on their rulers, until freedom of speech and action is given them.

Linen Photographs.

Photography is making immense strides. A method has been discovered of solar printing on linen, which may have a wide application in business as well as the arts. Photo-lithography is giving us newspapers printed in colors. There are several weeklies now with very large circulations, in which the pictures combine quite a number of colors. The daily paper of the not distant future will involve pictures and printing in all the hues and shades of the world about us. When battles are fought, the photographers will be on hand in stationary balloons, to transfer the scene of the struggling columns to a sensitive plate. Fires will be photographed, and great processions reproduced from actual sunprints.

Caps and Gowns.

The undergraduates in our colleges are agitating the subject of an academic garb, to be worn during the hours of study as well as on formal occasions. The "mortar-board," as it has been called, is now seen on the head of many young collegians. Buttons are also to be used to distinguish students of the different classes. It is easy to ridicule this tendency to ceremonial dress, but it is implanted very deep in human nature. It is notable that in this country there is a steady growth in those religious denominations which pay attention to ritualism and ceremonies which are intended for the eye and the ear, rather than the intellect.

Long Range Shooting.

R. T. Hare, of the National Armory at Springfield, Mass., enjoys the distinction of being the only person who ever hit a bull's-eye six feet in diameter, at 2,500 yards. This he did with three different rifles. He once succeeded in hitting the same sized target at 3,200 yards. He used a muzzle rest and shot the gun under his arm; at the distance of 2,500 yards there was force enough in the ball to cause death. It is this ability to kill at immense distances which has made the bayonet obsolete. Armies must hereafter maneuver out of sight of each other, for the improved rifles can kill at any seeing distance. It is predicted that the next great war in Europe will show that important changes are necessary in tactics as well as strategy.

The Children at School.

Some curious statistics have been published, showing the number of children who attend schools in the various nations of the world. The United States heads the list, having 9,873,000 pupils attending school. England and Wales, with less than half our population, has 3,710,000 children studying. Ireland, with a population of 5,000,000, has 1,131,000 scholars. France, with a population of 33,000,000, has 4,716,000 children at school. Russia, with its 80,000,000, has only 1,218,000 pupils in schools, and the education most of these get is nominal. Prussia has over 4,000,000 pupils in its schools. Greece and Switzerland have relatively more children in the schools than any nation that furnishes statistics.

An Anti-Treating State.

The legislature of Wisconsin has passed and the governor signed a bill making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for one person to ask another to drink liquor. It is doubtful if there will ever be many convictions under this law; but it is an excellent one, nevertheless. The habit of treating to drinks is one of the curses of the nation. Though prompted by kindly feeling and good nature, it has literally made millions of drunkards. Laws are not necessarily bad because they are not enforced; people will gamble, notwithstanding the laws against that vice; but the disapprobation of the community expressed in the laws prevents thousands of persons from gaming, who would otherwise be devotees of that fascinating vice. In some of the nations of Europe it is regarded as an insult to

ask a man to drink, and it would be well to form a public opinion of that kind in the United States. It is reported that a higher court has pronounced the Wisconsin law unconstitutional.

Home Club Associations.

At last a co-operative scheme has, for a time at least, proved successful. What is known as the Hubert Home Club Association, in New York, has erected five buildings, and two more are under way. Eighty families live in them; each family being part owner of the house they live in. The novelty of this scheme is that practically the co-operators own the fee of their own apartments. These houses are located in the finest part of New York City, where rents would naturally be very high. It is claimed that with this ownership the families save one-half their rent. The co-operators can sell their stock just the same as other property, and the apartments are as transferable as single houses are. In other words, the purchaser secures a fine suite of apartments for his own, in a first-class location, for a sum far less than it would cost to buy a very poor house in an inferior neighborhood. It is a certain Dr. Hubert who invented this plan, and he has reason to congratulate himself on the success which has attended it so far.

Getting Rid of Rum.

It is remarkable how many states are trying to get rid of the evils of intemperance. Kansas is enforcing a very stringent anti-liquor law, and in nearly every Western State efforts are making to put a stop to intemperance. Texas even, notwithstanding its large German and Southern population, is discussing the wisdom of a prohibitive liquor law; and the friends of such legislation are largely represented in the legislature itself. Bad as liquor drinking is in the Eastern States, it is far more destructive to life and health on the dry, elevated plateaus of the West. In England the natives can soak themselves with beer and gin, and yet last many years. This is due to the foggy, moist atmosphere. But in the higher, dryer altitudes of the West, the same amount of liquor would make the Englishman crazy, as well as shorten his life. The time may come when the United States government may take this matter of liquor drinking in hand.

Women Nihilists.

The age of religious martyrdom has passed. There are no longer any candidates to suffer death for the glory of God. The would-be martyrs of the latter part of the nineteenth century are they who freely offer up their lives for their country or for humanity. The one striking circumstance connected with the trial of the Nihilists in Russia, is the entire willingness of these people to suffer death for what they deem to be the holiest of causes, the liberation of their country from despotic rule. The women are even more enthusiastic than the men. Sophie Pieoffsky, of noble family, cultured, of high character, disdained to ask immunity on account of her sex, and she was hung with the rest. Her ideal heroine was Louise Michel, the petroleuse, who offered to kill Thiers, and heaped invectives upon the French authorities, who declined to shoot her with the other rebellious communists. There are at least a dozen Russian women who have been connected with the Nihilist conspiracies, who are as eager as Sophie Pieoffsky to give their lives for the cause. We may regard them as half crazy; but supreme devotion to an ideal, however mistaken, always excites the admiration of mankind. Self-abnegation is the highest of human virtues. It is the John Browns, whose soul goes marching on and whose fame exists long after the memory of commonplace, and in their own estimation, sensible people, have perished from the earth.

The Crops of the Sea.

Seth Green declares that an acre of water will supply as much food to human beings as an acre of land. He says there are 15,875,552 acres of arable land in the State of New York. It is worth $1,221,472,277, an average value of nearly $77 an acre. The inland lakes of the State of New York cover an area of 466,457 acres. Estimating it at the same value as the land, these lakes are worth $55,889,200. This does not include the creeks, rivers and bays, which would double that sum. The artificial propagation of fish commenced in 1868, and since that time the increase of the fish-food supply has amounted to millions of dollars annually. When we think of the immense lake surfaces and river surfaces of the United States, and the vast oceans which roll on each side of the continent, it will be seen that we have fish-food enough, if cultivated, to supply five times the present population of the United States. Both the state and national governments should unite to forward the objects of the various fish commissions.

Adventures of a Needle.

It is a queer story, but, as names and location are given, it is probably true. A needle runs into the foot of a young girl. It cannot be extracted. Subsequently she marries, and in due time has three children. The last child is restless, and, on being examined by a physician, a needle is discovered making its way out of the shoulder. The mother affirms that this was the identical needle which ran into her foot when she was a young girl. What adventures that needle must have had!

No War.

The killing of the late Czar has had one curious result. Greece was armed and clamorous for the territory ceded to her by the Berlin Conference. She was threatening to attack the Turks. Had she done so, it might have been the spark which would have set Europe in flames. Then came the murder of the Czar and the ascension to the vacant throne of a prince, reputed to be eager for war, and a brother-in-law of the king of Greece. To give him no excuse, a pressure was brought to bear upon Turkey, and it has resulted in the annexation to Greece of a considerable stretch of territory, including the plains of Thessaly and a large Grecian population. In this annexed district is Mount Olympus, the famous vale of Tempe, and the two peaks of Ossa and Pelion. Greece is apparently on the high road to prosperity; her trade and population is increasing, her common schools are well attended, and there are fifteen hundred students at the university of Athens. But the country wants roads and manufactories. There are only five miles of railroad in all Greece, and fifty miles of carriage road.

Derelicts.

This is the technical name given to vessels abandoned at sea. Some accident occurs to a craft, and, rather than run the risk of their lives, the crew take to the boats and leave the vessel to its fate. On every sea ships are sailing without crew or master. Very often it happens that in a panic the officers and crew desert perfectly sound vessels. A great steamship, the *l'Amérique*, was picked up by an English vessel, without a soul on board; the foolish captain, in a panic about his life and those under him, having left her to her fate. Since that time the French government has detailed a trained naval officer to accompany every steamship that sails from a port in France. But we were speaking of derelicts. Thirty-two were sighted in a single month. The bark *Ulster* was floating about the ocean for eight months. The *Fanchon* was known to be adrift during the past winter forty-seven days. It affects the imagination to think of these crewless ships, sailing on and on, without purpose or guidance. Then they are dangerous. Every year, between the English and Irish channels and the ports of the United States, not less than 2500 steam vessels make passages. Any of these, going at a high rate of speed, is liable to strike one of these waterlogged, crewless vessels. Some of the disasters, in which ships leave port and are never heard of more, are due to collisions with derelicts. It is proposed to organize a steam marine to hunt up these abandoned vessels, some to be brought to port, others to be riddled so they will sink to the bottom. The ocean wastes are so vast, of course, that derelicts are not dangerous, except on the high roads of the sea, which are traversed by many steamers.

A Long Sleep.

Just think of taking a nap for seventy days and over. At Macongue, Pennsylvania, there is a person named Hungarian Gyumbria, who has been asleep for over seventy days. He is conscious, but at the time of writing all efforts had failed to wake him up. The spiritualists are calling to the doctors to let him alone; that his soul is absent in other worlds and will have a remarkable story to tell when it rejoins the body. Stuff! At last accounts the sleeper did wake up, and coolly proceeded to jump out of a window.

Planets in a Row.

Try and think yourself, good reader, suspended in space and outside of the solar system. You see a great planet to your right, that is Saturn. In a straight line beyond is Jupiter. Next is the sun; Mercury is next in line; then comes Venus and finally the "dim speck" called earth. The sun and the planets, on the 22d of last April were all in a row; a straight line run from the earth would go through Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, and Saturn. It will require many centuries for this conjunction again to take place. The last previous conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter, was in 1146, the year of the great slaughter of the second crusade. Astrologers predict doleful doings, because of the conjunction this year. But then, soothsayers are not in good repute in these modern times.

An Ecumenical Conference.

There is to be a great Methodist gathering in London next September. Representatives from that body will be present from all parts of the world. It has been wisely decided not to permit the discussion of any doctrinal differences. "Deed, and not creed," will be the motto of the gathering. The American Methodists will be able to report that never was that body so numerous; but they will hardly claim that the earnestness and zeal of the Church keeps pace with its numbers. Why should not all the Churches unite to forward the general interests of Christendom, without reference to creeds?

The Celebration at Yorktown.

On the 19th of October, one hundred years ago, the British army, under Earl Cornwallis, surrendered to the allied American and French armies at Yorktown. The event is to be appropriately celebrated on the centennial return of that day; and detachments are to be present from the French army and navy. It is well for us to recall these historical events, and to honor the men who originated this government. Its successful establishment is slowly but surely liberalizing the European continent.

A Step in Advance.

During Louis Napoleon's time, France was behind the rest of Europe in general education. Ever since the establishment of the Republic, strenuous efforts have been made not only to teach the French youth of both sexes, but to raise the standard of education in the higher studies. Indeed, France is now ahead of this country, in intention, at least, for she is about to train her children to industrial pursuits. It is not enough, the men of that country think, to learn a boy or girl how to read, write, and cipher. If they have to work for a living, it is proposed to train them in such technical departments of knowledge as would be useful to them in after-life. The world is full of ignorant working-people; and, if France give a systematic training in industrial pursuits, she will take a step in educational matters which will place her at the head of civilized nations.

The Panama Canal.

There will be soon six hundred laborers, led by competent engineers, at work on the great ditch, which M. de Lesseps proposes to cut through from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. The only difficulty that is considered serious is the Chagres River, which will have to be dammed, and a portion of it turned into a lake. This dam will be a great work; in length, 1,800 yards; in height, 50 yards; 1,040 yards thick at bottom, and 250 yards thick on top. This will create a lake capable of holding one billion tons of water, which will have an overflow into the Pacific Ocean. To finish the canal in six years will require the continuous work of 8,000 men. It is to be dug from Panama to Colon.

Root-Eaters.

There is quite a flourishing vegetarian society in France. They call themselves the *Ligumistes*. A grand banquet was recently given by them, at which nothing was eaten but vegetables. The bill of fare is a curious one, and too long to give here. Eggs, however, provided they are used as a dressing to vegetables, are not interdicted. In the speeches it was claimed that a vegetable diet was the most wholesome, and that the *Ligumistes* lived longer than their neighbors.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

COSMOPOLITAN IN STYLE FURNISHING. BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Designs and Styles in Dress furnished in this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not merely COPY. *It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by our more refined and elevated taste at home. Besides, its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace important information for dealers, and valuable hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, dress becomingly, and keep themselves informed of the changes in the Fashions and the specialties required in the exercise of good taste.*

ALWAYS FIRST PREMIUM.

CENTENNIAL AWARD OVER ALL COMPETITORS,

MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Review of Fashions.

THERE never was a time when it was more difficult to particularize what is really fashion and what is not, out of the multifarious and diversified collection of colors, materials, and designs employed in ladies' clothing. Extremes meet; and the most opposite styles seen in close juxtaposition, and under the same circumstances, seem to forbid all idea of harmony, or simple fitness to the purposes for which dress is designed.

One of the reasons for this apparent incongruity consists in the rapid changes to which fashion is subject, and which, in reality, few are able to follow. An assemblage, therefore, of ladies representing different degrees of wealth, or poverty, whether in the street, or in any public or private gathering, naturally exhibits many gradations of fashion that has been, as well as fashion that is, and creates dire confusion in the minds of all, but the very few who have followed the developments closely, and know precisely where one began and another ended, or was lost in its successor.

Another reason why the fashions of the season are not easy to define is because, instead of representing a definite character or idea, they are a mixture of many, the fabrics used having been brought from every clime, where dress stuffs are made, and the designs for their manufacture into garments, formed as much from the quaint conceits of the past as the practical tendency of the present.

The general effect is brightness and gayety in color and expression. Yet there is not the glare or the crudity which belonged to the old massing together of a single hard red, yellow, blue, or green. There is a depth to all color, which gives softness and a marvelous shading, which is genuinely artistic. The lightest and brightest colors are so toned that they become unobtrusive, and so blended that all the effect of decided color is taken away, and the result is a rich harmony upon which the eye rests with pleasure in the aggregation, and which will bear scrutiny because each separate part is good in itself.

A great feature of the summer fabrics is the fine woolen materials, which are semi-transparent, very delicate in tint, and well adapted by their graceful softness to massing in plaits and drapery. Upon these exquisite fabrics, most lovely embroidery, in varied colors and quantities of lace, are expended.

The new trimming laces are a feature in themselves, and the latest arrivals have not, as yet, entirely superseded former favorites. The pretty Breton divides the honors with the heavier Languedoc and the dainty Mirecourt; while Mechlin and its imitations, and above all, Spanish lace, both black and white, obtain their full share of consideration.

In addition to the laces, which are used in extraordinary widths, as well as extraordinary quantities, open-worked embroidery on the material, has been revived, and achieved at once its share of fashionable favor. This species of ornamentation is, however, rather costly, and is only used upon expensive costumes. It is not exactly suitable for very dressy toilets, for the work is self-colored, and, therefore, not capable of striking contrasts. But it is rich and effective, upon silk over satin, upon silk muslin, over soft Surah satin, and upon lawn, over colored batiste or cambric.

Short dresses were never so universal as now, and there is a simple quaintness about some of them that is especially attractive. Some, even, in so thin a material as foulard, are made with perfectly plain skirts, the bottom finished with from one to three narrow plaitings or ruffles. The basque bodice shirred at the top and bottom, and drawn away from the front in a simple, curtain-like drapery, which loses itself in the side seams. The back of the skirt being composed of perfectly straight plaits, or only slightly draped. Black foulard made in this style, is finished with three rows of black and white Spanish lace; the ruffled lace forming the large collar at the neck. The fastening down the front is effected with buttons of a moderate size in old silver, ornamented with raised figures.

Chintz foulard is much used for morning-gowns made in the Watteau and also in the Mother Hubbard styles, profusely trimmed with Mirecourt lace. Some of these are cut quite short, others are walking length, and still others trail upon the ground. But they are usually open in front, or only tied together with ribbons, and exhibit a shirred underdress, which is sometimes of white, or tinted silk or satin, more expensive than the outside garment, notwithstanding its wealth of lace.

