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THE STORY OF THE "ANGEL QUEEN."*

SOME few years since an intensely interesting book, bearing the title "Sixty-nine years at the Prussian Court," was published in Berlin, it being the diary of the Countess Von Voss, who in her early years was maid of honor to the mother of Frederick the Great, and in her later years Oberhofmeisterin to Queen Louise, mother of the present Emperor.

Sophie Marie Pannewitz was born in 1729, her mother being a dear and intimate friend of Sophie Dorothea, wife of Frederick I., and her father a prominent general. She herself was a girl of remarkable beauty and spirit, and was introduced at court by order of the king in 1744.

When Frederick II. or the Great ascended the throne, Fräulein Pannewitz continued to reside with the widowed queen, until forced to leave by most painful circumstances. The brother of Frederick the Great, August William, had been married, by order of his father, when only twenty years old, to a wife who cared nothing for him, and who received all his attentions with freezing politeness. He was a young man of prepossessing exterior and of winning manners. Upon his first meeting with his mother's beautiful young Hofdame, he conceived for her a passion which only increased with time, and which endured until life, for him, was ended. That she returned his love is certain—she acknowledges as much in her diary—but her steady stand against his advances, her unflinching purity of purpose, was such as to gain for her the love and honor of the whole royal family, and that, too, at a time when left-hand marriages in princely circles were regarded as something unfortunate, perhaps, but quite unavoidable.

She writes, "The daily tortures I endured made me resolve to leave the court, cost what it would. The only way out was a marriage with my cousin. I doubted, I feared; I had no warmer feeling for my cousin than esteem, but he knew my sad story and was satisfied. The idea of leaving the court and the prince forever was like tearing out my heartstrings, but it seemed the only way to cure him of his folly."

She was married in 1751, and saw but little of the prince afterward. His sad fate is probably well known. In 1756, upon the breaking out of war with Austria, he was given high command in the army. But a *faux pas* which ended disastrously brought him under the king's displeasure, his health failed, and returning to Berlin he died, resolutely refusing proffered aid.

After the death of Frederick the Great, the son of August William became king, with title of Frederick William III. The touching story of his father's love for the lovely court lady was well known to him, and the fact that this fondly loved father had gone sadly and prematurely to his end, made her dear to the son, so that to the close of his life he showed her almost filial love and courtesy.

In 1793, the countess lost her husband, and retired to her estate with intention of remaining there permanently. But in the spring of that year the crown prince was betrothed to the Princess Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, then in her seventeenth year. This beautiful princess was one of "The four beautiful and noble sisters," to whom Jean Paul dedicated his Titan. In this dedication the poet says, "Aphrodite, Aglaja, Euphrosyne and Thalia looked down upon the earth and, weary of cold Olympus, they longed to walk upon our cloudy shores, where the soul loves more because she suffers more, and where, if there is more sorrow, there is also greater warmth. They listened as Polyphemia endeavored to cheer and elevate the earth wanderers she met, and they grieved because their throne was so far removed from the sighs of the helpless. They then resolved to take our earthly nature and forsake Olympus. But when, throwing only sunlight and no shadow they touched the first earth blossoms, Fate, the stern queen of gods and men, raised her scepter and said, 'Immortals are mortal upon this earth, and spirits become human.' So they became sisters and human, and were called Louise, Charlotte, Theresa and Friederike."

Louise was but six years of age when her mother died, and she was placed under the charge of her maternal grandmother, the Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, who reared her in the most extreme simplicity. In 1793, the princess met the Crown Prince of Prussia at Frankfort on the Main on the occasion of some national festivity. The prince was afterward heard to say that the first time he saw her, an inward voice said to him, "She must be your wife, or no one!" This impression deepened the more he saw how the nobility of her nature shone from every glance of her eye and spoke in every tone of her voice.

When the wedding-day was appointed, the king requested (and a request from such a quarter was equivalent to an order) the Countess Von Voss to return to court and assume the duties of Oberhofmeisterin to his daughter-in-law. The countess essayed to excuse herself on account of her age, but that was rather a reason in favor of her coming, since she was so *au fait* in the customs, duties and traditions of the Prussian Court, and Louise was so young and inexperienced.

* The portrait in oil of Queen Louise of Prussia, accompanying this article, is copied from a painting by Gustave Richter, in the Richang Wallraff Museum, in Cologne.

On the 23d of December the youthful bride made her entry into the capital. Every possible preparation for the stately reception of their future queen had been made by the loyal Berliners. Among the numerous formal speeches from heads of societies and the civic magistrates was a recitation of some verses of welcome by a little girl in behalf of the school children of the city. The princess, overcome with feeling, caught the child in her arms and kissed her on mouth, eyes and brows. The people were delighted with this exhibition of motherly feeling for her subjects, which was indeed to be one of the chief characteristics of the noble queen. But the Oberhofmeisterin, strict in her notions of propriety, exclaimed, "Mein Gott! what has your Royal Highness done? That is contrary to all etiquette!"

"And must I never do it again?" the princess quietly asked.

On Christmas Eve, 1793, the marriage took place in the White Salon of the royal residence, the altar standing under a magnificent baldachino of purple velvet embroidered with gold. "After the numerous court receptions following this event were over," says Countess Von Voss, "life in our palace was very quiet and home-like. The crown prince from the first was a true friend to his wife. He was strict and blameless in his ways and of deep religious feeling, so that he made the best possible adviser for her, while he never treated her otherwise than with deepest tenderness. I could not expect the princess to give me her full confidence in those early months. The difference between sixty-four and seventeen was too great, besides which there was a certain reserve in her character not to be overcome all at once. But it was beautiful to notice with what entire trust she followed her husband's lead, and the simple family life which together they led, so rare in princely houses of that period."

Indeed, this pair lived for each other, so that after the crown prince became king, he used to say, "I may be pushed about and worried in the outer world on all sides, but I will, at least, have the comfort and freedom at home which every private citizen has the right to enjoy."

On one occasion, when some state ceremonial had taken place, where the "Princess of Princesses," as her father-in-law loved to call her, appeared in grand attire, the crown prince entering his own apartment after all was over, finding the princess had assumed her usual simple every-day dress, took her hand and said, "Thank God! you are my wife again!"

"How," said Louise, laughing, "am I not that always?"

"Alas! no," was the sighing rejoinder. "Too often you must be the crown princess."

In September, 1794, she gave birth to a still-born daughter, and the diary says, "I could only wonder and admire the resignation which she displayed under this downfall of her hopes. Without a word of murmuring she bowed to the divine will. She suffered horribly, but in her greatest agony she was a marvel of patience and obedience to all the orders of the physician."

In 1795, her second child, Frederick William, was born, and her happiness was shared by the whole court. On the 22d of March, 1797, the birth of the third child is recorded, "The crown princess was quite ill all night, but at 1 A.M. the child was born. He is a fine fellow, and his advent caused great joy."

"April 3d.—This was the day for the baptism. The queen, princes and princesses, all dined with us, as well as the ministers and generals. Directly after dinner, we went to the audience room, where I carried the child to the king. Sack (court preacher) performed the service. The name was Frederick William Ludwig; but he is to be called William. After the ceremony, the king handed me the babe with some pleasant words, and he drove away while the rest of us returned to the crown princess."

"April 10th.—At 1 o'clock this afternoon, I received a note from the king accompanied by a medallion of crystal, set with large diamonds. I was delighted, and hastened to show it to the crown princess, before answering the note."—As the child mentioned in this letter is now the noble and revered King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, it may be interesting to our readers to read what the grandfather says.

"I know, Madame, that your affection will be enough to cause you to remember the hour when you presented me the youngest of my grandchildren for baptism. Yet I flatter myself that you will not be sorry to know that I cannot forget it either, so I beg you to accept, in memory of this day, the feeble proof of esteem which accompanies this letter, being Madame, your affectionate,

"FREDERICK WILLIAM.

"POTSDAM, 9*th April*, 1797."

On 10th of November of that same year, the king died after a somewhat protracted illness. Then follows in the diary records of the funeral ceremonies, then of court festivities and grand dinners, one entry stating, "Another grand dinner to-day, but as both the king and queen are unwell, they ate some chicken broth in my room and took nothing at the table"

"15th December.—The king is still the crown prince as regards etiquette and economy. If it only continues so!" And indeed the new king resolved to live upon the income of the crown prince, and in the same simple style as far as possible, a determination in which the queen sustained him. Several anecdotes are told of him just after his accession, one of which is his saying to a servant, who opened double doors for the king, when he had only been accustomed to open one for the crown prince, "Have I suddenly grown so stout that one door is too narrow for me to pass through?" and again, when the steward placed several more dishes upon the king's table than had been thought necessary for the prince's, he said, "One would really think my stomach had greatly enlarged since yesterday."

After the coronation, as before, Frederick William and Louise were often to be seen walking arm in arm through the streets and public gardens, without attendants such as royalty is accustomed to have. Together they visited the Christmas market, in the winter of 1797, patronizing several of the booths. In one a poor woman stopped her bargaining and drew aside in the presence of the king and queen. "Stay where you are, my good woman," said Louise, "what will the tradespeople say if we frighten away their customers?" She then made kindly inquiry about the woman's family, and then she found she had a son the same age as the crown prince, the queen purchased some toys which she gave the delighted mother, saying, "Pray give these trifles to your crown prince in the name of mine." These homely and touching stories might be multiplied a thousandfold, and cause us to feel no surprise that the young queen should have been almost adored by high and low. A book written at this time by Novalis, Ludwig Tieck's friend, and entitled "Faith and Love, or the King and Queen," gives a very fair and truthful statement of the feeling which pervaded all ranks of society.

In 1798 the royal couple visited the eastern and northern provinces of Prussia, to the joy of the inhabitants, who had not seen a king or queen in their midst within the memory of the oldest citizens. At a town in Pomerania, nineteen little girls dressed in white, with red ribbons and wreaths of green on their dresses and heads, stood before the door of the house in which the queen was to spend the night and showered flowers upon her path. In her motherly way she stopped to talk with them, and was soon told there were to have been twenty, but one child had been sent home because she "looked so ugly." "Poor child! what a disappointment it must have been for her," and immediately the "ugly girl" was sent for, and received the largest share of the queen's attention.

It was in these journeys which Louise made with the king into various parts of the kingdom, that the groundwork was laid of that universal love and reverence with which she was afterwards regarded. Not only did she charm by her beauty of face but by that inexpressible three-fold grace of spirit, character, and expression which pervaded every action.

The months which ensued between these journeys were spent more in quiet home duties and pleasures, as Countess Von Voss states, than in court gayeties. The greater part of the year was passed in Potsdam, Charlottenburg, and Paretz, where the "Lady of Paretz," as she was often called, fulfilled her duties as wife, mother, friend, and neighbor, with earnestness and devotion.

The Queen's charities knew no bounds. She never refused aid if she could possibly render it. Neither did she constitute herself a judge of the worthiness of the applicant. "Who is able to know or judge others?" she said. "The lines which separate merited and unmerited suffering are faintly drawn, and run easily into each other." So profuse was her generosity, that it made serious inroads on her finances. On one occasion she applied to the King's treasurer for more money, which he declined to give, saying, "You give too

much to the poor, and it cannot go on so." "My good Wolker," responded the Queen, "I love my children, and the word *Landeskind* has a sweet sound to my ears. The idea of being united with my best friend, the *Landesvater*, as the *Landesmütter*, is a source of rapture to me." I can not and will not cease to help all whenever I can do so, who need my help." "Well then," was the reply, I must tell this to the king." "Do so; he will certainly not be angry," was her reply. The king expressed his approbation by again filling the drawer of her writing desk. "What angel," she asked, "has filled that drawer again for me?" "The angels," said the king, "are a legion; I know not how they may be called, and I know only one; but thou knowest the beautiful verse, 'He gives his favors to his favorites while sleeping.'"

In 1801, Jean Paul Richter wrote to Herder's wife at Weimar, "I have received from the queen my first house-keeping articles, a silver tea and coffee service. Here in Berlin society is much freer and simpler than in Weimar, owing to court example probably. The nobleman and the merchant mix, not as fat with water upon which it swims, but as with the addition of alkali, which makes soap. Philosophers, Jews, statesmen, noblemen, all, in short, who hold aloof from each other in other cities come together here and are friendly and agreeable, at least over the dinner and tea table."

But these bright days of social pleasures and intellectual friendships were to be overclouded. Napoleon's iron hand, which threatened to crush Prussia, grasped Louise's heart also, for every blow inflicted on "Fatherland" was aimed at that tender spirit. The revolutionary tribunal in France had been done away with only to be supplanted by Napoleon's courts-martial. The dastardly murder of the Duke d'Enghien was scarcely accomplished when a hundred and one cannon shots proclaimed the establishment of the empire. Bonaparte ascended the throne as Napoleon, crowned himself King of Italy, instituted the Rheinbund, and out of the ruins of the thousand-year-old German Empire established his protectorate over Western and Southern Germany—his insatiable love for dominion knowing no other measure than the length of his sword.

In no age was there less freedom than under the rule of this "Robespierre on horseback," as Madame de Staël so graphically nicknamed him. The sad fate of the bookseller Palm, taken from his home in Nuremberg by French soldiers and shot without trial, and that too on German soil, is known to every one. Deep was the feeling aroused by this murderous act, and indeed the French officer who commanded the shooting party, broke his sword upon his return to his quarters, vowing never again to be accessory to such a deed.

In the fall of 1805 Napoleon began his crusade against Prussia by a violation of the neutral territory of Brandenburg. This could not be allowed, and a conference held in Berlin by the king, the Duke of Brunswick, and others, declared that war would be unavoidable if this invasion had been made with the knowledge and consent of the French emperor.

The Statue of Queen Louise of Prussia, Erected in the Park in Berlin, 1876, on the One Hundredth Anniversary of Her Birth.

The death of the queen's youngest child had greatly shaken her health, and the physicians ordered her to Pyrmont. The baths and the beautiful scenery worked speedy change in her health and spirits. Upon the height of Schellenberg, legend says, a holy fire was in early ages kept constantly burning in honor of the goddess Thusnilda. A forest of venerable beeches, the sacred tree of the ancient Teutons, crowns the summit of the mountain, and on one of these may still be seen, "Louise," surmounted with the kingly crown.

Scarcely had the queen returned to Berlin before she learned that war with France had been resolved upon, and that the troops were about ready to march. Up to that time she had never meddled with politics, but this was for her the turning-point. She said but little, but her mind was filled with the condition of her country, as may be seen from the following anecdote. The Prussian uniform and a sword had been a gift of the king to the crown prince on his tenth birthday. When he appeared before his mother in his new dress, she said, "My son, I hope the day on which you can really make use of a sword, your only thought will be to set right the wrongs of your unfortunate brethren."

The queen resolved to follow her husband into the field, and Frau Von Voss, of course, accompanied them. From that date her diary is a continuous record of distresses and disasters, with scarcely one gleam of sunshine to relieve the gloom.

"Oct. 29th, 1876.—The French have entirely destroyed Alt Landsberg. Napoleon is in Berlin. Would that God would free the earth from this miserable who is the scourge of mankind!"

"Nov. 10th.—Napoleon found a letter in Charlottenburg which had slipped behind a sofa cushion, and so been forgotten, and it made him furious with the queen. Since then he has spared no pains to caluminate her. What she has suffered from these vile slanders no one but God can know, yet she is now, as always, an angel of goodness and patience."

It was while these dreadful falsehoods were being printed and circulated in Berlin that the queen wrote upon a window pane in a poor farm-house, where she was passing the night, these verses of Goethe:

"Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte!

"Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,
Ihr lasst den Armen schuldig werden:
Dann überlasst ihr ihn der Pein
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden."

The countess records on Dec. 25th, 1806, that "The king would not allow us to have any Christmas rejoicings, or making of presents, either to himself or any one else."

"Dec. 28th.—The queen is very ill with nervous fever. Again we are called upon to wonder at the courage and patience of our angel queen, and her resignation to whatever of evil God sends upon her. Her life seems of value to her only for the sake of her husband and children, and her perfect trust in the divine will gives her this great patience and inward peace."

"Jan. 1st, 1807.—By God's grace I have been spared to see another year. But how much that is dreadful, even to remember, have we experienced in the past three months. But God may yet have mercy upon us and destroy the enemy who is laying waste our country. Little Prince William had on his uniform to-day for the first time, and his satisfaction was a pleasure to us all."

"Jan. 8th.—We reached Memel to-day. As there was no arm-chair here, the queen had to be carried into the house in the arms of a servant, which grieved me to see. She is not worse, thank God, for the dreadful journey which we have had to take to avoid the victorious French. She occupies the same room as when here five years ago to meet the Emperor Alexander, but what a change in circumstances! The royal children dine with us now and make a frightful noise at table, but no one reproves them."

"Feb. 16th.—A very dreadful French general, Bertrand by name, visited us to-day. In the evening he was introduced to the queen who was as much disgusted with him as I. He had a very disagreeable face, and said to her in a decidedly insolent manner: 'Napoleon hopes you will use your influence to effect peace, and that you will not longer cherish your unjust prejudice against him,' to which the queen replied, with her usual gentle dignity, 'Women have nothing to say regarding peace or war.'" Months crept slowly on, with one long continued story of defeats and unhappy losses.

On the 27th of June Frau Von Voss says, "To-day the queen received a letter from the king, giving an account of his meeting with Alexander of Russia, and Napoleon at Tilsit. This infamous Corsican received the king with studied coolness and indifference, and he wrote under evident depression. Some intimation was given as to the queen's joining them, but I trust she will not be subjected to this humiliation."

The request for her presence did come, however, and on the 4th of July, Frau Von Voss writes: "We set off at eight o'clock to-day, our hearts weighed down with sorrowful forebodings. Half way there we met a relay and a letter from the king, who says he must discharge Hardenberg (a prominent patriot and statesman), merely because Napoleon orders it. To what have we fallen!"

July 6th Napoleon called upon the queen. Frau Von Voss describes him as an ugly, brown-faced man; short, stout in person, large eyes, which rolled about ceaselessly, and had a cruel, sinister expression, but with a finely-cut mouth and handsome teeth. He had a lengthy conversation with the queen, and was more polite than they had expected to find him. That same evening they dined with him, and Louise came away after a long private talk with him, in good spirits and more hopeful than she had been for many a day.

But these hopes were destined not to be realized, for the next day she was told by one of the emperor's generals that the promises given the preceding evening were "only polite phrases," and that the claims then put forth by Napoleon were more severe than before his interview with her. They were, however, invited to dinner again, when, the countess says, "Napoleon looked embarrassed, and was spiteful and cross. The dinner was dreary enough, I did not speak a word the whole time, and the conversation throughout was forced and monosyllabic. After dinner the queen again had a private interview with the emperor, and when she took leave she said to him publicly that she was sorry to find he had so deceived her. My poor queen! she is quite in despair. The *miserable* wishes to take from us Westphalia, Magdeburg, Altmark, Halberstadt and Posen, a mere strip of land being left the king. Merciful God! put an end to the career of this wretched man!"

On the eleventh of July the queen returned to Memel, feeling her humiliation and the strain put upon her feelings had resulted in nothing. The Peace of Tilsit was soon after concluded, and how painful that treaty was to Louise she never attempted to conceal; indeed, she was often heard to refer to the words of Queen Mary, of England, who said that Calais would be found written on her heart after death, saying that so Magdeburg would be the word deeply engraven on hers. After this came the occupation of Berlin, and the robbery of the galleries and palaces of statues, pictures, porcelain, and articles of *vertu* of every kind.

April 1st, 1808, the countess says: "From day to day we must make retrenchments in our household expenses, though now we live more sparingly than most well-to-do farmers. I have had to renounce part of my allowance, but it cannot be helped. All the officers who pass through here are upon half-pay, and there are many who refuse to accept any pay at all. Many of these faithful creatures cut wood to earn their bread, and some whom we know are working for farmers simply for their board."

A letter written about this date to her father, shows the spirit and temper of this noble woman and queen:

"You will be glad to know, dearest father, that the misfortunes which surround us have never entered our home-circle—on the contrary, they have drawn us nearer each other. The king, the best of men, is as good and amiable as ever. More in deeds than in words does he give evidence of his unceasing care and thought for me and my comfort, and only yesterday he said so simply and lovingly, 'Trouble has only made you more precious to me, dear Louise. It has proved to me what a treasure I have in you. Let storms rage as they will outside; at home, I know there is always quiet and peace.' It is my pride, my joy, and my delight, to possess the love and confidence of such a man, and you, best and tenderest of fathers, will rejoice with me that it is so.

"Our children are our treasures, and our eyes rest upon them with contentment and hope.

The crown prince is full of spirit and talent. He learns with wonderful rapidity, especially history. He has a great appreciation of the comic, and his own witty sayings afford us much amusement and pleasure. He loves his mother dearly, and I often talk to him of what he is do when he shall be king."

"Our son William is very like his father, modest, simple and thoughtful. He resembles him in person, too, more than any of the others, only he is not so handsome. You see, dearest father, I am still in love with my husband.

"Our daughter Charlotte gives us great happiness. She is reserved and quiet, but, like her father, hides a warm and tender heart under a somewhat cold exterior. If God spare her to us, I predict for her a brilliant future."

(The Princess Charlotte was married, when nineteen, to the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, and in course of time became Empress of Russia, and mother of the late emperor.)

"Carl is merry, good natured, modest, and very talented. He often puzzles me by questions which I know not how to answer. Although very sympathetic with the sorrows of others, he will, I think, slip through the world very happily and contentedly.

"Alexandrine is, as children of her age usually are, very sweet and caressing. Of little Louise there is nothing to say. She has her father's profile and eyes, only brighter.

"You see, best of fathers, I have shown you my whole gallery. You will say, it is a mother speaking, who can see only the good and nothing of the faults of her children. But it is not so. They have their naughtinesses like others, but these will, I trust, pass away with time and as they grow more reasonable. It has perhaps been well for them that they have seen the serious side of life in their childhood, and learned what poverty and self-sacrifice mean. Especially is it well for the crown prince, for if prosperity comes, as I trust it may, he will the better know how to appreciate it. My heart is bound up in my children, and I pray God daily that this Holy Spirit may guard and guide them. I write this to you that you may be sure that whatever more of misfortune befalls us, we can, my husband and I, be happy amidst our children and with each other. The king sends his loving regards and the children kiss the hand of their grandfather, while I am now and ever, best and tenderest of fathers,

"Your grateful daughter,

'LOUISE."

The hour came at last, when the long-tried family were to be allowed to return from the bleak shores of the Baltic to their home in Berlin. On the same day of the month, sixteen years after her entrance as bride, Louise made her second entry into the royal city amid still greater rejoicings of the people. The magistrates requested the king to appear the following day at the opera-house, where especial preparations had been made for their reception. But the king said, "No; our first appearance will be in church."

The winter passed away in study and work and social enjoyment, and in June, 1810, Louise went to visit her father and aged grandmother in her old home, where she had been but once since her marriage. In accordance with her expressed wish, she was received as the daughter, not as the queen, and only the floral offering, sent in from the people of the neighborhood, testified the pride and happiness felt in having their "angel queen" among them. Every one observed the change which care and grief had wrought in the lovely face, and to one lady, who noticed the pearls worn by the queen, she said, "I wear these not only because they are the only ornaments I have left (the royal diamonds and personal gems of the queen were sold for army pay), but because they are more suitable for me. They signify tears, and I have shed so many!"

On the 28th of June, the king joined her, and that day, in the joy of her heart, she seated herself at her father's writing-table, and penned the following note:

"MY DEAR FATHER:—I am to-day very happy as your daughter, and the wife of the best of husbands. LOUISE."

"NEU-STRELITZ, 28*th June*, 1810."

These were the last words she ever wrote. That evening she complained of sore throat and headache, but accustomed to think more of others than herself, she joined the family party in the garden at tea-time.

The king was obliged to leave for Berlin the next day, and she wished to go with him, but her illness had increased, and though not considered dangerous, yet she was advised to remain quiet for a few days longer. But from day to day she grew worse; coughing, weakness and oppression vexed her, until the twelfth day, when an abscess in the lungs opened which afforded her much relief.

It was then hoped she would soon be well, but in two or three days severe cramps in the chest came on, which exhausted the little strength which remained. From that hour hope was abandoned. The king was summoned, who came with the crown prince and Prince William. But they only reached Strelitz a few hours before the end. When Louise's old grandmother tried to say some comforting and hopeful words to the heart-broken king, he replied, "If she was not mine she would live, but since she is my wife she will die."

At nine o'clock in the morning of July 19th, 1810, the queen threw back her head, and distinctly exclaiming, "Lord Jesus, make it short!" expired. The king rose from his knees, and, amid sobs and kisses, closed the eyes of "the star of his life who had so faithfully lighted him on his dark way." The body was opened the same day, and it was found she had died from polypus in the heart, caused by excessive care and anxiety.

The remains were conveyed to Berlin, and temporarily deposited in the sacristy of the Domkirche. On the 23d of December, the seventeenth anniversary of her marriage, she was removed to the mausoleum at Charlottenburg, prepared especially to receive her remains. The monument represents a couch upon which reposes the form of the sleeping queen. Over the couch is thrown a white cloth, eagle and crown worked in the hem. The figure is clad in a simple robe girdled at the waist, the head encircled with a royal diadem. This monument had a somewhat eventful history. It was cut in Rome by Rauch, who consigned it to an Austrian frigate sailing under English colors, for delivery in Hamburg. The war breaking out between England and America just then, the frigate was captured by an American vessel, which was in turn taken, with its valuable prize, by an English man-of-war. Rauch, reading in Munich of the capture of the ship which held his work, was on the point of starting for Italy to recommence his task, when news of its safety was sent him from Berlin. The English government had conveyed the box with the statue by special boat to Hamburg, whence it reached Charlottenburg May 10th, 1815.

On the queen's birthday, 1813, Frederick William instituted the order of the Iron Cross, in memory of the wife he could never cease to mourn. The king appeared as a wearer of this decoration, and, as Arndt says, "He was in truth the sorrowing knight." He never seemed for a moment to lose sight of the fact that his beloved Louise had been killed by grief and care. After her death he was never seen to smile, and even after the close of the wars of 1813, '14, and '15, it was an evident effort for him to take part in the rejoicings of his people over their victories.

In 1814, the Louise Order for women was founded, the decoration being a gold cross enameled with black, and similar in form to the Iron Cross.

The memory of the good queen is kept fresh in the hearts of the German folk by countless busts, statues, and pictures. No window of book or photograph shop in the smallest town is complete without at least one representation of her whom Körner called

"Luise, der Schutzgeist deutscher Sache;
Luise, das Losungswort zur Rache!"

The statue, a picture of which accompanies this article, was erected in 1876, on the hundredth anniversary of her birth, in the Park in Berlin. Happy the children of such a mother, who, as Jean Paul says, "was crowned by Fate, not only with the flower wreath of beauty, the myrtle wreath of marriage, the crown of a queen, the laurel and bay of patriotism, and the thorn-crown of sorrow, but with that better one, the palm-wreath of a victorious Christian!"

After the death of her "angel queen," Frau Von Voss took charge of the royal children, until her own death in December, 1814, at the age of eighty-five years and nine months. Faithful in life, so she was in death, for one of the last sentences she ever penned says, "The dear king and the royal children overwhelm me with love and kindness. But the loss of my queen has put an end to earthly happiness for me. How often in those sad hours when she was our only comfort and happiness, have I silently thanked God for giving me a place in my old age by the side of such an angel. But now——"

One Day.

ITS SPECULATIONS, ACCIDENTS, AND RESPONSIBILITIES.

"AH, living is such a wretched bore!" Miss Susie Percival pointed this profound observation with a sneer of intense disgust. "What is the good of it all, anyway, I wonder? I don't know why I was born, I am sure."

"A woman never does, I suppose, until she is a wife and mother," returned Dr. Ben with cool gravity, pursuing his imperturbable, analytical study of young womanhood.

"You think, Ben Lovering, that the sole mission of woman is to minister to the pleasure of some grand lord of creation, that her highest happiness and only peace of mind should be found in devoting every power and purpose of her life to the building up of his glory, and the satisfaction of his desires!" retorted Susie, curbing her head with proud indignation.

"When you are in sweeter mood please recollect that it was you, not I, who made this extraordinary assertion," was the quiet response.

"But," flashed Susie, with haughty resentment, "do you not infer that a woman must limit her aspirations to the sphere of domestic duty? that she can have no true success or abiding content outside of that? It is a man's narrow, prejudiced view of her nature and function—"

"Pardon me," gently interrupted Dr. Ben. "Did I infer anything of that sort? I could have sworn that it was yourself who were carrying that inference."

It was too aggravating. Susie had been in a most touching mood, ready to pour out to sympathetic ears the heart-rending tale of her failures and disappointments, and here she was coolly challenged to her own defense on the ground of her suspected adversary.

"Indeed, I thought you understood me better," she said with proud reproach. "I imagined you were my—friend."

"And so I am." Dr. Ben's gray eyes melted to the tenderest expression. "What shall I do to prove this truth to you, dear Susie?"

"Admit that a woman may have aspirations and ambitions beyond or outside of a purely domestic sphere," resumed Susie, rallying to the disputed point with the pertinacity of her unvanquished sex.

"Admit it? Why, I insist upon it," said the doctor, warmly. "Her sympathies should be large enough to take in all spheres of human endeavor, but in whatever of these she has ambitions she should find satisfaction of heart and mind in their pursuit."

"But, supposing that all her efforts fall painfully short of realizing her ideals, and end at last in disappointing failures, poisoning all her peace?" suggested Susie, tragically.

"Why, that in some measure is the lot of workers in all departments of life; but failures serve only as incentives to renewed purpose and endeavor with those who are born to conquer, and whom too easy conquests would ruin through a partial development of their powers."

Susie's brown eyes filled with tears, and her softly curved lips quivered nervously.

"Yes, I know what that means to a woman," Dr. Ben went on with a sympathetic inflection of voice. "The sacrifice of much that is sweetest and tenderest in her nature; the blunting and crushing out of delicate sensibilities which may only unfold unchilled and untrampled in the soft atmosphere of domestic love. Yet, if the woman chooses such sacrifice—and often it is not a choice but a necessity—let her do it without murmuring, and with the determination to meet the fullest demands of her position irrespective of the weaknesses and idiosyncrasies of sex which, in the hard judgment of the world she has no right to plead."

"But which the world, nevertheless, insists that she shall retain, under all conditions, censuring her lack, yet condemning her possessions," Susie complained, bitterly.

"True," assented the doctor, "we have associated with the name of woman certain sweet, bewildering qualities, which we find it hard either to relinquish or to reconcile with success in manly pursuits. But all these trifling matters of taste and prejudice will adjust themselves to the progress of ordained events. From the present chaos will be at last evolved the wonderful creature who shall combine with the lovely attributes of womanhood the nobility, grandeur, and strength of true manliness; and to this marvelous development of the future we shall, of course, bow down with reverence and devotion exceeding even the love and homage we give to the woman of our present standard. Until then, however, what is better, Susie, my friend, than to do nobly what the hand finds to do, scattering to the winds these vague aspirations and longings which sow simply discontent, and reap only the sickly harvest of despair? Each of us, man and woman, doing cheerfully and faithfully what, with our powers and opportunities, is possible to do, will bring the millenium more swiftly than all these bitter railings and idle wailings at the hardness of fate. In my daily rounds, I find so many whom I may benefit, if by nothing better than a hopeful and encouraging word, that I feel the life which you call a 'wretched bore' was given with a purpose I should sin to mistake, as you, my dear Susie, would sin to abide very long on the melancholy mood which blinds and embitters you this morning. One must fall into these distempers, now and then, as one must grope in the fog, and get overtaken by storms, but, conscious all the time of the eternal sun shining behind our clouds, we should fly into solitude and fight our shadows down as bravely and speedily as we may."

"Well, good morning, Dr. Ben, I act on your suggestion of solitary battle, and retire to the contest," said Susie, rising, with a mischievous gleam of sunshine breaking over her face.

"Very good," bowed the doctor, with answering smile. "You shall have three hours to contend with Satan, and then I'm going to call for you to drive out through the autumn glory, and return with me on my round of professional visits to the families of operatives in the steel works. Perhaps their troubles may make you forget your own. Oh, don't suppose I am taking you on a mission of charity solely. I want you to sympathize with me in the tender beauty of this divine October day. It is a forlorn sort of pleasure to drive through the gracious sunshine alone. Am I urging on you, after all, only another phase of charity? The sympathy I crave is not of a nature to strain your heart-strings, I think. Will you favor me? We will not talk of 'woman's sphere,' 'duties,' 'mission,' and all that."

"Thank you," returned Susie, with lenient grace, as though the subject had been rudely forced upon her. "In that case, surely, we may have a very delightful time. I will be ready at the appointed hour if I come safely out of the conflict you have planned for me."

The doctor bowed, smiled, and walked away, pausing, as he reached the gate, to look back with a respectful lifting of his hat, while Susie watched him down the street with an intent, absorbed gaze, as if for the first time she was seeing one with whom she had been associated from childhood in the intimate relations of brother and sister, for this very reason, perhaps, being blind to the finer qualities of his nature, since familiarity too often blunts our perceptions and obscures our judgment of character. Coming from staid, opinionated New England, they had brought with them the radical ideas which, in the free air of the prairies, grow frequently as grossly materialistic as the rank vegetation in the rich, uncultivated soils. The strong individuality of Dr. Lovering, however, had held his principles firm against the dissolving atmosphere of misnamed liberal thought, and his unasserted influence over Susie had kept her unconsciously from the extravagancies of action and expression into which her unsatisfied reachings after some vaguely comprehended good would have precipitated her Very likely had there been any proposed effort to mold her opinions, she would have rebelled, and plunged headlong into the most absurd notions and schemes of reform, but the doctor's power was exercised, unrecognized, in the quiet, casual talks which unpremeditately arose between them as upon this afternoon which found them, by agreement, wheeling swiftly out of the city streets into the free, open roads of the beautiful country.

There was about this place a curious combination of scenery peculiar both to the East and West, the way lying now over wooded heights, and then into lovely hollows bright and musical with flowing streams, and again running out in long, level lines over stretches of prairie broad as the eye could scan.

No one who has marked the subtle effect of atmosphere and landscape on mental moods, would wonder at the counter-tides of thought

and feeling which a susceptible nature would find surging against the bulwark of established principle under such contrast of conditions, and the doctor smiled as he watched Susie's flashing changes of thought, as he might have counted her pulse, secretly studying therein the social problems of the people among whom he had cast his lot.

The gray towers of the state's prison, rising in the distance, caught the darting wing of speculation some time before they reached it. "Indeed, it seems a brave fortress for the protection of the innocent against the assaults of outside enemies," Susie said, imaginatively. "To see those sentinels walking majestically on the upper wall one would believe they were warding off the approach of wicked assailants rather than guarding against the escape of pent-up evil within. And from the glimpses I have caught through opening gates of beautiful flower plots and emerald lawn, I should think there must be a culture and refinement of taste among the unseen inmates which seeks expression in such gentle tokens."

"And how do these impressions correspond with this throng of low-browed, strangely liveried men just bearing toward the entrance to your castle of concealed virtue and beauty?" asked the doctor, as a gang of prisoners, closely guarded, filed across the way from their work in the stone quarries."

Susie shuddered. "The prison garb is dreadful," she said. "It debases and humiliates the man so that he cannot for a moment escape the thrall of guilt and degradation of which it is the symbol, and how can he fail to grow more sullenly, desperately wicked? I know there are criminals in that crowd who have in them the bud and blossom of reformation and redemption, if it were not blighted and crushed before it could bring itself to fruit."

"The wise savants in civil law would say you reasoned like a woman, which is quite correct, my dear," the doctor returned, with that provoking insensibility to her outburst which always cooled her ardor down to the point of rational reflection. "There is evidently to your sense an inharmony between the refining influence of flower-pots and the degrading effect of the prison dress. But I must take you inside those mysterious walls some day, and you shall found your opinions upon a wider acquaintance with prison life and discipline. First of all, I should like to attend you to the Sabbath morning services in the chapel, where, sitting in your sheltered elevation, you may see the vast crowd surging in with an order that you never observe in religious congregations. And while you study the sea of wicked faces before you, shuddering, no doubt, under the sense of the evil emanations pervading the house, you will listen to the confessions of those who respond to the prayers and exhortations of their spiritual leader, and thrill under the novel sound of sanctified hymns pouring in a volume from throats hoarse with curses, feeling within yourself that here, if anywhere, the principles of the church are put to the bravest test of their power and influence. The most impressive rendering I ever heard of the popular Sankey hymns was in that prison chapel by a choir of men whose faces revealed the inward conflict of good and evil forces, and whose whole bearing indicated the need of a broader, more philosophical method of dealing than is comprehended by the narrow, prejudiced religious workers who too often assume the spiritual direction of such misguided souls. But we find the situation, without experimental knowledge, much easier to criticize than to wisely manage. When to the Sabbath morning lesson that I suggest, you add years of patient, charitable, practical study of this perplexing subject, you may be able to formulate a higher creed, and to prescribe a wiser prison government."

The shrill demoniac yell of the engines in the steel works, near at hand, drowned Susie's attempted response, and the doctor drove rapidly forward to the quarters occupied by the operatives, a portion of whom, at that hour, were being summoned by this unearthly shriek to the labor of the night.

The bare, stiff, dingy-colored little cottages, huddled together under the belching smoke of the mills, were very desolate indeed, and Susie wondered, as she approached, how it was possible for any but the coarsest, grossest natures to dwell in such an atmosphere, and amid such surroundings, with any measure of content.

"I can't see of what use I am to make myself here," she said, as the doctor, having alighted, turned to assist her from the carriage. "Such sympathy as I have to offer is not needed by any one in this place."

"Don't be so sure," Doctor Ben returned, as they entered the unsightly grounds and began threading their way among the bleak tenement houses. "You shall not visit all of my patients, but I will take you to see one whom I can no longer serve, and whose last hours you may, by word or touch, tinge with some ray of brightness. The poor woman lost her husband months ago by some fatal entanglement in the machinery of the mill, and she has since been dependent on a charity which is no sweeter to her than it would be to you. Meet her as a friend and a sister."

They stood, as he finished speaking, at an open door through which could be seen a slight, delicate woman, propped up on a low rude couch, and striving with her thin, trembling fingers to mend the rent in a small child's dress.

"Ah, the good doctor!" she said, as she perceived us, dropping the poor garment, and feebly stretching forth her hand. "It is very kind in you to see me once more."

"I trust I may see you many times, my dear Mrs. Clay," the doctor responded; "but I have brought to you, to-day, my friend, Miss Percival, who, I think, will do you much more good than I could do, and I'm going to leave you together while I make my calls in this neighborhood."

Susie could not account for the strange impulse which impelled her to bend and kiss the forehead of this frail, girlish creature, who seemed as refined and sensitive as herself despite her coarse surroundings.

"It is very sweet," she whispered, looking up in Susie's face with grateful eyes. "Indeed, I have so longed for the touch of one like you. Creature comforts were good for the children, but I wanted love—and I have no mother, sister, nor friend."

Susie Percival sat down, holding the thin, cold hand she had unconsciously retained, and murmuring low, sympathetic words, which, in themselves, would have given small comfort, perhaps; but her heart, thrilling with a sudden tenderness and care for this stranger sister, imparted to voice and manner a meaning that the hungry soul needed no tongue to interpret. Neither could have told how the talk ran so swiftly, nor how so much was comprehended in so brief a space; but in the invalid's broken sentences, Susie caught the full, touching reflection of her wasting life, and, out of the shadow of regret for her lost opportunity, she said sorrowfully, "Ah, if I had come to you sooner, Mrs. Clay! You have needed me in this coarse atmosphere, and I might have removed you, perhaps, and saved you from this decline."

"Yes, truly, I have needed you, yet the Mill people have been very kind in their fashion, and I am grateful. I don't forget how glad we were to come here, dreadful as the place seemed, because the work which was vainly sought for so many weary months was at last freely offered at the Mill. God help us! We did not see that Death would come with it, and that the babies must be left to cold charity after all."

"Ah, your little ones—I have not seen them," said Susie, with freshly kindling interest, taking up the torn garment which had fallen from the tired mother's hand.

"I sent them out into the sunshine this afternoon in care of the neighborhood children. It is better that they should not stay too much with me, though I am constantly uneasy and unhappy when they are out of my sight. The thought of my darlings is never absent, and the question as to how I am to abide in peace, even in heaven, without them, continually disturbs me."

"The way will appear, dear heart," Susie answered, soothingly. "It does not seem that any law of Heaven can put barriers between mother and child, and in the world of spirit you may watch even more tenderly and wisely over your dear ones than it would be possible for you to do here. Love is a delusion if its power goes not beyond the grave."

They went on talking of their hope and faith in the immortal nature and influence of love, gathering rays of light for the dark passage of death into which one must presently enter.

Suddenly a childish outcry of terror and distress smote upon their ears, cutting short their consoling speculations.

Mrs. Clay started up white as a spirit, and seeming as ready to vanish from sight. Susie ran swiftly to the door, meeting there a flying figure from which burst the exclamation: "Oh, ma'am! Gracious! Ma'am, Jamie he's fell in a well! an' little Mollie she's a jumpin' up an' down on the edge an' a cryin' to go after him!"

Susie followed the girl speeding across the barren grounds to the groups of dirty bare-foot children huddled about the spot of frightful interest—an unfinished well, abandoned for

the day by the workmen, and into which the curious little investigator had tumbled by a slide of the crumbling earth above it.

Shuddering as she glanced into the dark pit, Susie waved her hand to the terrified crowd of children, crying, imperatively—

"Run! Run for help at once! Don't let the tumult of the mills drown your voices! Shout, 'Help! Help!'"

But realizing, as her messengers fled, that there was not a moment to lose if the child's life was to be saved, she seized the rope used by the laborers in descending to their work of excavation; and obeying the impulse of her heart, without thought or care for danger, swung herself into the black depth and went down with a swiftness that would have deprived her of consciousness had she not struck in the soft earth that had fallen with the child of whom there was no trace.

Beginning breathlessly to delve in the light soil, seeking almost despairingly for a time some vestige of the object of her rash venture, she felt at last with joy the thrill of human warmth, and tugging at the small limb on which her hands had taken firm hold, she succeeded in unearthing the little insensible body, sinking back exhausted, and nearly fainting from excitement and extraordinary exertion, with just sense enough to realize the thud of many trembling feet, and the sound of Dr. Ben's voice calling to her from some far-off upper world.

Then all was blank, until, with a gasp, she opened her eyes to the clear, sunset skies, and to the kindly faces of ministering women, who had been striving to assist in her restoration to consciousness.

Dr. Lovering, working to the same end with the child she had made so desperate an effort to save, turned upon her with a beaming smile, as she looked with vague languid wonder in his direction.

"It is all right, my dear friend," he said, cheerfully coming toward her with the rescued boy in his arms. "The little fellow is something the worse for a few scratches and bruises, but he owes his life wholly to your swift action, since the slightest delay would have resulted in his complete suffocation by the earth from which you must have striven desperately to extricate him. You did a brave thing, friend Susie. I am very proud of you!"

"He is a pretty child, is he not?" she said, evading the praise of her deed, and threading with her trembling fingers the blonde ringlets of the small head nestled against the doctor's shoulder in a stupor of exhaustion.

"Yes," Dr. Ben responded, "a very fine organization, which, with proper influence, must develop a noble nature. And the boy belongs to you I think."

"Why?" she asked, simply.

"Did you not purchase his life at the risk of your own?" questioned the doctor, gently.

"Ah, poor Mrs. Clay," ejaculated the girl, with slow returning recollection of the events of the afternoon. "Died—did this matter (which I only half realize) affect her seriously?"

"Yes; it could not be otherwise in her weak condition," answered Dr. Lovering. "The shock brought on a hemorrhage which snapped her feeble thread of life, and she is going fast. I must go back to her at once to see if there is any last office I may perform for her."

"Let me go with you," Susie said, with uncertain effort to rise.

"No, dear, no!" the doctor denied. "You must rest quietly until I can take you home. I will leave little Jamie with you."

She turned to the child laid down beside her in the humble cottage where she had been carried to await recovery from her adventure. The large gray eyes looked into hers with a clear, steady, questioning gaze, and the soft lips parted with dreamy wonder.

"Are you my mamma?" he asked at length, with that dizziness of recollection and cloudiness of perception which she herself had felt on her return to consciousness.

"Do you want me for your mamma?" Susie questioned, with suddenly thrilling heart, hardly knowing what answer she desired.

The child looked at her in puzzling silence a little longer, then, with a tremulous sigh, nestled closer to her, hiding his face in her bosom, unconsciously expressing a trust which her loving acceptance would confirm.

"Declare! ef that don't beat all!" exclaimed one of the women of the place. "Jest seems, Miss, that you're called o' the Lord to take the boy."

"And ther's the little girl, Mollie," said the other. "Nice child as ever lived. But I dunno what'll become o' her. We 'uns hev all got as meny 's we can tend to. She'll hev to go to the 'sylum, I 'spose. Declare for't, does seem's if more childer are borned in this world than ther's any place fer, don't it now, specially as they come mostly to folks as hasn't got nothin' else."

"Still, them Clay children are dreadful sweet," put in the first speaker, apologetically. "They're jest like their mother who felt above we uns, but was very nice, and behaved like a lady. I'd be glad to take 'em myself, but John, he wouldn't hear o' such a thing."

As they were talking of these matters with a simple frankness that revealed to their passive listener the hardness of a life to which she had never given a thought, the doctor came in holding by the hand a dark-eyed little girl with unkempt, auburn curls rippling about a tearful, frightened face which Doctor Ben stooped with fatherly tenderness to wipe and kiss. "Cheer up, little one," he said, soothingly. "Mamma is with the blessed angels who care for her, and you, and all of us. And here is Jamie safe and unharmed from the ugly fall that frightened you so much."

"Mrs. Dunn," he continued, turning to the mistress of the cottage, "you will be so kind as to keep the children to-night with motherly care. Early in the morning I shall call for them."

"But I am going to take Jamie with me to-night," said Susie Percival rising with the first intimation of her purpose. "He has given himself to me, and I have accepted."

"Indeed!" spoke the doctor, with earnest sympathy. "That is very good! I promised in the dying mother's ear the protection which her pleading eyes asked, and I had mentally resolved to adopt Mollie as my daughter, so we will consider the fortunes of the family settled for the present. But we will leave both children with good Mrs. Dunn for the night. Jamie must rest without exciting disturbances—see he is already asleep—and little Moll will feel most comfortable beside him after the terrors of the day. And now let me assist you to the carriage, and we will soon be at home." And, folding her shawl about her, he put on her hat with that attempt at exactness in such unfamiliar matters which always makes the recipient of the volunteered favor smile—if she does not frown—and half carried her from the house followed by the blessings of the inmates who had seen too many proofs of the doctor's goodness in their community not to honor and reverence him above other men.

"It seems all a dream—a troubled, excited dream," Susie said, as Doctor Ben, seating himself beside her in the carriage, gathered up the reins, and curbed the fiery spirit of his horse, impatient from long waiting.

"Yet a dream which has brought us rather grave responsibilities," he answered, putting a supporting arm about her as they sped over the dark road lying between them and the city. "And which has also made clearer to me a truth that I told you the other day," he added, after a pause of eloquent silence, "that I love you, my darling, with all the strength, fervor, and constancy of my nature."

"And, indeed, I cannot say, as I said the other day, that love is not what I need," Susie returned gently, "for to-nigh I feel as though life would be very dreary and forlorn without it. Yet I am in too weak and helpless a mood to be exactly trustworthy in my judgments, and——"

"You would prefer to wait the balance of your ambitious and energetic impulses before deciding; you could be quite happy without me," softly concluded Doctor Ben.

"I know already that I could not be happy without you, whom I have always had as a faithful and guiding friend—but—" Susie hesitated.

"Never mind, never mind," said the doctor with a smile which the darkness concealed, but which rippled hopefully through his mellow voice. "Don't wrestle with the old objections to-night. They are too exhausting. We will not trouble ourselves about them. I can wait until they dissolve, and enter of themselves into new combinations. By and by when your clear shining purpose breaks through these obscuring clouds we shall be happy whatever your decision. Shall we not? Meantime you will let me consult you regarding the management of my adopted daughter, and, of course, I shall take a fatherly interest in little Jamie, to whom you are to play the wise, tender mother. Together, I think, we shall do a very good work, deriving as much benefit as we confer. So here we are at the gate of home. We will go in and tell the good mother about our venture. In tears? Dear heart—I kiss them away without question—thinking of dissolving objections."

A. L. MUZZEY.

Just in Time.

BY MARGARET LEE, AUTHOR OF "ARNOLD'S CHOICE," "DR. WILMER'S LOVE," "IN BONDS OF WEDLOCK," "A SOCIAL KNOT," "LOVE AND LAND," ETC.

MY brother-in-law, Archie Johnstone, was my particular dread and problem. Half a dozen times in a week I would recall the wise advice which so few follow, "that young married people should have a home of their own," and all because of some remark or action of his that annoyed or hurt me. Once I confided to Tom that I was sure his brother disliked me, and Tom laughed so at the absurdity of the fancy that I tried to believe that I was wrong in entertaining it.

"Archie was always an odd individual," he told me; "let him alone, don't put yourself out to please him, and he will come to like you for yourself."

But the process decidedly dragged. Esteem founded upon knowledge of character is necessarily of slow growth where there are no situations to develop traits in sudden power or beauty. Love is another feeling, it assumes the existence of the qualities it would have its object possess and is proverbially blind. It would never do for a woman to appear in her brother in-law's eyes as she does in her husband's, still to feel that your brother-in-law respects you and recognizes you as a member of the family, welcome and trustworthy, must be a very soothing reflection. I certainly coveted it; but the months went by and my desire was still unfulfilled.

Perhaps I was too anxious, as Tom had said, to please his people. Still they were worth pleasing, and I had fully recognized the fact before entering the family. The Johnstones were universally respected as honest, generous, cultivated people; their wealth was their smallest attraction; strangers never thought of asking about it. It was used as a means in the household; its effects were everywhere like an atmosphere; their cause was never alluded to.

For this reason, people with moderate incomes and cultivated tastes always felt at home in the Johnstone's house, and never received the impression that any member of the family was at all interested in the depth or solidity of their purse.

There were numerous Johnstones: three sisters were married and lived in the neighborhood; there were two at home unmarried, and they with Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone and the two brothers made up the family. Nine persons to confront—as young Mrs. Tom Johnstone! It was a formidable undertaking for any woman. An angel might have felt nervous, provided angels are troubled with such earthly, human attributes as nerves. I think I must have been in the list of fools that "rush in where angels fear to tread."

I was certainly too young and ignorant to comprehend the situation. I suited Tom. It did not occur to me that every member of his family had an ideal wife pictured mentally, "that would be exactly the wife for dear Tom." I fully realized it when, after becoming Mrs. Tom Johnstone, I heard from time to time the necessary qualifications of the still undetermined Mrs. Archie Johnstone. "You baby," Tom would remark when I told him my doubts on the subject. "Do you suppose Archie will call a meeting, a full meeting of his family, and appoint a committee of three to select his wife? He will do just as I did, he will marry to please himself."

"Still a man's family are worthy of consideration. He should think of them, I suppose; they ought to influence his choice."

"Not directly! Indirectly and unconsciously they do. A man's sisters have a great deal to do in the matter of his choice of a wife; but, baby, it is all done either for good or evil, long before he makes up his mind to marry. They are to a certain extent responsible for his estimate of women, and his desire is the result of that estimate. A man doesn't seek for pearls in a coal-mine. He appreciates them, and he goes where he may hope to find them. You can trust Archie."

"Is he in love?"

"Not to my knowledge. His intense reserve of manner is a great drawback in some ways. Girls fail to understand him. I know I do."

"Because you fancy that his manner conceals so much that you would like to sound."

"Well, and doesn't it?"

"No, he isn't thinking unutterable things, nor meditating on profound problems, any more than the fellows that tell you every fancy that flits across their minds. He takes as much interest in commonplace things as I do, but he leaves me to do the talking about them. Oh, I'll admit that his disposition is at times very enviable! I often covet his power of silence. But then, again, he often affects the company like a sudden shower, every one feels dull and spiritless, the brightness disappears from the atmosphere. It is immensely effective, but I would not care for the gift."

Tom had exactly described the manner that often silenced me. Archie's glance at the corner where I would be sitting laughing and chatting with my young friends could make me feel utterly silly, supremely childish.

I suppose I must have looked out of place among the Johnstones. The youngest Miss Johnstone was thirty-six, the other one was past forty. The sons were the youngest in the family, the married sisters coming between Archie and Miss Sophie. For years there had been no occasion for amusements of a light character taking place in the large, old-fashioned rooms. They were decidedly ancient in the matter of furniture and decorations. Tom was twenty-six, and he told me, confidentially, that ever since he had been in the habit of enjoying their attractions nothing had been taken away from them or added to them.

They would not have suited modern devotees of bric-à-brac or antiques. The few bronzes and vases were like the articles of furniture, massive and substantial. There were no hanging shelves filled with fragile bits of china; no brackets holding delicate models of human beauty; one could walk, run, or dance over the floors without danger of damaging gorgeous jardinières, or upsetting elaborate easels. The genius of bric-à-brac had yet to drive out the spirit of comfort. And such a spirit it was everywhere! In the deep-cushioned chairs always at one's side when inclined to be luxuriously idle; in the great, wide fireplaces where logs blazed on polished andirons at the least suspicion of a change in the weather; in pretty corners fitted up for possibilities for whist or chess; in the library with its delightful treasures, that threw invisible charms around the people who dared to seek them; in the music-room, where stacks of music and a fine "Weber grand" held captive all lovers of the divine art.

If I was out of place among the Johnstones I was out of place to please myself. I knew that Miss Sophie was musical, and gave charming musical evenings for the mutual benefit of her fellow-worshipers at the shrines of music's masters. My little stock of pieces—"Strauss's waltzes," "gallops," and noisy, meaningless "Morceaux de Salon," with more title than merit, did look as absurd in contrast with Miss Sophie's classical selections as I probably looked beside her. Miss Sophie was tall, dark, well-developed, and majestic, with a taste in dress as elegant and refined as her taste in music. I was tall, fair, slight, and most decidedly willowy, and my taste in dress was very much like my idea of a new piece of music—the latest and most popular thing out.

I also knew before I was married that Miss Johnstone, Tom's sister Jane, was a consistent and most energetic churchwoman. I knew that all kinds of societies, for the promotion of every good that could be devised to meet the needs of poor humanity, met for consultation and work at the Johnstone's. I was also aware that Archie had a taste for science, and was a member of a club "of very deep fellows," that occasionally met in his library for the purpose of regaling each other with scientific papers on the great subjects that were engrossing scientists. My sister Bessie prophesied that I would die within the year of dullness if not under the complicated weight of classical music, church-work, and science. There was no alternative for me in her decision.

"You know, Bab, you haven't an idea in common with any member of the Johnstone family except Tom. Miss Sophie might be your mother. She will never make allowance for your youth and love of amusements. You will die of the pressure of middle-aged recreations. Live by yourself, it will be better for both you and Tom. It may be lonely, but at least Tom will have you as you are naturally, gay and full of fun. If you go into that gloomy old house you will be a new element in it. You cannot combine with any other there, and, if you turn out a disturbing element, Tom may blame you instead of his own stupid relatives."

"Thank you; but Tom says that I am just the element needed in the place. He says they are becoming fossilized for the lack of some youth and noise in the family."

"And he is going to experiment with you, is he?"

I laughed, I had never taken that view of the subject.

"Oh well, Bess, if I find myself in the way, we can leave. Pa has offered to give us a little house if we care to go housekeeping."

"In the way? Oh no, Bab, dear, but they may unintentionally injure you, age you, shorten your bright youth by their natural habits of quiet life. They are so very, very cultivated and grave, and all that."

"For a' that and a' that," I quoted carelessly, and ran off to watch for Tom.

