DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

NO. CCIII.] DECEMBER, 1881. [VOL. XVIII., NO. 2.

KITH AND KIN.

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

(*Continued from Page* 13.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

LOVE AND WAR.

"OH, you are still here!" observed the clergyman to Aglionby. "Won't you stay and have some dinner with us, as it has got so late?"

"No, thank you," replied he, shaking hands with Judith, though neither he nor she spoke. "I heard from Mrs. Malleson that Miss Conisbrough was here, and would be walking home, so I sent my horse on to Yoresett, and remained here to escort her, if she will allow me to do so."

"Oh! I think there is no need," began Judith.

"My dear, there is!" said Mrs. Malleson decidedly; "and, to please me, you will accept Mr. Aglionby's escort. Indeed, I will not invite him to dinner; and as he will be obliged to walk to Yoresett, that settles the question."

"Yes, I think it does," said Judith rather gravely. "I am only sorry that Mr. Aglionby should have put himself to such inconvenience."

To this Aglionby made no reply. He had not spoken to her at all. They had all moved towards the hall.

"Are you well wrapped up for the walk, Judith? Won't you have an extra shawl?" asked her friend.

"No, thank you. I walk quickly. Good-night, Paulina. Your husband will tell you all about it. And good-night, Mr. Malleson. I *thank you*," she said, with emphasis, looking earnestly into his face. "You know what that means, with me."

Husband and wife accompanied them to the hall, opened the door for them, and they stepped out into the mirk.

"Bitter chill it was."

The door—that hospitable door—was closed after them. It had been thawing during the day, but was now freezing hard. The sky had cleared, and the stars were appearing. Judith's heart was beating fast. However calm and uneventful her outside life might have been, her inner one had been filled with deep and varied emotions. The interview she had just concluded had been to her a solemn one; it had stirred her spirit to its depths. She had expected a long walk home alone in the dark, and had promised herself that in its course she would reflect upon all that had passed; would smooth out the tangled web of conflicting feelings, and plan how best to break her decision to those at home. She felt that she needed this interval: needed this spell of quiet meditation. Now, behold, it was denied her. She was not to be alone. Another was to be her companion, one from whom in spirit she indeed never strayed far, but of whom the shadowy spiritual presence was, compared with the actual bodily one, exactly "as moonlight is to sunlight, and as water is to wine." How could she think, how ponder, how become at one with herself, with Bernard Aglionby at her side? She gave it up at once, thinking, with a kind of moral recklessness which of late had been a frequent visitant with her:

"What does it matter? Soon it will *all* be at an end. What difference can one pang more make—one other straw? Let him come! I shall get through it somehow."

But as they paced silently down the rectory drive, she began to realize that she had never really conquered him, never induced him to submit to her behests except in so far as words—promises—went. He was like the young man of the parable, who said, "I go, sir," but went not. This was the second time he had disobeyed the spirit, if not the letter, of what she required of him. She knew that it was not done innocently or unconsciously. She knew that he was quite aware of his disobedience, and that he did it deliberately and advisedly. It was very wrong of him, with Lizzie Vane in the background on his side, and with, on her side, far worse things than a Lizzie Vane, and things which *must* not be nearly approached. Very wrong; she could in nowise palliate or approve of it; she felt that she ought to rebuke it, and even while conning over in her mind the best way in which to begin the rebuke, she was conscious of a wild, unlicensed pleasure, on her own part, at the occurrence.

"There is no moon, is there?" were the words which roused her when they had proceeded for some little distance along the road to Yoresett.

"No; but it is clear, and the stars are bright. Otherwise, this is a dark, lonely road."

"It is," he answered, with considerable emphasis. "It is no road on which for you to be alone at such an hour. I could scarcely believe Mrs. Malleson when she told me you had got to walk home, and that without an escort."

"That shows plainly that you have a great deal yet to learn about country habits."

"I hope so, if that is one of them; but——"

"Are you going this way?" said Judith, pausing as he made for a narrow lane on the right. "If we go this way we have to cross the river, and there is no bridge, you know, only the stepping-stones."

"Well, are you afraid? I thought you were boasting of your country habits. It is starlight; it is not *quite* the end of daylight yet. 'Th' hipping-stanes,' as they call them here, are solid, high, and dry; and my hand is a firm one, I assure you."

Judith said nothing, but followed him down the lane into a road which ran through the bottom of the valley, beside the river for some little distance, till, where it was broad and shallow, a long line of stepping-stones led across it to the other side. It was a weird-looking spot, hardly tempting to one not used to such roads and such "short-cuts." Just below the stepping-stones, too, was a ford, and a dangerous ford, since to deviate but a few feet from its course meant—and had proved—certain death to horse and man, by reason of a horrible deep hole shelving suddenly down, deep enough to bury completely, as it had done more than once, horse, driver, and vehicle. Between the "hipping-stanes," towards this grisly trap, the water rushed gurgling along; the bed of the river was too shallow and broken, the motion too incessant, for the water to freeze. Judith paused as they stood by the first stepping-stone, while, after one or two of the others, the remainder faded and vanished, and the opposite bank of the stream was not discernible.

"It looks—I never crossed them at such an hour, or when it was so dark——" she began.

"Are you afraid to trust yourself on them—with me?—Do you imagine that I should not share any accident which might befall you?"

He offered her his hand, and again struck dumb, as it were, Judith put hers in it, and allowed him to lead her whither he would. The crossing of the stepping-stones was a slow one, but it was accomplished in safety and in silence. They traversed, silently also, the little lane at the other side, which led them to the high-road to Yoresett, and when they were once more there, and slowly walking through a little dark wood on either side the wall, Aglionby began slowly:

"Mrs. Mallesou tells me that you think of leaving Yoresett."

"Yes. That is, I have wished to leave Yoresett for a long time. Now I have quite decided to do so, because Mr. Malleson has been kind enough to use his interest with a friend to get me something to do."

"Ah! I do not know that such things always *are* kind. Mrs. Malleson said she was jealous of you," he added, with a forced laugh, "for that you and her husband had secrets."

"In other words, you asked her where I was going, and what I was going to do, and she could not fell you."

"Quite true, though you put it in as disagreeable a manner as you can. You consider my natural interest in your movements to be impertinent."

"I never said so. I only know that, considering what it was that Mr. Malleson had to say to me, he did perfectly right not to speak of it to any one until he had seen me."

"Forgive me; but is it allowable to ask what the work is which is to take you away from Yoresett—a fact which appears to cause you much rejoicing?"

"Oh, quite. I have no wish now to make any secret of it. I was too happy when Mr. Malleson told me of it."

"Is it something so delightful? You certainly try my patience to the utmost; but perhaps my assurance in asking merits some such punishment."

"Not at all. I am going to live at Irkford."

"At Irkford?" First there was a ring of astonishment, then one of irrepressible pleasure, in his tones. "So am I."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"But may I not know what you are going to do at Irkford?"

She told him, briefly enough, and concluded:

"So you see, I shall begin at the beginning, and who knows where I shall end? I am vain enough to fancy that some time I may rise quite high—to the position of matron, or lady-superintendent—who knows?"

He had let her give her account of her future life and duties without uttering a word of interruption. He had heard her out, even to the utterance of the ambitious dream of the last sentence, and then he said quite composedly:

"I am surprised at Mr. Malleson proposing such a monstrous thing to you, even in a jest. I fancied he had more sense. He must have known how utterly impossible it was for you to accept it. Really, it was almost insulting to you. But I suppose he was trying you."

"You are strangely mistaken. I have Dr. Wentworth's address in my purse, and shall write to him to-night and propose to go to him in a week from now."

"You are jesting," he said; and still he spoke composedly, though not so quietly as at first.

"I never was in more solemn and steadfast earnest in my life."

Another pause.

They walked on side by side, and Judith imagined that he had dismissed the subject from his mind, as not concerning him—as a wilful woman's whim. Suddenly she was startled by hearing him say, in a voice which she hardly recognized:

"You must not; you shall not! I will not have it!"

His voice quivered uncontrollably. Judith caught her breath; her heart gave a great bound; at the same instant conscience cried, loudly and imperatively: "That is wrong! stop it at once!"

"You must be dreaming, Mr. Aglionby, to speak to me in such a manner," said she coldly.

And that was all that resolution could at first summon to the assistance of conscience. When the head is sick, and the limbs fail, it is hard to march onwards with unchanged front.

"Dreaming, am I?" he said, with a short, angry laugh. "I wish to heaven I could think I was!"

They were passing a small lonely farm by the wayside. A bright light shone from one of the windows. He stopped abruptly, and Judith stopped too, as if she had been a part of himself.

"Look at me!" he bade her, in a voice choked with anger and sorrow. "Look at me, and tell me again, *if you can*, that you intend to do this thing."

"Assuredly, I am resolved to do it," she answered, raising her eyes to his face, and speaking steadily, coldly, decidedly.

She could, however, scarce endure to encounter the glance she met; it was so wrathful, and withal so wobegone—nor to contemplate his countenance, so pale was it, so transfigured.

"I intend it!" she repeated, averting her eyes, and speaking with desperate haste. "And more than that, I look forward to it as my salvation, as to deliverance from a life which I loathe, and from a burden which has grown greater than I can bear."

"*It must not be!*" said he in a passionate whisper. "Judith, it must not be. You must give this up—indeed you must."

"I quite fail to see why . . . and indeed, I beg you will

not enter into your reasons," she added hastily, seeing he was about to speak. "My mind is made up, and *you* can have no possible right to meddle in the matter."

She spoke even more decidedly, but thrilled as she remembered that once or twice already she had made up her mind without Aglionby's having been much affected by that fact.

"You have treated me hardly from the very first," he said, and they were still standing in the road, speaking in low, vehement tones. "You have exacted from me submission in things where most men would have refused to yield it. You have forbidden me to enter your house, to be on friendly terms with you, to do the barest justice to your mother, or your sisters, or yourself. Justice! You refuse to allow me to attempt even any palliation of the manner in which they have been treated. You have already extracted from my inheritance every grain of pleasure which it would have given me, and now, to crown all, you turn upon me, and coolly inform me that you—*you*, to save whom from a moment's uneasiness I would give all that I am worth——"

"You have no right to say that to *me*," said Judith proudly.

"My wrongs give me a right to say that—and more than that. To crown all, I say, you inform me that you are going to undertake a task which would make a strong man recoil—to be a servant among servants, until this doctor, who might be a pope in whom you placed implicit reliance, sees fit in his good pleasure to order you to go to a hospital, and immolate yourself within its walls, among horrors of every kind—among loathsome wounds, small-pox, fever, perhaps. If they order you to go and nurse a man down with black typhus, you must do it—can you deny it?"

"Deny it—no! Why should I?"

"All this, and all sorts of nameless horrors besides. Any day you may take some horrible disease and die of it. God! it makes my brain reel, only to imagine it! I wish I could have choked Malleson before he ever wrote his disgraceful letter to this cursed doctor!"

Judith had moved on, too agitated, too overpowered and excited to stand still. She had forgotten by now that it was wrong in him to address her thus. She felt only the strong, overpowering joy of finding herself first and foremost in his heart—indubitably, undeniably first.

"And you expect me still tamely to submit to such a proceeding?" he continued vehemently. "What do you take me for? A spaniel? A calf? A fool? *You* in such a condition! A woman like you! You must be mad—mad; perfectly mad! And Malleson——"

He stopped.

She was hurrying onward, her hands clasped, her head bent, her heart beating tumultuously, as she heard his hot, rapid words. What was she to do? What to say? She could not stop to consider many alternatives, if they had existed. One thing only remained clear to her mind. She saw it and strove towards it, as it were; it was all that she could discern through the tide of emotion which threatened to sweep her away on its rushing waves. And that one thing was the conviction that she must carry out her purpose. Not for a second must she entertain the idea of giving it up. She must answer no arguments, notice no sidelights, no incidental modifications of the case; but hold to the one thing, and it would bring her through the peril she was in.

"Do they know—your mother and sisters?" he asked, in a changed yet eager tone.

"Not yet. They will when I go in. They know I am going away as soon as I hear of employment."

"Then, as they do not yet know that you have heard of it, your giving it up can be no disappointment to them. Listen to me! Promise me to give it up, to say nothing to your mother and sisters; and when we get to Yoresett I will ride back to the rectory and tell Malleson that you have changed your mind, and do not wish him to take any further steps in the matter."

"Mr. Aglionby, *you* are dreaming now. I shall do nothing of the kind, for I am quite determined to go to Irkford."

"One moment," he said, with forced calm, the nightmare-vision growing every moment more vivid and more horrible, of his queenly Judith becoming, as he had said, "a servant amongst servants;" and later exposed to all the horrors and all the dangers of life in a great hospital. It did more than wring his heart. It set his brain on fire, so that he felt scarce master of himself.

"One moment! You force me to take a tone which I am sufficiently ashamed of; but what else is left me? After all I have done in the hope of pleasing you, which in itself is nothing, would be too paltry to mention; but, after my sacrifices to please you, surely you will not be ungenerous enough to refuse this little favor to me? It is but a small thing I ask: for you to wait just a little while till something else is found—something (if you *will* wear the yoke) of a more human, less crushing kind than this. Now, you *cannot* refuse me this."

In Aglionby's voice was entreaty of the tenderest and most persuasive nature.

"You ask impossibilities—you do not know what you say. I *must* go through with it," said Judith, a sob in her voice, her heart like melted wax within her.

A short pause.

"But I cannot endure everything," then said Aglionby, with constraint. "There are things which no man with a man's spirit can brook, and one of them is to see a woman whom he lo—— whom he reverences, as I reverence you, turned into a beast of burden, a servant, a drudge, while he stands by, without having moved heaven and earth to prevent it. But there is no need for me to do that. You must remember that hitherto I have submitted to your will and respected your prohibitions. This, however, passes human endurance. You cannot prevent me from seeing Mrs. Conisbrough and trying whether she is equally hard and implacable as her daughter. I do not believe it, for my part. I do not believe she will treat me as you have done. *She* will not resent and be angry forever, and if you persist——"

Judith turned cold and faint as she heard these words. The possibility of his proceeding to this extremity had never occurred to her, simple and natural though it was. It must not be done. She herself found it almost impossible to withstand the torrent of Aglionby's will. Her mother would succumb to it at once, and then the shame, and the intolerable degradation which would result!

"Mr. Aglionby, you must not see mamma!" she almost panted. "You promised me! Oh, you must not break your promise!"

"Am I to promise everything, and you nothing? All I ask is that you will yield to me a little. I *must* see Mrs. Conisbrough. I believe I have been very wrong in not doing so before. After all, she is the head of her own house. She, and not her child, possesses the authority to decide whether ——"

"Mr. Aglionby—Bernard—oh, *please*, for the love of heaven, do not do this, unless you wish to kill me!" she cried, suddenly clinging with both hands to his arm, and standing quite still again in the darkness.

Aglionby felt a thrill of joy so keen as to be agony, as he felt the clasp of her hands upon his arm, and heard the beseeching accents of her voice. It was very dark; he could barely discern the dark outline of her figure close beside him; but he could hear her voice, broken and deep, imploring him with passion and with the accents in which not hatred, but love entreats a boon. These notes were not in

the sweetest of all love's keys; but they were in *one* of love's keys—the only one in which he might hear her voice address him. It was better than silence. He could not forego the delight of it yet. Let her plead! since neither he nor she might rejoice.

"*I* wish to kill you!" he retorted, breathlessly. "That is a cruel taunt, indeed. What have I been doing, but trying to prevent your killing yourself by inches—entombing yourself! *You* are obstinate, I perceive; but from your very voice I gather that your mother will not be so. I shall see her and ask her to be reconciled with me."

"Bernard, *dear* Bernard! I *implore* you—I implore you!"

Her voice broke. She was still clinging to his arm, trembling violently, as he perceived. The chill January night air had become as balmy to him as scented southern gales. The profound sky, the watching stars, the stillness, the voice ringing in his ears, intoxicated him. He took her hands; he folded his arms about her, and said, and his voice, too, was broken:

"My child, I believe I can refuse you nothing, though you should break my heart!" What is this thing you implore?"

"The freedom to do what gives me the least pain in my wretched life. Do not speak to my mother! Be generous—you *are* generous. Can you not trust me? Can you not credit me with having good reasons for what I do? Some day, perhaps, I can tell you; some day, when we are old—if I am so unhappy as to live to be old. And when I tell you, you will say I was—I was right."

She sobbed uncontrollably. Aglionby could not speak. She tried to turn away. From old habit, she would have shed her tears, borne her grief, alone and unsupported, but he would not let her. Because henceforth they were to be parted; through this crisis he would support her—in it he would console her; and he clasped his arm yet more closely about her; while she, feeling little save that he had yielded, rested her racked and throbbing forehead upon his shoulder, and wept tears which were not altogether those of bitterness.

He raised his hand at last, and stroked her cheek with it as one would stroke the cheek of a grieved child. She raised herself, and stood upright.

"You have the best of all things—strength," she said; "as you are strong, so you will be generous, *I know*," and carried the hand which had taken hers to her lips.

"And the reward of this generosity—is it the same which poor virtue gets?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"What reward can a poor wretch like me give you? What can I do, except worship you with all my heart, and think you the first of men, as long as I live?"

Aglionby was silent, though his heart was on fire. Every fiber of his nature was appealed to—his love, and his wild desire to keep her his, as well as his chivalry and generosity. He said nothing. If he had spoken, it must have been to call her his heart's delight, and tell her that he could never let her go again. In silence he conquered, and came through the ordeal honest—but not unscathed. It was one of the furnaces seven times heated, which yet are prepared for men and women to pass through; but from which the angels are gone who once attended to see that those who suffered came through unhurt. The crowd is greater and more ribald; freer than ever to hoot and jeer at a stumble or a faltering step; the flames are eager, as of yore, to lick up those who retreat. Some come through, fire-branded for the rest of their days; but, such is the mystery of anguish, purified too, cleansed as prosperity and success never cleanse their children.

He presently drew Judith's arm through his own, and in silence they pursued their way. She was utterly exhausted by the war of emotions which had shaken her, and could scarcely put one foot before the other. They met hardly a soul, but walked on along the lonesome country roads like creatures in a dream-world; almost as much alone too, until they arrived in Yoresett, as if the rest of the universe had been struck dead around them. He accompanied her to her mother's door, and they paused on the steps. The flickering light, hanging from the market-cross opposite, fell upon both faces, showing them with moderate clearness, the one to the other. Both were pale and changed. He stood a step or two lower than she did, and took her hand.

"Have I satisfied you?" he asked, in a low voice. "Tell me the truth; remember, it has to last me all my life. Are you satisfied with me?"

"Perfectly, utterly, and entirely. Can you find any words to express more than 'perfectly?' If so, they express my satisfaction. But not one exists to describe my gratitude to you."

"In the time that is coming for me, I shall suffer," he said. "You will not be alone in that; my sufferings will seem hard, to me, at least. Will you promise that when you are attending patients in the hospital wards, and feeling compunction for their sufferings—as I know you will—will you then think of *me*—alone, wherever I am, and whoever may be with me, and remember that I suffer from a disease as hard to cure as any of theirs, and give a little of your pity to me, Judith?"

"Do not ask me to pity you. I shall think of you daily till I die; but how can I pity you? You are so strong, and so far above me. I could not pity you any more than I could pity my guardian angel."

"Well, I know that you will not forget me. Therefore I say, may your path be made smoother for you; and fare you well!"

"God bless you!" was her sole response.

With a last long look at her, from eyes which were full of grief and full of melancholy, he turned away. Judith pulled the bell, and was admitted into the house.

With a vast effort she composed herself so as to join her mother and sisters at tea, when she told them what Mr. Malleson had offered her, and that she had accepted it; upon which information no comments were passed. But as soon as the meal was over she went to her own room, where, cold though it was, she could be alone. There she was free to begin the meditations which should have beguiled her homeward way. Fresh elements made themselves felt in her calculations; new factors appeared in her sum of events.

Was it a victory she had gained, or was it a deliverance through unbounded generosity? The last, the last, she told herself, with tears of joy which streamed down her face in the darkness. She had fought her fight, and she had been conquered; she had measured her will against that of Aglionby, and had very soon been reduced to falling on her knees and crying "Quarter!" Had it been otherwise she would not have felt as she did now—would have been destitute of that sensation of calm, assured repose in a superior strength which outweighs the feverish joys of a hundred victories, to souls like hers, at least.

She had an exceeding great reward in the knowledge that not only was he stronger than she was, but that he was also good, gentle, chivalrous. She was calm, she was free from torturing accusations of conscience. Her heart was sadder and gladder too, than it ever had been before. He path was yet rough, her future sad, but she had found one who was strong and generous, high-souled and pitiful; and this one had seen her too, and had found in her such harmony with his own soul that he loved her. Their love was to be discrowned; that in the exaltation of this moment seemed to her a matter of small consequence. What she knew was so full and so satisfying. Her fears were laid to rest. He also

had renounced, and she at last felt the most entire confidence in his renunciation. She no longer needed to deny even to herself that she loved him, or to blush guiltily when the knowledge of her love rushed upon and overwhelmed her. there was now no sin and no selfishness in her love. The great peace which follows on the accomplishment of a pure and holy sacrifice was hers; the consolation which Mr. Malleson had wished for her she had received, and in her heart just then was the peace which passeth understanding.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"HER FEET ARE ON THE MOUNTAINS."

"Et après tout, le rêve, n'est-il pas le pain quotidien de l'existence? La vie, n'est-elle pas l'esperance sans cesse renouvellée du moment qui va suivre? Chaque instant du jour, n'est-il pas une attente, un espoir, un souhait, une fiction? Dépouillez la réalité de cette efflorescence, de cette végétation . . . . et voyez ce qu'il en reste! La réalité n'est que le prétexte de la vie. Ce qui est n'est que la pierre étroite sur laquelle nous mettons le pied pour nous élancer vers ce qui n'est pas."

LES ETANGS.

DURING some fiery moments, in which soul had been lifted above sense, in which self-abnegation had risen supreme, Aglionby had made *his* "great renunciations," and had experienced at the time all the exalted joy which such renunciations bring to those who consummate them. In this walk of an hour with Judith Conisbrough, he, like her, had lived through emotion enough to last him for years; at least, it is very certain that life, if constantly distracted by such emotions, could not be carried on; this poor imperfect frame, this godlike reason, would succumb under an uninterrupted succession of such excitements. This is so trite as to be a truism. Yet it is a truism we are apt to dispute when the days are to be lived through which follow—as in Aglionby's case they did—upon the few moments, or hours, or days, as the case may be, of intense, highly-strung, mental life: days so grey, so blank and drear, they are like some bare and solitary rock in a northern ocean.

Through such days he had to pass; for a long, blank, uneventful winter followed upon that night of feverish hope and anguish, love and longing and renunciation. He went home and stayed there, and people said how very quiet he was, and how little he cared for any society—except, they added, with surprise, that of Randulf Danesdale. The two men were so utterly dissimilar, said these discerning critics, in tastes, habits, and dispositions, that it was quite marvellous they should have become such sworn allies. So it was, however; like or unlike, they were almost inseparable.

The simple fact was that each knew the other's heart. There was something so inwardly similar in their lots, that this likeness alone must have drawn them together; not that any effusive interchange of sentiment, or exchange of confidences, had taken place between them. They had never touched openly on the subjects which lay nearest their hearts. But by bit and bit, over a pipe at this time, during some long dark ride on another occasion, in Bernard's snuggery, or in Randulf's den, they had got pretty clearly to understand what were each other's chiefest hopes and fears, desires or regrets. Randulf knew now that Aglionby's marriage was simply a matter of honor on his side, as to the necessity for consummating which not a doubt had ever entered his mind. Nor had it ever occurred to Randulf to think that there was any way out of it for his friend; they were gentlemen, therefore such a possibility was out of the sphere of their thoughts. That Aglionby was to marry Lizzie Vane, and do all in his power to make her life delightful to her, "understood itself" with both of them, without their ever saying to themselves, "*noblesse oblige.*" Aglionby had never in so many words told Danesdale that he loved Judith Conisbrough, but the other guessed it from a thousand slight signs and tokens, which perhaps could not have been read save by a man who was himself in love. He had first felt certain on the point one day in the middle of February, when, sitting with Aglionby over their pipes, he had casually remarked:

"By the way, I happened to be at Hawes station yesterday morning, by a strange chance, and I saw Miss Conisbrough and her sisters. They were seeing her off to Irkford; she is going to live there, Rhoda told me."

There was a very long pause before Bernard at length lifted his eyes to his friend's face, and said slowly:

"Yes, I knew she was going; I did not know when."

Something in eyes and voice told Randulf that her going was no small trouble to Aglionby.

Randulf, for his part, had spoken more openly to Bernard of his troubles and intentions.

"Of course I've given her up for ever," he said. "A girl may refuse the man she cares for from a thousand reasons; but she would not have held out against my father, as she did, unless she had been in deadly earnest."

"No."

"My father has been goodness itself about it. Not one man in a thousand would have behaved as he has done. He wants me more than anything to get married. I know he is miserable until there are, at any rate, one or two small Danesdales to insure a succession. But he told me—though I know for a fact, you know, that this thing lies nearer to his heart than anything else—he told me, 'Don't marry to please me. Wait five years, if you choose. I shall say nothing.' Of course," continued Randulf, with his slowest drawl, as he knocked the ash from his pipe, "I shall not wait five years—not I! I'll let the worst get over, and then I must look out for a Mrs. Danesdale—a sophisticated young woman, you know, up to everything, who won't care much for me, nor yet expect me to care much for her. One outlives everything, if only one stays above ground long enough. I foresee myself a decent old Philistine, with a stately Philistiness as my consort, and irreproachably well-brought-up daughters coming out at county balls; but"—his mouth twitched—"never one of them all will make me feel as I felt at the bare sight of my little broken-hearted Delphine."

"Feeling like that has got nothing to do with being married," said Aglionby composedly. "But, as you say, only keep above ground long enough, and you may calculate on getting not to care, at any rate."

Adversity did not make Aglionby altogether fuller of sweetness and light than he had been of yore. He told himself, when he thought about it at all, that he was born a crabbed, sour creature; destined to live alone, that he had been too heavily handicapped to go in and win, when the one chance came to him of mating with a spirit which would have softened and made him better. All he could do, had been to glance in at the open gate, to behold the radiant courts of harmony and love, and the soft sunshine within; and then, ere he had had time to stretch his hand towards it all, or to put his foot forward, the gates had been closed again, and he was left shivering outside in the darkness and cold. He retired to his crustiness and abruptness, as a snail to his shell. He showed to Randulf Danesdale alone another side of his nature. For the rest, he did his duties: attended to the social tasks which were set him, all with a sardonic coolness peculiar to himself. Randulf Danesdale did the same. No one could say of them that they absented themselves from the gatherings of their fellow-creatures to which they were bidden. What was said, and that unanimously, was, that they were the most disappointing young men ever known. Mr. Aglionby, it was remarked, had a way of turning the most harmless and amiable feelings into ridicule, and

displayed a readiness to see the worst side of things, to look for the meanest motives behind the most innocent actions, and to shrug his shoulders when sinners were found out, in a way that was most painful to sensitive feelings; while Randulf Danesdale did not appear to have any interest in anything, or if he did talk, he talked in a way that no one could understand.

Mrs. Bryce was still at Scar Foot. More than once she had suggested leaving, and still her nephew begged her to remain, if she did not find it too dull. After all, he had not had a stick or a straw altered at the old house. He had reminded himself that Lizzie would never of her own free will come to it, and why, if the furniture pleased him as it was, should he make a great upsetting just because it was usual to upset things on the occasion of one's marriage? He left it. Once or twice his aunt asked him if he did not think of going to Irkford, to which he replied:

"Oh, I shall be running over some time soon, but Lizzie was to send for me if she wanted me; and, indeed, she gives me broad hints that when a trousseau is preparing, a man is rather in the way than otherwise."

With which explanation Mrs. Bryce had to be satisfied. She too knew perfectly well now that Bernard's heart was not in his marriage. She too shrugged her shoulders, and said within herself:

"What a pity! But of course we must go through with it."

Thus he remained at Scar Foot, and watched the winter work out its course; and felt the first breath of spring blow over the earth; and saw her gradually awakening from her winter sleep—the trees and bushes taking a first faint hue of green; the skies growing bluer, the days longer; the airs blowing more rejoicingly; the seedtime on the farm lands. He watched the plowman, in the few places where corn was grown—for "little corne groweth in Danesdale"—the patient horses toiling in the furrow; the clank of the plow, the rattle of the harrow, the long ridges; the rich hue of the mould as it fell from the sharp plow; the man's voice calling in broad Swaledale dialect to his horses.

He beheld (what he had never seen before) the first spring flowers pushing their way upwards to return the smile of the sun, and the kiss of the westerly breezes. To him it was all miraculous, for he beheld it for the first time. Each flower was a wonder to him, nor did he soon forget how one day he had found himself standing beside glorious Stanniforth Force, hurling itself tumultuously over its rocks, while all the banks were a waste, a rioting wilderness of primrose and cowslip, and fair anemone, and dainty little pink primulas dotted the marshy spots.

Aglionby would have laughed aloud had any one suggested that he was a poet; yet, why, if he were not a poet, did he feel then as if he must shout aloud with the rejoicing waterfall, or fall down and bury himself in those dewy banks of spring flowers?

He watched; as country folk on their part will watch the garish scenes of a theatre, so he spied out how the feet of the spring gradually stole over the mountains, and how, as she advanced, the leaping becks sprang forth to salute her, and, swollen with melted snow, leaped like melted snow themselves, from steep to steep, shouting with joy.

Though he could wonder and wonder for ever, he could but half rejoice; for where was she who had loved these hills and vales—as he well knew—who had loved beyond all this very "fair Scar Foot?"

Did those eyes of hers turn sometimes with wistful, hungry longing towards the north? Did her feet, as they paced the dingy flags, weary for the springing turf? And when her head ached in the heavy city air, did she not remember the scented breezes that played about the old house beneath the Scar? Did she recall the "field bedewed" which surrounded it, and in which he was free to wander?

One day in the middle of April, as he rode out of the courtyard into the road, he saw Rhoda Conisbrough alone, with a basket on her arm. She was walking lingeringly past, gazing with all her eyes at what was to be seen of the house, the orchard, and farm-buildings. When she saw him she started, blushed guiltily, and hastened her pace. Aglionby dismounted in haste, raised his cap, and held out his hand.

"Miss Conisbrough! This is a surprise! Were you coming to Scar Foot?"

"To Scar Foot—no! I'm going to Mereside, to find some particular moss for Delphine to paint, so I looked in—that was all. You need not think I was going to trespass," she added with a look of defiance.

"I wish you had been," he said wistfully; "never would trespasser have been so welcome. Since you have come so far, at least step in and rest. Let my aunt entertain you."

"No, I must not," said Rhoda, shaking her head. "But would you really like me to? Would you wish me to enter Scar Foot?"

"More than anything—but there, I must not press you; I know it is against orders. How is Mrs. Conisbrough?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"And your sisters?"

"Delphine is pretty well too."

"And Miss Conisbrough? You have good accounts of her, I hope?"

"Oh, I suppose so. She has begun to nurse in the hospital, and, as she does not like it, it made her very ill at first; but she is getting over it. Is something the matter with you?"

"N—no, thank you. I hope nothing serious was the matter with her?"

"Oh, no? Something that they call hospital sore-throat, I think. Very horrid, but not dangerous, I fancy. They say they all have it."

"Horrible! Did she not come home to be nursed?"

"Judith come home! Oh, dear no!"

"Listen, Miss Conisbrough. At the end of this month I am going away from Scar Foot. I am going to be married, and as my future wife dislikes the country exceedingly——"

"What extraordinary tastes she must have!"

"I do not know when I shall return. Not for a long time, at any rate. Now, seeing that I shall be away, and cannot possibly annoy you by my presence, do you not think you could persuade yourselves to come to Scar Foot now and then, when you wanted such a walk, and——"

"I should have to come alone, then. Delphine told me that neither she nor Judith ever meant to enter Scar Foot again. I don't know what their reasons may be, I'm sure; but that is what they said. Everything is very stupid—so dismal and mysterious. No, I think I won't promise, Mr. Aglionby; but I see you would not object if I did come."

"I should feel as if a ban had been lifted from my house and me," he said.

"It is well you are going to be married," observed Rhoda, composedly, "for they say there is an old legend that it is dangerous to live alone at Scar Foot."

"I have found it so," he replied. And she inclined her head to him, and passed on. Aglionby, as he rode away, wondered how much longer he could endure this sort of thing.

On various pretexts, Lizzie had deferred the date of their marriage till the middle of May. But the day after his interview with Rhoda, the newspapers brought the announcement that Parliament was to be dissolved in a week. The

government, unable to carry one or two of their favorite measures, had resolved to appeal to the country.

The news acted like magic upon Aglionby's mood. It brought back in a great measure his old eager political bias—his ardor, and *verve*, and zeal for the Liberal cause. Above all, it offered him something to do, something with which to occupy himself during that dreary month of waiting which had yet to elapse before his still more dreary wedding could come off, and his married life, dreariest of all, should commence. Long ago—last year, before the great meeting in October had come off—he and others had agreed, in the event of a general election, to canvass certain districts, and to do their utmost to help forward the cause. What reason was there why he should not even now be as good as his word? He could not merely canvass now, he could help with money. He would revisit his old friends of the Irkford *Daily Chronicle*, and offer his services. His decision was soon taken.

The very idea of sitting inactive at Scar Foot, while all the life and fight and din of battle were going on, was impossible. One fine morning, after recommending Mrs. Bryce to enjoy herself in whatsoever manner seemed good unto her, he drove to Hawes, and took the train from that place to Irkford.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UNAWARES.

HE arrived at Irkford toward the middle of the afternoon, and drove to the office of his old friend, the Irkford *Daily Chronicle*. A few words served to explain his changed position, and to make it clear that he desired to offer his money and services to the cause.

Needless to say, that both were rapturously accepted. Aglionby had an interview with the editor, who remembered his letters, signed "Pride of Science," perfectly, and would be delighted to receive more communications from the same able pen. There was a discussion on ways and means, and as such vigorous help as Bernard's was particularly welcome in the "throng" of work which had so suddenly overtaken the staff of the *Chronicle*, he was let into all the secrets of the plan of the campaign, promised to go and dine with the editor at his club at half-past seven that night, and then, saying *au revoir*, he departed.

"Where to, sir?" asked the cabman, who had been waiting for him.

"Crane Street—or, stop! Do you know the Nurses' Home, Fence Street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, drive slowly past it, and then get on as fast as you like to 13 Crane Street."

He had always known vaguely where the Nurses' Home was; that is, he had passed and repassed it scores and hundreds of times, almost, without noticing its existence.

It did not take long to get to Fence Street, where the driver began to slacken his pace. The Nurses' Home was almost opposite to his old prison-house, the warehouse of Messrs. Jenkinson, Sharpe and Co. There was little about it to distinguish it from the other buildings in the street, which, noisy and dirty as it now was, had in former days been one of the aristocratic quarters of the town, as was testified by the numerous large, handsome, and massively-built houses which at one end formed a kind of square round a black, hideous, and melancholy church.

Many of these houses were the town residences or consulting-rooms of doctors. On one of the brass door-plates was the inscription, "Dr. Hugh Wentworth." Next door to this was the Nurses' Home, a similar but rather larger house, with very clean steps and brightly-polished windows. Not a face or a form was discernible at any of them. The cabman walked his horse slowly past the house, and then, whipping it up, Bernard was hurried toward the rapturous moment when he should meet his betrothed.

His colloquy with the editor and sub-editor of the *Chronicle* had taken up some time. It was evening, fully half-past six, though, of course, broad daylight when he arrived at 13 Crane Street. He would only have time to have a short interview with Lizzie, and leave his portmanteau, and then it would be time for him to go to town again and meet Mr. Williamson, the editor.

As he approached the house, he mechanically felt in his waistcoat pocket (such is the force of old and long-continued habit) for his latch-key; and was amused to find it there. The garment was one which he must have worn when he had last been staying there, and he had carried the latch-key away without knowing it. Without ringing the bell he ran up the steps, opened the door and entered.

Was it a dream? Some one ran out of the back-parlor as of old she used to run, exclaiming in a tone of welcome:

"Oh, here you are! I'm so glad you are early. Come in. Why! *Bernard!* I——"

Never blest with a superfluity of wit in an emergency, Miss Vane, white and trembling, leaned up against the wall, pressing her hand to her bosom, and staring at him with wide-open blue eyes, in which blank surprise was gradually giving place to terror.

"Lizzie! What ails you? You look rather horrified than otherwise to see me," he began. And then, seeing that the driver had placed his portmanteau in the passage, and was standing in the doorway looking intelligently interested in the whole proceedings, Aglionby paid and dismissed him, pushed the door to without noticing that it was not absolutely shut, and once more turned to Lizzie, who, though she had recovered from her first shock, was still suffering from visible and extreme embarrassment.

"Perhaps I ought to have let you know, Lizzie," he said, taking her hand and drawing her into the parlor, where she stood as one paralysed, looking at him blankly and with something like terror—with anything rather than pleasure or welcome. Her hand lay limply in his, she said no word, made no sign. Always, before now, she had made some show of welcoming him. He looked earnestly at her, struck and puzzled by her demeanor, and he discovered that she was elaborately dressed, and that, despite her paleness and disturbance, she looked very lovely in a gown of some soft, forget-me-not blue stuff, profusely trimmed with silk, and with dainty lace ruffles at the neck and elbows. On the table lay a white, fleecy-looking mantle and a pair of long, pale blue silk gloves, the color of her dress. The house was very quiet—so quiet that it might have been empty.

"You are going out somewhere!" he said. "Is Mrs. Vane out?"

"Yes," came in a low voice from Lizzie's parted lips, as she still seemed almost insensibly to shrink away from him.

He still held her hand, and attempted to draw her nearer to him; but by some slight movement she evaded him, and he continued:

"Where are you off to, and with whom?"

She rallied herself with a great effort, and said, though in a voice which had a strong nervous quiver in it:

"I—we were going to the theater, the Goldings and I. And—Percy—he was to call for me, and—and——"

"Oh, I see." He smiled. "Well, I wish I could join you; but I've come over on electioneering business, and am going to a meeting to-night with Mr. Williamson, so perhaps you will excuse me. And—is it quite convenient to your mother to put me up here, Lizzie? because, if not—— But why do you look so nervous and disturbed, child?

Surely my coming, even unexpectedly, cannot have upset you in this manner."

For even he, though in matters of deportment not the most observant, and certainly the least suspicious of men, could not but feel surprised at her continued pallor and nervousness. Lizzie was racking her brains to contrive some means of escaping from him, if only for three minutes, of scribbling a pencil note and sending her mother's domestic flying with it to the Goldings' house. She could not look unconcerned while pondering in dire distress of mind upon how best to carry out this scheme. She now stammered:

"Excuse me a moment, Bernard. I have left something upstairs. I must—go——"

"My dear child, you are not fit to move until you have sat down and rested a little, and taken a little wine, or smelt some salts, or whatever is the proper thing to do. Sit down here and tell me what's the matter with you."

He drew her with gentle but irresistible force to an easy-chair, seated himself beside her, and instinctively began to pity her, as it was his nature to pity anything that looked frightened or alarmed, and Miss Vane's countenance at that moment was strongly expressive of both these emotions.

There came a sudden sharp knock at the front door; then it was pushed open; a footstep was heard in the passage, and a voice cried: "Now, Lizzie, where are you?"

Lizzie started up, visibly in an agony of apprehension. With Bernard, surprise and pity had been transformed like magic into the blackest suspicion.

"Let me speak to him!" said Lizzie, breathlessly.

"No; let him come here," retorted Aglionby, still holding her hand fast. "How dare he call you 'Lizzie' in that fashion? Come on, Percy!" he cried aloud, in a dry, distinct voice; "Miss Vane is waiting for you—and, for the matter of that, so am I!" he added beneath his breath.

There was a momentary pause in the footsteps. Then they came on again, the door opened, and Percy appeared. When he saw them he looked, first astonished, then appalled, but at last uttered slowly: "Aglionby—you!" and came to a dead pause.

"Yes, I—why not?" remarked Bernard, never losing his hold of Lizzie's hand, and seeing clearly enough now that *something* would have to be explained before many minutes should have passed.

He looked steadily at Percy for a little while, and at last observed:

"It's true I've arrived unexpectedly, but I should have looked for a warmer welcome from you both, I must say."

"Bernard, let go my hand!" suddenly exclaimed his betrothed pettishly. "What's the use of standing there glaring at me? You have frightened me half out of my senses, already. Mr. Golding, did you bring a cab, and is Lucy ready?"

She looked hard at him as she spoke, as though she would convey some hint to him by her steadfast gaze. Percy was far too much embarrassed to be able to understand any such subtle modes of communicating ideas, and he replied lamely:

"Lucy—no—why, did you want Lucy to go?"

A short, sarcastic laugh broke from Aglionby, while Lizzie's fair face was covered with an angry blush.

"Frightened you half out of your senses, have I? I am sorry if that is the feeling with which my coming, however sudden, inspired you, considering that we proposed so soon to be husband and wife. *Fear* is not exactly the emotion a man would wish to excite in his bride."

Lizzie had snatched her hand out of his, and, with the angry color yet high on her cheeks, was looking at him, half with dislike, half with trepidation—an expression which he did not fail to remark.

"Now for it!" he thought. She has cheated me all along, and made a fool of me. Now I am going to be put in the position of the despised and rejected. Good Lord! suppose I cared for her?"

He turned aside, half seating himself on the edge of a table, and watched the rest of the scene with the sarcastic smile of a looker-on—a smile uncommonly like a sneer, and with a gleam in his eyes as cold and mocking as had ever in his worst days dwelt there. Whatever the inward progress towards "sweetness and light" which his nature might have made, little of it was visible now; indeed, he felt nothing but contempt for all three of them: for Lizzie's double-dealing; for Percy's dishonest treatment of him, who had been his friend; for himself most of all, and his sublime fatuousness and credulity in imagining that Lizzie was in love with him.

His last remarks, alluding to "husband and wife," and to a man and his bride, appeared to goad Percy beyond endurance; for, looking exceedingly agitated, he advanced, stretched out his hands, and cried in a portentous voice:

"Lizzie Vane! The time for playing and trifling is past. I can bear this no longer. I never knew till this moment what it is to confront a friend whom one has deceived——"

Lizzie, not expecting rebuke from Percy, cast herself into a chair, and began to cry.

Mr. Golding proceeded:

"Choose between us? To please you, I have lived in torment for the last six months. You know I adore you, and you have told me you love me. You must——"

"She has said she loved you?" said Bernard, dryly. "In that case it is perfectly evident she cannot love me. If I had known this sooner, Percy—it is not exactly what I should have expected from 'mine own familiar friend.'"

There was a softer tone in his voice as he spoke these words, and when he heard it, Percy's emotion (for he was a good creature, and honest, where Lizzie Vane was out of the question) became altogether overpowering. In a choked voice he replied:

"I know it, Aglionby, I know it. It is because I loved her so. I wanted to speak. I wanted to be fair and honorable. But she said she must dismiss you herself. She exacted this silence from me, and——"

Lizzie was here understood to sob out that she had never been so shamefully treated in her life. But here Bernard interposed, still speaking in the same dry, cold manner:

"There can only be one termination to this affair. From the manner in which Miss Vane received me this evening, I clearly saw that I was not welcome, though I was far from guessing the reason why. Now, Lizzie, oblige me by listening to me, and answering me."

He softened his voice, and took her hand, and honestly tried to look gentle and conciliating. He could not help it if his face looked black as a thunder-cloud.

Lizzie fixed her frightened, fascinating eyes upon him, half rising from her chair, as he went on:

"I don't wish to be unjust to you. I wish to know no particulars. But tell me this: let me have an understanding. Do you love Percy Golding here, or do you wish to be my wife?"

As he asked this question, with all the solemnity imaginable, there was borne into his mind a keen sense of the bitter absurdity of the whole affair. Yet, though it was some time since he had cared for Lizzie, he had honestly and thoroughly believed that she cared for him, and it was not gratifying either to his *amour-propre*, or to the feeling of chivalry, of gentlemanly honor, which had kept him loyal for her, when, after looking from one to the other of them, she suddenly darted to Percy's side, saying in accents that carried conviction to both her hearers:

"I love Percy—I am frightened of you, Bernard. You

crush me when you look at me in that way, and I can't marry you—it's no good, I can't, I can't! Oh dear!"

She cast her arms about Percy's neck, laid her head on his shoulder, and cried heartily again.

Percy was agitated, distressed, but triumphant through it all.

Aglionby felt a singular sensation pierce his heart. He knew the girl now exactly for what she was, and valued her accurately at her true worth, or, for him, worthlessness. But once it had been different. He had never seen an intellectual or highly-cultivated woman in her, but he had seen a tender, loving girl—a true and faithful sweetheart. And he had looked to find some consolation in faithfully, on his part, doing his utmost to make her happy.

As he saw her sobbing in Percy's arms, and recalled her look of blank terror and aversion, a thousand signs and tokens rushed into his mind, which went to prove her fear of him, and the oppression she must have felt in regard to him.

It was a humiliating, a painful, and a saddening discovery.

He waited for a little while, till her weeping had ceased, and she looked up again, and then he said:

"Nothing is left for me but to say farewell to you. After what I have learnt just now, I cannot suppose that my opinion is of much consequence to you, but let me tell you that I hold you utterly free from blame—utterly. We both made a mistake a year ago, and I have been a blind, conceited fool all this time to imagine that you had not found it out—as I had done. My conscience in the matter is not so pure that I can afford to even whisper a reproach to you; therefore, Lizzie, will you consent to shake hands with me as a friend; and when Percy is your husband, will you receive me sometimes as *his* friend?"

She avoided his eyes, but let him take her hand, and say something further to her; and she murmured something which might be intended for farewell. Bernard looked at Percy, and held out his hand to him. Percy blushed uncomfortably, remembering his own duplicity in the matter; but finally they exchanged a pressure of the hand, and without speaking, it was understood that they were still friends.