The embroidered pongees of last season have reappeared, but in richer patterns, and softer, more artistic colorings. Olives are blended with coral red, which again deepens into garnet; and though the patterns are conventionalized, they have vastly more meaning and character than the purely fanciful designs which first appeared. The favorite method of making the more elegant of these costumes, is to drape them high, upon the left side over a coral red, or wine-colored satin skirt, the massing of the drapery bringing the wide borders of the embroidery together and the looping effected with a knot of wide, shaded satin ribbon. The jacket or basque has, usually, attached to it a straight cape covered with embroidery, which is tied at the throat, and answers the purpose of an out-door garment, in completing the costume.

The novelty in lace mantles, is a shawl fichu of Spanish lace, white or black, shirred at the neck and upon the shoulders, and fastened upon the breast with knots of ribbon, or a cluster of roses.

A great deal of steel and jet is used as trimming, especially upon black dresses, and the combination of the two is found particularly happy, heightening, and yet subduing both.

Bonnets are infinitely diversified, but they owe their brilliant and striking appearance to the combination of color, more than to the amount of trimming used, which is really less than last season. The majority of the shapes are small, the trimmings large, especially the ribbons, which are of enormous width, and must be gathered in thick folds, before space can be found for their disposition. Large flowers are not so much used as last year. Great clusters of pale roses are sometimes seen, but the favorite flower decorations are bunches of primroses and what are called in rural districts "Bouncing Bess;" which consist of a cluster of small bright flowers, with white centers

growing from a single stalk. Upon some bonnets of fine Leghorn, a single group of roses, shaded from pink to pale yellow, is the only ornament, with the exception of the soft, full folds of Surah silk, shaded in precisely the same tints, so that the trimming looks like the flush of a warm, evening sky, when the sun is setting.

Illustrated Models.

There is the charm of picturesqueness, as well as variety about the designs for the present season, and at the same time an absence of the complication, which is so puzzling to home dressmakers, and renders their best efforts anything but the success which they had hoped for.

Among our illustrations in the present number, will be found one somewhat elaborate toilet, the "Dorimène," but even this is more exacting in appearance than reality, and is easily arranged though very stylish in effect. The model from which the design is made is of black satin, the front plastron, which forms the square front and extends to the bottom of the skirt, being composed of a silver brocade, into which black, white and gray enter. The fringe which borders the train and side drapery, is composed of steel and jet, and the lengthwise puffs inserted in the tops of the sleeves are of brocade matching the front. A gathered chemisette, of soft crêpe lisse fills the square, which is surrounded with a double ruffle of black and white lace. A similar lace is used for the ruffles of the sleeves.

A charming dress in any soft figured material, cotton sateen for example, may be made by combining the "Ninon" waist with the "Célimène" walking-skirt. The design is one of the simplest and prettiest of the season—very graceful, and exactly adapted to the softness of sateen, Surah silk, foulard, and kindred fabrics. The overskirt in front crosses from right to left, and is bordered with lace or embroidery. The bodice is what used to be known as the "French waist," which is plain upon the shoulder, and scantily shirred into a wide belt at the waist. The lace ruffle at the neck forms a jabôt in front, and a double upright ruffle finishes the sleeves.

A lovely summer garment will be found in the "Lucile" blouse, which is shirred at the neck, to outline a deep round collar, and is only suitable for fine soft materials, and a rather delicate slender figure. The trimming is lace, and a wide belt of satin with side-bow completes it. Cream-tinted *barège*, nun's veiling, plain foulard, and white India mull are suitable materials for this blouse, which should be finished with lace to correspond.

The "Manola" overskirt may be used in conjunction with the "Lucile" blouse, but need not be made of the same material. It may be of dotted lawn or foulard, or sateen, or pongee, anything that will drape easily and hang gracefully, the underskirt matching in the ground color, but not necessarily in the pattern, plain walking-skirts being preferred with figured dresses.

With the strong revival of the Princess styles, the polonaise comes to the front, and a very stylish example, suited to rich materials is given in the "Ariadne," a design which, with its squarely ornamented neck, its flaring collar, its half long sleeve and scarf-like drapery, is not adapted to anything but fabrics of decided character and elegance. Flowered brocade, velvet grenadine, rich damassé, grenadine with plain satin for drapery, are suitable materials to be employed, and the only ornamentation is fringe, and *passementerie* of silk and chenille, into which pearls, jet, steel, or iridescent beads are introduced. A very large amount, however, is not needed either of material or trimming, therefore the cost of making would not be as great as might be imagined. Of suggestions for basques there are two, one of which, the "Chester," is specially designed for serviceable woolen *costumes du voyage*, and for traveling in the Adirondacks or White Mountains. It is a plain basque, but is an improvement on the cuirass, through the greater ease and better fit given by the plaits laid on the under side in the extension of the back seams. Facing of satin upon the under side, and five rows of "tailor" stitching finish the edge, and constitute the trimming, except the buttons, which may be old silver, grained wood, horn or celluloid. The "Rosamond" is a good design for a medium coat-basque in any of the summer materials, and particularly for a combination of plain, with figured or striped.

Sleeves have taken quite a new departure, and are much more varied than they have been of late years, reviving several of the picturesque styles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and imparting a character and tone to a graceful toilet which is peculiar and significant. The "Rubens" sleeve belongs to this class. The fulness is shirred through the center upon a coat-sleeve lining, dividing it into two puffings; the second one of which falls over the elbow and is met by the deep plain cuff. If the dress is a combination of two fabrics, say silk or satin, and grenadine, the cuff would be formed of the more solid one, the puffing of the thin stuff. In summer fabrics the sleeves would be made without any lining at all.

The "Azele" sleeve is a good example of the new style of shirred sleeve for thin fabrics, such as nun's veiling, bérage, *crêpe* tissue, grenadine, and the like. It may also be used for foulard, for Surah silk and satin, or any fine, soft, easily draping material.

The "Geralda" mantelet gives a charming design for a summer mantelet of Surah silk, satin, or satin de Lyons. The back is shirred upon a lining which is shaped to fit the sides of the shoulder pieces, and give a most graceful outline to the form. It is richer in effect than the trimmed back, as well as newer, and has little weight if Surah silk or satin is used, that being so light and soft.

The "Lucia" cape with hood may be made in lace, and lined or not with black or colored silk. If black, and intended for wear with a variety of dresses, it should of course be lined with black, but the lining must in any case be effected with the lightest kind of black silk, and may be omitted altogether. A pretty way of giving the hood effect to a "home-made" cape of this kind, is to cut the pattern out in net; outline the shape of the hood, and cover this with black or primrose, or heliotrope satin. Then, leading from this, cover the net with rows of black lace in scant ruffles, heading each row with a narrow jet beading, and making of the lower row a border below the net; then shape the hood in outline with a double ruching of lace, with a beading through the center, leaving but a small portion of satin visible, and concealing the ends of the lace ruffles. Attach a yard of black satin ribbon in two ends to the front to tie, and this will complete a lovely little hooded cape for summer wear, at small trouble and expense. Black Spanish lace is best, if of good quality, but a light, pretty pattern in black French lace is more suitable for young ladies.

A pretty and novel design for summer morning dresses (for indoors), and in washing materials, will be found in the "Faustina" Princess dress. The shape is the pure princess with the exception of the extension in the back, to which fulness is added from the sides, and which is arranged in three detached shirrings; one under each seam. The trimming outlines a cutaway jacket, and a handkerchief trimmed on forms the collar.

Summer Bonnets.

The habit of wearing dark or grave colors upon the street, is one not easily got rid of, and which is, indeed, too convenient to be readily abandoned; but the new departure in color breaks out in bonnets and their accessories to an almost alarming extent, and makes bright spots amid the throngs upon fashionable thoroughfares, in the green mazes of the park, or the cool, shady precincts of a city church.

There is nothing, indeed, that so illuminates a quiet costume as the presence of a pretty bonnet; and this year bonnets and hats are undeniably pretty. Hats are in less demand for ladies than formerly, and more limited in their pretensions. There are dark, quiet walking hats, and astonishing contrasts to these in large, sweeping Rubens and Gainesboroughs, of Leghorn, with fancy straw brims and long, soft, white plumes, held in place with soft loops of exquisite white lace. But these styles do not suit the majority of women, who, after all, buy only one new bonnet of a season, like to have this handsome and becoming, both good for church-going as well as visiting, and fall back upon the one purchased last year for secondary occasions.

The popular bonnet of this description is of fancy straw, with soft shirred lining of silk, or satin, and trimming of ombre silk or satin, and flowers. If the lining is heliotrope, the flowers are violets in two shades, the trimming silk or satin, shaded from dark lilac, to pale yellow, or pink. If the lining is wine color, the flowers may be pansies, or striped tulips; and the gathered scarf shaded in wine-color and gold.

Some elegant bonnets for matrons are made entirely of Spanish lace, the border laid softly over the brim; the handsome spray of shaded roses half concealed by the lace, and its folds upon the opposite side held by a great enameled fly, or green lizard. Brown straw hats are no longer all brown, though worn with brown costumes. To the lining of shirred brown satin, the folds of brown gauze, crêpe, or satin, and the two brown ostrich tips, a pink tip is added, or a cluster of pink blossoms.

Gray bonnets glitter with steel, not beads; but steel lace. It covers the crowns and adorns the brims; it is used also in conjunction with pink tinted roses, to form the trimming; and, being woven of threads has none of the cold, steely effect of the old-fashioned steel ornamentation. Still it is not sympathetic, and will hardly have an enduring popularity.

The lace fall, round the edge of the brim, is revived for the large hat of black chip, which is all black, except three large crushed, pale roses, placed high in a transverse direction upon the left side. The roses may be replaced by small sunflowers, or large chrysanthemums.

Flowers are not by any means faithful reproductions of nature, at least so far as color is concerned. Upon a black chip bonnet displayed recently was an immense spray of red lilies of the valley, in conjunction with a trimming of black, Spanish lace and Surah satin. A charming bonnet of black Neapolitan, covered with fine steel beads and trimmed with steel lace, had a wreath of shaded red pomegranate blossoms in front of the brim.

Children wear the capote bonnet and the small poke, or rather gipsy, the brim lined, a cluster of satin loops on the crown, a mat of pink tinted daisies or small red poppies upon the front, and satin strings.

Bonnets, all white, are revived and are always delicate, and pretty. The straw is tinted chip, or Leghorn; the flowers azalias, yellow-hearted daisies, or lily of the valley; the ribbon ivory satin; or there are loops, and scarf of Surah satin, or lace, and lace-tie for strings.

SUMMER DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—A pretty house dress of Scotch zephyr gingham. The round waist is cut without shoulder seams, and the irregularly draped overskirt is arranged over a gored skirt of plain china-blue gingham, trimmed all around with rows of side-plaiting. The waist and overskirt are of plaid gingham, in shaded blues, and are trimmed with a gathered ruffle and insertion of "Carrickmacross" embroidery around the skirt and the sleeves, while the neck is finished with wide full collar of the embroidery falling in a double *jabot* to the waist, which is confined by a belt and waist bow of china-blue satin ribbon. The designs illustrated are the "Ninon" waist, and the "Célimène" walking skirt. Both are illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of waist, twenty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—This graceful costume is composed of ivory white French bunting, trimmed with Mirecourt lace. The design illustrates the "Lucile" blouse, which is shirred all around the neck and shoulders to give the effect of a circular yoke; and the "Manola" overskirt, with a deep shirred *tablier* and *bouffant* back draping, arranged over a short-gored skirt trimmed with alternate rows of knife-plaiting and lace. The bottom of the overskirt and lower edge of the blouse are edged with a gathered ruffle of Mirecourt lace, and the blouse is confined at the waist by a sword sash of Vandyck red *satin merveilleux*, tied in a large soft bow at the left side. Both the blouse and overskirt are illustrated separately elsewhere. Price of overskirt pattern thirty cents. Pattern of blouse, twenty-five cents each size.

FLAT, square leather bags, with broad belts to match, are an indispensable part of a summer traveling outfit.

PINK costumes are the rage this summer—pink and white gingham, for example, with rough and ready straw bonnet trimmed with apple-blossoms; or dress of pink crêpe over silk, the crêpe embroidered and employed for the daintiest of bonnets, with pink roses shaded into pale yellow for trimming, and tinted pink parasol, lined with palest gold.

FAUSTINA MORNING DRESS.

Faustina Morning Dress.—Thoroughly practical and simple in arrangement, yet possessing a certain degree of style, this design is a tight-fitting princess shape, cut with the usual number of darts in front, side-forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, which is cut with side extensions, shirred on the outside, to give the requisite fullness to the skirt. The dress is short enough to escape the ground all around, and is trimmed on the bottom with a gathered flounce. A band and ruffle are arranged on the front and sides to give the effect of a cut-away jacket, and a half-handkerchief forms the collar. This model is adapted to any dress goods, and especially to materials that may be laundried, as it can be very easily arranged by letting out the shirrings, which may be run on drawing strings, before the dress is sent to the wash, and gathering them again afterwards. Ruffles of embroidery may be substituted for the plain flounce on the skirt, which may also be trimmed more elaborately if desired; but this design is especially recommended for its graceful and stylish simplicity, to which it would be well to adhere. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Ariadne Polonaise.—Original in design and distinguished by a novel and graceful style of drapery, this polonaise is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side-gores under the arms, and side-forms rounding to the armholes, which are cut in one piece with the back on each side. The back pieces extend the entire length of the garment, and are arranged to fall in two overlapping points at the back. The front and side-gores are cut off at the depth of an ordinary cuirass basque, the required length at each side being furnished by a pointed drapery; and the front is completed by a plaited scarf drapery, terminating at the side seams. The corsage is ornamented with a wired Medici collar, and the garment may be trimmed with fringe and *passementerie* ornaments, or in any other style in accordance with the material employed to reproduce the design, which is suitable for nearly all classes of dress goods, and is especially adapted to a combination, as illustrated. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

ARIADNE POLONAISE.

PONGEE parasols are lined with white or cardinal silk; they are not made plain except to order, and then they cost more than if lined.

CÈLIMÈNE WALKING SKIRT.

MANOLA OVERSKIRT.

Cèlimène Walking Skirt.—An irregularly draped but especially graceful overskirt is arranged over a gored skirt, short enough to escape the ground all around, and trimmed with rows of side-plaiting, to compose this stylish design. In front the drapery is lapped from left to right, describing a deep point on the left side near the middle of the front, and a shorter point at the right, but farther back. The right side of the drapery for the back falls long and square, and is only slightly looped, while the left side is draped high by a *burnous* plait, the portion below falling in a sort of double *revers*. The model is desirable for any quality of dress goods, including light summer fabrics, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with ruffles of embroidery and insertion, or in any other style adapted to the material chosen. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Manola Overskirt.—A deep shirred *tablier* and a *bouffant* back drapery compose this stylish and gracefully arranged overskirt. The design is suitable for any dress material, including goods that may be laundried, as the shirring can be let out before the skirt is washed and easily replaced again afterwards. The overskirt may be trimmed as illustrated, or in any other style suitable to the material chosen, and may be worn either with a train or a short underskirt as occasion requires. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Bracelets, Rings, Necklaces, and Pendants.

No. 1.—A simple and pretty style of bangle bracelet, in "rolled" gold. The bracelet is highly polished copper-colored gold, and opens easily to admit the hand with ring and staple fastening. Price, $2 each.

No. 2.—Bangle bracelet of red "rolled" gold, highly polished, and ornamented with a buttercup flower in bright yellow, frosted gold, with center of green gold and polished gold stamens, the long stem twisted around the bracelet. The bracelet fastens with hinge and clasp. Price, $2.50 each.

No. 3.—A handsome finger-ring of solid gold, set with four pure white stones, possessing the beauty of genuine diamonds, and greatly enhanced in brilliancy by the patent foil back setting and high mounting. The ring is divided into four bands, the two outer bevelled and those in the center flat. The stones are set in the form of a somewhat elongated Maltese cross. Price, $6.50.

No. 4.—An amethyst ring with a finely cut stone of a pure violet tint, set in solid gold, and mounted high, with a somewhat ornate crown setting in "Marquise" shape. Price, $5.75.

No. 5.—This stylish bangle bracelet, of "rolled" gold, is of highly polished red gold wire, with the two ends lapped about an inch and a half like a spiral with balls of yellow gold in lace pattern filigree at each end. Twisted gold wires connect the lapped ends, and the bracelet fastens with a hinge and clasp. Price, $4 each.

