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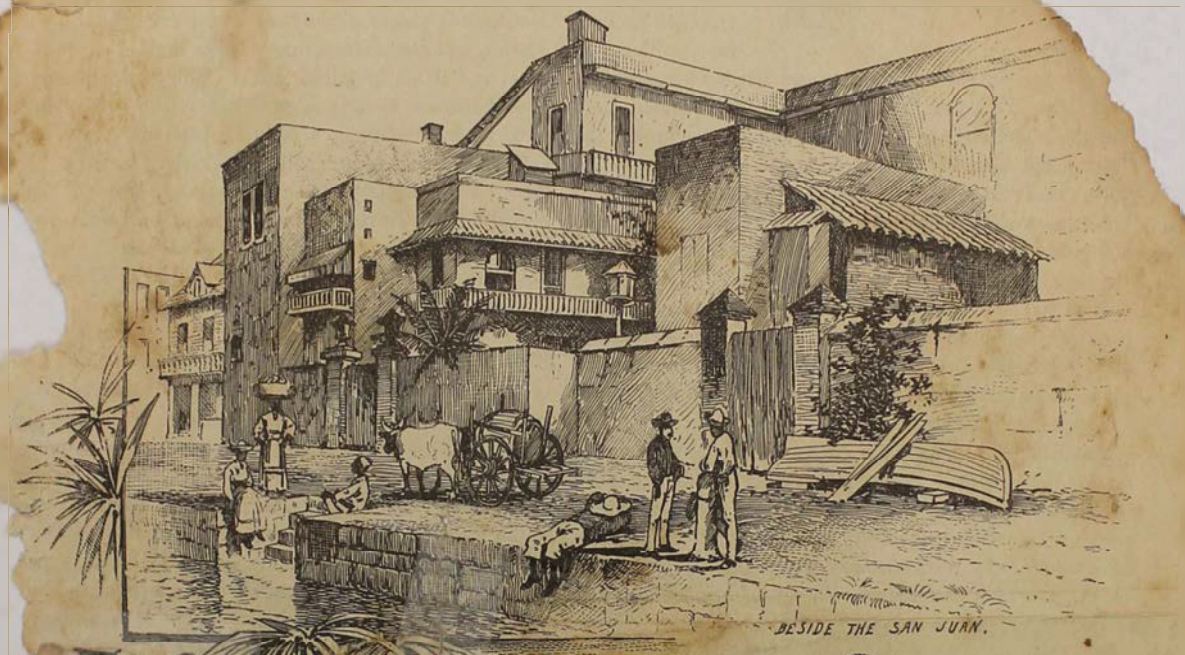


BESIDE THE SAN JUAN.

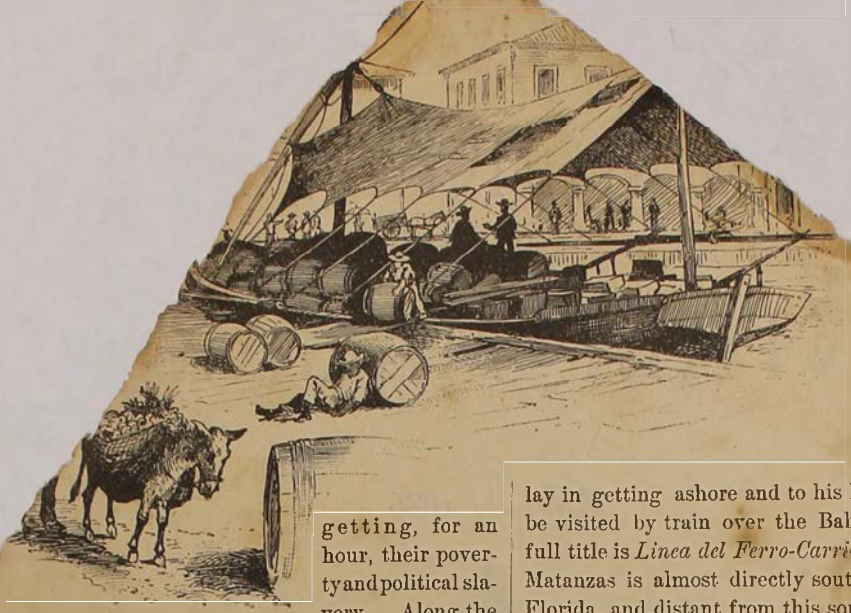
A Quaint Cuban City

THE Cu... cliffs and green cane-fields shimmered in the intense mid-day radiation above the limpid sea, as we steamed along the tropic coast toward the portals of Matanzas Bay. The purple mountains beyond were faintly pencilled against the southern sky. The white heat of our final hour at sea was Egyptian in its blinding brilliancy. The pilot came, and we were assigned an anchorage near the walls of a conventional Spanish fort, still two miles from the town.

Madge and the Chautauqua girl wanted to go ashore at once. So, indeed, did we all, but, lo! the tyranny of the Spanish customs department had seized upon us. The collector of the port had gone to his dinner. Perhaps he would come on board in the cool hours toward night, but more probably in the morning. The latter surmise proved, in the end, to be correct.

Some swore. The "ubiquitous individual" who writes for the *Herald* sat down in wrath to explode a journalistic bomb under the Spanish colonial chair of State; others, on short allowance of time, wailed their wasted chances. Those who knew the possibilities of the situation, reclined calmly in the shade of the quarter-deck, and waited until night when that prince of good fellows, the captain, took a choice dozen under his maritime wing, like so many chickens, and quietly went ashore, where we took in the charming evening life of the people.

A first evening in Cuba has its attendant memories. It comes up in after-years with a salient beauty like a dream of things read of, but never realized, and yet it is all there, but four days from remorseless, feverish New York. ... where you will, there are the nodding palms of the p... before the white provincial palace, the hedges and fou... the brilliant cafés and clubs; splendid equipages, ... with lovely señoras and señoritas; lounging crow... ing in a heaven of strange and soul-moving



the island Cienfuegos probably, dire vana upon one elegant Ward liners, will find but little lay in getting ashore and to his hotel. Matanzas will t be visited by train over the Bahia Railroad, of which t full title is *Linea del Ferro-Carril de la Bahia de la Habana*. Matanzas is almost directly southward from the tip-end of Florida, and distant from this southern limit of our glorious republic but ninety miles. It is eighty-seven kilometers east of Havana, or little more than two hours' ride. It derives its importance as a shipping port from its splendid bay and the surpassing fertility of its inland vicinage. The great bulk of its trade is in raw sugar, in which it ranks second only to Havana. Large numbers of vessels are all times to be found in port, taking on cargoes by the l rious process of lightering from the great warehouses the little River San Juan which bisects the town.

The city is built upon a slope, and is densely cl around the crescent shore, flanked for miles on either hand by pretty bay-side homes of the well-to-do residents.

From the flat roofs of the *casas*, or still better, the high promontory to the westward, just beside a little breeze-swept chapel, a superb view of harbor, sea, and city is attainable. Here, too, beneath us, leading away for many mile is the grand valley of the Yumuri, dotted with groves palms and checkered with plantations. The smoke of man *ingenios* (sugar mills) rises in still columns from the ba of this dreamy vale, which somehow suggests the valley Wyoming where the Susquehanna passes Campbell's Le and the giant coal-breakers of Pittston and P mouth. Yumuri River flows between lofty hills a down throu a suburb of the town, where it is crossed st before em ing the bay by a graceful bridge.

We have seen but few volantés, for in the cities the saic hackney cab and commonplace baro che have ..ny driven them out; and yet there are some ..servative old families who still keep them under the broad front archway of their houses, the only storage place available. A volanté we must have, for Madge and the Chautauqua girl have said so; and, indeed, I promised it lightly before leaving home, as one may recklessly promise February strawberries to him who goes to Florida; thus a volanté, indeed, we must and did have.

The cumbrous yet most comfortable vehicles are used largely in the hilly regions of the island where the roads are anything but good. The vehicle body is suspended by heavy leathern straps to the frame of the long thills, the weight of which is borne by a single horse. Two other horses are attached, one of them in front being ridden by the postilion. The wheels are of nearly double the diameter of ordinary carriage-wheels, and the whole effect is very imposing. This vehicle is driven at full speed over the

getting, for an hour, their poverty and political slavery. Along the ..rrow streets, through high-barred windows and arches, we catch glimpses of the home life of the residents. Here sits the adored one and her mother, and there, opposite, the lover, handicapped out of all comfort in his courting by the severe maternal presence. He can only rock dismally in his chair and wish himself in America, where, as he has heard, the girls may be alone, even turn down the lamp and draw the curtains. Happy young Americans!

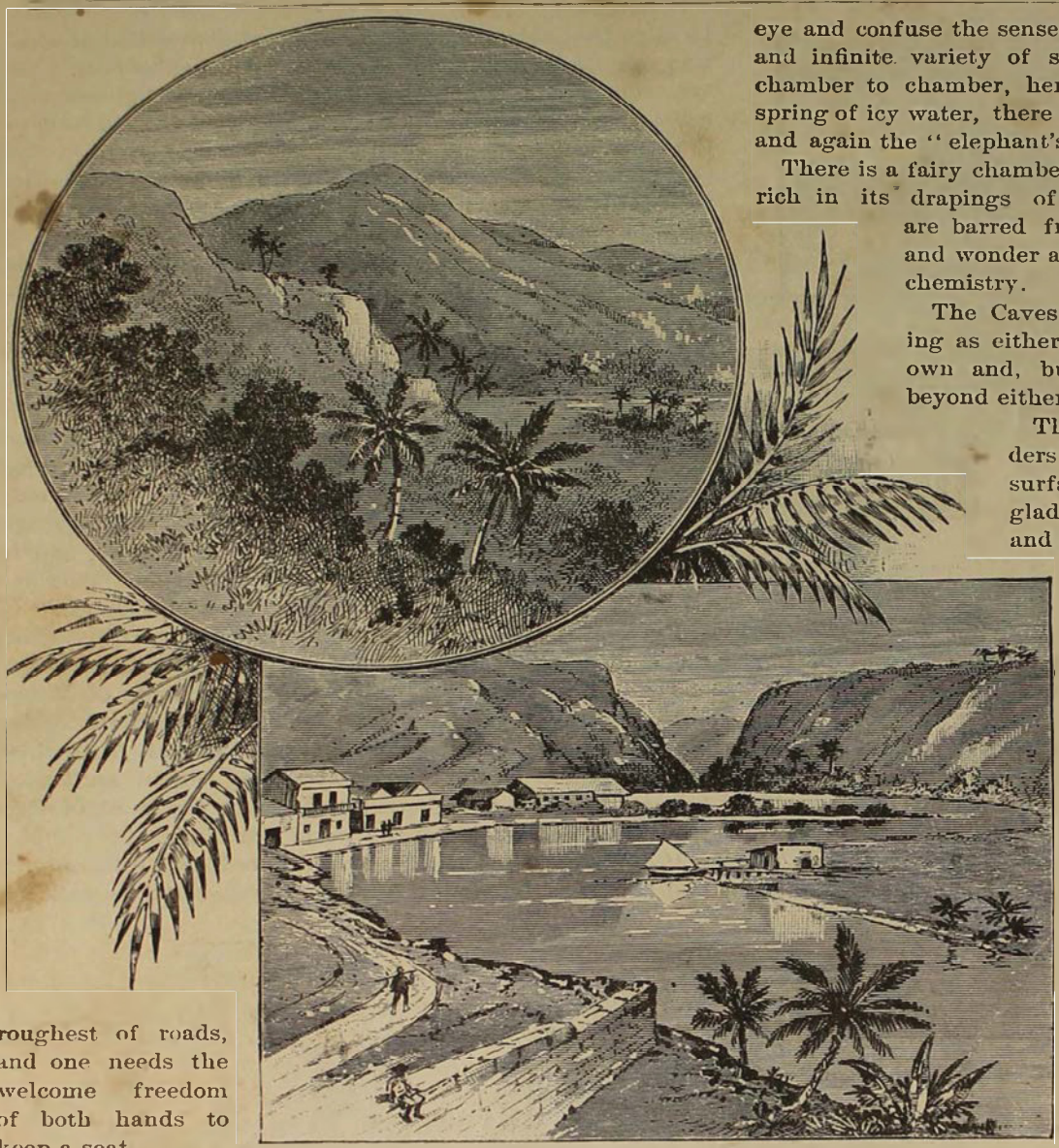
It is not well to go too far into these narrow streets. Strangers are not so plentiful here as to escape observation, and all strangers are known to be rich. So we return to the plaza, and after a cooling glass of *pinalés* with the captain we go back to our ship.

Meanwhile the Chautauqua girl has not been without an eye for the morrow. Her presence has a visibly agreeable effect upon the purser, and it comes to pass that in the early morning, before the passengers have left their pillows, we three are away for town once more, with the impressionable purser, gaily and victoriously, where we lunch at the *Leon del Oro*.

The *Leon del Oro* (Golden Lion, when Americanized) is the hotel of the place. The breakfast-room is an open gallery looking down upon a *patio* or court, wherein certain consumptive palms struggle for the sunlight. Hanging galleries give access to the bedrooms.

We lunch—for the Cuban morning meal proper comes later, say at eleven o'clock. Our lunch is made up of delicious rolls, coffee, oranges, and other fruits. The breakfast is a substantial one of meats and fish in courses, with rice and incidental vegetables *ad libitum*. You may eat or not as you please, the several courses come on like the stately march of time, and you must await their appearance and departure with the composure which is the best safeguard against illness in this fervid land. The Cuban never spoils his digestion by haste.

In the interval of lunch and breakfast we have seen something of the city. It loses a bit of its romance by daylight, but still it is half asleep and altogether a better place ..pon this March morning than Boston or Philadelphia. ..ving breakfasted now, we go to the customs' wharf ..d, a whole day after arrival in port, our fellow-..s just landed, and awaiting in ruffled mood the ..f the customs officers among the heterogeneous ..f their trunks. It is but fair to say that when



roughest of roads, and one needs the welcome freedom of both hands to keep a seat.

It was in a volanté, then, that we three, Madge, the Chatauqua girl and I, started for the Caves of Bellamar.

Down through the populous town, across the bridge of the San Juan, on past the dusty suburb, now rolling through a street once superb in the sumptuous beauty of its palaces, then along the road skirting the bay to the north and east. We are charmed, now by the luxurious verdure of the gardens, and then by the fine shell-strewn shore, the coralline rocks, and the blue expanse of the roadstead.

"*Retardo! Senor*," we shout to our fanciful out-rider, and we stop to fill our pockets with shells and mosses. Then we turn away among the rugged hills and are treated to a ride over what is probably the roughest road in the western hemisphere. The sharp spines of the coral ridges cross the road in ranks that would appall a Montana stage-driver. Our postilion, however, drives placidly on, whipping his animals furiously, and Cuba, its caves and dark-eyed beauties, its promise of coming delights, are all forgotten in our wild effort to keep within our precarious volanté.

Three miles of such riding brings us to the small buildings which cover the mouth of the crystal caves.

We are soon divested of all superfluous clothing, for the heat of a Turkish bath awaits us below.

The formations in the older or upper cave, once a pure white, are now stained with the smoke of many years of torches. In the new cave, which is beneath the former and opened only five years ago, the alabaster-like purity of the stalactites and stalagmites is still preserved, to dazzle the eye and confuse the senses in their superb and varied form and infinite variety of shade. The guide leads on from chamber to chamber, here pausing to point out a hidden spring of icy water, there the silent group of the "apostles," and again the "elephant's ear," or the crystallized cascade.

There is a fairy chamber in the lower grotto, which is so rich in its drapings of frost-like formations, that we are barred from entering, and may only gaze and wonder at the infinite splendor of nature's chemistry.

The Caves of Bellamar are not as imposing as either the Mammoth or Luray of our own and, but in delicacy of detail, are far beyond either.

The great heat here stored up renders a prolonged stay beneath the surface very fatiguing, and we were glad to regain daylight once more, and even to face the terrors of that rock-ribbed highway.

As the days led on, we lingered at the comfortable Leon del Oro, and saw our ship leave port without a pang of regret. There was so much to study and sketch. Here a quaint group of buildings facing upon the commercial waters of the San Juan River, near by the deserted colonnade of some grandee's home, now but a junk shop. Along the water front there was an infinite variety of color and moresque shapes inviting to artistic sensibilities. I seldom sat down for such a sketch but some wharf-lounger, ambitious to catch attention, would strike a *pose* and ask the honor of a place in my picture.

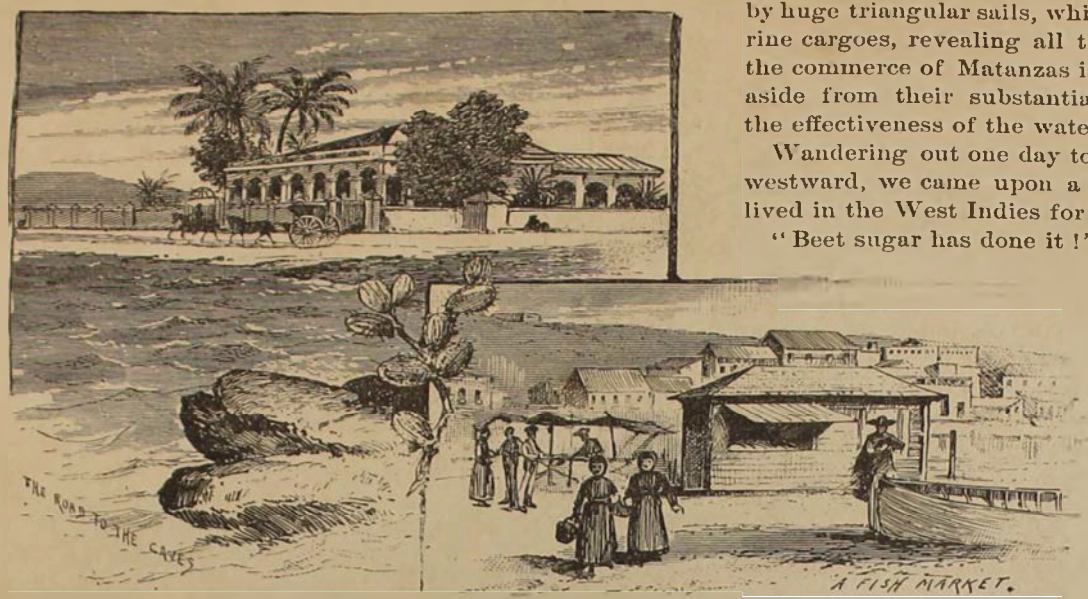
The types of Cuba, while not as pronounced or numerous as in Mexico, where each particular occupation is advertised in the costume worn, are still interesting.

The strongest type numerically is that of the soldier. Spain has always maintained a most effective military police upon the island, an army frequently more than twice the size of that of the United States. Ships of war from the mother country are always at anchor beneath the guns of the great forts at Havana and Matanzas, where the troops are garrisoned when not employed in the suppression of political fire in the interior.

The Volunteers, made up chiefly of resident Spaniards and loyalists doing business in Cuba, form a reserve contingent often troublesome, always alert, and particularly cruel and barbarous in times of civil strife. Who that has learned of them can ever forget the massacre of the students of Havana following the death of the duelist-editor Castañon, at Key West, or the *Virginius* episode at Santiago de Cuba?

Nevertheless the regiments of Volunteers, with their fine bands, form a most attractive feature of early morning life at Matanzas and Havana, when they parade for inspection and take their "tour of duty" in turn as the real police of the cities. The Spanish regular uniform varies radically with each branch of the service, but is always of excellent make, and rich, brilliant effect.

The countryman whose swarthy face is hidden beneath a broad straw hat, plodding beside his overladen mule, is pic-



turesque. The fisherman overhauling his nets beside the waters of the bay, or noisily wrangling with would-be purchasers of his slippery stock in the market-place, is much like his Greek brother of Athens.

The hack driver here, as in the capital city of Cuba, sleeps sweetly in the recesses of his vehicle, and lo! if we need him we must go and prod him gently with a cane or umbrella. What a sensation a Cortlandt Street "hackey" would make at the railroad station here! Another frequent "type" is the lottery vender. He lurks in the shadows while you eat. He meets you in the plazas, the vestibule of the cathedral, everywhere, tickets and scissors in hand. Lottery coupons are bought and traded so universally that they are practically used as legal tender. The Havana lottery is like an immense banking-house, and is a department of the Colonial Government. It is as fair, probably, as any lottery can be, but forms a potent means for furthering the degradation of the lower masses. A rich citizen of Matanzas who entertained us at his *casa* had made two large "strikes" on lottery. He was a leading patron of the popular sports. From his housetop we looked down upon the city, and he pointed away toward a white structure upon the distant hill-side, and then at his own obese form.

"Ah, yes!" said we, "it is understood. It is your family tomb."

"Non, non!" he cried in great disgust, and he hopped up and down flapping imaginary wings, and venting a lusty crow.

"Oh, we beg pardon! It is your forum of chicken disputes."

Our host was pleased again.

The busiest people in Matanzas seem to be the crews of the harbor lighters. These broad, deep craft are propelled by huge triangular sails, which swell out above their saccharine cargoes, revealing all the colors of Joseph's coat. All the commerce of Matanzas is handled by these lighters, and aside from their substantial use, they contribute much to the effectiveness of the water-scape upon the harbor.

Wandering out one day to the old moss-grown fort to the westward, we came upon a philosophic American who had lived in the West Indies for many years.

"Beet sugar has done it!" said he; "yes, beet sugar and high taxes. Why, I can recall, and it's not so long ago, when nearly the entire sugar product of Cuba was sent to the ports of Europe. Now it all goes to the "States," and even there the beet is driving it a hard race. The only chance Cuba has is in a modification of her taxes, and in the low price of labor and small cost of subsistence."

Then he went back to the palmy days of the Orient when the trade of the world was held by the Phœnicians. Then spoke of the grand days when the merchants of Venice swayed the commercial scepter. Then outlined the events which carried the monetary center to Portugal, from which it was wrested by the brave and thrifty Dutch, until they, in turn, lost it to the English, who made the Bank of England the pivotal point of the world's earnings.

"And now," said he, "it's coming to New York, and you and I may yet live to see it, our children certainly will, and

then Cuba will fall under the rule of the Anglo-Saxon—the man of destiny. Cuba has been like an orange, squeezed to the last drop by an impoverished and thirsty mistress; but Northern genius will lead her to a greater place in the world's affairs than these light-minded, song-loving people have ever dreamed."

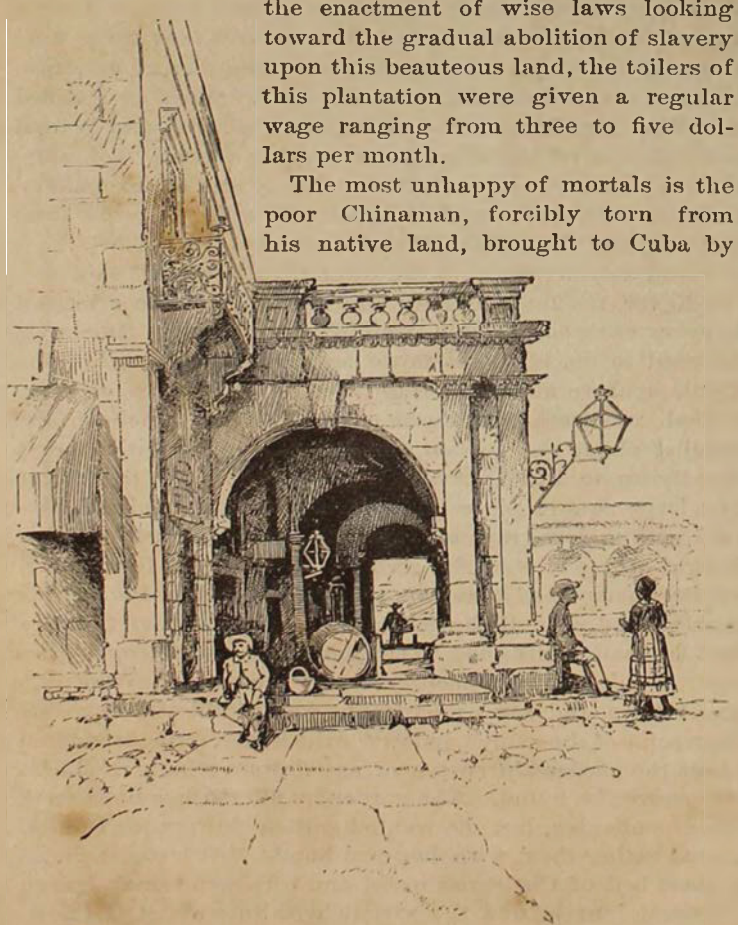
Madge and the Chautauqua girl, my inseparable companions, were both asleep under the somnolent effects of our friend's far-grasping homily. As a faithful observer of the straws which show how the tide sets in human affairs, I remained awake, however, and then and there set down his sequences, resolving that when the Stars and Stripes (if ever) did float against the gray wall against which I reclined, I would come here and build my winter nest.

A chance acquaintance made over cigarettes in the plaza, resulted by the processes of further intimacy in an invitation to visit, for a day, a notable plantation. To see the rural home-life of these feudal Cuban grandees is a privilege not always to be gained, and we were glad to thus avail ourselves.

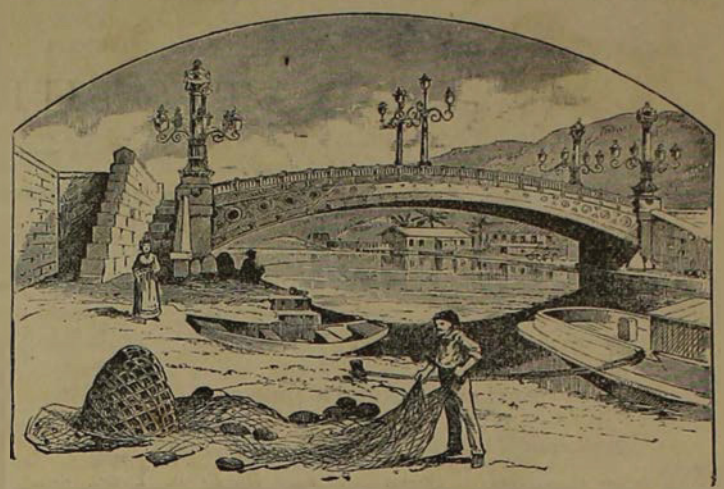
First a railway journey to a hot little station, where volantés awaited us, then a drive of a dozen miles over narrow, winding highways, leading through undreamed-of villages nestled in deep and deathless verdure, oases in a desert of sugar-cane; past crags where lurking bandits might defy a regiment; under the swaying, undulatory fronds of a forest of cocoa-palms, and then up to the broad porch of the plantation house.

Splendid, indeed, is the life of the Cuban planter! and hard the existence of the myriad toiling blacks and "coolies," whom he counts by the hundred from his hammock, as they harvest the cane and man the vast *ingenio* which reduces it to sugar.

Gratitude for an entertainment which was perfect in its simple yet rich hospitality, put the seal of silence upon the record of our experience among the bondsmen of Las Cañas, and it is but fair to say that long before the enactment of wise laws looking toward the gradual abolition of slavery upon this beauteous land, the toilers of this plantation were given a regular wage ranging from three to five dollars per month.



The most unhappy of mortals is the poor Chinaman, forcibly torn from his native land, brought to Cuba by



organized companies and sold into serfdom for a term of years. Every Cuban city has its festering community of Mongolians, the inpouring from the plantations. As in San Francisco, they form a city within a city, having their temples, joss-houses, theaters, and shops. Among them the hideous disease of leprosy finds a permanent abiding place, and fills the wards of the great hospital attended by the good Sisters of Mercy at Havana.

The natural fertility of the Cuban sugar lands makes it possible for the planter, although oppressed with a burden of taxation which consumes the greater part of his income, and handicapped with the new competition of the anathematized beet, to still make a living which would delight the more thrifty American farmer, but is only a meager shadow of his former profits.

We left for Havana over the "Bahia" Railroad, aforementioned, and crossing from Regla (the Jersey City of the Cuban capital) in the ferry-boat, found the hotels full of Americans, the natives playing soldier as of old, and the French opera companies making money at the great Tacon Theater, just as if money was not at a premium of about 250. Our old friend the Interpreter of the Telegrafo had met us twenty miles out, and we entered the Cuban metropolis in the serene expectation of good rooms in reserve, a blessing best appreciated by him who has taken the chances in such matters when the city is inundated with insatiable travelers.

A POSE.

It has been said by an observant writer that all Spanish colonial cities are alike. Well—so they are, but in its superb site, its famed valley, its caves, and comparative accessibility, Matanzas has claims upon the attention of the winter traveler from the North not to be ignored.

FRANK H. TAYLOR.

THAT OTHER PERSON.

By Mrs. Alfred Hart, Author of "Thorncroft's Model," The "Leaden Casket," etc., etc.

(*Continued from page 237.*)

CHAPTER VII.

PHILLIS ARNOLD'S DRESS.

Rich apparel hath strange virtues!—*Ben Jonson.*

DAYLESFORD readily comprehended that Mr. Treherne's antiquarian spirit would know no rest until he was taken to the muniment room. It opened out of the library, but of course no fire was ever allowed in it, so he showed his guest a writing-table, opened the great store-house of ancient documents, and bade him search for such as he wanted, and bring them out one by one to examine in comfort by the library fire. Mr. Treherne's eyes became bright and keen as he screwed up his features to critical inquiry and peered about in quest of the receptacle likely to contain the papers he wanted so urgently. Strong boxes of all sorts and shapes were piled on the crowded shelves. The contents of some were marked outside, but there was very little arrangement to guide him. One shelf was soon dismissed from consideration entirely, as containing nothing more valuable than counterpart leases; and one side of the wall was occupied by an iron safe full of old charters. Suddenly he exclaimed, "I do believe I have found one thing I want to get hold of!"

"I wish you could find what I want as easily," cried Daylesford from the warm seat by the fire to which he had retreated and which he altogether declined to leave.

"What is that?" asked Mr. Treherne, appearing in the door-way; "oh, some paper which will decide the Berkhampstead peerage question?" he added, making a great effort to distract his attention from an old deed which he was tenderly unrolling. Antiquaries always do regard questions of disputed succession as questions of purely technical interest, and as if they had no personal bearing whatsoever.

"That is what I mean, of course," said Daylesford; "but there is no chance. The only information Blackmore left behind him—and he only left it accidentally in a letter to my brother—was the assurance that the documents which he was about to lay before us were not kept in the muniment room or library, and that there was no need for the keys of those places."

"Then that is where you will probably find them," said Mr. Treherne, once more bending over his worn bit of parchment covered with fast-fading writing.

Daylesford shook his head and replied, "That is what we thought, but it's not so; every paper in both these rooms has been examined, and every receptacle searched—no, they are not here. I think I'll leave you," he added, for he saw that each word spoken by Mr. Treherne now was wrung from him with much difficulty. "I will leave you installed here and ride over to a village a few miles away to see a friend of mine. You have enough here to amuse you for the morning, haven't you?"

"For the morning! For the rest of my natural life! There is only one favor which I should like to ask—would you object to Mrs. Treherne sitting here beside me? She shall not enter the inner room—I promise you that; but somehow or other I cannot get on if she is not with me."

"I'll go and invite her to join you," replied Daylesford; "but before I go away, I should like to tell you how I think we may perhaps account for the figure seen by Miss Treherne last night. If you recollect, we talked a great deal on this succession subject yesterday on our way from London. While we were doing so, she was sometimes quite asleep and sometimes only half unconscious. I do not remember having described poor old Blackmore's personal appearance, but it is very likely I did, and that, quite unconsciously, she heard a description of him which took possession of her memory, and she dreamed of him last night, and then fancied what she dreamed had really happened. Depend upon it, that is what has occurred."

"Probably," replied Mr. Treherne, with complete indifference, and Daylesford had not the heart to try to wring another word from him.

Mrs. Treherne took her knitting and sat down by her husband's side, wondering principally at the goodness of the coals and the largeness of the fire, and he was so absorbed in the laborious perusal of some of the treasures he discovered, that he forgot to feel annoyed by the click of her knitting-needles; nay, almost forgot that she was there. Daylesford went to see his friend. Zeph's morning was to be spent in going over the Castle with the housekeeper. Again Zeph was startled. She had, as she thought, been living in splendid dining and drawing-rooms—she now learned that these were merely small rooms which were only used when any of the family came in a quiet way, and that there were suites of drawing-rooms, music-rooms, and picture-galleries, all more magnificent than any she had so much as dreamed of. The housekeeper was eminently historical, and poured out volumes of learning, never making a mistake of more than a century and a half in her dates. Shoemakers' children are never supposed to be very well protected from wet feet, and Zeph detected no inaccuracy.

"And do you never use these beautiful rooms?" said she.

"Never, ma'am. If only the succession were arranged to every one's satisfaction, we might live in the same style we used to do, but as it is we only occupy a corner of the Castle, and we never entertain."

Zeph was rather lonely that day. After luncheon she strolled about the garden, and after some hesitation crept timidly up to Phillis Arnold's grave. It lay in the center of a large square piece of close-shaven lawn, and was covered with a low gray stone embroidered over with golden lichen. On one side she read: "Marmaduke, fourth Earl of Berkhampstead," and on the other: "And Phillis, his dearly-loved wife, lie buried here." So that from the very first he had determined to sleep his last long sleep by her side. Zeph's heart was deeply stirred—she would have liked to kneel down and say a prayer, but was afraid of being seen from some of the many windows of the house. She wandered about the gardens in search of any flowers which might let themselves be found. The gardeners offered her some from the greenhouses, but she wanted garden flowers for Phillis, and to gather them with her own hands. At last she found a great bed of Christmas roses, and with some small-leaved Portugal laurels, and the greenish-white stars of the flow-

ers, made a wreath, shy, fair, and delicate as her idea of Phillis herself, and laid it reverently on the cold gray stone. "I hope she knows that he insisted on being buried by her," thought Zeph, as she left the grass, each blade of which was crisp with frosty pencilings, and returned to the gravel paths. The Castle was so large it awed her—she wanted to get far away from it, and walked on farther and farther, until at length she came to a small door, which she unbolted, and at once found herself in a quiet country churchyard. The church was older than any she had ever seen. It was worn and gray and full of cracks. It had sunk a little here, and had fallen out of the perpendicular there, and appeared to be mainly kept in its place by great strong branches of ivy, which held it in a grasp it had taken centuries to rivet, and nothing could undo. A venerable old porch attracted her, and she went to it and sat down on one of the stone benches inside. From thence she looked out on the tomb-stones, and began to read the epitaphs on some of the nearest. The first she saw was this :

"Farewell, vain world, I've had enough of thee,
And now am careless what thou say'st of me ;
Thy smiles I covet not, nor thy frowns I fear,
My days are past, my head lies quiet here."

And the next was : "Sacred to the memory of Mr. Robert Blackmore, of Gray's Inn, London ; who departed this life very suddenly, at Berkhampstead Castle, on Tuesday, February 7, 18—." "February the seventh," thought Zeph, "and this is the eighth. Then he died exactly four years ago yesterday. Blackmore? Blackmore? I can't think where I have heard that name ! I am sure I have heard it somewhere lately.

She could not remember; impressions of all kinds crowded on her so quickly just then, that one drove the other out of her mind. This quiet old churchyard soothed Zeph. She had been overwhelmed by the Berkhampstead grandeur, and began to feel that she did not like it. This little worn old church, where all was left very much as it had been when first built, was restful and pleasant. The great rooms she had seen that morning were dazzling in size and color, but far too splendid to be homelike. Perhaps Alnminster would be an old-world place like this. Why had she not written to John last night? It was well that she had seen those great, unrestful, gilded rooms, with their slippery floors and barren splendors. She knew it was well. She had felt more satisfaction in the plain gray stone which marked the graves of Marmaduke, fourth Earl, and Phillis, his dearly-loved wife, than in any of the wonderful things in the Castle. They had loved each other—there was nothing worth having in this world but the love of some one very dear. She would write to John as soon as she went in—how could she have let herself be so dazzled by the sight of unwonted luxury and magnificence as to neglect the all-important things of life? She sat in the quiet porch till the light began to wane, and left it a better woman than she had been before.

But how long would her goodness last? She walked round the churchyard before returning to the grounds, and found that one of its low boundary walls shut off the high road. She heard the sound of a horse's feet, and soon saw Mr. Daylesford riding quickly toward her.

"In the churchyard?" said he.

"Yes, I don't generally like churchyards—how could I, in London?—but I think this is charming, I am quite sorry to leave it.

"Tell me what you have been thinking about," said he.

"I cannot tell you quite everything," she answered, blushing slightly, "but I will tell you as much as I can. I suppose it is wearing your poor ancestress's dress that made me do it, but I have been thinking a great deal of her."

He smiled kindly.

"I wonder whether she ever came and sat in the porch where I have been sitting, and wished herself poor again."

"Poor without her husband, or poor with him?"

"Certainly not without him. No, poor with him."

"But why? he loved her no better when they were poor than when they were rich."

"I suppose not," said Zeph, with a sigh, "and yet they must have been more to each other. I don't think I like riches, Mr. Daylesford."

"I don't know much about them," he replied. "I have no experience of them."

"What would he have?" thought Zeph.

"Take my horse to the stable," said he to a man who came up. "I think I shall walk home through the grounds."

As they passed the tomb-stone to Mr. Blackmore, Zeph said, "I do so want to know why I look at that as if I had heard the name of Blackmore before? Have I ever heard it?"

"Probably," he replied with studied indifference. He was very much afraid of alarming her.

"Do you see that that poor Mr. Robert Blackmore, whoever he was, died exactly four years ago yesterday?"

"Not really?" he exclaimed with sudden interest and surprise. "After all, why shouldn't he?" and he walked on to the door into the grounds, talking pleasantly all the way. "It is to be a very good ball, I hear," said he; "every one is talking of it. I have carefully concealed from every one what a surprise is in store for them. I have been thinking a great deal about your dress, and I declare you might have stepped out of Sir Joshua's picture !"

As soon as they entered the house, Zeph turned toward the stairs—she wanted to write her letter.

"Don't go away," he pleaded. "I detest this dull time between the lights. I wish there was something to do. I generally do find it dull in the country till I get into the full swing of the life. How shall we amuse ourselves till it is time to dress? I wonder where Mr. and Mrs. Treherne are, and what they have been doing?"

"They are where you left them this morning ; I can answer for their never having stirred from the library."

"Not to luncheon?"

"Mother came and ate a little, and cut a sandwich for father. He did not come ; he never does. I never see either of them at home."

"But are you not dull sometimes?"

"I am always dull. I am penetrated with dullness. I am simply bored to death from morning to night."

"Then you must not go through the same sort of thing here. I won't allow it. I must see to it myself. But what can we do now? I do believe we shall have to fall back on throwing cards into a hat." So saying, he put his hat on the floor, and for quite an hour they stood at about ten feet distance from it doing their very utmost to dart the fluttering bits of pasteboard into it. It sounds so easy, and is so difficult. Each in turn threw the whole pack, and sometimes only succeeded in sending in two or three cards. Gradually, however, Zeph got the range, and began to throw with much more precision. He was more impatient and keenly resented the way in which the cards after going three parts of the distance toward the goal, suddenly showed signs of being possessed of distinct ill-will, and either dropped to the ground unaccountably, or quivered away in an entirely opposite direction. What he did enjoy was seeing Zeph playing, her figure as she stood bending forward poised on one foot was so infinitely graceful. Her attention was wholly given to the game, and though she was duly polite and in-

terested in all he said, it was perfectly evident that she neither observed his admiration nor tried to win it. It was odd—rarely had he paid any one more attention than he was paying this little girl by his side now, and never had his attentions been received with so much indifference! Was she shy? Was she so impressed by his superiority in worldly advantages to herself, that she never so much as thought of him as a possible admirer? Was she engaged? He was puzzled. The only thing he was sure of was that she looked like a queen, and though she began to be tired, he again and again urged her to play one match more, just for the pleasure of watching her singularly graceful movements. Tea came, but he would not let her stop. "You can drink it while I am having my turn," said he.

"Twenty in," she exclaimed at last, "and now I can play no more. I am really tired."

"I wish I looked like that when I am tired," said he, for her cheeks were bright with color, and her eyes sparkled with light. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed suddenly, "do you know what time it is? I hope you don't take very long to dress, for it is rather a long drive to Rivergreen, so we are dining earlier."

"Not take long to dress when I am going to my first ball!" said she, smiling. "Why, it's ever so much after six, and we are to dine at half-past seven."

Even then he tried to keep her a little longer while slowly lighting a candle, but at last she went upstairs, and he to the library, where he found Mr. and Mrs. Treherne still quietly sitting, and looking as if they belonged to an entirely different world. He was altogether absorbed in the perusal of the document before him. She seemed to be slightly weary. She was evidently rather afraid to speak to Mr. Daylesford lest her husband should be cross at the sound of her voice, and was thus uncomfortably divided between her duty to him and that of being polite to her kind host.

"Miss Treherne has gone to dress for the ball," said Daylesford in his usual voice. He could not imagine why the worthy antiquary should object to a little conversation now and then by way of relaxation, and was sure that he had done quite enough work for one day.

"What ball? I don't understand," asked Mr. Treherne in great surprise.

"You have forgotten, dear," said his wife. "Don't you remember the delightful fancy ball that Mr. Daylesford is kind enough to take her to?"

"I remember something about it," said he vaguely, "but, my dear, you are not going—Zeph cannot possibly go alone! I am most particular, my dear sir, about my daughter always having a suitable chaperon!" and he fixed his mild eyes earnestly on Daylesford. Mrs. Treherne hastened to set her husband's mind at rest, while Daylesford indulged in some not incurious reflections. Here were this worthy bookworm and his faithful bookwormess absolutely insisting on a chaperon for their daughter, when being surrounded by scores of her fellow-creatures she least needed one, and yet they left her for hours together, perfectly alone with him.

A long silence ensued. How could it be otherwise? Mrs. Treherne's awe of her husband was infectious. "Come, my dear friend," said Daylesford at length, "I must tear you away. You really have worked quite enough for one day."

Mr. Treherne looked up, not believing his ears.

"It is time to dress for dinner," insisted Daylesford. "We had better put those deeds back into the safe and lock the door for the night."

Slowly Mr. Treherne began to comprehend that he was not in Lorne Gardens. He rose reluctantly and folded up the sheets of parchment, sighing heavily the while.

"Would you very much object to my returning to the library for an hour or two in the evening?" said he at last. "I generally do work till midnight, and you will be out, and it would be such a break in my habits if I did not."

"You shall do what you like in the evening, and now too, only I must remind you that we dine in considerably less than an hour. I am going to dress now, and if when you next see me I look rather like Sir Philip Sidney, so much the better."

Zeph had quite forgotten that the rector and his wife would both have to wear fancy dress, so when she went into the drawing-room an hour later she was startled to see a rigid-looking minister of the Scotch Church standing by a trim-looking young woman in a tartan bodice, short blue petticoat, and gray worsted stockings. "Let me introduce you to good Mr. Reuben Butler and Miss Jeanie Deans. I think Mrs. Scatcherd's costume a great success!" said Daylesford, whose own dress suited him to perfection.

"Do I look as nice as dear Mr. Daylesford seems to think?" inquired Mrs. Scatcherd after dinner when she and Zeph were preparing to go.

"You look most charming! Your dress suits you exactly."

"You dear kind girl to say so! Shall I tell you what he says of you? He told me that you were 'without exception the most bewitchingly beautiful girl he had ever met!' There, Miss Treherne, what do you think of that? Why, surely there is nothing to make you do that!"

Two large tears had risen to Zeph's eyes. So far from being elated by what she had just heard, her first thought was, "How hard to have gifts which, living out of the world as I do, are absolutely useless to me!" She had never expected such praise, and did not know how to take it when she had it.

"You *are* beautiful, dear; if I had been a hundredth part as beautiful, I should have been the happiest girl in the world, and the chances are you would not have seen me here now."

"Why not?" asked Zeph, with no idea of her meaning.

"In a little country rectory? No, indeed! But it can't be helped, and, after all, I am very happy. Well, you look thoroughly bewitching, and I am certain you will have a great success! There will be an awful crowd though."

There was a crowd, and such a crowd as Zeph had never so much as dreamed of. An Undine was running about with Queen Elizabeth and George I. Bloody Mary was arm in arm with John Knox. Two Moonlights had struck up an acquaintance with a Symphony in blue and silver, which was gliding about with a bar or two of music embroidered on its blue skirts, and a profusion of bangles. Henry VIII. might have promenaded at the head of his six wives, for each of them found a representative at Rivergreen; but somehow or other he seemed to prefer Joan of Arc, who was a pretty fair-haired girl; while Lady Jane Gray danced a great deal more than she ought with the Prince Regent. Zeph was shy, every one was strange to her, and there was such a glare of light, such a blaze of jewels, such a confusion of tongues, and such a bewildering variety of costumes, that she shrank from entering the ball-room.

"You will feel quite at home after you have danced once round the room," whispered Daylesford, encouragingly; "and this is my dance, so do come."

Still Zeph hung back and tried to delay.

"Don't be foolish, dear," whispered Mrs. Scatcherd. "You have no idea how every girl in the room is envying you your partner."

That might be true, but it was equally true that many a man was envying Daylesford his. "Who is that wonderfully beautiful creature in the Sir Joshua dress?" was asked repeatedly, and all the men were trying to obtain an introduction to Zeph. Daylesford danced his two dances with

her, and then began to make her promise him some more, but the difficulty was to find any left disengaged, and others were waiting to hear the result of his inspection of her programme. "Are you enjoying it now?" he asked, with a smile, and when she said yes, he assured her in a low voice that she could not possibly be enjoying it so much as he was.

"But you are so much more used to such things," she replied.

He looked at her in amazement. Was this unconsciousness or practiced coquetry?

"Do you know the romantic story about that young man you have been dancing with so often?—your host I mean," asked Mrs. Scatcherd when Zeph at last returned to sit beside her for a while.

"No," she replied; "I have heard a word or two of it—that's all."

"Then I'll tell it to you. Don't for a moment imagine that I am betraying any confidence. Every one in the room knows it, every woman is deeply interested in it, and almost every man has betted on its issue; besides, if you like Mr. Daylesford now, you will like him twice as much when you have heard all. Every one likes Mr. Daylesford; he is charming; but you must let me get on with my story."

Zeph had not spoken or moved, and was innocent of any attempt to interrupt her.

"Before I begin," said Mrs. Scatcherd, "you might just tell me if my dress looks well among the others. Stay, keep my seat for me, or it will be seized in a moment, and I will walk past you just in front. What I particularly want to know is if my petticoat is too short; it feels very short;" and the little lady got up and paraded twice backward and forward before Zeph, with an air of innocent expectation on her face.

"You look very nice and very pretty, but your petticoat——"

"Oh, if I look nice and pretty, I won't bother myself about the length of my petticoat," she said, and sat down. "Now for our story. I will begin at the very beginning. Old Lord Berkhampstead's son, Mr. Daylesford, this Mr. Daylesford's father, was an ill-tempered, perverse, and rather agreeable old gentleman, and early in life he married——"

"This is our dance, I believe, Miss Treherne," said an Arab Sheik to whom Zeph had been introduced by Mrs. Vincent.

"You will find me here when your dance is over; my dear husband, Reuben Butler, does not approve of a minister's wife dancing, so I have to sit out," said Mrs. Scatcherd, with a smile; but Zeph was claimed so quickly by one partner after another that she did not get back for more than an hour.

"You look fresher even than when you first entered the room!" said Daylesford, who was talking to Mrs. Scatcherd when Zeph went back to her.

"I am so happy—so ridiculously happy—that's why! Don't laugh at me; it is my first ball, and perhaps my last!"

"How can it possibly be your last? No; you have many a pleasant ball before you."

"I should like to go to one every night of my life!" said Zeph fervently.

"Then you must not marry a severe gentleman like my dearly beloved Reuben. There will be no more dancing for you, Miss Treherne, if ever you are so foolish as to do that!"

Zeph's thoughts flew to John. John was a clergyman, too. Were all clergymen severe? Would John be severe?

"Oh, don't look so dreadfully serious," exclaimed Daylesford. "Suppose you dance with me."

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD SCATCH.

"What's the matter? Keep the peace here!"—*King Henry IV.*

"COME and see me the first thing to-morrow morning," had been Mrs. Scatcherd's last words to Zeph, so at twelve o'clock she went through the grounds to the little door she already knew, and soon found the rectory, which was very near the church. It was a long, low, picturesque-looking house, covered with roses and honeysuckles, and it stood in a large piece of ground which in due season would be a beautiful garden. Mrs. Scatcherd was sitting in a room on the ground-floor with windows opening on the lawn, and prettily encircled by waving garlands of green ivy leaves. She had a large pile of socks before her—socks of all colors—and she was darning them with all her might.

"Saturday is my sock morning," said she; "but there were so many last week I did not get them finished, and I am afraid I have neglected them for my ball dress; do excuse me for letting you see such work. I ought to hire a woman to darn them, but it's so much more economical to do it myself."

"They are surely not your husband's?" said Zeph, for there were at least two dozen pairs.

"My husband's! blessed man, he knows his duties better! Didn't you know that my dear John took pupils? He has eight now, but twelve is the number we should like to have."

"How strange," said Zeph involuntarily. She was so astonished that any one else should have a dear John who took pupils.

"Not so strange as you think," replied Mrs. Scatcherd, who of course could not understand her exclamation. "My dear Miss Treherne, when people earn their living in a very disagreeable, uncomfortable way, they naturally want to make themselves independent as quickly as they can, and the more pupils we have, the better for us."