With a slight bow, Bernard left the room, took his small portmanteau in his hand, let himself out of the house, hailed a passing hansom, and told the man to drive him to a certain hotel in town. As he was driven back through the same streets which he had less than an hour ago traversed, he meditated, and by and by the feeling of pain he had felt yielded again to that of cynical and bitter amusement. Before he went to the meeting he wrote a letter to Mrs. Bryce, in which he informed her:

"Your astute and worldly-wise nephew has this evening discovered that he has been made an utter fool of—and that by two persons for whose intellect he has always felt, and often expressed, great contempt. That this experience has left him with a feeling of exhilaration rather than one of depression is accounted for by the fact that it is simply the price he has had to pay for his release from a position which was loathsome to him. In other words, my dear aunt, my sweetheart has jilted me, and I am very glad of it. If Randulf Danesdale should happen to call upon you, which he is pretty sure to do, tell him this, and oblige me by making it very plain to him, for it is the truth, that it was the lady who would have none of me, not I who was desirous of breaking with her."

Then he went to the meeting, and by and by began to enjoy it. He resolved to stay in Irkford until the election should be quite over.

At night, when he went to bed, he took stock of his own mental and moral condition, and summed it up thus: Befooled and jilted by one woman; solemnly vowed to renounce another—and happier than he ever had been in his life.

(*To be continued.*)

Algerian Sketches.

THESE little sketches of Algerian scenes, are not to be looked at, or judged, as finished productions, but are valued simply for their freshness, because they were drawn upon the spot for merely friendly mementos, by three of our own New York artists—Mrs. Eliza Greatorex and her daughters, and reproduce therefore the local fea-

ALGERINE FRUIT BEARER.

STREET SCENE IN ALGIERS.

tures just as they exist to-day. The high part of Algiers, that which is built on the hills overlooking the bay, has been largely Europeanized and Americanized; but the town proper, which lays at the foot, still retains its native characteristics, and looks as if cut out of a book of old travels. It is almost impossible for American eyes, accustomed to the rapidity with which changes are made, and new ideas are adopted at home, to become accustomed to a country which moves, and acts, and looks as it did centuries ago; which clings to its old traditions, and represents in the midst of what we are accustomed to talk of, as the progress of the nineteenth century, the social aspects of the fifteenth. The narrow streets, the arches, the stone walls, the seclusion, are in fact characteristic of a much earlier period; and the curious Arabic inscriptions, and the superstitions, which latter are so strong, that it is with the greatest difficulty an artist can draw a native figure, it being equivalent in native estimation to being transfixed by an evil eye—intensify the odd and curious features of this strange country, and render them less susceptible of modification, because ingrafted with the religious habits and beliefs of the people.

VIEW OVER THE BAY OF ALGIERS FROM MUSTAPHA HILL.

Something about New Year's Cards.

THE pretty custom of delegating picture cards to convey our good wishes and congratulations at Christmas-tide and on New Year's Day, dates farther back than the most of us believe. The origin of this practice may be traced to the very infancy of the reproductive arts of wood and copper-plate engraving. These processes of copying pictures were first used by the Church; great quantities of devotional prints and prayer cards being fabricated for the use of the faithful.

After this the newly discovered art was appropriated to the manufacture of playing cards and patterns for embroidery. In 1439 the first printed calendar with illustrations appeared, and it was followed very shortly after by New Year cards. The oldest one known is a copper-plate engraving by the unknown master, E. S., 1466. Specimens of this artist's productions are extremely rare, and form the most precious ornament of every collection which is fortunate enough to contain one. The historian of art, Passavant, describes one in Paris where the Christ-child rises from a beautiful flower of fantastic form, holding a pennant, with the legend, *Ain gut selig jar*; of this two copies are supposed to exist. The flower is symbolical of the newly opening year; and as in the middle ages the New Year was reckoned quite as often from the 25th of December as from the first of January, it is quite in character that the Christ-child should be used as the dispenser of good wishes and hoped-for blessings.

It is indeed worthy of notice that during the middle ages, the year dated its commencement from various times, as from January first, March first, and March twenty-fifth—Easter, September first and Christmas Day; in Brandenburg and Silesia, the latter date being counted as the first day of the year until the middle of the sixteenth century.

In many cards, the first half of the year was indicated by the Christ-child and a dove with outspread wings, while John the Baptist and a dove with folded pinions symbolized the final six months. On these cards the legend, "He must increase—but I must decrease," is always found.

In the fifteenth century New Year cards were issued in form of wall calendars. The National Museum in Nuremberg possesses one dated 1478, which is headed by the Christ-child and dove bearing the motto *Ain gut sälig jar*. Another calendar of 1495, in the same collection, replaces the dove by a cock, with the inscription:

Ich bin ein Wetterhan
Ein seligs jar verkund ich jederman.
Das will ich allen den geben
Die in Gotte forcht leben.

I am a weather-cock.
A happy year I predict for every one;
That I will give to all
Who live in the fear of God.

The print (1) shows how the sixteenth century clung to the traditions of past years. It bears the Christ-child with globe in hand, and calls upon young and old to remember the Holy Infant as the benefactor of the world. The original is in the German National Museum, and bears date 1567; but unfortunately nothing is known of the artist *G. K.*, outside this one exquisite specimen of his genius.

The cards of the seventeenth century are as stiff and pretentious as the early ones are graceful and easy. Religious sentiments were replaced by allegorical representations, and simple expressions of good will or scripture legends by tedious, long-winded verses. One of the most remarkable of this school forms a series of allegorical subjects, forming a frame-work for verses written by one William Weber, a crowned poet and improvisator of Nuremberg, who every year, from 1639 to 1662, composed stanzas, called *Christlichen Wunsch zum glückseligen und freudenreichen neuen Jahr*. Weber had many disciples who followed in his wake; one of whom seems to have been a many-sided man, as he calls himself in one of his poems, "Lobesprecher der Deutschen Reim-Gedicht, sonst Illuminist, Form Schneider, Brief Maler," &c., &c.

In the course of the eighteenth century, New Year's greetings took the shape of visiting cards. The oldest in the German Museum (2) dates from 1779, and is dedicated to the Patrician Paul Carl Von Welser, by his son. This is of special interest; it is printed in three colors, green, red and yellow, while the verses are upon a piece of red silk let into the card.

In the course of the eighteenth century, and ... beginning of the nineteenth, it became quite the mode to print pictures upon cards, first covered with colored satins. The subjects were usually given with horns of plenty; altars, before which figures supposed to represent the friends who sent, and those who received, were shown, swearing eternal fidelity with touching ceremonies and streaming tears. Most of

Gedruckt zu Nürnberg, bey Georg Lanng Formschneider.

1) Schöne Trostsprüche von dem Kindlein Jhesus Christe, den lieben Christen Kindlen zum Newen Jar zusammengezogen.

these also bore verses which accorded well with the exuberant sentimentality of the romantic period.

One of the designs (3) is the work of the superior master Chodoweicki, and portrays a seller of New Year's cards in the streets of Berlin, and is interesting as being a graphic picture of life among the common people of the chief German city at that time.

But the best specimens of the eighteenth and nineteenth century, are those cards sent out by artists, to friends and acquaintances, and which could not be purchased. They are interesting because of their individuality, and because in some cases showing such richness of humor, as well as delicacy of feeling. Among these is one by the well-known connoisseur, Bömer, who died in 1862, aged seventy-seven ; where he is shown standing by his own door, wrapped in his cloak, excusing himself from personal congratulations by the words :

"Ich bin gehindert und kann nicht selbsten kommen,
Also mein Compliment und nichts übel aufgenommen."
Am 1. Januar. 1812.

The history of the Christmas and New Year's cards of later years is not unknown to our readers, and into that it is not necessary to go ; therefore we close this brief sketch of old time cards with the wish for every reader of "DEMOREST'S MONTHLY," of the old poet Johann Minderlein, "Zu einem glückseligen, friedund freu denreichen Neuen Jahr." 1882 !

A German Christmas.*

YES, thou blessed German Christmas, nothing in this world of change and chance can surpass thee in delights, neither French étrennes or English plum-puddings! In these days of lengthening shadows the ghosts of past Christmas-tides draw my spirit far, far back into the sunny years of childhood.

What was not Christmas to us then! For months before all hopes, all plans, all thoughts concentrated upon this day, and when it was over we felt the coming year was a weary waste and that there could be nothing worth living for in the time which separated us from the next great day.

Our preparations began early in October, partly consisting of presents for parents and relatives—wearisome crochet and cross-stitch work which spoiled our eyes, even then being seldom ready in season—and partly in work for the poor. For our dear teacher had early taught us to remember others in that joyful season which was so fruitful in pleasures to us. So each of us chose one or more poor children for whom to care, and, in the hour of recess, might for weeks be daily heard the oft-repeated inquiry: "Have you a child?" or, "How many children have you?"

One evening in every week we assembled in the school-room where our work was cut, basted, and sewed. My earliest attempt at the fabrication of a dress dates from this period. Curious combinations were constantly occurring. Here might be seen a sleeve belonging to the right arm sewed carefully in the left arm-hole; yonder, the hooks and eyes all on one side of the waist, first a hook and then an eye, quite as if for ornamentation and not utility. Yet, despite these accidents, things were generally in order before the twenty-fourth.

That this much-longed-for, mysterious, eventful twenty-fourth of December really appeared was every year a fresh surprise; for we always felt an unspoken dread lest the world would end or some other equally fearful event prevent the consummation of our blessedness. But no! it came and strangely enough to our excited fancies, just as other winter days in our northern climate, in snow and half darkness.

But of what consequence was the cold and twilight out of doors when within all was warm and bright? Indeed we rejoiced over the ice and snow which were so inseparably linked with Christmas cheer, and over the early evening shadows in which the Christmas candles shone out the brighter by contrast.

On the twenty-fourth we children rose with the sun, for it was "Cake-day"; when we were allowed the privilege of assisting in the kitchen mysteries, a treat which brought the most slothful briskly from between the feathers. The work intrusted to us was chiefly the peeling of the almonds which mother had placed in boiling water, or the stoning of the raisins, during which last operation our sweet, sticky fingers often wandered to our mouths, and, in some unaccountable manner, not unfrequently a raisin too.

However, we were convinced of the invaluable quality of our assistance and of the impossibility of "Mütterchen" ever accomplishing the cake-baking without us. There were the Räder or Schnecken-Kuchen, rich with raisins and spiced with almonds, Schneckenhäusern, our ideal cake, with whole nests of raisins, currants, and citron, and huge dishes of Platter-Kuchen, which were for the first four feast-days enjoyed in the parlor and then turned over to the servants and guests of lower rank.

And from all these delicacies we had the "scrapings" with which to bake a cake, our very own, and which was always productive of "bets" as to whose share was the largest and which contained the greatest number of raisins—the latter of which we stuck on the top of the dough like sentinels on a fortress, and which invariably came out of the oven black as a coal.

So passed the morning, with its enchanting business. The entire house was redolent of Christmas scents, a magical mixture of cake and fir odors, to which was added that of freshly-scoured pine wood; for stairs and corridors and all that was *scourable* were white and sweet as soap and sand and a maid's strong arms could make them. Oh, the sweetness of this Christmas fragrance! In childhood more delicious than attar of roses or perfumes from "Araby the Blest," and in age precious from the bitter-sweet memories it awakens of dear bygone hours!

At last dinner was over. The younger members of the community had small appetites, partly because of Christmas excitement and partly because of the morning occupation. Besides, in the evening, there was to be the grand supper at "Grossmutter's," and our cousins (Linchen and Matilde) were already come, each carrying a bundle containing their gifts for the poor.

* Translated from the German of Marie Calm.

Linchen, our senior by a year, a distinction of which she was very proud, had still some of her Christmas work to finish. The cuffs which she was crocheting for the "Gross" (we children generally omitted the "Mutter") was out of very fine cotton—a very laborious and not satisfactory work, and, unfortunately, poor Linchen had lost one as soon as completed, and so must make another.

While Linchen worked frantically on her cuff, with fingers still sticky from her morning's occupation, we prepared our things for distribution. These were not to be given in strange rooms under the eyes of many people, where the children would fear to express their feelings; but in their own homes in the presence only of those who loved them. Each family was to have a small tree with toys and clothes for the children—not forgetting substantial gifts for their elders.

And now all was in readiness, only Katherine, the maid, who was to carry the trees, had not yet returned from Grossmutter's, where she had gone with a large covered basket, for our family tree was to be at the Grossmutter house, besides which it was still too light. We snuggled into the corner of the sofa, shutting our eyes tight as if that process would hasten the darkness. Emmy wishing indeed to pull down the blinds, only Linchen protested against that, on account of her unfortunate work.

Finally, Katherine and twilight appeared together. The servant took a basket on either arm and in each hand a tree; we loaded ourselves as best we could, Karl taking his share, and being thus snuggled in to participate in the jollity. So we went on our way over the crackling snow a merry band of Knecht Rupprecht, very careful to see that none of the apples or nuts fell from the trees, or that any of the strings broke which held the gingerbread men with eyes and buttons of shining currants.

We reached the first house in a dark court, and climbed the dark and narrow stairs, to an attic room, where, in honor of our coming, a huge fire had been kindled, which made the room so hot, that we, coming in from a rapid walk in the frosty air, felt almost suffocated. It was with a twinge of remorse I remembered how I had pleaded with Papa for an order for wood, and I even consulted privately with Linchen upon the expediency of bestowing the order somewhere else. But when the Frau remarked upon the heat of the room, saying she had just cooked the evening soup, I placed the order for "One cord of hard wood" upon the piece of beef which Katherine had just unpacked.

When all was in readiness, and Karl had lighted the red, blue, and yellow candles, in whose light the gilded nuts and golden stars shimmered and sparkled, the bell was rung and the impatient little ones came tripping in, shy and silent, until Kätchen, *my child*, par excellence, clapped her chubby hands, exclaiming, "A Tistmas tree! a Tistmas tree!" and with that the spell was broken. Noisy and jubilant the children danced about us, until all hands were filled with toys, and all mouths with honey-cake.

In the midst of the noise we slipped quietly away, for we were playing the part of Christ-children, and Christ-children must always vanish unheard and unseen. And so we passed from the narrow dwelling of the widow rich only in children to the attic of the lonely seamstress and the sick bed of the old washwoman. Everywhere the little party left a beam of light, and everywhere were followed by a cordial "God bless you!" Yes! God bless not only the little hands which gave, but the faithful teacher who had put into the childish hearts the knowledge that it may be quite as blessed to give as to receive.

Not that I can say that we were then convinced of the truth of that assertion, for in the midst of our giving we never forgot what was in preparation for us at home, and when our baskets were empty we hurried through the dark streets as rapidly as our legs would carry us, to Grossmutter's house. Rushing into the hall we were received by boisterous shouts of welcome from a crowd of cousins, boys and girls, "Is every one here?" "Do you know what I am to have?" was heard on all sides, interrupted by a doleful wail from poor Linchen who had just discovered the absence of the lately finished cuff,—lost out of her pocket. I sought to comfort her, while the others pressed to the windows to see if a light was to be seen in the church opposite.

Emmy wiped the window frame with her apron, and little Hans, youngest of the number, exclaimed, "There's a light yonder!" And in fact the great windows reflected one faint spark, and then another, and another, until they were a blaze of lights. "They are lighting the tree!" cried Karl, rushing to the door that he might be first to enter.

We all pressed about the door, scarcely daring to breathe lest the first tinkle of the bell should not be *heard*. "Klingelingeling!" The gates of Paradise were opened and a wave of rosy light streamed forth! But the first burst of delight was repressed, and, faithful to order and rule, we placed ourselves in front of the half circle of fathers and mothers, aunts and uncles. Grossmutter sitting in the center in her great arm chair, while a joyful,

"O du fröhliche,
O du selige
Gnadenbringende Weihnachtszeit!"

burst from all lips. Little Hans sung too, his shrill voice sounding above all the others, only he invariably made the "*Gnadenbringende* Weihnachtszeit" into "*Knabenbringende* Weihnachtszeit," which provoked a smile from the elders of the company. But in the midst of the song was heard a merry chirp and trill, and Hans, unable to contain himself, shouted out, "A bird, a live canary bird!" His mother held him back until the final notes of the carol had died away, and then beside himself with excitement, he darted to the side of the gilded cage which held the feathered songster.

Following our cousin's example, we all found our way to the tables, appropriated to us, and exclamations of pleasure, thanks and good wishes made a Babel of sound, the tiny yellow bird giving himself the pains to be heard above all.

"I have a new doll!"

"And I a whole crowd of soldiers!"

"And I such a charming work-basket! Who gave it me?"

"Look here, Hans! Here is a real sword which the Christchild ordered expressly for you," said Uncle Christopher, handing it to his pet. (Uncle Christopher always gave us the handsomest gifts, for he had no children of his own to provide for.)

When the younger folks' curiosity was somewhat satisfied, the tables belonging to the older members of the company were uncovered. There were the embroidered slippers for Papa, completed after months of hard work, and which had already figured among his birthday gifts; the night-gown case inscribed "Good night," of very doubtful cleanliness, and Linchen's solitary cuff, which would forever sigh in vain after its companion.

But the richest collection of work fell to the Grossmutter's share. The table nearest her chair was heaped with pincushions, spectacle cases, bookmarks, and other useful and useless presents. She had already whole bureaus full of such things, but she was none the less pleased with these which her grandchildren now offered her—even with Emmy's garters bordered with blue (always the first gift of every grandchild), and which she possessed enough to last for five hundred years, should she live so long.

"But my canary bird is best of all!" cried Hans, exulting over Grossmutter's gift to him, and forgetting all else.

Uncle Christopher wished to hear from his sword, and said, "And what comes next?"

"Next?" said the little lover of natural history—"Eggs come next."

Everybody laughed, and in the midst of the uproar we were called to supper. Papa stopped to put out the candles, which had begun to scorch the twigs here and there. With the fragrance of the fir and pine, we now began to perceive the culinary odors from the dining-room, and merry and noisy we were soon all around the table.

* * * * * *

The sound of "Merry Christmas," spoken by some one on the street awoke me from my dream. The figures of childhood, which I had called into life by the magic wand of memory, have vanished from my sight. Sorrowfully I glance about me. The dear old Grossmutter has long slept with her father in the country "Friedhof," and little Hans's life was of as brief duration as that of his bird.

I stepped to the window. The Christmas bells, calling to evening prayer, sounded gayly through the clear air, and in the sky above shone out the eternal Christmas lights. Involuntarily I folded my hands, while my lips sang, "On earth peace, good will towards men. Glory to God in the highest!"

The Philosophy of Giving.

GIVING is very apt to be all on one side. If people have the reputation of being rich, or what is termed "well off," they are expected to give, and to give without expectation of thanks; for why should they not to those poorer than themselves? Does not the Bible say it is more blessed to give than to receive? These considerations save those who receive the trouble of being grateful and establish their claims. Yet, as a matter of fact, no one is rich enough to keep eternally giving, besides which it is the most unsatisfactory, as well as thankless of tasks—a repetition of the old fable of Sisyphus, who forever rolled a barrel up-hill, only to have it roll down again.

There is a certain monotony in doing the same thing all the time which of itself prevents it from being pleasurable. Besides, the aim and highest use of giving is continuity, the carrying along and perpetuating kindly feeling, friendships, affection, and fraternity. If there is no element of reciprocity about it, then it becomes charity, and charity must stop somewhere. It is wholly one-sided, and it follows that if "giving is better than receiving," there must be inherent cause why receiving is not so good, and the less people receive (without reciprocity) the better.

Of course, reciprocity does not always mean an exact return in money value, but it means the desire to answer back, to acknowledge, to respond to the kindness which dictates a gift, whether upon those occasions which form mile-stones in the pathway of life, such as a birthday or marriage, or at the Christmas festival which has been specially dedicated to the genius of gifts and giving. One of the very poorest women in a small, bleak New England village was a few years ago most distinguished for generosity. She maintained by hard hand labor an old and decrepid father and a crippled niece, yet it was rare to see her that she had not a pair of socks that she had knit for some bare-footed child, or a tin of buttermilk, or her own fresh-made yeast to be left at the minister's house, where was no cow, and only an inexperienced young housekeeper. These gifts were richer than some that are made by very rich people, because they were all she had, and the overflow of a heart whose only comfort and solace was in the thought of helping others. What she did she could not help doing; it was as natural to her as breathing, but the majority of persons are not like this; the good in them does not bubble up and run over; it requires to be cultivated, and the more it is exercised the more it grows, the more they enjoy its expression, and the plainer they see the larger and broader use of reciprocal acts in binding friends together, and continuing from one generation to another the social ties and fraternity of feeling which have been begun. Youth is said to be naturally selfish. Perhaps it is so, partly because it is self-absorbed, partly because it is more or less dependent, and in the attitude of receiving from others rather than giving to others. There comes a time, however, when youth grows into positions of social responsibility, and in its turn must supply the material which our social machinery and the continuity of the affections require. Early household training is the best preparation for this work—the habit of doing, and thinking, and living for others, and acknowledging in such ways as are possible the kindness we receive from them. Generosity, like every other fine quality, is capable of cultivation; but there is nothing so deadening to it as the straining after effect, the living beyond or fully up to one's means; or, worse still, making a parade not justified by income or circumstances.

Such persons live in the Valley of Humiliation; for they are compelled to accept all they can get, and learn even to resort to tricks to obtain more; while the whole effort of their lives is to give as little as possible in return. Some persons really believe themselves to be generous because they are so willing and so lavish in their willingness to do good with other people's money. There are persons who do not hesitate to dispose of fortunes that do not belong to them, both in public and private, and feel indignantly virtuous because they are not distributed in the ways that seem to them good. It is no easy task to be a rich man nowadays; for birds of prey haunt his doorstep, follow him in every step that he takes, and will hardly allow him to sleep peacefully in his grave. It has been reserved for the nineteenth century to develop a class of ghouls more ghastly and less respectable than the ancient vampire—men who rob graveyards, not from a depraved passion for the blood of the dead, but in order to trade upon the love of the living. This is the outcome, the legitimate conclusion, of allowing the mind to dwell upon what we can get from, instead of what we can do for others, and it is one so abhorrent to human nature in general that one can judge of the perversion that must precede it. The cure for this, and for everything else, is in better habits and influences. Let children acquire the habit of reciprocating kindness, of doing something in the way of personal service for those who do for them. It is not good for even children to be mere recipients, or grow up with the idea that other people are responsible for them simply because they may happen at the time to have more money. There is no doubt that the possession of more money than a man can use for himself involves certain duties, but he must be the judge of what they are, where they begin, and where they end. Certainly there are plenty of them—first in his own home, then in the circle of relatives and friends, then in the church and institutions of charity which he is expected to support, and finally in the prompt and effective aid which must be afforded in sudden catastrophes, and which the rich man must furnish, and always does.

It is easy to see that this trusteeship may in time become somewhat tiresome, and that it must have its limits. What these limits are it is his own province to determine. For the majority who are not and never can be rich, the safe, honorable, and happy method of going through life is to cultivate habits of independent self-reliance, to accept frankly what is meant kindly, and reciprocate by such means as are in our power. In this way the social streams are fed continually by sweet and wholesome influences, and giving does not degrade the receiver.

Christmas Gifts.

AT the approach of the holiday season many people are anxiously thinking what gifts will prove most acceptable to family and friends. Others never trouble themselves whether certain things are desirable for certain people, but purchase promiscuously whatever takes their own fancy among the varied articles displayed upon the gift counters of the fashionable shops. When one has ample means it is not of so much consequence, for a costly and elegant trifle will please almost any one. But the larger class of gift purchasers are those who wish to make a reasonable sum suffice to give pleasure to many friends. We all understand, of course, that it is not the money value that makes a present acceptable; a little thought and tact in the selection, and the spirit in which it is given, add more charm to a simple flower than may accompany a gift of jewels. If one studies ever so slightly the taste of the recipient, one cannot go far astray in their choice.

First, the holiday editions of choice poems and authors, the illustrated hymns, or any well selected book of the season, cannot fail to give pleasure to one of the least literary taste. But in books, as in other things, one wishes to hit upon the right one for the right person. *Apropos* we give an illustration of some people's tact in this matter. Two young girls had from childhood attended a certain Sabbath school. One autumn they moved from their own home; their father, having met with reverses, rented a cottage in one of the suburbs. The following Christmas arrangements were made at the church for a Christmas tree. No one thought of notifying this family in season for them to attend the festivities, though before losing their property they were much sought after.

About two weeks after Christmas they received by post a little package, which proved to be two books, one "Macdoff's Morning Watcher," the other "Taylor's Holy Dying." These "With the love of their pastor," who by the way was the typical blonde young man in glasses. These books could scarcely be pleasing to girls aged respectively fifteen and eighteen years. In fact we doubt if the books were ever opened.

Now had something been given that would have afforded even a moment's pleasure, would it not have been better? One of Mrs. Whitney's books might have been read and thought over; and even had the influence for good been but a passing one, it would certainly have been better than receiving something that they never cared to look into. Older people might have appreciated the books, but people must grow to those things. We doubt if the fair-haired pastor himself ever looked into the "Holy Dying" at the age of fifteen. Any of Miss Warner's, Mrs. Whitney's, or Miss Alcott's stories instruct as well as please the young girls. For the smaller people the choice is even larger. The various doings of the "Bodly Family" being specially charming. For young ladies there is the widest choice outside the lovely books we first mentioned; writing cases of Russia leather, sketching blocks and materials. Then the beautiful engravings. For a cultured taste what could be more acacceptable than an engraving of the Sixtine Madonna framed with oxidized silver. For a gentleman, one of Landseer's framed in polished native wood. Any young girl would know how to appreciate a bit of real lace to add to her toilet treasures. And to many the plainest and most useful of gifts are very acceptable. One can quite easily tell where a cut of cloth would add to the pleasure of some young girl ambitious for a good supply of pretty underclothing. A box of gloves or hose, one or two dainty handkerchiefs.

We are glad that people have awakened to the fact that young men can appreciate something beside a pair of slippers "worked by the fair hands," etc. Other things now take their place. Inkstands and paper-weights, that are really ornamental as well as useful; traveling and writing cases, calendars, all in russia leather.

For father and mother it is not quite so easy to choose. But if other things are already given to them, a subscription to some magazine or weekly paper will many times prove just the thing. A cup and saucer for "papa's own" is a pretty little daily reminder of the donor.

Girls are rarely at a loss for a present for mother. We are inclined to believe that that is the one first planned for and decided upon; and whatever the gift, whether wisely or foolishly given, "mother" is the last one to think of finding any flaw in gift or giver. With the wish that each reader of DEMOREST may be the recipient of the gifts most earnestly desired, we wish you each and all "A Merrie Christmas."

H. P. B.

Christmas Bells!

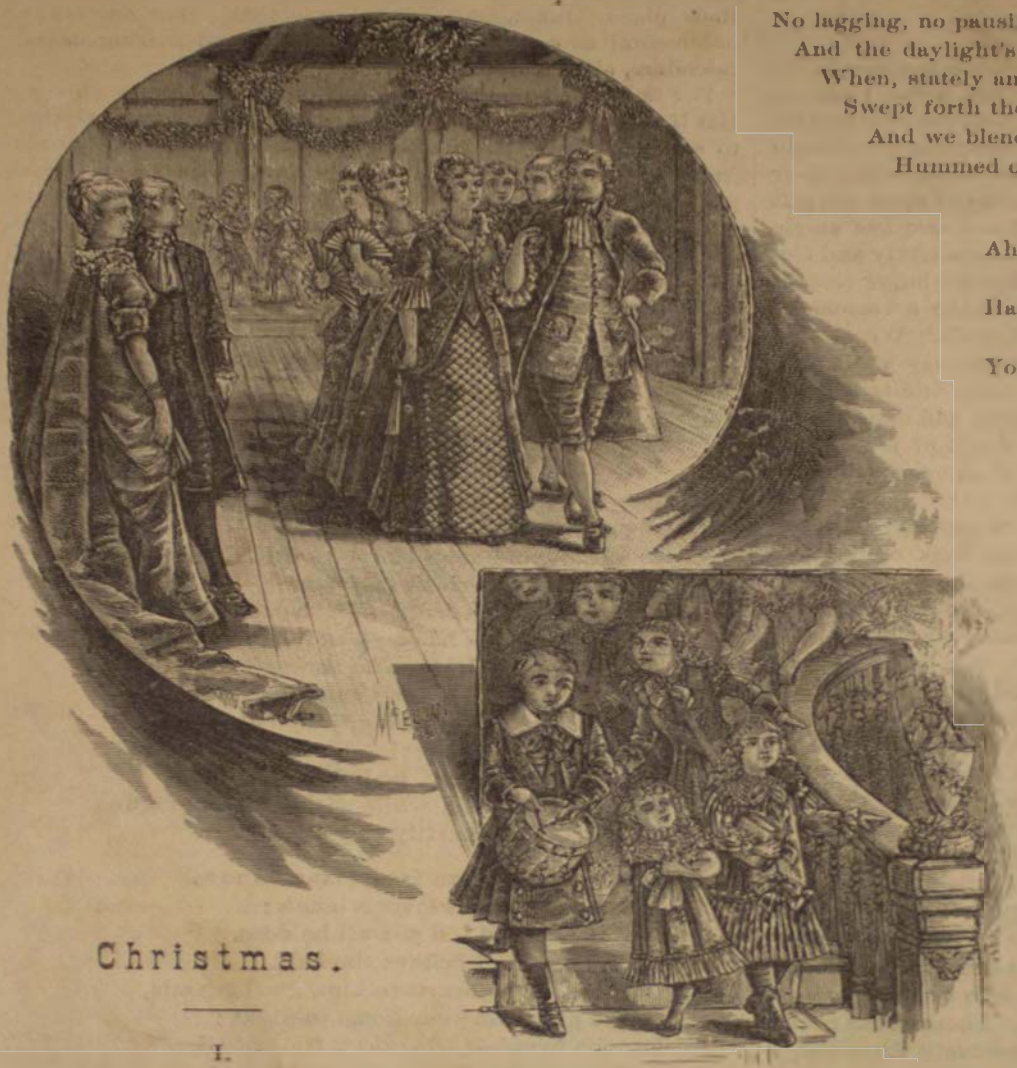
ONE day in all the twelvemonth
The fairies stay at home;
For a jolly old saint has the world to himself
In which to wander and roam.
Loving thoughts and kindly deeds
Are the fairies he employs;
And the homes he lives in through the year
Are the hearts of girls and boys!
Oh! rollicking, frolicking, jolly old saint,
Santa Claus is king!
For a night and day, he holds full sway,
And love is young, while with many a tongue
The bells do merrily ring!

And care has flown from many a brow,
For Santa Claus loves a laugh;
And if I should tell you all he does,
You wouldn't believe the half.
Oh! open your hearts to him, good friends,
And give him your home to-night;
For the happiest, cheeriest, time of all,
Will come with the morning light!
Oh! rollicking, frolicking, jolly old saint,
May Santa Claus long be king!
And love ne'er grow cold, till the world has grown old;
But for you and I, as time doth fly,
The bells at Christmas ring!

"Spare the Weeds."—(See Oil-Picture.)

THIS is one of those charming ideas of which every one will see the truthfulness and force. Persons who would discover the true value of weeds, should watch the influx of passengers on Sunday at the St. Lazare station in Paris, and see the anxiety with which men, women, and children, coming in from short excursions into the country, preserve roadside weeds, leaves, and even little bunches of grass, which they have brought as treasured souvenirs.

To the old man in our picture, the leaves are nothing but rubbish which litter the yard and garden, and prevent it from looking spick and span, as he would have it. But do you not suppose a new idea found its way into his head when his little grandchild brought her pretty posy, and held it close to his eyes and nose, and made him see how much of real beauty there is even in despised weeds. Certainly he will look at them during the few remaining years of his life with quite a new feeling of toleration, not to say tenderness, borne of the love which she has for them; which illumines her sweet face, and sparkles in her eyes, as she shows her treasures to "Grand-papa," and begs him not to kill the pretty flowers, even though they are so common as to be called weeds.



Christmas.

I.

OUR lives are like books that in volumes are bound,
Set, years by themselves, in the silence profound
Of some dark upper shelf, when each last page is read,
And the records are finished of married and dead.
From the rose to the ashen, the gold to the gray,
They vary in tint as we pass on our way;
Some letters flash out in a sudden surprise,
And dazzle the sight of our tear-blinded eyes,
When, older and graver, we go to the wall,
And bid some old volume awake at our call.
When to-day with its mistletoe, cedar, and holly,
Its music and mirth, in our hearts, is but folly,
We send our thought back, o'er the sunshine and snow,
To the Christmas *we* danced through, a long time ago.

II.

Then, O how the moonlight streamed over the hill,
How leaped the young blood, that no frost-breath could chill,
How jingled the sleigh-bells, how fair were the girls,
Such sparkle in eyes, such bewitchment in curls;
How light were the feet, and the fiddle how gay,
As the gray-headed negro would merrily play;
The old-fashioned dances, what *verve* in their steps,
What smiles and what wit on the coralline lips,
No lagging, no pausing, just laughter and fun,
And the daylight's wan smile ere the frolic was done;
When, stately and splendid, the resonant bow
Swept forth the last measure for heel and for toe,
And we blended like flowers, and, sorry to part,
Hummed over the reel till we knew it by heart.

III.

Ah, me! You may rave of your Gerster and Hauk,
Had you heard Jenny Lind, you'd have reason to talk.
You may shine in the diamonds this Christmas has brought you,
And sing the new song your new lover has taught you;
I tell you the setting of things has gone wrong,
And the melody's somehow lost out of the song.
The lover I listened to long, long ago,
Years back, oh, the years with their sunshine and snow,
Was a prince in his port, and the words that he said,
I remember them still, though he sleeps with the dead.
And sometimes, at night, when the house is quite hushed,
I take out my relics, a faded rose, crushed
One passionate eve, 'neath the lace on my breast,
A pile of old letters, a girl's picture, dressed
In the style of—no matter—but sweet, and so shy,
When I think who that girl was, no wonder I cry.

IV.

Hark! the children are coming, their volume is new,
All fresh and unstained in its gold and its blue,
The dear little fairies, they crowd on the stair:
A truce to old phantoms of sorrow and care.
The dew of the morning is bright on their brows,
The grace of the Christ-child their glad life endows;
They come with good wishes! They cluster with gifts!
Their fresh Merry Christmas the saddest uplifts
From the shadow of death, and the pressure of gloom.
God bless them! our darlings! our sunshine and bloom.

V.

So, what though the volumes high up on the shelf,
Which each of us binds and lays by for himself,
Have a mingling of somberness dashed through the roof,
And the print now and then of a deep cloven hoof;
There are rustlings of angels, that evermore play
Through the sacred, sweet past, that is folded away!
And the new MERRY CHRISTMAS, with cedar and holly,
Has love in its luster, and sense in its folly,
As the peace of the Holy One bends like a dove,
And blesses the world from the mansions above.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

BY JULIE K. WETHERILL, AUTHOR OF "WINGS."

It was the eve of Christmas, long before the break of morn,
When, with chorusing of angels, and the star that went before,
The trembling shepherds woke to learn that unto them was born,
In Bethlehem of Judea, a king forevermore.

I looked from out the window, and the sky was thick with stars,
And, like a winding-sheet, the snow upon the fields lay driven;
The horned moon let down her light in faint and silver bars,
That seemed a shining ladder to scale the heights of Heaven.

Wide the silence stretched around me. Not the chirp of any bird
Echoed in the leafless branches, and the dead vines at the pane
Knocked and knocked like ghostly fingers, and the only sound I heard
Was the waud'ring night-wind as it wailed above the silent plain.

Then I turned me from the window, and I sought my lonely hearth:
"Lo!" I said, "the year is growing old amid the snow and frost,
Yet no one comes to sing to me of comfort or of mirth,
And my only faithful comrades are the joys that I have lost."

Long I sat and pondered deeply—eyes as void of tears as smiles,
Fastened on the carven mantle, counting all life's pleasures dross;
While our Lord and the Apostles, on the ancient painted tiles,
Marched in endless, long procession from the manger to the Cross.

So I mused and watched the firelight, playing on the dark old floor,
And the shadows danced and beckoned, fleeing as the flame burnt clear,
When there came a sound of voices singing at the close-barred door,
So sweetly, oh! so sweetly, I could not choose but hear.

I stole into the lattice, and, lo! on looking down,
I saw a troop of phantoms pale in garments white and fair:
Every hand did bear a palm-branch, every head a golden crown—
They left no footprint on the snow, they cast no shadow there.

And one was Sorrow, and one was Joy, and one was wan Despair.
And there were Mirth, and Vain Regret, and Hope with starry eyes,
With spires of light about her brow, and Faith with floating hair—
And glory shone around them all, the light of Paradise.

Sweet Love was borne upon a bier amid the ghostly throng,
A frozen smile was on her lip, on her bright head the snow;
And by her side her silent harp . . . With laughter and with song,
She bade the New Year welcome glad—in tears it now must go.

* * * * * * *

O, my dead Love! I never thought to see thy face again.
The bloom of springtime and of youth long perished in its prime;
Dry leaves are rustling by the stream, and in the empty lane
The flowers that we used to pluck were withered by the rime.

* * * * * * * *

So sweetly, oh, so sweetly—the tears mine eyes o'erflowed,
As their voices rose together, thrilling high and higher yet;
And they gathered closer, closer to the door of my abode,
And the sweetest tones among them were of Hope and Vain Regret.

"We are the children of the Past. This night we come to thee,
When other hearts are full of joy, and thou left desolate:
Alone, yet never lonely, from henceforth shalt thou be,
For thou shalt bear a talisman against the hardest fate.

"We'll press our arms around thy neck, our cheeks against thine own;
We'll come to thee at morning tide, and when the firelight gleams;
And nevermore, though Love may sing of days that long have flown,
Her face shall be as peaceful, mild as one who smiles in dreams.

"Not alone this brief existence. Not the wounds, the stripes, the woe;
Not the struggles, bitter losses, and the weary strife with sin;
For the golden gates shall open wide, the skies shalt melt and glow,
And Love, amid an angel band, shall meet and lead thee in."

They were silent. Of a sudden all the bells on every side
Clashed and clanged a thousand greetings to the day when Christ was born;
And the day-star paled and trembled, and, beyond the snow-plain wide,
A golden light did grow and grow, the herald of the dawn.

Lo! I looked—my waits had vanished, but a glory lingered near,
And there came a faint, sweet cadence, by the wind borne back again;
Then my heart, with glad remembrance that they loved me, held me dear,
Shaped the strain into the legend: "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men!"

Fight of an Ermine and a Rat.

THE well-known proverb says: "The world belongs to the courageous," and this spirit belongs to the ermine as well as to the wild rat. The combatants, too, are nearly matched in size as well as weapons, for the four gnawing teeth of the wild rat are quite as dangerous as the sharp fangs of the weasel. But the activity and boldness of the latter makes him the conqueror, while the other, very nearly paralyzed with terror, appears to have already given himself up to his inevitable fate, and his despairing look seems to say that he must pass away from life and the beautiful world that has enjoyments and pleasant memories in rat-life also, although our ideas are rather vague upon that subject.

How long he has led that impudent, thievish life, behind and under the tree-trunks, picking up a living here and there, we cannot tell, and the alert Spitz and the mastiff in the court-yard have had a long and vain hunt for him. Not so the ermine, who, from his wanderings over field and plain, where there are hundreds of mice for the assassin, as soon as he comes here over the wintry snow, espies the home of the rat, and immediately seeks out his hiding-place. To the weasel feline art is unnecessary, for, owing to his insignificant size and bodily conditions, he is able to follow the rat into his hole, drag him out, and strangle him out of doors, a scene which our engraving illustrates.

All the marten species, to which it is well known that the weasel belongs, are extremely bloodthirsty, and will even draw the warm blood from the living flesh. On this account they generally spring at the throat of their victims, and bite the arteries open to suck out the flowing blood. This thirst for blood often impels them to attack much larger animals than they are themselves. The immoderate enjoyment of blood produces in them a sort of intoxication that makes them sleepy, which, to the great grief of the rabbit-hunter, has been noticed in their relative, the little ferret. Our poultry-tenders have great cause to lament when, by their imprudence, the marten gets into the stable or poultry-yard. We should be very glad that the weasel and the marten are no larger, for they would then be as dangerous animals as our largest beasts of prey. The martens exhibited are often very tame and playful, but when they are teased very easily become vicious.

The Peat Bog.

A NOVELETTE BY ALEXANER L. KJELLAND.

Translated from the Norse, by BERTHA KARINA ANDERSON.

HIGH over the heather plains flew a sensible old raven. Its destination was many miles westward, clear out to the sea-shore, to dig up a pig-ear, which it had stored away in the time of plenty. It was now late in the fall, and food was scarce.

Father Brehm says, that when one raven comes, you only need to look around about you to discover the second.

But one might look long enough where this sensible old raven came flying ; it was and remained alone. And without concerning itself about anything, it sailed through the thick mist on its strong, coal-black wings, steering straight west without uttering a sound.

But as the old bird flew steadily and thoughtfully along, it scanned with its sharp eyes the landscape beneath, and it felt vexed.

Year by year the small patches of green and yellow below became more numerous and increased in size ; piece after piece was cut out of the heather-field ; small houses with slate roofs and low chimneys, filled with suffocating peat smoke, were built— man's handiwork—and everywhere people.

It could remember from its younger days—it might now be several winters ago, when here was just the place for a bouncing raven with its family—the long endless heath-moors, young hares and small game in great quantities, the eider duck on the strand with large beautiful eggs, and as great a plenty of all kinds of delicacies as heart could desire.

Now on the other hand, there was one house after the other, patches of golden fields and green lawns, and food so scarce that an honorable old raven must fly for miles after a paltry pig-ear.

Those men ! Those men ! The old bird knew them well.

It had grown up among men, and even among some of the finest of them.

On the large farm near the city it had spent its childhood and youth.

But every time it passed over the farm it would soar higher, so as not to be recognized ; for when it saw the form of a lady down in the garden, it believed it to be the young miss with a bow in her powdered hair, while it was in reality her daughter with snow-white curls and a widow's cap.

Had it been well treated by these fine people ? As you look at it, food in abundance and a great deal to learn ; but then it was imprisonment the first year with the left wing clipped, and later on *parole d' honneur*—as the old gentleman was in the habit of saying.

It was his *word of honor*, that it had broken, and this had happened one spring—there flew a young, shining, black hen-raven over the garden.

Some time afterwards—it might be several winters later—it came back to the farm. But some strange boys threw stones after it. The old gentleman and the young miss were not at home.

They are probably in the city, thought the raven, and came back a little later, but met with precisely the same reception.

Then the old honorable bird—for in the meantime it had grown old—became offended, and now it flew high over the house.

It would have nothing more to do with men, and the old gentleman and the young miss might long enough stare after it ; and so they did. Of that it was certain.

And all it had learned it forgot, both the difficult French words, which it had been taught in the lady's sitting room, and the incomparably easier strong expressions which it had picked up of its own accord in the servant's drawing-room.

Only two human sounds remained in its memory representing the two extremes of its past knowledge.

It sometimes happened, when it was in a very good humor, that it would say " Bon-jour, madame ! " but when angry, it would cry out, "The deuce take you ! "

Through the heavy mist it was gliding sure and fast ; it already caught glimpses of the white wreath of breakers along the shore.

Then it discovered a large black plain, stretching far and wide beneath it. It was a peat-bog.

The farms lay in a circle round about on the hill-sides ; but on the low plain it was certainly many miles in length ; there was not a trail of a human foot-print ; only a couple of peat-stacks near the edge, and between them hillocks and glittering water-puddles.

" Bon-jour, madame ! " cried the old raven, and began sailing in large circles over the bog. It looked so cozy, that it began descending slowly and carefully, and finally alighted on the root of a tree in the center of the bog.

Here it was as in days of yore—desolate and still. Here and there, where the bottom was a little drier, a little short heather and a few clusters of rushes were growing. The marsh-vines were through blossoming ; but on the stiff stalks would hang here and there a tassel, black, and hard-packed from the fall rains ; for the rest it was fine, dark, crumbled earth, wet and full of puddles, gray, twisted roots, wattled together like a knotted net.

The old raven well understood what it saw. Trees had grown here long before his time.

The woods were gone, branches, leaves—everything had disappeared ; only roots remained wattled together deep down in the soft mass of black rubbish and water. But further the change could not get ; it would have to stay so ; and men would at all events have to let this peat-bog remain unchanged.

The old bird straightened itself. The farms lay so far away ; it was so home-like and safe here in the center of this bottomless bog. Some of the old was after all allowed to remain undisturbed. It smoothed its shining black feathers and said several times : " Bon jour, madame ! "

But down from the nearest farm came a couple of men with horses and wagon. Two small boys ran behind. They drove along the crooked road between the hillocks, but directly out upon the bog.

They will soon stop—thought the raven. But they kept coming nearer ; the old bird turned his head uneasily ; it was wonderful how far they dared venture out.

At last they stopped. The men began to work with their spades and axes. The raven could see that they were busy with a large root, which they wanted to get loose.

They will soon get tired of that, thought the raven.

But they did not tire; they chopped with the axes, they were the sharpest axes the raven had seen; they dug and pulled, and at last they actually succeeded in turning the great stump over on the side, so that the whole strong net of roots stood straight up in the air.

The little boys were tired of digging canals between the puddles. "See that large crow over there!" said one of them. They armed themselves with stones in both hands and crept carefully along behind the hillocks.

The raven saw them very well, but it had seen what was much worse.

Nor was there peace out here on the bog any longer for that which is old. It had now been a witness that even the gray roots, that were even older than the oldest raven, and that were wattled so firmly together in the deep bottomless bog—even these had to give way to the sharp axes.

And just as the boys were near enough to begin to throw, it lifted its heavy wings and flew upward.

But as it rose in the air and looked down upon those busy men and those stupid boys, that stood gaping at it with a stone in each hand, the old honorable bird's temper gave way.

It darted down like an eagle upon the boys, and while its large wings dashed about their ears, it screamed with a terrible voice, "The deuce take you!"

The boys set up a howl and threw themselves on the ground. When after some time they dared look up, all was still and they were alone again; far in the distance flew a solitary black raven westward.

But until they were grown men—nay even until their dying day, they retained the conviction that the evil one had appeared to them out on the black bog, in the form of an enormously large black bird with eyes of fire.

And yet it was only an old raven that was flying westward to dig up a pig-ear which it had stored away.

What Christmas Brought Scraggles.

BY E. J. W.

SCRAGGLES was a bachelor, and a close-fisted business man, and, as usually happens when these two conditions meet in one man, hard and dry, intolerant of all nonsense, devoid of sympathy, and altogether out of sight and hearing of such a thing as sentiment. Christmas was such a vexation to his uncongenial soul, that even the life it brought into business, could not pacify him. To be cheerful merely for the sake of being cheerful, was, he thought, one of the most puerile and inexplicable of social phenomena.