No. 6.—An especially pretty and unique design for a bangle bracelet of "rolled" gold. The circle is of highly polished red gold, with griffins' heads of wrought yellow gold, set with ruby eyes. The bracelet opens with a clasp and hinge. Price, $4 each.

No. 7.—Bracelet of "rolled" gold similar in design to No. 5, with a longer lapped spiral of polished gold wire, terminating in dead gold balls, enriched with lace-pattern filigree. The lapped ends are connected by three tiny gold balls. Price, $3.75 each.

No. 8.—A novel and elegant design for a bangle bracelet of red "rolled" gold, the ends lapped about an inch and a half, connected with a strand of twisted wire, and terminating in rams' heads, with curled horns of wrought yellow gold. The bangle opens with a hinge and clasp. Price, $4 each.

No. 9.—This elegant finger-ring is a heavy circle of solid gold, set with a fine cameo representing an artistically beautiful female head in profile. The setting is a square medallion of polished gold. Price $7.50.

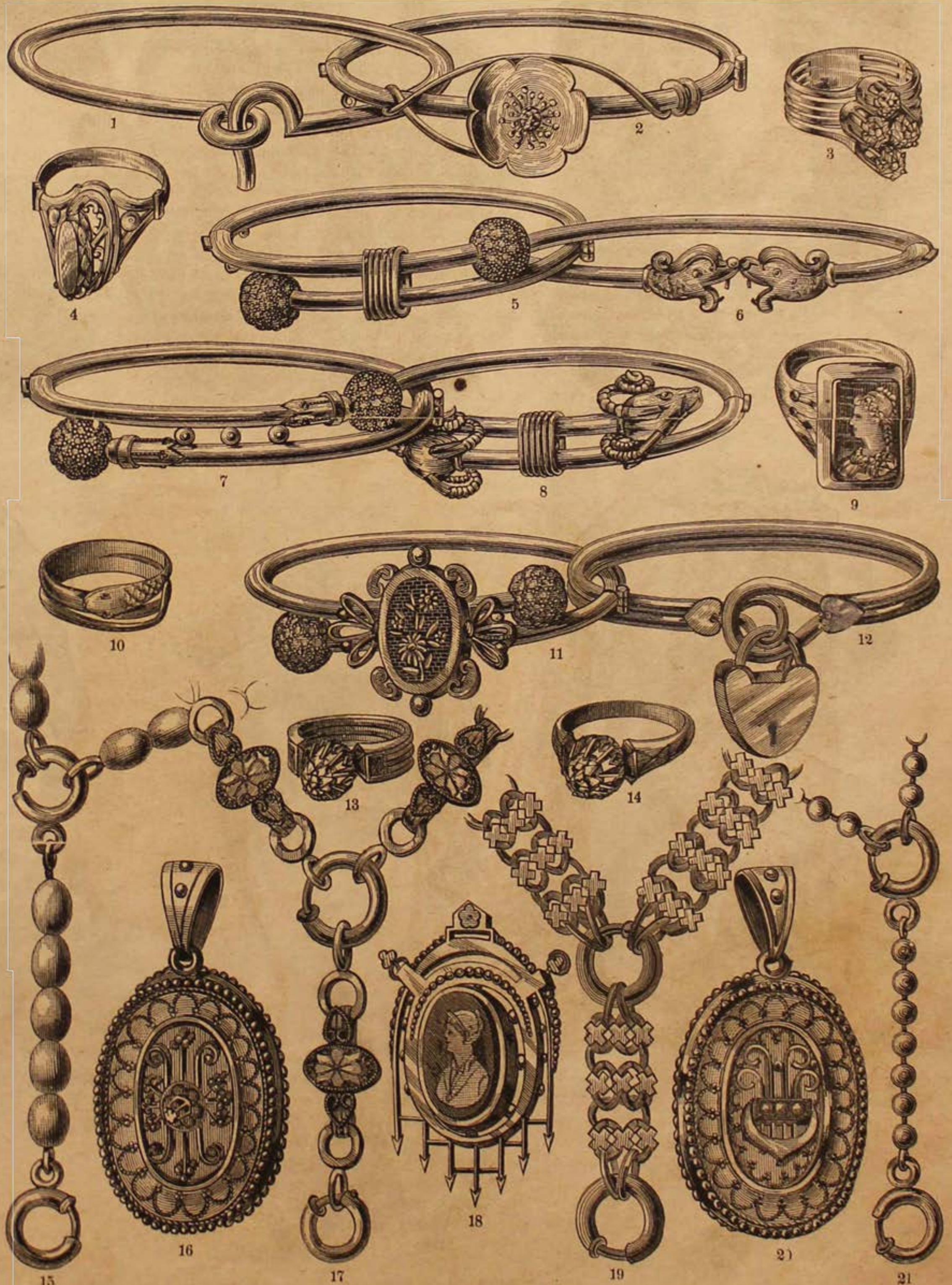
No. 10.—Gentleman's serpent ring of solid gold. The design represents a coiled serpent of polished red gold, with engraved head and ruby eyes. Price, $5.75.

No. 11.—A beautiful bracelet of "rolled" gold, composed of a circlet of polished copper-colored wire with the ends lapped about an inch and a half, terminating in dead gold balls, with lace pattern filigree work. The lapped ends are fastened with a raised medallion of polished gold, set with an oval Byzantine mosaic, representing white daisies and forget-me-nots. Price, $5 each.

No. 12.—This favorite design for a bangle bracelet is composed of a double wire of "rolled" gold, with looped ends forming a hasp, which is fastened with a small gold padlock. Price, $4.50 each.

No. 13.—A solid gold finger-ring, flat, and divided into three bands, finely chased near the setting, and set with a pure white stone as brilliant and showy as a genuine diamond. The stone is set high, in the latest style of knife-edged diamond-setting, and has a patent foil back that greatly enhances the brilliancy of the stone. Price, $8.

No. 14.—This beautiful ring is of solid gold, set with a fine, pure white stone, that closely resembles a genuine diamond, and has all the beauty and brilliancy of a real gem. The finger-ring is richly chased, and the stone is set in the latest style of diamond-setting. A patent foil back in



BRACELETS, RINGS, NECKLACES, AND PENDENTS.—Actual Sizes.

CHAPEAUX À LA MODE.

SEE DESCRIPTIONS, PAGE 87.

creases the natural brilliancy of the stone exceedingly. Price, $8.

No. 15.—A quaint and pretty necklace of highly polished "rolled" gold beads, composed of small spheroids of red gold, strung on a flexible gold chain. The neck-chain measures sixteen inches, and the pendant chain one inch and a half. Price, $5.50.

No. 16.—Oval locket of "rolled" gold, ornamented with delicate designs in filigree upon the face. A raised oval of polished gold surrounds a design in raised scrolls and shamrock leaves, and a single pearl set in a raised rosette in the center. The locket opens at the side, and has places for two pictures. Price, $5.

No. 17.—A beautiful necklace of "rolled" gold, formed of a linked chain of dead gold, with the upper surface ornamented with flat cross-barred ornaments in latticed bars of highly polished gold. All the polished gold seen is solid. The neck-chain measures nineteen inches, and the pendant chain one inch and a half. Price, $7.

No. 18.—Cameo pin, set in "rolled" gold. A unique design which can also be worn as a locket or pendant, by attaching a chain or ribbon to the rings at the top. The cameo is a Roman head cut in profile, set in an oval medallion of polished gold, within an outer oval of polished gold encircled with a semicircle of frosted gold dots. On the top is a flower in frosted gold; at the sides graduated gold balls, and depending from the lower edge leaves of *fleur-de-lis* in polished gold, connected with bars of gold in knife-edge work like diamond settings. All the polished gold seen is solid. Price, $6.

No. 19.—Artistic and delicate in design and execution, this elegant necklace is composed of bar links of dead gold ornamented upon the upper surface with filigree scrolls set with an engraved ornament of polished gold. These are alternated with flat circle links of highly polished gold. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. The long chain measures nineteen inches, and the pendant chain one inch and a half. Price, $6.

No. 20.—This handsome oval locket of "rolled" gold is enriched with light filigree work on the face. In the center is a raised oval, surrounding a lyre-shaped ornament of highly polished gold, with a horizontal bar set with three real pearls. The locket opens at the side, and has places for two pictures. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, $5.

No. 21.—A dainty necklace of "rolled" gold composed of tiny beads of highly-polished gold, strung on a flexible chain. The length of the neck-chain is fifteen inches, and the pendant chain, to which an ornament can be attached, measures one inch and a half. Price, $3.

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.

Large Pelerine Collars.

The large collar is one of the most stylish adjuncts to ladies or children's dress. Ladies wear them in the house, children out of doors, and, as a rule, the smaller the child, the larger the collar. Ladies make them of black silk, or of the material of the dress, and trim them with lace several inches deep. A standing ruffle is then added to the throat, with a jabot for the front, and the dainty article is complete. Morning dresses of gingham and cambric, have these collars added to them, with border, and ruffle of lace, or needlework, which renders them pretty and complete for wear. Fashionable collars for children are made up of Madeira embroidery, or linen guipure, or fine torchon lace.

Chapeaux à la Mode.

(*See full-page of Illustrations.*)

No. 1.—*Toreador* hat of black English straw, having the brim covered with a puff of gathered black velvet. A *torsade* of velvet is wound around the crown, and a bouquet of blush roses is fastened upon the left side toward the back.

No. 2.—Hat of white Milan straw braid, trimmed with a *monture* of crimson roses, foliage, and bronzed berries, arranged on the front and sides. A bow of maize-colored *satin merveilleux* is placed at the back, and the strings are also of maize-colored *satin merveilleux* tied in an immense bow under the chin.

No. 3.—Rembrandt hat of shirred black *tulle*, trimmed with gathered ruffles of black Spanish lace beaded with jet. Three ostrich tips of shaded coral color and a straw-colored *aigrette* ornament the left side.

No. 4.—Close hat of very dark green straw braid. It is handsomely trimmed with an Alsatian bow of dark green *satin merveilleux* fastened with a gold pin, and is ornamented with a steel gray bird upon the left side. The strings are of dark green *satin merveilleux* lined with steel-gray satin.

No. 5.—This exquisite little Parisian *capote* is of pale pink *crêpe*, trimmed with a spray of Vandyck red roses and their foliage across the front, and a cluster of very delicate willow plumes of pale rose-color drooping at the side. Upon the raised front is placed a large fly of bronze cut steel The strings are quite wide and of shaded rose colored *satin merveilleux*.

No. 6.—An entirely unique and stylish bonnet, composed of black *tulle*, embroidered with steel threads. A coronet wreath of coral pink and crimson pomegranate blossoms is arranged upon the front, and veiled by a single thickness of the steel embroidered *tulle*. The edge of the hat is finished with steel lace, and the strings are of steel embroidered *tulle*, edged with steel lace woven in a torchon lace pattern.

Dorimène Toilet.

A unique and artistic toilet of almond-colored *satin merveilleux*, with removable *plastron* of satin brocaded velvet in two shades of olive green, fastened on with large saucer-shaped buttons, painted with rosebuds on a silver surface. The draperies are trimmed with rich silk fringe with strands and heading of many-colored beads, and the train has a deep side-plaiting all around it, arranged in full *coquilles* at the bottom. Around the neck and sleeves are very full ruffles of *écru* over white Alençon lace; and the *demi*-long sleeves are slashed at the top and have puffs inserted in the outer parts. Long loops and ends of China blue satin ribbon are arranged in two bows upon the *plastron*, and a spray of coral-tinted roses is fastened in the lower bow. A similar rose with leaves is fastened at the right corner of the corsage. Almond-tinted gloves, painted with roses. Gold bracelets and coral ear-drops. The design illustrated is the "Dorimène" toilet, with removable plastron. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

DORIMÈNE TOILET.

DORIMÈNE TOILET.

Dorimene Toilet.—Unique and artistic in effect, this beautiful toilet is designed with a tight-fitting polonaise having a basque front with the usual number of darts in each side, side gores under the arms, side-forms rounding to the arm-holes, and a seam down the middle of the back. An apron and side-gores are joined to the lower edges of the front and side-gores of the basque to give the required length of an ordinary walking skirt on the front and sides. Over the joining are draped plaited side-paniers, and lower on the front similar draperies, both of which disappear under the back drapery which extends in princess style almost to the end of the long, full train. Upon the simulated princess front is placed a flat removable *plastron*, extending from the shirred *guimpe* that ornaments the corsage, to the bottom of the dress. The demi-long sleeves are caught up in a plait on the inside of the elbow, and are slashed at the top, and have puffs inserted on the outer parts. The design is adapted to the most dressy materials, and may be trimmed as illustrated, with fringe and deep side-plaiting around the skirt arranged in *coquilles* at the bottom, or in any style desired. The illustration represents the *plastron* made of a different material, and buttoned on the outside. If variety is desired, several *plastrons* of different colors and materials may be made after the same pattern to be worn with the toilet at different times. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Necklets of Flowers.

Among the pretty devices for the neck are the pretty necklets, made of ruching of lace, studded with flowers. These are sometimes tied close round the throat, like a dog-collar, sometimes used to outline an open bodice, and sometimes extended down the entire front in place of a jabot. The dog-collar necklets are useful and pretty for young girls with white or light summer costumes, and are not only easily made, but cheaply replaced. Blue-bells, fuschias, ragged robins, any small pendant floweret looks well; and the blue-bells look particularly well alternating with tiny pink-tinted daisies. Buttercups and daisies may also be used.

Description of Cut Paper Pattern.

LUCIA CAPE.

LADY'S MEDIUM SIZE.

Combining the "coachman's" cape and a small capuchin hood, this practical design, according to the material in which it is made, can be utilized for all seasons of the year. Made in cashmere, silk, satin, or velvet, suitably trimmed, it will provide a convenient garment for *demi-saison*, to wear with various dresses, or it can be made to complete a costume of the same material; for summer use, it can be made of rows of lace or fringe on a foundation of alternate rows of lace insertion with velvet ribbon, or strips of cashmere, or in almost any thin fabric; and for cold weather, of plush or cloth. It can be made very dressy and effective by using a bright color for lining the hood, or both the hood and cape. The cape is in circle shape, fitted by gores on the shoulders, and the hood is ornamented with *revers*.

Half of the pattern is given, consisting of three pieces—cape, hood, and *revers*.

The shoulder gores in the cape are to be basted and fitted to the figure before they are cut off. The edge of the hood near which there is a cluster of holes, is to be laid, in cutting, to a crosswise fold of the goods to avoid a seam; the edge indicated by the single notch is to be joined in a seam to the corresponding edge, and with a little care the lining can be fitted in smoothly so that no seams will show when the hood is finished. Turn up the hood on the outside in a line with the row of holes; join the *revers* to it as indicated by the notches, and turn the *revers* over on the outside.

Cut the cape lengthwise of the goods on the front edges. Cut the hood exactly crosswise of the material in a line with the cluster of holes that designate the middle of the outer part of the back; and the *revers* with the notched edge placed lengthwise on the goods.

This size will require one yard and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide; and half a yard of the same width to line the hood; or, if made as illustrated, four yards and three-quarters of velvet ribbon two inches wide, four yards and one-quarter of lace insertion of the same width, and two yards and a half of lace edging, will be sufficient.

Patterns also in sizes for misses of fourteen and sixteen years. Price, fifteen cents each.

Very large fans are again coming into vogue. For summer wear they are of crétonne, with Watteau figures, the dress ornamentation executed with gold thread. The sticks are ebony, or ebonized wood, and a silver chain and link for fastening is attached to the handle.

Hand embroidered muslin is one of the most exquisite of summer fabrics.

Light Wraps.

The new wraps are small and very graceful. It is long since summer brought anything prettier than the dainty little mantelets, which are half visite, that are among the late designs and novelties. The fabrics of which they are made—fine, soft twilled Surah, or corded satin, are particularly adapted to the grace of a clinging garment, which is shaped to the form as much by its shirring and the disposition of folds, as by its precise cut, of which, indeed, it is difficult to form an idea.

There is a great deal of style too, in the tying. Everything is tied. Buttons, metal fastenings, are disappearing, and cords and ribbons are taking their place. Scarf-shaped trimmings are shirred instead of laid in folds, and tied low upon the front. Fichus, shawl-shaped, of black or white Spanish lace, are shirred upon the shoulder, and tied with broad black, or cream satin ribbon.