"Certainly," replied Zeph, "but is it so very disagreeable and uncomfortable to have them?"

"You have no idea what it is! They are always either killing—I mean hurting themselves or one of the others—and as for breaking things, I wonder I have anything left; but let us talk about the ball."

"I came to thank you for taking me to it, and for all your kindness."

"Don't thank me, for I did so enjoy going with you. It was a great pleasure to me. I think we all enjoyed it; I am sure Mr. Daylesford did. What a number of times you danced with him! By-the-bye, hadn't I better tell you that story now? I could not get on at all with it last night. Can you tell where I left off?"

"Old Lord Berkhampstead's son, Mr. Daylesford, father of our Mr. Daylesford, was an ill-tempered, perverse, and rather agreeable gentleman, and early in life he married——" repeated Zeph, with a smile.

"Oh, yes, and it is all quite true though it sounds so odd—and early in life he married a very pretty English girl he met somewhere abroad, and——"

"Please ma'am," said a servant, who suddenly opened the door with a great deal more noise than was necessary, "Master Hobhouse has taken down the clothes-lines and doubled them up and made a swing of them."

"The clothes-lines ought to have been taken down before, and brought in. Try to make him give them back, but if he won't let you have them quietly, just let him swing awhile, and get them while he is at dinner."

"Yes, ma'am; if he doesn't hide them; and if you please,

ma'am, Master Lawrence is stamping about on the kitchen roof, and cook is expecting to see one of his legs come through the ceiling every minute."

"Jane, I really am busy; I am engaged; I cannot attend to Master Lawrence's leg. Tell your master."

"Master's not there. He set off to the dentist with the two Master Pearsons as soon as ever twelve o'clock had struck."

"Where is Mr. Andrews? Tell him."

"No one seems to know where he is."

"Well, I really cannot help it. I hope nothing bad will happen. Go and do the best you can about everything."

"It is simply dreadful when Dr. Scatcherd's back is turned!" said Mrs. Scatcherd, apologetically, when she thought Jane had gone; how I wish the boys were always working. There is always some silly craze in this world, and now people do nothing but talk about over-pressure. Over-pressure, indeed! If boys were not a deal pressed there would not be one left alive! Oh, are you still there, Jane? I really cannot come. Don't you see that I have a friend with me? Get cook to speak to Master Lawrence."

"Cook won't have anything to say to him, ma'am. He has been that rude to her in his observations about the pudding yesterday, that she says she won't stay."

"Dear me, how vexing it is to have such a naughty boy to struggle with; and if I go myself he will only pretend to obey me," said Mrs. Scatcherd, reluctantly putting down her sock and rising slowly. "Oh, Jane, he is there," she added in great delight; "Master Lawrence is there, running across the lawn, so he has come down of his own accord."

Jane retreated and Mrs. Scatcherd sighed and said, "Where was I, dear?"

"He married a very pretty English girl he met abroad somewhere, and—" "—lived in out-of-the-way places on the Continent with her for some years, never daring to let his father know that he was married, or where he was, or anything about him. The girl's name was Murray, Miss Janet Murray. I do not know anything about her except that she was beautiful, but I am bound to tell you that many people still maintain that no marriage ever took place. However, they had two sons, both born in a small village in Austria. In a year or two Mr. Daylesford either tired of his wife or quarreled with her, for he left her, and, after a while, having heard that his elder brother was dead and that his aged father was most anxious to find his other son and to prevail on him to renounce his roving life and return home, he did return and spent a few years at the Castle here with the poor old Earl. This marriage having been kept a profound secret—I don't know why it was kept so secret, but I believe it was the kind of thing the old man would never have forgiven—great pressure was put on Mr. Daylesford to make him marry some lady here. He was not bad enough for that, however, and if he had but been on good terms with his wife he might perhaps have confessed what he had done, but he was not, and had no desire to be forgiven. You see, if Mr. Daylesford's father had forgiven him, he himself would have had to forgive his wife or ask for her forgiveness, as the case might be, bring her home to the Castle, and live very happily with her ever afterwards, and that was exactly what he did not want to do. I told you he was a very odd, perverse man. He made her a handsome allowance but never showed any desire to see her. In the meantime the boys were growing older, and as his wife could no longer educate them herself, she went to Geneva, where she had some friends, and engaged a daily tutor; and when her husband at last went there to see her, he chose to be jealous of this tutor, quarreled with his wife more violently than ever, drove the tutor out of the house, and resolved to carry the boys back to England with him, and, whatever it might cost, tell his father all. Unfortunately he stayed a day or two in Paris on the journey, and while there, the little fellows, who were devoted to their mother and disliked him, escaped from the hotel and made their way back to Geneva. He was so furiously angry at this that he swore he would never see either of them again. He staid a day or two in London to arrange matters with his solicitor, confided the whole story to him, directed him to go to her and tell her by word of mouth that though, after what had occurred, he would never either forgive her or see her again, and most assuredly not pain his dear father by owning the foolish marriage he had made, yet, if she would continue to go by her maiden name of Murray—a name by which he and she had both been known while living abroad—and would solemnly undertake never to make her marriage public during his father's lifetime, he on his part would engage to do certain things for her benefit. In the first place he would make her a still more handsome allowance; he wished the boys to go to Oxford when older, and he wished her to live in ease and comfort. Secondly, he promised to acknowledge her sons as his lawful heirs immediately after his father's death, and, as life was uncertain and he himself might chance to die before his father, he pledged his word of honor to deposit the documents which it would be necessary to show hereafter, in a place of perfect security known to his solicitor, Mr. Blackmore."

"Blackmore!" exclaimed Zeph; "not really? Are you sure?"

"Yes, Blackmore, dear; but let me finish my story—and to give Mr. Blackmore orders to make them public as soon as Lord Berkhampstead died. He also made over a large sum of money to Mr. Blackmore for the use of Mrs. Murray and family, so that if he himself died, there should be no interruption in the receipt of her allowance, and no necessity to appeal to his father. Curiously enough, Mr. Daylesford did die first. He died eleven years ago, and Mrs. Murray, as he called her, poor thing, did not long survive him. Lord Berkhampstead only died four years ago. The young men, of course, were then grown up. The elder brother, Mr. Marmaduke, was already in the diplomatic service and had some kind of post in Paris, and our kind friend at the Castle was still at Oxford. Lord Berkhampstead died in the beginning of February, and no sooner was Mr. Blackmore aware of this than he summoned the two brothers to meet him at the Castle at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th, when he would carry out their father's instructions, and at once put them in a position to assume their proper rank.

Mr. Blackmore himself was the first to arrive at the Castle—but now comes the dreadful part of the story, for, poor man, just as he was stepping out of the carriage which had brought him from the station, he fell heavily forward and lay as if stunned. Everything was done for him that could be done, but he was suffering from something much more serious than a common fall. He was carried to bed, but never spoke another word. No one knew whether he was conscious of pain or not; there he lay, shut off from this world already. The two brothers came the same day, one from Paris the other from Oxford, full of delight at the prospect of seeing each other again, and of having their right to their father's and grandfather's great name and place firmly established. But when they reached the Castle and found the only man who could perform this important service for them lying thus suddenly stricken down, and the one voice that was to have been raised in their behalf already silenced forever by the strong grasp of death, you may imagine what a terrible blow it was to them. They sent for London doctors, they watched by his side hoping for some sign of returning consciousness, but all in vain,

and a little after midnight they became aware that he was dead.

"How awful! how maddening!" exclaimed Zeph. "That is one of those things which are so cruel that it seems wrong they should have been allowed to happen! But do go on, I am so interested, and by-the-by, do explain one thing that rather surprises me. How was it that, as Lord Berkhampstead had to all appearance died without an heir, there was not some near relation to step in at once and claim the estates and all he had left? And then, how did it happen that Mr. Blackmore could ask people to meet him at the Castle and act as if he were the master of all?"

"He always had managed things in the Castle—he was the old lord's solicitor, as well as his son's—his father had been the late lord's; the Blackmores had been confidential advisers to the Berkhampstead family for I don't know how many generations, and as for there being no near relative to claim the peerage, you forget that there had been no time. The old lord was lying dead in the house, and the only member of the family who could expect to succeed him was traveling somewhere in the wilds of America. But there was another reason; this family secret, though it had been so well kept as regarded the poor old man who had just died at the age of ninety, was by no means so much of a secret to the world at large. For twenty years or more it had been rumored that the heir-apparent of the Berkhampstead peerage was either secretly married or ought to be. The boys were called Murray at school and at college, but there was always an undercurrent of gossip as to whose grandsons they were, and it was always supposed that some day or other they would make an effort to prove themselves legitimate. Besides, you must not imagine that there was never any other claimant, dear; you may be quite certain that good things such as those the old lord left behind him are always well fought for. Oh, dear, Miss Treherne, I hear one of those dreadful boys screaming! Is it a scream of pain, or only just fun?"

"Oh, never mind which it is," said Zeph, eagerly; "go on."

"They buried old Lord Berkhampstead, and they buried the poor lawyer, and the two young Murrays, I mean Daylesfords, asserted their claim, and Mr. Blackmore's lawyer son supported them warmly by repeating his father's words and showing various letters. One of these had been found in Mr. Blackmore's pocket after his death. I will read you a copy of it which I made from one of the newspapers at the time, for, of course, everything was in the newspapers. It was from the young men's father, and it was found among his papers after his death.

"'MY DEAR BLACKMORE:—When you receive this I shall be no more. I write to remind you of your promise to me, and if I do so it is not because I do not trust you implicitly, but because I desire to leave no loophole whatsoever for any mistake in the performance of my promise to my poor wife, whom, strange as it may seem after all that has passed, I sometimes think of with a certain tenderness. My father is eighty, but still has pleasure in his life. I hold you firmly to your promise that he shall never know how I have deceived him and what a wretched life mine has been. I wish also to remind you of one of the most important terms of our agreement. As soon as you hear that he too is dead, you are at once to summon my boys to meet you at Berkhampstead, and there you are to hand over to them the papers you wot of. I write this, as I feel a presentiment that I shall not live long. This letter will be sent to you, or found by you, when I am dead. My friend; I trust you. Farewell.

'CYRIL DAYLESFORD.'

"Where were these papers? Every paper and parchment in the muniment room was turned over and examined in the presence of certain trustworthy witnesses to see that nothing was tampered with. Every drawer and cabinet in the library and every other part of the house was ransacked. Every book shaken so hard that it almost turned stupid. Mr. Blackmore's office was searched, so was his private house. Agents were sent abroad to every place the young men had ever heard their parents mention. They did obtain some proof of the marriage, but not what they wanted, and still they went on with their search until the next-of-kin opponent had marshaled his forces and the trial began. You must have heard of the trial, Miss Treherne?"

"I am so out of the world," pleaded Zeph, apologetically.

"Every newspaper was filled with it at the time. It lasted I don't know how long, and must have cost a fortune. At all events you know what verdict was given. You know that the jury decided that there was proof to establish the fact that the marriage had taken place before the birth of the second son, but not that it had taken place before the birth of the first, so they pronounced our dear kind friend at the Castle the only legitimate son born of the marriage, and therefore the inheritor of the title and estates."

Zeph was silent a moment. It was a strange story. "He," continued Mrs. Scatcherd, "regarded this decision as a cruel insult to the memory of a mother whom both he and his brother love and worship as the best and noblest of women, and absolutely incapable of anything even approaching dishonor at any period of her life. They take their stand on their knowledge of her character—on her loving fidelity to them and to her husband, which no one but a semi-lunatic like their poor father could ever have doubted for a moment—and on the tenor of their father's letters to his solicitor, which so clearly show that he had intrusted Mr. Blackmore with the power of producing evidence which would forever establish their mother's innocence and their own legitimacy, and that being the case, our Mr. Daylesford at the Castle refused to abide by the decision of the court. He maintains that his brother is the lawful Earl. His brother cannot assume that rank, and he himself will not. He still hopes that the lost papers will be found, but in the mean time he persists in treating his brother as the head of the family."

"What a difficult situation!" said Zeph.

"Very!" returned Mrs. Scatcherd, uneasily. "Do you know I have been fancying for a long time that I hear some one moving about overhead?"

"Oh, no!" replied Zeph. "Besides, even if you did, why should you mind?"

"But we are just under one of the boys' bedrooms, and we never let them go into their rooms during the day. The doors are locked as soon as the beds are made, and they are not unlocked again till bedtime."

"But why?"

"You would not ask why if you had seen what I have seen. My dear, if they were open they would be turned upside down and out of the windows in five minutes—they would carry off the blankets to make tents, and the pillows to fight with, and—— But I am certain there is some one moving about above us!"

"Oh, no, I don't think there is—at any rate do just finish what you were saying before you go. Your last words were: 'In the mean time, Mr. Daylesford persists in treating his brother as head of the family'—that's where you were."

"But that's all, or very nearly so. He maintains that everything belongs to the elder brother, and as the elder brother won't take it, Mr. Daylesford has settled that they shall each have an allowance of five thousand a year out of the estate, which is all he considers he himself is entitled to, and that the rest shall accumulate till the elder brother's

rights are proved. Mr. Marmaduke Daylesford gets the best of the bargain, for he has a clear five thousand a year, and a great salary from the country besides, while our Mr. Daylesford only has his five thousand, and spends a great deal of it in keeping up his brother's property as he calls it, but I believe he had money from his father."

"But he seems to have the use of the Castle!"

"No, he has hardly ever been here. Now that he is in England he comes occasionally to see if all is going on right, but he never entertains here, and never allows any one to consider him the master."

"But," persisted Zeph, "he is just as much at home as if he were the master."

"Not more than he would be in his brother's house—those two have always loved each other as brothers do in the proverb, and perhaps nowhere else."

"Are those two little wretches outside there, brothers? Is that what you are thinking of?"

A great deal of noise had been going on outside for some time, and Zeph had hoped Mrs. Scatcherd would pay no attention to it till she had told all she knew. Now it had become much worse. Two of the boys were having a desperate conflict in a retired corner of the garden, and their bloodthirsty companions were urging them on, alternately backing Fox major and Fox minor. These young gentlemen were twins, so that the difference their names betokened was purely illusory.

"They'll kill each other, and we shall have the disgrace of an inquest in the house," cried Mrs. Scatcherd, now for the first time becoming aware of what was going on. "Oh, how his nose is bleeding! Oh, what a wretch of a boy to strike again! Oh, what shall I do, Miss Treherne? I ought to go, and it does make me so ill to see such sights as that! Thank goodness, here's John!"

The doctor appeared on the lawn, and the turbulent mass of kicking, plunging, and gesticulating boyhood at once darted tumultuously through a well-kept bed of laurels and disappeared. He followed them at once, either to see that the quarrel was not merely adjourned, or to capture the ringleaders. Mrs. Scatcherd, who had turned very pale, recovered her color immediately. "I ought to be accustomed to such scenes—they happen often enough, I am sure," said she.

"I am afraid I must go," said Zeph; "it will soon be luncheon time."

"I won't ask you to stay to-day, dear," said her new friend. "This is one of our days for eating up scraps. But there is time to show you the boys' rooms and the school-rooms. I'd like to do that." She took a bunch of keys out of her basket, and Zeph felt it behooved her to accept this offer—it would be well for her to know exactly what taking pupils was like.

"This is one room," said Mrs. Scatcherd, flinging open a door, and revealing four small iron beds standing one on each side of a very large square, chilly-looking room. The windows were strongly guarded by iron bars, and looked on a row of leafless trees. Everything was perfectly symmetrical. A short length of carpet was laid by the side of each bed, a chair was placed by the head. Each boy had his own washstand, chest of drawers, and an illuminated text over his bed. "The rooms are all alike," said Mrs. Scatcherd. "I will show you another, for it looks on the garden. I wish they were all occupied." Just as she had unlocked, and was about to enter the next room, the doctor's voice was heard imperatively calling, "Rosalie, my dear, come down."

"I must go—I must go at once," she exclaimed in a fright. "Something is wrong, I can hear. Stay, will you look at this room without me, and I will go to him? I wonder how that window happens to be open below; we never open the lower half of the windows."

"I will shut it," said Zeph, but Mrs. Scatcherd had already disappeared.

Zeph went to the window, and seeing a very dirty footmark on the window-seat, turned round to look for the person who had made it, and caught a glimpse of a bright little anxious eye peeping at her from behind the towel-horse. She went toward this piece of furniture, and found a handsome little fellow hiding behind it, a dear little russet-brown-complexioned boy of nine years old. She would have given anything for a good kiss from him, he was so like Jack.

"Don't you go and tell her I am here—please don't. It's a caning for getting into the bedrooms through the window, and old Scatch is in such a bait already—he'd be awful."

"Of course I won't tell," replied Zeph, "but you had much better go out by the same way you came, and at once, and you ought to wipe off that mark."

"Oh, don't stop to tell me things, Mother Scatch will be coming," said the boy. "Go out and lock the door, and keep the key a while, please do."

"All right," replied Zeph, "but promise me to go away at once." He nodded; he was very much afraid lest all this talking should be overheard. She cast a very affectionate glance at him, which in reality was intended for her beloved Jack, locked the door, and went down. On the stairs she met Mrs. Scatcherd, who was slowly returning to her and wiping away a furtive tear as she came.

"He is so cross!" said she apologetically. "Men *are* cross creatures! I really cannot do everything, and there are days when everything goes wrong, do what you will."

Zeph said a few words of comfort, and then asked, "Do you take boys as young as eight or nine?" for she was curious to hear something of her new friend.

"Oh yes, and the most unmanageable boy in the whole school is a sweet-looking little fellow of just that age."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Zeph, and then she told herself that sweet-looking or not, young or old, she should detest them all if she had to see them daily, and that she would not live as Mrs. Scatcherd did for worlds. And yet her John was a very different man from plain, prosy Dr. Scatcherd.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN DOES THE POST GO OUT?

Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.—*Macbeth.*

WHEN Zeph returned to the Castle, the gong had already sounded for luncheon. It had wasted its strength almost in vain, for no one was in the dining-room but poor little Mrs. Treherne, who looked very small and lonely. She had begun to eat, not knowing whether she ought to be most afraid of keeping her husband or those formidable-looking men-servants waiting.

"Zeph, Zeph," she exclaimed; "my dear child, where have you been?"

"At the rectory, mother. I promised last night to go there soon after eleven. I could not come to you before I went out, for fear of disturbing father."

"Mr. Daylesford was looking for you. He came to ask if we knew where you could be found, and now he has gone—nay I don't remember where."

When the servants had performed the two or three services expected of them, and had retired to their own much ampler and more protracted meal Zeph gradually told her mother everything that she herself had just been told. Mrs. Treherne had heard some part of the story from the lips of her host himself, but she was so interested in Zeph's narra-

tion that she actually lingered a little longer than usual before rejoining her husband. Zeph lingered a little too; then she went upstairs to take off her out-door garments; she had come in so late for luncheon that she had sat down as she was. She might have been in her room about twenty minutes when she heard some one knocking at the door. "Come in," said she, with a certain amount of indifference, but as no one obeyed her she went and opened it. Her father was there. The sight of him startled her so much that she turned pale and almost trembled—never once in her life had she known him depart from his habits so far as to leave his work for any cause whatever at this time of the day—never at any time had she known him perform his errands himself—her mother always came. He stood very erect, that too was a change, and she could see that he was under the influence of some very strong feeling which he was striving hard to control.

"Father," she gasped nervously, "father, what is it? Is mother very ill?"

"I wish to speak to you," he answered. "I do not wish to be overheard; can I go into your room?"

She bowed her head in humble acquiescence. What was she about to hear?

"Zeph!" said he, "I am ashamed of you. You have done something which has made me thoroughly ashamed of you. I did not believe it possible that a child of mine could behave so ill."

"I, father, I?" said the amazed girl, "I don't understand you; tell me what it is."

He sighed heavily, and said, "Is it possible that you yourself do not know how ill you have behaved? Here we are, three persons in all, enjoying the hospitality of a man who has been most friendly to us in every way and who loses no opportunity of heaping kindnesses and favors on us, and you, my daughter, go and sit for an hour or two with a silly, unladylike person who is all but a stranger to you, drawing from her everything that she is willing to tell you of his private concerns! Zeph, your conduct seems to me perfectly unpardonable. What right have you to pry into our host's affairs? Why should you know anything about them at all unless he himself chooses to communicate them? Of all forms of curiosity, that of trying to induce a man's neighbors or dependents to tattle about him is the most revolting. That Mrs. Scatcherd must be a vulgar-minded, gossiping woman. I have been a good deal brought down by poverty, but surely not low enough to have to accept such a companion as she is for my daughter. Zeph, your behavior has been indelicate in the highest degree. I give you notice that I can no longer accept Mr. Daylesford's hospitality with any comfort."

Zeph, who had for some time been crying too much to speak, so cruelly did his words and the stings of her own conscience pain her, put out her hand to stop him, for he was now turning to leave her. "Don't go away in that way, father," said she; "don't be so very angry with me. I did it without thinking how wrong it was."

"That makes me so ashamed for you," he replied. "I should have thought that every one had sufficient natural delicacy to avoid——"

"My dear father," interrupted Zeph, "I will never do such a thing again, trust me, dear;" then she could say no more, her sobs and her tears came so fast.

"I don't want to be unkind," said he, kissing her, "but I would give a great deal that this had not happened—it is an act of mean treachery."

"Don't, don't," exclaimed Zeph. She could bear no more, and flung herself into a chair by the fire, and he went away. She recognized the truth of all he said. She had felt some compunction more than once during Mrs. Scatcherd's recital, but she had been so interested, that was the word she had then used, that she had urged her new friend to go on. She now felt mortified beyond endurance to think that she could have been betrayed into conduct which hurt her father's sense of honor. Why had she not been born with an equally delicate sense of honor of her own? She wept quietly by the fire for a long time. Some one was knocking at the door again—doubtless it was her poor dear father who had come back to forgive her. She went quickly to let him in. It was Lydia with a lovely bunch of flowers sent by Daylesford, and a message that Mr. and Mrs. Vincent were in the drawing-room, would she go down and see them? Lydia could scarcely deliver her message with composure, the sight of Miss Treherne's tear-stained cheeks, swollen eyelids, and absolute inability to conceal her woe-begoneness, so distracted her thoughts. Zeph was dismayed at having been thus betrayed into showing that something very unusual had occurred, and at having exhibited herself in all the ugliness of her helpless grief. What would the girl think?

"Lydia," said she, with an effort to enlist her sympathy, "make some good excuse for me. I cannot go down; I am very unhappy about something."

"No, ma'am, you cannot go down," replied Lydia decisively. "I'll say you are ill with a very bad headache and I'll come back if you will allow me with something to do you good."

"Thank you," said poor Zeph meekly, and then burst into tears once more.

Lydia gently took her by the arm and led her into the room. Then she wheeled the sofa near the fire, made Zeph lie down on it, and covered her with a soft eider-down coverlid, but no sooner was she gone than Zeph rose wearily to her feet again, how could she lie stretched in ease on his sofa, and be warmed by his fire, and comforted by his coverlid, when she had behaved to him in a way which her father had characterized as mean and treacherous? She paced backward and forward for an hour or more. Lydia came to her once or twice, bringing sal-volatile and strong tea, but Lydia "could do nothing with her, she was much too self-willed for her."

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Vincent gone?" asked Zeph at last.

"Yes, ma'am, some time ago."

"And where is Mr. Daylesford?"

"In the drawing-room; at least he was when I saw him last. He asked if I thought you would come down soon?"

"Lydia, you have not let him know that I have been crying?"

"I? Oh, ma'am, how could I?"

But Zeph was sure that she had hazarded some statement of the kind. She went to the looking-glass and inspected her appearance. If she were to wash her face carefully it would perhaps pass muster well enough, especially now that evening was drawing near. She did wash it, she smoothed her hair, she washed her face again and again, and finally thought that she might venture to go down to the drawing-room. She had made up her mind that the only way to recover her self-respect was to confess what she had done, and she was now setting forth to do it if her courage did but hold out. She was passing along one of the corridors when she saw him. He was standing at a window which looked out on the garden, gloomily watching the gradual obliteration of everything by the gray shadows of a dull evening.

"I was waiting for you," said he, coming to her at once. "I have been so anxious about you."

She had spent so much time in trying to wash off the marks of the tears she had shed, and yet at these kind words she broke into tears again.

"You have been ill all the afternoon, and alone," said he.

"I have so wanted to send your mother to you; it was so sad to think of your being quite alone."

"My mother!" said Zeph; "but you forget she could not have left my father."

"I suppose not," said he, with an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders; "but do tell me what is causing you such pain? I may not be what people call an old friend, yet believe me I would do a great deal to serve you."

"That is one of the things which makes me cry so much," she exclaimed; "don't say anything more of that kind."

He looked at her with much wonder and compassion, but did not speak.

"I want to say something to you—that is if I dare. Let us go into the drawing-room—no one is likely to come there; I mean neither father nor mother ever do." She said this very drearily—he pitied her for her loneliness.

"You had better come in here for a moment," said he, throwing open the door of a quiet little sitting-room she had never seen before. "I write my letters here and get over my little vexations in private—let me try to help you to get over some of yours."

"Don't be kind to me," said she, struggling hard to keep back a fresh torrent of tears—"please don't, or I shall be as bad as ever again."

He gave her a chair and then sat down opposite to her—not too far to be able to hear if she spoke in a low voice, but not near enough to seem to be studying every change in the expression of her face. "Now," said he in a low, kind voice, "I want you to treat me as a friend—I am one in my heart, though I have perhaps not known you long. Why have you been making yourself so miserable the whole afternoon?"

"I cannot—I really cannot tell you. And yet I must try. It was because my father was very angry with me—very angry indeed, and for the first time in my life."

"Your father!" exclaimed Daylesford, almost incredulously, for it seemed to him that when Mr. Treherne was busy with books and papers, and he was never willingly otherwise, he was only partially aware that he had a wife, and altogether ignorant that he had a daughter.

"Yes, my father. He came all the way upstairs to tell me how angry he was with me; he said the most terrible things to me. Don't speak, don't say a word against him, for every single thing he said was true."

"You had done something that he did not like?"

"Yes, but without knowing——"

"Then surely——"

"No, it was not unjust of him—he was shocked at me for not knowing that it was wrong. You don't know what cruel things he said to me, but he was right, and, Mr. Daylesford, after thinking about it for a long time, I feel that there is only one way of regaining my own self-esteem, and that is to tell you exactly what I did, but——" she added slowly, and speaking with great difficulty, "it is so hard to do it."

"Don't try," said he; "why should you? There is no occasion whatever for such a painful effort. You admit that Mr. Treherne was partly justified in speaking as he did, so you are never likely to offend him again in the same way."

"Never; but there is such a thing as atonement. My offense was against you. I shall never be happy until I have confessed it and you have despised me for it, and then I hope forgiven me."

"But I forgive you already," said he kindly. "Besides, I am quite sure that there is nothing to forgive."

"That won't do, for you might think differently if you knew. Don't look at me while I tell you; I shall not be able to speak if you do."

He carefully looked another way, but she never knew that he did, for she bowed her head and covered her eyes with her hand.

"I am so ashamed," she said, "but I must tell you, if I am ever to forgive myself. Mr. Daylesford, you must excuse my mentioning things which are very personal to you, for that unfortunately I cannot help. You know that Mrs. Scatcherd invited me to go to the rectory early this morning to see her. I did go, and we began to talk of—of you, and you must forgive me if what I am about to say gives you pain, but I got her to tell me, you can guess what I got her to tell me—no, I must go on and say it myself—I got her to tell me all she knows about you and your life."

"What does she know about my life?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Your romantic history, I mean," said Zeph. "Why you are Mr. Daylesford and your brother is only Mr. Daylesford too, and about the lost papers. I don't know what made me do it except that I was so interested, but when my mother told my father what I had done, he came all the way upstairs to my room to tell me that he despised me, that it was thoroughly dishonorable of me to pry into your secrets, and that he could not stay happily under your roof after I had behaved so ill."

"My dear Miss Treherne, is that all?" said he, stooping forward and taking her hand in his.

"All!" said she, unable to look up. "Isn't it enough?"

"It's nothing!"

She drew away her hand in some displeasure, and said, "Mr. Daylesford, you can scarcely imagine what it has cost me to come and tell you this, and now you treat me——"

"I only want to comfort you; and indeed I do not look on this as a grave fault. From your point of view I can see that you would naturally think a great deal of it; but from mine, no; my unfortunate history is public property. Besides, after all it was more Mrs. Scatcherd's fault than yours."

"Now that is what it most distinctly was not," exclaimed Zeph, able to speak up loudly when another person was blamed. "I made her go on. I said I was interested. She would often have stopped."

"Don't say anything more about it. I respect your scruples; they show a delicacy——"

"They show nothing, if you please, Mr. Daylesford, but what I have learnt from my father's scolding. Before he spoke to me I had no idea I had done wrong. Will you explain how that could be?"

"I suppose because no one had ever—— I don't know what I do mean—but I am sure that you have tormented yourself without a cause." He looked at her with eyes full of pitying affection. She was so good and noble in all points on which her mind had been opened but so untaught, untrained, and woefully neglected in every way, that his heart ached for her. The two days spent by her father and mother at the Castle might, he supposed, be fairly taken as a sample of how they passed their lives at home—and possibly, of how they had passed them for the last twenty years. As parents, therefore, they were all but non-existent. They staid in the library here, or the study at home, from early morning till late night, leaving their daughters to educate and train themselves. He was almost certain that the lecture of to-day was the first bit of moral guidance that Mr. Treherne had ever given his daughter Josephine. Mr. Daylesford's only wonder was that she had grown up as good and as noble as she wos. The moment what she had done had been put in a proper light, her sense of right and honor was as keen as could be desired. He thoroughly admired and respected her for so boldly, and at such a cost to herself, coming to own her fault and seek pardon. What might not be made of such a girl as that? While he had been think-

ing thus, he had been unconsciously gazing at the fire; when his eyes once more turned to Zeph she was looking very unhappy.

"You despise me?" said she, sadly.

"I do nothing of the kind. I should despise myself if I did. I can only say that I had a very great regard for you before, and that it is now much increased.

"Not really?" she said, her face flushed with pleasure.

"Yes, really."

"Then," said she, with rather pathetic humility, "as you see what bad things I am capable of doing in ignorance, will you, while I am here, tell me if you see me doing anything wrong? I have never had any one to go to when I was in difficulty before. At home there is no occasion to know the difference between right and wrong, for nothing ever happens there, but just while I am here, will you?"

"You surely would not have me presume to find fault with you?" he exclaimed, with some warmth; "I am quite certain that there is no chance of your ever doing anything that I should think wrong. And why do you say while you are here? Am I not to have the pleasure of knowing you after you have left this place?"

"That," she answered, with a very pretty quiet smile, "depends entirely on your own kindness."

Her manner, he thought, was quite that of a child who is kindly treated by some benevolent old gentleman who is in every way infinitely superior to herself. Never by any chance did Zeph show any consciousness that he was a young man, in no way different from other young men, and might perchance end by falling in love with her. If, when at the ball the night before, he had asked her to dance once with him, she would have danced once and have been thankful; if he had ask her to dance six times, she would have accepted his invitation dutifully without attaching any importance to the fact that he seemed to prefer her to other partners. Why was she so different from other girls? Why did she persist in regarding him as a man ordained to move entirely in another sphere? She gratefully accepted any kindness from him, but her manner showed that she was firmly convinced that their lives must be passed apart. These thoughts coursed through his mind so quickly, that, without any apparent delay he answered, "Oh, if it depends on me, it is all right."

"Now I must go," said she, rising promptly and moving a step or two toward the door. This had been a business interview she thought, and it was over.

"Where are you going?" he inquired.

"To the drawing-room."

"As I shall naturally go there with you and sit down and talk to you, what is the difference between going there and staying here?"

"Because it seems a more natural place for me to be than here."

"You are right," said he involuntarily. When they came to the stairs he stopped at Phillis Arnold's portrait. "You ought just to look at yourself," said he.

"It does seem strange to think of my having worn that dress!"

"You pass by quite bravely now; the day before yesterday I am sure you expected all those poor, dear ladies and gentlemen to step out of their frames and walk upstairs by your side."

"Don't remind me of it; the feeling might return. It has only gone out of my mind because I have had so many other things to think about. You know that I had never been to a ball in all my life till last night. How I wish there was another to go to to-night!"

As they went through the hall, a long row of letters was lying on a table in the full glare of a lamp—the post had just come in. "The Honorable Godfrey Daylesford," repeated Zeph, in a tone of great disappointment. "All the letters are for you." But in a corner by itself was one substantial square one which was addressed to her in such a firm, well-formed, pretty hand-writing, that Daylesford was just going to exclaim: "What lovely writing," when something in Zeph's face showed him that this was no common letter. He pretended to be fully engaged in examining those intended for himself, and in congratulating himself on not being pursued into the country by a great packet of proof-sheets as Mr. Treherne was. "I think I'll take them to him," said he, to give Zeph time to recover. "You will be in the drawing-room when I come back, won't you?"

He went into the large and now gloomy library, for all light was concentrated in a small circle near the fire. Mr. Treherne was, as usual, buried full fathom five in the perusal of musty parchment records. Daylesford would have ventured any sum on it that he had entirely forgotten the circumstance which had so distressed his daughter. Perfect calm reigned in the library; not one thought of any human being outside those four walls troubled either Mr. or Mrs. Treherne. Even when their host came into the room they did not exert themselves to keep up any conversation with him, when once the first words of greeting after their brief separation had been exchanged. He took a chair for a while and watched Mr. Treherne as he sat in the strong light of the lamp deciphering the crabbed, much-contracted old writing. It was a face that pleased him; he liked to look at that handsome but sensitive mouth, that well-cut nose, which told of gentle blood, and the clear eye which always met his gaze so unhesitatingly when once the poor old man was roused from his work. It was such a proud face, and yet so full of gentleness and resignation. The lamplight shone on his wan temples, where the skin was so thin and transparent that the course of the veins could be clearly traced. Daylesford sighed and turned to look at Mrs. Treherne. She was sitting in a semi-dark corner knitting and nodding, and then waking with a start to wonder if her dear husband wanted anything. Not that she ventured to ask the question. He scarcely ever did want anything but the dimly-felt pleasure of her company. He reminded Daylesford of a hunter which can eat no food, rest in no stable, win no race, if it be parted from the cat, which having been born and bred in its stable, has won its love. Mrs. Treherne was the faithful and affectionate cat whose companionship was indispensable. "Now I'll leave you," said Daylesford; "I want to go back to Miss Treherne." He watched Mr. Treherne most attentively as he said this. Not a muscle of his face moved—Zeph's misdeed, his own righteous indignation, both had passed away forever from his mind. His fine sense of honor had been so deeply wounded that he had at once hurried away to reproach her for what she had done; had he decided to wait until evening Zeph would probably never have had her scolding, for the tablets of his memory would have refused to keep any record of her offense. "He is a dear old fellow," thought Daylesford, "but he had no business to marry!" He went to Zeph, who had put her letter in her pocket and was gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

"Well, Miss Treherne, have you read your letter?" he inquired, with much secret curiosity.

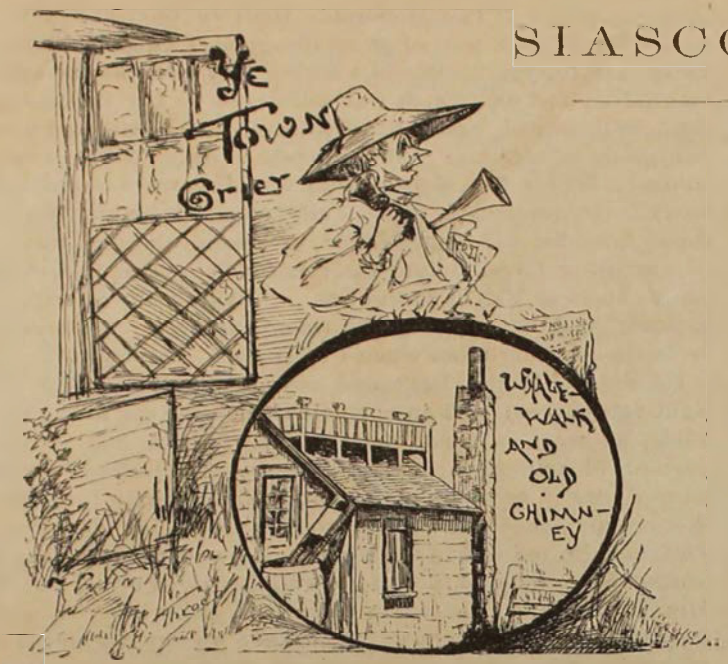
"Yes," she answered gravely. "Oh, yes, I have read it. When does the post go out?"

"At seven o'clock; it's more than half-past six now. Where are you going?"

"Upstairs. I waited till you came back, as you asked me to do so, but now if you will excuse me, I must go and answer that letter."

(*To be continued.*)

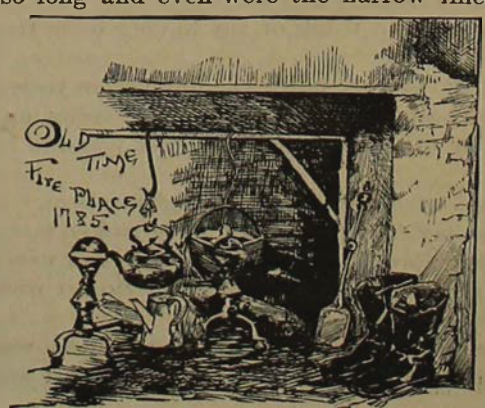
SIASCONSET.



WE sailed and we sailed far out into the East. We passed island after island, saw Cottage City and Oak Bluffs on Martha's Vineyard, and looked in vain for the lonely and desolate little island back of it, which they called "No Man's Land," and then after we had been almost out of sight of land, we reached Nantucket; but finding we could go still farther East we took a shaky little railroad and jogged on through the sand and over the Cranberry fields to Siasconset, on the very end of the island, and nothing beyond but the wide, wide ocean. The natives, who are a lazy set, call it Sconset for short. For two hundred years this little village was only a home for a few fishermen and their families, who in 1676 began to build little box-like houses, shingled down to the ground, with window panes about the size of a man's hand. On the roof of some houses are still seen the "whale walks" or galleries, surrounded by high balustrades, into which the fisherman's wives and daughters were wont to go with their spy glasses, that they might look far out to sea and watch the return of the whaling vessels. Once it was a prosperous place when the whalers, after being gone on a three or four years cruise, returned laden with a wealth of oil, sperm, whalebones, and also of treasures from far off countries over the sea; but the discovery of coal oil has given a death blow to all this industry, and now the village, after a long sleep of discouragement and depression, has suddenly burst its chrysalis and waked up to the butterfly existence of a summer resort for gay and fashionable people. They take delight in renting the uncanny little fishing huts, with bed-rooms where they can hardly turn around, with dining-rooms so tiny that they have to enlarge them by an awning stretched out over the back yard; and parlors which have no glory but the big chimney-corner and the grand old ocean view from the wide and barn-like outside doors.

Artists plant their easels where the fishing-nets were wont to dry, and village carts are driven through the narrow, shady streets, where in olden times barrels took the place of wheels to roll the heavily laden wagons over the dusty and sandy roads.

The streets are called by modern names; a little alley, not wide enough for two wagons to pass, is named Broadway. The tiny fishing-huts are labelled with shingles, inscribed Bonnie Castle, Ingleside, Svarqutoka, Nanticon Lodge, etc., while in one instance, Tephrosia, the name of a flower, is inscribed upon the shingle, with the blossom something like a sweet pea painted at either end. These esthetic fancies are mingled in quaint, queer, and charming contrast with other decorations made in the bygone times. Figure-heads from old vessels surmount the roofs, the busts of sailors, life size, with black hair, brown eyes, crimson cheeks, and blue coats, with their arms folded over their breasts. While one atom of a cottage rejoices in an entire frieze, consisting of a pictured scene of ocean life, carved out in wood and painted with dazzling colors. The town pump is the center and heart of the village; and woe to him who has not taken a draught of its cooling nectar from the battered old tin cup which rests upon its spout. Here all the startling notices are posted up. That a barber will visit Sconset on Tuesday and Friday to do the weeks shaving for the community at large; that such and such a clergyman from foreign parts will preach in the little chapel by the sea; that a big whale has been towed in from the ocean, and may be seen upon the beach, etc., etc. This whale was the chief excitement while we were there. One day we noticed a steamer near the shore, a most uncommon sight, as they all prefer the other and the safer shore of Nantucket Island, but soon the body of a huge white whale appeared alongside of it, and then the secret leaked out that the railroad company had paid four hundred and fifty dollars to have the whale towed in, that they might reap the profit of a rush of visitors to view his vast proportions and his goodly length of sixty-three feet. Every one rushed down to the shore, while sailors, men, boys, and even fair women pulled upon the rope to drag the monster near the beach, for every wave that washed it up carried it back with a still stronger under-tow. It was simply huge, and although the old fishermen sneered at its under size, said it was not a "right whale nor a sperm whale, but only a fin back," that it had no blubber and had no teeth, still the crowd looked on in wonder. It looked as though it was dressed in bed-ticking, so long and even were the narrow lines which coursed up and down its length, and some unsophisticated maidens wondered if those were the whale-bones, although if they had been, no one but a French dressmaker could have been suspected of stitching them in with such unerring precision. Some thought it only the



Zebra-like formation of its skin, and some averred that the whale often likes to gorge himself with food, and that he is therefore provided with an elastic skin, but as this poor whale had not lately had an opportunity of gorging himself, his skin had contracted in deep ridges, which filling with sea weed made the long dark lines looking so like a row of whalebones.

Being a fin-back, which the old fishermen so despised, it had no valuable whalebones running the length of its huge jaws, but in place of teeth it had thick whalebones half a yard long and about five inches wide fringed out at the ends, and set close side by side in the upper jaw, two or three hundred in all. This fin-back whale, so said the wise-acres, opens his massive mouth, which is about ten feet long, and takes in its food, consisting of small mollusks and jellyfish, wholesale, with quantities of water; then he closes those fearful jaws over his living victims, blows out the water through the fringed whalebones, and swallows the small fishes through a gullet not larger than a man's fist. He was a monster, although he was only a small and despised "fin-back." He was held fast to the shore by a huge ship's anchor, but when the morning dawned he was gone, and it was found that he had dragged the anchor half a mile along the beach and was taking advantage of the mighty rush of waters to seclude himself once more in the depths of the ocean.

Then the excitement ran wilder than ever, and the whole of Sconset put its shoulder to the wheel to capture such noble game, so powerful even in death.

There was the fragment of an old wreck half buried in the sand, and the monster beams which stood high in the air were chosen as an object round which to lash the heavy ropes. One was passed around his body near the tail, and another was fastened to a great hook some half a yard or more in length, which was thrown at his head and buried in the flesh. Then, as it happened to be the bathing hour and crowds in nautical costumes were standing around, they all joined in the tug, and many and many a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, they gave before his majesty the whale could be made secure to the old wreck. By way of vengeance, or perhaps of safety, he was dragged still farther out of his native element than before, and lay in such a position that he could be stared at with more satisfaction.

His great mouth was brought into full view, each rushing wave threw it open, and in retreating the water washed through the whalebone fringes in a manner so suggestive of life, that the animation and interest reached its highest pitch. One boy for the bribe of fifty cents climbed upon his back, while other enthusiastic youngsters stripped pieces of skin from his sides, and others still, with a thirst for knowledge, cut whalebones from his jaws, which were eagerly sought for by members of various juvenile "Agassiz Societies" and natural history clubs.

Crowds from all the country round came to see him, and the railroad company were said to have paid their four hundred and fifty, and lined their pockets with dollars beside; so that they were loathe to part with their whale, although the villagers and the bathers insisted that he should be towed out to sea, where the sharks might have the feast which they were prowling about the shore to secure.

In the primitive village of Sconset bananas and ginger cakes may be bought from the little shanty near the gully, and stamps from the pretty postmistress at the office; but whoever wants a shoe-string, a spool of thread, or a yard of muslin, must wait until the weekly store comes up from Nantucket, in a wagon, and ensconses itself for a whole day at the post-office. There is a light-house at Sankoty Point, and of course we went to see that.

A little box of a wagon, driven by a very facetious young man, trundled us over the fields and through the blueberry bushes, at the risk of our necks. The wild flowers sprung up beneath the horses feet, beautiful, brilliant lilies greeted us at every turn, and the fragrant clethra, with its snowy fingers pointing upward, lined all the fences. We proposed to gather some, but the deceitful young man persuaded us to wait till our return, and then, with an art known only to himself, drove us home in such a roundabout manner that we failed to see anything worth gathering. However, rumor says that he is the only deceitful person in Sconset, and has been from his youth addicted to stealing chickens; all the rest are honest, or, as one youthful enthusiast expressed it, there has never been any robbery and but one murder there.

But to return to the light-house. We ascended the winding stairs, climbed the wiry little ladder, and found ourselves as far above the world as we cared to be. The great lantern with its myriad plates of glass, was a gorgeous affair, and the guide who showed us the light, and who sits up with it nights, assured us it was the finest in the world. At any rate it is eighty-five feet above the level of the sea, and from its top we could behold the wide rolling moors, with all the land and all the sea for miles around.

We made one more excursion, for of course every one must ride over the moors to visit Nantucket. The first thing which attracted our attention upon entering the town, was a long line of sharks, jaws hung up to dry, and we were informed that there is a prize offered for every one which is brought in, as it is thought desirable to reduce the number which infest the shore.

Nantucket is a quaint old town, of course much larger and more prosperous than Sconset. Its long and shady streets are filled with numerous immense square houses of brick and of wood, surrounded by dear old-fashioned gardens, and many of them surmounted by the whale walks, as in Sconset. There is an air of comfort and wealth, which have been accumulated since 1659, when the whole island was sold for £30 and two beaver hats. A gentleman, certainly fond of arithmetic, has made a computation of this value, from 1659, at which time the sale was made, and thereby proved that £30 and

two beaver hats, with compound interest added, for more than two hundred years, would very fairly represent the present value of the island.

In prosperous times Nantucket sent out twenty or twenty-five whaling vessels, where now only two or three can be made profitable; and the grass grows in front of the old, deserted warehouses which used to be such busy marts of trade.

The Nantucket housewives are generally "keepers at home," according to the good old precept of St. Paul; but that they are not always so, is proved from a story told us by some friends. They said the Jubilee Singers gave a concert there, in one of the churches, and when their songs were greeted by shouts of laughter, the leader arose and gravely reminded them that they were in a church, which he had been taught, was a sacred edifice, to be treated with respect. Some of the Nantucket ladies were very much offended by this reproof, and whispered, loud enough to be overheard, that he certainly could not know that they had been to the continent three times. As the continent was Massachusetts, the remark could not fail to provoke a slight smile from the summer boarders.

In our walks through the streets we encountered the town crier, who rang a large bell, and then, in a cracked, stuttering, and worn-out voice announced the latest news, that the walking-beam of some vessel had been broken, that a whale, sixty-three feet long, might be seen by taking the cars to Sconset, and several other things which we failed to catch. While there, we found time to attend the lecture of an odd old lady, the wife of a long departed sea-captain, who has collected a little museum out of the curiosities her husband had brought home, and others which she has received; all of which she exhibits, lecture and original poetry thrown in, for the price of fifteen cents, which she gives to missions. She had exquisite carvings from whale's teeth, taken during her husband's voyages, a curious nest of a tarantula with its door hung on by a natural hinge, and a thousand other things; but among them all there was nothing half so curious as the old lady herself, who seemed to have come down from another age, so quaint was her language and so odd were her manners

She told us that her "gret, gret grandfather" built the mill so celebrated in Nantucket; and that, being in a quandary how to do it, he had fallen asleep, and dreamed it all out, so that in the morning he went to work, and following out the suggestions of his dream, succeeded in building the old grist mill which has ground all the corn on Nantucket Island for more than two hundred years.

There are large hotels at Nantucket, and two or three shops of bric-a-brac, in which we saw famous old tall clocks gathered from all parts of the island, also no end of old chairs, sideboards, and tables, which are eagerly picked up by relic hunters. There is plenty of old blue china, and a few pieces of the famous Lowestoft, such as our great-grandmothers used for their choicest tea-parties. One lady secured at the price of three dollars, a very odd old tea-cup, which gave her such delight that, rushing to the table as soon as she reached home, she unrolled her treasure, and, not waiting for the tea to be brought in, filled it with water, and rushing to a friend, begged her to drink from the cup a hundred years old. The friend drank her health, wishing that she might drink from it a hundred years hence, a boon which I thought could hardly be desired by any mortal in this world of care.

Such eager relic hunters as this are induced to take all the cracked and broken pieces which have been gathered from numerous kitchens where they have served as pie plates for a generation back.

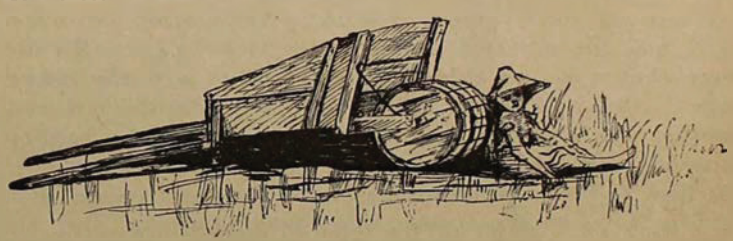
We were told that the stock was almost gone, so that those who do not secure a broken pitcher or a cracked plate this year may never have another opportunity.

In an open square is a beautiful monument for the soldiers who fell in the war, showing that Nantucket could do for her sons what many more prosperous cities have failed to accomplish.