Not but Scraggles had a heart and an emotional system, physiologically speaking; but there had been so little in his life to excite it, it had been so often snubbed and squelched when it had tried to do some little thing in its line, that, in pure hopelessness it had cuddled itself up and gone to sleep, and had never been awakened. At least never till to-night.

To-night Scraggles was sitting glowering at the fire. It was Christmas Eve, and even the fire seemed to know it, and to dance and sparkle more cheerily on account of it. The wind knew it, too, and was whistling and shrieking in high glee, piping through the key-hole, roaring down the chimney, rattling the window-panes, and doing everything else in its power to torment Scraggles, and remind him of how powerless he was to check the Christmas carnival of fun and frolic.

The front door-bell rang, and Scraggles, still glowering, took the lamp and went to open it. That was the chance for the wind. With a puff it blew out the lamp, sent the snow curling into the hall, and nearly took Scraggles himself off his feet.

He recovered himself, and, looking out into the blackness, saw—nothing. Thinking it was some boy's trick, he had half shut the door with a growl, when almost at his very feet he heard a little piping wail, and saw a basket filled with something that the snow was rapidly covering.

Scraggles knew in a moment that it was a baby. Now, if there was anything under the shining sun that Scraggles' whole capacity for hatred could concentrate itself upon, it was children, and he knew no distinction between children and babies. He knew very little about babies anyway, did Scraggles; but he did know that it would be death to this particular one, if left there in the cold for even a short time.

Scraggles wasn't murderous, and so, picking up the basket, he kicked the door shut with a bang, and carried his load in to the fire.

Carefully brushing off the snow, and unwrapping about half a dozen garments that weighed down the morsel of humanity, he sat down and watched for further developments. They soon came. Baby was tired of lying in one position, and began to squall.

Scraggles had a burst of inspiration, and placed it in a sitting posture, and again sat down and glanced at his unexpected guest.

Baby stopped crying, stared at Scraggles for about one minute, and then, waving its fat little arms up and down, began to chuckle and crow. For the life of him, Scraggles couldn't maintain that glowering, and as he began to look more and more interested, baby's crowing increased.

For years nobody had even smiled at Scraggles. The very dogs in the street avoided him when they saw his countenance: and now that this little helpless creature, after an apparently careful scrutiny, should begin to crow and smile at him, was too much. It took him unawares. It found a soft spot somewhere, and Scraggles began to feel a queer sensation agitate his cardiac region.

But what was to be done with the baby? That was the question that presented itself in a formidable shape. The housekeeper had taken a week's holiday, and gone to visit friends. To-morrow he would put it into the hands of the proper authorities, but it was too late to do so to-night.

Scraggles lived in the suburbs of the town, and had but one neighbor, a pretty widow with two small children. He imagined what a figure he would cut, standing in a blinding snow-storm at her front door, after ten o'clock at night, with a baby in his arms. He thought how the widow's sparkling eyes would dance, and how the boys in the street, and his companions in business, would openly ridicule and covertly laugh at him, as soon as the story leaked out. But what else could he do? A shiver went through his whole system at the thought of keeping the baby all night.

While debating thus, the baby with a sudden motion upset the basket, and rolled on the floor, bumping its head, and of course beginning to shriek spasmodically. Scraggles had seen nurses in the park pick up squawling babies, and talk soothingly. He would do likewise. After reconnoitering some time to find out where to catch hold of such a tender-looking thing without pulling it to pieces, he placed his hands under its arm-pits and lifted it on to his breast.

Then he, Scraggles, the close business man, might be seen walking back and forward talking in such a strain as this: "Sh'—sh'baby—koochy-woochy—sh'—baby—did he get a tumble wumble right on his heddy peddy? (what the d—l shall I do with it anyhow?) There baby—sh' baby—it was too bad, so it was (great heavens! I wonder how long a baby can stand it, to yell like that.) Toodle-oodle-woodle—topsy-wopsey — inchy-pinchy — ootsy-pootsy-wootsy — why can't people take care of their own babies, confound them?"

Baby went through all the usual grades between screech and sob, and finally went to sleep with its head on his shoulder, and one soft arm half round his neck. After some more hard mental labor, he contrived to warm a pillow, sheet, and blanket, and put the baby to bed. He looked at his watch. It was after eleven. Placing the bottle of milk with a rubber on the end, which had rolled out of the basket when it upset, by the bedside, Scraggles went to bed. The bells that heralded the incoming Christmas rang out before he went to sleep. "Good joke—good joke—on Scraggles—on Scraggles—good joke" they were still echoing in his ears as he drifted off to slumber.

Once before morning he was awakened by the baby's crying, and after a series of disastrous experiments to form a proper combination of baby and bottle, in which the former came within an inch of choking to death, he finally succeeded and again soothed it to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

It was Christmas morning early, and two little forms in slippers and night-gowns stole softly and shiveringly out of a bedroom in the widow Cosey's house, and hastened to the fire-place in the sitting room. Each caught up a well-filled stocking hanging from the fire-side, and with smothered exclamations of delight, scurried back to bed. Once under cover they drew out one treasure after another, receiving each with a shout of joy. The widow rose to enjoy their pleasure, but scarcely was she dressed when a loud knocking arose at front. Surprised, she proceeded to the door, and on opening, there stood Scraggles shaking and chattering with the cold.

"Why, Mr. Scraggles! whatever is the matter? won't you come in and get warmed?" she asked, although she knew there wasn't enough fire yet in the house to warm a cat.

"No-o-o," chattered Scraggles. "I—you see—there's been—I mean, some one left a baby on my doorstep last night."

"A baby! Bless us! You don't say! What *did* you do with it, Mr. Scraggles? It was a Christmas present, wasn't it? How old is it, Mr. Scraggles?"

Scraggles couldn't have guessed within two years of its age, and wisely refrained from trying.

"And you see, not being used to the care of babies, it took a cold or something last night and is coughing and sneezing at a frightful rate, for one so young. In fact, I was afraid it was going to kill itself, and so I came over to see——"

"The poor little darling. Certainly I'll be over directly."

A few moments later Mr. Scraggles and Mrs. Cosey were bending over the little form.

"Oh! isn't it a pity to see the poor little thing suffer so?" said the young widow; and Scraggles couldn't help thinking how beautiful her eyes looked suffused with their tears of pity.

"Now, Mr. Scraggles," she continued, as she held the baby in one arm and dexterously inserted a finger between its gums, "please take that bottle of paregoric and pour a little down its throat—not too fast," and as she suddenly bent forward to see that he poured it right, and as he leaned forward the better to perform the operation, somehow their faces came into sudden but soft contact, that, to Scraggles's surprise, sent a thrill through him such as he had never known before.

"Scraggles's baby," as it was soon after termed, had the whooping cough. On this account its disposal was a matter of some difficulty. The authorities were decidedly averse to transporting a sick baby to the Asylum, which was five miles distant, in such cold weather. Even if the baby survived the ride, there was the certainty of many of the occupants of the Asylum falling a prey to its dread disease. Should they imperil the lives of many for the sake of Scraggles's comfort? Thus reasoned the mayor, a fat, jolly man, who was possibly influenced to his course as much by the thought of what a joke it would be on Scraggles as by any other consideration.

In vain Scraggles stormed and raved. The mayor, to be sure, bustled around town—or said he did—to find some one to take charge of it. But no one wanted a sick baby on their hands, he said. One only hope he held out. One of the directors of the Asylum would drive in in about five days for provisions, and he might deliver it over to him.

In this truly horrible dilemma, the widow came to his relief, and won his undying gratitude by offering to take charge of it till the director came.

When the director came, the baby was no better, and it was concluded to leave it for another week. It lingered but four days longer, and then left this world in which it had seen nothing but suffering, and went to an asylum above.

During this time Scraggles, of course, could do nothing less than call in and see how it was getting along, and this he did every day. After its death, when the widow's children were taken sick, he could not very well remit his attentions, you know, and brought them nearly every evening some knick-knack or dainty, for which the widow always thanked him with a smile. Oh, so grateful and sweet!

CHAPTER III.

Christmas Eve again. Again the wind whistling and howling and chuckling and moaning around Scraggles's home, and again Scraggles sitting alone and glowering at the fire—yet not exactly glowering, for the frown on his face was one of anxiety rather than surliness, and was lighted up now and then by a happy gleam.

There was a sound in the next room of suppressed voices, soft steps and rustling garments, which reached Scraggles's ear in the quiet intervals now and then afforded by the wind. Suddenly he started and listened with at least half a dozen different emotions expressed in his countenance, as a sound of a different kind was heard. It was just such a sound as he had heard one year ago to-night as he had stood at the front door in the blustering wind and snow. Feeble and inarticulate though it was, it did more to reveal to Scraggles the possibilities of life, and to impress him with its impenetrable mysteries than the most eloquent oratory could have begun to do.

It was the first cry of a newly-born soul—of his (Scraggles's) baby; in fact, now, not in mere joke.

His breast swelled to make room for the pride and tenderness and gratitude that suddenly welled up therein. He loved all mankind just then. He was positively yearning to empty his pockets into the hand of some poverty-stricken wretch that night. Philanthropic Scraggles! How different from the Scraggles one year before! What had caused such a change? Simply the widow Cosey's little "yes" to a certain question of his. And surely the little waif who had brought them together, and thus accomplished in its short,

whooping-coughy life more good than many a one of fifty, deserves some of the credit for the metamorphosis.

The door opened, and the doctor's smiling face appeared.

"Congratulations, my dear sir! You are a happy man."

Scraggles's beaming features certainly looked as though he might be, and as he rose to accompany the doctor to the adjoining room the merry Christmas bells pealed forth as though ringing a triumphal chorus for him and a boisterous welcome to this, his second Christmas present.

The Lost Atlantis.

BY HENRY F. ALLDRED.

NINE thousand years before Plato lived and wrote, there existed, he tells us in his "Timæus," in the ocean that separates the Old World from the New, an island larger than Asia Minor and Northern Africa combined, densely peopled by a powerful race. He locates it in what is now a watery waste, midway between the westward projection of the desert coast of Africa and the corresponding indentation by the Gulf of Mexico of the "paradise of America." On its western shores were other and smaller islands, by way of which access might be had to a vast continent beyond. Its civilization was as advanced as that of ancient Egypt. Its people were descended from Neptune and mortal women, and by force of arms their warriors penetrated into Africa as far eastward as Egypt, and into Europe as far as the shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea (the western coast of Italy). Their conquests were checked by the Greeks after the Atlantean sea-kings had attempted to subjugate Europe, Africa, and Asia, and the deed was accounted one of the glories of Athens. At length, however, the people became so desperately wicked, that the island with all its inhabitants was swept away by a deluge. In a day and a night Atlantis disappeared beneath the waves.

Another account, slightly varied, says that after the defeat of the islanders, a terrific earthquake, attended by inundations of the sea, caused the island to sink, and for a long time thereafter the ocean was impassable by reason of the muddy shoals.

Such is the substance of a legend, first communicated to Solon by an Egyptian priest, and perhaps founded on fact, that has existed from a very early date. On old Venetian maps Atlantis was placed to the westward of the Canaries and the Azores. To the ancients the unknown was always gigantic or terrible :—

> ". . . . Geographers, in Africa maps,
> With savage pictures fill their gaps,
> And o'er unhabitable downs
> Place elephants for want of towns."

For kindred reasons they represented Atlantis as being larger than either Europe or Africa, though the great extent assigned to the island may have only signified one very large in proportion to the smaller isles of the Mediterranean, the only island with which the ancients were familiar.

Diodorus Siculus tells us that "over against Africa lies a very great island in the vast ocean, many days' sail from Libya westward. The soil there is very fruitful, a great part whereof is mountainous, but much likewise champaign, which is the most sweet and pleasant part, for it is watered by several navigable streams, and beautiful with many gardens of pleasure, planted by divers sorts of trees and an abundance of orchards. The towns are adorned with stately buildings and banqueting houses, pleasantly situated in their gardens and orchards."

The inhabitants of Venezuela and of Guiana retained traditions of a convulsion "which swallowed up a vast country in the region now covered by the Atlantic ocean." The Soltecs, the ancient inhabitants of Central America, have a tradition of the "cataclysm of the Antilles;" among the Indians of North America, there is a similar legend. The tribes located further southward have a circumstantial narrative to the effect that the waves of the ocean were seen rolling in like mountains from the east, and that of the millions of people who fled toward the hills for refuge, only one man (seven, in other accounts) was saved, from whom descended the present Indian races. A religious festival was instituted to commemorate the dread event, and to beseech the Almighty not to revisit the earth with such terrors.

In this catastrophe it is claimed that an area greater in extent than France was engulfed, embracing the peninsulas of Yucatan, Honduras, and Guatemala, the lesser Antilles, together with the magnificent cities of Palenque and Uxmal, with most of their inhabitants, and it is supposed that "the continent has since risen sufficiently to restore many of these ancient sites."

The Greeks, the Egyptians, the Gauls and the Romans, possessed traditions on this subject, and all the accounts substantially agreed with each other. These traditions were collected by Timagenes, the Roman historian, who flourished in the century preceding the birth of Christ. He represents Gaul as having been invaded from a distant island to the westward, by which many understand Atlantis to be meant. Another writer, Marcellus, mentions that the inhabitants of seven islands lying in the Atlantic ocean near the coast of Europe (probably the Canaries), kept alive the memory of a much greater island named Atlantis, which terrorized over the smaller ones.

At the date of the existence of Atlantis, according to Humboldt, what is now the Strait of Gibraltar was probably bridged by a solid isthmus at least as wide as that of Suez, thus closing the Mediterranean and making of it an inland sea. The same convulsion of nature which engulfed the island, also established communication between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. Charles Frédéric Martins, the French botanist, says that "hydrography, geology, and botany, agree in teaching us that the Azores, the Canaries and Madeira are the remains of a great continent which formerly united Europe to North America."

The ancient writers found this a most captivating subject upon which to expand their conjectures, as is proved by the many comments upon Plato's narrative, which have descended to us moderns. Nor have there been wanting scientists in our own day to view with favorable eyes the possibility of the existence, at a time now remote, of a mid-Atlantic island. Humboldt, Unger, and Goeppert, the Abbé Brasseur, Winchell, Foster, Wild, Heer, and others equally eminent, have found nothing startling or improbable in the idea.

Comparative philology lends its aid to substantiate the theory. The words *Atlas* and *Atlantic* are said to have no satisfactory etymology in any known European language. But in the language of the Soltecs we have frequently the radical *a, atl*, meaning "water," "man," and the "crown of the head;" and so we have a series of words as *atlan*, near or in the water, from which we derive the adjective *Atlantic*. Again, *atlaça* means to fight, to be in agony, to hurl or impel from the water; its preterite is *atlaz*. When Columbus visited Central America he found a town named *Atlan*, on the coast of Darien, which is still standing, a ruinous village, under the name of *Acla*.

For many centuries the Sargasso Sea, that vast expanse of floating weed, has occupied the locality given to this mythical island. To the ancients, with their scanty knowledge of natural phenomena, it is no wonder that it appeared like a submerged or inundated meadow, and they attributed its existence to the sinking of Atlantis. For four hundred years, and probably for a far longer period, this great sea-meadow has not changed its position. Aristotle tells us that some

Phœnician vessels were driven by easterly gales into a part of the ocean that was covered by rushes and sea-weed, so that the progress of their ships was hindred. Four centuries ago the little fleet of Columbus passed through this mass of floating vegetation, much to the alarm of his fellow voyagers, to whom, from previous association, the presence of sea-weed seemed to augur the vicinity of rocks or shoals. In reality, however, soundings in different parts of the Sargasso Sea have revealed a great depth of water.

Recent ocean exploration has given to the world some interesting facts which substantiate the Atlantis theory in a remarkable degree. Sir Wyville Thompson in the *Chalenger*, in 1873, the expedition in the German frigate *Gazelle*, in 1874, and commander Gorringe in the United States sloop *Gettysburg*, in 1877, all made soundings off the coast of Africa in mid-Atlantic. The last named discovered a great bed of living pink coral one hundred and fifty miles westward from Gibraltar, only thirty-two fathoms beneath the surface. When tabulated these various soundings indicate the existence of a great bank in comparatively shoal water, the highest points of which are the Canaries and the Madeiras. There is little doubt, among the advocates of the Atlantean theory, that this bank is the eastern end of the ancient island. It forms, so to speak, a mid-Atlantic mountain, the depth all around sinking rapidly to fifteen thousand fathoms. The early inhabitants of the Canaries, the Guanches, when they were "rediscovered," are said to have complained that "God placed them there and then forsook and forgot them."

Again, the sea-weed of the Sargasso Sea has no roots, and multiplies itself, not by fructification, but by division. At first sight this fact would seem to militate against the theory that a considerable body of land formerly existed in this vicinity. Humboldt was of opinion that the weed originated where it is found, but Robert Brown, a specialist in this department of science, and on such a question perhaps a weightier authority than the great German naturalist, thought that the plant originated in large quantities on some neighboring coast, and was afterward permanently modified to suit the changed conditions it has occupied for ages.

One of the first things which will impress a person who examines a map of the world, with the foregoing statements in mind, is the conformation of the continents of Africa and America at the points before alluded to. It requires only a very slight effort to imagine that a great body of land might once have connected the Canaries and the Cape Verde Islands with the mainland of Africa on the east and with the islands in the Gulf of Mexico on the west. In fact, the outline of the land between Cape Blanco and the outlying islands of the West Indies almost suggests the theory, propounded by some, that a huge slice of terra firma was washed out by the sudden rush of a vast body of water from the north sometime in the prehistoric ages.

The Gulf of Mexico is very shallow as compared with the depth of the neighboring ocean, and its bottom is very nearly level; which two facts indicate a general sinking of the land here also, perhaps by an inundation of waters from the valley of the Mississippi. The mountain summits of this long-forgotten land may still be viewed in the various groups of islands off the Atlantic coast of Europe, Africa, and America. The large continent lying beyond Atlantis, to which Plato refers, could have been none other than America. Indeed, the legend of Atlantis itself may be but a confused tradition of the existence of a great western continent.

There are other most interesting facts bearing upon this subject. Remains of a civilization at once extensive and of great antiquity, exist in Central America. These relics long antedate the Aztec rule, and cannot be associated with the Phœnicians, whose voyages to America must be relegated to the region of fable. At most, these pioneers of antiquity, sailed no further westward than Atlantis, and even that is doubtful. A French savant, M. Paul Gaffarel, has collected the information bearing upon this subject, and this is his conclusion: "Without affirming anything as yet, we may admit that the Phœnicians discovered a vast island beyond the Pillars of Hercules, many days' sail from the continent; that they made numerous voyages, and that they jealously preserved exclusive possession with a view to removing thence in case of necessity themselves, as the Dutch at one time contemplated removing to Batavia when the armies of Louis XIV. were menacing Amsterdam."

The style of architecture of these Central American remains reminds us of ancient Egyptian and Asiatic forms; religious symbols exist which undoubtedly carry us back to the phallic rites of antiquity; the lotos flower, the sacred emblem of India, may be seen upon its chiseled monuments; and the pyramid is native to Mexico and Egypt alike.

How were these resemblances in architecture and religion transplanted from the Orient to the Occident? The origin of the civilization of the Aztecs and Peruvians has for many years been the subject of curious speculation.

There is a theory, having the sanction of such names as those of Humboldt, Boudinot, Squier, and Daniel Wilson, that America was peopled from Asia via the Pacific; that a continent formerly existed between Asia and America in the region now known as Polynesia, the islands of the present day having formerly done service as mountain ranges and table-lands. There is said to be a close affinity between the ancient pottery found in Peru on the west coast of South America, and Egyptian and Grecian ceramics; and Dr. Stephen Bowers states that in Southern California he has found stone implements almost identical with those found at Mycenæ by Dr. Schliemann. What is the explanation of this strange similarity?

If Humboldt's speculation be correct, and an island of continental proportions ever filled a large part of the space now covered by the Pacific Ocean, an easy route would have been thereby provided for the sturdy explorers of the ancient world—who, of course, would bring their pottery with them—and thus our question would find a ready answer.

But if, as Winchell believes, the ocean has always surged between Asia and America, and our continent was first peopled by Mongols chiefly by way of the Aleutian Islands and Behring's Straits, our archæological riddle is still unsolved, and we are forced to look westward for a highway from the Old World to the New. The aboriginal inhabitants of the Canaries and of the Atlantic coast of Africa, the Guanches, now extinct, are regarded by Retzius as being nearly related to the peoples on the shores of the Caribbean Sea on the opposite coast. He says: "The color of the skin on both sides of the Atlantic is represented in all these populations as being of a reddish brown; the hair is the same; the features of the face and build of the frame, as I am led to believe, presenting the same analogy." The same writer maintains that the races on the western shores of America closely resemble the Mongols of Asia, which opinion was shared by Humboldt.

Admitting that Atlantis existed in the ocean which bears its name, it needs but a step further to imagine that the Azores, the Madeiras, the Canaries, and the Cape Verde Islands were at one time either parts of it, or else were only separated from it and from each other by narrow channels. The same may be assumed of the Bermudas and the outlying West India Islands.

Bearing in mind, also, that the Atlantic Ocean, at the point indicated grows rapidly narrower, and that the slice of land engulfed would not be so large as at other points, the supposition is not so startling that at some period the two continents were, if not entirely connected, at least separated

only by very narrow passages of water, which would offer no obstacle to the migration of peoples, and the dispersion of customs, and would account for much that has puzzled the ethnologist on this continent. Remains of extinct animals on the American mainland have led such investigators as Marsh, Cope, and Leidy to infer that an ancient connection existed between Europe and America.

Although modern learning has, in some quarters, ridiculed the notion of the former existence of a large island where now the Atlantic surges roll, yet, as we have seen, science itself may be made to give plausible testimony to the truth of the legend. Underneath the chalk and greensand formation of England there is a strata called the wealden, which has been ascertained to extend about two hundred miles in either direction, and which is some two thousand feet in thickness. For reasons which it is needless to recount here, this demonstrates that there was, for a very long period, a constant supply of fresh water such as would result from the drainage of a large extent of mountainous or hilly land. "If geology can furnish us with such facts as these," says Prof. Anshon, "it may surely be pardonable in us to linger with something of fond belief around the legend of Atlantis—a legend that could hardly be the offspring of a poetic imagination, but must have had some foundation in truth."

"Twere hard to leave this fascinating subject without a glance at the flora which such a land as Atlantis must have possessed, supposing its existence to have been a reality. Looking at the Canaries, which we have supposed to be the remains of its eastern end, the observer is impressed with the richness of their almost tropical verdure. In these "Happy Isles" the generous grape is indigenous; the more homely cereals abundantly flourish; and fruits of all kinds burden the air with their mellow fragrance.

In the Bermudas, the opposite extremity of this supposititious continent, nature awaits us with still greater prodigality. Man's natural wants are bountifully supplied without the laborious machinery so needful in our northern climate which dooms the majority of our population to a ceaseless drudgery for their daily bread. Fruits fit for the palate of Epicurus hang in clusters, and man has but to raise his hand to pluck them.

What possibilities were there not contained in a land which swept from the Canaries and the West Indies to the Bahamas and Newfoundland? It must have been indeed a "land flowing with milk and honey;" a region in which every variety of climate was enjoyed, from the breezy vigor of its wind-swept mountain ranges to the dreamy, sensuous luxuriance of its tropical valleys.

But did it really exist? We cannot say; but, whether or no, only its phantom is left, and to us it is indeed a lost Atlantis.

"GIVE ME A PENNY!"

(From a Painting by Adalbert Begas.)

"Give Me a Penny!"

A LITTLE beggar child, that asks for a penny. The subject is so simple, and has been so often variously depicted, from Murillo down to the present day, and yet its charm is never lacking. It is only a fresh young face, that always wins our sympathy. The artist, with whose brush it originated, is known to the artistic world as Begas, and, in painting and modeling, this name stands in the first rank. Adalbert is the third son of Karl Begas, born in 1836, and at first fixed upon the art of copper-plate engraving, but went over to painting in Paris, and studied under Böcklin, in Weimar. He first became known in Berlin (though for some time afterwards he copied famous pictures in Rome) by his "Mother and Child," and "Amor and Psyche," two creations as full of originality and grace as they are rich in warmth of coloring. After these followed a succession of poetical designs, which, owing to their comprehension of the ideal in our realistic age, occupy an entirely unique place. Besides these creations, he has made for himself an esteemed name by his portraits of ladies, which are infinitely charming.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

PEOPLE who delight in fine paintings, or in the choice engravings that give them an idea of an artist's soul and skill, cannot feel much admiration for the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, as an encouraging and helpful father, when they are told that he frowned on the drawings of his son, young Joshua, and wrote on the back of one of these drawings, "Done by Joshua, out of pure idleness." He did not perceive, as he might, the boy's bent, nor realize to what the boy's "pure idleness" would grow. The man who preached did not understand the boy who handled the pencil, and who was one day to make himself famous the world over in handling the brush.

Joshua was the tenth of eleven children, five of whom died in infancy; so that the father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, was spared the sight of other boys, who, as well as little Joshua, might, perhaps, have been given to the same "pure idleness."

The "boy Joshua" was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, in the year 1723, and very early in his life began to afflict his father by his indifference to books. Indeed, the idea of an education never seemed, in his boyhood, to enter his head. It was nothing to him that other boys were students of books; he was a student of nature.

He grew up, deficient in classical learning; but he had been an earnest and indefatigable student of the world around him, and especially of the faces of the men and women who lived in it. He was, therefore, in a certain sense, educated as the mass of men were not. They soon learned to look up to him as a walking wonder, because he could throw perfect likenesses upon the canvas, and do it with great skill and swiftness. And he, having neglected books in his boyhood, made it up as well as he could—which was remarkably well—by drinking as often and as much as possible from the fountains of knowledge opened to him by the men of learning who were his acquaintances and friends, and with whom he had almost constant intercourse. He was a close listener and observer.

"I know no man," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell, "who has passed through life with more observation than Sir Joshua Reynolds."

To return to his boyhood. He seemed to care for nothing but to handle the pencil—either to copy or create pictures. He made his first attempts in copying some indifferent drawings, the work of two of his sisters. He afterward copied such pictures as he found in his father's books. But neither his sisters' drawings nor his father's books furnished him anything which, in his opinion, equalled a book of emblems which his great-grandmother, a Dutch woman, brought over from Holland.

When he was only eight years old he read a book on perspective, and read it so intelligently as to be able to apply the knowledge he had gained to a drawing of Plympton school—a Gothic building. This drawing was so plainly the result of close application to a *book*, that his father was pleased, and said, "This is what the author of the Perspective asserts—that, by observing the rules laid down in this book, a man may do wonders—for this is wonderful!" Had he only lived to see the wonderful works of his wonderful boy it would often have been his exclamation, "This is wonderful!"

While Joshua neglected school and all the studies of the school-room, he was going on from one degree to another in his art. He drew likenesses of his sisters and of different friends of his family—likenesses which, though far from perfect, were sufficiently accurate to be recognized as likenesses. But, for several years, he had little help in his art aside from his own taste and natural ability, and such prints as he could obtain for copying, and such friends as chose to encourage him and develop his talents by sitting for their likenesses. His father also was ready occasionally with a "this is wonderful," although he always kept on hand a supply of rebukes for what he considered an unpardonable neglect of study.

At last, a friend and neighbor of the family, with a high idea of Joshua's talents, influenced the father to give the boy a chance for development in the direction in which his talents plainly pointed.

"Plympton is not the place for him to grow in," he said; "send him to London."

And so the Rev. Samuel Reynolds laid aside his rebukes, and, with mingled pride and admiration, sent his son to London, and placed him under the care and teaching of Mr. Hudson, the most distinguished portrait-painter of that time. But the pupil was superior to the teacher—not that he had, then, the fame of Hudson, for he was unknown to fame. He had not so acquired his profession as to be known as an artist, but he had within him a genius and skill that needed only time and toil for their full development, and there was a future before him far beyond Hudson's dreams, either for himself or his scholar.

He remained with Hudson two years, acquiring whatever knowledge he could gain. During that time he painted several portraits. But Hudson had a jealous disposition; and a glimpse of his pupil's imperishable genius, united with some other cause, led to an altercation, and Joshua returned to Devonshire.

The immediate cause of the separation was the exhibition—accidental though it was—of one of the young artist's best pictures in Hudson's gallery. This was more than Hudson could bear, and he and his pupil were soon afterward parted.

Young Reynolds might have remained in London and rapidly won name and fame could his pictures have only

been pressed into public notice. But, situated as he was, it was better for him to leave London, though he afterward regretted the three years he spent at home, "doing little or nothing," as he said, "but going into company and wasting time." His testimony with regard to himself was not exactly fair, however, for during the three years he was at home he painted several portraits, one of which was fine enough to prompt the father to exclaim again, "This is wonderful!" It was the picture of a boy reading by a reflected light, and it, as well as many other portraits which he painted at that time, had the fineness of his own genius, untrammelled by the tameness and uniformity of his London teacher; so that the disagreement which sent him home to work alone was not, after all, to be regretted.

When he was twenty-two years old, Reynolds took a house in the town of Plymouth Dock, and invited his two youngest unmarried sisters to share his home with him. There he at once gave himself up to painting. Among the portraits that gave him fame at the start, in Plymouth Dock, was that of the commissioner of the town. And he wrote to his father that he had "painted the likeness of the greatest man in the place."

On Christmas-day of the year 1746, his father died, but he had lived long enough to say of many of his son's productions, "This is wonderful!"

The growth of Reynolds' fame was unmistakable. Five years and more had come and gone since he was under the tuition of Hudson. Much of this time he had considered idly spent, but he had really accomplished great things, so that he was beginning to be known beyond his own county. He had been in London again, where he remained for some time, residing in Saint Martin's Lane, the favorite residence of artists. His modest, unaffected manners, and his high appreciation of the genius and abilities of others, won the love not only of the artists with whom he was in daily association, but of all with whom he came in contact. Lords and ladies gave him their friendship and their patronage.

As time went on, he looked with longing eyes toward Rome, as to a kind of paradise for artists, where their souls were awed and entranced as they could be nowhere else. But how or when he could go he knew not until one of his friends, Captain Keppel, was appointed Commodore in the Mediterranean station, to protect the British merchants from the attacks of the Algerines, and he invited Reynolds to go with him on the long-coveted journey. Reynolds lost no time in considering the invitation, but accepted it at once; and, packing up not only his clothes but everything that belonged to his profession, started with his friendly *compagnon de voyage*.

Of his first impressions in the great metropolis of art, he has left us an account, such as a man of his simplicity and sincerity would give. He affected no surprise, although he was at first surprised—not at the glories of art that shone around him, but at the *faint* glories, for so they seemed to him. "It has frequently happened," he wrote, "as I was informed by the keeper of the Vatican, that many of those whom he had conducted through the various apartments of that edifice, when about to be dismissed, have asked for the works of Raphael, and would not believe that they had already passed through the rooms where they are preserved, so little impression had these performances made on them. I remember very well my own disappointment when I first visited the Vatican; but on confessing my feelings to a brother student, of whose ingenuousness I had a high opinion, he acknowledged that the works of Raphael had the same effect on him, or rather that they did not produce the effect which he expected. This was a great relief to my mind; and on inquiring further of other students I found that those persons only who, from natural imbecility, appeared to be incapable of relishing those divine performances, made pretentions to instantaneous raptures on first beholding them."

Reynolds goes on to tell the world of his mortification over his undeveloped tastes that kept him from that high appreciation of fine art which he supposed he had always had. It was himself, not Raphael, whom he criticised.

In spite of his disappointment over his failure to be delighted, he set himself to work to copy what his defective and uneducated tastes would not yet let him admire. In a short time a new world of beauty seemed to open before him in the pictures of the great City of Fine Arts, proving what is true in common life, the world over—that all men and women, whether geniuses of high or low degree, have that in themselves of which they little dream; and that the world around us, in nature and in art, has beauties and glories, not to be perceived at first, but to be gradually unfolded as we look, and look, and look again.

Reynolds had already become so famous that he might have made money, while in Rome, copying pictures, for which he would have found a ready sale, not only because they would have been copies of masterpieces of fine art, but because anything from his brush was considered very valuable. But he preferred to spend most of his time in study, developing and perfecting what was in himself, and in enriching his own taste to the utmost. While in Rome he painted a few original pictures—portraits—and, among them, his own portrait, which he left there.

After an absence from England of three years, he began to be homesick. The names of Raphael and Michael Angelo were not, even with all his devotion to art, so dear to him as the name of his native land. He returned to England in the autumn of 1752, and, after visiting Devonshire, went to London, where he established himself as a professional man, in the old, familiar place, Saint Martin's Lane. He was Joshua Reynolds, and yet another man than the one who left Saint Martin's Lane a few years before, so changed was he in his tastes. He at once met with criticism and opposition, so boldly and independently did he handle the brush, doing what he chose with it, in defiance of all the acknowledged orthodox rules of the artists of Saint Martin's Lane. As he had a genius of his own, so he had his own way of doing things.

His brother artists remonstrated. His old teacher, Hudson, was the first to reprove and rebuke. Looking upon a picture—a boy in a turban—that Reynolds had just painted, he exclaimed, "Reynolds! you don't paint so well as when you left England." And another eminent portrait-painter lifted up his voice: "Ah, Reynolds" he said, "this will never answer." But the time for Reynolds to be sensitive, under the criticisms of artists or any other men, had passed by. His will matched his daring genius—paint he would, just as his genius dictated; and men might praise, or blame, as they saw fit.

But every step he took was a step upward, and his way was continually marked by new triumphs. He was everywhere sought as a portrait-painter, and had all the work he could do. As his brother artists in Saint Martin's Lane were less and less inclined to admire his genius, or to add to the comfort and pleasure of his life, he left that celebrated Lane after a while, and took a fine house in another part of London.

Soon afterward he accidentally made the acquaintance of the great Dr. Johnson—a man, so rough and eccentric, that few found it possible to please him. The great talker was as bold and lawless in the use of his tongue as Reynolds was in the use of his brush; but he liked Reynolds, and

Reynolds liked him, and a lasting friendship was thus cemented.

In Reynolds' "Discourses on Art," he says: "Whatever merit these Discourses may have must be imputed, in a great measure, to the education which I may be said to have had under Dr. Johnson. I do not mean to say that he added even a single sentiment to them, but he qualified my mind to think justly. No man had, like him, the art of teaching inferior minds the art of thinking. Perhaps other men might have equal knowledge, but few were so communicative. His great pleasure was to talk to those who looked up to him. And the observations which he made on poetry, on life, and on everything about us, I applied to the art of painting; with what success, others must judge."

Certainly, everything tended to Reynolds' success. The price that he at first received for a *head* was five guineas, but, as his fame grew, his price went up to twelve guineas. And he had acquired such skill in the handling of the brush and in the knowledge of his art, that he could paint a portrait in four hours—and he received six sitters daily. He was, of course, troubled with loungers—people who came to sit and look on and talk; and, with whatever outward politeness he may have treated them, for the sake of his profession, they were by no means welcome.

"These idle people," he said, "do not consider that my time is worth five guineas an hour."

He had accumulated his thousands when, in the year 1761, he again changed his residence. He bought a fine house, looking out on Leicester Square, furnished it with exquisite taste, adding to it a magnificent gallery for the exhibition of his works. And, to crown all, he taxed his invention and his purse, to get up an original carriage. The wheels were carved and gilded, and the whole carriage was a wonder of beauty and extravagance. His sister complained that it was too showy.

"What!" said he, in reply to her, "would you have one like an apothecary's carriage?"

His new home, furnished with everything that comfort and elegance could suggest, soon became the resort, not only of men of his own profession, but of writers, and especially of poets, as he was very fond of poetry. They sometimes read their productions at his table, and they were very fond of doing this as he was always an appreciative listener.

Dr. Johnson was a frequent guest, drinking his many cups of tea, and making himself feel perfectly at home. He often acted out his nature in Reynolds' house—and that nature was sarcastic and overbearing; but for the sake of the riches of his knowledge, Reynolds was patient and forbearing.

Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, and many others, loved to visit the famous artist, and he received all with the most lavish hospitality. He did yet more. In their times of need, peculiar to literary men, Reynolds showed himself a friend and brother, opening both heart and purse to them, generously refusing to think of them as his debtors.

In his home of abundance and magnificence, Reynolds lived for many years; but, at last, his health became so impaired from constant application to his profession, that he concluded to abandon his home for a time and seek the quiet of Devonshire. He took with him his friend Dr. Johnson; but neither were received with any great enthusiasm. The simple, plain folks of Devonshire were not easily wrought up to any high pitch by the presence of painters or writers. Besides, they remembered the boy Joshua, and had little idea of looking up to him, although genius and industry had made him a great man.

But one, who was then young, and without fame, seemed to feel the admiration and reverence that such a man as Reynolds would naturally inspire.

"Mr. Reynolds was pointed out to me," says this young man, Northcote, "at a public meeting, where a great crowd was assembled. I got as near him as I could, from the pressure of the people, to touch the skirt of his coat, which I did with great satisfaction to my mind."

Reynolds' stay in Devonshire was not long. Rest and quietness soon restored his health, and he returned to London with new strength for his profession, which he soon found more lucrative than ever. He told his friend Dr. Johnson that his income was six thousand pounds a year. His style of living was, if possible, more elegant and lavish than before, which doubtless added to his popularity, as money and style of living always increase the popularity of a man, especially when a genial disposition and attractive manners are not wanting. These were not wanting in Reynolds. He was very attractive; so much so, that he was pressed to join the "Literary Club," founded by Dr. Johnson. He was not what is generally called a literary man; but the old saying is, that "poets, painters and sculptors are all brothers;" and, aside from this fraternal feeling, the artist's presence in this literary club was desired because it was an ever agreeable and winning presence.

He was afterwards made president of the Royal Academy. And after a time the king, to give dignity to the Royal Academy of Great Britain, bestowed the honor of knighthood on the president. Johnson, it is said, was elated with this honor, but it sat gracefully upon Reynolds. He neglected neither his profession nor his duties in connection with the Royal Academy; and he continued to be the same social, winning man, assuming no false dignity nor superiority.

His particular friends seemed to be Dr. Johnson, Burke, Garrick, and Goldsmith; and, in their festive gatherings, they frequently, when in a gay mood, spent their time in making epitaphs on each other.

For Reynolds, they wrote:

"Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our hearts."

Social life in Reynolds' house, and especially at his table, was without any restraint. His pupil, James Northcote, was much impressed with what, to him, was great splendor and elegance, and with the high dignity of Sir Joshua's guests. And it was true that nearly all the distinguished men in England, Ireland and Scotland—men distinguished as writers, painters, or lawyers—were frequent guests at his table. But the conventionalities of dinner-parties in Reynolds' house were not such as to meet the ordinary claims of refinement. At least, everything was done very carelessly. To an enthusiastic pupil, like Northcote, these dinner or supper parties, associated as they were with the great name of Reynolds, were in magnificent style. But a better judge of style, Courteney, says:

"There was something singular in the style and economy of his table, that contributed to pleasantry and good humor; a coarse, inelegant plenty, without any regard to order or arrangement. A table, prepared for seven or eight, was often compelled to serve for fifteen. When this pressing difficulty was got over, a deficiency of knives and forks, plates and glasses, succeeded. The attendance was in the same style; and it was absolutely necessary to call instantly for bread or wine, that you might be sup-

plied before the first course was over. Reynolds was once prevailed on to furnish the table with glasses and decanters for dinner to save time, and prevent the tardy manœuvers of two or three undisciplined servants. But as they were demolished in the course of service, Sir Joshua could never be induced to replace them. And yet these trifling embarrassments only served to enhance the hilarity and singular pleasure of the entertainment. The cookery and dishes received the most careless attention; nor was the fish or venison, or any other dishes on the table ever recommended, or made the subject of conversation. Amid this convivial, animated bustle among his guests, our host sat perfectly composed, always attentive to what was said, never minding the eating and drinking, but leaving every one at liberty to scramble for himself. Temporal and spiritual peers, physicians, lawyers, actors and musicians composed the motley group, and played their parts without dissonance or discord. At five o'clock precisely dinner was served, whether all the invited guests had arrived or not. Sir Joshua was never so fashionably ill-bred as to wait an hour perhaps for two or three persons of rank or title, and put the rest of the company out of humor by this invidious distinction." His sister, who had the charge of his establishment, was as careless as he in the arrangement of the table and the discipline of the servants, so that form and ceremony were quite unknown in the home of the great artist. This was more to be criticised than blamed, perhaps; but as these men certainly enjoyed each other, their main object in coming together was gained, and the nineteenth-century people need not trouble themselves to say how Sir Joshua Reynolds' dinner parties should have been conducted. It is natural, however, and very interesting as well, to look away, for a passing few minutes, from men, as professional men, and get a glimpse of them in their home life, around their own home-board. But it is good taste, as well as sound charity, to guard ourselves against too great meddling with those who are gone to another sphere, and, therefore, cannot answer back, either to explain things to us, or to tell us to mind our own business.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS' PAINTING OF LIEUTENANT COLONEL TARLETON, IN POSSESSION OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, as an *artist*, is an inexhaustible subject; and he will never fail to interest any one, particularly a lover of art, while sun, moon, and stars go on with their shining. And we hope he will forgive us for peeping in at his windows and stealing a look at him and his dinner parties.

As an artist and as a laborious, earnest worker, earning all the fame that he won, he challenges our admiration. Perhaps it might be said that his indefatigable industry, even more than his genius, was the source of his fame, and by it alone he could have immortalized himself. With a fair amount of strength to reach a certain goal, a man will reach it if he only keeps on walking instead of giving up, because the way is long and wearisome.

Men and women are apt to imagine that it is simply delightful for a genius to work; but let them ask the genius how this is, and he will tell them better.

"Whoever," says Reynolds, "is resolved to excel in painting, or, indeed, in any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object from the moment that he rises until he goes to bed."

Sir Joshua acted on this belief. He did not sit down in an easy chair to admire his own genius and beckon fame to come to him. He worked, worked as the veriest plodder works; and thus he earned his great fame as a portrait painter and as a historical and poetic painter.

There were difficulties thrown in his way, and he found out that all men were not his brothers, for some of his own fraternity plagued him with their envyings and their jealousies; but he went on his way, and long before he was fifty-four years old he won a name that could not die.

But as the years went on he learned that although his fame was undying he was not. At the age of fifty-eight, and when in the full vigor of middle life, he was suddenly stricken down with paralysis; but he soon so far recovered that his friends were sanguine of his complete restoration.

Soon after his attack, but when he was much improved, Dr. Johnson wrote him:

"I want your recovery to be complete and perfect. Your country has been in danger of losing one of its brightest ornaments, and I of losing one of my oldest and kindest friends; but I hope you will still live long for the honor of the nation, and that more enjoyment of your elegance, your intelligence, and your benevolence is still reserved for your most affectionate friend, Sam Johnson."

But Sam Johnson was the first to die, and it was a great thing for him to die, as he had through all his life been a martyr to the fear of death.

The day before his death he said to Sir Joshua, who was sitting by his bedside:

"I have three requests to make, my dear friend—forgive me the thirty pounds which I borrowed from you, read the Scriptures, and abstain from working at your profession on the Sabbath day." Reynolds promised, and it is said of him that he never forgot his promise.

He certainly forgave Johnson the debt; and we have reason to hope that he found the Bible to be the best of books. As to Sunday, he surely needed that day for rest, even if it had not been to him a sacred day, for there was not a more laborious worker than he in the profession.

THE INFANT HERCULES—FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The years carried him along until he was sixty-five. He had not thought of being an old man. His steadiness of hand and the genius to guide his hand seemed to be what they had always been. He no longer felt the effects of his paralytic stroke, and he dreamed that years of activity were before him. But not long after he had passed the age of sixty-five a new calamity overtook him; and it was as unexpected as it was new. One day, as he was finishing a portrait, his left eye suddenly failed him, becoming at once and forever perfectly useless. He seemed to understand on the instant that it was a case of hopeless decay. He dropped his brush, sat a little while in silence, and never again returned to his work. He had made his last sketch, and had for the last time put colors on canvas.

He could still see light with the darkened eye, but at the end of ten days from the time of its failure the eye was totally blind to all form as well as light.

It is said of him that he appeared cheerful and tried to be so. But as his days went on, it was impossible for him to hide his mental sufferings.

His "summer friends," for whom he could no longer use his pencil and brush, had nothing more to expect of him, and so they flew away and were gone. But those who were true brothers, born for adversity, drew nearer to him in his adversity, and tried in every way to lighten the gloom of his last years. One read the newspapers to him, another talked politics, and another literature, while another would fill the passing hour with social chats about the veriest trifles. Reynolds liked the companionship of one and all, and in their society found relief from the loneliness of a great sorrow. But a man cannot always be in society; and as Cowper diverted himself with the taming of hares, so Sir Joshua made the acquaintance of a bird, which he so domesticated that it perched fearlessly on his hand and sat contentedly on his shoulder. But an open window and a bright sky and the songs of free birds separated Sir Joshua and his bird forever. The bird flew away one summer morning, and Sir Joshua wandered for hours around the square where he resided, hoping to find him, but he could get no trace of him.

He was not, however, to depend much longer on birds or on men for comfort, for he was soon to exchange the mortal for the immortal life. He was sixty-eight years old—not very old, but his life, as all its activities were past, had become burdensome to him, and a serious malady—an enlargement of the liver—greatly added to his depression of spirits, covering him with darkness as with a cloud. As the time for him to go drew near, he said: "I have been fortunate in long good health and constant success, and I ought not to complain. I know that all things on earth must have an end, and now I have come to mine."

He died on the 23d of February, 1792, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

"His illness," said Edmund Burke, "was long but borne with a mild and cheerful fortitude, without the least mixture of anything irritable or querulous, agreeably to the placid and even tenor of his whole life. He had from the beginning of his malady a distinct view of his dissolution, and he contemplated it with that entire composure which nothing but the innocence, integrity, and usefulness of his life, and an unaffected submission to the will of Providence could bestow."

He was followed to his last resting place, in one of the crypts of St. Paul's Cathedral, by many of the most illustrious men of his time. By his side lies Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the cathedral.

Talks with Women.

BY JENNY JUNE.

CHRISTMAS ACTIVITIES.