Wraps of light cloth are cut rounding and a little deeper: they have hoods which are lined with satin, but they are often trimmed with narrow plaiting, or scant, shirred ruffle of the material, bound with satin, instead of the fancy fringes, which are not sufficiently durable for the sort of rough and tumble wear they get.

A novelty is in light cloth, of Huddersfield make, imported by A. T. Stewart & Co., has a curious raised, granite effect upon its upper side; but its reversed side is in a small check, and this is used, by being simply turned over, for trimming. This house has greatly enlarged its department of out-door garments; but imports them exclusively. The children's stock is very large and complete, and there are many Vienna styles not found elsewhere. The newest thing in jackets are called after the Princess Louise. They are of navy-blue cloth, and richly trimmed with gold braid.

NINON WAIST.

Ninon Waist.—This design differs from the ordinary blouse waist in being cut without seams on the shoulders, which brings the fronts bias, thus rendering it particularly effective for plaid goods. The lower part is gathered into a belt; the sleeves are rather shorter and slightly wider than the usual coat style, and the neck is finished with a wide turn-down collar. The design is particularly adapted to summer fabrics, and silk or wool goods of light quality, and the neck may be finished, as illustrated, with a ruche and collar of lace, extending in a *jabot* down each side of the front, or with simply the collar made of the material, or in any other style that is preferred, according to the material selected. Price of pattern, twenty cents each size.

Fancy Dresses Worn by Americans in Paris.

At a magnificent fancy dress ball given in Paris, the palm of splendor and of tastefulness among the ladies' costumes was carried off by Mrs. J. W. Mackay, who was magnificently attired as an oriental Jewess. A bodice of pale blue velvet, embroidered with gold, was worn above draperies of pale yellow silk, interwoven with gold and looped with a clasp formed of large diamonds. The caftan or loose robe was in pale blue satin, embroidered all over with tropical flowers and birds in their natural colors. The loosened dark tresses of the fair wearer were braided with diamonds and surmounted by a toque in lilac velvet, embroidered with gold, to the sides of which was attached a chain of diamonds passing under the chin. A necklace of diamonds, another of large oriental pearls, and clasps and brooches and bracelets of turquoises and diamonds lightened the dress with a blaze of splendor.

Miss Mackay's costume was charming and singularly becoming to the wearer. It was the feminized costume of an Incroyable. A long-tailed coat of sky blue velvet, with large white buttons and worn with a deep vest of white satin, embroidered with small flowers in their natural hues, was combined with a looped skirt of pale gray *crêpe de Chine*, set with tints of blue ribbon. Gray silk stockings, worked with flowers, and dark blue slippers with immense bows completed the costume. A cocked hat was set upon the pretty powdered head, whose thick tresses were gathered into a club behind. The characteristic wide cravat, cane and scissor-shaped eye-glass formed the accessories of this picturesque dress.

A sister of Mrs. Mackay, the Countess Telfener, wore a Louis XV. costume of antique red satin, brocaded with flowers in their natural hues, and made *à paniers* and looped with garlands of many-colored roses over a short underskirt of pale blue satin. The long pointed corsage was cut square and trimmed with ruffles of old Mechlin lace. The sleeves were half long, the arms of the wearer being covered with mittens of fine white silk lace. The high-powdered tresses were adorned with a coronet in diamonds in pearls and with shaded feathers in pale tints of cream and red. A profusion of diamonds and a necklace, composed of five rows of pearls, clasped with an emerald set in diamonds, ornamented the toilet, which was completed by silk stockings in antique red embroidered in gold and colors, and by high heeled satin slippers of the same hue, set with diamond buckles.

An American gentleman created quite a sensation by appearing in ordinary evening dress with all colors reversed, that is to say, what should have been black was white, and *vice versa*. His dress coat, waistcoat and trousers were in white cloth, his shirt of black linen, his tie of black lace, and his gloves of black kid; while in one hand he carried daintily a white crushed hat.

RECEPTION TOILET.

Reception Toilet.

This graceful reception or dinner dress is composed of the "Ariadne" polonaise, arranged over a demi-train skirt. The skirt and scarf drapery of the polonaise are made of rich black satin, and the rest of the polonaise is of grenadine in a foliated design embroidered with cut jet beads, following the outline and veining of the leaves. Rich silk and jet fringe, headed with jetted *passementerie*, trims the bottom of the polonaise and the double points at the back. A *plastron* and cuffs of plain satin covered with jet embroidered *tulle* and a wired Medici collar complete the garniture. Black thread lace over white Alençon lace ruffles finishes the neck and sleeves. The skirt is trimmed with two flounces arranged in double box-plaits, and a *balayeuse* of white muslin edged with *torchon* lace is placed around the lower edge. "Bernhardt" gloves of pale gold color, jet and gold ornaments. The double illustration of the polonaise is given among the separate fashions. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

Wedding Laces and Jewelry.

In connection with the marriage of the Princess Stephanie, the Queen of Belgium desired that Brussels would show what it could do in sustaining the honor of its time-honored industry. At the factory of Mr. De Vergneis, an exquisite piece of lace was produced, of extraordinary fineness and dimensions. It can be used for flounces, or as a train to a dress, and cost 11,-000 fr. It was enclosed in a box of ivory, lined with white velvet, and bearing the initial "S." The *batiste* handkerchiefs are richly ornamented with embroidery and lace. The Princess of Flanders ordered a fan for the *fiancée*, the back of which is of gold studded with diamonds and rubies; while on the front is an aquarelle, representing a wedding procession, the principal figures in which are a shepherd and a shepherdess, bearing strong resemblance to Crown Prince Rudolph and Princess Stephanie. The pupils of a girls' school in Prague sent a handkerchief, which is a *chef d'œuvre*. The material is the finest *batiste*. The border is embroidered with crowns, done in silk, and *en relief*, each crown having an "S" under it. In one corner of the center-piece is a Bohemian lion worked in white silk; in another, the Austrian eagle, executed with the minutest detail, especially the feathers. The third corner bears the initial "S," surrounded by flowers, and the fourth contains the Belgian coat of arms. The following are some of the gifts mentioned in the Austrian press: The *parure* from Budapest is worthy the Hungarian art industry. The most striking piece is the belt, consisting of artistically arranged small square scales, every one of which has a diamond in each corner, and a choice opal in the center. No less costly is the neck-chain—a row of small diamonds, interspersed by larger opals. This chain reaches to the belt, and terminates with a Belgian lion, with a ten-carat opal in the coat of arms. Among the smaller pieces, the hair-pins are particularly remarkable. They are six in number, of solid silver enameled, the head of each being formed of an opal set in diamonds. Fourteen buckles, richly ornamented with diamonds and opals, are a miniature *garniture* by themselves. The *parure* will be presented in a chased silver case. The city of Agram manufactured a diadem of gold, studded with fifty diamonds, and numerous other precious stones, among them, seven large and exquisite topazes, these latter being home products, having been found in the neighborhood of Moslavini. Fiume sent a magnificent and most original set of jewelry,

consisting of two ear-pendants and a necklace, all worked in the so-called Moretti style, which has become a specialty of the Fiume goldsmiths. On the sixty gold rosettes, strung on a fine Venetian gold, shining black negro heads are enameled, while a large and costly ruby forms the center of each rosette. The blood-red stones, and the black negro-heads, with white eyes and feather ornaments, present a most effective contrast.

The New Shaded Trimming Silks.

THE novelty of these fabrics proves very attractive to many ladies, and for trimming purposes there has rarely been seen materials more effective. Their peculiarity consists in the rich diversity of shading, and the strong contrasts obtained by the multiplicity of tints combined from two colors in one width of fabric, one edge showing the darkest shades of one color, and the body part of the stuff proceeding in regular gradations to develop lighter shades until the opposite edge reaches the lightest of the same, or another color, pink and gold, brown and écru, garnet and pink, olive and gold, olive and peacock-blue, and olive and pink, are all seen in these brilliant shaded combinations, in all the millinery trimmings of the season. Surah silk, satin, crêpe, ribbons of the same texture, and also feathers, flowers, particularly roses.

The silks are used as scarfs, and are therefore wide, for they must be gathered up, or arranging in wide, soft loops, as are the ribbons also; and this massing has the effect of toning down the color, and giving it greater depth, it increases also the rich appearance of the trimming.

There are grave objections however against the use to any great extent of such showy materials in the construction of dresses. Sashes may be made of them, and they may be used in combination sometimes, that is to say, with a grey tissue, or gauze, or an écru, or neutral tinted barège, as part of the drapery, with very good effect, but to use them indiscriminately would only result in deterioration and disgust. Fortunately, ombre silks are rather expensive, at least the novelty goods, which are now known by that title. "Shot" reversible silks can be bought cheap enough, for they are now not even used for parasols, which is their most obvious destination. Their fate, however, should be a warning to those who cannot afford to lose their ventures, not to make doubtful experiments, but to adhere to certainties, for nothing is more annoying among minor miseries than to have wasted means on what we do not want, and thus deprive ourselves of the power of getting what we do actually need.

Trained Dresses in Hot Weather.

ONE of the great objections to long dresses any time, and especially in summer, when they are much trimmed, is their weight, and inconvenience, and the necessity they entail, when thin, of wearing more than one long skirt. This is a question of real importance, and ought to condemn the long dress for growing girls. The essential thing with them is that nothing in their clothing should retard or hinder their permanent health and development, and compel them to forego exercise, and activity or force them to carry a weight which is weakening and debilitating. There is no doubt that the weight of trains and trimming has much to do with the functional disorders of American women; and a reduction of weight in clothing will do much to restore strength, and get rid of the disabilities which are now so often charged upon climate.

SMALL shawl fichus of Spanish lace are in high vogue, laid in folds on the shoulders, and tied at the throat with loops of satin ribbon.

AMONG the new light cloths for wraps is one that is reversible, the under side, which is finished, but different in pattern, being used for trimming.

Rosamond Basque.

A VERY effective and stylish basque, made of dark green, red, and gold plaid grenadine, with raised blocks of dark green plush, the groundwork shot with gilt threads. The design is the "Rosamond" basque, which is tight-fitting, with a plaited postilion at the back, and ornamented with a large sailor collar of green *satin merveilleux* crossing *en surplis*, terminating in long ends in front, and fastened at the waist with a long looped bow of dark green satin ribbon. The neck is finished with a full ruching and *jabot* of Newport lace, and the sleeves have a gathered ruffle of the same, and cuffs and bows of green *satin merveilleux*. The back view will be found illustrated among the separate fashions. The overskirt for the rest of the costume is of the same fabric as the basque, and is arranged over an underskirt of dark green *satin merveilleux*. Price of basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

The New Rage.

THE one great feature of dressmaking at the present time is "shirring," as we call it in America, "gauging," as it is called in England. Shirring is used so lavishly, that it is like buttons on a page's dress, "all over" everything, and it is considered a stroke of genius to find a place to shirr, where shirring has not already been put. Shoulder seams in some instances have been discarded, especially for soft, thin materials, and the cutting done upon the bias, so that the neck should be one mass of shirring; and this massed effect is constantly seen upon the front of skirts, upon the back of bodices, and is used instead of plaits in forming the scarf—like trimming of mantles.

Shirring is now being introduced into sleeves, and it is very effective, as well as easily executed, as a means of dividing fullness into puffs, and thus imparting distinction to what would otherwise be commonplace. The fashion of making the sleeves a little full, and slightly stuffing the top, in order to increase the appearance of height, is returning, and the shirring is somewhat in the line of the stiff fashions of those days. But we do not in *these* days accept anything just as it comes from a past, or another race, or nation, without essential modification, and adaptation to our own times, and the practical spirit of our people. Fashion is rapidly becoming systematized on broad and eclectic principles, which are based on natural ideas of selection and survival of the fit test; and the harmonizing of these elements into simple, practical forms in accordance with the industrial tendencies, and constantly increasing necessities of our modern life.

Tea Gowns.

THE newest style of "matinée" or tea gown is gathered at the throat and shoulders, and has sleeves, in imitation of the "Mother Hubbard" cloak; the trimming is of lace or soft feathers. Another style is the long Princess robe, the front of the skirt opening to show a simulated flounced lace and muslin, or lace and satin petticoat, with a broad sash passed across the front, fastened at the sides, and then arranged in a very large bow at the back, falling on the train, having the appearance of being passed underneath at the hips, and then brought out again at the back. This sash is generally of a contrasting color to the dress. Ruby plush with pale blue Surah, black satin with deep red plush, brown foulard with pale pink satin, &c. There are also revers of the same color as the dress of satin, if the material is foulard or cashmere, and a profusion of lace, with graceful jabot, and ruffles at throat and wrist. The Princess style is more worn, and considered more dressy and becoming than the Watteau plait, unless the material is the flowered Pompadour silk or satine. Black is very popular, trimmed with pink or blue, with cascades of cream lace arranged over it, and loops of the color. Satine and satinette tea gowns have been arranged in old gold and cardinal. They are not lined except about the bodice, and often are made with Watteau plait. They should be somewhat loose, and a pretty front may be introduced of Madras muslin, with bows of narrow ribbon or closely plaited flounces of lace.

ELEGANT Chromo Gold Ground Business Cards.—"Marguerite," "He Loves Me, Loves Me Not," etc.; also, set of one dozen assorted chromo cards, 5 cents each set, or by mail, two 3-cent stamps. W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th St., N. Y.

CHESTER BASQUE.

Chester Basque.—Practical and simple in design, this basque is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side-gores under the arms, side-forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. Fullness is imparted to the back by extensions on the side forms and back pieces which are laid in plaits on the inside. The neck is finished with a plain standing collar, and long coat sleeves complete the design, which is especially appropriate for light qualities of cloth, flannel or similar materials, and also suitable for any class of dress goods. It may be simply or elaborately trimmed, according to taste and the fabric selected, the "tailor" finish, as illustrated—rows of machine stitching near the edges—being the most suitable finish for heavy materials. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Lace for Trimming.

One of the features of the season is the immense quantity of lace used as trimming. Doubtless the reason is to be found in the many new and pretty trimming laces introduced, which are real, but not expensive—which are not *point d'Alençon*, or English pillow lace, but, nevertheless, not cotton imitations, and certainly very pretty and effective.

The first of these to win a vogue was the "Breton," and it is said to have come about in this wise: A certain grand lady had acquired a quantity of Breton lace, and was at a loss what to do with it. Finally, a happy inspiration seized her; a dress of light tissue was about to be made by her modiste, and she determined to trim it with dozens of yards of this pretty lace, finely plaited. To the decoration was added clusters of shaded roses, and the dress was worn at an elegant entertainment, and achieved an instant and decided success. This was the beginning of the finely plaited lace, and of the enormous use of Breton lace, and its successors, or rather rivals, which is seen to-day. The list of trimming laces has now become quite large, and important; Languedoc came next to Breton, then *point d'Esprit*, a dotted net; then Vermicelli and Mirecourt, then the new white and black Spanish silk lace, not made in Spain, but in Normandy. Besides these there are the "French" trimming laces, so-called, the imitations of all the linen laces, the useful torchon, the "antique" lace for household purposes, and the metal laces, steel being the most used at the present moment.

Of all the trimming laces, Breton is the prettiest of the lighter laces, Spanish the heaviest, and most showy. The new imitation of Mechlin is also very pretty, and in the wide, fine patterns in which it is used on delicate summer, and summer evening dresses, not at all cheap. The patterns are small, and filled in with dots, too pretty, and too dear for close plaiting, so very often displayed most advantageously in deep, scant ruffles across the tablier, slightly rounding, and terminating in the side seams or under the panels.

Spanish lace, both black and white, is in high vogue for fichus, scarfs, bonnets, and trimming for bonnets and parasols. It also appears with gold thread interwoven or dotted with minute silk buttons, as a trimming for black grenadine, and black striped gauze with black satin. Steel lace is the newest of the trimming laces, but it is not so handsome as Spanish lace. It trims very well, however, upon black, when it is alternated with jetted Spanish lace. The combination of steel with jet, in trimming, proves very effective.

ROSAMOND BASQUE.

Rosamond Basque.—Especially designed for home wear, and very effective and stylish, this basque is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side-gores under the arms, side-forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The basque is ornamented with a large sailor collar which terminates in long ends in front, crossing *en surplis*. Extensions on the lower parts of the back pieces, laid in plaits on the inside, impart additional fullness to the back of the basque. This design is adapted to any style of dress goods, and may be trimmed as illustrated with velvet cuffs and collar, or in any other style to correspond with the material employed. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Short Summer Evening Toilets.