Tom and I first met at a sociable. A noisy, informal, economical gathering, with dancing, a light supper, and a very, very young set of youths and maidens enjoying everything hugely. We had our doubts as to whether such an elegant individual as Mr. Tom Johnstone would approve of us sufficiently to spend a second evening among us. We girls wore walking-dresses, so as to combine economy and utility, and, out of regard for the slight purses of our gentlemen friends, we dispensed with carriages, and walked to and from the meetings, when cars and stages were not available. We liked home-made cake, and weak lemonade, and took turns at the piano, treating the indefatigable dancers to our very best selections from the popular *répertoires* that I have already mentioned.

I shall always remember my sensations when Jack Spencer, our floor manager, reception committee, and president, all in one, brought up Mr. Tom Johnstone, and presented him to me—Miss Barbara Preston, familiarly known as Bab, or Baby Preston. He was a head over me at least, and I did not know what to say to him, he was so very dignified, and bent in such a courteous manner to hear my ridiculous first question:

"Do you dance?"

"Yes, some."

Then he drew himself up to his full height, miles above me, and I looked down at my black cashmere street dress, and felt myself flushing under his grave, penetrating eyes. I wished some one would come and ask me to dance the "glide," that Bessie was just commencing to play for. Then Mr. Johnstone made a remark in his even, distinct style:

"I think dancing very pleasant when all the conditions for enjoying it are presented—a good floor, and inspiriting music, and, of course, a nice dancer for a partner."

Then, to my utter horror, I laughed at his speech. It was irresistible when I realized the absence of his conditions. Bessie's amateur efforts on a tinkling, worn-out piano, the thick carpet, the small room, the awkward young men, the gawky girls attempting the most impossible steps with an assumption of airs and graces all their own.

When I looked up after an interval, blushing and embarrassed, I saw that Mr. Tom Johnstone's eyes were brimming over with mirth; he understood me as well as if I had spoken my thoughts. Then we both laughed, then we tried the "glide," and I suppose he liked it; I was at least very light on my feet, and easy to take round. It may have been that the other girls were too heavy for the lack of proper conditions; at any rate, Mr. Johnstone devoted himself to me, in spite of my silly laughter, and my cheap-looking dress.

He came to the next meeting, and the next to that, and finally was voted for and became a member of the "Informal." When the season was over we were engaged, and, there being no obstacles to overcome, we were married in the fall, and ceased to be members of the reviving "Informal," only attending occasionally as invited guests at its meetings.

They, the Johnstones, received me each in his or her individual fashion. Having welcomed three sons-in-law into the family, Mrs. Johnstone had acquired a certain formal statelliness of speech and manner that showed no sign of impulse or emotion, and deprived me of all my little stock of self-possession and confidence in Tom's encouraging praise.

She kissed me and trusted that I would make Tom happy. Mr. Johnstone was more demonstrative; he put his arms around me, told me I was welcome, and that I must feel perfectly at home among them as his little daughter. Then he held me quite close for a moment, and when he let me go and turned away he took off his glasses and began to rub them vigorously. Archie shook hands with me and hoped I would keep Tom in order, and then the sisters kissed me with various degrees of warmth and impulsiveness. Miss Jane then introduced me to a tall maiden aunt, and in a wig and spectacles, who eyed me from head to foot, and made this highly enlivening remark:

"So you are to be Mrs. Tom Johnstone!" I felt quite small and insignificant for some time afterward. Tom said she was a rude woman, who presumed upon her age and wealth, and never considered the feelings of her relatives.

If my appearance was unsatisfactory, my mental attainments were still more so. Jane catechized me on church affairs. I admitted that I was a member of the Bible class; but I had to confess that the learned expositions from the original text which our conscientious teacher bestowed such care upon were indeed Greek and Hebrew to me. It delighted him to daze us with his scholarship, and so we sat still while he talked and explained and furnished his own commentaries, and let our thoughts escape to the gay, outside, tangible world and the things that most concerned us, for the inconsistencies of modern young Christians were far more absorbing than those of the ancient Israelites. I fancy Jane thought me very shallow. I fared no better when Miss Sophie drew me out on her pet topic. Of course I played the piano. She asked me if I "enjoyed Chopin?" Chopin! I remembered hearing the name in connection with a funny story. How an old lady had asked a clerk in a music store for Mr. Chopin's Night-turn in X minor. That was my knowledge of the "great tone poet," as Miss Sophie called him. I said I had never heard his music. Then she asked me if I could play a sonata of Beethoven's, and I felt myself a musical impostor, although at home I had been considered a good musician.

I cried when I told Tom of my troubles. Tom laughed at me until he saw that I was thoroughly mortified, and then he grew serious and petted me.

"See here, Baby: I'm not going to have you awed into tastes that are beyond your age. Autumn comes time enough, but this is your summer, and you shall enjoy it. I didn't marry an embodiment of classical knowledge. I married a little girl full of life and happiness, with good intentions and the will to carry them out. If you fancy Chopin's compositions, you have the rest of your life to learn them in; but you need not worry because at eighteen you have not mastered them."

I thought he put my deficiencies in a very nice light, but I bought a dreamy nocturne of Chopin's, and began to study it carefully. Sophie told me that my touch was clear and delicate, and gave me some useful hints about developing it.

When I had been married about a year the days seemed much longer to me than formerly. I could not return visits promptly, and my own friends appeared to think it imprudent to come in at all hours and seasons as they had been in the habit of doing. Bessie was out of town, and my own father and mother had gone to Chicago to visit my eldest sister who had married early, and gone there to reside.

I did not like to worry Tom with my silly fancies, but the moment I lost sight of him in the mornings as he turned the corner, my heart would suddenly feel like lead, and it would not lose its queer weight until it was evening and nearly time for him to open the front door, and come bounding up the stairs to our pretty rooms. Then I would feel like flying about as a feather.

I tried to be sensible and reasonable according to my own mother's injunctions. I used to sit for hours in the parlor listening to Jane while she played the wonderful compositions that she intended for the "musicals."

Some of them impressed me as being music in the true sense of the word, they were so soft, so soothing, so full of rhythmical beauty. They sang exquisite poems to me as she played and held me spell-bound. Others, again, the ones that she preferred for their grandeur, wearied and troubled me by their brilliant noise; the accomplishment of so many varieties of sound in so many given measures accurately timed.

I used to wander into the room where Jane dispensed money, clothing, and advice to the poor mothers who sought her aid. What I saw and heard there was not at all cheering or encouraging, but it fascinated me. If I did not fully realize my own blessings I certainly began to recognize them, and feel thankful for them.

One evening Tom was unusually late. I grew so anxious that I could not stay quiet, and I wandered restlessly over the house; into the sitting-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone were seated near the fire—he reading aloud from the *Post*, and she knitting tiny socks for her little grandchildren. They looked up to welcome me with pleasant smiles and words, and the old gentleman drew a chair close to his own for me. But the long editorial finished, I had no interest in the financial article, so I went off to Jane's room. She

was intent on a heavy article on "ritualism" in a church paper, so I left her to her enjoyment, and found Sophie only to realize that she was too much absorbed in the music she was playing to know that I was in the room, idle and fanciful.

Then I sat down in a low chair near the parlor window, but it was too dark to distinguish figures passing, and after a few minutes I found myself crying like a baby. For what? I did not know; but the tears kept welling in my eyes and running down my cheeks, and my handkerchief was soaked, and I was an object of all dejected reflections, when a key turned in the lock, and I ran out in the hall to meet—my brother-in-law. He ceased his low humming and looked at me, too much surprised to conceal the feeling. "Tom isn't home yet," I said, too much mortified to give any explanation of my appearance but the true one.

Archie had a bundle of reviews in his hand, and he offered them to me, and spoke while he hung up his hat and overcoat pretending not to see anything unusual in my appearance.

"Tom was quite busy. I left him in the office; but he'll be along in a few minutes. Weren't you talking of cultivating house-plants the other day?"

"Oh, yes," I said, indifferently.

"Well, there is a very fine article on the subject in one of those books. Come in the library and I'll read it for you. We'll have time before dinner."

I did not want to go, but I could not act so foolishly with him as a critic, so I went, and in ten minutes I was so much interested in the subject that I never heard Tom until he stood in the doorway asking us, "Are you going to turn florists?"

The next afternoon when I came home from my walk, I stood for a moment on the stoop regretting that I was too tired to remain out in the sunshine. Just then a light wagon turned the corner, and there sat Tom in it nodding and laughing at me. We were off in a second, flying up the avenue toward the park and the quiet lanes beyond it.

"Oh, isn't this glorious!" was all I could say.

"Mighty kind of Archie, I think. He has offered to take my late work for the present, and I've accepted on your account."

"Oh, but is it right to——"

"To let him put himself out? Why, that is Archie's greatest delight. He enjoys giving us pleasure as much as we enjoy the pleasure. I'll bet you he is standing now leaning over the books and hoping that we are getting all the good possible out of the air and the sunshine."

I know Tom was right, for Archie's thought for my comfort showed itself in many ways. Sophie commenced giving lunch parties and four-o'clock teas at which my friends predominated among the guests, and I had all the pleasure and none of the anxieties of a hostess.

It was quite delightful between anticipation and realization, and time took wings. I found myself deprived of any leisure for entertaining doubts, and at the same time furnished with food for charming fancies and hopes.

If I had been a disturbing element in the Johnstone family, I wonder what my baby boy was! Tom sat and laughed at the results of the infant's presence in the house, and I could only wonder at them. Neither of us had a word to say. Every one was older, consequently wiser than either of us. I used to recall astronomical accounts of the solar system with inward amusement, only in this case the sun was a very small body compared with the planets that revolved around it. It seemed so wonderful that such a mite should influence the life and habits of every member of the household, but its cradle was the central power, the shrine at which every one worshiped and offered gifts.

I would miss my baby to find him in the sitting-room with his grandma for nurse, and his grandpa expatiating on his wonderful powers of observation. He unconsciously ran races with all the pet interests of the family, and won them without an effort. Jane would leave her work, Sophie her piano to fondle him; Archie would close his review when his little namesake was near him, and Tom declared that the baby ruled the house.

I think he did, and his importance simply increased as he grew older. Archie taught him to walk, and then he kept every one occupied running after him, his nurse having a decided sinecure.

In his second summer he began to droop. People used to pity me more than my baby. I seemed to live in a dull, deadening dream, doing mechanically all that I was directed, laughing and singing for my pale languid boy, when it would have been a luxury to have gone away where no one could see me and cry out my heavy, despairing heart.

At length, the doctor ordered mountain air. Mrs. Johnstone was ill and required her daughters with her, so Tom and I started with Archie and his nurse for Catskill. It was a sad country going. Every one felt anxious about the two invalids, the grandmother realizing that she might be looking at the baby for the last time. Tom and I had nerved ourselves to the parting, and were doing silently the many little last things that had to be attended to carefully. Archie's medicine was one great charge. He was to have a teaspoonful of the tonic three times a day, and I was to put it in his milk at meal-times. I took his breakfast up to his grandma's room, she wanted to see all she could of him; and he took a little of it after a great deal of coaxing, for he had no appetite. The milk was a problem, but between the various members of the family, some pleading, others offering bribes, he was at length prevailed upon to swallow it.

Tom had fresh milk in a bottle to be used on the boat, and the bottle was packed in ice in a covered can.

At the end there was a confused murmur of voices, and indiscriminate kisses were generally given. Then Archie hurried me into the carriage, Tom followed with the baby, and then the nurse with the baskets, umbrellas, and wraps.

All the way to the boat Archie played with the baby, showing him the objects that we passed, making him go over his little stock of words, and keeping his attention fully occupied. I was sleepy and exhausted. Tom was trying to make me laugh naturally, something I had not done for weeks.

It was a lovely August day. The soft hazy atmosphere was reviving, and the crowded decks of the large day boat were from the first distracting. We had some difficulty in finding camp-stools, and, when Tom had secured three, it was a question where to place them. We walked back and forth, hesitating. The nurse was holding the baby, he being decidedly interested in the strange sights and sounds about him. It might have been fancy, but I thought I could see a faint color in his cheeks, and his eyes were certainly brighter and more animated than they had been.

I found myself unexpectedly laughing at some of Tom's remarks, as he glanced over the people who had been ahead of us. "Some of them will get off at the first landing," said Archie, "then you will have some choice. You had better get out on the after-deck, it is too close down-stairs for Baby and Archie."

So we found a sufficient amount of space for the camp-stools on the after-deck, and there Archie left us.

"Telegraph from Catskill, and I'll write to-night," he said, as he finally turned away. He stood on the pier until the figure became indistinct in the distance waving its hat at Archie.

I know that we were all tired, perhaps the air and the monotonous sound of the engine had something to do with it, but I soon felt sleepy. Tom nodded at me from time to time, sitting upright, then, with a great effort, and telling me the name of the little collection of houses that we were passing on either bank.

How he could distinguish them puzzled me; the same town seemed to me to reappear continually.

"Archie is so drowsy," I said at last. "Shall I let him sleep?"

"It is the effect of the air; but I would keep him awake, then he will sleep better to-night."

"His eyes look so heavy!" I was surprised at their lack of expression.

"Then let him sleep," said Tom.

But Archie would neither sleep nor be roused into anything like decided wakefulness. He lay in my arms with his dim eyes fixed on my face, now and then smiling feebly at the sound of my voice speaking to him. Nothing interested him enough to make him raise his head from my breast.

The nurse brought out his favorite toy, a pretty gun, but Archie shook his head. He did not want to play soldier. Tom gave him his watch, but its usually absorbing interest was gone. Archie held it in his relaxed grasp, his little waxen hand could scarcely support its weight, but he never looked at it.

"It may be the effect of the medicine," said Tom, soothingly. "I wish Allen had told us what to expect. I'll take Archie in front, the air is stronger there and may do him good."

So we went front, and Tom held the baby in his arms, and talked to him, and very slowly and gradually Archie held his head higher, and pointed with his tiny hand to what he noticed on the boat and beyond it. Then Tom

put him on his feet, and got him to walk up and down, and the motion seemed to rouse him better than anything else.

He wanted to go down-stairs, so Tom explored the lower deck with him, and brought him back so much brighter in aspect that my spirits began to rise again.

"Now we must get him to eat;" Tom declared. "I am ravenous, so suppose we have lunch."

I was quite willing. I took Archie on my lap, and Tom began to lay a napkin on two camp-stools and unpack the sandwiches and cake. Archie only broke up his bread, and the cold chicken did not tempt him. He turned away from everything. Tom shook his head at his small family.

"I can eat for three, but you might help me, Baby. There is enough here for a dozen."

"I may feel hungry later on," I explained.

"Shall I fix his milk, now?" Tom asked, drawing over the can and proceeding to open it.

"Oh, yes, it will do him some good, he will not eat anything."

"He takes after you," laughed Tom, looking in the basket for the tonic.

Just then, Archie turned my face with one hand and pointed with the other to the landing that we were nearing.

"Poughkeepsie, eh!" said Tom, looking too.

"Come," said Archie, sliding down on the deck and taking my hand.

I lifted him on the bench, and he leaned over the railing watching the man beneath, as they hauled at the heavy ropes. The pier at Poughkeepsie was crowded. I kept my arm around Archie, and let my eyes wander over the upturned faces beneath us. The sun shone upon the motley assemblage, on the few well-dressed city people and the many unshaved carelessly clothed countrymen who thronged the narrow wharf. By this time the sky was cloudless, and the picturesque background completed a lovely scene. I turned to look at Tom. How handsome he was! how becoming his gray suit! He did the simplest things with a quiet elegance that made them interesting. Just then he was measuring the medicine; the cup of milk was before him, and he had the bottle in one hand and the teaspoon in the other. He felt my glance, and gave me one of his bright confidential smiles.

Suddenly Archie laughed out his gayest, merriest laugh, and drawing his hand from mine, he began to clap both the little palms, still looking below him.

What could so attract and delight him? I leaned over to see. The plank had scarcely touched the wharf, but a man was rapidly crossing it, and his face was upturned. It was my brother-in-law. He raised his hat as our eyes met, and disappeared to reappear beside us the next moment. The same fear kept Tom and me silent; it was Archie who first spoke, taking the baby in his arms as he did so. "They are all right at home, mother is better. Are you surprised to see me?"

"Surprised!" I murmured. Nervous and anxious, I had sunk down on the bench. Now I noticed that Archie was glancing at the remains of our feast, and I became aware that he was suppressing some terrible emotion. His face was white and drawn, and his eyes were startled and dilated, he seemed afraid to put his fears into words. Tom was watching him in a curious way, his next question seemed like an anti-climax, but I could not laugh.

"Have you had your lunch?"

"Oh, yes; that is, I have had mine; Baby and Archie live on air."

Tom glanced at the cup of milk, and I saw Archie's eyes rest on it for a few seconds. Then he touched it; his hand and his voice were trembling.

"Is this for Archie?"

"Yes, his tonic is in it. See if he will take it from you."

Then my brother-in-law did a strange thing; he let his face sink for a few seconds on the baby's little white shoulder, and when he raised it his eyes were full of tears, but his whole expression had changed. It carried out my idea of the meaning of the word transfigured; it was so bright with hope, so still with peace.

He leaned back and stood Archie on his knees, regarding the child keenly.

"Has he been asleep?" he asked.

Tom described our morning.

Archie looked relieved, and he called the nurse.

"Ellen, take Archie for a little walk in the cabin, will you? Keep him awake; give him his gun." But Ellen's efforts were useless. Archie clung to his uncle's neck, and screamed with glee as he hugged him.

"Well, then, I'll keep him; perhaps he will eat for me."

Yes, Archie condescended to be fed by his uncle, and nibbled at the cold chicken and the bread and butter with gratifying eagerness.

Presently Archie handed the cup of milk to Ellen with a significant glance.

"Throw that overboard, will you? and rinse out the cup, thoroughly; do you understand—thoroughly."

"But, Archie——"

"That will be all right, Tom. I have Archie's tonic here in my pocket. There was some mistake made. You took mother's prescription with you."

"Oh, my God!" Tom's face dropped in his hands. Archie put his arm around him.

"There, there, old boy, now don't worry. The worst is over. Archie is out of danger."

"Danger!" cried ignorant I, comprehending nothing of the situation.

Neither answered me. Archie talked rapidly and assumed calmness.

"I know just how the thing happened. Last night when you brought in the two bottles, you put them on the mantel-piece in the dining-room. They were the same size, and when Jane came down for mother's medicine, she took Archie's up-stairs. Baby walked off with the other bottle. Jane is positive that she took the right one at first, but she put it down while she got some other things, and then made the mistake of not reading the label the second time that she took a bottle in her hand."

"And I never looked at the label! I knew how much to give Archie."

"Well, it won't happen again. After this we will all read the label on the bottle before using even the simplest remedy. The doctor was in this morning just after we started, and of course he was rather surprised to hear that mother's medicine had produced no result whatever; in fact, she was more restless than ever. I found them in a great state of excitement. My going back home was a mere chance, but there was nothing particular to do at the office, and I knew they would like to hear how you had got off. I tell you, I flew for that train. To intercept you before lunch-time was the question! I've watched the boat from the train all the way up; imagine how I felt when we left you behind, and then came the dread, perhaps they will have given the child the second spoonful. When I saw Archie looking down on me from the railing a few minutes ago I came near dropping on my knees on the gang-plank. Oh, dear!"

"How did you come to think of this!" cried Tom.

"I declare, I don't know now myself. Mother was in a terrible condition of anxiety. One was talking of telegraph, but a telegraph would have reached you at Catskill too late to have saved Archie. And they are still in suspense. I have lived years, it seems to me, since morning. Poor little fellow, and we all loving him so, to have nearly killed him. He must be stronger than we supposed, to have resisted the effects of that one dose so well."

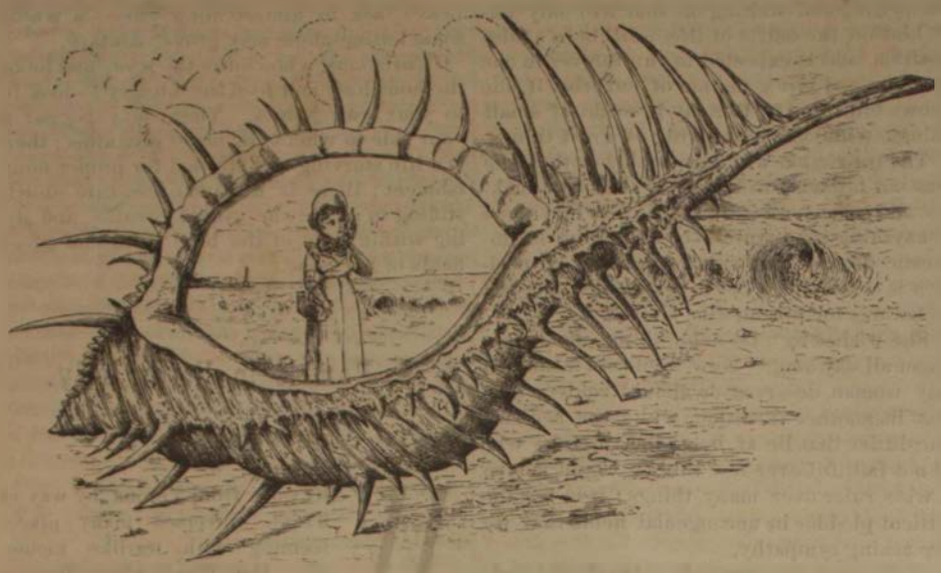
"He was really in a stupor for some time, only that we did not know it," said Tom.

"Well, you did the right thing keeping him awake. Don't let him sleep for some time, perhaps you had better use this antidote now, and commence giving him the tonic to-morrow, that was the doctor's advice."

Archie left us at Rhinebeck. From there he was to telegraph home, and then wait some hours for the next down-train.

I shall never forget the expression of his face as he watched us from the wharf as the boat pushed off. Archie was clapping his hands and laughing at him; but Tom and I stood mute and grave, completely overpowered by the feeling of thankfulness in our hearts for the mercy that had been shown us. It was all like a strange dream, the elements of such were all there; the open sky, the water, the boat slowly leaving the wharf, the laughing, indifferent groups around us, and the realization of some horror from which we had barely escaped present with its chilling power.

I never willingly live over those minutes, but very often, when Archie is playing with my children, a look in his face will bring the scene before me, and then I know that since that day I have fully appreciated my brother-in-law, and as the years pass I feel that he respects me. He has taken me into his confidence in regard to his happy courtship, and it is settled that Tom and I are to remain with the dear old grandparents, who never could be happy without our children near them. Bessie still insists that I am a distinct element in the family, with a gift for harmonizing all the potent elements about me. Sometimes I think she may be right.



A Scrap from Mother Carey's Diary.

TO-MORROW I am to go for a vision of the sea. The winter has been wearing, and the anxious household have planned this outing for refreshing and upbuilding. This love of the sea is an inherited passion, an inalienable heritage from parents born in a seaport town, whose child-days, and school-days, and courting-days by the salt sea-waves, formed the daily story-food with which their happy children were fed. The hunger for the sea never died out in their loyal hearts, and is unquenchable in their children. Like the sea-shell far removed, that ever seems to murmur of its home, the love and longing, even when unexpressed, is never stifled.

This undefinable sort of home-sickness for localities is common to all ages and lands, whether for mountain, sea, or valley. The Irish use various expedients and charms against it, their warm, ardent natures being especially prone to suffer from this mighty hunger of the heart, though it is said, that there is no man, of whatever country, who does not bear a bit of his native sod on his foot. There is a certain headland on the Irish coast from whence, it is believed, if the last backward look toward Ireland be taken, there will no home-sickness follow, and long, round-about journeys are frequently made to obtain it, before embarking for foreign homes. The Germans believe to walk three times round a cradle, on the point of departure, will take away all longing from the child, and that to eat a piece of bread from home first in a strange land will kill all strangeness. But no charms, or time, or change can drown or overcome the haunting murmur of the sea in real sea-lovers; so, when any of us begin to droop, and hang our heads like unto the bulrush, the unfailing family panacea is a sojourn by the waves. As some hunger for the hill-country, we hunger for the sea, and the hunger must be satisfied or we faint and fall by the way-side. The very anticipation is reviving. I seem to snuff the sea-breeze from afar, as a war-steed the battle, and hear the wild waves calling with a far-off resistless call.

June 16th.—The journey was "all my fancy painted." The swift motion, the changing views and faces, the first sniff of salt air, and the music of the rolling waves, which are the prelude to every sea-side idyl. Then the foaming surf, my foot upon the sands, and the first plunge and frolic with the breakers. And the sleep and dreams, never so sweet as when wooed and rocked by the billowy roar—all this has come since last this diary was opened. Only occasional moments will it receive in this busy-idle life, just a jotting now and then, to keep the thread of life unbroken.

June 17th.—A most successful expedition along the beach, searching for treasures to carry home, not as trophies, but as gifts for the dear ones left in the inland home. How little are gifts from loved ones measured by their intrinsic value, the sentiment outweighs so far the money's worth, and when, added to the charm of association, there is corresponding beauty in the choice of offering, truly, then, do "gifts bind friends." Something suggestive of time and place of association enhances doubly the value of a gift. So I would fain gather up for my loved ones lasting remembrances of the pleasure they opened to me in this "kingdom by the sea," albeit in their unselfishness they say, they taste my every pleasure over in my stories, and inhale the dear sea-scents and odors from my sea-side letters.

This morning I searched diligently for perfect shells, bleached to snowy whiteness by storm and wind and wave and sun, to delight the housewifely tastes of those whom house affairs do occupy. Scoops for flour-barrels, and the various meals and sugars, with small ones for bird-seed and smaller stores. Every touch of them will carry the dear motherly hands to the sea-side haunts, and the cakes and pies will be made in a dream of the sea, and have a flavor of poetry. Then there are several sets of a dozen of corresponding size and shape, and dazzling whiteness, on which to serve, on gala-days, scolloped oysters.

June 20th.—Very busy all these days collecting and arranging sea-mosses of various kinds, which a heavy swell, after a storm, brought up in tempting heaps upon the shore. Beautiful algæ—fragrant sea-weeds of every form and hue, fresh from some merry mermaid's garden. How fairy-like their exquisitely delicate filaments as they open out when laid in fair water in a bowl—graceful, branching forms, suggestive of fairy forests beneath the green sea-waves, which, by slipping fair white paper underneath them in the water, can be traced with a fine brush or pencil into the loveliest shapes, and which they retain when dried, adhering by their own glutinous property. Arranged in books for the purpose, they form suggestive keepsakes, but prettier than all the Russia-covered books are those arranged on papers cut to fit between corresponding shells, painted with some rare device, tied at the back with dainty ribbons.

These same shells are lovely painted for jewel and card receivers, and small ones form pretty covers for pin-cushions of bright silks. With tiny marine views they are charming to hang upon the wall like plaques. As I lift my eyes all these keepsakes lie about me, as well as delicate shells for ear-rings, and some for aquariums, and play-things for the wee ones, who must not be forgotten. How many thoughts arise as one admires these wondrous shells! Each one a home of some God-made, God-watched tenant. One is tempted to apostrophize, and sentimentalize over the deserted dwellings. It is said the shell of the nautilus suggested the model of the first ship. One could not ask a more practical suggestion, but usually they awaken strains of poetry, and countless are the songs in which poet-hearts have sung their beauty, while many more remain unsung. None sweeter than Landor's:

"But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed,
In the sun's palace porch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wan,
Shake one, and it awakens: then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

To-morrow I go back to the dear inland home, refreshed and strengthened, as if an angel had touched the wave as at Bethesda's pool.—Oh, the sea! the sea! the glorious sea! God's blessed fountain of youth and strength and life. I bless thee!

Beautiful sea-scented memories go with me, and the talismans gathered upon the shore will unlock them as with golden keys.

We left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbor-mouth;
And madly danced our hearts with joy,
As fast we fleeted to the South.

Poker Sketches.

BY JULIE K. WETHERILL.

No. 1.—Shifting the Logs.

HOW much company there is in a wood fire, with its orchestra of little singing voices!—now shrill and exultant, and again weak and querulous, like a spirit in pain.

In the lonely evening hours, when the winter sky is studded with cold, bright, silent stars, and the ticking of the clock makes a lonely sound in the quiet air, we love to hear the "pattering talk" of the leaping flames. What pictures we see there!—faces grotesque or lovely; Titans; dwarfs; fairies; goblins; knights in armor; ruined castles; or a Swiss village, with steep-roofed cottages, and the ashes falling softly down like snow.

At times, there rises before our eyes some vision of the vanished years . . . . yet "all, all are gone, the old, familiar faces."

There is as much difference in fires as in people, and many are the sermons that we may read in the glowing embers. Did you ever have to deal with a sulky fire that smouldered and smoked; but obstinately refused to burn, indifferent to the attacks of poker and tongs? If you turn away in despair, it will die of its own accord, leaving the hearth black and desolate of warmth.

What does it need?

It needs shifting.

A skillful re-adjustment of the logs, and lo! a miracle seems wrought; for soon the noisy tongues of flames are crackling and roaring up the chimney.

What is the moral of this?

Why, that neither man nor woman can be successes while they are in the wrong place. There is everything in being in the right niche.

Some people get along comfortably for years, until, one fine morning, they awake to find themselves cramped for room and in danger of being stunted. Again, we often see a pigmy rattling around, like the dried kernel of a nut, in a magnificent niche that would be suitable for a giant; made very uncomfortable by the florid Gothic architecture of his abiding place.

This fact, however, is more strictly true of women than of men; for women are chosen, instead of choosing. If a man finds himself in the wrong place, he can generally escape from it; but women are chosen, instead of choosing. Too much difference has always been made between Jack and Jill. It is the girl who must yield to the boy in work and play; it is she who must give up smilingly. She must abandon her cherished pursuits to make Jack's time pass less heavily, or to sew on buttons, and mend ripped pockets and torn gloves.

So far, so good; but let it not be considered Jill's bounden duty; let not her services be taken so much as a matter of course. Not being a slave, she naturally rebels against the idea that this is all she was born for—to be hands and feet to the lazy, and mind and eyes to the careless. A little of this discipline might prove wholesome for Jack, instead of the petting and waiting on that will only unfit him for the battle of life. Jill is in a false position, and is expected to run forever in one groove; and is it a matter of surprise if she grows impatient? Her day is made of small things, while she is thinking of great things.

The conviction was born with her that she was not intended to be one of the bread-makers and seam-sewers of life. Not that there is anything contemptible or degrading in domestic details; but simply that her disposition is otherwise. Let it be accepted as a fact in nature, for it cannot be altered.

She wishes to "Do noble things, not dream them all day long." Now we do not mean that any woman deserves or should achieve success in another direction, while she neglects the duties that lie at her hand; for she who is not faithful over few things, would not be a wise ruler over many things: it is for the patient plodder in uncongenial fields that we are asking sympathy.

Well, most men are suffered to choose their own line, and women might be accorded a like privilege. One man is a tailor, and another a soldier, yet does any one call them unmanly, and disgraces to their sex, because they are of different trades?

No. There is one code for men, and another—a harder one—for women.

Jill is young, ambitious, restless. She wishes, with an honest, fervent hope, that has no taint upon it of feverish desire for publicity, to be an artist, actress, or musician; or perhaps the bent of her talents is towards law or medicine.

There is something in the world that she could do; but who will help her? She is crippled by her sex, by her surroundings, by lack of money. Perhaps she lives far away from the great centers of civilization.

The money that is expended in helping Jack to a career would, it is considered, be thrown away upon her. A woman's place is at home. She can read, sew, look after the poultry, attend to her younger sisters and brothers—and what more can a reasonable woman want?

She feels that she could labor like a Titan at some congenial work; and this thwarted strength retreats upon itself, and becomes dangerous. She must swallow her hopes and disappointments in silence.

Therefore, her life is virtually at an end, though she still exists. She knows too well the danger and uncertainty of turning rebel, and breaking away from restraint; and there is no helping hand outstretched.

So Jill's youth and brightness fade. The fine inspiration of her young days turns to bitterness; the spark that might have kindled a beacon fire dies out in the lonely darkness: and she sinks into passive mediocrity engendered of despair.

We know what that look means on the face of a woman—the dulled eyes, the forlorn expression of apathy, the piteous compression of the lips learned in suppressing sobs and words of anguish.

She is like a tree that has begun to die at the top. It may stand at its post for many actual years; but death has scarred its heart irrevocably.

Pray, my friends, think a little of poor Jill. Leave Jack to himself for a while—a wholesome letting-alone may prove salutary.

O Christians, who clothe the poor, and house the homeless, and feed the hungry!—look into your own homes. There is a beggar at your side to whom you never give alms; there is a life starving and stunted for proper nourishment; there is a human creature slowly stifling in an air she cannot breathe, and dying within sight of the blue skies and green fields of her hope.

A Ramble in North Italy.

BY T. D. VENTURA.

WHO goes from Verona by way of Trent, traverses many places teeming with warlike memories. Here Rivoli, where Massena became illustrious; there Roveredo, where Wurmser covered himself with shame; farther on Calliano, where the Venetians fought the Austrians led by the Archduke Sigismond; in the background the steeps of Custoza, twice fatal to the Italian cause. These mountains and these rivers witnessed for eleven centuries Franks and Lombards, Teutons and Spaniards, contend for the supremacy of those smiling Italian plains; now on the fields fertilized by war's victims grazes the peaceful cow, who, slowly lifting her head unites to the engine's loud snort the light tinkle of the bell at her neck.

How many millions wasted in the construction of those fortifications that served so efficaciously to cede Venice! How many lives extinguished to enforce respect for the resolutions of Vienna, or the chatterings at Verona, of which all that to-day remains are a word of Metternich, or a book of Chateaubriand.

I thought of these things as the carriage approached the Chinsa. The sun was setting. From the waters of the Adige, vario-tinted like the peacock's plumage, arose misty exhalations, and the yellow summits of the chalky masses sparkled like golden mosaics on the façade of a Byzantine basilica. The prodigious contrast of those scenes! Gigantic masses that stand as custodians on the banks of the river; at their feet the poor little houses of the Trentine *contadino;* the large buildings extending lengthways, as if taken in a cruel embrace between the rocks and the river, garlanded with ears of yellow corn (only and unwholesome sustenance of the inhabitants), that give the sorry cabins an aspect of melancholy festivity. And Trent is rich in such contrasts; singular coupling of severity with idyllic grace, of barren rocks with smiling fertility. The solitude of the most inacessible summit is broken by the hardy toil of the mountaineer. Wherever there is a crumb of soil that may be tilled he leaves a trace of his pertinacious industry. Even to the brink of the abyss he ventures and reaps a handful of hay, and each year one or another of those vertigo-inspiring precipices has its lugubrious story.

Notwithstanding, the people of Trent adore this harsh country that does not disclose, except to most patient and arduous labor, the scanty treasures of her breast; this hardy nurse that cradles them when babes to the roar of the torrent and the tempest's hiss; for, when through need of gaining their livelihood they find themselves elsewhere, they are consumed by the saddest of all ills, the "*Heimweh*" of the Germans, the "*Laeugtan*" of the Swedes, the "*Nostalgia*" of the Savoyards; never ceasing to lament their absence from home, from the rocks that they learned to scale when children, the barren summits of their mountains, the great shadows of their pine forests, and they resist the most arduous privations fortified by the hope of at last dying in the hut where they were born.

Before reaching Trent, fatigued and thirsty, I knocked at the door of a rickety, tumble-down cabin, in search of some water and a little repose; to my first summons no one replied. On repeating it a powerful voice from within asked in Italian:

"What do you want?"

"A little water."

"Come in."

I raised the latch and entered. The room was damp and narrow, the walls covered with soot and greasy; on the side nearest the mountain was a large circular space of plastering that showed signs of being recently applied; near it, hanging on the wall, a woman's dress and above it a crucifix; to the left of the doorway an open fireplace somewhat similar to those used by the country people of Pistoja; here and there a chair or two with the backs rudely adorned with carvings, and in the midst a table. Seated by the fire was a man of gigantic proportions; his skin was dark—as dark as it is possible for a European's to be; his lips of a deep red, in the midst of which gleamed the enamel of two rows of white strong teeth; his eye was wonderfully brilliant. He reminded me of the St. George of Giorgione that I saw in the Frankfort gallery. He was clothed in a brown, tobacco-colored shirt, and similarly colored trousers, that descended to his knees, adorned his limbs; his legs, of the hue of leather, were naked to the ankle; his feet were encased in a pair of wooden-soled boots with broad square toes. A kind of woolen cap, like a sailor's, of a hue that was once blue, covered his head, from which escaped a profusion of wavy black hair descending to his shoulders. He had in hand a thin piece of flexible white wood, with which he cut a corn porridge still steaming. From the other side of the fireplace two boys, robust, half naked, and in dirty rags, watched me with one eye, while they kept the other fixed on their *polenta;* in their countenances I read great surprise and supreme hunger.

As soon as he had thrown to the boys their share of the evening meal, which was devoured in less time than it takes me to tell it, the man arose, and, rinsing out a glass, filled it with water from a flask, pointing to which he ejaculated:

"Drink!"

I drank and thanked him, and was about to go; but there was that in the aspect of that room, in the countenance of that man, in his plainly evinced desire that I would take my departure, that piqued my curiosity and induced me to remain. I sought a pretext, and —"Have you any milk, good milk like you have here in Trent?"

The man made an affirmative nod.

One of the boys left his post by the fire and disappeared through the door by which I had entered. The man never uttered a syllable. I regretted I had not gone; you could have heard a fly flap his wings. The silence was broken by the creaking of the door on its hinges. The boy returned with a wooden bowl filled with warm, aromatic milk.

I drank it at a draught, and, setting down the bowl, exclaimed:

"What good milk!"

It was not a desire to start a conversation that prompted me to say so, it was the impressible truth. But the man took no heed. Piqued, I added:

"It is yours?"

"Yes."

"And—how much am I in your debt?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Very well, then;" and taking a piece of silver from my purse, "Here, my boy," I said, "give this to the mother."

I had hardly pronounced these words when the man drew himself erect as if a spring had been touched, and putting both his hands to his head violently shook it, then letting it fall despairingly on his breast, with husky voice, he said brokenly:

"Ah, the mother, but they have her not!"

I felt that I had made a mistake, and grasping the hand of the mountaineer while pressing it, I said softly:

"Be patient!"

I know not whether on account of that friendly pressure, or because my voice revealed that I was moved, or for some other cause, the mountaineer looked at me straight in the eyes, with the expression of one who is trying to place a not unfamiliar countenance; and, although it was sure that we never in the world had met before, it seemed to him that he saw a friend. As much as could be read in his face his determination to preserve silence when I first entered, so much could one now perceive his wish to speak. Curiosity in me had given place to a more merciful feeling. I saw that the man suffered, and I wished he could find relief in unburdening himself.

We were silent for a moment. It was getting dark; the children in the corner were playing with some pieces of wood. The mountaineer opened the door, seated himself on a rude bench outside, and sighed heavily:

"I told her to come with me!"

"How long is it since your bereavement occurred?"

"It will be a whole month on the day after to-morrow!"

"And of what illness?"

He shook his head, adding:

"Why, she was only twenty-seven, and as healthy and as strong as I am!"

He paused, and then continued:

"For five days water was coming down as God sent it. The Adige began to mutter. One morning I said: 'Maria, I will take the cattle to the mountain. At times one does not know—if it continues to rain, and the water enters the creatures' quarters, we are lost. I shall take the children too.' She answered: 'Not now; it appears as if it were about to clear.' 'All the same,' I replied, 'it is best to take them,' and I had hardly reached this threshold when, on looking up, I saw certain black clouds flitting over our heads, and turning back I said, 'It were best that you come too.' 'Now, how can I come, good man, with the baby at my breast? It rains and is cold—don't you see he shivers even by the fire? Think of it up there!'—and so she remained. I took the creatures to the hut that is on the mountain, oh—never fear that the weather cleared. It rained and poured, the water seemed as if it would take the place of the earth beneath our feet. See, from the mountain there comes a fall of water here back of the house. Toward evening I saw it getting larger, and I felt a longing to leave. What should I do? Take back the cattle? Should I leave those children alone up there? It rained so! I went out of the hut. The water in my descent covered my boots. So I said: 'Now, then, I shall take the children in my arms and go back.' I had hardly taken twenty steps when I heard a dull noise behind me—the water dislodged the fallen pines and rolled them down the mountain. I searched for a path I knew, but all landmarks had been swept away, and I could not recognize it. The wind began to blow so strongly that it almost tore the children from my arms. The noise increased, and from the heights above us began to move masses of earth, rocks, trees—God, be merciful! Hell appeared to be let loose!

"'Adieu,' I said, then. 'We will be crushed to death.' But in the meanwhile I was approaching my house. The torrent widened, and the water came down carrying all before it, but I was getting nearer home. All at once I heard a heavy rumbling, I stopped suddenly, but then I knew the Adige, and I comprehended it was that, for one could, indeed, hear the hollow gurgling of the waters. Oh, my poor wife!—I had hardly recited a prayer before I heard heavy blows in the direction of my home followed by a heart-rending shriek. 'The mother! the mother!' cried the children. I said nothing, but descended at break-neck speed, falling and picking myself up, God only knows how. When within a hundred feet of the house, I could no longer move; the water was up to my neck; I cried, 'Maria! Maria!' but, my God in heaven! no one replied!——"

He paused, and great sobs shook his burly frame, and the wind sullenly howled the rest among the pine tops, as if accompanying with an invisible organ the sad story of the man bowed down before me.

"Till dawn," he continued, "I was in the water with the little ones, who shivered and wept as they clung to me for dear life; till dawn I never ceased calling for my poor wife, and with every cry felt a hope of a reply decrease within me. Then the waters subsided, and I dragged myself here. Think of it! Think of going back to your home where you

had left a wife and child, to find no one; and if they are not there, it means that they are dead—suffocated, drowned—for here we die either of water or fire."

And with extended hand he pointed to the not distant village of Salerno, destroyed by fire in '54.

"But how did it happen?"

"The Adige overflowed, the waters came up to the house and forced the door; Maria, not being able to avail herself of the usual mode of egress, tried with a hammer to make an aperture on the side next to the mountain by which she could escape and save herself and the babe, but the mountain torrent was swollen and burst with violence through the half-made hole. The water entered from two places, carrying everything with it. When I arrived there was a whirlpool. That gown hanging on the wall is all that is left me. I found it wrapped around a hedge in the valley."

"Then the greatest damage was caused by the torrent?"

"To be sure, one could save one's self from the Adige by taking refuge on the heights, though the river killed several persons. Their bodies, however, were found, but the body of my poor wife was not; no one knows where the waters may have carried it, and when I pass by the consecrated soil I cannot say: 'Patience, Marie, I shall soon join you—'"

"And the babe?"

"I found him in the valley. It is easily seen that the waters wrenched him from her, because she never would have let him go of her own free will. The little body, livid with bruises, was coiled about a heap of rushes. Great God! what have I done?"

He arose. The great tears chased each other down his browned face. Going over to the wall where the gown hung, he placed his arm horizontally across it softly, caressingly, and then bowed his head upon it. I turned toward the children; they were tranquilly sleeping. Pain, the ivy of life, does not cling tenaciously except to adult plants.

I left the cabin and directed my steps toward the mountain. At the base there was not the slightest trace of vegetation. The fields were covered with turf and coarse sand; great masses of dried leaves were held together by the sand, the deserted nests of some gigantic birds were visible, and a few half-withered bushes were bent under the weight of the mud by which they were covered. Here and there trunks of trees, uprooted by the waters, were caught between the pebble-covered fragments of chairs, tables, and other domestic utensils.

I looked at the torrent.

Between two great rocks quietly trickled a modest rill of water.

This little stream was the torrent that had taken the poor wife of the peasant from him. When the snow begins to thaw at the blowing of the sirocco, or the tempest extends itself on the peak of the mountains, these picturesque falls become impetuous torrents, and on the flower-covered slopes bring the squalor of solitude and death.

Such are the perfidious cascades of the Alps.

When the Cloud Burned Through.

KATIE had a dark spell; more than once she had them—Katie did.

Away down in her heart lay those smarting, eating tears that will not shed themselves. A good cry, girl-fashion, and afterward a nap, were her anodynes for pain, there was sad suffering when the restoratives were not at hand.

Katie shut up her German reader and reached for her mother's Bible. Someway the holy promises meant more when they looked up from the dear little volume caressed by those pale, quiet hands. It was as though God spoke and mother interpreted.

All the rest of her life was an unknown tongue.

She shut her eyes and opened the book mechanically. She was sure to be a woman, for she was pervaded with just that little hint of pious superstition which inevitably hovers, mist-like, through the lives of all girls who, later, ripen into tender-thoughted, loyal-hearted wives and mothers.

She waited a little space, then she read:

Respectfully yours,
T. J. Elton.

Katie had the wrong book. Yet, after all, it may have been the right one, for God makes all things his messengers, though we sometimes regard them with suspicion, and often give them a chilling reception.

Katie was so startled she forgot to smile, but hastily turned the leaf, as though to hide from herself the sacrilege. It spoke up in strong, clear-cut characters:

"Remember life is what we make it!"

"That's true!" she exclaimed, "and I have no one but myself to blame for it all. Why cannot I make it different and better?"

She grew interested. She turned the pages and read.

"A handful of dust cures the sting of a bee and the smarting pain of a broken heart."

"May your life be as spotless as this fair page"—and a fateful blotch glared up as an abiding witness of all infallibility.

A friend, rather prematurely, yet happily yoked in matrimonial bonds, ran into modest rhyme about the "quiet talks" and kindred sympathies which "used to draw" their maiden hearts.

The postscript, in a bolder hand, came from somewhere in the depths of the heart of the "Other Half."

> "The lines she now has penned to you,
> She used to write to *me*;
> Alas, those 'quiet talks, that drew'
> Have changed decidedly!"

Reminiscences of school-days, of gala-days, of hey-days. Lines to recall hours of mirth, mischief, and hard work wrought out in the spirit that turns it into play. Quaint monograms, ingenious devices, dainty little scraps of blossom—the world behind all beckoning, overtaking, crowding about her.

Two pretty pink palms went up as a dreaming-place for pinker cheeks.

The clock struck one. Katie sprang up, remembering. Her thought flew back to the words God set:

Respectfully yours,
T. J. Elton.

"He will—I know he will!" she exclaimed, vehemently. Then, while the night grew away down into its hollows, she fashioned her simple message. Of all others this was just the friend to help her. She told him, briefly, the truth: "The dear little home was in danger; overwork had consumed the strength of the father; the mother was gray. In six months she could pass from student to teacher; she could buy it all back—only—oh! could this terrible chasm be bridged? Would he help her?"

Katie sent the letter in the morning mail, doubting and believing. However much she doubted at first she always believed at last.

In the evening an answer came.

"It will give me pleasure to aid you."

Trembling, tearful, and with joy, Katie reached again, certain, now, of the little book which she had never dared open, lest she read His wrath.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

The cloud was burned through.

ROSE GERANIUM.

"Judge Not."

HOW do we know what hearts have vilest sin?
How do we know?
Many, indeed, are sepulchres within
Whose outward garb is spotless as the snow,
And many may be pure we think not so,—
How near to God the souls of such have been,
What mercies secret penitence may win—
How do we know?

HOW can we tell who sinneth more than we?
How can we tell?
We think our brother walketh guiltily,
Judging him in self-righteousness. Ah, well!
Perchance had we been driven thro' the hell
Of his untold temptations we might be
Less upright in our daily walk than he,—
How can we tell?

DARE we condemn the ills that others do?
Dare we condemn?
Their strength is small, their trials not a few;
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem,
And if to us, more clearly than to them,
Is given knowledge of the good and true,
More do they need our help, and pity too.
Dare we condemn?

GOD help us all, and lead us, day by day—
God help us all!
For who can walk alone the perfect way?
Evil allures and tempts us, and we fall.
Alas, dear friends, our human strength is small.
And which of us may boast? Ah, not a day
Sifts thro' our lives but each hath need to say—
God help us all!

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

Kith and Kin.

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

(*Continued from page* 413.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

"WINTER OF PALE MISFORTUNE."

AT Yoresett House the winter promised to be a winter indeed; a "winter of pale misfortune." For three days after her conversation with old Mrs. Paley, Judith had maintained silence, while her heart felt as if it were slowly breaking. She had revolved a thousand schemes in her mind. Strange and eerie thoughts had visited her in her desolation. She loved her two sisters with all the love of her intense and powerful nature. She cherished them, and always had done; she was capable of self-immolation for their sakes. But her reason, which was as strong as her heart (which combination made her what she was), told her that in this case self-immolation would be vain. Rhoda might be left unconscious and happy for the present, but Delphine must know the truth, and that soon. Immolation would be required from her also. Judith shuddered as she thought of it. When her younger sisters casually mentioned Randulf Danesdale's name, and laughed and jested with one another about him, Judith felt as if some one had dealt her a stab or a blow which took away her breath.

Was there no help? she asked herself. Could this sacrifice by no means be avoided? If *she* kept her lips forever sealed, sacrificed her own future, let them go their way, and took upon herself never to leave, and never to betray that mother who—she resolutely refused, even to herself, to call her mother's deed by any name, repeating, "It was for our sakes, I suppose; it was out of love for her children, as she thought"—would not that do? Were Delphine and Rhoda to bear the punishment for a sin which had been committed before they were born?

More than once a gleam of hope crossed her spirit; she almost thought that her plan would answer. Then came the argument:

"No. You must not allow this affair to go farther. You must not allow one of *your* family to enter that of Sir Gabriel Danesdale, whose unstained name and unsullied honor are his pride and delight. You would let your sister marry a man, for you know he wishes to marry her—she all unconscious as well as he of what hung over her. You might resolve never to betray the secret, but you can never be perfectly certain that it will not leak out. Some day Randulf *might* discover the truth—and what might he not in his bitterness do or say? Besides, it would be wrong; that is all that concerns you. Do not dally any longer with this chimerical, wicked plan."

She could see no other solution to the question. She closed her eyes—closed her heart, and hardened it against the contemplation of that anguish which was to come; and after waiting three whole days, she went to Delphine on the afternoon of the fourth, when the girl was upstairs with her painting. Rhoda was out. Mrs. Conisbrough was taking her afternoon rest.

Delphine turned a smiling face to her sister. Of late, she had bloomed out more lovely than ever. Neither cold, nor poverty, nor gloomy prospects had had the power to impair her beauty and its development. In her heart she carried a secret joy which was life and light, hope and riches to her. She was going to spend a very happy afternoon. But Judith's presence never disturbed her. She called to her to shut the door, because the wind was cold, and to come and look at her picture, and her voice, as she spoke, rang clear as a bell.

"Yes," said Judith, "and I have something to say to you which it would not be well for any one to overhear."

She closed the door, and sat down. She trembled and felt faint: she could not stand. It was one thing, and one that was bad enough, to hear the horrid story from other lips: it was another—and a ghastly one—to have to tell it with her own, to her innocent sister. To speak to Delphine about such things—to let her see them near—seemed to Judith to be insulting her. But it had to be done. She gathered up her courage in both hands, as it were, and began.

The conversation was not a long one. It was begun in low tones, which grew ever fainter, and more hesitating. When Judith at last rose again from her chair, and looked at Delphine, the latter looked to her former self exactly what a dead girl looks compared with one living—as a lily after a thunderstorm has battered and shattered and laid it low, in comparison with the same flower in the dewy calm of an early summer morning.

The elder girl stood with her white lips and her fixed eyes and constrained expression, looking upon the other, waiting for her to utter some word. But none came. Delphine—her face blanched within its frame of waving golden hair, her eyes fixed as if upon some point thousands of miles away, to which something she loved had withdrawn itself—was motionless and silent.

Judith at last stretched out her hands and exclaimed:

"Delphine, if you do not speak I shall go mad! Give me my due—give me the wretched consolation of hearing you say that I could not have done otherwise."

Delphine smiled slightly, and her gaze came abruptly to earth again. She saw her sister, and said softly:

"Poor Judith! No. You could have done nothing else. But you don't expect me to thank you for it, do you?"

"Delphine!"

"You could have done nothing. But you see you had nothing to lose. I had all the world—all the world."

She turned away. Judith went out of the room, away to her own chamber—seeing nothing, hearing nothing. She locked herself up, and for the first time giving way, cast herself in an utter abandonment of anguish upon her bed, and buried her face in the pillow, thinking that it would be good for her if she could never see the sun again. If Delphine had known—but she did not know—she never should know. But if she had known—if the story of her sister's heart for the last fortnight could have been laid bare before her—would she have turned away with a few cold words, as she had done—hugging her own grief—oblivious that others could have any?

No, no! Judith swore to herself, with passionate fervor, her sweet sister could not have been so wrapped, so engrossed in herself. She should not know—it would only add poignancy to the anguish she was obliged to endure. The worst, surely, had been consummated, but she did not dare to think of Delphine alone, upstairs.

The worst, morally considered, was perhaps over, but there were trials yet to come which were bad to bear. They heard, as in a tiny country town everything is heard, of Aglionby's departure for Irkford. Then November set in, and the days became shorter, darker, and colder. Mrs. Conisbrough grew more and more fretful and feeble, and still talked sometimes of consulting some other lawyer, of disputing John Aglionby's will, and held forth on Bernard's greed and injustice in a manner which used to send Judith flying up stairs to pace about her room with every feeling in a state of the wildest tumult.

It was too cold for Delphine to pursue her work upstairs. The girls had nothing to do; nothing on which to spend their energies. When the few domestic things were arranged, they had the whole day before them, with absolutely no pressing occupation of any kind. The situation grew hideous and ghastly to Judith. She and her sisters preserved their physical health by means of the regular walks, which, so long as it did not actually snow or rain, they took daily. And Delphine had a fitful gayety which oppressed her sister, while neither long walks, nor arduous work, nor anything else put the faintest flush into Judith's cheek, nor called any spontaneous smile to her lips.

She took longer walks than her sisters, went out oftener alone; penetrated to wilder recesses, more desolate spots than they did. She was, in her stature and her strength, a daughter of the gods, and had always been able to tire out both her sisters, while she herself felt no trace of fatigue. She did not fear the strange and lonely hills; they had a weird fascination for her, and in this her trouble she was wont often to seek their silent company.

One afternoon, in a wilder and bitterer mood than usual, she had gone out, and, walking fast and far, had found herself at last on the uppermost ridge of a wild mountain road. From where she stood she could see on the one hand into Danesdale—her home, dear to her despite what she had suffered there—on the other, into grim Swaledale—always dark and wild, but, in this winter weather, savage and desolate beyond description. Just below her, in the mountain side were some ghastly holes in the limestone, of the kind known in Yorkshire as "pots;" all were grim looking apertures, but close to where Judith sat, she

saw the jaws of one of them yawning at her: it was the deepest of all—no one had ever succeeded in fathoming it. Both Rhoda and Delphine disliked this spot, which indeed had a bad name as being dangerous to traverse after twilight, and haunted furthermore by a "boggart," who dwelt in this biggest and deepest limestone "pot." Judith had never feared the place. She sat there now, casting an occasional glance at the ugly hole with its ragged jaws, and her thoughts gathered in darkness and bitterness.

She had been reading a book—a biography, one out of several volumes lately lent to her by Dr. Lowther. It was the Letters and Memoirs of a certain great lady then not long dead. This great lady had been thrown from her earliest youth into the midst of the gay and busy world. She had lived at courts, and for many years her companions had been courtiers. Even that had been a busy life. Even its recital made Judith's heart throb with envy as she read of it; but when the narrative went on to relate how this lady met a great statesman, politician, and party leader, and married him, and how her house became a rendezvous for every kind of noted and illustrious man and woman, and how for the rest of her long career, not a day, scarce an hour remained unoccupied; how to the very last the game of politics, that most thrilling and best worth playing of all games, remained open to her, and she continued to be an influence in it—then it was that Judith felt her restless longings grow into a desire to *do*, so intense as to be almost torture. This afternoon, alone on the hill-top, she thought of it and reflected:

"Some women have that—they have everything, and others have *nothing*. I do not want that. I should be thankful for a very little—for a few hours of daily work that must be done—but I cannot get it. It is not right—it is not just that any one should be doomed to a life like mine. How am I different from others? I am as much like other women as Shylock, though a Jew, was like Christians. Yet I have to do without almost everything which other women of my condition have; and I may not even work like women who are born to labor. This woman, whose life I have read, was a clever woman—a born woman of the world. I am not that, I know, but I have sense enough and more than enough to do some of the plain, rough work of the world, and to do it well, if I had it. And I may not. I may sit here, and wish I was dead. I may take country walks, and save sixpences, and nourish my mind and soul with woolwork. Oh, what *are* women sent into the world for—women like me, that is? Not even to 'suckle fools and chronicle small-beer' it seems, but to do nothing. To be born, to vegetate through a term of years—to know that there is a great living world somewhere outside your dungeon, and to wish that you were in it. To eat your heart out in weariness; to consume your youth in bitterness; to grow sour and envious and old and wretched, to find all one's little bit of enthusiasm gradually grow cold. To care only for the warmth of the fire, and the creature comforts that are left—to linger on, growing more tired and more fretful, and then to die. It is worse than that iron room which grew every day narrower till it closed upon its inmate and crushed him to death—much worse, for that was over in a few weeks; *this* may last fifty, sixty years. If this is to be my life, I had better read no more. To live that life, and not go mad, one wants an empty head, an ignorant mind, and a contempt for all intelligence, and I am, by some hideous mistake, destitute of all those qualities."