CHRISTMAS begins a long time before Christmas Day, and it hardly ends before Christmas comes again. It begins with the first thought of what we shall do for such and such a dear friend, or relative, or for the needy, in the way of gifts, or hospitality; and it does not end so long as one gleam of pleasure, or comfort, is obtained from that which a Christmas has brought to us. In this sense indeed Christmas lasts much longer than through the twelve months of one year—it becomes immortal, and each succeeding one rolls up for us its own store of happy memories. The great charm of Christmas is its social aspect, and its universality. For the time being it takes us out of ourselves, and makes us think of others,—it does more: it makes us act and work for others. It is true, that the unselfish do not need the stimulus of Christmas to do that which is as the breath of their bodies and the aspiration of their lives. True, also, that those who live and work for others through the year are pretty likely to do the lion's share at Christmas; while, on the other hand, the selfish rarely give except for the sake of getting, and shift as much of the burden of even their social responsibilities upon other people's shoulders as they possibly can.

Still, the influence counts for something, and it is for such as these it is needed. The naturally sacrificial nature always finds enough of opportunity for its exercise; but those who live in, and for, themselves—in the constant contemplation of their own woes, their own greatness, their own virtues, their own requirements, and their own deserts—can only be reached morally by unconscious cerebration,—by the psychologic influence of a wave in an upward and nobler direction.

For these Christmas is a boon in a sense very different from that in which it is apt to strike them—a boon, not because it brings them something they have ardently desired, but because it makes them give to others something that they desire, and fills them with the glow of that happiness which penetrates even the humblest home, and which arises from the fact that the Christmas love is filling all hearts and employing all hands in labor that is indeed more pleasant than any play.

It is a good plan to begin to think of and prepare for Christmas early, and accustom the children—boys as well as girls—and servants, also, to take a part in the preliminaries. If the boys do it as boys, they will also as men, and the great drawback to social pleasures in this country is that men have so little part or lot in them. Thus they often do not appreciate their force or value, grudge the money that is spent on them, and if willing to furnish the little necessary fund, do it as a concession to the weakness and follies of women and children, and not as a trifling tax gladly incurred for the charm of Christmas and its associations.

That this is the case is not altogether the fault of men. It is more the fault of mothers, who have not educated their sons, from the earliest years of their existence, to participation in the duties and pleasures connected with the festival season. It is their fault, also, in not making it more of a home and less of a mere buying or "shop" consideration. One of our great faults in this country is that we cannot do anything without spending a great deal of money, and Christmas not unfrequently becomes a mere tax instead of a pleasure. I pity people from the bottom of my heart whose Christmas only begins the day or the week before the twenty-fifth of December; who simply go into a shop, pay for what they select, and order the articles sent to their destination, without ever seeing them again or bestowing a thought upon them. In a family that I wot of, Christmas begins at the close of the summer vacation, when the children have returned from the country and the days have shortened and cooled so that the usual circle can sit round the evening lamp. Each of the children has a weekly allowance, and can therefore rely upon the possession of a fixed sum, which, for months preceding holidays and birthdays, is not broken in upon for taffy, or string, or apples, or marbles, or any of those small purchases in which the hearts of boys and girls delight. No Secretary of the Treasury at Washington ever puzzled his brain over financial problems more than these children puzzle theirs in the endeavor to make five dollars cover a wide circle of friends and relatives, or felt more delighted when a peculiarly happy solution has occurred to a vexed question.

Lessons are eagerly learned in the daytime, that the evenings may be given over to making out lists, to deciding on who is to receive a "gift" and who a "Christmas card" from these small hands, and how much money must be devoted to one mission and how much to another. By October knitting and crochet are in active operation; etchings and painting are in prospect, and work-baskets begin to fill up with richly-shaded wools, bright bits of satin, and delicate fragments of lace and muslin. Home-made articles are, of course, supplemented by some that are purchased, for who can go through the exhibitions of dainty wares that are made on every hand and fail to be tempted? Then comes the tug of war—the stowing away on shelves, in closets and drawers. What a trouble, and what a pleasure, it is to have to move them every time one wants a handkerchief or a pair of gloves! How certain one is to pile the heaviest bundles upon those things that we need the most frequently. Yet the contact sends a thrill of anticipation through every nerve every time it is felt, and makes us live our Christmas over and over again. For if "to feel is to live, and to remember, to live again," surely the anticipation is a still richer boon, for it is marred by none of the untoward accidents which may disturb the reality.

As Christmas Day approaches there are other activities which require attention. There is the cleaning and brightening, which in large cities and well-to-do families is usually left to the maids; but even in this department there are certain particulars—finishing touches—which require a finer hand and a more intelligent and cultivated perception. In fact, ladies themselves, in losing the old-fashioned ways of superintending and actually doing some of the work of sweeping and dusting—of "care-taking"—have lost much of the real pleasure of their belongings. No woman can possibly appreciate her surroundings until she becomes intimately acquainted with them; and she can only do this by working in and about them—by setting them in different lights, by discovering their possibilities and inherent qualities. It may seem absurd to suppose that all this will be the result of doing what to so many seems "disagreeable" work and taking "unnecessary" care and trouble. But it is not absurd, and it is true. Everything is, in a certain sense, alive, and possesses qualities which attach us to it, if we become well acquainted with them; and we like it so much better, and feel that it is so much more our own, through personal use, care, and contact.

One of the uses of the art-decorative era has been to make women, whose ordinary household duties are executed by servants, acquainted with their own homes and interested in their improvement. Finding out where to put a plaque, making a place for a cabinet, or adding bit by bit to a little

collection of china, leads to unexpected discoveries of the need of stricter watchfulness or more direct personal effort; and not a few modern households date the work of renovation from "mother's china craze."

I must say I pity men for not usually having any part or lot in the home Christmas activities. There are exceptions. Men of simple, natural tastes, and healthy love of domestic life, who will look after the Christmas Tree, assist in putting up the Christmas greens, and even put the power of their strong arms into the beating of the Christmas cake—but these instances are rare, and, as a rule, the women of the household are better pleased to have it so. Men are considered rather helpless and troublesome; and, if about, very much in the way, when anything unusual is going on; and the reason is that they are more ready to offer advice and opinions, in regard to matters with which they are unacquainted, than lend their strength where it is most needed.

It is a great comfort to have in the kitchen a handmaid, who is not only willing to help in all needful ways herself, but does not object to the presence of others, in what so many of this class are pleased to consider their own domain, with which even the mistress of the house has no right to "interfere." A great many American women, especially those resident in cities, resign all participation in domestic affairs, particularly those of the kitchen department, because they cannot endure a contest with the coarse, assertive individual who reigns there. But this is a great mistake. If the mistress of the house resigns the scepter, she may be sure the maid will take it up. A better way is to train young servants into the ways of the house—make them part of the family, to the extent, at least, of being interested partakers of its seasons of rejoicings, and pursue the even tenor and habits of a life. As a matter of course, they will quickly adapt themselves to the circumstances, if they are adaptable; and, if not, the quicker they are got rid of the better.

It has been said that the service, and universal character of the Christmas festival, gives to it one of its greatest charms; but it also widens greatly the circle of its activities. After all the thinking and the buying, the cutting and the making, the keeping carefully, and handling discreetly, right in the midst of the chopping and mixing, the boiling and the baking, the cleaning and the decorating, comes the necessity for sending away Christmas cards and Christmas packages, Christmas hampers and Christmas baskets. Some of these are to distant friends; some to poorer neighbors, and some, perhaps, to institutions that rely upon the charitable for "Christmas Trees" and "Christmas Dinners." The woman who attends to all these duties, who brings up her children to be her assistants in performing them, is doing a work for which in the future they can never sufficiently thank her, because it will have laid the foundation of a useful and happy life, besides filling the memory of their youth with the most pleasurable associations. Such boys and girls can never become vicious, for they will have an unfailing stock of sweet and wholesome influences to draw from; and, if any lapse should occur, they will surely be recalled to the right path by the memory of their home life and the desire to reproduce and perpetuate it.

Not the least of the Christmas influences is this: that it strengthens home ties; and in these days of club luxury, of individual selfishness, of temptations to young men to live for themselves alone, until too late to retrieve their mistake, it is of great importance to use every good means to increase the attractiveness of domestic life and differentiate it from the gregarious life of the hotel, club, and restaurant. This can be done by personal effort on the part of woman only; by a species of heroic effort should it be done, if need be, in the face of discouragement and seeming non-appreciation. All things are best done from a sense of duty, and because they are the right things to be done, for then they can be relied upon permanently; while if they are a matter of caprice, to please ourselves or somebody else, the act stops with the non-existence of the motive.

Let every one determine to make Christmas for some one else, even if it does not come to herself from the hands of others. We may not receive the special Christmas gift; but we cannot be deprived of the larger Christmas, that grand old Christmas that fills the air, that walks the streets, that shines through radiant eyes, that speaks through poem and story, that rings out in chimes; that inspired, that most beautiful of all anthems, ages and ages ago, of "PEACE on EARTH, and GOOD WILL to MEN." Can words ever be made to mean more than these, or predicate a future more divine? This is the note which has sounded through all the centuries; this is what Christmas must always mean for us. Let us bear it constantly in mind; let it make our thoughts more kind; our words more gentle; our hearts more free from selfishness and bitterness. Imagine what the world would be if it was all peace, and good will; it would be heaven! Let us not add one to the notes of discord that mar it. Let not our Christmas at any rate be tainted with unworthiness; but let us keep it bright as that good woman's dollars; who, when a friend remarked their clearness, and crispness, when she was paying for Christmas purchases, said: "Yes, I don't like to pay for gifts with dirty, or disfigured money; I save my brightest and cleanest money to give away, and to pay for gifts; for somehow it seems like offering my best: even though the sum be small that I give, or pay."

That is the true spirit, and it is this which makes all labor in connection with Christmas, light. But we cannot keep Christmas worthily if we do not live up to it through the year. We all know the woman now-a-days who "lives up to her blue china." She subordinates other things to her passion for the æsthetic idea. Let us make a passion of duty,—of the Christmas idea; let us shape expenditure so that the social festivals will have their due place; and let us put personal labor, and personal service into our Christmas-tide celebration, so that it will express our love, and not be a mere draft upon some other person's pocket—a lavish display of their generosity.

This is not intended as an excuse for the selfishness of men who appropriate the whole of the income, and grudgingly dole out what is required, and no more; treating their hard-worked wives with less consideration than servant-maids, and refusing often the most reasonable demands for such funds as are needed for family festival and social purposes. Such men are not fit to be husbands or fathers; they are not fit to participate in the millennial strain which at this one season of the year rises from so many hearts; and their wives, and those dependent upon them, are subjects for the profoundest pity. Unfortunately, it is not because women fail in duty that men are hard; often it is the best women who are tortured by hardness, and meanness, on the part of their husbands; and *vice versâ*, the selfish, indolent woman, who receives the most kindness and indulgence at the hands of her husband. But this is not because goodness creates its opposite, but because nature in bringing together opposites, preserves the equilibrium of its forces, and leaves the individual man and woman to deal with them as best they may.

All have something to bear; but do not let it mar our efforts to make Christmas a joyful season; or prevent us from an endeavor to obtain that mastery over ourselves, our own passions, our own tendencies to evil, as will most surely bring nearer that happy time when peace and good will shall reign upon the earth.

A Legend.

As the Lord Christ walked the streets of Heaven,
He heard a woman's pitiful moan,
And stood to listen, for how could sorrow
Come so near to the great white throne?

A moment, and then a white robed figure
Fell on the pavement at his feet,
Crying: "O, Savior, son of a woman,
I have sought my child in every street,

"And cannot find him; he's not in Heaven,
The child, dear Savior, thou gavest me;
Open the gates, that I may seek him.
Wherever he is, there I must be."

The mother's voice, so full of anguish,
Hushed the song of the angels near,
Awestruck they waited in anxious silence,
The answering words of the Lord to hear.

As, looking on her with tender pity,
He motioned the gates should be opened wide;
"The child I gave we will seek together,
Not one of mine shall be lost," He cried.

Then, sweet rang the angel harps and voices,
Wave of melody following wave,
As Christ and the mother went out from Heaven,
The child that was lost to seek and save.

They found him after long, long seeking,
'Mid depths of misery, shame and sin,
But the loving Christ, and faithful mother
Brought the poor wanderer safely in.

Now the Lord Christ walks the streets of Heaven,
Where sounds no more that pitiful moan;
For the gates are open, that each sad mother
May freely go out, and bring in her own.

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

AMONG THE PETS.
(FROM A PAINTING BY K. HEYDEN.)

Among the Pets.

THIS charming little sketch is a work of the *genre* Artist Karl Heyden, who was born in Cologne, in 1845, painted at the Düsseldorf Academy, and with Wilhelm Sohn, afterwards travelled, studying in Germany, Belgium, and France, at first painting portraits and distinguishing himself in Cologne and Berlin, but at last gave himself up entirely to *genre* painting, and settled in Dusseldorf. Among his latest works are numerous fine pictures of children, from which we have selected one of the most pleasing.

The little girl is surrounded by her feathered pets, among whom she is about to distribute the corn in the dish which she carries in her hand. One bolder than the rest has mounted to her shoulder; the staid old rooster is waiting with solemn expectation; the hen, meanwhile, taking advantage of his mood, to pick a bit on her own account. The detail of the picture is admirable.

"Bunchie's" Christmas.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

O DEAR, I don't see why I was ever born. It was the little humpbacked girl who spoke out aloud to the silence, for there was no one else to hear. "Margaret Conover" she had been christened, but everybody called her "Bunchie," because she was all in a little heap.

She sat at her attic window, with her embroidery lying idle in her lap, while she watched the gay whirl of sleighs go by, bearing happy people on shopping expeditions, and others laden down with mysterious parcels, boxes, and bundles.

It was the day before Christmas in New York City, and the whole world seemed abroad in the streets, and nearly everybody looked so happy.

Bunchie lived all alone in a little room in the fifth story of a boarding-house, and she did fine needlework—embroideries—and fancy work for a living, and sold them from door to door.

She was sixteen now, though no larger than a child of ten, and the face that looked out from her deformed shoulders was a very sweet face indeed. But just now it was clouded, and the blue eyes, usually so smiling, were full of discontent.

"I don't see why I could not have been like other people—I don't see why I had to be deformed."

Ah, Bunchie! we could have told you why, but we do not think it would have made you any happier. But it came about just in this way: Your father was what is generally known as a "fast" young man, and he took unto himself for a wife a girl who was already well in the grasp of that fatal disease, consumption. But she lived long enough to bring three children into the world—one so devoured by scrofula that it died after a few miserable weeks of existence; one, Bunchie's brother, who had died two years previous of quick consumption; and Bunchie herself, in whom the impure blood took another phase, and twisted her poor spine out of shape.

The father died when the children were infants; the mother a few years later, and left the two poor victims of a rash and wicked marriage to struggle on alone. The boy sold papers, and Bunchie was taught to read and work and use her needle by a benevolent institution, which would have claimed her services still longer, and given her shelter, had not her brother needed her care. She left the shelter of the home for poor girls to sit by her brother's cot in his attic room, till he died, and she had kept the room ever since.

"Walter died here, and it somehow is more like home than the school," she said to the kind matron who came to urge her return.

"But it is not quite safe for you to live here alone," the matron said. "You are almost sixteen now—quite a young lady."

Bunchie shook her head.

"No harm will be likely to come to one like me," she said. "I am too hideous to attract danger. It is a very good thing sometimes to be ugly."

But this Christmas eve she did not feel that it was a good thing. She felt very unhappy indeed. Across the street was a window two floors below, but directly opposite her own. At that window she often saw a beautiful face—a young girl's face, with peachy cheeks and dark eyes, and a great mass of blonde hair: and she would sit at the window looking up the street, until she saw a tall man coming, wrapped in a great ulster, which covered him all save his long, waxed mustache and his black eyes, that always looked up at the window as he passed beneath it. And then he ran up the steps, and the fair face at the window disappeared.

Sometimes the two would appear at the window together a moment, the dark head bent over the blonde one, and both faces were always smiling.

"If I were only like her," Bunchie mused as she watched her fair neighbor this Christmas eve. "She is young and beautiful and beloved. She has everything to make life a blessing. She is watching for her husband, and he will come presently, with his arms full of gifts for her, to make her Christmas a happy one."

Sure enough, when the tall man in the long ulster came in sight his pockets were distended, and his arms full of parcels, and the fair face at the window smiled radiantly, and then disappeared.

"I wonder if I will ever have a happy Christmas," mused Bunchie sadly as she resumed her work. "How I dread to-morrow—just to sit here and think and think, all alone by myself. But then the day cannot last forever."

It seemed as if it would, though, when it came, and over and over Bunchie said to herself, "I wonder if I will ever have a happy Christmas?" And once she had a splendid idea come to her—she thought she would begin and save money to buy herself some Christmas gifts next year, and that she would have them sent home from the shops on Christmas eve, and would mix up the parcels so to wonder what each contained before she opened them, and she would tuck one or two of them into her stocking at night, so to find it there in the morning; and she laughed aloud at the absurdity of her idea.

"One thing I am sure of," she said; "I can never have a lovelier day than this has been; so it is safe to hope I may have brighter ones."

And indeed there were brighter days ahead for Bunchie. The winter passed, and the spring came, and the summer went by, and it was September. Bunchie went about with her delicate wares, first into one part of the city, then another, and always with more or less success; for her handiwork was rare and beautiful, and her prices very modest.

One day she rang the bell of a stately home, where she had never before been. She was shown into the presence of a lovely lady, whose sweet smile won its way to her heart at once.

"I am sure she means to buy," Bunchie thought; and, sure enough, the sweet lady bought her whole stock of embroideries.

"Did you do these yourself?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, and I do ever so many other kinds of needlework,—finer still."

"Where do you live?" was the next question.

Bunchie told her.

"All alone?"

"All alone."

The young lady was silent a moment, and then she called a servant.

"Tell mother I want to see her," she said.

A stately matron came in response to the summons. The two ladies conferred together a few moments in a low voice. Then the young lady turned to Bunchie, with a sweet smile.

"Would you be willing to come here and stay for two or three months," she asked, "and work for me? I have a large wardrobe to get ready for the holidays, and I have

never seen work so exquisite as yours. But I should want you to do it under my eye. Will you come?"

Bunchie could scarcely speak, her surprise and delight were so extreme; but she managed to say she would come.

"Name a day, and I will call for you with the carriage, or send for you," the young lady said, and Bunchie replied: "To-morrow afternoon," and then looked at her patron in affright lest she had been too precipitate; but the young lady smiled again and said, "Very well," and took Bunchie's street and number, and gave her her own card whereon was engraved "Ethelyn Saunders."

Bunchie scarcely slept at all that night, and it seemed to her the afternoon would never come; but it did come, and with it Miss Saunders in her carriage, who bore Bunchie away like a princess in a fairy tale.

Just as the carriage started, Bunchie put her head out of the window. "I want to take one last look at my neighbor," she said. "There she is sitting at the window with her baby on her breast. Oh! how she has changed."

"A friend of yours?" queried Miss Saunders, glancing up the lovely white face that stared through the window like atue. "Why, how very white and sad her face is."

know it," said Bunchie, as she settled back in the e, with a sigh. "I fear I shall never see her again. she is going to die."

aps you would like to go up and say good-bye," nders said, her heart ever open to sympathy. "If t have the carriage wait for you."

s you, no! I never spoke to her in my life," laughed ; "but, all the same, she is the only thing I regret " And then she told Miss Saunders all she knew of r opposite neighbor.

"I used to envy her so all last Winter, she looked so happy; but now for months, before the baby came and after, she has looked just so sad and pale. Poor thing! I shall miss her if she dies."

Miss Saunders looked at Bunchie's sweet face curiously during her recital.

"You must have led a very lonely life," she said, "to feel such an interest in a stranger."

"Lonely! Why, bless your sweet face, Miss, I have not anybody in the world who cares for me since Walter died. It is not for such as me to make friends; but I amuse myself by thinking about people who seem nice, as if they were my friends, and it's most the same. That girl over there has been lots of company for me, and it's done her no harm, I'm sure."

"You are a strange child," Miss Saunders said, musingly, "and I am sure I am going to like you and be your friend. You have such a sweet face, dear. Did you know it?"

"I! a sweet face?" stammered Bunchie, blushing rosy red. "I thought I was the ugliest thing in the world." And this first compliment the poor deformed child had ever received in all her sad life made the world seem brighter to her for days.

They were very happy weeks that followed, to Bunchie. She enjoyed all the comforts of a lovely home, and the companionship of a sweet woman, for the first time in her life.

Never did her needle fly so fast, and never did she do such beautiful work, and she sang all day long at her labor.

It was natural to Ethelyn Saunders to make pets of people whom she liked. And she at once made a special pet of this sweet-faced little cripple. She made a confidant of her, in a measure, too, and let her know that the wonderful wardrobe she was having so much work put upon was for her wedding trousseau.

There came frequently to the Saunders mansion a man of remarkably fine appearance who seemed on very familiar footing. "Dr. Jack" they called him, though his real name was John Steenland, M.D. He often dropped in to lunch or to dinner, and not infrequently was admitted into the sewing-room and stood in the midst of the pretty disarray of fine fabrics, chatting easily and brightly with Miss Ethelyn and occasionally speaking a pleasant word to Bunchie. He was frank faced and fine-looking, if not handsome; and to Bunchie he seemed a veritable prince. Her face lighted as Miss Saunders spoke of her forthcoming wedding.

"Then you are going to marry Dr. Jack?" she cried, clasping her little hands. "Oh! I thought so. And won't it be lovely. He is so grand."

Miss Saunders blushed, and hastened to say:

"No, no, dear; it is not Dr. Jack at all. It is some one much nicer, some one you have never seen; but he is coming next month. His name is Harris—Chauncey Harris."

Bunchie's face fell. "He could not be nicer than Dr, Jack," she said.

Miss Saunders laughed. "You would delight father and mother," she said, "with your admiration of Dr. Jack. They think there is no one like him. I have known him ever since we were little children, and we are quite like brother and sister."

"Dr. Jack does not think of you in a brotherly way at all," said Bunchie, wisely shaking her head.

"What do you know about such things?" laughed Miss Saunders, blushing again.

"Not much; but I know that," was Bunchie's reply. "And though I am sure your lover must be very nice if you care for him, I cannot help wishing it was Dr. Jack."

"I must tell Dr. Jack what an ardent admirer he has," Ethelyn said; but this time it was Bunchie who flushed crimson, and cried out quickly: "No, no; don't, please!" And then, for the first time, it occurred to Miss Saunders that Bunchie was a young woman, with a woman's modesty and sensitiveness. It seemed odd to think of her so.

"I am glad you are not to be married until after Christmas," Bunchie said to Miss Saunders one day; and Miss Saunders queried: "Why, dear?"

"Because, of course, I shall have nothing to stay here for after you go away. And all my life I have hoped I might sometime have a happy Christmas. I shall have my wish, if I can only be here with you that day; but, if you were to go away before that, it would be the very loneliest Christmas of all I have ever known."

A mist came into Miss Ethelyn's sweet eyes.

"You shall certainly have a happy Christmas, dear," she said, "if it lies in my power to make it for you, and I think it does."

A few weeks later Chauncey Harris, the accepted lover, came. He was very tall, and very elegant, and very polished, and what was generally termed a handsome man. But in Bunchie's eyes he did not compare with Dr. Jack.

Ethelyn had met him at the sea-shore a few months previous, and he had at once laid siege to her heart, and won, much to the disappointment of her parents and Dr. Jack.

"He comes of good family, and his business and social relations are unexceptionable," Mr. Saunders said to his wife as they discussed the matter; "but somehow I do not like the fellow. I cannot understand Ethelyn's infatuation."

"He is considered very fascinating in society," Mrs. Saunders replied; "but I would far rather see Ethelyn the wife of Dr. Jack; and I never for an instant expected anything else until she met this man, nor did Dr. Jack."

"Dr. Jack was unwise not to speak sooner," the father responded. "Girls do not like to have a man daily along and take things for granted. They like to be made love to, and this new lover knew how to win."

"But you know why Dr. Jack did not speak? His motive was a noble one," Mrs. Saunders said. "After his fortune was sunk in those speculations he determined to retrieve it by his own efforts, and to make a name and a place among professional men before he asked for Ethelyn's hand. He told me this, and said he thought a long engagement a great injustice to the lady, and would never speak one word of love to Ethelyn until he could ask for a speedy marriage. This blow has come upon him very suddenly, and yet he bears it heroically; but I cannot help wishing he were the man to whom we are to resign the happiness of our daughter."

"It seems so queer and tantalizing," Bunchie said aloud one day as she sat at her embroideries.

"What, dear?" asked Miss Ethelyn.

"Why, the curious resemblance Mr. Harris bears to somebody—I don't know who. Every time I see him I feel as if I had seen him, or known him, in some other time or form, and I can never recall when, or how, or where."

"These resemblances *are* tantalizing," responded Miss Ethelyn; "but I think Mr. Harris is not like any one I ever saw. He is himself," and Miss Ethelyn cast a fond glance at the large cabinet picture of her lover which stood upon her dresser. "He is the most elegant man I ever saw."

Bunchie was silent. The truth was she felt an instinctive dislike for the elegant Mr. Harris, which was in no way lessened by that gentleman's treatment of her. He looked upon her with an almost unconcealed disgust—when he was compelled to look at or speak to her. Ordinarily he ignored her, as he might a cat or dog.

"Why do you keep that dreadful creature about you so much?" he had said to Ethelyn one day, and then, as she had looked up at him with startled, reproving eyes, he had added: "I cannot help it, dear. I have a natural horror of deformities. I shrink from them just in the degree that I am drawn to beauty. But forgive me for speaking so unfeelingly of your pet; only, dear, after we are married you must get some one else to do your fancy work for you. I cannot submit to seeing her about."

The days flew by, and the holidays were nearing. The most wonderful and beautiful trousseau that money and art could conceive was near completion. Mr. Harris had been absent from the city now for nearly a month, and to-night he was expected back. Ethelyn was in a state of feverish excitement. In a little more than a week she would be a wife. The wedding was set for the second of January: this was the twenty-third of December. It was a perfect night—crisp, cold, with a full moon.

Bunchie had been out for a walk with Miss Ethelyn, when, as they stood on the marble steps waiting for the great door to be opened and admit them, some one came down the street with a swift, swinging stride, and up the path that led to the steps where they stood waiting.

Some one enveloped in a long ulster, with the collar drawn up to keep out the cold, and only his long, waxed mustache and his brilliant black eyes visible.

"Oh, Chauncey!" cried Miss Ethelyn, and, forgetful of appearances and surroundings, she was in his arms. Just then the door slowly swung back, and Bunchie glided in and up the stairs to her little room. She closed the door and sat down panting and breathless, with her hands pressed upon her breast.

It had all come to her now—the queer, haunting resemblance that had so tantalized her. So soon as she saw him in the long ulster again she knew this Chauncey Harris was the man for whom her fair blonde neighbor used to wait—the man she had supposed was the girl's husband, and the father of her child.

Oh, could it be! and was he deceiving Miss Saunders, or was he deserting some one who ought to be his wife to marry this rich and beautiful heiress? Bunchie was not very wise, and yet she was not as ignorant of the ways of the world as a girl who had always been sheltered in a quiet home might be at her age. She pondered all night long on the mystery, and awoke in the morning hollow-eyed and pale.

"You look ill, dearie," Miss Ethelyn said as Bunchie sat at her work. "You must not be sick to-morrow, for you know it is Christmas day, and you are to have your first happy Christmas. You have no idea what pleasant surprises are in wait for you."

Bunchie's eyes sparkled for a moment, and then her face grew sad again. She was carried back to last Christmas, and with memories of that day came her grave fears again of Chauncey Harris's honor.

She went and knelt by Miss Saunders' chair.

"I want you to tell me one thing," she said, earnestly. "If some one found out that the man you loved was a bad man, that he meant to wrong you or had wronged some one else cruelly by loving you, should you hate that person for telling you of it—for unmasking him?"

Miss Saunders looked down into the earnest, tearful face, with wonder and amazement.

"Why, what *do* you mean, child?" she asked.

"Tell me! Answer me!" cried Bunchie.

"Well, then, if such were the case, I should think it the *duty* of any one who cared for me to tell me before it was too late. I should want to know it. Have you heard—do you know anything of this kind, Bunchie?"

But Bunchie shook her head, and rose to her feet and resumed her work. "I have heard nothing. I know nothing," she said.

"But you had some motive in asking so strange a question," Miss Saunders insisted. "I think you ought to tell me what it was, Bunchie."

"I will tell you to-morrow," was Bunchie's reply. "You know to-morrow is to be a day of surprises to both of us."

That afternoon Bunchie asked Miss Saunders if she might go out for a few hours.

And she came up and kissed Ethelyn very tenderly before she went.

Two hours later Miss Saunders discovered that the cabinet-picture of her lover was missing from its frame. She called the whole household up and questioned all the servants; but no one knew anything of the picture.

"It is very queer," mused Ethelyn. "Can it be that Bunchie's dislike of Mr. Harris has caused her to hide his picture? She would hardly dare do such a thing."

No, Bunchie had not hidden the picture. At that moment she was displaying it in a small room, tastefully furnished, up three flights of stairs; and she was saying to a frail, large-eyed girl, who sat with one foot on the rocker of a cradle:

"I want you to answer me a few questions. First, do you know whose picture I have here?"

The girl leaned her blonde head over the picture, and started back with a cry.

"That is my husband," she said. "How did *you* come by his picture?"

"What is his name?" queried Bunchie, with the air of a cross-examining lawyer.

"His name is Chauncey—Harold Chauncey."

Bunchie nodded her head.

"Are you willing to swear to this?" she asked. "And how long have you been married?"

"Fifteen months," answered the girl, "and I am not afraid to swear to these things if need be; but I must first know what right you have to come here and interfere."

"Your husband does not come home to you as often as he used to," Bunchie ventured.

The girl's lip quivered. "No. His business calls him away from the city a great deal; and he is going away next week, to be gone six months. He goes abroad to foreign lands on business for the firm of which he is a member. Oh, what will I do during all these lonely months?"

Bunchie could bear no more. She took the picture in her hand and started toward the door. Just as she reached it, it swung open and Chauncey Harris stood on the threshold.

The two looked each other in the eye steadily for one moment. In Bunchie's gaze there was loathing, scorn, defiance, and victory. In his there was hate, rage, murder.

She made a movement as if to pass by him; and he lifted his hand and struck her.

"Take that!" he hissed between his clenched teeth, "you humpbacked spy!"

She reeled, missed her footing, and fell headlong down the long flight of stairs.

He looked down after her and saw that she lay quite still on the landing, and closed the door.

A man coming up the lower flights of stairs found her a moment later. She could only speak in a whisper:

"Do not try to move me," she said. "I want her—Miss Saunders—No. 109 Blank Street. Go and bring her—tell her Bunchie has fallen and is hurt."

He hastened away to do her bidding. A moment later Chauncey Harris opened the door above and came out. He was very pale, and his hand shook. He spoke angrily to the trembling girl, who tried to sheer past him into the darkened passage.

"I tell you to stay in the room, and mind your own affairs," he said. "You are not supposed to know anything about this matter. No one saw the accident but you. Keep your mouth shut. Good night."

She never saw him again. He paused by the little heap of suffering humanity, and touched her with his foot.

"You will learn to mind your own business in the future, I hope, you misshapen sneak!" he muttered. Just then the man, who had dispatched a messenger for Miss Saunders, returned. Mr. Harris was leaning over the girl with evident concern.

"What is this?" he asked. "What has happened to this poor child?"

"She has fallen down the stairs, and seriously, I fear fatally, injured herself," the man replied. "I have just sent for her friends and for a physician, and I shall wait here until they come."

Mr. Harris expressed his sympathy and went his way.

It seemed a long time before Miss Saunders came. As the man sat there on the landing by the suffering girl, the door at the head of the stairs opened cautiously and a pale, scared face looked out. Then a slight girlish form came down the stairs and knelt by Bunchie.

"What is it?" she asked; and the man answered her as he had answered Chauncey Harris. The blonde head was bent low over Bunchie, and the fair hands were stroking her poor aching limbs, when Miss Saunders came.

"Oh Bunchie, darling Bunchie," she cried, throwing herself on her knees beside her pet. "What has happened?"

Bunchie whispered very slow and low, "I—fell and hurt me—and I think I shall not live. If I could only be carried back to your room, dear Miss Ethelyn. But it hurts me so to stir."

"Dr. Jack is just outside—we will call him," Miss Saunders said.

"Dr. Jack? Oh, I am so glad," and Bunchie's face grew glorified.

Between them all they managed to lift her, and bear her down to the carriage. Something fell as they went down the stairs. Miss Ethelyn picked it up.

"Why, what is this?" she asked; but the blonde girl reached out her hand for it.

"It is my husband's picture," she said. "I do not know how she came by it."

Ethelyn paused suddenly, and faced the woman who had spoken. She still held the picture in her hand. A flickering gaslight fell upon the face, and brought out all its sinister beauty.

"He is not your husband," Miss Saunders said, haughtily, "and the picture belongs to me. This girl took it from my room a few hours ago, for what purpose I do not know."

"He *is* my husband," the blonde girl answered, a hot color springing to her pale cheek. "He is the father of my child—the child who sleeps up stairs—the child who is the image of him. I do not know why *you* should have his picture in your room—the picture of another woman's husband."

"Because I am to be his wife next Thursday," Miss Saunders answered coldly. "There is evidently some mistake. I beg you will excuse me. Good night." She swept down to the carriage, and they rolled away—poor Bunchie moaning at every turn of the wheels. Dr. Jack and another physician accompanied them home, and remained with the sufferer all night. But when the morning came, Christmas morning, they all knew Bunchie must die. She was not suffering any pain now, and she could talk without so much effort.

"I want everybody to go away but you two," she said. "Dr. Jack to support my head; Miss Ethelyn to hold my hand, while I tell my story." And so they sat and listened to the end of her recital.

"A year ago," she said, "I was so wicked as to wonder why I was ever born—a poor misshapen creature—and I envied that beautiful blonde girl across the way. But God has made me an instrument to unveil deception, and to save one I love from a life of misery, and now I am willing to die and glad that I have lived."

"No, no, dear," cried Miss Ethelyn, "you must not die; we must—we will save you, and take care of you always to repay you for what you have done for us. Bitter as the truth is, I can never do enough to repay you for making it known to me in time. You *must* live, dear."

Bunchie smiled sadly.

"I have nothing to live for," she said. "I am glad to go; and God is good to let me die like this, with his arms about me. I do not mind telling you now, I am so near the other world, that a great, wild, hopeless love has grown day by day in my heart for you, Dr. Jack. You will not be shocked and disgusted now, will you, since I am so near death? I could not help it—indeed, I could not. My heart was like other women's, though my body was deformed, and you were so good, so grand, so noble; and now I have saved one you love from a life of misery—saved her for you, and I am content to go." She was silent for a moment, and then she spoke again.

"I shall have my happy Christmas, after all," she said, and gave one fluttering breath, and they looked upon her dead face with streaming eyes.

Chauncey Harris was never again seen in New York. The woman, who believed herself to be his wife, waited for him through hapless, despairing weeks, and then the merciful grave closed over her; and Dr. Jack's wife—she who was Ethelyn Saunders—took home the worse than orphaned child, and raised it as her own.

Every Christmas day a wreath of holly is laid upon a little grave in Greenwood Cemetery, the grave where Bunchie sleeps.

"Ophelia."

(See Page Engraving.)

THE painter of the picture from which our engraving is taken belongs to the realistic school, but he does not carry his ideas to the verge of extravagance. He preserves better than most of his compeers the *juste milieu* between the two opposites of Pre-Raphaelism natural and Pre-Raphaelism unnatural; or, in other words, he shows us that the art to which this title has been given may be made attractive, just as others have seemed to labor only for the purpose of showing its repulsiveness. The picture we give is an example. Here, every blade of grass, every leaf and flower, are given with the most exquisite delicacy and the most scrupulous fidelity, and yet there appears no over-strained elaboration.

The graver's art, faithful though it is in some respects, fails to convey the color at once rich and brilliant, both in the gradation of green verdure, and in the twilight sky, deepening in the horizon into the intensest purple. On the trunk of a tree sits the distraught maiden :—

> "There is a willow grows askant the brook,
> That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
> Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
> Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples."

A sweet child-like face is Ophelia's; its look of vacancy scarcely dimming its beauty; the absence of reason developing itself rather in her actions, as she drops the white blossoms into the slowly-flowing stream, and watches them quietly floating away, than in her countenance. The whole figure, as it appears in the picture, suggests the idea of an exquisite cameo in a setting of rich enamels. The composition is, undoubtedly, that of an artist whose mind has thoroughly felt his subject, and given to it a truly poetic rendering, and this impression is indorsed by high authorities; notably that of the great author of "Modern Painters," Mr. Ruskin, who speaks of Mr. Hughes, the painter of this picture, as a "leader" of the modern naturalistic school.

European Letter No. 10.

ROME, ITALY, *April 12th*, 1881.

ONE bright afternoon a party of us started to make a visit to the Capuchin Church—which was founded by the order of monks of that name. When we reached the gray old place, we were shown into it by one of these monks who first exhibited to us Guido's famous painting of the Archangel Michael, and then led the way to the horrible place underneath, which had most attracted us here. This is a charnel-house where the bones of the dead Capuchin monks are preserved. It is divided off into roomy chambers, and in each and all are bones! bones! bones! There are archways formed of piled-up skulls—hanging-baskets made of skeleton arms and legs—daisies are formed of shoulder blades—and wreaths and crosses of knee-caps and elbows. On the walls and ceilings are all sorts of geometrical figures formed of the same cheerful materials. Some of the poor old grinning monks were dressed in their priestly garments, and stood up on end in niches formed of bones, looking ghastly enough, poor old things! with parts of their once luxurious beards fallen off, showing more plainly the yellow teeth. This regular arrangement of bones was anything but a gloomy sight, but seemed rather to excite a feeling of the ludicrous. With gay girls it is not possible to be solemn anywhere, and I fear we all gazed upon these tokens of the tomb in anything but a reverend manner. One of our number remarked that while going through the catacombs under Paris, she had punched a tooth from one of the skulls with the point of her parasol, and meant to have it set as an ornament for a watch chain! This excited the cupidity of the others; so, leaving me with our two chaperones, they ran into one of the far rooms and began to try and pull at the horrid old yellow teeth of the skulls. This was carrying relic-hunting quite too far to suit me, and I went back to tell them so, but my qualms of conscience were met by scorn. A charming black-eyed New York girl was working manfully—or womanfully—at a splendid big tooth that belonged to a skull in the middle of one of the arches, and supporting other skulls on top of it; suddenly there was a crackling and rattling of bones and the whole arch began to give way. Choking with laughter they all cried out to me to run forward to where the monk was and try to divert his attention. Thinking they would now relinquish it, I went to him and began to speak some very hysterical French; but I had no sooner reached him than I heard a fearful clatter of skulls upon the hard marble pavement, mingled with agonies of suppressed laughter. The chaperones began to look as black as thunder clouds—one of them called for her daughter to come immediately to her, and I looked uneasily at the friar. The man must have been deaf, for he seemed not to have heard a word. Presently three very red-faced, naughty-looking American girls passed meekly out into the daylight, and we followed after. When we were safely out of sight, two yellow old molars were triumphantly shown as the result of the amateur dentistry. One of the ladies told them that ghosts would surely present themselves that night in the shapes of Capuchin friars, come to resent the sacrilege and to claim their bones, or teeth, as the skeleton did in the fairy story of "Where's my bones!" Well, it is quite certain that after our visit there would have to be a repiling of skulls, and also that two of them would be one tooth short. These Capuchin monks and the spare sad lives they lead, is quite touching. They are allowed but one robe in three years; these they must cut and make themselves. They are of coarse brown stuff, and fall in straight folds to their feet, which are bare, with the exception of being thrust into wooden sandals. Over these gowns is a cape with a cowl or hood. This garment is worn over the nude body, with no other protection from the cold, and as they must wear them sleeping and waking during the whole three years, one would think they must be worn to pieces. Over the shaven crown is worn a black cap. Their beards are never cut, consequently they grow long and bushy. They are not permitted to bathe, and must therefore be very untidy. I often look upon the brown procession of holy fathers as they file through the streets with great pity. Life must be to them one long mortification of the flesh. One wonders how they live to be such old men, when they must kneel at prayers on the cold stones of dark, chilling cathedrals, or walk with bare feet through the cold wet streets. Rome is so filled with churches that it takes days and days to see them. We go into one to see some fine picture; into another to find some celebrated statue; into another for an altar or a candlestick, until one begins to wish they could all be gathered together into one large museum. Under one of these churches is the old Mamertine Prison that has held so many distinguished prisoners. We directed our steps there one morning. Over the door of the church is a *bas-relief* of St. Peter and St. Paul peering from behind their prison bars. Priests usually guide us through the churches—and so it was this time. We explained to him that we wished to see the dungeon below. He therefore lighted two candles and conducted us through a stone entry, and down narrow reeking steps into a deep stone well, as it seemed to me. Underneath this was still another well; and it was in this dark, airless, lightless dungeon that so many have suffered and died. It was so deeply dark that the feeble candlelight could scarcely light even a few steps before us. The floor felt slimy and slippery under our feet, and the walls were dripping with the filth and smell of ages. And were St. Peter and St. Paul really imprisoned here? And was it here that Jugurtha starved to death? and that Perseus, the last

of the Macedonian kings, dragged on years and years of miserable life? and that Catiline's accomplices were strangled by Cicero's order? Truly, this darksome dungeon is a place of wonderful historic interest. Poor old St. Peter must have been determined to get out of this unhappy abode, for he hit his head so violently against the stone sides, that they show to this day the impression of his head in the stone. The priest went so far as to say, that even the imprint of his features were there—but the closest scrutiny failed to show it to us. It is said, also, that so many people came to St. Peter to be baptized, that a miraculous well of water flowed from the floor of the dungeon for his convenience. The spring of water is there yet; but it looked very much to me as though it had been dug by natural means, and filled with water, to convince unbelievers. Near this well is the pillar to which St. Peter was bound, a great, black iron thing. Upon the dark stone walls are deep scratches where the chained prisoners had dug their finger-nails in their agonies and writhings. What a horrible, horrible place! I looked around uneasily in the darkness, imagining toads and lizards crawling over me at every step; and, when the priest opened another iron door in the side of the black wall, showing a deep, dark tunnel, we drew back in fear and asked to be taken up to the daylight. This tunnel led into the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, which reach for miles and miles, meeting those we have already explored. We shuddered at the thoughts of again going in them, and hastily followed the candlelight of the priest up the slimy old stairs and into the sweet light of day. From here we walked on a short distance until we reached a church, in the vestibule of which is the famous old "Mask of Truth." This is something like a big, round grindstone, with eyes, nose, and mouth carved in it. The mouth is gaping open, and it was by this the old Romans used to swear. They believed that, if they would place their hands in this open mouth and swear to a lie, the lips would instantly close upon them. We were extremely skeptical as to the closing power of those stony lips, and concluded to perjure ourselves and test the supernatural power of this old face. So one after the other of us put our hands in the gaping mouth, and solemnly swore to most dreadful lies; but, as one of the gentlemen exclaimed, the lips would not close "worth a cent;" from which we concluded its shutting days must be over! Out of this we went into another of Rome's world of churches, where we saw Michael Angelo's beautiful statue of Christ. This figure was originally nude; but is now covered by bronze drapery, which spoils the symmetry of it. It is a touching thing, as it bends under the weight of the huge cross of marble. In the convent of this same church is where Galileo was tried for heresy. What an advance in astronomy we have made since those days when they tried him, because he said the earth moved around the sun. He was so convinced that he was right, that, even after they had forced him to swear that he was wrong, he said, under his breath, "But I know it *does* move around the sun!" On our return home from our morning's walk, we decided to go through the Gheddo, which is the Jewish quarter of Rome. If Cologne is worse than the Gheddo, with its hundred or so distinct odors, I shall be ill when I reach it. Every three houses we passed had a newer and worse one than the last—onions, garlic, putrid meat, decaying fish, spoiled maccaroni. What was there not? The pavement was literally reeking; and curly-headed, uncombed, unwashed humanity swarmed thick as bees before us as we walked. What it was like in the horrid holes of houses we passed I dare not imagine. We did not even look in the doors, we were so busy in choosing clean, or, rather, less dirty, stones to step upon. We were glad when we emerged into the cleaner streets, and sprang into a carriage to reach home in time for luncheon. It is pleasant after so many gloomy churches and prisons to turn to the thoughts of Guido's famous beauty—the Beatrice Cenci. It hangs in the palace of the Prince Barberini. The palace is a very beautiful one, with bees, the arms of the family, crawling over curtains, thrones, pedestals, and fountains; but one's whole interest seems to centre in this one precious possession. How often I have wished to see the picture of this young girl, who, it is whispered, murdered her own father. People even to this day do not say this above their breaths—for to look at the sweet, innocent face, it seems to reproach one for such thoughts. The picture is said to have been painted by Guido upon the night before her execution, while she sat in her prison cell. It hangs modestly in a corner of one of the galleries, and at first one has a feeling of surprise at the smallness and simpleness of this great picture which is known familiarly by the whole world. The face is sweet and girlish: she looks not more than sixteen. The eyes are soft and brown, with a redness about the veins as if she had been weeping. Go which way you will these eyes will never look upon you. Always there is a far-off evasive look in their brown depths, as if they would defy the question you would ask of them. The world is full of so-called copies of this picture, but how could they be like the real Beatrice when it is only recently that artists have been allowed to copy it? and even now it is forbidden that they shall make it the same size, it must be either smaller or larger. However, artists may copy and copy it, they never can imitate the immortal sadness, the touching youth and beauty of that face. And now after so many wanderings among old pictures and old statues, we wished to see some modern ones. We thought of our fellow-countryman, Mr. Rogers, the sculptor. Accordingly we went one morning to visit his studio. He came forward with great affability to meet us. He is a large, portly man, with a full, dark face, and long beard. Upon his head he wore an artist's cap; his jacket was of brown material, and was finished with a deep ruffle around the bottom; he looked quite the artist that he is! He showed us first his beautiful statue of Somnambula. She is represented as a pure, innocent young girl, who, with closed eyes, walks slowly along with a lamp in her hand; the face is most delicately moulded. Near this is his statue of Nydia—Bulwer's blind girl of Pompeii. She, too, has a beautiful face, and bends painfully forward with her hand to her ears that she may catch the sounds. In her other hand she carries a staff upon which she leans, her drapery flowing gracefully about her. Another crouching figure was of Ruth holding in her arms a sheaf of wheat. Opposite is a statue of Isaac, a lovely boy with bandaged hands, kneeling upon the funeral pyre of logs. His last work, which he told us has just been finished, and in which he evidently takes more pride than in any of his others, is called the Lost Pleiad. It is the image of an immortal maiden floating in the air, her feet upon a pedestal of clouds; she shades her eyes with her hands, and looks sadly backwards, her long hair floating over her shoulders and her loose garments streaming over the white, perfect feet. Mr. Rogers told us the story of this airy maiden. She, one of the seven Pleiades, has fallen in love with a mortal man, and comes down to earth to meet him, but looks regretfully back at her sisters as she quits them forever. It is at this moment of looking back that he has chiseled her. He has caught a most touching expression of love and sadness upon her face. He then took us into where the workmen were carving these lovely images out of huge blocks of marble. Taking us to a half-blocked-out figure he asked if we recognized it, but in the veiled and rough marble we did not. He then told us that another beautiful Nydia was imprisoned there, and would burst her prison bonds in a few days; in other words, the knife of the workman was slowly making of the cold stone a living likeness. Another figure of her that was almost finished was perforated everywhere with black pencil dots, to be smoothed away by the hand of the finisher. One imagines on seeing these lovely statues, that all of the work is done by the sculptor himself, without thinking of the hours of labor these trained and patient workmen must spend in carving out from the plaster casts before them. We looked at a sweet bust of his little daughter, with a butterfly alighting on her shoulder, a bronze group of Indian warriors, and at a statue of Abraham Lincoln, then shaking hands we took our leave. And now our pleasant stay in Rome approaches a close. To-night we shall make a pilgrimage to the Trevi Fountain and drink of its waters, that we may insure a return to this city of palaces and ruins. The superstition of this fountain is, that upon the eve before leaving one must go to it, and dipping as much water out of it as the hollow of the hand will hold, must drink it, and then cast in a coin. After doing this one is sure to return to Rome. If, however, one looks upon the fountain afterwards, or drinks more of the water of Rome the charm is broken. The beggar-boys of Rome appreciate this throwing of sous by the tourists, and the fountain is usually surrounded by ragged urchins who dive for the coins. We therefore do not bid farewell to Rome, as this draught of the fountain of Trevi must surely bring us back.