The adoption of the short dress has changed the aspect of the summer for many young girls, and greatly reduced for them the complications of the dress question. A short dress requires much less material than a long one, even when the additional length, and breadth of the skirt is the only question to be taken into consideration, but it is of immensely more importance when we think of the amount of material required in addition for the plaitings, and trimming of the train.

Among the pretty short princess dresses in preparation for gay watering-places, are some of nun's veiling, trimmed with fine plaitings of the same, and a quantity of wide Breton lace, put on in scant ruffles, but not plaited. Other pretty dresses are of pale pink, or ivory white silk, the short, plain skirt trimmed with three narrow ruffles of embroidered muslin. Wide scarfs, or ruffles of embroidered muslin draped over the front, and others trimming the waist, which is usually square, but always open, and often filled in with tucked muslin, or lisse.

Very light toilets for the ball-room are of gauze, and Surah, the gauze forming narrow ruffles upon the front of the skirt as high as the knees, where they are met by a shirred apron of the Surah, of which also the back of the skirt is composed; gauze scarfs forming part of the drapery. The boddice is broadly belted in with Surah satin, and is a low square back and front; the sleeves are of gauze to the elbow, and are ruffled with lace. Flower ornamentation, when used, is put on in large sprays, fringes, and garlanded flowers having quite gone out of fashion.

Pink is revived this season, not the deep shades, but a silvery pink, which is most charmingly trimmed with white lace, and clusters of large tinted "crushed" roses.

Pale gold silk, and satin is also much admired, and trims most daintily with white Mechlin lace, and groupes of *thè*, or Malmaison roses, which make up in shading what they lose in the delicacy of the *thè* rose.

There is nothing more becoming, or so useful to young ladies who go much into society than a pretty tinted silk dress, trimmed with lace, and the smaller quantity required makes them very little more costly than muslin, which are of little use after two or three times wearing, for a *washed* dress cannot be worn in society.

GERALDA MANTELET.

Geralda Mantelet.—Gracefully unique in design, this pretty wrap is especially appropriate for summer and *demi-saison* wear. It is somewhat in dolman style, and cut with seams on the shoulders; the fronts forming the shoulder pieces and extending in long pointed tabs, and the back shirred full its entire length over a plain lining. The design is adapted to any material suitable for *demi-saison* wraps, silk, satin *merveilleux*, *sicilienne*, and light qualities of cashmere, as well as thin summer fabrics and many suit goods; and the trimming may be selected to correspond with the material. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

A novelty in bonnets is the exact shape of a flour scoop. It turns straight up at the back, the brim projecting over the face. A mass of shaded roses decorates the front; and the broad loops which cover the crown, and form the strings, are composed of Surah ribbon shaded in the rose colors.

HOME DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—This simple little dress of white cambric is very suitable for children under ten years of age. It is a graceful style of blouse-dress, arranged in three box-plaits, both back and front, below which a "Spanish" flounce is added to give the necessary length. The flounce is trimmed with ruffles and insertion of fine Smyrna lace, and the neck and sleeves are finished with ruffles of the same. The design represents the "Daisy" dress, patterns of which are cut in sizes for from six months to ten years of age. Price, twenty cents each.

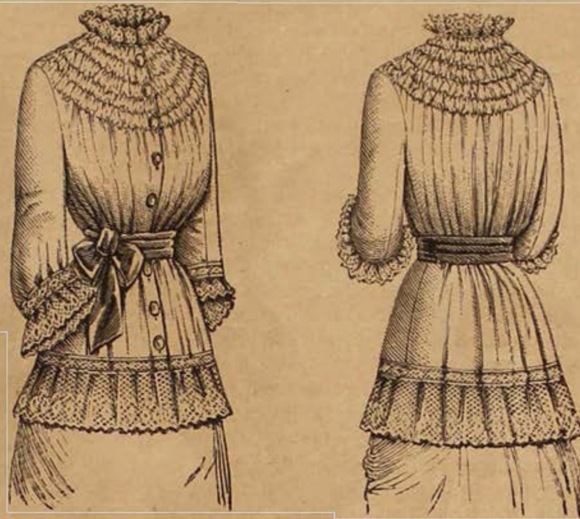
FIG. 2.—An elegant and graceful morning dress of white French muslin, cut in princess style with a double Watteau plait at the back. It is elaborately trimmed around the bottom and up the front with gathered ruffles and bands of embroidery, and ornamented with a large turn down collar, and bows of china-blue satin ribbon down the middle of the front and on the sleeves. A coquettish morning cap of India mull trimmed with ruffles of Aurillac lace and china-blue satin ribbon bows completes the toilet. The illustration represents the "Vinetta" wrapper. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 3.—A convenient and becoming suit of blue flannel, made with a loose blouse and knee-pants finished simply with rows of machine stitching and large smoked pearl buttons. Sailor collar, and tie of dark blue silk. Straw hat trimmed with marine blue ribbon. The design illustrates the "Sailor" suit. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years, price thirty cents each.

"Our Portfolio of Fashions."

THE singular popularity of this publication finds no better evidence than its enormous circulation. This season we start with 70,000, and this may increase to 100,000, at its present rate of advancement. The secret is simply that ladies want to see a truthful, pictured semblance of styles before buying patterns, and in our "PORTFOLIO" they obtain a complete gallery of designs, so large, so distinct in detail, and so well described, that they are enabled to judge accurately of effects, and are not betrayed into useless expenditure. The second edition with supplements, and all the new designs in costume for the spring and summer of 1881, is now ready. Price, fifteen cents, post-free. Address, MME. DEMOREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York City.

Azele Sleeve.—This stylish sleeve is equally appropriate for rich or inexpensive fabrics, and especially desirable for a costume or toilet in which shirring is more or less employed. It is composed of an outer piece shirred full over a lining that is cut like an ordinary coat sleeve. The bottom of the sleeve is shirred closely around the wrist, and may be finished as illustrated, with a gathered ruffle of lace, or in any other suitable manner. Price of pattern, ten cents.



LUCILE BLOUSE.

Lucile Blouse.—A perfectly loose sacque, shirred all around the neck and shoulders to give the effect of a circular yoke, and confined at the waist by a belt, this design will be found especially becoming for slender figures, and an excellent model to be made in any summer fabric, or the lighter qualities of silk or woolen goods. The sleeves are widened at the lower part and gathered in to a band just below the elbow. The illustration represents it made in white French bunting, trimmed with fine Smyrna lace and insertion, and a belt of pale blue satin; but the trimming can be varied to correspond with the material chosen. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

Rubens Sleeve.—Artistic in design and arrangement, fitting closely around the wrist, and trimmed with medieval puffing from the top of the sleeve to just below the elbow. The plain part may be of a different material from the puffing, with very good effect, especially if the dress is a combination of two material. The design is especially adapted to dressy fabrics and those of light quality. Price of pattern, ten cents.

Parasols.

Like everything else, parasols have taken a new departure, and appear rather to attract sunlight by the blaze of high color, which they spread above the head, than ward it off. Bright red parasols! of a size too, to be called more properly umbrellas. Would any woman have believed it possible five years ago, or less, that she could carry such a thing? Yet very elegant women do carry them, and attract no more attention than the little glimpse occasionally afforded of a pair of red stockings.

Parasols are certainly very pronounced: they are large in size, show heavy, and very distinctive handles, and are either very much trimmed, or very high in color—perhaps both. All are lined, and the most quiet are the rich black, lined with old gold, with satin-wood-sticks, and bordered deeply with real Spanish lace. The all-red parasols are sometimes bordered with black lace, and then they have ebonized sticks and frame.

The most recent caprice consists of a parasol half black, and half red, or old gold; the color forming the top. This idea was adopted first for linings; but now it is used for the outside, and very odd it is. Others in dark colors of twilled silk or satin de Lyon are bordered with all-round stripes, gold and garnet, the gold forming the lining.

There are parasols also of very gay crétonne; the ground dark, the figures and flowers light, with red in them outlined with gold thread. Watteau figures are used upon them, as upon fans, and the ornaments and decorations of the dresses are all in gold thread. The sticks are ebonized, and have silver chains and mounting.

There is hardly such a thing to be found as a plain parasol. The modest pongees are lined with white or cardinal silk, and further bordered with heavy fringe or lace. Prices are high in proportion; from five to fifteen being asked for what formerly cost from three to five, only it was not so large or so profusely trimmed; which, for the purpose to which parasols are usually assigned, can hardly be considered an improvement.

"LITTLE MILKMAID" CLOAK.

Mitts for Summer Wear.

Now that mitts have again obtained a recognized place, there is no danger of their being speedily dislodged. They are found very useful, and above all economical, by a vast number of persons to whom the fashion of wearing long kid gloves is a grievous item of expense. Besides, mitts are easily taken off and put on; and in warm weather this is an immense advantage. The improvements made in mitts have doubtless done something to increase, as well as assist them to retain their popularity. They are no longer confined to netted styles in black, and one or two light shades. The finest netted are, it is true, as pretty as real lace, but the sewing-silk stocking mitts are superior to any other for wear and elasticity; and they are made in every one of the pretty summer tints, and in the lighter colors.

Fine long thread gloves of French make are in great favor, as they need no fastening, and gather up into the fashionable wrinkle most stylishly. But in the length required for the usual sleeve, these are as expensive as kid, and indeed as well-worn.

"Little Milkmaid" Cloak.

This stylish little cloak, of pale blue cashmere, is cut in sacque shape with a seam down the middle of the back, and is shirred around the neck in "Mother Hubbard" style, falling perfectly loose and full below. The sleeves are quite full around the tops and are shirred around the wrists. The cloak is trimmed with a plaited flounce of cashmere around the bottom, and bows of *ciel* blue satin ribbon up the front. The wide-brimmed Leghorn hat is turned back and faced with blue *satin merveilleux*, and trimmed with white ostrich plumes. The design illustrates a front view of the "Little Milkmaid" cloak. Patterns in sizes for from two to eight years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Short dresses are universal for summer wear, and they are easily adopted for visiting, for garden parties, and even for the ballroom.

Children's Fashions.

THERE is a great deal done for children, a great deal of money spent upon them; but it is often not altogether to their advantage, especially that of girls. Boys have the best of it in being more "let alone" while they are boys, and the worst of it, in not being under sufficient restraint after they became young men. The best time for mothers, however, if they only know it, is while their children are under their eyes, subject to their influence and control, and guided by their counsel. Let them look to it that this precious season is made rich in tenderness and companionship, and that the wisdom and love of the mother is not subordinated to mistaken pride, or to a deplorable vanity.

All the summers of a child's life ought to be golden seasons, upon which it could look back with pleasure throughout its entire life. All the summers ought to be spent in the fields, in the woods, in out-door life, in intimate association with nature, and with animal and insect life. To dress a child in silks and satins and house it in the big caravansaries known as fashionable summer hotels, is a crime against that desire in the natural, healthy child's soul for freedom, for air, for sunshine, for the contact with growth in whatever sweet and fresh form of life it may be found.

All winter, city children are housed in the four brick walls of their schools and homes; with the first breath of summer how they do long for the fields and lanes, the buttercups and daisies; the eggs they can hunt for, the milk they can drink freely as they choose in the blessed country. There is an outcry in some directions against the summer vacation, and there are "summer" schools projected, and we are not prepared to say that these are not very good in their way, but let them be out-door schools, field-schools, excursion-schools, botanizing-schools, schools that will not keep their scholars in the school-room, nor burden the memory with mere words on the hot summer days. Man does not live by bread alone, nor children by mathematics alone; there are many things that are just as useful, and if on the rainy days, "Bessie" has learned to set the table, sew neatly, or make on a pinch, pudding, or strawberry short-cake, she has acquired knowledge just as useful and more likely to be called into requisition than the Latin verbs she has labored through, or the algebra she has cried over.

Of course, what we are coming to is the advisability of plenty of out-door clothing, that is, useful clothing, such as flannel dresses, rough hats, out-door boots, and strong hosiery in fast colors; mixed brown being the best that is made. The summer designs, simple and practical as they are, are particularly well adopted to useful materials, and in them it would be a real pleasure to see the happy boys and girls roll on the grass, and tumble in the hay, climb cherry trees, or ride "Brown Bess" to their hearts' content.

The quaint little "Milk-Maid" cloak for example, a "Mother Hubbard" in miniature, is, as all mothers say, "too cunning for anything," and the pattern is good for a dress, for an apron, for a wrapper, and a duster, as well as a summer cloak. Made in an open écru, or white cotton material, and trimmed with removable knots of ribbon, it may be most conveniently worn over half-worn frocks, or without any dress at all. Made in solid linen minus the ribbons, it is a most protecting apron for berrying excursions, or duster for a more important trip. Of course it may be made elegantly in silk or mull trimmed with lace, or prettily in dotted muslin with ruffle edged with valenciennes.

The "Hilda" dress is a princess design, with only the addition of a narrow plaiting, a sash, and collar, and cuffs of the same, or a contrasting material. It is a suitable pattern for flannel, thin wool, gingham, or satine; and when made in a washing material, and for every day, or rough purposes, the scarf may of course be omitted. At the same time it is a graceful and pretty design, in pretty materials and particularly good in navy-blue flannel, trimmed with a moderate "42d" plaid.

No substitute has been found as yet for the "Sailor" suit, which adapts itself so well to boys who have discharged the "kilt," but hardly bloomed out into the full glory of jacket and trousers. The sailor suit hits the happy medium and is the king of small boys choice in costumes, (which is limited) for summer wear; the shirt-waist, and short pants, with blouse apron, being the other main dependence for ordinary wear.

The sailor pattern, No. 2078, can be recommended as one of the very best of its kind. It is well-shaped and proportioned, not too baggy, and is finished very neatly. With a sensible whole, or "combination" drawers, shoes, stockings, and straw hat, the boy is dressed, and will not hurt his clothes materially by tumbling into the mill-pond, not that that is a good thing to do, but it is what boys are apt to do, if there is a mill, or any other pond in the neighborhood.

The "Ethel" dress is peculiarly adapted for washing materials. It is shaped by being plaited into a yoke, and by additional fullness let in at the sides, which are tied in a little with bows, low down upon the skirt, thus giving a dainty little finish, without in the least infringing upon the freedom of the garment. The neck and sleeves are finished with collar and cuffs edged with lace, or Cash's Cambric Frilling. Linen lawn, bordered cambric, Scotch gingham, figured satine (solid color) plain linen, and striped, or cross-barred muslin are all suitable materials for this cool, little dress; but the solid fabrics are better adapted to the design than the diaphonous ones.

A more dressy little costume, or at least a more elaborate one than any we have particularized, will be found in the "Barbara" skirt and "Editha" basque. The design is a very good one for grenadine, barèges, thin wool, with striped trimming, or summer silk with ruffled trimming. The style is very graceful and the material being mounted upon a fine twilled silk, or Silesia lining, it would not be heavy, or warm for the hottest weather. The basque is very pretty and specially becoming to a girl rather tall and slender for her age. It should be trimmed, of course, with a material matching that upon the skirt. The whole design would make up charmingly in grey or écru barège, trimmed with a mixed, raw silk in an Indian, or Persian pattern; or with mixed embroidery upon silk, or satin.

The "Norfolk" basque is a capital design for a traveling suit, where no independent garment is needed, or desired. It is made in wool, or cloth-finished flannel, with triple collar and belt, and is most useful and serviceable for wear with a short, kilted, or simply draped, or plaited skirt. Of course the pattern can be made in linen, or any washing material, and will be found most useful and convenient for summer morning and walking wear.

"What to Wear."

The second edition for the Spring and Summer of 1881, now ready, and is the most practical work in the world for the mother of a family to possess. It furnishes comprehensive and reliable information upon every subject connected with the wardrobe, and in compact form contains the solid results of knowledge and experience.

BARBARA SKIRT.

Barbara Skirt.—Extremely graceful in arrangement, being composed of a gored skirt trimmed around the bottom with rows of plaiting headed by puffings, and having a drapery coming from the sides to fasten in a point low in front, leaving the upper part of the apron perfectly plain. A very *bouffant* and graceful drapery forms an overskirt in the back. The design is adapted to the more dressy varieties of materials, especially those that drape gracefully, and is equally stylish in light or heavy goods. The trimming can be selected to correspond with the goods used. Patterns, in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

HILDA DRESS.