She smiled in bitter mockery of herself: she felt a kind of grim contempt for herself. And she looked again toward the mouth of the hole in the hill-side.

She rose up, went up to it, and stood beside it. A head that was not very steady must have reeled on looking down into the silent blackness of the chasm, from whose subterranean depths strangely tortured pillars of gray rock ascended, clothed near the surface with the most exquisite mosses and ferns, of that delicate beauty only found in limestone growths. A few fronds of hart's-tongue fern were yet green; a few fairy tufts of the cobwebby *Cystopteris fragilis*, and some little plumes of the black maidenhair spleenwort.

"You beautiful little fringes round a sepulchre!" thought Judith. "If I made a step down there, my grave would receive me and hush me to sleep in its arms. No one would ever know. I should rest quietly there; and who could have a finer tomb?"

She looked around again at the wild fells; still, grand, and immovable. From her earliest childhood her imagination had always connected certain images with certain hills. Addlebrough, down below there, at the other side of Danesdale, was like a blacking-brush in some way. Penhill was smiling; it reminded her of sunny days and picnics. Great Whernside, looming dim in the far distance, was like an old bald head of a giant. Great Shunner Fell, at the head of Swaledale, under one of whose mighty sides she even now stood, had always put her in mind of secrets, of death, storm, and darkness; perhaps because of the many tales she had heard of the treacherous river which was one of the streams springing from it. Turning again toward Danesdale, she saw a tiny corner of Shennamere, peeping out from under the shoulder of a great hill. A faint ray of sunshine touched it. Judith's face changed. Scar Foot was there—and Bernard Aglionby.

"I'm sure his creed never told him to throw himself into a hole when things went wrong with him," she said to herself; and turning her back upon Shunner Fell and the ugly "pot," she walked swiftly homeward.

As she arrived at the door of her home a man in livery rode up with a note. It was one of the Danesdale servants.

Judith took the note from him. He said he had been told not to wait for an answer, and rode away. The note was directed to Mrs. Conisbrough. Judith took it in and gave it to her mother. She opened it, looked at it, and said:

"It seems like a card of invitation. Read it, Rhoda; I haven't my glasses here."

Rhoda read out, in a loud and important voice:

"'Sir Gabriel and Miss Danesdale request the pleasure of Mrs. and the Misses Conisbrough's company, on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 31st. Dancing at 8.30.

"'R. S. V. P.'

"How absurd to send such a thing!" remarked Rhoda, flicking it with her finger. "It is that horrid, spiteful Philippa's doing. I know she hates us, and she knows that none of you can go, so she adds insult to injury in that way."

"Nonsense, Rhoda!" said Judith. "She has simply done her duty in sending the invitation. It is for us to take it or leave it, and of course that means, leave it."

"Of course," echoed Delphine, whose face had flushed, and whose hand trembled so that her work suffered.

"I do wish," observed Mrs. Conisbrough, in a voice of intense irritation, "that I might be allowed to have *some* voice in the regulation of my own affairs. I must say, you all forget yourselves strangely. The invitation is addressed to me, and it is for me to say whether it shall be accepted or not. I intend to go to the ball, and I intend you, Judith and Delphine, to go with me."

"*Mother!*" broke from both the girls at once.

Mrs. Conisbrough's face was flushed. There was the sanguine hue, the ominous look in her eyes, which, as Judith well knew, betokened very strong internal excitement, and which Dr. Lowther had repeatedly told her was "bad, very bad." She felt it was dangerous to oppose her mother, yet she could not yield without a word, to what appeared to her in her consternation an idea little short of insane. Accordingly, as Mrs. Conisbrough did not answer their first exclamation, Judith pursued gently, yet with determination:

"How can we possibly go?"

"What is there to prevent your going?" asked her mother, trifling nervously with her teaspoon, and with tightened lips and frowning brows. "We are equal to any of those who will be there, and a great deal superior to *some*."

"Yes, I know; but the money, mother, in the first place. We can hardly present ourselves in spotted muslins, and I really do not know of any more elegant garments that we possess."

She strove to speak jestingly, but there was a bitter earnest in her words.

"Pray leave that to me. I am not so utterly destitute as you seem to imagine. Of course you will require new dresses, and you will have them."

This information was certainly something unexpected to the girls. Judith, however, advanced her last argument, one which she had been unwilling to use before.

"Mother," she said, "you know we—we are in mourning. Uncle Aglionby will not have been dead three months, and—and—every one will talk."

Mrs. Conisbrough's eyes flashed fire.

"It is for that very reason that I shall make a point of going," she said. "I recognize no claim on my respect in that man's memory. I consider the opportunity is a providential one.

Half the county will be at the ball, and they shall know—they shall see for themselves, who it is that has been passed over, in order that an upstart clerk, or shopman, or something, may be raised into the place which ought to have been mine and yours."

"*Mother!*" exclaimed Judith, in an accent of agony, while the other two girls sat still: Delphine pale again, her eyes fixed on the ground; Rhoda looking from one to the other with a startled expression, this being the first she had known of any dispute between her mother and sisters.

"Be silent!" said Mrs. Conisbrough, turning upon Judith, angrily; "and do not add to my troubles by opposing me in this unseemly manner. I intend you to go to the dance, and will hear no further complaints. Please to write to Miss Danesdale, accepting her invitation, and let it go to the post to-morrow. As for your dresses, there is time enough to think about them afterward."

Judith felt that there was no more to be said. She was silent; but her distress, as she thought of the coming ordeal, only augmented, until the prospect before her filled her with the most inordinate dread. In anticipation she saw the eyes of "half the county" turned upon them as they entered, and upon Bernard Aglionby, who of course would be there too. It was exactly the kind of thing from which every fiber of her nature shrank away in utter distaste, which attained almost to horror. The whole exhibition would be useless. It would simply be to make themselves, their poverty and their disappointment a laughing-stock for the prosperous and well-to-do people, who had gossiped over them and what had happened to them—who would, if they had had John Aglionby's money, have received them with open arms as old friends, just as they had already received Bernard as a new one.

And her mother? That was a terror in addition. She knew that Mrs. Conisbrough could not go through such an evening without strong agitation—agitation almost as violent as that which had made her ill at Scar Foot. Suppose anything of the kind happened at Danesdale Castle? The idea was too terrible. It made Judith feel faint in anticipation. But the more she thought of it, the less she could see her way out of it all. She scarcely dared speak to Delphine, who, however, said very little about it. Judith at last asked her almost timidly:

"What is to be done, Del? How are we to escape?"

"We cannot escape," replied Delphine, composedly. "The only thing is to let mamma have her own way, and say nothing. The more we oppose her, the worse it will be for us."

She would say no more. After all, thought Judith, it was only natural. She could not expect Delphine to expatiate upon her feelings in advance of the event.

Surely never before was preparation made for a ball by two young and beautiful girls with less lightness of heart. Everything about it was loathsome to Judith. Her heart rebelled when her mother informed her shortly and decidedly, that out of the small sum of money which she had at different times saved she intended to get them what she called "proper and suitable dresses, such as no one could find any fault with."

To Judith's mind it was like throwing so much life-blood away—not for its own sordid sake, but because of what it represented. It would have gone a long way toward helping them to remove from Yoresett, and that was now the goal to which all her thoughts turned. But Mrs. Conisbrough was not to be gainsaid. She ordered the dresses from a fashionable milliner in York, and they arrived about ten days before the ball. The girls looked askance at the box containing the finery. It might have held a bomb, which would explode as soon as it was opened. Mrs. Conisbrough desired them to try their gowns on that night, that she might see how they fitted, and judge of the effect. It was a scene at once painful in the extreme, and yet dashed with a kind of cruel pleasure. Mrs. Conisbrough had herself planned and ordered exactly how the dresses were to be made, and she had a fine natural taste in such matters.

Judith put on her garment without so much as looking at herself in the glass, unheeding all Rhoda's enraptured exclamations. Delphine, as her slender fingers arranged the wreath of dewy leaves upon her corsage, felt her heart thrill involuntarily, as she caught a glimpse of her own beauty, and thought of what might have been and what was.

"Now, you are ready. Go down and let mamma see!" cried Rhoda, who had been acting as Abigail, in an ecstasy. "Oh, it may be very extravagant, Judith, but surely it is worth paying something for, to be beautifully dressed and look lovely, if only for one evening!"

They went into a bare, big dining-room where there was less furniture and more room to turn round than in the parlor they usually inhabited. Rhoda lighted all the available lamps and candles, and called to her mother, and Mrs. Conisbrough came to look at her daughters in their ball-dresses, as a happier woman might have done.

Judith's was a long, perfectly plain amber silk, cut square behind and before, with sleeves slightly puffed at the shoulder, and with no trimming except a little fine old lace, with which Mrs. Conisbrough had supplied the milliner. It was a severely simple dress, and in its rich folds and perfect fit it showed off to perfection the beauty of the woman who wore it.

Judith Conisbrough could not help looking like a queen in this brave attire; she could not help moving and glancing like a queen, and would always do so, in whatever garb she was attired, to whatever station of life she were reduced. She stood pale and perfectly still as her mother came in. She *could* not smile; she could not look pleased, or expectant.

The mother caught her breath as her eyes fell upon her eldest girl, and then turned to Delphine, whose dress of silk and gauze was of the purest white, enfolding her like a cloud, and trimmed with knots and wreaths of white heather-bells and small ferns; one little tuft of them nestled low down in her hair.

Delphine looked, as Rhoda had once prophesied unto her that she would, "a vision of beauty." Her face was ever so little flushed, and in her golden eyes there was a light of suppressed excitement.

"Mother, mother! aren't they *lovely?*" cried poor Rhoda, her buoyant paces subdued to a processional sedateness, as she circled slowly about the two radiantly-clad figures.

"Of course they are!" said Mrs. Conisbrough, curtly, still biting her lip with repressed agitation, but criticising every frill and every flower with the eyes of a woman and a connoisseur. "I defy any of the girls who will be there to surpass them—if they approach them."

She continued to survey them for some little time, breathing quickly, while Judith still stood motionless, her eyes somewhat downcast, wondering wretchedly whether this horrible finery *must* be worn—if this dreadful ordeal was in no way to be avoided.

Raising her eyes, full of sadness, they met those of her mother. Did Mrs. Conisbrough read anything in them? She started suddenly, drew out her handkerchief and put it to her eyes, exclaiming brokenly and passionately:

"Why cannot I have this pleasure, like other mothers? Surely, I have a right to it!"

A spasm contracted Judith's heart. No—there was the rub. She had no right to it. It was all a phantom show—all stolen; wrong, from beginning to end. Turning to Delphine, she said, rather abruptly:

"Well, I'm going to take my gown off again. Will you come, too?"

As they went toward their rooms, she thought:

"It cannot be worse. I cannot feel more degraded and ashamed, even at the ball itself."

During the days that passed between this "dress rehearsal," as Rhoda called it, and the ball, Mrs. Conisbrough's health and spirits drooped, but she still maintained her intention of going to Danesdale Castle. Judith said nothing—what could she say? And Delphine was as silent as herself. Once Randulf Danesdale had called. They had been out, and had missed him. Judith was thankful. They had seen nothing of Aglionby, of course. It was understood that he was away from home. It was quite certain that he was away at Christmas-time.

Three days before the ball came off, Mrs. Conisbrough was too ill to rise. Judith began to cherish a faint hope that perhaps after all they might be spared the ordeal. She was deceived. Her mother said to her:

"I want you to go to Mrs. Malleson, and tell her, with my love, that I feel far from well, and would rather not go to the ball, if she will oblige me by chaperoning you and Del. If she can't, I shall go, if it kills me."

"Mamma, won't you give it up?" said Judith, imploringly. "For my sake, grant me this favor, and I will never oppose you again."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Conisbrough, angrily. "Understand, Judith, that I have set my mind on your going to this ball, and go you shall. Why are you thus set upon thwarting all my plans for your benefit? How

can a girl like you presume to know better than her mother?"

"Don't cry, mother," said Judith, sorrowfully. "I will go to Mrs. Malleson this afternoon."

She kept her word, and found her friend in.

"My dear Judith! What a pleasant surprise! Come to the fire and let us have a chat. How cold and starved you look!"

Judith responded as well as she could to this friendliness, and presently unfolded her errand, with burning cheeks, and a brief explanation.

Mrs. Malleson professed herself delighted.

"There is nothing I should like better than to chaperon you and Del. And you know, my dear, I think you take it too much to heart; I do really. Would you deprive your poor mother of all natural feelings, of all pride in her handsome daughters? If I were in her place, I should feel exactly the same."

Judith smiled faintly. Of course Mrs. Malleson did not understand. How could she? She cheered the girl by her chat; gave her tea, and talked about the ball, and the gossip of the neighborhood.

"It is to be a very brilliant affair. Sir Gabriel intends it for a sort of celebration of his son's return home. It is the first large party they will have had, you know, since Randulf came back."

"Yes, of course."

"What a nice fellow he is! I do so like him!"

"Yes, so do we," said Judith, mechanically.

"Oh, and we have become quite friendly with Mr. Aglionby of Scar Foot."

"Have you? And do you like him, too?" asked Judith, composedly.

"Very much. I couldn't say that to your mother, you know, but I can to you, because you are so good and so reasonable, Judith."

"Oh, Mrs. Malleson, not at all! The merest simpleton must see that Mr. Bernard Aglionby is not responsible for my granduncle's caprice. So you like him? He has been at Irkford, I hear, visiting the lady he is engaged to."

Judith spoke coolly and tranquilly, crushing out every spark of emotion as she proceeded.

"Yes. Of course he is going to be at the ball: and Miss Vane his *fiancée* is going to be there too."

"Is she?" Judith still spoke with measured calmness. Inwardly she was thinking: "It will be even worse than I expected. But I am glad I came here and got warned in time."

"Yes. Mrs. Bryce, Mr. Aglionby's aunt, is staying at Scar Foot. I think he said he wanted her to live there till he was married—if she would. She is very nice! And he is bringing Miss Vane just for this ball, and the Hunt ball on the 3d of January, and in order that she may see the place, Mr. Aglionby says. He let me see her likeness. She must be wonderfully pretty."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Not to compare with Delphine, though," pursued Mrs. Malleson, warmly. "But then there are not half a dozen girls in Yorkshire to compare with her. Oh, I quite long for the ball! I am sure Delphine will make a sensation; and so will you, if only you don't alarm all the men by your dignity, dear," she added, putting her hand on Judith's shoulder. "Girls don't go in for dignity now, you know, but for being frank and candid, and knowing everything, and talking with men on their own subjects."

"I'm afraid Delphine and I will be failures then, for we know so few men, and certainly we do not know what their subjects are."

"Oh, I didn't say that men liked it; only that girls do it," laughed Mrs. Malleson, leading Judith to the door. The latter felt that now their doom was sealed.

Mrs. Malleson would not be so kind as to be taken ill before the dance. Judith went home and told her mother of the arrangement she had made, and Mrs. Conisbrough professed herself satisfied with it.

CHAPTER XXV.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU."

BERNARD AGLIONBY'S frame of mind was not a happy one on that evening of the 31st of December; it had been anything but cheerful all day; it waxed drearier and drearier during his ten-mile drive to Danesdale Castle with his aunt, Mrs. Bryce, and Lizzie his betrothed. He had brought Miss Vane from Irkford, and introduced her into the halls of his ancestors, and the presence of his mother's sister, last night. The result, he was obliged to own, had hardly been successful. Miss Vane had done little else but shiver since her arrival. She had failed to make a good impression on Mrs. Bryce, whose home was in London, and who had never met her before. She had treated Mrs. Aveson with a vulgar haughtiness, which had galled the feelings of the good woman beyond description. But she had been very amiable to Bernard, and had confided to him that she looked upon this ball as the turning-point in her destiny. Perhaps it was; it was not for him to gainsay it. His moodiness arose from mental indecision. He had not got to the stage of absolute confession even to himself, that his engagement was a failure. He would not confess it. Much less had he allowed even the idea distinctly to shape itself in his mind, that he was, to put it mildly, thinking with deep interest of another woman. Yet the savage discontent and irritation which he experienced were due, could he but have known it, to these two very facts: that his engagement was a failure and he was beginning to find it out, and that his thoughts, whenever he allowed them free course, were engrossed with another woman. He felt all the miserable unrest and irritation which accompany mental transition periods, whether they be of transition from good to bad, or from bad to good.

Thus they were a silent party as they drove along the dark roads. Lizzie was shrouded in her wraps, and was solicitous about her dress, lest it should be crushed. Mrs. Bryce was not a talkative woman. Bernard had never in his life felt less inclined to speak—less inclined for a festivity of any kind, for sociability in any shape.

At last they turned in at the great stone gateway at the foot of the hill, rolled for half a mile up the broad, smooth drive, and stopped under a large awning filled with servants, light, and bustle.

Poor Lizzie (whom I commiserate sincerely in this crisis of her fate), felt, as she entered, as if she had crossed the Rubicon. The fears which she had originally felt for herself had in a great measure subsided. With the enduing of her superfine ball-dress, and the consciousness of her triumphant prettiness, all apprehensions for herself had vanished. With such a frock and such a face one's behavior would naturally adapt itself to that of the very highest circles. All that was needed was to be fine enough; and on that point she had a proud consciousness she had never been known to fail. She felt a little uneasiness about Bernard. She hoped he would tone down his brusque and abrupt manners. She remembered only too well the terrible solecisms of which he had often been guilty at suburban tea-parties, and his reckless disregard of semi-detached villa conventionalities, and a deep distrust of the probable demeanor of her betrothed took possession of her soul.

Bernard at last found himself with Lizzie on his arm, and Mrs. Bryce by his side, in the large drawing-room, approaching Miss Danesdale and Sir Gabriel.

Lizzie Vane's only experience of balls had been such as had taken place amongst intimate friends, the Miss Goldings and such as they, and partaken in by the mankind belonging to them. She had a confused idea, as she went up the room on her lover's arm, that this was in some way different from those past balls.

Bernard noticed that she grew very quiet, and even subdued. He could not know that her soul was gradually filling with dismay as she realized that her pink frock (pink was the color selected by Lizzie for this, her *début* in fashionable society), whether "the correct thing," as the Irkford milliner had assured her, or not, was certainly unique: and that she found the crowd of well-bred starers oppressive. Bernard performed the introductions necessary. Mrs. Bryce and Miss Danesdale had already exchanged calls. The latter cast one comprehensive glance over Miss Vane, then, taking the trouble to speak in a voice which could be heard, she expressed her regret that she had not been able to call upon her before the ball, because of her only having arrived so immediately before it; she hoped to have the pleasure later.

"Oh, yes!" murmured Miss Vane, to whom Miss Danesdale appeared a very formidable personage.

Then Bernard led up Randulf and introduced him. Randulf asked if he might have the second dance with her, and, consent having been given, put her name down and departed. Bernard's dancing powers were not of the most brilliant description, but he managed to convey his betrothed safely through the mazes of the first quadrille, and then led her back into the drawing-room. By this time the greater number of the expected guests had arrived, and Miss Vane was beginning to shake off her first timidity. Ambition began to assert itself in her bosom. She looked very pretty. Her face wore a delicate flush, and her blue eyes had grown more deeply blue; at

the end of the first dance every one had seen her, and every one who did not know her wanted to know who she was. All the women said, "What a wonderful dress! Do look at that pink frock! Did you ever behold anything like it?" All the men agreed about the frock (possibly for the sake of peace), but no outlandishly pink raiment could blind them to the charms of its wearer's face. Soon Lizzie was enjoying what was a veritable triumph for her. Her programme was full, to the last dance. Bernard's name was down for one other, a square, toward the end of the evening. He had told her not to refuse any dances on his account, "because I am such a wretched hand at it, you know," and she had fully acted up to his suggestion Randulf took her to dance the second dance, a waltz, with him. After a short time Bernard, seeing that Mrs. Bryce had established friendly relations with a distinguished dowager, and was in full flow of conversation with her, left the drawing-room and went to the ball-room. There he stopped for a short time, watching the dancers, noting especially the pink dress and the fleet feet of its wearer. Then he found Philippa Danesdale standing near him, also looking on. (To the last day of his life he remembered every incident and detail of that evening as if they had happened yesterday.)

"You do not dance, Mr. Aglionby?" inquired Philippa.

"Very badly. I should not like to inflict myself as a partner on any of the ladies here."

"Then you will give me your arm to the drawing-room? I just came to see that Randulf was doing his duty; but I know that my guests have not yet all arrived."

Bernard gave her his arm, and they returned to the drawing-room. He remained by her side, conversing with her in the intervals of receiving her guests: by-and-by the music in the ball-room ceased. The drawing-room was at this time almost empty, and still he stood, his elbow resting on the mantelpiece, talking to Philippa, when the first couples began to come in from the dancing-room. Randulf Danesdale, with Lizzie, was the first to enter. Miss Vane was flushed; her hair had got a trifle disordered; she looked excited. She was now so far at her ease that she had begun to talk, and Randulf had been malign enough to draw her out a little. Her voice, with its unmistakably underbred and provincial accent, was heard, upraised: on this vision Bernard's eye rested, till he suddenly awoke to the consciousness of his duties, and going forward, offered Miss Vane his arm.

"You're dreaming, Aglionby," observed Randulf, lightly.

"Am I? Very likely."

"I can sympathize," added young Danesdale, "for so am I."

"Of what, or of whom?" asked Aglionby, his more genial smile flitting across his face.

Randulf bent forward to him, having first ascertained that Miss Vane's attention was otherwise occupied, and said in a low voice:

"I'm dreaming of dancing with Delphine Conisbrough. She makes me wait long enough, does she not? The ball hasn't begun for me till—— why, there they are!"

"With Del——" Aglionby had just ejaculated, electrified, for he had had no forewarning that any of the Conisbroughs were to be there. His glance followed Randulf's, and he had the sensation of starting violently. In reality he turned rather slowly and deliberately, and looked. His face changed. He bit his lips, and became a shade paler. Every pulse was beating wildly. He was in no state to ask himself what it meant. He watched, as if it had been some dissolving view, and saw how Miss Danesdale, with her prim little smile and her neat little steps, and her unimpeachable etiquette, went forward a little, with outstretched hand, and greeted them. And while she spoke to Mrs. Malleson, Bernard's eyes looked clean over their heads, and met straightly those of Judith Conisbrough. Exactly the same sensation—only far more potent now—as that which had mastered him when he had taken leave of her at her mother's house seized him—a strong, overwhelming thrill of delight and joy, such as no other being had ever awakened in him. And with it, yet more powerfully than before, he realized that not he alone experienced the sensation. He had the knowledge, intuitive, instinctive, triumphant, that she shared it to the full. He saw how, though she remained calm and composed, her bosom rose and fell with a long, deep inspiration; he saw her eyes change their expression—the shock first, the light that filled them afterward, and—most eloquent, most intoxicating of all—their final sinking before his long gaze. He lived through a thousand changing phases of emotion while he stood still there looking at her; he realized with passionate delight that it was not only he who found her beautiful, but all others who had eyes to see. None could deny that she was beautiful: her outward form did but express her inner soul. A man behind him murmured to another, and Bernard heard him:

"Jove, what splendid-looking girls! Who are they? Are they from your part of the country too?"

He watched while the two girls shook hands with Miss Danesdale. He saw Randulf go up to them and greet them, and how the first expression of pleasure which had crossed their faces appeared there. Randulf's dream was going to be realized, Bernard reflected, with wild envy. He could arrange things pretty much according to his own pleasure. Delphine had kept him waiting, as he said; so much the oftener would he make her dance with him now that at last she was there.

Then Aglionby became feebly conscious that his arm was somewhat roughly jogged, and that a voice which he seemed to have heard fifty years ago sounded in his ear:

"Bernard, are you dreaming? Here's a lady speaking to you."

With a veritable start this time he came to his senses, and beheld Mrs. Malleson, in black tulle and *gloire de Dijon* roses, holding out a hand to him, and smiling in friendly wise.

"Mrs. Malleson, I—you are late, surely, are you not?"

"We are, I believe, and I am afraid it is my fault. I hope the men are not all so deeply engaged that the Misses Conisbrough will get no dances."

Here some one came and said to Lizzie that he thought it was their dance. Nothing loth, she suffered herself to be led away.

"That is Miss Vane, I know," observed Mrs. Malleson. "You must introduce her later. She is wonderfully pretty."

She was in her turn monopolized and led away. Aglionby could not have replied had she remained. If he had never known, or never admitted the truth to himself until now, at last it overwhelmed him. Lizzie Vane beautiful! Lizzie Vane *beloved* by him!

It was like awakening from some ghastly dream, to be confronted by a yet more horrible reality. He mechanically passed his hand over his eyes and shivered. When he looked round again he saw that Judith was standing alone. Philippa was receiving some very late guests. Delphine had been led away, so had Mrs. Malleson. Several groups were in the room, but both he and Judith were emphatically alone—outside them all. Presently he found himself by her side—as how should he not? There was no one else there, so far as he knew. On a desert island even enemies become reconciled.

"I hope you have not quite forgotten me, Miss Conisbrough."

His voice was low, and there was no smile on his face, any more than there was on hers. With both of them it was far too deadly earnest to permit of smiles or jests.

"It would imply an unpardonably short memory on my part, if I had," she answered very gravely, and looking more majestic than ever. He felt her gloved hand within his, and for a blessed moment or two he forgot Lizzie Vane's very existence. With the actual touch of her hand, with the sound of her pathetic contralto voice, the spell rushed blindingly over him. How had he lived out these weeks since he parted from her? How had he been able to think it all over, as he had done again and again, calmly and without any particular emotion? In one of Torguéneff's novels he relates the story of a Russian peasant woman, whose only and adored son is suddenly killed. A visitor, calling a week or so later, finds the woman, to his surprise, calm, collected, and even cheerful. "Laissez la," observed the husband, "elle est fossilée?" Now Bernard knew that was exactly what he had been—fossilized; unrealizing what had happened to him. For him, as for that peasant woman, the day of awakening had dawned.

He allowed his eyes and his voice to tell Judith that in finding her to-night he had found that which he most desired to see. He allowed his eyes and his voice also to question her eyes and her voice, and in their very hesitation, in their reply, in their very trouble, their abashed quietness, he read the answer he wished for. She had not escaped unscathed from the ordeal which had been too much for him. Twice already to-night he had asked her this question, and had heard this answer—merely with look and tone—without any word whatever, and he wanted to ask it again and again, and to have her answer it as often as he asked it. She was standing, so was he. That last long look was hardly over, when he offered her his arm and said:

"You are not dancing; come to the sofa and sit down."

She complied; mechanically she sat down, and he beside her; he put his arm over the back of the sofa; she was leaning back, and the lace ruffle of her dress just touched his wrist, and the contact made his blood run faster.

"Mrs. Conisbrough is not with you?" he inquired.

"No, she is not well. She made a point of Delphine's and my coming."

Bernard did not ask her for a dance. He felt a sympathetic comprehension of her position. He knew she would have to dance, unless she wished to be remarkable, which he was sure was no part of her scheme. But he knew that it would be against her will—that she would be more grateful to those who did not ask her than to those who did, and he refrained.

"You said," he went on, in the same low tone, "that if we met in society, we might meet as friends. I have not troubled you since you told me that, have I?"

Judith paused, and at last said, constrainedly:

"No."

"No. Therefore I claim my reward now. We are in society to-night. It is the time when we are allowed by your own law to be on friendly terms, and I mean to take advantage of the fact. Will you grant me a favor? Will you let me take you in to supper?"

Judith, in her simplicity and surprise, was quite bewildered, and felt distracted how to act. Evidently he had not given up, and did not intend to give up, any scrap of a friendly or cousinly privilege which might be open to him. If her secret in the background had been less terrible and (to her) tragic, she would have been amused at Aglionby's determination not to be set aside. As it was, she replied at last, gently:

"Don't you think there is another lady whom you ought rather to take in to supper?"

He opened his eyes as if not understanding, then remarked:

"Oh, you mean Miss Vane. Do not imagine that I am neglecting her. Her partner at the supper-table is already selected. She told me so herself. She is to dance an 'extra,' I think she called it, before supper, or after, I forget which—but with some man who is to take her to that repast. Therefore, may I hope for the pleasure? To 'confound the politics' of the assembled multitude, if for no other reason," he added. "They are sure to look for signs of enmity between us, and I should like to disconcert them."

"Very well, if you wish it," said Judith, gravely, "and if I must go into supper, as I suppose I must."

"I'm afraid you have not looked forward with any enjoyment to this ball?"

"*Enjoyment!*" echoed Judith, drearily; and added, half forgetting the terms she had herself laid down, "Do not think it very strange that Delphine and I should be here. Mamma insisted, and we dared not thwart her. You do not know how unwilling we were, and how it has troubled us."

"I know what it must feel like to you," he said; and was going to say more. He was going to say that though he knew what it had cost her, yet that he was not altogether sorry, since it had brought them together, and she would not allow any other kind of intercourse. But just at that moment Sir Gabriel, whom Judith had not yet spoken to, arrived upon the scene. Sir Gabriel had received an inkling of the truth from his son, who had had it from Mrs. Malleson. Randulf had hastily confided it to Sir Gabriel:

"I wish you'd pay a little attention to the Misses Conisbrough, sir. They didn't want to come a bit—to meet Aglionby, you know, and not three months since their uncle's death; but their mother made them, and they dared not cross her—so if you wouldn't mind——"

The hint was more than enough for the warm-hearted old gentleman. Despite his real liking for Aglionby, he had never ceased to shake his head over the will, and to think that Mrs. Conisbrough and those girls had been very badly used. He had just had Delphine introduced to him in the ball-room, and now he had made his way to Judith.

"Miss Conisbrough, I'm delighted to see you here! I have just been talking to your sister, who is the loveliest creature I've seen for twenty years and more. I may say that to you, you know. If she doesn't turn some heads to-night, why, they are not the same kind of heads that used to be on men's shoulders in my days."

Judith's face flushed. She smiled a pleased yet nervous smile. Yes, Delphine was all that the good old man called her, and how delightful this sweet incense of justice, not flattery, would have been—how grateful, if—if only—— She crushed down a desire to laugh, or cry, she knew not which—an hysteric feeling—and answered Sir Gabriel politely, but, as he thought, a little indifferently. But, remembering his son's words, he stood talking to her for some time, and finally offered her his arm to take her to the ball-room and dance a quadrille with her. Aglionby went with them at the same time. So long as he did not exceed the bounds of politeness, he told himself—so long as his outward conduct could be denominated "friendly"—he shook his head back—he *would* not turn himself into a conventional machine to say, "How do you do?" "Good evening," and no more.

As they entered the ball-room, they were confronted by Miss Vane, more flushed now, more at her ease, and arm-in-arm with a youth who had been introduced to her as Lord Charles Stratforth, and who would by his title alone have fulfilled, to her mind, every requisite necessary to the constitution of a "real swell!" She saw Bernard, Sir Gabriel, and Judith enter, and at once inquired of her partner:

"Eh, I say, isn't that Sir Gabriel?"

"That is Sir Gabriel," replied the young gentleman, with *sang froid*. He had found Miss Vane and her provincialisms a source of the most exquisite entertainment.

"I thought so. And there's my beloved with him."

"Your beloved—happy man! Aglionby, I suppose you mean?"

"Yes," said Miss Vane, explaining. 'I call him my beloved, you know, because 'Bernard' is too familiar when you're talking to strangers, and 'Mr. Aglionby' sounds stiff, doesn't it?"

"I quite agree with you. Your beloved's aspect just at present is somewhat gloomy."

"My! Yes! He does look as cross as two sticks. But," with sudden animation, "I've seen that girl before who's going to dance with Sir Gabriel. Who is she?"

"She is Miss Conisbrough, of Yoresett."

"Conisbrough—oh, of course! One of those girls who wanted to have Bernard's money," said Miss Vane, tossing her head. "Well just fancy! only Miss Conisbrough! From her dress, and Sir Gabriel's dancing with her, I thought she must be a *somebody*."

"Miss Conisbrough doesn't go out much, I think," said the young man instinctively speaking with caution, and unable for his own part to resist looking with admiration at the lady in question. "Your 'beloved' seems to know her, though."

While Lizzie was explaining, her partner advanced, and suggested to Sir Gabriel that he and Miss Vane would be happy to be their *vis-à-vis*. So it was arranged, and Bernard retired, after forcing a smile in answer to a coquettish nod from his betrothed. After this dance Judith found no lack of partners. She was forced to dance, and Aglionby saw her led off time after time, and congratulated himself on having secured her promise concerning supper.

As for Delphine, she had not been in the drawing-room after the first five minutes following her arrival. Judith purposely avoided noticing her. She had a vague consciousness that she was dancing a good deal with Randulf Danesdale, and while her reason condemned her heart condoned, and even sympathized with the imprudence. Even she herself, after a time, fell into the spirit of the dance, and began to rejoice in the mere pleasure of the swift rhythmic motion. Though calm and cool outwardly, she was wrought up to a pitch of almost feverish excitement, and, as is often the case with excitement of that kind, she was able distinctly and vividly to note every small circumstance connected with the course of the evening. She remembered her mother's words, "They shall see who it is that has been passed over," and she could not but perceive that both she and her sister attracted a great deal of attention; that men were led up and introduced to them oftener, on the whole, than they were to other girls—that, in fact, they created a sensation—were a success. She supposed, then, that her mother was right. If they had had that "position" which she so coveted for them, they would not be counted nonentities in it.

Judith also saw, with a woman's quickness in such matters, that which poor Bernard never perceived, the fact, namely, that though Lizzie Vane got plenty of partners, and was apparently made much of, yet that many of her partners were laughing at her, and drawing her out, and that they laughed together about her afterward; and lastly—most significant fact of all—that scarce a woman noticed or spoke to her, except Miss Danesdale, who, as hostess, was in a measure obliged to do so.

Gradually she yielded to the spell of the

dance, the music, the excitement of it all; to the unspoken prompting within, "Enjoy yourself now, while you may. Let to-morrow take care of itself." Go where she would, dance with whom she would, before the dance was over, sooner or later, once or oftener, as it happened, but inevitably, she met Bernard's dark eyes, and read what they said to her. When supper-time came, and he led her in, and poured out wine for her, and asked her in a low voice if she had ever been to Scar Foot, if she had ever even walked past it since she had ceased to be his guest, Judith answered, with a vibrating voice:

"No, I could not; and of my own free will I will not."

He smiled, but said little more during the meal. The supper was served in brilliant fashion in an enormous room, at numbers of smallish round tables. Those who had time and attention to spare for the arrangements said it was a fairy scene, with its evergreens, its hot-house flowers, and delicate ferns and perfumed fountains. Judith and Aglionby saw nothing of that; they forced some kind of an indifferent conversation, for under the eyes of that crowd, and surrounded by those brilliant lights, anything like confidential behavior was impossible. Now and then they were greeted by shouts of especially loud laughter from another part of the room, elicited by some peculiarly piquant sally of Miss Vane's, which charmed the chorus of men around her, and gave a deeper flush of triumph to her cheeks.

Just as the noise and laughter were at their height, and the fun was becoming faster, Aglionby said to Judith,

"Let us go away. This isn't amusing."

They rose. So did nearly every one else at the same time, but not to go. Some one had said something, which Judith and Aglionby, absorbed in themselves, had not heard, and a dead silence succeeded to the tumultuous noise. Then a clock was heard striking—a deep-toned stroke, which fell twelve times, and upon the last sound the storm of laughter broke loose, and a tempest of hand-shaking and congratulations broke out.

"A happy new year to you! I wish you a happy new year!"

"Here's to the peaceful interment of the old year, and the joyful beginning of the new one!"

Aglionby looked at Judith. His lips were open, but he paused. No; he must not wish her a happy new year. He knew he must not; and he was silent. Many others had now finished supper. They, too, left the room, and seated themselves, after wandering about a little, in a kind of alcove with a cushioned seat, of which there were many in the hall. Then—for they were as much alone as if not another creature had been near them—Aglionby at once resumed the topic he had been dwelling on all supper-time.

"You never have been near Scar Foot since that day. That means you are still relentless?" said he, regarding her steadily, but with entreaty in his eyes, and a decided accent of the same kind in his voice.

"It means that I must be—must seem so, at least," she replied, dreamily.

"Pardon me, but I cannot see it in that light."

"That means, that you do not believe me?"

"No; I mean that if you would only state your reasons, and tell me the obstacle *you* see to our friendship, that I could demolish it, let it be what it might."

"Oh no, you could not," said Judith, her heart beating with a wild pleasure in thus, as it were, dancing on the edge of a precipice. "You do not know: it *could* not be swept away."

"And I say it could—it could, Judith, if you would only allow it."

She started slightly, as he spoke her name, and bit her lips; but she could not summon up her strength of will to rebuke him.

"Why—why do you say such things? What makes you think so?" she asked, tremulously.

Aglionby took her fan, and bent towards her, as if fanning her with it; but while his hand moved regularly and steadily to and fro, he spoke to her with all the earnestness of which he was capable, and with eyes which seemed to burn into hers—yet with a tenderness in his voice which he could not subdue.

"Because you do not trust me. Because you will not believe what to me is so simple and such a matter of course—that no reason you could assert could make me your enemy. Because there is *no* offence I would not condone. Pah! Condone?—forgive, forget, wipe clean away, to have the goodwill and the friendship of you and yours. *Now* do you understand?"

Judith turned paler; she shut her eyes involuntarily, and drew a long breath. Could it be possible that he suspected—that he had the slightest inkling of her real reason for maintaining the distance between them for which she had stimulated? His words hit home to the very core and eye of her distress. The peril was frightful, imminent, and she had herself attracted it by allowing him to advance thus far, by herself sporting with deadly weapons. He was watching her, with every sense on the alert, and he saw how, unconsciously, her hands clasped; she gave a little silent gasp and start, and there actually did steal into his mind, only to be dismissed again, the wonder, "Can it be that there really is some offence which she deems irreparable?"

"Hush!" she said at last. "It was very wrong of me to allow the subject to be mentioned. And you do not keep your promise, you know that you promised me at Scar Foot. Mr. Aglionby——"

"You also promised *me* at Scar Foot, and then demanded your promise back again," said he, resolved that if he had to give way again (and what else could a man do, when a woman appealed to him for mercy?) that she should buy the concession hard.

"I have told you I cannot explain," she said, almost despairingly. "Do you mean to make me go over it all again?" A rush of sudden tears filled her eyes. "Do you mean to make me plead it all a second time?"

"I should like to make you do it—yes. And, at the end of all, I should like to refuse what you ask," he said, with a savage tenderness in his voice.

Judith looked steadily at him for a short time, as if to test whether he was in earnest or not, and then said in a dull, dead voice, "I wish I were dead;" and looked at the ground.

This was more than he could bear.

"Forgive me, Judith!" he whispered. "If you can, forgive me. I will not sin again, but it is hard."

'Yes, it is hard,' she replied, more composed, as the terror she had felt on hearing him talk about "offences" and "condonation" began to subside. "It is hard. But making scenes about it will make it none the easier. We have our duties, both of us—you as a man——"

More peals of laughter as a noisy group came out of the supper-room—half a dozen young men, and Miss Vane in the midst of them, laughing in no gentle tones, and holding in her hand, high above her head, a flower, towards which one of the said young gentlemen occasionally stretched a hand, amidst the loud hilarity of the lady and her companions. The party made their way toward the ball-room, and Miss Vane was heard crying:

"I'm sure I never promised to dance with you. Here's my programme. Look and see!"

They disappeared.

Judith's face burned. She looked timidly at Aglionby, who was gazing after the group, his face pale, his eyes mocking, his lips sneering. He laughed, not a pleasant laugh.

"We all have our duties, as you most justly remark. Mine is to marry that young lady, and cease to persecute you with my importunities. I see that is what you were thinking. And you are quite right."

"*You* are quite wrong," said Judith. "What I do think is that you are not behaving kindly to her to allow her to—to—she is so young and inexperienced—and so pretty."

"And you and your sister are so old and wise, and so hideous," he rejoined, with a bitter laugh. "That alone is enough to account for your different style of behavior. No. Do not try to palliate it."

"I think you are to blame," Judith persisted. "You have no right to do it—to leave her with all those silly empty-headed young men. It is not fair. You ought to take——"

"Take her home—and myself too. A good idea. I am sure the carriage will be round by now. But you?"

"Take me to the drawing-room, please. I dare say Mrs. Malleson will also be ready to go."

He gave her his arm. Mrs. Malleson was soon found, seated on a sofa, with Delphine beside her, looking a little pale, and exceedingly tired. Bernard wished them good-night, and went to the ball-room. He had seen Mrs. Bryce in the drawing-room, and found that she was quite ready to go. In the dancing-room there was a momentary pause between two dances. Bernard saw Randulf Danesdale promenading with a young lady on his arm, with whom he seemed to be in earnest conversation. At the farther end of the room he saw that fatal pink dress; heard the same

shrill, affected tones, and the chorus of laughter that followed on them. Nothing could have been more distasteful to him in his present mood than to have even to speak to her, after his parting from Judith Conisbrough. But he walked straight up to the group, most of whom he knew slightly by this time, and offering his arm to his betrothed, said gravely:

"Lizzie, I am sorry to break off your amusement, but it is very late: we have ten miles to drive, and Mrs. Bryce is tired, and wishes to go."

"Oh, Aglionby, don't take Miss Vane away! The light of the evening will be gone. Don't look so down, man! Miss Vane, don't let him drag you off in that way. I am down for a dance."

"And I," "And I," cried several voices.

Bernard's face did not relax. He could not unstiffen his features into a smile. He looked directly at Lizzie, as mildly as he could, and repeated that he was very sorry, but he was afraid he must ask her to come away.

"Oh, Bernard!" she began, but then something unusual in his expression struck her. A feeling of something like chill alarm crossed her heart. How dignified he looked! How commanding! How different—even she knew—from the feather-brained fops with whom she had even now been jesting and laughing.

"Well, if I must, I must, I suppose," she said, shrugging her shoulders, and taking his arm. And with a final farewell to her attendants, she went away with her "lover."

"Jove! but that girl is a caution!" observed one of the young men, giving unrestrained flow to his mirth, as Bernard and his betrothed disappeared. "I never had such fun in my life!"

"She'll find it a caution, being married to Aglionby," said a second, looking into the future. "Didn't you see him as he came up to us? Lucifer himself couldn't have looked more deuced stiff."

"Yes—I saw. They don't look exactly as if they were created to run in a pair!" said the first speaker, musingly. "But why on earth does he leave her to herself in such a way?"

"He's been dancing attendance on the eldest Miss Conisbrough all evening, and left this little girl to amuse herself with suitable companions."

"On Miss Conisbrough—why, I thought they were at daggers drawn."

"Didn't look like it, I assure you. I can't make it out, I confess. Only, on my honor, they were as good-looking a couple as any in the room. Couldn't help noticing them. But look here, St. John—will you take the odds—ten to one—that it doesn't come off?"

"The wedding?—all right. At all—or within a year?"

"Oh, hang a year!—at all. Ten to one that Aglionby and the little dressmaker don't get married at all."

"Yes; but there must be some time fixed. Ten to one that it's broken off within a year."

"In sovs? Done with you!"

Then the band struck up again for one of the last waltzes, and the young men dispersed to find their partners for the same.

(To be continued.)

People and Things Abroad.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

It seems a long time since I talked with the readers of the Magazine, although in reality it is not much more than a month, but distance and rapid travel annihilate or revolutionize one's ideas of time, and the last six weeks have held more of space in its grasp than many previous years in my experience.

Nor does flying over the ground at the modern rate of speed furnish such material as one would wish to present to intelligent and thoughtful readers. The ordinary catalogue of places and sights, drawn largely from guide-books, and mere records of personal experiences on the road, which are about the same in every case, have been "done to death," and furnish nothing that is new or interesting to the voracious modern devourer of books and newspapers, while time does not admit of the study and research necessary to the working up or working out of the really valuable facts, incidents, and objects with which one may become superficially acquainted.

Individually, therefore, the traveler who has eyes and ears and adaptability will find much to enlarge, strengthen, and enrich his life, and from which to draw good and wholesome lessons; but no one wants a sermon in a "letter from abroad," and so it seemed difficult to draw the line between the absolutely ephemeral and the insufferably didactic.

Looking back, however, over the events crowded into the past few weeks, I find some things and some people that loom up like white-caps on a surging sea, and I am going to try and separate these, large and small, as they come to me from the waste of waters, and photograph them for you as well as I am able.

A JOLLY PARTY.

We were a jolly party on board the steamer, and though the sea treated us roughly the first few days, it ended by giving us almost a week during which the ship glided along as smoothly as upon a lovely lake, and life on board was a prolonged picnic, in which every one contributed as much as possible to the enjoyment of the rest. The group of nearly three hundred souls was indeed an unusually good-natured and interesting one. Among those composing it was a batchelor Scotchman of forty years old, who coming to this country a poor boy, had amassed a fortune, and was then returning with his aged mother and a party of friends, whom he was first to take on a coaching-trip at his own expense throughout England, then assist in the laying of the corner-stone of a new educational institute and library, his contribution to the resources of his native town, the ceremony to be performed by his mother on her seventy-fifth birthday, and to be (as it was) afterward celebrated with due honors by the town, and its most distinguished representatives.

Was not that nice? Must not that have been a proud mother? and plain and simple as she was in dress and manner, yet with a clear head and more than the usual amount of Scotch sense and shrewdness, she was an object of attention and respect, such as it must have gladdened the heart of her son to witness.

Other interesting persons were two men and a woman. One was a widower who had left England a day laborer, with scarcely money enough to purchase the hardest berth in the steerage, and was returning after thirty years, the owner of a very large and fine farm at the West, and a hundred thousand dollars in money. His friends were man and wife, had been farm-servants in his own district, and were returning enriched also, perfectly independent so far as this world's goods are concerned, and possessed of some distinction, the man having held various honorable public position, in his new western home. One advantage this country has over all others is that the humblest may aspire to the highest positions, and that very poor people, if they are thrifty and forehanded, may become possessed of a competency without the advantage of expectational abilities or a superior education.

A HOME IN LONDON.

Perhaps it was a tradition of the past that found a voice in my desire to rest for a while within the walled precincts of a London home, and see a little of interior London life; and the wish was gratified. Besides the garden squares which give beauty to London, it stretches its mighty arms in a myriad of directions, into what are called "roads," and these are built up with walled-in houses of brick and stone, with gardens often in front and behind, and in the wall which incloses the Englishman's "castle" so sacredly, is set a door, which a servant comes down the path from the house to open, when the bell announces a visitor. This seclusion is a remnant of a time when a man's house was a means of defense as well as protection, and it finds its continued support in the natural English, or as it is called, "insular" reserve, which seeks to shut in private and domestic concerns from curious and unsympathetic eyes. But it is quite opposed to modern tendencies, which are in the exactly opposite direction, so that the walls are being gradually lowered, and the open railing is taking their place.

London homes are of many different kinds, but they are gradually losing the distinctiveness that formerly characterized them. The "boarding-house," which is a purely American institution, is becoming popularized, and replacing the old-fashioned lodging-house, where two poky little rooms, a "sitting-room" and "bed-room," were taken by the week or month, and the landlady, through orders communicated to a grimy little maid-of-all-work, purchased the provisions, cooked the chops, and calculated her "extras," in the way of soap, candles, etc. The lodging-house still exists very numerously, but it has retired into humbler localities, the landladies are less rapacious

than formerly, and feeling that they have a strident competitor in the field which asks a fixed price, but gives no trouble and furnishes no details, are a little less grasping than of old, and perhaps more anxious to please.

These are not the homes of London except in a temporary sense, but they often hide behind their meagerness and attempts at gentility pitiful stories of struggle and heart-break. The "landlady" is more often than otherwise, a thin, sad, broken, hard-worked, and ill-used woman, who has to support not only herself and children, but a drinking, brutal husband; and the peculations of food and the like, of which she suffers the odium, are frequently the work of the husband, or to satisfy a rarely indulged craving of her hungry little ones. It is often remarked that the widows who are lodging-house keepers are both honest and economical, and this inferentially proves the truth of the foregoing statement.

The representative home of the Old World is fast disappearing. This was the one which combined business with the family life under the same roof, and often with elegance on the one side and renown on the other. Many such homes still exist, but they are fast disappearing, as indeed the home of any kind is for the wealthy; for one cannot call that a home which is only inhabited for a few months now and again, which is left to moths and caterpillars and housekeepers, which is not considered habitable unless filled with strangers, and which is not hallowed by the associations which form the strongest ties in domestic life.

LONDON SOCIETY

is very much like our own, in fact ours is largely modeled upon it. Naturally, where four millions of people are grouped together, the elements are more diverse than where there are less than two, as in New York, but it amounts after all to pretty much the same thing—the London "crush" being not at all unlike the New York "party," and the gatherings of literary and professional people showing very much the same series of gradations, from the cultivated and genuine to the pretentious and unreal. There are plenty of houses where the host does something in a literary way, and the hostess something else; where one meets strange mixtures which are at least amusing and never common-place; where the guests are laid under contribution to furnish an entertainment which is diluted to about the same strength as the tea, and the favorite "claret-cup."

But the English retain one marked feature in their social life which we cultivate to a much more limited extent, and that is the art of dinner-giving—for it is an art. If an Englishman wishes to do honor to a stranger, or compliment a friend, he invites him to dinner, and the dinner is a great affair—it begins at eight o'clock in the evening most likely (the hours for dining are atrocious), and does not end, perhaps, till two in the morning. The dinner proper, it is true, may end at eleven, but there is the adjournment to the drawing-room, the music, the gay and sometimes brilliant talk, if the circle is a notable one, and then a final visit to the dining-room for a thimbleful of seltzer, a bit of biscuit and cheese, and fruits and cake or tarts for those who like them. A dinner is an important affair, and is subject to exact laws. No one invites himself to dinner, or asks for an invitation for another. English tables hold only just so many, and the one too many is never added, as is too often the case in our more flexible and easy-going communities. It is not unfrequently the case that strangers or friends unexpectedly making an appearance will be told with regret that there is no place vacant at the table on a certain day when a dinner is to be given by their would-be host, unless some one declines, and then the new arrival will be at once informed, and must excuse the tardiness. This seems rather odd to an American, but there is no impoliteness in it; on the contrary, it is true courtesy.

There is a curious and purely local craze in English society just now—the craze for the esthetic. The emblem seems to be the gorgeous sunflower, and it expresses itself in uplifted eyebrows, tousled red hair, peculiar shades of color—a reproduction of the styles of the last century—and sentimental gush over whatever belongs to the picturesque or romantic in art, literature, or furniture. It has been said of a lady who made a sort of religion of her bric-à-brac and mediævalism, that she "lived up to her blue china." The esthets do more than this; they have created a sort of fetich which they worship, and which has become an object, half of ridicule, half of emulative admiration to many who are not distinctively esthetic. Estheticism is said to be folly so exaggerated that many believe it to be wisdom—at least it is original, curious, and infinitely amusing—one does not realize how much so until it is left behind, and the world resumes the dead level of its common-place as before. The esthetics have a language, and will doubtless have, some time, a literature. At present the vocabulary is limited, but it is greatly strengthened by suitable and impressive gesture. The male esthet wears long hair, rolls his eyes, gesticulates theatrically, and raves about the "too too," and the "consummate;" the female esthet, dresses in terra cotta red, with full shirred waist, straight skirt, puffed sleeves, and a belt. She has "bronze" hair, and wears it tousled up, not combed or brushed. Her fan is Hindoo shaped, and gilt, and looks as if it had been used in the temple of Buddha. She is "utter," and "so so," and considers estheticism, as expressed in golden sunflowers and terra cotta red, all that is worth living for.

A DOMESTIC ECONOMY CONGRESS.

This is folly undoubtedly, but it is not worse than much which is committed under the name of "reform" and "philanthropy." A Domestic Economy Congress took place in London while I was there, which seemed to be as absurd, much less amusing, and less fruitful of results than estheticism. It is of little use for women to talk about domestic economy, who are neither domestic nor economical, and who start with the apparent idea that wisdom has been waiting for them to give voice to her counsels. The truth is we must go back for lessons in domestic economy; one good old-fashioned housekeeper could tell more on the subject than half a dozen congresses; while better and more practical books have been written — better because more true and practical—than are turned out of modern printing presses.

A DRESS REFORM MOVEMENT.

I must confess to being not more favorably impressed with the movement for dress reform headed by Lady Harberton, and which simply hits a prejudice, without lessening the amount of trouble or difficulty with clothing. The idea is a most extraordinary one, that of dividing the dress skirt so as to make it half skirt and half trousers, and then wearing a shorter trimmed skirt over this curious arrangement, the ruffles of which, mingling with the trousers and their frillings, shall so confuse the eye as not to render the fact that the skirt has been made into trousers discoverable. The mixture in itself is so confusing that no one is likely to adopt it, but it seems a pity that intelligence and effort should be wasted on what must be utterly fruitless of results, when both are needed in so many directions.

If sensible women, for example, would unite in determining that no dictum of fashion should ever induce them to wear trailing dresses in the street—if they would make a settled and enduring stand against the re-introduction of crinoline, they could easily accomplish their objects, but this dealing with practical subjects in an impracticable way is worse than useless; it is paralyzing to what would be really good and honest effort in the right direction.

GEORGE ELIOT'S GRAVE.

It was in company with an intimate personal friend of George Eliot, a friend of twenty years' standing, that I visited her grave, only a grassy mound with a head-stone, in Highgate cemetery. It was a clear bright day, and as we walked up the little suburban street where children played and mothers sat before cottage doors, I could not help thinking that the approach through the habitations of the poor whom she loved was more fitting than would have been the pompous aisles of a great abbey, whose creed was not her creed, though she gladly and reverently acknowledged its character and worth. Highgate cemetery is a village rather than a city of the dead, with one main avenue leading up to a summit crowned with a spreading pine, beneath whose shade is a seat for the weary; and it is a few feet below, upon the right hand going up, that what was George Eliot's body lies, the grave of Mr. Lewes being directly in the rear.

All the way down the avenue, and upon what may be called the side streets or paths branching off from it, are graves with small gardens full of bloom beside them. George Eliot's (almost the only one so seemingly neglected) has had nothing planted upon it. A thrifty ivy is trained round that of Mr. Lewes, but upon that of the great novelist even the grass had not grown long enough to pluck a few spears, and the only evidences

of loving remembrance were a wreath of immortelles, two pots, one containing growing mignonette, the other a tiny rose-bush, and a flat glass dish, such as are used for decorative dinner-table purposes, which had been filled with fresh flowers.

The writings of George Eliot have been the inspiration to so much that is good in the life and work of others, and will continue to be so, that her grave must always be a shrine, and it seems as if it would only be what she would herself have wished, that those who never saw her in the flesh, but who come far to find the spot of earth which covers all that remains of her material form, should be able to take away with them a leaf or a flower as a souvenir and symbol of their act of homage to one of

> "*Those immortal dead who live again*
> *In minds made better by their presence.*"

These are the words upon her head-stone, and below is simply inscribed.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Born November 22d, 1819.
Died December 22d, 1880.

A WONDERFUL CITY.