A NEW YORK GIRL ABROAD.

What Women are Doing.

Young women study architectural and mechanical draughting at Swarthmore, the Quaker College.

Miss Harris, daughter of the late secretary of Harvard College, is to have charge of the secretary's office during the coming year.

Mrs. Jessie Fremont Ferris, a niece of General John C. Fremont, has made her *début* as an actress, with the intention of remaining on the stage.

Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, now 72 years old, keeps her youth beautifully, and not only revises her Shakespeare Concordance for a new edition, but the other evening played "Mrs. Malaprop" in an amateur performance of Sheridan's comedy in London, "with great grace and vigor."

Mrs. Hathaway, of Wisconsin, who read a fine paper on Schopenhauer at the Concord school, is a young German woman, whose husband is a prairie farmer and poet, and has just published a volume of verse entitled "The League of the Iroquois."

Miss Morgan Hicks, is said to be the first lady who has adopted the profession of architecture. She was graduated recently from the course in architecture at Cornell University.

A Child Heroine.—Helena F. Argus, of Providence, R. I., eight years of age, attempted to rescue a young child from the wheels of an ice cart. She succeeded in doing so, but lost her own life, falling under the wheels which crushed her head.

Thrift and Industry in Paterson.—Near the center of the silk manufacturing industry, reside five sisters who have worked in the mill for about five years. They live in the third story of a nice house, but the house belongs to them and was put up by their earnings. Their income from the rent of the two lower floors is $30 per month, and besides this they have money out at interest. They still work in the mill every day, taking turns at keeping their apartment in order and doing the cooking. In another part of the city stands a silk mill which was built with money which a girl got as pay for weeks' wages at weaving.

Mrs. Shaw, the daughter of Professor Agassiz, and wife of the Boston millionaire, has established over thirty free Kindergarten schools in Boston and the neighboring suburbs. She has busied herself so energetically in the work of founding the schools and collecting in them the waifs of the city, that her health has given way, and she is suffering from a nervous prostration brought on by her exertions.

A novel Art College for Women has been established near Wimbledon, England, by Miss Bennett, a lady well-known for the gratuitous instruction she has been in the habit of giving in art needlework. The course of study is thorough and comprehensive, and the fees are moderate. The students will have the opportunity of getting remunerative employment if needed.

A Benefactress.—The wife of the Grand Shereef of Morocco, who is an English lady, has induced the Moors to accept vaccination. Once a week she, with her own hands, vaccinates children whom their mothers bring from long distances. Not long ago she operated upon fifty youngsters in one day. The Shereefa, though she retains her Christian faith, is held in high reverence by the Mahometans.

The Princess of Wurtemberg, who married a Breslau doctor whose acquaintance she made during his attendance on her invalid father, has never regretted her alliance. The pair live in one of the suburbs of the Silesian capital, where the princess spends most of her time in nursing and caring for her husband's poorer patients.

The Omnibus Line in Quincy, Mass., upon whose neat and commodious vehicles the people look with much pride and satisfaction, is owned and managed by Miss Lillie Slocum, who has also added a number of elegant carriages of different description to the transportation facilities of the town. Here is another proof that women of energy and capacity may take their choice from a variety of vocations without hurting anybody.

A Sad Mother.—The ex-Empress Eugénie is said to have never recovered from the loss of her son. She lives quietly and almost alone, taking no interest in external events or persons. She passes most of her time in a darkened room, and of French politics she never speaks. Her income is $250,000 a year.

A Charming Book.—The Princess Beatrice has been busy during the past year preparing a Christmas book, which has been published by Smith, Elder & Co., London. It is a birthday book, and will consist of illustrations in water colors, said to be very charmingly executed, and designed to represent by their appropriate flowers, the twelve months of the year.

Women Water Carriers.—The little town of Flotzingen (Wurtemberg) has a brigade of forty-two water carriers, belonging not only to the fair sex, but also to the fire department. They were completely equipped for work (the tin waterpails provided by them at their own cost), arranged in their best Sunday costumes, and drawn up in line to go through a regular drill and sham fire before the district inspector, who could not but express himself highly satisfied. The brigade is divided into four squads, each squad commanded by a "female corporal," who keeps the roll—the rank and file having the privilege of electing said corporals in the town hall.

Boston's "Boffins Bower."—Miss Jennie Collins has the following paragraph in her Annual Report, which tells the story of a good year's work: "Out of 1,940 girls and women I found places for 1,670 in families between the 30th of May, 1880, and the 30th of May, 1881; furnished stationery, clerical work and all that was necessary, without one cent of charge to either party. Many were excellent families, and could pay good wages; others were very poor, and could only afford to pay $1 or $1.50 a week. Thirty-five hundred free dinners were served during the winter months to girls out of employment."

The only pleasant Feature which the Mayor of New York found in his recent investigations into the tenement house system, was an infant crèche, or nursery, kept by a Mrs. Dowd, who, for ten cents per day for babies, and five cents for older children, takes care of them, giving them dinner and supper, while their mothers are at work. It looked so clean in the midst of dirt, and the children so well cared for, that the Mayor put himself down as a patron on the spot.

Two women have been made Doctors of Natural History in the University of Rome. One of them, Caroline Magistrelli, is said to be a brunette, pretty, and 23 years of age. She draws a moderate stipend specially contributed by the Province of Mantua. The other lady, Evangelina Botters, is also 23, of modest but self-possessed appearance, and the owner of charming eyes and chestnut hair. The Ministry of the Interior has granted a stipend of 600 lire (about $120) to each of the ladies to encourage them in the prosecution of their studies.

The daughter of the wealthiest banker in Grand Rapids, Mich., who was graduated from Vassar three years ago, has been the cashier of her father's bank ever since. Miss Canfield of Manistee, Mich., coming from Vassar two years since, found mere society life irksome, begged some regular occupation, and was taken by her sensible father as bookkeeper into his office, a position of no slight responsibility—in the office of Mr. Canfield, the owner of the largest tug line on the lakes. Still another Vassar graduate is doing a successful business in an insurance office at Milwaukee.

Women Bank Officers.—Mrs. M. C. Williams is president of the State National Bank, Raleigh, North Carolina; Miss Jennie Coombs is cashier of Bown & Coombs's Bank, Middleville, Michigan; Miss Sarah F. Dick holds the same office in the First National Bank of Huntington, Indiana; and Miss Annie M. King signs as cashier of the banking house of Springer and Noyes, at White Cloud, Kansas; Mrs. M. H. Cowden carries on a banking business in her own name at Forest Hill, California.

A Writer in *Cassell's Family Magazine* says: "There are at the present time in London several tolerably flourishing institutions where working women may spend their evenings in a pleasant and profitable manner. These evening colleges were started to supply a much-felt want—namely, a place of secondary education for women engaged in business during the day, who feel that the very superficial education they received in their childhood is not sufficient to satisfy their maturer years. An annual report of one of these institutions shows that the students represent almost every employment in which women are engaged.

University Education for Women.—At the first fall meeting of "Sorosis," the women's club of New York, the following resolutions were passed:

Whereas: In November, 1876, a petition was prepared and presented by Sorosis to the two great educational institutions of New York City, viz., the University of the City of New York, and Columbia College, praying that Test Examinations be organized for women on the basis of those offered by Harvard, and that, further, these schools should grant the advantages of their curricula to young women as well as to young men.

Therefore, *Resolved:* That in the latest *Report* of President Barnard from Columbia College, this society recognizes, with the sincerest satisfaction, the open and manly stand taken by the distinguished head of our leading educational institution in this city, in favor of the most thorough, and advanced methods for individual culture, and development; and further,

Resolved: That we thank him heartily for the unmistakable manner in which he has declared his convictions in regard to the claims of women, to an equal share in the best existing opportunities for mental exercise, and training now enjoyed by men.

The London University Honors Lists, which have recently been published, show that the young women who were examined took a remarkable place. The class taking examination for Mathematical Honors had three members, one being a girl—and the girl beat both her male competitors. The first in the English Honors list for the preliminary B. A. examination was a young woman, and in the German Honors list two of the first class, consisting of only four, were also girls. The first in the Honors list for Anatomy in the preliminary Bachelor of Medicine examination was a girl, Miss Prideaux, of the London School of Medicine for Women, who had beaten both her Guy's Hospital rivals. Another girl was one of three students placed in the first class of the Honors list for Materia Medica and Pharmaceutical Chemistry.

"God Bless Our Home!"

BY MABEL MILLER.

"God bless our home!" The words are few,
Yet cherished by us all;
And, in the midst of many a home
Hang high upon the wall.
That motto, framed in simple style,
Is seen—the words but four—
As father, mother, children, friends,
Pass in the open door.

Perhaps some hand has wrought the line,
In colors blue and gold—
Dear, childish fingers, now at rest
Within Christ's sheltering fold.
Then, doubly precious seem the words
Framed simple 'gainst the wall—
And doubly strong the meaning seems,
"God bless our home," to all.

Yes! bless our home! our children's home!
Says oft the aged pair.
As calm they sit and look upon
Their lads and lasses fair.
And bless our home, forevermore,
The newly wedded say,
And make it, aye, the blessed place
It is this wedding day.

And, all throughout this favored land,
Among the rich and poor,
The simple motto greets the eye,
Within the open door.
'Tis lisped at night at mother's knee,
By children in their prayers,
And is the heartfelt wish of all
From home, amid life's cares.

Realistic Art.

(*See Page Engraving.*)

MR. DUNHAM'S "Go to Sleep" is one of a class of modern realistic works in sculpture which few failed to stop and examine in the International Exhibition of 1862. Its motive is very simple—neither heroic nor poetic, nor romantic, merely human.

It is bedtime for the child, who thinks that it is also the fitting hour for his canine playfellow to take rest, and placing the animal on its back, as a mother does her babe, he is endeavoring to hush it to sleep, and enforces the duty by voice and gesture. Dogs, however, like infants are not always disposed to obey the commands of their nurses—this curly little terrier is fractious, his eyes are wide open, and there is, apparently, but small chance of his doing what is required of him. The idea, for a sculptured work, is original, and it is well carried out. The attitude of the dog is especially natural, and the manner in which the child "handles" the creature, and expresses to it his authoritative command, is perfectly truthful.

We are accustomed to ideals in sculpture, and this branch of art has seemed, and does still seem, the especial medium through which to convey an impression of whatever is grand, lofty, noble, and strong in human conception, and that can find embodiment in human imagination. But while one will stand gazing in mute awe upon an imposing figure of Jupiter, or Hercules, Apollo, or Alexander the Great, hundreds will gather appreciatingly about the sculptured copy of the youngster who is trying to put his doggie to sleep, before being carried off bodily for the same purpose himself.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

TABLE COVERS.

"The golden pomegranate of Eden,
And pale jessamine."

A PERSIAN bride reverses the order of bridal gifts common with us. With days and weeks of patient labor, she embroiders rare head-dresses of exquisite needlework for the members of her bridegroom's household. In this way she displays her industry, womanly skill, and patience, and proclaims herself a fit bride for her chosen lord.

If this sweet custom were at home with us, how might the wedding day be wearily delayed for many a bride.

I have just carefully examined a dainty head-dress embroidered by a Persian bride. It is a bit of exquisite and elaborate needlework embroidered with many colored silks. A great part of the embroidery is done in chain stitch, but so closely is it worked, that it seems to our eyes almost an unknown stitch.

The chain stitch may be introduced advantageously with other stitches, and when worked with silk adds much to the antique and rich effect of a piece of work. A generous variety of stitches in a single piece of work, adds much to the richness of the embroidery. The design in this number is made to illustrate this method of work. This design is for the end of a small tea-cloth or for a table scarf.

Our space allows us to give but one half the border. The left side of the design is the reverse of the side given, and is easily transferred to the opposite side of the central pomegranate. In our last number we gave a design for darned work. This design combines the darned work with other stitches. If this design is embroidered on linen, silk, or Turk satin, a good variety of stitches may be used.

The central pomegranate should be darned in pale shades of yellow green, a fine silk or two threads of filosel being used for the darning. The large leaves may be darned with heavy twisted silk of an olive green color, the lines of the darning to be taken in the direction of the veins of the leaves. The pomegranate stem is worked with a fine green silk in three rows of chain stitch. The pomegranate flowers should be darned with a coarse twisted silk of a light copper color. The seeds of the pomegranate are embroidered with French knots in fine silk of darker copper color than the flowers. The pomegranate being a heavy figure, must be done all in the fine silks that the centre figure of the design may not attract the eye too strongly. The stems of the jessamine are to be worked in stem stitch; the leaves are done in satin stitch which is given below. The flowers may be in yellow, the leaves and stems in gray greens. The choice of shades will depend on the background used; if dark, use darker tones.

SATIN STITCH.

This design, worked in silks on a round thread linen, is suitable for a small tea-cloth for afternoon teas. On a satin sheeting it will serve for the border for a table scarf. This style of work is more rapid than the darned work given in the last number; but, like all worthy work, demands patience and nice execution.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

TEA CLOTH OR TABLE SCARF BORDER, ORIGINAL DESIGN BY HETTA L. H. WARD.

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.

The Yorktown Celebration.

The commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and the British army at Yorktown has taken place. There was a parade of militia and regular troops, a number of ships of war were in the offing, there were salutes and reviews, orations, and similar exercises. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, delivered an admirable oration, and President Arthur's address at the opening of the ceremonies was in excellent good taste. There were representatives present from both Germany and France, but Great Britain was not officially represented. It is quite natural and proper that the United States should keep in memory so important an event as the surrender of the British army at the close of the revolutionary struggle. It is well to bear in mind, however, that we owe our independence to the physical difficulties England had in trying to conquer this country, and in the heroic persistence of our people, rather than to any prowess or genius on the part of our troops or military leaders. Had steam-power been available in 1780, there would have been no free America to-day. This Yorktown celebration closes the war centennials. If there is another celebration, it should be associated with the adoption of the American Constitution, and, by the way, it would be no harm for a convention to assemble, to, if possible, amend that Constitution. In some respects it is gravely defective. Wise as were our forefathers, they could not, in the eighteenth century, foresee all the possibilities of the nineteenth century.

A Terrible Possibility.

Mr. Park Benjamin, an ex-naval officer and an accomplished scientist, has written a sketch which ought to wake up the American people to a sense of their naval and military weakness. The story purports to be a forecast of what is very likely to take place. For some slight or offense, Spain declares war against the United States, and four Spanish iron-clads are thereupon sent to the port of New York. The Franklin, our very best warship, engages the Salamanca, but the guns of the Spanish vessel tear the American all to pieces before the shot from our own vessel can reach her armored antagonist. Finally the invading fleet get into position outside of Coney Island, and deliberately shell New York, in four days making the city a heap of blazing ruins. The object of Mr. Benjamin is to bring home vividly to the American people that while they have an extensive sea-coast and rich and populous cities liable to capture, they have no navy, nor have they any large guns. A very modest naval force would require five years to build and get in readiness. To construct the machinery necessary to make an Armstrong or a Krupp gun, would require eighteen months of time. The largest guns we could put in position would be ineffective for a greater distance than three miles; but the Spanish vessel would carry guns which could shell New York at a distance of eleven or twelve miles. Mr. Benjamin's statements are borne out by the official reports of our leading naval and military authorities. But the American people pay no heed. Democracies are proverbially short-sighted, and never realize peril until it comes. Every school-boy knows that potentially we are the greatest naval and military power on earth, but the average American cannot realize that it takes time to create an army and navy, or to construct great guns, and that an unarmed giant is at the mercy of a seven-year-old boy armed with a pistol. Nothing but some fearful disaster like the capture of the city of New York by some contemptible naval power will make our people realize the situation.

Saved by a Dog.

A man and a boy traveling in the Western country, accompanied by a dog, were met by Indians. The man was killed; and the savages, ingenious in their malice, tied the living boy to the corpse—but they forgot the dog. The faithful animal, partly doubtless prompted by hunger, began to gnaw the rawhide thongs which bound the boy to his dead companion. These became slippery, and the lad wriggled one of his hands out and was soon at liberty. In time he found his way to a distant ranch, accompanied by the faithful dog.

Working Frenchmen.

A Parisian writer claims that the working men and women of Paris are the most industrious, ingenious and admirable craftsmen in the world. We are apt to judge of the French *ouvrier* by the reign of terror and the commune; but it is claimed by this writer that nothing could be more unjust. They are a peace-loving race, with a high sense of honor, and the preeminence of French mechanical work throughout the world is due to these much misunderstood Parisian working people. France leads Europe in ideas, Paris is France, and the French working people make Paris what it is.

A Chinese Picnic.

Staten Island, in the State of New York, was the scene of a novel entertainment. The Chinamen of New York city visited that beautiful but fever-stricken locality, to partake of a clam chowder. The pig-tail population of the metropolis turned out in great numbers, and their queer appearance excited curiosity and merriment. Oddly enough, there were neither clams nor chowder among the edibles, which were fish and fowl, the favorite food of the Celestials. The greatest oddity was the Chinese orchestra, which accompanied the party. It comprised several flutes, three mandolins, huge guitars, sonorous banjoes, shrill pipes (imitations of the Scotch article with tremendous shrieking power), a monster bass drum, a snare drum, two cymbals and an immense gong. The noise made was terrific, it was deafening. Every player worked away on his own hook, and there was no semblance of a tune, at least to American ears. It is said that Chinese music has this peculiarity. Only two bars are played, but these contain such minute subdivisions that Europeans cannot understand them. In other words, the Chinaman can get as much variety out of two bars of music as the Quaker lady can out of the various shades of drab. At this particular festival there was some foot racing, and one Chinaman ran a race against three horses, beating them. On returning to New York, the company proceeded to the Chinese quarter near the old Five Points, where they kept up a tremendous racket with fireworks. No Chinese women took part in this festival. The Chinaman in this country is not companioned by females, except of a very disreputable kind. This indeed, is the main objection to this immigration. The Chinaman does not drink whisky, but he smokes opium, and is given to shameful vices. No doubt Congress at its next session will discourage Chinese immigration, which it can now do under the treaty last negotiated.

The Fated Czar.

It seems the reigning Czar leads a very unhappy life. He is in constant fear of assassination, and to escape the human bloodhounds on his track, he makes constant and sudden change in his place of residence. From Peterhof he fled to Moscow, from there to Nijni Novgorod, and from there to Yuryevetz. The Russians recall as a parallel to his case, that of his grandfather, the Czar Nicholas, whose ceaseless journeyings killed his empress and affected his own health. The superstitious Russian also recalls the fact that Nicholas was inaugurated during a terrific thunderstorm, which struck down the column that had just been erected to his predecessor and brother, Alexander I. The inauguration of the present Czar was also accompanied by a fierce storm which overthrew the statue of the murdered Czar, Paul, his great grandfather. A plot in the palace has recently been discovered against the new Czar's life, in which was implicated a lady high in the imperial family, but whose name has not been divulged. In the mean time scores of people are daily being sent to Siberia, without any trial, suspected of designs against the life of the Czar. There are no signs that the emperor has any intention of granting his people freedom of speech or the press.

The Skies Above Us.

The people of the Eastern States have witnessed some curious phenomena during the past season. In Providence and many other places, at midday it was necessary to light candles to get about and do ordinary work. There was not a cloud in the sky, but a dense mist seemed to hang over the earth, causing a preternatural darkness. By some, it is attributed to the forest and marsh fires, while certain *savants* give it as their opinion that it is due to some disturbance in the sun's rays. Some of the wilder theorists believed that the earth was entangled in the tail of a comet. Oddly enough the last comet, which the astronomers predicted would be a bright one, disappointed their expectation by suddenly losing its tail, and the nucleus is now circulating somewhere, a blackened and invisible mass. But the heavens at night recently have been unusually interesting. Six of the seven planets are on the western side of the sun and appear as morning stars; but Saturn, Jupiter, Mars and Venus alone are visible. The planets were never so well defined; Saturn is in a brilliant phase, because of its wide open rings, great northern declination, and its approach to perihelion; Jupiter is magnificent because of its near approach to the earth; while

Mars is slowly increasing his fiery and warlike hue. Venus, though waning, is still the bright particular star of all the heavens.

About Whales.

Since petroleum has come into general use, the business of pursuing and capturing whales for their oil has come to an end, and as a consequence these mighty fish are increasing greatly in numbers, and are beginning to visit our Eastern shores. Thousands of them have been seen this summer off the New England coast, and fishing parties have been often organized to capture them. They are also making their appearance in the north of Europe. A whale recently in his gambols ran ashore on one of the Orkney islands. He was attacked with knives, pitchforks and other implements, until it was supposed he was dead. The natives then undertook to launch the huge fish, and took to their boats to float it to the proper place in the harbor. Once in the water, the whale showed signs of life, and made a dash for the open ocean, dragging with him, for miles, the boats filled with frightened islanders. Fortunately no lives were lost, as some of the ropes parted and others were cut; but the whale thoroughly frightened his captors.

In the Jaws of Death.

The case of President Garfield recalls the fact that many persons in the world's history have become well after their physicians and friends had given them up. Richard I. of England had a fever in Palestine which the physicians said would kill him; but he got back to his own country alive and well. William III. of England was always sick, and was three times given up by his doctors, but he finally died from the effects of a fall. His ancestor William of Orange, who founded the Dutch republic, was shot through the neck and face by an assassin; but recovered, to the amazement of every one. Charles O'Connor the well-known New York lawyer, was pronounced hopelessly sick by his physicians, but he recovered and is now a well man, although he had read his obituaries in all the morning papers. But the most curious case was that of Cardinal Bentivoglio. He was supposed to have died of quinsy, and the physicians that served him had left the room; but the cardinal's pet monkey appeared upon the scene, and taking his master's red hat, put it on his head and began to admire itself in the mirror, chattering and making such absurd grimaces that the moribund cardinal burst into a violent fit of laughter, which broke the quinsy and his life was saved. It now appears that President Garfield never had a chance for his life. He was mortally wounded on that fatal Second of July, and no human skill could do him any good afterwards. It is one of the mysteries of nature why the Omnipotent should permit so much needless suffering.

The Guillotine.

It really does seem as if there was nothing new under the sun. We have all supposed that the guillotine was the invention of a doctor of that name, a member of the French assembly of 1789. Instead of an ax in the hands of an executioner, he erected one which fell from a pulley, and was much more humane and expeditious. According to common belief he was the first to suffer by his own invention, but this has been disproved. But now an old picture has been discovered which shows that the guillotine was known and used in the Middle Ages. In this painting is a representation of the killing of Christians in the province of Helvetia during the reign of the pagan emperors. Some of the martyrs are being hurled into the river, others have their heads upon a block ready to suffer death by a machine identical with the modern guillotine.

Ideal Cities.

Dr. Richardson, an English scientific physician, some time since sketched a plan for an ideal city. The houses were all to be fireproof; there was to be an abundance of light and ventilation in all the dwellings; the sewerage was to be perfect; every sanitary detail kept in mind; heat was to be supplied from a central furnace, as gas and water are now distributed; parks, gardens, shaded walks, playgrounds for the children, were all to be provided before settlement. In short, it was a city in which no one could get sick, except from bad habits or hereditary predisposition to some form of disease. This was a very admirable scheme on paper, but was it practical? Unfortunately cities grow and are not made, and their increase in size and numbers is accompanied by the imperfections which belong to everything human, when provision is not made beforehand. Such a city could be built by a great corporation or a large capitalist who had unbounded means. Indeed, in a small way, this scheme of Dr. Richardson's has been tested by Sir Thomas Salt, in England; by M. Goudet, in his industrial home at Guise, France; and by several American Eastern capitalists. But, in these cases, all that was thought of was healthful homes for the working people, with libraries and means of education for the children. The nearest approach to this ideal city, however, is the town of Pullman, situated a few miles south of Chicago, on the borders of a lake which communicates with Lake Michigan by a navigable stream. It is a purely business enterprise by the Pullman Palace Car Company. There are 300 acres of land owned by the company. It has built houses for the workpeople, erected manufactories, laid out streets, and has made provision for a possible population of 40,000 people. The new city had the advantage of being all planned and thought out while the land was still vacant. A huge factory, with its surroundings, is usually an eyesore in a landscape; but the great car works have been erected under the eye of an experienced architect, and the very chimneys and windows have been made ornamental, and so as to form a picture with the other buildings and improvements of the town. Then, all the houses are arranged in groups so as to please the eye, while there is an abundance of park and garden room, so as to afford needed light and air, and playgrounds for the children. A weedy lake has been cleaned out and deepened, so as to make a beautiful sheet of water. The company does not sell but rents its houses, which are in eager demand, not only for its own people, but for those who do business in Chicago, and who wish to secure healthful and beautiful homes in a semi-rural neighborhood. What a splendid thing it would be if our rich people, our Jay Goulds and our Vanderbilts, were to build model towns! There are so many new settlements springing up in every direction, that it could easily be done. A place like Pullman will attract people from all parts of the country, and would be a profitable undertaking. What say you, Messrs. Millionaires?

Our Absurd Divorce Laws.

Every new legal decision on our marriage laws shows the necessity for some legislation that would make them uniform throughout the country. It has been the law in this State that the guilty persons against whom the divorce was procured, could not marry again; but notwithstanding this prohibition they did go to adjoining states and formed other unions for life. The Court of Appeals of this state has just decided that the offspring of such prohibited marriages are legitimate and entitled to inherit property. This practically makes a change in the New York law, and now both the innocent and the guilty partner are free to marry again, only the latter must have the ceremony performed outside the State of New York and in some community where there is no law against such unions. Hence there is practically no penalty against unfaithfulness. Indeed, people tired of their matrimonial yoke may be tempted to sin in order to find more congenial partners.

The Moral of Marvin.

The readiness with which some women marry men about whom they know little or nothing is shown by the case of Marvin, who has just been sentenced in Richmond, Va., to ten years imprisonment for marrying too often. Although well educated and plausible, this culprit was an elderly man and ill-looking at that. He is known to have wedded at least ten women in different parts of the Union. After marrying he would rob them, swindle their relatives and then decamp. He may have had as many wives as Brigham Young, but ten was all that could be proved against him. But what a dreadful fate for a woman to be caught in the toils of a rascal like that? The pity of it is that similar cases are likely to become very frequent. We live in a travelling age, when people change their locations easily, and between England, the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and New South Wales it will be possible for any English-speaking, plausible rogue to contract any number of matrimonial alliances. The only safety for women is to avoid intimacies with strangers and accept attention only from those whom they have known for years.

Portable Electric Light.

An electric light which can be carried about by the hand, as is a candle or an ordinary lamp, has at length been made by a Mr. Swan, who exhibited it before the British Scientific Association. This electric lamp is of two candle power and can be charged with electricity from a two-cell Faure secondary battery. Those who have been through the principal mines in the Western country will recall the fact that the old tallow candle was always used and was the only known means of lighting underground. A portable electric light would be worth millions of dollars in the working of mines and the driving of tunnels. Then it would have great value for illuminating houses. If an electric lamp can be charged for a week there would be no need of tubes and wires in houses, as the lamp can be filled, as it were, like an ordinary oil or kerosene lamp. It is to be hoped that the light thus furnished can be subdued, for the white glare of the street electric light would never do in a private residence. The portable electric lamp would also be invaluable in sewers and in working with diving bells under water.

Our New President.

Chester A. Arthur is the son of an Irish Baptist clergyman. He is in the prime of manhood, in excellent physical health, and has proved in the past not only a good executive officer, but an excellent judge of men. There is no need of any illusions with regard to him; he has never filled any legislative office and is without the training of a statesman, but he brings to his office strong common sense and an aptitude for public affairs. So far our experience with vice-presidents as presidents has not been fortunate. Neither Tyler, Fillmore, nor Andy Johnson were endorsed by the people at the close of their term of office, and they retired to private life with the cordial consent of the nation. It is to be seen whether Chester A. Arthur will make a better record. If at the end of his term the country is at peace, the times prosperous, and factions under control, it is all that we should expect. At any rate let us all hope for the best.

The Antarctic Search.

An Italian expedition left Genoa on the 3rd of October to explore the Antarctic Seas. Lieutenant Bove is in command and he will be aided by the Argentine Government. There will be a preliminary exploration of Terra del Fuego, when the fleet will

sail with a full scientific corps on board to make observations respecting the continent which surrounds the southern axis of the earth. There is no hope that the pole will be reached; indeed it is hardly expected that a lodgment will be made, for the seas are stormy, the cold intense, and the shores precipitous. So far only two navigators, Sir James Ross and Wedell, have been able to penetrate the 77th parallel. Lieutenant Bove will be called fortunate if he can get within ten degrees of as high a latitude as our Arctic voyagers have approached to the North Pole. We will not know of the success of this expedition until next year. We can hardly expect, however, to ever reach the North or South Pole until such times as we can navigate the air.

Chaldea and Yucatan.

At Uxmal, in Yucatan, some rare antiquities have been discovered by a Mexican antiquarian, Dr. de Plongeon. Some words were found on a mohument which corresponded with ancient Chaldean, and near by was a stone with masonic emblems and figures. This shows that America must have been visited by ships long before the Christian era, probably before the early wars between the Carthagenians and Romans. This is an interesting discovery and may lead to important revelations, showing what was done on this continent previous to the time of Columbus.

Unhappy Ireland.

It was supposed that the passage of the Gladstone land laws would partially pacify the Irish people. But Parnell showed his power by raising a new agitation. Disorder increased all over the island; the hunting noblemen were notified that they must stop their sport. It soon became evident that the Irish expected to get a great deal more by further agitation. Premier Gladstone, thinking he had done all that could be expected for Ireland, has met the issue boldly and has arrested Parnell and his leading followers. The English Government is determined to put a stop to further agitation, at least for the present. Ireland is indeed an unhappy country; it seems destined to be in constant turmoil and distress.

Paternal Government.

Bismarck has practically joined the ranks of the social reformers. He is little by little adopting the programme of Ferdinand Lasalle, the Jewish socialist, who was killed some years since in a duel. In his writings Lasalle said there was no hope for any improvement in the condition of the common people, unless the government took their case in hand. He advocated the state ownership of nearly all industrial works, the government to become the great employer and wage payer. Since the attempt on the life of the Kaiser, attributed to the socialists, the German Government has made a departure in the direction of Lasallism. It has passed laws to purchase all the railroad property in the Empire. Superannuated and sick working people are hereafter to be cared for by a fund to which the working people, the employers, and the government contribute; in other words, the poor of Germany are to be insured against extreme want in sickness and old age. Another step is to be taken. The Reichstag, about to meet, will be asked to indorse a scheme of government life insurance. Any person who will take out a government policy, will be entitled to a fixed sum which at his death is to go to his family. Life insurance is based upon a beneficent purpose, but it has proved a delusion and a snare in the hands of private companies. Nine persons out of ten who take out policies in the various life insurance companies, lose all their money. It is computed that for every $100 paid in, only $7 is actually paid out to the families of the policy-holders. As conducted in England and in America, life insurance is the most gigantic as well as the meanest swindle of modern times. In 1864 a life insurance scheme was adopted by the British Government, but it was so manipulated before adoption by those interested in the insurance companies, that only about 6,000 persons have availed themselves of its provisions. It is believed that Mr. Gladstone will amend this measure so as to make it useful and give families a real protection upon the death of the natural bread winner. France is talking of adopting a similar enactment, so that the provident Frenchman can insure his family against starvation in case he dies. There is no likelihood of any scheme of this kind being adopted in the United States. Our civil service is so chaotic and corrupt that the American people do not care to add new powers to the government. And yet our post-office is cheaply and efficiently managed. There is not the same fear of government abroad that there is here.

A Steamed City.

A very important experiment is about to be tried in New York City. A private company, with a capital of $7,500,000 has begun to lay pipes through which to convey steam to the curbstone of every house in New York. This steam is to be used for manufacturing, heating, and cooking purposes. Should this experiment succeed, the old-fashioned furnaces, stoves, and fire-places must be dispensed with. Coal-bins will be no longer needed and the cooking ranges must all be changed. And here it may be remarked that all kinds of cooking, even frying and broiling, can be better done with steam than over a coal fire or range. The cook is guided by the steam guage and is able to tell to a nicety the amount of heat required. Ten central stations are to be built between the Battery and Central Park, and it will take two years to complete the system in New York City; but the matter will be practically tested before the opening of next spring. It is easy to see what a revolution this will make in house-building and domestic economy. Should it succeed, the next step will be the generation of the heat in the coal-fields of Pennsylvania, steam to be sent through underground pipes to New York and the other large cities. This is said to be perfectly feasible. Who knows but what the same heat may be distributed to farms, so as to anticipate or prolong warm weather and thus increase the crops or protect them against untimely frosts. Anything is possible in this wonderful age!

About Elevators.

Large cities hereafter will grow skyward. In New York and other leading centers of population it has been found economical to erect immense structures 12 and 14 stories high, the ground floor and upper stories being connected by one or more elevators. Down town in New York there are quite a number of buildings of this kind, containing offices for the transaction of business, while up town there are vast apartment houses, six, eight and ten stories high, containing suits of rooms for families. There are now four hundred elevators in New York city, each of which carry an average of seven hundred persons a day to an average height of sixty feet. This represents a total height of 3,181 miles if traveled by one person. This is 41,000 times as high as the great pyramid of Egypt and 59,000 times as high as Trinity steeple. It would take one person walking ten hours a day up stairs without stopping, about three years to accomplish the work done by the elevators in New York in one day. This compacting of population in a small area will in time render the streets of New York almost impassable during business hours. Below the City Hall park the throng is now very great between 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. Should the tall buildings multiply in the lower part of the city as they have done for the last few years, the streets will be found too narrow to accommodate the multitudes of human beings who must use them. This will lead to underground passage-ways or to elevated sidewalks above the roadway, to accommodate the throng of people who will issue from the human hives, rendered possible by the enormously high buildings. New York is destined to be the most densely populated city in all the world, because of the concentration of the population on an island cut off from the adjoining shores by large rivers.

Ocean Waifs.

It is the habit of people on board ships to throw overboard bottles tightly corked and labeled, containing news. Sometimes this is done during storms in which the passengers fear they will be drowned, and they take this means of informing their friends of how they are passing their last hours. But generally these communications are of a scientific character. On March 31, 1879, Mr. Charles S. Renaut threw overboard from the ship *Pleione*, of San Francisco, a bottle containing a document stating the ship's position and the set of the Pacific equatorial current. This was in the neighborhood of Cape Horn. This message was picked up on the Fiji Islands on the 27th of September last. It was in good preservation and tells a marvelous story of the adventures through the vast ocean it traversed. In fifteen months it traveled in a direct line nearly seven thousand miles. The adventures of this bottle are of great interest to the scientific world, as showing the drift of the ocean currents. Of course this bottle could not have taken a direct course; it must have moved repeatedly to the right and to the left.

Restaurants in the Air.

In order to economize space and get the greatest return from the ground occupied, there have been erected down town in New York a number of very tall structures. In these immense buildings rooms are set apart in the upper stories for restaurants. The cooking is all done in a kitchen situated on the very top story, and the cook instead of being immured in an underground basement, can look out of the window upon the roofs of the houses of the greater part of the city. It is believed that in all the tall houses where families live, it would be found better to have the cooking on top of the building rather than down below, so as to get rid of the odors which usually come when food is being prepared in the kitchen. In the Union League Club of New York the cooking is done on the top story for this reason. In all the leading commercial and banking houses of New York lunch is served at mid day in a room set apart for the purpose, and the bookkeepers, clerks, and other employees are not expected to leave the building for their meals. This practice dates from a very sensible observation of Lady Burdett-Coutts, now Mrs. Bartlett. She is the richest women in the world and the owner of a great private bank. She noticed that when the clerks left for their midday lunch, that some of them spent more time outdoors than was necessary, while others came back evidently under the influence of liquor. So she induced her business agents to provide a lunch in the bank building. The experiment proved so satisfactory that the Bank of England made the same provision, and since then the practice has been adopted in most of the large banking and mercantile houses of the world. Of course it is not so much for the good habits of their clerks and employees that the managers of these institutions care, but for the more interested reason that they get more work out of them and avoid possible errors, due to the indulgence of their clerks and bookkeepers in strong drinks. But the practice is a good one, for eating develops good fellowship the world over, and directors, cashiers, clerks, and office boys meet on an equality at the lunch table.

A Gigantic Pleasure Park.

This is a day of great things. All modern enterprises are on a magnificent scale. We build railroad lines three thousand miles long, tunnels under the British Channel and Hudson River, and enormous bridges over the East and Mississippi rivers. But now New York proposes to build itself a pleasure park larger than anything of the kind in the world. It is to be ten miles in length, extending north from the Harlem river to above Hastings, and will be distant about five thousand feet from the Hudson river. Its average width is to be about 3,000 feet. On each side of it will be two immense avenues, one hundred and fifty feet wide. Of course the creation of so immense a pleasure park will be the work of time, but the natural advantages of the location proposed are very great, as the scenery can be made picturesque and diversified. The present Central Park of New York contains less than a thousand acres, of which fully one quarter is devoted to reservoir purposes; but the new proposed park includes 3,500 acres of ground. The population of New York is advancing northward with rapid strides, and by 1900, if not before, the grounds adjoining this proposed park will be compactly built up with dwellings. New York is now a very great city, but in time it will doubtless be more populous than any of the great capitals of the world.

About "Corners."

In all ages there has been a prejudice against speculators in grain. The ruler or the capitalist who made food high was looked upon as an enemy of the human race. But political economists insist that this popular prejudice is all wrong, and that the grain speculator is in fact a benefactor instead of an enemy of mankind. By making provisions dear in times of scarcity, the speculator prevents waste and enforces economy. Were it not for him the stock of food in times of scarcity would soon be consumed and famines would result. When cities are besieged the military authorities see to it that food is dealt out in such a way as to make it last as long as possible. The food monopolizer performs this useful function for the public in times of scarcity. But there has recently been a great speculative movement, called technically a "corner," in grain at Chicago, St. Louis, and other western depots. The prices of grain got higher in Chicago than they were in New York and the other shipping points, and the question arises, was there any justification for what seemed to be an abnormal enhancement in values? Raising the price and thus checking consumption may have some justification, but a "corner" which puts a stop to commerce and artificially enhances values, is quite a different thing. Recently in Wall street there was a "corner" in the stock of the Hannibal and St. Joseph road. There are only ten thousand shares of this stock, and certain influential operators sold it "short," that is to say, they agreed to deliver the stock at some future time at less than the then market value. This came to the knowledge of the officers of the road and their friends, whereupon they bought up all the stock on the market, and when the time came for the bears to deliver the stock went up from 80 to 300. Some very rich men lost a great deal of money. It was pure gambling, but the losses were individual. The grain corner interrupted commerce, made it unprofitable to mill wheat and artificially put up the price of flour, and in this case the community suffered. It is an open question whether the law ought to interfere and break up these corners. By the way, the first great corner in grain was made by Joseph when he bought it during the seven years of plenty to resell to the people of Egypt during the seven years of famine.

A Good Man Gone.

Dr. J. G. Holland is dead. He enjoys the distinction of being one of the few American authors who made a handsome fortune by purely literary work. All his works have had very large sales, and in tens of thousands of American homes will be found the "Timothy Titcomb Letters," "Kathrina," "Bitter Sweet," and his other less known books. Literary critics did not rank Dr. Holland's essays, poems and stories very highly, but the American people did. He knew how to write that would please his countrymen and country women, and that is what secures fame and fortune despite the critics. There is no line in all of Dr. Holland's works, which, dying, he would wish to blot. He was a Christian gentleman, and he ever aimed to improve, as well as to instruct and amuse his readers. He was a preacher and moralist as well as a literary man. Part of his training was in a newspaper office, as one of the editors of the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican*. For some years prior to his death he was the editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, which under him achieved a deserved popularity. He has gone to his reward.

Some Good Laws.

The New York State Legislature at its last session passed several good laws together with quite a number which can hardly be commended. Of the former class is one to encourage the planting of shade trees by the side of public roads, and to punish any mutilation or injury to trees along sidewalks and roads. Even hitching horses to or near trees is not permitted. Townships should supplement this law by offering rewards for the planting of shade trees by the road side. Would it not be well also to have some fruit trees planted, apples and cherries for instance, which would be free to the wayfarer. It might prevent the robbing of orchards by tramps and hungry boys. This we believe is now done in Vineland, New Jersey. Another good law is one to authorize corporations to develop suburban homesteads or villa parks. There are several notable institutions of this kind in the country; one is Llewellyn Park, near Orange, New Jersey, the others are Menlo Park near San Francisco, and Riverside Park near Chicago. In these elegant and tasteful neighborhoods there are no fences or nuisances, and the home is placed in picturesque situations and guarded against intrusion from tramps or vicious people. With our railway facilities there is no reason why business cannot be transacted in the large cities by those whose homes are situated amid rural surroundings. The poor can just as well be accommodated this way as the rich, and so rid our cities of the tenement-house curse.

A Notable Voyage.

The steamer *Ceylon* started from Southampton last month on a kind of voyage which doubtless will be imitated. It contains a select party of ladies and gentlemen who each paid $2,500 for a tour through European and American waters. The *Ceylon* will be at sea for nine months, and forty-four ports will be visited before that time is completed. The steamer expects to go to San Francisco and will visit Gibraltar, Naples, Constantinople, Alexandria, Bombay, Hong Kong, Valparaiso, Buenos Ayres and Madeira. The vessel has been luxuriously fitted up and everything promises a pleasant and profitable voyage. Mark Twain rather discredited trips of this kind by his burlesque account of the "Innocents Abroad," which, in fact, described the voyage of the *Quaker City* to various ports in Europe. No better way can be thought of for getting a knowledge of foreign scenery and customs than trips of this kind. The company soon get on familiar terms and the voyage is full of novelty and instruction. People of moderate means will find this form of combined traveling economical and useful. It has been suggested that our high school and college students might employ their summer vacation pleasantly and profitably by associating in taking trips in steam yachts along the Atlantic coast. With a proper instructor on board they could acquire a knowledge of geography, ocean currents, the appearance and habits of fish, better than in any other way. When some cheaper motor than steam is discovered, there will be thousands of people who will travel in some associated way, who now think that they cannot afford it.

About Centenarians.

Of the 242,000,000 of people in Europe there are 3,108 centenarians, of which 1,864 are women and 1,244 are men. The greatest proportion of very old people are in Belgium, Denmark, and Switzerland. The oldest person in Europe lives in Switzerland, and his age is 109 years. All these very old people live in the country districts, away from the dissipations of city life. They have not only led sober and industrious lives, but they come from long-lived parents. France has fewer centenarians than any other country, but at the same time has more septuagenarians, octogenarians, and monogenarians. In this country the majority of the very old are negroes.

Possible Wonders of the Telephone.

Tens of thousands of people in Paris have patronized the telephone which connects with the Grand Opera House nearly a mile away. They can there hear the music almost as well as if in the building itself; and there is no difference in distinguishing the solos from the orchestra and the plaudits of the audience. Why may not the telephone in time become the great rival of the press? Up to this time the orator could never hope to be heard by an audience of more than five thousand persons; but with a perfected telephone he may address literally millions of people. What is to prevent the popular preacher or lecturer from simultaneously addressing audiences in all the chief cities of the Union. How much it would simplify our Presidential contests if the leading orators on both sides could present the issues to the whole country at one time, by the same means. The press is now supreme in the conveying of intelligence, because it can multiply its issues indefinitely; but how cold would seem the printed page if it was possible to hear the fervent tones of a great speaker on the same themes! Edison and those who know say that this feat will yet be accomplished, and that the singer and speaker will in time have the whole country, if not the whole world, for an audience.

The Wonders of Common Paper.

To the Japanese we are indebted for the discovery that paper can be made into hundreds of articles for human use. At the Atalanta exposition were to be seen a most extraordinary variety of articles which had been made from common paper pulp. These included car wheels, kitchen furniture, wash basins, tubs, trucks, and even houses. A car wheel made of paper will run 2,400,000 miles without breaking and is stronger than steel or iron, and then it is very much cheaper. Paper is of surprising strength. A twisted note of the Bank of England will not tear even though three hundred and twenty-nine pounds weight is suspended from the end of it. Paper can be compressed so hard that it will tear a chisel into pieces, if the latter is held against it. One of the great values of paper is that it can be made to take the place of wood. Furniture made of it looks like black walnut, and is really stronger as well as cheaper; indeed there is now less danger from the wasting of our forest trees than there was before the various uses of paper were discovered. Stoves are made of paper and are so incombustible that it is impossible to burn them. It is possible even to make a steam engine of paper; in short, it has been found that the linen fibre from which the best paper is made, will in the future be as valuable to mankind as wood or iron.