But I have wandered from my subject, for we have not yet been upon the beach at 'Sconset. A short walk from the hotel, by a dusty road, and over a broken bridge, will bring us to the edge of the bluff.

After this a few insecure and broken wooden steps, on a break-neck run down the bank, will lead to the long stretch of sand, dotted here and there with huts, shanties, or cow sheds, all pressed into the service of bathing houses. From here you can look up along the bluff, and view the new and modern cottages, which have been lately built on Sunset Heights, and then take the plank walk which leads to the beach. There, a long line of awnings, stretched on posts, make a shady resting-place, either in hammocks or on the sand, for those who want to look at the bathers, or for those who love to sit and watch the ceaseless roll of the beautiful surf along the beach. The air is charming, the sky is so wide and so blue, and the fleecy clouds float so softly, and look snowy white until the sunset comes and turns them all to rose and crimson and gold, and then comes the thought that we are so far away, and that there is nothing, nothing, but this beautiful broad ocean between us and Spain.

It seems to lift us from the earth, and makes us breathe a new life. Such is 'Sconset. C. G. T.



The Muezzin.

(*See Photogravure.*)

ANY one who has spent even a short time in Eastern cities is familiar with the call to prayer. Standing on the first balcony of a mosque, the muezzin, walking from side to side, raises his voice at the signal of a gun, and it floats far above the heads of the people below, and immediately they resort to prayer. The cry that comes from the minaret of the mosque is shrill and high, and the words are not said, but chanted in a strange minor key. Instantly the Turks fall on their knees and utter the responses to the muezzin's call.

A traveler tells us that the words uttered by the muezzin are as follows: "Most high God! most high God! most high God! I acknowledge that there is no other, except God. I acknowledge that there is no other, except God. I acknowledge that Mahomet is the prophet of God. Come to to prayer! Come to prayer! Come to the temple of salvation! Great God! Great God! There is no God but God!" The call is the same at all the periods of prayer, excepting in the early morning, when the muezzin adds: "Prayer is better than sleep; prayer is better than sleep." The muezzin turns his face toward Mecca, until he utters the words, "Come to prayer; come to the temple of salvation," then he turns his face from right to left and from left to right, as if to include the whole world in his invitation, and instantly the people respond from below, "There is no strength, no power, but what is in God; in that supreme being, in that powerful being."

The tradition is that the prophet, when at Medina, could not find the means to bring his followers together punctually at the hour of prayer. Several methods were suggested, such as the ringing of a bell, the raising of a flag, the blast of a trumpet, or an illumination by fire, all of which were rejected. Then an angel appeared at night to Abdullah-ibn-zeid-Abderize and told him that the call to prayer must be given in a loud voice from a house roof. And this was the origin of the custom.

The beautiful etching, "The Muezzin," is by Rajon, after a painting by Gérôme. Few artists possess the gifts of this French painter. Gérôme was born in 1824, and first exhibited at the Salon in 1847, taking the third prize for his picture, "A Combat of Cocks." He traveled extensively in Egypt and Turkey, and has reproduced many Oriental scenes. His pictures are numerous, among which are "Death of Cæsar," "An Arab on Horseback," "The Gladiators," "Leaving the Masked Ball," and "Promenade of the Harem." One of his latest works is "The Last Prayer," which represents the Christian martyrs in the Colosseum about to be torn to pieces by lions. It is one of his finest productions and was twenty years in preparation.

The Muezzin, or "Call to Prayer," as the picture is sometimes called, is 32 by 26, and was sold for $4,000 at the Johnson sale in this city. The scene is Cairo; from the balcony of the minaret is seen the city and surrounding country, while the citadel is plainly in view. The Muezzin is a striking and life-like figure, as he throws his head back and gives the call to prayer.

The Two Esthers.

THE story of the two Esthers, one of the saddest in the annals of love, will never lose its interest. The biographers of Swift, with one or two exceptions, gloss over the conduct of the Dean as regards his treatment of these unfortunate and devoted women; and one of them goes so far as to insinuate that it was a great honor to be noticed by Swift at all, even if the result was a broken heart to the one thus favored.

Forster says, in speaking of Esther Johnson: "This young, friendless girl, of mean birth and small fortune, chose to play no common part in the world; and it was not a sorrowful destiny, either for her life or her memory, to be the star to such a man as Swift, the Stella to even such an Astrophel."

This savors of a man's logic, not of a woman's. It may be an honor to be loved by a great man, but it *is* a "sorrowful destiny" to a woman thus noticed, when her life is clouded and her heart broken by the distinguished man to whom she has given it. Moreover, according to Swift, himself, Esther Johnson was well worthy of the love of even so great a man as Dean Swift. She was possessed of remarkable virtues of head and heart; was beautiful, attractive in manner, and, certainly, when Swift first met her, his position was not more exalted than her own. She was not, as Forster says, "friendless," and she had sufficient means with which to maintain herself. She possessed, too, the attraction of youth, being considerably younger than the Dean.

Swift first met Esther Johnson at the house of his patron, Sir William Temple, to whom he acted as amanuensis. Esther, then a child of seven, was living with her mother, who was companion to Sir William Temple's sister, in the same house. Swift, then a very young man, became the instructor of the little "Hetty," who was not only a very intelligent child, but attractive in other ways.

As time progressed, and Esther advanced to womanhood, the childish affection with which she regarded Swift deepened into the love of a woman. She had developed into a most attractive young lady—a fact to which Swift was not blind. He describes her as "one of the most beautiful, graceful and agreeable young women in London, only a little too fat. Her hair is blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face is perfection." Not only Swift, but others testify to her beauty, and her likeness proves that she possessed more than an ordinary share of good looks. Her picture represents her with very black eyes and hair, a broad and intellectual forehead, remarkably regular features, and a dignity of expression very attractive. Her hair is thrown back from her brow, and a few curls float over her neck.

After Swift left Sir William Temple's house he continued his interest in Esther, and corresponded frequently with her, treating her, however, as his young pupil. At this time he certainly had not thought of her in any more endearing connection, as we find him making love to Miss Warying, the sister of a friend. At first, she did not favor his suit, and he wrote to her "to remember that if she still refused to be his, she would quickly lose, forever lose, him that is resolved

Esther Johnson

to die as he has lived, all hers." "Varina," for thus he calls her, in accordance with his custom of changing the prosaic names of his lady-loves into something more poetical, appears to have relented, and to have entered into something like an engagement with Swift. Some difficulty seems to have arisen between them, for he writes her an exceedingly dictatorial and impertinent letter, in which he says: "When I desired an account of your fortune, I had no such design as you imagine. I had told you, many a time, that in England it was in the power of any young fellow, of common sense, to get a larger fortune than ever you pretended to."

From succeeding letters, it was very evident that Swift desired to break the engagement, and instead of honestly saying so, he pretended to discover such serious faults in the lady's disposition as would justify him in refusing to marry her. Thus Swift got rid of his first love, and was now ready for a second.

When Sir William Temple died, he left a legacy to Esther Johnson. Swift, who was then in Ireland, advised Esther and her friend Mrs. Dingley, with whom she was living, to

come to that country. Swift gave this advice on the plea of economy, provisions being cheaper in Ireland than they were in England, and the cost of living much less. There was evidently a good deal of selfishness at the bottom of this advice. Swift found his Irish home somewhat dreary, and he greatly desired the society of the agreeable Esther, whose intelligent mind he had been chiefly instrumental in forming.

In accordance with her friend's advice, and doubtless in accordance with her own wishes, too, the blooming young Esther (she was only eighteen) proceeded to Ireland in company with Mrs. Dingley. Swift, always careful of appearances, did not encourage the ladies to reside in his house, when he was there; but, when he went to London, they made it their home, and when he was in Ireland, they lived elsewhere, in lodgings.

The society of Esther gave such happiness to Swift, that even ambition, a powerful motive with him, could scarcely lure him from her side. On one occasion, when absent from her, he writes: "I have perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done my commission, whether it succeeds or not." Again he addresses her in this lover-like language: "Farewell, dearest, beloved M D, and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you." "Presto" was Swift, and "M D" was Esther. Such language was calculated to deceive a woman even older and of more experience than Esther; and no wonder that she treasured up such words in her young heart, believing that she was beloved, even as she loved. No one can accuse Esther Johnson of undue vanity in this case. She was not guilty of the folly of construing mere complimentary expressions of gallantry into a genuine declaration of love. If words mean anything, these certainly indicate that Swift loved Esther; and that he *thought* he did, is certain, whether he really did, is doubtful.

To soothe the hours of separation, Esther and Swift kept a daily record of their actions and feelings. Swift gave free vent to his longings to be again with his dear "M D," recording the fact that "nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness, but a letter, now and then, from his own dearest M D."

This clerical flirt imagined that no one could possibly accuse him of favoritism even though he did write thus lovingly to his dearest M D, as the journal, when sent out, was addressed to both Esther and Mrs. Dingley. The latter lady, it is to be presumed, was too sensible to appropriate such loving expressions as "Love poor Presto that loves M D better than his life a thousand million of times; and M D's felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits."

Notwithstanding these fervid expressions, these positive declarations of love, Swift made no proposal of marriage to Esther. She waited patiently for what she certainly had a right to expect. She endured uncomplainingly the slander of the world; and she went on loving, hoping and believing, with all a woman's trust in the honor of the man she loved, and who professed to love her. But "Poor, poor Presto," who was so anxious to be loved by Esther, and who was loving her, as he said, "better than his life," was agreeably engaged in another direction. During his visits to London he visited on a familiar footing the family of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, who had a daughter, Esther (a fatal name to come in contact with Swift), a pretty girl of seventeen. It was somewhat suspicious that Swift, for three years, kept Esther Johnson in total ignorance of his acquaintance with Esther Vanhomrigh. As he communicated his movements when in London, how did it happen that he forgot to tell her of the charming Esther Vanhomrigh, at whose house he was a constant and favored visitor? Was he afraid that Esther Johnson would so lower her dignity as to make a demonstration of jealousy? This was not likely. She was too self-restrained, and, moreover, she had too much faith in Swift's declarations of love for herself to admit of room for jealousy. From her childhood she had looked up to him, and from her earliest womanhood she had loved, trusted and honored him. It never entered into her imagination to suppose that any woman had the power to draw away his allegiance from her, especially a young girl like Esther Vanhomrigh. Why, then, did he keep her in ignorance of this new acquaintance? The sequel shows. Honesty does its work openly; dissimulation secretly and covertly. One fears nothing; the other fears all things.

Here, again, we find Swift figuring in the capacity of instructor to a young girl, and directing her studies. This gave him free access to her presence, of which he was not slow to avail himself. Esther, or as Swift called her, "Miss Essy," made considerable progress under her distinguished preceptor in many branches of learning, and so great was the progress she made in the study of love, that, much to the astonishment of the reverend gentleman, she offered herself to him as a wife. This was something quite inconvenient and unlooked for—something that poor, patient "M D" had never dreamed of doing. Instead of trying to quench this new flame of love, Swift encouraged it and professed to entertain an ardent affection for the impulsive young woman even while he rejected the offer of her hand.

Love has its own divining rod to tell where "the waters of bitterness are gathering in secret;" and Esther Johnson in Ireland, knew by the changed tone of Swift's diary, that the knell of love had sounded in London. Henceforth we find Swift "swinging like a pendulum" between the two Esthers,

"Happy with either were t'other dear charmer away,"

but more happy, doubtless, with the younger and more blooming of the two charmers.

While Esther Johnson languished in Ireland in neglect, Swift remained in London near Esther Vanhomrigh, and, to justify his continued absence, wrote excuses to Esther Johnson for his non-appearance. When, however, he was compelled to leave Esther Vanhomrigh to go to Ireland to be installed, he wrote to her: "At my first coming I thought I should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off and change to dullness." He writes thus almost in the presence of Esther Johnson, whose society was once necessary to his happiness, and who he had declared that he loved better than his life.

So deeply infatuated was Esther Vanhomrigh with Swift that she followed him to Dublin, notwithstanding his warning that it was a "tattling place." He felt it his duty to rebuke her for her imprudence. She was getting rather too near the other Esther to be agreeable to Swift, and he preferred her at the safer distance of London. Men naturally dread an encounter between two jealous women to whom they have made love; and by this time the two unfortunate Esthers were becoming alive to the knowledge of each other's existence, and of the part that Swift was playing in the sad drama of their love-life.

Tormented by jealousy and sick with hope deferred, Esther Johnson sank into a deep melancholy. She had loved and trusted through all these years, to find herself, at last, cast off for another. So deep had "the iron entered her soul," that her health rapidly failed, and she seemed to be nearing the grave. Swift became alarmed when he saw the state to which his old pupil was reduced, and remembering all her trust and love, commissioned a friend to inquire the cause of her unhappy condition, and to know whether he could do anything to alleviate her misery. Thus encouraged to speak, Esther told of her long years of patient love; of the slanders that had overshadowed her name; of the un-

dying affection that Swift had promised her; and of his recent coldness and utter neglect. Even this might have been borne, but the love that Swift had taken from her he had bestowed upon another.

Swift knew all this to be true. He felt, in his inmost heart, that he owed Esther Johnson some reparation for all that he had caused her to suffer. He said, in answer to the friend who had communicated with Esther, that he had early in life laid down two maxims with regard to matrimony, from which he was determined never to depart. One was never to marry, unless he was beforehand possessed of a decent provision for a family: another was, unless this should be the case at a time of life when he might reasonably expect to bring up his children and see them properly entered into the world. With regard to the first, he not only had nothing, but he really was in debt; and with regard to the second, he had already passed that period of life after which it was his fixed resolution never to marry. He agreed, however, with evident reluctance, to submit to the ceremony of a marriage with Esther Johnson, if it would quiet her apprehensions about her good name; but the affair was to be kept a profound secret, and they were to live apart as usual.

These terms, painful and humiliating as they were, were submitted to by Esther, and she was married to Swift in the garden of the deanery by the Bishop of Clogher. It was the mere mockery of a marriage, but to Esther there was one satisfaction in it, Swift could not now marry her rival. Married, but no wife, Esther Johnson lived in her own house apart from Swift, still bearing her own name, and keeping the secret of her marriage from the world—a secret that preyed upon her heart and clouded her life. Would a man of any feeling or of honor have exacted such a promise from a loving woman without good cause? What was the reason of this secrecy? Simply this: Swift had not yet cut the chains that bound him to Esther Vanhomrigh, and neither did he intend to forsake her entirely, though Esther Johnson was his wife.

Swift was married in 1716, yet in 1721 he writes to Esther Vanhomrigh: "Rest assured that no person upon earth has ever been loved, honored, esteemed, adored by your friend but yourself." Again, he writes: "'Cadenus' (Swift) assures me he continues to esteem and love and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life; but at the same time entreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imagination."

One of Swift's biographers says: "The recollection of the few letters written to him when absent, perhaps made Swift more tender to the feelings which had prompted them, however unwise it might be. To have checked it would have been doubtless wiser; but the dangers were less visible to Swift than they would have been to other men." Why? Swift was no simpleton. He certainly must have known that it is neither safe nor honorable for a married man to encourage the love of a single woman. The same writer tells us that "it is possible Swift did not expect Esther to interpret his compliments too literally." This is not possible, or even probable. Swift's heart was evidently touched by the passionate demonstrations of love which Esther Vanhomrigh exhibited for him; and that he returned her love, after his own fashion, is more than possible. He may have done nothing to excite this love, but he did a great deal to fan the flame into a blaze when once kindled. In his poem, "Cadenus and Vanessa," he gives an account of the rise and progress of Vanessa's love, and draws a most flattering character of the young lady. This is a species of flattery to which women are very susceptible. To see one's charms arrayed in the glowing language of the poet has a peculiar fascination to a woman; and it gave fresh hope to Esther to find herself portrayed in this flattering manner by the celebrated man whose genius she as well as others bowed down to.

It is due to Swift to say, however, that he did make an effort to get rid of Esther Vanhomrigh by trying to induce her to marry. In company with Esther's suitor he visited her and pleaded with her to favor the suit of the gentleman. Shocked and indignant at the baseness of Swift, who had so often professed to love her himself, and yet who was so willing to see her the wife of another, Esther rejected the offer most angrily. With a heart full of resentment, she retired to her home, there to indulge the fatal passion which had blighted her life and destroyed her peace.

From her solitude she sent out the most passionate love-letters to Swift, imploring him to show her some love, some pity. "How many letters," she asks, "shall I send you before I receive an answer? Can you deny me in my misery the only comfort which I can expect at present? Oh! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you!"

Notwithstanding that he knew he never could marry her, Swift continued to excite the hopes and fears of this unfortunate young woman. Sometimes all tenderness, then, treating her with coldness and severity, thus he kept her in a state bordering on distraction. She thus pleads with him in one of her letters: "For heaven's sake tell me what has caused this prodigious change in you which I find of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left tell it me tenderly. No, do not tell it so, that it may cause my present death. And do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me."

These loving and pathetic appeals were responded to by Swift with renewed declarations of love. Yet he made Esther no offer of marriage, and she could see no reason why he should not do so. Although his means were not ample, hers were. She was mistress of her fortune, and nothing would have given her more pleasure than to lavish it on him. He had professed undying love for her (so he had for Miss Warying and Esther Johnson), and he knew that she loved him in return. Why, then, did he not ask her to be his wife? In her heart she believed that whatever the barrier was to her happiness it would be removed, and eventually married to Swift, she would find atonement for all that she had suffered.

While indulging in these vain dreams of happiness the report reached Esther Vanhomrigh that Swift was privately married to Esther Johnson. Resolved to ascertain the truth of the rumor, she wrote to her rival, and the reply assured her that she had been correctly informed. Thus by a few strokes of her pen, did Esther Johnson destroy the hopes of Esther Vanhomrigh. We can imagine the despair that filled the heart of this loving young woman when she awoke to the fact that her love was thrown away upon a false and treacherous man. How basely her affections had been trifled with, and how she had been encouraged to love one who owed his allegiance to another. Had Esther Vanhomrigh known that Swift was a married man she would have seen the impossibility of his making her his wife, and she would have ceased hoping, though she might not have ceased loving. She would have understood fully that the penalty of loving was disappointment, remorse, and regret, and she would have known that it was madness to indulge in a dream that could never be realized. It was a terrible light that broke in on poor Esther Vanhomrigh and revealed to her the skeleton that she had been cherishing for the living reality.

Esther Johnson sent the letter which she had received from her rival to Swift, and then indignantly retired to the country without seeing him. Filled with wrath, not against

himself, but against Esther Vanhomrigh, who he had so grossly deceived, Swift visited her, and throwing the letter angrily on the table, took his departure with every manifestation of indignation. He failed to recognize the fact that Esther not only had the right but that it was her duty to ascertain the truth of the report of his marriage. Had she possessed more spirit she would have confronted him with the "might and majesty" of an insulted and deceived woman; instead of which she trembled in the presence of Swift's wrath, having always dreaded his violent temper.

Esther Vanhomrigh was not intended by nature to play the part of Medea; and so excited and grieved was she by this scene that a violent fever ensued, and in a short time poor Esther Vanhomrigh sank into her grave. Swift, on hearing of her death, beat a cowardly retreat from the place, and for several months his friends did not know where to find him. It appears that he had found it convenient to visit a remote part of the kingdom just at this time, thus avoiding hearing and seeing anything of a disagreeable nature in connection with the dead Esther, who had loved him only too well.

"Vanessa's" only revenge was to change her will and give to others the fortune she had intended for Swift. She desired that the letters that had passed between them should be published, and also the poem written by Swift, in which he gives an account of her love for him, complimenting her as the most gifted and charming of her sex. Many of the letters were suppressed, but the poem was published.

One of Swift's victims lay in the grave, and the other was rapidly nearing it. Esther Johnson went into a consumption, and the pious Dean consoled himself by composing beautiful prayers with which to soothe her passage through the dark valley. It would have been more to the purpose if he had answered the pathetic prayer of the dying woman herself, as she pleaded with him, a few days before she died, to make their marriage known, and thus clear her memory of any cloud that might rest upon it. He made no reply to her prayer, but to walk out of her room, which he never entered again. Some of Swift's biographers deny this, as they do many of his reprehensible acts in connection with these unhappy young women. Justly indignant, the dying woman sent for her lawyer, and made a will, leaving her fortune to charitable institutions.

Esther Johnson died of consumption at the age of forty-seven, Swift then being sixty-one. She was buried by torchlight; and Swift tells us, he being sick at the time, "This is the funeral which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine o'clock at night, and I am removed into another apartment that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my chamber."

Could he with the remembrance of all that he had made Esther Johnson suffer, have looked calmly on and seen this loving woman laid to rest, could he have stood placidly in the glare of the torchlights and looked into that narrow grave, and know that it contained the most devoted heart that had ever given its love to man,—selfish, cruel as he was, there would surely have swept over him a fierce tide of remorseful regret that would have made him bow his head with agony and grief. He would have felt, as he turned away from that narrow grave, that a lovely light had died out of his life—the love of a devoted and constant woman.

Disappointed in his ambitious views, lonely, morose, and his health and once splendid intellect failing, thus he lived in the deanery, a gloomy, wretched old man. Haunted by the memories of the past, how often must the forms of the two dead Esthers have appeared to his imagination to reproach him for his treachery and deceit. But one of two verdicts can be passed upon the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's in connection with these two unfortunate women—he was very wicked or very weak.

J. E. BUTLER.

Two Kings.

IN the picture gallery of the Germanic Museum at Nuremberg are two paintings of full-sized and remarkable figures, that immediately arrest attention. They stand side by side, and are the work of Nuremberg's greatest artist, Albert Dürer. They represent two of the greatest potentates the world has known—men as widely different in character as the ages in which they lived; and though not equally great, both capable of doing great things—the Emperor Charlemagne and the Emperor Sigismund. The pictures will bear study; look well at both, and mark what the lines of these faces and figures tell you. Charlemagne has come down to us from the eighth century, born 742; Sigismund from the fourteenth, born 1362. Charlemagne lived before his time; he was a hero, a great organizer. In his day the world was still in a state of heathenism; the mass of the people were pagans—serfs to brutal leaders. Charlemagne had ideas of a grand confederation; he did succeed in consolidating France, Germany, and Italy, into one empire, and was crowned successor to

the Cæsars at Rome, in 800. Charlemagne made the cross his emblem; he encouraged and worked hard for the spread of Christianity. He stimulated trade, agriculture, and was the patron of art and letters. He was as vigilant and energetic as he was wise, both as ruler and commander, always closely watching the interests of his subjects all over his vast dominions, cultivating internal improvements, and zealously working for whatever seemed best adapted to promote the general welfare. He was a famous scholar for those times; tall and stately in bearing, with a noble countenance, which was no mask, but the true index of a great character. So world-wide was his fame that it reached Syria, and the Caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid, who is also a celebrated figure in Eastern history, sent him magnificent gifts as a token of his appreciation and good will. This was as creditable to the Caliph as to Charlemagne, for it is only true greatness that is devoid of jealousy, or that feels pleasure in the successes and fame of another. Sigismund is by no means so good and noble a figure to contemplate. He was the last emperor of the house of Luxemberg, while Charlemagne was only the second King of the Franks. He was the son of the Emperor Charles IV., and when his father died received the margravirate of Brandenbourg. He was betrothed to Maria, daughter and heir to Louis, king of Hungary and Poland; and this lady having been deprived of her dominions and imprisoned by a usurping power, Sigismund organized an expedition, rescued her, and then married her, thus becoming king of Hungary at the age of twenty-five. In a war with the Turks he was not so fortunate; it was the first great battle between the Ottoman Turks and the western chivalry, and King Sigismund was defeated with great slaughter. After the battle he fled to Greece to avoid capture, and when he returned to Hungary it was to find his wife dead, and a usurper occupying the throne. But he went to work, and again conquered his kingdom, and later, in 1410, was elected Emperor of all Germany.

This shows that he possessed great qualities, but he was not great all round, and through and through, like the Emperor Charlemagne. He was weak and vacillating, and that made him double-dealing and treacherous. He was brave and impetuous, qualities very seldom allied to that which is base, but he was cunning rather than honest, and perhaps himself mistook his cunning for sagacity—there are people nowadays that do that. The great blot upon his name, and the evidence of his treachery, is found in the fate of John Huss, the reformer, whom he gave a safeguard which was not respected, and did not save him from the fury of his enemies, who burned him at the stake. This involved the emperor in a war with the Hussites, which deluged all Germany with blood, and did not cease until King Sigismund's death, in 1437, when he was nearly seventy-five years old. His faults were vacillation and inconstancy, and they spoiled his best plans, and led him into foolish and even wicked enterprises. Had he been as strong and courageous, morally and mentally, as he was physically, he would have been the peer of the great Charlemagne.

The difference in the qualities of the two historical figures are easily discoverable in their faces, and must have been present to the mind of the painter. The want of firmness in the grasp, the oblique look out of the corners of the eyes, the weak mouth, tell the story of the Emperor Sigismund as plainly as if it were written on his forehead. The face and figure of Charlemagne, on the contrary, are full of strength and nobility. There is not a weak line nor any sign of deviation from a righteous course and purpose. It is not certainly known where Charlemagne was born; the weight of evidence is in favor of Aix-la-Chapelle; he died in 814, when he had reached seventy-two, nearly the age of the Emperor Sigismund. Although Nuremberg was the birthplace of *Albert Dürer*, and the house he lived in still stands in the *Bergstrasse*, at the corner of the *Albert Dürer-strasse*, there is comparatively little of his work to be found here; other cities, Munich and Vienna, contain much more. This is not singular. At the time of *Albert Dürer*, and especially in Germany, the art of painting had declined before the rapid growth of the taste for illustrated books and the work of the graver. Printing had just been invented, and wood-cuts were in demand. All the artists of those days were artisans; but the greatness of *Albert Dürer*, that which made him the representative painter and graver of his time, was not only the variety and excellence of his work, it was the thoughtfulness and suggestiveness of it, and the genuine advance that he made in landscape painting and perspective. The only authenticated works in his native town are an admirably finished portrait of Hieronymus Holzchuher, a Pieta, replicas by Dürer himself, of his Four Apostles, called the "Four Temperaments," in the old Pinakothek at Munich, and the St. Paul, which is said to be an example of magnificent modeling, and the portraits we give of the Emperors Charlemagne and Sigismund, all of which are in the Germanic Museum.

FLOWER GIRL OF POMPEII.

Flower Girl of Pompeii.

EIGHTEEN hundred years ago the city of Pompeii was buried beneath the ashes of Vesuvius. At that time it was a prosperous place, carrying on an extensive commerce with the Campanian towns, and inhabited by a cultivated and intelligent people.

Suddenly, without warning, the busy hum of industry was stilled forever, and Pompeii was swept from sight. A dark cloud was seen hovering over Vesuvius, loud subterranean thunders were heard; then the fiery streams of lava poured down the sides of the mountain, and, falling upon Herculaneum, buried it deep beneath the fearful flood. Lava, ashes and cinders fell, too, upon Pompeii, and no trace of the busy city remained to tell where it had flourished. For eighteen hundred years the buried city remained unknown, shrouded in deep mystery.

Various excavations have brought to light much of the ancient city, and the visitor can walk amid the ruins and see how the Pompeians lived, and the industries in which they were engaged when their busy hands were arrested forever. Here can be seen the remains of numberless fountains, finely sculptured, beautiful temples, showing exquisite carving, well executed fresco paintings, the ruins of fine houses and theaters, and stables where the wealthy kept their horses.

From what has been unearthed it is easy to see that the Pompeians were not only a luxurious and pleasure-loving people, but that they had attained considerable skill in the arts and manufactures. The tables and chairs found are of carved bronze; beautiful vases, cups, dishes, and bottles of iridescent glass, finely chased gold jewelry, some set with gems, and exquisite cameo rings, can be seen, and attest to the skill of the makers.

The artist finds much to interest him in these relics of the past, and of especial interest to him are the old paintings on the walls and elsewhere, the colors of many being admirably preserved. Not long ago a painting was brought to light representing the judgment of Solomon, and which is now in the Naples Museum. It contains nineteen figures, among which are the king holding a scepter, a councilor, soldiers, two women, an infant, and a group of spectators. Though not particularly well drawn, the figures are effective, and the coloring admirably preserved.

Among the painters who have made a study of the ancient life of Pompeii is Joseph Coomans. "The Flower Girl of Pompeii" is one of his happiest efforts, and brings vividly before us the dark-eyed Italian girl who sold flowers on the streets of Pompeii, and who was involved in the terrible destruction that fell upon the unfortunate city. She stands beside one of the numerous fountains that adorned Pompeii attired in the dress of the times, with her hand raised to shade her brow from the burning sun, as she seems to be looking for a purchaser to lessen her stock of flowers.

"True Love Never Did Run Smooth."

THE day was insufferably hot and dull. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the bright flowers in Mrs. Patton's garden hung their heads as though languid with the heat. Mrs. Patton, herself, was enjoying an afternoon *siesta* on the sofa in her cool parlor. Old black Dinah was snoozing on the back porch, and even Towser was too lazy to wink at the flies, as he lay stretched out on the floor by her side. Mr. Patton was not at home, so there was nobody to talk to, and Dell was at her wit's end for something to do. She stood on the front porch, in her broad-brimmed straw hat and white dress, and, with her blue eyes, soft, fluffy blonde hair and rose-bud lips, looked as "sweet as a peach." However, *that* did not signify much, for there was no one to admire her. Her uncle and his wife thought more of potatoes and hay and corn, and other useful things, than they did of rose-buds, so her beauty was nothing to them. And as the neighborhood was as dull as the weather, there being very few young people, Dell wondered how she could stand the summer. Her father had met with reverses, and it was all he could afford to keep her step-mother and her two step-sisters in style, by sending them to the seaside. So Dell was shipped off to her aunt's in Ohio, with orders to stay until autumn, as she couldn't be provided for at home. Dell's father was completely immersed in business and seldom bothered himself about his family, except to obey the behests of his second wife, who ruled him with a high hand. So this afternoon the young girl stood, friendless and alone, wondering what she should do to amuse herself, while her step-sisters were surrounded by admirers at Old Point Comfort.

Presently she resolved to penetrate the inviting gloom of those cool, shadowy woods, down beyond the meadow, where the harvesters were raking the new-mown hay. Her aunt had forbidden her to take walks in that direction, because she might chance to encounter one of those horrid Harringtons. Time out of mind the Pattons and Harringtons, whose farms joined, had been bitter enemies. The present Harrington family consisted of Mr. Isaac Harrington and his wife and two children, a son and a daughter, both grown; and Mr. John Patton, whose children were all "married off," boasted that they had never stooped to associate with a Harrington.

Dell was daily warned against ever having anything to do with her aunt's foes. As the Harringtons had few associates among the friends of the Pattons, and did not attend the same church, there seemed little prospect of Dell ever getting to see any of them. She had heard from other sources, however, that Archie Harrington was "a very nice fellow," just out of college, and "going to practice law," after enjoying his summer vacation at home. Mr. Patton said he was going to practice law until he graduated in meanness, and then he was coming back to the farm to pester *him*. He knew how it would be. Then Dell wondered how such mean people *could* enjoy anything. But probably their consciences were so seared that they could enjoy the pure air and sunshine almost as well as the Pattons. They must have been born reprobates, Dell thought.

Not knowing what else to do, Dell walked slowly on until she came to the delightfully cool and shady woodlands, where she busied herself looking for ferns and mosses. Hours passed unnoticed, and Dell, idly dreaming by the side of a deep pool banked with velvety moss, was suddenly startled by a peal of thunder apparently directly overhead. She sprang up with a terrified exclamation, and, seeing that a thunder-storm was rapidly approaching, she started for home. In her terror she became bewildered, and could not find the path leading to her aunt's house. Determined to escape from the woods at all events, she darted forward through the trees, fear lending wings to her little slippered feet. She soon lost her hat and fan—her slippers followed, and her white dress left many a fragment clinging to brier and thorn. At length she reached an open field, beyond which her eager eyes could discern, through the falling rain, the outlines of a barn. To it she directed her steps with all speed. The rain now began to pour down, and poor Dell was soon thoroughly drenched. Breathless and sobbing she at length reached the barn, just as a young man in the dress of a day laborer was closing the great doors. When he saw her he drew her inside, closed the doors, and led her toward the low,

broad mow, which was filled with fragrant hay. Without pausing to recover her self-possession, Dell threw herself face downward on the hay and sobbed until she grew calmer. Then she looked up and saw a young man in cowhide boots, check shirt, and blue cottonades, who was holding a large straw hat in his hand, and looking at her with a suspicion of amusement in the depths of his saucy dark eyes.

"How dare you laugh at me, sir?" said Dell, indignantly.

"You look so very comical, I can't help it," and the laugh in his eyes was suppressed by an effort.

"I—I—don't think you are very kind," sighed the shivering little creature, piteously.

"Forgive me, please, and permit me to wrap you in this old coat. I'm ashamed to offer the old thing. If it was made of broadcloth it would be more worthy of your acceptance."

"There, now, you needn't make fun of me," said Dell, with much dignity, as he wrapped her up in the old ragged coat, with a sort of chivalrous gentleness that a true gentleman always shows toward a lady.

"Such was not my intention, I assure you. And now, will you please inform me from which of the planets you fell. What is the latest style there, and do the people ever do such ridiculous things there as they do on earth?"

"I came down from the Patton Farm, if you care to know, and I hope you are no relation of the horrid Harringtons."

"Why so?" he asked, with a droll smile.

"I dare say you know them. Aunt Patton says they are the meanest people on top of ground."

"They may be since she buried her ancestors."

"You don't like Mrs. Patton," said Dell. "Are you one of the Harringtons?"

"I—well—I work for them," he replied, casting down his eyes.

"Do they give you enough to eat?"

"Why? Do I look as if they starved me?"

"Oh no! But aunt says they are too stingy to eat. Perhaps if you are a work-hand there, they feed you better than they do their visitors."

Her companion looked at her slyly. Dell felt uncomfortable.

"What do visitors say they have to eat? Dry light bread and strong butter? They say that is Mrs. Patton's diet!"

"They don't know anything about it then," cried Dell, reddening. "I declare," she added, looking up at him, "I believe you *are* one of the Harringtons."

The young man laughed heartily.

"I believe I have the honor of belonging to that disreputable family," he said. "My name is Archie Harrington."

The red blood surged quickly across the girl's fair cheeks, and she dropped her eyes in confusion. She felt fairly caught. What could she say?

"Oh, forgive me, please!" she stammered at last, "I—I—I am so sorry. Indeed, I didn't think——"

"'It's of no consequence, thank'ee,' as Mr. Toots says," said Archie, laughingly. "Only you haven't told me to whom I've been introduced yet."

"My name is Dell Fleming, if you wish to know it. But it won't do you any good, because we shall never meet again, if we should live to be as old as Methuselah."

"Why shall we not?" carefully examining some heads of clover.

"My aunt would tell me to seek another home forthwith, if she knew I had sought shelter in your barn and met you here."

"Mrs. Patton is a dear, angelic creature, isn't she? I shall call on her, and express my undying conviction that she is the noblest of her race. Then, of course, she will forgive me for the sins of my ancestors, and permit me to inquire after your welfare—don't you see?"

"She will do nothing of the kind, Mr. Harrington, and I beseech you never to try it. She told me if I ever spoke to any of your family she would send me away. And she will, I am sure. Please don't get me into trouble," she added, appealingly.

"I wouldn't get you into trouble for the world," he gallantly replied; "but see! the storm is over, and the sooner you come up to the house and get some dry garments the better."

"No indeed. It isn't very far home, and I should rather go there," she quickly replied.

"But of course you don't imagine I am going to permit you to do it, do you, Miss Fleming?" said Archie, decisively. "The Harringtons are not that bad."

"Mr. Harrington, I am not going to your house," said Dell firmly. "I know I am awfully rude to say it; but I don't believe any of your folks would wish me to come, and I am going back to my aunt's."

"But it is half a mile away, and besides this shower has left the ground so muddy you will never be able to wade through the woods."

"Nevertheless I mean to go. There! It doesn't rain another drop, and the sun is beginning to shine. Good-bye. What shall I do with your coat?"

"I'll go with you part of the way, and bring it back. Your aunt would take an apoplectic fit if she should see that coat, wouldn't she?"

"But I'm inconveniencing you dreadfully."

"Yes, I know you are. The woods will be dripping wet, and I shall be drenched before I return. No doubt I shall take the malarial fever through your obstinacy, Miss Fleming."

"Shall I ever see him again?" thought Dell many times during the next week, as she lay tossing on a bed of sickness—the drenching she had received having brought on a heavy cold, which made her feverish and ill. Her aunt had not been made acquainted with quite all the facts in the case; she did not know that the farm laborer whom Dell had met was Archie Harrington. She only knew that her niece had refused to enter the house of her enemy, and she gloried in her spunk, even if Dell *did* get sick in consequence.

A week elapsed, and one afternoon Mrs. Patton accompanied her husband to town on business, leaving Dell in the care of old Dinah. The afternoon passed very slowly until Dinah brought up a letter for Dell, which she said one of the neighbors had left for her. She eagerly opened it and read:

"MISS FLEMING:

"I regret exceedingly to hear that you are ill, but trust you will soon be well again. If I dared I should call and inquire about you, but of course *that* is out of the question. Hoping that you will soon be restored to health, I remain

"Respectfully yours,

"A. HARRINGTON.

"P. S.—Burn this."

This note had so invigorating an effect on Dell's constitution that in a few days she was as well as ever, and the following Sunday afternoon she again strolled down toward the cool, inviting woodland, getting no farther, however, than a little rustic stile in the hedge by the meadow, with a clump of tall locusts near by furnishing an inviting shade. Here she sat in delicious idleness, weaving fairy day-dreams as she gazed up at the deep blue sky, where soft white clouds were drifting.

A shadow fell across the long dry grass, and looking

around with a start she saw Archie Harrington approaching.

"I—oh—why Mr. Harrington, is that you?" cried Dell, ingenuously. "I really didn't know you at first."

"Don't you recognize the farm-hand, Miss Fleming?" he asked, saucily. "I declare I've been just dying to see you. I had a great mind to beard the lions in their den, and call on you this afternoon. I should have done so if I hadn't found you here. What have they been doing with you anyway? It's my opinion they've been poisoning you by inches. Why else should you look so pale?"

Dell certainly did not look very pale when she looked up and met his eyes, which were full of respectful admiration. She laughed rather nervously.

Archie sat down on the other side of the stile, and said something about the weather, feeling, meanwhile, as David Copperfield did during that memorable drive when he said it was all Dora to him. Only it was Dell instead of Dora that the sun shone and the birds sang. In short, he couldn't keep the consciousness of it out of his eyes, though he tried hard to do so and said very commonplace things. And Dell, with the image of Patton constantly before her eyes, presently declared her intention of returning home.

"Please don't go just yet," said Archie, imploringly. "I've not been here ten minutes."

"But I've been here a long time, and my aunt will miss me; and then if she should find me with you!"

"She's a horrid old woman, and I wouldn't live with her if I were you," cried he, vehemently.

"I don't believe I will," returned Dell, thoughtfully. "I believe I'll go home to-morrow."

"Oh, that would never do. Why, I shouldn't get to see you *then* at all."

"Probably not, but you could survive that," said Dell, laughing.

"I don't know whether I could, though!" dubiously. "I say, Miss Fleming, I wouldn't go away if I were you, even if you do have to put up with some inconvenience."

Dell wasn't sure on this point, and it took Archie half an hour to convince her of her duty. Then she suddenly remembered that she must return, and making him a saucy little courtesy, she was running away like Cinderella, when he suddenly remembered something, and begged her to stop one moment. When she turned to look back he was holding up one of the little slippers which she had lost in the wood that day, and which he had afterward found.

"It's another case of Cinderella and the Prince," he said, gayly. "Won't you let me keep this as a souvenir?"

"It's spoiled now. You'd better throw it away," said Dell, blushing vividly.

He only bowed laughingly and went away, taking the slipper with him.

For two weeks they did not meet, and then Dell received a note begging the pleasure of calling on her the next Sabbath afternoon. She felt absurdly happy at first, and then her heart sank when she remembered that her irate uncle had threatened to kick Archie Harrington off the premises if he ever called, and as that young gentleman was not of the "tame crow" species, the consequences were not pleasant to anticipate. So she herself took a little note to the post-office in reply, saying that she would see him once more at the stile, but it would be the last time, remember. So they met again, and Dell looked so sweet and bewitching that Archie completely lost his heart, and could scarcely keep from telling her so. Indeed, his eyes did tell her so every time they met hers, and Dell felt herself incomparably happier than her step-sisters at Old Point Comfort. But she declared she was never coming again, and formally bade him farewell forever; but the very next Sunday she was back at the old trysting-place again, pretending to be immensely surprised to find him there before her. She wasn't going to stay five minutes, she said, but he drew her down beside him, and took possession of her fan, which she couldn't induce him to return.

Then he wrote his name on it, thereby rendering it useless, because she would never dare to let Aunt Patton see it.

"Isn't this a lovely day?" said Archie presently, his eyes so brimful of happiness that Dell had to laugh at him.

"Don't be absurd," she said, petulantly. "You know it isn't. It has been dull and cloudy all day."

"It is beautiful because it brings me you," said Archie, examining the fan attentively. "Now, don't pretend you're not glad to see me, D—Miss Fleming, I mean, because you are, you know you are."

"What makes you think so?"

"I suppose because I judge your feelings by my own. I hope I'm not wrong?"

"Don't talk nonsense please, Mr. Harrington. If you can't find anything sensible to say, I'm going back to the house."

"Suppose we talk about the neighbors, then, and abuse our relatives. That is what people do when they want to be intensely interesting and attractive!"

"Hush," said Dell, perfectly white, "look!" and when Archie looked, he saw Mr. Patton swooping down upon them, fence-rail in hand, with a terrific expression of countenance, as if bent on striking his enemy lifeless.

"Did you know," said Mr. Patton, directing an enraged glance toward young Harrington—"did you know that that lady is my niece?"

"Certainly I did," returned Archie, facing him haughtily.

"This disobedient girl will go back to the house," panted Mr. Patton, "and you, sir, leave my place this instant, or you are a dead man!"

"Not I," said Archie, curbing his passionate temper with a great effort; "and I will not have Miss Fleming insulted by a fight."

"*You* won't," retorted Dell's uncle, with withering scorn. "When you induced the poor little fool to come down here and meet you, that she might be talked about by all the gossips, all because she is a niece of mine! You are a thorough Harrington!"

"I never had any dishonorable motives in meeting Miss Fleming here, and who dares affirm it shall pay the penalty with his life," cried Archie, passionately.

"*I* dare affirm it," returned Mr. Patton, tauntingly.

"If Miss Fleming will leave us, we will settle this affair to our satisfaction, then."

"I beseech you both not to quarrel any more about me," pleaded the soft voice of poor Dell.

"Begone, girl! Go back to the house this instant, I say," fiercely commanded her uncle's harsh voice.

"I think you had better go, Miss Fleming," said Archie, quietly, and his eyes met hers with a pleading—almost a caressing—glance that angered Mr. Patton still more.

"I shall not go away," cried Dell, "for if I do, you will kill each other, and all about nothing. Uncle, if I promise you never to speak to this gentleman again, will you come with me to the house, and say no more about this?" willing to do anything to avert the thunder-bolt of wrath.

"Yes," he unexpectedly replied. "If you will solemnly swear never to speak or write to him again, I will drop the subject."

Dell cast down her eyes, which were swimming with tears.

"Would you be willing to do that?" asked Archie, appealingly. "You would, perhaps, be throwing away the happiness of a lifetime to gratify the whim of a cranky

and hard-hearted old man. If you could understand how entirely my happiness rests with you, my darling, you would not be willing to give me up," he added under his breath; but Mr. Patton heard the tender words, and became violent once more. Seizing Dell by the arm, he led her home, and then returned to have it out with Archie, who was about a match for him in strength and agility, for they were both powerful and not easily daunted men.

What transpired Dell could only guess. Her uncle appeared from his bruises and black eyes to have had the worst of the fight, but he never uttered a syllable on the subject, except to his wife, who made Dell's life a burden by a tirade of abuse and reproach. The poor girl, as innocent as a sunbeam, felt as if she had committed every crime in the calendar, and cried herself to sleep every night. Life she thought was not worth living.

One day she went out to pick blackberries, accompanied by old Dinah. Soon she wandered away from her ebon guide, who was chatting with another "lady of color," and at length found herself in a little glen where the bushes grew rank and tall, loaded with luscious berries. As usual she was soon lost in a day-dream, in which Archie Harrington figured conspicuously, and was quite oblivious to her surroundings, and indifferent as to whether Dinah was watching her. As she was reaching up presently to pull down an unusually fine bunch of berries, her eye caught sight of a huge black snake coiled around a fence-stake not two feet away. Uttering a low cry of terror she sprang backward, and at the same moment the hideous reptile saw her, and darting out its tongue it glided down among the bushes and disappeared.

Dell, fearing that it meant to pursue her, turned to flee, when she ran right into somebody's outstretched arms, and looking up she saw Archie Harrington's saucy face bending over her.

"What is the matter, child?" he asked.

"Oh, such a horrid, dreadful snake!" stammered Dell, panting and breathless. "How did you get here?" she added, blushing violently.

"Providence sent me, I suppose," he said tenderly, drawing her nearer to him. "Are you glad to see me again—Dell?" hesitating a little over the name.

"Oh—yes—I—that is, I wish we had never met," trying to release herself from his encircling arms.

He bent down and kissed her triumphantly.

"'D, my dear,' as Valentine says in *Off the Skilligs*, 'won't you be engaged to me?'" he saucily whispered in her ear.

"I am sure your parents would never permit."

"They'll have to, you see. I'm independent of them. In two weeks I leave for R——, where I shall practice law. I'll be awfully lonesome, and I'll have to take you along to cheer me up. Dell, I want you to marry me. You will, won't you?"

"Perhaps you don't love me," said Dell.

Archie protested that there were not enough words in the dictionary to express the depths of his love.

"Perhaps you only marry me through pity!"

"I do. But it is self pity, Dell. What should I ever do without you? Do please have the goodness to tell me that you pity my lone, lorn situation enough to marry me."

"But I could never marry you without papa's consent, and I am afraid that would be rather difficult to obtain," said Dell, shyly.

"What makes you think so? Does the baleful influence of the Patton-Harrington feud extend to him?" said Archie, laughingly. "When you return to town I will call on your father and state my case, which I shall plead with all the eloquence I can command. I'll be sure of a decision in favor of my client."

"I will refer you to him then," said Dell. "Good-bye now. I see Dinah is looking for me."

But Dell's father was not so implacable as she had expected to find him. Neither was he disposed to accept Mrs. Patton's opinion of Archie Harrington, who, on making his acquaintance, he found to be a straightforward, manly young fellow. He had no idea of Dell marrying in haste, however, and perhaps repenting at leisure. "There's no need to be in a hurry," he said to the young couple. "'Make haste slowly,' is a good motto where matrimony is concerned."

"How long do you expect us to wait, sir," asked Archie, "before we marry?"

"Five or six years," said the old gentleman, dryly, smiling as he spoke.

"Why, I'll be dead and buried long, long before that time," said Dell, plaintively.

"Then you'll not want to be married," replied her father.

The six years, however, dwindled to six months. During that time the stream of true love was, on several occasions, ruffled by reports that Mrs. Patton set afloat concerning the antagonism of the house of Harrington to the contemplated marriage of its son and heir. Matters were smoothed over, however, and Dell was happily married at last, and now these "two hearts that beat as one" find that true love does sometimes run smooth.

NELLIE CHASE.

Eventide.

THE songs of youth are sweet as violets
Or roses blown in showery April days;
But we, my love, will sing the sun that sets,
And almond blossoms for our brows will praise.

We may not live the old bright life again,
Or tune our hearts to notes of other years;
The chords have jarred too often under pain,
The strings have rusted under many tears.

Our youth drew pictures colored like the bow,
We knew not, then, 'twas born of falling rain;
We work God's will, now, liking better so—
The vanished visions come not back again.

The dreams were blossoms merely, fruitless died,
And deeds are garnered in life's granary,
Whose seeds were sown by others. We abide,
From hope we glean not, but from memory.

Our hearts are beating to a minor tune,
We are so quieted, we do not care;
The starlight brings us sweeter bliss than noon,
The shadowed grace is softer, not less fair.

God sends us messages by all pure things,
But most at eve He walks among the trees,
We feel His near, sweet overshadowings,
And hear the "still small voice" within the breeze.

Then, if the darkness fall as sets the sun,
And all the landscape deepen as at even,
We'll wait and watch the stars out, one by one,
Till sober earth is lost in glittering heaven.

LAURA G. PENUEL.

The "Ketchup Ring."

"WHAT a lovely, lovely day," said blithe Nettie Norwind, looking round on the bright autumn scene, as she mounted old "Tobe" to ride to the post-office, two miles distant; but she afterward looked back on that fair day as a "bad day," one in which "everything went wrong."

"Now, Nettie, make haste," called her step-mother from the door, "we've got an ocean of work to do to-day, and we must make that green tomato ketchup."

"Bonar, doggie, are you going with me?" said Nettie to the large brindle dog, who stood watching her with evident interest.

Bonar replied by trotting briskly after her as she cantered away. Bonar was much petted by Nettie, and highly appreciated by Mrs. Norwind, who declared that "a good watch dawg was the next best thing to men-folks where women lived alone." She and Nettie lived alone in the little farm-house, the husband and father having been dead two years.

The post-office, which was kept at a private dwelling-house, consisted of a little "pin-hook" room on the end of a long, low porch. When Nette rode up to the place she found the postmaster sitting on the porch engaged in reading the postal-cards, which he seemed to consider a part of his official duty.

