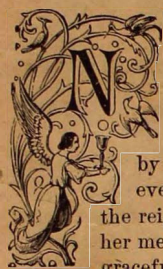


## Autumn Among the Poets.

BY JAMES GRANT.

"Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,  
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,  
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad  
That he had banish'd hunger, which to-fore  
Had by the belly often pinched him sore:  
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold  
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore;  
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,  
To reape the ripen'd fruits the which the earth had  
yold."

—Edmund Spenser.



NEXT to the vernal spring-time, autumn, crowned with the fruits of all the year, has been most sung and lauded by the poets of every clime. Not even glorious, golden summer, the reigning time of fair Flora and her merry troop, can show as many graceful pens wielded in her praise as her elder brother, ruddy, brown autumn.

Especially among the earlier English poets do we find this love of the fruitage season of the year. In the days when creature comforts formed almost the only pleasure mankind had to look forward to, it is not surprising that the months that ministered to the wants of the body should be most highly praised. In an old poem of four stanzas, the author of which is unknown, but which from its phrasing should date from Chaucer's time, the following lines are devoted to the third season of the year, and it is curious to note how the delight in stomach comforts is revealed in:

Autumn is ycomen in,  
Ceres filleth horn;e;  
Reaper swinketh,  
Farmer drinketh,  
Creaketh waine with newe corne.

It is, perhaps, needless to call attention to the very early date of this evinced by the prefix to the word *comen*, or to the fact that *swinketh* is old English for what in these days we should call "swigging."

Or take the following from poor Thomas Chatterton, written, toward the close of his short life, and see how even he, who possibly at the time he penned the lines was suffering the pangs of hunger that darkened his closing days, revels in picturing the delights of the "plenteous season:"

When autumn, bleak and sunburnt, do appear,  
With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,  
Bringing up winter to fulfill the year,  
Bearing upon his back the riped sheaf;  
When all the hills with woody seed are white,  
When levying fires, and lemes, do meet from far the  
sight;  
When the faire apple, ruddy as even sky,  
Do bend the tree unto the fructile ground,  
When juicy pears, and berries of black dye,  
Do dance in air and call the eye around;  
Then, be the even foul, or even fair,  
Methinks my heart's joy is stained with some care.

Despite the minor key of the last two lines, there is the true ring of harvest-home about this picture of autumn. In reading the

following stanzas from a sonnet on "September," by George Arnold, one can feel the cool, harvest-scented breezes playing round his brow; can feel the short stubble under foot, and hear the whirr of the startled partridge, and the crack of the sportsman's death-dealing gun:

Sweet is the voice that calls  
From babbling waterfalls  
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying:  
And soft the breezes blow,  
And eddying come and go  
In Taded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stabled corn  
The blithe quail pipes at morn,  
The merry partridge drums in hidden places,  
And glittering insects gleam  
Above the reedy stream,  
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall  
Across the garden wall  
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning;  
And pearly vapors lie  
Along the eastern sky,  
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

There is the true poetic fervor of a nature-loving poet about these lines. Here is a true "Harvest Hymn," in the "All Among the Barley" style, from the pen of that sweet singer, Felicia Heanans, in which the same idea of an overflowing earth is worked up to the fullest extent. Here, too, we may imagine Nature's cornucopia, full to running over with "all the blessings of the fields," pouring out its goodly store into the lap of the laughing earth:

Now autumn strews on every plain  
His mellow fruits and fertile grain;  
And laughing Plenty, crowned with sheaves,  
With purple grapes and spreading leaves,  
In rich profusion pours around  
Her flowing treasures on the ground.  
Oh! mark the great, the liberal hand,  
That scatters blessings o'er the land;  
And to the God of Nature raise  
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.  
The infant corn, in vernal hours,  
He nurtured with his gentle showers,  
And bade the summer clouds diffuse  
Their balmy store of genial dews.  
He marked the tender stem arise,  
'Till ripened by the glowing skies,  
And now, matured, his work behold,  
The cheering harvest waves in gold;  
To Nature's God with joy we raise  
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

Autumn in the woods, gorgeous with their wealth of color and rich in their stores of simple fruit, is a theme that has ever led captive the poet's fancy. Some of the choicest poems that enrich our language have been prompted by "the hues that make the forests glad," and by the "colored shades where painted leaves are strown." Our own Bryant, whose fancy adorned whatever it rested upon, knew and loved them in all their matchless beauty, and some of his finest efforts were written under their inspiration. The following are from his poem on the "Autumn Woods:"

Ere, in the northern gale,  
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,  
The woods of autumn all around our vale  
Have put their glory on.

I roam the woods that crown  
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,  
Where the gay company of trees look down  
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone,  
In these bright walks; the sweet southwest, at play,  
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown  
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,  
The sun that sends the gale to wander here,  
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—  
The sweetest of the year.

O autumn! why so soon  
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,  
Thy gentle wind, and thy fair sunny noon,  
And leave thee wild and sad?

Ah, 'twere a lot too blest,  
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;  
Amid the kisses of the soft southwest  
To rove and dream for aye;

And leave the vain low strife  
That makes men mad, the tug for wealth and power,  
The passions and the cares that wither life,  
And waste its little hour.

But we, in this bright, sparkling climate, know nothing of the dull, gloomy weather that in England too often turns autumn into the veritable "melancholy days, the saddest of the year." Suicidal weather, some one has named it, when the sky and the earth are blended together in a dull, heavy, murky, spirit-depressing haze, which is well portrayed by the inimitable, pathetic, humorous Thomas Hood, in the following lines, headed "No!"

No sun—no moon!  
No morn—no noon—  
No dawn—no dust—no proper time of day—  
No sky—no earthly view—  
No distance looking blue—  
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—  
No end to any Row—  
No indications where the crescents go—  
No top to any steeple—  
No recognitions of familiar people—  
No courtesies for showing 'em—  
No knowing 'em—  
No traveling at all—no locomotion—  
No inking of the way—no notion—  
"No go"—by land or ocean—  
No mail—no post—  
No news from any foreign coast—  
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—  
No company—no nobility—  
No warmth—no cheerfulness—no healthful ease—  
No comfortable feel in any member—  
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
November!

Indian summer—that charming will-o'-the-wisp, which some one has described as "every fine day from Michaelmas to Christmas"—what a halo is round the mention of thy name! What stretches of golden, hazy vistas, of flaming sumachs, of brown hillsides half veiled in smoky curtains, are conjured up before us! Anonymous though the following stanzas are, it was surely a true poet's fancy and an artist's creative faculty that put them to paper:

A gauzy nebula fills the pensive sky,  
The golden bee supinely buzzes by,  
In silent flocks the bluebirds southward fly.

The forest's cheeks are crimsoned o'er with shame,  
The cynic frost embraces every lane,  
The ground with scarlet bushes is aflame!

The ripened nuts drop downward day by day,  
Sounding the hollow tocsin of decay,  
And bandit squirrels smuggle them away.

Vague sighs and scents pervade the atmosphere,  
Sounds of invisible stirrings hum the ear,  
The morning's lash reveals a frozen tear.

The stealthy nights encroach upon the days,  
The earth with sudden whiteness is ablaze,  
And all her paths are lost in crystal maze!

"Autumn Among the Poets" without a selection from Thomson's *Seasons* would be like a royal banquet with royalty absent. The following lines picture a scene of beauty and interest that, it is to be feared, can now only be seen in some sheltered vale of Mother England—namely, an old-fashioned reaping-time, where the reapers are armed with their short sickles, and are followed by the maidens of the village, who, with bared arms and looped skirts, fasten the golden grain in shocks—the last being in turn followed by the poorer folk, anxious to increase their all-too-scanty store by gleanings:

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day,  
Before the ripened field the reapers stand  
In fair array.  
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves,  
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,  
The rural scandal and the rural jest,  
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.  
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks  
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
The gleaners spread around, and here and there  
Spike after spike their scanty harvest pick.  
Be not too narrow, husbandman! but fling,  
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
The liberal handful. Think, oh! think,  
How good the god of harvest is to you,  
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields,  
While these unhappy partners of your kind  
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
Of fortune ponder: That your sons may want  
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

But not all the poets view the autumn as a joyous time. Here is a translation from the German, in which expression is given to the feeling that in autumn we are in the midst of the dying moments of the year, surrounded by all the melancholy evidences of its age:

The year lies dying in this evening light;  
The poet, musing in autumnal woods,  
Hears melancholy sighs  
Among the withered leaves.

Not so, but like a spirit glorified,  
The angel of the year departs; lays down  
His robes, once green in spring,  
Or bright with summer's blue;

And, having done his mission on the earth,  
Filling ten thousand vales with golden corn,  
Orchards with rosy fruit,  
And scattering flowers around—

He lingers for a moment in the west,  
With the declining sun, sheds over all  
A pleasant farewell smile—  
And so returns to God.

And here is another in the same sad strain, from the pen of Shelley, whose own life went out in the midst of just such a tempest as is portrayed in the following peculiar stanzas:

The warm sun is failing; the bleak wind is wailing;  
The bare boughs are sighing; the pale flowers are dying;  
And the Year  
On the earth, her death-bed, in shroud of leaves, dead  
Is lying.

Come, months, come away,  
From November to May;  
In your saddest array  
Follow the bier  
Of the dead, cold Year,  
And, like dim shadows, watch by her sepulcher.

The chill rain is falling; the night-worm is crawling;  
The rivers are swelling; the thunder is knelling  
For the Year;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone  
To his dwelling.

Come, months, come away,  
Put on white, black, and gray;  
Let your light sisters play—  
Ye, follow the bier  
Of the dead, cold Year,  
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

In what marked contrast is the following with the lines entitled "No!" One would hardly suppose they both owned the same parent; yet such is the case. Lovers or students of Hood, however, need not be told that, with all his laughter-loving exterior, there was a deep vein of melancholy in his nature—not of the morbid kind, but a melancholy that was quick to see and appreciate the painful and sorrowful side of life—perhaps because his own career had much acquaintance with grief and pain.

The autumn is old;  
The sear leaves are flying;  
He hath gathered up gold,  
And now he is dying:  
Old age, begin sighing.

The vintage is ripe;  
The harvest is heaping;  
But some that have sowed  
Have no riches for reaping—  
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year's in the wane;  
There is nothing adorning;  
The night has no eve,  
And the day has no morning;  
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill;  
The red sun is sinking;  
And I am grown old,  
And life is fast shrinking;  
Here's snow for sad thinking!