KITCHEN.

ABOUT PUDDINGS.

THE pudding question has declined in importance of late years. It does not now hold the same relation to the dinner which it did formerly—at least, not in polite society. Pudding seems to be a peculiarly British institution, and it flourished most in those days when one joint, supplemented by a "good" solid pudding of flour and milk and eggs, or flour and suet and raisins, formed the staple dishes and the principal courses—the pudding occupying the place of honor and being served first.

To the modern taste, cultivated by travel and French restaurants, this old time restriction, and especially the size of the dishes, and the massive nature of their contents, seems, or, at least, is spoken of, as unutterably savage and brutal. Division and subdivision is the law of the table nowadays; and whether the dish is composed of a few lettuce leaves, three or four carrots, or candied rose-leaves, it must be disguised by some elaborate preparation, and brought on the table as a separate part of the meal, and with all the display of fresh plates, knives, forks, spoons, and the like. The joint from these fastidious tables has wholly disappeared. The choicest roast, the dainty capon, or well-browned turkey, is cut up at a side table by the hands of a servant, and passed around with little opportunity of making a wise selection, on the part of the guest, and none at all of appropriating the savory bit of dressing, or chicken liver, that the polite host himself impartially distributed in days gone by.

Pudding is an emasculated and attenuated item, one of a dozen interpolated between the salad and the fruit "dessert," and not more than tasted by old "diners out," who often, indeed, contemptuously omit it altogether, condemning it as an "insult" to a full stomach, which they do not scruple to paralyze with a frozen mass of sugar and milk and eggs, under the name of ice cream.

Both the old and the new methods touch extremes, which, fortunately, the majority of people in this country have either outgrown or not grown up to. We cook smaller joints, and employ fruits and vegetables as food in ways that were not dreamed of by our early and rude ancestors. But, on the other hand, the enormous display and rose-leaf exaggeration, which distinguishes our modern times, is not possible to but a small minority in the community, and the larger number even of the well-to-do are, by necessity and inclination, compelled to adopt the happy "mean," or medium, which has usually been found most conducive to happiness and long life. Still, the tendency here is, and must be, where resources are so ample, to increase the number of articles upon the bill of fare, rather than the size, quality, or nutrition of the dishes themselves; and so it is that our bills of fare, both in families and hotels, have become curiosities and matters of wonder and surprise to foreigners, who cannot imagine how so much food can be required by a people who are so angular and cadaverous in their general appearance. It is very curious that the flesh of people is generally in an almost inverse ratio to the quantity of meat they eat. There is no other nation in the world who eat so much animal food as the Americans; none who have less to show for it.

This fact was never popularly understood until Banting put his followers upon a meat diet, in order to reduce their flesh.

But this is drifting from the subject of puddings. I confess to a weakness for puddings, and to a liking for those dinners that consist of one substantial dish mainly, and that pay a certain respect to pudding. I like also to have the principal dish carefully and daintily carved by the host, or hostess, and distributed to the guests in good old hospitable fashion. A famous keeper of hotels is fond of telling how he used to indulge in the variety upon his bill of fare, until, though a man of powerful physique, there seemed to be danger of his becoming a confirmed and wretched dyspeptic. His physician advised him, if he would retain and regain his health, to limit himself every day to one dish of meat, and never partake of more than two or three vegetables and a simple dessert. He followed this advice, and became a well man.

Puddings may be eaten with impunity by ordinarily healthy people, if the rest of the dinner is composed of a few dishes; but if the stomach is already burdened, of course it does not help it to burden it still more—even with a favorite pudding.

But who would be without the memory of the pudding that made its appearance at stated intervals, on great occasions; on birthdays, at Christmas, or in honor of a guest? That man has no kinship with humanity in his soul who has not felt pleasure at the sight, or thought of the pudding of his childhood—the "plum," the "roly-poly," the "bird's-nest," the "bread-and-butter," or the homely but most welcome apple-dumpling.

There are many daintier puddings than these; but these are a few that figured on our home table many years ago. Plum-pudding was for Christmas and company, for cold weather; we having our summer and winter puddings. Bread-and-butter pudding was the favorite birthday pudding, and bird's-nest and roly-poly the every-day puddings that the children were best pleased to see.

A bird's-nest pudding is made in this wise. Peel eight Rhode Island Greening apples, core, and fill the cavity with sugar and spice. Place the apples in a deep, buttered dish, and pour over a batter made of three eggs, a pint of milk, and "prepared" flour enough to mix it into a stiff batter. If plain flour is used, mix with it (dry) two teaspoonfuls of Royal baking-powder and a pinch of salt. Bake in a quick oven, and eat with lemon sauce, hot. The lemon sauce you will make by mixing with the rind and juice of a large, fresh lemon a dessert-spoonful of flour, a small cup of sugar, and a piece of butter the size of an egg or a large walnut. Blend, and add a coffee cup of boiling water; bring all up to a boil in a saucepan, and serve in a tureen with the pudding.

For a roly-poly, you must make a paste with fresh beef suet chopped with flour to a powder, cold water and a little salt. Roll out, and spread currant, gooseberry, or raspberry preserve, as thick as the size of the jar will admit. Dust flour over very lightly, moisten the edges with cold water, leaving a margin, and, beginning at one end, roll over and over, pinching the ends and side to keep it close. Have ready a cloth dipped in boiling water and floured, pin it up firmly in this and tie. Plunge it in boiling water, and let it boil gently, without stopping, an hour and a half or two hours. Serve with a rich, liquid sauce flavored with nutmeg.

The bread-and-butter pudding was a favorite not only because it tasted good, but because it looked pretty.

Lay in a well-buttered pudding-dish thin slices of light, well-buttered bread, alternating each layer with a thick sprinkling of Zante currants, well-washed, dried, and picked, and some finely-shredded lemon peel (candied). Make the last layer currants, and pour over a very sweet custard made of the yolks of five eggs, and two of the whites to one quart of milk and sugar enough. Cover close and let the whole stand in a cool place for one hour. Then bake a light brown in a quick oven; whisking, meanwhile, the three remaining whites to a stiff mass with powdered sugar and a few drops of oil of lemon. When the pudding is baked, spread the whip over and return to the oven for five minutes. Before sending to the table decorate with bits of red currant jelly. It is good, hot or cold.

Plum-pudding is the true Queen of Puddings, no other being at all equal to it in symphonic character and the blending of so many rich ingredients. Nor is it any more hurtful than many which are considered quite innocuous because less solid, while in reality their liquid weakness is only so much floating dyspepsia. The most indigestible element in the ordinary plum-pudding is the flour. Avoid that. Use bread-crumbs instead (the crumbs from light, stale bread) and the pudding will not trouble a healthy stomach. A Christmas plum-pudding, for a party of ten or twelve persons, is made with a pound of grated bread-crumbs, half a pound of suet chopped and sifted, one pound of Sultana raisins, stoned, one pound of Zante currants, cleaned and picked, both these last floured before being mixed with the bread-crumbs. A quarter of a pound of mixed peel, eight eggs, a teaspoon of salt, same of nutmeg, same of mixed mace, cloves, and allspice, a half a cup of sugar, and fresh cider to mix into a stiff batter. Any of the spice can be omitted that is not liked. Use a tablespoonful of flour in mixing the pudding to hold it, and

serve with a rich, hot, fruit sauce. It should boil in a mould four hours without stopping. If made with flour, plum-pudding should boil five hours.

A cheaper plum-pudding, very good also, is obtained from half a pound of bread-crumbs, half a pound of raisins, half a pound of suet, *before* it is chopped, and sifted; four ounces of sugar, and half a pint of milk—add a little salt. Boil three hours, and serve with hot, liquid lemon sauce.

Eve's dumplings are liked by children, and are well adapted to grown people of tender digestions.

With half a pound of grated bread-crumbs, mix half a pound or less of suet, well floured, chopped, and sifted; half a pound of cleaned and dried Zante currants, half a pound of chopped greening apples, a cup of sugar, a salt-spoon of salt, two eggs, the rind and juice of a large lemon, and half a pint of rich milk; mix thoroughly, and divide into six dumplings, which tie in separate cloths dipped in the boiling water, and boil for a full hour. Serve with lemon-sauce, which is made by mixing a teaspoonful of flour with a cup of sugar, and a piece of butter the size of an egg; pour upon it a pint of boiling water, and return to the fire till all boils up together; then set away, and add the juice and grated rind of a good lemon, being careful that the sauce does not boil after these are added, or it will lose its flavor, and acquire a bitterness not so desirable.

The reason why suet is used for puddings that are boiled, rather than butter, is because suet makes them much lighter; but it ought to be fresh, freed from skin, chopped very fine, with plenty of flour, and then sifted through a colander. Room also must be given to boiled puddings to swell, and constant care should be exercised that they are kept boiling in plenty of water.

Baked plum-pudding is very nice cold for a luncheon dish. In this case butter is used instead of suet; but it must be perfectly sweet and good; in all other respects it is made the same as boiled pudding, except that a little more sugar is used. It may be eaten with plum-jelly, or jam. The following is an excellent formula for baked plum-pudding:

One pound of bread-crumbs, brown and white, half a pound of butter beaten to a cream, with one pound of granulated sugar, two teaspoonfuls of flour, eight eggs (yolks and whites beaten separately, the yolks added first, whites last), citron, candied peel, and chopped sweet almonds, one ounce each, even table-spoon of cinnamon and allspice mixed, the rind of a lemon, a whole nutmeg, a wine-glass of raspberry syrup, and put enough of rich, sweet cider to make a batter that can be dropped; add whites of eggs, grated nutmeg, and lemon last. Salt will not be needed if the butter is salted. It should bake from two to three hours in a moderate oven. Milk should not be used in mixing rich plum-puddings, because it makes it heavy and less digestible.

Boiled apple-dumplings should always be made with a suet crust, the suet prepared as recommended for boiled plum-pudding. The apples should be sound greenings, equal in size, and when peeled and cored the cavity should be filled with a little bit of currant-jelly and stick-cinnamon. After being enclosed in crust they should be tied in small knitted bags, as these give them a very pretty appearance on being turned out; and a rich lemon-sauce, hot, will make of them a dish fit for a king—one, indeed, which several kings, notably George IV. was very fond of.

There is a famous pudding which obtains its name from a charming little village in Derbyshire, in the "Matlock" region, called Bakewell. It is only a few miles from Rowsley, where is the famous "Peacock," the fisherman's inn, and that has also been extravagantly lauded by some American tourists. Bakewell is a pretty village, and its pudding deserves its reputation. It is made, according to an original receipt, as follows:

Mix with equal proportions of apricot and raspberry-jam a quarter of a pound of sweet butter, half a pound of sifted sugar, the yolks of six eggs, and the juice and grated rind of a large lemon; into this mixture crumble fine three or four maccaroons, and beat all up to a blended consistency; add two beaten whites of the eggs, and pour into a shallow pie-dish which has been lined with thin puff paste, and bake evenly three-quarters of an hour.

A meringue can be made by beating the four remaining whites to a froth with powdered sugar and a little rose-water, or vanilla, and putting it on the top when the pudding is baked, returning it for a moment to brown. But this is not done in Derbyshire. We have also omitted the chipped citron and lemon-peel, which was formerly, and is now sometimes, added to this pudding, as adding to its indigestibility.

A Hint to Young Girls.

PLEASANT, winning manners and tact in speech are far more desirable than the most beautiful face and figure. Every one knows from his or her own experience how much ill manners detract from beauty, and how positively detestable they make an ugly-looking person. I suppose few people can judge accurately of their own appearance, and that plain people are loath to admit their lack of comeliness even to themselves. That many very inferior-looking persons imagine themselves handsome is an undisputed fact, and the incongruous attire upon the public promenade fully attests it. One often sees the most conspicuous bonnet perched upon a head, and "throwing out" a face that should carefully avoid any such trial. One must be more than merely pretty, and vastly more than plain, to wear some of the dainty creations that our modistes are constantly designing, always with a view to their being worn appropriately, and by faces and figures to whom these fashions are adapted. We intend, however, in this article to speak more particularly of people's manners rather than their looks. An incident of recent date will give an instance of the manners of one young *lady*, as she doubtless considers herself, priding herself upon her education and accomplishments. A group of young girls were overheard talking on the pavement where they had met in the interval of a shopping excursion. Two of the group were really pretty girls, the third was decidedly plain, but could have made herself far less so, had she been blessed with, or cultivated, a little tact. While they were talking, they were joined by a strikingly pretty blonde, her beauty enhanced by gentle, sweet manners. This young lady, golden-haired and petite, did not look a day over eighteen; but all the others, who were well acquainted with her, happened to know she was twenty-eight years of age. The plain girl of the group, of nondescript complexion, said, speaking of a cousin in another city, "Yes, Estelle is married at last, and I am sorry to say did not make a pretty bride; she is very thin, and looks dreadfully faded; she looks as 'old as the hills;' I should certainly think she was twenty-five years old." And then she gave the pretty blonde a look.

If that little lady was not more than human, she must have had one of two thoughts; either, "Do *I* look as 'old as the hills?'" or "What a tactless specimen this girl is!"—perhaps she thought both. Such girls are never popular, for if they make such speeches thoughtlessly, people *think* them premeditated, or that they do not know any better, and will avoid them. No one cares for stupid aquaintances. Look around upon your own circle of friends. Whom do you like best to visit and to entertain? Is it those who without flattery make you contented with yourself and belongings, and unconsciously lead your thoughts to more elevated ideas of life and its duties? Or do you like best the people who leave you with discontented, unhappy, and even vindictive thoughts? It is so easy to ruffle one's feelings, and some are more susceptible to little unkind inuendoes than others. The habit of thinking before you speak will save many an after regret. Do not think that a pretty face will excuse a lack of regard for others' comfort or happiness. Cultivate your manners to the neglect of your beauty, if need be. That will fade, but the reputation of saying the right thing at the right time, the kindly regard for others, will make one as charming at sixty as at sixteen. If tactless people's speeches caused only momentary annoyance it would be senseless to notice them; but, alas, many times they are not "trifles."

"What is a trifle? a thoughtless word,
Forgotten as soon as said?
Perhaps its echo shall yet be heard
When the speaker is with the dead.
That thoughtless word is a random shot
And strikes we know not where!
It may rankle in some tender heart—
Is it a trifle there?"

H. P. R.

Scientific.

To mend Broken Ivory.—Moisten thoroughly a small quantity of very finely powdered good quicklime with white of egg to form a paste. Use at once, clamp the parts, and do not disturb for twenty-four hours. Do not use an excess of the cement.

Burning up the Air.—Two sperm candles or one good lamp will render the air of a room about as impure as the breath of one man, and one gas-burner will consume as much oxygen and give off as much carbonic acid as five or six men.

Milk as Food.—Milk is a food that should not be taken in copious draughts like other fluids, which differ from it chemically. Milk should be slowly taken in mouthfuls at short intervals; and thus it is rightly dealt with by the gastric juice. If milk be taken after other food, it is almost sure to burden the stomach and to cause prolonged indigestion. The better the quality of the milk the more severe the discomfort will be under these conditions.

How to Perfume Note Paper, etc.—Get a few quires of blotting-paper and sprinkle the sheets with the perfume desired; then put the blotting under a weight until it becomes dry. When dry, put note-paper, envelopes, etc., between the sheets, and place them under a weight for a few hours; remove them and they will be found perfumed. The blotting sheets may be utilized again and can be made to retain their perfume for a long time by keeping them free from exposure to air.

Sugar and Coffee.—Sugar, which with many doctors has a bad reputation, is an excellent aliment which assists digestion, and should not, says M. Leven, be proscribed in dyspepsia. By experiment, digestion of meat is found to take place much more completely when sugar is added. Coffee exerts both a local and general action, operating locally by means of its tannin, by diminishing the calibre of the vessels, but acting on the general economy by exciting the nervous centers and the muscular system. It renders digestion slower, and is only of good effect by relieving the feeling of torpor after meals. Its injurious action on digestion may be corrected by adding sugar so as to counterbalance its effects on the mucous membrane. Thus adding sugar to coffee is not only a pleasant practice, but one contributing to digestion.

Foot and Mouth Disease.—It cannot be too extensively known that a cure of foot and mouth disease can be effected in a few days by the use of salicylic acid. A solution of the acid is prepared by dissolving three tablespoonfuls of acid in a gallon of water, with which the mouth and feet are washed three times a day. A little of the powder should also be sprinkled, after washing, between the hoofs. Two tablespoonfuls of the acid should also be added to the drink of each beast during the day. A cooling aperient of half a pound of salts, a quarter of an ounce of nitre, and a quarter of an ounce of ginger will be of advantage, together with great attention to cleanliness.

Airy Bedrooms.—Lady Barker recommends airy bedrooms for children. She says: "The fondest and fussiest parents do not always understand that on the most careful attention and simple rules depend the straightness of children's spines, the strength of their limbs, their freedom from coughs and colds, and, in fact, their general health. But few consider that half of a young child's life should be spent in its bed. So that unless the atmosphere of the room they sleep in, the quality of the bed they lie on, and the texture of the clothes which cover them are taken into consideration, it is only half their existence which is being cared for."

The Washing and Shrinking of Woolen Articles.—Professor Artus, who has devoted himself to the discovery of the reason why woolen clothing, when washed with soap and water, will insist upon shrinking and becoming thick and acquiring that peculiar odor and feeling which so annoy housekeepers, says these evil effects are due to the decomposition of soap by the acids present in the perspiration and other waste of the skin which the clothing absorbs. The fat of the soap is then precipitated upon the wool. These effects may be prevented by steeping the articles in a warm solution of washing-soda for several hours, then adding some warm water and a few drops of ammonia. The woolens are then to be washed out and rinsed in lukewarm water. The Professor further tells us that flannel which has become yellow by use may be whitened by putting it for some time in a solution of hard soap to which strong ammonia has been added. The proportions he gives are one and a half pound of hard curded soap and two-thirds of a pound of strong ammonia to fifty pounds of soft water.

How to Make Shirts Glossy.—To secure a gloss when ironing shirts, take of raw starch one ounce; gum arabic, one drachm; white of egg or blood albumen, half an ounce; soluble glass, quarter of an ounce; water, *q. s.* Make the starch into fine cream, dissolve the gum in a little hot water, cool and mix it with the albumen, and beat up the mixture with the starch liquid; then add the water-glass (solution) and shake together. Moisten the starched linen with a cloth dipped in this liquid, and use a polishing iron to develop the gloss.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

Courtesy.—The influence of many good people is undoubtedly much diminished by their want of that courtesy which has been well called benevolence in small things.

Truth.—We measure truth by our own narrow standards, and, because we cannot comprehend it, we insist that it is not truth. Let us rather measure ourselves by its proportions, and try to grow up to it.

True prosperity depends upon true labor, alike for a nation, a family, and an individual, and all attempts to obtain the former without giving out the latter, however alluring the prospect, are, in the very nature of things, doomed to certain eventual failure and disgrace.

Squeezing Friends.—There are men and women in public and private life, whose pathway is marked by the "remains" of whilom friends whom they have squeezed dry and dropped, like so many sucked oranges.

Entertaining.—In entertaining guests, do not too much for their entertainment. The best, after all, is to invite one's friends into an easy-going, happy atmosphere, and leave them to enjoy themselves to a degree in their own way. Life will adjust itself if let alone. The points of contact will naturally indicate themselves in an atmosphere of freedom.

A sense of one's own deficiencies is a salutary thing, or the reverse, according to the use that is made of it. If it spurs to more zealous effort, if it makes us resolute in our purpose of living a worthier life than we have hitherto spent, its benefit is great; but if it arouses no more healthful frame of mind than a feeling of regret that we have accomplished so little, and an indolent and despairing conclusion that there is not much use in trying to do anything more, then it is merely an additional hindrance to a life already marred by failure.

SPICE BOX

Don't judge of a man's character by the umbrella he carries. It may belong to some other man.

The Happy Man—Man on a pic-nic with a borrowed wife.

Young women are apt to think that fun, like ice cream, is best enjoyed at somebody else's expense.

Electricity in Franklin's time was a wonder; now we make light of it.

The difference between a hill and a pill is that the hill is hard to get up, and the pill is hard to get down.

A Sentence in the Language of Flowers.—If you wish for *heart's-ease*, never look to *marry good*.

"Who says it is unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the winter chicken, and see how tough he is."

One lively fly can scratch up and scatter more seeds of religion than the most eloquent divine can sow in a whole forenoon.

If you cast your bread upon the waters, see that it is light—you don't want to give fish the dyspepsia.

"Well," said an old gentleman, who stumbled as he was trying to make his way around a group of waltzers—"well this is really working one's passage round the whirled."

Good Gracious!—So long as he lives, no man is wholly out of debt. There's the great debt of nature, you know, which no living man has ever paid. Besides, we are all more or less owing to circumstances.

Historians have clearly proved that the Duke of Wellington at the battle of Waterloo never said "Up, Guards, and at 'em." Not an *at* 'em of truth in the story, so to speak.

A new Dish.—"Here, waiter, bring me some grammatical and typographical errors." Waiter: "Sir we haven't any—just out, sir. Anything else, sir?" Guest: "Then, sir, why do you have them in the bill of fare?"

Thrown in.—"What do you ask for nicely-cooked beef-steak, well done, with onions?" "Fifty cents." "And the gravy?" "Oh, we don't charge anything for the gravy." "How much do you charge for bread?" "We throw in the bread." "So you throw in bread and gravy?" "Certainly." "Then bring me some bread and gravy."

Review of Fashions.

THE Countess of Bective can hardly expect to induce women generally to adopt alpaca, when so many and such varied and beautiful fabrics claim their consideration. Alpaca has a merit of its own, but it is chiefly durability; it lasts, as the phrase goes, "forever;" it grows grey and brown in service, but it can scarcely be induced to wear out, when it is genuine mohair.

But do ladies want a material capable of such resistance, for elegant and refined wear? Is there not something incongruous in putting point lace over alpaca, and expending upon it gold lace, and silk, or beaded embroidery? To show of what alpaca is capable—the fine effect that may be produced by it in conjunction with rich materials, dresses have been made for certain titled English ladies, which doubtless, aided by costly accessories, looked fully equal to costumes composed of richer fabrics; but will this sort of display on the part of three or four interested and enthusiastic ladies accomplish the object of making alpaca a fashionable and popular material—will it induce the majority to accept it as a substitute for silk, satin, and brocade, or even for the soft, all-wool fabrics, camel's hair, cashmere, wool suiting, flannel, de beige and vigogne or vicuna cloth? We think not.

Ladies who can afford to purchase rich dresses, want a rich fabric as a foundation for it; and industrial skill is constantly contriving new effects, producing new combinations, or refining those which are already in existence. It is impossible nowadays to force any one thing, any one design, any one style upon the market to the exclusion of others—ideas are too numerous—activity is too widespread—competition too great. There was a time when it was possible to influence many women through the example of one or two sufficiently distinguished—there was a time when the majority accepted one style, one idea, one design, and hardly thought it possible to go outside of it; but that time has gone by. There is now an immense variety of materials, designs, colors, styles and combinations to choose from, and the public at large has become the maker of its own fashions; for no one can pretend to an absolute dictatorship, or even to knowing exactly what will, and what will not be accepted as prevailing fashions. Early styles are now merely "samples" which every dealer places before his customers; the choice made by them guiding his future orders. Instead of one or two there are fifty different patterns and shapes of dresses, and bonnets, of cloaks, and mantles to choose from, and each one instinctively selects that which will be most likely to suit her own pocket and individuality. This great advance in all the resources of dress, has done more than afford a wider opportunity for choice; it has elevated the question into an art; it has made it possible for women of taste, means and cultivation to study the subject from the æsthetic side—from the point of view from which they study purely artistic matters, painting, poetry, sculpture, and music. For dress is found to have an intimate connection with all of these—to be capable of expression, to embody an almost infinite number of high qualities, light, color, warmth, depth, strength, refinement, subtilties of shade, and harmonious possibilities in contrast and combination. Thought, sentiment, imagination, reason, intelligence, and utility, are all expressed in dress, and in fact there is no quality that has not its corresponding attribute in the elements of dress, and that may not be expressed by those who know how to select the proper means.

This being true in a much wider and higher sense than we have space now to enlarge upon or explain; and cultivated women being fully alive to the important and growing possibilities of dress as a factor in our art and social life; it follows that the range will and must become wider, instead of narrower, and that only those who are able to grasp the comprehensive ideas, and adapt themselves to growth in special or general directions, can hope to make a permanent success, even in a field so much abused, and usually considered so devoid of sense, as that of woman's dress. Growth is always from the primitive, through the complex, up to an organic simplicity—a simplicity which is large, and noble, and inclusive of all smaller and ruder forms. We are now in the region of the complex, and our growth must be forward, not backward.

Illustrated Designs.

AMONG our illustrations of designs for the first month will be found some of special value at this season, because representing the freshest ideas, and those adapted to the newest fabrics. Foremost of these are two winter cloaks, one the "Hildegarde" pelisse, the other the "Patti" cloak. Both represent the latest and most popular patterns in winter garments, and are well adapted to varied and practical use. The pelisse is a long loose garment, sack-shaped, fashionably made in rich brocade, lined with warm plush, and liked as a wrap, for carriage and vis-

iting, because easily put on, and easily removed. The sleeves are of the wide, Mandarin cut, and, when lined with soft silk plush like the rest of the garment, afford warmth, without in the least crushing the sleeves of the dress. The collars, cuffs, and ribbon bows are of satin. About seven yards of brocade would be needed for this pelisse, and the same quantity of plush for lining, provided it was about the same width. One yard of satin is sufficient for cuffs and collar.

The "Patti" cloak may be made of Sicilienne, and lined and trimmed with fur or feather cloth, which only requires facing upon the edge, and may be trimmed with fur or plain plush. Three yards and three-eighths of cloth, forty-eight inches wide, is sufficient for this handsome cloak, with eight yards of fur to trim it.

The two basques illustrated are the "Graciosa" and "Francena." The first simulates a vest, and is adapted to a rich class of goods, velvet or moire combined with brocaded satin or satin with figured plush for the vest, and beaded embroidery to outline the vest form. The back of the basque is very novel and stylish. By mounting the lower pleats upon a yoke or lining extension, the effect is given of a double row of double box-pleats. The sleeves are demi-long, and rounded up on the arm. About four yards of twenty-four inch wide material is required for this basque, and a yard and a quarter, same width for vest and collar.

The "Francena" is suited to woolen and a less expensive class of materials. The trimming and deep collar are formed of side-plaiting, and a very pretty effect is produced by using a neat and effective striped wool for this purpose, and laying the pleats so as to bring the contrasting stripes close together, with only lines of self-color between. The whole amount of material required is only five yards, twenty-four inches wide; two for the plaiting. Of course this can as well be made in a plain self-colored material, or feather mixture, and many prefer this to the combination with the stripe.

The "Adalia" is a new winter walking-skirt for woolen fabrics, and is best made in cloth suiting, serge, camel's hair, or twilled flannel in darkest shades of brown, green, indigo blue, or gray. The finishing is tailor-stitching in numerous rows; but if a more dressy effect is desired, rows of very narrow flat, gold braid may be substituted. Nearly twelve yards of narrow cloth would be required for tucks, overskirt and plaiting, but not more than seven would be needed for suiting, which is usually forty-six inches wide.

A pretty and dressy costume for a young lady is the "Desirée." It is adapted to many different materials, fine wool, cashmere, nun's veiling, or the soft twilled silks which shirr so beautifully. The apron and collar may be braided or embroidered by the wearer's own hand, if the dress is made up in wool, or it may be replaced by a cut-out embroidery or fine kilt plaiting headed with folds. Instead of a point in front, the apron may be rounded if preferred, or it may be arranged as a double apron. The design may be reproduced in less expensive woolen materials than those mentioned with very good effect. From fifteen to eighteen yards of stuff is needed to complete the costume, with all the plaiting, fifteen being sufficient in cashmere width, for a not very large person.

The polonaise has taken quite a new lease of life, and appears as an overdress in cloth of many different styles. Doubtless it has received a stimulus from the recent adoption of the European fashion of buying ready-made dress skirts in satin, velvet, silk, alpaca and soft wool, and wearing them with unworn or independent basques, and the ever useful polonaise. The "Casilda" is a beautiful and stylish model in "billiard" cloth, arranged to form a two pointed apron in front, and a drapery at the back, disposed to form an enormous bow. The looping at the side is effected with cords, and these, and the buttons of veined horn or pearl, constitute the trimming, unless the satin facing of collar, cuffs, lower edge and sides, comes under that category. Nine yards of narrow cloth, and five of wide (forty-eight inches) is required for the "Casilda."

A charming "tea-gown," house dress, or morning gown for a bride, will be found in the "Ethelreda" princess dress; a simple, graceful, and elegant model adapted to any soft or rich fabric. It is very prettily made in wine-colored cashmere, very dark shade, and trimmed with narrow rows of gold braid, the sash being formed of old gold satin ribbon. The *guimpe*, or chemisette, and puffs may be of satin also. Fawn color and crimson are a good combination, or mulberry brown, and nasturtium, or it would perhaps look even better in a combination of mouse-colored wool and satin in the same shade. It is an excellent design for velveteen or embossed velvet for home-wear. Twelve yards will make the plain dress, and two yards of satin will make bows, puffs, and *guimpe*.

We give the "Alixe," as a lovely overskirt for thin materials, and as very suitable for India muslin, thin cream-colored wool, pale pink cashmere, or any of the materials used for evening dresses of girls. The "Alixe," pretty, and dressy as it is, only requires four yards and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide, for its production, exclusive of the trimming, which may be lace, embroidered ruffling, or plaiting of the same. A skirt trimmed with a single flounce, and a belted waist, with shirred trimming, and elbow sleeves, are all that is necessary to complete a very pretty and inexpensive costume.

Adalia Walking Skirt.—A simple and stylish walking skirt, suitable to be worn either with a basque, or a round waist and belt. It is composed of a plain gored underskirt, trimmed with five tucks and a narrow side-plaiting on the bottom, and over this an overskirt composed simply of a rather short draped apron and a full back drapery. This design is appropriate for any class of dress goods, especially flannels and similar fabrics, and may be trimmed according to taste and the material employed; but tucks and rows of machine stitching, as illustrated, form the most suitable finish for woolen goods. Price of patterns, thirty cents.

Hildegarde Pelisse.—This simple and graceful wrap is cut in sacque shape, very long, and with large open sleeves, with broad cuffs or *revers* in the style known as Mandarin sleeves. The pelisse is finished at the neck with a rolling collar, and the seam down the middle of the back is slightly curved in to the figure and is left open at the lower part. Any of the goods usually selected for outside garments may be made up after this model, which is extremely well adapted to rich materials, to be lined with fur or plush; also to other heavy goods for winter wear, and is equally desirable for goods of lighter quality for *demi-saison* or summer wear. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents.

Francena Basque.—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, this basque, although novel in arrangement, is thoroughly practical and simple in design. The basque is cut quite short all around, and lengthened to rather more than the depth of an ordinary cuirass basque by the addition of a side-plaiting joined to the lower edge of the basque all around. Similar plaiting forms the collar and cuffs, and the sleeves are cut in ordinary coat style. This model is suitable for any class of dress goods, and requires no trimming excepting the plaitings. This basque is shown on the full-page engraving in combination with the "Alixe" overskirt. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Hildegarde Pelisse.

THIS graceful winter wrap, worn over a street costume of dark olive-green *satin merveilleux*, is composed of brocade with raised plush flowers and leaves in dark olive-green upon a slightly lighter ground of uncut velvet. The design illustrated is the "Hildegarde" pelisse, lined throughout with red and olive striped plush. The pelisse is in sacque shape, with large, square open sleeves, trimmed with bows of watered silk ribbon shaded in the colors of the pelisse. A large bow of the same with long ends is fastened at the throat. The small *capote* shaped bonnet of bronze-green plush is tied under the chin with a large bow of watered silk ribbon, and trimmed with a half-wreath of tea-roses, an *aigrette* of green and gold feathers, and a ruched plaiting of yellow Spanish lace falling upon the hair. The muff is also of bronze-green plush, trimmed with yellow Spanish lace, and a bow of ribbon to match the bonnet. The design is the "Olga" muff. Price of pattern, fifteen cents. Pattern of pelisse in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

Fashionable Lingerie.

1 2

No. 1.—An elegant and dressy design, composed of a collar-*fichu* of pale, water-blue satin, shirred at the lower ends, and laid in plain folds about the neck. A double, gathered ruffle of Polanza lace trims the lower edge, and a very graceful bow and ends of lace-edged satin fastens the *fichu* in front. Price, in satin of any desired color, $4.85. Trimmed with Italian lace, $3.25.

No. 2.—Dauphin collar of Vermicelli lace and violet satin ribbon. The ribbon forms a band around the neck, upon which the very wide lace is pleated, and the two ends of the ribbon are tied in a graceful bow in front, one end being notched and the other fringed out with a plaiting of lace fastened in the bow and falling over it. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, $2.25.

3

No. 3.—"Bernhardt" waist bow of baby-blue, satin and *gros-grain damier* ribbon, nearly seven inches wide. The bow is formed of three loops and two fringed-out ends, tied in a graceful bow without cutting the ribbon. The same bow can be furnished in plain satin ribbon. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, $3.

4

No. 4.—A lovely throat knot or cravat bow of pale pink and *ciel* blue satin ribbon. The bow is composed of two loops, and three fringed-out and knotted ends, fastened in a double loop of the two colors. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, $1.75.

The House Jacket.

THE convenience of this article of dress is proved by its permanency. It is several years now since it was naturalized among us, and it is as well worn, and probably more worn than ever. Small-figured, close, well-covered brocades, gold brocade, velvet, velveteen, and thick, fine satin are all available for jackets, and they also afford scope for charming contrasts.

The most fashionable jackets are terra cotta red with jabot of cream-colored lace, and skirt of soft cream Surah trimmed with lace, pleated ruffles, and shirred drapery. This is a pretty half evening toilet for a young lady, and inexpensive. Mulberry-brown trimmed with narrow gold braid, or with gold cord, is very pretty, also with cream, and it may be utilized with a skirt of mulberry wool for street wear.

A jacket of black velveteen, trimmed with narrow gold braid, may be used with all kinds of skirts, and also to complete a short black suit.

Plush jackets are beautiful if the plush is of fine quality, but coarse or heavy plush is not becoming, and not suitable for any purpose which requires to define the form. Fine plush and the rich figured plushes are, however, as expensive as silk velvet, and therefore less available for popular use.

An elegant dinner dress, made recently, consisted of a combination of bronze satin, and rich plush in an olive pattern, shaded in bronze, and olive tones. The plush formed the jacket, panels down the front between fine cross-wise pleatings of satin, and a flounce under a pleating of satin at the bottom of the train, the under pleating being lace. A very fine jabot, and ruffles of old lace finished the jacket. This dress was beautiful in itself, but a jacket of figured plush, while it may be used with tinted white, or even black, skirts, cannot be utilized for a variety of colors like red or black.

Embroidered Collars.

DOUBLE, and triple collars of embroidered muslin, are among the novelties of the season for indoor wear. Habit collars of linen are worked in small squares, are three inches deep, and turned over straight upon the yoke of muslin, which is fitted to the neck.

"Our Portfolio of Fashions."

THE singular popularity of this publication finds no better evidence than its enormous circulation. This season we started with the almost fabulous list of nearly 100,000. 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 all 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.

Patti Cloak.

AN extremely stylish figure, illustrating a back view of the "Patti" cloak made up in black *satin Rhadames*, lined with squirrel fur, and trimmed with a heavy border of silver fox, which also composes the collar. A large sash of black *moiré* silk is arranged at the back just above the large box-plaits which supply the necessary fullness. The sleeves are gathered around the wrists and trimmed with a band of fur, and beaded *passementerie* ornaments of black satin cords are fastened at the lower part of the sleeves at the back. Black beaver hat, with rolled brim faced with black mole-skin plush. A scarf of jet-beaded velvet is arranged around the crown, and a short ostrich plume, shaded in red and pale gold color, with a black *aigrette*, falls over the *coiffure* at the back. The cloak reaches nearly to the bottom of the skirt, almost entirely concealing the costume of black satin brocade and *satin merveilleux*. The double illustration of this cloak is given among the separate fashions. Pattern of cloak in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

Ethelreda Princess Dress.—Artistically simple in design, this model represents a perfectly plain, princess dress, adapted to house wear. It is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, deep darts taken out under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. Additional fullness is imparted to the skirt by extensions on the side forms and back pieces laid in box-plaits on the inside. The neck and sleeves are finished in mediæval style, with a Medicis collar and shirred *guimpe* in the neck, and full puffs at the tops of the sleeves. Any material may be used for making up this dress, the choice of the fabric and suitable trimmings being simply a matter of individual taste. The design is especially recommended as an illustration, slightly modified, of the favorite æsthetic or artistic dress of the present day. The front view is shown on the full-page engraving. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Moire Antique Revived.

AFTER many efforts, *moire antique*, as an element in the composition of rich dresses, seems to have obtained a new vogue. It is difficult to see how it can ever be popular again, for though a rich and elegant fabric, well suited to the composition of stately toilets, yet it is not adaptable, and not youthful, and therefore only suitable for a small minority of the wearers of nice clothes. Still there is no reason why *moire antique* should be tabooed, or ruled out, because it is not universally applicable, when it is so admirably well suited to special purposes and occasions, and fills a place in the catalogue of rich materials which cannot be equally supplied by any other.

Moire-antique, both plain, and striped with satin, is used for long, full trains, and for Watteau dresses, or princess robes with high Medici collars. Some of the richest moire-antiques are veined with gold, and these are particularly well adapted for the Marquise dresses with high collars of gold embroidered lace. As a rule, however, moire is not employed for the entire dress, but only for the train, the front being of satin or plush, the sides plush, or satin kilted, or covered with long cascades of black or white Spanish point lace.

Graciosa Basque.

UNIQUE and stylish in effect, this basque of olive bronze *satin merveilleux* is arranged with a simulated vest of plush of the same color, outlined with an *appliqué passementerie*, in daisy patterns, of shaded bronze beads. The back of the basque is arranged with two rows of double box-plaitings, the lower one mounted upon a yoke underneath. A rolling collar, with ruffles of yellow Aurillac lace, and demi-long sleeves with *passementerie* garniture around the wrists, complete the basque, which composes a part of the costume of the same color and materials, the overskirt being the "Alixe," with trimming of narrow plaited ruffles, headed by bands of plush, upon which is laid *passementerie* bead *appliqué* to correspond with the basque garniture. The illustration shows a back view of the "Graciosa" basque. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Overskirt pattern, thirty cents.

Winter Colors.

ALL winter colors are dark or bright, except those used strictly for evening wear and gaslight. Among these soft pink, pale gold, some delicate shades of heliotrope, and cream retain their prestige; but there is, notwithstanding, a decided reaction in favor of high color and black, particularly terra-cotta and coral red and old gold.

Of course, these brilliant shades of red, such as coral color, are only suitable for young girls or women who look and dress young, and they are usually softened as much as may be with garniture of white lace. But by gaslight they do not look hard or *pronounced* if the tint is well chosen, and they brighten a drawing-room assemblage wonderfully. Black and dark colors, for evening wear, are fairly illuminated with jet, and the infinite variety of beaded trimmings. The beauty of these must be seen to be understood. They are a marvel of shading, combination and exquisite design, and their cost is not surprising, considering the labor and skill put upon them. The colors consist of olive, ruby, bronze, and old gold or amber. All the dark, all the amber, all the rich wine shades are reproduced in the gleaming iridescence of beaded embroideries, and they light up the beautiful cloth shades in satin, *satin Rhadames*, and *satin merveilleux*, like masses of jewels.

For day wear, the dark mulberry and seal-brown shades lead an infinite host of beautiful olives, garnets, wines, invisible green, bottle-greens and the like. The blues have retired. Dark navy and indigo blue are never *out* of fashion entirely; but the dark greens, the reds and the browns, have the preference, and are suitable for winter, being "warm" colors. With seal browns the nasturtium shades are particularly good put in high relief, and in judicious quantity.

The innumerable shades and combinations of colors have dissipated many old ideas in regard to what is and what is not becoming to different types of beauty, fair and dark. The blonde is not now confined to blue, the brunette to pink and yellow, the grades are so many; the high colors have been so blended and softened that there are few colors that cannot be worn by every lady, who has intelligence and taste enough to adapt them to her own personality. Undoubtedly, however, one of the triumphs in color is the illumination which the new discoveries in coloring glass have developed in bead embroideries. These really beautiful productions light up dark, rich fabrics with a splendor that recalls all the stories of Oriental magnificence, and renders them as effective for evening wear as the lightest and daintiest of fabrics; and much more suitable than these for ladies who are advancing toward middle age, and who, not being able to dress youthfully, require to dress richly in order to present a proper appearance.

Alixe Overskirt.—Easily arranged and especially graceful, this overskirt is composed of a long, draped apron, and two overlapping pointed draperies in the back looped in plaits high at each side. The overskirt is trimmed all around with a narrow, plaited ruffle, headed by a broad band, and a second ruffle is placed across the front of the apron at about half its depth to simulate a double apron. This model is adapted to any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed more or less elaborately, according to taste and the material selected. This overskirt is shown in the full-page engraving in combination with the "Francena" basque. Price of patterns, thirty cents.

Patti Cloak.—This model, although gracefu'ly unique in effect, is simple and practical in design. It is cut in sacque shape, with perfectly loose fronts and a curved seam down the middle of the back, and the back pieces are arranged to form the outer parts of the sleeves which are gathered around the wrists. Extensions are cut on the back edges of the back pieces, which are laid in a large box-plait on each side. This model is equally well adapted to rich fabrics, to be trimmed with fur or plush, and to any quality of goods, suitable for winter, *demi-saison*, and traveling wraps. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price thirty cents each.

Forthcoming Attractions.

WE expect, as a leading feature of the literary department of this magazine, a new novel by Mrs. Alexander, entitled "THE ADMIRAL'S WARD." Mrs. Alexander is the most popular woman novelist of the day, and the author of the brilliant romance "The Wooing O't."

We have also made arrangements with Miss Louise M. Alcott for an article on "GOD'S MOTHERS," and it will be followed up by a long-promised story "THE SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN." An eminent writer has engaged to give us a series of important papers on "WOMEN IN ALL AGES," and their relation to the different conditions and epochs of the world. The series will begin with the "Woman of the Wild Woods." We have also purchased from the author, Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, the most important paper given at the Woman's Congress recently held in Buffalo on the "Guardianship of Children, and Status of the Mother." Mrs. Lockwood's position as the leading woman lawyer of the United States gives to her utterances legal weight and authority.

We have many other interesting and important features in preparation, and can safely assure our readers that this magazine for 1882 will be the best two dollars' worth they ever had an opportunity of acquiring.

Bridal Dresses.

AT a recent wedding, the bride's dress was short, and made in a simple, quaint old-fashioned style, of cream brocade, trimmed with a deep flounce edged with Brussels lace, and at her side hung a reticule, ornamented with cream roses and lace. The bodice was full, with waistband, and falling collar of lace; puffed lace and long silk mittens tied above the elbow with broad satin ribbon. At her throat and waist she wore bunches of cream roses. Instead of the orthodox veil and wreath, she wore a large cream satin bonnet with a tuft of feathers fastened by a diamond buckle. The bridesmaid's dresses were of Umritzur cashmere, two turquoise blue, and two dull yellow shade, trimmed with lace, broad red sashes and shoulder knots; they carried bouquets and wore gold bangles, both the gifts of the bridegroom.

At another wedding were twelve bridesmaids, three sisters of the bridegroom, four cousins of the bride, and five her nieces. The bride wore a dress of white brocaded satin, the front of the skirt trimmed with lace thickly embroidered with pearls, a bouquet of orange blossoms on the left shoulder, and over a wreath of orange blossoms a tulle veil was fastened by diamond stars, her only other jewels being diamond earrings. The bridesmaids were dressed alike—cream silk brocade bodices and sashes, overskirts of cream nun's cloth entirely covered with flounces of cream lace, and ivory beaver Rubens hat, with ivory ostrich feathers. Each wore a diamond fly-brooch with ruby eyes—the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a bouquet of roses.

Still another bride, attended by six bridesmaids, wore a dress of ivory satin, trimmed with pearl and white jet embroidery, a wreath and bouquet of orange blossoms, with tulle veil beautifully embroidered in floss silk, upon her neck a string of pearls. Her train was borne by her nephew, dressed as a page, in gold satin and point lace of the period of Louis XIV. The bridesmaids were dressed alike in skirts of cream Spanish lace, with bodices and sashes of white *moire antique*.