"Good morning, Mr. Pryly," said Nettie.

"How de do, Miss Nettie, dow de do?"

"Any mail for us?"

"Yes, considerable; sh'll bring it out?"

"Yes, if you please, I'm in a hurry."

He came out presently, carrying some newspapers in one hand and a letter in the other.

"Here's a drop letter for you, somethin' important I guess," said he, grinning significantly as he handed it to her.

"Thank you," said Nettie, blushing as she recognized the writing of Sam Hallet, one of her admirers most admired by her.

As soon as she was out of sight of the post-office she opened the letter. It was merely a note saying that he would call late in the evening and accompany her to singing school, if she would permit him. She slipped the letter into her pocket with a happy smile, and allowed old Tobe to take his own slow gait for full five minutes before she remembered her hurry. She wore a ring of Sam's which she acknowledged to herself was "almost an engagement ring." He had slipped it on her finger one day in mid-summer, saying, "I'm going to put this ring on here with a wish. Promise ne that you will not take it off at all till next Christmas."

"I promise," was the smiling reply.

"Well, if you keep a little promise faithfully, I'll think you'd keep a big one," said Sam, which doubt-betraying remark Nettie remembered with a slight feeling of resentment.

Sam was not naturally suspicious, but his ears had been filled with reports of Nettie's flirting propensities, and he feared the rivalry of Mark Sandrich; so he thought it best to try Nettie a little before he gave her a chance to "fling him," as he expressed it.

When Nettie reached home she unsaddled old Tobe and turned him to pasture, then hastened in, put away her riding-skirt and broad brimmed hat, and was soon in the kitchen ready to plunge into that "ocean" of work in which Mrs. Norwind was already vigorously swimming, to pursue her own metaphor.

As Nettie tied on a large apron her mind ran swiftly over the numerous tasks which must be done before the sun sank.

"Maw," said she, as she thought of the pies, light bread, meat, and cookies to be prepared for Sunday, and the "Saturday cleaning," which was a part of Mrs. Norwind's Medio-Persian-like housekeeping regulations, "can't we leave off the ketchup until next week?"

"Laws o' massy, no, child; there's the dinin' at Sister Goodfair's Monday, and by Tuesday the tomatoes 'ud be a spoilin'."

Nettie got the knives and forks and commenced scouring them with an energy born partly of vexation, but she said nothing more.

Late in the afternoon, when the scouring had been done, the pies and cookies baked, the light bread made ready for baking, and the tomatoes for the ketchup peeled, hacked and put on the stove to cook, Nettie, chancing to look down the road, said in a tone of some wonderment, "Why, there comes Parson Saywell in his buggy."

"Why, I'll declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Norwind, rolling down her sleeves and hastily exchanging her soiled apron for a clean one. She met the parson at the door and conducted him into the room, as she called her largest and best-furnished room, for which she thought the name of parlor sounded too pretentious. As soon as the parson was seated he made known his errand, which was to convey Sister Norwind over to Sister Goodfair's, where he boarded, to aid in the final preparations for the dinner on Monday. Sister Goodfair had postponed the making of the finest cake till evening, that Sister Norwind might have her Saturday's work disposed of and be able to help her. This strong appeal, both to Mrs. Norwind's "accommodatin'ness" and her pride of skill in cake-making, was not to be disregarded. She made known the situation to Nettie, then hastened to prepare for going. She was soon clad in a neat black dress and white apron, and was standing in the room putting on her gloves, when Nettie thrust in her head, and after a not too cordial good evening to the parson, said, "Maw, where's the recipe for the green tomato ketchup? I don't know how to season it."

"Why," said the parson, thinking that a girl with such a step-mother as Nettie had ought to know everything about domestic matters, "I thought anybody could make green tomato ketchup; all you have to do is hack up the tomatoes and put some grated mustard rind and things in them."

"Just anybody can't make ketchup for me, Brother Saywell," said the widow, smiling on him with matronly archness. "The recipe's in the green box on top of the press, Nettie. Be sure and scour the brass kittle inside and out when you take the ketchup out."

When Nettie was washing her hands, after having performed this last named disagreeable task, she discovered that Sam's ring was gone from her finger; but she had not the faintest idea when or where she had lost it, only she was sure it was on her finger in the morning when she rode away from the post-office. After a thorough search for the ring she arrayed herself in a dark blue cashmere, with a white collar around her fair little neck, and sat down to wait for Sam, wondering what he would say about the ring. She had not long to wait till she heard the sound of the gate opening and shutting, followed by his springing step on the walk.

When she had greeted him and given him a chair, she seated herself in front of him and folded her little toil-reddened hands in her lap, in such a way that he must notice the absence of the ring.

"Nettie, where is your ring?" asked he, after a few constrained remarks about the weather and kindred topics.

"I lost it somehow to-day," said Nettie, the tears starting to her eyes.

"Lost it somehow," repeated Sam, in a tone whose sarcasm instantly checked the tears and brought a little spark of anger in their stead. "I saw Mark Sandrich with one like it to-day, and it's not a common pattern."

Nettie's anger at the unjust suspicion implied by these words, was mingled with a benumbing thought that the fates seemed to be conspiring against her. "I don't know anything about Mark Sandrich's ring, and I looked everywhere for yours," said she in a tone between anger and childish despair, clasping the denuded little finger regretfully between the thumb and fore-finger of her other hand.

"You need not try to fool me, Nettie, Mark hinted to me that you gave him the ring."

And so he had done merely to tease Sam, not dreaming of the trouble he would cause.

"We will see him at singing-school to-night, and he shall take that back," said Nettie, her eyes bright with anger.

"No, we won't see him," answered Sam. "He was on his way to take the train when I saw him, goin' to Illinois to see his kinsfolks, and he may not be back for a month."

After a pause, Nettie said, "I assure you that I lost your ring, and I've hunted everywhere for it; do you believe me?"

"Can't say that I do," said Sam, sulkily.

They sat in silence for some moments, during which time Sam resolved that the tragic scene which had just been enacted should not destroy his politeness. Nettie had spoken of going to singing-school; he would accompany her just as though nothing had happened.

"Well," said he, with a manner which told that what he really meant to do was to accompany her as though a great deal *had* happened, "it's about time to start to singing-school, isn't it?"

"Excuse me," said Nettie, disdainfully, "I decline to go to singing-school with some one who has just insulted me."

Lurking somewhere in Sam's mental consciousness was the unframed, unacknowledged thought that during the ride to and from singing-school Nettie might convince him that she had not given the ring to Mark Sandrich, and they would part reconciled, to meet the next day on a more lover-like footing than ever. But Nettie's curt speech, and the scornful look with which she uttered it, made it evident to him that nothing but a most penitential apology on his part could effect a reconciliation. This he did not feel prepared to offer, so with a constrained good-evening he took his leave at once.

He mounted his horse and rode off, with his mind full of most uncomfortable thoughts. He finally came to the unhappy conclusion that whatever had become of the ring, Nettie wished to be rid of him any way. He would see her at church the next day, and if she did not speak to him, he would know this to be the case.

After Sam left, poor tired, grieved little Nettie sat looking at the fast fading glow which the sunken sun had left in the west, thinking bitterly that Mark Sandrich was hateful, Sam was cruel, circumstances were cruel; in short, everybody and everything was hateful or cruel. Even good Parson Saywell was mentally apostrophized as a "hateful old thing," as she saw him driving up with her step-mother.

The next day when services at the little church were over, Sam took a position beside the door, so that Nettie could not pass without seeing him. She walked by with her haughtiest air, ignoring his presence with an emphasis which showed her to be particularly conscious of it, and on reaching home hurried off to the bedroom to take a cry because she had not spoken to him.

A few days after this, Sam electrified his sister and brother in-law, with whom he was staying, by the information that he was going West. And West he went within the week. Poor Nettie!

> "Not one farewell word or message
> Soothed her pain."

She was quite crushed when Sam's sister told her that he had expressed a firm intention to stay away forever; and to her the time of his absence seemed like a large fraction of that illimitable period, though in point of fact he was back in time for the Christmas holidays.

Sam's return gave great pleasure to his relatives, especially to his hopeful young nephew and namesake, Sammie Somers, who insisted on sitting beside his prodigal uncle to eat his Christmas dinner.

Sam was talking with such animation that Sam junior's modest "I'll thank you for ketchup" was wholly unheeded.

"I want some green tomato ketchup to eat wiv my turkey," said Sammie, still unheeded.

"Yes, I like Colorado," Sam was saying. "Denver is a beautiful——"

"*Gimme* some *ketchup*," yelled Sammie, emphasizing the demand by bringing his knife down forcibly on the edge of his plate.

Sam senior supplied him liberally, and continued his remarks, which were presently interrupted by a violent coughing on the part of Sammie.

"Hello, Sam!" exclaimed his father and uncle in a breath, while his mother rushed to him and patted him on the back with maternal solicitude, until, to the surprise of all, Sammie coughed up a finger ring.

"Where on earth did that come from?" asked his mother.

"That hateful old ketchup," said Sammie. "I felt somefin in my mouf and it slipped right into my froat 'fore I could help it."

"Where did the ketchup come from?" asked Sam, who was examining the ring.

"It is some Mrs. Norwind sent me," replied his sister.

"I gave this ring to Nettie Norwind last summer," said Sam, reddening.

"You had better go and give it to her again," said his sister, who had an inkling of what had occurred before Sam went West.

That evening Sam went to call on Nettie, who, having heard of his return, had been wondering all day whether he would ever come to see her again or not. She felt that if he would only come she would treat him with a kindness which would assure him of her unchanging affection for him; but when he stood before her she took care that her greeting should not be too cordial.

Sam felt that a gentleman who had traveled should have repose of manner, and speak with ease and elegance, not introducing any subject prematurely or abruptly; so he conversed gravely for some time without any reference to the subject of their difficulty, which he finally introduced in what he considered a most felicitous manner. He spoke of Christmas and of the tender memories connected with it. Said he, "I think it is the time for peace on earth and good will to everybody, the time when every wrong should be righted, and those that have quarreled should renew their friendship."

He paused and looked impressively at Nettie, who fixed her eyes on the fire and answered with a little sigh, "Yes, but sometimes there's a gulf between people that can't be bridged over."

"I hope there's no such gulf between you and I, Nettie," said Sam tenderly and ungrammatically, as he moved his chair close to hers. Then he told her about the ring, and begged her to take it back and to take him too, with an ardor which betrayed a total forgetfulness of repose of manner and elegance of speech.

"You never would have believed in me," said Nettie, casting off his encircling arm, "if you had not found the ring."

"Indeed I would, Nettie. I have another ring that I bought in Denver for you. I determined when I bought it that no human finger should ever wear it unless my little darling would wear it as an engagement ring. Will you wear it?"

"Yes," whispered Nettie, and he produced the ring and slipped it on her finger.

Nettie looked at the new ring with admiration, but at the old one with fondness, saying, as she turned it on her finger, "I shall call this my ketchup ring, and I think I shall always love it better than the other."

"I don't care so you love me still better," said Sam.

Parson Saywell had often been heard to remark that Sister Norwind, though not much learned, was a woman of remarkable mind and uncommon abilities, and she had been heard to speak in equally high terms of him; so no one was much surprised when they followed Sam and Nettie to the hymeneal altar.

MATTIE E. SPERBECK.

Early Spring.

(*See Oil Picture.*)

WHEN Spring sings its faint notes through the realms of nature, the almond tree is the first to hear the call, and to put forth its beautiful pink blossoms. By some it is said to be the emblem of hope, by others, the emblem of indiscretion, because it blooms so early that the frost often kills the germs of its fruit.

Whether regarded as an emblem of hope, or an emblem of indiscretion, the blossoms of the almond tree are cordially welcomed, as they herald the lovely season of spring. The young lady in our charming picture, a sweet spring blossom herself, has just entered the terrace. It is early spring, but in her lovely land this season is genial enough to make the terrace an agreeable place to read in. Perhaps the book in her hand contains the sad story of the origin of the almond tree, and has aroused a deeper interest in the blossoms that suddenly greet her. It is a story of love, desertion, grief, and repentance—repentance that came too late.

Demophoon, a son of Theseus, when returning from Troy, was thrown by a storm on the shores of Thrace. Here he met the young queen Phyllis, fell in love with her, and married her. Called away by the death of his father, he promised his wife to return in a month. The day he was to arrive came, but he came not with it. Nine times the loving young wife went to the shore to meet him, and at length despair drove out hope from her heart, and she died of grief caused by her husband's prolonged absence. When he did return, it was to find the devoted Phyllis dead. To appease her manes, and to show his repentance, he offered a sacrifice on the shore, and was astonished to see an almond tree near by suddenly put forth numerous pink blossoms, as if approving of his act of repentance. He subsequently learned that his sorrowing wife had been changed by the gods into this almond tree. In this way do the Greeks account for the origin of this tree, the beautiful blossoms of which herald the spring.

The artist has given us a very pleasing picture, charmingly designed, and treated with excellent skill. The rich drapery of the dress is executed with great care, and the figure is admirably posed, and full of maidenly dignity.

Convenience and Ornament.

A FIRE screen which will be unique and tasteful may be arranged with an ordinary clothes-horse as a foundation. The smallest size, to be bought in any house-furnishing shop, is the most manageable. Take off one of the folds by untacking the straps that hold it. A double fold or panel is left, which is generally found sufficient for a sitting room. Ebonize the whole frame-work, including straps; if preferred these may be replaced by bright ribbons afterwards, though it is not necessary, as the webbing takes the black coloring very well, and bows of ribbon tacked on alternate sides has the same effect. The frame-work may be decorated to suit the fancy. A piece of felt, old gold, or dark blue, drawn tightly and tacked with gilt nails across one fold forms a good background for a design in embroidery or painting. A bunch of peacock feathers, caught against the felt with a bright ribbon, is effective. For the opposite fold or panel an artistic curtain of surah silk, sateen, or some thin Japanese material, with small rings attached at the top to slide on a brass wire. This wire is very firm, and it is well to get the width of the top and have both ends bent into a hook, at the hardware shop where it is bought. The rod is fastened to the screen by these hooks which slip into a couple of metal eyes screwed into the corners at the top of the panel. The little curtain may be finished by raveling and tying into a fringe the lower edge, or by a row of small tassels. It will be found very pleasant to have this curtain adjustable; it is made so by being on a rod, instead of fastened to the frame-work itself. A few brass hooks suited in size to the screen may be screwed into the standards. The piano duster, the bright little bag for holding the embroidery silks, the diminutive, walnut-mounted hearth broom, will find here a place to be hung, where they will be conveniently ready. Many ideas of decoration will come to mind when the frame-work is once taken out of its crude state by the black varnish or ebony paint, and no one will be disappointed when the finished screen takes its place, around the corner of the sofa or in front of the too cheerful blaze. The old-fashioned, low, kitchen stool of white pine may bear this artistic screen company by giving it also a coat of ebony and some further dressing. Before using the black paint, however, it is very necessary to join the parts by small nails, as they are too apt to be held only by glue, and when placed near the fire, in some unexpected moment will collapse with slight pressure. Layers of cotton wadding on top, held in place by a strong cloth tacked over, makes quite enough of a cushion. A remnant of blue or olive-green satin, Turcoman, or cretonne, will do for the cover. Fasten with bright nails—the *fleur de lis* shape is pretty—and the metamorphose is complete. The ends of the cover may be left to hang an inch or two, and finished with fringe or tassels if desired.

One more inroad upon kitchen furniture, and our trio of additions is complete. A novel waste paper and scrap receptacle was a present received by a lady. A water bucket with two brass bands had been painted by a young girl and lined with crimson satin, fastened in a ruffle around the edge inside with bright-headed nails. The scene without was a quiet little landscape in blue and yellow greens; in the foreground a cow was unconcernedly licking the paint from a sketch that stood on an easel, while the artist had wandered away. The whole thing made an agreeable change from the conventional straw and ribbon baskets that have held the place, and usefully too, for many years.

E. M. T.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

CHINA PAINTING AT HOME.

THE cinquefoil plate design in the January number of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, may have given some freedom in the use of yellows, so that they may be tried again with more ease on a larger flower. The corn-flower design in this number is given because the flower is simple for a beginner. The petals of the flowers can almost all be made with one long stroke of a good-sized square shader.

The colors needed for these flowers are mixing yellow, orange yellow, ochre, rich purple, brown, black, and olive green. For the leaves use mixing yellow, orange yellow, chrome green, rich purple, brown, and black. In painting a bunch of flowers it is needful to keep in mind a few simple rules. As light comes from the sun above us, the upper part of a bunch of flowers must naturally be lighter and brighter. If one sits down to paint a bunch of flowers, to work with comfort the light must come from the left-hand side, otherwise your hand shades your work. So your flowers must be lighter and brighter both above and on the left-hand side. Then the right-hand side, and also the lower and all distant flowers and leaves must be painted in deeper colors. In out-of-door work your light is everywhere and your shadows depend upon the position of the sun, but in in-door work it is easier to have the light on the left-hand side. The first flat colors of these flowers can be in the three colors, mixing yellow, orange, and ochre. Ochre is useful in shading yellow or alone, but will not mix well with greens. The upper buds, the left-hand flowers, and middle flowers coming nearest you, should be in a flat wash of mixing yellow. Those turned away or low down on the right can be in a wash of ochre, put on thin with thick oil, while the flowers in the middle can be in orange yellow. The flowers in mixing yellow can be shaded in orange with deeper touches at times with ochre, or with a thin wash of olive green to give a gray shadow. The orange flowers can be shaded with ochre and olive green, and the ochre flowers with brown and olive green. The high light in the cones of these flowers is a line of golden stamens, which can be put in with orange. The cone itself shades from a rich purple in a high light to a dark brown, almost black. Use for this lighter color rich purple, and for the rest brown and black, mixed with a little rich purple. Remember browns are apt to fire out, and black and rich purple is added to deepen and hold the color. Rich purple is a strong color and bears a hard fire, and so must be used with care. Let the first colors for your leaves be yellow green, blue green, and olive green. A light yellow green is chiefly mixing yellow with a little chrome green. A richer yellow green is chiefly orange yellow with a little chrome green. Blue green, as used for the high lights in leaves, is chrome green thinned with thick oil. It can be softened with a little mixing yellow or orange yellow. Olive green can be made with ivory black and mixing yellow, or with orange or brown or both instead of the mixing yellow. Chrome green can be used with the black if a green olive is needed. You can give an ochre tip to a leaf by blending the ochre and green with mixing yellow thinned with thick oil, so the colors will unite softly. Remember that yellow-green leaves and stems must be near the lighter flowers above and on the left-hand side. Olive must be used in the shadow on the right-hand side and below. Shade a yellow-green leaf with a bluer green, and a blue green with a yellower green, and both with touches of olive. The olive leaves are shaded with a darker olive and brown. These are general rules to be followed with the exercise of observation and common sense, for often a leaf is all one green shaded with its own color. If the high light is cold, that is blue, the shadow color is warmer and has more yellow. If the high light is yellow the shadow is bluer. The best effect is when you know this as a general rule and make your greens shade from light to dark with no sharp contrasts. Your outline color is brown No. 4, with a little rich purple and black added to hold the color. Do not outline with one continuous line, but break your line in a way to give meaning and character to the drawing.

Your background can be in greens deeper than those used in your leaves, shading to a deep olive and brown at the lower part of the plaque. Be sure to have plenty of color rubbed soft in good condition before you begin to put in the background. Start at the top with the lighter color and use your largest square shader spread flat and make the strokes in all directions, so as to give a mottled uneven look. Work your next darker color into this, blending the darker over on to the lighter, working the colors in wet, and in this way shade the background to the dark brown olive and deep brown at the bottom. If the colors seem harsh, you can blend them slightly with a blender, but do not work out the brush strokes, which will soften somewhat in the fire. Put in the whole background as rapidly as possible while the color is soft and easily worked. Last of all touch up your outline in any place where it is lost, and be sure there are no careless finger marks on the back side of your plaque when it is sent to be fired.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

Cottage Design.

OUR illustration is a design for a frame cottage-house of moderate cost.

The first floor contains four principal rooms, *i. e.*, library, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, with pantries and closets. The second floor has four chambers, with closets, bath, and dressing-rooms, there are also two servant's chambers in the attic with space for storage rooms. The height of first story may be nine and one half feet, the second story nine feet, and the basement seven feet.

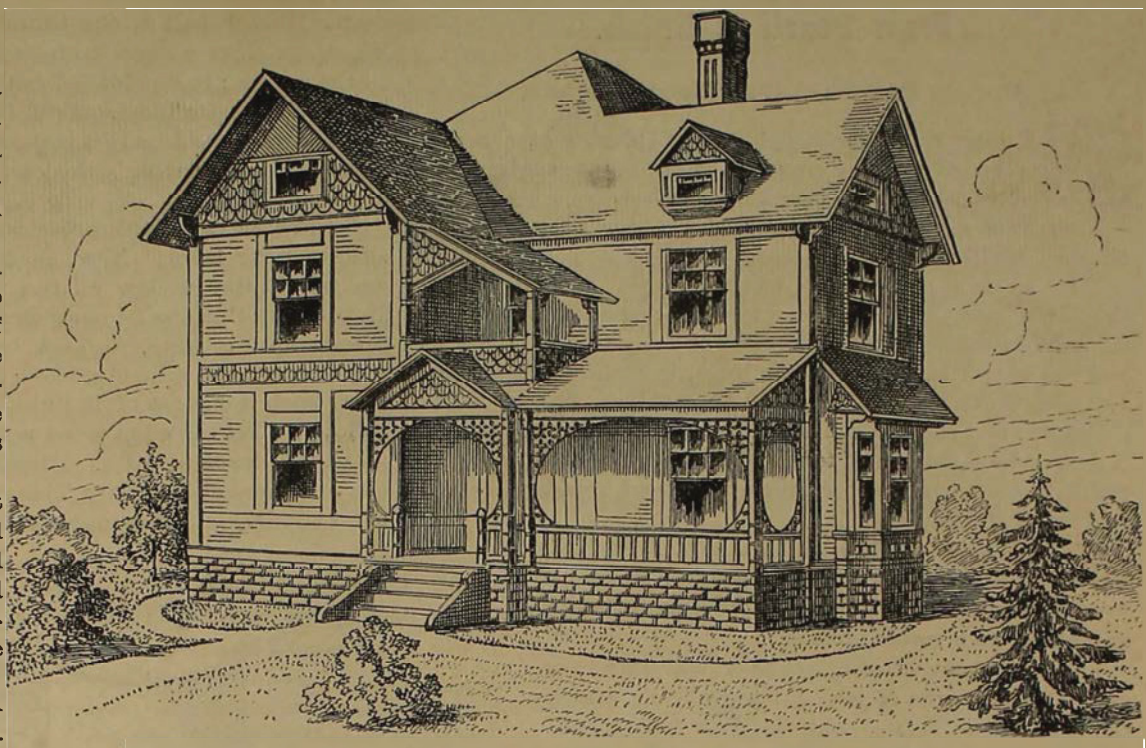
The house should be placed about three feet above grade line, to insure abundance of light and ventilation to the basement.

The foundation and underpinning are intended to be of brick—thirteen inches thick up to grade line to obviate the necessity of interior buttresses or wall supports—with a one-inch air space formed in the wall to prevent dampness and the admittance of frost into the cellar. There should be space in the basement for furnace or heater, having walls of brick so as to confine dust and ashes from other parts of the cellar, walls of laundry and vegetable rooms may be of pine sheathing. The floor throughout the basement should be of cement concrete, or a layer of brick with a coat of cement on top; strips of wood may be imbedded in the cement to which the flooring boards in the laundry may be nailed.

The frame of the house is of spruce covered with hemlock boards put on diagonally, with exterior finish of pine clapboards and bands of cut shingles as indicated by sketch.

The interior finish of hall and library to be of cherry; sitting-room and dining-room of ash, and the remainder of house of white pine all finished with oil and shellac. The doors are made of pine, with panels of hard wood corresponding with the interior finish of rooms in which they are hung; doors of this kind are very pleasing in effect, will not warp and cost no more than those made of all pine.

The cottage has about 1,200 square feet surface area, and would cost at $3.25 a square foot $3,900, at $3.75 a square foot about $4,500.



ROOFING.

Slate of good quality, well put on, is undoubtedly the most economical material that can be used as a roofing material. We herewith give a few hints in regard to roofing.

As a slate roof will last a lifetime, the workmanship and material, not only of the roof itself, but the frame and roof timbers supporting the same should be equally durable. Rafters 2½ x 8 are none too large, and if over eighteen feet they should be supported midway by a purlin, and framed together of well seasoned stock, so as to prevent any settlement of the frame.

As slates vary in thickness from one-eighth to one-fourth inch, they should be assorted into at least three piles, thick, medium, and thin, before being laid on the roof, the thickest to be placed at the eaves where the most wear comes, the thinnest at the top or ridge, and the medium thick between. By so doing, each adjacent slate being of equal thickness, greater beauty of appearance will not only be obtained, but snow and ice will be prevented from forming and blowing in the interstices between the slate.

Slate should be nailed to matched boards ; preferably of pine over a layer of thick paper, using copper, galvanized or tinned iron nails ; the former are the best, but expensive, the latter most in use, very serviceable and much less expensive.

The valleys, hips and ridges should be flashed with copper or zinc. The hips or outward angles of the roof should have a flashing in the form of a roll about two inches in diameter with sides projecting over the slate, or the slates may be beveled and the joints laid in elastic cement ; the former method is the most secure, while the latter has a point of looking neater in appearance.

The least pitch advisable for a slate roof to prevent rain and snow being driven through the interstices between the slates is about 26½° or one rise to two vertical.

It is obvious that a roof to shed water and snow easily should be as simple in design as possible ; no chimneys should be run up through a valley, or flat places allowed in the angles of the roof to retard snow and form ice ; where gutters are used they should be placed below the cornice or line of roof plane.

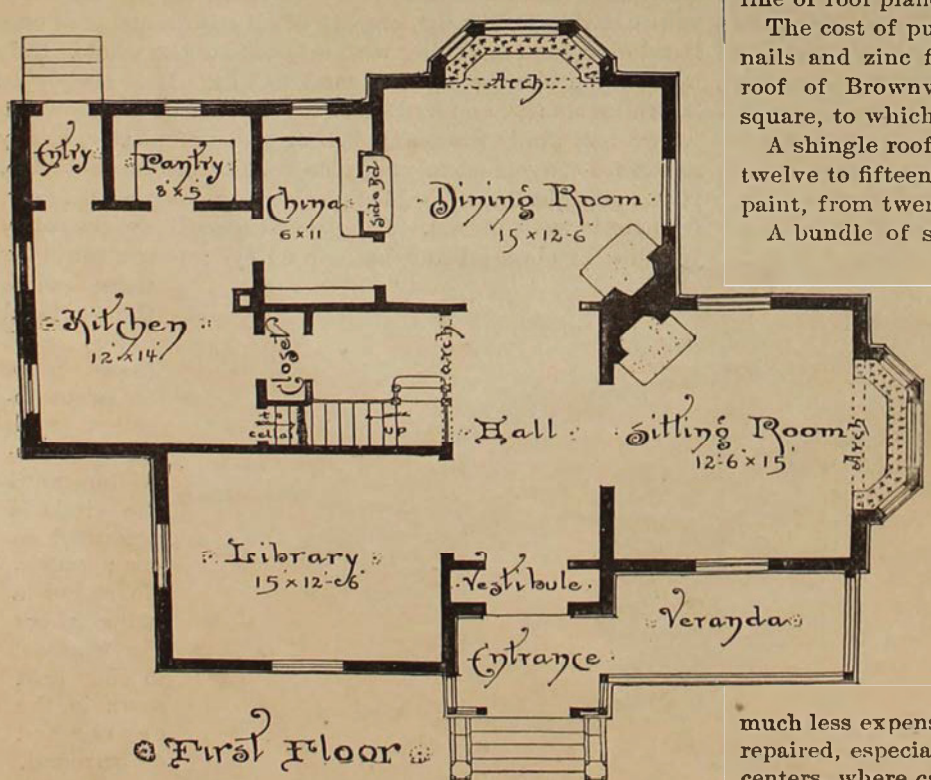
The cost of putting on a square of slate, including paper, nails and zinc flashings, is about $4, which would make a roof of Brownville, Maine. 12 x 6 slate cost about $10 a square, to which freightage from Boston must be added.

A shingle roof of best sawed pine shingles will last from twelve to fifteen years, and if painted, two good coats of oil paint, from twenty to twenty-five years.

A bundle of shingles containing one-fourth M is twenty widths of a shingle four inches, and if laid five and one-half inches wide, has twenty-five courses, making the average inches to the weather, presents twenty-two square inches surface to the weather. One M shingles will therefore cover, allowing for waste, about one hundred and fifty square feet, and will cost, including putting on, about $7.50.

The least pitch advisable for a slate roof is also applicable for a shingle roof, and the steeper the roof the longer the shingles will last, as rain and snow are more readily disposed of, and the shingles are less liable to be affected by the action of the weather.

The first outlay of a shingled roof is much less expensive than slate, and the former is more easily repaired, especially in rural districts, away from building centers, where cartage and the importation of workmen for repairs will be found quite an item.



From Pencil to Brush.

PART II.—PAPER III.

WE take this time a cylinder of plaster or a round piece of wood, a vase, or anything presenting the straight lines and rounded shadow.

Place it on a table and begin with charcoal on your large sheet of white paper.

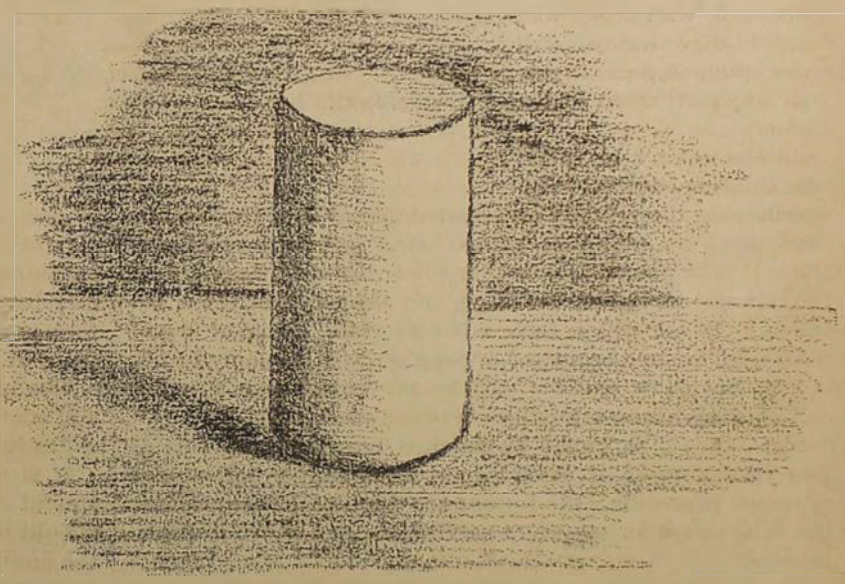
First locate it nicely—about in the center—a little toward the lower part of the paper, as before; then draw the two straight lines for the sides as near the size of the object as you can keep them. Two even lines, in right position, correct length, and smooth tone in themselves, present some difficulty, and the full control of the hand is severely tested. A dexterous lightness of touch is wanted; for a delicate, yet positive stroke, is easily corrected without roughening the surface of the paper.

We have dealt freely with this subject of line, but it is of primary importance and must be yours through hard labor before you can attempt anything like a stable picture.

The two lines of the cylinder will stand as vertical landmarks of your progress. We attack the curves, and this is but the first teaching of our course over again, but this time with a more powerful weapon than pencil and on a larger scale. Sad is it if you have not gathered sufficient strength from the smaller implement to cope with this.

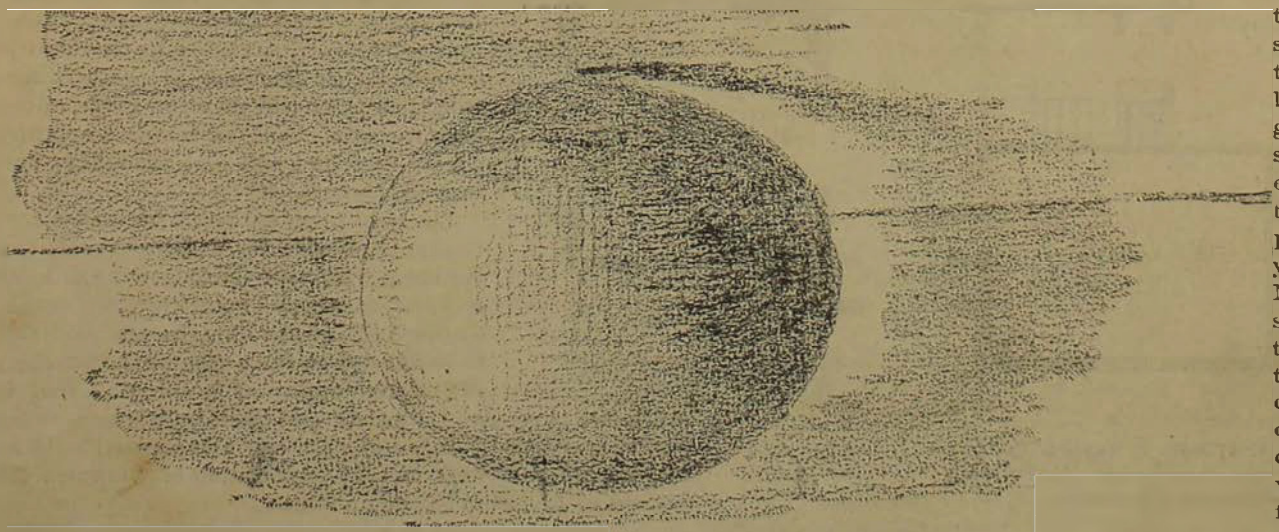
Shut one eye and gauge the breadth and length, one by the other, finding thus the proportion of the object. The curves link the lines together. They are obtained as you know by angles, a straight stroke in the center, two slants on the sides, and you have cut out the curves as it were, for, the angles stroked off, they become substantial rounds. Now in this too you see is perspective. Curves lower down droop more, and higher up rise more, according to position with the eye; then, too, the back of the ellipse forming the top of the cylinder is lower and a trifle smaller, being farther from the eye than the front of it. The flat top like the tables is another point to be fastened in mind. Lines and curves work, we repeat, on a system depending entirely upon their relationship to the eye. The crisp, cleanly-cut drawing done, the placement of the shadow and laying it in comes first; by stroking over the the surface lightly, then restroking to the required tone, rubbed down to perfect flatness with the ball of the thumb or a bit of chamois skin. There are three planes in the cylinder, like the three lines in the curves; these blended as the lines are stroked together produce the roundness. Hold fast this connection between line and plane as it is of great assistance in the comprehension of your drawing; the one explaining the other constantly.

Blend into light with great care for this is the beauty and skill of your labor. Now, shade the background and table and put in the shadow on the table, cast from the object. Never give this a solid character, for a shadow is at best an unsubstantial thing, subject to instantaneous change—it requires a light, shifting look; however deep it may be in tone, keep the edges of it light and floating; this prevents solidity. Yet the edge must not be ragged, but that happy mean that leads to truth. Close observation will best settle the treatment of shadows. This seems a long stretch through the cylinder, but if you have kept apace in the practical



work of it, you have made much exertion, for the success of your drawing means the keeping of all requirements at once in mind, doing each thing with reference to the whole. Only by training can the mind expand to this. It is simply an interminable *try*, and by this endeavor comes sure growth.

Our next study presents a ball or globe of plaster, or any substance convenient to you, placed as before on the table. If the straight lines troubled you, take a long breath now, for here is work indeed. Length and breadth are the same, you find by charcoal and half-closed eye; four strokes for these points the natural size, and these must be swept together with smooth, curved lines until the circle is presented on your paper. No tying a string about the charcoal to be held down in the center and drawn round, we want a freehand cir-



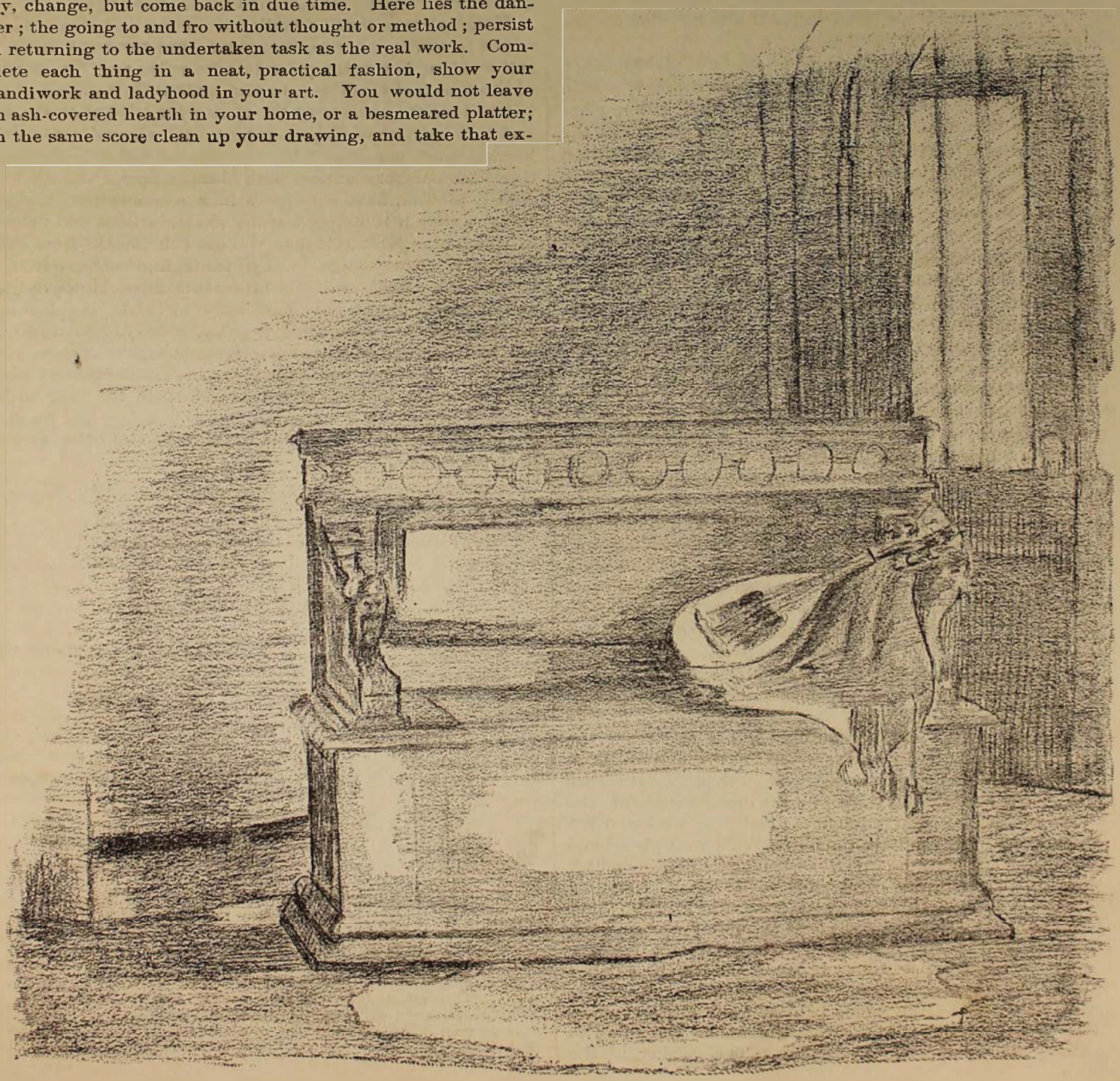
cle, smooth and tender, creeping round as softly as the sky ovals. It will not be the Italian Giotto's at once, but time and patience could bring it to that. Take out your line and put it back over and over again until you feel you have done your very best. Gaze steadily at the globe before you, study its curve, and with half-closed eye lay the charcoal along its edge and see how the straight bits slip into each other without a break.

The line obtained in all directions, as it is, the plane follows it in tone, slipping into tone, until the rounded surface is obtained. This requires nice treatment to be true and even and correct in form. Stroke the shadow on first, then blend it as before.

It is impossible for the mind or eye to be held at a tension on one object for any length of time. Only gradual training can enable us to stand this strain, and yet culture demands it. A change of form and work is a rest at once to brain and hand, and thus, when you find yourself utterly weary, fatigued with one object, do something else; seek variety, change, but come back in due time. Here lies the danger; the going to and fro without thought or method; persist in returning to the undertaken task as the real work. Complete each thing in a neat, practical fashion, show your handiwork and ladyhood in your art. You would not leave an ash-covered hearth in your home, or a besmeared platter; on the same score clean up your drawing, and take that extra care and trouble even at cost of time; for this the world will pay any price. To be dainty, immaculate, and yet not finicky or little-minded is a problem to be solved for one's greatest advantage.

Tire not at the rudiments, these simple forms, for the most elaborate work must be based on just this foundation, and you cannot work too long on the simple, solid thought of it.

And now such smooth, well directed lines should slip from the tip of your pencil that drawing should be no more effort than skating to a frequenter of the ice, just glide along and have an end of it. But, no—perhaps still you must knit your brow, struggle, fight, locate the beginning and end of every line, and, like a determined ferry boat, tug across from shore to shore. Keep on; don't grow impatient, it will come if you will only try; and for encouragement look out into the big world, and read the lives of great men and learn the history of workers, and then burn with interest and lose yourself at the end of the story—but go back to the quiet work-



place, lose yourself in the object before you, and some day, away on perhaps, your glow and fire will be there. Don't lament that it is hard and distant ; look at the multitude, theirs is like fate.

A child has no need of this mind teaching ; men need it less than women. The child is given its task without why or wherefore, and then is relaxed at play time. A man questions not, for a man *must* work and cleave out of the world his livelihood and what luxury he can add, and to women who are always "perhapsing" that they may be that luxury until their best training time is lost, comes double work, when 'tis proven : Work man, work woman, and live in unity together. A woman, then, must deliberately take an attitude to her labor according to her circumstances and the sensitiveness of her own nature, seek encouragement and learn defiant application, stern discipline of self, that she may be graciously rewarded, and in turn increase and scatter forth the gifts of heaven. It is all so simple, like the right and wrong, black and white, with the delicate shades between. We are apt enough to know the moral of the living ; the truth in art is hardly as difficult. Reduce the thing for yourself, and *work, work, work.*

The next piece of pencil work presents a carved oaken seat, a Roman mandolin and bit of antique drapery, a skin for a rug, and a doorway in the background. First place and locate the objects on your paper, then work out the form. Measure carefully with half-closed eye one portion with another until the whole is in due proportion, a perfect balance. The seat we determine is to be such a height ; then, the breadth depends upon the height. The seat is such a width in proportion, and so on ; the arms locate themselves in the same way. This done, the detail work falls in of itself. The mandolin is in such a position in regard to the seat, and such a shape in itself. Guard all this carefully, arranging each thing positively as it is, and making all fit nicely together. It requires the most gradual training to teach the eye nice discrimination, and you will hardly place the objects correctly until you have worked over them some time. Grasp the thought of one part of a drawing and it becomes for you the key to the whole, a basis as it were for you to construct upon. A carefully constructed drawing is easily finished, as the flat planes of shade can be laid on. The perspective slants are the main trouble, and must be governed wholly by the eye. Exaggeration is apt to be the fault ; do not neglect the swing with the rise up, up, up ; keep the line with the eye straight, then a gradual slant down and up, above and below. The effect must be easy and natural-looking, so work over all perspective lines until they look natural. Any study possessing much detail alarms you at once, but take for instance a decorated vase ; the light and shade (planes) are the same practically as those of the bulb vase we did in a previous paper, but the excrescences on the surface break the shadow, dividing it into many small tones. These trouble the eye and make the thing seem difficult, but the matter is easily solved. You get first the large bold shape of the vase, then the flat planes that give it shape, then work out the ornamentation to the extent you desire. Never touch the elaborate workmanship of an object until you have the object itself well placed and formed. Thus with the carved seat, find its planes and lay them in with deliberate consideration. If you feel assured that the drawing is true and satisfactory, lose all thought of it, and seize one tint as a basis of construction, as you fixed one line for the drawing, and with indefatigable patience compare every plane with it. It is not the tone of any one plane, but the relative value, the relationship, one thing with another, and the whole held in your mind at once. We must educate to this, so bravely reduce the thing to thorough comprehension each time. The getting of the lines clean and clear, the placing of the planes the proper depth in tone and quality, and you are gaining in simplicity; then the detail added by quick, light work, a mist dragged over the whole for that atmospheric feeling of life ; steel-like lines cutting things apart are suggestive of the vacuum that nature abhors.

The laborious work of doing, and taking out and putting in again, is sure to give you the mechanical hand power. This command and control of the instrument is the beauty of your work. No photograph or process of reproduction can ever equal the human touch any more than a musical instrument can ever supersede the natural voice.

Compare your work done at the first part of our course and the work you are now doing. At once you feel the difference in the quality of the lines, in the flat quietness of the planes.

We have marked with greatest interest this growth in the work of our members. It is with satisfaction that we lose the timid tremble of the earlier work, in the flat strength that gives positive rest to this second set of drawings.

Pictures are so much a matter of feeling that it is difficult to put in words their requirements ; but the main thing in self-teaching is a willingness to take pains and the trouble of thought that condemns, to find fault with the work done, to test it to the utmost by the closest knowledge of the object. Keep your work picturesque, well shaped, attractive-looking from the start. This means attention to composition. You arrange a room with ideas of fitness and use ; so with a picture, have a purpose in it, a conception of something, unless it is simply a study to obtain lines and values, in which case look to it that you get full benefit from such drudgery. Every course you go through must have in it or beyond it a result, and this ultimatum must be slaved for and obtained, or you have half lost your battle. A dozen unfinished sketches give some practice, we say. So they do ; but had we pressed on to completion how much more sure would we be of our own capacity. Do not delude yourself with attempts, leaving your real ability in the mist to be strained after like glimmering lights in a fog, but frankly do your best, from the beginning and the end of what you have undertaken.

Criticisms for quarter ending January 1st will be found at the end of Ladies' Club.

Drawing for the next quarter will be sent in by April 1st.

Please put name and address on the back of each drawing.

FLORENCE.

"Ear hath not Heard."

THERE is music too low for us to hear—
The beetle that lives its life in the grass
Hears melodies sweet in the rustling blades
That over it sway as the light winds pass.

For I sometimes hear, of a summer day,
As I lie in the shade, a soft refrain
Like the echo faint of a hunter's horn,
Or the dying fall of a wind harp's strain.

There is music too grand for us to hear—
The wonderful stars in their courses swing
With songs so sublime that the angels lean
From the windows of heaven to hear them sing.

For I sometimes hear, as I stand alone,
'Neath the solemn sky when the night winds blow,
Afar in the limitless halls of space
The voices of multitudes chanting low.

And I think, as the eye now "darkly" sees,
Through its prison of flesh heareth the ear ;
And not till we're rid of this cumbrous clay
Will we know what it is to see and hear.

E. V. WILSON.

A Woman's Club.

BY JENNY JUNE.

(*Continued from page* 260.)

AT the close of the year 1869 the membership of Sorosis had increased from the fourteen with which the actual organization began, to nearly a hundred, and much had been done toward arranging and perfecting the basis upon which the Club, with slight modifications, has continued to exist. Standing committees on literature, art, music and the drama had been formed, and the office of "custodian," afterwards enlarged to "custodia," created and filled. The idea of this was to furnish a sort of initiatory experience to the younger members of the Club, to give them charge of the properties, and make them supervisors and assistants of the attendants at lunch, especially with reference to guests. The plan has worked well, and the "custodia" are a valued part of the organization of to-day; although, as they are now elected officers, the whole number (five) is not made up from youngest members.

One little joking incident, which occurred during the second year (1869) of the Club's life, only needs mention on account of the wide currency given to it abroad as well as at home, and the misstatements since made, in and out of print, in regard to it. A gentleman (Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt) sent a long, formal letter to the President describing his qualifications and requesting that his claims to membership be considered, and his proposition to that effect be laid before the proper authorities. The vein of irony was, of course, clearly perceptible throughout the apparently respectful and lawyer-like document, and to it Mrs. Croly sent the following reply—

"DEAR SIR: Your proposition to become a member of Sorosis was laid before the executive committee, and subsequently before the Club. I regret to say the decision was not in your favor. The reasons, it is only fair to state, were not those of character, position or personal merit, but consisted solely of society restrictions as to sex. Personally you have been found very agreeable by several members of Sorosis. Reputation and position are alike unexceptionable; but the unfortunate fact of your being a man outweighs these and all other claims to membership. We willingly admit, of course, that the accident of your sex is on your part a misfortune, and not a fault. Nor do we wish to arrogate anything to ourselves because we had the good fortune to be born women. We sympathize most truly and heartily with you and the entire male creation in their present and prospective desolation and unhappiness; but this is all we can do. Sorosis is too young for the society of gentlemen, and must be allowed time to grow. By and by, when it has reached a proper age, say twenty-one, it may ally itself with the Press Club, or some other male organization of good character and standing; but for years to come its reply to all male suitors must be, 'Principles, not men.'"

The correspondence subsequently appeared in the New York *Herald*, and was copied and commented upon by papers all over Europe and America.

At the close of the year Mrs. Croly declined a renomination, and the choice for President fell upon Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, a lady of exceptional ability, associated with Mrs. Croly in the founding and early work of the Club, and admirably well fitted, by personal qualifications and the possession of leisure, for the position of leader of a still young and struggling society.