One point is worthy of notice: In all these poems set in the minor key, and which look on the autumn season as the end of the dying year, there still runs through them all a recognition of, and an allusion to, the feeling alluded to at the commencement of this paper. In every instance the poet's sadness is tempered by reflection on the good things the earth has borne and brought to perfection in this third stage of her yearly course; in every case there is an outburst of joyousness at the wealth of creature comforts heaped up on every hand.

Here is a pleasant fancy from the pen of Sir Egerton Brydges, who is reputed to have been the author of some fourteen thousand sonnets, besides a vast amount of other literary work:

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,  
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,  
As mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,  
Through glens untrod, and woods that frowned on high,  
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy!  
And lo! she's gone! In robe of dark green hue  
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew,  
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!  
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.

Not so her sister. Hark! for onward still,  
With far-heard step, she takes her listening way,  
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.  
Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play  
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

We have an exquisite and touching comparison of autumn to old age in the following from the Swan of Avon:

That time of year thou mayst in me behold,  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou seest the twilight of such a day,  
As after sunset fadeth from the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.  
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

"The Sabbath of the year," the poet Montgomery calls the autumn, in a short poem that for sweetness and quiet grace will compare favorably with anything he ever wrote. And a beautiful idea it is that the earth, after her season of productiveness, should enjoy a season of well-earned rest, surrounded by and enjoying the fruits of her summer's toil; and bereft though she be of much of the leafy beauty that adorns the earlier months of the year, we may still say with Thomson, in the *Seasons* that in autumn nature's

Loveliness  
Needs not the aid of foreign ornament,  
But is when unadorned adorned the most.

The following are from the German, and with them we close. Though written evidently of a harsher climate than ours, they have the true ring of pastoral beauty, and point, beyond the snows and storms of the fast-descending winter, to nature resurrect and jubilant in the spring that shall surely follow:

The dry leaves are falling—  
The cold breeze above  
Has stript of its glories  
The sorrowing grove.

The hills are all weeping—  
The field is a waste;  
The songs of the forest  
Are silent and past.

And the songsters are vanished—  
In armies they fly  
To a clime more benignant,  
A friendlier sky.

The thick mists are veiling  
The valley in white;  
With the smoke of the village  
They blend in their flight.

And lo! on the mountain  
The wanderer stands,  
And sees the pale Autumn  
Pervading the lands.

Then, sorrowful wanderer,  
Sigh not nor weep;  
For Nature, though shrouded,  
Will wake from her sleep.

The Spring, proudly smiling,  
Shall all things revive,  
And gay bridal garments  
Of splendor shall give.



## Chance or Providence?

BY CHARLES STOKES WAYNE.

"Thou camest not to thy place by accident;  
It was the very place God meant for thee."

—French.

### I.



**A** GLORIOUS sunshiny afternoon at the end of May. A warm, hazy atmosphere, made pleasant by gentle, cooling breezes, that come prying into all the fragrant flowers of the garden, setting free their varied perfume, carrying it greedily away with them, and then wantonly scattering it as they go.

"—The woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the roses blown."

The music of a distant brass band is borne along on the scented air, comes floating in at an open upper window of a tidy little rose-embowered cottage, and finds sitting there, alone, a young woman, reading over a few old letters.

A rather pretty face she has, canopied by a wreath of sunny, auburn hair, that is combed plainly back, and twisted into a thick coil behind. Her eyes—large, dark and liquid—show signs of tears, and her fair cheeks are redder than their wont from weeping. She is holding in her hand a sheet of paper that bears marks of much fingering: is reading the writing upon it—the hurriedly scribbled penciling that is now so rubbed as to be al-

most undecipherable—a letter written fifteen years ago, when the reader was little more than an infant.

As she reads, there comes a gentle rap-rap on the door, which the next moment opens and admits an old lady wearing a plain illusion cap and a neat little Quakery shawl crossed over her breast, and carrying a bouquet of flowers.

She crosses the room to where her young boarder is sitting.

"Louise, my dear," she says, in a kindly voice, "I have brought you a posie."

The girl looked up, smiling through her tears.

"It is very kind of you, Mrs. Potts," she says, taking the bouquet, and burying her nose in it, in the customary endeavor to extract all the perfume possible. "I was just going down to pick some flowers myself. I shall be going to the churchyard presently, and I wanted some to put on father's grave."

"That's what I was thinking," replies Mrs. Potts, seating herself comfortably in a cane-seat rocking-chair, "and so I just cut you a few roses and things. But, my dear, you have been crying, haven't you, now? Ah! I see; been reading over some of your pa's old letters, eh? Poor, dear man that he was: as kind and good a gentleman as ever lived, Louise."

"I have always heard him well spoken of. How I wish I could remember him! I was so young when he went into the army that I have no recollection of him whatever. But then, when I read his letters and look at his picture, do you know, Mrs. Potts, it seems that I know him so well, and that he has only gone away for a while; that some day, like Rip Van Winkle, he will come back again to his old home, and find his little daughter grown to be a woman? It is a strange fancy, isn't it? and quite impossible; but then I like to indulge it."

"Tut, tut, child!" says the old lady, discouragingly, "he'll never come back. It's been fifteen years now since he was killed, hasn't it? What battle was it?"

"Newbern," answers Louise. "Of course, I know he will never return; it was *his* body that they sent to us, and it's *his* body that lies in the old churchyard. There's no doubt about it. It is only a fancy of mine, Mrs. Potts. I am rather fanciful, you know."

"What a girl! what a girl!" exclaims she, rising, "always imagining things. Why, bless me! you're the most imaginative creature I know."

"Would you like to see this letter, Mrs.

Potts?" asks Louise, holding out the pencil-rubbed sheet she has been reading. "It is the last letter my father ever wrote, and I am very fond of it."

"Thank you, my child," taking the paper, and fumbling in her pocket for her glasses. "There, now!" she says presently, "I've left my spectacles down stairs, and I can't see a word without 'em. Just you read it to me, Louise"—handing it back to her—"I should like to hear it very much. I expect your mother has read it to me in her time, but I don't remember."

And so Louise takes the letter and reads it—reads the lines hastily written by her father on the night of March 13, 1862, on the eve of the battle of Newbern—written by the light of a pine-knot fire, and under the poor shelter of gaunt, leafless trees; reads how his comrades and he had marched all that long, dreary day; how some, faint and foot-sore, had dropped down by the way, unable to go on; how the remainder, just at night-fall, in a drenching rain-storm, had come within a mile of the rebel fortifications; and how, now while he was writing, men were lying asleep all about him without tents or any protection save their blankets and the pine forest. He spoke of the kindness of the soldiers while he was suffering from a wound received in a skirmish a month before.

"Especially kind," he wrote, "has been a young fellow who was wounded at the same time—a mere boy, whom we call Hal. He had a bayonet wound in the left wrist, which was annoying, but which did not cripple him, as did my injured leg. Nothing was too much trouble for him to do for me, and I shall never cease to feel grateful to him."

"Never cease to feel grateful," repeats Mrs. Potts. "Ah! his gratitude hadn't very long to last, poor man! It occurred the next day, didn't you say?" (How often we make that little pronoun "it" bear all the burden of that which, for some reason, we dread to name.)

"Yes," answers Louise, folding the letter, having come to the end. "Do you know I have a great affection for that Hal! I wonder if he was killed, too."

"It's hard to tell," concludes the old lady, turning toward the door; "maybe so, and maybe not. Who knows! There goes the band again, Louise. It's about time you were getting out, if you mean to see the parade or hear any of the Decoration Day orations."

"I care very little for either, Mrs. Potts," rising and going to the closet for her hat; "but I'll take the flowers around and put them on father's grave, to show there is at least one who cherishes his memory."

### II.

FIVE minutes more and Miss Louise Glover, bouquet in hand, may be seen wending her way down the village street, past the new Methodist chapel, in all the glory of its red brick and white paint; past the deserted shops; past the closed school-house, where she teaches the rising generation of the village the three R's and a few branches besides. Then off through a shady lane, along which several belated villagers are hurrying toward

the Mecca of to-day for patriotic village pilgrims, and in through the wide gateway among the green mounds, the humble tombstones, and the pretentious monuments.

A pretty churchyard is this, where Elmwood puts away its dead. It is not one of those glaring fields overgrown with weeds and wild grasses; it is shaded here and there by great, branching elms and mournful weeping willows.

"And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,  
That lead through this garden along and across,  
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,  
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,  
Are all paved with daisies and delicate bells,  
As fair as the fabulous asphodels."

Such is the churchyard where rests Louise's father. There are many people here to-day: mothers and fathers, daughters and sons—the latter by far the most conspicuous. The boys, full of life and play, free for the time from the restraints of the school-room, are romping about in noisy glee, waking the somber silence of this garden of the dead with their merry young voices in peals of laughter and joyous shouts. The soldiers—the militia of the town—have come out in span new uniforms, in which they look as awkward as only rural militia can. The village band has been murdering the Dead March from Saul; and now, as the Honorable Mr. Lafferty, their representative at the Capitol, the orator of the day, appears, they pitch into, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," with unwarrantable irregularity.

Far away in one corner, sitting upon the grass by a daisy-decked green mound, on which lies a bouquet of roses and honeysuckle, and over the headstone of which hangs a great white and green wreath, blooming with tuberose and japonicas, carnations and lilies, sits Louise. There is no one near her. In the distance can be seen the moving crowd about the monument, and the black-coated statesmen and village dignitaries on the platform. The discord of the band is melted into music by the time it reaches her; and the voice of the orator, as he delivers his oration, and waves his arms in emphatic gesticulation, is scarcely audible.

She has thrown her hat down at her side, and, leaning on the grave, is looking up at the wreath which decks the headstone.

"It must certainly be a mistake," she says to herself. "What a shame that the right one should not have the benefit of it. If it was a mean little bunch of flowers like mine, now, it wouldn't so much matter; but such a lovely wreath, it is really a shame."

A rustling sound, as of some one approaching, comes to her ears. Looking up suddenly, she sees, running toward her, a child, his face beaming with laughter. He is quite a baby; surely not more than five summers have shed their suns upon his golden head, and his chubby face. Laughingly he comes, without the least sign of fear, until he is quite close to her, and then, stopping suddenly, he stands gazing at her in wide-eyed astonishment.

It is evident that he has mistaken her for some one else, and now, seeing his mistake, is undecided whether to speak or run away.

Louise is charmed by the childish beauty of

the sweetly innocent face with its great, staring, blue eyes.

"Won't you come to me?" she asks, holding out her hands. "Come and tell me what your name is."

The smiles that so suddenly left come back as he hears the lady's kindly voice, and he trots slowly toward her. She rises on her knees as he approaches and takes his little hand.