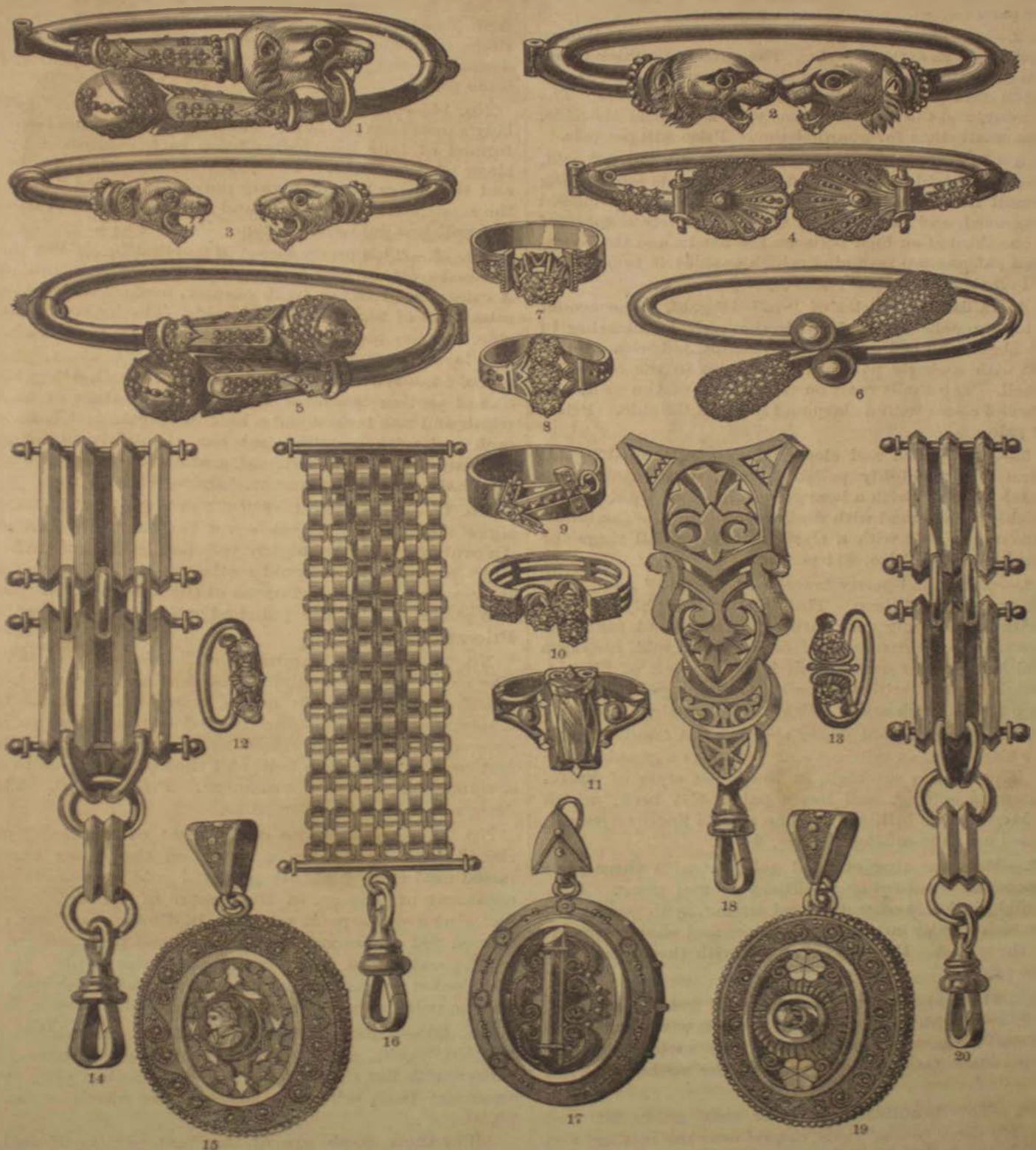
LADIES' HOUSE DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—This graceful figure illustrates a perfectly plain princess dress of Tyrian purple plush, trimmed simply with bands of appliqu'd gold embroidery around the bottom of the skirt and sleeves. The mediæval shoulder puffs and lining of the Medicis plush collar are of purple satin, and a *châtelaine* sash of satin is let in at the second dart seams, and tied in a bow in the middle of the front. A gold cord outlines the collar. The opening in the neck is filled in with a shirred *guimpe* and ruffle of white silk mull. The design illustrated is the "Ethelreda" princess dress, the double illustration of which will be found among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—A simple and stylish costume of bronze *moiré française*. The design represented is the "Desirée" costume, with a short skirt trimmed with three shirred and plaited flounces, and a pointed apron drapery trimmed all

around with a band of bronze satin, upon which is placed *appliqué passementerie* garniture of shaded bronze and gold beads. The basque is ornamented in front with a vest plastron of bronze satin, shirred at the waist and plaited above and below. A narrow shoulder puff of satin, and a cuff of satin shirred and plaited to match the *plastron* ornament the sleeves, and a rolling collar of satin with a band of *passementerie bead appliqué* finishes the neck. A large bow of bronze satin ribbon is arranged at the back in lieu of drapery. This costume is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 3.—This pretty house dress is a combination of the "Francena" basque and "Alixe" overskirt, arranged over a short gored skirt trimmed all around with a deep kilt-plaiting of green and gold satin in wide *Pékin* stripes. The basque and overskirt are of dark, olive green cashmere, trimmed with plaited ruffles of the *Pékin* satin, headed with bands of dark olive-green silk plush. The plaitings are arranged with the dark green stripes on the outside, and the gold stripes underneath. Ruffle of white Aurillac lace, and pale blue *moiré* ribbon tie at the neck. Both the overskirt and basque are illustrated separately elsewhere. Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Overskirt pattern, thirty cents.



BRACELETS, RINGS, CHÂTELAINES, AND LOCKETS.

ACTUAL SIZES—SEE PRICES AND DESCRIPTIONS, PAGE 128.

Bracelets, Rings, Chatelaines, and Lockets.

(*See Illustrations, Page* 127.)

No. 1.—This handsome bracelet is a round circlet of highly polished red gold with overlapping ends, one finished with a large lion's head in engraved and chased yellow gold, with ruby eyes and holding a thick ring of highly polished gold in its mouth; while the other end is a mace head in yellow gold, richly ornamented with filigree. This bracelet closes at the side with a spring, and has rings for guard-chains. It is of the finest quality of "rolled" gold. Price $9 per pair.

No. 2.—An elegant bracelet of satin finished Roman "rolled" gold in antique style. The circlet is a thick round ring, terminating in large lions' heads engraved and richly chased in dead yellow gold and set with ruby eyes. The heads meet, and the bracelet opens with a clasp at the side, and has small rings for guard-chains. Price $10 per pair.

No. 3.—In antique style, this bracelet is of "rolled" gold, the armlet of highly polished red gold, the ends terminating with small lions' heads of yellow gold handsomely chased and engraved, and having ruby eyes. There is a space of about one-third of an inch between the heads, and the bracelet has a patent snap fastening which enables it to be easily slipped on the arm. Price, $8.75 per pair.

No. 4.—A dainty bracelet of "rolled" gold. The armlet is of highly polished gold, with the ends terminating in scallop shells of dead gold richly ornamented with filigree and set with a single pale blue turquoise in the center of each shell. The shells meet on the outside of the arm, and the bracelet closes with a clasp and hinge at the side. Price, $8 per pair.

No. 5.—A very rich and elegant design in "rolled" gold. The circlet is of highly polished gold, with overlapping ends, each finished with a heavy mace head of dead yellow gold, richly ornamented with designs in filigree. The bracelet opens on the side with a clasp, and has small rings for the guard chains. Price, $11 per pair.

No. 6.—A neat and pretty bracelet of "rolled" gold, with flexible arm band and clasp. The circlet is of highly polished gold, with overlapping ends turning outward and terminating in pear-shaped ornaments of dead yellow gold, having a satin finished surface over which is a net-work of filigree. The bracelet fastens with two balls of highly polished gold that snap around each other. Price, $5 per pair.

No. 7.—This solid gold finger-ring is a flat band set with a pure white stone, as brilliant and showy as a genuine diamond. The stone is set high, in the latest style of knife-edge diamond setting, and has a patent-foil back, which greatly increases its brilliancy. The ring is finely engraved, and chased near the setting. Price, $4.50.

No. 8.—Marquise ring of solid gold, set with three pure white stones as beautiful and brilliant as real gems. They are set high, in knife-edge diamond setting, with patent-foil backs, which greatly enhances the luster and showy appearance of the stones. Price, $6.25. Set with three pearls, at the same price.

No. 9.—This unique finger-ring of solid gold is a broad, flat band, upon which is a gold anchor set with small turquoises, and a pearl at each point of the anchor. A tiny gold ring swings from the upper end of the anchor. Price, $5.50.

No. 10.—This beautiful ring is of solid gold, flat and divided into three bands, finely chased near the setting, and set with three brilliant white stones to represent a clover-leaf with gold stem. The stones are set high, in knife-edge diamond setting, with patent-foil back, which greatly increases their natural beauty, and gives them all the fire and brilliancy of genuine diamonds. Price, $6.

No. 11.—Amethyst finger-ring, having a finely cut oblong stone, of a pure violet tint, set in solid gold, with an elaborate crown setting in marquise shape. The ring is a double-beveled circlet, dividing at the shank to support the setting. Price, $6.

No. 12.—A dainty bangle ring of solid gold, with overlapping ends, set with three real pearls in hoop style. The pearls are set high, in diamond mountings. Price, $6.25.

No. 13.—A pretty finger-ring of solid gold in bangle style, with overlapping ends, apparently joined by two small rings, on either side of which is set a garnet in knife-edged diamond setting. Price, $4.50. Set with two pearls, for the same price.

No. 14.—*Châtelaine* of coin silver and "rolled" gold for a lady's watch or fan-chain. The design represents two squares formed of four lengthwise bars, each connected by triple rings of coin silver. The upper bars are also of coin silver, and the lower bars of highly polished "rolled" gold, while the small connecting rings and bars below are of coin silver and polished gold alternating. Price, $5.75.

No. 15.—This pretty locket of "rolled" gold has the satin-finished oval surface richly ornamented with light filigree. A cameo head is set in the center, around which is an oval raised rim of highly polished gold. The locket opens at the side, and has places for two pictures. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, $4.75.

No. 16.—Woven link *châtelaine* of "rolled" gold. The linked portion measures about three-quarters of an inch in width and two inches and a half in length, and is finished at each end with a cylindrical bar of highly polished gold. The swivel is of polished gold, and serves to suspend a watch, fan-chain or other ornament. Price, $5.50.

No. 17.—Oval locket of "rolled" gold, with delicate designs wrought in filigree upon the satin-finished surface. An oval raised rim of highly polished gold surrounds an upright bar of polished gold resting on light filigree scrolls in the center. The locket opens at the side, and has places for two pictures. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, $2.75.

No. 18.—A very handsome *châtelaine* of "rolled" gold. The entire surface is highly polished and engraved, and the *châtelaine* graduates in width, being wider at the top, and displaying shield and heart-shaped outlines and an inverted crescent resting on a shield at the lower part. The hook fastens securely in the belt, and the swivel serves to suspend a watch, fan or other ornament. Price, $8.50. The same design in solid silver for $6.50.

No. 19.—A handsome oval locket of "rolled" gold, enriched with light filigree work on the outer surface. A raised oval rim of highly polished gold surrounds a circular ornament of filigree, in the center of which is a round rim inclosing a single pearl set high, in diamond setting. Flower-shaped flat ornaments of engraved and polished gold are set on the outer rim above and below the center ornaments. The locket opens at the side, with places for two pictures. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, $4.75.

No. 20.—This handsome *châtelaine*, of highly polished "rolled" gold, is composed of connecting bars joined together with flat rings of the same. This is a very convenient ornament from which to suspend the watch or fan. Price, $5.50.

All of these goods are of the best quality of material and workmanship, and many of the designs are fac-similes of those made in solid gold.

Winter Costumes.

DEPTH, richness, color, are the distinguishing characteristics of the costumes for the present season. The materials are soft, thick, warm in tint, varied by high lights, and dense shadows, and full of picturesque and striking surprises. Plush, whether a suitable fabric for dresses or not, has acquired an immense vogue, and is produced in such wonderful combinations of color, such artistic shading, such effective designs, as to carry everything before it, and leave velvet, and other rich fabrics quite in the shade. All the furs which have heretofore been confined to rugs because too expensive, and too heavy for dress purposes, are reproduced most naturally in plush, and furnish a novel element in the lining and trimming of cloaks, and the mounting or wearing of coats, hats, and dresses. Leopard and tiger effects are particularly noticeable, and there are also many leaf and olive designs, and *ombré* shadings in ruby, gold, and bronze colors, that act as brilliant reflectors, and can therefore only be used in small quantities, or as linings to the darkest shades of silk and satin, or self-colored brocade.

One of the most elegant of the new winter toilets is a dinner-dress composed of bronze satin and plush shaded in ruby, and gold, and bronze, in a pattern of long slender leaves, laid one over another. The plush forms a rather narrow, but entire front, and two scant, but ample-looking puffs for the sleeves; one set high, with wide band of satin between, the other over the elbows with deep band or cuff below. The train and sides of the robe, cut in one, are of the satin, outlined with a wide open embroidery of beads upon lace, the beads the colors of the plush, and embroidered in a leaf pattern resembling that of the plush, only that flowers are added, which heighten the decorative effect. The train is cut up at frequent intervals round the bottom, for a distance of five inches; narrow gores are turned back, faced with plush, and the spaces filled in with pleating of satin, over plush, and bunches of beads, and small pendant balls of plush, forming tassels. At the back of the neck is a high collar of beaded embroidery and lace, which is set upon a wire to preserve its shape. Soft falls of old lace lay upon the bands (which are also enriched with embroidery) upon the arm.

Plain plush trims cloth coats, with collars and cuffs, or with straight cape, cuffs, and adds binding to the lapels. It is used for jackets, and forms perfectly plain, but very expensive walking suits, some of which, untrimmed, but beautifully finished, and faced with satin, are sold at from three hundred to four hundred dollars each. The buttons used upon these suits are works of art; they are of dark carved pearl, old silver, or form miniature bronze plaques, with figures, or designs in relief, which have genuine artistic merit and value.

The popular basque design of the season is long, and has paniered sides, which are rounded off from the front of the skirt, which is always trimmed, or panelled, or formed of fine shirrings, or lengthwise pleatings. These last have somewhat taken the place of the shirred and draped tablliers, but the difference is a matter of taste; both styles are fashionably employed.

The trimmings of princesse dresses very often simulate a basque draped upon the hips, the front being panelled in two materials, or with embroidery, and the back arranged in a simply draped demi-train, with trimming round the bottom only.

Brocades with immense figures, some self-colored, but others showing every variety of shade and contrast, are used for trains, the front of the dress being, perhaps, a plain satin, panelled with velvet in the solid color of which the high, low, or square-cut basque is composed. An elegant dress, for example, has a train of ivory satin, brocaded with velvet in a feather design, shaded in brown, with white eyes, inclosed in a yellow iris, with black rim. This produced a magnificent effect which was enhanced by a gathered front of amber satin, panelled with brown velvet, embroidered with amber gold, bronze, and rice beads. The bodice of velvet was embroidered to match, the sleeves were of satin and velvet, and the bodice was outlined with a narrow puff of satin, which clearly defined it, above the small paniers of gold velvet, which enlarged the hips, and fell over the broadly-figured train.

The winter house-jacket, or basque, is cut with a seam, like a coat, just below the line of the waist, from the side seams at the back, to the fastening in front. The fit is that of a glove. They are not necessarily made of the same material as the skirt, but of gold brocade, or "nonpareil" velveteen, which looks more than any other like real velvet, and is very suitable for this purpose, because effective and inexpensive. A dress for a young lady consists of a jacket of terra-cotta red velvet or velveteen, a buff vest with jabot of white lace, and mulberry skirt of *satin merveilleux*, panelled with pleated bands, and box-pleated at the back.

Désirée Costume.—This simple and pretty costume is arranged with a short walking skirt, trimmed with three shirred and plaited flounces, and a pointed apron drapery mounted upon 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. A large bow with long ends takes the place of drapery at the back. The basque is ornamented in front with a vest *plastron*, shirred at the waist line and plaited above and below; and the sleeves are trimmed to correspond. A rolling collar finishes the neck. Any class of dress goods may be made up after this model, and trimmed simply or elaborately, according to taste and the material selected. One view of this costume is illustrated on the full-page engraving. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

WATERED SILK is combined with cloth, for misses' costumes.

POLO CAPS, small cloth turbans and derby hats are worn by boys.

WINTER MILLINERY.

Winter Millinery.

No. 1.—This quaint and stylish hat is of myrtle green felt with plain crown, and fur felt brim lined with pale pink plush. A scarf of green velvet with a cluster of pale pink and dark green shaded ostrich tips compose the trimming, and the strings are of myrtle-green *moire* ribbon with pale pink satin face. These are tied in a large bow under the chin.

No. 2.—A coquettish round hat of black fur felt, trimmed with a scarf and bow at the left side of tiger-skin plush. A handsome black and yellow bird is placed at the right side of the front to complete the garniture.

No. 3.—Poke-bonnet of dark seal-brown plush with flaring brim. A bow of seal-brown *moire* ribbon ornaments the back, and the front is trimmed with loops of plush and a large bird's head. The wide strings of seal-brown *moire* ribbon are tied in a large bow under the chin.

No. 4.—This charming hat is of black fur felt with rolled brim. The trimming consists of long black ostrich plumes curling over the back, and several smaller tips with a bright-colored parroquet fastened on the front.

No. 5.—This pretty and youthful turban has the soft crown made of brocatelle silk in cashmere designs, and the puffed edge is of dark blue velvet. A bow of the cashmere silk with fringed out ends is placed at the back and a dark-plumaged bird is fastened at the left side.

Fashionable Winter Bonnets.

FEATHERS and fur are decidedly the leading features of the fashionable winter bonnets. The small toques and turbans, made entirely of feathers, are pretty, and usefully employed for secondary purposes; but the rage is for the large beaver hat, which can be bent into a poke bonnet if desired, and the equally large felt hat with furry border, which is equally flexible, and accommodating.

The large hat and the "poke" bonnet are the characteristic styles of the season. The hat is black, or red, or bronze, or mulberry brown, and is trimmed with numerous ostrich feathers to match, or with an equal number shaded in the foundation color. Black is always all black, or should be; but in the reds, bronze, and browns, the feathers are usually shaded. Five, and even seven ostrich plumes are mounted on one hat—one of them, at least, broad, full, and long.

The poke bonnet may display as many plumes as the large hat, but it is quite the thing also to trim them very simply, with an Alsatian bow, and brides tied under the chain; a folded band of the ribbon surrounding the crown. The tall, conical pokes, with high, almost pointed crown, and narrow brim, do not find much favor, nor are they very commonly seen, they are too decided in their ugliness.

The popular bonnet for evening wear is made of a scarf of white Spanish lace, gracefully arrayed upon a pretty capote lace frame, and fastened with pearl pins. A flower spray of decided color, or character, made in satin, with flexible stems and leaves, is the proper garniture. There are large evening hats, however, covered with satin and lace, edged with pearl beads, and trimmed with pearls, and white ostrich feathers, which are very striking, and recall all the magnificence of the court of Marie Antoinette. These hats appear in red satin as well as white, with trimming of white lace, and feathers, but their elegance depends upon the harmony and fitness of the toilette with which they are worn, and the suitability of the occasion. Of course they are only suitable for a grand afternoon reception, or the opera, and, the wear of children.

Gracious Basque.—Unique and stylish in effect, this basque is arranged to simulate a vest upon the front, and is fitted with two darts upon each side, the side gores are short and the side forms and back pieces are cut with extensions which are laid in double box-plaits on the under side, and a second row of plaitings is mounted upon a yoke underneath, giving the effect of two rows of double box-plaits across the back. A rolling collar and demi-long sleeves complete the design. This basque may be made up in any class of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of goods, as illustrated. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Casilda Polonaise.—This is an especially graceful and stylish model, double-breasted in front, and draped to produce a double-pointed effect, while the drapery at the back is arranged to form an enormous bow just below the waist line, and to fall plainly below. The polonaise is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. A wide, turned down collar, and broad cuffs complete the design, which is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed more or less elaborately, according to the taste and material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Evening Dresses.

A FEW years ago white dresses were almost *de rigueur* for really elegant evening dresses. At one very fine evening reception in New York city, at which were over five hundred guests, only two out of the whole number of toilettes were other than white, and these two were black. The uniform dress was white satin, satin finished silk, or brocade, veiled, or trimmed with lace.

The whole effect was very refined, delicate, and beautiful, where the wearers were most of them lovely women, and the surroundings exhibited a great deal of color in pictures, carpets, upholstery, and the presence of complete banks, gardens, and parterres of flowers. But the rage for white can be carried to extremes, and indeed there is nothing poorer, or more ineffective, than a common white dress, used for a purpose that requires elegance. A plain black one looks infinitely better. Be that as it may, the white toilet is no longer obligatory, or considered the dress *par excellence* of party goers. A soft, delicate pink, a lovely blue, coral red, and canary yellow, are all in high vogue; nor is black, and very dark shades of wine color out of place for dinner and evening wear, now that they can be brightened and illuminated by the marvelous beaded embroideries. Society *débutantes* are always a feature of a brilliant winter season in New York, and the occasions upon which they are presented, are equal to presentation balls. White toilets are usually considered the most suitable for these "rose-bud" girls, but for even these several toilettes are in preparation, which show color, very delicate it is true, and veiled with *tulle*, but still color. One very charming, is of pale pink satin surah, covered with *tulle*, which is made very *bouffant* at the back—below a waist confined with a wide satin belt and sash. The *tulle* drapery of the low bodice is crossed *à la Grecque*, short sleeves, and very long white kid gloves. No flowers except a bunch at the belt or in the bodice, and no jewelry except ear-rings. All evening dresses for girls and young unmarried women are made short; and many young married women wear them short also—at any rate they are perfectly at liberty to adjust the length to their own tastes and requirements, the short dress having won and retained a rank and prestige which has surprised even its friends. After ladies reach a certain age, a dress trained, or demi-trained, seems necessary to their dignity upon ceremonious occasions; but until that age is reached they can rejoice in short skirts; and ladies of any age wear short dresses at afternoon receptions with perfect fitness and propriety.

One thing that is noticeable about strictly evening toilettes, is the fact that the finest are in one color, though perhaps composed of three different fabrics. For example: The train may be *moire antique*, the bodice and the draped front satin, the sides paneled in plush. The combinations of fabrics are as varied as the tastes of the wearers, or the ingenuity of the modistes will permit.

An elegant toilet has a train of stamped velvet, a bodice of velvet in the solid color (brown), in which the stamped velvet design is shaded, and a front of amber satin, veiled with flounces of cream white Spanish lace. In this case there was contrast in color, for the ground color of the train was cream white.

Some of the richest evening dresses are in all white, all pale blue, or Nile green, with entire fronts embroidered with pearls in pyramidal designs. The trimming of bodice and the sleeves is always of pearls to match. Sometimes pearls are mixed with silk embroidery, or with opaline colors which have a lovely effect; but upon an all white dress pearls alone or pearls mixed with silk, or "rice" beads, are employed, the combination being often required in order to produce certain effects.

The fashionable flower garniture for ball-dresses is water-lilies, or for æsthetic maidens small sunflowers, arranged as a trail for skirt, for bodice, for the hair, and for the lace pocket of the dress. There are many beautiful new things in flower garnitures, such as fichus composed wholly of small flowers upon a foundation of lace, and necklaces of the same with crosses attached.

Dress Trimmings.

SINCE "self" trimmings were first introduced they have never been quite neglected, but always maintained in vogue, because they can hardly be used in very common materials, and are, therefore, to a certain extent, restricted. Trimming, however, is by no means confined to the fabrics of which the garment is composed, or which are put in combination with it. There are quite new styles of narrow gold, and silken thread galloons which trim cloths and velvet; there are fabrics sold by the yard, into which gold, and a blending of high-colored threads are woven in minute lines, making a tissue which is used for drapery, and for the mounting of plain stuffs. Striped and plaided materials are both largely used as "trimming." They form the scarf drapery, which is used so plentifully, and the collars and cuffs for bodice and sleeves.

Stripes have superseded checks and plaid somewhat, particularly the shaded stripes, which are a feature of the season, the effects being of the rainbow, rather than the *ombré* order. These rainbow stripes show to much better advantage than the *ombré* stripes, as they do not take so much room for display, and are not only prettier in their blending of color, but more adaptable to a variety of purposes.

Fringes are not much used except in connection with beaded passementeries and embroideries, and even with these unite infrequently. Instead of fringe forming a border, pendant trimmings are arranged in bunches of beads in strands, silk, or chenille balls, or small pendant tassels. These bunches occupy spaces made by cutting small divisions in the edge of the tablier, or in the cut of the sleeve, or they occupy the niches in a basque. Clustered bows, and loops of narrow *moire antique* ribbon, with short ends inserted in small jet or garnet tubes, are a feature of the season, and are used upon sleeves and down the front of dresses instead of the larger bows in vogue some time ago.

The great development, however, has been made in beaded trimmings, which are marvelously beautiful, and also very expensive. Whole fronts of skirts are exhibited, embroidered upon satin in different colors, or in pearls mixed with "rice" and silk, or chenille. White is often mixed with gold, or the opaline beads, and also with pale amber; but when this is the case, the gold, or amber, or opaline embroidery reappears in the trimming of the bodice and sleeves. For an embroidered tablier alone, two hundred and fifty dollars is asked, and for trimmings, forming borders, from sixty down to twenty-five per yard for those which are the most elegant in design.

Of course a large quantity is not used, but, nevertheless, the employment of handsome beaded trimmings brings up the cost of a dress to somewhat high figures. Fern leaves, flowers, autumn leaves, vines, and the like, are perfectly reproduced, and the shading effected as naturally as if executed in silk, or almost as if the designs were painted by hand.

Coat Dresses.

TWO lovely dresses made recently consisted of beautiful Spanish point draped and flounced over pale blue and soft tinted pink satin, and were completed by coats of brocade lined with satin, pink brocade over the pink, and silver brocade over the blue. The buttons were engraved pearl and engraved silver. The dresses were made for two sisters.

NECKLETS OF FLOWERS with crosses attached are among the novelties in garniture.

THE NEW MUFF is a reticule with morocco pocket for change, cards, and the like, and an interior bag for handkerchief, purse, and small purchases.

SOME ELEGANT DRESSES have been made for state receptions of white and golden brown brocaded velvet, also one in terra-cotta red upon white, and one in salmon pink upon a paler shade of same color. These robes are all in the Medici style, are ornamented with ropes of pearls, and accompanied by the Medici collar in pearls; and gold lace, gold embroidered lace is used for trimming sleeves, and for the pocket.

PALE SHADES OF PINK, coral, red, heliotrope, and gold are used in *satin merveilleux* to make lovely evening toilets for young girls. The skirts are trimmed upon the front with clusters of lace ruffles alternating with gathered puffs; the basques are V-shaped, form paniers upon the hips, and are trimmed with ruffles of lace to match. Elbow sleeves slightly gathered and ruffled with lace.

Children's Fashions.

THE old rules are quite reversed in regard to the colors for children's clothing; formerly they could not be too light, now they cannot be too dark. The very darkest shades of brown, green, garnet, blue, and wine colors are used for suits, coats, and the like, and black not at all infrequently alone, or in conjunction with terra-cotta red. For example, it is quite common to make a princesse dress of black velveteen with a pleated front of red *satin merveilleux* and red puffs upon the sleeves. Or, with an all red dress, a little girl will wear long black stockings, black shoes, and when she goes out, a black coat and red hat.

Black velvet, or velveteen, is the suit *par excellence*, for a boy, with black, or very dark wine-colored stockings, and Prince Charles collar; the darkest heather mixtures in cloth are used for school wear.

Our illustrations give a variety of styles for girls and small boys, among which we call special attention to the "Dauphine" pelisse for misses of fourteen or sixteen. This style and size would fit a small lady, as well as large girl, and is exceedingly well designed for comfort and utility, as well as elegance. It may be made in black silk, *sicillienne*, or *satin de Lyons*, and lined and trimmed with handsome plush or fur, but it is more usefully and economically made in handsome "feather," or velvet beaver cloth, neither of which require lining, the interior edge faced with dark brown or garnet satin, and a border of seal plush, or Russian chinchilla used for trimming. The "Zeppa" coat is for girls from two to eight years, and is very pretty. It is a sacque shape, double-breasted, with round coachman's cape, cuffs, and pocket-flaps of plush. The cloth may be seal brown, or dark wine-color, with plush to match, or it may be almond color and brown, or gray with brown or black.

A charming little dress for children of four or six years will be found in the "Dorla." It consists of a box-pleated skirt attached to an under waist, over which a sacque-shaped blouse opens and closes diagonally. Two pointed skirts added to the blouse give the requisite length, and are of a plaided material, which is used also for the lower tabs, the collar, diagonal band, and cuffs. Four yards and a half of brown, bronze, or garnet serge will make the suit, a size for six years, and one yard of plaid furnish the trimming.

The "Monika" costume is a stylish dress for girls, and may be made in any combination of this season's materials, plain wool with plush, or velvet, plain and staid, plain or striped, or it would look well in garnet velveteen with gold, and garnet brocaded trimming. The skirt is very prettily trimmed with three ruffles, and a soft puff which forms the upper part of the tablier, and a sort of *guimpe* at the throat. The polonaise has a square double breast, from which the skirt is turned back as *revers*, but otherwise hanging straight. At the back the skirt is rounded up into a shell, the opening at the sides disclosing the ruffled trimming.

A pretty little jacket may be made of pink or blue flannel, with flat border of torchon, or linen (antique) lace, after the "Lola" pattern. Plenty of little girls would be delighted to receive such a jacket from some "Auntie" as a Christmas gift.

Large furry hats and beaver bonnets are worn by little girls, trimmed with garnet, or plaid ribbons, and feathers to match. With velvet suits boys wear soft crowned velvet hats to match, but ordinarily felt hats of the "English" shape, low oval crowned, and narrow brimmed.

Dauphine Pelisse.—Elegant and novel, this design displays a dolman back, partially fitted by a curved seam down the middle, and a sacque front; the sleeves are in Japanese style, and the large, turned-down collar completes the model, which is appropriate for any cloaking material used for misses' wraps, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with bands of fur, or in any other style suitable to the material employed. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Last Winter's Hat.

A HEAP of light brown leaves upon the walk,
A film of cloud across the autumn sky :
And yesterday so lightly
We saw the snow-flakes fly.

I well remember those new dreams that thrilled
My heart with restless joy a year ago,
Late in the autumn weather,
Just at the early snow.

The rustling of the wind among the leaves,
The soft suggestion of the first snow-fall
This pile of dark blue velvet
Far other days recall.

The velvet, and the long, dark, curling plume
That fell so gracefully above my hair—
Then some one called them pretty,
And praised the ringlets fair.

The door is closed between his life and mine ;
The grass grows thick before the unused stone,
And at the fast-shut casement
The shrill wind calls alone.

The voice of one who walks with me no more
The touch of this dark plume brings back again ;
While o'er the brown leaves sweeping,
The sad wind sounds like rain.

A. L. C.

Woods for Furnishing.

THE fashionable woods for bed-room suits this season are ash and mahogany, both being found particularly well adapted to combination with the Indian stuffs used for upholstery. The bureaus are made lower, wider, and broader than formerly, thus giving more surface space and a broader expanse of mirror. Instead of marble tops, plush is used for that purpose, or the same materials as the trimmings of the apartment. One mahogany bureau, belonging to a suite lately completed by one of our first class cabinet-makers, was especially elegant. The top was covered with olive plush brocade, an oval mirror in a brass frame was sunk into a cushion of the same fabric, and two heavy, short, brass link chains hung from the upper woodwork and were attached to the mirror, giving it the appearance of being suspended there. The effect was novel and beautiful. The headboard of the bed was inlaid with the same plush brocade, and the table covered with it.

Misses' Cloaks.

FIG. 1.—Child's walking coat of *écru* beaver cloth, and brown seal-skin plush. The design illustrates the "Zeppa" coat, which is double-breasted and about half-fitting, reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress all around. The coat closes with a double row of large vegetable ivory buttons of the same color as the beaver cloth, and the deep cuffs, short circular shoulder cape, rolling collar, and large pockets are of seal-brown silk plush. The pockets are ornamented with a plaiting of *écru* satin and large buttons. Wide-brimmed hat of *écru* French felt, faced with a shirring of ruby satin, and trimmed with shaded red and gray ostrich plumes and a brown plush scarf. Muff of seal-skin plush. Patterns of the "Zeppa" coat are in sizes for from two to eight years of age. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—This graceful figure illustrates a front view of the "Dauphine" pelisse, made up in carmelite gray pelisse cloth, and trimmed with bands, collar and cuffs of chinchilla fur. The garment is a sacque-shaped, loose-fitting pelisse, with sleeves inserted in dolman style, and is quite long, almost concealing the street costume of striped peacock blue and gray cashmere worn with it. A *fourragère* of gray satin cords closes the pelisse in front. Muff of chinchilla fur, and feather turban with a gray and white owl's head at the left side of the front. Patterns of pelisse in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

MISSES' CLOAKS.

Monika Costume.—This stylish model is composed of a gored skirt trimmed with a soft puff across the front and three gathered ruffles all around, over which is arranged a double-breasted, tight-fitting polonaise, with a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. This design is suitable for any variety of dress goods, and is especially adapted to a combination of materials. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Lola Jacket.—A simple and practical design for a jacket for small children, double-breasted and loose in front, half-fitting at the back, and reaching about half the length of the dress. It is cut with wide fronts, side forms carried to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. It can be made up in cloth, velvet or other suitable material, and trimmed as illustrated, with Russian lace, or with galloon or bands of contrasting color. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Dorla Dress.—Unique in design, this stylish little dress is composed of a box-plaited skirt mounted upon a half-fitting underwaist, over which is a sacque shaped blouse, perfectly loose in front, and opening diagonally, with pointed skirts added to give the required length, and cut with a French back in jacket shape, with two overlapping pointed tabs on each back piece. A round collar and deep cuffs complete the design. This dress may be made up in any of the heavier goods usually selected for children's wear, and is most effective made in a combination of goods as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for four and six years. Price, twenty cents each.

Zeppa Coat.

BUST MEASURE, 24 INCHES.

USUAL SIZE FOR 4 YEARS OF AGE.

THIS stylish little coat, *a pattern of which will be found in this number*, is about half-fitting, with loose, double breasted sacque fronts, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The plain coat sleeves have deep cuffs; the large pockets are ornamented with side plaiting, and a short, circular cape and rolling collar complete the design. Any quality of cloth, velveteen, plush or other materials suitable for children's outer garments may be made up after this model, and trimmed simply or elaborately, according to the taste and material employed.

Half of the pattern is given, consisting of ten pieces—front, side form, back, plaiting, pocket, cape, collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve.

Join the parts according to the notches. The opposite notches in the top and bottom of the front designate the middle, and show how far the fronts are to be lapped. The seam down the middle of the back is to be closed only as far down as the lower notch. The extensions on the back piece and side form, at the side form seam, are to be joined and then turned toward the front on the inside. The plaiting for the pocket is to be laid in plaits, according to the holes, and joined to the lower edge of the pocket, according to the notches. The pocket is to be placed on the front of the coat so that the holes in each shall match. The collar is to be sewed to the neck, according to the notches, and rolled over but not pressed flat. The cape is to be placed to the neck, according to the notches, and may be finished separately so that it can be removed, if desired. The cuff is to be sewed to the bottom of the sleeve, according to the notches, and turned upward on the outside. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed at the shoulder seam.

Cut the fronts lengthwise of the goods and without a seam in a line with the opposite notches that designate the middle; cut the side forms and back pieces with the grain of the goods in an exact line with the waist line; the cape and collar bias in the middle of the back; the pockets and cuffs straight, and the sleeves so that the parts above the elbows shall be the straight way of the goods.

This size will require two yards and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three-quarters of a yard of contrasting material of the same width for the cape, collar, cuffs and pockets, to make as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for from two to eight years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

LADIES' CLUB

"FLORENCE BANTING."—Directions in regard to painting on various materials were given in the "Correspondents' Class" last year; but the subject will be taken up again shortly, and discussed more fully in the department of "Home Art, and Home Comfort."

"TOT."—Music rolls are usually made of thin leather lined with satteen; but you could make one that would look very nicely of Java canvas, or oatmeal cloth bound with leather, and lined with brown satteen. The square end may be folded over on the inside to form a pocket, and herring-boned with orange silk. The curved end where the elastic is placed, after being bound, the stitching executed with orange silk, should have the initials or monogram of the owner embroidered in Kensington stitch, in shades of orange and brown.

"X. Y. Z."—The object of sending out cards after the ceremony has taken place is to notify friends and acquaintances that such an event has occurred, and offer the only attention possible in lieu of an invitation to the wedding. Of course the number of cards sent out depends upon the number of persons who have a right to expect this civility at your hands. We should advise you to omit the cake; it is not considered good form to send cake. Sometimes boxes of cake are distributed to the guests at a wedding, but it is not now sent to those who were not invited; unless it may be family friends at a distance. Marriages are performed in Washington precisely as elsewhere.

"TEACHER."—You would find black cashmere very useful, and the "visite" to complete the suit, convenient for general wear. You do not need plush for warmth in a southern climate, and therefore Spanish lace would be more permanent, as well as more dressy. There are heavy, and very handsome qualities of Spanish lace; but if you cannot get these where you are, perhaps it would be better to use black silk plush for trimming, and black satin Surah, or mervellleux for facing. The "Marcia" over-skirt, the "Frankfort" basque, and "Coquette" visite, would make a handsome suit; but we should have a deep, or double kilting, as a finish for the bottom of the skirt.

"M C. H."—For a young lady, brocade would probably be more suitable. But we should advise a moderate pattern; the black plush trimming, limited to collar and sleeves, and a lining of terry plush in shades of red, bronze, and gold.

"JENNIE."—Your ideas in regard to your dress are very much mixed. You cannot continue to wear very deep mourning for visiting and church merely, and half mourning at home and in the street. Such inconsistency would be commented upon. You have worn crape and deep mourning long enough in wearing it two years; and it would certainly be better now for body and mind if you should relax it, and take in a wider range. Instead of crape, trim your silk with black silk plush, and your worn dresses with satin merveilleux. A seal-skin jacket would be very expensive, and not mourning; instead of it have a coat or deep jacket made of black silk plush, and line it with heliotrope satin Surah. Use your striped silk to make a kilted skirt, and in triple box-pleats at the back, and make to wear with it a coat turned back from the front, and faced with plain black failles. A flat collar should be put on to form a vest of the faille. You will have enough of the stripe by mounting it on a plain, thin all wool lining. Dress your boy in a coat of black velveteen, the "Nonpareil," which has a short, soft pile, and looks like real velvet, and trim it with white Russian, or antique lace. The "Myrtle" is a good pattern, or the "Lola" jacket lengthened. He is entirely too old now to wear crochet sacks.

"WINNEBAGO."—Satin merveilleux (*mare-vay-eu*) lined with handsome plush, would make you a fashionable cloak, but both fabrics should be of rich quality, or they are of very little service. The "Vladimir" Pelisse is a very good model, but if you prefer a circular, we advise the "Rotonde"—2429. There are very handsome cloths now-a-days, that make excellent and serviceable cloaks; we should suggest a gray feather cloth, with plush collar, and cuffs: and bronze buttons. For this cloak the "Lorne" the "Humberta" or the "Theodora" are practical designs; and may be lengthened to suit the taste, or necessities of the wearer. If the "Theodora" is chosen, the cape should be made of black plush, if the cloth is gray; of seal-brown plush, if the cloth has that tint.

White Angora cloth would suit your little boy of two and a half years better than colors; and he could then be dressed complete with white leggings and white cap. If this is too light, use some solid dark color, garnet, or seal-brown, and make coat, leggings, and cap of plush, with no trimmings save buttons. See prospectus in regard to premiums.

"VITALIS."—Retain your home, manage your affairs; and do not mind criticism. In a large town, or city, you would almost inevitably lose what you have got; do not risk it at least until you are morally sure of coming out all right: for you risk everything. Such good advice as that of accepting a low rate of interest rather than take speculative risks, you should heed, for it is true wisdom in your case. Keep your home, put your money where, if the income is small from it, it will be sure, and if you can engage in anything that will increase it, and not tax you too much, do it, and add to your means of living, and educating your children.

"CARRIE CLIFTON."—The "Sutherland" is a good design for a flannel suit, and the color should be dark wine or indigo blue, which is almost black. You can wear almost any of the colors in vogue because they are so blended as to be universally becoming; but black is safest for you in rich materials, or tinted white.

"MANY READERS."—The English pronunciation is "Allenby;" the *g* is silent.

"LINA."—A feather cloth jacket, the "Theodora," is a good design, with plush cape. Cut the jacket long.—If a gentleman presumes to take such a liberty as to put his arm about you, you should withdraw yourself from him in a gentle, yet unmistakable manner; men respect, and like girls all the better who respect themselves.—Sashes are not worn, except as an occasional ornament arranged as a large bow at the back of a princess dress or polonaise. They are always the shade of the dress. Belts are still fashionable. Get a drab felt hat, and trim it with brown plush and feathers.—If a bride wears a colored dress, she should not wear a veil or white shoes; her shoes should be black, with silk stockings the color of her dress. Her gloves should be ivory white. She may wear white lace and a cluster of orange blossoms at her throat.—It is perfectly proper to wear a beaded cape to church, if it is warm enough.

"LOUISE."—The first savings bank in this country was established in Philadelphia in 1816, the second in Boston, 1817. They grew originally out of the benefit clubs for artisans—but it was the early part of this century before they were regulated and acknowledged, even in England.

"TINY."—It is very necessary for an author to be well read in order to avoid anachronisms and incongruities. It is not uncommon for ignorant story writers to speak of things as in common use before they were invented or discovered, and of natural objects that have no existence in the countries where they are placed. Knowledge of what has occurred, what has been done, is a necessary part of the author's equipment.

"MRS. GRUNDY."—"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" is a phrase derived from an old comedy, Morton's "Speed the Plough." Dame Ashfield, wife of Farmer Ashfield, has a neighbor whose name is Mrs. Grundy, evidently a notable woman, for what Mrs. Grundy will say or do becomes the bane of her existence.

"BOY-READER."—The first dictionary ever made was Chinese; it is not known when it was begun, but it was completed about eleven hundred years before Christ by Pa-out-she. It contained upwards of forty thousand hieroglyphic, or zodiacal characters, of very rude and primitive design. The first comparatively modern dictionary was compiled in 1500 by a Venetian friar, in Latin. Bayles's Dictionary was not published till 1696. Chambers's Cyclopædia, the first dictionary which embraced the circle of the arts and sciences, appeared in 1728. How very recently all the foundations of literature were laid, and what an immense superstructure has been built upon them!

"PUZZLED."—There is a new idea in sachets for night-dresses and dressing-table covers which might perhaps help you. Cut the size required in rough linen (oatmeal pattern) and decorate with miniature vases cut out of terra cotta, red sateen, or figured blue cretonne to imitate Nankin. You can group them in sets and sizes to suit your taste.

"SUN-FLOWER" asks at what age orange-trees should be grafted, and whether two growing together up to six years of age had better be separated. Will one of our intelligent Southern subscribers answer her?

"MRS. C. H."—If she does not wear white, she had best be married in a traveling suit, without the hat, as the wedding is at home, and with ivory kid gloves which she can change for dark ones matching her suit when she leaves. The majority of the company will naturally be assembled before the bride enters; she should be escorted by the person who is to give her away. Bridesmaids follow, if any; if not, nearest relatives. Kissing is a matter of taste; in any case it is confined to a few of the nearest relatives, the newly-made husband has the first right. "Breakfast," or "dinner," should be announced at the close of the congratulations, and the bride and groom should lead the way. The guests pair off to suit themselves, an usher, or friend of the family, taking care that no one is neglected. Of course, the pastor and most distinguished guests would follow the bride; the family, in this case, would bring up the rear.

We should advise for dresses a dark wine-color instead of purple; a black satin brocade instead of plain black satin, and a mouse-colored wrapper embroidered in shades of ruby, gold, and bronze, and trimmed with white lace. A seal-brown traveling suit trimmed with seal plush, and seal-brown beaver hat trimmed with ostrich feathers shaded from brown up to nasturtium red and yellow. Made of terra-cotta red Umritza cashmere, trimmed with cream-white lace. The ring is put on by the groom at the proper time during the ceremony; and a bridesmaid, sister, or friend should assist the bride in taking off the left hand glove a moment before.

"Mrs. F. D."—Your sample is a sort of worsted serge. It is very fine and nice for mixed goods. It would range from fifty to seventy-five cents per yard, according to width. If it was all wool, the range would be from seventy-five to a dollar and twenty-five. This correspondent wishes to know what has become of our lady farmer from Fairfax County? She wishes much to hear from her again.

"Olive."—Let your hair curl or wave naturally, and simply draw it together at the back with a shell band or ribbon. Garnet velveteen, with plaque buttons, faced underneath with satin, and made with trimmed skirt and square, deep basque, would be pretty for your winter dress. Your hat might be mouse-colored felt, faced with velveteen and trimmed with garnet feathers. A muff, and collar to match, would be very pretty, trimmed with mouse-colored fur. An embroidered shoe—bag of oatmeal cloth—or a set of shaving papers in an embroidered case, or a handsome little whisk, inclosed in a crimson embroidered bag, would either of them make a pretty Christmas-Tree present for a male cousin.

"Walter M."—We do not publish "tragedies," original or otherwise, *in extenso*. A tragedy that reads well, might not play well; and *vice versa*. Better send it to a manager of some principal theater, with addressed envelope and stamps for its return, if not wanted, else you may lose it.

"Cora S. Mortimer."—Terra-cotta red velveteen, trimmed with chinchilla; short dress; coat style, muff, collar, and plumed hat.

"S. B. M."—The making of fish-scale jewelry is a very delicate and tedious operation which does not at all pay, for it is quite impossible to use it with satisfaction or pleasure, on account of its catching in everything that it touches. The art was introduced into New York by a young Danish lady, who, failed however, on account of its complicated, expensive, and unsatisfactory character to make a success of it. Specimens are kept as a curiosity, but not worn. It would be useless to give space to the slow process, success in which is so strictly dependent on infinite patience and delicacy in manipulation.

"Dora."—We should consider you quite safe in ordering of the person named. A Normal School is a High School, with the additional advantage of affording special preparation in the primary schools attached, for the training of teachers. The *Journal of Education*, published in Boston, for Boston, New York, and Chicago, is probably the best "educational" periodical in this country, if not in the world, that is, of a general character. There is also *Education*, a bi-monthly magazine; the *Primary Teacher*, very good of its kind, and many others of local character and interest. Mr. J. W. Schemerhorn, No. 7 East Fourteenth Street, New York City, is agent for all educational publications.

"Mrs. A. C. H."—You could wear heavy armure silk with perfect propriety, and trim it with close, rich, but dull, black Spanish point or thread lace. A heavy Antwerp silk would be a suitable style to trim with crape for visiting or driving. For walking you would still retain wool, trimmed with crape. For a cloak we should advise a soft, rich armure silk lined with black silk plush, and finished with collar or trimming of black plush or black raven's wing feathers. Bonnet and muff entirely of the feathers, if not too expensive. They are small, intensely black, very distinguished, and not common.

"Mrs. M. M."—No; your mink muff would look very much out of place with a gray fur-trimmed jacket. Your idea of a wine-colored fur felt is good, so long as you do not want a black beaver with black ostrich plumes, which would be much better with your dresses. Why not make a little pocket-muff of your blue flannel, and trim it with gray fur to match your jacket? Your mink muff would then be on hand for other dresses.