There are many things in London that are worth writing about besides the ordinary "sights," which, as before remarked, have been too thoroughly used up to have any more interest. The immensity of the city is one of its eternal sources of interest, and supplies new food constantly for the curious seeker after knowledge, for everything old and everything new finds room and a place there. Of the four millions and upwards of inhabitants, there are one million of women in excess of the men, so it can be imagined that many have to struggle hard for a livelihood, and that they learn their lessons in a difficult school. This probably leads them to unite together for self-protection, and induces them to keep a keen outlook for the advantages or disadvantages of legislative action. At an annual meeting of the Working Woman's Protective Association which I attended, presided over by Mrs. Millicent Fawcett, wife of the blind member of the Cabinet, and sister of Mrs. Garrett Anderson, a foremost woman physician, addressed also by several distinguished men, members of parliament and others, speeches were made by working representatives of societies, tailoresses, upholsteresses, book-binders, dressmakers, and the like, which sharply criticised such speeches and action as they did not like, and showed logical sense from their own point of view.

But the best speech of all was made by a dressmaker, who came as a simple member of the society in place of the secretary who was ill—she said it hurt her to hear from wise men as well as wise women, all work and all effort recommended from the purely personal point of view; that to her the great advantage of associative action was the broadening the narrow outlook of an isolated life, and the rendering herself and other women less susceptible to the influence of petty grievances. She wanted the individual woman kept in the background, and the endeavor made upon broader and more human foundations, for what hurt women hurt men, and what was helpful to one sex was helpful to the other.

Poor working dressmaker though she was, that girl touched a higher range of thought than was reached by lords or members of parliament, and I wished heartily that I could have had the honor of making her personal acquaintance.

We have large and comprehensive stores in New York city, which comprise dozens of ordinary shops in one, each department being equivalent to an ordinary retail store of a special kind. But they are nothing compared to Whitely's of London, which covers block upon block—where one can order anything from a yard of ribbon to the winter's supply of coal, a horse, or a house in town or country, and have the order filled in twenty-four hours. Whatever is needed for living is here supplied; clothing, ready-made and in fabric, of all kinds, for every member of a family—provisions of the freshest and finest, and, in addition to real estate, stocks are bought and sold.

The "co-operative stores," too, where goods are sold only to subscribers, are worked to a nicety, and those which supply household goods, provisions, and the like do an immense business. The difference in retail cost is at least ten per cent. between these and ordinary dealers, and a vast number of people have goods sent out to different parts of the country from these stores in bulk.

Living in every respect is brought down to a finer point than with us, and calculated with more nicety. It has to be where the population has become so vast and the struggle is constant and severe.

CROSSING THE SEAS.

Strange to say, the pressure is less keenly felt in Germany, at least by the stranger and visitor, possibly because of the free open-air life of the Germans and natives of nearly all continental countries. Time is better divided; work is begun earlier than in England, and finishes earlier, and all the time possible is spent in the open air. Wherever there is a German there are trees, a bit of grass, and a table and a wooden bench at which he and his *Frau* can take their afternoon "Kaffee." The Germans cultivate their domestic life more than any other nation in the world, and take no pleasure without the wife and children. Their tastes are simple and easily satisfied, they live without pretense, occupy no more room than they need, and possess independence as well as thrift of a very noble kind.

Time and space warn me that I must save some of my reminiscences of persons and things for another chapter, but I must make a brief mention of our hostesses, two young Fräuleins in

HESSE CASSEL.—TWO BRAVE GIRLS.

Cassel is not very much known to American tourists, for it is off the ordinary line of travel, and until a few years ago, the elector, who exercised despotic authority, would hardly permit the entrance of strangers, and placed them under such restrictions as discouraged their becoming residents. He was driven away finally, however, by his own people, and the liberal policy of the Emperor of Germany is attracting the attention of both English and American visitors to its great beauty and salubrity of climate.

Illustrated articles published recently in the columns of the Magazine have described the extraordinary wealth of Cassel in its long, magnificent *allées* of linden and other trees, its lovely, picturesque park, and its contiguity to the romantic castles of Wilhelmshöhe, one of which was the residence for six months of the ill-fated Napoleon III.

On what is called the Opernplatz, fronting the great Friederichsplatz, is a large house approached by broad steps, and known as the "Freihaus," because it was built for a noble who had performed such distinguished service that it was forever freed from taxes. It is the only house occupied by private individuals on the platz, and occupies a commanding position, the governor's palace being on one side, and the royal opera house and theater on the other. Fronting it, beyond the limits of the Opernplatz, is the Freiderichsplatz, inclosed and traversed by long alleys of tall linden trees; the "Red" palace of the emperor (when he visits Cassel), the military school, the museum, and very handsome new building of the Picture Gallery, occupying sites on or near the platz. Farther still, in the distance, is Belle Vue, the beginning of "Carlsaue" the park. The Freihaus is owned by a nobleman, a descendant of the original owner, who lives on an estate in the country, and it is rented in floors, according to the custom in Germany—the first being occupied by a baron, the third, (fourth we should call it) by two lovely young Fräuleins, whose mother, the daughter of a noble family, lost her husband, a brilliant young jurist lawyer, when her children were only two weeks, and less than two years old respectively. Her family had been impoverished by the wars with the first Napoleon, as nearly all the old German families were, and she courageously undertook the support of herself and little ones by teaching English, French, and Italian, and supplying a *pension* to such of her foreign pupils as required or desired a home. She reared and educated her girls, but succumbed after twenty years of steady and constant struggle and work, dying simply because she could not relieve herself from pressure and overwork. The girls are refined, even distinguished in person and manner. They maintain the charming home which their mother created, and which has all the elegancies and requirements of those to the "manner born," united to thorough German friendliness and simplicity. Leaving them was like leaving dear friends, and a home which unites to its peace, gentleness, refinement, and security, the distinction of a great name, and all the picturesqueness which a sea of red-tiled roofs, and one of the finest panoramas in the world, spread out before it.

Should any of my readers visit Cassel, I cannot wish them better fortune than a home with the Fräuleins Hulda and Matilda Budnitz in the "Freihaus."

The Ethics of Conversation.

IT is greatly to be feared that the art of speech between two or more persons, continuous and sustained, and running upon topics of more than ordinary interest, has declined in the last fifty or a hundred years, and, indeed, is still declining. *Talk* is common enough—everbody can talk ; but *conversation*, as an art, is an accomplishment only too seldom met with in modern society.

It is true that the words "conversation" and "talk" are commonly used interchangeably ; but that there is a higher sense to be attached to the former most critics and lexicographers agree. Dr. Johnson once said, speaking of a certain evening spent in society, that he had heard a great deal of talk but no conversation. The distinction was well taken. Talk is what one generally hears, some of it interesting, more of it tiresome, and most of it valueless for all purposes of mental culture. A recent social critic* has given it as his opinion that there is no society in New York ; had he also said there was no conversation his judgment would not have been a harsh one ; but in reality the absence of the first implies the want of the second. There can be no true society where only "talk" abounds.

The ability to converse with elegance and instructiveness is an endowment and accomplishment to be sought for diligently and cultivated assiduously. By its aid other minds, ignorant and educated alike, may be led captive, each acknowledging the power of its persuasive eloquence.

Again, it is a most alluring way in which to receive and impart knowledge. Varilles said : "Of ten things which I know, I have learned nine from conversation." "Talkers," said Bacon, "are commonly vain and credulous withal ; for he that talketh what he knoweth will also talk what he knoweth not." On the other hand hear what Macaulay says of Johnson's powers as a conversationalist : "The influence exercised by his conversation directly upon those with whom he lived, and indirectly on the whole literary world, was altogether without a parallel."

The gift of intelligible speech is the supreme distinction which raises man above the surrounding brute creation. It is the one "great gulf fixed" between him and the lower forms of life. But its use in the common, every-day affairs of life has debased it, and caused it to be lightly prized ; and this latter result has been greatly hastened and contributed to by the "talkers," until, wrongly confounding talk with conversation, many people affect to ridicule fluency of speech in social intercourse. To call a man a "great talker" is equivalent to calling him an insufferable bore ; but the error lies in condemning the act in place of the man who debases a noble accomplishment.

In the culture of conversational ability nothing can exceed in importance the doing of it well. Undoubtedly the golden rule of the art, the secret of refined interchange of ideas, is the same as the golden rule of polished manners, namely, good will and courtesy toward others, and a desire to secure their comfort and place them at their ease. Nearly as important is the supreme wisdom which "consists less in saying what ought to be said, than in not saying what ought not to be said." In other words, these two rules might be rendered : "Do as you would be done by ; say nothing unpleasant when it can be avoided."

To say what should form the topics of ordinary intelligent converse would be a difficult matter even did space permit. It is far easier to indicate what should be interdicted and laid under every possible ban. Fancy the writers of old English comedy making their characters preface a conversation with a remark about the weather! Verily, it sometimes would seem as though, were it not for the atmospheric changes amid which we moderns live, we should all be speechless. And this leads me to another consideration.

Any intelligent observer of social manners, cannot fail to have remarked one trait which preeminently distinguishes people to day—intellectual laziness. It is at the root of our conversational shortcomings. We are too indolent to think of interesting or improving subjects of discussion, or too indolent to reply to them when presented to us ; and so we take refuge in the weather, our next-door neighbor's doings, or some such platitudes. Disraeli's bitter sarcasm upon modern society in his *Lothair* is not undeserved. He describes the golden youth of England as being like the youth of ancient Greece, whose glory was that they never read or talked, avoided all introspection, and were content so long as the eye was charmed.

Much of the conversation of to-day partakes largely of compliment. Just how large a proportion the latter should bear to the former, it would be hard to say. No doubt, to pay a compliment gracefully requires undoubted ability. Someone has said the highest art enters into the composition and expression of a compliment that at the same time praises the person complimented, detracts from no third person, and yet exalts the speaker !

But very few of the stock complimentary phrases of society rise to this high standard. On the contrary, compared with it, they fairly grovel at the feet of the one to whom they are addressed. No better proof of their utter want of sincerity and value could be given than the smiling indifference with which they are received. Compliments delicately hinted and gracefully expressed are a grace in conversation ; likewise commendation of natural gifts or intellectual ability properly put ; but the insincere, vapid, passing compliment, which is forgotten almost ere the words have dropped from the lips, should never be heard.

"Words are women and deeds are men," wrote Sir Thomas Bodley of library fame ; it is a shameful fact that we treat our spoken words as lightly and contemptuously as ever Moslem despot treated his women. And Voltaire's "Speech was given man to disguise his thought," need only be rendered "Speech was given man to hide how little he knows," to become a satire quite as telling upon many of the men and women of to-day.

Fortunately there is a bright side to this state of affairs. There are men and women who can converse, who cultivate the noble art, and their number is constantly on the increase. It is to be reasonably expected that with the growth of our people at large in culture and refinement the now all but lost conversational faculty will be restored to our social circles, and that the demon named Talk will be exorcised from our midst.

* Richard Grant White.

Ancient and Modern Jewelry.

IN the domain of that fickle empress, Fashion, there is nothing which feels the effect of her changing moods more quickly than those personal ornaments that have come in our day to be designated by the very comprehensive term jewelry. More correctly from its etymology applied to precious stones and gems in settings, jewelry, or as it is written in England jewellery, is applied to trinkets of all kinds, whether composed in part of diamonds or other jewels, or merely ornaments of gold, silver, coral, tortoise shell, or other appropriate material.

There may seem a lack of fitness in the name when given to the commonplace finery which lacks the beauty either of substance or workmanship which the word jewel implies, but long custom has sanctioned its use, and like many other words in our language, it has lost something of its original significance. In its broader sense, however, the word is not misapplied to the beautifully wrought golden ornaments which we see to-day, whether in the antique collections that grace our museums, or the higher productions of modern craftsmen.

The taste for jewelry as personal ornament is as old as man and woman, and its employment has been confined to no particular land or time. The women of Pharaoh's court loved to entwine their limbs with circlets of gold, and no doubt many a giddy Egyptian maiden of the time of Moses and Aaron has been won with gifts by the subtle swains of that remote period.

In America the opportunities for studying the luxurious tastes of ancient nations, as shown in their jewelry, have, until lately, been somewhat meager, most of the collections of antique jewelry being housed in the museums of Europe.

The recent valuable discoveries of Gen. Di Cesnola at the Island of Cyprus have however fortunately been saved to us, and the large and most interesting collection of golden ornaments exhumed from the tombs and treasure-temples of Cuvium and other Cypriote cities are among the most valuable of the many rare objects owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. It is an interesting study to compare the ornaments that were worn by beauties who lived under a civilization that had utterly passed away many centuries before the beginning of the Christian era with those we see upon the belles of to-day, and the many

similarities to be detected causes the curious to wonder whether in jewelry, more than in other works of man's hand, there is really anything new under the sun.

Some enthusiastic admirers of archeological golden jewelry claim that antique work was superior in beauty and finish to the products of our own time; but this has been refuted in the most practical manner in regard to the Cesnola collections of jewelry, for every piece has been accurately reproduced by an American jeweler, and the copies are so exactly like the originals that Gen. Cesnola himself was unable to distinguish them.

The importance of this collection as examples for studious designers and craftsmen to handle and contemplate can hardly be overestimated, and its influence on the recent manufactures of our own people is readily seen even by a tyro. The chaste and perhaps somewhat severe designs of the antique have essentially modified the

CYPRIOTE EAR-RING—CESNOLA COLLECTION.

EAR-RING—AMERICAN WORKMANSHIP—1881.

too flamboyant styles that were in vogue a score of years ago, and in place of gaud we have elegant simplicity, which lends itself far more kindly to the type of beauty characteristic of American women.

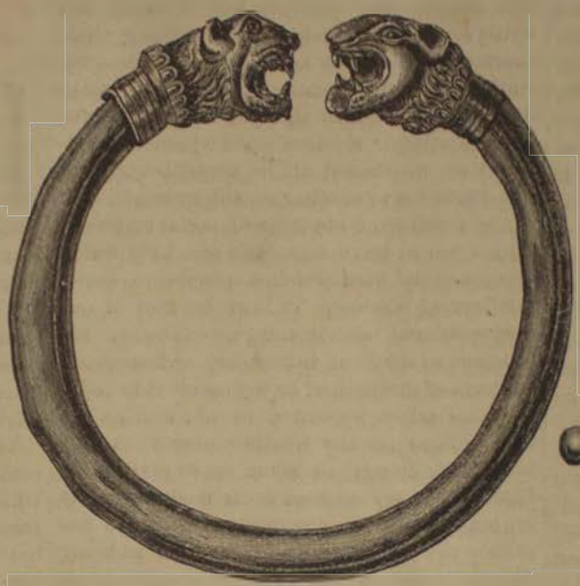
An example or two of the ancient Cypriote bracelets and ear-rings in comparison with some of modern make will illustrate this.

The ear-ring with a hoop of twisted gold somewhat like the body of a dragon-fly and terminating in a chimera's head is an interesting specimen, and the larger hoop of similar

MASSIVE GOLDEN EAR-RING—CESNOLA COLLECTION.

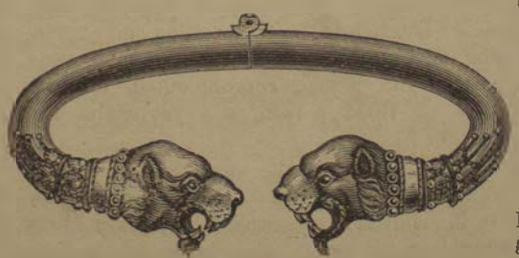
design shows that the ancient dames were sometimes extravagant in the size of their ornaments. Gen. Cesnola in his highly entertaining and instructive book on "Cyprus, its Cities, Tombs, and Temples," tells us that these designs were varied with heads of bulls, lions, and other animals, and in that valuable publication he presents hundreds of beautiful illustrations of similar articles.

The bracelets of those days were vastly massive, sometimes weighing as much as 200 or even 300 grammes each. One example must suffice for our limited space, and it is perhaps the handsomest in the entire collection.



BRACELET FROM CYPRUS—CESNOLA COLLECTION—OVER THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

The coil is of solid gold, not annealed, but soft so that it can be bent in place upon the wrist. The lioness' heads with which it is adorned are admirably carved, and in every respect the workmanship is of a very high order.

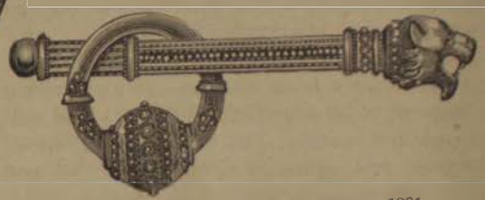


SPRING BRACELET—AMERICAN WORKMANSHIP—1881.

Although the *fac-similes* of these articles that we have spoken of are extremely interesting as exhibiting the exact forms of archaic jewelry, yet it is the general influence of the antique work upon the current manufactures that is of the highest value.

It is noticeable that in almost every case where a suggestion only has been taken from the Cesnola jewelry, without any attempt to make an exact reproduction, the result has been an improvement in form over the antique. But the improvements are manifold in other directions, partaking as they do of the practical flavor of the age. Thus, the modern bracelet which is illustrated here shows its antique parentage, but owns many advantages over its progenitor. In the first place, instead of being solid, and consequently cumbrously heavy, like the antique bracelets, those made to-day are tubular, and therefore light and comfortable to wear, and a recent improvement, in the form of steel springs, causes them to close on the wrist, and remain permanently in place—certainly a better mode of arranging them than the ancient method of bending soft gold, although that was safer and in other respects a more desirable means of fastening than the "clasps" that have been so much used lately, and which necessitate the addition of ungainly "guard chains."

This new bracelet, hinged at the back and closing with a steel spring, is, up to this writing, the *ne plus ultra* of convenient bracelets. The modern ear-rings, too, are somewhat more symmetrical in outline than the antique ones we have studied, and of the hundreds to be seen in the shops, we have at random taken one which accords in design with the spring bracelet. The votaries of fashion will soon see these ear-rings taking the place of older patterns which have had their day, and it cannot be regretted, as in this instance the change will be for the better.



LACE PIN—AMERICAN WORKMANSHIP—1881.

The other article of jewelry most in vogue at the present day is an oblong lace pin, and these are made in hundreds of different patterns. For this particular ornament there were no antique models, but some clever designer, in order to make up a complete set of bracelet, ear-rings, and lace pin, has embodied the features of the ear-rings and bracelets in these new lace pins. Thus scores of complete sets, of which we can illustrate only a single example, are made, and they certainly form simple, chaste and appropriate ornaments.

A unique bracelet that has enjoyed great popularity, is a narrow band formed of double golden wires, one end terminating with a staple and the other with a hasp that fits over it, the particular charm being in the miniature golden padlock and tiny key with which it is fastened on the fair wearer's arm; the donor, perhaps, keeping the key as a *souvenir*.

It is these practical improvements and this infusion of sentiment that exalts the jewelry of to-day above mere trinkets, and while we admire the skill and ingenuity of the heathen goldsmiths, and are ready to adopt whatever of good their designs contain, if we would continue to advance it must be not alone by studying the past, although that can only profit us, but we must assimilate new ideas and draw them not from the days of the Parthenon alone, but from the ever changing works of nature.

The Latest Shakespearean Gossip.

"To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.

* * * * *

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes * of Europe homage owe,
He was not of an age but for all time!

* * * * *

Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines;
Which were so richly spun and wove so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit."

—*Ben Jonson,*
in his edition of Shakespeare's Plays, 1623.

FOR more than two hundred years the world was content to believe that William Shakespeare wrote the galaxy of plays that bear his name. The sentiment of the generations who have lived since the master poet laid down his pen, is well described in the above lines from the hand of his contemporary and friend.

It was in the year 1856, that the first shock to this belief was given by one William Henry Smith, an Englishman, who, in a small treatise printed only for private distribution, maintained the then novel theory that Lord Bacon not only wrote the works with which he is usually credited, but that to him also belonged the credit of having written Shakespeare's plays. The following year this proposition was vigorously maintained, by Miss Delia Bacon, before the world in a somewhat lengthy book, entitled "Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded." In 1866, Judge Holmes, in "The Authorship of Shakespeare," furnished the most weighty contribution to the literature of the subject in which he, too, strove to place the crown upon Bacon's brow that had so long graced that of Avon's bard. In 1880, Mr. Appleton Morgan published his opinion that Shakespeare did not write the plays, is not so forcibly expressed as were those of his predecessors, he still leans to that side of the argument, and is inclined to think that several of Shakespeare's contemporaries, Raleigh, Jonson, Bacon, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and others, wrote the masterpieces for the Globe Theater while Shakespeare was its manager, and so they became known to all posterity as his. In the *North American Review* for February, 1881, appeared an article from the trenchant pen of James Freeman Clarke, in which he ingeniously confounds the advocates of the Bacon theory by showing that the arguments used to prove that Shakespeare was incompetent to write the plays that bear his name, may be used with equal facility to prove that Bacon did not write the works usually credited to him. Immediately following this last (March, 1881) came another contribution, this time from the editor of a New York journal, advancing two new theories on the Shakespeare side of the discussion, which I shall notice later.

The object of this paper is to present in a concise but interesting form a *resumé* of all this gossip, and to do this intelligently it will be necessary first to glance at one or two prominent facts in the life of Shakespeare, omitting all reference to the more familiar biographical details.

He is generally regarded as having been, if not absolutely unlearned, yet very ignorant of all the world outside of the island in which he was born. That this latter was the case with ninety-nine out of every hundred of his contemporaries is pretty generally conceded. Of his early life nothing is known, and the first recorded incident is his marriage to Ann Hathaway at the age of nineteen. The next we hear about him is not nearly so much to his credit. He got into loose company, poached upon Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, and was forced to flee to London to escape punishment. It is said that the rigor with which the knight tried to secure his arrest, led to the future dramatist making a ballad upon him. This, his first essay in poetry, was so full of bitter satire that it caused its object to redouble his persecutions.

In London he became an actor, and, says Aubrey, "did act exceeding well," appearing both at the Blackfriars and at the Globe theaters. Rowe says that when he was admitted into the company of players, it was in a very low grade, but that his wit, and its natural adaptation to the business of the stage soon raised him to a leading place in the company. But we have no further record of this period of his life; nor do we know what characters he was accustomed to act, whether grave or gay, young or old parts, beyond the fact that he once acted the *Gravedigger* in his own "Hamlet."

That at some time in his life (probably after his removal to London), Shakespeare attained to no slight degree of literary culture is very evident. The age in which he lived was the renaissance of English literature. As James Freeman Clarke says, referring to this epoch: "Then every one studied everything. Then Greek and Latin books were read by prince and peasant, by queens and generals. Then all sciences and arts were learned by men and women, by young and old." Into this atmosphere of literary activity Shakespeare was plunged. Besides the world of books, however, another excellent school was open to his receptive mind. There were five or six theaters then flourishing in the English metropolis. Every year saw numbers of new and excellent plays acted. The cream of the literary effort of the age was at the service of the play-house. Wits, poets, statesmen, and men of high degree wrote dramas, and strove eagerly to have them acted publicly. All history, ancient and modern, was placed under contribution for plots and heroes. Being an actor, and in later life a manager, Shakespeare must have gained untold knowledge from these plays, which, according to the custom of the time, became, after they were acted, the property of the particular theater in which they were first acted. But I shall refer to this again.

That Shakespeare had not much geographical knowledge is true. But it must be remembered that his were creations of fancy, not educational treatises. Nor is it to be inferred that his ideas in this respect were more crude than were those of his compeers. One thing is certain—the estimates of his contemporaries rated his intellectual abilities as of a very high order. The Earl of Southampton gave him a thousand pounds, so greatly did he admire his attainments. To this nobleman, it may be mentioned in passing, did Shakespeare dedicate his earliest works, "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece." In the dedication of "Lucrece" he says: "The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end."

I think we are now prepared to consider the first of the theories already referred to, namely, that Shakespeare had not sufficent education or ability to compose the great works which bear his name, and that we must look elsewhere for their creator. The upholders of this theory have, as we have seen, with some exceptions, fixed upon Lord Bacon as the one upon whom the mantle must fall.

We have already considered whether or no Shakespeare had opportunity for literary culture. Those who concede that he had a fair measure of learning, object that the writer of the plays displays an amount of erudition that Shakespeare was very unlikely to possess, and that Lord Bacon was the only man of his time who did possess that knowledge. The plots of the various plays are drawn from various sources, continental as well as English, and this fact indicates a familiarity with foreign languages. That we have no evidence that Shakespeare was an accomplished linguist does not prove that he was not. But were Bacon's fancied claims to be the author of the works in question far stronger than they are, there is one objection which is fatal to them.

Allusion has already been made to the estimation in which Shakespeare was held by his contemporaries. He also enjoyed a large measure of the favor of the two sovereigns who reigned during his life—Elizabeth and James I. Rowe says, "Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and, without doubt, gave him many gracious marks of her favor. . . . She was so well pleased with that character of Falstaff in the two parts of Henry IV., that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love." This royal command was the occasion of his writing "the Merry Wives of Windsor."

King James I., who was inordinately fond of dramatic shows, witnessed, between November, 1604, and March, 1605, no less than six of Shakespeare's plays, which he caused to be acted in the palace at Whitehall: and, "as a mark of his particular favor, that monarch wrote the poet a letter with his own hand."

Further, Ben Jonson was a dear personal friend of Shakespeare, for it was through the discrimination of the latter that Jonson's famous play, "Every Man in his Humor," was first acted at the Globe Theater.

Is it at all likely that, if Shakespeare had been the man of mediocre talent the advocates of the Bacon theory would have us believe, Jonson would have committed to paper the high encomiums contained in the lines which head this paper? Is it likely that Jonson, Spenser, Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, and many other lights of the London world of wit and fashion all conspired to cheat posterity, and that not a chance word

* "*Stages* of Europe" is the author's meaning.

escaped to give us a clew to the gross deception practiced? The idea is absurd.

Nor is this all. Bacon was a man of great parts—of stupendous learning. If he wrote Shakespeare's plays then must he have affected ignorance of many things with which he must have been perfectly familiar. To give only three examples. Cassius, in "Julius Cæsar," is made to speak of the "eternal devil." This is a palpable anachronism, which Bacon, the philosopher and man of letters, would never have perpetrated. The word "devil," as we use the term, and as it is used by Shakespeare, was not known to the Romans until after the Christian era. Again, in the "Winter's Tale" Bohemia is called a *maritime* country; and in "Midsummer Night's Dream" the names of Quince, Bottom, Snug, and Snout, all colloquial *English* names, are given to *Athenian* mechanics. Such blunders, though not surprising in the poet, are incomprehensible in the case of the profound scholar.

The editor of a New York journal contributes a new argument to refute the Bacon theory—"a fact that is fairly fatal to it, as it seems to us." There was a vast difference in the lives of the two men, Shakespeare and Bacon. The first lived in a fairy land peopled by the creatures of his fancy; the other was a man of action, thick in all the state-craft and public affairs of his time. Shakespeare lived in a mock world, where passion and love and war were only simulated; Bacon lived in a real world, where passion was unfeigned, love was sincere, and war a stern reality of hard bullets and cold steel.

At the time we are considering England was in a ferment. The bonfires that illuminated the reign of Mary had not long been quenched; the coming events which, a quarter of a century later, were to hurry a king to the scaffold, had already begun to cast their shadows before. On the continent there were "wars and rumors of wars," and diplomacy was a thriving trade. Lord Bacon was involved in all the affairs of his time, was familiar with all the great questions which agitated the English court. Yet, though the plays of Shakespeare are "full of moving incident by flood and field," there is not a word of mention of contemporary events. Shakespeare, the poet, the dreamer, might have written thus, and with reason; but that Lord Bacon, the statesman, the philosopher, should have done so, is incredible.

Let us now glance at the second hypothesis—that the plays of Shakespeare were really written by other dramatists of the day, were passed to him in his managerial capacity, and, after being revised by him, became stamped with his name as their author and creator.

In Shakespeare's day the stage was the only outlet for literary activity. There were no newspapers, no magazines, few books, and fewer readers. To publish a work was very costly, hence the fulsome dedications to men of rank by needy authors, who hoped by that means to get the person so flattered to pay the printer's bill. In the literary ferment of the day men of letters of every shade of opinion and grade of ability, sought the stage as a vent for their effusions. To have a play performed was to make the whole town acquainted with it and with the author.

Every theater, it is known for certainty, kept one or more poets, or dramatists, in their regular employ. It is very likely that Shakespeare filled this office at some period of his career. When he became manager it is easy to see that from all these sources he must have come into possession of a great many manuscripts, good, bad and indifferent. Now, it is an assured fact that nearly every great light in the literary world of that day wrote for the stage—Bacon, Raleigh, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Spenser, and others too numerous to mention, all tried their hands at the playwright's art. The other work these men are known to have done is sufficient to guarantee the excellence of their work in this respect. Therefore, "Manager Shakespeare" had an ample store of goodly plays by him, a number of which, most likely, were never acted.

Now, the point sought to be made is this: that Shakespeare so amended several of these works, changing the name of some, adding here, cutting there; here shading or toning down a character, there building up or throwing a personage into prominence; transposing a scene or changing a *denouement*, until the finished work was as much the result of his labor as of the toil of the original author.

This would explain many things that have puzzled Shakespearean critics. The occasional learning displayed in the plays would be satisfactorily accounted for—that part of it supposed to have been alone the mental calibre of Shakespeare. It would also account for the fact that after his withdrawal from the post of manager at the Globe, Shakespeare wrote no more plays.

But there is a fatal objection to this pretty theory.

No reader or admirer of Shakespeare's plays can fail to be impressed by one distinguishing trait—a trait that causes them to stand out in wide contrast from all dramatic works ever written before or since his day. The plays of Shakespeare are remarkable for a group of female characters, which in their physical beauty, moral loveliness, and intellectual power are superior to anything found in the works of any other dramatist. Viola, Miranda, Juliet, Portia, Desdemona, Ophelia, Imogen, Rosalind and Beatrice—where shall we find a brighter galaxy? None of Shakespeare's contemporaries has given us a single delineation to compare with any of these "womanly women." They are truly "a superb and wonderful sisterhood, unmatched anywhere and fairly unmatchable." Grace, beauty, wit, are frequently united to a constancy and devotion that has been recognized as a type of true womanhood in every land and time. And, although they are, in many minor characteristics, diametrically opposite, yet there is a sufficient likeness among them all to proclaim them the children of one illustrious parent.

No body of men, however eminent, produced these lovely characters; the brain and pen that portrayed one, portrayed all.

If it be urged that we have no knowledge of any quality of mind in Shakespeare which would lead us to suppose him capable of delineating such a group of characters, the rejoinder must be made that neither had Bacon, Jonson, Spenser, Fletcher, or any other of the lights of the Elizabethan age, any characteristics which would warrant us in ascribing to any of them the creation of fancies so rich and rare. Their women were either rakes or prudes; Shakespeare's women are those we like to picture to ourselves as ideals of female strength and loveliness.

There is little ground, after all is said, for reversing the verdict of the last two centuries. There are no instances in history of one man occupying the very highest rank as a philosopher and also as a poet; nor are there any instances known, in all the world's catalogue of eminent men, of one man combining two such extremes of literary style, as are exhibited in the works of Shakespeare and Bacon.

At the present stage of the discussion, and with the present amount of evidence before us, it seems sufficiently conclusive that we may rest content to see the laureate's crown rest undisturbed upon the brow of William Shakespeare.

H. F. R.

Over and Over.

OVER and over the springs repeat,
Over and over the summers sweet
Bring us the the boom of the odorous fields,
Bring us the wealth that the orchard yields.
Over and over.

OVER and over the snow so light,
Drapes field and meadow in bridal white;
Over and over the tempests frown,
As darkly and fiercely the storms come down.
Over and over.

OVER and over the mocker cries,
Over and over the same blue skies,
Never a change from the meadow's green,
Ever the same unvarying scene.
Over and over.

OVER and over, tis true, my friend,
Seed time and harvest they have no end.
Over and over sweet nature blind,
Bringeth her gifts, "each after its kind."
Over and over.

OVER and over in hue and name,
Over and over yet not the same:
For he who but looks with a student's eye,
May read the deep book of God's mystery.
Over and over.

OVER and over he there may trace
Beauty and glory, and change and grace,
Over and over and never tire,
Learning deep at the heart's desire.
Over and over.

OVER and over in God's control,
Over and over let seasons roll.
He who is willing may run and read,
More than enough for his soul's great need.
Over and over.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

CURTAINS.

"THE law of nature is that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good of any kind whatever." "I believe the right question to ask respecting all ornament is simply this: Was it done with enjoyment?"

"For we are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth that effort is not to be done at all."—JOHN RUSKIN.

The three things to be desired in curtains are good color, good folds, and a good method of hanging, that is good rods and rings.

The color of a curtain should rather contrast well with the walls of a room than match it perfectly. In this, as in all matters of color, we take our best hint from nature herself. The curtains drawn across our blue sky walls are of white, grey, yellow, orange, purple, and scarlet, more varied and glorious in color than the embroidered hangings of the tabernacle of old. Our workmen rest at noon sheltered from the sun's heat and light by an olive green and brown curtain of branches of trees blowing in the light wind across walls of blue and a carpet of many colored flowers or of upturned ridges of brown earth. There is almost nothing impossible in these days of artistic wall hangings and drapery. So when some one says to me "I want to make her room like the inside of a pink box," I know there are shades of cream color, salmon, and pale yellow pink for curtains and wall hangings in which it *may* be done fair and fine enough to hold the rarest jewel of a child or woman. But it goes without saying that it is vastly more difficult to furnish a room satisfactorily in one color than in harmonious tones of different colors.

If, then, the walls of your room are sober and quiet, then let there be warm, bright colors in your window and door hangings. If your walls are warm and rich in color, your curtains may be softer and more quiet in tone. The matter of choice of color must depend wholly on your other furnishings. Always test a color with its surroundings. Do not take it for granted that drapery that has in it a maroon stripe must naturally be the best thing with a maroon carpet. Only put the two together and you may find the Bedouin stripe, which seemed so perfect a thing in the shop, has wholly ruined the color of your floor, while perhaps a discarded dull blue and gold and olive would only bring out the rich wine colors of your rug.

As a curtain is made to hang, good folds must be one of the things to consider in the choice of a curtain. There are very many materials in use for heavy curtains, cotton flannels, jutes, momie cloth in cotton, linen, and wool, Bedouin stripe, velveteen, wool diagonal, Turk satin or satin sheeting, velvet, and plush.

The cotton flannel comes in good colors, and woven alike on both sides, does not demand a lining. It is inexpensive, but being all cotton will fade badly when hung in a strong light. There are jutes as low as fifty cents a yard. Many of the jutes are very good, both in design and color. The momie cloths are to be had in cotton, linen, and wool. This material is a difficult one on which to draw a design, but it comes in good shades of color for embroidery, and hangs in good folds. It varies in price, the woolen of course is best and most expensive, being from $2.75 to $3.50 per yard double width. The Bedouin stripe has generally good combinations of color, being latitudinal stripes of shades of olive, yellow, old gold, dull blue, dull white, and wine color, like a Roman ribbon in softened shades. This is both imported and of domestic manufacture, and varies in price from $1.25 to $2.50 per yard. It is wide enough for a single curtain, and being alike on both sides, does not always demand a lining. Velveteen hangs in good folds, but is narrow, and must be lined. It can be had from fifty cents to $1.25 per yard, but in considering the cost of your curtain, do not forget the lack of width of your material and the needed lining. The wool diagonal is an exceedingly good woolen material, $3.50 per yard fifty-two inches wide. This is particularly good for embroidery. It has a firm body and good folds, and may be embroidered very effectively in double crewels lighted up with silk. It is manufactured only in England at present, and we have but few shades imported as yet. I have seen maroon, light blue, blue green, olive, old gold, and deep blue. The deep blue, olive, and maroon are the most useful of the colors we have at present for any embroidery. As this material is difficult to find in many desirable shades, I have seen used satisfactorily, in its place, heavy white flannel which had been sent to the dye house and colored the desired shade. I do not understand why none of our woolen factories in this country have undertaken to supply the growing demand for diagonals and serges in good artistic colors for embroidery purposes as curtains and table-covers

The Turk satin or satin sheeting is beautiful for embroidery, and can be had in choice colors. It is double width and costs $3.50 or $3.75 a yard with cotton back, and from $6.00 to $6.50 with raw silk filling. This last is exceedingly beautiful in color and texture for embroidery, where a heavy satin drapery is desired. Plush is very beautiful in itself and may be had at $5.00 a yard. The most artistic embroideries for sale in this country, if we except occasional Eastern embroideries found by rare accident by those who know their worth, were first imported by Torry, Bright and Capen, of Boston, from the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington, England. They are now for sale at A. H. Davenport's, 96 and 98 Washington Street, Boston. A new importation of both embroideries and materials is expected this fall. There are on exhibition at present several curtains, one pair in heavy plush with border of satin sheeting at the side, embroidered with a design in plush and gold thread. There is an antique hanging of many colors. There are table-covers in the well-known Kensington designs, and in softest of colors, on Turk satin, diagonal, serge and linen. These embroideries commend themselves to all lovers of good needlework.

There are many other costly stuffs of which I have made no mention, as the raw silks, tapestry materials, and the delightful hangings with Eastern designs interwoven with gold and silver threads. One simple way to make a not too expensive curtain is to have the body of a more inexpensive material, but good in color, and put across it at a little distance from the top, a band of some one of the rich tapestry materials. This gives your room a band of beautiful color when you cannot afford the more difficult or expensive embroidered curtains.

If there need be no limit to the expense of your hanging, and you do not choose to plan it yourself, it would be wisest to consult one of our best artists, as Samuel Coleman or Louis Tiffany, and let it be really a work of art. If you wish to embroider your curtain yourself, content with a humble success, if it be all your own, then keep in mind the words with which we began, "a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain amount of good." A good piece of embroidery cannot be made without work. Give study to your design, and choose one that you really like. If you cannot make your own design, engage an artist to design for you and to select your colors. Then there is nothing to do but to work with "enjoyment," "delight," and a dogged patience, till your hangings are finished.

The long border design for curtains, on the loose sheet of Demorest's Monthly, with this number, may be embroidered on light yellow blue velveteen or velvet, the flowers in three shades of pale yellows just off white. The centers of the three flowers are filled in the three ways given in the design. No. 1 has the center filled in long stitches of old gold, then crossed with double crewels, and these cross bars caught down with a stitch of a still lighter shade. No. 2 has a center of French knots of old gold with radiating lines of a lighter yellow in double crewels. No. 3 is simply cross bars of double crewels of old gold caught down with a stitch of a lighter shade. The leaves and stems are embroidered in three blending shades of dark olive. The slight shadow lines in the design give the position of the darkest shade of green. The leaves may be embroidered with short and long stitch, double crewels on the outer edge and near the mid vein, using the lightest and darkest green, according to shadow in the design. (The long and short stitch for leaf was given in the last number.) The middle of the leaf may be filled with the medium color in stem stitch. It is wisest to work this in a frame. Before removing from the frame, a brush with embroidery paste must be passed across the back of the embroidery and the embroidery dried. This will prevent the work from drawing. This same design may be worked in outline on linen in two colors.

The designs for a powdered curtain are to be embroidered in New England stitch. A description of this stitch, and the use of colors for these designs, have been given in former numbers.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

THE DANCING LESSON.

My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"YOU are all so good-natured," I say, addressing the young ladies generally, "that I think you will not be offended if I criticise a little?"

"I wish you would take us to task about something," says Sophie Mapes heartily, "for you are always so pleased with all we say and do, that I am afraid you don't find fault as often as we deserve."

"But indeed," I say, "I am not going to find fault now, except in a suggestive way. I will mention no names, but one dear friend of mine not twenty miles away, will know who I mean when I say that I made a call the other day, and found the daughter of the house making a pudding for dinner."

"And she felt so full of shame
She did not like to tell her name,"

quoted Jennie, interrupting me. "That was me, sure enough, for I was making a chocolate pudding one day last week when you came to see mamma, and I rushed upstairs to her sitting-room, when I heard you was there, to try to coax you to stay to dinner. But for pity's sake, do explain yourself, and if there *is* any harm in making a chocolate pudding, break it to me as gently as you can, and I'll never do so any more."

"There is no harm in the world in making a pudding," I say, laughing at Jennie's puzzled looks.

"Well, what is the matter then? I flattered myself that you would be perfectly delighted with my industry, etc., and I am greatly disappointed in you."

"Indeed you need not be," I say, "for I admired your industry very much. Your mother had just been telling me what a good little housekeeper you are, and of how much care you relieve her. But, and now I am coming to the criticism, what did you wear while you made the pudding?"

"What did I wear?" answers Jennie, reflecting. "I am sure I don't remember what dress I had on that day. Was it a black silk? let me see. No, I guess it was my dark green silk with the satin stripes."

"Neither of those," I say, "but one equally inappropriate, a blue silk and velvet dress, with steel passementerie."

"Oh, that old thing," says Jennie, rather contemptuously, "I think I did wear it that day. The truth is, I am very fond of it because it has a kind of style about it that none but French clothes seem to have, and so I keep on wearing it, although it is awfully shabby."

"It is a beautiful dress," I say, "and the shabbiness is not apparent. The material is very rich, and it is certainly a great mistake to wear anything so handsome into the kitchen, to be daubed and smirched with milk, flour, butter and the other detrimentals that amateur cooks are apt to deface their dresses with. Even a large apron is not sufficient protection for such a rich dress."

"And I did not wear even an apron," says Jennie, "but really the dress was of no consequence."

"*I* do not agree with you there," I say. "It would be worth making over—if not for you for some other persons—or your mother might choose to have parts of it used again, and the soiling it must receive while you are at work in the kitchen lessens its value for second use. Every lady who does any cooking or housework, should have some kind of a wash dress to do her work in."

"Well, I do get my dresses shamefully messed," confesses Jennie, "but half the time I go down stairs to do something in the kitchen just on the spur of the moment."

"Even so," I say, "you could have an immense apron and a pair of Japanese cuffs, all ready for you in the hall closet, and put them on whenever the fine frenzy for sudden cooking came upon you. They would protect your sleeves and skirt very nicely; or better still, you could have a plain calico wrapper, or skirt and sack, to slip on over your dress."

"That is an excellent idea," says Miss Greene, "and I will make a note of it. I have a good deal of regular work to do every day when I am at home, and I always dress for it. I prefer to get up very early and do all I can before breakfast, or at least, as soon after it as possible. I wear an old calico while I am busy, but when I get through I put on my real morning dress, and then I am ready for sewing, or whatever else is on the carpet. Very often though, even after I am dressed for the afternoon, or after I have come in from walking, there is something unexpected to be done in the kitchen, and I do think your idea of an overwrapper is very good."

"I saw a lot of calico wrappers advertised for sixty cents each," I say, "so you can all supply yourselves without being called extravagant."

"Do you think," asks Miss Green, "that it is a good plan, ordinarily, I mean, to buy ready-made things—underclothing, for instance?"

"I really am old-fashioned enough," I answer, "to think that after a girl has left school she had better make her own underclothes, if only for the sake of knowing how. But in these days of machines, plain sewing is not the labor it once was. The time and eyesight that used to be expended upon fine stitching, in the days when our grandmothers counted the threads each time they put the needle in, will never come again, so that making up muslin is not the weariness to the flesh it was then. But it is really a necessary part of a good education to know how to cut out a garment and put it together properly."

"Seams, gussets and bands, bands, gussets and seams," says Jennie; "the complication is maddening."

"Yes, if you are inexperienced and have no one to tell you how to manage them, but a little practice will make it all easy, and then when you employ others to work for you, you will know how to give orders intelligently. Young people cannot possibly tell what experiences the future will bring to them, so it is well to be forearmed by preparing yourselves for any situation in life. If your life has to be spent in the kitchen, so to speak, work will come easier for having some knowledge of your business beforehand, and an easier lot falls to you. Life in the parlor will be more enjoyable if you know how to keep the domestic wheels well oiled, and have sufficient ability to keep your own hand upon the helm. I am speaking now of your probable situation as housekeepers. Of course, in the chances and changes of life, it may be necessary for some of you to earn your own living, but the various ways of doing that and the special preparations necessary include too wide a field for discussion to-day."

"I don't believe I like housekeeping much," says one of the girls.

"I am sorry for that," I answer, "but don't be discouraged; if you ever have a house of your own, you will take a pride and pleasure in taking care of it, and the very things that are distasteful to you now, will become agreeable. I hope that when the whole care of housekeeping does fall to you, you will not fret yourself, and other people too, about your duties, whether they are trifling or considerable. Bring enthusiasm to your work if you can, and do everything heartily, and conscientiously, but manage to divide your time so that your occupation is not prominent to every one else. Madame Roland says: 'I think the mistress of a family should superintend everything herself without saying a word about it, and with such command of temper and management of time as will leave her the means of pleasing by her good humor, intelligence, and the grace natural to her sex.' Another celebrated woman, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, says: 'The most trivial details of household economy become elegant and refined when they are ennobled by sentiment.'"

"I wonder," says Miss Little, "if the distinguished persons who said all these fine things really had any practical knowledge of cooking."

"Of course they did," I answer; "why need you doubt it? Some of the most charming and cultivated women in the world are excellent housekeepers. I read not long ago an extract from the letter of a celebrated poet, mentioning an accident which had detained a party of travelers a day and night in a wretched little tavern in Spain. An uneatable supper, vilely served, sent the party hungry to their improvised beds. The next morning two of the ladies, one a writer not unknown to fame, the other a titled Englishwoman, arose early, and gaining possession, by bribery and corruption probably, of the kitchen, prepared the breakfast with their own hands. Coffee, omelet, toast and rice cakes, the letter states, was the bill of fare, but there was art in the omelet, poetry in the cakes and skill in the evenly browned toast. Art, poetry and skill ought to make a breakfast taste good, even where a variety of material is lacking, as it undoubtedly was there."

"English ladies generally take a good deal of interest in cooking, don't they?" asks one of the girls.

"I have always supposed so," I say, "but lately I have seen in English papers, several earnest appeals to ladies of position, to take more active interest in the science and practice of cooking, for the sake of example. Poor-

er classes, they say, have a weak contempt for it, and many girls, who with training would be capable cooks, think themselves more genteel as incapable dressmakers, milliners and so forth. I suppose from that, that English ladies, like ourselves, are somewhat careless of their duties."

"I am sure English gentlemen respect good housekeepers, by the way they always speak of them," says Sophie Mapes.

"Yes," I say, "Englishmen have a high respect for cooking and kindred arts, and I think they really feel that the nation would be benefited by a more thorough diffusion of such knowledge. I have read of a disputed will case in England, where a witness kept repeating that he was certain the testator was of sound mind and led a godly and pious life. When the judge asked what he meant by a godly and pious life, the witness answered, 'Please your lordship, he spent the most of his time and money in teaching poor people how to make cheap soup.'"

"A little while ago," says Jennie, "I read in a paper that men were more interested in making women's work easy and comfortable for them than they were themselves, and that women never invented anything or originated any new ways of doing their work. That vexed me; so I have been noticing, and have heard of a lot of things that were invented by women for their own especial business. I asked a man in a hardware store, and he told me lots of things were patented by women. I made up my mind then, that lazy husbands often patent their wives' inventions, and take all the credit, and the money too I dare say."

"But it seems that some women do get their own patents."

"Oh yes, I have made out quite a list of them," says Jennie. "I wish I had brought it, for I don't remember many. There are three or four flour sifters, several nutmeg graters, a hash chopper, and a bread cutter, besides a queer kitchen table with all sorts of adjustable contrivances, which women have invented. Then a lady on a fruit farm has taken a patent for a machine to gather fruit. Harriet Gray, of Wisconsin, has patented a tea-kettle; Mrs. Atwood, of Maine, a dish-washing machine; and Mrs. Amelia Lewis, of New York, a Reformer stove, which not only saves fuel but food. I wish I could remember more of my list, but I didn't think of the subject coming up to-day."

"It is always a timely one," I say, "and we are much obliged to you for the information you have given us. As you are so anxious to vindicate the ability of your sex, why not invent something yourself? I know you are very ingenious."

"Thank you, ma'am, for the last clause. I am going to invent ever so many things when I can get time to begin. I mean to have a machine for making bread that will tell just when it is light enough to knead, and ready to go into the oven, and all that, and I mean to invent a machine for setting a table, and another for reminding people to do the right things at the right time."

"Oh, Jennie, Jennie, you will have to put brains into your machines if they are to do your thinking for you."

A Winter Garden.

BY VIVIAN VINCENT.

"No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grounde,
No arborett with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be founde,
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arounde." *The Faerie Queene.*

LONG observation has convinced me that a thriving window garden or a thoroughly satisfied window gardener are things as rare to be met with in this Borean climate as

"Roses in December,—ice in June,—"

I forbear to quote further lest I prejudice my fair audience. Successful window gardens there undoubtedly are, but unfortunately they are only rendered the more conspicuous by their extreme rarity. Probably few have any trouble during the summer—that period of balmy breezes and open windows. But as soon as the former cease to blow, and the latter have to be kept shut, then the troubles of the winter garden commence. After weeks of watching and care, of watering and nursing, one awakens on a morning after a cold night to behold nothing but blackened leaves and shriveled stems where but yesterday were bright flowers and leafy beauty. And a mental resolve is made never to try to keep flowers in winter again—till next time.

Now there is a remedy for all this vexation and annoyance, and I propose to write about the means for its cure.

In the first place, we should remember that the life of a plant approaches very closely to the life of an animal. Plants breathe—they exhale—they imbibe nourishment by millions of pores—and they are as sensitive to abrupt changes of temperature as any human being. Again, as well try to feed all people alike and expect them to thrive as give to all your plants the same amount of air, water, sunshine, and heat.

Most persons obtain their plants either from some florist near at hand or from their own gardens. My experience tells me that the latter thrive best indoors, and the reason is not far to seek, as we shall see. Suppose you determine to have a window-garden, and, having no flowers, you go to the nursery. The plants arrive home, and for a few days or weeks look charmingly. Then you notice a period of decline to set in, and your flowers look much as a bird does when moulting. In vain you water them, and poke up the earth in the pots with a stick. They steadily refuse to be comforted, and most likely wither and turn brown. The probable cause is that your plants tried hard to become acclimatized, but died in the trying. The damp warm air of the florist's was highly favorable to their growth, and they drank in sustenance at every pore. The hot dry air of your city or even country house was simply killing, as such a change would be to a man, woman, or child. The life was burnt out of them.

So it is no wonder that plants that have spent some time in your garden, where the air strikes a happy medium between the warmth and moisture of the florist's and the furnace-air of your house, thrive best. But even these often fail, and we must look elsewhere for the cause.

It is usual, on the approach of winter, for those who enjoy the luxury of a garden to pot those of their plants that will not survive out of doors. Now right here is where the trouble begins. It should be invariably kept in mind that the soil that will suit a plant in the open ground, where it has so many other helps to life, such as rain, dew, wind, and sunshine, will *not* suit when it is relegated to the narrow and confined limits of a four-inch flower-pot. What it loses in rain, dew, and wind must be compensated by an increased richness of soil, and this is just what so many people fail to give the plant; so, in course of time, it, too, goes the way of its brother of the hot-house.

From these foregoing remarks it will be perceived that my drift is to impress on all the necessity of humoring the plant. Inquire of your florist the peculiar habit of each, and endeavor to accommodate your treatment as you would that for children of diverse dispositions. No cast-iron rule can be laid down, because the conditions constantly vary.

And now a word about frost, that arch enemy of the window gardener. I suppose more plants are lost from this cause than from any other. And yet, in most cases, a little forethought would save them. First, it may be premised as a pretty safe rule that if the room has a south exposure and is moderately warmed there is very little danger of death by frost. If this is not attainable, however, on the weather indicating a severe night move your flower stand back a few feet from the window, and place a lighted kerosene lamp *on the floor* between the plants and the window. I knew this to save some rare tropical plants on more than one occasion when, in the latitude of Boston, the mercury indicated minus thirty degrees Fahrenheit.

Again, water infrequently but plentifully in winter, and never allow the upper crust of earth to grow caked. By so doing all access of air to the roots of the plant is prevented; and the roots need air as much as the leaves. There is a popular fallacy afloat that a plant should have plenty of room in a pot. True enough—the roots should never be cramped; but that plant will thrive the best whose roots touch the pot on all sides. Reason: the red earthenware flower-pots are great absorbents of moisture; a large part of that you pour on the plant is soaked up by the pot. Hence, if the roots are in contact they stand a good chance of getting some of that moisture back again.

I have found it good and successful practice to divide my plants into classes—not botanical classes—but into groups that would thrive under the same treatment, and to keep each in a separate room. By reference to any seed or flower catalogue the most unskillful can do this very readily; and if the different methods of treatment are adhered to, success will, I think, crown the effort.

The best flower stand is that described in

Mrs. Stowe's "American Woman's Home." It is in the form of an ordinary four-legged table with the top taken off and renailed on underneath the frame, thus forming a tray about six inches deep. The potted plants are arranged in this, and rich black earth is scattered over the whole, and in the interstices between the pots, thus keeping the whole moist. Vines planted in each corner and trained along the edge add greatly to the good effect. It has been tried often and always successfully in localities where very severe winters are the rule not the exception.

House-Flowers, and how to Grow Them.

THE Heliotrope, although more prized for its delightful fragrance than for the beauty and size of its flowers, is a charming acquisition to both window and out-door garden, and when in thrifty condition is a constant and free bloomer. When first introduced into Europe, about 1757, it was a small shrub, bearing lavender-colored flowers, similar in fragrance to vanilla; since then, however, careful hybridizers have given this genus much attention, and the numerous varieties—the result of their efforts—exhibit considerable diversity in the size and color of the flowers, which can now be had, from the fairest white to the richest, deepest purple. The name, rather a pretty one, is derived from the Greek, *helios*, the sun, and *trepo*, to turn; and classical fable informs us that Clytia was turned into this flower through gazing at Apollo, who was identified as Helios, the sun-god. The Heliotrope delights in rich, light soil, and must be kept healthy and pruned closely, to have it bloom in perfection; although cuttings strike readily, grow rapidly, and bloom, we find that old plants yield a greater proportion of flowers, and, if wanted for winter blooming, should be repotted early in the summer, and trimmed back closely, so that the young growth can start forth freely, and, if given a good sunny location and warm atmosphere, will be in full bloom by the middle of December.

The Heliotrope is but little troubled with insects, and if showered frequently will not harbor them at all, especially the green fly, which seems to have such an antipathy for it, that, although they may swarm on other plants in close proximity, they will never touch it. The cuttings root quickly in sand or small vials of water, and if properly cared for, will, in a few months, make fine plants. We have found the following varieties to be very satisfactory:—*Mad. de Bonay*, pure white; *Maculata*, purple, white eye; *Little Marguerite*, dark violet; *Corymbosa*, dwarf in habit and light lavender. At least one Heliotrope should be tended by the flower lover, and it will return tenfold—even more—the labor spent upon it by a wealth of sweet flowers that will perfume a whole room with their exquisite fragrance.

Of all the deservedly popular plants the Begonia has but few equals. It is herbaceous or *suffruticose*, a native of South America, and is divided into three classes—the tuberous-rooted, the flowering, and ornamental. The first-named variety has not been as universally grown as the other two, but, as they are very desirable, we well recommend it to the amateur for summer culture in pots; but the tubers or bulbs must remain dormant through the winter. The intermediate has beautiful large flowers, from rosy red to the brightest scarlet, while the *Boliviensis* has orange and scarlet flowers. The bulbs should be taken up as soon as the tops die down, dried, and kept in a cool place free from frost until early spring, when they should be started in pots and kept growing until ready to transplant.