"Did you see Ruth?" he asks innocently.

"No, dear. Who is Ruth? Your sister?"

"O my, no!" answers the boy, quite old-fashionedly, looking shocked at the ignorance of his new acquaintance. "Ruth is my nurse, and she's hiding from me."

Louise puts her arms about him.

"And do you want to find her?" she asks.

"Yes. I thought *you* were her. This is where we were when we first come—papa, and Ruth, and me. We were all here. Papa put that wreath there," he adds, pointing to the garland on which, a moment ago, Louise was making all sorts of conjectures.

"Your papa did?" exclaims she, in surprise. "Who is your papa?"

"Don't you know my papa?" (In a tone of contempt for such gross ignorance.) "Everybody knows him."

"What is his name, dear?"

"Mr. Aubrey," answers the child with emphasis. "Don't you know Mr. Aubrey?"

Louise has certainly heard of Henry Aubrey, Esq. Six months ago he moved into the neighborhood: came up from the city to occupy a mansion that he had built for himself. Not a larger house, nor a finer farm, is there in all the surrounding country. Mr. Aubrey is the millionaire of Elmwood. As his son has stated, every one knows him, by reputation, at least.

"And are you Mr. Aubrey's little boy?" Louise asks.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And can you tell me why he put the wreath over *this* grave?"

"I don't know. All I heard him say was, 'Poor Glover,' but I don't know what he meant by that."

Still more is Louise surprised. Why Mr. Aubrey should decorate her father's grave, she is at a loss to understand. Why he should pathetically couple the adjective "poor" with the surname of her departed paternal relative, she cannot imagine.

"Where is your papa, now?"

"Shall I go look for him? Would you like to see him?" inquires the child, eagerly. "He's not far, I guess. I'll bring him to you, if you want him."

"No, no," holding him fast as he makes vigorous attempts to run off, "I don't care to see him now. After a while will be time enough."

"Let us sit down and talk," continues young Aubrey. "I don't want to hear that man preach," referring to the statesman whose oration is gradually nearing its meridian, his voice growing louder and louder, and gestures more demonstrative at every period, "he makes his arms go too fast."

Louise agrees to the young man's proposition, and resumes her seat on the grass, he kneeling opposite her.

"Won't you tell me your name?" she asks, plucking a daisy, and Marguerite-like pulling it to pieces.

"My name's Robbie," he replied, gazing intently at her; "what's your name?"

Louise tells him.

"It's a pretty name, ain't it?" he says. "I like you; you look like a picture of my mamma that hangs in our hall at home."

"I'm glad you like me."

"My mamma's dead, you know," continues master Robbie. He is a talkative child, and now that he is started, one must wait for him to run down, as one would wait for an alarm clock or a musical box. "She died when I was only a year old,—May, was three, she's eight now. You don't know May do you? She's my sister. She's an awful coward, May is; she gets frightened at almost anything. She got frightened at a spider the other day, and now I make her mad, because I call her little Miss Muffitt. You ought to see May. I don't think you'd like her; she ain't very nice. Girls ain't nice anyway."

"Oh!" interrupted Louise, laughing at the precocity of the youth, "you don't mean that, Robbie."

"Well, most girls ain't. May ain't, and Ruth ain't, and—"

"Here you are, are you?" interrupts a masculine voice, and the young woman and the boy looking up discovered that a tall, bearded man had stolen in upon their *tête à tête*.

"O papa!" exclaims the child, jumping to his feet, "I'm so glad you came. This lady wants to know why you put that wreath there."

Mr. Aubrey looks down inquisitively at the young woman, over whom the sunlight is falling filtering through the leafy canopy above, changing her hair to burnished gold, and covering her dress with odd little patches of light and shade.

"Because that stone marks the spot where rests a very dear friend of mine," he says. "May I inquire whether Mr. Glover was a relative of yours?"

Louise has picked up her hat, and is now making a rather undignified attempt to pick up herself.

"A very *near* relative, sir," she replied, having assumed a perpendicular. "He was my father."

Robbie has caught hold of his papa's hand, and with his feet braced against that gentleman's ankle, is swinging back and forth in a semicircle at his side.

"Your father!" repeats Mr. Aubrey; when Louise takes a hasty inventory of his features, and discovers that he is possessed of a head of black hair, a thick, black beard, long, black mustache, kindly gray eyes, a long straight nose with a knob at the end that is more becoming than otherwise, and a mouth that is nearly hid by the afore-mentioned mustache.

She also discovers that he is well dressed in a frock coat and light trousers, and wears a tall, light felt hat.

"Yes, he was my father," she replies, having come to the conclusion that, on the whole, his appearance is gentlemanly, and that his face leans more toward the handsome than toward the homely.

"I did not know his daughter was living. I am very glad to have met you, Miss Glover.—Behave yourself, Robert, my son.—I very often heard your father speak of his little daughter. You were but a baby then, I think. Let me see, it was a long while ago—fifteen years and over."

"Were you in the army?" asks Louise. She was quite sure that he was, but asks for the mere sake of saying something: to show him that she is not so very greatly awed by the presence of the magnate of the neighborhood.

"I was in the regiment with your father," he replies, jerking his son to an upright position, and stopping his motion as suddenly as stopped the pendulum of grandfather's clock. "I was rather younger than he, to be sure, but we were what you might call chums. We were wounded in the same skirmish once, it was—"

"Are you 'Hal'?" suddenly exclaims Louise, not thinking how the words would sound, and in hearing them turning a bright crimson, and in correction of herself mumbling out: "I mean did the soldiers call you 'Hal'?"

Mr. Aubrey laughs good-naturedly.

"Yes," he says, "they called me Hal. I am Hal. But, I must say, Miss Glover, I am at a loss to know where you heard that name."

Before she has time to answer, she catches sight of a girl coming toward them, along the leafy avenues—a girl with a coarse red face, above which is a frilled white cap, and below which, extending to her feet, a long white apron.

"Here comes Ruth!" exclaims Robbie, in dismay. "I don't have to go home with Ruth, do I, papa?"

Then Mr. Aubrey turns, and after giving the nurse a rather severe rebuke for allowing his youthful son and heir a moment out of her sight, and making some very apparent insinuations regarding a certain aspiring butcher's boy, he delivers master Robbie over to her tender mercies. The child has evidently taken a fancy to Miss Glover.

"May I kiss you good-bye?" he asks, doubtfully, looking up at her.

Louise stoops, laughingly, and kisses him. Then he goes contentedly off, leaving the young woman and his papa to finish their conversation.

"I have often read of you in my father's letters," she says, in answer to his question of a few moments before. "I have read how very kind you were to him, and how very grateful he was."

Mr. Aubrey appears pleased. His genial face, as he looks at the girl before him, is a picture of happiness.

"Your father, poor man," he says, "was a general favorite. But," he goes on, interrupting himself, "I fear you will be tired standing, Miss Glover; won't you sit down?"

"No, thank you. I must be going now. I do not care to wait until the oration is over. There will be such a crowd then, and I do so despise crowds."

"May I walk with you then?" asks the gentleman; "I should like very much to talk this over. It is so strange I should have stumbled over you after so many years."

"Certainly," she answers. "I am only too

glad to have met you. To tell the truth"—her eyes drop and the ready blood rushes to her cheeks. "Only this afternoon I was wondering whether *you* were killed too."

"Were you, really!"

They have left the grave-side now, and are wending their way around the back of the old ivy-covered stone church, in order to avoid the crowd about the monument, which lies between them and the gate.

As they walk on together, Mr. Aubrey tells Louise how he, too, was shot at Newbern: how he lay for months in a hospital, wavering between life and death; how he returned to his regiment as soon as he was able, and remained until Richmond had been triumphantly taken by the Federal troops—until the war was entirely over. And then he told her, taking the advice of the New York editor and Chappaqua farmer, he went West, where he was remarkably successful. All this time he had not forgotten his comrade who had been shot down at his side, and when he came East, he determined to find his family, and tell them the story of the brave death of their loved one.

He remembered that Glover came from Jonestown, but the name of the county he had never heard. There *was* a Jonestown in the State, but there the name of Glover was unknown, and so, at last, he came to the conclusion that the wife and the daughter had followed the husband and father to

"Where beyond these voices there is peace."

He had settled down in Elmwood, and had lived there for six months, not knowing, until a few days ago, that before it bore its present graceful appellation it was known by the more plebeian title of Jonesville. Even then he little thought that his old comrade's daughter

"Lived and moved and had her being"

in the town. One spring Sunday afternoon, idling away an hour after service in the old churchyard, he had come across a tombstone, upon which he read the words:

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF  
GEORGE GLOVER,

—st. Regiment, ——— Volunteers.

KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF NEWBERN,  
March 14th, 1862."

So it was that on this Decoration Day he brought a wreath and hung it about this stone; and so it has happened that at the grave of his fellow-soldier, he has met his fellow-soldier's daughter.

As he stands with Louise at the gate of Mrs. Potts's modest garden, recalling reminiscences of the old war days, when he was a gallant young soldier, and she but a prattling child, there comes down the street—forerunner of the people who are by this time coming away in droves from the churchyard, and returning to their homes within and without the village—Deacon Pearson, old, thin, hypocritical, and seedy.

"Miss Glover," he says, stopping at the gate and casting an inquisitive look at Mr. Aubrey, "I have the unpleasant duty to perform of handing you this notice," reaching her a large, official-looking envelope that puzzled Louise

sorely. "I hope you have enjoyed the day. Magnificent day it has been for decorating the graves of the brave boys who died for their country's good, eh?"

(It is a well-known fact that Deacon Pearson was in sympathy with the South until it was thoroughly demonstrated it had not the least chance.)

"Thank you," replies the girl, looking at the "notice," and wondering what it could mean.

Then the deacon nods his head with a bland smile and passes on, after giving Mr. Aubrey another look, as if to say:

"What are *you* doing here, talking to a poor school-marm?"

The gentleman quietly returned the stare, and raises his hat, as the old man nods his head.

"I must be off now, myself," he says, turning to Louise, "I am very glad to have met you, and hope you will not fail to come out to see us."

"Thank you," replies the girl, looking up into his cheery face, "I shall be very pleased to."

Then he shakes her hand heartily, and with a friendly smile bids her "good afternoon."

And she, her soul filled with admiration for this manly man, who unconsciously has impressed her with a sense of his kindly good-heartedness, goes down the flower-bordered paths to the cottage, curious to ascertain what ill-tidings the large envelope she holds has to convey to her.