Mrs. Wilbour instituted a series of lectures on Health and Dress Reform for Women, to be given by medical women in various halls and in the vestries of churches, which were well attended and did much toward arousing the interest of women in physiological questions. She assisted many women in their efforts to obtain the recognition of the public, and gave an impetus to worthy work, in and out of Sorosis, which has left a lasting impress. Mrs. Wilbour was elected President for five successive years, and, besides instituting entertainments in behalf of needy individuals and for literary and social purposes, gave a series of "Valentine" evenings, at her own house on the Fourteenth of February of three successive years, to which each member and guest was invited to contribute; the contributions, many of them of a highly respectable literary character, being afterward collected and printed in book form for presentation to the participants. Her crowning work was the revival of the idea of the "Congress," as proposed by Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, and the "Woman's Parliament," as proposed by Mrs. Croly, and the fusion of both these in a scheme which resulted in the movement known as the "Association for the Advancement of Women."

At a business meeting of Sorosis on June 2d, 1873, the President (Mrs. C. B. Wilbour) stated her desire that Sorosis should develop upon a broader basis. She thought some more positive action might be taken to lead others. The Club was often asked to co-operate with individuals in enterprises that had previously suggested themselves to the minds of some of its members; why should not Sorosis itself inaugurate a movement that would cover the ground and unite these interests? She then spoke of a "Congress," and proposed that Sorosis, through its able Secretary, Miss Alice Fletcher, should address a letter to representative women everywhere, as far as they were known and it was practicable, asking their co-operation in a work which could not fail to be of lasting importance, and urged on the part of every member a strong personal effort to make the movement a worthy one, its object the highest good of women. It was accordingly voted that a "Call" should be issued (which was done in July, 1873) for a convention of women, to be held in the autumn of that year, to discuss and specify the nature and object of the association to be formed. A further notice, called a "Messenger," signed by the officers of Sorosis, was sent to women in different parts of the country who have conquered an honorable place in reform work, inviting them to give their names for a call to a "Woman's Congress." On August 23d, at a meeting of the Executive Committee of Sorosis at the house of the President, a mass of correspondence was read, giving a voluminous and hearty response to the "Messenger." A "Call" was accordingly prepared and sent out, signed by nearly a hundred and fifty of the best known women of the day. In this Call it was declared that "At the conference we hope to found an association, at the annual gathering of which shall be presented the best ideas and the most advantageous methods of the foremost thinkers and writers. Therefore we solicit the presence or responsive word of all accordant associations of women, and of women teachers, preachers, professors, physicians, artists, editors, leading capitalists, and practical philanthropists.

In the deliberations at the preliminary meetings, it was decided that the object was "not to secure an enlarged membership, but to gather the earnest few who should constitute a deliberative assembly upon the best interests of their sex," and it was also resolved "that no one subject should receive undue attention." Letters of inquiry and encouragement poured in to the committee having the matter in charge, and upwards of sixteen hundred letters and circulars were sent to prominent women in this country and Europe. On the evening previous to the first session of the future "Congress," a meeting was held of all the signers of the call then in New York, at which the order of exercises was indicated; and on the morning of October 16th, 1873, a large assemblage of women met at the Union League Theater, in New York, and proceeded to organize. Mrs. Wilbour declining to act as President, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore and other officers were then balloted for, a list of which is too long for insertion here and not essential to this brief record.

A three days' meeting then followed, ladies only admitted during the day, but both sexes in the evening. The meetings increased in interest, and elicited great and growing enthusiasm.

List of papers read at First Congress :

"How Can Women Best Associate?" Julia Ward Howe.

"Enlightened Motherhood." Augusta Cooper Bristol.

"The Inviolable Home." C. B. Wilbour.

"The Co-Education of the Sexes." Mrs. E. C. Stanton.

"A Collegiate Education for Women." Caroline A. Soulé.

"No Home and the No Home Influences." Laura M. Bronson.

"The Higher Education of Women." Prof. Maria Mitchell.

"Normal Higher Education." Miss Frances E. Willard.

"Woman's Work in the Pulpit and Church." Rev. Augusta J. Chapin.

"Women in the Industrial Arts." Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford.

"The Relation of Woman to Her Dress." Mrs. Abba G. Woolson.

"Woman's Place in Government." Mary F. Eastman.

"The Enfranchisement of Woman." Isabella Beecher Hooker.

"The Relation of Woman to the Temperance Cause." Elizabeth K. Churchill.

"Practical Culture." Emma Marnsedel.

"Kindergarten." Miss E. P. Peabody.

"Temperance." Harriet N. H. Goff.

"Endowments for Women's Colleges." Catharine E. Beecher.

"Of the Needs and Claims of Women Teachers." Catharine E. Beecher.

"On the Cheering Prospects of Woman." Mrs. Stowe and Miss Beecher.

"Women in the Medical Profession." Mary Putnam-Jacobi.

"The Relation of Woman's Work in the Household to the Work Outside." Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell.

"Woman in the Legal Profession." Phebe A. Cousins.

There were also letters read from the Crown Princess of Germany, Jean Ingelow, Frances Power Cobbe, Emily Faithful, Alice B. Lee Geyt, Arethusa Hall, M. Merewether, Catharine M. Johnston, Rev. Ada C. Bowles, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, C. M. Severance, Catharine A. F. Stebbins, Lina B. Bérued of Lausanne, and the "Corneclée" of Florence, Italy.

This Association for the Advancement of Women has held an annual "Congress" every year since, in various cities of the North and West, and has done an incalculable work in arousing and stimulating women of various sections to intellectual life and activity.

In the spring of 1874 Mrs. Wilbour went abroad, leaving the First Vice-President, Rev. Phebe Hanaford, to fill the presidential chair, which she did with marked ability, contributing many valuable papers to the literary work of the Club, and impressing the strength of her conscience and convictions upon the general tone and spirit of the membership in a very high degree.

In 1875 Mrs. Croly was re-elected President, a position she has continued to fill up to the present time, having been re-elected every succeeding year for ten years; as also the Recording Secretary, Mrs. Mary A. Newton. In May, 1875, a "May Festival" was held, notable for the number of distinguished men and women it brought together, and also for the presence of the famous journalist and editor who had said in a leading editorial, in 1868, that if a woman's club held together for one year, a good many people would find it necessary to revise their opinion of women. Called upon to retract *his* opinion, he did so in a complete, honorable, and manly manner. It was in the great banqueting hall at Delmonico's, on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, before the up-town house was built, that the festival was held; and it was draped with the flags of all nations, while among the guests were Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of the Woman's Club, of Boston, and leading representatives of all the higher fields of labor in which women are engaged. On this occasion Mrs. Julia Ward Howe told how little she had expected, and how much she had received, of benefit, from her association with a woman's club. Miss Anna C. Brackett made a memorable speech on behalf of teachers and their work; and brilliant addresses were made by such well known gentlemen as Colonel Thomas Knox, Hon. John Russel Young, John Swinton, and others. An extract from the brief address of the President will show the constructive basis upon which the work of the Club was projected.

"We have invited you here to improve our mutual acquaintance, to extend to you the right hand of fellowship, and to eat with you the salt that represents good will and fraternity. We know that ignorance is the creator of prejudice, and that the more we know the more we can tolerate; perhaps we have thought that closer acquaintance would make those who knew and liked us a little, like us better, and prove to those who have not known us at all, that a Woman's Club is nothing monstrous or unnatural. Having you here we intend to embrace the opportunity to tell you in a very few words what the principal object of Sorosis is, and of what elements it is composed, and then you can judge in what we are better or worse than the average male club of the period. Our membership is divided up into Committees, the work of which is to keep *en rapport* with whatever belongs to their department, especially when it relates to the doings of their own sex; and in bringing the results to the social meetings of the Club—presenting summaries of the facts, and discussing the questions that grow out of them, so that the knowledge of one and the opportunities of one in any direction shall, in a certain sense, become the knowledge and opportunities of all. Moreover, properly systematized and understood, the work of the Club will become the history of what is being done by and for women, as well as a record of new events in the world of intelligent activity. We do not paint pictures, perhaps, but we want to know all about those who do, and if it is a woman, what kind of pictures she paints, and if she gets more money than she would for making a shirt or dress. As a club we do not get up dramatic entertainments, but we want to know how the drama affects the interests and welfare of women, socially, mentally, morally, physically, and pecuniarily, and whether we want to train our daughters in that direction for a livelihood. We are not even much to boast of in the way of philanthropy, for we prefer to find out what have been the results of other people's giving to giving ourselves, unless it is a case that unmistakably appeals to human sympathy and can't wait for the discussion of the 'question.' This, gentlemen and ladies, will give you an idea of how we contrive to pass our time shut out from the intellectual masculine occupations of smoking, drinking, and playing cards."

During that year the "Committee on Education" was substituted for Committee on Higher Education, and "Committee on House and Home" for Sanitary Committee; a Standing Committee on Journalism was created, which has since been resolved into the office of "Journalist." 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. It further stated that the step had been taken with a full knowledge of all that a new departure like this involves, and from an earnest conviction that the time had arrived when opportunities should be as freely offered to young women as to young men. It was urged that

First—"The immediate and obvious advantage of the carrying out of this movement will be, first, to raise the standard of education in our already excellent private schools, and furnish a test of their efficiency, and the character of the work done, of which the public can judge, and which will confer an inestimable benefit upon successful competitors, in the effort to obtain honorable recognition and pecuniary reward.

Secondly—"This effort is beyond measure important, as being the first in the metropolis which extends that recognition to women already accorded in Boston; in Ann Arbor, Michigan; in Syracuse, and other parts of the United States; and the tardy justice having been done, it ought to be made complete, and worthy of its source, and of New York itself.

Thirdly—"It is beyond question that the City of New York offers the most varied opportunities for the cultivation by women of the arts and the professions; and it is essentially desirable that its standard of education should be the highest, its provisions the most liberal and perfect for preparation for an active or studious career."

The proposition was subsequently seconded by a determined effort on the part of a large number of the most influential ladies and gentlemen of New York City, and by the strong and earnest co-operation of Dr. Barnard, the able president of Columbia College; but it was not successful.

The club life of Sorosis is naturally restricted by its avoidance of the expensive responsibility of a club-house, but its enjoyment has been greatly enhanced by its fortunate and permanent choice of quarters—their agreeable and refined character, and their possession of all needed provision, while imposing only an equal and moderate responsibility. Regular meetings are held twice in every month, on the first and third Mondays; the first for social purposes—music, the reading of papers and discussion, preceded by a lunch. This is known as "social" day, and to these meetings guests may be invited by members. The third Monday is "business" day. The meetings on these days are simply for the transaction of Club business. They are usually short; begin at 11 A.M., and terminate with, instead of being preceded by a lunch.

Each social day is under the auspices of a standing committee, which furnishes the literary part of the programme. I do not use the word entertainment for the reason that these exercises are more for the development and exercise of the talent of the membership than for the mere purpose of amusing an audience. But this very fact, together with the diversity and suggestiveness, if not decided originality, of the papers and discussions, never fails of exciting interest among intelligent and discriminating women, whether guests or members.

As an evidence of the sentiment cherished by absent members, I give a little poem sent from England for an anniversary occasion, by Ella Dietz Clymer:

A SONG FOR SOROSIS.

Sweetheart over the sea,
What shall I send to thee?
What shall I send to the queen of June?
An English rose, or a spring-like tune?
A red, red rose of the summer time
Hid 'neath the snows of a winter's rhyme.

Sweetheart over the sea,
This would I send to thee—
A plaintive song that should make thee sad,
A sweet wild rose that should make thee glad,
For until thou hast gazed on sorrow's face
Thou never canst know the rose's grace.

Sweetheart over the sea,
This would I send to thee—
A song that should echo every cry
From suffering hearts beneath the sky;
Strong words that might wake thee to hear and know
The depth of this world's wild sob of woe.

Sweetheart over the sea,
This would I send to thee—
A mystic rose whose power should prove
That the answer to every grief is love;
Though the thorn may pierce, and the red wound smart,
The healing balm lies within the heart.

Sweetheart over the sea,
A rose and a song for thee,
But 'neath the snow the blossom lies.
And the song is cold as the dull gray skies;
When the clear bright blue shall foretell the spring,
The bud will bloom and the bird take wing.

ELLA DIETZ.

LONDON, *January 26th*, 1876.

With kind remembrances and love to *all*.—E. D.

In the month of March the annual election of officers takes place, and the third Monday of that month instead of being devoted to business is set apart for the "Anniversary" dinner. This is usually a brilliant occasion. The ladies invite guests, and come arrayed as for a dinner-party in handsome toilets, and wearing flowers. The tables, too, are adorned with flowers; and as every member is invited to contribute something—speech, song, toast, or story, the after-dinner result is varied and original.

Once a year, too, on the third Thursday in January, Sorosis gives a reception and dinner at Delmonico's, to which gentlemen are invited, and in the exercises of which they participate. The dinner given by Sorosis, and the then "Press" Club of New York, unitedly, seventeen years ago, was the first great public dinner at which women ever sat down upon equal terms with men, paying their own way and sharing the honors and the exercises; and the dinners given by Sorosis, upon which occasions the gentlemen have been the guests of the ladies, have been the largest ever given by any associative body in New York city, testing the capacity of the great banqueting hall beyond reasonable limits, and gathering men, as well as women distinguished in every walk of life.

One of the functions of Sorosis and kindred societies is the recognition of good work accomplished by women, as some offset to the social marks of distinction bestowed by men upon men. Miss Emily Faithfull was honored by such a reception at the hands of Sorosis on her first visit to this country, and while Mrs. Wilbour was president; and almost every woman of eminence who has visited this country, or is known here, has been a guest of the Club, the President, or some one of the members during the past ten years. A memorable occasion was that of a complimentary reception tendered to Mrs. Martha J. Lamb on the completion of her admirable History of the City of New York, a work involving the patient labor and research of more than ten years. Foremost representatives of the histrionic profession have also been thus recognized, while a larger number of well known women in the different professions are enrolled in the membership.

Sorosis has never claimed to be a philanthropic or charitable organization; in fact it persistently disclaims any benevolent object in its existence, except the general one of collective elevation and advancement. The aim of its philanthropic committee is not so much the execution of philanthropic schemes or the forwarding of individual enterprises, as inquiry and investigation into causes and conditions, with a view to individual enlightenment, into methods best suited to reduce the amount of evil and suffering, and advance the sum total of right-doing and happiness. Previous to the formation of the "committee on philanthropy" as a standing committee, an "Emma Willard" Fund had been instituted, named for an honorary member of Sorosis and famous educator, the object of which was to provide scholarships in some good educational institution, for poor but deserving girls. One was obtained and given, but some time after the formation of the committee before mentioned, the remainder of the fund, amounting to a very few dollars, was transferred to a fund created and held by the philanthropic committee for special purposes. Between 1878 and 1884 there was given by this committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs.

Henry Herman, fifty dollars (1878–9) to the Fruit and Flower Mission, free passes to Europe for a consumptive woman and newly-born child; also a supply of clothing for mother and baby; fifty dollars by the Club, through the committee, for the yellow fever sufferers at Memphis; a beautiful floral gift to the West Point Soldiers' Burial Ground. In May of 1879, a large box of well-assorted clothing was sent to the Mayor of Milton, Penn., for the relief of sufferers by fire in that town. The following autumn six entertainments were projected and carried out by the chairman and her committee, designed to furnish funds to fit up club rooms, but the Club, as a whole, not wishing to change its quarters; the proceeds, amounting to seven dollars, over and above expenses, was paid over to the Treasurer of Sorosis to increase its fund; at the same time the "Emma Willard Fund," was merged in the "committee on philanthropy," and the small sum remaining to its credit (four dollars and eleven cents), was increased by the chairman from her private purse to one hundred dollars and made the nucleus of a "Philanthropic Fund," from which fifty dollars was given to the "Working Women's Protective Union." In 1881, three entertainments were given by the Philanthropic Committee, the proceeds of which (over expenses) were three hundred and fifty dollars, to which Mrs. Pendleton Higgins added a donation of two hundred and fifty dollars. Of the whole amount, two hundred and eighty-one dollars were disbursed on behalf of the club to needy persons. During the same year a large package of clothing was sent to Michigan, also a large trunk full of garments to the Woman's National Relief Association, for use at life-saving stations.

In 1882 a benefit was projected for the mission church of which the Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford was the then pastor, and a lecture, in response to request, kindly given by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, at the residence of the chairman, which netted two hundred and seventy-four dollars, after all expenses were paid. To increase the philanthropic fund, impaired by liberal donations, the chairman gave at her residence in 1883 an entertainment, the literary part of which consisted of an illustrated lecture on Japan, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, and the social part, as usual, of a subsequent reception, and collation, of a most enjoyable character. In December of that year the Club voted one hundred dollars as a Christmas gift to be divided between two charities, the two decided upon being the Children's Aid and Charity Organization Societies. The same year was given one hundred dollars to a widow as a loan, and one hundred dollars to a member. Ten dollars also to a young woman worker in a type foundry, disabled by illness, and the only support of an invalid father.

In 1884, and beginning of 1885, one hundred dollars was disbursed in sums of twenty-five dollars each, to a needy woman artist, twenty-five dollars each to two students of a technical school, through Dr. Anna Dinsmore French, and one hundred dollars for the funeral expenses of a destitute teacher of elocution. Sorosis also on one occasion conducted the funeral exercises of a lady whose friends were few, one of its members, Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, preaching the funeral sermon, two others, Miss Clara E. Stretsman and Mrs. Clementine Lazar Studwell, singing the beautiful hymns, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and one of Phebe Cary's. Sorosis also took care, till she died, of a destitute woman, who had been a public reader, and paid a part of her funeral expenses. In the spring of 1885, Mrs. Herman resigned her chairmanship of the committee on philanthropy, having furnished each year excellent papers for discussion on "her Social day," and leaving, after all the outlay, a balance in bank of three hundred and fifty-three dollars.

The following among the questions discussed will show the experience and grasp of subject brought to bear upon the philanthropic idea:

"Does the present system of philanthropy, as administered by public charity and private benefaction, operate to the best interests of the poor?"

(1883) *Resolved*, "That it is more truly philanthropic to furnish the children of the poor instruction in industrial arts than in the higher branches of the schools."

Resolved, "That it is not charity the feeble and imperfect need so much as aid and opportunity for exercise and development. The results of individual benevolence must always be temporary and partial, since it is a law that everything thrives in proportion to the development of its own powers. While therefore we may resort to charity as palliative of existing evils, we must rely on the spread of education, and the knowledge of better principles, to produce a growth, and public opinion that may permanently remove them."

In summing up the work accomplished by women's clubs, the most important is this: They have opened the door to women everywhere—there are no social activities now from which they are excluded. One can only realize the difference by recalling society as it existed twenty years ago, before the first woman's club was founded, and women had not yet been admitted, as Alice Cary expressed it, "above the salt."

Optimism.

WHO from the hand of life has won
The best he has sought, and who can say,
When the night comes down to clasp the day,
That all he promised to do is done?

Who can say that the cup he quaffs
Is always sweet, and who but knows
That the path is shadowed by waiting woes,
What time he dances and sings and laughs?

And who but knows that pleasure shares
His kingdom with pain, and who but feels
Cold in his face the while he kneels
The breath of his own unanswered prayers?

Who has not learned that friendship flies
Ere we've held its hand a moment's space,
While hatred clasps with a strong embrace,
And looks in our own with baleful eyes?

What shall he say? That all is loss?
That life is barren, and cold and vain,
With never a joy to atone for the pain,
With never a crown so great as the cross?

With never a love that is true and sweet,
With never a friendship fair and strong;
With never a grand triumphal song,
For evil trodden beneath the feet?

Nay, the wine is sweet and the earth is fair,
Tho' bitter the lees, though the tempest mars,
And love is true, and the night hath stars,
Though the sad soul walks in black despair.

The tide of fortune ebbs to and fro;
The mists and vapors of earth uprise,
And make a glory of all the skies,
And out of the grave-dust violets grow.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

The World's Progress

IN THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

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.

A New Cereal.

A New Jersey farmer can claim the glory of having brought into existence a cereal which may prove of incalculable value to the race. He has succeeded in making a cross between the wheat and rye plants. The propagating organs of the former are so guarded by nature that no other cereal can impregnate it. But this Jerseyman by removing the male organs from the wheat, and exposing the seed has succeeded in fertilizing it with Pollen from the rye plant. These experiments have continued for several years, and this spring there will be planted probably a hundred of these hybridized seed, which ought to produce over five thousand seed in the fall. Of course all agriculturists are aware of the immense importance of a new cereal that would combine the qualities of the wheat and rye plants. But it may be necessary to explain to those who are not farmers what some of these are. Rye can grow in poorer soil, and matures quicker than wheat. Good crops of it are raised on soils which have been impoverished by wheat growing. This is true of three-fourths of the arable soil of the United States. This new hybrid, if extensively grown, would give us an immense advantage over the rest of the world, for it could be raised almost anywhere in the United States, and so cheaply that we could undersell the world. Of course this is assuming that the seed would make almost as good flour as wheat and that it would be as easy to raise as rye. It is surprising that more attempts have not been made to improve the products of the soil. Is it not possible that more weeds (for wheat and rye were once weeds) could be utilized by the inventions and labors of man. What wonders have been accomplished in the way of the improvements in fruits? Experiments are now making with Ramie grass which may yet give us a cloth almost as cheap as cotton, while as durable and beautiful as damask or fine velvet.

How Wealth is Created.

In no era of the world has wealth been created so rapidly as during the last thirty years. With our forefathers, land was the foundation of all riches, but in this modern era corporate ownership develops the largest accumulations. The telephone companies furnish a case in point. One of these, for instance, was organized with a capital of $1,000,000. The hundred dollar shares at first sold below $25, but they rapidly advanced to $1,000. Then an additional $9,000,000 was put on the market, and subsequently the capitalization was increased to $20,000,000. The hundred dollar shares of this company are now quoted at $175 which means that the possessor of one of the original shares for which $25 was paid has not only received in dividends many times the amount of the purchase-money, but actually owns stock to the amount of $3,500, or $140 for every dollar originally invested. There are quite a number of telephone companies in which the stockholders have done equally well. All over the country will be found rich men who have made their fortunes in corporate investments of this character.

Royal Authors.

One of the most significant signs of the times is the disposition of monarchs to achieve distinction in art, letters, or science. Louis Napoleon III. wrote a life of Cæsar, Queen Victoria has published several works in her own name, and now the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria is the author of a scientific work, which, it is expected, will create a *furor*. The Crown Prince has already mastered ten languages. He has traveled over Europe and a part of Asia and Africa. Although a Roman Catholic in religion, in matters of science he is an evolutionist. Travelers in the old world are struck with the fact that the rulers recognize their duties to the community. Their palaces are now the property of the public. Their art galleries and collections are schools for the education of public taste. Time was when the monarch was everything and the people nothing, but now the former recognizes that he is the servant, not the master of his people.

Still Another Anæsthetic.

Urethan is the name of a newly discovered sleep producer which seems to have remarkable and very useful qualities. Dr. von Jaksch has made a thorough test of it and claims that it induces sleep without any subsequent bad effects. The trouble with all narcotics and other anæsthetics is that the sleep they produce makes injurious demands on the nervous system. Urethan seems to have no after-evil consequence. It will not, however, help consumptive patients troubled with harrassing coughs, nor does it allay neuralgia, nor the intense lacerating pains which certain physiological derangements bring about. It follows that Urethan ought to be a specific for ordinary insomnia, but probably it is too soon to give a judgment on that point. It would be a great triumph for medical science if it would be in the power of physicians to bring about, by artificial means, a sleep that was restful and restorative.

Local Option Again.

The Georgia experiment of local option has been so well advertised lately that it is not generally known that other States have made progress in the same field. The experiment has been going on in Maryland since 1874, when the principle of local option for counties as to regulating or prohibiting the liquor traffic was first put in practice. The work that preceded this law of 1874 was accomplished by the Maryland State Temperance Alliance, whose leader and President, Hon. William Daniel, has furnished the *Independent* with a brief history of the results of the local option system in Maryland. "Our policy," says he, "has been, as a rule, to obtain for each county a distinct law, requiring a vote to be taken on the question of prohibition, and either the aggregate majority of the whole county to determine the question, or the majority to determine it in each district respectively, some counties having adopted the one method and some the other. But when a vote has been taken on the matter, we have never provided by any of our laws that there should be a second vote. So that, if prohibition is gained, or lost, that status of things remains until another special act of the Legislature is obtained for a re-vote. In nearly all our counties where prohibition has been thus secured, it has worked well, and the laws have been generally well enforced. In a number of counties, where the question has been submitted the second time, after having tried prohibition for a few years, the result has generally been, on the second trial, a largely increased vote for prohibition; and there have been but two exceptions to this."

Health Exhibitions.

In view of the very great success that attended the Health Exhibition in London last year it is proposed that one shall be held shortly in New York City. Such expositions do incalculable good in the attention they call to hygienic and sanitary matters. According to Dr. Billings, of the United States Army, over 140,000 lives are lost yearly in this country that might be saved, and at least 200,000 persons are sick who might live healthful and happy lives, were sanitary regulations understood and enforced. The money lost by those who are sick and die unnecessarily is rated at about $150,000,000 annually. The death-rate of the large cities is on the whole becoming less due to the institution of health boards and the partial sanitary education of the community. This is a matter which appeals most directly to women. It is they who are the chief sufferers by ill health and the death of members of their families. One of the latest and best Boston notions is the formation of a club of college-bred women to make a special study of sanitary matters so far as they relate to the household. They have published several valuable papers, and their labors tend to make homes beautiful as well as healthful. They object to dark rooms in the construction of houses, and are opposed to carpets because they become reservoirs of dirt and dust. Sleeping rooms should have light as well as ventilation, and gas is objectionable in that it wastes the oxygen of the air. Similar clubs should be established in other cities. The waste of human life by premature death is one of the most appalling facts in the past history of the race. Of every million children ushered into life nearly 150,000 die in the first year, 53,000 follow in the next year, 28,000 at the end of the third year. Each year the number becomes reduced until the thirteenth year when about 4,000 die. At the end of sixty years only 370,000 will be alive out of the million, eighty years will see 37,000 alive. Yet were sanitary laws understood this terrible waste of young life would not continue. The fearful mortality of the children shows criminal neglect of duty on the part of their fathers and mothers.

The Black Race.

There is a steady concentration of the colored people upon the borders of the Gulf of Mexico. Their numbers are increasing in a greater relative ratio than the whites. But there are fewer of them in Kentucky, Virginia, and North Carolina than formerly, and more in the States farther south. The whites in these more southern regions are leaving for the West and North, so that in the course of time, we shall have communities on the north shore of the Gulf of Mexico, all, or nearly all the members of which will be colored people, The question arises, will the blacks if left entirely to themselves be capable of self-government. The friends of the colored race are urging that they should be educated far more thoroughly than they have been to fit them for the control of themselves under free institutions. The education called for is something more than mere reading and writing. To be effective, it is urged, the training should be industrial. It

should teach the young negro lads and girls the use of tools and implements of industry, how best to till the ground and make the garment. The Blair bill, if it passes the present Congress, as there is a good chance it will do, will be a great help to removing the reproach of illiteracy from the Southern States, but it does not go far enough in not giving a technical training to such of the southern youth as wish to pursue productive industrial careers. An English consul named King, who lived in San Domingo for twelve years, has recently published a work about that island that is full of startling facts. It seems the negro race, left to themselves there, have deteriorated and are reverting back to barbarism. They pay no attention to education, are immoral in their lives and will not follow industrial pursuits. Polygamy is very common, and Voudoo worship, with all its superstitious horrors and cannibalistic rites, is practiced very largely and is steadily increasing in popularity. Our own experience in this country is that the black race is amenable to civilizing influences. Colored communities with us are peacable, happy, and reasonably industrious. But the experiences of San Domingo must not be repeated on our soil. There is danger if the blacks are left to themselves, in communities where there are few or no whites, that they will deteriorate. They can be saved by industry and education, and these agencies must be brought into play to enable the black man to advance abreast with his white brother.

Gold and Silver Productions.

According to the late superintendant of the mint, while the silver production of the world holds its own the gold production is steadily declining. In 1883 the whole world produced $94,027,901, against $98,591,588 in 1882. While the total for 1881 was $103,023,078. The silver production for last year was $114, 217,733. Our own country is the greatest silver and gold producer in the world. Our output of silver last year was $46,200,000, and of gold $30,000,000. Yet, in view of this falling off in the supply of gold, that metal has been made the sole measure of value by the commercial nations, and hence the falling prices of all commodities; the real phenomena is the augmented value of gold, which will buy more than it did before silver was demonetized.

Why High License is Objectionable.

The *Inter-Ocean*, a Chicago paper, advocates high license. It claims that the Illinois law has reduced the number of saloons in that State from 13,000 to 9,000, while it has increased the revenues of the state from $200,000 to $1,500,000. This it claims is a good record, one that should satisfy the temperance people; but Ellen M. Cougar takes a different view of this matter. In a letter to that journal she says:

"By the figures given there is an increased revenue of $1,300,000, which, it is affirmed, 'makes the evil bear a large portion of the expense.' Who pays this extra revenue? The advocate of high license will answer: 'The saloon-keeper.' Where does he get this amount of money? Surely he will not remain in business unless he can make this revenue out of his business. The men who drink at his counter pay this revenue, not the saloon-keeper. Who are these men? Very largely the working-classes. Who suffers most from the payment of this 'extra revenue?' The women and children, the homes of the men who hand this revenue, 10 cents at a time, over the counters of the saloons. This extra $1,300,000 revenue represents so many hungry, cold children, so many little bare-legged, bare-footed babies in 'High License Illinois.' It is a poor law and a poor government that cannot protect its women and children better than the above statement shows that the High License law is doing after several months' trial. If this 'extra revenue' went back into the homes of those who do the drinking it might appeal to the common sense of those who claim this to be 'blood-money.'"

This is gospel truth. There is no way to cure the evils of the liquor traffic except by abolishing it altogether. In other words the dog's tail ought to be cut off close behind the ears.

Railroads Everywhere.

The activity in railway building in other than civilized countries is really remarkable. England is hard at work on an iron route from the Arabian Sea to Afghanistan. The railway has reached the Quetta plateau through the Bolan pass. The Russians are working night and day on their trans-Caspian railway, which is approaching Merv, and will, in time, be carried to Buckhara and Tashkend. The transportation lines are to be in readiness for the tremendous conflict soon to take place for the possession of Herat. South Africa has now 1,562 miles of railway, all owned by Cape Colony, which pay a handsome revenue to the government. The iron horse has reached the diamond fields and is on its way to the Zambesi, which will open up the heart of Africa. If the Tory administration continued in England it would build the 280 miles which separates the Soudan from the Red Sea. South America is alive with railway projects; they are so numerous that it would be tedious to recount them. The Chinese are laying their plans for immense transportation lines. It has been found that caravan traffic is 150 times more costly than railway freightage.

Disappearance of an Historic River.

The once mighty Euphrates seems likely to disappear altogether, according to the *Times of India*. For some years past the the river banks below Babylon have been giving way, so that the stream spread out into a marsh, until steamers could not pass, and only a narrow channel remained for the native boats. Now this passage is becoming obliterated, and, unless matters improve, the towns on the banks will be ruined, and the famous river itself will be swallowed up by the desert.

The Poisons of the Past.

There is truly nothing new under the sun! It now appears that Pasteur's discovery by which certain germs which produce specific diseases are passed through animal tissue, and are thereby rendered less harmful, so that by inoculation they would act as a prophylactic, was not unknown in the Middle Ages; but in those times the poisons were passed through the body of animals to intensify their virulence. Modern chemists are just beginning to discover the composition of the famous Naples water. This was a colorless liquid, indistinguishable from ordinary water, but a few drops of which were fatal. A woman named Tophania is said to have murdered 600 persons with this Naples water. It is now found to be a preparation of arsenic, which being passed through diseased animal tissue, became as deadly as the poison of a snake. The poisoning so common in Italy and France several generations ago, was done by agents that became deadly after being passed through the bodies of animals or men. In other words, Pasteur's method of research was reversed, for he tames his diseased germs so as to prevent disease, while in the olden times the effort was to prepare poisons worse than anything found in nature.

How to Reclaim Swamps.

Col. John P. Fort, of South-Western Georgia, can fairly claim to be one of the benefactors of the race. He has discovered a method by which swampy and bog land can be drained at small expense. His very simple process will give to farmers tens of millions of acres of land that were worse than useless, for they were the seats of malarial disorders. Col. Fort simply digs or drives a hole into the earth at the point in his submerged lands that is deepest. He goes to work in the same way as oil wells or artesian wells are opened up. A descending drill always meets subterranean channels into which the water will flow if the hole is kept cleared. On one of his great swamp-farms may be seen two apertures in the earth. One sucking up the stagnant water of the swamp, the other spouting up sweet, clear water from a strata far below. On Col. Fort's farm these wells are only two hundred feet apart. Heretofore, it has been supposed that the only way to drain swampy land was to build ditches and lay underground pipes to convey the water to a distance, and yet the cess-pool might have given a hint of how superfluous surface water might be removed. Farmers who own large quantities of swampy land would do well to try this experiment, and perhaps they will find that they not only can get rid of malaria, but come into possession of wonderfully fertile farm lands far superior to ordinary soil.

Should We Eat Before Sleeping?

Among the novelties suggested by certain physicians is a recommendation to eat before retiring at night. At first the sleep will be heavy and the dreams disturbed; but eventually, it is claimed, a full stomach will cause drowsiness and the food will digest better. The blood, it is argued, being drawn to the stomach, incites to slumber, because the pressure upon the brain is thereby relieved. Actors, it is said, eat heartily after a performance and find it advantageous to do so. Our English progenitors in a past generation partook of late and heavy suppers, and lived quite as long as their descendants. Late dinners are still the custom in England, and then in hot countries it is always the custom to take a siesta after a heavy midday meal. Animals generally sleep after eating. It is doubtful, however, if these theories will succeed in changing the habits of the American people. Outside of the large cities the mid-day meal is the principal one, and the supper, or tea, is partaken of several hours before retiring. Man is a creature of habit, and he had better follow the customs of a life-time. Still, it is probably true that persons suffering from indigestion would advantage themselves if they could take a nap after a heavy meal.

More About Anæsthetics.

Talking of sleep, calls to mind a discovery recently made of the value of muriate of cocaine as a local anæsthetic. Chloral, chloroform, ether, and the other hypnotics suspend all the bodily functions; but this new preparation simply produces insensibility in such portions of the body as the physician desires. Its special value is in treating the eye. The most delicate operations, such as

the removal of cataracts, can be done without the patient being conscious of any pain, though wide awake in every other respect. This drug had previously been used to blunt laryngeal sensibility; but its application to the eye is very recent, and oculists say that the discovery is of the utmost importance. It is found, however, that this new anæsthetic is dangerous to take internally, as it creates a demand, like liquor and tobacco, for a renewal of the dose. Its victims soon become demoralized and lose all sense of right and wrong.

A Hindoo Extolling the English Bible.

The Rev. Mr. Slater, a missionary, delivered a lecture at Bangalore upon the history of the English Bible, in which he traced its influence in modifying the religious thought of Oriental peoples. A remarkable circumstance was that a Hindoo gentleman, Mr. K. Sheshadri Iyer, B.A., B.L., the Dewan of Mysore, presided on the occasion. In introducing the lecturer he remarked as follows, according to the report of the local *Spectator*: "The history of the English Bible, of course, deeply concerned his Christian friends there, but it had great interest also for his countrymen, of whom he was glad to see such a large gathering. This arose, the chairman said, from two facts—namely, first, the potent influence exercised by the English language in developing the Hindoo mind in the present day; and, secondly, the intimate connection which existed between that language and the authorized version of the English Bible. The English language had in itself a power of expression and a richness of diction not possessed by any other modern language; but what was even more important about it was that it was spoken and understood over almost every part of the civilized world; indeed, it had a right to be called a 'world-language,' and, like the English people, it seemed destined to have a sway far wider than even what it already held all over the world. This language was an important factor in the regeneration of India, for it was by its means that Western learning was such a powerful instrument in rousing into activity once more the dormant intellectual energies of the Hindoo nation.

Primrose Dames.

Women seem to be making more progress in England in getting their rights, so called, than in this country. They voted for municipal officers and School-boards before any of our women were given those privileges. But women in England, especially the aristocratic class, have recently taken an active part in the Parliamentary elections. They call their organizations Primrose Clubs, and the members are called Dames. These Primrose Dames work for the Tories, and they have proved very efficient canvassers. Many a Liberal has lost his seat through the appeals made by the aristocratic ladies to the voters. The women have not been at all so efficient on the side of the Liberals and Radicals, but there is a growing party in England favorable to conferring the suffrage upon women with property who are unmarried. That, however, will be only the first step. Mr. Woodhall, in the Parliament now sitting, will introduce a bill giving certain women the suffrage, and it is known that at least 200 members of Parliament will vote for it.

The New English Parliament.

The composition of the new Parliament differs very greatly in its *personnel* from any former one. The landlord interest used to be the dominant one, but out of the 668 members of Parliament only about 80 directly represent land ownership. Heretofore, the lawyer has been unpopular when mentioned for Parliamentary honors, but this year 110 barristers have been chosen, one-seventh of the whole body. Then there are 23 solicitors, 34 journalists, 69 manufacturers, and 24 brewers and distillers. It is curious what honors are paid to brewers, in England. They are made Knights and Lords and are always largely represented in Parliament. Another strange fact is the small number of working-people who are chosen. They compose the bulk of the voters, in Great Britain, Germany, France, and the United States. Yet not over one per cent. of the members in any of these countries are representative workmen. Will this be always so?

About Burmah.

The British troops conquered Burmah easy enough, but now come reports of risings in different parts of that country. But it will be held, nevertheless, and will lead to a great extension in the sale of British goods in that part of the world. Some curious facts are being told about the people of that country. The food of Burmese peasants includes almost all kinds of reptiles, the grub of a ball-rolling beetle, a kind of ant which constructs nests of leaves in tree-tops (eaten in curries), and hill rats. The last named exist in such hordes that their consumption is almost a necessity to prevent the rats eating the Burmese.

Compound Portraits.

A year or two ago Dr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., invented the composite photograph. The subject attracted the greatest attention at the time, and has since been developed in this country and applied in quite a new direction. Mr. Walter R. Furness first tried composite photography to the study of historical portraits. Dr. Galton's process is very simple. It consists in exposing before a camera a series of portraits, using only one sensitive plate for all the exposures. Amateur photographers well know that if a plate is exposed twice, there will be two pictures, one over the other. Such pictures are worthless and only useful as reminders that you cannot be too careful in taking two shots at one subject. The so-called "spirit photographs" are also made in this way. In the composite photographs several portraits are purposely made on one plate, the only difference being that in such pictures the repeated exposures are intentional and are made in a certain way, so that all the various portraits are combined into one.

Glass Bricks.

This is the age of saving. "By-products" has become a commercial term. It means the materials resulting from manufactures and commonly called waste or useless matter. Gas-tar is a by-product of gas-making. Formerly it was all thrown away as useless matter to be got rid of as quickly and cheaply as possible. Now the by-products of every art and manufacture are eagerly examined to see if they contain anything of value, and every year sees the development of new materials from waste and refuse matter. Indeed, it is now a question if there is really any waste or useless matter. Certainly, no manufacturer will now throw away any by-products from his works without first consulting a chemist as to its value. When the smoke from a furnace is worth saving, he will be a bold man who will say that anything is utterly waste and valueless refuse. The latest utilization of waste is in the manufacture of plate and mirror glass. Mirrors of plate-glass have to be polished, and this means the grinding away of the surface of the plates of glass. The work is done in machines that rub the glass with heavy wooden rubbers inclosed in iron frames. These rubbers are kept wet, and between the glass and the rubbers is placed fine, sharp quartz-sand. The glass is quickly worn down by the cutting action of the sand, and the sand itself is reduced to a fine powder. The water sweeps away the minute particles of glass and sand as a slimy mud, a by-product, until recently considered to be utterly valueless. This mud contains in the form of fine powder about fifteen per cent. of glass and about two per cent. of iron dust from the rubbers. The rest is sand and water. The glass plates after this process are still dull and have to be polished again with fine emory and rouge. This waste mud was usually stacked up in great heaps anywhere to get rid of it. The new plan is to dry the mud, knead it to cause the glass to be well mixed with the sand and to mold it under great pressure into bricks, tiles, and building stones. These tiles and bricks are then placed in a kiln, and fired till the glass melts and binds the sand into solid vitreous blocks. The iron in the sand is also reduced, and if there are other materials in the mass, they readily combine with the silica of the sand. Clay and kaolin have also been added to make fire-bricks, etc. The new tiles and bricks are said to be light, strong and of a good color, and have already found many uses in the arts.

Another Use for Cold.

Reduction of temperature in air or liquids by means of refrigerating machines is now common in all our cities. Ice machines are used on ships, and refrigerating plants are to be found in packing-houses, cold storage warehouses, etc. Among the more recent applications of freezing temperature is the freezing of sand and mud in tunneling operations. The idea, in one sense, is not wholly new, because in sinking shafts through quicksands, freezing mixtures in pipes have been used to freeze the sand solid, and thus enable the workman to dig through the sand and brick the tunnel up before the sand melted. In a tunnel constructing under a hill near Stockholm it was found that the interior of the hill consisted of wet sand, and the moment this was cut into it began to flow like a thick liquid, and there was danger that there would be a "cave" on the surface above. Several houses threatened to collapse and sink in the cave, and the work had to stop. Then the idea of freezing the sand was tried by the contractor. The plan was an entire success. By means of chilled air from a refrigerating machine the loose wet sand was frozen solid, and then it was easy to cut out the hard sand and build an arched tunnel through it. The tunnel then held the sand in place and it was allowed to melt, as the tunnel arch would support it as well as the houses above.

What Women are Doing.

A lady, Miss Perayaslavtseff by name, is director of the Sebastopol Zoological Station.

Signora Rabenstein has received the highest honors which can be awarded by the German School of Philosophy.

Isabel T. Lublin, scholar and medalist, University College, London, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society.

Miss Rhoda Broughton, after an interval of three years, will shortly bring out another novel.

Lady Mount-Temple is forming a crusade of ladies for the protection of wild birds, and is eager to get the names of those who will join her in a "Plumage League."

The Queen of Wurtemburg has recommenced her concerts at Nice. They are very select as regards the executants, and ultra select as regards the invited.

The Queen of Roumania is one of the contributors to the *Youth's Companion*.

A French lady, Madame Decauville, has received a gold medal for the excellence of her cheese.

The best bread made in New York City, is by a Mrs. Jones, of Jones Street, who makes to order, and sends it round by a boy and a hand-cart.

Mrs. Erminie Smith lately read a paper before the Anthropological Society of Washington, and at its close was complimented by Major Powell, of the Ethnological Bureau, who said that Mrs. Smith's forthcoming work on the Tuscarora Language and Folk Lore was the best contribution which the Government had received to that branch of scientific investigation.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for December, the Dowager Countess of Shrewsbury gave an account of the objects and methods of the Girls' Friendly Society, under the title of "Prevention."

The Meteorological Reporter to the Government of Madras, is a lady, Miss Podgson, and her report for the year 1884–85 contains remarks on the various stations scattered over the Presidency, together with valuable suggestions as to their work and needs.

A remarkable memoir on the development of the sternum in birds, prepared by Miss Beatrice Lindsay, of Girton College, and communicated to the Zoological Society of London by Dr. H. Gadow, at their meeting on June 16th last, appears in a recent Report of the Society's Proceedings.

Miss Kate Field has achieved a remarkable success with her new lecture on Mormonism—a success which will be likely to influence future legislation on the subject, for her argument goes deeper than the sentimental, or even moral, aspects of the question; it reaches the vital one to the nation, of the open defiance, and treasonable attitude towards our national institutions, of Mormonism and its leaders.

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, is about to issue a Royal Commission to inquire into the working and results of the Education Acts. The commission, in the wide scope of its reference, will, amongst other matters, take into account the subject of overpressure, and probably also the relations of technical teaching to the ordinary day schools of the country.

The "United Sisters' Friendly Society" has been recently established in England, on the same basis as the great "Friendly" Societies of workmen, which number a membership of several millions, and an accumulated capital of upwards of fifty millions of dollars (twelve millions of pounds). The object is "to secure independence," and "provide resources against sickness and old age."

The "Industrial Education Association," with which is incorporated the Kitchen Garden Association, and other kindred enterprises, all founded and most of them officered by women, will hold an exposition in the Madison Square Garden, in the month of March, composed entirely of school-work—public and private schools being alike interested. The Normal College, the New York College, St. John's School, and thirty others applied for spaces as soon as the idea was projected; and the exhibition, which has been placed under the general superintendence of Mr. Charles Barnard, promises to be a brilliant success.

"**Why** do you have a grasshopper on the corner of your new book?" asked a friend of Miss Kate Sanborn. "Grasshopper," indignantly responded Miss Sanborn, "*that* is a katy-did. This is the book that Katy did." It was the "Wit of Women."

The (Dublin) *Medical Press*, of a recent date, says:—Last week the first lady student who has entered the School of the Irish College of Surgeons took her place among her male *confrères* quietly, and as one of themselves. The occasion was Mr. Thornley Stoker's anatomical lecture, and we are glad to say that the class made it obvious that they were gentlemen by their reception of the lady.

A Fortnightly Journal has been started under imperial auspices in Germany, which is announced as under the direct patronage of the Empress Augusta, and as having her "fullest sympathy." It is called *Emanzipirte*, and it advocates emancipation from "all all the obsolete customs which place women upon a lower plane than men;" emancipated from the "ignoble presumption that they are only the playthings of men," and not fitted to be "true help-mates in the earnest affairs of life;" emancipated from the superstition that women "are not born for the noblest aims of mankind;" and, finally, emancipated from the "unutterably low opinion" that spinsters are "less worthy of respect than other women." It has been addressed particularly to the wives and women relatives of army officers. This is remarkable, the English woman's *Review* comments, considering the public to which it appeals. It is issued from the Imperial Book-shop (Königliche Hofbuchhandlung), 43, Unter den Linden, Berlin. The price is three marks (seventy-five cents) a quarter.

The petition against the traffic in white girls, which was prepared by the association of Dutch ladies, received 15,369 signatures, and was presented to the Second Chamber of the States General at the Hague. The following day the Minister of Justice announced that the Dutch Government had already made overtures to England and Belgium on the subject, and that these two countries were favorable to an agreement.

During the prevalence of the cholera in Madrid, a young girl, Concha Juena, nursed with tireless devotion, her father and mother, and when they died aided the physician to bury them. Two little brothers who were attacked, she cared for alone, never quitting their bedsides, and afterwards, herself, carried them to the cemetery. She subsequently nursed an aged grandmother and baby sister, who recovered. Concha has been decorated with the Order of Merit, and a handsome sum has been sent from England to a committee of ladies at Madrid to provide her with a good education.

Lady Randolph Churchill, a New York belle (Miss Jerome) married to the English conservative leader, has been very active in organizing societies of ladies called *Habitationes of Dames;* as auxiliaries to the recent exciting political canvass and in connection with the "Primrose League."

Miss Octavia Hill is the moving spirit of the Kyrle Society, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is president. The society decorates by frescoes, painting, pictures, and mottoes the meeting-places of the poor; their schools, clubs, and hospitals. It gives them, through the instrumentality of a voluntary choir, the finest music gratis. It assists in the movement to preserve open spaces for the people, and lays out gardens for their enjoyment. It has an agency for receiving flowers and bulbs, and distributes these among the poor. It has lately added to its work that of receiving for and distributing books and periodicals to workmen's clubs, etc. Taking for its motto, "To the utmost of our power," it has, since its formation, decorated 27 hospital wards, clubs, and other places of resort; its choir has given 90 oratorios and 160 miscellaneous concerts; it has aided in preserving, laying out, or improving 21 open spaces. Its action is severely crippled for want of funds.

A magnificent diamond star and a life-governorship in the Woman's Hospital, were presented to Miss Genevieve Ward by Sir George Verdon at the recent close of two brilliant performances of the Greek tragedy "Antigone," at Melbourne, Australia, by which upwards of twelve thousand dollars were realized for the benefit of that institution. The presentation was followed by an address from the Mayor, and the gift from the citizens of a superb album, containing an illuminated address signed by his excellency the Governor and the most prominent citizens of Melbourne. Miss Ward celebrated the one thousandth performance of "Forget-Me-Not" during her stay in Melbourne, which has been prolonged beyond all expectation; and in the foremost society of which she has been received with royal honors.

KITCHEN.

The Housekeeper's Rut.

THERE is nothing in which the dreariness and inadequacy of the average housekeeper is more conspicuous than the dreadful monotony, the eternal repetition of the common-place dishes she serves to her suffering household. It is always the same story with her, she "doesn't know" what to have for breakfast, dinner, or supper, but she always does have the same things—the same fried potatoes, the same "picked up" codfish on the same morning in every week in the year. She often speaks of her desire to make "change" and "variety," but nothing is farther from her temperament or her possibilities. She is essentially wedded to her prejudices, which have made the "rut" in which she runs, like a wheel on a car-track, all the year round, to move to the right, or the left, would be to make mischief for her. New facts, new discoveries, new systems, make no impression upon her; she continues to use "mixed" tea, from habit and prejudice, though she knows that there is no such thing as a natural "green" tea, and that the coloring matter used in making tea green is poisonous. Her family lose their appetites or grow dyspeptic, but the routine is the same, the same flat, insipid rice-pudding or apple-pie, the same tough, over-done steak and under-done mutton; the same doughy bread and occasional hot biscuit, which make pellets hard as bullets for the stomach to act upon, and the same mixture of chickory and hot water for true coffee.