We cannot write or speak too favorably of the good qualities of the flowering Begonias, they are so easily cared for, and make such a beautiful display of rich glossy foliage and bright-hued flowers. They require light, rich soil, and we have found them thrive best when it contains about one-fifth part rotten wood and a good proportion of well-rotted manure mixed with rich garden soil and sand. The best situation to induce satisfactory growth is one with considerable light, but not direct sunshine, as the heat of the sun, when the plants are placed too near the window glass, will cause the leaves to turn black and wither. Give considerable warm water, never cold, but do not let the soil become sodden and sour, as is too often the case, or gradual and certain decay will be the result. We find the best and most ornamental among the flowering varieties to be the following: *Argyrostigma picta*, bright, glossy, green leaves, spotted with white, pink flowers; the *Weltoniensis Alba* and *Weltoniensis*, the former with beautiful, clear, green leaves and white flowers, the latter with leaves and stems tinted red, and rich pink flowers. If both of these varieties are potted during the early summer months and plunged into the ground where the situation is warm but shady, they will grow and bloom quite early in winter after being removed into the house. *B. Sandersvini* is a lovely plant with fine scarlet flowers, that bloom profusely. *Begonia Glaucophylla Scandens* is a graceful, drooping variety with reddish hued flowers, very suitable for baskets. Having had the *Begonia Rubra* but a short while, and scarcely knowing its real merit, still we think it especially desirable, and believe that it will soon be found in close companionship with our former old and favorite varieties; perhaps crowd the least beautiful out of place. The leaves of the *Rubra* are of a rich, dark green, the flowers scarlet rose, borne in large clusters. The foliage of the *Subyselta Nigricans*, which is a purplish bronze, makes a fine contrast when placed among the clear green varieties, and is highly esteemed on that account. These seven varieties are easily grown from slips or divisions of the roots, and will be found suitable for in-door decoration, as they generally present a fresh, clean appearance, the dust being so easily removed by sprinkling with an atomizer or fine rose to the watering-pot.

The *Rex* varieties are only grown for the foliage, which display beautiful colors and markings; and, as it is impossible to accurately or satisfactorily describe them, we will simply refer to the treatment that they require. Although the roots demand considerable water, and that rather warm, the leaves, some of which are rough and hairy, should never be wet; but when the apartment where they are kept is swept and dusted, they should be carefully and closely covered with newspapers. But despite every precaution, infinitesimal atoms of dust will settle upon the leaves, and, if not brushed or blown off, injure the health and looks of the plant. They do not need strong sunlight, but must have a warm temperature of from 60 to 70 degrees, and the same soil that grows the flowering varieties will be found sufficient for their requirements. As a specimen plant, they are unsurpassed, and placed in a vase, upon a bracket, or amid flowering plants and trailing vines, their gorgeous beauty and singularity attract the attention and call forth warm expressions of admiration from every beholder. The *Begonia Rex* is not, as many suppose, difficult of propagation. Fill a pot with sand to within an inch of the top, wet it thoroughly, and pin a leaf closely down upon it in several places; cover with a bell glass if you have one, but they are not absolutely necessary, as a tumbler fitted over the leaf will do equally well. Keep the sand wet and in a warm place, and in two or three weeks, wherever the leaf is punctured, the tiny rootlets will start forth, and after they grow two or three inches long, the buds will be sufficiently strong and developed, to be separated and planted into thumb pots. If a really pretty and novel display is desired, set the large pot containing the parent Begonias upon a flower stand or table, and arrange the small ones around them, fill the spaces with thick green moss, place here and there a trailing vine or ivy, and if you cannot imagine that they constitute a happy family, you may at least feel assured that they make a beautiful and attractive one.

It is obvious that plants grown in-doors require more attention than those grown in the garden, and that there are conditions to be observed to keep them healthy and produce natural looking specimens of the plant family.

Of course good soil, plenty of light, some portion of sunlight and fresh air, allied with the skillful care of the amateur, often produces plants of perfect form, luxuriant foliage, and beautiful flowers. To have well-shaped plants, let all those varieties that require sunshine stand very near to the window, and turn the pots a little every day, or else they will grow one-sided and out of correct proportion.

Plants should be kept much cooler during the night, and it is only necessary to observe, that if the room is of equal temperature both day and night, the majority will become spindling and unhealthy looking. Neither should water be allowed to stand in the saucers from day to day, as is often the case, thinking meanwhile that it accelerates growth. This is a mistaken idea. No house plant will flourish with its roots standing in stagnant water; it only causes them to decay, thereby impairing their healthfulness. Every day, one-half hour after watering, examine the saucers under the pots, and if the surplus water that may have drained through is not drawn up by the roots within that time, do not neglect pouring it off, or else your plants will ultimately be injured to a great extent.

The ornamental or foliage plants are invaluable and indispensable adjuncts of the window garden. We do not require flowers from them as from other plants; only bright-hued leaves, to add by their cheerful contrast, lovely bits of color here and there among the wealth of green, that some plants persistently give instead of flowers. Some amateurs complain that despite all their careful "watch and ward," their plants will not bloom until late in the winter, and feeling the need of color among the green that predominates in their windows, ask for assistance. We remember the same want when we too were beginners—caring for Flora's fair treasures, but having the lesson still in mind that Experience taught us, we hope to keep others out of a similar difficulty.

With many the Coleus is highly esteemed as an ornamental plant. Admitting its excellent qualities, and having grown it freely both in and out of doors, we cannot conscientiously recommend it to amateur culturists for their winter collection: as they require a moist, warm, even temperature, the slightest chill will cause the leaves to drop—the sure forerunner of their death; for, unlike the majority of other plants, they do not possess great recuperative powers. Being apprised

of their nature, it will be best to grow them during the summer, and substitute the Achyranthes for winter culture. These possess the richest coloring and most beautiful veining of foliage, will thrive in common temperatures, require but little care, and do not ask for direct sunshine, a requirement often hard to accede. Having raised the following varieties for years, and knowing and loving them as they deserve, we will name and describe each. The *Aureus reticulata*, leaves a clear bright green, veined with yellow, crimson stems; *A. Lindenii*, dwarf in habit, deep red foliage, narrow lanceolate leaves; *A. Verschaffeltii*, deep blood red, a good grower, and fine grown in large pots; *A. Verschaffeltii*, var. *Gilsonii*, leaves a deep carmine, stems dark pink, a beautiful and rich appearing plant. These should be grown out during summer, but early in September, and later in October, just before killing frosts, break off slips and place in pots or boxes filled with two-thirds part of common garden soil, and one part sand. Keep the dirt very wet, and they will quickly root. Place the largest slips, which should be six or seven inches long, in good sized pots, give water frequently, and always when needed; this is easily told, as the soil should never be allowed to become very dry. They will grow rapidly and make large sized plants that will present a lovely appearance when placed so that the light will shine through and exhibit the exquisite veinings and shadings of the leaves. Frequent pinching and shifting the position of the pots, will cause the plants to grow compactly and in symmetrical form.

The silver-leaved foliage plants contrast most beautifully with the dark hued and red ornamental plants, and, if possible, should always be placed in a suitable position near them, so as to render more distinct their bright coloring and fine marking. For this purpose we have found the Centaurea and Cineraria very effective. *Centaurea candidissima* is dwarf in habit, leaves white and frosty-looking. *C. gymnocarpa*, drooping in habit, with silvery-gray foliage cut very much like the fern.

The *Cineraria maritima* has beautiful white leaves deeply serrated, and in some respects resemble the Centaurea. When once grown, either of the above will be deemed an important addition to the window garden.

Several years ago when we were at a florist's, we noticed a quaint looking plant with dark, rich shining green leaves irregularly spotted with yellow. It was so peculiarly attractive, that we made it our first purchase, and upon inquiring its name, etc., were informed that it was a *Farfugium grande* or *F. ligatum variegatum*, a hardy herbaceous plant from Japan.

After careful inspection we found that it was root-bound, and proceeded immediately to transfer it to a good sized pot filled with rich sandy soil. It was then placed upon the steps of the north veranda and watered quite frequently. After a short time it began to grow rapidly, and new leaves, thick downy, queer-looking little things, would spring up in a night's time, while the old leaves grew also larger, greener and more spotted. In the fall we moved the plant indoors, where, although it received but little attention, it continued growing all winter, and became the general favorite. In the spring we found that it had increased, and, after separating it, found that we had five plants, young and thrifty ones. These we planted out in a cool, shady situation, and it was not until they had one season's culture out of doors that we fully realized the beauty and worth of the Farfugium. The leaves were so ornamental and grew so large, some measuring seven inches across with spots of creamy yellow as large as a silver five-cent piece.

When the bloom-stalks ran up, in the latter part of September, we found that the plant belonged to the Dandelion family, as the blossoms, which were borne on stalks twelve to eighteen inches high, resembled the flowers of that species in color and form, and having but little claim to beauty; and as the beautiful variegation of the leaves diminished during the period of flowering, we have since the first time of blooming always removed the buds as soon as they appear, thus strengthening the young plants that form by the old one, for, like herbaceous perennials in general, the *Farfugium grande* propagates itself from the root.

From the first little plant obtained seven years ago how much real pleasure has been derived. Each year's increase was divided among admiring and covetous flower lovers, still they grew, and now we have twenty or more right royal beauties. Some are placed conspicuously in a rockery, some in beds, some in pots. After a general distribution this fall, the remainder will be planted in rich, sandy soil, and placed upon a large flower stand made expressly for them. The interstices between the pots will be filled with sand and moss, and in it will be placed pieces of *Selaginella*, *Senecio scandens*, *Repens vittata*, and *Tradescantia discolor*. These will be kept moist, and the stand will be put in a room directly opposite a south or west window where the light and but few sun rays will fall upon it. All winter it will be one of our prime favorites, although it will not give us a single flower; still the beautiful shades of green, cream yellow, purple, and crimson will be sufficiently attractive in combination to dispense with buds and blossoms.

The *Ficus elastica* or India-rubber plant, as it is most commonly called, is admirable grown as a specimen plant, and is very suitable for winter decoration. It will fit into a warm, close corner where no other plant would thrive, and as it requires but little water, the timid amateur may feel perfectly safe in giving it a small portion, and need never worry if the soil often looks hard and dry. The soil should be rich and sandy to induce quick growth, and the large, leathery-looking leaves will never be troubled with insects, as they are easily kept clean, healthy, and bright by frequent sponging to remove dust.

As but few plants grow and bloom satisfactorily indoors without the aid of fertilizers, we will give a few hints relative to their general use.

Plants chiefly feed on matter taken in with the water from the soil. The application of stimulants, therefore, will be best made at the time of watering, and when the soil is moderately dry. An excellent liquid fertilizer, and one which is not disagreeable for indoor use, is made of three ounces of nitrate of potash, six ounces sulphate of ammonia, and two ounces of white sugar. Dissolve in one quart of water, and keep tightly corked. About one tablespoonful of this solution to every gallon of water is the proper proportion. It should be given to the plants every week, especially those of free and vigorous growth. One tablespoonful of aqua ammonia to a gallon of water stimulates flower-growth wonderfully. Two tablespoonfuls of guano to the gallon of water is also good; but we have found hen manure to be just as efficacious, and not at all offensive if a few ounces of pulverized charcoal is added to neutralize the odor.

Any or all of these stimulants are to be easily obtained by the flower culturist, and if there is a dull looking leaved plant, slow growing ivy, wax plant, fuchsia, or any other variety that appears weakly, try some of the above awhile, and note the result, which cannot fail to be pleasing, and take our word for it you will never again be without a good supply of fertilizing material.

ADELAIDE HOYT.

Girdles and Sashes.

THE zone or girdle is of great antiquity, and has been worn by all nations. Venus's girdle, the poet tells us, was an embroidered one, and Hesiod speaks of "handsomely girded females."

Among the Romans the girdle was universal, and was worn by both sexes. The men did not wear it at home, but never went abroad without it, and on such occasions it answered the purpose of a purse.

The Normans wore them very richly adorned, especially the nobility, the belt or girdle being the sign of knighthood. Among the Anglo-Saxons, too, the girdle was an essential part of the attire, especially with men, who used them for confining the tunic and holding the sword. Those of the ladies were richly embroidered and studded with gems.

Girdles or zones have always been popular with ladies, and at times, they have been very splendid. In the picture of Leonora Galligai, painted by Rubens, the girdle resembles a gold cord passed twice around the waist, a gold flagon being at the end. Napoleon presented the Empress Maria Louise with a very elegant girdle. The cincture was of two bands of openwork gold, set with pearls at the edge, and joining at the center with a large cameo, from which was suspended a pendant ornamented with crowns, from which hung pearl tassels. Queen Christina had a broad girdle of sapphires and brilliants which sold for eight thousand four hundred and twenty dollars. Queen Isabella of Spain had a zone of pink topaz and diamonds, with large tassels of the same. Another of her girdles was of diamond flowers and leaves, with a diamond serpent coiled among them. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria has a girdle of flowers, the leaves being of emeralds and the flowers of diamonds. Mrs. Bell, of San Francisco, has a gold belt studded with eight hundred and fifty diamonds, to which is attached a chatelaine of stars and crescents richly decorated with diamonds.

Let us take a glance at some of the girdles and sashes worn by more ordinary people, for the average woman cannot afford the luxury of zones of diamonds and emeralds, but must content herself with something plainer.

We now leave the land of sparkling splendor, of diamonds and of emeralds, and come down to the plain region of ribbons. In the early years, 1807, 1812, 1816, and on, there was really nothing to put a belt upon. Waists of dresses were so short, coming right under the arm, that but little opportunity was left for the use of belts or sashes. Not that they were not occasionally seen, for in 1807 we find sashes, with long fringed ends, tied in small bows at the side. They were also brought from under the arm and looped on one side of the bodice with an ornament, one long end finished off with a gilt tassel, reaching nearly to the end of the dress at the side. In 1812, sashes were sometimes seen tied in front in a small bow with long ends, and narrow belts were also worn.

We pass over the years of these short waists, to 1824, when sashes and belts made considerable show. We find belts of shaded ribbon worn, fastened in front with a gold buckle. Belts were seen this year of a net-work of *acier bronze*, with a wrought buckle of the same; or a net-work of silk to resemble hair, which belt was worn with a jet buckle. Sashes with long ends were worn this year, and were fastened by a brilliant buckle (not a buckle of brilliants) at the side. For evening wear they were made of satin ribbon, tied in a bow at the back, and ornamented with small acorns composed of pearls.

In 1825 sashes were quite popular, being worn even with walking costumes. They were of broad satin ribbon fastened at the side with a silver or

pearl buckle, and the ends were fringed or embroidered. Gold clasps superseded buckles, and were used on belts to confine the pelisses worn. Cords and tassels of silk or gilt were also seen.

The sash in 1826 was worn *à la François*, that is, it extended from the waist to the shoulders, meeting in points diagonally. It was tied in bows in front with ends that reached nearly half way down the skirt. This was evening style.

In 1827 belts matched the dress in material and color. For evening wear gauze sashes were in vogue fastened at the left side with a gold buckle, and finished with three ends of varying length each terminating in a double bow. Sometimes the sash crossed from the right side to the left where it was fastened with a bouquet of roses. For walking the sash was tied in front.

The girdles of 1828 were much richer than those of former years, although they were by no means as elegant as those of antiquity. Broad gilt belts, embroidered with crimson bows, were seen this year appended to which were gilt tassels hanging at the side. Pointed belts were also worn, and Swiss bodices laced down the front.

Cordelières were fashionable in 1829, and were of gold, silver, and silk twist, with tassels to match. Belts of the material of the dress, corded with a contrasting hue, were also seen, and sashes were worn, but generally for the evening.

From this period up we find but little variety. Sometimes one fashion ruled, sometimes another. Pointed belts and round belts and sashes all held sway, displacing each other as the whims of Fashion dictated. In 1835 very large buckles, oblong in shape, gave some variety, and were made of gold, silver, carved pearl, and even of so base a metal as brass. These were worn with very broad, stiff ribbon belts, which were sometimes richly embroidered.

The introduction of peaked bodices, long peaks and short peaks, signed the death warrant of belts. Sashes for evening wear lived a sickly existence, and at last they died outright. Basques were not favorable to the revival of girdles and sashes, and although they have made several attempts to struggle into a healthy life, they have never quite succeeded until the present.

And yet a "handsomely girded female," as the poet says, is very attractive. A neat, trim figure is always improved by a belt. Of course there are figures that are not, for it must be understood that Venus's zone was not two yards in circumference.

Wedding Etiquette in Paris.

THE marriage customs of France differ materially from those of almost every other country. Essentially a Roman Catholic nation, and believing most firmly in marriage as a sacrament, her children must be wedded with "bell and book," according to the rites of the Church, while the French marriage law, ignoring the Church entirely, requires a ceremony performed by a minister of the law, and registered and witnessed in due legal form. Without this any marriage, no matter how solemnly blessed by the priest, is unlawful. Thus it has become the custom to have two ceremonies, the civil or real marriage, and the Church wedding following closely after. It is very likely that in many instances, owing to poverty and various other hindrances, the religious ceremony, not being absolutely necessary, is dispensed with, but the religious and fashionable world of Paris cling to this last, without which, indeed, the idyl of the *epithalamium* would lose the greater part of its charm. One always thinks of a bride as associated with strains of sweetest music, fragrance of orange blossoms, shimmering of pearls, and floating, cloud-like filminess of lace, all of which would find no place in a mayor's office.

Generally the civil marriage takes place at the mayoralty the evening or afternoon before the day selected for the ceremony at the church. Every one of the witnesses may go separately; as for the bride and groom they must go together. The *futur* comes for his betrothed and accompanies her with her family to the mayoralty, his family going by themselves like the witnesses. If the marriage is in the morning, there should be prepared, at the residence of the bride-elect's parents, a breakfast to which have been invited family and friends. If it takes place in the evening, it is followed by a dinner in the same way. When one wishes to obtain permission of the mayor to be married upon a day or at an hour when the ceremony does not usually take place, it is necessary to pay him a visit and make the request, and it is proper to invite him to the repast that follows the ceremony. The gentlemen should be in frock-coats, light trousers, gloves, and colored cravats. For the ladies a too dressy appearance is in as bad taste as a too careless toilet. They generally adopt the short costume, and the *fiancée* is still dressed like a young girl.

It is customary for the religious ceremony to take place in the parish of the young lady. The hour for the service being irrevocably fixed, letters of invitation to the church ceremony are sent to acquaintances. The invited guests of the bridegroom are placed at the right in the church, and those of the bride on the left. It is in good taste to arrive before the stated hour. The gentleman and his family, accompanied by his witnesses, should call to take the bride and her family from her residence to the church. In the first carriage the bride is seated on the back seat at the right; her mother at her side, while her father and principal witness are seated in front. In default of the father and mother, those who stand in the relation of guardians to the young lady take the places indicated for them. In the second carriage is the bridegroom, with his mother at his right and his father and best man in front. The bride's father, or nearest male relative, gives her his arm to lead her to the altar, while the bridegroom, giving his arm to his mother, walks behind. Directly after them comes the mother of the bride, with the father of the young man, then the bridegroom's witnesses, with two ladies of the bride's family upon their arms, and the witnesses of the bride, leading two ladies of the young man's family. Having reached the altar they all place themselves in the same order, near the newly married pair, the family and witnesses of the bride at her left, and those of the bridegroom at his right.

As soon as they kneel upon their *prie-Dieu*, the bridal pair remove their gloves, not to keep the priest waiting, and when he asks them if they consent, etc., they each, before responding yes, turn for a moment toward their parents as if to ask their consent. A collection for charity is usually made during the service by a young sister of the bride or a young girl of her family, and the young man who leads her through the church by her hand, should be a brother of the bridegroom or a member of his family.

When the ceremony is concluded, the bride and groom repair to the sacristy, and all the invited guests follow to congratulate them. The bridal party place themselves in a semicircle at each side of the bride and groom, and the guests defile past them, pressing their hands or kissing them according to the degree of intimacy, but very rapidly and without unnecessary compliment. On leaving the church, the order is entirely different, the newly made husband offering his arm to his wife.

The toilet of a bride for the church may be elegant and rich, but it should always be severely simple; jewels are tabooed, and the veil is *de rigueur*. For widows, gray, violet, or lilac are the colors generally worn.

From the time her approaching marriage is announced, a young girl of social position does not show herself in public; absenting herself from the theater, opera, and all social reunions, unless these last are given in her honor. The announcement of the young lady's approaching marriage is usually made by her mother to the friends of the family, and thus becomes generally known. After the usual preliminaries are settled, the amount of the bride's *dot* or dowry and settlements agreed upon, the *trousseau* prepared, etc., the notary is summoned to draw up the contract of marriage, at a convenient time, some days before the wedding. The families of the contracting parties, and the chosen witnesses are present, and in some families of standing, an entertainment is given upon the day of the contract, and relatives, friends and acquaintances are invited to witness the signatures. Upon this occasion, the bride-elect wears the classic and traditional rose-colored silk, and the *corbeille*, which is the bridegroom's contribution to the *trousseau*, is displayed, and also all the presents that have been received, and sometimes even the bridal *trousseau*. The guests are free to admire, and conjecture the value of the magnificent caskets of jewels; India shawls, displaying their elegant folds upon pieces of velvet and satin; rich furs, laces of every description, flounces of Valenciennes or round point, the veil of Alençon, and yards of trimming laces, Honiton or Brussels. One can hardly find expressions sufficient to praise all the marvelous and beautiful things that the *fiancée* displays for the admiration of her friends.

European Letter No. 8.

ROME, ITALY, *March 8th*, 1881.

THE leader in all of our moves since we left home knocked at our door one morning, and wanted to know if we did not want to drive out the Appian Way. What a fascinating old sound that had! For several days we had been wandering in the Vatican and Capitol galleries, looking upon the treasures that the whole world knows, and a drive outside the city gates would be a refreshing change. So, taking a fine big carriage with black horses, we gave the order to the coachman, and were driven out toward that famous old road, out past the gray old Colosseum that has witnessed so many scenes of brutality, past the Column of Trajan, past the Forum with its yard full of broken ruins, past the elegant little Temple of Vesta, the Temple of Janus, the ruined Palace of the Cæsars, the enormous ruined baths of Caracalla, past the tomb of Caius Cestius—a distinct pyramid,—past Adrian's tomb, one of the proudest ornaments of Rome, past all of these interesting things we went out on to the Appian Way. We soon left the city of Rome behind, yet the walls, tombs, and sections of old aqueducts were thick along the way. Our modern carriage seemed quite out of place on this rather narrow road, and I felt as though we ought to be driving along it, as they did of old, in a Roman chariot. Much of the original pavement remains; the walls too, along the sides, are in a good state of preservation. It seems a strange idea to have built tombs along the public highway, yet such was their custom, and numbers of the huge windowless piles of stones that compose these tombs are along the way. We alighted, and went in one of the loftiest of these—that of Cecelia Metella,—supposed to have been the wife of a wealthy Roman. No one knows why this woman should have been so honored as to have this magnificent tomb, save that her husband had the money and the generosity to give it to her. The crypt has long since been removed, and all there is to see inside is a deep round hole like a well; outside, the stones are built up in the form of a round tower. Byron, in the fourth Canto of "Childe Harold," describes

this tomb touchingly. We alighted once more to enter the little Latin church *Domine quo Vadis*, built over the spot where Christ met St. Peter as he was escaping from prison, and told him that if he did not return to his chains, he must again undergo the pangs of crucifixion. It is said that on this night Christ left his footprints in the stone, and we were shown the very stone upon which are the impressions of two feet. But the crowning point of our drive was our descent into the Catacombs underneath Rome. I had declared from the first that this was one of the points of interest which I did not intend to see, as I have a horror of being underground until I am carried there permanently. When, however, the carriage stopped at the place of entrance, away out on the Appian Way, and my companions began to leave me, I wavered, "hesitated, and was lost;" therefore, with many misgivings, I joined the "caravan." We were our own party of five or six, and three French, headed by the guide, who gave each of us a long, slender tallow candle, which was twisted into a knot at one end that we might carry it the more conveniently, and which we could untwist as it burned away; then we all filed down into a black narrow hole by steep stone steps, and went in and out a regular labyrinth of burrows, dark and frightful, and with the walls closing in upon us so closely that our clothing was covered with mud. To add to the cheerful aspect of these walls that hemmed us in, shelves were dug in the clay walls, on which had rested the dead bodies of those who perished here, but the bones had long since crumbled into dust. There they were—short coffins, long coffins, little bits of ones for infants—all sizes, one over the other, up the sides of these hideous and smothering walls. As we went along, still farther in, going down one dark tunnel and avoiding another that had not yet been explored, we all began to feel nervous and uneasy. The air was stifling and musty, we seemed closed in a box, the roofs came down almost to our heads, the walls of the tombs touched us on each side. We began to picture what it might be if our candles should burn out, and looked to see how much of them were left; or if the guide should loose his bearings, and we would have to grope around these dreadful tunnels until we would meet the fate of the others who had been lost here! How closely we kept to each other's heels, candle grease dripping from our dips upon the shoulders of the one just before us, in our haste to keep up. I almost hugged the guide, in my determination to never lose sight of him; therefore I headed the train, which looked like a procession of lost souls groping about through purgatory, with only our little flickering lights to guide us. As we reached a particularly gloomy cavern, with deep dark alleys going off from it in every direction, the gentleman just behind me kindly reminded me that "the Wandering Jew is supposed to have taken final refuge in these catacombs, and is still wandering up and down the gloomy caverns." I startled and shuddered at the blood-curdling allusion, and was quite prepared for him to grab me at every turn. Another then spoke of the guide who was lost here ages ago, and who still haunts the place, his one insane desire being to decoy some one out of the known ways into the black depths of his retreat, that he may have a companion to cheer him. Trembling and thinking of these horrors, we wound our way despairingly along, hoping for the daylight, and wishing we had stayed above ground. Sometimes we would come upon small rooms, where the early Christians had lived or held church service. In these would be rude cartoons or pictures on the mud walls; in the largest one, called the chapel, were frescoes of St. Cecilia, a head of Christ, and a Madonna. This also is where St. Cecilia was entombed: two glass coffins also are here, where we looked in and saw black, rotting bones. At last a glimmer of daylight became visible through an aperture above, and we gladly ascended the steps that freed us from our prison. We found, upon reaching the outside, and consulting our maps, that we had in reality gone but a short distance, compared to the immense extent of them, for it is computed that, if they could be unwound and put in one straight line, they would reach five hundred English miles. No wonder people grow nervous at the prospect of such extensive rambles in the bowels of the earth, for to wander aside into one of the unexplored passages would be certain death. The guides know only a small portion of them, and are, no doubt, quite as glad to get out as we are.

The next day after our excursion below ground, we went to the church of *Santa Maria in Ara Celi*. It is thought that the temple of Jove stood upon the foundations of this church; the church itself is of great antiquity. Gibbon says that "he first got his idea of writing the 'Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire,' while sitting in this church, idly listening to the singing of the bare-footed monks." The monks were chanting as I sat quietly on a kneeling-bench, just as when Gibbon heard them, but no such ideas came to *me!* It is a dim old place with its relics of centuries, its mosaic floors, pulpits and ceilings. Up the long flight of steps leading up to it, the great Cæsar climbed on his knees after his first victory, and it was at their foot that Rienzi fell. On the high altar Augustus erected the commemoration of the Delphic oracle. Our interest however centered in the fact that in this church is kept the miraculous Bambino—or baby. I have been hearing of this wonderful little fellow ever since I came to Rome, and have been most anxious to visit him. We were conducted into the chapel where one may see it, by a monk, who unlocked a recess behind an altar, and drew forth a gorgeous box. He opened it and drew off wrap after wrap of gold-embroidered silk, when at last the wonderful child was disclosed to our gaping eyes! It is an image of the infant Christ, which was once carved by a pilgrim in wood from the Mount of Olives. While the good man slept one night, St. Luke came and painted it for him, so now the fat little chap has brown eyes and rosy cheeks. The miraculous cures he is said to have performed are something wonderful. In return for this the people have given him jewels till not a spot on his tiny swathed form is without a glittering gem; the fat little fingers are laden with superb diamond rings, a diamond and ruby crown is on his head, brooches, lockets, chains, and ornaments of every description are stuck upon every space of his robe, and on the small slippers. All of these are of real diamonds. He is indeed a "precious baby!" They have a fine chariot for him, with horses and servants; every few weeks they give him a drive in this through the streets of Rome. The people then flock before him from every direction, begging him to cure their lame legs, blind eyes, and rheumatic limbs, promising to give him still more riches if he will grant their prayers. It is said that at one time he received more fees than any physician in Rome. I thought, as the monk was telling us, partly in French and partly in pantomime, some of the amazing recoveries that had come through the Bambino, that I would consult this small wooden doctor for myself! I therefore told the monk I had a very sore throat, and asked him if he thought the Bambino could cure it. "*Si, si,*" answered he, and taking a small photograph of the baby from the box in which he lay, he muttered a prayer over the picture and placed it face downward on the throat and chest of the Bambino, rubbing it over the parts supposed to be affected; then once more blessing it, he gave it to me. This souvenir of the Bambino I took home with me, but I did not have the courage, or the credulity, to rub it over the throat, according to the directions. Notwithstanding which my throat grew better; but I fancy the chlorate of potash I took, and not the Bambino, effected the cure! One of the stories told of this image is that a woman who once prayed before him thought it would be a fine thing to possess this valuable baby for herself, thinking she would then nevermore have any sickness in her family. She succeeded in stealing him away, and in leaving another wooden image in his place. That night at midnight, however, an infant was seen wandering through the streets. The poor little waif found his way to the church doors, and, weeping, attempted to get in. The monks, hearing the cries of a child, were roused, and, going toward the sounds, saw a little pink foot peeping under the door-sill. They speedily took him in to his rightful home, and since then he has been more carefully guarded, though much of the care, no doubt, is for the valuable jewels upon his person. Rome is filled with such stories and legends! As we emerged from this church the sun was sinking behind the hills, and we remembered that the nuns sing in the church of the *Trinita* just as the sun sets. We, therefore, wended our way toward that church. They are the same for whom Mendelssohn once wrote an Ave Maria. Their voices may then have been sweet, but are now cracked and old. In their black robes and white collars and bonnets, they looked pure and good. Poor women! they are all said to be of noble families, but they have given up their money and their titles—all the vanities of this life—that they may live in austerity and prayer for their whole lives! The church in which they sang is a handsome one, the altar railed off by iron bars, through which we had to peer in order to see them. Among the black-robed nuns were novices robed in blue gowns, with white veils like brides. Their chanting over and over again *Ora pro nobis* soon grew monotonous, and we left before the service ended. And now I must say a word about the Italian fleas, for, as I write, their tormentings could make me eloquent. How they make us hop, skip, and jump, almost as much as they do themselves! Our beds are full of them. They crawl up our backs, one flea making us feel as if two hundred were on us at once. We sit in the *salon* talking with a dignified gentleman upon whom we wish to make a good impression, and feel that we must sit up straight and proper. Mr. Flea knows it, and therefore gives malicious nips at our knees, at our arms, at our backs, and then, as if in glee at our helpless state, he dances a delightful "racket" up and down our whole bodies! Is it not the height of heroism to smile and smile while being stung from head to foot by such a tiny foe? When any one jumps suddenly and leaves the room, we all look at each other and smile. We know the poor victim has gone off on a hunting expedition, but will most probably return without bagging the small game he went to look for, the manner in which they elude the sharpest sight and the quickest fingers being something quite appalling. If one enters the room with a brighter face than usual, we know a flea has been successfully slaughtered. Madame asks us if she has not at last gotten them out of the beds. Truth compels us to say, No. She then shrugs her shoulders, rolls her eyes, and exclaims, "Ah, well—you know this is Italy!" In the streets one sees beautiful, slender-legged greyhounds and spaniels, and longs to pat them upon the head, but, remembering the fleas, we turn and "flee" for our lives! They are small things to so successfully spoil one's pleasure in beautiful Italy, yet I have known people to forego days of pleasure in sight-seeing and hasten away, utterly routed by the small, slippery, black fleas.

A NEW YORK GIRL ABROAD.

Stammering Stephen.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"WHEN I was quite a young man," said our new minister, "I was itinerating in western Ohio. It was in the spring of the year when I started out, and the people and the country were alike strange to me. I went zealously from place to place, preaching, organizing layman's meetings and Sunday schools, trusting that I was scattering good seed in fertile, although oftentimes, it must be confessed, in very rough soil. The weather was terrible all through March, the days being just a dreary succession of rain storms. One gray, chilly afternoon, I was brought to a standstill beside a swollen, turbid river. There was no boat in sight, and no way of crossing that I could see. On the opposite bank was a small frame house, in front of which, suspended between two poles, a sign was swinging, the glaring red letters assuring me, even at that distance, that the place was *Pomfret's Tavern*. I had been advised to put up there, so the sight was a welcome one, for both my poor horse and myself were well-nigh wearied out. But how to cross the river —that was what puzzled me. Soon I saw a tall, thin youth come out of the house, and run down to the water's edge. As he looked across at me in an inquiring way, I shouted, 'Is this a ferry?' The answer was borne back to me by the sighing winds, above the melancholy roar of the surging water, in a droll, monotonous sing-song, which, however, came to my ears as distinctly as a bugle call:

"'The old ferry-boat has gone off down stream,
Tol, lol, lol, lol e diddle di do;
The old ferry-boat has gone off down stream,
Tol, lol, lol, lol e diddle di do.'

"'Has any one been across since?' I shouted again, a good deal amused at his first answer, and quite curious whether the next would be set to music:

"'The ducks and the geese they do fly over,
Tol, lol, lol, lol e diddle di do;
Everything else goes round by Dover,
Tol, lol, lol, lol e diddle di do'

was borne back to my listening ears.

"'Was there ever a bridge across this river?' was the next question, for I was interested to know how long the singing answers would be kept up, as well as anxious to know how I was to reach the public house. The lad turned like an automaton, and, pointing down the stream, sang merrily:

"'Don't you see the ruins of it?
Tol, lol, lol, lol e diddle di do.'

"'I'm the minister that is to preach to-morrow in the Deep Pond school-house, and should like to know how I'm to get there,' I now screamed, for I was getting a little angry. Turning, the lad now pointed his long arm and thin forefingers up stream, and sang, as bugle-like as before,

"'Go up a mile to the Dover ferry,
Tol, lol, lol, lol e diddle di do;
Then come back and you'll be merry,
Tol, lol, lol, lol e diddle di do.'

"Thoroughly vexed, now, that the lad not only made game of me as a stranger and a gentleman, but also as a minister of the gospel, I shouted in parting, 'You're a saucy young blackguard! If I were over there I would give you a sweet dressing.'

"'I do thank the river for it,
Tol, lol, lol, lol e diddle di do;
I do thank the river for it,
Tol, lol, lol, lol e diddle di do,'

came floating to my ears as I turned my tired horse, and plodded on through the mud to the next ferry.

The crossing was a rather hazardous proceeding in the swollen state of the stream, and I did not think to mention my singing acquaintance to the aged ferry-man, who promised to come to the meeting next day, and to notify every one he saw of the arrival of the preacher.

"My poor horse jogged slowly back down the river to the tavern. We found the thin youth waiting for us on the little porch. He regarded me with some anxiety, as if wondering if I meant to inflict the promised punishment. Taking my horse's bridle-rein as I dismounted, the lad started to lead the jaded beast to the stable, first turning to me in a deprecatory way, and singing, in a low and very sweet voice,

"'Ching-a-ling, ling, ling, lo,
Ching-a-ling, ling, ling, lark,
Father and mother have gone away,
But they'll be home before dark.'

"Believing him to be defying me, I determined to take no notice of his peculiar rigmarole manners of communication, and replied, 'I suppose I may warm and refresh myself if they are away from home?'

"'There's a fire and plenty to eat,
In the room behind the bar;
Trull, lul, lul, lul, lo.
Trull, lul, lul, lul, la,'

chanted my strange companion in a different time and jingle. As I proceeded to find my way to the room and fire indicated, I made up my mind that the poor fellow was a little daft. He was active and assiduous in his attentions, did not speak unless spoken to, and flew around, piling more logs on the fire, and making preparations for supper. Soon the threatening clouds shut down, and once more it began to rain in torrents. One moment I was thankful that I had reached such snug, comfortable quarters; the next, my natural horror of insane people would return, and I would almost determine to start out again in search of some farm-house. But the muddy road on the one hand, the surging river on the other, the angry sky, the howling wind, and the falling rain, together with thoughts of my weary horse, made me put such foolish ideas aside, and turn again gratefully to the cheerful, blazing fire, where a big iron tea-kettle hung, and steamed, and sung; a spider of savory sausages hissed and spluttered; and a mince pie, and a golden-brown Indian pudding looked out at me invitingly from a tin baker, where they had been placed to warm before the fire. Although very hungry, I was almost afraid to eat, nervously thinking that the poor unfortunate, to get even with me for my spiteful speech of the afternoon, might poison the food. So, as he began to place it upon the table, I suggested that we wait for his father and mother to come before we should eat supper. The poor fellow immediately piped up in a plaintive strain,

"'They'll not come when the rain is falling,
Falling, falling, falling, falling;
They're at Deacon Potter's calling,
Calling, calling, calling, calling.'

"While still singing he seated himself at the table, and motioned me to draw up opposite him. After pouring the tea as handily as a woman, he turned to me and sang in still a different tune,

"'Will you, please, sir, ask a blessing
On the bread, and meat, and pudding?
On the bread, and meat, and pudding,
Will you, please, sir, ask a blessing?'

"Much surprised, and very much ashamed that I had not anticipated the request, I said grace, and, much reassured by the little incident, made a hearty supper.

"After my strange companion had done up the chores, and made everything snug for the night, he sat down in a corner of the fireplace and looked at me steadily. His fixed regard made me nervous again, and I said, somewhat impatiently, 'Why are you so obstinate as to answer me in this saucy, sing-song way, whenever I speak to you?' The tears rushed quickly to the youth's eyes, and he sang once more,

"'I thought they would tell you at the ferry,
And when you came back we should be merry.'

"'Tell me what,' queried I, interrupting him. Upon that he essayed to speak, but, although he made the most frantic effort, he could not utter a word. Soon he recovered himself, to my great relief, for I thought he was going into a fit, and, to my astonishment, sang more musically than ever:

"'Don't you see, sir, how I stutter;
I can neither talk nor mutter;
So God lets me sing my say,
And I thank him every day.'

"I never felt so chagrined in my life as when I found out the truth in regard to the poor fellow. It was a good lesson to me. I have never formed a hasty judgment since. 'Stammering Stephen,' as he was called, and I conversed until a late hour. I found him very intelligent, although his ideas, always without a moment's hesitation on his part, set themselves to music—some of the strains the sweetest and most plaintive I ever heard. I kept up the acquaintance of this person for many years. He took the lead of the singing at the meetings, and became a great help in his way in the church which grew out of them. 'Stammering Stephen' was married in good time to the prettiest girl in the township, and I had the pleasure of performing the ceremony. There was a large wedding, and when I asked Stephen the all-important question, he sang clearly and sweetly, and I am sure quite impromptu:

"'I take Mary Ellen for my wife,
Shout and sing, ye saints, for joy;
I will cherish her through life,
Shout and sing, ye saints, for joy.'"

Hunting the Raccoon.

E. J. WHEELER.

"'COON-HUNTING" is a term the full meaning of which is understood by few but the lusty farmer's boy or the fun-loving Sambo of the South. Your "crack shots" and fancily costumed adepts at field sports know nothing of its fascinations, and are rather inclined to turn up their aristocratic noses at sir 'coon as an animal patronized, or rather victimized, by the vulgar and unskilled only. But the farmer's boy and the farmer himself will ever remember with a thrill of pleasure the sport they have derived from a good hound, a sharp ax, and a shrewd old raccoon.

There is hard work in it, however, to tramp from nine o'clock in the evening until three or four in the morning, through swamps, among logs, bogs, stumps and undergrowth, up and down ravines, over creeks, fences, and plowed fields, is of itself a program that requires no inconsiderable pluck and sinew for its frequent repetition. Add to this a half dozen or more forest monarchs to be felled, and as many more climbed,

and it is no wonder that the gentle-bred sportsman turns away with a shrug of his shoulders and a "no, thank you, I don't care for any."

In the latter part of August, when the corn is ripening and tender, the raccoon bids his family a tender farewell in the top of a hollow tree and sallies forth to run a gauntlet of men and dogs for a feast upon his favorite dish. It may not prove in the end a feast of reason, but he is pretty sure to be called upon for a rapid flow of wit, if he would escape the fate of having his warm pellet tacked up the next day in a grotesque, bat-like attitude on the farmer's wood-shed.

It was such an evening that found us in the capacious kitchen of an old-fashioned farm-house in western Pennsylvania, rigged out in corduroy coat, slouch hat, and well-greased boots, bent upon the glory and tribulation of a 'coon-hunt. Sitting, standing, or lounging around the room are the farmer, his three sons, and two neighbors, smoking, cracking jokes, telling tales, and discussing crops.

"Well, boys, I reckon it's about time to be a-starting, ain't it? Jim, hev you got that ax good and sharp?" says Farmer Jackson at length, as the laugh over his last joke subsides.

Jim has the ax's edge as keen as his own sense of fun, and grins an affirmative. No need to whistle up the dogs. They have been whining impatiently for the last half hour, and with Brave, Bogue, and Fan, bounding and baying ahead, a neighbor's pup, brought along to be initiated in the mysteries of the hunt, and a shaggy Newfoundland walking dignifiedly by our side, we start for the nearest corn-field lying adjacent to the woods. The baying of the hounds soon ceases, and they no longer respond to the playful advances of the pup, but range around with noses close to the ground in a business-like manner that promises speedy success. The best of jokes fails of any reward now but a mild chuckle, for we are nearing the corn-field.

At length it is reached, and squatting along the top rail of the fence, we sit and listen to the rustling of the corn as the hounds, like dusky phantoms, glide in and out among the stalks. In low tones we debate the important question which of the dogs will first startle the night with his deep-chested tones announcing the discovery of a trail. Minute after minute passes by, and still no sound but the chorus of the frogs, the premature crowing of some deluded cock in the distance, and the myriad spirit-voices that creak and moan and shriek and whisper in the forest at the right.

Neighbor Bill declares his belief that "there ain't no 'coons in that field." Nep, the Newfoundland, is of the same opinion, and comes and stretches himself out on the ground. Farmer Jackson waits awhile longer, and then whistles up the dogs for a trial elsewhere. Brave and Fan come dejectedly out of the field, but Bogue still lingers.

Suddenly, off in the farthest corner of the field comes a "wowf—wowf—wowf." In the twinkling of an eye four forms dash through the darkness out of sight, as the other dogs race for the spot. For a few moments all is silent again. Then "wowf—wowf—wowf," is again heard from Bogue, off fifty rods to the right, and then a full canine chorus echoes and re-echoes through the sleeping woods, deep, continuous, and musical.

And what music! Far in the distance it floats, rousing from their slumbers more than one lover of the chase, reposing upon a comfortable mattress, after a hard day's work, who, nevertheless, yield to its siren tones, bound from their beds, unleash their straggling hounds, and hasten to share the sport. Old men listen, and recall the vanished past, when they too with supple limbs and bounding veins followed the hounds through brake and brush; and with a sigh close the eyes again to dream of restored youth and strength. "Mothers in Israel" whose hair is silvered and whose steps are tottering, sit up in bed as the pealing chorus swells nearer and nearer, and drop a tear to the memory of sons now sleeping in the little country churchyard, whose eager shouts had once mingled with the hounds' deep bass.

But little do we think of such things now, for the fun has fully commenced. Cooney, with an excusable disregard of his pursuer's welfare, makes for the densest, boggiest part of the swamp, followed by untiring dogs and stumbling, excited men and boys.

"Hooray! He's treed at last," shouts Jim, whose trained ear has caught a subtle difference in Bogue's baritone, and with redoubled speed we flounder on, until the little sharp-nosed animal, perched high up in the crotch of a limb, sees a group of dark forms peering up into the branches, and feels the quiver of the tree as it trembles to the measured strokes of the strongly wielded steel.

It is a scene full of animation and picturesque beauty. The moon is hastening up from the horizon and doing her best to get a peep through the tantalizing clouds that obstruct her view. Around the foot of the tree bound the restless dogs, yelping in quick, short barks, and ever and anon running up the trail again for a short distance, as if to make assurance doubly sure. Farmer Jackson, in shirt sleeves, with one suspender hanging down, deals lusty strokes at the old beech, while the ruddy glare of the torch lights up his perspiring and grizzled face. The rest of us stand around with countenances full of eager attention, waiting for the crack—crack—crack of the falling tree, while over all the moonbeams flicker and dance to the shaking of the leaves overhead, and the somber depths of the forest lie in heavy repose in the background.

But how soon the scene will change! A few more strokes and the little animal in the tree-top will have a sweeping ride, and, unless he looks lively, a tough and hopeless fight afterward. The dogs are caught and held at a distance, out of harm's way, and a tiny staccato crackle increases in a glorious crescendo to a deafening roar, and amid howling dogs, shouting men, and snapping branches, cooney sneaks away into the blackness, and again seeks refuge in his powers of rapid transit. The dogs dart in among the limbs, catch the trail again shortly, and again we follow after with eager steps.

"A treed 'coon" is an expression generally used to indicate a person in a hopeless plight. The analogy will not hold good, for a treed 'coon is by no means a "gone 'coon." This we find to be the case now. Time after time is our raccoon treed, at shorter and shorter intervals, and tree after tree laid low, and yet each time he gives his pursuers the slip. But at last he is doomed. He has been forced to take refuge in a tree, which can be climbed, and Bob quickly ascends the trunk and vanishes among the branches.

"Are you all ready?" comes his voice from the gloom.

"All right, shake him down," and a dark object comes down through the limbs, and falls with a thud right among the dogs.

"Tare and ouns, how he does fight!"

But it is no use. The odds are too many, and after a gallant and desperate encounter the plucky little victim breathes his last.

The sagacity of the raccoon is admirable, but it is no match for that of a good hound who is used to the work. He may take to a creek, but the latter will range up and down on both sides, till he finds where the raccoon has left the water. He may run along fences, up one tree and down another, twist and turn and double, but it is only a matter of time when the persevering hound will unravel all the mysteries of the trail.

Next to a good dog and a good wood-chopper, a skillful climber is the most desirable requisite. But no one with any "hunting conscience" will take a gun. There is not the slightest semblance to sport in plugging a raccoon sitting quietly and within easy range in a crotch of the tree, and a gun is among your true 'coon-hunters a base superfluity.

Nothing will so disgust the farmer and his sons as to have several "city chaps" come out to participate in the hunt, and bring their fine setters, "cur-dogs," or bull-dogs. An indefinite number of hounds will hunt together all night in perfect harmony, and will kill 'coon after 'coon without letting their combative tendencies extend to the fighting of one another. But let a dog of almost any other breed, and above all a bull-dog, intrude, and if he cannot do all the fighting with the 'coon himself, he will satiate his aroused ambition by starting a canine tournament on the spot. One thing, too, bear in mind when procuring a dog, and that is that the raccoon is a fighter. He is small and innocent looking, but when one dog of medium strength and size sets out to kill a full-grown raccoon by himself, he will have very, very little conceit left by the time he finishes his undertaking. No house-dogs or those under one year of age need apply.

What constitutes a successful hunt may differ in other localities, but with us one raccoon ensured against mortification and ridicule, two was good, three excellent, and more than that something to be talked about. Six is the highest number I have known of being killed in one night, and doubtless the success of that hunt will be handed down to posterity in the local traditions.

What a night that was, and what prodigies of sagacity Bogue, Brave, and the rest of them performed! Didn't Bogue follow the trail upon the top of a rail-fence for fifteen rods, and win undying renown thereby? Didn't Brave alone of all the dogs persist that the 'coon had jumped from the tree in which he was treed to another which he indicated successfully? To be sure he did, and didn't all seven tree their victim on the side of a ravine so steep that they had to brace up against the surrounding trees before they could bark with safety? and didn't Nep, hearing the trail started in the distance, rush pell-mell through an open field, and in his excitement run with full force against the only stump in the field, and, turned by the shock, pick himself up and run with might and main back to the place where he started, under the impression that he was still going forward? No doubt of it at all.

And then the scene around the blazing brush-pile where, wet and tired but proud and elated, we sat at three o'clock in the morning telling stories, roasting corn, and enjoying ourselves generally. Tell me that 'coon hunting is not recognized as one of the "sports?" Fudge? Give me back my boyhood zest, resurrect Bogue and Brave from their honored graves, let me again hear the enthusiastic voices of Will, and Hen, and Sam, and I will convince you that your sport is but pride, and you know not what enjoyment of the chase means.

But alas! it is impossible. The musical baritone of the old hounds is hushed forever, unless, indeed the "happy hunting grounds" re-echo to their baying. The hunters themselves are scattered far and wide, pursuing ideals and hopes far more elusive than the wariest of raccoons, other forms and other youthful shouts animate the old swamp and the rock-ribbed hills, and for me nothing is left of all the glory of the "'coon hunt" but the shifting scenes and forms of retrospection.

Rag Basket for Sewing Room.

MATERIALS:—Heavy wire, three common canes, striped rep, deep worsted fringe, three cord and tassels, satin ribbon. Make three iron hoops (or barrrel hoops will do), cut the rep the size round of the hoops and the length of the canes, sew up the seam, and fasten a hoop top and bottom, and one in the center, then cut a round piece to form the bottom of the bag. The color of the valance is to correspond with the rep (say olive), then ornamented with embroidery in pale blue and several shades of green. An old gold galloon finishes the bottom and the vandykes at the upper part of the valance. The tassels in the fringe should be in pale blue wool. When the bag is finished, with assistance, hold the canes in place, and fasten with wire twisted round the hoops, and notches made in the canes, or a gimlet hole is better. The design shows that the canes are upside down. The cover is made of pasteboard, with a puffing of the rep, and the top of the lid made as a bag with drawing string, for keeping bits of lace, etc. Finish the end of each cane with a cord and tassel.

Embroidery Paste.

THIS is used for gluing embossed scraps on table-covers, etc., and is made as follows: Take three tablespoonfuls of flour, and as much resin as will lie on a shilling. Mix them smoothly with a half pint of water, pour into an iron saucepan, and stir till it boils. Let it boil five minutes; then turn it into a basin, and when quite cold it is fit for use.

Pigeons' Wings.

THESE look well arranged as a border to a velvet mat or rug, put at equal distances, with a puffing of velvet between each. Also handsome duck and pheasant wings arranged in the same way. A standing screen of dark-colored velvet or satin, with the wings arranged on, all converging toward the center, with rosettes of either satin or velvet to hide the quills, is effective. A screen with birds worked on in silks, life size, with real wings sewn on, is very effective. It is better to have the screen high for such a design. At the base of the panels work grasses and rushes.

Pin Cushion and Work Basket.

THIS useful article is made of crimson velvet, light blue satin, and full worsted variegated tassels.

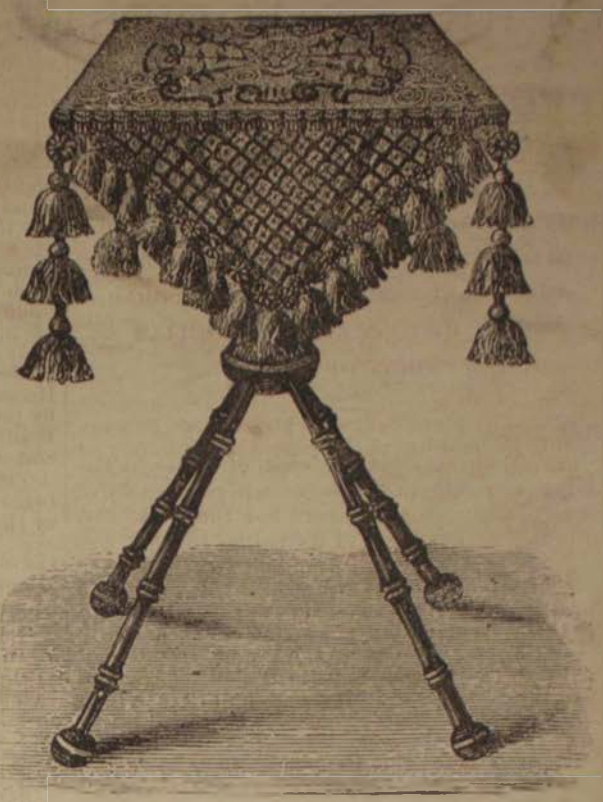
The cornucopia-shaped pieces are cut of cardboard, covered on one side with the blue satin. Two of the sections are made to form work-bags, while the remaining one is used for sewing utensil. The cushion is filled with bran, and then covered with the crimson velvet, and a heavy cord put round the edge, finished in loops at each end of the cushion.

The border on the outside is of the crimson velvet, worked in Russian embroidery with old gold silk, and dotted with steel beads. The sections used as bags are finished at the top with a straight piece, seven inches wide, and a drawing string in the ruffle. The edges are finished with a heavy braided cord, and round the bottom are numerous colored worsted tassels. The whole is fastened on a standard, with a bottom large enough to balance it.

Pattern of cornucopia will be found on loose pattern sheet.

Chair Covers.

OBTAIN some of the new woolen damasks with arabesque designs, and outline them in gold thread. These would cover a prie-dieu admirably. Oatmeal cloth and satin are both good grounds for silk embroidery. Black satin, embroidered with japonica or oranges, would be durable and look well. A brick-red ground, with a brown-and-gold scroll embroidered on it, is new. Rice embroidery in silk arrasene is also new and effective, and arrasene looks well on green, or any dark-colored serge. Applique figures in satin sheeting, on a groundwork of the same material, is new. Striped hollands are also used for covering chairs, embroidered between the stripes. These covers are very ornamental, and are a great saving to the upholstery.



Fancy Topped Stand.

TAKE a low, square table with a pine top. Use for the cover olive-colored satin, and in the center of that is an appliqué of Turkey-red plush, embroidered with split filling floss, in three shades of gold, in chain, overcast and knotted stitch, and interlacing buttonhole stitch. The edge of the plush is scolloped, and worked in buttonhole-stitch over cord with fawn-colored wool and old gold silk. The lambrequin of the table is made of velvet. Cut a piece of paper the desired shape, then lay the velvet crosswise to form the squares, and fasten each cross piece in the center with a large bead, or embroider a tiny star. The tassels are of worsted and filling floss, with a daisy to finish the top of each.

Scrap-book for Children.

CUT pieces of brown holland to one given size, bind them with colored braid, and then paste in the pictures. When sufficient are ready attach them by a bow of the braid at top and bottom, and the scrap-book is complete.

Oil-Color Painting on Mirrors.

THEY have lately revived in Rome the old Venetian art of painting upon mirrors. Birds and butterflies are also often added, and the effect of the glass underneath, especially when this is thick and beveled, is to make them appear as if suspended in the air. Tourists remember seeing them in Venetian palaces, but faded and flecked with time, and often also coarse and heavy in design. Now the execution is much finer, and besides our flowers are enriched in quality and variety. Fornari is the best artist for this work in Rome; his flowers are poised and painted with a grace and delicacy, that Nature, so reluctant to give up her subtle secrets, has herself granted him. The design must be traced with a lithographic pencil, and painted in oils with peculiar care, for nothing can be more unlovely when badly done with muddy, ill-assorted colors. These mirrors are usually framed in carved ebony, or ebonized frames, in the cinque cento style, another fashion recently revived.

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.

Pink Lilies.

This is one of the latest freaks of fashion. The yellow marsh lily, though not without beauty of its own, was never in favor; but the white lily, dripping with the wet of its native element, has been justly prized by all who instinctively felt the symbolism of flowers. A white lily expressed chastity, maidenly purity, and was an adornment for the young and fair. But in a lake near Barnstable, Mass., some pink lilies were discovered. They were prized for their rarity, and the place of their origin was carefully concealed. For a long time a trade was kept up in which very high prices were given for the pink lilies; but at length the mysterious lake was discovered, roots were dug out and the pink lilies soon flourished in other fresh water lakes. This summer they have been in great demand at Newport and the other summer resorts, and within a few years will be as easily procured as the white lily. But it is easy to predict that the fashion will not last, and that the white pond-lily, which is by far the most beautiful and expressive, will outlive the popularity of its pink rival.

Our Cannibal Ancestors.

Carl Vogt has been startling the scientific world by a statement he has made respecting the ancestors of the human race. He declares that, in the progress from savage to civilized life, all the leading members of the human family were at one time, and necessarily, cannibals. In the fossil remains found in caves or preserved in marshes, are discovered human bones split by some instrument, often scorched by fire and on the softer ends of the bones indications of teeth. If instruments were used, it must be by a tool-using animal. The marks of fire show—that it was after man made some progress in the control of the elements. The splitting of the bone was to get at the marrow. Indeed Vogt goes so far as to say that the religious observance in which the names blood and body are used in the sacrament, was not originally symbolical at all, but real, and that the progress of civilization refined, sanctified and symbolized what was in its origin a barbarous rite. Of course all this horrifies the religious world, and attempts are making, which no doubt will be successful, to confute the audacious and irreverent Carl Vogt.