### III.

"THERE is no use whatever in worrying over it," says Mrs. Potts, decidedly, as the peas that she is shelling rattle noisily down into the pan she holds in her lap. "No use at all. 'What can't be cured must be endured,' and I always make up my mind to endure it as patiently as possible."

"But I can't abide idleness," said Miss Glover, who is standing at the kitchen window, welcoming the cool morning zephyrs that come quietly seeking admission, letting them kiss her flushed, tear-stained cheeks as they float gently in. "It is necessary that I do something, you know. If I had only steady employment, I should be the happiest creature in all the village.

'What care I for golden treasure?  
What care I for house or land?'"

she hums, "give me a school to teach, with a salary that will buy me my bread and butter, and two new dresses a year, and I shall be content."

"Why not marry young Wilcox?—ain't that his name?—the dry-goods clerk. He'd make you a good husband, Louise, and he could easily supply such modest wants as you've just expressed."

"Please don't mention that simpleton, Mrs. Potts," urges the girl, irritably. "I have not the least idea of marrying, but even if I had, he would be the last person I should choose. I would as soon think of marrying old Pearson—the hypocritical old rebel!—How I hate him for handing me that notice.

Mrs. Potts leans over and gathers up an

other handful of peas from the basket beside her.

"What did the notice say, my dear? You told me that the school committee had decided they would not require your services any longer; but didn't the notice state why?"

"O yes," (with much sarcasm) "the committee were extremely sorry, but they had decided that in order to maintain a proper discipline among the larger boys, it was advisable that a male teacher be placed in charge of the school. They trusted Miss Glover—whom they should be most happy to recommend—would be able to secure a position, etc., etc."

"Well, that was very nice and kind, I am sure."

"O yes, very; but they *might* have given me a little warning, don't you think? Not have sent the notice one day and have the school closed the next. If they had told me of this a month ago I might have had something in view by this time."

As she speaks, the brass knocker on the front door sounds once, twice, thrice.

"As I live!" exclaimed Mrs. Potts, setting down her pan of peas, "a caller. Who can it possibly be?"

"I'll go, Mrs. Potts," says Louise. Hurrying through the parlor to the many-panelled white-painted door which gives entrance to the cottage, she spreads it wide open, and, much to her surprise, stands face to face with a large man in a light suit, whom she recognizes in a moment as Mr. Aubrey.

"Good morning," he says, with his kindly smile, lifting his hat, and then extending his hand, "I was afraid I should not find you at home."

"Won't you come in?" asks Louise, her face brightening.

"No, thank you. I only stopped to see if you'd go out home with me to-day. Robbie was talking about you all day yesterday, and has been coaxing me to bring you out; so I promised him you should come to dinner to-day; and I want you to help me keep my promise."

"Louise is delighted. The trip will drive away, for a time at least, the harrowing thoughts of her situationless condition."

"You are very kind," she says cheerfully. "I shall be very pleased to go."

"I have the carriage here," Mr. Aubrey goes on, taking out his watch, "if you'll tell me how long it will take you to get ready, I'll be back for you at the appointed time."

"It's about eleven now, isn't it?"

"Ten minutes after."

"I shall be quite ready by half-past."

"I'll give you quarter of an hour's grace," says the gentleman, smiling; "at fifteen minutes of twelve you may expect me."

"I shall not keep you waiting," Louise adds, as he goes off to his carriage, which, behind a spirited-looking, sleek gray horse, is standing just outside the gate, the sun glistening on its polished sides and wheels.

It is never a long drive from Mrs. Potts's cottage to Aubrey House—as it is called—but to-day it seems to Louise that the distance has been miraculously shortened; that the road, like a stretched band of rubber, has now suddenly contracted, and drawn the two places

into nearer relationship. It is probably Mr. Aubrey's cheerful, entertaining talk, and the lively trotting of his mettlesome gray horse, that has caused this metamorphosis; but, be that as it may, the great stone house looms into sight through a network of branching trees—elms, beeches, and chestnuts—long before Miss Glover has thought of seeing it.

As they draw up before the great hall door, which stands hospitably open, the warm south winds racing in and out with all the freedom of old acquaintanceship, Robbie comes running toward them, his face aglow with pleasure and welcome.

Louise finds the house far beyond her expectations.

The rooms are large, the ceilings high, and the hangings and furniture rich and tasteful. The morning room, into which Robbie leads her from the wide, tiled hall, where he stopped to show his mamma's portrait, is absolutely charming. The walls, above a dado of dark green stamped leather, are covered with a sage-green paper, over which a slender vine with brownish leaves and cunning little yellow berries twines itself in graceful unfathomable mazes; and above this again, a gold-colored frieze, where conventional blue-black swallows are flying. The cretonne curtains and upholstery, the light yellow butternut furniture, with here and there bits of blue and white Japanese ware, and quaintly shaped and colored Lambeth vases, form a pleasing contrast with

"A carpet rich, and of deviceful thread."

In this room it is that she meets the seven-year-old sister of whom master Robbie had told her, and finds her a prim little miss, with light hair and blue eyes; quite the reverse of her impulsive young brother. It is here, too, that she meets Mr. Aubrey's sister, an elderly, lady-like woman, who welcomes her with as much sincerity, if not as much show, as the young gentleman who has just introduced her.

She spends the morning here with "Aunt Emily" and the children, and the hours slip away very swiftly and pleasantly. Now and then a thought will come stealing in that she should be searching for work, that she is wasting time; but she puts it away from her, and for the hour gives herself up to the enjoyment of the congenial society about her.

They are at dinner now. It is just four o'clock, and the sunlight is bathing the flowers in the wide windows in its invigorating rays; is throwing itself across the floor in great, broad, dazzling strips which reach even to the table and its snowy damask drapery.

"What a delightful day I have spent!" Louise is saying when she has finished her soup and is waiting until the slow-going butler shall get to her with the fish.

"I can hardly realize that," Mr. Aubrey replies, laughingly. "The children have given you scarcely a moment's peace since you entered the house. What with Robbie's unceasing chatter about himself and his pet hobbies, and May's continual questioning, I should have thought you would have been horribly bored."

"I was just going to remark," puts in Aunt Emily, "that it was really too bad the children were so troublesome while Miss Glover was here. As you say, Henry, she hasn't had a moment's peace."

"Peace!" exclaims Louise, in amazement, her dark eyes sparkling, "I should never care for more peace than I have had with them. I enjoy children immensely, and I'm never happier than when I can amuse them."

"There are very few like you, I'm afraid," adds the gentleman, quietly. "I've been looking for just such a one for weeks, and have not yet found a young lady of your mind."

"Minds differ as rivers differ," quotes Louise.

"Yes," says Aunt Emily, as she helps herself to the lettuce, "I told Henry some time ago that May was quite old enough to have a governess, but he's so very particular that he can't get one that comes up to his ideas."

Louise wonders, for a moment, whether she has heard rightly; wonders whether her ears are not playing her a trick. It can hardly be possible, she thinks, that here, right within her hands' grasp, is that for which, for one long day and two dreary, tedious nights, she has been longing, praying, worrying.

"Don't you think, Mr. Aubrey," she says, with much *empressement*, resolved, at least, to test the evidence of her aural organs, "that I would do? Won't you try me for a month, and see whether I can reach your ideal of what a governess should be? I should be so glad."

Mr. Aubrey looks at her excited young face in surprise.

"You?" he says, rather puzzled; "surely you don't intend going out as a governess?"

"Why should I not?" asks Louise, only intent now on gaining her point. "I have just been informed that the school will need me no longer; why should I not take the first honorable employment that I can find?"

Mr. Aubrey is evidently more surprised than at first. He has never had an idea that his newly-made acquaintance was the village "school marm." He has heard of the decision of the school committee, but the name of the deposed teacher has never come to his ears.

"We shall be only too glad to have you," he says, at last, the look of surprise giving way to one of pleased geniality. "I couldn't have found a governess more to my taste if I'd searched the world over. What a good thing I didn't snap up the first miss that I went to look after! Eh, Emily?"

And so it is arranged that Louise is to leave the quiet, cosy little cottage of Mrs. Potts, and take up her abode at the great stone house over the hill. "The sooner the better," Mr. Aubrey has said; and so in less than a week, free from trouble and worry, she is domiciled in her new home.

#### IV.

"AGAIN the silent wheels of time  
Their annual round have driven—"

Have brought with them heat and cold, sunshine and rain, dew and frost; have hung the trees with green—have changed their dress

to red and yellow—have stripped them naked to the snowy blast; and now—fickle wheels that they are—have given out the green dresses again, and the elms and the maples, the oaks and the horse-chestnuts, and all the great family of the forest, are putting them on—donning their green attire with as much joy as a maiden dons her new spring gown on Easter morn, hilariously waving their arms in the gently-blowing May winds, each bowing and courtseying to its neighbor.

All the land is smiling.

"The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,  
The murmuring streamlets wind thro' the vale;  
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,  
And wild-scattered cowslips bedeck the green vale."

Aubrey House is still standing, looking much as it looked a year ago, when Louise came here to take up her abode. Louise, too, is little changed during the twelve-month. She is probably a few pounds heavier—the result of high living and little work—and in Mr. Aubrey's eyes, if in no other's, she is much more beautiful than on the day he met her in the churchyard, sitting beside her father's grave, talking to his little Robbie. And Robbie and May have taken her to their young hearts, and have bound her there so tightly, with such strong cords of love, that it would be a sore trial to tear them asunder. Nor has Mr. Aubrey any intention of breaking these cords. He has been thinking of binding them closer, if possible, and including himself in their bonds. Why should he not change her position? he has asked himself. Why should she not be a mother to his children?—a relationship that must be permanent, and not a mere governess, that may suddenly take into her head a fancy to go away and leave a great void in the hearts of his children and of himself? But Louise has no thoughts of going. She is supremely happy. To love and to be loved is her delight.

"What is life when wanting love?"

asks Burns; and then, answering himself, tells us that it is

"Night without a morning."

Louise does not propose to give up the morning, the clear bright sunshine of affection, for the night of solitude, where not a ray of love could penetrate. She has admired this great, noble-hearted man, this Hal of her father's last letter, from the first, and, as the months have slipped away, she has felt welling up in her heart something more than admiration, something stronger than gratitude, and when he comes to her this joyous spring day,—finding her alone in the morning room, arranging bouquets of flowers in the Japanese vases, something tells her that he has come with a message,—a glad message of love from his heart to hers. She looks up at him as he comes in, a welcome in her laughing eyes.

"And in her tender cheeks,  
Inevitable color."

"Alone?" he says, looking about as if to ask where the children are.