It would not seem possible for the housekeeper who lives in this rut to surprise her household occasionally with fresh, steaming cocoa for breakfast, instead of what she calls "coffee," or, with light, delicious rice-cakes, or with well-boiled hominy, instead of ever recurring oatmeal, or with rice fritters, a richer rice-pudding, in place of the flat, sloppy concoction of something floating in curdled milk and water, which she (not jokingly) calls pudding.

Indeed, the housekeeper who lives in a rut never jokes, life is a serious business with her, as it is to the unfortunate members of her family. She is never inspired with an idea, would not act upon it, if she had one, for their benefit, because it would give her "trouble"—everything that has to be done, or that is done, is a trouble to her. Life itself is a burden, because she always carries it in the same place, and the fact that people eat, and must eat, and that she has to look after what they eat, is a never ending grievance. She has no pleasure in the infinite variety which the markets afford, in the changes which the seasons bring, it only means that something costs more, or less, generally more, and gives her a fresh source of trouble.

The temper of mind produces its natural effect upon the body; such a woman is apt to be sick, and is always "nervous," the modern term for cross, and the habit of looking out for the unpleasant side of things, instead of their bright and cheerful side. —Good food, food that tastes well, and digests well, is the most important factor in the general health and happiness of the household. To obtain it, the personal supervision and assistance of an intelligent mistress of the house is needed, a woman with a "genius" for housekeeping, the genius being simply the capacity for taking any amount of trouble in order to do things as they should be done, and not making trouble of it. In a country so prolific as ours, every one ought to live well, and it is popularly supposed that every one does, but there is probably no country in the world where so little satisfaction is obtained from the amount expended, and the reason lies largely in the ignorance or indifference of the household's mistress; her failure to understand her duty, and make the most of her opportunities.

We append a few excellent receipts from *The Cook* for the special benefit of this class of housekeepers.

Broiled Sausages.—Split them in two lengthwise; place them between a double wire broiler and broil on the flat sides first, then turn and broil on the other; arrange a mound of hot apple sauce in the center of a hot, flat dish, arrange the sausages upon it and serve. One of the disagreeable features about sausages is the ordinary mode of cooking, which is to fry them. The spattering fat covers the range, and the ascending smoke fills the house. This may be avoided by simply putting the sausages in a baking pan and cooking them in the oven. In this way you avoid all smoke and disagreeable odor. A pound will cook brown in ten minutes in a hot oven.

Rice Griddle-Cakes.—Wash and boil tender a pint of rice; drain, and add a pint of warm milk and a scant teaspoonful of salt. Beat up separately the yolks and whites of four eggs. Add to the yolks two ounces of melted butter, and stir them into the rice. Sift into the mixture half a pint of flour, then add the whites, and, if too thin, add a little more flour. Beat the mixture well. Grease the hot griddle after each batch, and serve on hot plates. If a cover is used when they are sent to the table, use one having a hole in the top, otherwise the cakes will be heavy, and all the work in beating the batter to make it light will be wasted.

Rice Soufflé.—Wash a pint of rice, put it in a saucepan and add a pint of boiled milk and a small piece of stick cinnamon; boil until the milk is absorbed. Remove the cinnamon. When cold, add the beaten yolks of four eggs and an ounce of sugar beaten together, to the rice. Have ready a quantity of stiff foam made from the beaten whites of six eggs. Whisk it into the rice, and beat the mixture thoroughly; pour it into a buttered dish, bake to a light golden color, and serve the moment it leaves the oven.

Smelts, au Gratin.—Thoroughly clean six medium-sized smelts, dry them on a towel. Put into a quart baking-tin a layer of grated bread crumbs, on top of which add a layer of sliced tomatoes (free from skins); cover with a light layer of crumbs and season with salt, pepper, and a pat of butter. Now add the fish whole, and strew over them a top layer of crumbs, add salt, pepper, and a liberal allowance of butter; pour in on one side a small quantity of oyster broth to prevent burning on the bottom, and also to flavor the whole dish; bake twenty minutes.

Potatoes, fried à la Soubise.—Boil two quarts of medium sized potatoes, peel and mash them to a fine flour. Peel and boil two medium sized Spanish onions; chop them up and rub through a sieve, add the onions to the potato. Add two ounces of sweet butter, two saltspoonfuls of salt and half a saltspoonful of *white* pepper (black spoils the appearance of the potato); work the ingredients together, and if too dry add a little warm milk; roll the paste into neat little cakes or balls, dip them in beaten egg, roll in crumbs and fry in plenty of hot fat.

Boiled Leg of Mutton.—Leg of mutton, when boiled to a turn, is a very acceptable joint, and also a very profitable one for small families, as many excellent dishes may be prepared from that not used at the first meal. *Rare* mutton is indigestible, but it should not be over-done. Put the leg in a oval boiler, cover it with plenty of fast-boiling water, slightly salted; skim off the rising scum, as it will discolor the joint if it comes in contact with it. A medium-sized leg of mutton requires nearly two hours and a half to boil. A purée of young spring turnips, with a sauce made of melted butter and flour, with small capers added to it, is the most popular sauce to serve with boiled mutton. The capers do not need cooking, but should be added to the sauce before serving.

IN response to an inquiry for best method of making Graham gems, a correspondent sends the following formula, as one which has been used successfully for years—To one and one-half cups sour, or buttermilk, one even teaspoonful of "baking" soda. Stir in good Graham flour till a stiff batter is formed; add a pinch of salt and pour into heated iron gem pans, and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven. Success depends on having the pans well-heated, and baking quickly, also thoroughly stirring the mixture before pouring into pans. This quantity makes one dozen gems.

Not Her First Visit.—A woman with a package of Price's baking powder in her hand rang the bell at the door of the Peterby mansion in a Texas town.

"I've got something that every good housekeeper ought to have," she said.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Peterby.

"It is a new kind of baking powder."

"None for me, if you please. I slipped up on some baking powder not long ago. It was of no account in the world."

"Is that so? Is it possible that I have been here before?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Scientific.

To make a horse sleek and its hair bright and glossy, feed it on whole wheat or wheat-bran.

The quantity of food that a man absolutely requires is neither more nor less than will supply the daily waste—in other words, enable him to perform his mental and physical work and still keep intact the weight of his body.

The United States has nearly three times as many doctors as England and nearly four times as many as France in proportion to the population.

A good mixture for chapped hands is composed of carbolic acid fifteen grains, the yelk of one egg, glycerine three drams. A little of this is to be rubbed into the hands several times a day if the skin is not broken.

To clean discolored marble: Take two parts of sodium carbonate, one of pumice-stone, and one of finely-powdered chalk; mix into a fine paste with water. Rub this over the marble, and the stains will be removed; then wash with soap and water.

A farmer writes that twenty-five years ago he set split white-oak posts for his garden fence, putting about a peck of air-slaked lime about each, and they are all good yet. He attributes their good condition to the effect of the lime, in which he is doubtless correct. A board that has been used in a mortar-bed and thoroughly saturated with lime is almost indestructible from decay.

Dr. Crudelli of Rome gives the following directions for preparing a remedy for malaria which may be worth trying, as it is said to have proved efficacious when quinine has given no relief. Cut up a lemon, peel and pulp, in thin slices, and boil it in a pint and a half of water until it is reduced to half a pint. Strain through a linen cloth, squeezing the remains of the boiled lemon, and set it aside until cold. The entire liquid is taken fasting.

A German test for watered milk consists in dipping a well-polished knitting needle into a deep vessel of milk, and then immediately withdrawing it in an upright position. If the milk is pure, a drop of the fluid will hang to the needle; but the addition of even a small proportion of water will prevent the adhesion of the drop.

To brighten and polish nickel-plating on a bicycle and prevent rust, apply rouge with a little fresh lard or lard-oil on a wash-leather or a piece of buckskin. Rub the bright parts, using as little of the rouge and oil as possible; wipe off with a clean rag slightly oiled. Repeat the wiping every day and the polishing as often as necessary.

Articles of food fried in drippings are not only more palatable than those fried in lard, but more wholesome. Indeed there are many persons whose stomachs will fight against any food fried in lard, yet take kindly to that where dripping has been used. It may be utilized too not only for frying, but for pastry purposes, in the making of which good beef-dripping is far preferable to the common butter.

An eminent physician is reported as having said that many lives are lost by starvation owing to an overestimate of the nutritive value of beef-tea and meat-juices. In typhus and typhoid fevers, he says, there is no good substitute for milk and eggs.

Suet combined with salicylic acid has been pronounced by the German army surgeons to be a cure for extreme sweating of the feet. Two parts of pure salicylic acid are combined with one hundred parts of the best mutton-suet and applied to the feet. The War Minister of Germany has ordered the preparation to be introduced into the army medical stores.

Dr. Oppler of Strasburg has discovered in burnt coffee a new antiseptic dressing for wounds. The action appears to be two-fold; first, that produced by burnt coffee as a form of charcoal, and, secondly, that which is due to the pungent aromatic odors which are fatal to the lower organisms. As coffee is always on hand in military expeditions, it will be especially serviceable as a dressing during war times.

A pair of boots or shoes thoroughly soaked are not easy to dry without being left in an uncomfortably stiff, if not shrunken condition. A very simple device will make the drying process comparatively safe. The wet shoes should be thoroughly stuffed with paper, which serves not only to keep them in shape, but hastens their drying by absorbing the moisture.

Brass work, so soiled by dirt, smoke, and heat as not to be cleansable with oxalic acid, may be cleaned by thoroughly washing and scrubbing with soda or potash lye. Then dip into a mixture of equal parts of nitric acid, sulphuric acid, and water; or, if it cannot conveniently be dipped, make a small swab of woolen cloth on the end of a stick, and rub the solution over the brass. Leave the acid on for a moment, then wash clean and polish.

An oilcloth should never be scrubbed with a brush, but, after being swept, should be cleaned by washing with a soft flannel and lukewarm water or cold tea. On no account use soap or water that is hot, as either would have a bad effect on the paint. When the oilcloth is dry, rub it well with a small portion of a mixture of beeswax softened with a minute quantity of turpentine, using for this purpose a soft furniture polishing-brush. The following is also used to make oilcloths look well. Wash them once a month with skim-milk and water, equal quantities of each; rub them once in three months with boiled linseed-oil; put on a very little, rub it well in with a rag, and polish with a piece of old silk.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

"Get all you can, save all you can, give all you can."

If we must know the right in order to do it, it is equally needful that we do it in order to know it.

Let there be more deference of employers to employed, or wealth to poverty, and many social problems will be settled.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill is sometimes a more difficult task; it requires self-restraint.

The first piece of charity you are bound to is to keep yourself from being a charge and burden on charity.

He that spareth in everything is an inexcusable niggard. He that spareth in nothing is an inexcusable madman.

Squander nothing even in the midst of plenty. Attach to every atom in life—whatever that atom may be—its real value.

Real difference of opinion, honestly expressed whenever the subject is serious enough to demand it, always deserves respectful attention and consideration.

Hard words are like hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish if they were melted into drops.

If adversity is to produce for us things either good or admirable, we must learn how to receive it, how to bear it, and how to rise from it.

We call truth sacred; yet the study and correct use of language, by which alone we can communicate it, is too often regarded as a strictly literary accomplishment, having nothing to do with character or morality.

The captious temperament that resents every trifle, that insists upon its "rights," that finds fault with severity, and wastes its power in ill-natured criticism and ill-timed rebuke is the worm at the root of social welfare and domestic peace.

"The Halcyon has received great honor from the gods, because of its lovingness; for while it is making its nest on the sea-waves, all the world has the happy days, which it calls *Halcyon Days*, excelling all others in their peace, though in the midst of storm."—Dialogue between Socrates and Chærephon, from Lucian.

SPICE BOX

Be content with your lot, particularly if it is a large one with a house upon it.

It is a remarkable peculiarity with debts that their expanding power continues to increase as one contracts them.

"Yes," remarked a landlady, "it costs money to get knives sharpened, but it's cheaper than buying tender meat."

A man who has no laugh in him, either has committed a crime, or is capable of committing one.

A New York firm advertises: "Amateur painting fired." Won't somebody start a branch this way?—*Burlington Free Press.*

Why was the Egyptian of olden times a filial kind of a fellow? Because he thought a great deal of his mummy!

It is curious how much faster a street car goes when you are running for it than it does when you are riding on it.

"Quarrel is plural," said a little school-girl. "Why?" asked the teacher. "Because it takes two to make one," said the child.

A well-known playwright having taken a new house, said to a friend: "Well, all will go on now like clockwork." "Ay," said the friend—"tick, tick!"

Novels are sweets. All people with healthy literary appetites love them; but we should not feed the mental part of us upon them exclusively.

"Were you a bull or a bear?" asked an acquaintance of a speculator on the Stock Exchange. "Neither," he replied; "I was an ass."

A lady remarked of a scholar noted for his taciturnity and arrogance, "He seems to me an anomaly in natural philosophy; he is gravity without attraction."

Six-year-old to grandfather: "Grandpa dear, we have come to wish you many happy returns of your birthday; and mamma says, if you give us any money, we are not to lose it on our way home."

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—MARCH.

THE absence of real winter weather in December and the early part of January always means a corresponding lateness in the bringing out of the first spring novelties, no matter what weather March may give us. There are several reasons for this state of things. Ladies are rather reluctant about ordering midwinter suits until there is weather suitable for wearing them, and having provided them, are scarcely willing to relinquish them to take up the first importations of the year. Besides, there is a growing tendency, even among wealthy ladies, to remodel and retrim such of their dresses as will answer the purpose of early day wear for shopping excursions and the like, and they indulge sparingly in what are known as "high novelties" in the earliest spring goods; consequently, importers are growing more and more conservative, and every year there are fewer special invoices of fabrics for the very earliest trade.

Wool dress materials are "all the year round" standard goods. There are nowadays no seasonable distinctions in the regular grades of woolen dress fabrics, except in a few notable instances. Serges, flannels, bison cloths, and all of the ordinary suitings appear regularly on our streets in all weathers save the most sultry of midsummer, and the use of thin wool fabrics even for summer dresses is becoming so general that such materials as satine and other very closely woven goods have declined in popularity to a marked degree, and lighter, looser-textured fabrics are substituted.

There is another reform in progress which is gratifying to those who believe that women should have good health above all possessions, and that is the imperative demand for lighter weight in dresses. The late craze for what Worth not inappropriately calls "stable cloth," has led women to burden themselves with yards of cumbrous material and metres of heavier trimming, until, as some witty woman has said

> "The wonder grows
> That one small form can carry so much clothes."

The rebound may be, as such things often are, quite to the other extreme, yet the change will be so decidedly in the interest of health and comfort that it should be encouraged in every possible way. Heavy linings are giving way before lighter ones which are at the same time sufficiently strong to answer all purposes, provided a suitable corset is worn.

(*Continued on page* 340.)

"Mrs. E. M. C., Mrs. K. G. Roberts," and nine others"—The placing of the coupon order on this page became a necessity, and seems to suit the majority of our readers: it does not materially affect the pages, as none of the reading matter is taken in cutting it out.

There are less "bunchy" effects, much thinner materials are coming into favor, and altogether there is a noticeable improvement as regards healthful and comfortable dressing.

Withal there is much in this course that is in the interest of economy, as a dress of camels'-hair or light suiting once stylishly made is available all the year round; and with less distinction between summer and winter dress, ladies can depend more for warmth on various weights and textures of underwear than on the weight and thickness of the dress itself.

There are some exquisite novelties promised for the April openings, but importers are as yet very reticent about them. Many of our choicest dress materials are made on foreign looms from American designs, but the facility with which they are copied by American manufacturers is something wonderful. In many cases the reproduction is of an inferior quality, yet not necessarily so as it is a well understood fact that our own looms are producing some of the most desirable fabrics in the market; but there is a tendency to produce something with the same effect but at less price than the imported goods. This is one reason why all imports are so carefully guarded, and why those holding information about high novelties are not at liberty to make use of it until the time has come for putting the goods upon the market.

As was stated in the February number, the Astrakhan and *boucle* effects are almost entirely abandoned by the most fashionable trade. There are some suggestions of curled fabrics, but they are in such limited quantity, both as to variety and the amount of Astrakhan employed, that they cannot be said to rank among stylish materials.

Wool laces of the regular sorts will be very popular with ladies who understand the way to manage them to the best advantage. There is a novelty that may be called a "woolly" wool lace. The pattern is outlined with a series of rings of curly wool like the Astrakhan *boucle* goods. These flouncings come about forty inches deep, and there are neither nets nor narrow goods to go with them. They are very unique and effective, but are in limited supply. They are shown in all of the dark shades and several medium tints, a silver-gray being the most beautiful of the collection.

Lace of all sorts promises to be the rule for the coming season's garnitures. Indeed, the use of semi-transparent materials in enormous quantities is clearly indicated. *Crêpe lisse* embroidered in most elaborate patterns will be a favorite material for dressy use over silk in all colors. The *lisse* is shown in every light shade and tint, and in mandarin orange, *chaudron*, olive, dark and light, brown and gray. The pattern is, as a rule, wrought in white, but there are a few samples of mixed colors, that are, however, less attractive. This goods comes in flouncings from forty to fifty inches deep, and is one of the choicest novelties in thin goods that has been shown for years. Several dresses have already been made from it over faille and colored satin. There is a narrow edge to match, and there are also extensive independent importations of medium and narrow widths of the same goods.

Net lace in marquise, guipure and Spanish Chantilly are shown, and some new patterns in Escurial. These are mainly in black and will be in general use for dressy wear over black silk and satin. The silk fabric will be literally covered with lace which is to be shirred on, and looped, draped, festooned, and arranged in jabots with ribbon and large beads, the latter being considered the most stylish. These dresses will be used for afternoon street wear by ladies who delight in dressy costumes. Gainsborough hats covered with lace and bunches of plumes of medium length will be worn with them, and the costume will be entirely of black except a dash of color in the hat, preferably an ostrich tip of pink, blue, yellow, or cardinal, according to the complexion of the wearer, and long tan or gray gloves. A lace-covered parasol with lining to match the color in the hat, and a large bow of ribbon of the same color on the handle, will be required.

Skirts of walking dresses still continue to clear the ground easily, and the hint from abroad that demi-trains were coming into favor for out-of-door use finds no support in the styles brought over by the best importers. Indeed, if it did, American ladies are too sensible and independent in their ideas regarding dress to adopt them.

In spring and summer fabrics we are to see the most lavish displays of embroidery. All cotton materials will be very effectively, but not thickly, wrought. The present fancy is for sparsely set work, more like needle etching than embroidery. Flounces forty inches wide will have two-thirds of their width covered by this work, with applique figures in contrasting colors. Embroidered pongee in similar effects will be popular, and also pongee having velvet appliqued with embroidery outlines.

Cotton goods will be very thin and sheer. Batist will be one of the most popular of summer fabrics. This name is given to a quality of both wool and cotton goods that is distinguished for fineness and roundness of thread. Wool batist is the finest grade of wool goods that is made. The

threads are rather hard twisted, and the fabric is very even and has a perfect mesh. The same style of thread and weaving is seen in both the wool and cotton goods.

Spring colors are lighter, clearer, and more cheerful than for some seasons past. The change from the somberness of seal brown, navy blue, and black is exceedingly pleasant, and while these colors will not be discarded, yet brighter ones will be judiciously intermixed with dark shades, giving a very welcome variety.

Plain silk fabrics will be more popular than for many seasons. Wool and silk goods are to be used together, and wool fabrics will be employed as trimming upon silk, poplin, Bengaline and watered silk, as well as upon surah and medium grades of faille and Rhadames.

American silks have at last reached such a position of approval that it is no longer necessary to bill them as foreign goods in order to induce ladies to consider their merits. The surahs are especially desirable, and the brocades and satins Duchesse are most admirable goods for wear. Novelties are constantly being added, and we may expect more elegant and attractive fabrics than ever before.

Millinery promises some very interesting new developments at the regular spring openings. There are some charming styles and shapes already shown, among them the Gainsborough hat and the long ostrich plumes that are a necessity for their trimming. A great many lace hats and bonnets will be used, the lightness of this material being its greatest point of excellence, although in fact lace hat or bonnet is always among the prettiest of the millinery samples. Small, close bonnets and round hats will hold their places, and we are promised exquisite novelties wherewith to trim them. Trimming must stand up in the most perpendicular fashion, and will project far above even the tallest of crowns or the most prominent of peaked brims.

Altogether, from present indications, the coming season will be more remarkable for perfect adaptation of materials and conservative good sense in their use, than for any very large number of startling novelties.

For information, thanks are due for materials to E. J. Denning & Co., and James McCreery & Co.; for trimmings, to Edward Morrison; for embroideries, to Mills & Gibb; for underwear, to Stern Bros.; for American crapes, to Cheney Bros.; for millinery, to J. G. Johnson & Co.; and for stationery, to Dempsey & Carroll.

Mme. Demorest's Portfolio of Fashions and What to Wear.

Mme. Demorest's "Portfolio of Fashions and What to Wear" is so well and favorably known, that it needs no especial introduction to the public. It is sufficient to say that the Spring number, ready on March 1st, is quite up to the high standard of those which have preceded it. It contains a great variety of new styles for Ladies' and Children's Dress, and, in addition, furnishes complete information regarding Materials, Trimmings, Millinery, Costumes for various occasions—in fact, everything connected with a lady's dress receives full and satisfactory consideration. It enjoys the advantage of being *perfectly reliable* in its information, and is the most thorough and extensive work of the kind published.

This valuable combination of the "Portfolio of Fashions and What to Wear" can be had for Fifteen Cents, postage paid.

Address Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th Street, New York, or any of the Agencies.

Fashionable Stationery.

A CRITICAL philosopher once stated that he could tell the taste and habits of a lady, if he could know exactly the stationery she had purchased and used for two years previous to the date of his opinion. Be that as it may, there is a great deal of character in the material a lady uses when she desires to express her thoughts in writing to her friends.

Plain, elegant stationery is decidedly the most appropriate for the use of a gentlewoman, indeed, is one of the most conspicuous marks of refinement. The eccentricities of fashion make very little if any difference in her selections, and all "high novelties" in the way of glaring color or design are carefully avoided. Exceptions to this rule are, however, made in the case of young ladies, for whom there is always something novel and pretty provided.

Marcus Ward's linen paper is always suitable and ladylike, and is used by many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, to the exclusion of all other styles and qualities. There are novelties in elegant, plain-surfaced paper with waterlines in various fanciful shapes, the most desirable being a series of lance-shaped bars set so as to form squares, and the waterlined crossbar is again in favor. Especially attractive also is the paper with a surface resembling linen cloth. It is furnished in light and heavy weights.

Many devices are used to ornament the heading of the sheet of paper. The name and address, the monogram, the name of the country house in the season, the lodge or gate to the grounds, a crest or other heraldic emblem may be used. Some of these designs are highly ornamental, and when done by artists in their profession are especially attractive.

Correspondence cards are used as matters of convenience, although they are much less fashionable than heretofore. The newest have a slightly rough, parchment finish, or a linen finish like the linen paper. Another style has ragged edges, and the envelopes match.

One of the most delicate and trying of the details of correspondence is the use of sealing-wax, which has been revived to a very general extent. Care must be taken that the wax is not too hot, or it will blister and lose its adhesive qualities, or burn holes in the paper. Hold it just near enough to the taper to allow it to become quite soft, and when it seems ready to drop, touch the end of the stick of wax to the paper and turn it quickly, leaving a quantity just sufficient to cover the surface of the seal, which should be applied instantly. It is well to have the seal slightly heated, indeed this is absolutely necessary if the wax is allowed to become cool. Only practice can give the dextrous handling necessary to this process.

There are various shades and colors used in sealing-wax, and among young ladies each shade is said to have a certain significance. White is used for weddings; black, drab and purple are mourning; lavender is condolence; dinner invitations are sealed with chocolate color; blue denotes constancy; green expresses hatred; vermilion signifies business; ruby or cardinal denotes the most ardent love; light ruby or rose is affectionate remembrance; pale green is innocence; yellow indicates jealousy; yellow green signifies disappointment and grief; dark brown, melancholy and reserve. Young ladies often adhere strictly to these significations, and much amusement is afforded thereby.

Costumes of blue, brown, garnet and black plain velvet, trimmed profusely with jet, are the first choice for this month for dressy out-door wear.

Illustrated Fashions for Ladies.

THE designs furnished this month will prove especially serviceable to those who look early to the wardrobes of their household that everything may be in readiness when the mild spring weather comes. For the new suit of camels'-hair serge, flannel, or any of the seasonable woolens, the "Torqueta" is an excellent pattern, simple yet very stylish in effect. It has a gored skirt with an extra breadth at the back, over which is a double-breasted, tight fitting polonaise with a basque back to which the drapery is attached. This drapery is laid in plaits and falls quite to the bottom of the skirt, the opening down the middle disclosing the skirt. It can be made of the same material throughout, and the skirt left entirely plain, or rows of velvet ribbon, or bands of contrasting material, or braid of any kind can be used to give the effect of stripes. For this purpose the "Kursheedt Standard" lace braids are especially suitable, as they are lighter in weight than the more closely woven Hercules and similar braids. There are striped goods provided to use with nearly all of the plain materials this season, and they are especially favored for skirts, particularly the wider stripes, and may be made up either horizontally or perpendicularly, the former arrangement being only suitable for tall, slender figures. A plain velveteen skirt with the polonaise of wool or silk is desirable for the "Torqueta," and, in any case, the buttons should be large.

The "Melina" polonaise offers an opportunity for utilizing partly worn skirts or short lengths of goods, for it is not at all essential that the skirt and polonaise should be of the same material, indeed it is preferable that they should not be, provided they harmonize in color. It is tight-fitting, the drapery is particularly graceful, and the trimming is arranged in a very becoming manner. Serge, cashmere, checked, striped or plaid goods, or any of the rough-surfaced materials, can be made in this way, also pongee or summer silk, and it is also a good design, if the trimming is omitted, for washable goods.

For a practical design that is at the same time stylish and adapted to almost any kind of dress material, the "Madeline" skirt is highly recommended. It will be found equally satisfactory made in silk, woolen or cotton goods, and either of the same material throughout or with the drapery different. The kilting is attached to a yoke, which lessens the weight as well as the fullness about the hips. This combines nicely with either of the basques or the jacket illustrated, and is shown in combination with the "Norfolk" basque, on page 348.

The "Norfolk" basque is an especially popular design that can be used either to complete a costume or for an independent garment. For the latter use it is stylishly made in cheviot, tweed, or any light quality of cloth, or in heavy serge, finished with machine-stitching and with small or medium-size buttons. The box-plaits are laid in the front and back pieces, and it is fitted by side gore, and side forms. It is also a good design for washable fabrics.

The "Hamilton" is the simplest style of jacket made, almost perfectly tight-fitting, and with only the lap at the back to distinguish it from a plain cuirass basque. It can be made in plain or fancy cloth to wear with any costume, or in some of the heavier varieties of suitings, or in plush or velvet if a more dressy garment is desired. It requires no trimming, but the buttons should be large, preferably in contrast with the goods.

The "Ninita" basque can be made up in any class of dress goods, and worn with any kind of drapery. If made in silk or velvet, the chemisette will be very effective made entirely of jet trimming or jetted lace; or velvet will look well and be appropriate with almost any goods.

The "Millicent" apron is a practical model admirably adapted to the requirements of artists, students, and ladies engaged in active household or other duties for which a complete protection to the dress is needed. It is fitted to the figure by darts and side seams, and the skirt in the back is shirred and sewed to the bottom of a plain waist. The full sleeves are easily adjusted over others. White, buff or brown linen, cross-barred muslin, or any of the materials generally selected for aprons may be employed in reproducing this model, which can also be utilized as a tennis apron if desired. It may be trimmed with bias bands of a contrasting color and embroidery, or in any style in accordance with the material.

Torqueta Costume.—For a medium size, seven yards and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for the polonaise, and five yards and one-quarter additional for the skirt; or, if made in goods forty-eight inches wide, four yards and three-eighths will be needed for the polonaise, and three yards and a half for the skirt. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size. See page 349.

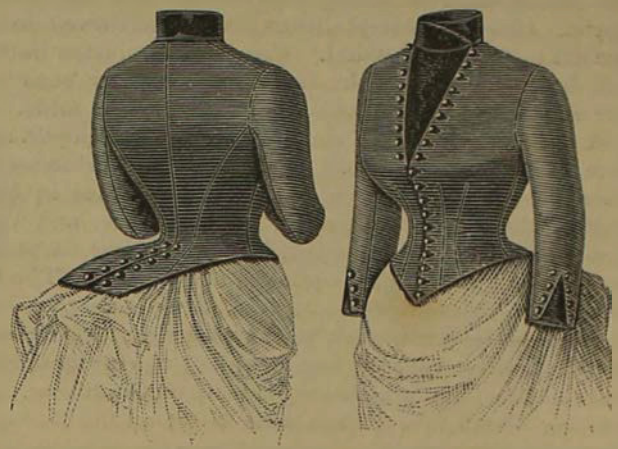
Melina Polonaise.—A medium size will require seven yards and one-half of goods twenty-four inches wide, or four yards and one-half of forty-eight inches wide; and seven

yards of flat garniture to trim as illustrated. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size. See pages 342 and 348.

Madeline Skirt.—Eight yards and one-half of plain goods twenty-four inches wide, and four yards and three-quarters of figured goods the same width will be required to make this skirt as illustrated. Six yards of braid will trim with one plain row where represented. Price of patterns, thirty cents. See pages 342 and 348.

Norfolk Basque.—Three yards and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two yards and one-eighth of forty-eight inches wide will be required for a medium size. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size. See pages 342 and 348.

Hamilton Jacket.—A medium size will require two yards and seven-eighths of goods twenty-four inches wide, or one yard and three-quarters of forty-eight inches wide. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size. See page 342.



Ninita Basque.—A medium size will require two yards and five-eighths of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one-half yard of contrasting goods the same width to make as illustrated. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size. See pages 342 and 349.

Millicent Apron.—Four yards and a half of goods one yard wide will be required to make this apron. Four yards of narrow flat band trimming and two yards of wide will be sufficient to trim as illustrated. Pattern, a medium size for ladies. Price, twenty-five cents. See page 342.

Spring Suits.

A CHARMING spring walking suit is shown, made in a mixed brown and gray camels'-hair goods with long silver hairs, and rich Havana brown faille Française. The waist and sleeves are of the camels'-hair, and a vest of the faille is set in extending to the first dart at the lower part of the waist; and beginning about one inch from the neck seam, at the shoulders, two narrow plaits of the wool goods are laid at each edge of the vest and smoothly pressed down. There are deep cuffs, and a straight standing collar of the faille. The skirt has a side-plaiting two inches wide of the camels'-hair and two very narrow plaitings of the silk. The draperies are very simple, being of perfectly

straight breadths, the back drapery of camels'-hair slightly looped, and the front drapery of the silk having a revers of the camels'-hair so arranged as to turn over the side of the apron. Diagonal side-plaitings of the silk, turned downward, are set in for a side panel. Very large, wooden buttons are set down the side of the revers, and smaller ones to match are on the waist along the line of the narrow folds.

A more dressy suit is made of bronze Irish poplin and wool lace of the same shade. The dress has a princesse back, a short basque at the sides, and a pointed bodice in front. A vest of the poplin is covered with the lace, and there are also deep cuffs of lace with double cording of poplin, the lace made up over the poplin as in the vest. The collar is of poplin. The princesse back is laid in deep under-plaits in the middle of the back and at each side-form seam. The skirt has three very narrow side-plaitings around the front and side breadths, which are made up on the lining. A side-plaiting about four inches wide is set on the lining of the back, which is made up separately from the outside, the plaited backs lined with crinoline and extending about one inch over the foot-plaiting at the back of the skirt. A flounce forty inches deep of the wool lace is very slightly gathered to the belt in front and falls to the bottom of the skirt, the sides being slightly gathered and fastened under the edges of the plaits at the back. A very small mantle in dolman shape is made of the lace over the poplin, and trimmed with full plaited ruffles of finger wide edging lace to match. A hat covered with bronze Jersey cloth, with a rather wide brim slightly rolled on one side, and trimmed with bronze and pink ostrich tips and a roll of bronze velvet fastened with small gilt pins, accompanies the suit.

A very elegant imported costume is made of thick faille, and short-pile plush. The vest, collar, cuffs, and revers of the waist are of plush, and a pointed piece of the plush extends from the neck to the waist line on the back. This piece is wide enough at the top to sew into the shoulder seams for about an inch, and narrows to a point at the waist line. The basque has double points in front, and a rather short postilion back is sewed in with the collar at the neck. There is no narrow plaiting at the bottom of the skirt. A wide, side-plaited panel of faille is set in the left side and extends from the belt to the edge of the skirt, the plaits being drawn in so as to be quite narrow at the top and spreading in fan shape at the bottom. A very long front drapery of the plush fastens almost straight under the front edge of the panel, and is carried around to the back drapery on the right side, and so fitted with gores that while it is quite smooth at the top it wrinkles slightly across the front, which it covers, as well as the side breadth, with the exception of a few inches at the bottom next to the back where there is an inch-wide side-plaiting of the faille to fill the vacant space. Two breadths of faille and one of plush make the back drapery, the plush being in the middle and long enough at the top to turn back on the skirt in a double box-plait which is faced with the faille and supports the postilion showing an inch or so below it. This dress had a small plush mantle trimmed with a fringe of chenille and braid finished with long wooden pendants and looped balls.

An extremely simple costume is made of seal brown serge, with collar, cuffs and revers of seal brown velvet. The waist is a short basque with points in front. The skirt has a row of side-plaiting at the bottom, and front, side gores and back are of widths of the serge all sewed together and cut in squares at the bottom, these squares being faced up with the same material, which facing reaches about two inches above the slashes and is blind-stitched upon the material. This outer skirt is slightly draped by fastening the seams on the wrong side to the under skirt, which is faced for one-fourth of a yard with the serge.

Newmarkets and Jackets.

THERE is but little change in the style of the fashionable Newmarket. As now worn it is one of the most universally becoming and useful of all garments, and its popularity and general acceptance have been almost without precedent. The close-fitting Newmarkets have been the most popular heretofore, but there is a growing sentiment in favor of those with fitted backs and semi-loose fronts, or with the fronts altogether without darts. For spring and summer use, and especially for traveling, the loose garment is cooler and more comfortable, while the desired fit in the back can be secured by a wide belt inside fastened with two or three hooks.

It is becoming quite a custom for ladies who have much shopping to do or out-door business to attend to, to wear the Newmarket with a quite plainly made dress skirt, and without the waist, a snugly fitting, sleeveless, square-necked waist of coutille or similar material being worn in place of it. Such an arrangement is peculiarly acceptable on soft, languid spring days when every thread additional seems a burden.

The later importations of long cloaks, raglans, and the various outer garments of this class show very few absolutely new features. Very little trimming will be seen on the new garments. Plain, tailor-made styles, moderately smooth cloth with a camels'-hair effect, a little machine-stitching, and a finish of seams, pockets and button-holes with a few over-stitches of heavy silk, will be seen on the popular styles for spring.

The Astrakhan and *bouclé* surfaces that have enjoyed such unprecedented popularity will be conspicuous by their absence in all elegant new materials. A few patterns only are shown, and these with the smallest amount of curled effect, only just enough to save us from a too abrupt transition. Medium weight diagonals, cheviots, tweeds, and Irish frieze will be the preferred materials.

Many of the spring garments are lined throughout with surah. Where this is not the case, a satin lining should be put in the sleeves for ease in putting on. There is one item in the consideration of out-of-door garments that is often overlooked to the serious annoyance of the wearer and considerable injury to dresses. All cloaks, except those of the finest quality of wool or those with linings, should have something intervening between them and good dresses with which they are worn. The coarser fiber that is used for the back of heavy fabrics is absolutely ruinous to fine dress materials, and the disagreeable discovery that the shoulders and back of the dress are worn and "shiny," is often made while the reason for it is not even suspected. The best way is to baste a lining of silk or soft wool goods in the waist of the garment, or a fitted body of silk or lining goods may be worn.

Jackets will be in the highest favor. The "Norfolk" style, with plaits back and front, will be among the most stylish models. Many double-breasted garments will be worn, with close-fitting backs and moderately loose, or tight-fitting fronts. Very large buttons will be used, and many clasps. The newest buttons are made of wood, and are carved in quaint designs. Some of them are perfectly square, others are cut in irregular shapes, and all are very attractive. A few of the cords and loops that were so much in favor last season appear, but the preference seems to be for plainer styles, with buttons.

The same goods will be used for jackets as for the longer garments, and, in addition, some varieties of suitings. Bright red jackets will be specially popular with young ladies, but those of mature years are warned against wearing them, as they are too conspicuous for any but youthful faces and figures.

FASHIONABLE COIFFURES AND ORNAMENTS.

THE illustrations represent some of the most dressy styles of hair-dressing, which can be easily understood without description. No definite rules can be given for the arrangement of a coiffure, the main points being that it shall be high, devoid of all stiff effects, and in harmony with the contour of the head and face, and various modifications have to be made to suit individual cases.

Two of the newest styles of pins and a square comb are also shown, which can be thrust into any part of the coiffure where they will be most becoming, or serve to support the hair most effectually. The pins are frequently thrust into the back hair just below the bonnet to hold it securely and serve instead of the troublesome hat pins that never will go through the frame just where they are needed.

The bow can be made in satin, faille or velvet ribbon, and in one or two colors. The method of wearing it is shown on Fig. 1. The other ornament is a pompon of uncurled ostrich tips with a spray of tinsel fastened by a ribbon bow, and can be worn in the coiffure as shown on Fig. 3, or at the side of the corsage as represented on the same figure. It of course must harmonize with the toilet.

AN American silk house has just brought out a new crape, that for weight and effect is unsurpassed. It comes in all light colors, and aside from the "crapy" effect, is thickly dotted with tiny specks that look like a lighter shade but are in reality produced by the peculiar weave. It is a good width, and much less expensive than imported goods and quite as satisfactory.

Materials for Early Spring.

THERE are very few of what might be called distinctively new fabrics among the earlier importations. Indeed, the question is often asked in dry-goods circles: "What can we have that is new? Every raw material seems to have been worked up into every form of which it is susceptible, and we often think that ingenuity is nearly exhausted in the direction of combinations, either of materials or colors." A glance through the stocks of our leading dry-goods houses is the only corroborative evidence necessary on this point.

As was stated in Demorest's Magazine for February, there is to be special prominence given to all sorts of canvas or étamine fabrics and effects. They appear in cotton, wool and silk, and in every imaginable combination of these materials. Canvas effects are introduced as stripes in plain goods, as overshot work in figures, the results being a wool fabric with what appears like small stripes, figures and blocks of lacework laid over the surface of the goods. This is a compromise between étamine and wool lace, and will be among the most prominent and desirable of spring materials.

With the present enormous stocks of elegant and stylish wool fabrics, it is quite certain that the coming season's importations will be light compared with those for some years past. Indeed, so durable are the light-weight wool materials now on hand, that it is doubtful if any decided change would meet with marked favor. It is certain, in view of present indications, that we are to wear serge, camels'-hair fabrics in several weights and combinations, light-weight flannels, cheviots and tweeds, and unlimited quantities of nuns'-veiling, albatross and cashmere. The heavy, coarse wool fabrics that have been so popular among ultra-fashionables are happily quite out of date, and in their places we have fine, soft goods eminently quiet and elegant, which the rough fabrics were not, nor were they the appropriate materials for the clothing of gentlewomen.

New suitings are shown in stripes with plain goods to match, the fancy goods in comparatively small quantity, as it is likely to be heavier in weight than the plain, and lightness has come to be an important item in the making up of a walking suit. There are also very desirable lace and étamine effects in what might, for want of a better term, be called appliqué designs. They are in a distinct fabric over a plain ground, and are very pretty, although probably not specially durable. These lace figures have the same effect at a little distance as brocaded fabrics, and are shown with plain goods to match. Striped étamines have the same effect, the canvas stripe having an underground of the plain material.

There are a few bourettes among the seasonable importations, also with plain goods to match. They closely resemble the bourettes of eight or ten years ago, and will make desirable early spring suits. They are almost all in a single color, very little indication of two-tone or combination effects being seen. A few *bouclé* goods are shown, but there is a notable absence of all heavy and massive arrangements of the Astrakhan curl. The novelties have a heavy thread at intervals of an inch or so on which tiny soft rings of wool seem to be strung. They are pressed quite closely to the surface of the fabric and are not at all conspicuous. These come in black and colors.

Serges are in high favor, and deservedly so for there is no medium-priced dress fabric from which so much wear and general satisfaction can be had. Good grades of camels'-hair will be especially popular. The soft long hairs are silvery and shining, and properly combined these goods are among the choicest of the designers' resources.

The spring's exhibits of cashmere, albatross cloth and veiling are altogether satisfactory, and even the most critical taste must be fully met in these attractive fabrics. They come in black and all of the seasonable colors. Cashmere, especially, has every evidence of almost unprecedented popularity, especially in light colors. Very fine, all-wool batiste comes out as one of the most exquisite of summer wool dress materials. In black it is a most desirable fabric for warm weather mourning wear, while in colors it will be among the favorite wool materials for evening semi-dress toilets for young ladies. There are foreshadowings of some very choice designs in lace effects in veiling and albatross, but even the samples are not yet received.

More velvet will be used than for many seasons. It is shown in plain, solid colors, and in endless variety in stripes and small brocaded figures on satin grounds. Early spring walking suits will be made of velvet alone, or combined with the various suitings and cashmeres. Some of the new striped velvets are specially adapted for use as panels, dress fronts, vests and similar garniture. Some special designs have a tinsel stripe between rows of cut and uncut velvet. There are a few choice plushes for spring wear in combinations, the novelty being a shell plush with alternate stripes of plush and silk, the plush being cut into shell-shaped scallops.

Silk promises to be in greater favor than for years, especially good grades of black silk, faille, satin Duchesse, Rhadames, and those with a high luster. Good grades of black satin will be popular for various uses, especially in combination with heavy jetted fabrics and lace. Gros grain silks in colors are in good demand for inexpensive dresses where a silk must be had. Brocades will be in moderate request, black having the preference, and some will be made up by themselves and trimmed with fine lace. Colored brocades will be used for semi-dress wear with plain goods.

Fine corduroy is among the desirable materials for walking suits. It is made up by itself, or in combination with cashmere, camels'-hair serge or Irish poplin. In all cases the skirt is of the corduroy and very simply made.

In early season cotton fabrics there are most desirable novelties in satine, Scotch gingham, and English calico. The patterns are small, not very closely set, and in all sorts of quaint designs.

Early Spring Millinery.

EVERY season there is more decided evidence of conservatism as regards the strict following of imported fashions in millinery. Every season importers bring out novelties, and arrange details of materials and trimmings and styles, only to have the American woman of ideas discard the one and reconstruct the other until only the merest suggestion of the original design remains. That this season will be an exception to its predecessors there is no reason to suppose, and we may therefore look for no settled popularity in styles that partake of any especial departures from the now popular fashions.

The present exhibits show some most admirable effects in wide-brimmed hats of the Gainsborough style. Some of them are covered with Jersey cloth, some with lace, and a few with velvet; and long plumes are revived to trim them. They are always becoming to a certain style of face and the wonder is that they have not come in sooner, as they would have suited admirably with the large flowered silks and *crêpes de Chine* so much in favor for the past few seasons.

Brown, navy blue, gray, olive, and very dark garnet and maroon are some of the colors for large hats. Light colors will also be in favor, but not for general use, as a large hat in light color, except for carriage or watering-place wear, is too conspicuous to be enjoyed by ladies of taste. Besides, a pleasing variety is afforded by having distinct shades for various occasions.

For bonnets, the close shapes will it seems always be in favor, although they are a shade larger than last season. There are the same pinched up brims, and the same cut up crowns, which fact alone is sufficient evidence that there will be no radical change in styles of hairdressing, at least in the immediate present.

Velvet will be very generally used for some portion of a small bonnet, and beads will be conspicuous by their size and quantity. Entire brims will be made of large beads sewed closely along the edges in parallel rows, and velvet crowns will be covered with tiny drops and tassels of beads of various sizes and shapes. Fewer rosary beads will be used than were seen last season. Jet beads will be in high favor, and will be used on all dark-colored materials, while colored beads will be employed almost indiscriminately upon all colors and weights of goods. Among the special novelties are amber beads in flat, three-cornered shapes, that trim very effectively. Garnet beads of the same shape, and various other colors are shown in similar style. These three-cornered beads will be set on the brims and crowns of bonnets in rows, and entire crowns will be made of them.

Trimmings will be massed in the fronts of hats and bonnets very much as they have been heretofore, only higher, if possible. Some of the new models have strong wires to support the trimmings, that are concealed by loops of velvet or silk being passed over them. Flowers will be used upon a few of the early bonnets, but the majority will be trimmed with birds, wings, and made feathers, and bands of grebe and pheasant feathers will be among the stylish trimmings. Many ostrich tips will be used, and long plumes have, it is confidently asserted, really come back after a long struggle. Plumes from ten to eighteen inches in length are used, but twelve-inch lengths trim with the best effect, especially if put on in a mass.

Turbans will be worn by ladies to whom they are becoming. Many young ladies provide a turban for windy weather, as it is so much easier to keep on than anything that has a brim. English straw bonnets and hats are among the most comfortable of spring head-gear. If trimmed with light materials they will be specially welcome after the heavy velvet and wool trimmings that the past season has given us. Scarfs of crape or soft silk are knotted loosely around the crowns of hats and fastened with a few slides or pins.

There is great diversity of opinion as to the probable popularity of ribbons for millinery uses. From all indications there will be great use made of them both for exceptionally fine wear, and for more ordinary purposes. The medium grades of millinery indicate the use of scarfs and piece goods of all weights, colors, and designs. With fine flowers and on crape bonnets very delicate gauze ribbons will be the favorite trimming. Double-faced satin ribbon is less stylish than almost any sort in market, and gros grains in plain goods are not considered specially desirable. A great many satin and velvet ribbons will be used, and some of the new goods of this grade are very elegant. Crape bonnets with velvet and satin ribbon trimming will be among the summer novelties from Paris.

There will be a little tinsel worn, but much less than formerly It is quite out of the question for some ladies to forego the temptation to wear it, and when judiciously used it is really desirable and effective.

Wool Laces and How to Use Them.

IN the hands of the willing and appreciative artist there are few materials now in market that have the many possibilities that are offered in the present exhibit of wool laces. In the most tasteful patterns, of exquisite fineness, and in all of the choice colors, they are at once the most manageable, graceful and becoming of seasonable garnitures. Whether for the street, the house, or any but the most formal dress occasions, they solve one of the most difficult problems for the amateur dressmaker. The veriest tyro can drape a lace flounce, whereas the adjustment of complicated draperies is often the most formidable obstacle in the way of home dressmaking.

A number of very stylish costumes composed of wool lace with Irish poplin, Bengaline, faille, and the various light wool fabrics of the season have recently been imported, and one of the choicest models is made of wool lace and watered silk in very dark seal brown. Wraps, mantelettes, and matinées are charming when made of wool lace over silk, and a wrapper of cream-white wool guipure net over pale-blue faille, intended for a bride, is especially lovely. The princess back is very full in the skirt, with deep, underlaid box-plaits, and a long A-shaped gore is set in the middle of the back of the skirt, and rounded at the bottom to form a demi-train. A flounce, ten inches wide, of lace to match the net, is set around the bottom of the wrapper, and up the seams of the back gore, which extend to the waist, a row of lace edging about four inches deep is set on full and then caught down in jabot fashion with bows and ends of No. 16 pale blue and cream satin and gros grain ribbons. A similar jabot, of slightly wider lace and the same ribbons, extends the entire length of the front. There are ribbons to tie across the front at the waist, and the front is fastened with loops and buttons set underneath full bows of ribbon. The collar is of lace plaited and caught down in shell pattern.

A walking dress of bronze surah has a box-plaited skirt trimmed with graduated rows of wool guipure edging. The lace is set plainly on the silk and plaited in with it. There are five rows on the skirt, the widest at the bottom, about ten inches deep, and intervals of about one and one-half inches between the rows. There is a very close, short apron of the silk without trimming, and three rows of lace are set across the bottom of the back drapery.

Entire overdresses of wool guipure made up without lining will be worn over silk slips for semi-dress occasions, and fine grades of wool guipure net will be conspicuous in dresses prepared for summer resorts. For misses' and children's use, both the nets and flouncings in these goods will be very popular. Several lovely guimpe dresses have been made of net, the bodies being of silk or of fine cashmere. A miss's dress has a full-length flounce gathered into the belt, and caught up to the waist on one side with a large soft sash bow of surah.

Wool lace in trimming widths is a favorite garniture for short underskirts of flannel or Chuddah cloth, a charming one being of cream-white Chuddah cloth, with a six-inch flounce of wool lace having narrow ribbons run through the meshes so as to form a fine basket-work of pink, blue and cream-colored ribbons. Babies' cloaks of wool net over cashmere are pretty and dressy, and if the quality be fine enough, there is no more suitable material for such garments. A recent order was for a cloak and cap of cream net lined with white albatross cloth and trimmed with pink ribbons.