Hilda Dress.—An extremely stylish although practical design in *princesse* style. The dress is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side of the front, side-gores under the arms, side-forms rounding to the armholes, and fastened down the middle of the back. Fullness is imparted to the skirt by extensions on the back pieces, which are laid in plaits on the inside. An "odalisque" sash is fastened under the plait nearest the front and knotted on the skirt in the middle of the front; and a shawl collar and pointed cuffs complete the design. Any class of dress goods may be made up from this model, and the trimming may be simple a narrow side-plaiting around the bottom, and large buttons upon each side, as illustrated, or it can be trimmed more elaborately according to the taste and material selected. Patterns, in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

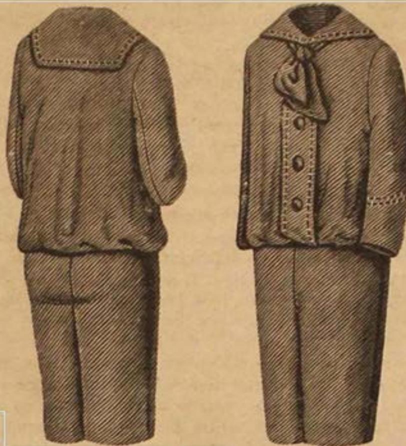
EDITHA BASQUE.

Editha Basque.—A style of basque extremely becoming to slender figures. The fronts are shirred in the places usually occupied by the darts, over a lining fitted with a single dart in each side, and the basque skirts in the back are divided in two tabs, shirred near the ends. A modified "Dauphin" collar, and a sash belt coming from the side seams to tie in the middle of the front, completes the design. The basque is tight-fitting, with side-gores under the arms, side-forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. It is appropriate for any variety of dress material, and if made in goods to be laundried may be easily arranged by letting out the shirrings before it is sent to the laundry, and running them up again afterwards. Patterns, in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

NORFOLK BASQUE.

Norfolk Basque.—Designed with three box-plaits in front, the middle one cut on the right front, and the other two stitched on the outside, and a double box-plait in the middle of the back, this practical and stylish garment is perfectly tight-fitting, with a single dart on each side of the front side-gores under the arms, and side-forms in back rounding to the armholes. It is confined at the waist by a belt, and is ornamented with a "Carrick" collar and wide cuffs. The design is especially adapted for cloth or similar goods to be worn as an outer garment, but it is equally appropriate for any kind of dress goods, and requires no trimming. Patterns, in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

THE most exquisite hand embroidery is put upon infants' cloaks, petticoats, and wrappers. The designs are sprays, or leaf-like patterns filled in with dots.



SAILOR SUIT.

Sailor Suit.—A loose blouse and knee pants compose this convenient and becoming suit, which is most appropriately made in dark blue flannel, or cloth, but is also suitable for any of the lighter qualities of cloth usually selected for boys' clothing. It can be trimmed with braid, either black or white, or finished with rows of machine stitching. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, thirty cents each.

ETHEL DRESS.

Ethel Dress.—Box-plaited full, back and front, upon a yoke, and falling quite lose, the fullness for the sides being imparted by extensions forming box-plaits at the side-seams, this stylish little dress, simply ornamented with a sailor collar, wide cuffs and a bow tied above the box-plaits on each side, is extremely practical, and adapted to any class of dress goods; and is equally desirable for little girls or boys. Patterns, in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.

"LITTLE MILKMAID" CLOAK.

"Little Milkmaid" Cloak.—This stylish little cloak is cut in sacque shape with a seam down the middle of the back, and is shirred around the neck in the "Mother Hubbard" style, falling perfectly loose and full below. The sleeves are quite full around the top and are shirred around the wrist. The design is adapted to nearly all goods suitable for children's wraps—cashmere, opera flannel, both white and colored, light qualities of cloth, *satin merveilleux, piqué*, dimity, etc. It can be trimmed with a plaited flounce, and bows of satin ribbon as illustrated, or in any other suitable manner. Patterns in sizes for from two to eight years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

A Boon to Sewing-Machine Operators.

OIL has always been considered indispensable to machinery of any kind that had to be kept in motion. So necessary that its use has passed into a proverb, and cheerfulness, sweet temper at home, anything that made the wheels of life glide more easily, has been likened to it. There have always been, however, some drawbacks to the use of oil. It was dirty, it required to be frequently renewed with great labor and trouble, and occasioned danger from combustion when the pressure was great, and revolutions rapid, as in the journals of railway cars, for example.

Perhaps no class of operators with machinery know more of the best and worst qualities of oil than the workers upon sewing-machines. Oil presents itself to this class as at once a good friend and terrible enemy. Its presence is indispensable. Twice in the day the most important work must be stopped, and an application made to every part, which presents the slightest surface to friction; for neglect not only hinders free action, but destroys the machine. Oil, therefore, must be applied, and with great care, so as not to omit any part requiring its influence, and quite as much care must be exercised to preserve the surface from spot, the work from soil, and to free the hands from any taint of the ill-smelling lubricant. All this is not once or twice, it is constant; it is incessant; it is part of the regular work which the sewing-machine demands; and the operators have become so accustomed to it that they cannot imagine being freed from it. Still, they cannot help realizing that oil is a "nuisance." Work is not only interrupted—fine work is often soiled or spoiled by it—and they would "give anything" at such times for an invention that would permanently rid them of it.

A desire is often realized when least expected. For many years experiments have been made with a substance which could be used to supply the journals and bearings of machines with a lining at once malleable, and enduring—a material having pliability, yet capable of adamantine strength. This has been found in METALINE. Credulous as people may be in regard to matters they do not understand, they are often doggedly obstinate concerning matters about which they believe they know all there is to be known; and this was the case with machinery. Old machinists could not be made to believe that any substance could take the place of oil, or that any could be found possessed of such opposite qualities. So experiment after experiment had to be made; money was spent, and time apparently wasted in endeavoring to convince some who would not be convinced; for we all know, "a man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still."

But when a great good is to be accomplished, it gradually works its way in spite of all obstacles, and this has been the case with "Metaline." Tests have been applied which have been in oper-

ation for years, and it is found equally well adapted to the lightest, and heaviest machines. Metaline has been employed, for example, on the two sheaves used as leading blocks on the New York Anchorage of the East River Bridge, and in moving the monstrous stones used in the construction of the great piers, where hardened steel rollers cut completely out in from four to five days. Metaline remains intact after a year of service, showing a smooth polish with no appreciable wear. Precisely similar has been the experience with Metaline in the machinery used in the manufacture of jewelry, steam laundries, blowers, spindles for silk and cotton mills, hoisting machinery, elevators, and bearings of all kinds of machinery. It has done the work of oil, and done it with absolute completeness. It has the unqualified and emphatic indorsement of the best engineers, where it has been tested, and also the following steamship companies: Inman line, White Star, Cunard, Cromwell, Pacific Mail, Old Dominion, etc., etc. Metaline works noiselessly like nature itself, and with as little evidence of wear and tear. It has now been determined to turn this invention to further account by applying it to sewing-machines. There are difficulties in the way here. Sewing-machine manufacturers would like the benefit of such an appliance if it could be a monopoly, but do not care particularly about it if others are to share it. Then it is not good for trade that sewing-machines should last too long; and Metaline is like salt in wood, it is preservative. Still one can trust somewhat to the inherent goodness in human nature, and the desire, or at least the willingness to make, as well as get the best. It may be safely said that five years from now no woman will buy a sewing-machine that has not Metaline as an element in its composition; and that by that time, oil with its dirt, its destructive waste, its absorption of time, will have passed into oblivion with the tinder-box, and the tallow-candle.

"Two Young Ladies."—Certainly, white dresses are always worn in summer. Dotted muslin, striped lawn, bunting, and satine, are suitable materials for afternoon wear, made with shirred and belted waists, and simply draped skirts with kilted or knife-plaited flounces. Arrange the hair low, and in soft Grecian braids at the back, and in a short fringe or flat curls across the front. Spring walking-dresses are made with flat short, simply draped skirts, belted waists, or coat basques, and shirred fichus, or mantelets; of which the "Geralda," in the present number, will serve as an example. The material is serge, vigogne, camel's-hair, cheviot, fine tweed, and the like, trimmed with narrow stripe in a sort of cassimere. The spring materials are closely copied after those of gentlemen. A plain, all-wool Jersey dress, and ulster with cape, and a rather more dressy polonaise, with short velvet skirt, for dinner and saloon wear, would be all the outfit in the way of dresses required for the longest voyage; save, of course, a double flannel dressing-gown.

"M. E. C."—Our illustrations will give you the ideas you want, probably; if not, see answers, and summer fashions.

"Leslie."—About $125. The best way would be to buy the material and have the dress made by a pretty, simple pattern. Dotted muslin is economical because it does not cost much, and looks well after washing. You do not need tie, or fichu, only trimming of lace on neck and sleeves; the former of which should be open, heart shaped, and belted with bride-white ribbon; the latter half-long and shirred. Do not line the waist, but have a neatly fitting body of fine cotton made to wear underneath, and nice, long ivory kid gloves; or the young lady may wear black strapped shoes, and long, black mitts.

"C. H."—Cream-color and brown will look well for the outside. The window-sashes brown also. Have the wood-work of chambers fawn, gray, or brown. What is called "Antique" lace trims scrim curtains best. Dotted muslin, or coarse net makes pretty curtains for sleeping-rooms, and for dining-room, old gold; for sage green, or garnet wool, rep.

"C. G."—Pure white Castile made with olive oil. Of course it must be purchased from a reliable house. Wiser people are often drawn into mistakes, which are mistakes, less because there is anything really wrong in what they do, or permit, than because of the use which others are willing to make of them. Girls do not realize this, and they often suffer terribly from want of knowing those things which are only gained by hard experience. It is better, however, for them always to abide by one safe rule--permit no familiarities to any male individual who is not father, son, husband, or brother. It is very difficult sometimes to avoid it without giving offense, or seeming unnecessarily prudish, but it will nearly always save trouble in the end; and it may be done with a gentle firmness, which will usually prevent a repetition of the offense. Brother-in-laws and cousin-ships, and the privileges accorded to one who has been known as a boy, are rocks upon which a great deal of happiness has been wrecked. The big brother is wrong in looking at the matter seriously, and in taking all the "boy" said for granted, but that is the way with elder brothers; he has not cut his wisdom teeth any more than you, but let us hope he will. Your conduct since shows great discretion, as well as forbearance, and though it was unwise to permit familiarites to one whom you thought a boy, but who doubtless considered himself a man, we can hardly judge you to blame, under the circumstances.

"Flightly."—We should advise you to make a polonaise, the "Georgette," or "Aguita" out of your plaid silk, or a waist, and overskirt, the "Ninora," and "Célimène" for example, and wear over a skirt trimmed with narrow ruffles, or plain grey in the plaid. You may trim the over-dress with lace, that is about the neck and sleeves, or with the plain silk.

"E. E. R."—The author of "Nothing to Wear" is understood to be Mr. Wm. Allen Butler, a lawyer of New York City. Write to Carleton, Publisher, Madison Square, New York City, for it.

"M. F. H."—Wishes to find the author of:

"He shall guide the van of Truth,
And in Manhood or in youth,
Be the fearless, be the peerless color bearer."

"Hazel."—We understand the B-organs to be every way excellent. The rolled gold jewelry is said to wear well, we do not know which of the two would be preferable—it is a matter of taste.

"Miranda."—There would not be the least impropriety in attending evening entertainments, or even dances at this distance of time, but a little discrimination is still advisable between a "small" dance, or an entertainment of a quiet sort, and one that was expected to be very large and gay. If you cannot wear all white, wear all black, with a bunch of white roses, or carnations in your belt. Black gauze, or grenadine over black lining silk, makes a very pretty dress for evening wear, and could be worn in and out of slight mourning. Ivory armure silk, or small figured brocade would make a lovely and very becoming waist, over white tarletan skirt; and may be worn many times without soiling, it is not so hard and glittering as satin.

"M. G. W."—We cannot see that your statement has any value, excepting in its intimation of equal complicity on the part of the husband, which as we are not interested in, and have no means of verifying, is hardly pertinent to the case, and affords no grounds for controversy.

"Mrs. M. E. W."—Your question, we believe, has been answered, but for fear it may not, we repeat that the bonnet as you describe it, is as suitable and fashionable this year as last, does not need the least alteration. For a traveling veil get two yards and a half of grenadine gauze, of a pale écru, or ash grey shade, or if you prefer dark colors, invisible green, or stone blue. This will envelope your bonnet, and go twice around your neck if need be, and knot in front, or at the side.

"A Subscriber."—In our "Portfolio of Fashions" you will find a number of short dresses adapted to infants' from six months to one year old. A very pretty style is the "Infants' Short Dress"—2133.

"Annie."—Study hard, Annie, and do not attempt to write until you know something of what has already been written, and until you are sure you have something to say. Mere iteration, and dilation that only occupies space, is not worth the time, or the paper it is spread over. There is a hundred times too much of such stuff printed now; the world would be better off with less talking and writing, and more practical doing.

Your mother should carefully rip her dress, sponge it off upon the seams upon the wrong side with a little weak ammonia and water, then press. Make a gored lining of the length and size to suit her, then use all the best of her dress to make flounces, and trim the skirt, after any illustrated design which suits her; and then, if she has not enough for a basque, she can get three yards either of plain silk, satin, or brocade to make a basque, which should be cut plain, and after a coat or cuirass pattern.

"Editor Demorest's Monthly:—The excellent article on "Conversation," in a recent number, leads me to suppose you may be interested in the details and results of "Our Club," whose object is improvement in "Conversation." It has no formal organization; no chosen officers, no members elected, no constitution. It is simply "an evening at home" with an object.

"Upon a verbal suggestion, some twenty-five neighboring ladies and gentlemen met at a designated residence and constituted 'Our Club.' A well-read, liberal, clerical gentleman usually led the exercises. He opened the conversation by remarks pertinent to the chosen topic, which then became general. Points were raised and criticised, opinions expressed and combatted; questions asked, answered, disputed. No one was held to maintain but one side of a topic, and ordinarily the opinions or bias of all were very fully expressed. The reticent or silent were encouraged to converse. In this style conversation was carried on for one and a half or two hours. No vote was taken upon the merits of the discussion or the topic.

"The Conversation closed, a critic was appointed by the chairman, a topic selected for the next meeting by ballot; the criticism upon the last meeting read. Some slight refreshments taken as cake with tea, coffee or lemonade, and 'Our Club' dispersed for the week, some remained for general conversation, games, music and dancing.

"The following are some of the topics discussed: 'Theatres,' 'Superstitions,' 'Vocations for Women,' 'Capital Punishment,' 'Temperance,' and 'The Excise Laws,' 'Raffling,' 'Travels,' 'The Sunday Question.'

"The weekly meetings of 'Our Club' were agreeable, and anticipated with pleasure, and we think all profited by this social intercourse; in the acquisition of knowledge, moral and intellectual culture and especially in gaining clearness of thought, and facility of expression, topics were selected on which all should have well digested opinions, and what better occasion for forming them than under the scrutiny of twenty critics.

"Such means of culture are simple and attainable in any neighborhood or circle of friends. The Art of Conversation is a fine art, and worthy of cultivation. Not one person in a thousand may be required to make a public speech, but all have opportunities for conversation, and good conversationists are very rare. Should others profit by our experience, we shall enjoy the added pleasure of doing as well as getting good.

"Yours respectfully, J. O. W.

"Clifton, Staten Island, 1881."

"Uarda."—The Ebers' Papyrus, the second largest and the best preserved Egyptian manuscript known to be in existence, is now in the University Library at Leipsic, and was written in the sixteenth century, B.C. It is a medical treatise, and includes the diagnosis of many diseases and the remedies used for their relief, the measures to be used in the preparation of drugs, and even the pious words to be said by the physician at the time of using the remedies. Several pages are devoted to the special treatment of eye diseases. What makes it very curious is the fact that the manuscript was discovered by George Ebers, some years after the publication of his most celebrated romance, "The Egyptian King's daughter," in which he describes such a manuscript as having been written by a famous eye-doctor of Egypt, as this papyrus really was. He himself says that in bringing the manuscript from Egypt, he felt very much as a man might feel who had dreamed of a treasure and upon waking went out and found it, just as he had fancied it in his sleep.