"Yes," she replies, bending over the work, putting a camellia here and a rose there.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone."

May has gone driving with Miss Emily, and Robbie is playing out there on the lawn," with a nod of her head toward the window.

"I am glad to find no one here," Mr. Aubrey says, lowering his deep, rich voice to little short of a whisper, "because I have come to ask you something, Louise: something that I could not ask you if you were not alone."

The girl drops her eyes; the "inevitable color" in her "tender cheeks," deepens.

He sees that she has caught his meaning, awkwardly as it was expressed.

"I hardly know whether I should ask you or not, Louise," he says, stepping to her side, and placing his hand on her plump, round shoulder. "I am much older than you, and you may think I am asking you as a matter of convenience, because I know you love my children, because I know they love you more than any one else on earth, more than their father, even, I think sometimes. But I swear it is not for that. It is for this reason, and for this reason only, it is because I love you."

Louise makes no reply. The hot blushes have set her face aglow with crimson. She stands silently looking at the roses in the vases, roses which to her eyes, dim with glad, joyful tears, are ever changing their shapes and colors,—now one great mass of pink now two round bunches of red and white.

"Do you think," he goes on, reaching down and taking her hand, as if to assure her that he is still her friend as well as her lover, "that you could return me just a little of the affection I have for you?"

Still no answer. Only downcast eyes, and a flood of tears rising higher and higher at every heart-beat.

"Or have I been mistaken?" he continues, a faint misgiving rising up ghostlike among his hopes. "Perhaps it was only my conceit, but I *did* think, Louise, that you thought something more of me than you did of other men, that you did *like* me, and that there was a little love mixed in with your liking. Was it all a mistake, my child, or was I right?"

She can keep back the current no longer, the flood-gates of her soul are opened, and the tears overflowing their bounds go chasing each other down her cheeks.

"Yes," she murmurs sobbingly, "you were right."

The end of the word is told to Mr. Aubrey's shoulder.

He has twined his great, muscular arms about her, and is pressing her lovingly to his breast.

Tick-tick, tick-tick, goes the clock on the mantle.

No sound but this and the quick breathing of Louise as she makes futile attempts to stop her blissful but foolish weeping.

A whole minute slips by. For sixty odd seconds has Henry Aubrey held her in his embrace; then he bends his head and kisses her smooth, white forehead.

"Come, dear," he says, kindly, "shall we go and tell Robbie about this? It was through him, you know, that we were first made acquainted; should he not be the first to hear the news?"

And so they go through the French windows, out into the warm, love-sick air of the spring

morning; across the "enamelled sward" to where, "under a spreading chestnut tree, the child, happy in the society of his big Newfoundland dog, is romping about in boisterous, joyous play.

He stops as he sees them coming: his father and his governess, and cannot understand why the one should have his arm about the other's waist. Even Marc Antony looks up in surprise and wags his bushy tail.

"I have come to introduce you to your new mamma," says Mr. Aubrey, his handsome face one broad, happy smile, "not your governess any more, my dear, but your mother."

And Robbie, surprised beyond measure at this sudden change in relationship, yet grasping the fact in his quick young mind, but scarcely knowing, from the want of any precedent, what to say or what to do, holds up his sweet, childish face, his chubby red lips, and stretching out his arms, asks to kiss them both; and they, stooping down to him, receive this simple sanction to their union.

## Seed-time and Harvest.

BY SHERRILL KERR.

(Continued from page 481.)

### CHAPTER XVI.



THE season had changed from spring-time to autumn. The foreign places had all been left behind, without any special regret from Ethel, except in the case of Cannes, where she lingered longer than in the others, though Mrs. Lyons, and most of her old acquaintances, had abandoned it months ago, and the scene shifts to England.

Mrs. St. George Alderstan had been for two weeks in the family of her father-in-law, and the result of this sojourn among them had been, as they would tell you, highly satisfactory, and, as Ethel herself would say, less disappointing than she had found many other things which she had experienced since her marriage. Ethel liked her husband's family exceedingly. The characteristic which, to her mind, distinguished them most notably, whether you took the family separately, or as a whole, was an indefinable tone of high breeding, which could but exert upon every refined and sensitive mind a peculiar charm.

Col. March, who was an older man than she had expected to see, though still healthy and handsome, was the soul of courteous elegance and graceful ease, and tried by every conceivable standard, and in every relation of life; Lady Mary, his wife, was worthy of him. Beside Captain Alderstan, there was but one other child, the eldest son and heir, who had come down from London in company with his wife and two children, and was now on a visit to his father's home. There was, in

every one of these people, so much native dignity and grace, that Ethel found it impossible not to regard them with interest and pleasure. And she had taken her place among them quite naturally, and held it well. Captain Alderstan, although his profession had kept him away from the exquisite influences of such a home as this, had charmed her first, she remembered, by the same subtle fascination of manner. She wondered if all the English aristocracy was like this; it was very far above anything she had seen in France or elsewhere. So, to be judged by this tribunal, and despite the extreme fastidiousness which was an inevitable consequence of their habits and natures, to be found as charming as they all admitted Ethel to be, was a new triumph for our heroine. With that delicate consideration for others, which was the true secret of their perfect manners, they had respected Ethel's wish that, just at present, she should be excused from accepting invitations, though it was six months now since her father's death, and she felt constrained to take upon herself the irksome task of receiving visitors, and appearing when they had only a few guests. So she had not really seen much of the society of the neighborhood.

One day she went out with Lady Mary to the neighboring town to do some shopping, and as she came out of a store behind her mother-in-law, and was about to follow her into the carriage, a shabby old man came slowly down the street, and it chanced that, for a moment, Ethel's eyes rested upon him. The result was a quick cry of recognition, an eagerly stretched out hand, and a flush of sudden joy upon her face. She had recognized old Mr. Hall, the rector of the little church in Fenly.

Of course, some mutual explanations followed. He had to learn of her marriage and residence in England, though she was spared the necessity of telling him of her father's death, as she knew that news must have reached him.

So they had not heard that she was married! At first a quick impulse of gladness came at that, but it was speedily followed by the bitter reflection, that it could make no difference to anyone there. The old servants had been informed, of course, but it had not been an item of sufficient interest, in a place where she had no friends, to be passed from one to another. It appeared, then, that the old man had come to England to see after a small estate which a distant relative had left him in this neighborhood. Ethel, with a quick recollection of the length of time which she had kept Lady Mary waiting, while the footman stood with the carriage door held open, turned and presented Mr. Hall, saying he was the clergyman from her old home in America, and it had been a great surprise and pleasure to her to meet him. Lady Mary, after having given him a bow and a smile which she would not have found necessary for a duke, asked him to dine the next day, and when he accepted it and asked for the address, she said she would send the carriage for him at seven. The old man bowed, gave his hand to Ethel, and turned away.

The next day, Mr. Hall came at the appointed time, and was received with the utmost kindness and cordiality by Col. March's family. After the meal, which passed off very pleasantly, was over, Ethel soon found herself alone in the drawing-room with her old friend. The members of the family had one by one withdrawn thinking she might be glad of an occasion for a little quiet talk with her old clergyman about things at home, which might be rendered the freer and more agreeable, through being without witnesses. Captain Alderstan, who had remained after the rest, had found occasion to say to her, while their guest was looking out of a window, at a little distance:

"Shall I go, or shall I help you to entertain your friend? I want to do whatever will bore you least."

"Neither course would bore me," Ethel said, "but staying would most probably bore you, and I shall be very glad to ask Mr. Hall about things in Fenly, in which you would feel no interest. So you'd better go."

Captain Alderstan called Mr. Hall to a seat near the fire, and telling him he would leave him to talk with Mrs. Alderstan for awhile and would presently return, he left the room.

In the course of the conversation that followed Ethel learned that her old home was looking well and natural, and a few facts concerning the old servants, and then Mr. Hall drifted into other subjects, among which he mentioned the fact that Mr. Erle had removed to the capital city where his eminent talent soon placed him at the head of the profession. Mr. Hall supposed he had been instigated to this move by the breaking up of his household, after the death of his wife, which had taken place during the last March. He said further that Mr. Erle had nursed and tended her with the most patient devotion, in answer to Ethel's inquiries said that little Nelly was no better. Ethel heard it all with a strange, quiet interest. How far away and unreal it all seemed. And how strangely out of keeping with her present life were those quiet days in Fenly! She rarely thought of them now, very rarely, and still, their association with her father, if nothing else, made them dear to her. When Alderstan returned to the room, he found Ethel looking weary and languished. Perhaps he would have been more content if he could have seen in her face some indication of the fact that this conversation with some one from the scenes of her former life had roused and animated her a little. He had made every allowance for her natural grief and sadness consequent upon her father's death—it must be accorded him in justice that he had been very patient—but he began to grow weary of the sight of her listless, inanimate face—beautiful as he acknowledged it to be. He had hoped her conversation with Mr. Hall would have roused her from this—but, as he looked at her with some anxiety, he was disappointed, and in spite of his constant good humor, distinctly annoyed. He went over though and did his duty faithfully, in talking to the old man, while his young wife sat by silent and preoccupied, and when he had gone with Mr. Hall to the carriage and returned to seek her, he found the room deserted.

## CHAPTER XVII.

AND so the first year of Ethel's married life was bridged over—that was the way in which, in her weariness, she always put it. Her whole thought was to bridge over the space that lay between what had been good in her past to the good that the future would hold for her. For, in spite of her weariness and disappointment in all things, she was too young and too full of spirit to have given up hoping. Her hopes were vague, and indefinite and intangible—they merged themselves into an abstract longing for something good and beautiful to come, and though present depressions and disappointments sometimes vanished this refreshing dream, the old ardor that had characterized Ethel Chesney would not be vanquished for long.

Mrs. Alderstan had not anticipated any great relief from the sadness that oppressed her always now, from the prospect of a London season, but she was fired, in spite of herself, with a touch of the old animation when she saw the exquisite dresses which Lady Mary, on her trip to London, had selected for her at a French modistes. Her desire that her costumes should be altogether black and white had been scrupulously carried out in the matter of her visiting, reception and dinner dresses, but there was a purple velvet and white silk ball dress, and another of white velvet and lilac. When Lady Mary saw her examining these, she looked a little uneasy and said she hoped she did not object to them. Ethel quickly answered no, thinking a little sadly, what a foolish idea it had been to carry the expression of her mourning for her father into the whirl of a London season. Lady Mary had decided that her appearance in society at this time was the correct and proper thing, and they had all been very considerate of her in her first bereavement, and she could do nothing but submit to their wishes. These gorgeous dresses though, she reflected, could in no wise seem to represent mourning garments, and so she sighed and resigned herself to the thought that henceforth her mourning for her dear father must be worn nowhere but in her heart—she knew there, come what might, she would never discard it.