SPRING DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—This shows the "Melina" polonaise made in olive camels'-hair serge, the small *frisé* figures corresponding in color with the ground. The plain gored skirt has the same olive tint, but the material is étamine and camels'-hair in alternate stripes. The garniture on the polonaise consists of bands of the striped goods, the arrangement of which can be seen on the double illustration on page 342, and the quantity of material required for a medium size is stated in connection therewith. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—This simple street costume consists of the "Norfolk" basque and "Madeline" skirt made in gray serge, the skirt trimmed with rows of black velvet ribbon. The basque is finished at the edges with machine-stitching, and fancy gray and black buttons complete it tastefully. The gray straw hat has a moderately high crown, the rolling brim is faced with black velvet, while a stylish arrangement of black and gray velvet ribbons and ostrich tips contributes to the general good effect. Dark gray mousquetaire gloves. The quantity of material required for a medium size of each of these patterns is stated in connection with the double illustrations, shown on page 343, and the arrangements of the backs can also be seen on the same page. Price of basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

Fashionable Colors.

WHILE browns, blues, olive in various shades, and a fair sprinkling of ruby and cardinal are still to hold their popularity, we are promised, in addition to these, some real spring colors. With the exception of the *chartreuse* and kindred pale green shades, we have of late had very few of the tints formerly shown in spring fabrics. One of the best of the light shades is a greenish wood color which is called Neapolitan. It will be specially popular in millinery.

Amber is at the present moment the preferred of all yellow tints, and some exquisite millinery materials are shown in this color. In beads, especially for bonnet trimmings, it is in high favor. Lemon yellow, orange, and mandarin will be used to some extent, while beige and the entire range of wood colors and écru to the faintest tint of cream-color will be worn.

Pale blues are again in the list of fashionable millinery and trimming effects. The shades are clear and pure in tone, and quite light. There is little, if any, medium blue shown. Very dark navy and marine shades, and a few suggestions of gendarme and metallic blues are seen, but nothing in the middle tints.

Green is shown in the pale yellowish shades so popular last season, and in every imaginable tint of olive, réséda and moss green. Very few emerald greens are seen in the best stocks, and if used at all they must be handled with great care. The various olive and myrtle shades are in high favor, and some of the most elegant dress and millinery fabrics are shown in them.

Red is shown in a clear dark ruby and some medium shades of cardinal. A good deal of scarlet is used in millinery, and full dresses of bright red are seen, many red jackets and a few short wraps. A new caprice is a short wrap of red broadcloth with trimming of red and black or red and olive chenille and braid fringe. Red satin rain umbrellas are a French fashion that is getting a foothold among us. To say the least, they are very cheery-looking on a rainy day.

Very pale shades of pink are again fashionable, and some very choice millinery and dress fabrics are shown in them. Brown in nearly every shade will be worn, seal and coffee shades being especially good. Black continues the leading choice of ladies of taste for street wear. Nothing is so becoming and lady-like for the purpose, and after the use of black for any length of time the taste for it grows and colors are almost a discomfort. Black and white is not meeting with as much favor as formerly. It will doubtless be worn to some extent as there are always a few ladies to whom it is extremely becoming; but it does not promise any enthusiastic success.

Torqueta Costume.

A STYLISH design, suitable for the most elegant as well as inexpensive goods, and exceedingly attractive when made either in one or two materials. It is here illustrated made throughout in dark brown camels'-hair serge, the skirt trimmed with "Kursheedt's Standard" lace braid in two shades of brown, which is also used as a finish around the neck and sleeves. This arrangement of the braid produces the effect of a striped fabric, and is very effective. With the separate illustration, given on page 342, the quantity of material for a medium size is stated. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Ninita Basque.

THIS dressy basque is made in écru étamine with fine brown stripes, the effect being enhanced by the brown velvet collar and V-shaped plastron, and velvet finish in the sleeves. The drapery matches the basque, and is trimmed with brown lace braid. The high collar has pale blue ribbon run through slits in it, and is fastened at the side under a bow of the same ribbon. The double illustration is given on page 343, and in the description which accompanies it the quantity of material for a medium size is stated. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

New Laces, Embroideries and Braids.

AMONG the garnitures for the coming season are some entirely novel designs in appliqué embroideries and laces that are very effective. One of the samples shown is pongee in the natural color, and on this, to the depth of seven or eight inches, brown velvet is appliquéd in strips in a zigzag pattern surmounted by diamond-shaped pieces, the pieces embroidered on the edges, and all the intervening spaces covered with embroidery, the lower edge describing points embroidered in miniature scallops. This is intended for skirt trimming, and to match it is a narrower width in similar pattern. The same design is repeated in blue. The same idea, but with different patterns, is shown

with Chambéry of different colors for a foundation, and the appliquéd pieces of a contrasting color; and there are lace foundations with appliqués of Chambéry in pansy and other pretty designs with embroidered edges. They come in two widths and are sold by the yard, and there are robes in boxes with this style of trimming. For trimming woolen fabrics, "Kursheedt's Standard" lace braids are especially desirable for spring, being woven in an open pattern that makes them lighter than the ordinary kinds. The prettiest of these come in two shades of a color, and they are in various widths. Further information regarding these trimmings will be furnished on application to the "Kursheedt Manufacturing Co.," New York City.

New Materials for Mourning.

THE need of something suitable for deep mourning, yet cool and light in weight for summer wear, has been felt by all who have ever worn black. This need has been supplied by the introduction of eight new black fabrics, Clairette, Convent, Gypsy, Princetta, Feather, and Pansy cloths, Imperial Twill and Royal Serge.

The first named of these fabrics was brought out last season, and had a great success; and the new Clairettes are even more desirable than those of last year, firmer, and with a deeper mourning effect. The same material comes for veils, supplying another general need. Of course, for most occasions, nothing can ever take the place of the crape veil, but there are times, as in traveling, and in stormy weather, when it is difficult to preserve crape from injury, and for these uses the Clairette is intended, taking the place of the soft veilings which are more liable to lose their freshness under such usage. For traveling costumes Clairette is unrivaled. A dress made up without trimming, and a bonnet and veil of this fabric, will be found the perfection of convenience and comfort, showing no sign in the morning of the previous day's travel, since dust drops off and creases shake out. Clairette combines effectively with crape, and the ticket on the goods offers suggestions for putting the two together.

The Convent cloth, a fine momie, and the Princetta, a very light, cool fabric woven like Henrietta cloth, are also intended to be made up with Courtauld's crape. For those who are considered too young to wear crape, and for grown people who have left it off, the first favorite will undoubtedly be the Gypsy cloth, a canvas weave, firm yet light, and falling in beautiful folds. The Royal Serge and Imperial Twill, with their crape-like surfaces, are also adapted for gowns on which no crape is to be used. The soft Pansy cloth, with its loose twill, and the Feather cloth, showing a silky armure effect, complete the list of new mourning materials.

These various fabrics come in different grades of fineness, but all are of the finest wool and silk, and the same shade of perfect unfading black, the exact shade of Courtauld's crapes. As this color never changes, new and old can be put together, and any one of the fabrics with any other, without fear that either will be made to look rusty or faded. They are brought out by the well-known manufacturers, B. Priestley & Co., who have hitherto been best known as making silk warp Henriettas, Melrose cloths, and *drap d'Alma* of exquisite quality. The yellow "Varnished Board," which shows the grain of the wood, bearing the name of the manufacturers, is the Priestley trade mark, and goods rolled upon such a board, and no others, may be depended on as genuine.

Combinations of Materials.

THERE are some quite decided novelties in spring combinations. Medium weight Rhadames, faille Française or satin Duchesse is used in combination with the expensive wool materials that have been so fashionable the past season, the latter being employed in the same manner as velvet or brocade. The effect is very satisfactory, and the combination will make eminently useful dresses. The body of the waist and sleeves are made of the silk, with vest, collar, cuffs and revers of the wool goods. The front drapery may be either of silk or wool, preferably the latter. The back drapery should have at least a breadth of the silk. Side panels of silk or wool, side-plaited or box-plaited, with a band of the other fabric across the bottom of the panel, or a turned back revers will be desirable. There should be from one to five very narrow plaitings at the bottom of the skirt, of the two materials alternating. This style is not only new, but decidedly practical, and opens the way for original designs, as well as for utilizing these elegant fabrics where waists have pulled out in the seams and the dresses are useless from this cause.

Specially elegant costumes for street wear are made of fine camels'-hair and Bengaline, either in the style just mentioned or with the wool fabric for the body of the dress. The better grades of camels'-hair are sufficiently durable if properly made up. This combination has recently been employed for brides' traveling costumes. There seems to be a special adaptation in the use of camels'-hair and Bengaline for good dresses, as the two fabrics harmonize perfectly, and the draperies, if properly adjusted, fall in most graceful lines.

Some stylish suits are being made of Irish poplin and fine camels'-hair serge. They are in both styles, the poplin for the body and the wool for trimming, and the reverse. Special descriptions of silk and wool costumes are given in the article on "Spring Suits."

Velvet with wool, cashmere especially, will be much used, and many brocaded velvets will be utilized in this way. Plush, notably that with close, short pile, will be in high favor for spring wear, with either wool or silk fabrics.

There are some very elegant Persian silk goods that will be used with faille Française for rich dresses for spring wear. The effect of the Persian fabric, which is pure raw silk, is similar to a very fine old India shawl. In the regular brocaded and plain silks there will be but little change in the methods of combination. The use of plain silk for trimming on brocade does not meet with as much favor as such application on plain wool. Brocaded silks will be used with the finer grades of smooth wool goods in both styles of combination. Moiré silks with plush, velvet, faille and Bengaline will be popular for early spring suits. New wool suitings in striped étamine or canvas effects have plain wool étamines to match.

One of the special features of the coming season will be the use of deep flouncings of wool lace over skirts of colored surah and faille Française. Few narrow widths will be used, but there will be a good demand for flouncings from thirty-six to forty inches in depth, and some of the nets or piece goods will be very desirable, especially so the fine hand-made nets that are actually *real* laces, and all handwork.

Lace and jet, jetted grenadine and jetted étamine will be prominent among the season's importations. A great many beads of all colors and kinds will be worn, and goods by the yard with inwrought beads will be in high favor. From present indications, embroidered materials will be used to a limited extent in combination.

Ladies' Aprons.

No. 1.—Made of black surah and embroidered in Kensington stitch with red, blue, orange and green silks. It is gauged at the top, the gauging secured by chain-stitching in orange color, and the belt is fastened at the side under a bow of dark-red faille ribbon.

No. 2.—Made of a plain width of coarse, écru scrim, the bottom finished with Russian lace, above which is a band of drawn work surmounted by Russian embroidery in dark green, red, and orange. A broader band of embroidery and drawn work is across the middle of the apron, and the top is sewed plainly to a band of the goods embroidered on the edges, which also serve for strings.

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No. 3.—For this apron, écru batiste is plainly hemmed at the bottom and laid in broad box-plaits ornamented with bands of the goods embroidered in colors. The top is shirred, and the strings are of brown satin ribbon tied at the side in a bow with short ends.

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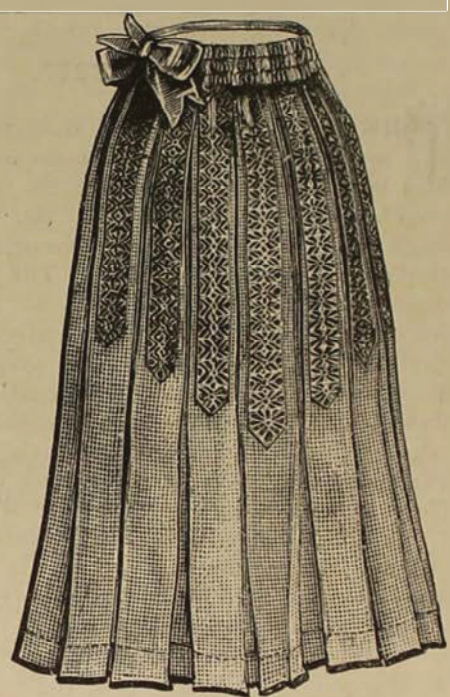
No. 4.—Upright bands of coarse scrim embroidered with dark red form the upper part of this apron, the bands connected by strips of drawn work. The two middle bands in front are gathered, the rest are left plain, and all are sewed to a band of red satin ribbon which is finished on the right side under a full bow of the same ribbon. The remainder of the apron consists of a broad insertion of crochet work, below which is a band of embroidered scrim edged with drawn work, and the bottom of the apron is finished by a deep crocheted lace.

VERY pretty, dressy aprons are among the dainty accessories so abundant in our furnishing stores, ranging in quality from the plainest scrim and lawn, to surah silk laden with delicately embroidered vines, buds and blossoms.

The new and dressy styles are without pockets, and the belt is either finished with a button at the back, or there are very long, wide sash ends to tie in a full bow at the back of the waist. The surah aprons may have a belt, and a sash of the same material fringed and knotted at the ends, which should be in a made bow with a couple of hooks and eyes to fasten, as the constant tying of the bow wrinkles it too much.

The more simple aprons are merely a square of lawn or scrim, with the hem either plain or feather-stitched in some delicate color. Others of scrim have a few threads drawn and very narrow ribbon run in the spaces, alternately over and under the threads. Several rows of ribbon of different colors may be used, care being taken that the color harmony or contrast is preserved, also that the ribbons do not pass over and under the same threads, but alternate ones. At the corners there is a basket-work formed by the interlaced ribbons, and the ends may be turned in and sewed fast, or may be left in loose ends, or tied in little bow-knots.



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Fine lawn aprons are made of a half breadth of lawn, with a deep embroidery set upon either side, the whole folded into a double box-plait, so arranged that both sides fall toward the front, or as though the plait were set wrong side out. The embroidery used for the purpose is flouncing eighteen inches deep, ordinarily used for dresses and the like. A fall of narrower edging is set upon the bottom of the apron. Any width of embroidery may be employed, but the effect is much better if it is wide and of good quality. Good nainsook is the proper sort for such a purpose. There are also many very pretty aprons with alternate vertical rows of insertion and plain muslin, also nainsook insertion and lace alternating, with a finish of lace edging and a heading of insertion.

Aprons of heavy white lace insertion alternating with strips of colored cambric are very pretty and popular. The cambric strip is of the same width as the lace, and the two are joined by having the edge of the goods rolled and the edge over-seamed. A novelty is the use of these strips in seersucker with Russian lace insertion. The crinkled effect is exceedingly pretty.

Useful aprons are made of gingham, satine, percale or cambric. Housemaids' aprons are usually of white Lonsdale

cambric or similar material, and are either plainly hemmed or cut in slashes and lined or faced. Sometimes these slashes extend up the sides of the apron to the belt, which is about two inches wide and has long strings to tie at the back. To make one of these aprons requires two widths of material, one of which should be cut in two pieces lengthwise and set on each side of the other width so as to avoid a seam in the middle. The gathers should extend at least half-way around the waist, and the length must be according to the person who wears it, being just long enough to cover the dress without reaching to the very edge of the skirt. Nurses' aprons are often made of a flounce of Hamburg embroidery which is long enough without additional material.

Underwear.

THE remarkable changes that perfected machinery and skilled labor have made in the single item of ladies' underwear cannot be thoroughly comprehended by those who have not had the privilege of looking through some of the extensive assortments that leading metropolitan houses are showing. The perfection of finish, the quality of the materials used, the style, the cut, and, above all, the almost absolutely perfect workmanship, are subjects of wonder and admiration even to those who are familiar with them. Since the vexatious and unreliable chain-stitch machines have been abandoned, and more pains is taken to prepare findings for such garments, both the work and general effect are much more desirable.

There is little change in the shapes of the new garments, and few notable departures in the materials of which they are made. Every year, finer goods are selected, and there is more attention paid to the fit of the garments as regards the dress that is to be worn over them. Berkley and Lonsdale cambrics, percale, batiste in very delicate shades of pink, blue and gray, linen lawn, India linen, and nainsook are the finer fabrics most in use, while Pride of the West and Fruit of the Loom muslins are used for the more substantial garments.

The favorite garnitures are plat Val lace and embroidery. Medici lace is used, but there are such diametrically opposite views in regard to its durability that it is scarcely wise to express a decided opinion upon its merits. Some ladies think it very satisfactory, while others condemn it in most sweeping terms. Importers admit that there are many complaints about it, and yet it is a really good selling lace. There is, however, no such report from the plat Val, and the manufacturers are taxed to the utmost to supply the constantly increasing demand. A great deal of hemstitching and revering is seen in fine underwear, and there is special favor shown to hand embroidery.

One of the caprices of fashion is the demand for yellowish-white fabrics. The clear blue-white of the laundry is becoming unfashionable, and the finest linen is of a faint creamy yellow that really has something to commend it, especially for wear under thin dresses. The color is not, however, any excuse for carelessness about the underwear. That is an unpardonable sin in the eyes of fashion, for with the present approval of healthy women has come a decided sentiment in favor of the extreme of neatness.

Suits are made in three pieces: night-dress, chemise and drawers. Some of the new suits have corset cover to match, also. New gowns have Watteau backs and long yoke fronts. The sleeves are cut in a fashion similar to the sleeves of dresses, and trimmed with lace, tucks or embroidery, or all three styles on the same garment. The bottoms of all but the most expensive gowns are plainly hemmed. Very fine ones have entire front, back of yoke, and bottom of skirt trimmed. They should be just long enough to reach the floor. Some very delicate ladies wear gowns of cashmere or opera flannel. One of the most comfortable garments of this class is made of cream-white basket-cloth, and is worn over the cambric night-gown.

Drawers are extremely full about the belt and very wide at the bottom. They are trimmed with falls of lace or embroidery, and cambric insertion or tucks above. If lace is used, it is more durable when set in perpendicular rows, as few laces are strong enough to support the weight of trimming below them through more than two or three launderings.

Chemises are very low in the neck and have no sleeves, only shoulder straps with trimming. The skirts of all of the finer ones are trimmed, many of them very elaborately. Embroidery and lace are seen on very many garments, while a plainer style is several tucks and a fall of lace below. They are fitted more closely than heretofore, and are made of much finer and thinner material. During the warm weather many ladies discard the chemise altogether and wear the corset cover and short skirt. There are some very attractive vests in moderately heavy silk that are worn under the corset and no corset cover at all. While this may be a more comfortable fashion, it is open to criticism on the score of neatness; for the lining of the dress becomes soiled and not at all suited for the use of a lady of refined taste and fastidious habits. Corset covers are cut low, square, and high in the neck. The square cut is the most favored, as it is comfortable, keeps the dress lining clean, and is sufficiently cool to be comfortable even in extremely warm weather. There are various styles of trimming, the most popular being a front of all-over embroidery and edging or lace.

Short skirts are made of very thin muslin or cambric, and trimmed with clusters of tucks and lace of various widths. Many ladies are wearing skirts of wool lace flouncing, in cream and light colors. Walking skirts are shown in almost endless variety and at very low prices. Specially popular are heavy cotton hand-made skirts with deep flounces of hand embroidery. More elaborate skirts have very deep Spanish flounces, the lower part being made of rows of embroidery and tucks alternating, and with a deep edge at the bottom. Some exquisite skirts, with lace and nainsook insertions set perpendicularly and finished at the bottom in points or squares, are shown. Embroidery and plat Val are the principal trimmings, while torchons and Medici laces are in fair request.

Ladies who like some fullness in the backs of dresses and do not like the feeling of the present tournure are using skirts with several heavy ruffles at the back. These are very stiffly starched and are left without ironing, the cloth being smoothed by the hands.

AMONG the novelties in embroidery are flouncings forty-five inches deep in fine cambric and nainsook, with a narrow band of Hamburg across the bottom, and a trimming width at the upper edge. They are called apron widths, and will be used for plain skirts, for nurses' fine aprons, and for the many uses to which such goods can be adapted.

NEW lace flouncings forty inches deep, come in perpendicular stripes running from the edge of the flounce upward and two-thirds of the way across the width. They are in some cases very heavy, and others are very light and delicate. Many of the deep embroideries have merely etchings above the rather pronounced and heavy Egyptian edgings.

MISSES' DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—The "Beata" dress is here illustrated made in garnet cashmere trimmed with blue velvet ribbon. The basque has a Breton vest prettily trimmed with velvet ribbon and fastened in with fancy buttons, and the collar and sleeves are finished to correspond with the front. The sash drapery is caught up at the left side with a blue velvet bow, and the plain skirt is trimmed in front with several rows of velvet ribbon. The double illustration, showing the back view of the dress, is given on page 354, and in the description which accompanies it, the quantity of material for a medium size is stated. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, twenty cents each.

FIG. 2.—This shows the "Adeliza" costume made in blue serge. The effect of plaits is given to the double-breasted basque by bands which are neatly finished with narrow black braid, and the belt is of the same material similarly bound, and is secured with a fancy buckle. The dark blue straw hat is turned up at the left side and faced with blue velvet, and the trimming consists of rows of beads, silk and velvet loops, and peacock plumage. The design is illustrated separately, on page 354, and the quantity of material required for a medium size is stated in the accompanying description. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Illustrated Fashions for Children.

THE two costumes given this month are especially desirable at this time, being so well adapted for the fabrics chosen for early spring wear. The "Adeliza" consists of a rather deep, cuirass basque having bias bands sewn on it that give the effect of plaits, and a gored foundation skirt over which is a drapery that entirely conceals it, arranged in kilt-plaits in front, and having a back drapery laid in broad plaits at the right side so that it appears like a continuation of the front, but looped high at the left.

This makes up nicely in flannel, serge, camels'-hair and similar goods, and needs no trimming excepting a binding of braid on the bands and belt, and even this can be omitted and machine-stitching used instead, and a leather belt can be substituted for one of the material. For some goods the addition of small pendants on the edges of the plaits will give a more dressy effect; but usually the plaits will look best if left plain. Gray, dark blue, dark green, or garnet will look well with black braid and buttons, but on brown, brown braid and buttons will look best, although black is at present fashionably used for trimming brown. As the season advances, this pattern can be used for lighter qualities of goods, étamine, nuns'-veiling, cashmere, and even for Chambéry, Scotch gingham, satine and similar fabrics that will not need frequent laundering.

The "Beata" is for smaller girls and is most effective when made in two materials. This has a plain gored skirt, and the drapery is attached to the basque giving the effect of a polonaise. It is suitably made in any of the materials mentioned for the "Adeliza," and the trimming can easily be varied to suit the goods. On the plate of "Misses' Dresses," on this page, it is shown trimmed with velvet ribbon which will be very appropriate on woolen material, or braid can be used if it is made for very practical uses. Velvet can be used with most materials for the vest, collar, cuffs and band on the skirt, and for summer silk and similar light goods a contrasting color can be employed for the vest and a plaiting for the skirt.

The "Arva" pelisse is a simple and thoroughly practical pattern that is appropriate for plain and fancy cloakings of all weights, and even for serge if a light wrap is needed. Velvet, used as shown in the illustration, will make it more dressy, but it is not necessary to a stylish completion, for machine-stitching can be used in finish, and the belt, collar, and cuffs may be of the same goods. Cheviot in fine checks, tweed, and plain dark red or blue serge will be very stylish made up without contrasting accessories. It is essential that the buttons should be very large.

The "Carl" apron can be used for its original purpose, or it can be utilized for a dress for small children of either sex. It can be made up very prettily in white goods, with the broad box-plait down the middle of the front outlined

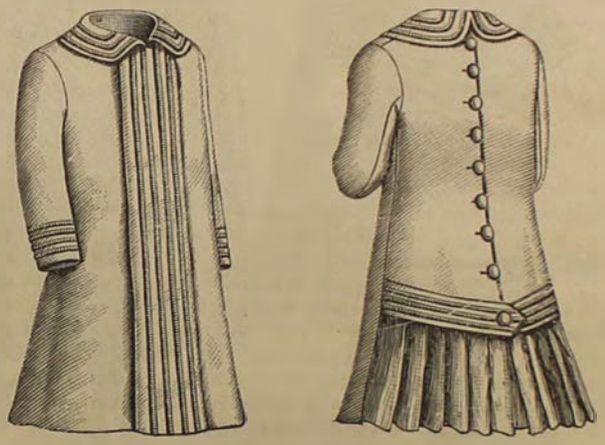
with an embroidered edging, and the collar, sleeves and belt trimmed to match; or, it can be made in plain Chambéry and trimmed with linen braid, or in Scotch gingham without trimming, or in gray linen trimmed with white, red or blue braid; and if ribbon is used for the belt it will be quite dressy.

The "Sacque" nightshirt for boys is the simplest shape that is made. It is adapted to all the materials usually selected for such purposes, and can be trimmed or made up plainly, according to individual taste. White or colored embroidered edgings are used for trimming these garments, also ruffles, either embroidered or plain.

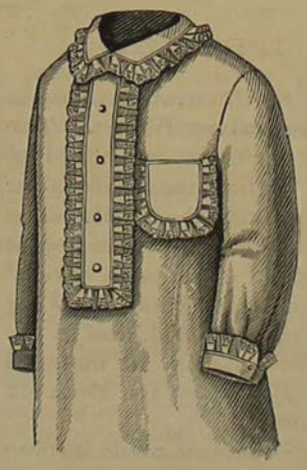
Adeliza Costume.—For the size for fourteen years, eleven yards and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide, or six yards and one-quarter of forty-eight inches wide will be required. Eight yards of braid will be sufficient for binding on the basque as illustrated. The foundation skirt will require three yards and three-quarters of lining. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each. See page 353.

Beata Dress.—For the size for eight years, five yards and one-half of material twenty-four inches wide will be required to make the dress, and five-eighths of a yard of velvet will be sufficient for the vest, collar and cuffs. One-quarter of a yard of contrasting goods will trim the skirt with a band where illustrated. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, twenty cents each. See page 353.

Arva Pelisse.—The size for ten years will require four yards and one-quarter of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two yards and one-quarter of forty-eight inches wide. Seven-eighths of a yard of bias velvet will be sufficient to trim as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each. See page 353.



Carl Apron.—The size for six years will require two yards and a quarter of goods one yard wide. Eight yards of braid will be sufficient to trim as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, fifteen cents each. See page 353.



Boy's Sacque Nightshirt.—The size for twelve years will require two yards and seven-eighths of material one yard wide. Three yards and one-quarter of trimming will be sufficient for one row without fullness. Patterns in sizes for from eight to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

EMBROIDERED suits of batiste, Chambéry, organdie and pine-apple lawn are extremely pretty, practical, and very much less expensive than last season. The embroidery ranges in width from about ten to thirty inches deep on the flounces, and there is usually a narrow edge to trim the waist and sleeves. There are often three colors or more in the embroideries. One of the most attractive is a very light blue batiste, embroidered in white daisies with yellow centers. The same pattern and colors are shown on a black ground, as well as many other colors and designs in Hamburg work.

LADIES' CLUB

The increased number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, render it necessary to urge upon them. **First**—*Brevity.* **Second**—*Clearness of statement.* **Third**—*Decisive knowledge of what they want.* **Fourth**—*The desirability of confining themselves to questions of interest to others as well as themselves, and to those that the inquirer cannot solve by a diligent search of ordinary books of reference.* **Fifth**—*Consideration of the possibilities of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed.* **Sixth**—*A careful reading to see if the questions are not already answered in separate articles and departments of the Magazine. We wish the Ladies' Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain amount of space, and we ask for the co-operation of our intelligent readers and correspondents to further the objects. Inquiries respecting cosmetics, medicine or surgery will not be noticed.*

"A Would-be Independent."—A System for Dress Cutting would serve for a foundation; but the art of dressmaking is a very different thing; it takes time to acquire it, and one can only become an expert by natural taste and considerable experience. The acquisition of a "system," or the mechanical part of dressmaking, is essential to accuracy in cutting and shaping. The cleverest "home-made" dressmaker who relies upon her own methods is rarely exact in details, and therefore cannot be relied upon. After the acquisition of a scientific basis, more can be done by the intelligence, persevering observation and industry of the worker than can be taught by lesson. Of course it would be useful, in such a case, to be able to enter an establishment where an opportunity would be afforded for practice, and a great variety of styles seen in the process of development. But if this cannot be done, your best plan would be to keep a keen lookout for styles and novelties, take two or three of the best home and foreign fashion magazines, and, whenever you think you can, improve upon their ideas. Do not be afraid of being original. Good artistic dressmaking is a very absorbing, highly honorable and often lucrative occupation, and the higher the work the more remunerative. Do not slight work or allow it to be slighted. The present style of dress requires good work and thorough finishing. One of the minor miseries, worse than the old "button" trouble, is the dropping down of merely tacked-up drapery, the coming apart of ill-made and insecure plaits and folds, and the loss of bows, loops and ornaments not half sewed on. Be at least conscientious in your work, for this will be a great point in your favor.

"Mrs. E. S., a Farmer's Wife."—"*The Scarlet Letter*" was written by Nathaniel Hawthorne, the father of Julian Hawthorne. Any bookseller will procure it for you. Very glad you find Demorest's Magazine so important an element in the pleasure of your life. But now let us suggest one thing to you. The round of *fêtes* and calls is just as monotonous to a fashionable woman as your round of duties to you; more dreary, because there is no satisfaction—no feeling of having done anything good or useful. Music and fine dramatic performances are great and real pleasures. So, also, is the sight of good pictures, but there is so much rubbish mixed up with all of these that one must know just what to select in order to feel that one gains anything by the expenditure of time, money and trouble. Books, books are the thing—and well-illustrated publications—to satisfy the hunger of a mind isolated from the centers of activity; but get the best, that which will satisfy, and that will serve you while waiting for the sometimes slow-coming opportunity to get more. Then, above all, keep this in your mind: that the ideas, the great work, the best things that will be done in the future, are in the air before they find outward expression; and cultivate within yourself high thoughts, sympathy with the good and true and strong things in life, and all these influences will gather about you and make your life one glad hosanna, even though it be spent in menial duties.

"A New Subscriber."—The only way to remove the discoloration would be to have the gloves dyed. By a proper process kid gloves are now dyed very nicely—they would take brown or black. Your question was addressed in proper form, we prefer only that correspondents should find some more distinctive nomenclature than "Subscriber," "New" or "Old," because the repetition is endless and confusing.

"Betsy."—Your sample is a fine armure wool, very soft and nice. It would make a neat, though sober suit, and would look well braided or trimmed with a silk cord passementerie, jacket to match. Otherwise it might be finished with full vest in soft folds of silk, and a small mantelet or visite of the material, trimmed with full fringe of soft silk braid.

"E. M. C."—The "Exchange" for decorative work may be "original" in your town, but they are common all over the country. All the large cities have them, and Rockford, your neighbor, has one, but they have been started by societies of women, less as a purely business enterprise, than as one mode of assisting women, and the charge, or "commission," on works received is almost uniformly ten per cent., which does not pay expenses, because the sales are limited, and the expenses more than would be necessary, if the enterprise were placed upon a purely business foundation. The main difficulty in a small town is this—that there are more sellers than buyers, more contributors to the stock than purchasers of it. To make a financial success, it would be necessary to incorporate some permanently useful features, perhaps materials for work, and useful as well as fancy articles. A certain line of notions, trimmings, and ribbons might be added; but you should begin small, and add as you go on, after testing the direction from which the chief demand is likely to come. Prudently begun and carried on, we see no reason to doubt your ultimate success, provided prices were moderate, and articles varied and attractive, filling the demand for gifts and for such things as cannot be found in ordinary stores—pretty aprons, cushions, needle-books, as well as plaques, panels, etc.

"Alice C."—For a young lady, the embroidered nainsook would be the most suitable. A wide sash of soft, pale pink silk would dress it up, and if the waist is not trimmed, you might add a vest-fichu of pink silk, edged with white lace, and having a standing collar. The black silk could be arranged in the same way if you prefer that; only the fichu should be covered with black lace.

"La Cygne."—Our patterns are graded upon scientific principles; if your form is good, and you send correct bust measure, the pattern will fit accurately. If you are larger or smaller than the average, it will require adjusting to your individual peculiarities.

"H. D. S."—The "Pencil to Brush" series was begun to afford an opportunity for study, and practice in drawing, to those who had begun to color before knowing how to draw, and who felt the want of this training. It was also intended to be useful to beginners.

"Vera."—Dyeing is well understood in America now, and there is no preference to be made with the best-known establishments, while most of the smaller ones are quite reliable. Your light tricot cloth ought to take a good dark green.

"M. Ella."—A full, rich, black feather trimming would look best upon your black velvet brocade, with lining of old gold plush, or satin. Rich colored linings are extremely fashionable, but not common ones.

"L. M. C."—You will find Longfellow, and Longfellow's "Evangeline," treated from the critical, yet appreciative and discriminating point of view, in Mr. Edmund C. Stedman's new work on the *Poets of America*, the successor and companion to his *Victorian Poets*.

"Mrs. L. R. S."—Notwithstanding the indorsement of the numerous "editors," and "literary men and women," who have approved of your writings on various subjects, and given assurance of your success as a "Literary Writer," and member of the "Literary Craft," you must practice writing on one side of the paper only, and learn where to put your capitals, before high or ultimate success can crown your efforts. When you have conquered these obstacles, try short paragraphs, sketches, and stories, before offering your great venture in "twelve" chapters.

"M. C."—Florida reached a lower temperature during the cold storms of last January than had been known in many years. The mean temperature ranges from 35° in winter to 95° in summer, the extremes lasting only a very short time. The climate is more equable than any other known in a latitude so tropical, being tempered by the breezes of the Atlantic on the one hand, and the Gulf Stream on the other. The winter and early spring are the best times to settle, and a home should be made near some large center, if possible, such as St. Augustine or Jacksonville.

"Perplexity."—Certainly the bridal party should drive first to a hotel, get warm and rested, after their ride in from the country, and meet the groom and his "best" man at the church. The sister who is not a bridesmaid, because she is in mourning, should not join the bridal party, else she might as well be a bridesmaid. No one would know the difference; but she should attend quietly with some friend. Four bridesmaids seem unnecessary when the bride wears a traveling dress, for they are only appropriate to a full-dress occasion. Tan-colored gloves would be suitable for the girls; pearl tints, or ash gray, for the gentlemen.

"Gertie."—Small broken and interlaced rings, and graded dots are still very fashionable figures in fine cottons, linens, and foulard, upon light grounds. Flounces are plaited, and edged with figured and dotted lace.

"Ignorance."—Put plain wool with the watered silk, and trim with the woolen lace—cashmere or fine camel's-hair would either of them be suitable. The "Ruby" pattern would look exceedingly well made up in the material. Select a pattern, and cut your lace mantilla over; if it has a flounce, take it off, and use it as a ruffle for your new form; if it has no flounce, get a good imitation lace to match for the purpose of jabot round the neck, and down the front, and ruffle over the tournure. Many persons have portières over double doors separating rooms, who omit them from single doors, but to make the "interior" complete and artistic, portières should be hung over all the doors.

"Elizabeth."—The most stylish material you could use for the price, for a spring costume, is "cord de la reine," or fine camels'-hair wool combined with soft faille Française of the same shade. The "cord de la reine"

should be made up with small visite or mantle, and velvet vest, standing collar, and cuffs; or it may be made all of the same material, and trimmed with handsome braid passementerie. If you have any talent for embroidery, a dress of bottle green, leaf brown, or smoke gray wool, embroidered in a spray, at the corners, on one shoulder, in a point below or round the collar, and in panels upon the sides and lower front of the skirt, makes a charming and inexpensive costume ; flannel and undressed linen are the best materials for your boys' outfits. A closely kilted flounce attached to a yoke-belt, and a neatly plaited blouse belted in, or you may make it all in one, but then the skirt will not hang so well, and the blouse will be too full. Plait the blouse lengthwise, finely, in box-plaits or clusters, and put a row of embroidered stitching between (upon the flannels). The linens may be varied by using striped sailor collars and cuffs upon the plain body, or dark blue upon gray, or gray blue with gray, and white stitching.

"MIGNON."—The line is from a "Ballad upon a Wedding," by Sir John Suckling. The lines preceding are:

> "*Her lips were red, and one was thin,*
> *Compared with that was next her chin*
> *Some bee had stung it newly.*"

The entire poem, with sketch of the author, by Edmond W. Gosse, may be found in Ward's *English Poets*, Vol. II.

"AMATEUR."—Very important results have been obtained by amateur photography, and the work accomplished has forced respectful recognition from professional workers. The first annual exhibition of Amateur Photographers was held in New York last November, and the extent, variety, and excellence of the work, which was divided into twenty-three classes, astonished those who thought they knew something of the progress of the art. Very important contributions to the technique, as well as the artistic features of photography, have been made by scientific amateurs, notably by Mr. Henry Newton of this city, who has probably done more to elevate amateur work in this direction than any other man in this country.

"COUNTRY MINISTER'S WIFE."—The Sunday Question, as it relates to the opening of galleries, libraries, and museums, assumes a very different aspect in a large city, from that which it presents in the country. In the city are many thousands, more or less educated mechanics, clerks, bookkeepers, working members of the professions, besides women teachers, seamstresses, dressmakers, who have no possible chance of seeing anything, or going anywhere by day-light, except on Sunday. They are hungry to share in that of which they have heard and read, and the knowledge of which would give them ennobling thoughts, quicken their sense of the beautiful, and educate it to a higher standard. When we spend more on keeping our galleries, parks, museums, and libraries open, and free to the people every day, all day, and Sunday too, we shall spend less on jails and penitentiaries.

"ANY."—The man is totally unworthy of any woman. Refuse absolutely to see him again as friend or lover ; a man who is disloyal by nature, who can pay lover-like attentions to two women at the same time, to gratify his own vanity, is incapable of being true to either. Simply write and tell him what you have discovered, and the sentiments of disgust and contempt with which it has inspired you.

"G. H. F."—Mr. George Frye's work on Ensilage is only obtainable in this country by order through some international publishing house. It is an English work, and has not been republished here. We do not know the cost.

"J. H. H.—Your father's naturalization papers, taken out while you were under age, make you a citizen, and entitle you to all the rights and privileges of one, including the holding of property, just the same as if you had been born in this country.

"INEZ."—Make the ceremony private, including only the members of the two families, in the strict sense. Invite the rest for a "reception" to follow immediately, covering a couple of hours. To the distant members of the family send cards of announcement merely, but give the future address of the young couple.

"MRS. T. G. W."—There was no sample inclosed in your letter, and therefore we cannot express an opinion as to quality. The difference between a "tailor" made suit and any other is that the tailor-made suit fits close, is cut smoothly over the form, and lined and finished as tailors line and finish coats—that is, durably—and with little show or contrast of color. Tailor-made suits of high cost are the simplest. They gain their distinction from the perfection of their cut and fit, the richness of lining, which is of satin, or thick, soft-twilled silk, and the beauty of the workmanship in the finish, including the buttons, which are often of a special design, or of semi-precious stones or metal. Coats or jackets are made to accompany tailor-made suits. Visites are better adapted to costumes of a less limited and more dressy character.

"S. OF O."—We cannot advise without seeing the silk. We should judge from what you say that it would be a safe purchase; but if you cannot tell by seeing it, how can we who have not seen it ? If it is a pure fabric, of rich, handsome quality, time would show in discoloration rather than in deterioration of fiber.

"MILDRED."—Dark bronze-green or olive-brown bison cloth, with border of garnet or wine-color plush or velveteen will make good library curtains. The stuff should be fifty-six inches wide, and will cost from a dollar to a dollar and a half per yard. The velveteen will cost about a dollar per yard, and four yards will make a border for four curtains. Good plush would cost rather more.

"PENN. SUBSCRIBER."—Do not trim the figured wool with satin ; it would not suit it or its quality. Standing collar and cuffs, and a single *revers* of velvet, turned back from a double-breasted basque or jacket, would look well. Or, instead of velvet, use soft, thick-twilled surah or Rhadames, and make a plaited vest and straight collar and cuffs laid in fine folds. The skirt should be laid in straight box-plaits at the back, in clusters at the sides, and in knife plaits or kilts in front, meeting in the center. Over the hips, rounding away from the front, arrange a close drapery, in folds, the sides lost in the under folds of the box-plaits at the back. This will be stylish and dressy looking, yet quiet and well adapted for a home dress.

"M. M."—Frederick William Faber was born in England in 1815 and died in 1863. After being a member of the Church of England for ten years he became a Roman Catholic. He wrote hymns while belonging to both churches, and his poems and other writings can probably be obtained at any large bookstore. The illustration of basques will show you how they are cut, with side-pieces and side-gores, but not "two" pieces under the arm. What is called French lace is the most suitable kind for trimming nuns'-veiling ; the cost would be from fifty to seventy-five cents per yard for an ordinary bodice width. Narrow flouncing, from $1.50 to $2.50. There are only two kinds of woolen lace, the knit and machine made ; of course the knit is much more expensive than the other and is generally made to order.

"E. J. T."—It is so common now to use several materials in the composition of a costume that it is likely you could most easily solve your problem in that way. Can you not find a soft, striped or figured fabric of the general tone of your silk which you could use for drapery upon the skirt, cutting the polonaise over into a basque, and using the silk drapery at the back for a *pouf*, above the figured drapery? The "Beatrice" jacket would properly complete such a suit for the street.

"MOSQUITO."—We get our seal fur mainly from Alaska. The use of the mistletoe at Christmas comes down to us from Druidical rites and ceremonies, the adaptation of it to frolics and pastimes is part of the general change which the Christmas festival has undergone in its historic continuity and divergence in accordance with the religions and habits of people and races from old Pagan times till now, when it is made to signalize the birth and symbolize the work of Christ.

It is not cheaper to knit silk stockings than to buy them ; except that the knit ones are so much more durable. Besides, knitting is an occupation for odd moments, or for those who are past more active and absorbing labor, and whose time, therefore, does not count. Looked at from this light and used as gifts or contributions to the general stock of comfort, knitted silk stockings, mitts, wristlets, vests etc., acquire an interest and value quite apart from their cost; but if time is of value, it is a waste of it to put it into knitting silk stockings, which can be purchased at the cost of the silk, or less. From three to five ounces of silk is required for silk stockings, dependent on size and length. A small hair pad or wire bustle is the most popular kind of "improver." Fashionable dressmakers put two springs into the back of the skirt of every dress, and a small hair "mattress" or pad at the top. Hooped skirts are not used at all.

There is quite a change in the arrangement of the hair. The back hair is now brought up to the top where it forms a round full knot or twist, with loops toward the front. At the back of the head it is loose, bulging slightly, so as to fill up the space left by the small bonnet. The front hair is waved and frizzed across the line of the forehead, but no longer descends upon it. All the colors in vogue may be worn by a brunette if she knows how to combine and arrange them, but, specially, black and pink, gold and cream, brown and currant color, or geranium red and leaf green, terra-cotta, old-gold, bronze, ruby and others more than we have time or space to enumerate.

"BIRDIE."—There is no difference in the dress of boys and girls till they reach the age of two years. Up to this time what is suitable for one is suitable for the other ; healthful and sanitary ideas guiding and directing both. At this age the boys' clothes are made plainer, if anything, and certain restrictions in ribbons and colors observed ; the "Marsa," "Inola," and "Cara" designs are suitable for this period, for though used also for girls they are simple and well adapted to precede the kilt suit, which is the forerunner of jackets and trousers to which little boys are promoted at five years. Caps must be purchased ready made. A round "cap" crown of needlework lined with white silk, bordered with a wide full rim of narrow ribbon loops and soft Valenciennes lace, fitted to the head upon a silk and net foundation and finished with a large rosette, arranged as an aigrette, is a good style for a baby of a year and a half. Send your dress to a professional cleaner ; it need not be taken apart.

"MRS. J. M. V."—You would have to order a "Newmarket" made of such materials, and the price would therefore be high. Only the most ordinary styles and fabrics are found ready-made. A fur or plush-lined garment would suit you best, unless you could find one of the light, warm wool fabrics, and have a coat made from a pattern with fur bordering. But the cloth is expensive because imported, the duty bringing the price up to nearly double.

"How."—The "Bayonne" costume would suit both your material and figure. You may use braid, rows of silk galloon, or velvet for trimming.

"Mrs. C. B. G."—We prefer the human to the "Woman's" standpoint in the discussion of any question. What affects one-half of the human race detrimentally affects the other half detrimentally.

"Subscriber."—Use the same number of knitting silk for men's as for ladies' stockings, and allow about an ounce more for a pair.

"B. W."—We do not take stories that are not worth paying for.

"Mary G."—Make your black silk after the "Redenta" model, using knife-plaited surah instead of lace, and a short overlapped drapery instead of the upper flounce, if you choose, as your mourning requires neatness and precludes lace trimming. Fine folds can be employed to trim the bodice.

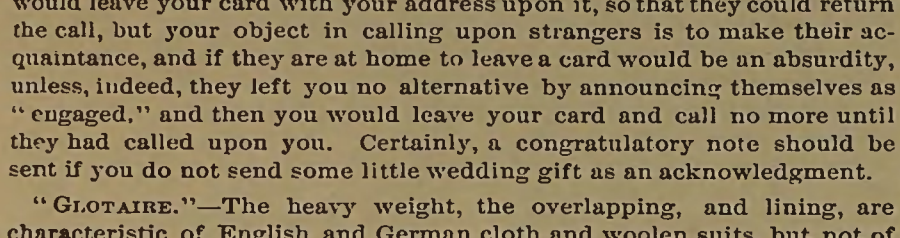
"Popper."—The sample you inclose is not what would be called a "fashionable" material, it would make a summer afternoon dress trimmed with Madeira embroidery; but striped seersucker in white, and such a green, could hardly do for evening wear, even in the country. There is no rule in etiquette about beginning a correspondence between friends; it grows out of kindness and common-sense, unless it is between a lady and gentleman, and then it is always the gentleman who takes the initiative. If you call upon strangers and they are not at home, of course you would leave your card with your address upon it, so that they could return the call, but your object in calling upon strangers is to make their acquaintance, and if they are at home to leave a card would be an absurdity, unless, indeed, they left you no alternative by announcing themselves as "engaged," and then you would leave your card and call no more until they had called upon you. Certainly, a congratulatory note should be sent if you do not send some little wedding gift as an acknowledgment.

"Glotaire."—The heavy weight, the overlapping, and lining, are characteristic of English and German cloth and woolen suits, but not of French dressmaking. The burden of a "tailor" made suit, with heavy lining, heavy outside, and manifold "draperies," in addition to thick plaiting and facing at the bottom, and "cushion" at the top; is fearful—too dreadful to be borne. The French use lighter materials, they line, if at all, with silk; they do not line plaited fronts or panels, they fasten them in and down very securely. They often put voluminous plaiting on the inside edge of a dress skirt that consists of silk and lace, but of the lightest materials. Wool suits should be made upon a light foundation and the draperies should be mounted upon it, not upon the wool, which is merely covered up and adds to the bulk and weight but not to the warmth. The mischief has grown out of the efforts of original "tailor" dressmakers to combine fashion with their own ideas of substance, thorough workmanship and durability. The first tailor-made dresses were cut on a general principle, and made a reputation for neatness and simplicity which they are now fast losing.

"Belle."—The Bellevue Training School for Nurses is in East Twenty-sixth Street. You cannot enter "any time." You can apply, and you will afterward be passed through the regular examination as to qualifications; only a small percentage of applicants are accepted. If you should be one of the fortunate ones, and wished to leave after a fair trial, you would, of course, have to return home, or go wherever else you pleased, at your own expense. Should your capacity admit of it, you might, however, stay long enough to earn the money to leave. There is also a training school equally good, attached to the New York Hospital in East Fifteenth Street, New York.

"M. G."—The "Worth" mantelet, the "Balbina" mantelet, or the "Claudia" visite, would either of them be good and permanent models by which to cut over your velvet sacque. It is quite impossible to tell which of them would suit you best, or employ the sacque to the best advantage, without seeing the garment.

"Mrs. F. E. B."—The "Nemida" pattern would adapt itself admirably, we think, to your requirements, only use triple box-plaits at the back instead of side-plaits. The trimming may be lace, embroidery of jet upon lace, passementerie, or the silk laid in fine folds.



"Miss E. T. C——r."—Study of walnuts shows decided care and is useful as design for embroidery or decorative painting on china, but for real work take objects presenting lines and planes of light and shade. You have facility of touch with the pencil, they should give you rapid advancement.

"Miss Mary E. A——n."—The perspective in the top of the table is poor, the lines should cross converging. Read the first papers carefully and work out the perspective of each study. Draw on a larger scale and shade more evenly. You have a good idea of the work and show thought of composition. We would advise you to cling to the pencil for some time longer before taking the brush in hand.

"Mrs. L. W. Mc——l."—Your work shows great advancement, and your letter the spirit of art. Your art reading will do you good in every way. The quality of Gustave Doré, "the patience of the ox," with also the perseverance of the snail, and you have success in your hand.

The study of barn is excellent; more character and depth in the shading would improve it. The composition in the other picture is effective and gives a simple home picture. Work out the detail as in the back of the chair by light and shade. Be careful about perspective, your slants are too sudden, giving miles of distance in a few feet of wall.

"Mrs. G. H. G——r."—We are most pleased with the progress and interest shown in your second set of drawings.

The study of open doorway, window, and staircase is well planned, needing only more decisive shadow to produce an effective picture. Do not be hampered by following too closely the studies given, any available objects will do. The perspective of the chair in two drawings is weak, but you are on the right road and persistent labor will give you the mastery.

Florence.

The Brinkley Collection

OF ANTIQUE JAPANESE AND CHINESE KERAMICS.

In order to fully appreciate the different characteristics and diverse beauties of the wonderful potters of the East, a person would have to give the study of at least one lifetime, I should say. Few of us can do that, yet we all can admire, and in some degree appreciate Chinese and Japanese china and pottery, and we all take an interest in it, in these so-called æsthetic and artistic times. The Brinkley collection, lately on exhibition in New York, afforded a rare opportunity for studying Oriental keramics, and one which will not be likely to recur again.