"GRADUATE."—English newspapers date from the first year of the Long Parliament, the oldest that has been discovered being a quarto pamphlet of a few leaves, entitled "The Daily Proceedings of Both Houses in this great and Happy Parliament, from the 3d of November, 1640, to the 3d of November, 1641. London: Printed for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop at Furni-val's Inn Gate, Holborn," though occasional gazettes had been put out at the time of the Spanish Armada, which contained besides the news of the day, advertisements of books. More than one hundred papers with different titles were put forth from this time till the death of the King, and eighty between that time and the Restoration, at first appearing weekly and then twice or thrice a week. Some bore the title of "The French Intelligencer," "The Dutch Spy," "The Scot's Dove," etc., but Mercuries of various sorts was the favorite title: "Mercurius Democritus," "Mercurius Britannicus," "Mercurius Melancholicus," etc., etc. "The Perfect Occurrences of Every Dais journell, sold in Smithfield, without Crip-plegate," was another prominent paper, and the "Parliament Kite." The foremost editors were Marchmant Needham, on the Presbyterian, and Sir John Birkenhead, on the Royalist side. In the Diurnal of January 29, 1649, is recorded the sentence that "Charles Stuart as Tyrant, Traytor, Murtherer, and Publick Ennemy, shall be put to death by severing his head from his body," and in the same paper published June 30th, we find the record of the closing act of the sad tragedy, "This day Charles Stuart was beheaded over against the Banquetting House by Whitehall."

"CAN YOU INFORM me regarding the German story-writer Stifter, and Karl Vogt, also a German?—NELLIE."

Adelbert Stifter was the son of a poor Bohemian linen weaver, and was born the 23d day of October, 1806. He passed through the University of Vienna without showing any particular inclination for any especial department of study, trying law, history, science and mathematics, and becoming proficient in none. After quitting the University, he entered the family of Prince Metternich, as tutor, and also became a writer of poems in one of the Vienna journals, which to his own great surprise made him instantly famous. He was a shy, awkward man, very unattractive in person, and utterly unfit for polite society. His principal books were "Studies," "Colored Stones," and "After Summer." In 1849, he was appointed School Counselor in Linz-on-the-Danube, Austria, where he died in January, 1868. He is even now regarded as the best novelist in Austria. Karl Vogt, one of the most popular scientific lecturers of Germany, is a native of Giessen, and was born in 1817. While still young his father was appointed professor of medicine in Berne University, and it was there that young Vogt made the acquaintance of Agassiz, and took up the study of zoology. He became joint author with Agassiz in the "Natural History of Fresh-water Fishes, Fossil Fishes, and studies on Glaciers," besides writing "In the Mountains and on the Glaciers," "Text-Book of Geology and Petrifactions," and several other works. He lived in Paris several years, where he established a Society for the aid of German students in Paris. From Paris, he went to Italy, where he wrote one book, but returned to Germany to become member of the Imperial Parliament in Frankfort-am-Main, distinguishing himself there by his speeches in favor of political freedom. In 1852, he went to Geneva to become Professor of Geology, and in 1861 he headed a successful scientific expedition to the Norwegian Coast and to Iceland. He is a strong advocate of the Darwinian theory, and as equally strong in his opposition to the Mosaic account of the creation and to all revelation.

"VICTORIA B."—We cannot make the address of a contributor public, but a stamped letter sent under cover to "Sherrill Kerr," at this office, will be forwarded to her. We may say this, that she is a young lady, and belong to a distinguished Southern family.

"J. B."—The finger-ring has significance, but no "language;" because the style of them, and fashion of wearing, vary with the fashion of the hour. The nearest that we come to language in the wearing of a ring, is the wedding-ring which is always a plain circlet of gold, worn on the third finger of the left hand; and which so worn, tells its own story. There are "bangle" composed of seven circles of fine gold which are said to represent the days of the week, but all the significance attached to these, or any other of the "fancy" rings is purely arbitrary, and not only changes with fashion, but has no basis of certainty in fashion. The only language, rings proper, beside the wedding-ring, would be rings set with stones to express certain meanings. Gems have a language of their own, and could therefore be made to express thought. But obviously this is seldom resorted to, because precious stones are very costly, and few can afford to combine them so as to mean anything. Besides, symbolical language is rapidly falling into disuse; the age is too practical, and too realistic for it.

"LILLIE B. L."—is "tired" of cheap lace curtains for her country parlor; she asks for suggestions, and we invite them from those of our readers who have solved this problem for themselves. We should suggest pretty rose-colored cretonne, with a white Azalea pattern upon it. Madras muslin, or linen cheese cloth bordered with antique lace.

"N. S. G."—The ground color, and the gold figure upon your paper, are both very decided, and not at all in harmony with your furnishing. The ground of your carpet should be something the shade of your paper, and there should be gold hues in it, and some brightness in the pattern which should be small. Discard the red curtain, and either have lace with lambrequins, or drawn through rings from rods. The lambrequins, whether of chintz, or wools, or raw silk, should have a ground and mixture of color that will not conflict with the carpet. Get a pale olive piano cover, with gold silk embroidered border.

"TEN MILES FROM A LEMON."—The lemon tree is a native of Asia, though cultivated in Italy, Portugal, and the South of France. In Europe it is a small tree, while in its native state it is sometimes over sixty feet in height. Lemon juice is very useful in sickness, especially in rheumatic difficulties, makes the hands smooth and white, is a cure for neuralgia if rubbed where the pain is, and is useful in destroying dandruff.

"ENQUIRER."—The Coffee Music Halls started in London under very influential patronage to provide means of popular recreation apart from the mischievous influences which always in greater or less degree, attend the sale of intoxicating liquors, have met with great success. Music halls, as they are generally understood to be, are places in which the entertainments are usually debasing in character, the drinking excessive, and the associations bad. In large cities, however, where there are thousands of people either living in single rooms or in very cramped departments, with few of the comforts of home, is of extreme importance that there should be places of resort of recreation, both out of doors and under shelter. Therefore, it is to be hoped that these Coffee Music Halls, while promoting bright, innocent recreation, and solid instruction, may in time do away with Liquor Music Halls.

"JESSICA."—The Metonic Cycle is a cycle of nineteen years, at the end of which period the new moons fall on the same days of the year, and eclipses recur. Discovered by Meton, B.C. 432.

"CURIOSITY."—Odyle is that which emanates from a medium to produce the several phenomena connected with mesmerism, spirit-rapping, table-turning, and so on. The production of these "manifestations" is sometimes called *odylism.* Baron Reichenbach called it Od force, a force which becomes manifest wherever chemical action is going on.

2d. Kali is a Hindoo goddess, after whom Calcutta receives its name, Kali-Kutta (Kali's village).

"WRITER."—Before the invention of paper, one of the substances employed for writing upon was the leaves of certain plants. In the British Museum are some writings on leaves from the Malabar coast, and several copies of the Bible written on palm-leaves. The reverse and obverse pages of a book are still called leaves, and the double page of a ledger is termed a "folio," from *folium* (a leaf).

"ELLA."—In the Highlands, a cup is given to travelers when their feet are in the stirrups, before they finally leave, hence called the "Stirrup Cup."

"Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse;
Then came the stirrup cup in course,
Between the baron and his host
No point of courtesy was last."
SIR Walter Scott, *Marmion*, 131.

2.—Nicotine is so named from Jean Nicot, Lord of Villemain, who purchased some tobacco at Lisbon, in 1560, introduced it into France, and had the honor of fixing his name to the plant. Our word tobacco is from the Indian *tabaco* (the tube used by the Indians for inhaling the smoke, which by them is called petuni or cohiba).

"HISTORY."—Shemitic means pertaining to Shem, descendant of Shem, derived from Shem. The Shemitic languages are Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Hebrew, Samaritan, Ethiopic, and old Phœnician. The Shemitic Nations, or Shemites, are the Assyrians, Chaldæans, or Babylonians, Syrians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, Arabs, and Ethiopians.

2. Tramontane is the north wind; so called by the Italians, because to them it comes over the mountains. The Italians also apply the term to German, French, and other artists born north of the Alps. French lawyers, on the other hand, apply the word to *Italian* cannonists, whom they consider too Romanistic. In England, overstrained Roman Catholic notions are called "Ultramontane."

"WIDOW."—Paraphernalia means all that a woman can claim at the death of her husband beyond her jointure. In the Roman law, her paraphernalia included the furniture of her chamber, her wearing apparel, jewels, etc. Hence, personal attire, fittings generally, anything for show or decoration. (Greek, "*parapherne*," beyond dower).

"ARTIST."—*The Madonnadel Impannata*, by Raphael, takes its distinctive name from the *oiled paper* window in the background. (Italian *impannatta*, oiled paper.)

"ETIQUETTE."—There are several explanations of the expression. "Mind *your P's and Q's.*" In the reign of Louis XIV., when wigs of very unwieldy size were worn, and bows were made with very great formality, two things were especially required, a "step" with the feet, and a low bend of the body. In the latter, the wig would be very apt to get deranged, and even to fall off. The constant caution therefore of the French dancing-master to his pupils was "Mind your P's (i. e., *pieds*, feet) and Q's (i. e., *queues*, wigs).

A second solution is this: Children are very apt to confound the p and q; this was especially the case when they were taught from a horn-book, and the old dame had to warn her young scholars to "mind their p's and q's."

"MRS. J. S. MC F."—The cape of the "Pilgrimage" suit could of course be made removable, and the cordelière omitted altogether if preferred. What is usually called "summer silk," is not at all fashionable this season. It would be better to get a plain violet, or heliotrope silk, and trim with brocade, or trim the skirt, and make pretty brocade jacket. If you like a modest permanent bonnet, get a modified straw poke or leghorn, line the brim with a fine, dark shade of wine-colored satin (shirred), and trim round the crown, filling space between crown and brim with wide ostrich feather band—white or pale blue—use wide muslin or lace tie for strings. A wreath of small flowers, oats, daisies, cowslips, ragged-robins, violets, or heath, would answer instead of the feather band, and look well; but the feather trimming is more serviceable, and has more distinction, and as you do not like flowers on bonnets, might suit you better. Royal purple is too deep and warm a color for summer. It is difficult to send samples of new goods, except the plain, standard fabrics, because the newest are sent as experiments in small quantities, and are gone before the distant purchaser can reach them. The "daffodil pattern, for example, was exhausted in two weeks; and so with some other of the new designs. Fashionable dressmakers are quick to see the merits of new goods and in the case of the new satines imported by a leading house, bought them up by the piece until the stock was exhausted, and no more could be procured; and this was the case with the plain black, as well as the daffodil, and honeysuckle satines. Thanks for your appreciation.

"M. C."—The "Alexandra" toilet will furnish a beautiful, and very appropriate design for your purpose. You can have the skirt cut walking length if you choose, and the removable train added. You can depend on this design for years to come.

"NO NAME."—Bismarck is Prime Minister of Germany. He is a German. Father of Bismarck was Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand M. Bismarck, Captain in the Royal Body-Guard of Prussia. Died, 1845. Princess Stéphanie is daughter of the King of Belgium. Engaged to Prince Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria.

"OPAL."—James V. of Scotland was "Knight of Snowdon."

"Kismet" is pronounced *Kis-met*, and means Fate.

"Kuhe" is pronounced *Koo-ay.*

"Lockung" is pronounced *Lock-koong*, means alluring, attractive.

"Gobbaerts," pronounced *Gob-ertz.*

"LOVE."—Ivory white gloves are the most suitable for a bride even if her dress be plum color. Of course they are worn during the ceremony, but one must be taken off to put on the ring, if a ring is used; that is

the bridesmaid's privilege. If the wedding takes place at home, the bride enters the room on the arm of her father, or the one who is to give her away; the groom and the bride's mother come next, followed by the groomsmen, and bridesmaids. Sometimes the groomsmen act as ushers, and the bridesmaids follow two and two. A reception cannot take the place of the wedding-calls; because calls are an entirely different thing, and are made after a reception, even if there is no wedding.

"LADIES' CLUB:—I have been a subscriber and admirer of your magazine many years; have gotten clubs for five or six years; in fact, my house is full of beautiful articles I have received as premiums. I have often thought I would write and tell you how much I enjoy the Ladies' Club and Housekeeping Class. Will you tell me, please, how I can dress to the best advantage, on one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year. This is a town of five thousand inhabitants. I go to church, concerts, weddings, and make calls.

"DOROSCO."

To dress nicely on $125 per year, requires the utmost attention to economy, and demands also that the lady should be clever and tasteful with her needle. Economy, it need hardly be said, does not consist in buying cheap things, but in taking care of good ones. Buy the best make of boots, and one pair, with a pair of the useful tie shoes for summer, and one pair of house slipper will last you a year. The important articles of dress are a best dress, a street wrap, furs, and winter underwear. Only one of those can be purchased in one year, but furs do not need replacing more often than once in five years, nor underwear more frequently than once in three years, if the best quality is obtained. Extravagant cloaks and much trimmed wraps must be put out of the question, they are not necessary, or desirable, and the purchase of cloaks limited to the plain, warm winter cloak, or cloth ulster, jackets, summer ulsters, and small summer dolmans, can be easily made from paper patterns, and the latter from a small piece of light cloth, or as a finish to a black silk suit. Furs need not be an expensive purchase, but they should be durable. There are furs like gray fox that are not dear, yet last a long time, and look well. Avoid flowers, fancy beads and fringed trimmings, as they are costly and not serviceable; but a purchase once in a while, of a good piece of lace, is very desirable, and a knowledge how to get up something pretty for neck-wear indispensable. Study the simple forms in these things and when you see one that suits you, copy it, in the pretty and cheap trimming laces that are now so commonly worn. Of course it will be a saving, as well as more satisfactory to make your own under-clothing, (all but knitted under-wear) and the "improved" patterns are less trouble, as well as more likely to last. As a trimming for bonnets, feathers are better than flowers, because so much more permanent, but a spray is useful sometimes, because it may be transferred to the corsage, and it is better in buying, therefore, to be sure that it is good and of French manufacture, even if it costs double the price. Do not buy black grenadine, unless it is the soft, open-work wool, to make as an over-dress for wear with an half-worn black silk skirt. Use washing-dresses in summer a berge, or plain silk. Grenadines are costly and if you are saving of them they go out of fashion. Do not buy plaids, or large figures, or high colors, and do not wear your delicate things where they will be crushed, mussed, or spoiled. Buy plain linen handkerchiefs by the dozen or half-dozen, and mark them neatly with your name; they are always lady-like and now very cheap. Use the narrow hair-striped, regularly made hose, in dark gray shades, and for best, with black dresses, black Lisle-thread. Have always linen collars, not ruffles, for every-day wear and for the street, and buy good dark, or black, kid gloves, and the best Lisle-thread for summer wear.

"SOMETHING ABOUT DICKENS,"—too indefinite—what do you want to know? An encyclopedia will give you the general facts about his life, and the list of his works. There is no internal or external evidence that "David Copperfield" was intended to portray Dickens himself.

"M. E. W."—Your chip bonnet is as suitable, and will look as well this summer as last. Do not alter it in the least.

"NEW ENGLAND."—Follow directions in regard to pad. We do not know the author of "On the Shores of Tennessee." The unbleached cotton would do. Linen is better without the worked figure. Cut a paper pattern of the different parts of each article of furniture and then cut them out in linen, and baste them together, putting the edges together to make the seam, and binding with the braid. We shall in all probability soon begin another story by the author of "Seed-Time and Harvest."

"SISTERS."—The color is brown. She would be called fair, but not "blonde." Her type is more the "American" which is a little mixed, than the pure Saxon. Either, and all the trimmings you mention are fashionable. Use that which is best and most permanent.

"STRANGER."—Stenography could be put to excellent use in many ways in which a woman can earn a livelihood, besides the mere one of reporting. Engraving is not more difficult after a girl has acquired proficiency, and has exceptional ability in the art, there are plenty of avenues open to her talent, and at good remuneration.

"NATHALIE."—There are always "bustles" to be obtained by those who want them, and a fresh effort is made every season to re-instate them, but it has not succeeded yet. Fashionable women have their underskirts made with a series of flounces mounted upon the back breadth, but they do not reach within twelve inches of the waist, which as yet is strictly outlined. There are small flounced tournures for sale.

"A CANADIAN GIRL."—You would have to take your chance with hundreds of others to get a situation in any store, and those who have had practice, and an early training are preferred. There are very few special stores for fancy needle-work, and these are mostly French, but nearly all ladies furnishing houses have such a department. They do not pay much attention to knitting and crochet now, however, it is all "decoration."

"P. O. E."—The bride and her husband should both receive with you; that is, they should stand near you, and you should present your guests to them immediately after they have paid their respects to yourself. If it is a "sit down" supper, the bride and groom should lead the way to the table, the bride on the arm of the host, the groom taking the hostess. If you wish to serve coffee, or any refreshment to these special guests on their arrival, it should be done in the dressing-room.