It had been a subject of some little discussion as to whether Captain and Mrs. Alderstan would spend their two months in London, in Colonel March's house or in apartments of their own, and Ethel had decided in favor of the latter. She was grateful to them all for wanting her, of course, but she told them she should like the importance of being at the head of an establishment, and it would be a preparation for her reign at Coldstream, her husband's country-place, where she would not have the benefit of Lady Mary's kind assistance and direction. So, when Ethel and Captain Alderstan arrived in town they were driven at once to their own charming apartments, where Ethel was duly invested with the seals of office. Lady Mary had been very kind in taking great pains in securing them quarters near her own splendid town house, and was very gracious and affectionate in her offers of assistance. After having surveyed, with Lady Mary, each of the pretty rooms, she

expressed herself charmed with them all, and said she felt sure she should get on delightfully. Almost unconsciously to herself, her spirits rose, and she began to feel freer and more like her old self. The change from the indolent, irresponsible old life to this one, where there would, at least, be incident and some small degree of responsibility, animated her. Captain Alderstan pronounced the place "a jolly little box," though the diminutive was only comparative, and seemed himself to be in better spirits—but, for that matter, he usually managed to be comfortable, and his satisfaction with himself made everything go more easily with him.

Lady Mary gave a reception two days after their arrival in town, and Ethel was presented to the world. She wore the white velvet dress that had been especially selected by her mother-in-law for this occasion, and beautiful pearl jewelry. There was no color about her costume, but who that looked at the warm red in her lips, the rich brown in her eyes and hair, and the faint pink that came and went from time to time in her cheeks, could have felt this any loss? Her fair, patrician beauty had never been more effective than now. The heavy folds of her dense, white dress fell in splendid curves about her tall, straight form—the high corsage and long sleeves, while they detracted a little perhaps from the youthfulness of her look, enhanced its dignity. The Marches, collectively, were delighted. They felt that Mrs. St. George Alderstan was just the woman in appearance that they would choose to enter their family. There was an air of gracious good-will written in patent colors upon the faces of the master and mistress of the house, as they stood receiving their guests and presenting their beautiful daughter. Then, too, what a match for her their handsome son made! Just such a brave young officer as Lady Mary remembered her husband, as she found time to tell him during the evening, and, though he gently pooh-poohed the comparison, it gave him a new sense of his admirable wife's discernment. Their eldest son was not present, which was perhaps just as well for his parents' satisfaction, for, though he had some small claims to beauty, he was by no means so tall, nor so fresh and erect as St. George, and might, besides, have furnished a more accurate standard for Lady Mary's recollections of her husband, which, at the same time, would have been less flattering. As has been said, Ethel had not expected much enjoyment from her new experience in society, and so she was agreeably surprised. It had been so long since she had needed to talk and exert herself and bring forth her old powers of entertaining and charming, that she found some pleasure in the fact that she still possessed these, a thing she had grown almost to doubt. Then the incense she had offered to her beauty, her talent, and her music, was something so long since experienced that its revival had almost the freshness of novelty. She sang once or twice, and the delighted and sympathetic faces of her hearers was another feature in this almost forgotten enjoyment. Her music was classic and difficult. She did not feel in the humor for ballads and love-

songs, but she sang, as ever, superbly, and a duet with her husband produced much enthusiasm.

So the evening ended triumphantly, and was succeeded by many others of like satisfactory result. Ethel's whole time was absorbed—visits and receptions, and drives and balls, and dinners, and operas and lunch-parties, followed each other in a rapid whirl. And the excitement she found in them caused an abatement of the self-accusals and regrets which had made her life so wearisome of late. She went out usually with Lady Mary, and generally her husband accompanied them. He was very glad to see her admired and enjoying herself, and made it an excuse to encourage such appreciation, as the opposite sex had been always willing to bestow upon him, and to derive from their companionship such enjoyment as he usually found therein—all this was done in a very decorous way, however, and the husband and wife were mutually satisfied with each other's conduct.

One evening Ethel and her husband went to a party together. Lady Mary, for some reason, did not attend, so the husband and wife went in their own snug coupé. During the evening Ethel sang, and when she had finished and responded to the fluent expressions of thanks that came from every side, she was moving away from the piano, when a voice more ardent than the rest, said close to her:

"Ah, Madame, I would give a year of my life to hear you sing once again 'Auld Robin Gray.'"

Ethel turned, and met the ardent eyes of Count Varène.

"What a surprise!" she said, giving him her hand, "I did not know you were in England."

"I have been here but a day," he said, "and in this house only during the few minutes that you've been singing. I haven't spoken to my hostess yet—but have you no response to make when I say I'd give a year of my life to hear you sing 'Auld Robin Gray?'"

"You are uselessly prodigal," Ethel said, laughing, "I shall only exact one evening of your life, instead of a year. Dine with us to-morrow and I'll sing it for you with pleasure."

Just at this moment Captain Alderstan came up, and after he had shaken hands with the Count, Ethel said:

"I've just been asking Count Varène to dine with us to-morrow, St. George. I hope you have no engagement. If so, we will say the next day."

"I shall take occasion to be disengaged," said her husband heartily. "Be sure and come Varène. We will be delighted to see you."

The Count bowed and hurried off to seek the hostess, while Ethel and her husband left the room, having another engagement which compelled them to retire early. Ethel felt really glad to have seen the pleasant, familiar face of her French friend. It seemed a tie connecting her to the past, and she clung to all such. Alderstan, too, had been very cordial in seconding her invitation—he had not known how it happened to be given, but it would have made no difference if he had. He was particularly fond of having his friends

come in and dine in their pretty house upon the good things prepared by the cook Lady Mary's housekeeper had been training for them; and the beauty and dignity of his wife, as she sat across from him, gave him a delicious sense of self-gratulation that all these excellent things were his own. His wines were excellent, and the music Ethel furnished in the drawing-room afterwards, was a fair match for the general excellence of the rest. He rarely sang himself now, except to very large audiences, and then not over willingly. His habits of indolence were growing upon him, and he found it much more pleasant to lounge near the fire and listen to his wife.

One fact that Ethel had been perhaps too pre-occupied to heed—perhaps too indifferent to observe even, was that there had come to be a pronounced change in Captain Alderstan since the first days of their marriage, and this was more and more evident since they had been in London. At the first, his wife's companionship had been sufficient to satisfy to the last degree her husband's requirements, but this was so no longer. It had so often happened that he had made advances to her which had not been met, and offered her caresses to which she had not responded, that, in the course of nature, he had grown weary of this one-sided affection, and had, by degrees, grown less dependent on his wife's society and more inclined to seek amusement in exterior objects. If Ethel could have realized her position more correctly, she would have taken pains to prevent this, but in her apathy and indifference to her husband's devotion to her, she scarcely heeded that he was gradually losing the complete content that her presence had once given him, and gradually growing less amiable and patient than she had hitherto known him—or if she was cognizant of it, she cared too little to attempt to alter it. An outward show of respect and regard for her, was as much as she cared to receive at his hands, and so far, this had never failed her.

On the appointed day Count Varène came to dine with the Alderstans. Ethel invited a cousin of her husband's to meet him, and she came in evening dress, having an engagement for a reception afterwards, to which Alderstan had promised to accompany her. Ethel had previously decided not to go, for some reason, and so Count Varène and herself were left alone, Alderstan apologizing for his absence and promising to return almost immediately. After he left, Ethel spent a half hour very agreeably in talking to Count Varène about Cannes and their friends there, and then she sang for him, and then her husband returned. He was in very high spirits she observed, and began at once talking of the reception and who had and who had not been there, and then he said:

"By-the-way, Ethel, my little cousin Lulu Lynne was there, and such an out-and-out little beauty I never looked at. I tried very hard to assert the claims of cousinship, but she was so surrounded I could not get near her, so I got disgusted and came away. However they are to go to Lady Mary next week—her mother and herself, and we'll be able to see something of them."

"Lady Mary called upon them yesterday,"

said Ethel, "I heard her say Miss Lynne was extremely pretty."

"I crossed with them the other day," said Count Varène, "and she is certainly an exceedingly pretty child. She is just out, I believe."

"Yes, and she has got into the very heat of it already," Alderstan said. "She was quite the center of attraction to-night, and no wonder."

"Lady Mary said she was blonde, I believe," said Ethel, endeavoring to seem interested.

"O, yes—a perfect blonde. Blue eyes, yellow hair, and dazzling white skin. The men were raving over the dimples in her shoulders," said Alderstan. "We must have her to dine, Ethel."

"Certainly. Will you make one of the party, Count? Having crossed with her, you have a prior right to that of the other young men."

"I am afraid I did not improve my opportunity, as I should have done," said Count Varène, "and having been further delinquent in not having called since we landed, I fear I have forfeited all claim to preferment; but I shall gladly embrace the opportunity you offer me of instating myself in the little lady's favor."

"She is little then?" said Ethel.

"O, a mere scrap," the Count answered.

"Her figure is charming," Captain Alderstan made haste to observe. "A marvel of grace and symmetry."

The Count yielded a careless assent, and then rose to take leave.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next day Ethel called upon Mrs. and Miss Lynne, and found the former a very unremarkable, good-natured individual, and the latter as pretty as she had been led to expect. She was full of animation and delight in her conversation about the party the night before, and Ethel was soon given to understand, from Mrs. Lynne, that she had had a great success. Their guest showed a foreknowledge and appreciation of this fact that very soon won her the heart of the fond mother, while the grace and beauty of Ethel's face and the distinction of her figure and manner attracted the daughter to her. Ethel, in return, was conscious of feeling the greatest sympathy and interest in this beautiful, ardent child, who was so pleased to be admired and praised, and so happy in the present and confident of the future. Poor little thing! she thought, how it had once been so with herself, and wondered if it would ever come to be with this beautiful child as it had come to be with her?

These thoughts were in her mind as she rose to return to her carriage, and as she stood holding the child's hand in her own and looking down into the flower-blue eyes that were lifted to hers, Ethel made a resolution that while she was near to this innocent creature she would try to watch over her, and keep her, as far as she might, from the hurtful associations which her experience of a London

season would be sure to offer. Her power could have no very wide influence, she knew, as the times when the child would be out of its reach would be much more frequent than those in which she might exert it, but she felt that Mrs. Lynne was not the woman to understand what delicate treatment this pretty little creature needed, and how great were the snares and temptations set for her.