Captain Brinkley, a resident of Yokohama, Japan, made this most interesting collection in order to illustrate his forthcoming history of Japanese keramics. That object having been accomplished, he offered the collection for sale, and judging by the rate at which the articles are now being wrapped up by connoisseurs, they will be completely dispersed before this article is in print.

It would seem that a system corresponding to our feudal system was broken up in Japan about fifteen years ago. Many very rich men thus became poor, and were forced to part with works of art valued sometimes "equally with their honor," where these had been bestowed as rewards for gallant service. Captain Brinkley saw his opportunity, and wisely availed himself of it, to make this beautiful collection.

Imari or Hizen Porcelain (decorated with enamels over the glaze).—There are quite a number of specimens of this ware in the collection. It was one of the earliest manufactures of Japanese porcelain, and shows the influence of Chinese art. Indeed the clay, the glaze, and the coloring material of the earliest Japan porcelain were all brought from China.

Kahirzeuron was the name of the keramic artist who inaugurated the best style of decoration of this ware. His idea was to make the decoration a subordinate feature, but he made up by means of careful painting and refined conceptions for the loss of richness of effect. The paste of his ware is fine and pure, and gives a clear ring when struck. The milk-white glaze, very soft, and yet not without brilliancy, harmonized perfectly with simple ornamentation. Floral medallions were most commonly used by him and his school, but the Howo (phœnix), the dragon, the bamboo, and various diapers were often depicted. One feature of this ware is that the designs are confined to a few places—each little picture having as large a margin as possible. A tall female figure is an interesting specimen of this ware. It looks quite as much Chinese as Japanese—the face is of smooth white glazed ware, soft and clear. The pattern of the dress is in flowered design of red, blue and gold.

A hexagonal wine kettle, with spout and handle, was pointed out to me as a "famous teapot" that has been sung of in books, and chronicled in newspaper articles. It looks like a teapot, but though certainly a handsome piece of china, its great value is not strikingly apparent, save to connoisseurs. Rumor says it is worth $1,200, but this I doubt. It is covered with a diamond diaper in light yellow, blue and gold, it also has medallions with formal red and blue designs. It is rather more than a century old, and is considered the very highest achievement of the Hizen potters. What heart-burnings may not this cherished piece of fragile clay have caused! It is the most remarkable teapot the world has seen, I presume, since that very peculiar one used by our ancestors, when the basin of Boston harbor was used to brew tea in. A much older piece is the figure of a warrior in armor, sitting down, and wearing a very peculiar helmet, resembling the hat of a modern fireman. His armor is in colored enamels. The whole figure, softened by the hand of time, looks like ancient ivory.

The Hirado porcelain (blue and white) holds the highest place among Japanese porcelains—that is to say the *Hirado yaki* does, manufactured between 1740 and 1830. Probably few choice specimens of it have found their way westward. The paste of which it is made was manipulated with the very greatest care. If you look at it closely, you will find that it is virtually free from dark gritty particles. It took months to prepare the glazing material, and almost endless pains were bestowed on the trito-

ration, washing and straining of the clay. The greatest beauty of the ware, however, is in the decoration. Blue is usually the only color employed. It is neither as dark as the old Chinese china, nor yet is it light. It is beautifully soft and clear, and the glaze is like velvet, and beautifully white. The delicacy of the outlines is wonderful. I noticed particularly a charming group of three bald-headed Japanese children playing draughts. This miniature group was only 2¼ inches high (the figures were represented as sitting—one with his hand to his head) but the execution was exquisite. It is assigned to the year 1780. Of the white Hirado porcelain, a rabbit was noticeably beautiful. It was about seven inches long, and was placed on an open stand of black and gold, an excellent instance of the beauty of simplicity. It was comparatively young for "an ancient," having been made in 1820.

The *habeshima* celadons, of light green glaze, delight the eye with their exquisite color. This lovely ware, originally intended to imitate jade, is little inferior to the Chinese celadon (from which the Japanese is imitated). A little incense-burner of globular shape, about two inches high by three wide, is an exquisite little gem, and looks almost like chrysoprase. Another beautiful vase has a globular body and spreading neck. It is of the same delicate green color.

Of the various Japanese Faïnces, the "Satsuma yaki" is preferred to all others by western lovers of china, and yet, according to those who ought to know, a great deal is called "old Satsuma" on this side of the water that does not deserve the name. As the ware was all made for the lord of the district, or sometimes for the Mikado, the amount that has found its way into general circulation is necessarily small, and does not usually consist of the best pieces. Some of the specimens in the Brinkley collection are of a quiet but of exquisite beauty. A paper-weight in the shape of a white camellia bud, with two green leaves, is of the most delicate coloring, and of a marvelous glaze. The leaves are of a soft, light-shaded, green color—the bud cream color. A soft piece of creamy crape forms a fit cushion for this *chef d'œuvre*. Ancient Satsuma ware is held to be so like ivory as to deceive those who do not examine it closely. Certainly some of the beautiful specimens I saw had a white surface—ivory-like, and yet with less luster than ivory. Perhaps vellum would be a better comparison than any other, and yet it seemed to me the soft delicate surface had a beauty "SUI GENERIS" reminding one of the bloom on a plum or peach.

A tea jar, about two inches high, shaped like a headless egg, was made of this exquisite paste, and decorated with bands of diapers, vertical and horizontal. Another large vase reminded me of some mammoth Easter egg, its ivory-white surface looking soft as vellum; it was ornamented with graceful sprays of bamboo, plum, etc. This particular Humpty Dumpty has lasted eighty-five years without a crack that I could see. The decorations of these jars were simple, though beautiful. Among the AWATA Faïence, I noticed a curious wine vessel with spout and handle, and bearing two circular medallions. On these were figures reminding one of the ancient Puritans, with very queer legs. This was an imitation of delph ware. It seems that the Dutch brought their ware to Japan, and had copies made of it there, with such disastrously faithful results, that people often mistake the delph for Japanese imitations of it, and vice versa.

Art Notes.

LORD DUDLEY'S famous Raphael, "The Three Graces," has been sold for £25,000 to the Duc d'Aumale. "The Three Graces," though the work of an early period of the master's career, is unusually full of the true Renaissance spirit. Indeed, it was suggested by an antique in Central Italy. It is an engraved picture. A drawing in preparation for it, with the third figure, that on the right hand, not yet included, is to be seen in the Academy at Venice.

THE recently formed Association of Artists for Mutual Protection of Interests, numbers upwards of one hundred well-known names. Its object is to form a corporate body to give assurance to its members for safe transportation of their works of art when intrusted to fairs or industrial expositions throughout the country, and for complete and satisfactory repairs in case of damage. Also to investigate the financial standing of such fairs and expositions, to require rental for the loan of works of art, and to draw up forms of legal contracts which will be binding upon persons entrusted with the works of art and the artists' association.

MR. E. H. KREHBIEL, the musical critic of the *Tribune*, intends to publish in May or June a review of the New York musical season of 1885-1886. The book will contain from 200 to 300 pages, with a complete index, thus making reference easy to the many interesting features of this, the most remarkable musical season New York has ever known. In the operatic field alone there will be four important novelties to record and describe—"Die Meistersinger," "Queen of Sheba," "Taming of the Shrew," and "Manon."

THE production of "Faust" has been a remarkable event even for the Lyceum Theater (London), which has done so much that is wonderful under Mr. Irving's management. The scenes, like those of the "Meistersinger," are laid in Nuremberg, the church of St. Laurence figuring largely. But the great scene is upon the Brocken Mountains, and of this the London *Queen* says: "* * * but still greater wonders await us in the Walpurgis night on the Brocken among the blasted pine wood, as the air grows full of foul and ghostly creatures riding through the storm, and the witches flock forth in dim garments, only borrowing color and form from the crimson light of the huge caldron in the midst, or from the scarlet of Mephisto's garb. We see Lilith with the shining beauty of her hair, which means ruin to those she ensnares; and then for a moment there is silence and solitude, and across the mountain top glides the white death-cold vision of Margaret, that terrible red line decking the whiteness of her throat. Only a moment's vision, then the ghastly, unholy merriment grows wilder and wilder. The red light fills the stage, and, far behind, the night opens, showing a strange chaotic splendor of shining crags and peaks, while the whole air is filled with a glittering rain falling on the white upstretched arms and the streaming hair of the witches, and their misty garments."

M. AUGUSTE LAHONTAN, of Paris, has lately executed for an English bookseller a most artistic sample of scientific book renovation, the work under treatment being a copy of *Coverdale's Bible*. It had evidently been used by some vandal as a stand for a butter-keg, as the latter portion was completely saturated with fat, while the title-page had greatly suffered from the predatory attacks of mice and such small deer, assisted by the damp. He treated each leaf to a judicious course of chlorine in solution and ammonia as the occasion warranted, while the dirt was removed by some process only known to himself, and then supplied the defective portions by carefully grafting on selected portions of paper of the requisite texture and shade; the missing letterpress was then fac-similed; the whole was then sized, and afterwards appropriately bound by one of the best Parisian binders, the whole cost of this exhaustive treatment being £40, a well-invested amount when it is considered how what was merely in less worthy hands a hopeless mass of waste paper has been turned into a bibliographical rarity.

THE Industrial Education Association announces that its forthcoming exhibition will be confined to the following classes of industrial work, and will include only things actually made by boys and girls under fourteen years of age,

Class I. WOOD-WORK.—To include cabinet work, turning, scroll sawing, carving, picture frames, models, toys, inlaid work, and any useful object made in part or wholly of wood, such as tools, boxes, knife trays, card racks, brushes, inkstands, etc., etc.

Class II. METAL WORK.—To include any useful object in any metal-hammered work in brass, copper or silver, card salvers, crumb trays, brackets, knife-rests, etc., and any samples of ornamental and decorative work in iron or other metals.

Class III. NEEDLE-WORK.—To include samples of plain sewing, darning, knitting, and lace work, embroidery, useful articles done in needle-work of every kind, and dolls' dressmaking.

Class IV. PRACTICAL COOKERY.—To include bread, rolls and biscuits only.

Class V. MODELING IN CLAY, including designs for useful and decorative work.

Class VI. DESIGNS.—Original designs and drawings on paper, for making useful and ornamental objects in any material. The designs to be in black and white or in color.

Class VII. LEATHER WORK of all kinds.

All schools, institutions, associations, or individual children wishing to make exhibits must make applications for space by or before February 20, 1886. The work must be executed by children under fourteen, and without material assistance from older persons. Application must be made to Miss Jane Cattell, 21 University Place, New York City.

THE course of evening lectures given during the months of January and February, by Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, in McGregor's Hall, 112 Fifth Avenue, included, 1. The Lake School of Poets.—2. Walter Scott, as Poet and Novelist.—3. Byron, Shelley and Keats.—4. Tennyson and his Idyls of the King.- 5. Robert and Elizabeth Browning.—6. A Trio of Poets; Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier.--7. The Modern Spirit of Poetry.

The series is most enjoyable, and the treatment of subjects distinguished by its insight, and careful discrimination as well as thorough and hearty appreciation.

THE gift of $500,000 to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, by Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, has been supplemented by the generous offer, on the part of Mrs. William D. Sloane, Mr. Vanderbilt's daughter, and her husband, to build a Maternity Hospital, to be the finest in this country, on the ground purchased with the money given by Mr. Vanderbilt. In order that every applicant may be admitted, no matter what her condition in life may be, it is especially provided that all the beds shall be free, and there will be no restrictions as to whether the patients are married or single, or have been in a similar institution before. When the amount is settled upon, it is the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Sloane to create a trust fund, vested in the board of managers, the income of which will be ample to maintain the Maternity forever.

The Responsibility of the Christian Church for the Liquor Traffic.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

THE delusive apathy which exists in regard to the crime of rum-selling is awful to contemplate. The people have been so long accustomed to a subserviency to the rum interest that this interest has now possession of almost the entire government. The judicial and selfish blindness that pervades the masses on this subject is such that it will require a moral earthquake to awaken them to a sense of their danger, and compel an active effort to crush this monster evil—an evil of such huge proportions that it threatens to engulf us in a maelstrom of crime and debauchery.

But the most marvelous aspect of this great question is the stupidity and seemingly willful blindness of a large proportion of the Christian Church, especially when the responsibility for this awful scourge is presented in the light of God's word, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

In the present attitude of some Christians, this argument and appeal acts like water on a duck's back. The conscience is all rock, and flinty rock at that, when applied to personal responsibility for the crime of rum-selling. It would seem that all moral sense on this vital question was benumbed and paralyzed, else how soon would this hideous traffic be blotted out of existence. How easily the Church, with its millions of voters, could crush this monster vice and just as soon as she chose to act. Nothing stands in her way but her stupid, wicked apathy, and in some cases her actual sympathy, connivance, and participation in the crime, but we actually hold up the Church as a screen for our duplicity. The ministers of the Church are especially responsible for the active conscience of the people on all moral questions. They, of all others, reflect, energize, and control the sentiments of the community, and they ought to see and realize what God and humanity requires at their hands on this most momentous question. The Church should lead on moral questions, not be led. The awful load of guilty responsibility that rests on the members and ministers of the Christian Church for the crime, misery, and wretchedness that flows from rum-selling is appalling. What a grand revival would there be of Christian sentiment could they be awakened to see how easily the vile traffic could be annihilated by them; how easily it could be removed from our land if the Church would but offer active and enthusiastic co-operation with the people in a political crusade against this crime of rum-selling. And it is only this political action for the prohibition of the liquor traffic that the rum-seller dreads. To him moral suasion, license laws, gospel temperance, or any other temporizing with the question of rum-selling at this stage of the discussion is so much sentimental nonsense. Let him have relief from the political action of the people and he cares little or nothing about your teaching, your preaching, or your prayers, for he knows much better than the Church are willing to believe that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," and if the Church had this faith it would act. That is, act in the most efficient way to accomplish the purpose desired, and that this not being done, is the best evidence to the rum-seller that the Church has not this necessary faith, and therefore the rum-seller's security.

No visionary attempt to meet the evils of intemperance will accomplish the purpose. We must have practical measures that strike at the root of the difficulty, and however ingenious the sophistry of moderate drinkers, rum-sellers, and their sympathizers, the final conclusion must be that nothing short of a Prohibitory law (and an equally important matter), a party to enforce the law, will prove effectual to annihilate the traffic, and the sooner we reach this conclusion the sooner will our country be relieved from this infamous curse.

The Church and its members ought to learn the truthful and important lesson that our *not doing* is set down among our worst crimes. Good intentions will not save us. Christ said, if you had faith you could remove mountains; He evidently meant mountains of difficulty. But you must have faith, "A faith that laughs at impossibilities and cries 'it shall be done.'" Every other moral and religious virtue is dependent on this faith.

What a mountain of crime and wretchedness, what an incubus on our world is this liquor traffic, and yet how easily could it be removed if we had the faith that means strong, active conviction. Armed with this faith all difficulties in the way of abolishing the liquor traffic would vanish in thin air. It is only necessary that we determine to use the most effective means that God has put in our hands, and the work is done. Let each individual Christian use that powerful weapon, the vote for political Prohibition, and it will prove the effective and mighty sledge-hammer to demolish the citadel of the rum interest. Let us take the ballot battle-axe, political Prohibition, and demolish this hydra-headed monster before it is too late. Especially demolish this legal sanctioning delusion, the license humbug, which is the strongest fortification of the rum power. An active faith demands Prohibition. This is the only way and means to do it, and until it is done the crime of rum-selling will lie at our door.

The sickle, the scythe, and the cradle were good and efficient methods for gathering the harvest some years since, but we have wonderful improvements in machinery in these later days. We now have mowing and reaping machines that laugh at the immense fields that are ready for the harvest. How impressive and beautiful the sight of such a harvest as now lies spread out before us in the development of the Prohibition movement; how inviting, and what a promise of magnificent results we have in the work. Let us use the new and effective machine of Prohibition. The North, the South, the East and the West are all clamorous for Christian, patriotic combination and co-operation. Political Prohibition is our new reaper and mower; to do yeoman service in securing this splendid harvest for God and humanity let us echo the watchword and with this reaper, political Prohibition, we shall accomplish results that will astonish ourselves. Our enemy is a formidable monster that threatens us with a stupendous array of numbers, combination, power and treachery, but with right, justice, and God on our side we will take the little sling and the pebble from the brook, the ballot, and hit the giant between the eyes, and such a howl from the monster will be heard as will shake and startle the earth. The two-edged sword, Party Prohibition, will finish the work, and the death struggle of this fiendish enemy of our race will soon be over. Our glorious country will then be free, and a glad hallelujah of praise and thanksgiving will go up for our deliverance from this awful scourge that had well-nigh engulfed our nation in a vortex of crime and wretchedness.

And when the monster lies low in the dust the grand deliverance will echo our Christian character more effectively than all the missionary efforts we have ever put forth, and our moral and religious redemption and regeneration will carry more conviction to the world and do more to stimulate and ennoble our higher aspirations than any and all other achievements recorded in history, placing our glorious country on the high pinnacle of national progress, as the beacon-light of Christian civilization.

The Inspirations for Prohibition.

WE are inspired and confirmed in our work for prohibition by the most cheering and promising results in the near future. The South are especially alive on this great question, and the indications now are that there will be but two parties in the field—Prohibitionists and Democrats. The Republican party has been almost paralyzed out of existence, and a large number of Democrats are so thoroughly convinced that the liquor traffic is the greatest curse of our country, that they are willing to leave their old party and join hands with the friends of prohibition, and form a new one, whose ambition and enthusiasm will soon be developed into a solid and compact body that will carry all before it. In the South, the Prohibition party embraces most of the intelligent and Christian elements among the whites, and these lead the way for most of the blacks, so that, when the time shall be fully ripe for action, it will be found that a large majority of the voters will be ranged on the side of prohibition. It only needed that there should be some definite show of strength to combine this moral force into a new and permanent majority of the people for the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic.

At first it was supposed that it would require much more time, but the recent boom in Atlanta, together with the enthusiasm and general intelligence of the people on this question all over the South, and other favoring circumstances, has brought the subject before the minds of the people with a startling rapidity, and it seems now a fair conclusion that, by the next Presidential election, we will see remarkable changes in the political atmosphere of the South, and perhaps extending and developing itself over a large proportion of the Northern States. The world moves!

Latest Evolutions of the Temperance Reform.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD,
President National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

THE poison habits of a nation can be cured by an appeal to the intellect through reason, to the heart through sympathy, and to the conscience through the motives of religion. But the traffic in those poisons can be best controlled by law. Under a republican form of government, a new movement so radical in its character and pervasive in its scope as prohibition, without a party back of it, committed by its very birth and being to secure and enforce that law, will be at first but partially efficient and at last a failure. For the history of parties is but the history of great reformatory measures after the evolution of those measures has reached the plane of legislation. Parties are like whirlwinds made up of a few individual atoms at first; but if the breath of God moves that ascending spiral, it will ere long draw in the multitude. Parties are like men. They have their weak childhood, their generous youth, masterful manhood and decrepit old age, chiefly occupied with memories of the past. Parties are like armies, recruited man by man, to defend a cause concerning which all of them think alike; drilled, disciplined, and having brave, trusty and veteran leadership. Other men bemoaned the sorry case of Ireland. Orators cried out in tones impassioned, and poets sang about "the harp that once through Tara's halls its sweetest music poured;" but Charles Stewart Parnell crystalled around himself the "Irish party," or the "Parnellites;" England was compelled to listen, and to-day Ireland is on the high-road to "Home Rule." Minorities are the greatest and most heroic powers on earth. They are humanity's vanguard as well as its forlorn hope. Anybody can hurrah with the crowd, or run after the fire engine; but when men stand up almost alone for a great principle it is because they have iron in the blood, granite in the backbone, and overmastering confidence in truth. A few serious-minded students at Oxford organized themselves into what was derisively nicknamed "The Holy Club;" but they stood firm; they rallied others to their side, multiplied their organization, and, to-day, the "Discipline" of John Wesley controls millions of Methodists, and the hymns of Charles are chorused round the world in the greatest Church of the century.

"The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast," where a hunted minority sought freedom to worship God. Fewer than fifty huts were hewn out as their home, but they organized a colony which was mother to this Republic with its fifty million souls.

Minorities are patient and forbearing. Luther was grieved to the heart at thought of leaving the Church he loved, but when Tetzel persisted in licensing sin that the Pope might get gain and build a temple to Jehovah, Luther and his minority rebelled Wesley could not bear the thought of a secession from the English Church, and besought the Bishop of London to send a prelate to America, who should look after "the people called Methodists." But when the haughty Bishop refused to do this, Wesley rebelled and authorized the ordination of Francis Asbury, under whom the new denomination set up for itself. Indeed, it is fair to say that minorities are the Protestants of each new age, with their earnest "*Here I stand. I can do no other; God help me, Amen!*"

In the beginning they do but excite the contempt of the successful and the derision of the weak. First bulk, then brains, this is evolution's order. The going out of parties that are big rather than great, to make room for one small but full of germinant life, is a salient illustration of the inevitable law. Next, the new movement holds the balance of power, and by indirection, often without deliberate intention, drives from the field the Laodicean party which would not—let us more justly say which could not—take up the vital issue of the hour. Next, the new party, born of that vital issue, gains the key to the citadel of government, enthrones its principles in law and law-enforcer; allies them to the ambitions as well as the aspirations of the epoch, and climbs to the acme of power. In this evolution of the temperance movement the Prohibition party has but reached, and that within a twelve month, the balance-of-power stage of its growth. Almost without exception, the experts and specialists of the Temperance Reform are either actively engaged in the party movement or else they are its earnest sympathizers. I do not here speak of professional or business men, who, no matter how much they believe in the temperance cause or have given it of their substance, have accorded to it only the interrupted attention possible to men who are absorbed in the duties of a pastor, a journalist or a money-maker. But I speak of such leaders as Neal Dow, John B. Gough, George W. Bain, and other men and women who have, as their life work, dedicated the best thought of their brains and the most steady devotion of their hearts to the great cause. What they think is of far more value than the thought of any other class who can possibly be summoned to the witness box. If we want an opinion on electricity, we shall be wise enough to confess our own status as non-experts, and ask one of Thomas Edison; if we want an opinion on music, we shall consult Theodore Thomas; if on suppression of impure literature, Anthony Comstock; on prison reform, Major Brockway. But when it is a question of temperance work, what a crop of non-experts and belated reformers spring up on every side, with their high license

palliative, or their non-partisan specific. In spite of their objections reason holds, and always will, that experts and specialists may best be trusted in an emergency. The common people hear them gladly, and are rapidly being convinced, convicted, pledged to the progressive phases of the movement.

Perhaps the most frequent question of good and bright men and women, sincere friends of the temperance reform, but not (hitherto, at least) active workers therein, is this: "Why do the temperance people seek to organize a separate political party? The children of this world are wiser than the children of light. The liquor men do not form a party; they know better. Why do not the temperance men manifest equal shrewdness?" This is supposed to be the unanswerable argument of conservatives; the crucial question, in whose presence progressives will be silenced. But I confess, to my mind it is the flimsiest objection among all that are adduced, and that it could be urged at all proves those who put it forward, however clear on other subjects, to be suffering from obliquity of mental vision here. In the first place, the liquor traffic has two parties already bidding for its patronage. Why should it take the trouble to organize a third? Enough is as good as a feast.

But there is a far more conclusive reason. The liquor power seeks negation rather than affirmation. All it asks is to be let alone. It is not a swift moving engine, but a bowlder on the track. There is not in its nature the wherewithal out of which a party could be made. "Picture it, think of it," for instance, out on dress parade in a campaign procession! See the sewers of society swept of their garbage to furnish forth its personnel. Behold the walking beer-barrel, the personified whisky jug; the leering debauchee! Note the transparencies: "Here's a health to Tom and Jerry!" "Long live Rum and Brandy, Gin and Beer!" "We serve under King Alcohol and General Grog!" "Gambrinus is our candidate. Long may he wave!" "Up with the saloon, down with the Home!" Why, the curses of manhood would roar into a cyclone against the party of the Liquor Traffic, and the tears of women furnish the "Salt River" up which it would speedily paddle its shipwrecked cause. The liquor traffic form a party! Politics is bad enough to-day, and the unclean element in its vortex surges forth from the saloon; but its fragrance is sweet as Heaven compared with the political party that would be presented to our eyes by the devotees of alcohol. When a burglar comes into court and asks the privilege of being tried; when a band of house-burners set about forming a "society," or counterfeiters fling their banner to the breeze in an "Alliance," then the liquor dealers of America will proceed to form a party.

But when the temperance people take account of stock they have the material out of which a great party can be builded. For they antagonize an evil which produces more misery than "war, pestilence, and famine all combined," by a good the greatest for which noble hearts have ever striven; they fight for universal liberty from a thraldom the most accursed. They alone can put the tariff question on its true basis; for not "over-production," but *under-consumption* is the evil that must be remedied. Set free the nine hundred millions a year that goes to waste in the alcohol trade, and every legitimate industry will feel the impetus and every home the comfort of this just redistribution. Theirs alone is the true reconstruction policy. A non-partisan temperance society is not the supreme need of the hour, but a non-sectional temperance party is. The blue and gray uniforms of the past are to be superseded by the pure white uniform of the new party, "For God and Home and Native Land," which shall move forward in a brotherhood unequaled since the days of Washington. The old names and war-cries under which we were divided can never marshal us united. Mason and Dixon's line will be blotted out of the heart as well as off the map, and a really reunited States be ours only under the flag of that party which rallies to the watchword of an outlawed saloon and a protected home. As this new army moves to its place at the front on the great battle-field of reform, behold its glittering ensigns: "*Delenda est Carthago*," in the "new version" reads: "The liquor traffic must be destroyed. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon"; "No North, no South; our rallying cry is Home, sweet Home." Behold their leadership; true, valiant and loyal hearts, who have borne and labored and had patience; clean heads, unmuddled, as, alas! are those of most political chiefs nowadays, by fumes of strong drink and nicotine; behold their weapons, argument, persuasion, *ballots*. The church is here in the person of her best survivals; the school is here by its ablest representatives; society is here, in its truest aristocracy, that of clear brain, pure heart, clean hand; and with immeasurable gratitude and unspeakable joy, woman waves her welcome as these knights of the new chivalry come forward to the defense of her beleaguered home from its most cruel and relentless foe. Just what is wise for the liquor traffic, because it is perdition's child, is most unwise for the temperance reform, because it is Heaven's own fair daughter. Every reason that leads our foe to remain non-partisan imperiously calls upon us to combine. By distributing their strength between the two parties they have everything to gain; by distributing ours, we have everything to lose. In this political see-saw of license *versus* prohibition, it is "the play" of liquor men to keep the plank in equilibrium; hence they balance, skillfully, between the two old parties. The saloon is to be crushed whenever that plank touches the ground; and the saloon men know it, hence their whole study is to keep it in the air, while our steady effort ought to be to bring over enough from one side to the other to tilt the saloon men into the air, and bring down our end of the plank upon the saloon. So long as temperance Republicans and temperance Democrats can be kept apart, shut up in the high enclosures of their respective parties, controlled by leadership which at best is lukewarm toward prohibition and usually its open or secret enemy, so long the liquor traffic will see the pleasure of the Devil prosper in its hands. But whenever the party fences can be broken, the voting manhood liberated and set in solid ranks in a party of which prohibition is the soul, the saloon is as much doomed as were Sodom and Gomorrah when the skies rained fire and brimstone. It is the fire of ballots and brimstone of *office-holders who will enforce* that the liquor traffic dreads. Here lies the fallacy of those who insist that we Prohibitionists "put party before principle." We are simply seeking the incarnation of our principles in the only form that can render them a scourge to the liquor traffic. They who remain with a party which ignores their principle, instead of moving on into one that enshrines it, are the offensive partisans. Disembodied spirits and disembodied principles stand in an equally helpless relation to every-day affairs. The great soul of Prohibition seeks a body which it can use, through whose strong sinews it can fight, and whose firm hand can drop its ballots in the fatal urn where a Republic manufactures destiny. It is my belief, founded on observation and the nature of the case, that a Prohibition Party will subserve the ends we have in view better than any other instrument, in almost every contingency that can arise. In the first place it is the best educator. The modern spirit prefers the concrete to the abstract. It loves embodied issues; is a born hero-worshiper, and if you incarnate your idea in an individual takes far more interest in your argument. The St. John campaign lifted prohibition so high up that none could

choose but see; and never so high as when above our leader hung his effigy! Men will not rally around vacancy. You must run up your flag, make your stand, form a nucleus and then alone your rally follows. This is the way on battle-fields; and our guns are ballots, our bullets are ideas. It is the best practical method at all stages of the work. Take Kansas, where a Prohibition party is already in the field as a constant spur to the dominant political power of that thriving commonwealth, and a bolt to-morrow on the part of temperance men would follow the least disloyalty to-day. Who doubts that the unequaled stringency of the enforcing statutes passed last winter in that State, was greatly increased by the perpetual menace of the oncoming party of prohibition? Take Iowa. How often on and off the platform have we been told by temperance specialists of that State that the noble 10,000 who bolted from the dominant party and nominated Elias Jessup for Governor on a Prohibition ticket were the "procuring cause" of temperance legislation there, while the testimony of executive officers in half a hundred of its towns (as given in a recent number of *The Voice*), proves by a pitiful object lesson, that a party which will subject this question on compulsion only, cannot be trusted to enforce the law when gained. Take Maine. The lack of a party committed to enforcement has been Neal Dow's despair, and has led him at last, after long hoping against hope, into the Prohibition party as the only ark of safety. Reflect that the period in the life of a prohibition law during which it can be *non*-partisan, is very brief. A party must vote to submit it to the people. A party must enforce it after it is won. The only period of "non-partisan" duration known to its history is the few weeks or months during which it is before the people in the form of an amendment. If a party does not stand by it to enforce, it falls to the ground, like a kite forsaken by the breeze. To-day, prohibition is, in too many localities a failure, because, to use an old-fashioned expression, it is but "the took child" of foster-parents by whom, at best, the little waif can only be "brought up by hand."

While it is true that in a very few States at the North, the Republican party gave us prohibition, it is equally true that, in sixteen States dominated by that party, the legislatures have voted against even submitting the question to the people, and that the South, by Democratic rule, has a larger area under prohibition than the North. Yet nationally the Democratic party is committed to the saloon, and the Republican to the beer interest and the conciliation of "our German friends." Neither of the old parties, from their history, their make-up, and the nature of the case, can afford to stand sponsor for prohibitory law. But the *people* can afford that sponsorship, and the majority of them not only desire but purpose so to do.

When coal in the mine, but not in the grate, will warm us, flour in the barrel, but not in the loaf, feed us, and wool on the sheep's back, but not woven in the loom, clothe us, then a public sentiment not manufactured into ballots and wielded by the *esprit du corps* of a dominant party, will overthrow the rum power in America. We must gather up this dormant "sentiment," condense it in the electric battery of the ballot-box, and send it tingling along the wires of law.

O sacred ballot of the freeman, "thine arrows are sharp in the hearts of the king's enemies," but never so sharp as when cast with the mighty momentum of righteous partisanship for the officer behind the ordinance, the law-enforcer back of the law.—*N. Y. Independent.*

EVANSTON, ILL.

Published by the Prohibition Lecture Bureau, 32 East 14th Street, New York, and sent anywhere, post free 10 for one cent, 10 cents per 100, or $1 per 1,000.

The Deacon's Sunday-School Sermon.

BY JAMES CLEMENT AMBROSE.

A DEAR old deacon in my State was cursed with a high license pulpit, but was so loyal to the church that he took as Gospel all that fell from the desk. So, when his pastor pushed high license, he as Superintendent of the Sunday-school said: "Teach it to the children; as the trees are bent the twigs should be inclined." So in his homely way he turned the sermons into language the children could understand, and made a talk for high license before the Sunday-school.

"Dear boys and girls," began the deacon, "you know it's very naughty to drink beer and whisky. So, too, it's naughty to sell them without a license, or with a cheap license But when the State orders high license, and the town makes every saloon keeper pay it $500 out of what he gets for making drunkards, it isn't naughty any longer to sell beer and whisky, but a real nice, respectable business, like selling sugar or hymn books. And your blessed papas don't like to have a fifty dollar saloon close by their store; but with a five hundred dollar one each side they know that all good people will like to visit their store. So, when bad men get drunk and swear and fight and roll into the gutter before the five hundred dollar saloon, your high license papas know that's ablessing, and they must thank God every day that blessings fall on thick about them.

"You see it all clear, don't you, children? If not you must be patient, and remember your eyes will grow bigger, like pa's, some day. Of course, too, your fine mammas never visit the wife of that fifty dollar rum-seller; but quick as he grows so good and respectable that he pays his town $500 a year as its share of what he gets by making drunkards and drunkards' wives and children, and the old tax-payers pat him on the back, why then, of course, your fine mammas go right off and visit his wife, and find her just lovely, and ask her over to tea; don't they? You know an advance of $450 in license works a great change of heart and manners in the saloon keeper and all his family; when he pays $50 he's a brute, but when he pays $500 he's a gentleman.

"You keep on seeing it, don't you, children? Maybe, though, you can't see why, if it's awful wicked for a fifty dollar license to fill a man's boots with snakes and his head with the crazy, and turn his hands into double fists, and send him home to knock down his wife and kick his little boy and girl into the street—if this is dreadful wicked, maybe you can't quite see why it's all right and respectable for a five hundred dollar license to do the same thing. But it'll come clear to you when you grow up and read the Bible the way lots o' men do now. Then you'll see that what's all wrong standing alone, is all right standing on $500.

"Maybe, too, pet lambs, you don't now quite see how, if it's wrong to *drink* liquors at any license, it's right as can be to *sell* them at any license, coaxing men to drink them. But wait till you get big, and hear men talk who know a pious lot about high license. Then you'll see that the words in the Lord's prayer—'Lead us not into temptation'—don't mean anything now, the world's got to be so smart. And when the license preachers get up a new version of the Testament, I suppose they'll leave out all that nonsense.

"One thing more, sweet ones: Don't forget what a high license is to *poor* towns. Why, quite often it builds a new jail—and fills it. Isn't that real good of it? So, if any of you die drunkards, or drunkards' wives, it'll be a warm comfort to you to remember that, by living drunk, or with a drunkard, you've paid, to support your town and country, almost one-tenth of what they've paid to kill you.

"You must remember, too, that it's because intemperance is wrong that high license is right. It's so much, you see, like Prohibition; for you can easily see that 'a half loaf's better 'n no bread,' if *'tis* poison.

Now, good-by, children; and if ever you want to be constable, or go to Congress, and want the taxes collected in a tumbler, don't *object* to being damned, only charge high for it."

The Sunday scholars laughed and called the deacon crazy, their fathers got to thinking, and the pastor got into a passion, but was afterward converted and became a good man.

The above, with another very entertaining humorous article, furnished in tract form by the Lecture Bureau, 32 E. 14th Street, New York, at ten for one cent; ten cents per 100; $1.00 per 1,000, post free.

The Criminality of a License.

THE wonder of our age is that in this civilized community we can find men so stupefied with their selfishness as to assume and believe that crime can be regulated by being sanctioned by law as right, provided a money consideration is paid by the criminal.

If crime is sanctioned by selling a permission, what is to prevent anarchy except that the price be put so high that no permission can be obtained by the criminal? So long as he finds it pays a profit to buy the permission, the criminal will continue and make the business profitable to himself by doing all the damage he can for his own benefit; this is a logical conclusion, and the parties who take the criminal's money are certainly as inevitably responsible for the consequences of his crime as a matter of course; and this is the plan and arrangement to be recommended by a so-called church temperance society with a large number of respectable names, among which is Dr. Crosby, whose wine cellar and whining appetite is to have a justification through his pretense of regulating an evil which he terms immoderate drinking, so that the poison of alcoholic liquors is screened and apologized for, and its otherwise hideous character neutralized by these so-called temperance reformers, they becoming the willing apologists for the crime of rum-selling, besides bribing the rum-sellers' selfishness with the offer of a monopoly for a money consideration, to make their business respectable.

Prohibition—give echo to that dear name,
While listening millions laud its honest fame,
Speak it, altho' it blister lips and cheek;
It is a holy word—speak it, oh speak!

The unwilling ear, the callous heart awhile,
The rum-seller's conscience mailed in guile,
May spurn the watch-word, yet it shall go forth—
And Prohibition rule the peopled earth.
Her reign supreme, her fields forever vernal,
'Tis based on truth, and truth has life eternal.

THE new year was marked in Paris by the appearance of two new illustrated reviews or magazines. One of these, entitled *Les Lettres et les Arts*, is an ambitious and magnificent periodical. Each number is to contain from 130 to 150 pages of matter, in small quarto form, printed on fine paper with a special type, and illustrated by colored engravings, etchings, photogravures, wood-cuts, etc. The price per year is three hundred francs ($75.00), which must restrict the circulation to a very limited number, though the projectors believe that it is the high-priced periodical that is wanted nowadays.

"Pencil to Brush."

NEW subscribers who wish to obtain the benefit of the primary lessons in the "Pencil to Brush" series, can obtain the back numbers for 1885 by applying soon. Many have written expressing a desire to "begin at the beginning," and the best and cheapest way to do this is to send for the issues for 1885, with which the series of "Pencil to Brush" papers began.

Miss Frances E. Willard on Party Prohibition.

IT is with great gratification that we call our readers' attention to the masterly and unanswerable argument given in the article by Miss Willard, which will be found in another column of our monthly. We propose to publish this article in tract form, and furnish them at 10 for one cent, 10 cents per 100, or $1 per 1,000 post free. We regard this article of Miss Willard's as one of the best and most convincing arguments that has been presented on the necessity of party prohibition, and hope it will be largely called for and scattered all over the country, as the best means to awaken an intelligent and enthusiastic development of this great campaign that promises so much in the near future for the annihilation of the great Curse of Rum-selling.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

"After His Kind."—The "Leisure Hour" series has been enriched by a charming novel with the above title. It is a delightfully written story which takes the reader from early Maryland back to early English life, and is perfectly at home in the best atmosphere of both. The book has the true ring of the new, with the fine flavor of the old, and is full of descriptive passages of scenes and people which seem to linger lovingly and impart a tenderness to the vivid charm of the pictures they present. It is free from the limitations of the strictly professional writer, but it possesses the freedom and finish of the accustomed hand and the familiar acquaintance with books and good society of the scholar and gentleman. The Winifred and Phyllis of the story are true and charming types of English maidens, while the father of Winifred, the "small squire," on "£300 a year," is photographed so admirably, though so briefly, that the author, "John Coventry," must have known him by ancestry, for the race is now extinct. "John Coventry" has an artist's eye for all the beauties of nature, for the good qualities of his kind, and also of womankind, and for these things and for the pleasant hour occupied in reading his pleasant book he has our thanks. To try to say more would be to do less. "After his Kind" is full of felicities that will not bear transplanting; as where it says, speaking of Winifred and her life, "*the religion of a poet had become the routine of a simple maid*," and old "Judy," "*just haudins mysen still to let the rest and thankfulness soak in.*" But no more, read it.

"The Master of L'Etrange" is a novel by Eugene Hall—very complicated, and abounding in persons and incidents—but the interest is lost in the diversity, or rather the multiplication of the common-place, and the reader finds it in vain to endeavor to follow any thread of story. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brother, Philadelphia.

"Common Sense in the Care of the Pet Canary."—This is a guide very much needed, and not to be dispensed with by those interested in the care of pet birds. It is much more than a mere manual of directions in regard to food, ailments, and the like. It indicates and gives abundant evidence of qualities in canaries which suggest a new philosophy in regard to bird and animal life—a philosophy applicable to the human, as well as the animal kingdom. Mrs. Farwell's stories, and descriptive details of the lives of birds are highly interesting, and deserve careful and attentive consideration, while her knowledge of their requirements and the minute details in regard to treatment, will be found of inestimable value by those who are desirous of keeping and rearing birds successfully. The "Murray Hill Publishing Company" issues this work, with many illustrations, and an appendix by E. B. Foote, M.D. The author, Mrs. Farwell, it is stated, had the assistance of Mr. Canon Rittenhous and Mrs. Helen Francis in the production of this very valuable little book.

"Skillful Susy," a book for fairs, is the modest claim put forth by a capital little manual of directions in the making of fancy articles, for gifts, home-use, and sale at church fairs, or similar philanthropic enterprises. The author, under the nom-de-plume of "Elinor Gay," conceals the personality of a daughter of the well-known writer, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, and inherits the right to skilled use of brain and hands.

The "Grolier Club" has, in the less than two years of its existence, done some excellent work. It represents the finest element in the direction of book culture in New York City; and its volume of "Transactions," recently published, shows that the energies of the Club have been well directed, though the results, which are educational as well as gratifying to artistic literary taste, are somewhat too restricted. The "Transactions" is a beautiful specimen of workmanship, but why may not a limited number of the publications of the Society, "The Decree of Starre Chamber," and the "Rubáiygát of Omar Khayyam," be obtainable by the outside world? A biographical sketch of Jean Grolier precedes the record of events in the "Transactions."

"**Poultry Culture**: How to raise, manage, mate, and judge thorough-bred fowls."—The great merit of this work is that it is not only comprehensive but practical. It is written by a man, Mr. J. K. Felch, who gives the results of a life-long experience as a poultry raiser, not compiled from the doubtful data collected by persons who had little or no personal knowledge of the subject. Mr. Felch gives the mode of treatment from "shell to gridiron," and describes in detail the minutiæ of poultry-breeding and raising on a large or small scale, in order to make it a success. Women interested in this subject of poultry-farming will find this book an invaluable aid in the selection, as well as the rearing of fowls.

"**Cleopatra**"—A new novel by "Henry Gréville," has even more than ordinary interest at the present time, because the author is now in this country and has deepened the feelings always excited by her work, from a nearer view of her strong, comprehensive intelligence and humanity. "Cleopatra" seems to have been written in English, and we therefore come directly in contact with the author's terse, idiomatic style, which at the same time seems to be quite free from the embarrassment of struggle with a strange tongue. Yet the author cannot be much in the habit of using the English, which she speaks fluently, for she remarked in an interview with the reporter of a New York daily that she had been married seventeen years before her husband knew she could speak English. "Cleopatra" is a story of Russian life, and an exceedingly clever study of an intense, yet high, noble, and essentially pure nature. It is clear cut, incisive, without waste of words; every stroke of the pen tending—being necessary, in fact—to the completion of the picture. It is this admirable literary art which distinguishes the productions of Madame "Henry Gréville;" and, like Miss Murfree, induced critics generally to set her down as a man. But Madame Gréville Durand—Gréville being her patrimonial name—displays an insight into feminine character and motives which no male author ever possessed—not even Dickens, whose apparent insight came from keen observation, not identity. "Cleopatra" is enriched with a very good portrait of the author, and contains also a letter to the publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Company, of Boston, in which she announces this house as her sole medium of authorized communication with the American public; and the only one from which she receives a copyright.

Miss Edith Healy, daughter of the veteran artist, Mr. G. P. A. Healy, who has recently published simultaneously in England and America an illustrated treatise on the "Painters of the Italian Renaissance," is about to give to the press a new work of her pen, entitled "The Painters of Holland."

The *Rundschau* for December contains two interesting addresses by the famous historian Von Sybel, upon the education of women. The first was delivered in October, 1883, as the opening address in the Victoria Lyceum, an institution which can, perhaps, be best described for Americans by calling it the Berlin University Annex. The address is chiefly a memorial tribute to Miss Archer, the founder of this great aid to the more thorough education of German women, which has now been imitated in other German cities, who died at Montreux in 1882.

"**The French Verb**," to the acquisition of which so many innocent and happy years have been sacrificed, without attaining the object, has been made a "Pastime" by "A Grandfather," otherwise Prof. C. C. Schaeffer, late Professor of the German Language in the University of Pennsylvania. One may reasonably doubt the power of even an accomplished professor to take all the difficulties out of French verbs, but those who would like to see how it is done, may send for specimen pages of the book to Charles' Brother & Co., American System of Teaching, Philadelphia, Pa.

Joseph Cook says the six greatest works of the nineteenth century are "Titan," by Richter; "Wilhelm Meister," by Goethe; "Les Misérables," by Hugo; "Ivanhoe," by Scott; "The Newcomes," by Thackeray; and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. Stowe, with a great gap between the first three and the last three.

Octave Uzanne's latest work, "La Française du Siècle: Mœurs—Modes—Usages," completing the series on the ornaments and physiology of women, begun three years ago with "L'Eventail," has been issued by M. Quantin, of Paris, and in point of beauty of execution of the embellishments and general typographical excellence, it yields to neither of its famed predecessors.

"**The Magazine of Art**" for February is a beautiful number; it contains many interesting illustrated articles, notably one on "The Age of Louis XIV.," "Table Customs," "Chester," "The Interior of Buckingham Palace," and reproductions of highly interesting pictures; "Molière as Julius Cæsar," etc. Its local chit-chat is always fresh and readable.

An Earthly Paradise.

Flowers, plants, green grass, and trees are chief elements of any heaven which the mind of man is capable of conceiving, and those who make flowers bloom and trees grow, where none were seen before, who cover with good fresh carpet the wilderness and waste spaces, do more than can be done in any other way to bring the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

Then, at how little cost can the result be accomplished, a few seeds, and lo! where was a desert is a rose garden, where was barrenness is bloom and fruitage. Nothing pays so well as the love and cultivation of plants and flowers. They refine and enrich the poorest home, stamping it with the hall-mark of gentleness and taste. In our advertising columns will be found the names of the best nursery-men in the country. Apply to some one of these for what you require to beautify your home, and make of it truly an earthly paradise.

Swindlers.

You should be on the lookout for all kinds of traveling swindlers, prominent among whom are the *bogus* book peddler and subscription agent. The latter is, probably, the meanest of the tribe, his victims being generally needy persons who desire to enrich their homes with a magazine or family paper. This impostor avers that Shark & Grabem are the authorized agents for a particular territory, and have contracted with the publisher for ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand copies each month, and are thus enabled to take subscriptions at half price, and give one or more chromos, of large dimensions, in addition. He is generally supplied with current copies of the leading publications, which he has purchased from some newsdealer, and will leave one number on payment of the reduced price, or one-half, the other half to be paid on delivery of the second number; and that is the last seen of the self-styled "subscription agent," the magazine, or the money.

Subscription swindling was common in years past, but direct communication with the publishers through the facilities offered by the modern postal system is so easy that these swindlers meet with but little success, unless some special inducement can be offered to the expected victim, who parts with a dollar, often more, sometimes less, because the opportunity is at his door of obtaining, as he thinks, a two or four dollar magazine for half the publisher's price. This inducement, and the oily, lying tongue of the applicant, blind them to the fact that if the publisher could afford to sell his magazine for less money, he would immediately put it on his publication, that all the world should know it, and not send out a special fraud to undersell him in his own market.

Our Volume.

An examination of our subscription list discloses the fact that a large number of our new subscribers have commenced their term with January, and we call their attention to the fact that the volumes of Demorest's Monthly Magazine commence with November and end with October, for which a Title Page and Index to correspond are annually given. In the past, so many in this situation have called for the first two numbers of the volume (November and December) at the end of the term, that we have had to make reprints to supply the demand. We anticipate this condition again, and call your attention to the same. Should you desire to have the November and December numbers of 1885 to make your volume complete, we will forward them and change the date on our books; or we will send the two numbers additional on the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps.

Something about Rain.

California has had an excessive fall of rain recently; and the season for the down-pour will not be over up to the end of February. It is difficult to form an idea of the quantity of moisture which comes from the clouds. In California, for instance, rain has fallen at the rate of an inch an hour, which would yield a water crop of 16,000 tons to an acre. The average rainfall in the Tropics is from 80 to 115 inches; while at the mouth of the Amazon as much as 300 inches a year has been reported. The heaviest precipitation is in a mountain region near Calcutta, where 610 inches of a rainfall has been registered. We all know, in a general way, that the hot sun sucks up the water from ocean, lake, and river, but few of us can realize the mighty volume of moisture which passes up into the air to be finally precipitated upon the earth again in the form of rain or snow.

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AND

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Please remember that for 6 lines, costing $3, is at the rate of 22 cents for 11,000 cards, and most efficiently distributed to the best families in this country.

The advertising columns of Demorest's Monthly furnish the most reliable, cheapest and best advertising medium in the world. Goes everywhere. Read by everybody. A book of reference for the family, and sometimes the whole neighborhood; especially for the enterprising, and for all those who can afford to purchase. For advertising purposes, no other one medium covers so much ground, or is so universally read and sought for as Demorest's Monthly.

ADVERTISING RATES, EACH INSERTION.

Ordinary Pages	$0.50	per line. Nonpareil measure, 12 lines 1 inch.
Page Opposite Reading	.60	
Fourth Page of Cover	.60	
Business Notices, Next Reading	.75	

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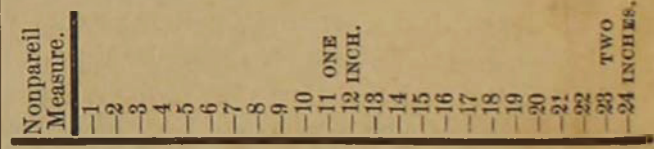
Five Lines or Less will be charged One Line Additional, or the Space from Rule to Rule.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

Advertisements for insertion should be forwarded not later than the 28th, for the next issue. No medical, questionable, or ambiguous advertisements will be admitted on any terms.



We aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers—to exclude whatever is pernicious, at whatever sacrifice—and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely as represented.

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum and phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

AGENTS wanted for The History of Christianity, by Abbott. A grand chance. A $4 book at the popular price of $1.75. Liberal terms. The religious papers mention it as one of the few *great* religious works of the world. Greater success never known by agents. Terms free. Stinson & Co., Publishers, Portland, Maine.