Marine Marvels.

One would suppose that nothing new could, at this late day, be made in the architecture of sea-going vessels. True, we may have new motive powers in machinery, but it does not seem possible that anything could have been untried or unthought of in the models of sailing craft. Yet the clipper ships were a surprise in their day, and George Steers in the yacht America, amazed the whole naval world by a model which revolutionized sea-going vessels. But now comes along M. Pictet, a French engineer, who claims to have found a method of gliding over the water rather than cutting through it. This is not the place to give details, but naval experts believe he has made a great discovery, as he has reduced the resistance of the water to a minimum. Indeed there is talk of crossing the Atlantic in a sailing vessel with a favorable wind as rapidly as if steam was used. We live in a great age for inventions.

Denying a Member of Parliament His Rights.

The case of Charles Bradlaugh will form an interesting page in British parliamentary history. When first elected to the House of Commons, Bradlaugh refused to take the oath "on the faith of a Christian," because he was an Atheist. After a struggle he was allowed to take his seat. He voted quite a number of times, whereupon he was arrested and fined some $500,000, under some obsolete law which forbade under a severe penalty any but a fully qualified member to vote in Parliament. An appeal was then made to Bradlaugh's Nottingham constituents, and they again returned him to Parliament. He then offered to take the usual oath, on the ground that it was a mere form; but the House refused and would not let him take his seat. Bradlaugh appealed to the Premier, who promised to bring in a bill to meet his case after the Irish land bill was disposed of; but Mr. Gladstone failing to keep this promise, Bradlaugh announced his intention to enter the House of Commons forcibly on a certain day. At the time designated he made his appearance, armed with a stout stick. He was met at the door of the lobby of the House by policemen who told him he could not enter. Bradlaugh is a tall, powerful, determined man, and he made a rush to get within the doors. A struggle ensued, and the scene is described as being one of the most curious that ever occurred in the history of a parliamentary body. On one side, a man struggling with all his might to get through a compact body of ushers, policemen and Members of Parliament. Bradlaugh was very roughly handled. His clothes were torn and he was wounded and injured in many parts of the body, so much so that an attack of erysipelas followed which nearly ended his life. Bradlaugh in this matter was clearly in the right. He was regularly elected, not only once but twice, and he was willing to comply with all the forms of law. There was no contest as to the right of his seat, and no charge of bribery or corruption. If he could have been legally excluded so could Mr. Gladstone himself. But intense dislike of Bradlaugh himself was at the bottom of his expulsion. He was an atheist, a republican, and an advocate of certain social theories very offensive to the English people. But he is so far right in this particular matter, that it is believed he will be allowed to take his seat, if he lives, at the next session of Parliament. In our Congress grievous wrong has often been done to rightfully elected members. Men have been turned out who had a majority of votes and their seats given to their minority rivals. But in every case there was a pretense of legality or a charge of fraud. The case of Bradlaugh is singular as the one instance in Parliamentary history where a member was kept out of his seat when there was no dispute as to his right to fill it.

Abolishing Night.

And now the electric light is brought to bear upon Niagara Falls. That wonder of nature is rendered luminous after the sun sets by that marvel of human art, the electric candle. The effect is said to be brilliant and awe-inspiring. At the Paris exposition of electrical machinery they have an exhibition of illuminated water. The electric light is so skilfully applied that the water becomes intensely luminous, and the fountains seem to be great bubbling caldrons of liquid fire. Sprays and jets are more brilliant than the rarest gems. Some day, no doubt, the Falls themselves will be illuminated, and will glow as if formed of molten metal. When that is done, Niagara will be a point of attraction to people from all parts of the earth. But if these inventions are continued much further, will not night, or at least the darkness which characterizes it, be entirely abolished?

Family Gatherings.

It is well to be proud of one's ancestors, and it is an excellent sign of the times that Americans are endeavoring to trace up their family lineage, so as to find out from whom they descended, and to whom they are related. The Palmer family recently held a convention at Stonington, Connecticut. A couple of thousand persons, claiming to be descended from Walter Palmer, were present on the occasion, and there were appropriate festivities. It seems General Ulysses S. Grant is a direct descendant from Walter Palmer's eldest daughter. What a pity the old Puritans did not keep a "Doomsday Book," in which to record the names of the descendants of the first settlers! It would be curious to trace the mental, moral, and physical differences which have manifested themselves as years roll by. It is hardly possible to keep up race or family characteristics without the intermarriage of those who are allied by blood. Crossing with strangers introduces new strains, so that in a few generations the peculiarities of any one individual are lost. Still, these old family gatherings lead to pleasant social experiences, and should be encouraged. The famous Coffin family have also had a family gathering at Nantucket. That tight little island could not begin to house the representatives of that famous family which claims a descent from one of the knights that came over with William the Conqueror.

International Conventions.

A medical convention, representing physicians from all parts of the world, met in London recently to interchange views. A congress of dentists met about the same time at Wiesbaden; while at Cologne there was a gathering of lawyers, intent upon reforming and codifying the various codes of international law. Then there was a great meeting of Methodists, their ecumenical Council in fact, which held its session in London, and was very largely attended. These assemblages are useful in many ways. The individuals are benefited in health by their journeyings, while the experiences they acquire are of value to them all their lives. The professions to which they belong gain not a little by this conference of the foremost experts. What a pity the working classes cannot meet often in convention, and also enjoy the advantages of foreign travel.

Why not Cheap Railway Fares?

There has been a railway war recently, and at one time it was possible to send a ton of freight from Chicago to New York for $2.50. Now grain and other freight has to be handled, that is to say, it has to be put on the cars and taken from them. But human beings load and unload themselves. Eight persons will about weigh a ton, and if they were carried at the same rate as grain would only pay thirty or forty cents a piece. But the cutting on passenger fares was only reduced from $21 to $9. This low rate crowded the railway cars, and several of the roads actually made more money than they would with the usual high fares in force. Some years since the Parliament of England forced the railway companies to furnish trains that would carry the workingman for a halfpenny a mile. The companies protested, and said that they would be ruined, but to-day over seventy per cent. of the business on the English roads is from these same so-called parliamentary trains. The masses of our people do not as yet travel, except for short distances; but were it possible to ride from New York to Chicago for $5, there would be twenty passengers where there is now one. If it is not ruinous to move a ton of grain from Chicago to New York for $2.50, it certainly ought to pay handsomely to transport one eighth of a ton the same distance for $5. Why should not one of the trunk lines at least try the experiment?

Hitting Back.

Great Britain has tried free trade now for over a quarter of a century. There are no duties collected at her ports except on tobacco and liquor. It cannot be denied that on the whole that country has prospered, but in one respect the legislators of England have been disappointed. They really have believed that free trade would be good for all mankind, and that the nations which refused to abandon protection would suffer in every way. But unfortunately for Great Britain, this view of free trade was not taken by other nations. Indeed, nearly every other country has adopted the policy of home protection. France has a highly protective tariff, and is, as we all know, a very rich country. The United States is a very prosperous nation, yet it has a tariff that is very objectionable to free traders. Germany, Belgium and other countries have recently begun to levy import duties, so Great Britain finds herself trading with nations which exclude her manufactured products, while using her home markets to sell their own wares. This strikes a certain section of the English people as being very unfair, and a party is now forming to hit back at those nations which discriminate against the productions of the United Kingdom. Meetings are being held all over England to organize the new party. As the competition of the United States has been ruining the English farmers, it is proposed first of all to levy an impost duty on American grain. The difficulty in the way is that the articles which England gets from America are those which the English people

cannot very well do without, such as breadstuffs, provisions and raw cotton. To tax them and discourage their importation would literally be biting off their noses to spite their faces. Our tariff laws no doubt need amendment. The impost makes some necessary articles unnecessarily dear. But by the aid of the tariff we have built up manufactories on this continent, which are of the greatest consequence to us, as they are making us independent of foreign nations, and giving us a home market for breadstuffs and our other productions.

American Food in Europe.

Mr. Blake, a large landowner and member of Parliament, has published a pamphlet which contains matter of vital moment to the food producers of the United States. Mr. Blake is of opinion, after having carefully examined the facts in this country, that we have only just begun to supply Europe, and especially Great Britain, with food. Within the next six years, he thinks, there will be an enormous development in the trade of provisions and grain. If this is true, important economical as well as political results will follow. Farms in Great Britain have been reduced in value fully one-third since the American supply of grain and meat has been sent to the shores of Great Britain. The European farmer cannot compete with grain and meat producing America. We have the best land, and more of it. We can use machinery to better advantage than they; and then, we have more machines. Our farmers are fully as intelligent, and our means of transportation are cheap and efficient. This vast and growing trade will build up New York, Boston, and other sea-coast cities. The tide of immigration will naturally continue to come this way. The decreasing value of land is impoverishing the nobility of Great Britain, and will in time necessarily lead to the revision of the land laws of that empire. Poverty will also increase on the other side, while the people will become more and more dependent on the United States for the food without which they cannot live.

Other Worlds than Ours.

The recent appearance of several comets in our skies has been taken advantage of by astronomers to make experiments so as to test certain theories brought forward by able and ingenious speculative philosophers. Mr. Richard Proctor, who recently lectured in this country, was of opinion that all the planets and stars visible in our heavens were, during some period of their existence, capable of sustaining some of the higher forms of life. At first they were fiery fluid masses, in which, of course, life was impossible. This is supposed to be the condition of Jupiter and Saturn to-day. As the planet cooled, water and dry land appeared, and finally life, first in its lower and afterwards in its higher forms. Then the time came when life died out. The earth is in the second stage of its evolution, the moon in the last; so that the existence of even an insect or a weed is impossible on the satellite which attends the earth. But the comets lately seen have discredited, in a measure, this theory. Carbon is essential to organized existence, and wherever it shows itself some form of life has been manifested. By means of the spectrum Professor Draper has proved the existence of carbon in the nucleus of the comet. But scientists have been unable to find any carbon in the sun and in many of the fixed stars. It follows, then, that some comets have developed life during some period of their history. Some of the most magnificent of all the bodies that float in the azure blue are utterly void of intelligence. Astronomy is a noble study, and every parent should see to it that the children in the house are taught some of its inspiring lessons.

Changes in Europe.

Political agitation is very active just now in the Old World. Elections have just been held in Germany and France, which have called out a great deal of feeling. In the one country social questions, such as what shall be done for the poor, are coming to the front. In the other an attempt is making to revise the organic law, which was really created by the Monarchists who had possession of the French government after the fall of Napoleon III. Gambetta is still the greatest individual force in France. One very important change has taken place in Italy. Up to the present year suffrage was so restricted in that kingdom, that it was rare when more than 300,000 votes were polled out of a population of 33,000,000. Under the new law every male citizen can vote, who knows how to read and write. It is said this will give Italy 7,000,000 of voters if all chose to exercise the right of suffrage. There is much apprehension felt as to how this change will turn out; but in view of the fact that the three foremost nations of the earth, Germany, France, and the United States, each have universal suffrage, there does not seem to be any danger in unlimited voting in the kingdom of Italy. The liberals express some fear that the still strong church party may, by their splendid organization, elect a majority of the new legislators.

When is the next Panic due?

At the Bankers' Convention, held at Niagara Falls, a good deal was said about another financial revulsion. Mr. John Thompson thought we might have one within a couple of years' time. But Mr. Thompson is wrong. There may be stock panics; indeed these occur two or three times a year whether times are good or bad. But a financial revulsion, such as that of '73, is fortunately a rare occurrence, and is not to be expected for many years to come. There can be no general refusal to pay debts, for that is what a panic amounts to, until everybody is in debt. People have generally made money for the last three years, and are not as yet mortgaged up to their eyes. A theory of panics which finds acceptance may be thus explained. The natural increase of wealth in any country is about two and a quarter per cent. per annum. But we have been paying in this country for the use of money up to within the past two years, from seven to fifteen per cent. It follows that our business men create debt much faster than the growth of the nation creates riches, and so it comes about that in every seven to ten years our people find that they cannot pay their debts. This creates distrust; then pay day comes with no money in bank or pocketbook. A panic is simply the wiping out of debts which cannot be paid. That we will not have another panic for quite a while is shown by the low rate of interest. We are not creating so much debt, as we are not paying interest much in advance of the natural increase of wealth. Unless we have war, pestilence, or bad crops, there is no reason why the present prosperity may not last for twenty years. Still, prices will go up and down, and the danger is that in prosperous times people venture too far, and when the inevitable set-back comes, they cannot meet their obligations.

The Queen and Women Doctors.

It is a curious fact that nations are generally fortunate whose monarchs happen to be women. From Semiramis down to Victoria, ruling queens and empresses have generally done well by the people, and have often been distinguished by great capacity and wise and energetic action. It is true the influence of women has often been pernicious, but it was when they were the mistresses of kings and not lawful sovereigns. It would seem that all female rulers should show special favor to their sex; but Queen Victoria, strangely enough, does not believe in women doctors, and she has shown her dislike of them in a somewhat offensive way. An international convention of doctors recently met in London. Of this body the queen had long been a patroness, giving it every year a hundred guineas. When the convention met, some forty-three women presented their credentials, whereupon Sir William Jenner, the queen's physician, announced that Her Majesty would not countenance the organization, but would withdraw her contribution if female physicians were in any way recognized; whereupon the forty-three educated ladies were ungallantly excluded from the deliberations of the Medical Congress. This action is not likely to add to Queen Victoria's popularity with her own sex. There was no need of her taking sides in the discussion as to the wisdom of women physicians. Probably she formed a prejudice against women in the capacity of physicians from some one case of incompetency. Be this as it may, her position is defined, and the queen has secured the ill-will of hundreds of thousands of the best women of the world, who sympathize with every effort made by the sex to improve their condition.

Going Down to the Sea in Ships.

So many hundreds of thousands of people now cross and recross the ocean, that everything which relates to sea voyages is interesting. It is known that in the passage usually taken by steamers fogs are encountered, sometimes lasting for days. An old sea captain puts it upon record that were the vessels to make a detour of one hundred miles, the region of fogs could be entirely avoided. There is always danger of collisions, in view of the great number of steamers passing and repassing in the region of mist and fog. But the competition is so eager for shortening the distance between the two continents, that sea captains deliberately take the risk of the loss of their vessels and all on board rather than lose a hundred miles in the race against time. The captain of one vessel complains that he lost a day in attending to the wants of the passengers on board the dory "Little Western." He supposed it was a shipwrecked crew, and all vessels are morally bound to assist unfortunate mariners that are found drifting alone on the ocean. So in addition to the criminal peril of life, in crossing the ocean in these small vessels, they are a cause of loss of time to thousands of people who are in no way interested in their fate. These tramps of the sea should be suppressed.

Money Ending in Smoke.

For the year ending June 30, 1880, there were 567,386,982 cigarettes used in the United States, upon which a revenue duty was levied of a little less than one million of dollars. America is today the great cigarette smoking nation of the world. Of course there are millions of cigarettes used which pay no duty. This is the most objectionable of all forms of tobacco smoking. The paper is itself bad for the mouth, and the nicotine acts directly and with poisonous effect upon the teeth and tongue. Cigarettes are made from the refuse of the tobacco plant, from old stumps and waste; and the most popular brands are doctored with opium. Were it not for the apparently harmless cigarette hundreds of thousands of our boys would never learn to smoke.

Preparing for the New Era.

The Andover Theological Seminary is reorganizing its various departments with a view to meeting the wants of the age in things theological. The faculty have found out that the young ministers educated under the old curriculum of study are not up to the age. They are unable to cope with the modern infidel, armed with the learning and science of these latter days. There is progress in the religious, as well as the political and material world; and the old methods, however good and useful in their day, are unsuited to the new exigencies which are coming up. The hopeful sign of the religion of to-day is that its exponents decline a contest with modern scientists. They have a firm belief that God's truth will come out all right, but they have no notion of entering upon a conflict while yet the relations of religion and science are not adjusted. It would be well if all our theological seminaries were as wise as Andover.

Doing Something for Posterity.

The movement to encourage the growth of trees continues. In New England many old farms are being replanted or are growing up into forests. In many of the picturesque old villages improvement associations are at work beautifying the local habitations with shrubs and what will yet become noble trees. There is an astonishing amount of tree planting all over the extreme West. Indeed, in the prairie countries groves and bits of wood have become a necessity to protect the farm house and barns from the fierce winds which occasionally visit plains not intersected by mountain ranges. There is still much needless waste of wood, and forest fires are altogether too frequent. Indeed, the day must come when the federal government will be empowered to protect our forests, as well as to give authority to replant certain sections, so as to secure a supply of water for rivers which would dry up if the feeders at their head waters were removed. But until Congress is empowered to act, by a change in the organic law, the disposition to plant trees by individuals and corporations should be warmly commended. Some of the railroads are helping on the good work by offering prizes for trees planted on either side of their tracks, and some of them have the good sense to

spend a little money in tree and shrub planting near the stations. Travelers on the Union Pacific road will recall the tasteful surroundings at the stations where the travelers stop for their meals. It would pay all the railroads to do as much for the traveling public in every part of the country.

Access to the Ocean.

Baltimore is ambitious of becoming a second New York. It is a fine and enterprising old city, and its John Hopkins University aims to be the Oxford of the United States. But Baltimore needs direct access to the sea, and so a canal is to be opened across the peninsula of Maryland and Delaware. The Delaware River and other streams are to be partly used, and only $8,000,000 will be required for the eight miles of land canal. It will be 120 feet wide, and of the uniform depth of 26 feet. The work will be completed in eighteen months. This will shorten the distance from Baltimore to the ocean by 225 miles. When completed, it will give that city the start of Philadelphia, and place it only in the rear of New York. Other cities are preparing for the great flood of grain and meats which America proposes to send to Europe from this time forth. A city is being built at Newport News, in Virginia, which will be the terminus of a great railway combination extending to the Pacific Ocean. Norfolk hopes to share in this trade. Since the opening of the mouth of the Mississippi, New Orleans has taken a fresh start in commercial importance; and, with the completion of the Welland Canal, Montreal expects to handle vast quantities of grain which will seek the ocean by way of the lakes and the St. Lawrence River. But what a gigantic commerce the United States will have when all these various schemes of improvement are completed.

The American Medical Student Abroad.

Notwithstanding the disapproval of Queen Victoria, the medical education of women is being regarded with more and more favor all over the civilized world. Female students have long been admitted to the medical schools at Leipzig and Zurich, and a short time since Professor Virchow introduced the first woman student, an American, to the students of the great university of Berlin. The lady was already a graduate of a medical college in this country. It is believed that others will follow her example.

Water in Dry Places.

It is known that between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi there are vast regions which are arid and unprofitable because of the absence of water. A stream or a well is all that is necessary to make these sterile regions blossom as the rose. It is known that at some distance underground there is an abundance of water, which, if reached and utilized, would make fruitful hundreds of millions of acres of land. The Government has selected Messrs. C. A. White, of Greeley, Colorado, and Professor S. Aughey, of Nebraska, to act as a commission to select sites for sinking experimental artesian wells in the arid regions of the Rocky Mountains. To guide the commission, Professor Powell has marked spots on the map for examination. Most of them are between the 101st and 113th degrees of longitude. The area to be inspected includes one-third of the State of Texas, the eastern portions of Montana, Colorado and New Mexico, and the western portions of Nebraska, Dakota and Kansas. The practical result from this inquiry must be of the utmost moment to the country. Irrigated land is wonderfully fruitful, and it is of the utmost importance, that, as our population increases, new outlets should be found for those who wish homes and farms of their own. These now arid plains are near the richest mineral regions in the United States. Could they be made productive, the crops would find a ready market among the mining population.

Impaired Eyesight.

Myopia, or shortsightedness, has been attributed to excessive reading and study in a stooping position and in an ill-lighted room. Doctor Samuel Sexton, a leading otologist, has been examining the matter and has made a rather curious discovery. He finds that defective vision is due, in many instances, to the decay of the teeth. The nerves which supply what may be called the vital power to the eyes, the ears, and the teeth, are joined together, and any grave defect in the teeth is apt to impair both vision and hearing. Now, it is well-known to physiologists that defective teeth are almost universal amongst civilized people. This is due to our civilized habits of eating. The alternate use of cold and hot fluids impairs the integrity of the teeth and finally decays them. This reacts on the nerves, and affects the eyesight and hearing. Parents, if they wish their children to be sound in their various senses, should look to the teeth and see that they are kept in good order.

Going West.

There are to-day hundreds of thousands of young men, some of them heads of families, who are thinking about going West. They propose to emmigrate to one of the younger states or territories, and to take advantage of the rise in land. To such perhaps a little disinterested advice may be in order. In the first place, there is no hurry in buying land. It is better to look about before purchasing. In the next place, be sure and secure a heathful location, even if the land is not quite so rich. Life has misery enough without running the risk of having one's system poisoned by malaria. In the third place, be sure that your farm contains some wood as well as water. Open prairie land is not objectionable if streams run through it, bordered with woodland. In the fourth place, go to a cold rather than very warm region, and to locations where the immigrants are of the best class. Where thrifty, educated New Englanders or New Yorkers settle, there is surer to be a greater enhancement in the value of land than in locations where shiftless, idle people abound. Then, again, bear in mind that farming is a hard business; that the money made on the average is only about enough to live moderately, but economically. Farmers become well to-do in this country, because of the gradual rise in the price of land. A settler pays, say $5 an acre for his quarter section. Out of this he makes a pretty hard living, but at the end of ten years his land may be worth $50 an acre. This enhancement of values represents quite a small fortune to the hardworking farmer. We live in a superb country, in which there is plenty of cheap land, and any person with a few thousand dollars, who is willing to work, ought to be able to so invest it as to bring up his children creditably, and secure something for his own old age.

Westminster Abbey.

This is the favorite burial place for the great dead of England. Her monarchs, leading statesmen, historians, novelists, and many of her poets repose in this graveyard of the mighty. Everybody who visits Great Britain must pay a visit to this sacred spot, for there are memorials of the famous dead of old England. But this great national graveyard is getting overcrowded; there is not much more room to be taken up; so it is proposed to enlarge it, and to make a new quadrangle and a covered cloister. Sir Gilbert Scott has made a design for the addition, which is said to be very beautiful. Who knows but perhaps some day America may have its Westminster Abbey, its home of the great dead. It would naturally be situated in Washington. Still, one of the characteristics of our day is the attention paid to local cemeteries. Near all large cities are to be found burial places laid out with exquisite taste, and adorned with touching memorials of the beloved departed. The bones of our great men are scattered from Maine to the Mississippi, and they serve to sanctify the localities in which they spent their active lives. Perhaps altogether they do as much good as if collected in one mighty mausoleum.

A Wealthy Colored Man.

While the great mass of the colored people of the south are still poor, some few of them are acquiring wealth. Here and there a black man of exceptional ability makes his appearance and becomes an employer himself. Henry Todd lives at Darien, Georgia, and is worth over $100,000 in good and paying investments. Although a black man, he was himself a slaveholder before the war. He then lost twenty slaves, but he had a large cotton crop for which he received 50 cents a pound. He manages farms, owns lumber mills, and is a merchant in a large way. It will add much to the settlement of the negro question in the south, if the colored people can hold their own with the whites in the matter of acquiring property. A few thousand Todds would settle the question as to the status of the southern negro.

The Right of Asylum.

It has been the boast of Great Britain, Switzerland, and other free states, that they have generally recognized the right of asylum, that is, they have refused to surrender political prisoners. They have even gone so far as to protect people who have tried to kill foreign monarchs. The first Napoleon was on the point of declaring war against Great Britain, for harboring a person who tried to kill him, and Lord Palmerston's ministry was defeated at the polls in England for offering to return one of the conspirators against the life of the third Napoleon. Quite recently the law officers in England did interfere to punish Herr Most, whose paper, the *Freiheit*, applauded the assassination of the late Czar. This question of the right of asylum has come up in this country, in the case of Hartmann, a Russian Nihilist, who more than once attempted to murder Alexander II. The Russian Government tried to induce both France and England to surrender him to justice, but they both declined. When Hartmann reached this country he was told that the Assistant Secretary of State said that he would be surrendered if the demand was made, so he fled to Canada. Secretary Blaine, however, in a published letter, declared that the Cabinet had come to no decision upon the matter, and that the opinion given by his subordinate was unauthorized. So the question is still unsettled as to whether we should surrender Russian Nihilists and other king killers. As yet, there is no treaty with Russia on the subject; but it will be remembered that Spain sent back Tweed to this country, although there was no treaty for the surrender of criminals between the two countries. There is a great deal to be said on both sides of this question, and, doubtless, our state department would be guided by the facts in each individual case. If the would-be Czar killers were animated by a mere spirit of malicious destructiveness, they should be treated as any other criminals, that is, as enemies of the human race. But if the intention of the Nihilists is to liberate their country from oppression; if they are making war upon the man who represents a system of —tyranny, then, of course, the sympathies of a free people must be with those who wish to give freedom of action and thought to the Russian people. Surrendering political refugees would not be popular in the United States. At last accounts Hartmann has come back to test the question. He, in effect, dares Russia to make a demand for him.

Tall Houses.

The present rage in New York is the building of houses twelve and fourteen stories high. It is the elevator which has made such vast structures possible. These immensely high buildings are not only used for offices, but are in demand for families. It is found that tenants prefer the upper stories where the air is pure, and the din in the street below is lessened by the distance. One of the objections to elevators is their danger in case of fire and the liability to accidents. When a fire takes place in a structure of this kind, the elevator becomes a great chimney, and communicates the conflagration to every story. A recent invention will however correct this, for a series of temporary floors are left on each story, when the cage moves from one landing place to the other. This invention cuts off all draft and prevents any accident. But our great cities threaten to become famous for their enormous houses. The one drawback to elevators is that it involves the continuous labor of one man, and that necessarily adds to the cost, yet several of the large buildings in New York have four elevators.

The Effect of Pensions.

The Austrian Lloyds is a great steamship company which has its headquarters at Trieste. It does an immense business, and it deserves recognition from the working classes the world over, for the care it takes of its employees. After a certain number of years of faithful service, the latter were allowed a pension. But it was found that a pension had a tendency to make a man lazy and dissipated, so now the company give instead of a pension a certain sum of money, to enable their beneficiaries to set up in business. They used to allow a pension to the widows of their

employees; but this was also found to be demoralizing, so now, in lieu of a regular stipend, the woman is notified that if she wishes to marry a second time, or go into some kind of business, a certain sum of money will be given to her. In this country we have a monstrously large pension list, two-thirds of which is fraudulent. No one likes to say much about it, for it seems ungracious to question an old veteran touching his right to the money he draws every month. But pensions large enough to enable people to live without work, are seldom of value to the recipient.

French Marriages.

The marriage of a son of Musurus Pasha to a daughter of the Countess d' Imecourt, has been annulled by a French court. The case was a romantic one. The handsome young French girl fell in love with the Mahomedan in Constantinople. It was she who did the courting, but the young man was willing, and they went to England to be married. But in France the union was held to be invalid, on account of non-compliance with the requirements of the French law. This leaves the young woman in a most pitiable position, as she has lived with the Pasha's son in good faith, supposing herself to be his lawful wife. Many American girls have been caught in the same trap; indeed, it is dangerous for foreigners to marry Frenchmen who live in France, for the law has many peculiarities. Young women who go abroad to pick up French noblemen would do well to bear this in mind.

Our Vast Trade.

The foreign trade of the United States, for the year ending June 30th, 1881, reached the enormous total of $1,544,912,692. In other words, we exported $902,000,000 and imported $643,000,000. The difference was paid by Europe, of course, in gold and commodities. Vast, as is the external commerce of the country, its internal commerce is five times larger. It is lamentable to think that this great foreign commerce of ours is transported in ships which float every flag but the American. We have no merchant marine worthy the name.

Males and Females.

The census shows that there are more men than women in the United States, or rather, there are more males than females. For every 100,000 of the former, there are only 96,519 of the latter. Of course, in many of the eastern states, as well as in the District of Columbia, the females outnumber the males; but in the western country and in the cattle-growing and mining countries the men largely outnumber the women. The women employed by the Government in Washington bring a large excess of females in the District of Columbia.

American Prima Donnas.

There is something in our atmosphere and modes of life which gives American girls good singing voices. We have more singers here, among our female population, than anywhere else on earth. But it often happens, that when a girl finds she has a good voice, her friends unite in believing that she is the coming prima donna of the age. This makes the girl music-mad, and nothing will do but she must go to Italy to study for the operatic stage. There are to-day literally thousands of girls studying music in Italy, and the time has come when the truth should be told about them. The young women are generally ambitious and poor. In time their money gives out, and they hate to return with their task unaccomplished. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, the opera singer, warns American girls against going abroad, and very plainly tells parents of the risks they run. The moral atmosphere abroad is not what it is here at home; and when the money runs out, then comes the period of danger. Even if the girl has money, and wants to appear on any stage, she is often tempted to secure her chance by sacrifices no good woman can make. There is no object in going abroad to learn how to sing. There are plenty of good masters in this country; and then, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, no amount of teaching will make the girl a good singer. Prima Donnas are very rare, and singers able to interest audiences are scarce.

The President's Wound.

James A. Garfield is having a hard time of it. There were fifteen chances in sixteen that he would have died at once from the bullets of Guiteau. It was first supposed, as a matter of course, that the ball must have passed through his liver; that in all probability it had struck some vital part of the abdomen. But the physicians, although they followed the course of the bullet for five inches, could not tell how far it entered the body, what organs were affected, or whether it lodged in some place likely to permanently injure the patient's health. Of course the President had the best of care, and the physicians seemed to have acted with rare wisdom in his case. Very little medicine was given him, and he was kept on a low animal diet. To relieve him from pain and induce sleep, there were hypodermic injections of morphine given to him for the first two weeks after the shooting. To discover the course of the bullet, a horribly grotesque experiment was tried at the New York University Medical College. A well-known surgeon secured a number of dead bodies, which he strung up in the dissecting-room, the feet touching the floor. Taking a pistol like Guiteau's, and loaded in the same way, he fired repeated bullets into the dead bodies at about the same angle which it was supposed Guiteau's shot entered the President's body. But the experiment resulted in leaving the matter as obscure as before: for each shot gave a different result. In some cases the bullet passed through the body, in others it penetrated the liver; but what vitiated the experiments in the eyes of medical men, was the fact, that the muscles and flesh of the dead body have not the resisting power and tension of the flesh of a live, healthy man. What a horrible experiment it was, and what a scene it must have been when this surgeon was firing away into the suspended bodies of cadavers!

Electricity to Propel Boats.

M. Trouvé, a French electrician, has actually succeeded in propelling a boat on the Seine by the electrical current. The motor is fixed to the upper part of the rudder, and the power communicated to a three-blade screw in the rear of the boat. The motor with its accessories does not weigh more than £10. Electricians expect great things from this application of that mysterious, imponderable fluid to the moving of boats.

American Camels.

Some years ago camels were imported into this country with the idea that they might be of value upon our Western plains. But owing to bad management, or some other cause, they did not prove profitable and so they were turned loose on the Gila and Salt River bottoms. Here they have lived and prospered in a wild state, and can be seen on the plains in large numbers. It is believed that in time they will become as common in New Mexico and Arizona as the buffalo is now East of the Rocky Mountains. The hump and other portions of the camel make good food.

Helps to Education.

The following are among the gifts to our colleges during the past year:

Harvard	$500,000
Yale	250,000
Amherst	75,000
Tufts	120,000
Smith	43,000
Dartmouth	110,000
University of Vermont	50,000
Wesleyan	100,000
Colby	30,000
Buchtel (Ohio)	75,000
Chicago Industrial School	25,000
Wesleyan Female College (Georgia)	70,000

It is a hopeful sign of the times when our rich people are willing to give so liberally for educational purposes. In every case where a gift is made to a college, it should be upon the condition that the doors should be thrown open to both sexes. It is quite as important to educate our daughters as our sons. It is also a notable circumstance that less money is now given to churches, missions, and religious institutions, and more for educational and benevolent purposes. The age is growing secular.

Royal Mummies.

A rich strike of mummies has recently been made in Egypt. No less than thirty of the dead monarchs of Egypt have been found, and with them all the mortuary appendages and inscriptions buried in the grave of Egypt's mighty dead. Among the thirty bodies are those of Thutmes III. and Ramses II. Thutmes was the constructor of the obelisk which stands in the Central Park, while on that monument can be found a record of the deeds of Ramses. These bodies were found in a secret subterranean gallery, containing vast quantities of valuable Egyptian relics. Among the treasures are three thousand seven hundred mortuary statues, a vast leather tent in an excellent state of preservation, fifteen enormous whigs; but more valuable than all, great quantities of papyri, beautifully adorned with illuminations in color, and containing the history of the kings and the sacred records. These may throw a world of light upon ancient Egypt.

Industrial Training.

A sentiment is growing up in favor of something more than the common school for the youth of America. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are all very well in their way, but they do not train the eye, cultivate the ear, or make the hand skilful in the use of tools. In this respect other nations are far ahead of the United States. In Australia there are over a thousand schools, four thousand two hundred teachers, and ninety-eight thousand pupils in technichal schools. Bavaria has one thousand six hundred industrial schools for girls. In Denmark, France, and Germany, there are literally hundreds of thousands of boys and girls who are not only learning how to read and write, but how to work with skilful hands under the inspiration of an artistic education. Americans are very clever and intelligent, but the foundations of a technical education in this country have to be picked up, they are not taught. In other words, the number of unskilled laborers in the United States is far greater than in any other country. We have some few agricultural colleges, and a technological institute in Boston. Cooper Institute in New York has its value also. But we are far, very far behind nations like Switzerland and Bavaria. This is a matter which should be considered in all the school districts of the United States.

Playing with Fire.

They have discovered a kind of illuminator in France, which gives light, but which does not consume. It is a mineral essence which, when put in a lamp, gives light when ignited through a wick. M. Cordig, the inventor, after filling and igniting a lamp, dashed it against the ceiling of the laboratory. The blazing fluid was scattered over the floor, and on the persons of the lookers on, but strange to say, no one was burned or scorched. A pocket handkerchief was then soaked in the fluid and set on fire. A fierce flame resulted, but the pocket handkerchief was uninjured. The fluid was then set on fire in a pail, and the bystanders plunged their hands into the burning flame. A prickly sensation followed, but no scorching or burning. In short, the discovery has been made of light without heat, of an artificial fluid in which there is no danger of combustion. The occupation of insurance companies will be gone when this fluid is in general use.

The Price of an Island.

In 1659 the island of Nantucket was bought from the Indians for one hundred and fifty dollars, and two beaver hats. This fact came out during the recent gathering of the Coffin family on that island. One of the buyers of the island was Tristan Coffyn. To show how rapidly a prolific race increases, it is said that fifty years after old Tristan's death his descendants numbered one thousand one hundred and fifty-eight. They are now found everywhere. Nantucket has had a varied history. When whaling was in vogue, it was the headquarters of that business. Its resident population was always largely composed of women, the wives and daughters of the absent whalers. When patroleum took the place of whale oil, Nantucket lost its business, and for many years it was impossible to rent more than one-fourth of the houses on the island. Its health and cheapness, however, have since made it a popular summer resort, and now the prices of land have advanced to the old figures. Apart from the ocean, the bathing and the fishing, it is a dismal place to live in, as trees do not flourish, and the soil is not productive.

BILL OF FARE.

Breakfast.

CHOCOLATE, COFFEE,
FRIED HALIBUT, BAKED POTATOES, STEAK,
DROPPED EGGS, STEWED FRUIT,
CORN BREAD, WHEAT CAKES.

Dinner.

VEAL SOUP, BAKED FISH,
ROAST CHICKENS,
SQUASH, POTATOES, ONIONS,
SCALLOPED OYSTERS,
APPLE AND CRANBERRY SAUCE,
COTTAGE PUDDING WITH HARD AND SOFT SAUCE,
PUMPKIN PIE AND CHEESE,
FRUITS AND COFFEE.

Tea.

TEA, COFFEE,
BISCUIT, TOAST,
PULSITUS OYSTERS, VEAL SALAD,
COLD HAM,
PRESERVES AND CAKE.

Rice Croquettes.—For these boil half a pound of rice till it becomes quite soft and dry. Then mix with it two tablespoonfuls of rich mild grated cheese, a small teaspoonful of powdered mace, and fresh butter sufficient to moisten it. Mince very fine six tablespoonfuls of the white part of cold fowl, the soft part of six large oysters, a few sprigs of parsley and a bay leaf; add a grated nutmeg and the yellow rind of a lemon. Mix it well, making it moist with a little hot water. Take of the prepared rice a portion the size of an egg, flatten it and put in the center a dessert spoonful of the mixture; close the rice round it and form it into the shape of an egg. Brush it over with some beaten yolk of egg and dredge it with pounded cracker; make it all up into oval balls. Have in readiness in a saucepan on the fire some fat, hot enough for frying. Into this throw the croquettes, two at a time; let them brown and take them out with a perforated skimmer. Let them drain, and serve very hot, garnished with curled parsley and celery.

Grilled Sardines.—Open a box containing one dozen sardines, remove the skins, and place the sardines on a tin plate in the oven till they are heated through. Meanwhile pour the oil from the sardines into a small saucepan, set it on the fire, and when it boils put in an even tablespoonful of flour, stir well; then add gradually two gills of weak stock or water. Boil till it is as thick as rich cream, then add one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, with salt, and plenty of cayenne pepper; beat together the yolk of one egg, one teaspoonful of French mustard, and one teaspoonful of vinegar. Pour the sauce boiling hot on the egg, &c., stir a moment, then pour it over the sardines, which have been previously prepared.

Bannock.—*Ingredients.*

Indian Meal	one pint.
Sour Milk	
Salt	one-half teaspoonful.
Molasses	one tablespoonful.
Melted Butter	two tablespoonfuls.
Eggs	two.
Wheat Flour	one pint.
Soda	two large teaspoonfuls.

Wet the meal with the milk; then add the salt, molasses, and melted butter; then the beaten eggs, then flour; thin with milk to the consistency of drop cakes; and, lastly, add the soda dissolved in hot water. Pour into square buttered tins an inch thick, and bake in quick oven fifteen minutes.

Economical Soup.—*Ingredients:*

Stale Bread	one pound.
Onions	three large ones.
Cabbage	one small head.
Carrot	one.
Turnip	one large one.
Celery	one small head.
Salt	one tablespoonful.
Pepper	one teaspoonful.
Parsley	one small bunch.
Marjoram and Thyme	one sprig of each.
Weak Stock	two quarts.
New Milk	one pint.

The water in which mutton or beef has been boiled will do for stock. Put the above ingredients, excepting the milk, in the stock, and boil slowly two hours; rub through a fine hair sieve, add the new milk, boil up, and serve.

Apple Pancakes.—*Ingredients:*

Apples	twelve.
Eggs	twenty.
Cream	one quart.
Cinnamon	two drachms.
Nutmeg	" "
Ginger	" "
Crush Lump Sugar	six "

Peel the apples, cut in round slices, and fry in butter. Beat up the eggs in the cream, add the spice and sugar, and pour over the apples.

Lemon Dumplings.—*Ingredients:*

Suet	four ounces.
Moist Sugar	" "
Bread Crumbs	one-half pound.
Lemon	one.

Grate the rind of the lemon, squeeze out the juice; mix all the ingredients. Put in buttered teacups, and boil three-quarters of an hour.

Oyster Pie.—*Ingredients:*

Oysters	one quart.
Pepper	one-half teaspoonful.
Mace	" "
Salt	" "
Cracker Crumbs	one teacupful.
Butter	one-quarter pound.
Puff paste.	

Strain the oysters; add the spice, cracker crumbs and the butter broken in bits; put in a deep pie-dish lined with paste; add half the oyster liquor. The dish should be full, covered with rich puff paste, and baked until the crust is done.

Sauce for Game.—*Ingredients:*

Milk	two cups.
Dried Bread Crumbs	one cup.
Onion	one-quarter.
Butter	two tablespoonfuls.
Salt and Pepper.	

Dry the bread in a warm oven, and then roll into rather coarse bread crumbs; sift them, and put the fine crumbs which come through the sieve on to boil in the milk, adding the onion; boil fifteen minutes; then skim out the onion, and add one tablespoonful of butter and seasoning. Fry the coarse crumbs, until brown, in the remaining butter, which should be very hot before they are added. Stir over a hot fire two minutes, being careful not to burn. Cover the breasts of the birds or fowls with these, and pour the sauce around them.

Sweet Apple Pudding.—*Ingredients:*

Milk	one quart.
Eggs	four.
Chopped Apples	three cups.
Lemon	one.
Nutmeg and Cinnamon.	
Soda	one-quarter teaspoonful.
Vinegar	
Flour	

Use all the juice and half the rind of the lemon. Beat the yolks of the eggs very light; add the milk, seasoning and flour. Stir hard five minutes, and beat in the apple, then the whites, and, lastly, the soda dissolved in a little vinegar. Mix all well. Bake in two square shallow pans one hour, and eat hot with sweetened cream.

When half done this pudding should be covered with paper to prevent hardening.

Honey Pudding.—*Ingredients:*

Honey	one-half pound.
Butter	six ounces.
Bread Crumbs	one-fourth ounce.
Eggs	eight.

Beat the honey and butter to a cream, and add the bread crumbs; beat all together for ten minutes with the yolks of the eggs. Put into mould and boil for an hour and a half. Serve with any nice pudding sauce.

Oyster Sauce.—*Ingredients:*

Oysters	one-half pint.
Boiling Water	one pint.
Butter	one-half cup.
Flour	two tablespoons.
Salt and Pepper.	

Beat the butter to a cream with the flour, adding the seasoning, and stir in the water while boiling; add the oysters and boil two minutes, and serve.

Cocoa-nut Pudding.—*Ingredients:*

Milk	three pints.
Fine Bread Crumbs	one teacup.
Cocoa-nut	" "
Eggs	six.
Sugar	one teacupful.
Rind of Lemon	one.

Soak the bread crumbs for two hours in a pint and a half of the milk, and the grated meat of the cocoa-nut also, then add the well-beaten eggs and the lemon rind grated, the sugar, and the rest of the milk. Stir well and bake. Do not let it remain long enough in the oven to become watery.

Raisin Pie.—*Ingredients:*

Raisins	one pound.
Lemon	one.
Sugar (white)	one cup.
Flour	two tablespoonfuls.

Boil the raisins covered with water an hour; add the lemon, sugar, and flour. Will make three pies.

Nut Cake.—*Ingredients:*

Sugar	two cups.
Butter	one cup.
Flour	three cups.
Water	one cup.
Eggs	four.
Soda	one teaspoonful.
Cream Tartar	two "
Hickory Nut Kernels	two cups.

Mix the ingredients, adding the nut kernels last.

Lemon Jumbles.—*Ingredients:*

Eggs	one
Sugar	one teacup.
Butter	two-thirds teacup.
Milk	three teaspoonfuls.
Cream Tartar	one "
Soda	one-half "
Lemons	two.
Flour	

Use the juice of both lemons and grated rind of one; mix rather stiff, roll out, and cut with cake cutter.

Cream Pie.—*Ingredients:*

Eggs.....four.
Milk.....two and one-half pints.
Sugar.....one teacupful.
Salt.....one-half teaspoonful.

Beat the eggs in a half pint of the milk, with the sugar, salt, and six large tablespoonfuls of flour. Heat one quart of milk nearly to boiling; then stir the eggs, etc., into the milk, and stir rapidly until it thickens. Add one teaspoonful of lemon.

Make the pastry as for custard pies. When done pour the cream on the pies and set away to cool.

Vinegar Pie.—*Ingredients:*

Sugar.....one cup
Vinegar.....one-half cup.
Butter.....one tablespoonful.
Egg.....one.
Rolled Crackers.....one-quarter cup.

Boil the sugar and vinegar together a few minutes; add the butter, cool, and add the egg and crackers. Bake with two crusts.

Transparent Pie.—*Ingredients:*

White Sugar.....three cups.
Butter.....three-quarters cup.
Eggs.....four.

Beat the eggs very light, and mix all the ingredients together, and bake in one lower crust. Above makes filling for two pies.

Sugar Pie.—*Ingredients:*

Flour.....
Sugar.....
Butter.....
Vinegar.....one tablespoonful.
Lemon.....
Warm Water.....

Make a rich crust; line the pie-pan, and sprinkle flour over the bottom of the crust until about a quarter of an inch thick; same amount of sugar; mix this together thoroughly; add small lump of butter, then the vinegar; flavor with lemon, and lastly enough warm water to fill the pie-pan over half full. Stir carefully without breaking the crust, and bake quickly. Only a bottom crust is needed.

Almond Jumbles.—*Ingredients:*

Sugar.....one pound
Flour.....one-half pound.
Butter.....one-quarter pound.
Loppered Milk.....one teacupful.
Eggs.....five.
Rose Water.....one tablespoonful.
Almonds.....three-quarters pound.
Soda.....one teaspoonful.
Boiling Water.....

Blanch the almonds and chop fine, but do not pound them; dissolve the soda in boiling water; cream, butter and sugar; stir in the beaten yelks, the milk, the flour, and the rose water, the almonds; lastly, the beaten whites very lightly and quickly; drop in rings or round cakes on buttered paper, and bake quickly. Grated cocoanut may be substituted for the almonds.

Breton Cake.—*Ingredients:*

Butter.....one cup.
Sugar.....one and one-half cups.
Eggs.....five.
Baking Powder.....one and one-half teaspoonfuls.
Flour.....one and one-half pints.
Cream.....“ pint.
Prunes.....three-quarters of a pound.

Soak and stone the prunes, cutting each into three pieces. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream; add the eggs one at a time, beating two minutes between each addition. Sift the flour and powder together, which add to the butter, etc., with the cream and prepared prunes. Mix into a batter moderately thick, and bake in steady oven forty-five minutes.

Butter Cakes.—*Ingredients:*

Sugar.....one and one-quarter pounds.
Butter.....one pound,
Cold Water.....one pint.
Eggs.....two.
Flour.....three-quarter pounds.
Soda.....one teaspoonful.
Carraway Seed.....four tablespoonfuls.

Sprinkle the carraway seeds through the flour; dissolve the soda in hot water; rub or chop the butter in the flour; dissolve the sugar in the water; mix all well with the beaten eggs. Cut in square cakes or with an oval mould, and bake quickly.

Snow Drops.—*Ingredients:*

Butter.....one cup.
Sugar.....two cups.
Eggs.....five.
Milk.....one small cup.
Prepared Flour.....three cups.
Vanilla.....ten drops.

Bake in small shells.

Molasses Cookies.—*Ingredients:*

Butter.....one cup.
Molasses.....two cups.
Cloves.....two teaspoonfuls.
Ginger.....one tablespoonful.
Flour.....

Make into a stiff *batter*, not dough; mould with the hands into small cakes, and bake in a steady oven.

French Cake.—*Ingredients:*

Sugar.....one pound.
Butter.....one-half pound.
Currants.....one pound.
Flour.....three cups.
Eggs.....four.
Nutmeg.....to taste.
Cinnamon.....to taste.
Sweet Milk.....three tablespoonfuls.
Soda.....one teaspoonful.

Wash the currants dry, and dredge. Dissolve the soda in the milk.

Sponge Cake.—*Ingredients:*

Eggs.....twelve.
Sugar.....weight of the eggs.
Flour.....half of above.
Lemon.....one.

Grate the lemon rind; squeeze out the juice. Beat yelks and whites *very* light, the sugar into the former when they are smooth and stiff; next the juice and grated lemon peel, then the flour; lastly, the beaten whites *very* lightly. See that your oven is steady, and cover the cake with paper to prevent burning. It is also a good plan to fit neatly to the bottom and sides of the pan in which sponge is baked, buttered paper.

Coffee Cake.—*Ingredients:*

Eggs.....two.
Sugar.....“ cups.
Flour.....four “
Raisins.....one-half pound.
Currants.....“ “
Cinnamon.....two teaspoonfuls.
Mace.....“ “
Allspice.....“ “
Strong Cold Coffee.....one cup.
Saleratus.....one teaspoonful.

Dissolve the saleratus in the coffee; mix the ingredients, and bake slowly.

Ginger Snaps.—*Ingredients:*

Butter.....one-half coffee cup.
Lard.....“ “
Sugar.....one “
Molasses.....“ “
Water.....one-half “
Ginger.....one tablespoonful.
Cinnamon.....“ “
Cloves.....“ teaspoonful.
Soda.....“ “
Flour.....to roll.

Roll thin, and bake quickly.

Corn Starch Cake.—*Ingredients:*

Pulverized Sugar.....one cup.
Butter.....one-half cup.
Sweet Milk.....one-half teacup.
Soda.....one teaspoonful.
Eggs.....three.
Cream Tartar.....two teaspoonfuls.
Flour.....one teaspoonful.
Corn Starch.....one-half teacupful.

Cream the sugar and butter. Dissolve the soda in sweet milk; beat the whites of the eggs, and mix with the cream tartar in the flour; stir, and add the corn starch. Flavor to taste, and bake in moderately quick oven.

Clove Cake.—*Ingredients:*

Butter.....one and one-half cups.
Sugar.....three cups.
Eggs.....four.
Baking Powder.....one teaspoonful.
Flour.....one and one-half pints.
Sultana Raisins.....one cupful.
Milk.....“ “
Royal Extract Cloves...two teaspoonfuls.

Rub the butter and sugar to a light white cream; add the eggs one at a time, beating a few minutes between each; add the flour sifted with the powder, the raisins, extract, and milk. Mix all into a smooth batter, a little firm, and bake in a rather quick oven forty minutes in flat, shallow cake pans, papered as for sponge cake.

Sugar Biscuit.—*Ingredients:*

Flour.....one and one-half pints.
Salt.....“ tablespoonful.
Sugar.....“ coffee-cupful.
Baking Powder.....two teaspoonfuls.
Lard.....one teaspoonful.
Eggs.....two.
Milk.....one-half pint.
Nutmeg.....one-quarter.

Sift together flour, salt, sugar and powder; rub in the lard cold; add the beaten eggs and milk; mix in a smooth batter as for muffins; drop with a tablespoon on greased baking tin; sift sugar over the tops, and bake in quick oven for eight or ten minutes.

Oatmeal Cracknels.—*Ingredients:*

Fine Oatmeal.....one and one-half pints.
Graham.....one-half pint.
Salt.....one teaspoonful.
Baking Powder.....one teaspoonful.
Milk.....one pint.

Mix the oatmeal; let it stand to swell five hours in a cold place. Sift together Graham, salt, and powder; add it to the oatmeal; mix into a smooth dough. Flour the board with corn meal; turn out the dough, and roll it a quarter of an inch thick. Cut out with a biscuit cutter. Lay on greased baking tins; wash over with milk, and bake in moderate oven for ten minutes.

Corn Bread Rusks.—*Ingredients:*

Corn Meal.....six cupfulls.
Wheat Flour.....four “
Molasses.....two teaspoonfuls.
Salt.....one teaspoonful.

Mix well together, knead into dough; make two cakes of it; put into well buttered tins or iron pans, and bake an hour.

Crumpets.—*Ingredients:*

Indian Meal.....one quart.
Boiled Milk.....“ “
Yeast.....four tablespoonfuls.
White Sugar.....two “
Lard or Butter.....two heaping tablespoonfuls.
Salt.....one teaspoonful.

Scald the meal with boiling sweet milk, and let it stand until lukewarm. Then stir in the sugar, yeast, and salt, and leave it to rise five hours. Add the melted shortening, beat well; put in greased muffin rings; set near the fire fifteen minutes, then bake half an hour in quick oven. Never cut open a muffin or crumpet of any kind, but break open with the fingers.

Ox-tail Soup.—Take a couple of ox-tails, divide them at the joints, and put them into a saucepan with three quarts of cold water, and salt to taste. Let it come gently to a boil, removing carefully the while any scum that rises. Add gradually the following vegetables, cut into convenient pieces: Three or four carrots (according to size), one small turnip, two onions stuck with half a dozen cloves, about twenty peppercorns, half a head of celery, a bay leaf, and some parsley. Put in a few drops of *sac-colorant*, and let the soup boil very gently four or five hours. Strain the liquor, and remove all fat from it. Serve with the pieces of ox-tail, omitting the largest ones.

Beef Sandwiches.—Take a loaf one day old, and cut it in slices about one-eighth of an inch thick. Take two parts of butter and one of French mustard, and work the two well together, adding a little salt. Cut out of a stewed or braised silver-side of beef slices about one-eighth of an inch thick, remove outside parts and fat from each slice; butter half the slices of bread with plain butter, and half with mustard and butter, as above; take one of each, place a slice of beef between them, and press them down. When a number are done, pile up as many as can conveniently be cut through, and trim the edges, so as to get rid of all crust on the slices of bread; then cut the sandwiches, some in triangles, or small squares or rounds, and others in fingers.

Oyster Omelet.—One dozen large fresh oysters chopped into small pieces, half a teaspoonful of salt sprinkled on them, and then let them stand in their own liquor half an hour. Beat six eggs, the yelks and whites apart, the former to a firm, smooth paste, the latter to a solid froth. Add to the yelks a tablespoonful of rich, sweet cream, pepper and salt in sufficient quantity, and then lightly stir the whites in. Put an ounce and a half of butter into a hot frying-pan. When it is thoroughly melted and begins to fry pour in your egg mixture, and add as quickly as possible the oysters. Do not stir, but with a broad-bladed omelet-knife lift, as the eggs set, the omelet from the bottom of the pan, to prevent its scorching. In five minutes it will be done. Place a hot dish bottom upward over the omelet, and dexterously turn the pan over with the brown side uppermost upon the dish. Eat without delay.

Bes Crullers.—Rub two ounces of butter into ten ounces of flour and a tablespoonful of white sugar. Knead into a stiff paste with three eggs beaten; if the eggs are not sufficient to moisten the flour, a spoonful of milk can be added. Flavor with lemon or almond, and leave it an hour covered with a cloth. Pinch off pieces the size of small eggs; roll them out into an oval shape the size of your hand, and the thickness of half a crown. Cut three slits with a paste cutter or knife in the center of each oval; cross the two middle bars, and draw up the two sides between; put your finger through, and drop the cruller into boiling lard in a stewpan wide enough to admit of three at once. Turn them as they rise, and, when a light brown, take them up with a fork and lay them on a dish, with paper underneath them. They are best eaten within two days after they are made; but if kept longer, it recrisps them to place them in a moderate oven for ten minutes. Two or three pounds of lard are required, and what is left will do again with the addition of a little more.

Things worth Knowing.—That boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains; pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it from spreading over the fabric. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands. That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid the whitening process. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little spermaceti or a little salt, or both, or a little gum-arabic dissolved. That beeswax and salt will make flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass; tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose; when the irons are hot, rub them with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or rag sprinkled with salt. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as when new. That kerosene will make tin tea-kettles as bright as new; saturate a woolen rag and rub with it; it will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

Pickle for Hams and Bacon. — For two hams, 18 lb. each, take 8 oz. saltpeter finely powdered, 1¼ lb. bay salt finely powdered, 3 lb. common salt, 3lb. brown sugar; mix all together, and lay it on the hams or bacon, and let it remain in pickle five weeks, turning occasionally. Never rub hams or bacon; it only bruises them. The kernels, of which there are generally two in each ham, should be removed before they are put in pickle.

Fried Parsley.—Pick out a number of sprigs as much of a size as possible, hold them together by the stalks, and shake them repeatedly in cold water, so as to thoroughly wash them; then shake out the water from them, and dry them thoroughly and effectually in a cloth, cut off the stalks close, put the parsley in the frying basket, and dip it for about a minute in boiling hot lard or oil, never ceasing the while to shake the basket. Turn out the parsley on a napkin in the screen in front of the fire to drain. Parsley should be fried just before it is wanted.

Pickled Eggs.—Boil some four or six dozen in a capacious saucepan until they become quite hard; then, after carefully removing the shells, lay them in large-mouthed jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, a few races of ginger, and a few cloves of garlic; when cold bung down closely, and in a month they are fit for use. When eggs are plentiful the above pickle is by no means expensive.