Mrs. Lynne accepted for her daughter and herself Ethel's invitation to dinner, on the following Thursday, and that day having arrived, the young wife took great pains that the dinner should be a very creditable one, for Colonel and Lady Mary March were to come to her, for the first time, and Mr. and Mrs. Lyons were to be of the party, too, Count Varène and a few other young people were asked, and little Miss Lynne appeared, dressed in pink and looking very bewitching. Ethel wore a black velvet dress, with rich trimmings of white satin; the sleeves, vest, and throat trimmings were of the white, and her jewels were only a single diamond in each ear, and a diamond anchor at the throat. She looked uncommonly distinguished and beautiful, though the costume was trying and her cheeks that day were somewhat pale. No greater contrast could have been than the one presented by Ethel's position, near Miss Lynne, as they stood talking before dinner. Lulu's pink silk was a delicious color, and became her charmingly; her neck and arms were bare and covered with numerous ornaments of pink coral; frills of white lace surrounded her dimpled shoulders and arms, and her fuzzy blonde hair was arranged in a thousand incomprehensible ringlets, and puffs, and loops. Her hands were tiny and plump, and the one that was ungloved showed an equal abundance of rings and dimples. But more than all, the shining joy in her face made her a contrast to the tall, fair, distinguished-looking woman, with the pure, delicate, noble face, with its shining brown plaits above. Perhaps to many people Lulu would have seemed the more attractive—the vivid coloring in her happy little face was so bewitching. Perhaps Captain Alderstan even drew the comparison and gave the palm to Miss Lynne. Indeed, it was hard for him to keep his eyes away from her, as he sat and talked to Mrs. Lyons, and heard, every moment, the silvery little laugh that told him that by looking, he might see the red lips parted over the cunningest of little white teeth, and consequent upon this charming smile, a whole phalanx of little dimples.

Count Varène, from his nearer position, where he was acting as the persuader of the silvery sounds and beautiful smiles, drew the contrast, too, and gave the award differently. He had had more experience of women than Alderstan, and he had a pretty correct idea of what Miss Lynne's appearance would be by the time that she had passed through the period of seven years that marked the difference between her age and that of Ethel. Her blonde beauty would perhaps be wan and faded then, while Ethel, as he thought, was in her highest prime. Not a trace of fading was there, in the delicate fairness of that calm face—no color, truly, except

a warm rich white that seemed more fitting than the very subtlest shade of red, such as the full lips showed. There was glowing life in the rich braids of smooth, uncrimped hair, and a tone of richness throughout all that time would never change. And there was a look in Ethel's eyes that showed the strong soul shining through them, that made the innocent blue of little Lulu's seem vacant and dull, when one turned to them afterward.

At dinner, Col. March was Mrs. Lynne's companion, Mr. Lyons took Lady Mary, Alderstan's old friend, Mr. Neville, took Mrs. Lyons, Count Varène took Ethel, and Captain Alderstan, Lulu. This arrangement had been planned by Alderstan himself, and Ethel being quite indifferent on the subject, of course had not demurred. Col. March and his wife, as well as Captain Alderstan, had reason to be proud of Ethel's dinner. The party was just large enough and composed of very congenial people. The dinner was perfectly conceived and admirably executed. Everything passed off delightfully. There was only a short interval afterward, before the gentlemen came to the drawing-room, and yet Ethel could see that little Miss Lynne was bored. She had not learned conventional ways, and she showed very plainly that she felt this interval irksome. It gave Ethel a quick pang to see this. Such a love of admiration in such a child was deplorable, and Ethel felt more than ever a tender sympathy for her. Presently, when the elder ladies were conversing together, she found time to carry Miss Lynne off for a short while to the conservatory.

"I am so glad to see you have already made so many friends in London, Lulu," she said, speaking with affectionate familiarity. "You find it very pleasant to go into society and meet all these agreeable people, don't you?"

"O, delightful," Miss Lynne replied, looking at Ethel with the reverential admiration with which very young girls always regarded her.

"Mind you keep a careful watch upon your heart!" said Ethel, with playful seriousness, "and that you don't believe all the pleasant things they say to you, for not one man in a thousand means them really, and the ones who succeed best in giving you an idea that they are sincere, are probably the ones who have had most success in deceiving others as young and innocent as yourself. But you must not understand me to mean that you may not receive the very truest and most devoted love. I am not unromantic, in spite of a year's married life, and I rather agree with the old theory, that a true and complete love is, with many natures, the single experience of a lifetime, and, in order to be worthy of that when it is offered you, as I trust it will be, you must let it be your first care to keep true and unstained the heart you will be asked for in return. You don't mind my giving you a little advice, in consideration of my more advanced age and more extended experience—do you dear?" Ethel ended gently. Lulu hastened to assure her that she felt most grateful for it. She had been long enough in London to know that the many men who were eager to pay court to Mrs. St. George Alderstan, wherever she appeared in society, were the very best

men in town. She soon discerned in them a more fastidious and exclusive set than the men by whom she was sought, though they were, in some respects, identical. But she had watched some of these as they lingered about Mrs. Alderstan, serving her, and listening to her words with a most reverential homage, as long as they could keep their places, and when deprived of these, she had noted the change of mien with which they would lounge over to where she stood and stare at her with a bold admiration, and compliment her with a broad license, that she knew they would never have dared to make use of in their intercourse with Mrs. Alderstan. And she had further observed that the men who were too well-bred for this; those who addressed her with the courtesy and deference which alone they could observe to a lady, were men who did not much seek her society and with whom she had only occasional and chance associations. She had discernment enough to see this, and her experience was confirmed by what she heard from others—that only the best people in London were to be met at Mrs. Alderstan's house, and that no woman there, no matter what her rank, held a more secure and honored position. The admiration of the men who favored Mrs. Alderstan with their regard was never expressed in open enthusiasm; they had other ways of showing to the world what their feeling for her was. Of course they visited at her house—in some cases quite frequently and familiarly; but if one of these happened to make his calls in too rapid succession, or to choose certain special hours for them, they were pretty sure, some fine morning to have Mrs. Alderstan denied to them, and it was soon understood that there was a line beyond which no friend of Mrs. Alderstan's was allowed to go.

To her husband's parents Ethel's conduct seemed so perfect, that their regard and affection for her daily increased, and her husband, too, felt a pride in her that grew and strengthened in proportion as she lost the hold she had held upon his ardent affections. Throughout the whole of the London season Ethel held her own. Every appearance she made in society added to the liking and high esteem with which she was regarded, and when the season closed, they found themselves the recipients of half a score of invitations to some of the best country-houses in England. It was arranged, however, that immediately upon their departure from town they were to entertain a few guests at their own home. These were chiefly of Alderstan's selecting, but were, for the most part, the people whom Ethel would herself have chosen. Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, Mr. Neville, Count Varène and Miss Lynne—this was the list with which they began. Fortunately Mrs. Lynne reported that she would find it necessary to visit an estate in Ireland, for business purposes, just at that time, and was obliged to decline to be of the party. She was also very glad to spare her daughter the tediousness of such a trip, and well pleased to leave her, instead, in the hands of Mrs. Alderstan.

(To be continued.)

## The Trumpet-Major.

BY THOMAS HARDY, AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

(Continued from page 500.)

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### MIDNIGHT VISITORS.



MISS GARLAND and Loveday walked leisurely to the inn and called for horse and gig. While the hostler was bringing it round the landlord, who knew Bob and his family well, spoke to him quietly in the passage. "Is this then because you want to throw dust in the eyes of the *Black Diamond* chaps? (with an admiring glance at Bob's costume).

"The *Black Diamond*?" said Bob; and Anne turned pale.

"She hove in sight just at dark, and at nine o'clock a boat having more than a dozen marines on board, with cloaks on, rowed into harbor."

Bob reflected. "Then there'll be a press to-night; depend on it," he said.

"They won't know you, will they Bob?" said Anne anxiously.

"They certainly won't know him for a seaman now," remarked the landlord laughing, and again surveying Bob up and down. "But if I was you two, I should drive home along straight and quiet; and be very busy in the mill all to-morrow, Mr. Loveday."

They drove away; and when they had got onward out of the town, Anne strained her eyes wistfully toward Portland. Its dark contour, lying like a whale on the sea, was just perceptible in the gloom as the background to half-a-dozen ships' lights nearer at hand.

"They can't make you go, now you are a gentleman tradesman, can they?" she asked.

"If they want me they can have me, dearest. I have often said I ought to volunteer."

"And not care about me at all?"

"It is just that that keeps me at home. I won't leave you if I can help it."

"It cannot make such a vast difference to the country whether one man goes or stays! But if you want to go you had better, and not mind us at all!"

Bob put a period to her speech by a mark of affection to which history affords many parallels in every age. She said no more about the *Black Diamond*; but whenever they ascended a hill she turned her head to look at the lights in Portland Roads, and the gray expanse of intervening sea.

Though Captain Bob had stated that he did not wish to volunteer, and would not leave her if he could help it, the remark required some qualification. That Anne was charming and loving enough to chain him anywhere was true; but he had begun to find the mill-work terribly irksome at times. Often during the last month, when standing among the rumbling cogs in his new miller's suit, which ill became him, he had yawned, thought wist-

fully of the old pea-jacket, and the waters of the deep blue sea. His dread of displeasing his father by showing anything of this change of sentiment was great; yet he might have braved it but for knowing that his marriage with Anne, which he hoped might take place the next year, was dependent entirely upon his adherence to the mill business. Even were his father indifferent, Mrs. Loveday would never intrust her only daughter to the hands of a husband who would be away from home five-sixths of his time.

But though, apart from Anne, he was not averse to seafaring in itself, to be smuggled thither by the machinery of a press-gang was intolerable; and the process of seizing, stunning, pinioning, and carrying off unwilling hands was one which Bob as a man had always determined to hold out against to the utmost of his power. Hence, as they went toward home, he frequently listened for sounds behind him, but hearing none he assured his sweetheart that they were safe for that night at least. The mill was still going when they arrived, though old Mr. Loveday was not to be seen; he had retired as soon as he heard the horse's hoofs in the lane, leaving Bob to watch the grinding till three o'clock; when the elder would rise, and Bob withdraw to bed—a frequent arrangement between them since Bob had taken the place of grinder.

Having reached the privacy of her own room, Anne threw open the window, for she had not the slightest intention of going to bed just yet. The tale of the *Black Diamond* had disturbed her by a slow, insidious process that was worse than sudden fright. Her window looked into the court before the house, now wrapped in the shadow of the trees and the hill; and she leaned upon its sill listening intently. She could have heard any strange sound distinctly enough in one direction; but in the other all low noises were absorbed in the patter of the mill, and the rush of water down the race.