"Æsthetic."—The pseudo-Greek costumes exhibited in "Patience" are not like anything worn by ladies of æsthetic ideas in London. Æsthetic dress in society means long, or short, undraped skirts; full or puffed sleeves; moyenage or belted waists; in short, a reproduction of the simpler styles of preceding centuries, and freedom from starch and what are known as conventional ideas.

"Elsie."—You can have an adjustable train arranged for almost any walking-skirt. The "Celestine" is a very graceful design, and would lend itself naturally to this addition. There are two kinds of adjustable trains, the square and the round. The round adjustable train would look best with the walking-skirt "Celestine." It is best, also, not to make an adjustable train an extreme length; particularly a round train, as it forms a more natural continuation, if it is gradual and not too long. The square train extends always as a separate adjunct, if such an expression may be used, and can therefore be carried to any length. For your traveling dress we should advise a wool, bronze, seal brown, invisible green, or dark wine color, trimmed with plush same shade, and made with muff and cape, or collar to match. Felt or beaver hat should also be trimmed to match. Your wedding-dress should be mouse-colored *satin de Lyons*, trimmed with garnet velvet and lace; bonnet to match; gloves to match. This will make you a very handsome church and visiting dress, and be good for years. A coat of feather-cloth, with velvet or plush collar, is the most useful of cloaks. It should be faced with farmer's satin, and finished with handsome bronze buttons.

"Miss L. B. F."—See cover for information in regard to premiums, both for clubs and individuals.

"Mrs. A. D."—The "Erine" jacket would suit you, probably. It is a long, half-fitting, yet very neat-looking jacket. A soft, heavy silk would look well as trimming, and, to form the double breast, if the old velvet required lengthening. A design of this kind is always in fashion.

"Ida Vail."—For your bronze green satin we should advise the "Gervaise" coat, over a skirt trimmed with narrow flounces to the knee. Above this a shirred or finely plaited tablier, and draped back over two kilted flounces. The revers of the coat should be faced with brocade, and the same used for trimming the bodice, unless a lace fichu is worn with it.

"German."—Young ladies abroad wear short dresses for evening dresses, until they get too old, as a short dress is decidedly youthful in appearance. The simplest and prettiest style consists of a trimmed skirt and basque, with straight, vest-like front, and paniered sides which form a sort of overskirt.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

Hand-Book of Wood Engraving.—Messrs. Lee & Shepard have published also a hand-book of wood engraving by a practical wood engraver, William A. Emerson, which is a boon to students in the art, because so clear, concise and direct in its historical statement, and technical descriptions and explanations. It is hardly to be conceived how much of solid value has been inclosed within its less than a hundred small pages, aided by profuse and accurate diagrams and illustrations, which include the theory and practice of color engraving. As a manual of the art, we recommend it highly, and as just what was needed; for no essential detail has been omitted from qualification or equipment, and there is an excellent series of practical short lessons for self-teaching.

"Up the River"; or, Yachting on the Mississippi," is the latest of Oliver Optic's contributions to boy literature. Not that "Up the River" is exclusively for boys, bless you, no; boys don't monopolize all the good things as they used to do. "Up the River," is dedicated to a girl; "Oliver Optic" evidently thinking, like a sensible man, that what is good for boys, is good for girls also. "Yachting on the Mississippi" is rather a new idea to eastern folks, who are not so well acquainted with the great father of American waters as they should be, and ought to prove a most attractive subject for a boy and girl holiday book.

"Thorncliffe Hall" is the fourth volume of the Winwood Cliff stories by Rev. Daniel Wise, D.D., author of "Glen Morris Stories," "Summer Days on the Hudson," etc. It tells "how and why Joel Milford changed his mind in regard to boys whom he once called goody-goody fellows," and has for one of its characters Captain Douglas, the father of Oscar, the sailor's son and hero of "Winwood Cliff," in the first volume of the series. Joel Milford is the hero of "Thorncliffe Hall," and young readers will be very much interested in finding out what sort of hero he was, and what he meant by a "goody-goody fellow."

"Bachelor Bluff."—Under this title Mr. O. B. Bunce, the editor of *Appleton's Journal*, has written a book which contains much delightful talk under various heads: such as Mr. Bluff's theory of poetry; Mr. Bluff on Domestic Bliss, Mr. Bluff on Art, Mr. Bluff's Ideal of a House, and the like. Mr. Bluff, it is hardly necessary to say, is a bachelor, who talks about many things, which a bachelor can hardly be expected to understand, in a somewhat dogmatic and very opinionated way. But he is a very genial and human bachelor nevertheless; and though he finds his best opportunities in saying rather harsh and severe things of women, taking up little surface weaknesses, and ignoring the qualities which live and work actively beneath, still we cannot help liking him, and wish sincerely all his ideas could be realized. The book is charmingly written, the style being such as might be expected from the possessor of the author's ripe cultivation, and fine scholarly taste. Every line of it is readable, and much of it so quotable that we can hardly forbear to give our readers a taste of its quality. But we dare not begin because we should not know where to stop. Mr. Bunce uses the conversational style, and has all the advantage which arises from one person doing the talking for both sides. This is particularly noticeable in the chapter on Feminine Tact, or the want of it. He cites men in various places, and under various conditions, but rather unfortunately in politics, as showing superior tact, for if ever there was a plague spot which had all its hideous side turned out, for want of tact, and every other desirable quality, that plague spot is politics. Still, we advise women to read, and ponder "Bachelor Bluff," for he will certainly do them good. The chapter on Women's Privileges, on Poetry, on the Country, on Art, and on Morals in Literature, are full of rich and suggestive thought. Mr. Bluff is a vigorous thinker, and a plain talker, but it is useful to find out what an intelligent man thinks of matters in which women are specially interested, and here we have it bright, and fresh from the mint. It is a capital book for reading aloud by a clever reader.

Christmas Books.—Do not forget "Our Little Ones," it is a most charming book, artistically bound, with illustrated cover, three hundred and fifty pictures inside, and delightful reading matter. Lee & Shepard publish it.

Art Designs for Needlework.—The design furnished by Miss H. L. Ward for the present number, is the latest idea in embroidery of the "Morris" School, and is exclusively furnished for this magazine. Nowhere else can it be found with directions for the work.

A Speaker and Song Book.—We have received a copy of the AMERICAN SPEAKER AND SONGSTER, adapted for schools. The work is divided into four parts: Department first has music for Day Schools and exercises for Juvenile classes as well as for Primary and Graded classes. The department of music comprises a great variety of new and sparkling songs, including songs for gymnastic exercises. There are quotations also for memorizing, and some clever short dialogues.

"The Fate of Madame La Tour."—This story of real and actual life among the Mormons, is by Mrs. A. G. Paddock, author of "In the Toils," a previous work which also dealt with the domestic side of the Mormon question. It is often said that Mormonism is not a fragrant subject to read about, and if one cannot do something to remedy it, it is as well not to soil the mind by the contemplation of it; but acquiescence in a wrong is consent from a legal point of view; and, at least, there is the duty of educating and expressing a public opinion to condemn so vile a system—a system whose horrors ought not to need the pen of any man or woman to set forth; for they must be the inevitable outgrowth of the despotism and infamous code of plural marriage under which the United States Government permits that territory to live. Mrs. Paddock is no superficial observer, or wholesale denunciator. She has lived for many years in Utah, and her knowledge of the workings of the system is strengthened by incontrovertible facts, and by minute investigations which have been followed up with a patient devotion, which shows how deeply she feels the whole question of Mormonism in its two most important phases: its influence upon the lives and character of women, and its relation to the future of the United States. That the stories she relates are true there can be no doubt, and also that the worst can never be told; for the public is too fastidious to fear to read of such things as it permits to happen. She also avoids the artistic fault of her first work, for which, alas! the temptation is all too strong, and not only weaves in some charmingly descriptive scenes of emigrant life in the far west, and the loveliness of that scarcely trodden world; but dwells with eloquent pen upon the brighter life which awaited some who found the strength to escape from their thraldom. In spite of the "unpleasantness" of the subject, the dramatic interest is so great, that few could be induced to lay it down after taking it up until finished: and most clearly does it show the difficulties that environ those who are brought into the Mormon life without knowledge or consent; believe in it until natural integrity asserts its sway, and they realize that there cannot be divine sanction for a system which is so opposed to all human conceptions of morality, decency, and justice.

It is a curious fact, however, that women, whom Mormonism from the first contemptuously disregarded and treated as no better than property to be disposed of at pleasure, should have become at once the terror and the bulwark of the institution." Those women who are living a life of polygamous immorality are naturally unwilling, whatever may be their sufferings, to break down the tie that furnishes their last remnant of claim to their own respect, or that of others, while the astute measure of giving them a right of suffrage, which they would only dare to exercise in a certain way, still adds to their claims to consideration, gives them a sense of superiority, and makes their rulers seem juster than other men, to those who have never experienced their duplicity and treachery. Thus, a class of women are among the strongest supporters of Mormon claims while another class, smaller, but stronger, the more intelligent, and clear-sighted, those who have suffered and seen others suffer, those who are capable of thought and drawing logical inferences, become its bitter opponents, and the unwitting avengers of the wrongs that other women have suffered. There are men who willingly throw off the shackles of law to place themselves under an individual despotism; thus this spirit of savage yet subjective outlawry, and religious fanaticism, tells the story of Mormon extension. The plain duty of the United States was to treat them as outlaws and bigamists, and compel them to acknowledge the laws of the United States before sending a representative to its legislative halls, and not to acknowledge the legal authority of any territorial official, who was himself living in polygamous defiance of the law of the land. Such a position would have set the matter straight from the first, and if it had not killed polygamy, tended to make it disreputable. As it is now, the foundations are being laid for a condition of things which will some time or other entail upon the future all the horrors of another civil war. We hope that "Madame La Tour" will have a large sale, and that the hands of the few brave women in Salt Lake City, who are making a brave fight against Mormonism, will be strengthened.

Cheap Music.—Probably the cheapest way to get music is to subscribe for the "Musical Harp," at $1.00 per year, and receive a song and an instrumental piece with each number.

New Music.—"My Darling, Have You Money?" is the very suggestive title of a piece of music just published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., Union Square, New York, the words of which are by Joaquin Miller, the music by Mrs. Marion T. Fortescue.

"The Boys of the Road."—"Never go Back on a Traveling Man; or, The Boys of the Road," is the title of a new commercial ballad, published by F. W. Helmick, of Chicago, and which has had a great success with traveling concert companies.

Our Anthem.—We ask those of our readers who are musically inclined to pay particular attention to the original Christmas Anthem, published in the present number. The words of the beautiful hymn to which the music is set were written by the Rev. Dr. Chapin. The music has been specially composed for this magazine and for Christmas uses by Mr. Albert H. Holden, the distinguished musician and composer, the Wagnerian scholar and organist of Dr. Chapin's church. The composition is varied and beautifully adapted to church or parlor use.

The Art Magazine for the year is one of the most beautiful and acceptable of gifts. No other contains so much that is artistically valuable for the price. Bound copies can be procured of the publishers, Cassell, Petter & Galpin. Each number is rich in choice reproductions of fine paintings, in illustrated sketches of places and persons, and complete summaries of art news from different parts of the world; and the whole forms a rich treat to lovers of art, whose opportunities are perhaps not abundant for enjoying the more imposing collections.

George W. Harlan, Publisher, of New York, issues three holiday books, viz., Mrs. Brine's "Road to Slumberland," designed and illustrated by the celebrated Louis C. Tiffany and his corps of associated artists; "Madge, the Violet Girl," by the same author, illustrated by Miss Northam, "Tutti-Frutti," a book of child songs, by Laura Ledyard and W. T. Peters, with full page illustrations by Alfred Brennan and D. Clinton Peters. All these books are pretty and unconventional in their make-up.

A Rare Collection.—There is perhaps no part of the South Kensington Museum more attractive than the room appropriated to the Foster collection of books, autographs, and manuscripts. Among the books is a copy of Addison's "Travels in Italy," in the original binding, with an autograph inscription by Addison as follows: "To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age, this book is presented by his most humble servant, the author." There are copies of several of Carlyle's works with the author's autograph notes of presentation, and a set of original editions of the works of Charles Dickens, many of them presentation copies. The collection also includes the copies of the first edition of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," some proof sheets of Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," corrected by himself.

The collection of plays is large. Of original or early quarto editions there are thirty volumes, beginning in 1609 and ending in 1726. Among other books is an early copy of Pope's "Dunciad," with an autograph inscription; Walpole's presentation copy of the Strawberry Hill edition of "Fugitive Pieces" to his friend, Thomas Grey; a copy of the first folio of Shakespeare, 1623, and fourteen volumes of pamphlets collected by Lord Macaulay.

The autographs and autograph letters include five from Elizabeth, daughter of James I., who was Queen of Bohemia, all addressed to John King, Bishop of London, 1617-1620. A warrant has the signature of Queen Elizabeth of England; there are five letters from Charles I. addressed to Prince Rupert, and two from Charles II. to the same person; and there are also autographs of James II., Louis XIV., Napoleon Bonaparte, and Cromwell. Among autographs of men of letters may be counted those of Addison, Burke, Bacon, Coleridge, De Foe, Fielding, Scott, Goldsmith, Hume, Johnson, Keats, Scott, Lamb, Walpole, and Voltaire. But more remarkable than these are the manuscripts, including "The Cry of the Children," by Mrs. Browning, Lord Bulwer Lytton's "Lady of Lyons," "Not so Bad as We Seem," and "Duchesse de la Valliere,"—Swift's letters of ordination, many unpublished pieces in prose and verse, a large paper copy of "Gulliver's Travels" interleaved for additions by the author, containing passages which have never been published in any edition. The works of Dickens, of which the manuscripts are in the collection are "Oliver Twist," "Barnaby Rudge," "American Notes," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Bleak House," "Dombey and Son," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Edwin Drood."

The Isle of Ely.—This is an irregularly shaped tract of land about seven miles long by four wide, and elevated perhaps a hundred feet above the general level of the Fens; a tract which from its size and advantages of situation was probably one of the first spots colonized in the wild marsh land. Excavations tell us that formerly, perhaps not long after the first appearance of the human race in Britain, it was surrounded by marshy forests; that then a shallow sea encompassed it, converting it for a while into a true island; and lastly, as this retired, the great peat morasses grew and spread until, some two centuries since, after partial battling and some success, the task of draining on a large scale was undertaken, and the greater part of what was once a malarious marsh was converted into one of the richest wheat districts of England.

"The De Cora Five Sisters"

Is the title of a brilliant little holiday book, published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., and consisting of a modern ballad by Miss Josephine Pollard, illustrated with colored designs by Walter Satterlee. The story is of two English sisters, their way in, and their way out of the esthetic craze, which they took very bad indeed. The versification is exceedingly felicitous in bringing in all the now famous slang of the esthetes, without strain or affectation, and flows easily along in the charming old ballad style. The illustrations are profuse, and thoroughly in harmony with the subject, which the artist evidently understands too—to perfection. It is an elegant and timely little production, pretty for a gift, and one that all the girls will want; the cover being "too lovely for anything," and the cost a mere trifle, only a dollar and a half, which is certainly cheap for a brilliantly illustrated holiday book.

Ancient Jewelry and Engraved Gems.

AMONG most of the ancient nations extraordinary skill was acquired in the manufacture of jewelry. We find among primitive people great resemblance in these works of art, which modern jewelers are reproducing. In the early part of the present century attention was directed to antique jewelry, and reproductions soon took the place of that which was more modern. Naples became famous for good imitations; indeed, so cleverly were they done, that it was difficult to distinguish the new from the old. The same refinement and delicacy that distinguished the works of Greece and Rome was observed, and the minutest grains were so gracefully and completely fashioned, that they bore the closest examination.

Various and exquisitely fabricated were the articles of jewelry found in the tombs at Troy and Mycenæ. Diadems made of thin gold wire, for which only pure gold was used, as alloyed gold could not make such fine wire. Gold earrings in the form of serpents, showing, on the thick end, small granulated beads, and bracelets, a thick gold plate, an inch broad, piped with gold wire, and separated into divisions by fine gold rosettes. These ancient jewelers used no files, as none have been found. It is supposed that the gold was melted, and perforated, punched, and hammered.

Among the collection at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg, are some beautiful specimens of Helleno-Scythian jewelry, which belong to the fourth century before Christ. Here we find such skill in joining that it cannot be detected. The carving, in many instances, of animals and flowers, is perfect in the minutest detail.

The old Scandinavian jewelry partakes of the Byzantine style. Many of the shapes seem to us of modern times peculiar. The workmanship is fine, and enamel is freely used.

In India the jeweler's art was of great antiquity. Of so much importance was it considered, that the Code of Manu has laws for regulating the duties of jewelers. Gems and enamels are freely used in the decoration of ancient India jewelry, the workmanship of the gold being delicate and refined.

The engraving of gems is very ancient, and is of oriental origin. It is believed to have originated with the seal-engravers of Nineveh. The Assyrians excelled in engraving on stones, and they introduced the art into Greece, where it attained great perfection. The Romans, also, executed very fine engravings on gems. Intagli was used almost exclusively for rings, although some were worn as ornaments on the dress and as charms.

Antique gems were engraved with the point of the diamond. A diamond was first split by a blow from a hammer, and the splinters fixed into the end of iron tools, and with this the hardest gems could be engraved.

The earliest specimens of the glyptic art extant are the Egyptian scarabei. There are more recent specimens of the art which are extremely beautiful, among which is a fine intaglio, a likeness of one of the Ptolemies, the face being remarkably good. Another, equally fine, is a bust of Cleopatra; the hair and ornaments being worked, with great delicacy, on black onyx.

In the celebrated Mertens-Schaafhausen collection at Bonn, there are very fine specimens of Greek and Roman intagli. Among these are Luna visiting Endymion as he sleeps upon Mount Latmos. She is attended by Cupids, bearing weapons of the chase. Another is a wonderful Gorgon's head, engraved on purple ruby, or almadine. A very fine striking intaglio is the foot of Hermes, with the wing attached, crushing a butterfly. This is engraved on jacinth, and is exceedingly beautiful.

It is noticeable that the early Greek intagli are of low relief, minute in finish, and the design generally encircled by an Etruscan border. Many of these are cut upon pale yellow sards; while the Etruscans generally used the cornelian for the purpose of engraving. In the Roman intagli details are not so closely observed as in the Grecian, the intaglio is sunk deeper, and the composition seldom exceeds two figures. After the revival of art in Italy, the Roman style was copied.

There are some fine specimens of engraved gems in the British Museum. Among these is a Cupid holding a bunch of grapes to a goose, engraved on emerald; a Cupid on a dolphin, engraved on aqua-marine; and Hercules slaying the hydra, cut on sard, and set in a gold ring.

A novel use to which the third Duke of Devonshire put a valuable collection of intaglio was to have them made into ornaments for his wife. They are arranged in a comb, a bandeau, a diadem, a coronet, a stomacher, necklace and bracelet. Many of these intagli are engraved on valuable stones, and the *ensemble* is very elegant. E. B. C.

Pencil Paragraphs.

For it is with feelings as with waters.

The shadows murmur, but the depths are dumb.—*Anon.*

Woman's hopes are woven of sunbeams; shadows annihilate them.—*George Eliot.*

Only what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us.—*Humboldt.*

Never do persons seem dearer to us than when we see them on a sick-bed, and fear to lose them.—*Madame Schwartz.*

In a contest for mastery between two people who love each other, the victory generally rests with the one who loves least.—*Id.*

GOOD is slow; it climbs. Evil is swift; it descends. Why should we marvel that it makes great progress in so short a time?—*Anon.*

If ever a woman is stubborn and indifferent to consequences, and careless of right and wrong, it is in a love affair.—*J. W. De Forrest.*

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.—*Id.*

The two men had withdrawn, as it were, to mountains of silence, according to the custom of male creatures when the fountains of feminine eloquence are broken up, and the waters thereof overspread all creation.—*Id.*

What man so stolid and isolated from his kind, in heart, but that he has at times felt that some woman, who merely sat or stood near him, uttering no word, making no sign, and sending him no glance, was yet kindly and warmly interested in him?—*J. W. De Forrest.*

Any truth, faithfully faced, is strength in itself.—*Miss Thackeray.*

To suffer through those we love is ten times worse than to suffer ourselves. — *Madame Schwartz.*

Being observed, where observation is not sympathy, is just being tortured.—*Mrs. Browning.*

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty,
I woke, and found that life was Duty.—*Anon.*

It requires strength and courage to swim *against* the stream, while any dead fish can float *with* it.—*Samuel Smiles.*

The higher the monkey climbs, the more he shows his tail.—*Old Proverb.*

Nothing in literature can long survive but what is really good.—*Samuel Smiles.*

There are natures which blossom and ripen amidst trials, which would only wither and decay in an atmosphere of ease and comfort. —*Id.*

If you don't like a man, the fact that he wants to marry you, makes you dislike him all the more.—*E. L. Guernsey.*

Happy he who can lift conversation, without loss of its cheer, to its highest uses.—*F. H. B.*

It is strange how often we think lightly of the gifts we have and wish for those that providence has denied.—*Miss Muloch.*

A young bride who brings no fortune into the home of a poor man, and alas! not even health, must she not have inexhaustible good nature, faith unlimited, and unquenchable cheerfulness to secure herself an immovable place in the household affections!—*Caroline Chesseboro.*

Does anything ever come to us as we dream it will?—*Adeline Trafton.*

To be mistaken is no crime.—*Miss Thackeray.*

Is there ever a time when the cherished dream loses its charm? Are we ever so old that we cannot enjoy possession of the long deferred boon?—*Harriot Prescott Spafford.*

When we are gloomy, and lose faith in God's goodness, and our own future, we are most liable to temptation.—*Avia.*

Many people wish they might live their lives over again; in nine cases out of ten they would only repeat them.—*Amelia La Forge.*

At times, into some hours of life are crowded so much of anguish, that we seem to live years; yes, to become aged in a brief space.—*E. L. H.*

The heart of life is the love that is in it, and the worthiness of the person loved.—*Miss Muloch.*

It is so easy to meditate on a far-off heroism, so difficult to cut off a little self-indulgence quite near at hand!—*Anon.*

Some women's destiny is to love down, excusingly, pityingly.—*Miss Muloch.*

The utter absorption of a sick-room—how everything seems to centre within its four narrow walls, and everything in the world without seems to fade away and grow dim in the distance.—*Id.*

If we do evil that good may come, the good we looked for will never come thereby. But once evil is done, we may humbly look to Him who bringeth good out of evil, and wait.—*George McDonald.*

Honor demanded is as worthless as insult undeserved is hurtless.—*Id.*

To let go of one's friends is one thing, but to be forced to feel that they have let you go, in an unkind way, and that you cannot think quite as well of them as you used to do, is another and a much harder trial.—*Miss Muloch.*

Nothing helps you so much to feel, as the taking of what share may, from the nature of the thing, be possible to you.—*George McDonald.*

How often do we look upon God as our last and feeblest resource! We go to him because we have nowhere else to go. And then we learn that the storms of life have driven us, not upon the rocks, but into the desired haven; that we have been compelled, as to the last remaining, so to the best, the only, the central help, the causing cause of all the helps to which we had turned aside as nearer and better.—*Id.*

It is not required, it may be wrong, to show all we feel or think; what is required of us is not to show what we do *no* feel or think, for that is to be false.—*Id.*

There is nothing that so goads a spirited woman to madness, as the realization that any man controls her husband.—*J. G. Holland.*

When a man's duty looks like an enemy, dragging him into the dark mountains, he has no less to go with it then when, like a friend with loving face, it offers to lead him along green pastures by the river-side.—*George McDonald.*

It is a fine thing in friendship to know when to be silent.—*Id.*

New Jersey Industries.

New Jersey is becoming famous for her Cabinet Organs and Pianofortes. Within her borders upon the line of the D., L. & W. R. R., one of the great trunk railroads leading to the West and Northwest, lies Washington, a thriving young city whose rise in the world is directly attributable to one man and his enormous manufactory, which stands in full view of all trains passing that place. This man is the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Mayor of Washington, well known to our readers from his frequent advertisements. His factory is a mammoth affair, having a space of three acres within its walls, and using an adjoining space of eleven acres for the storage of lumber, etc. Mayor Beatty has won his way to the front rank by stalwart merit, in every detail of manufacture, keeping steadily in view the fact that people cannot afford to pay exorbitant middlemen's profits on Pianos and Organs. He is one of the most responsible men in the State and all who deal with him can depend upon obtaining not only superior instruments, but those lowest in price, as they are made by the most economical system and by the most improved machinery. Ten years ago Mr. Beatty was poor, obscure and plowing barefoot upon the hillsides of Musterdon County, New Jersey; to-day he stands a brilliant example of what honesty, industry and thrift will do. Who would not encourage such a man? Read his great offer in this issue. Send him your order early or write at once for his Latest Illustrated Catalogue, (Holiday Edition.)

(Write for particulars; mention this publication.)

AN AGE IN ADVANCE OF ALL OTHER INVENTIONS.

From a single spool makes a seam stronger and more beautiful than by any combination of two threads.

THE

AUTOMATIC

OR "NO TENSION" SEWING MACHINE

Ladies careful of Health and appreciating the Best will now have no other.

WILLCOX & GIBBS S. M. CO.
658 Broadway, New York.

FREE TO YOU!

A Beautiful Pearl Shell Necklace and Locket!

Among the beautiful new goods imported from Europe this fall, the **elegant Pearl Shell Necklace and Locket** which is represented by the accompanying illustration, has attracted marked attention. Our engraving is reduced in size, shows only a section of the chain, does not do the goods justice, and, in fact, only a faint idea of the remarkable beauty of this charming Necklace and Locket can be obtained from it. The Necklace is composed of a number of beautiful Pearl Shells joined with silvered ornaments; the Locket is of enameled pearl set in silver plate. This is not a child's Necklace, neither has it any appearance of cheapness; it is a new and beautiful design, will never tarnish or wear out, and will be admired by all who see it. We now propose to make as **Absolute Free Gift** at one of these elegant Pearl Shell Necklaces and Lockets to every one who desires to possess it. We propose, in order to extend the circulation of our large and beautiful magazine, THE FIRESIDE AT HOME, and introduce it into thousands of new homes, to give a NECKLACE AND LOCKET FREE to every THREE MONTHS' TRIAL SUBSCRIBER. *Read our great offer: Upon receipt of* **Only 25 Cents** *in postage stamps, we will send* **The Fireside at Home for Three Months,** *and to every subscriber we will send one of these Elegant Pearl Shell Necklaces and Lockets Free.* THE FIRESIDE AT HOME is a large and handsome magazine of 32 large 3-column pages, with a handsome cover, elegantly printed and profusely illustrated. It is the largest and finest dollar magazine in the world. Each number contains a complete novel by a celebrated author, many interesting short stories, sketches and poems; many illustrated descriptive articles, very instructive; portraits and biographies of distinguished people; Ladies' Fancy Work, Sermons by leading Divines, Household Recipes, Farm and Garden Notes, Stories, Puzzles and Games for the Young, Wit and Humor, etc. By taking advantage of this great offer you can secure this large and charming magazine for three months (including all the brilliant holiday numbers soon to be issued) and our beautiful Pearl Shell Necklace and Locket—all for only 25 cents! Every lady should send for this great bargain for herself; every gentleman should send and get the magazine for himself and make the premium a present to a lady friend. The two will be sent to different addresses if desired. *Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.* As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in New York, also to the commercial agencies. Send at once, and get the greatest bargain of the age. Address,

F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 7 Park Place, N. Y.

OUR LITTLE ONES

AND

THE NURSERY.

The Most Beautifully Illustrated Magazine for Little People in the World.

Published in Boston and London.

The NURSERY has been a Household Treasure for fifteen years. OUR LITTLE ONES has completed its first year, and is a triumphant success. The two united. All its illustrations

DRAWN BY THE BEST ARTISTS

expressly for this Magazine, and engraved in the most artistic manner by JOHN ANDREW & SON. Original Poems, Sketches, and Stories by the

BEST WRITERS FOR CHILDREN.

Nothing low, vulgar, slangy, or sensational. Pure, elevating, and instructive;

BRIGHT, INTERESTING, AND AMUSING.

"The most exquisitely beautiful magazine we ever saw."—*Herald, Columbus, O.*

"We wish it might find its way into every household where there are little people."—*National Baptist, Phila.*

$1.50 a year; 15 cents a copy.

Newsdealers sell it. The Publishers send specimen for a three-cent stamp.

The most liberal terms to agents.

RUSSELL PUBLISHING CO.

149A Tremont Street, Boston.

PATTERSON $60 ORGAN TAKES THE LEAD!

SPECIAL OFFER FOR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS! ORDER NOW and avoid the RUSH OF THE SEASON!

Solid Walnut Case, highly finished. 75 in. high, 45 in. wide, 23 in. deep; weight, boxed, 350 lbs.

This Organ possesses splendid **volume** and **variety of tone** combined with **sweetness** and is therefore suitable for CHURCH, HALL or PARLOR use. Its mechanism and materials are of the best, and being a very symmetrical and otherwise beautiful Organ *of the very latest style,* it commands extensive sales and has proved admirably adapted to satisfy a popular want.

ELEVEN Useful STOPS.

1. Diapason 6. Dulcet.
2. Dulciana 7. Echo.
3. Celeste 8. Violina.
4. Sub Bass. 9. Prin. Forte
5. Oct'vCpl 10. Dia. Forte
11. Vox Humana.

By having the best of facilities and most approved machinery for their manufacture, by turning out this particular style in lots of **4,000** at a time, thus economizing the labor employed in their construction, and by shipping from the manufactory to the purchaser direct, avoiding all agents and middlemen's profits and all commissions, we are enabled to sell this beautiful Organ, with *Stool and Instruction Book,* boxed and delivered on cars here, for the above low prices.

$60

PATTERSON ORGAN

Style 407; Action 401; 5 Octaves; 4 sets of Reeds, as follows

Diapason, 24 Notes, 8 ft. Tone
Dulciana, 37 Notes, 8 ft. Tone
Celeste, 37 Notes, 8 ft. Tone
Sub Bass, 13 Notes, 16 ft. Tone

Improved Knee Swell!

And Grand Organ Knee Swell!

by which the full power is at the will of the performer.

Some manufacturers and dealers advertise from 18 to 27 stops on an Organ containing the same number of reeds, the majority being dummies or, what are equally unimportant, REPETITION STOPS, *which add nothing to the beauty, value or cost of the Organ.* ☞ **Do not be deceived by the number of stops an Organ is said to contain.** Order one of the above on **15 days' test trial,** and if it is not found as represented, return it at our expense for freight both ways. Order direct from this advertisement. Remit by draft, money-order or express (money refunded if Organ is not satisfactory), or if you do not wish to send cash with order, send a letter of endorsement from some bank or respectable merchant, to the effect that you are responsible, and will pay for the Organ if found as represented, and we will promptly ship you one for 15 days' trial, **fully warranted 6 years.** We manufacture a FINE VARIETY of PIANOS and ORGANS, and can furnish direct buyers the **best instrument for the money** they wish to invest of any house in the trade. **Pianos, $225, $250, $275,** and **$300,** with Cover, Stool, and Book. **Organs, $50, $60, $75, $85, $95, $100, $110, $120,** with Stool and Book. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE mailed *free.* Be sure and send for one. It gives information about BOGUS STOPS and false description of sets of reeds, which protects the purchaser and makes deceit impossible. **Orders filled promptly.**

Address the manufacturer, **JAMES T. PATTERSON, Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.**

PRINTING PRESSES

75 cents to $175. Circulars free. Book of Type, 10 cents. 40 kinds of cards, 10 cents. Printers' Instruction Book, 15 cts. JOSEPH WATSON, 19 Murray St., New York.

YOUR NAME Finely printed in *Fancy Type* on **50** all *New Style* Chromo Cards [no 2 alike,] 10 cts., or **25** *Extra Large* Chromo Cards [no 2 alike,] 10 cts. Agents' Large Sample Book, 40 cts. 35 Fun Cards 10 cts. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

PRETTY LIPS

Should have pearly teeth behind them. To make the teeth pearly, and to keep them so, there is nothing like

SOZODONT

It neutralizes every element of impurity that affects the soundness or whiteness of the teeth. Moreover, it prevents gum-boil and canker. **Sozodont** should be used by every one who values a good set of teeth. It has none of the acrid properties of tooth-pastes, etc., and instead of contracting the gums, renders them firm and elastic. All disagreeable odors arising from the breath are neutralized by the use of **Sozodont.**

Sold by druggists and fancy goods dealers.

For 1882 is an elegant Book of 150 pages, a Colored Frontispiece of Flowers, and 1000 Illustrations of the Choicest Flowers, Plants and Vegetables, and Directions for Growing. It is handsome enough for the Centre Table or a Holiday Present. Send on your Name and Post Office address, with 10 cents, and I will send you a copy, postage paid. This is not a quarter of its cost. I publish both an English and German Edition. Paper and Printing and matter are not surpassed for excellence by anything in the country, and the Illustrations are in the highest style of art.

Vick's Seeds are the Best in the World. The FLORAL GUIDE will tell you how to get and grow them.

Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 175 Pages, a Colored Plate, 500 Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine—32 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price $1.25 a year; Five Copies for $5.00. Specimen numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents.

Address, **JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.**

"The Lion's Bride."

(21 X 15 inches.)

The following is a translation of the poem, written by Chamisso, which inspired the original painting of the "Lion's Bride," by the great German artist, Gabriel Max.

THE keeper's daughter is fair to see,
With bridal jewels adorned is she;
And fearlessly steps in the bold lion's den,
The pride of her heart, and the terror of men.

Before, so unruly, now gentle and wise
He looks up at his mistress, with love in his eyes.

Then kneeling beside him with tender caress,
With tears the maid murmurs her tale of distress.

"In the bright, happy days, alas! now at an end,
Fond playmates—as child and child—we were, dear friend
I loved thee—I loved thee with all my true heart
As thou dost love me, and now we must part.

"With kingly impatience thou shakest thy mane.
Dear one, canst thou not see my grief and my pain?
Thou dost not believe me; no longer am I
The child that thou playedst with, in days now gone by.

"O, were I a child, to remain by thy side
My beauty! my darling! my joy and my pride!
But follow I must, for, alas! am I led
Far away to a strange land, a stranger to wed.

"He says that he worships the beauty I hate!
Ah, would I could free me—but it is too late!
The wreath's in my hair, the good pastor appears,
My poor eyes are heavy with hot blinding tears.

"Thou understandest my words—look not up in alarm,
I am now more composed, and be thou also calm.
My bridegroom approaches, so take thou then this,
I give thee, my darling, a last parting kiss."

But ere the young girl can arise from her knees,
Thro' the grating, her lover the fierce lion sees,
The iron cage shakes with his furious stride,
And he holds in his grasp the poor trembling bride.

He then stands on guard before the wide door,
And lashes his tail, with a loud, angry roar.
She emplores, she entreats, in accents of woe—
To her prayers he is deaf, and will not let go.

Then without, there is heard a terrible cry:
"Bring weapons—quick! quick! O, my darling will die!
I'll shoot the accursed beast"—maddened with rage
The unhappy one ventures too near to the cage.

Transformed seemed the lion—a desperate hurl
Lays dead at his feet the once happy girl:
Her beautiful form, once so fair and so round,
Lies bleeding, and mangled, and torn on the ground!

And as he beholds her, bathed in her dear blood,
The old tenderness comes o'er his soul like a flood;
He lies down near the body, in terrible pain,
And lost in his grief—he moves not—thus is slain.

☞ **"The Lion's Bride," and the "Rock of Ages," form a premium given with DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Subscription, $2 yearly; with the premium, $2.50. See second page of cover.**

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,
Publisher,
17 East 14th Street, New York.

TRACY'S

SAFETY

Automatic Accident

—AND—

Fire-Proof Floors

—FOR—

ELEVATOR SHAFTS.

Very Light, Simple, Durable and Inexpensive.

A New and Marvelously Successful Invention.

Passenger and freight elevators now rank among the most useful inventions of the age. Many improvements have been made in them from time to time, such as valves, brakes, extra ropes, etc., to ensure safety to life in case of accident to any part of their machinery. The necessity has long been felt, however, for some effective safety appliance to prevent accidents through the absence of floors to the elevator shafts, many lives having been sacrificed in the past by persons falling through them. A number of ingenious contrivances have at various times been devised to attain this highly essential result, but hitherto they have all failed to practically answer the purpose for which they were intended. In this case the great necessity has developed a simple, yet effective arrangement, the adoption of which will henceforth entirely obviate the danger of any person being precipitated through the elevator shafts.

The invention consists of a double set of light, yet substantial, automatic floors, one series being arranged above, and the other below the elevator. The floors are strung on small wire ropes at each corner. These wires being fastened at the ends, above and below the elevator, are run over wheels at the top and bottom of the shaft, so that when the elevator ascends, the floors below it are caught by balls arranged at proper intervals on the wires; these balls vary in size, the upper ones being small enough to pass through the floors that are below, until they reach the one to be carried up, and being too large to pass though this floor, it is carried to its proper place, and the same with all the floors below, each in its turn. The floors above the elevator are all carried with it to the top of the shaft. As the elevator descends, they rest respectively on projections, placed in suitable positions in the shaft, being so arranged that they pass in succession until the projections intended for each particular floor are reached, where they remain on a level with the main floor until the ascent of the elevator, when they are carried to the top as before. This arrangement is so simple that it can be applied to any passenger or freight elevator now in use in hotels, stores, manufactories or elsewhere, as well as to new buildings, and at only trifling cost.

These automatic floors are now in the elevator shaft in the large new building, No. 80 East 14th Street, where all interested can witness their operation.

The invention was pronounced by the patent office in Washington, as being entirely original. In addition it has received the endorsement of nearly all the leading architects and builders in this city and Philadelphia, to whose inspection the model has been submitted.

Too much cannot be said in urging the general adoption by business men and others of a device calculated to effect not only a saving of life but of property, as in case of fire on any story, from the basement up, these automatic floors will check the strong draft which always exists in elevator shafts, thus guarding against the rapid spread of fire throughout the entire building. There can be no doubt of its soon being adopted by all persons interested in running elevators, and the general public will not be slow in appreciation of the inventor's effort to prevent loss of life in this direction. All information and particulars in regard to these Automatic Floors, can be obtained by calling upon or addressing G. C. Tracy, 82 East 14th Street, or, W. Jennings Demorest, 17 East 14th Street, New York.

Read our Prospectus on first pages next cover.

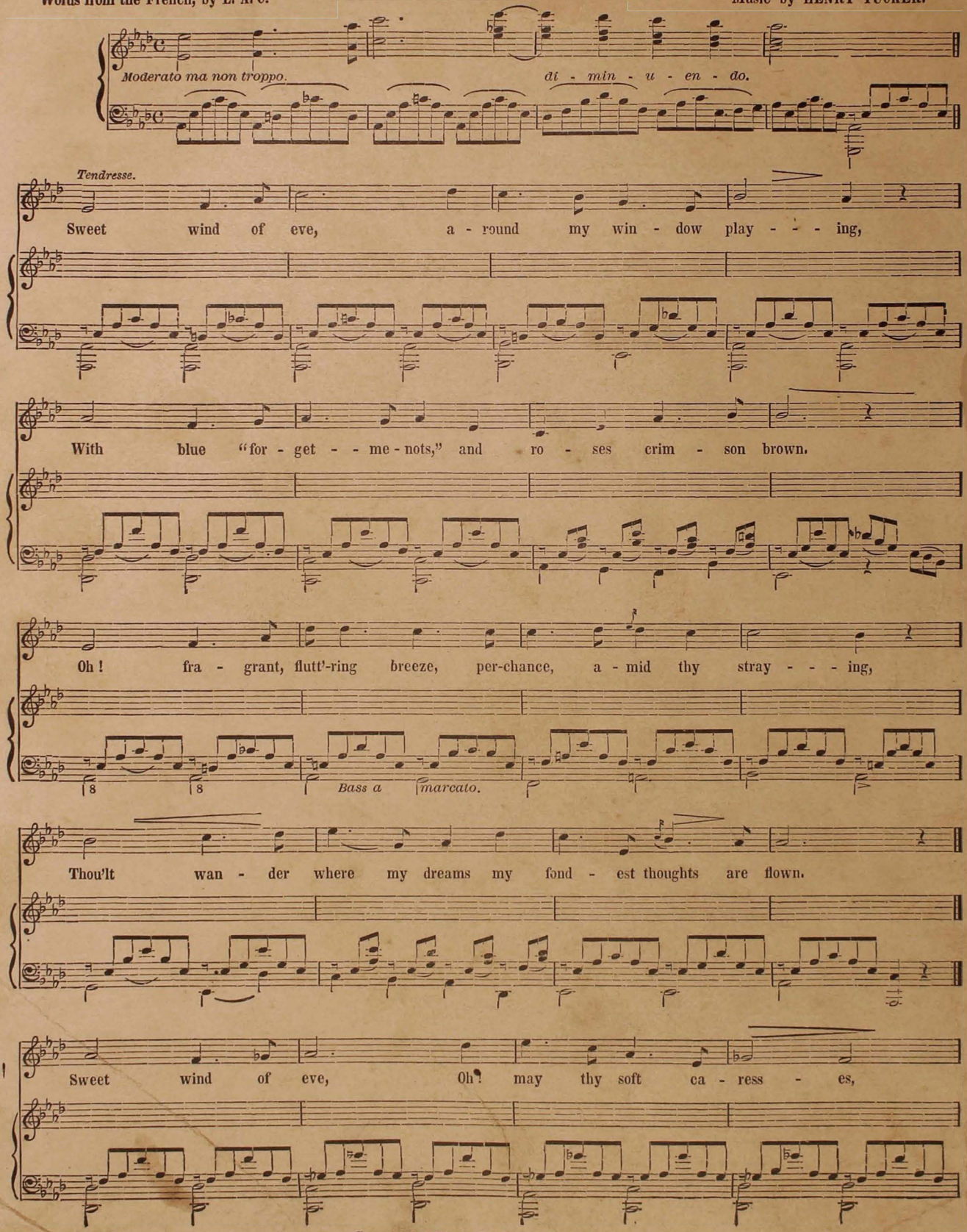
The Song of the Shirt.

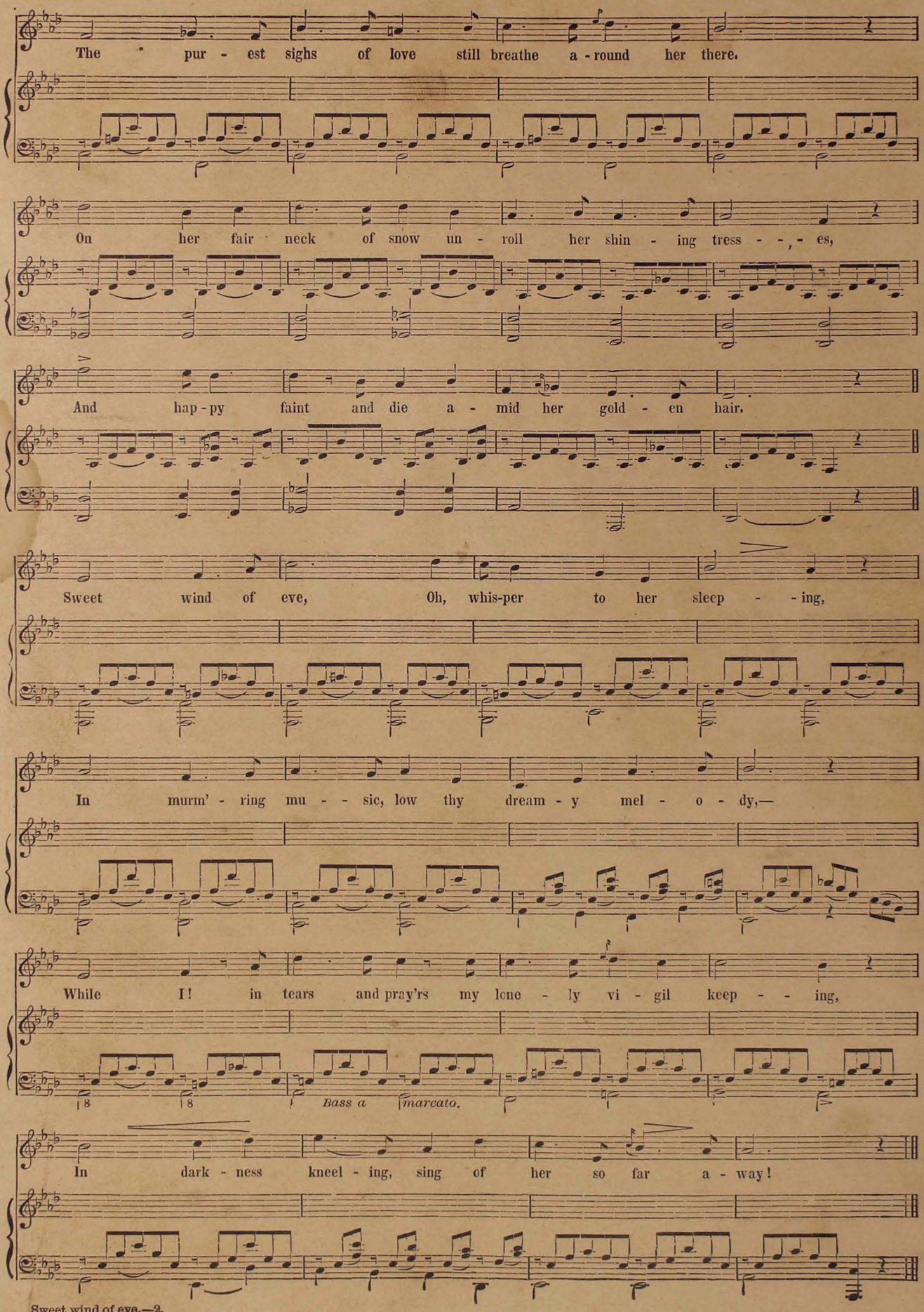
Sweet Wind of Eve.

A ROMANCE.

Words from the French, by L. A. C.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.




The pur - est sighs of love still breathe a - round her there.
On her fair neck of snow un - roll her shin - ing tress - -, - es,
And hap - py faint and die a - mid her gold - en hair.
Sweet wind of eve, Oh, whis-per to her sleep - - ing,
In murm' - ring mu - - sic, low thy dream - y mel - o - dy,—
While I! in tears and pray'rs my lone - ly vi - gil keep - - ing,
Bass a marcato.
In dark - ness kneel - ing, sing of her so far a - way!

GIPSY MUSICIANS OF SPAIN.