Apple Pudding in Crust.—*Ingredients:*

Stewed Apples	one and a half pints.
Rich Cream	one teacupful.
Butter	one quarter pound.
Eggs	four.
Nutmeg	one quarter of one.
Lemon Rind	
Sugar	

Use sugar and flavoring to taste; put in the butter while the apples are hot, the remainder when cool. Dried apples will do.

Veal Cutlets (Italian style).—Take some veal cutlets and trim them to a uniform shape. Make a mixture of equal parts of bread-crumbs and grated cheese; add pepper and salt to taste. Dip the cutlets in liquefied butter; pass them in this mixture. When set dip them in egg, and pass them in the mixture again; then fry them a good color. Boil a small quantity of macaroni, dress it with butter, cheese, and tomato sauce, with the yolk of an egg stirred into it. Place the macaroni on a dish, and the cutlets in a circle round it.

Bacon and Potatoes.—(1) Mash some cold (previously boiled) potatoes roughly (not too fine) with a lump of butter and a little pepper, form them into a flat round cake about two inches thick; fry it in a frying pan to a rich brown, turning both sides, and place slices of fried bacon round it in the dish. Serve hot; a little beef gravy put into it when done will give a good flavor. The bacon may be inserted into the mass of potato as in a pie, instead of being set round the edges. (2) Slice up raw potatoes into round slices a quarter of an inch thick (or chop them into moderately sized dice), fry with butter, and serve hot with bacon, in same way as first receipt.

Centennial Omelet.—Boil a dozen apples as for a sauce; stir in a quarter of pound of butter, and the same of white sugar; when cold add four well-beaten eggs, some cream, a grated nutmeg, salt to taste; put it in a baking dish strewn thickly with bread-crumbs, so as to stick to the bottom and sides; strew bread and cracker crumbs plentifully over the apple mixture when in the baking dish; bake, turn it out and grate sugar over it. If preferred, the sugar may be omitted, and then the omelet may be served on a bed of fried parsnips and parsley.

Coffee.—For four people three heaped dessert spoonfuls of coffee, one pint of boiling water, half a pint new milk. Put the coffee in a small jug; pour the water on, which must be boiling, let it stand before the fire while the milk is boiling, strain it through muslin into the coffee-pot, and when required for use, but not before, add the boiling milk and serve. It is always a rich golden color, and gives universal satisfaction. If I want it particularly good, I use more coffee and milk, and less water. If there be any coffee left over from breakfast, or at any time, it will be equally good if heated in a white-lined saucepan, but must never on any account boil, once the milk has been added. I use East India coffee, prepared in canisters, to be procured of any good grocer.

Brown Bread.—A favorite way of making it is to take two cups of meal, one of flour—white or graham can be used—one cup of sweet milk, one of sour, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus and a little salt. When making it, if you have not any sweet milk, use water in place of it; of course the milk makes it more nourishing. This should be well beaten and put into a two-quart basin, which must first be thoroughly greased. Steam the bread one hour, then set it in the oven to dry and to brown. Any time from fifteen minutes to half an hour will do; this will depend on the state of the oven.

Apple Marmalade.—Pare, core and cut the apples in small pieces; put them in water with some lemon juice to keep them white; after a short interval take them out and drain them; weigh, and put them in a stewpan with an equal quantity of sugar; add grated lemon peel, the juice of a lemon, some cinnamon sticks and a pinch of salt. Place the stewpan over a brisk fire and cover it closely. When the apples are reduced to a pulp, stir the mixture until it becomes of a proper consistency, and put the marmalade away in small pots.

Pigeon Pie.—Rub the pigeons inside and out with pepper and salt; inside put a piece of butter, some parsley chopped with the livers, and lay a beefsteak at the bottom of the dish, and then the birds cut in half; between every two place a hard boiled egg, and a small piece of ham in each pigeon; pour a cup of cold water in the dish. Season the gizzard and two joints of the wings, and put them in the center of the pie, and over them, in a hole made in the puff paste, three feet and a sprig of evergreen.

Doughnuts.—Take three pints of flour, a piece of butter about the size of a hen's egg, one cup of sugar, one egg, a small bowlful of milk or water, four or five teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon. The dough made in this way will be thin, and you will need to sprinkle flour enough over it and on the kneading board to roll it out nicely. Cut the cakes out with a biscuit-cutter; then take a knife and insert it at the edge of the cake until the point of the knife is at the center; then take out the knife and put the raisin in; press and flatten the cake, and cut it out again with the biscuit-cutter. This operation prevents the raisin from bursting out when the cake rises.

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Illustrated Fashions.

ALL the most prominent features of the early autumn fashions are shown in our illustrations for this month. From these it is not difficult to gather that short skirts still retain their well-deserved prestige, and are used even for the most dressy purposes, that round waists will be worn both with trimmed skirts and overskirts, while basques will be equally fashionable; that puffed sleeves of various styles are firmly established in popular favor; polonaises are yet in vogue; the convenient shoulder-cape has not fallen into disfavor, draperies incline toward pointed effects; shirring is still a favorite method of trimming, princess dresses are the choice for dressy toilets; and that, for street garments, the close-fitting, "tailor"-made jacket is still chosen for service, and the graceful *visite* for dressy wear All of the designs shown possess distinctive features essentially their own, many of them decidedly novel.

Let us begin with the home dresses. Here, if one is disinclined to make a combination for herself of different patterns, is the *costume complet*, the "Mirabel." This has a round waist with plaited drapery on the front, which is so becoming to slender figures, the broad belt and large waist-bow assisting in the same direction, and the puffed sleeves, tight from the wrists nearly to the elbows, giving a quaint effect that is very charming. The drapery on the front of the skirt, instead of falling loosely, as is usual, is sewed to the top of the flounce in a reversed manner, then turned upward, which produces a very graceful effect, and obviates the necessity for any trimming on the bottom; and the flounces extending all the way up the back give a graceful *tournure*. This makes up charmingly in any of the woolen goods of the season, the heaviest of course excepted, and for trimming, nothing can be more effective than bands of some of the popular striped goods.

The "Junia" waist and "Giulia" walking-skirt are illustrated separately, and also in combination for a home dress. The "Junia" shows another method of trimming the round waist, and also another style of puffed sleeves, and the irregularity in the arrangement of the drapery on the "Giulia" skirt renders it particularly effective, especially when contrasting materials are used for the costume, as in the illustration. The addition of a shoulder-cape, or a jacket, will convert either of the

above-described costumes into stylish walking dresses.

One of the jauntiest of autumn jackets is the "Egerton," if made in any one of the cloths of medium weight that are shown in such great variety this season, the colors and styles being exactly like those chosen for gentlemen's suits. This should be fitted to a nicety, and finished in "tailor" style, either with rows of stitching near the edges, or bound with narrow galloon like gentlemen's clothing; for the masculine element, as to models and finish, has not yet been eradicated from the feminine toilet.

The "Olympe" *visite* is a unique design, suitable for dressy wear, which makes up elegantly in satin either plain or brocaded, *satin merveilleux*, *satin Rhadames*, the various *armure* silks, and even in *ciselé* velvet of light quality, and is appropriately trimmed with Spanish, Aurillac, or thread lace, with jet *passementerie* and bows of watered ribbon; while it is equally stylish made in a nice quality of camel's-hair goods, trimmed either with lace or fringe. This is easily arranged, the fronts being cut in loose sacque shape, the back fitted by a curved seam down the middle, and the sleeves full at the back and wrists, and inserted in dolman style.

The "Feodora" polonaise is especially adapted to Cheviots, serges, heather cloths and similar goods that will be selected for serviceable suits for autumn and winter wear, and will be quite as stylish finished with rows of stitching near the edges, as with galloon, as it is illustrated. For winter, the cape of the material can be replaced by one of lynx, tiger-cat, or any fur that will blend well in color with the goods, for the fur collars and capes will be extremely fashionable during the coming season, especially for young ladies.

The most striking feature of the "Coppélia" walking-skirt is the arrangement of the front, which has two, "sagging" puffs extending to the sides, where they are finished by plaited panels that may or may not be trimmed with *passementerie;* and these, in turn, meet a very full, pointed drapery, which reaches nearly to the bottom of the skirt. For a toilet of black *satin Rhadames*, combined with brocaded satin and trimmed with jet, this is an excellent design, and the "Lolita" basque, made of the brocade, with *moiré* silk for the bows, will charmingly complete the toilet. These are equally well adapted to other materials and colors, and are illustrated in combinations on the reception toilet shown on the full-page engraving.

On the same plate will also be seen the "Gianina" toilet, which recommends itself as especially adapted for a wedding dress, the long, full train allowing a more graceful sweep of the veil over it than is possible with *bouffant* draperies, and the front presenting excellent opportunity for the arrangement of floral garniture. While possessing these especial advantages for the above purpose, it is equally desirable for a dressy toilet of any of the fashionable materials, and made in a simpler fabric, cashmere, for example, of some becoming color, with a little less and simpler garniture, will make a truly esthetic home dress.

STREET COSTUME, AND HOUSE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—An attractive street costume of canoness blue, camel's-hair serge, trimmed with bands of dark blue plush. The design is a plain gored walking skirt, trimmed with alternate rows of knife-plaiting and plush around the bottom, over which is arranged the "Feodora" polonaise, a novel model appearing like a basque and overskirt in front, and very gracefully draped at the back. A small shoulder cape and turned-down collar finish the costume. The sleeves are close-fitting, and not very long, and the loose-wristed "Bernhardt" gloves of tan-colored undressed kid are drawn up over them. "Rough-and-ready" straw hat, trimmed with a scarf of soft blue silk arranged in an Alsacian bow with a silver slide, and two small, blue ostrich tips. Price of polonaise patterns, thirty cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—This graceful figure illustrates a back view of the quaint and pretty "Mirabel" costume made up in mahogany brown cashmere, trimmed with lengthwise bands of striped brown, red and gold Surah. The short skirt is trimmed with a deep, shirred flounce all around the bottom, and two similar flounces reaching to the waist at the back, and these flounces are all bordered with a band of the Surah. A draped apron completes the front of the skirt. A plain round waist, ornamented with plaited surplice drapery, a sailor collar of Surah, and full bishop sleeves with wide Surah cuffs, complete the costume. A belt and waist bow of Surah, and a narrow plaited *balayeuse* of gold-colored Surah, set on the bottom of the skirt under the flounce, finish the trimming. Ruffles of Mirecourt lace are worn in the neck and at the wrists. Price of costume patterns, thirty cents each size.

Chapeaux à la Mode.

No. 1.—An extremely stylish hat of gray French felt, with rolled brim and square crown. The trimming consists of a *torsade* of pearl-gray mole-skin plush, and bow of the same on the left side of the hat, and a long shaded gray plume, crossing the front and drooping over the brim at the right. A slide of cut steel is fastened in the plush bow.

No. 2.—This effective hat of black beaver, with flaring brim, has a puffed roll of black velvet set under the brim, near the hair, upon which three Pompeiian red ostrich tips are mounted, curling over the puff toward the front. The outside of the hat is trimmed with a lightly twisted scarf of black *satin merveilleux*, and a cluster of black tips curling outward on the right side of the crown.

No. 3.—This elegant round hat is a milliner's shape, covered with black plush. The brim is turned up very high at the left side, and faced with a puff of black plush, studded with cut jet beads. A cluster of small black ostrich tips is fastened in at the left side close to the hair, and two long, black plumes and a scarf of *satin* Surah compose the outside trimming.

No. 4.—A very becoming hat of forest-green felt, faced two-thirds of the width of the brim with dark green plush. A scarf of green and orange-colored *glacé* plush, and two plumes, one dark-green, falling toward the back, and the other shorter and orange-colored, drooping over the brim at the left of the front, compose the trimming.

No. 5.—A square-crowned hat of black satin, with straight, slightly drooping brim. A fall of black Spanish lace, beaded with cut jet, edges the brim, and a double *ruche* of the same lace encircles the crown. A cluster of orange-colored loops of satin ribbon, and two shaded yellow silk *pompons*, are placed at the right side.

No. 6.—This unique and stylish hat is of canoness-blue velvet, with wide brim turned up all around, and covered with a full puff of velvet. The crown is encircled with a wreath of canoness-blue, and paler blue ostrich tips, curling outward from the crown, and almost entirely concealing the outside of the hat.

Hellēne Bracelets.

THE latest novelty in the line of bracelets has recently been brought out by one of our most prominent jewelers, under the very appropriate name of the "Hellēne" bracelet. These bracelets are in general outline an indirect revival of the Cypriote art discovered in the excavations of Dr. Schleimann, and are formed of a massive front, richly decorated in Renaissance, Medicean, Byzantine and Hellēnic ornamentation, forming one-quarter or one-third of the entire circumference, the remaining portion being an ingeniously made, flexible, hollow wire, possessed of sufficient elasticity to cause the bracelet to retain the position on the arm where placed, without binding the arm unpleasantly. The common and annoying difficulty of the bracelet moving on the arm is completely obviated in this ornament, which is rich in design and original in construction.

1 5 2 4 3 6

CHAPEAUX À LA MODE.

COPPÉLIA WALKING SKIRT.

GIULIA WALKING SKIRT.

Coppélia Walking Skirt.—A unique and dressy model, suitable to be worn with either a round waist or a basque. It is arranged with a gored skirt, short enough to escape the ground all around, and trimmed on the bottom with a knife-plaiting, over which is a very full front drapery shirred across to form two full "sagging" puffs and a deep ruffle at the bottom; a plaited side panel extends nearly to the bottom of the skirt on each side, and the narrow back drapery is cut pointed and draped irregularly in plaits at either side. The design is suitable for almost any class of dress goods, excepting the heaviest, and is very desirable for a combination of materials. This skirt is illustrated on Fig. 3 of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

"Patience."

THE esthetic dresses worn by the love-sick maidens in the opera of "Patience," as represented in London, are all of one cut, viz., a loose flowing skirt, and a half-high classic bodice, with a ribbon belt round the waist tied in a looped bow in front, the ribbon being narrow, the same forming braces at the back. The long drooping sleeves are fastened with three buttons on the outside of the shoulder, and spring from the fullness of the dress at the back. The colors and ornamentation have been selected with much forethought. The love-sick maiden, who is clothed in dark blue, has large sunflowers on her robe. One dress is embroidered with daffodils, a sickly green shows passion-flowers; a terra cotta has gold borderings; a light blue robe is secured by claret-colored bows. Lady Jane's dress differs from the rest. It is a long, close-fitting Japanese robe of dark blue silk, embroidered in gold, with a peacock's tail, scrolls, etc. She has a light blue floating scarf attached to the shoulders at the back.

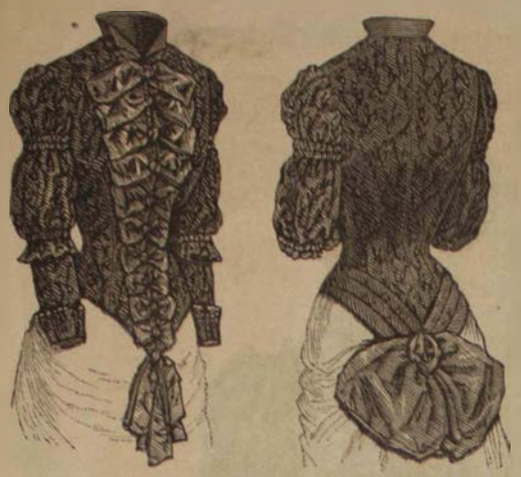
FEATHER trimmings are again popular.

Gianina Toilet.—This elegant and novel design is arranged with a gored walking-skirt, short enough to escape the ground all around, over which is a princess overdress, extending in a very long, round train in the back, and forming a short pointed basque in front, to the bottom of which is added a shirred curtain drapery falling over a deep, "sagging" puff on the front and sides of the underskirt. The train is edged with fine side plaiting, one row at the sides and three around the bottom, and several rows of plaiting constitute the trimming on the bottom of the underskirt, a fourth plaiting being as suitable as lace under the puff. The corsage is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the arm-holes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The neck is illustrated as open in V shape, but the pattern is only marked, not cut out. The demi-long sleeves, closely shirred with a puff at the top and bottom, and an "Anne of Austria" belt complete the design, which is especially appropriate for handsome fabrics, and is very desirable for a combination of colors or materials. This is illustrated as a bridal toilet on Fig. 2 of the full-page engraving. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Giulia Walking Skirt.—A graceful and unique style of walking skirt, composed of a gored skirt, short enough to escape the ground all around, and trimmed with deep kilt-plaiting; and a shawl-pointed overskirt draped in plaits. This design is appropriate for any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with bands of *bayadère* goods and fringe, or in any other style, more or less elaborate, according to the material selected. This skirt is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Junia" waist. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

ENGLISH fashions still predominate for young children.

GIANINA TOILET.



LOLITA BASQUE.

Lolita Basque. - A very effective design, consisting of a tight fitting basque, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The basque is cut pointed back and front, and has a plaited sash with a large bow at the back. The tight sleeves are ornamented with shirred puffings above the elbows, and a set of graduated bows, giving the effect of a pointed *plastron*, finishes the front of the basque. This design is suitable for all classes of dress goods, excepting the heaviest, and is most effective made in a combination of materials, as illustrated. The front view of this basque is shown on Fig. 3 of the full-page engraving. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents, each size.

LUCINDE BASQUE.

Lucinde Basque.—An elegant and novel design, pointed back and front, and tight-fitting, with two darts in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The side forms and back pieces are cut rather shorter than the side gores, and the required length is furnished by the addition of a gathered ruffle made of doubled material. The half-long sleeves are shirred above the elbows to a tight-fitting lining, and fall in a full ruffle below. A pointed *plastron* collar ornaments the basque, and the neck is finished with a plain standing collar. This design is adapted to most dress materials, and is especially stylish made in combination as illustrated. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Our "What to Wear" for the Autumn and Winter of 1881–82.

THE enormous circulation that this publication has attained shows that ladies generally recognize it for what it is—a *multum in parvo* of information and direction in regard to dress and its belongings—taken from the most useful and practical side. In a handy form for reference are found all sorts of useful facts in regard to costumes, fabrics, outdoor garments, hats and bonnets, children's clothing, hosiery, and all the details of the toilet, illustrated, and embodying many new and exclusive styles. "WHAT TO WEAR" for the autumn and winter of 1881–82 is now ready. The price is only fifteen cents, postage paid. Address, MME. DEMOREST, 17 East 14 Street, New York.

"Our Portfolio of Fashions."

THE singular popularity of this publication finds no better evidence than its enormous circulation. This season we start with the almost fabulous list of 120,000, and this may increase to 150,000, at its present rate of advancement, before the edition is mailed. 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 "PORTFOLIO," with al the new designs in costume for the autumn and winter of 1881–82, is now ready, and prompt application should be made to insure delivery. Price, fifteen cents, post-free.

Address, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York City.

Demorest's Monthly

for November will contain a superb oil picture, full-page size, entitled PUSS IN BOOTS, and other charming illustrations.

It will also be the first number of the New Volume (18), and hereafter the subscription price will be two dollars per year, or twenty cents each month.

JUNIA WAIST.

Junia Waist. — A unique and stylish round waist, extremely becoming to ladies of slender figure. The foundation is a plain, tight-fitting waist, upon which four box plaits, drawn in to the lower part of the waist by shirring, are arranged in the middle of the front and back. The full sleeves are shirred around the wrists, and a broad, turned-down collar completes the design. This model may be made up in almost any class of dress goods, excepting the very heaviest. This combines nicely with the "Giulia" walking skirt, and is so illustrated on another page. Price of pattern, twenty cents each size.

EGERTON JACKET.

Egerton Jacket. — This stylish and practical model is double-breasted, and about three-fourths tight, with a single dart in each side of the front, side forms rounding to the arm-holes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The double-breasted portion is joined to the front in a seam, and may be omitted if desired. A deep collar and large side-pockets complete the design. This jacket may be made up in any of the materials used for ladies' outdoor garments, and in many kinds of dress goods. The "tailor" finish—rows of machine-stitching near the edges—is the most suitable finish for cloth, etc. If made in dress goods, the trimming can be arranged to correspond with the rest of the costume. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Dressy Toilets.

Dressy Toilets.

FIG. 1.—Child's dress of cream-white India mull trimmed with gathered ruffles of flat Valenciennes lace. The design is the picturesque, but simple, "Greenaway" blouse dress, a perfectly loose blouse, mounted in gathers upon a deep, square yoke. The long, close sleeves are omitted, only retaining the full puffs at the shoulders, and long, pink silk mittens take their place. A wide sash of Venetian pink, twilled silk is tied around the waist. Large round hat of *écru* Leghorn with drooping brim faced with pink *satin merveilleux* and trimmed with a profusion of white ostrich tips. Pink silk stockings and satin slippers. The "Greenaway" blouse is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from two to ten years. Price, twenty cents each.

FIG. 2.—An elegant bridal toilet of white satin and Spanish lace. Our model illustrates the "Gianina" toilet, a novel and beautiful design arranged with a short underskirt, trimmed around the bottom with several rows of deep, white Spanish lace, and a deep "sagging" puff of white satin across the front. The overdress forms a pointed basque in front, with a shirred curtain drapery added to the lower part, and the back extends in princess style in a long, full train edged with three rows of narrow plaiting on the bottom, and a *jabot* of satin plaiting on each side. The neck is cut out in V shape and trimmed all around with a *jabot* of Spanish lace, and the sleeves are demi-long, shirred and trimmed with a full puff at the top and bottom. A satin *revers* and ruffle of lace finish the lower part of the sleeves. A *cordon* of orange buds and leaves crosses the skirt in front, a coronet of the same confines the flowing *tulle* veil, and a bouquet of orange blossoms is worn at the left side of the corsage. White kid gloves and slippers, and silk lace stockings. The double illustration of this toilet will be found among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 3.—The "Lolita" basque and "Coppélia" walking skirt are combined to form this stylish reception dress of porcelain-blue satin brocade and *satin Rhadames*. The underskirt is short and trimmed around the bottom with a deep knife-plaiting of *satin Rhadames*, above which are two deep, shirred puffs of the brocade, forming the entire front of the skirt. A ruffle of brocade and blue Spanish lace over it complete the trimming on the front. The back drapery is of the brocaded satin, and the plaited side panels are of *satin Rhadames*. The pointed basque with puffed sleeves is entirely of the brocaded satin, trimmed with a set of graduated bows of porcelain blue satin ribbon, giving the effect of a pointed *plastron*. White Spanish lace ruffles are in the neck and sleeves, and a *cordon* of full-blown pink roses is placed on the left side of the basque. The bonnet is a modified poke shape, of porcelain-blue *crêpe*, trimmed with ruffles and bows of white Spanish lace. Both the basque and skirt are illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Patterns of basque, twenty-five cents each size.

Autumn Millinery.

CONSIDERABLE variety is displayed in the numerous shapes of hats and bonnets for the present and coming season. The large poke bonnets with high tapering crowns, small *capote* shapes, which, however, are rather larger than the microscopic affairs they have displaced, the "Bernhardt" poke which is still popular, the coronet-shaped or "Rabagas" *capote*, and the very large, round hats, in picturesquely irregular shapes, are the favorites. Among these last, the "Bolero" is a quaint hat with a straight brim turned up squarely all around

Higher crowns are noticeable in nearly all of the newest shapes, especially the Gainsborough, and the peasant hats which have very slender, high-peaked crowns. For early autumn wear, the popular "rough-and-ready" straws, bronzed manilla straws, and heavy English braids are worn in all the above shapes, while later on the choice will be for fur felt, beaver, napped felt, and the ordinary French felt which was entirely ignored last year. Plush also will be extensively used for bonnets and hats during the winter, especially in the "Mother Hubbard" and poke shapes. Various styles of this beautiful fabric are displayed this season. The *glacé* plush is a changeable material, the long silky pile being of a different shade from the groundwork in which it is woven. Plush *pointillé* or dotted plush is extremely pretty, while the *ombré* plushes are shown in as many as four shaded stripes in two colors blending into each other. The mole-skin plush has a short, thick pile more like velvet, and is sometimes used for trimming dresses. The *tigre* and "ploughed" plushes are favorites of last season, and the novelty this year is *nébuleux* or clouded plush.

The coarse straws will be worn very late in the season, velvet and plush facings on the *retroussé* brims of the round hats, and the encircling wreath of ostrich tips or plume around the crown, concealing nearly all the straw of which they are composed. Ostrich feathers are the first choice in millinery ornaments, tips, short feathers and long plumes being lavished upon many of the round hats and bonnets. The single long plume is seldom thick enough for the fancy of the moment, so two are pieced together, underneath the quill, forming a thick, closely curled plume, two of which are required to encircle the crown and sweep over the *coiffure* at the back. Where tips are used, they are placed in a wreath around the crown of the Gainsborough and similar shapes to the number of fifteen, if desired, and curl outward, the longer ones drooping over the brim. The tips may be all of one color, to match the hat, or shaded through several tints of a color. On the poke bonnets the short tips are arranged in a cluster at one side.

The newest straws, as well as the felt, plush, and beaver hats and bonnets, come not only in black, but several shades of dark red and brown, bronze, olive, and myrtle-green, invisible blue, drab and white, and the trimmings of ostrich feathers, plushes, and velvets are chosen of a color to harmonize or correspond. Some of the plush poke bonnets have the brim striped with two shades of one color, and *ombré* felts and plushes are seen, as well as black crowned bonnets with brims of old gold, bronze or drab, or brown crowns with *écru* brims.

Fancy feathers are used to an unlimited extent, king-fisher, heron, parroquet, guinea-hen, pheasant and peacock feathers being combined in various fanciful arrangements of breasts, heads, and wings for ornaments, and very pretty turbans and some helmet-shaped hats are made entirely of feathers. Shades of brown or green, with a little gray color introduced, make very elegant feather turbans, which are extremely well liked by young ladies. The green-blue feathers of the Impeyan pheasant make up beautifully in one of these jaunty hats, and a turban composed entirely of peacock's eyes is known as the Argus. The iridescent breasts of humming-birds make pretty ornaments for turbans, and some made of brown feathers are ornamented with an owl's head. Two wings of solid colored feathers added on each side of the crown are called Mercury's wings, and impart a very original effect.

The new importations in millinery display very rich and brilliant colorings, not only in the trimmings of *moire* and plush ribbons and *ombré* ostrich tips and plumes, but in the hats and bonnets themselves. Many of the handsomest fur felts and beavers are in graduated shades of color, the crowns being the lightest and the edge of the brims the darkest in tint. One of Virot's most successful models is a myrtle-green fur felt, with broad brim and low crown surrounded with sweeping ostrich plumes shaded in two colors, *crevette* pink and green. The under side of the brim is faced about half its width with pale pink mole-skin plush, and the rest of the brim is ornamented with a scroll braiding of heavy green and gold tinsel cord.

Another charming bonnet is of Burgundy red velvet laid plainly over the flat, round crown and shelving brim. Across the crown a broad *moire* silk ribbon is laid flatly, forming the strings and bows at the left side. The ribbon is shaded in two colors, rose-pink on one edge and a warm, light brown on the other, shading lighter and blending imperceptibly into each other in the center. A cluster of three, short ostrich tips, shaded and mixed in the same colors, is placed on the left front of the hat. The brim is faced on the under side with pale pink satin, laid on plainly.

An especially unique hat in the Tyrolese peasant style is of pilgrim gray felt, with broad, unwired brim, perfectly straight on the right side, and raised very slightly on the left, to support the weight of two enormously long, sweeping gray ostrich plumes, confined in front with a small clasp of silver, which also holds the ends of a much shorter feather curling around the front of the high, tapering crown.

LONG, loose-wristed gloves, of tan-colored, undressed kid are worn with elegant street costumes.

OLYMPE VISITE.

FIG. 1.—This unique design illustrates a back view of the "Olympe" visite, made up in brocaded satin, and richly trimmed with black Spanish lace, satin ribbon bows, and jet *passementerie*. Poke bonnet of black satin, with a fall of black lace at the back, heliotrope blossoms and puffed violet satin lining in front, and strings of heliotrope satin ribbon. Patterns of visite in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—Visite of black *satin Rhadames*, trimmed and made up after the same design as Fig. 1, the "Olympe" visite, which is cut with loose sacque fronts, and full sleeves inserted in dolman style and shirred around the hand. Bonnet of pearl-gray felt, trimmed with a bunch of geranium pink ostrich tips, and pink geranium blossoms under the brim. The bonnet is tied down with pearl-gray *moire* ribbon strings. For price and sizes of pattern, see previous description.

Fashionable Colors.

VARIOUS shades of each and every color of the rainbow are represented in this season's goods, even to orange color, which, however, in solid masses, is confined principally to millinery, but appears in combination with other brilliant colors in the various striped goods, both perpendicular and *bayadère*, which are so popular.

Gold color is not so prominent as last season, although we see it mingled with other colors and appearing in metallic threads in some of the more expensive fabrics. In its place we have the various bronze shades, tinting on gold, and these, with the olive shades, also with golden tints, will have the prestige for this season. Some of the browns, also, are imbued with golden tints, *mort doré* being an especially golden brown, while others are tinted with red, and are exactly of the colors of rosewood and mahogany, from which, indeed, they derive their names. *Moutarde Anglaise*, English mustard, is a color familiar to all, which appears in the Cheviots and other woolen goods, also castor and chamois, which are lighter, and, not being new, need no description.

Among the reds we have all varieties of wine colors, the garnet and cardinal shades, Pompeiian red, and the "terrible terra-cotta," as it has been called, both of the latter being dark, dull colors.

Marine or navy blue, despite its long continued popularity, re-appears this season; and another dark blue, rather purer in tint, is known by the name of canoness. The *faïence* or china blues are lighter.

Prélat, or bishop's purple, is a deep rich color that was introduced last season, and is retained for this, in company with plum-color, which is, however, tinted with red, some of the darker shades degenerating into prune, by which is meant, not the French *prune*, which is applied to all our plum colors, but the color with which we are all familiar in the dried fruit known by that name.

The greens are particularly lovely, and in lark shades, as the names of the two leading ones would indicate, forest and myrtle.

Gray promises to be very popular, and comes in all shades. Pilgrim and carmelite gray are two favorite shades, tinting on slate color.

BASQUES of *moire* silk are worn with skirts of *satin merveilleux* that are trimmed with bands of *moire*.

FLORENTINE bronze, a mixture of green and gold, *mort doré*, which is a new golden brown or tarnished-gold tint, and a dull red, are among the newest colors.

MIRABEL COSTUME.

Mirabel Costume.—This quaint and graceful costume is composed of a short gored skirt, trimmed with a deep shirred flounce all around the bottom, two similar overlapping flounces reaching to the waist at the back, and a draped apron in the front; and a plain round waist fitted 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 waist is ornamented with plaited surplice drapery and a sailor collar, and full bishop sleeves with wide cuffs complete the design. This model is adapted to any class of dress goods, and may also be employed for a combination of materials. The back view of this costume is shown on the plate with the "Feodora" polonaise. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Chamois Waists.

When preparing the garments for autumn and winter wear, do not forget the comfortable and serviceable chamois skin waist. The price of these waists, ready made, is from three to four dollars each; but by the exercise of a little ingenuity they can be made by any one much cheaper. The skins can be procured from almost any druggist. They vary somewhat in price, but very nice, soft-finished ones cost about seventy-five cents each. Two of these are quite sufficient for a waist or jacket, without sleeves of course. If sleeves are desired, it will take another skin to make them. The making is simple enough. Cut out the waist by the pattern of a nicely fitting dress-waist, or corset cover. Do not allow anything for seams; either lap the edges of seams very slightly and stitch them, or sew them over-and-over. By piecing on in the same manner where the pattern requires, it will be found a very easy matter to cut the skins economically, and of course it does not interfere either with the fitting or the appearance of the waist. If you require the chamois to wear under the dress waist, it is best to merely bind the arm holes, neck and skirt with tape, and make it as plainly as possible. If you wish the chamois to wear over the dress waist under outdoor garments, cut a little longer than you would otherwise do. Have it fit nicely, and line it with soft silk to protect the dress waist. A pretty way of finishing a chamois for this purpose, is to scallop or point the edges, and bind with some bright colored silk. The seams may be lapped sufficiently to herring-bone them if you wish. Fancy needlework on the edges is pretty and easy to do. One who has never worn them can have little idea how very comfortable they are in cold weather. If it is necessary to have the waist very warm, line it throughout with red flannel. If nicely made and fitted, one will last a long time, and when soiled can be easily cleansed. They are specially useful in traveling as they serve for additional warmth, and take very little room in a satchel or bag. They are much nicer in every respect than the knit jackets or a wadded sacque, and there are times when every one needs some such convenient little garment.

A Pretty Wedding.

One of the prettiest of morning weddings took place recently. The bride, a very beautiful young lady, had just returned from Europe, and possibly had there seen a similar picturesque wedding. The ceremony was performed in an Episcopal Church, at the fashionable hour, half-after eleven o'clock. There were ten ushers, wearing plain suits suitable for a morning wedding, but no gloves. Each had a tiny *boutonnière*. After the guests were seated, and the organ, pealing forth the wedding march, told of the arrival of the bridal party, the ushers walked down the aisle followed by the ten bridesmaids. The bride followed with her father, and, as usual, met the groom at the altar. The bride wore white satin *en train*, an exquisite lace veil (an heirloom) and orange blossoms with diamond ornaments. The bridesmaids' costumes were of nun's veiling, made quite plainly and of walking-dress length. They wore hats of coarse braid of a coquettish gypsy shape, trimmed almost or entirely with flowers. On one was a wreath of heliotrope, on another, wild roses, another was trimmed with marguerites, one with buttercups, and another had wild flowers, violets, dandelions, and daisies. Each hat was different, and all equally pretty. None of the bridal party wore gloves. The bridesmaids each carried on the left arm a white satin bag, exquisitely painted, and suspended by quite wide satin ribbon passing twice over the arm. As the bride turned from the altar she threw back the short veil from over her face, and stood for an instant surrounded by the pretty bridesmaids. We have thought many times since what a lovely picture the group would have made. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the house of the bride's father; and when she left for her journey, the bridesmaids gathered at the door and threw after the carriage rice from the bags. This pretty southern custom is now quite fashionable.

Gathered flounces are seen in *moire* silk and woolen goods, although the kilt-plaited skirts display the new striped fabrics so advantageously.

"What to Wear"

Is too well known to need more than the announcement of its appearance for the Autumn and Winter of 1881–82. Its practical character has already secured for it 60,000 circulation, and it has only to be seen for every lady to place herself on the list of its subscribers. What it tells is just what every woman wants to know in regard to her own wardrobe. Price, fifteen cents, post free.

Send order at once to W. Jennings Demorest, 17 E. 14th Street, New York.

FEODORA POLONAISE.

Feodora Polonaise.—A novel and attractive style of polonaise, arranged to appear like a basque and overskirt in front, and very gracefully draped in the back. The garment 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 sleeves are close-fitting, and a shoulder cape fitted by small gores on the shoulders, and a turned-down collar complete the design. Any class of dress goods may be made up after this model, and trimmed with any garniture adapted to the design and the fabric employed. The front view of this garment is illustrated *en costume* elsewhere. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Kid Gloves.

THE Paris fashions for gloves have for the first time in many years undergone a decided change. Heretofore the variations from one season to the next have been slight and hardly perceptible, as when the two-button gloves that had been worn for years were replaced by three-button, and these later on divided their popularity with four and six-button. True, there are still a good many of three, four, and six-button gloves worn for ordinary occasions, such as shopping, etc.; but for all dressy purposes—promenades, receptions, parties or balls, these older styles have to give way to the newer fashion.

The leading styles are the "Gant de Saxe," a long glove, measuring from eight to fifteen inches above the wrist, without any opening or fastening whatever.

The "Gant Mousquetaire," a glove of the same length, having an opening at the wrist fastened with two or three buttons, and the "Gant de Belge," which is the same style as the "Mousquetaire," cut very broad and without elasticity, so that it can be slipped on or off very easily. This style is mostly confined to use in driving or riding, and therefore comes only in yellow, *écru*, and tan shades.

The fashionable colors in these longer gloves are all shades of *écru*, yellow, and tan, down to the bright oak colors. Black also promises to be decidedly fashionable. For parties and balls, white and the pale-tinted opera shades in "Mousquetaires" will be the first choice. These long gloves offer several advantages over the older styles; they avoid the trouble of closing so many buttons, and as they can only be made of the finer qualities of kid skins, the goods cannot be imitated in cheap grades of gloves, hence cannot become common.

HOUSE DRESS.

Novelties in Trimmings.

VERY few of the new goods admit of much variety in self-trimmings, unless shirring can be classed as such, and the various combinations of two or more materials in one costume or garment. Deep kilt-plaiting or box-plaiting usually forms an intrinsic part of the skirt; and the most effective way of using velvet or plush, both of which are most lavishly employed for trimmings, is in flat, broad bands, cut either straight or bias, according to the purpose for which they are intended. Bands of gay *bayadère* striped goods and Algériennes are also favorite garnitures upon certain fabrics. Soft silks and satins, such as Surah and *satin merveilleux*, and cashmeres, are trimmed with soft "sagging" puffs of the material, as to the skirt and sleeves; but many of the handsomest cashmere dresses have either instead of, or in addition to these, bands of the same or a contrasting color in silk plush. *Moiré* silks, both the French *moire* with small ripples, and the heavier and larger waved *moire antique*, are used for the same purpose.

Exquisite and artistic designs are shown in *passementerie* and fringe in all colors, as well as black, to match the fall novelties and standard fashionable materials. Satin-cord *passementeries* and fringes are especially stylish, and much variety is obtained by combining round and flat satin cords in the same trimming. Satin cord fringes, knotted like *macramé* lace, come in shaded colors, and black and white, and the colored beaded fringes are very beautiful in *ombré* beads. These fringes are composed of a *filet* or fisher's net set with cut beads at each joining of the mesh, to the depth of nearly two inches pendulous strings of beads increasing the depth of the fringe to three inches. Blue, myrtle green and bronze beads in graduated shades of color, the lightest at the top, are employed in these fringes which are extremely effective with the new *moires* and satins in the fashionable autumn colors.

Black jetted *passementeries* and fringes come in great variety, the designs in the *passementeries* arranged so that they can be cut apart to form detached ornaments, if desired. All of the separate ornaments or *motifs* of *passementerie* are of medium size, and usually represent drooping clusters of fruit, or wide blown flowers with long satin and jetted stamens dropping in profusion from their open corollas. None of the large *plaques* and *quilles* of *passementerie* are employed this season.

Spanish lace is used to a great extent upon wraps and black satin costumes, both alone, and in combination with the trimmings just described, bows and loops of satin or *moire antique* ribbons being added everywhere that such ornaments seem suitable.

House Dress.

THIS pretty home dress is of sage-green serge, with trimming and belt bow of *bayadère* striped Surah in olive, purple, sage green and gold stripes. The designs illustrated are the "Junia" waist and "Giulia" walking-skirt, both of which are illustrated separately elsewhere. The skirt is composed of a deep kilt-plaiting of camel's hair serge, over which is a gracefully draped overskirt trimmed with lengthwise bards of the Surah, and silk and chenille fringe in which the colors of the Surah are combined. The round waist is ornamented with four box-plaits in the middle of the back and front, shirred in to the waist, and full sleeves shirred around the wrists. Broad, turned down linen collar trimmed with insertion and edging of Mirecourt lace. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Patterns of waist, twenty cents each size.

MOIRÉ plush ribbons are a novelty.

Paris Fashions.

DEAR DEMOREST:—As the season advances, styles for the later months of autumn become more decided, and those Americans who purpose returning home in September and October are able to avail themselves of the advantages offered by the shopkeepers to replenish their wardrobes, and air their purchases at some favorite resort before they undergo the inspection of Uncle Sam's revenue collectors.

To begin at the beginning, of what is popularly supposed to be woman's chief delight, I may say bonnets and hats are extremely large. English straw is manipulated into a variety of fancy braids that produce a light and graceful effect. For instance; three, four, or more strands of straw are sewed together, and these strips are then braided into a plait, like Gretchen's long locks, and used either to form the top or sides of the crown, the brim being plain, or the brim may have two or three rows of this fancy braid introduced between the crown and the edge; or again, it may form a round or pointed scallop on the edge only. In colored straws there are some to be seen with the broad, flat crown shaded in brown blue, green or red, the shading partaking of every tone of the color from the palest to the darkest tint, the brim being of one color only; in others the crown and sides are of a solid color and the brim is shaded. For the trimmings, either shaded or solid-colored ribbons are used in connection with flowers or feathers of the same character. I must say the effect is "flashy" in the extreme, where either red or yellow enters into the composition.

Shaded silk *pompons* are considered an elegant novelty, as many as nine being used on one hat, grouped at the left side, while the other is nearly covered with careless folds of *satin merveilleux*, the straw forming a plain close curtain at the back with a double plaited edge of two shades of satin showing beneath. *Pompons* are arranged in great variety; made of silken strands they vie with those composed of ostrich plumage, or made of *passementerie*, gold or silver braid and beads, they represent the snail's shell enlarged, the periwinkle's habitation, the tiny antlers of the chamois, the cocoon, the caterpillar, the burr of the chestnut, or the down of the thistle or dandelion. Some are of one color throughout, while others are shaded to correspond with the prevailing mode in ribbons and dress goods.

Satin merveilleux, cut bias and pinked on the edges, is ruched very full and used as a garniture for shade hats at the sea-side; for, be it known, October is the month in which the exclusives, sated with every other pleasure, seek the never-wearying charms of old ocean, and strive, as it were, to charm the spirits of the deep with the most ravishing toilets, while they certainly beguile the sterner sex into deserting the noisy Bourse, and the gay *cafés* of panoramic Paris, during the golden days of this delightful season.

Gray, of the deepest tinge of London smoke shading to pure white, is one of the most novel and prevalent colors with those who always avoid violent contrasts. Of course the recent mourning of the Russian Court affects the mode more or less, as manufacturers have an eye to catching the trade of all nations, and the transition from black to gray fellows quite naturally among those who, either from affection or policy, adopted sable toilets at Easter-tide. It is a change, too, from those gay hues that have so long dominated the fashionable world, and hence is met with a warm welcome. It combines readily, also, with other vivid dyes and receives a tinge of their brightness while it tones down their glare.

Moire antique fulfills its promise of popularity in my last letter, being used not only in dress materials, but for parasols, fans, sashes, millinery, and as a garniture for all-wool costumes and wraps of all kinds. It partakes of the shading so noticeable in other materials, but the most elegant toilets are garnished with it in one tone of color only.

I attended a wedding at the British Embassy this morning, where all of the toilets were of the most refined character. The bride, a delicate lady with dark eyes and hair, was arrayed in pure white satin, the corsage high at the throat with fine plaits bordered with Honiton lace forming a square *plastron*, and a garland of orange buds and blossoms festooning the left side from the neck to the waist. The sleeves were "Charlotte Corday," meeting the long white dressed kid gloves. The princesse corsage was laced at the back, and finished with a bow of the satin which fell over the plaits of the long, full train. The hair fell in simple waves, half-concealing the brow, and the *tulle* veil was worn over the face, and confined with a coronet of bridal flowers which drooped low at the left side of the head. The two young ladies, who acted as bridesmaids, were dressed alike, in *ciel* blue *cachemire de l'Inde* walking costumes. A narrow, fine shell-plaited ruffle of the cashmere bordered the skirt; above this was another plaiting of *ciel* blue *satin merveilleux*, folded double, instead of being hemmed, laid in wide box-plaits and formed into shells laid the reverse of the lower row, the lower row being duplicated above the satin. Long draperies of *cachemire* reached from the waist at the back, to the top of this garniture, and were caught to the skirt at the sides with two inch wide *moiré* ribbon of the same shade, forming long loops and ends; two *tabliers*, also of *cachemire*, were surmounted by a third of *satin merveilleux* draped very full and short across the front, and confined at the bottom of the *cachemire* basque, being secured at the back by a large bow and ends. Shirring of the finest kind extended from the collar to the satin *écharpe*. Hats alike, of old yellow woven Tuscan straw, with garniture of pale blue ostrich plumes, and full, rich folds of *satin merveilleux*; this material also being shirred exquisitely fine as a lining for the brims, which drooped at the left side and were caught back very slightly at the right. A few very pale pink rosebuds in each maid's bouquet of rare white flowers formed a pleasing contrast to the delicate blue toilets.

The three little nieces of the bride wore white *cachemire* princesse dresses, pale blue silk stockings, and pale blue lining in their white Leghorn hats which were adorned with long white ostrich plumes. Their little brother wore white jacket and knee breeches, pale blue tie, and silk half hose to match. All carried bouquets of pure white flowers.

The aunt of the bride wore an elegant *prélat* satin, with train of *moire antique* of the same shade, trimmed with real Irish lace on the princesse basque, close sleeves and Polish drapery. Bonnet close and small, with a full puff of *prélat* velvet, old Duchesse lace forming cascades at each side, and also the curtain and strings, *prélat* pansies nestling in the fleecy lace at the top. A married sister of the bride was dressed in a *satin merveilleux* toilet of a deep, rich color, that left one in doubt as to whether it was meant for garnet or purple, trimmed with fine white lawn embroidered in "cut-work." Bonnet of steel lace with garniture of pansies, and Languedoc lace yellow with age.

A traveling wrap intended for a bride is made of gray camel's hair, long as a "Mother Hubbard" cloak, but without shirring. It is simply a long, straight piece of goods cut to fit the neck and shoulders, straight slits being cut for the arms to pass through, and a straight piece of the goods, shirred so as to form a ruffle at the edge, and long enough to cover the arms for the depth of six or seven inches, is sewed into these slits to form the sleeves. A monk's hood is attached to the neck, both it and the sleeves being lined with silvery gray silk. The bottom of the wrap is simply hand-hemmed, and is altogether as stylish a garment as a lady could wish.

Many of the wraps shown for *demi-saison* resemble this in form, but are varied by having a lining of some bright-hued silk all through, the hood and sleeves being lined with the same material. A garment of this style is made of *café brûlé* plush, lined with saffron satin wadded and quilted with red sewing silk in feather design. A border of pheasant feathers, shading from pale yellow to richest brown, extends down both edges of the front, and around the bottom; long loops and ends of *moiré* ribbon shaded to correspond are tied around the sleeves, and two long pieces attached to the straight band of feathers at the neck are carried around to the back and tied in such a manner as to form the outline of a hood, the loops reaching below the waist, and the ends falling half a yard further than the loops. Cut steel buttons are placed on the outer edge of the feathers on the fronts, and a gilt cord, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, is laced diamond-wise across. Buttons are made especially for this purpose, having a shank like a heel (in fact it is called a heel in the trade), which has perforations in it for sewing them on. Garments like the above are called "*A la Magicien*."

Camel's hair costumes for *demi-saison* are very stylishly made with a little cape of the same material, shirred close at the throat and allowed to fall plainly over the shoulders and bust, sometimes half way toward the waist. A straight piece of goods that reaches easily but snugly around the figure and arms, at the points indicated, is all that is required; it may be simply hemmed or faced with silk two inches deep, only the tiniest edge of the silk being allowed to appear. The close fitting Jersey waist, *écharpe* and plaited skirt are much worn with this style of cape, and seem to be still very popular with faultless dressers.

Plush reticules, about eight inches deep and five inches wide, are simply sewed up like a pillow-case, with no attempt at diversity of shape, but this is amply compensated for in the ornamentation. Shaded velvet ribbon is applied, horizontally on one side and perpendicularly on the other, with every possible device now known to needle-experts, and in all the elaborateness of Oriental taste. The ribbon used is nearly two inches wide, and in one corner, at the end, a pug's head or paw is cunningly wrought, or a tropical bird is reproduced in tiniest proportions, but with perfect fidelity to nature.

Fans of ostrich, *marabout* and other feathers are mounted on perfectly plain, highly polished sticks of amber, tortoise shell, shaded shell, ivory or pearl. Fans of *coq* feathers are hand-painted by some of the most skillful Parisian artists, the surface of the feathers presenting a foundation of exceeding richness, softness and delicacy. The designs are frequently several birds of the smaller species, such as the humming-bird or the linnet, sparrow or "pet-finch," while other designs represent a life-size parrot or jackdaw of brilliant plumage chasing a butterfly or grasshopper. A black silk fan is mounted on dead black ebony sticks, and has a moss-covered, gnarled branch painted with one end resting on the sticks, the other curving upward and lying in the center of the fan, where a pair of love-birds are perched in most affectionate attitudes.

Many of the newest ostrich and *marabout* fans are exquisitely shaded, commencing with the dark shade at the top, and paling to pure white as it descends toward the sticks; others have each feather shaded from the white quill toward the points of the plumage, while in others the points at one side or edge are dark, paling to white at the other. A very large fan of black ostrich plumes is mounted on clear, dark shell, with the golden head and plumage of a bird of paradise applied at the right side, the head lying on the sticks, and just leaving space for the hand, while the plumage curves along the side and top, and droops its airy filaments again toward the handle. A fan of *coq* feathers has a spray of holly with its bright berries and several snow birds picking at them, and a band of golden pheasant, and another of dark green *coq* feathers finishes the top. Another fan is composed entirely of pheasant's plumage, arranged so as to shade from deepest brown at the upper right-hand corner, to palest gold at the lower left hand corner, where it meets sticks of clear amber-shell, each stick becoming darker until those at the right hand assume a deep brown. In one side of the rivet is a yellow topaz, in the other a very dark catseye. Many satin and *moire antique* fans are shaded like the above; a gray shaded *moire* being mounted on ivory, a black storm-cloud depicted on the darker part, while it is seen mingling its fleecy vapors with the pure white of the ivory at the other.

I have just seen some new parasols shaded from the center to the points, the darker tone being at the top, while a shaded ribbon, fully two inches wide, is tied in rather large loops and long ends on the handle, and another is fixed on the extreme edge of one section of the parasol. I have also been permitted a peep at some of the well-filled boxes of the Frères Agnellet, on Rue Richelieu, manufacturers of millinery, and they give evidence of the most exquisitely shaded plushes, beaded laces—in jet, gold, silver, steel, black, white, and Roman pearl—to say nothing of the rich velvets and costly satins destined as garnitures for the very large plush and felt hats that are shown for the coming winter.

The *Compagnie des Indes* tell me they have never had greater demand for laces of all Spanish designs, their looms and all their workers in this class of goods being unable to fill the orders rapidly enough. They also report an unprecedented demand for India shawls, particularly those of the higher grades, the pattern admitting of the shawl being transformed into an elegant visite, after which it may be remade into its original form without the least damage.

The "Pompadour" kid glove is worn by all *élégantes* on the promenade, for riding, driving, shopping and for all unceremonious calls. It is much like the "Biarritz" except that it is a trifle larger in the arm, being worn over the close-fitting sleeve, and has no buttons or opening of any kind at the wrist. Other dress gloves are simply buttoned like those familiar to all Americans, the length being in accord with the means and taste of the purchaser, from four to a dozen buttons being the usual range of choice. A novelty, however, is shown in a glove cut in straps, like the sandal, across the inside of the wrist. The straps are finished with a cord of kid around the edges, and a button and button-hole, while either black or white lace or black velvet is inserted in the spaces.

Fine *pearls*, steel, jet, gilt, and silver beads are used upon fine kid slippers and sandals, in very small embroidered designs. The latest low shoe is called the *Abbé*, being cut quite high over the instep, and having a uniform height at the back, instead of being pointed above the heel. A strap is secured with one button, only, across the instep, and a large, silver buckle, nearly square, attached in the manner such ornaments are worn on the shoes of the clergy. Some of the choicest hose are pure white thread, woven in lace patterns, that seem fine as Valenciennes, the lace covering the instep and reaching far above the ankle. Novelties in this class of goods have the instep quite plain, with a lace pattern introduced either as a "clock" or as a gore at either side. Colored silk stockings sometimes have the "clock" or gore of a contrasting color, as pale yellow with pale blue, dark blue with pale pink, red with gold. Shaded perpendicular stripes are also seen woven in the hose, while the finer qualities have the stripes hand-wrought in delicate lines, and shaded perfectly. Some have the shaded stripes about one inch apart, or a trifle less, the intervening space being filled with rice dots, polka spots, minute forget-me-nots, foliage or other flowers, which show the same colors as the stripes. Plainer hose are striped *à la bayadère*, but so delicately as to appeal to good taste, rather than repel.

Silk kerchiefs, both for gentlemen and ladies, are bordered with shades of contrasting colors, or barred in large squares. White silk centers have a white border of silk folded or doubled at the sides, which is of one color, while at each corner is a square in marked contrast, in each of which is a hand-wrought design, all differing; a pug's head in one, its paw in another, an eye in a third and its whip or a leading-cord in the last. For ladies this style is repeated, or birds of different kinds are wrought in true imitation of life.

Tulle scarfs, either black or white, are wrought in gay devices, the scarlet macaw being the favorite, either in miniature or life size. Deep collars of white *scrim* have an inch wide hem, feather-stitched, and deep *torchon* or Russian lace sewed moderately full around the bottom, while at the corners and in front it is very full and forms a *jabot*. Pelerines of wash blonde, mull, and lace are so profusely trimmed with lace that it is difficult to distinguish of what the foundation is made. Brussels footing, six inches deep, is shirred so that the upper edge fits around the neck, while the lower fits plainly about the shoulders, one, two, three, or four, sometimes five, rows of lace being added quite full at the bottom, and a *rouleau* of shaded pale blue or pink ribbon is placed around the neck forming a full rosette at the throat with long loops and ends at the back, a similar finish being added at the bottom in front. Cuffs to correspond are worn on the outside of the sleeves, which may reach nearly to the wrists, or only a trifle below the elbows. M. T. K.

Portfolio of Fashions.

LADIES who use paper patterns know how difficult it was at one time to form any correct idea of the way a design would appear when made up; and many a nice piece of silk or woolen goods has been minced, by being cut after a pattern which was found unsuited to its purpose, or the taste of the wearer.

This danger exists no longer; not only are paper patterns furnished with illustrations which reproduce them in fac-simile, but our "Portfolio" enables every lady to choose for herself, from clear, enlarged figures, just the model which will be likely to suit her style, height, figure, etc. It is a boon indeed which no lady who uses patterns should be without. Sent on receipt of fifteen cents.

New Materials.

STRIPED effect are not only very prominent in the latest importations of woolen dress-goods and Cheviots, but also prevail in silk fabrics, although *moire* and *ombré* materials are leading favorites of fashion as well. The striped goods display their peculiarity in every variety and combination of size and color; lengthwise and *bayadère* stripes, broad, narrow, broken, solid, in clusters, in *ombré* stripes, shading into each other softly and imperceptibly, sharply defined stripes, and others so indistinct that close inspection only discovers their presence. This latter feature is observable chiefly in the Cheviots and heavier qualities of woolen goods, in which, also, is a novelty in the introduction of line stripes of gilt or silver in mere threads, sometimes only showing in occasional dashes here and there, but still preserving the line of the stripes. This metallic woven pattern is said not to tarnish, even with ordinary wearing. Striped Cheviots come in green, red, blue, bronze, and olive, with dashes of reddish gold introduced by single threads at irregular intervals; the solid colors in woolen goods, such as myrtle-green, terra-cotta red, and brown, showing raised and double lines of gold color in various tints, bronzed, red, or yellow, and *mort doré* or golden brown.

Light twilled woolens show very gay contrasts in the stripes, such as pale blue on claret color, the same ground color displaying olive or rose-tinted stripes. Many colors are also run in one stripe, such as blue, yellow, olive, gray, and red.

The solid-colored woolens show all the colors represented in the striped goods, and serve for the main part of the dress, while the striped goods are generally employed as trimmings, and in combination with the plain, the stripes forming the skirts, either plain or kilt-plaited, and the plaited trimmings.

In silk fabrics the stripes are more limited as to color, the rainbow stripes, so popular in the woolen goods, being seldom seen. Two shades of one color form the usual combination; and two, or at the most three, different colors are occasionally seen. Alternating stripes of satin and watered silk of the same width are especially handsome, either in the same shade of color, or contrasting in hue. Black satin and white *moiré* stripes promise to be very popular, the other usual contrasting colors being dark blue satin with copper-red *moire*, claret-colored satin with old-gold watered silk, drab with myrtle-green, and leaf-brown with old-gold. Sometimes the watered silk stripe is shaded, as well, producing a charming effect. The stripes are often two inches wide, and when the material is used for plaitings the lightest color forms the insides of the plaits, and is disclosed at every motion of the wearer. Satin corded stripes are largely imported in black, and with these the new satin cord *passementeries* can be stylishly employed as trimmings.