"E. CAMPBELL."—We only supply corsets of our own make. A handsome "material" suit, with adjustable train, would cost you from seventy-five to one hundred dollars. An evening dress of light material such as fine bunting, or gaseline, from fifty to seventy-five dollars.

"ALBERTA."—You are quite right in your idea of beauty, and grace of figure. Height is not essential, though for a few years past, it has been considered highly desirable, and young ladies who wish to be "distinguished," increase the appearance of height by every means in their power, but proportion is, and especially a clearly, and strictly molded waist, and smoothness over the hips. Every particle of fullness is removed. White lace, and satin ribbon, the same shade, the ribbon for loops in the shells, or cascades of lace down the front and round the neck. Thanks for your appreciation.

"ETSON."—The best way to make over your grey, is to make a trimmed skirt out of the two, and a pretty jacket boddice out of summer silk plush to wear with it; or instead of the plush, use a small figured brocade with a ground matching the shade of silk. Such a dress you will find exceedingly useful. Would not bunting be good for your little girl, "Gendarme" or peacock-blue. A neat traveling dress made in the fashion of the "Pilgrimage" suit, of summer cloth, bége or camel's hair, and trimmed with one of the new Indian stripes, or with thin silk plush, or you could use your summer silk for traveling, and provide one of the pretty embroidered pongees for hot weather. Use passementerie and black Spanish lace for trimming your black silk. A visite of black silk, or satin de Lyon, handsomely trimmed with lace is very useful for wear with all dresses. Sleeveless jackets are not worn now; have the sleeves made and put into your velvet jacket, you would find it useful perhaps with other black skirts.

"AGNAS GUERNSEY."—A striped gingham, (Scotch Zephyr) in navy blue and white (clustered stripe) would be becoming and fashionable, and for bonnet we should advise a moderate poke in straw, chip, or neapolitan, with shirred lining, and wreath of small flowers. Lace strings. These are what are known as "English," and "French" Lisle thread gloves, but most of them are made in America; the imported ones, however, are thought to wear best, but are more expensive. Make an evening dress of your light blue, or a ruffled skirt, with which you could wear a brocaded jacket of the same shade, or a mixture of pale blue and gold.

"MESSILINA."—The summer cloth suiting would answer your purposes extremely well, nothing better or more desirable for the purpose, unless it is fine camel's-hair, which is more expensive. An écru, trimmed with narrow Indian stripe would be good. Plain quilted red satin, and plain quilted blue satin are too crude, and look too old for a girl of nineteen. Use dark, wine-colored satin, plain, not quilted, for your fawn, and put Russian lace over it, but trim your white with ivory satin and lace.

"VAN."—You should get a dark paper, brown ground with thistle and leaves in shades of olive, outlined with gold and black with white lines; or something of that sort. Dark papers are in vogue now. Paneled papers are still used for dining rooms, but no one style to the exclusion of others. It is impossible to give exact direction without knowing what the resources are in the way of house-furnisher's materials. A great deal of artistic skill, and taste is now brought to bear upon the interior finish and ornamentation of houses, but to direct that this, that, or the other be done, when the means do not exist, is useless, and if they do exist, and can be reached, the best thing that can be done, is to select from the sources of supply that which suits taste and pocket. But do not get a *red* paper; you would be very tired of it in a little while, and unless very rich, and in harmony with a gorgeous style of furnishing, it would look vulgar.

"MRS. T. B. Y."—The October Number, 1877, can be had by sending address and wenty-five cents in stamps. You can probably get such information as you require from Johnson's Encyclopedia.

"C. D."—Dem-or-est.

You may take it for granted that a style is out of fashion when you see nothing in regard to it. It is impossible to keep talking about what has no existence for us; it takes all the space and time to tell what is *in* fashion.

"ANXIOUS."—The only way to study architecture is, to go into the office of an architect; it would take time, and you would find difficulties, but it could be done. You must begin by being a good draughtsman, and be prepared to devote years to the acquisition of the profession.

"A. C."—It would not pay to learn how to make the square pieces of netting for cushion-covers; they can be bought for five or ten cents. There are two kinds of lace used commonly in the decoration of mantel-pieces; one is the "Antique" (machine) lace; the other, which is much stronger, what is called Macrame lace, made by weaving and knotting fine linen twine.

"MRS. R. T."—Certainly, we send to all our subscribers directions for making an alum cross. Dissolve as much alum in boiling water as it will sustain, when cool place in a vessel slightly oiled and suspend the cross in the liquid which should be sufficient to more than cover it.

"A THREE YEARS SUBSCRIBER."—Any bookseller will furnish it, or our Purchasing Bureau will send it on receipt of order. The price would not be more than $2, might be less. We do not remember the publisher.

"BESSIE."—A bonnet would be the prettiest and most fashionable; it would cost about five dollars for a child of that age.

"NEBRASKA."—Tate-a-tate, coody-ta, de Rem-u-szay, Jane Air. The druggist must have blundered, perhaps did not mix at the proper temperature.

"MRS. J. H. H."—A veil would not be suitable with a bridal dress of colored silk. The cost of a silk dress, ready-made, would range from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—A college and a preparatory school are two very different things. Vassar College is, perhaps, one of the best first-class schools for girls in this country. But there are a hundred and fifty of them, and we can neither catalogue them nor discriminate among them. Smith College is rather severe in its course, but good for those who wish to take Greek. An excellent general and family school, which graduates its pupils, is Auburndale Seminary, Auburndale, Mass. At Rye, near New York, there is a school which has a fine reputation, and in New York there are several which are first-class. Girton College, in England, is the ambition of the modern English girl, and several of our enterprising young American women have graduated from there. But you do well to be careful; there are schools which are death traps, and which, if they do not kill, injure for life.

"CHARLIE ROSS."—Wealth and population do not make a nation powerful in themselves, unless there are other elements to render it so. There is no reason why we should not become the most powerful nation in the world—except the want of homogeneity, which makes us bicker, instead of work together for common ends.

With unity and industry at home, and an army and navy that would compel respect abroad, we should soon be the most powerful and richest nation on the face of the earth. James Russell Lowell, the poet, is American Minister to England. Mr. Gladstone was the son of a very rich manufacturer, and has always been surrounded by luxury. He graduated with the very highest honors at Oxford, and is a man of immense grasp and industry. His daughter recently graduated at Newnham College, England, and instead of going home to the life of a society girl, accepted the position of secretary to the preceptor. She is worshipped by the younger students, and has the reputation of "knowing everything." The Queen's prejudice, doubtless, arises from Mr. Gladstone's dislike of forms and ceremonies, and his liberal principles which, in England, is understood to mean opposition to the royal family. The Emperor of Brazil is ready to free the slaves, but he has not, as yet, been able to get his people to consent to it. They are much better treated, on the average, than the slaves in this country were.

LITERATURE

M. L. Holbrook has re-published "The Diet Cure," by T. L. Nichols, M.D., Editor of the London *Herald of Health*, and proprietor of an hydropathic establishment at Great Malvern. The work is not imposing as regards size, but its twenty-four chapters, while seemingly divided under separate heads, are really all run together in an inextricable muddle, from which it is difficult to extract any very clear idea; except that meat, or too much meat, is the cause of disease. But even this simple proposition fails of its due weight, because the general and somewhat loosely made statements are based on English habits, and not on those which obtain in this country, and to which, therefore, the condemnation does not accurately apply. The multiplication of works upon questions of this description is worse than useless, unless the facts and theories advanced have been well tested, and are put in concise, exact, and practical form. And this is not the case with the present work.

"The Right Word in the Right Place" is a handy little manual, indispensable to every writer, has been issued by Lee & Shepard under the title of "The Hand-book of Synonyms," to which is added a brief list of foreign words and phrases with their significations and a useful chapter on prepositions, to which is appended a list of words to which they belong. The "Hand-book of Synonyms" is an unpretending little work, and does not claim to exhaust the subject; but it is just what students and writers require constantly; and, as the cost is only 50 cents, it is within the reach of all who are likely to need it.

"A Nameless Nobleman."—It is rare to find a story so charming, so picturesque, so full of admirably contrasted situations, so vitalized by true and faithfully drawn passages as this with the above title, which constitutes the first of what the publishers (James R. Osgood & Co.) call the "Round Robin" series. The story is cleverly constructed, and dramatically developed, but it is not all plot; nor does it read like the unfolding of the experiences of a police court, which is the style of the modern French novel. There is a sweet, strong, healthy nature in it, which has sympathies with all lovely created things, and has not been perverted by morbid cravings, nor weakened by false sentiment. With an imagination vivid enough to reproduce the brilliant scenes of the Court of Louis XIV., the heart of the author does not seem to be in them, but rather follows the nameless baron who made his home in the new world and doubtless founded one of the noble New England families which have been and are our country's pride and boast: not because of their aristocratic lineage, but the character of the men and women. There is something so real in this story, that one is quite willing to accept the intimation that it is based on family traditions,—but the pen, though that of a woman, is too experienced to be that of a new writer. We shall look with interest and pleasure for future productions from the same source; and congratulate the publishers on so promising a beginning to the "Round Robin" venture, and on the pretty and quaint dress in which they have issued it. Mr. Charles Dillingham is the agent for New York, and will fill orders at the publishers' price of one dollar.

The April Number of the Magazine of Art (Cassell, Petter & Galpin) is a rich treat. We cannot enumerate its contents; but every family who can afford one Art Magazine ought to subscribe for this.

"The Reading Club."—We have received from Lee & Shepard, No. 9 of Mr. George M. Baker's "Reading Club and Handy Speaker." Each number contains about fifty selections in prose and verse, adapted to reading societies and family use. The selections are made with excellent judgment; and the price, 15 cents, renders any number of them easy of attainment.

Good Words.

We find our new editorial department of "Current Topics" is thoroughly appreciated, especially by those of our subscribers who have not the opportunity of seeing many of the more important newspapers of the country. An intelligent lady writes:—"I find your book to be a blessing: everything in it is enjoyable and instructive. I like the tone and style of the stories very much; and the 'Current Topics' of the month is just the most interesting way to get the news. I have several times asked questions through the 'Ladies' Club,' and thank you very much for your practical answers.

"Clara Everett."

Another lady writes:—

"Dear Mme. Demorest: I have been a reader of your valuable magazine for some time, but never a subscriber until this year. You may judge how much I appreciate it when I tell you that I am resolved never to be without it again—that is, if I can always get the means to pay for it or raise a club. I am poor, have only what I work for. And right here let me thank Jennie June for her Talks. I enjoy them so much, and never read one that I do not feel a desire to be a nobler, better woman. You may count me a life-long subscriber, for I would not be without my 'Demorest' for several times its cost.

"Pilgrim."

In regard to our new Decorative Art Department, which deserves close attention, and which our readers will find constantly and increasingly valuable, a subscriber says:—"I am glad to notice the new department in the Demorest, 'Home Art and Home Comfort,' which will no doubt be a great and valuable addition to an already almost perfect ladies' magazine. I have been indebted to its pages for much information, both useful and ornamental as well as philosophical.

"An Amateur."

Mrs. M. E. W. says:—"The 'Ladies' Club' is such a help to those of small means and little knack of fixing their dress. It is the first thing I read when I open the magazine."

A lady who writes that her husband has promised to assist her in getting up a club, adds:—"I have been a subscriber to your beautiful and entertaining magazine now for two years; am delighted with it; and, though I am in limited circumstances would rather pay three dollars for your magazine than to pay twenty-five or fifty cents for some of the trashy periodicals I see going the rounds these days. This last clause you may insert if you choose for the benefit of those who advocate cheap literature."

A fifteen years' subscriber writes:—

"Dear Mme. Demorest:—Having been a subscriber to your (to me) invaluable magazine for about fifteen years, I may venture to say what I have often thought, that 'Demorest's' improves every year, and I might say every month. I shall never willingly do without it. Although I am thirty years old, I find both interest and instruction in the 'Talks with Girls,' as well as in other departments of the magazine, including the many practical hints in regard to making our homes beautiful upon small means. "A. B."

A subscriber in the past, says in a recent letter:—"Just here, dear Monthly, let me say that you can never know what a comfort you are to the ladies who have once known better days, and have been reduced to comparative poverty. You come to my wee cottage again after a long absence, refreshing and brightening us all like a living friend. May I always be able to keep you with me. No other magazine can compare with you.

"Your Friend."

From the daughter of a subscriber we have the following:—"We live on a farm, and when we go any place we have to ride in a wagon (not ashamed of it, for we have two of the finest horses in this part of the State), and think you and 'Jennie June' would enjoy a ride with us to the Trinity River, for it is delightful to go to the springs on one of its tributaries, where there are five different kinds of water running out of the rocks within a few feet of each other. This is the second year we have taken your Magazine, and it is the first Magazine we could get papa to read. He thinks Jennie June's articles the best, and he reads them aloud to us in the evenings; and we all enjoy them very much. "O. A. U."

A young and intelligent lady writes:—"I like your Magazine very, very much, and think it well deserves all the credit and praise that is given it. I always read it through from beginning to end. It is so much company to me, I would feel very lonely without it. It is the most *real* Magazine I ever saw; it always seems as if some real person were talking to me.

"H. U. G. P."

A "Canadian Girl" concludes a letter as follows:—"Your Magazine is a great treasure in our home. For some years I have sent you a small club, but hope to get a large one next year. Am working it up now. 'Current Topics' is a very great item; and the pictures alone are worth the price of the Magazine. My books came safely, and I prize them very much. Your sincere friend and admirer, "Canadian Girl."

And a dressmaker writes what we are glad to know, that the Magazine is a help to those who need all the practical help they can get.

"Dear Mme. Demorest:—I do my own dressmaking, am limited in means, and find more help in making a respectable appearance in your Magazine, than from any other source."

These "good words" from many different sources, and in regard to many different matters, say for the diversified character and quality of this work, what it could not say for itself.

Roquefort and its Cheese.—*Fromage de Roquefort* had a name in the days of Pliny, and doubtless formed part of many a Roman banquet. In the middle ages Roquefort was invested by the Parliament of Toulouse with the monopoly of making it, and although the industry is spread over an area of twenty miles round, Roquefort still maintains its ancient position, making to-day a quantity of cheese nearly twenty times as great as it did at the beginning of the century. This long-continued prosperity is said to be due to the extraordinary character of the plaee. The village stands on the summit of a steep hill, whose sides are honeycombed with caverns which the course of nature has made in the calcareous limestone. These caverns, which in pre-historic times are believed to have been inhabited by men of the polished-stone period, have for many centuries been used as storehouses, wherein the cheeses are kept cool during the summer heat. Attempts to make artificial caverns elsewhere have not succeeded, some mysterious zephyrs of most refreshing breath appearing to play about those of Roquefort; at any rate, the belief that they do is a perennial source of wealth to its inhabitants.

To Repair Scratched Mirrors.—To repair a mirror from which some of the quicksilver has been scratched, remove the silvering from the glass around the scratch, so that the clear space will be about a quarter of an inch wide. Thoroughly clean the clear space with a clean cloth and alcohol. Near the edge of a broken piece of looking-glass mark out a piece of silvering a little larger than the clear space on the mirror to be repaired. Now place a very minute drop of mercury on the center of the patch, and allow it to remain for a few minutes, clear away the silvering around the patch, and slide the latter from the glass. Place it over the clear spot on the mirror, and gently press it down with a tuft of cotton. This is a difficult operation, and a little practice is needed before trying it on a large mirror.

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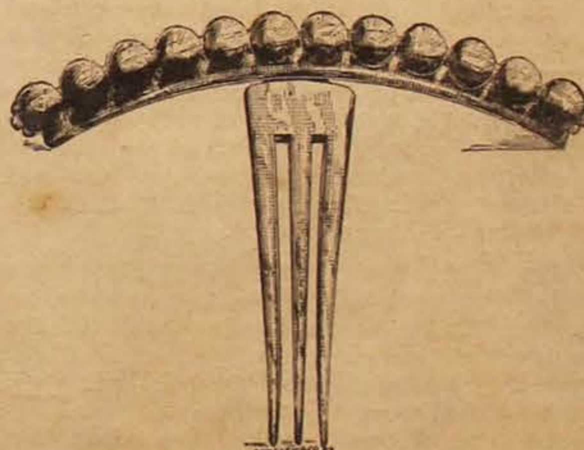

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