Moire Française, *moire antique*, and *moiré* striped satine, the latter having a surface almost as lustrous as satin, are among this season's materials, and for evening wear there are elegant brocaded stripes in floral designs on a *moire* fabric. Handsomely brocaded satins and silks are still extensively used in combination with plain *satin merveilleux*, *satin Rhadames*, Surah, plush, velvet and velveteen. This season we have the "Nonpareil" velveteens, which really deserve the name by which they are designated. These come in black, and a variety of the fashionable colors, and, combined with woolen goods, make practical, and, at the same time, stylish costumes, and really handsome ones when used in conjunction with silk fabrics, either plain or brocaded; for these differ from the ordinary velveteens in possessing a lustrous surface equal to fine silk velvet, the black ones showing the brilliant blue lights on the folds which are characteristic of the best qualities of Lyons velvet. The "Nonpareil" velveteens have a close, even pile, are soft and pliable, therefore easily arranged in graceful drapery, while they wear splendidly, neither fading nor growing rusty, and are not easily spotted by rain.

Satin merveilleux and the new *satin Rhadames* are used for black dresses, also for wraps; while for many of the most elegant cloaks rich satin brocades with plush and velvet figures, *ciselé* velvets, *siciliennes*, and other standard materials will be used in black for the street during the day, while with evening and carriage dresses handsome wraps in all the new dark colors will be worn. Elegant linings of silk plush and watered silk impart a dressy effect to the plain black mantles, while for winter wear many of the most elegant toilets will be made entirely of plain plush, its rich effect in the flowing folds of trained dresses being very much admired.

Wide bands of plush are also used for trimmings, and panels, collars and cuffs of plush, either plain, or in stripes on a satin Surah ground of contrasting color. The satin ground is almost entirely concealed, however, by the long, silky pile of the plush falling on each side of the stripe. The plush stripes are in *ombré* colors about half an inch wide, red upon brown, olive on blue, and gold upon black. Figured plushes display round, olive, and oval-shaped leaves, overlapping each other, and with the pile cut shorter on that part of the figure which underlies the next overlapping piece. All of these plushes will be used in combination with satin Surah, cashmere, *moire*, and satin.

Velvet, both plain and figured, will be very much used this season, and is shown in the same designs as plush, and in wide stripes upon *moiré* silk or plain satin. *Ombré* velvets and plushes are used upon woolen and *satin merveilleux* costumes, and plaid velvets in gay Madras colors will be extensively used for trimmings.

"What to Wear,"

FOR the Autumn and Winter of 1881-82 is 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.

OLYMPE VISITE.

Olympe Visite.—Gracefully unique in design, this stylish wrap is cut with loose sacque fronts, and full sleeves inserted in dolman style and shirred around the hand. It is fitted to the figure by a curved seam down the middle of the back. This model is appropriate for cashmere, silk, *sicilienne*, *satin merveilleux*, and similar goods, as well as many light qualities of cloth, and can be trimmed as illustrated, with lace ruffles, or with fringe and *passementerie*, or any other suitable garniture. Large illustrations of this garment are given on another page. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price twenty-five cents each.

Children's Fashions.

SIMPLICITY, durability, and especially personal comfort are the main objects in view in the fashionable attire of the rising generation. The supple growing form is not to be thwarted in its natural growth toward perfection ; the lithe, active limbs are not to be confined and fettered by uncomfortable garments until they lose their youthful elasticity ; but fashion decrees, most wisely, that children's garments shall be so modelled as to give full scope and freedom to the growing form, and to be as comfortable as human ingenuity can make them. This does not hinder children's dress from displaying much that is graceful and beautiful in form and arrangement ; and the strong leaning toward the æsthetic and artistic in the attire of older people, becomes a fixed purpose with the little world of fashion under twelve years of age.

Soft woolen goods, such as cashmere, twilled flannels, camel's-hair serge, and pelisse cloth are the materials chosen for misses' dresses this autumn. Dark red, the new canoness blue, sage green, olive, "*moutarde Anglaise*," drab, tan-color and gray are the fashionable colors which are employed in combination, or singly, as desired or required by the design, although the costume of a single material throughout is newer, and, in many cases, in much better taste. The sensible dresses for everyday wear, made of flannel with a trimmed skirt and box-plaited basque or "hunting" jacket, are still the first choice, trimmed with rows of gilt or military braid, or combined with a little gay-colored, twilled silk, striped Algérienne or *bayadère* Surah.

For younger children the "Greenaway" blouse is a desirable model for the above-named materials, as well as for lighter and dressier fabrics, such as India mull, Surah or twilled silk, *foulard*, etc. This dress is composed of a loose blouse, gathered at the top upon a deep, square yoke, and trimmed around the bottom with a gathered flounce. Full puffs finish the long, close sleeves at the top, or may be substituted for the long sleeves, in dressy fabrics, such as the light-colored brocades and satins which are used for birthday dresses, and similar dainty little toilets. A broad sash of soft twilled silk may be placed around the form, very high up under the arms, or the dress may be worn perfectly plain, if desired. The sash plays an important part in all costumes, and even where it is omitted, is, so to speak, "conspicuous by its absence," for the dress then falls perfectly plain, and the omission of the sash is at once noticeable, although it is just as stylish for a little one to appear without, as with one. If one is worn, it may be draped around the princesse dress, low down, just above the flounces or other skirt trimming ; coming from the side seams and knotted together very low in the middle of the front, *à la odalisque*, or tied around the waist as described in the "Greenaway" blouse.

Naturally, at this season of the year, the first requirement for the comfort of the little ones is a wrap, and in view of this necessity we have illustrated several styles, each of which presents distinctive features, and all of them simple, practical, and yet stylish.

The "Havelock" cloak is a practical model, composed of a sacque trimmed with kilt-plaiting, over which are shoulder-capes cut in circle-shape, a Capuchin hood and deep rolling collar. This is very stylish in light colored beaver cloth, or fleeced flannel, with gay silk linings for winter wear. Another unique garment for the same purpose is the "Cosette" pelisse, which has extensions cut on the back pieces, forming shoulder-capes which are shirred at the neck, and turned under at the lower part and shirred to form sleeves. In addition to the cloths which are presented in great variety for wraps this season, all the new shades in velveteens and plushes will be very much used for misses' jackets and paletots during the cold weather.

For younger children, between the ages of two and eight years, the "Greenaway" and "Little Milkmaid" cloaks are extremely popular. The former is in true æsthetic taste, with a square yoke upon which the cloak is mounted in shirrings, falling straight and full below, and has puffs set on the top of the sleeves. The "Little Milkmaid" is a diminutive "Mother Hubbard," shirred around the neck to give the effect of a circular yoke, and has full sleeves gathered in shirrings around the wrists. Both of these make up prettily in cloth and woolen goods for older children, and in cashmere lined with silk for younger little ones. For children just beginning to walk, handsome brocades, trimmed with lace, and *siciliennes* in pink, blue, gray, and all fashionable colors, are made up in these designs for dressy street-wraps.

The "Mother Shipton" and "Granny" bonnets made of satin or velvet, trimmed with contrasting shades of ribbon, are worn by the little children, while the styles for misses are very similar to those worn by ladies. Fur felts and beavers in all the new shapes and colors will be worn this winter, the ubiquitous poke-bonnet being an especial favorite with young girls ; while for those who do not find it becoming, a modified Gainsborough is very stylish For the autumn months, "rough-and-ready" straw hats, faced with black or dark-colored velvets, will be very much worn, the chief trimming being a profusion of short ostrich tips, plumes imparting too heavy an appearance to be worn by young girls.

COSETTE PELISSE.

Cosette Pelisse.—This unique and stylish garment is cut in sacque shape, with a seam down the middle of the back and extensions on the back pieces forming shoulder capes which are shirred at the neck and turned under at the lower parts and shirred to form sleeves. The pelisse extends nearly to the bottom of the dress, and is ornamented with large pockets, and a sash let in at the back, at the openings cut for that purpose, and fastened in a large bow on the outside. Any of the goods usually employed for children's outer garments may be made up after this design, and it can be trimmed as illustrated with a plaiting of the same, or in any other style, according to the taste and material selected. This design is shown on Fig. 4 of the plate of "Children's Outdoor Garments." Patterns in sizes for from six to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

CAFÉ BRÛLÉ is the singular name of a new shade of brown.

TINY birds, swinging in golden hoops, make charming ear-rings.

SOME of the newest overskirts are quite short, with *bouffant* draperies.

MILITARY braids and new chenille braids will be used on woolen dresses.

RIBBONS are very much wider than have been used for some seasons past.

BLACK silk stockings, with alternate open-work and plain stripes, are new.

Children's Outdoor Garments.

FIG. 1.—Boy's suit of brown and gold plaid Cheviot, composed of a kilt-plaited skirt which is plain in front, with a double lap buttoned with medium-sized tortoise-shell buttons, and a half-fitting jacket cut away square in front. The design illustrated is the "Roger" suit, and the trimming is simply bindings and false button-holes of brown silk galloon. White linen turned-over collar, and student's cap of brown cloth. Patterns of suit in sizes for four and six years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—This stylish little cloak in "Mother Hubbard" style, cut in sacque shape and shirred around the neck, is made of olive cashmere and trimmed around the bottom with a plaiting of the same, and with bows of olive satin ribbon up the front. The sleeves are quite full around the top, and are shirred around the wrist. Broad-brimmed hat of "rough-and-ready" straw, with face lining of crimson satin and trimmed with a scarf of olive Surah. The design illustrated is the "Little Milkmaid" cloak. Patterns in sizes for from two to eight years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 3.—A quaint and charming little cloak of brocaded, porcelain-blue silk, for a little girl four years old. The model represented is the "Greenaway" blouse, picturesque but simple. It is a loose sacque shape, mounted in shirrings upon a square yoke, and has full sleeves shirred around the hand, and trimmed with a puff at the top. The square collar is trimmed with a ruffle of white Aurillac lace, and bows of porcelain-blue watered silk ribbon ornament the front of the cloak. "Mother Shipton" bonnet, covered with shirred blue Surah, and tied down over the ears with silk ribbons. Patterns of cloak in sizes for from two to eight years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 4.—This unique and stylish garment, of dark brown, ladies' cloth, is in sacque shape, with extensions on the back pieces forming shoulder capes which are shirred at the neck, and the lower parts turned under and shirred to form sleeves. The pelisse is ornamented with large pockets, and a sash of brown Surah silk let in at the back and tied in a large bow on the outside. Bronze "rough-and-ready" straw gypsy hat, with blue ostrich plumes encircling the crown. The model employed is the "Cosette" pelisse. Patterns in sizes for from six to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 5.—Cheviot cloak in gray and brown invisible check. The design illustrates the "Havelock" cloak, which is a stylish and practical design composed of a sacque with loose fronts and a French back, and shoulder capes in circle shape. A capuchin hood lined with red silk, a deep plaiting around the bottom and a large brown silk sash bow ornament the cloak. The hat is of gray French felt, trimmed with a natural ostrich plume and faced with red shirred silk. Patterns of cloak in sizes for from eight to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each size.

ETHELINE SKIRT.

Etheline Skirt.—An easily arranged and stylish skirt, having the bottom trimmed with a gathered flounce headed by a band and standing ruffle, which on the front is surmounted by a puff finished at the top to match the flounce. The overskirt forms draped side panels, and moderately *bouffant* drapery at the back. The design is adapted to any style of dress goods, being especially suitable for a combination of materials. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

"GREENAWAY" BLOUSE.

"Greenaway" Blouse. — This simple and picturesque little dress is composed of a loose blouse, mounted with a gathered heading upon a deep, square yoke. The long close sleeves are finished with full puffs at the tops, and the skirt is trimmed with a gathered flounce. A broad sash placed around the form very high up under the arms may be added, or omitted, as desired. This design is suitable for any of the materials that are usually selected for children's dresses, and may be trimmed to suit the taste and fabric. The yoke may be made of alternate bands of insertion and puffs, if the blouse is of white goods. This design is illustrated on Fig. 1 of the full-page engraving. Patterns in sizes for from two to ten years. Price, twenty cents each.

"GREENAWAY" CLOAK.

"Greenaway" Cloak.—This quaint and charming little design, although very picturesque, is also practical and simple in arrangement. It is a loose sacque shape, mounted in shirrings upon a square yoke, and finished with a turn-down collar, and full sleeves shirred around the hand and trimmed with a puff at the top. It is suitable for almost any of the goods usually selected for children's wraps—white or colored opera flannel, cashmere, light qualities of cloth, *satin merveilleux*, etc., and is most appropriately trimmed with lace and ribbon bows, as illustrated. The front view of this is shown on Fig. 3 of the plate of "Children's Outdoor Garments." Patterns in sizes for from two to eight years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

HAVELOCK CLOAK.

Havelock Cloak.—A stylish and practical design, composed of a sacque cut with loose fronts and a French back, and shoulder capes in circle shape. A capuchin hood, turned down collar, and a deep plaiting around the bottom complete the design, which is suitable for almost any material intended for out-door garments. The capes and hood may be lined with contrasting material and finished with rows of machine stitching, as illustrated, and sleeves can be added if desired. The back view of this cloak is shown on Fig. 5 of the plate of "Children's Outdoor Garments." Patterns in sizes for from eight to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

VERY handsome *ombré* plush ribbons have satin Surah on the reverse side.

LINKED rings, chains and diamonds are the new patterns in embossed velvets.

A LOVELY fan has a "Kate Greenaway" design painted on dark-green feathers, which are mounted on tortoise-shell sticks.

WHITE silk stockings, embroidered with pink roses and blue forget-me-nots in colored floss silk, are a novelty.

BYRON collars, and flat cuffs to match, of *moiré* silk, are stylishly worn with camel's-hair and cashmere dresses.

WIDE girdles or corselets of watered silk or velvet are worn over both plain and plaited basques in woolen goods.

Crystal Ivory Type.

THE new process of coloring photographs with powder paints instead of oils, has met with favor where it has been introduced. It has the double advantage of being more pleasant, as there is no odor, and it will neither spot nor fade, while those colored with oil paints will do both in time. The manner in which it is done is so simple that any one who reads the following directions carefully cannot fail to succeed: The materials needed are convex glass, which you can get for thirty-five cents per dozen card size, or sixty cents per dozen cabinet size; five cents worth of spermaceti; one sheet of No. 0 sand-paper, which, for convenience, cut into pieces two inches square. Get the powder paints that come in vials, as it is more convenient in that form. You will want flesh color, white, black, carmine, dark and light brown, blue and any other colors you choose. Also have a number of pieces of light, thin paper, about the size of the picture. It is best to have the photo unmounted; but if not, soak it in tepid water until the picture separates easily from the card. Have ready a small quantity of starch, made a little thicker than for laundry use, boil it at least two minutes. Apply it while warm (not hot) to the right side of the picture, and your glass, being clean, lay the starch side next the glass, then, placing one of the pieces of thin paper over it, take a paper-knife (or, not having that, a piece of rounded pasteboard will answer), and holding the glass side toward you, scrape carefully and quickly the under side until all the starch is removed, as the smallest particle will blister if allowed to remain. Replace the piece of paper as often as necessary. After the picture is smooth on the glass, remove your thin paper, and place the picture where it will dry thoroughly, which it will do in a short time, then sand-paper it down until almost as thin as a transparency. Have a gas jet lighted and turned down low (heat of any kind will do), hold the picture perfectly level, glass side down over the heat, being careful not to have it too hot else it will break the glass or blister the picture, rub the spermaceti over it until the picture becomes perfectly clear, which will be almost instantly; then, with an old cloth, rub softly to remove any lumps of spermaceti that may remain. Have a very small sable brush for eyes, lips, etc., and a larger one for clothing and back-ground. It is best to paint the parts that are to be white first, as the whites of the eyes, collar and cuffs, then the eyes, lips, cheeks, hair, complexion, and lastly the clothes and back-ground. Do not wet your brush, but dip it lightly in the powder and touch it to the spot, wiping it before putting into a different color. You can make a very pretty flesh color by mixing a bit of pink with white powder. The carmine is for lips, but is too deep for the cheeks, unless mixed with white; dark-blue and white make delicate lavender. After you have nicely and evenly colored the picture, hold it, glass downward, over the heat for a minute, not longer, as you just want it sufficiently heated to *set* or *fix* the colors. Then place a bit of white paper next the picture and over it tissue paper with the edge neatly fastened with mucilage. Put it in a pretty frame, and if you have done your work well, it will compare favorably with one that would cost you ten dollars at the artist's. Your material will probably cost you $2.00, but will last a long time. You can get a box with paints and brushes complete for $1.75.

LADIES' CLUB

We are sure that all who read the following letter will extend their earnest sympathy to the writer. A woman so energetic, self-reliant, and enterprising, deserved success in her undertaking; and with her firm resolve, faith in herself, and Heaven, and unconquerable will, she must succeed eventually. She has, we know, the hearty "God-speed" of every woman, and we think every man, who reads her touching letter:

"Dear Ladies' Club:—For months I have been wondering if the ladies of the club had forgotten me. I had not forgotten them, and smiled to think how I should surprise them by my farming record. After three years of unremitting toil, that has taxed mind and body severely, I was surely gaining in prosperity. My wheat ricks stood a quarter of a mile away, in full view of my windows, and many times during the day I looked out at them, rejoicing and planning, saying to myself, "I shall have many hundred bushels of wheat this year in lieu of the hundred bushels I had last year, free from all claim, and wholly my own. Those wheat ricks promised me ease and comfort in furnishing means to carry on my business and improve my fortune; they promised some few luxuries in the shape of books, clothing, improved dairy apparatus. But all is lost! I gaze toward where my wheat ricks stood, and I see a mass of coal black ashes; they were set on fire by some unknown person, and for three days and nights the flames and smoke went up, I looking on, powerless to save one grain.

"I purchased and sowed on that wheat seven tons of commercial fertilizer, and had spread on it many tons of barnyard matter. I was making one grand effort for financial independence. I had it within my grasp, when some evil heart conceived the idea of my ruin, and directed the hand that applied the torch. Can it be that any farmer is envious at the success of a woman who has encroached on their hitherto (in these parts) exclusive field of labor? My employees are, and ever have been, fully paid. My neighbors, who are all poor and respectable, were at peace with me, and even if they had not been pleased with me, I do not think they could have been so evil. As my ricks of wheat represented joy, so does the heap of black ashes represent woe. Yet I shall never give up my farming. I shall struggle against depression, and will put in my crop again this fall, although I shall have, I know, to incur some debt. The ladies must wish me good luck; the wishing of so many hearts will bring it perhaps.

"M. A. J. H.

"Fairfax Co., Va."

"A. E. R."—Instructions in polishing cuffs, collars, and shirt bosoms, can hardly be given on paper. It ought to be a matter of actual doing, under an instructor. However, we give all the secret there is, excepting what belongs to handling the iron, strength expended, etc. Dry the shirt bosoms, collars, and cuffs before starching. Make a thick starch, say three quarts, well cooked, for four or five shirts and the complement of cuffs and collars to go with them. Add to the starch while cooking one teaspoonful of borax, and stir it well. Take one article at a time, lay it on a clean table or a cloth, flat on the table, and rub the hot starch well into the linen with the palm of the hand; wring it out and put on more starch, repeating the process two or three times, then hang it up to dry. To wet them for ironing, they should be dipped in what is called "raw starch," say three tablespoonfuls of the dry starch, one teaspoonful of borax, and one of salt, to two quarts of water. Wet them well, wring out, and roll up as usual. When they are all ready, begin to iron, first with the ordinary smoothing-iron, until they are quite clear of wrinkles, and while they are yet damp use the small polishing iron rapidly, and with all the strength possible, which must be done with judgment as well as quickly and thoroughly, until the surface is polished to suit. When quite finished, there is still a slight dampness. Lay a paper in the oven, and put the shirts in for a few moments with the door open. Drying quickly helps to stiffen the article.—To induce your canary bird to bathe, give it a few baths yourself until it becomes accustomed to the water. Let the water in the bath-tub have the chill taken off; take the bird gently in your hand and dip it in the water *once*, but do not immerse the head. Remove the bath-tub and put the cage in the sun where the bird can dry itself. Repeat this several days, and after that, leave the bath-tub in the cage, and the bird will probably bathe itself. Some birds are constitutionally opposed to the water; and if, after bathing it yourself a few times, it still shows an aversion to the bath, the best plan is not to force the matter.

"Woodlawn."—You might trim your velvet skirt around the bottom with a full puff and gathered ruffle of soft twilled silk of the same color, and remodel the polonaise, trimming it with the same twilled silk. The "Feodora" polonaise is a very stylish design to which we should think you might be able to adapt your old one by letting out the drapings, etc. Velvet skirts are usually made up plain, or with a scant box-plaited ruffle of the same around the bottom, so it is difficult to advise a change for the better.—To arrange your front hair, put it up on hair-pins at night, wetting the hair with a little cologne or Florida water, which will give it a pretty wave; and in the morning, when you wish to arrange it, part the hair either in the middle or low at the left side, whichever is most becoming, and bring it down well over the forehead and temples, drawing in easily toward the back. The back hair may be put up in a coil, or braids crossed back and forth behind the ears. An invisible front hair net will keep the waves in place.—Frequent bathing in cold water and manipulation will develop the figure. Dash cold water upon the neck and bosom every morning, and then rub gently but rapidly with the hands until the flesh is in a glow.

"Mrs. W."—Certainly, handsome gilt buttons will be very stylish upon your indigo blue cashmere.

"Young America."—The reason given for Charles Carroll signing himself 'of Carrollton,' is this: When he signed the Declaration of Independence, some one remarked, "There are several of your name, and if we are unsuccessful, they will not know who to arrest," and Charles Carroll immediately added to his name "of Carrollton," and from that time he was always known as Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. He lived to be over ninety, and was the last survivor of the signers. There were fifty-six who signed the Declaration, the oldest being Benjamin Franklin, who was seventy, and the youngest, Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, who was twenty-seven.

"Dullness."—There is a variety of ways to improve your table. You can blacken the legs with japan black, and throw a colored cover over the top. Or you can cover the lower part, including the legs, with a pretty colored satine, and cover the top to match, placing round the edge of the table a deep flounce of old gold lace, put on rather full, and arranged in scallops, with a bow of ribbon at the head of each scallop. Turkey red, covered over with Nottingham lace such as is used for curtains, looks well. Colored cambric, covered with dotted white muslin, is pretty, and so is a rich cretonne. Tack the lining first on the top and then around the legs, after which, put on the outside. See that the covering of the bottom part of the table reaches the floor.

"A Constant Purchaser."—There are several places in this city where kid gloves are made to order, but we do not think that the particular make of gloves you mention are manufactured except in the regular sizes.—A small *tournure* of hair-cloth made in puffs, or of Marseilles ruffles mounted upon a foundation through which wire is run to keep it in place, is what you require to give the proper "hang" to your skirts. A hoop-skirt is quite unnecessary.

"Anna."—The most suitable materials in white for a wedding-dress to be worn by a lady of thirty dressing in deep mourning for her father, are cashmere, nun's veiling or lustreless white silk, trimmed with plaited illusion footing, or self-trimmings. It is, however, considered better taste to leave off mourning entirely, in the preparation of the bridal *trousseau*, and many ladies consider pearl-gray and delicate shades of *mauve* more appropriate than white, for a bride marrying at the age of thirty or over.

"Charlotte Elizabeth."—The quotation is from John Stuart Mill, and the correct reading is as follows: "The most determined depreciator of women will not venture to deny, that when we add the experience of recent times to that of ages past, women, and not a few merely, but many women, have proved themselves capable of everything, perhaps without a single exception, which is done by men, and of doing it successfully and creditably."

"Hallie and Violet."—It depends upon what purpose the silk dress is required for whether it should be made in princess style or with a basque and trimmed skirt. For a trained evening dress the former is most appropriate, for which we would recommend the "Glanina" toilet, the pattern for which will cost you thirty cents. For a street or visiting dress the "Lolita" basque and "Coppélia" walking skirt would be very stylish; the price of the skirt pattern being thirty cents, and the pattern of the basque, twenty-five cents each size.—Prune-color or porcelain blue will be most becoming for a blonde, and if the material for the wedding dress is plain silk, it should be combined with brocade, and beaded fringe of the same color will be the most suitable trimming.—Spanish lace or handsome fringe are equally stylish and appropriate for trimming a black silk dress, and sometimes both are effectively employed on the same costume.

"A."—In the East, we are using light gray or gray green of a very light shade for the outsides of houses, with trimmings a shade darker. The painting for the interior of a house would depend on its size and height of ceiling, also the furniture in, or to be put into the rooms. There are articles in Demorest's Monthly Magazine at page 129, March number, 1881—178, April, 1881, and page 224, May, 1881, that might assist you.

"An Old and Continued Subscriber."—Your crape veil can be renovated at a professional cleaner's in this city for about $1.25 or $2.00 per yard, and will look like new when finished. Gin is considered by some excellent to renovate crape. Dip your veil in and let it get saturated with it; clap it till dry; then smooth it out with a hot iron, or fold and press it under a heavy weight.

"Lizzie L. H."—An excellent book treating on Window Gardening is our premium offered for a club of two, which we can furnish you for $1.50. You will also find an interesting article in this issue upon the same subject. As to the other work you mentioned, we do not know positively, but think that, at the price, 10 cents, it probably is a burlesque on the original treatise.

"A. B. C."—The lady to whom you allude is Mrs. C. M. Williams, President of the State National Bank, at Raleigh, North Carolina. She was elected to fill the position on the death of her husband, and, it is said, gives complete satisfaction in the performance of her duties.

"A. M. D."—Satin-finished silk, or *satin merveilleux*, will be more stylish than plain *gros grain*, and for a good quality the price is from $2.50 a yard upwards. The "Coppélia" walking skirt and "Lolita" basque will be a very becoming combination for you as you are quite tall. Yes, black Spanish lace is extensively used for trimmings, as well as chenille and jetted fringe, and satin cord and beaded *passementerie*; a band of the *passementerie* will be effective on each side panel of the walking skirt, as illustrated in this number.

"Ada."—Certainly, women have kept an apothecary's shop. Lady Hester Stanhope mentions in her travels that Madam Onophrio kept one at Pera. There was one kept by a woman in Annapolis, some years ago.—Yes, engraving is a very suitable occupation for a woman. Some women of the past achieved quite a success at it. Fanny Vernet engraved the pictures painted by her husband. Catherine Questier, of Amsterdam, was a good engraver, and Anna Maria Schurman engraved on copper. There were others who were quite successful.

"Subscriber."—In making over your black silk dress, as you wish to remove the *damassé* and make a polonaise of new goods to wear over the plain silk skirt, we should recommend a black velvet, or plush polonaise, made after the "Feodora" which is a very stylish model. *Satin de Lyons* has given place to *satin merveilleux*, and *moire antique* is newer than either. Velvet is always fashionable. Your Spanish lace and beaded *passementerie*, if still fresh, would be the most suitable trimming. The "Olympe" visite in *satin merveilleux*, trimmed with Spanish lace, would be quite admissible with the suit: but with a chamois skin underwaist the velvet polonaise can be worn all winter in the street, without any outside wraps other than the little shoulder-cape which forms part of the pattern.—Demorest is pronounced Dem-o-rest, as spelled, with the accent on the first syllable. Knabe is pronounced according to the German rules of pronunciation, "k' nä'-bai," *—nar-bay*—giving the first vowel the sound of a, as in far; or it may be pronounced in the English way, making one syllable of the word, with the final e silent as in "knave."—Melrose Abbey is a ruin in the town of Melrose, Scotland. It was originally the residence of Cistercian monks; but all that now remains of the monastery is the ruined church, which is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture.

"LOUISE."—Dark-green silk, or *satin merveilleux* will make a very suitable combination with your myrtle-green cashmere, for an autumn and winter street costume, or you could use either plush or velvet with it.—Black cashmere, made up after the model of the "Feodora" polonaise, with a short underskirt of velvet, or "Nonpareil" velveteen, will compose a very nice black winter dress. The polonaise can be trimmed with bias bands of the velveteen or with *passementerie* and fringe, as desired.—Frequent washing with a strong solution of borax and water, occasionally adding a very few drops of ammonia, will help to prevent the hair from turning darker. Washing soda and water will lighten the hair, also, but we can not recommend its use as it eventually injures the hair.

"ELLA B."—Your pearl and duchesse fan, as well as the ivory one, could be repaired at some of the large jewelry stores in this city. It would cost you from $1.50 to $5.00, or possibly $10.00, according to the extent of the damage done; and if entirely new sticks will be needed for the outside, the expense will depend upon the material and amount of work required. We can only give approximate prices, because it is necessary to know the exact amount of repairing necessary, which is impossible without seeing the fan.—The kind of hard wood to be used for interior finishing is a matter of taste. Some finish throughout in light-colored wood, such as cherry, maple or ash; while many persons prefer black walnut, or a combination of this with a lighter wood. We would suggest cherry wood, its rich, warm coloring blends and harmonizes so beautifully with the present style of decoration and furnishing.

"A SCHOOL GIRL."—"Why are you older than the boy born the same day, month, and year as yourself?" Because you mature earlier. A girl the same age as a boy is physically ahead of him, and she consequently declines earlier. A woman at forty-five, or fifty, begins to "age," while a man is in his prime. Our daughters we permit to marry at seventeen, but not our sons. Aristotle fixed eighteen for women and thirty-seven for men as the proper period for marriage; and Plato, twenty for women and thirty for men. Women, being more delicate than men, break down earlier; but, as a general thing, they retain sufficient vitality and strength to perform the duties of life, whatever they may be. They need not, as you say, "be laid on the shelf, or be incapacitated for putting into practice that which they have so laboriously learned." The departure of youth does not necessarily imply the departure of ability to perform one's duties. A woman should not think it a hardship to "part with her youth" sooner than a man, for she reached maturity earlier than he did. A woman may not be older in "thought and feeling" than a man the same age, but she *is* older physically. No, you "are" not "in duty bound to grow old," if you can help it. But Nature's laws are like those of the Medes and Persians, "they altereth not."

"MRS. L. O."—The ceramic art owes a great deal to woman. It was Catherine de Medici who protected Palissy and established him in Paris when he was driven from Saintes. Maria Theresa, by her efforts and means, improved the Vienna manufactory. It was owing to the suggestion of Madame de Pompadour that a manufactory was established in France. Queen Charlotte was the patron of Wedgewood, and the Empress Elizabeth of Russia established porcelain works near St. Petersburg. The Baden porcelain works were founded by a woman, Mrs. Sperl.

"IDALIA."—Certainly, white *tulle* with satin will be quite suitable for a bridal toilet for an afternoon wedding. No matter how quiet a marriage may be, the bride is always privileged to wear white if she chooses, but a bridal veil is decidedly necessary with such a toilet. White *tulle* simply hemmed all around is the most appropriate with your dress.—Certainly, a white dress can be worn in October, with perfect propriety, if the weather is warm. A maroon cashmere with velvet will make a very suitable traveling and yachting dress.

"MRS. L. E."—The term "vandyke," which is applied to trimming with indented edges, did not receive its name from the painter, but from Vandyke, a Flemish stocking weaver.

"STUDENT."—Correggio's real name was Antonio Allegri. He was called Correggio from his birth-place now called Reggio. Tintoretto's real name was Jacopo Robusti. The real name of Claude Lorraine was Claude Gelée, and that of Titjan was Tiziano Vecellio. Picturesque comes from the Italian *pittoresco*, meaning after the manner of a painter. There *is* a difference between the nimbus and the aureole. The first is placed like a plate behind the head, while the latter is an extended nimbus and only encircles the body. The glory combines the nimbus and the aureole.

"CHARLES LAWRENCE."—"The Old Dominion" received its name from the following circumstance: During the protectorate of Cromwell, the colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and sent to Flanders for Charles II., to reign over them. He accepted, and was about to embark when called to the throne of England. Upon his accession, he allowed Virginia to quarter the arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland as an independent member of the "Old Dominion."

"LAUREL DALE."—A garnet cashmere, trimmed with the same shade of plush or velvet, or changeable plush with a little gold in it, or made over a velveteen skirt of the same color will make a handsome dress for a *petite* brunette bride of nineteen years to be married in quietly and leave immediately after the ceremony. The same dress to serve for a bridal and traveling costume. The "Giulia" walking skirt and "Lolita" basque will be handsome models for this purpose.—For a wedding of any description, if invitations are sent out, they should be handsomely engraved. For very quiet weddings the correct thing is to send out cards, simply announcing the event, immediately after the marriage. As to the question of waiters, that must be determined by the class of entertainment given. We should think at the style of wedding you mention, that none beside the usual servants would be required.

"GEORGIE."—*Gloire de Dijon* is pronounced thus—Glu-ar-der-Dee-zhon, slightly rolling the first r.—"*J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer*," literally rendered is, "I have the honor to salute you," and is a French phrase of courtesy often appended to a letter or formal note, being equivalent to any of our English expressions, used in like manner, such as, "Believe me, very truly yours." "I have the honor to remain, most sincerely yours," etc.—*Chevaux de Frise*, which we presume you mean, is the plural of cheval-de Frise, which is a term derived from *cheval*—horse—and Frise, Friesland, and means an obstruction composed of a piece of timber, through which are run long wooden spikes with iron points, and used in military warfare to stop cavalry, defend a passage, or stop a breach. The expression is generally used in the plural, as more than one of these formidable affairs, which are five or six feet high, are always necessary when used at all.—Vassar College is situated on a beautiful site of ground, about 200 acres in extent, and nearly two miles east of the city of Poughkeepsie, in Dutchess County, N. Y., and a little greater distance from the Hudson River. It was founded by Matthew Vassar, in February, 1861, for the higher education of women, and opened about four years later in September, 1865.

"ENQUIRER."—Jasper is a dark green stone, and when veined with red, is called blood-stone. Lapis-lazuli is a dark blue stone, sometimes having veins of gold. Moonstone resembles the opal, but is nearly white with a touch of color. The sapphire is next in hardness to the diamond, and scratches all stones but that. It is generally blue, and sometimes when white passes for a diamond. The Brazilian topaz is deep orange, and when subjected to the heat of a sand bath, it becomes rose-color. The Saxony topaz is clear yellow, and the Bohemian, red, or brown; sometimes it is a yellow white.

"CARELESSNESS."—As you "are always losing your keys"—a bad thing for a housekeeper—you should hang those not in immediate use on a key-rack, which is made as follows: Cover a diamond-shaped piece of wood with brown oil-cloth, tacking it on the wrong side with small tacks, on this fasten some small hooks for hanging the keys on. Put a hook at the top and hang it in some convenient place. If you wish to decorate it, you can cut out of crétonne some flowers and paste around the edge. The diamond-shaped piece of wood should measure about eight inches.

"LOUISE."—To wash your woolen shawl, put half an ox-gall into two gallons of water, warm but not hot; wash the shawl in it with soap and water. Have another tub ready with tepid water and the other half of the ox-gall; rinse the shawl in it well, shake it out, open it wide, and let it hang in a hot room to dry; avoid hanging it in the sun.

"MRS. E. M. N."—Grasses can be crystallized as follows: Put into an earthen vessel one pound of alum in small lumps; pour nearly a gallon of water upon it and let it boil. Tie up the grasses in small bunches; pour the alum water into an earthen jar, and place a stick across it, from which suspend the grasses into the liquid. Set the jar in a cool place and do not disturb it for twenty-four hours. Remove the grasses, and see that they are dry before using.

"MISERY."—We see no other way but for you to combine, as you say, your library, sitting-room, and parlor all in one apartment, unless you use the dining-room for a sitting-room part of the time, as many people do. The grand piano can be placed with the key-board and piano-stool in front of one of the windows so that the performer will face the center of the room. This is done for the sake of effect in parlors where the extra room obtained thereby is no object.—The question of outside or inside blinds has no effect upon the way in which the windows are to be dressed. Holland shades either white or brown are necessary, and scrim curtains trimmed with antique lace and hung from curtain rods of black walnut instead of cornices are not only pretty and fashionable but inexpensive.—As to the number and arrangement of the pictures we cannot advise you, that being merely a matter of personal taste. Body Brussels or a good three-ply ingrain are the best investments as to carpets, and cost, the former from $1.50 per yard upward, and the latter from $1 per yard. The parlor furniture may be in an upholstered set of seven pieces, *i. e.*, sofa, four small and two large chairs, and will cost anywhere from $75 upward, but two upholstered pieces, an easy chair and Turkish lounge, may be purchased for about $45, and the remaining chairs necessary may be the new Vienna bent wood which is finished in imitation of ebony, walnut, and ash, with either cane or perforated seats, and cost about $2 apiece for small reception chairs. No center-table is necessary.—If the hall is not finished with hard wood flooring or tiles, it should be carpeted to match the parlor, and a small hat-rack and umbrella-stand, with a hall-chair and two or three rugs or mats, will be all the furniture needed.

"J. W. C."—Get handsome black brocaded silk to combine with the gros-grain, for a costume for the young lady. The "Giulia" walking-skirt, made of the plain silk, and trimmed with bands of the brocade, will be a stylish combination with the "Lolita" basque, made of the brocade and trimmed with plain silk. Garnet, dark plum color or black would be most becoming to a lady of forty years, with dark hair and indifferent complexion. The basque above referred to, with the "Coppelia" walking-skirt, will be quite suitable, unless you wish a trained house-dress, in which case we should recommend the "Gianina" toilet. A handsome cloak of black Surah or *satin de Lyons*, lined for warmth, and handsomely trimmed, would probably cost you from $60 to $150, according to quality. If you had it made at home, the cost of the necessary materials and trimmings would probably be from $40 to $70.

"B."—Light green merino, or any woolen goods, may be dyed a beautiful black by using the extract of logwood, which comes for that purpose, directions for use accompanying the preparation. There are different names for the several varieties of mitts that are now fashionably worn. The "Bernhardt" mitts are very long-wristed. The Marguerite mitts are of silk, closely woven, instead of lace, etc. It is perfectly proper to wear either gloves or mitts to supper at a ball, but they are usually removed and put on again after supper before the dancing recommences.

Sunday School Books.

Sensible words on Sunday-school library books are spoken by George W. Bungay, who is good authority on the subject: "Can you quicken and strengthen the power of thought, touch the tender springs of the inner life, and awaken his moral and religious feeling by putting into his hands little love-stories, founded on improbable statements and ending in impossible conclusions? Will the good boy of the book, who shrinks from danger and clings to his mother's apron-strings and sleeps on beds of eider-down and roses, excite his admiration half as much as the wicked hero, who has pluck enough to fight his way in the world? Such books do not contain the 'sincere milk of the word;' they are the thinnest of water-gruel, without the appetizing nutmeg and cinnamon."

Seeds.—To keep seeds from the depredations of mice, mix some pieces of camphor with the seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them injury.

LITERATURE

"**Mildred's Cadet**; or, Hearts and Bell-Buttons. An Idyl of West Point," is the title of a love story by Mrs. Alice King Hamilton, and published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. This is a narrative not of the sensational order, but an exceedingly natural love story, just such a pleasant episode as occurs sometimes in the life of a West Point cadet. The style is graceful and sparkling, the characters well drawn, the dialogue admirable, and the interest of the story well sustained. Mrs. Hamilton's "first attempt" shows no crudeness of thought, plot, nor expression; and, to judge by her present effort, she is destined to achieve high rank as a novelist. The writer of "Mildred's Cadet" has contributed very acceptably to this magazine.

"**The Skeleton in the House.**"—A tale from the German of Friedrich Spielhagen, translated by M. J. Safford, and published by George W. Harlan, 19 Park Place. The "skeleton" that figures in this very interesting story causes considerable trouble and anxiety, until it is revealed, to the satisfaction of all parties, that it was no "skeleton" at all. The price of this story is 25 cents, which it is well worth for its pleasant reading.

"**School-Girls**; or, Life at Montagu Hall," is an admirable book for school-girls, full of interest, and inculcating excellent lessons. The book derives additional interest from the fact that the author, Annie Carey, wrote it in her hours of ill-health, and did not live to see it published. The scene is laid in England, the author, we presume, being English. It is published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., London, Paris, and New York. Mothers who wish pure and healthful reading for their young daughters will find it in this book.

"**German Without Grammar or Dictionary,**" by Dr. Zur Brücke. This is a new edition, revised and enlarged, of this invaluable work. No simpler or more comprehensive method could be devised for learning the German language, how to speak it especially. Published by S. C. Griggs & Company, Chicago.

The United States Newsdealer.—We are in receipt of the August number of the above named monthly, which is published by the United States News Company, and is devoted especially to the interest of newsdealers and publishers. No newsdealer who wishes to keep posted regarding new publications, as he must be in order to achieve success in his business, can afford to do without this very efficient aid.

We are in receipt of a new song, "God Bless the Little Woman," the words of President Garfield on the occasion of his dictating a telegram to his wife when he was shot. The words of the song, which has a chorus, are by Howard N. Fuller, and the music by Charlie Baker. The publisher is F. W. Helmick, 180 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O.

SPICE BOX

"**Spice** is good sometimes when old."

"**Does** the goat ever butt her milk?"

Natural History—When two men put their heads together, it is for mutual advantage; but it isn't so with goats.

A "Graduate" in the Kitchen.—"You had better change that rug," said a lady to her servant. "Don't you think it corroborates better with the carpet in this way?" was the response of the educated "help."

"**A clock** pendulum is bound to keep time if it has to swing for it."

"**Why** is an old maid like Africa? They both have a deserted waist."

"**Why** is a Zulu belle like a prophet of old?—Because she has not much on'er in her own country."

"**Dudley Buck** has composed a new song, entitled 'The Proposal.' It is probably written in the key of 'Be mine, ah.'"

"**Mrs. Fennell** says her minister's sermons 'are a little obscure, but,' she says, 'I do love to sit and watch the lineages of his face.'"

"**There** are three kinds of hair—Banged hair, baked hare, and hair parted in the middle. The first is tender, the second more tender, the last bar-tender."

Oh, Horror!—A young lady says she has had many a suitor, but never one to suit her. That is a pity, because by the time she gets a suit to suit her, her suitor may not be suited.

Dear Little Thing!—Mamma is scenting her handkerchief. Little Emmy, aged two, holding up her tiny square of cambric, lisps out, "Div baby's potty-hancups a drink, mamma!"

"**A bashful** young man could defer the momentous question no longer, so he stammered: "Martha—I—I—do do you—you must have—are you aware that the good book says—er—that it is not—g—good that a m—man should be alone?' 'Then hadn't you better run home to your mother?' coolly suggested Martha."

"**A gentleman** once asked a little girl, an only child, how many sisters she had; and was told, 'Three or four.' Her mother asked Mary, when they were alone, what induced her to tell such an untruth. 'Why, mamma,' cried Mary, 'I didn't want him to think that you were so poor, that you hadn't but one child. Wouldn't he thought we were dreffful poor?'"

A CRITICISM.

(Looking at a plate of Old Costumes.)

"HOW COULD THEY BE SO RIDICULOUS?"

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

No Satisfaction Either.—"Pleasure the short cut to the tomb."—*Jerrold.*

What it Costs.—What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

Do it Yourself.—If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

The virtue of a man ought to be measured not by his extraordinary exertion, but by his every-day conduct.

Frivolity.—Frivolity, under whatever form it appears, takes from attention its strength, from thought its originality, from feeling its earnestness.

Generosity and Giving.—When you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity, unless you deny yourself something in order that you may give.

Brains.—The man who farms his brains to their full extent year after year, and does not believe in occasional fallowing, will find at last that brains, like land, will run out.—*Greville.*

Truth.—Some set out, like Crusaders of old, with a glorious equipment of hope and enthusiasm, and get broken by the way, wanting patience with each other and the world.—*George Eliot.*

The Foerrunners of Success.—Industry, economy, and prudence are the sure forerunners of success. They create that admirable combination of powers in one which always conduces to eventual prosperity.

Opposition not an Unmixed Evil.—A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.

The Use of the Tongue.—God gave you that gifted tongue of yours, and set it between your teeth, to make known your true meaning to us, not to be rattled like a muffin-man's bell.—*Carlyle.*

Loyalty is the basis of all that is honorable and praiseworthy in manhood and character. Impress this with the earliest dawning of intelligence upon thy child, oh, mother!

A True Test.—Correct speech is such an indisputable mark of a lady or gentleman that it cannot be too often repeated that the true standard of pronunciation is one in which all marks of a particular place of birth and residence are lost, and in which nothing appears to indicate any habits of intercourse other than with the well-bred and well-informed wherever they may be found.

The Crowning Grace.—Courtesy is due to others. It is helpful to others. Treat even a base man with respect, and he will make at least one desperate effort to be respectable. Courtesy is an appeal to the nobler and better nature of others to which that nature responds. It is due to ourselves. It is the crowning grace of culture, the stamp of perfection upon character, the badge of the perfect gentleman, the fragrance of the flower of womanhood when full blown.

The noblest gift God ever bestowed upon man was the liberty to work out his own salvation.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and, if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law.

What veracity is to speech fidelity is to action. As we may safely depend upon the word of a truthful man, so we may safely depend upon the doings of a faithful man.

It is not easy to be a widow; one must re-assume all the modesty of girlhood without being allowed to feign its ignorance.—*Madame de Girardin.*

The highest mark of esteem a woman can give a man is to ask his friendship; and the most signal proof of her affection is to offer him hers.

INDEX TO VOLUME SEVENTEEN.

JANUARY TO NOVEMBER, 1881.

Titles with a * prefixed are Illustrated; ** are Page Engravings.

TO THE BINDER.

The first three sheets of each number form the first part of the volume, and the fourth sheet (Mirror of Fashions) the second part of the volume.

The fifth sheet in each number (advertising, etc.) will be canceled.

FASHIONS.

CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

Writing for the Press.

I. WRITE upon one side of the sheet only. Why? Because it is often necessary to cut the pages into "takes" for the compositors, and this cannot be done when both sides are written upon.

II. Write clearly and distinctly, being particularly careful in the matter of proper names and words from foreign languages. Why? Because you have no right to ask either editor or compositor to waste his time puzzling out the results of your selfishness.

III. Don't write in a microscopic hand. Why? Because the compositor has to read it across his case, at a distance of nearly two feet; also, because the editor often wants to make additions and other changes.

IV. Don't begin at the very top of the first page. Why? Because if you have written a head for your article, the editor will probably want to change it; and if you have not, which is the better way, he must write one. Besides, he wants room in which to write his instructions to the printer, as to the type to be used, where and when the proof is to be sent, etc.

V. Never roll your manuscript. Why? Because it maddens and exasperates every one who touches it—editor, compositor, and proof-reader.

VI. Be brief. Why? Because people don't read long stories. The number of readers which any two articles have is inversely proportioned to the square of their respective length. That is, a half-column article is read by four times as many people as one of double that length.

VII. Have the fear of the waste-basket constantly and steadily before your eyes. Why? Because it will save you a vast amount of useless labor, to say nothing of paper and postage.

VIII. Always write your full name and address plainly at the end of your letter. Why? Because it will often happen that the editor will want to communicate with you, and because he needs to know the writer's name as a guarantee of good faith. If you use a pseudonym or initials, write your own name and address below it; it will never be divulged.

IX. "These precepts in thy memory keep," and for fear you might forget them, cut them out and put them where you can readily run through them when tempted to spill innocent ink. Causeur's word for it, those who heed these rules will be beloved and favored in every editorial sanctum.—*Boston Transcript.*

TO THE ABOVE WE ADD.

X. Present the title of your manuscript outside. Why? Because if placed away for present or future use, there will be no need of opening ten or more articles to find yours.

XI. Do not attach your sheets to each other by yards or measurement. Why? Because it has the same objection as No. I. and if not printed it has no commercial value as a panorama or ornamentation as a wall paper.

XII. In mailing manuscript and proofs, be careful to observe the following suggestions, thereby saving expense and annoyance, as the postal authorities are particular in the examination of packages, and charge *letter* postage whenever there is a reasonable excuse:

First. Do not write a single word *in* the package except what is necessary for the proper correction of proofs. We have received return proofs with the words, "Will be absent from home for a day or two," or, "Send next proof to such or such an address," or, "Have retained one proof for further examination," etc., etc. Trifling as this is, it sometimes costs us from twenty cents to eighty cents, according to the weight of the package returned, while it would have cost the author but one cent to have sent a postal card with the desired information.

Second. Inclose packages of manuscript or proofs open at the ends and tied with twine, to admit of examination in the post-office without destroying the wrapper. If in any way closed against a free inspection, letter postage will be charged.

XIII. Do not send a manuscript to an editor until you have mastered the rules of orthography, grammar, and punctuation. Why? Because a knowledge of these details is necessary for the correct preparation of a manuscript; and writing for the press means something more than putting your thoughts upon paper.

XIV. Do not endeavor to enlist the sympathy of an editor by forwarding with your article a recital of your poverty. Why? Because the purchasing of manuscripts is not a matter of charity nor of friendship, but a business transaction, and in making a selection the editor is guided entirely by the worth of the article and its adaptation to his publication.

XV. Do not abbreviate your words in your manuscript, but write them out as they are to be printed. Why? Because you have no right to expect the compositor to guess what the missing part is. Do not write your afterthoughts on the page already written, but take a clean sheet of paper and rewrite the whole page. Too many interlineations make a very confused "copy," and give the compositor a great deal of trouble.

XVI. Avoid sending your first efforts to an editor. Why? Because first efforts are always crude, and it is a waste of the editor's valuable time to read them. Writing is an art, and it requires time, study, and practice to bring it to perfection. An editor never has any use for first efforts; they will either be thrown into the waste basket, or returned to you at your own expense.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

δ or ℌ (*dele*) Delete, take out or expunge. ℑ .....Turn a reversed letter.
.....A space, or more space between words, letters, or lines.
⌣ .....Less space, or no space, between words or letters.
[or] .....Carry a word further to the left or right. ⊏ .....Indent.
‾ or — .....Elevate or depress a letter, word, or character that is sunk below, or raised above the proper level. ¶ .....Make a new paragraph.
| .....Shows that a portion of a paragraph projects literally beyond the rest.
× or + ...Directs attention to a broken or imperfect type.
⏝ .....Directs attention to a quadrat or space which improperly appears.
⌊ .....Bring a word or words to the beginning of a line.
— .....Change from Italic to Roman, or from Roman to Italic.
≡ .....Put in small capitals. ≡ .....Put in capitals.
☞ The other marks are self-explanatory; but the following *abbreviations*, used in correcting proof-sheets need explanation:—
wf. .....Wrong font—used when a character is of a wrong size or style.
tr. .....Transpose. *Qu.*, *Qy.*, or (?).....Query.
l. c. .....Lower case—*i. e.*, put in small or common letters a word or letter that has been printed in capitals or small capitals.
s. caps, or *sm. c.* ...Put in small capitals.

SPECIMEN OF A CORRECTED PROOF-SHEET.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

caps. s. caps. Rom. l. c. ⌐ ⊙ tr. wf. lead ⌐ Rom. ⊙ wf. # ⊙ ¶ ℌ

□ I. Write upon one side of the sheet only. Why? Because it is often necessary to cut the pages into "takes" for the compositors, and this cannot be done when both sides are written upon.

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c/ ○ ↦/ V. Never roll your manuscript. Why? Because it maddens and exasperates every one who touches it, editor, compositor, and proof-reader. ≠

VI. Be brief. Why? Because people don't read long stories. The number of readers which any two articles have is inversely proportioned to the square of their respective length. That is, a half-column article is read by four times as many people as one of double that length. c/ e/

VII. Have the fear of the *waste-basket* constantly and steadily before your eyes. Why? Because it will save you a vast amount of useless labor, stet. ~~to say nothing of~~ paper and postage. Rom. ⊙

VIII. Always write your full name and address plain at the end of your letter. Why? Because it will often happen that the editor will want to communicate with you, to know the writer's name as a guaranty of good faith. If you use a pseudonym or initials, write your own name and address below it; it will never be divulged. by/ Qy. ee/ wf. # ⊙ ¶ ℌ

IX. These precepts in thy memory keep, and for fear you might forget them, cut them out and put them where you can readily run through them when tempted to spill innocent ink. Causeur's word for it, those who heed these ~~hints~~ will be beloved and favored in every editorial sanctum.—Boston *Transcript.* "/" # space better

and because he needs

Read Second Page of Cover.

Do we Owe you a Premium?

THOSE of our *subscribers to whom premiums are due, both single and for clubs, more particularly those entitled to single premiums, are requested to inform us of their selection, and we will respond immediately.

We Have a Full Supply

of every article on our list, and we hope you will select your premiums without delay. Those who have already selected oil pictures, that have not been received in consequence of the requisite sum of fifty cents not being forwarded for postage, can change their selection to any other article.

It Would be Well to Remember

that the size of the picture Consolation, 20x28, is too large to be forwarded by mail when mounted for framing. We will pack them on a roller, and pay the postage unless the subscriber resides where it can be forwarded by express at a cost of not over fifty cents; in which case we will send them mounted for framing, the express charge to be paid by the subscriber.

THE PRESENT LIST OF PREMIUMS, FOR BOTH SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS AND CLUBS, WILL ONLY BE IN FORCE UNTIL

SEPTEMBER 30TH,

after which date we shall print a new and revised list of premiums, and terms, to appear in the November Magazine, to be published on October 15th, 1881, which will be the

FIRST NUMBER

OF THE

EIGHTEENTH VOLUME.

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* A Subscriber is a person who assures us of an annual purchase by paying to the publisher Three Dollars in advance.

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Advertisements for insertion should be forwarded not later than the 28th, for the next issue. No medical, questionable, or ambiguous advertisements will be admitted on any terms.

WHAT IS METALINE?

"What is Metaline," and how is it applied to Sewing Machines? The number of letters received in regard to "Metaline" and Metalined Sewing Machines strikingly emphasizes the universal demand there is for such an article, and fully demonstrates the strong desire of every operator on a Sewing Machine, whether in the family or factory, to dispense with the nuisance of oil. The disadvantages of oil are so obvious as hardly to require enumerating. It smells vilely, it "gums" up and daubs the machine, and soils work, until it is an object of dread. How often does the owner of a Sewing Machine waste hours in sewing by hand what could be done in a few minutes by the machine, were it not for the danger of ruining expensive material with oil stains. On the contrary, "Metaline" removes all chance of injury to fabrics through using the machine. "Metaline" is applied to Sewing Machines by boring the old (oil) bearings out and putting "Metaline" bearings in their place, and can only be done correctly where there are the necessary tools and the proper machinery; consequently it is necessary (at present) that machines should be sent to our factory to be "Metalined." Later, agents will be supplied with "Metaline" bushings, and tools for the application of the same, for all the leading Sewing Machines.

In answer to the following questions which have been frequently asked, and which naturally arise:

1st. Will the machine run as easily by "Metaline" as it does in oil?

Answer: Yes, much easier; besides it *will not* "*gum*," and is *always clean and ready for use*.

2d. What are its wearing qualities as compared to oil?

Altogether in favor of "Metaline" as compared with the very best oil bearings ever made. In this respect alone it will double the value of the machine.

3d. Will it really run without oil, or is there some qualification to the assertion?

A Sewing Machine once properly fitted in "Metaline" will run without any *lubricant whatever*, smoothly and with less power; better than with the best oil bearings.

The price for "Metalining" Machines is $6 to $8, which if not forwarded at the time the machine is sent, when returned it will be reshipped C. O. D. with return charges. Parties desiring to have single machines "Metalined," will do well to write before sending, what make of machine they wish to have "Metalined" in order to have an estimate of the time that the machine will be detained. Direct to

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We call attention to HON. DANIEL F. BEATTY Piano and Organ Advertisement. He is now making extraordinary offers in anticipation of the Holidays. His instruments are all fully warranted, and are sent on test trial. Mr. Beatty earnestly requests intending purchasers to visit him at Washington, N. J., and see that the instruments he advertises are just as represented. Read his advertisement.

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