However, what she heard came from the hitherto silent side, and was intelligible in a moment as being the footsteps of men. She tried to think they were some late stragglers from Weymouth. Alas! no; the tramp was too regular for that of villagers. She hastily turned, extinguished the candle, and listened again. As they were on the main road there was, after all, every probability that the party would pass the bridge which gave access to the mill court without turning in upon it, or even noticing that such an entrance existed. In this again she was disappointed: they crossed into the front without a pause. The pulsations of her heart became a turmoil now, for why should these men, if they were the press-gang, and strangers to the locality, have supposed that a sailor was to be found here, the younger of the two millers Loveday being never seen now in any garb which could suggest that he was other than a miller pure, like his father. One of the men spoke.

"I am not sure that we are in the right place," he said.

"This is a mill, anyhow," said another.

"There's lots about here."

"Then come this way a moment with your light."

Two of the group went toward the cart-house on the opposite side of the yard, and when they reached it a dark lantern was opened, the rays being directed upon the front of the miller's wagon.

"'Loveday & Son, Overcombe Mill,'" continued the man, reading from the wagon. "'Son,' you see, is lately painted in. That's our man."

He moved to turn off the light, but before he had done so it flashed over the forms of the speakers, and revealed a sergeant, a naval officer, and a file of marines.

Anne waited to see no more. When Bob stayed up to grind, as he was doing to-night, he often sat in his room instead of remaining all the time in the mill; and this room was an isolated chamber over the bakehouse, which could not be reached without going downstairs and ascending the step-ladder that served for his staircase. Anne descended in the dark, clambered up the ladder, and saw that light strayed through the chink below the door. His window faced toward the garden, and hence the light could not as yet have been seen by the press-gang.

"Bob, dear Bob!" she said through the keyhole. "Put out your light, and run out of the back-door!"

"Why?" said Bob, leisurely knocking the ashes from the pipe he had been smoking.

"The press-gang!"

"They have come? By gad! who can have blown upon me? All right, dearest. I'm game."

Anne, scarcely knowing what she did, descended the ladder and ran to the back door, hastily unbolting it to save Bob's time, and gently opening it in readiness for him. She had no sooner done this than she felt hands laid upon her shoulder from without and a voice exclaiming, "That's how we doos it—quite an obbleeing young man!"

Though the hands held her rather roughly, Anne did not mind for herself, and turning she cried desperately, in tones intended to reach Bob's ears: "They are at the back door; try the front!"

But inexperienced Miss Garland little knew the shrewd habits of the gentlemen she had to deal with, who, well-used to this sort of pastime, had already posted themselves at every outlet from the premises.

"Bring the lantern," shouted the fellow who held her. "Why—'tis a girl! I half thought so.—Here is a way in," he continued to his comrades, hastening to the foot of the ladder which led to Bob's room.

"What d'ye want?" said Bob, quietly opening the door, and showing himself still radiant in the full dress that he had worn with such effect at Weymouth, which he had been about to change for his mill suit when Anne gave the alarm.

"This gentleman can't be the right one," observed a marine, rather impressed by Bob's appearance.

"Yes, yes; that's the man," said the sergeant. "Now take it quietly, my young cock-o'-wax. You look as if you meant to, and 'tis wise of ye."

"Where are you going to take me?" said Bob.

"Only aboard the *Black Diamond*. If you choose to take the bounty and come voluntary you'll be allowed to go ashore whenever your ship's in port. If you don't, and we've got to pinion ye, you will not have your liberty at all. As you must come, willy-nilly, you'll do the first if you've any brains at all."

Bob's temper began to rise. "Don't you talk so large, about your pinioning, my man. When I've settled—"

"Now or never, young blow-hard," interrupted his informant.

"Come, what jabber is this going on?" said the lieutenant stepping forward. "Bring your man."

One of the marines set foot on the ladder, but at the same moment a shoe from Bob's hand hit the lantern with well aimed directness, knocking it clean out of the grasp of the man who held it. In spite of the darkness they began to scramble up the ladder. Bob thereupon shut the door, which being but of slight construction, was, as he knew, only a momentary defence. But it gained him time enough to open the window, gather up his legs upon the sill, and spring across into the apple-tree growing without. He alighted without much hurt beyond a few scratches from the boughs, a shower of falling apples testifying to the force of his leap.

"Here he is!" shouted several below who had seen Bob's figure flying like a raven's across the sky.

There was stillness for a moment in the tree. Then the fugitive made haste to climb out upon a low-hanging branch toward the garden, at which the men beneath all rushed in that direction to catch him as he dropped, saying, "You may as well come down, old boy. 'Twas a spry jump, and we give ye credit for 't."

The latter movement of Loveday had been a mere feint. Partly hidden by the leaves he glided back to the other part of the tree, from whence it was easy to jump upon a thatched-roofed out-house. This intention they did not appear to suspect, which gave him the opportunity of sliding down the slope and entering the back-door of the mill.

"He's here, he's here!" the men exclaimed, running back from the tree.

By this time they had obtained another light, and pursued him closely along the back quarters of the mill. Bob had entered the lower room, seized hold of the chain by which the flour-sacks were hoisted from story to story by connection with the mill-wheel, and pulled the rope that hung alongside for the purpose of throwing it into gear. The foremost pursuers arrived just in time to see Captain Bob's legs and shoe-buckles vanishing through the trap-door in the joists overhead, his person having been whirled up by the machinery like any bag of flour, and the trap falling to behind him.

"He's gone up by the hoist!" said the sergeant, running up the ladder in the corner to the next floor, and elevating the light just in time to see Bob's suspended figure ascending in the same way through the same sort of trap into the second floor. The second trap also fell together behind him, and he was lost to view as before.

It was more difficult to follow now; there was only a flimsy little ladder, and the men ascended cautiously. When they stepped out upon the loft it was empty.

"He must ha' let go here," said one of the marines, who knew more about mills than the others. "If he had held fast a moment longer he would have been dashed against that beam."

They looked up. The hook by which Bob had held on had ascended to the roof, and was winding round the cylinder. Nothing was visible elsewhere but boarded divisions like the stalls of a stable, on each side of the stage they stood upon, these compartments being more or less heaped up with wheat and barley in the grain.

"Perhaps he's buried himself in the corn."

The whole crew jumped into the corn-bins, and stirred about their yellow contents; but neither arm, leg, nor coat-tail was uncovered. They removed sacks, peeped among the rafters of the roof, but to no purpose. The lieutenant began to fume at the loss of time.

"What cursed fools to let the man go! Why, look here, what's this?" He had opened the door by which sacks were taken in from wagons without, and dangling from the cat-head projecting above it was the rope used in lifting them. "There's the way he went down," the officer continued. "The man's gone."

Amidst mumblings and curses the gang descended the pair of ladders and came into the open air; but Captain Bob was nowhere to be seen. When they reached the front door of the house, the miller was standing on the threshold, half dressed.

"Your son is a clever fellow, miller," said the lieutenant; "but it would have been much better for him if he had come quiet."

"That's a matter of opinion," said Loveday.

"I have no doubt that he's in the house."

"He may be; and he may not."

"Do you know where he is?"

"I do not; and if I did I shouldn't tell."

"Naturally."

"I heard steps beating up the road, sir," said the sergeant.

They turned from the door, and leaving four of the marines to keep watch round the house, the remainder of the party marched into the lane as far as where the other road branched off. While they were pausing to decide which course to take one of the soldiers held up the light. A black object was discernible upon the ground before them, and they found it to be a hat—the hat of Bob Loveday.

"We are on the track," cried the sergeant, deciding for this direction.

They tore on rapidly, and the footsteps previously heard became audible again, increasing in clearness, which told that they gained upon the fugitive, who in another five minutes stopped and turned. The rays of the candle fell upon Anne.

"What do you want?" she said, showing her frightened face.

They made no reply, but wheeled round and left her. She sank down on the bank to rest, having done all she could. It was she who had taken down Bob's hat from a nail, and

dropped it at the turning with the view of misleading them till he should have got clear off.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## DELIVERANCE.

BUT Anne Garland was too anxious to remain long away from the center of operations. When she got back she found that the press-gang were standing in the court discussing their next move.

"Waste no more time here," the lieutenant said. "Two more villages to visit to-night, and the nearest three miles off. There's nobody else in this place, and we can't come back again."

When they were moving away one of the private marines, who had kept his eye on Anne, and noticed her distress, contrived to say in a whisper as he passed her, "We are coming back again as soon as it begins to get light; that's only said to deceive ye. Keep your young man out of the way."

They went as they had come; and the little household then met together, Mrs. Loveday having by this time dressed herself and come down. A long and anxious discussion followed.

"Somebody must have told upon the chap," Loveday remarked. "How should they have found him out else, now he's been home from sea this twelvemonth?"

Anne then mentioned what the friendly marine had told her; and fearing lest Bob was in the house, and would be discovered there when daylight came, they searched and called for him everywhere.

"What clothes has he got on?" said the miller.

"His lovely new suit," said his wife. "I warrant it is quite spoiled!"

"He's got no hat," said Anne.

"Well," said Loveday, "you two go and lie down now and I'll bide up; and as soon as he comes in, which he'll do most likely in the course of the night, I'll let him know that they are coming again."

Anne and Mrs. Loveday went to their bedrooms, and the miller entered the mill as if he were simply staying up to grind. But he continually left the flour-shoot to go outside and walk round; each time he could see no living being near the spot. Anne meanwhile had lain down dressed upon her bed, the window still open, her ears intent upon the sound of footsteps, and dreading the reappearance of daylight and the gang's return. Three or four times during the night she descended to the mill to inquire of her step-father if Bob had shown himself, but the answer was always in the negative.

At length the curtains of her bed began to reveal their pattern, the brass handles of the drawers gleamed forth, and day dawned. While the light was yet no more than a suffusion of pallor, she rose, put on her hat, and determined to explore the surrounding premises before the men arrived. Emerging into the raw loneliness of the daybreak, she went upon the bridge and looked up and down the road. It was as she had left it, empty, and

the solitude was rendered yet more insistent by the silence of the mill-wheel, which was now stopped, the miller having given up expecting Bob and retired to bed about three o'clock. The footprints of the marines still remained in the dust on the bridge, all the heel-marks toward the house, showing that the party had not as yet returned.

While she lingered she heard a slight noise in the other direction, and, turning, saw a woman approaching. The woman came up quickly, and, to her amazement, Anne recognized Matilda. Her walk was convulsive, face pale, almost haggard, and the cold light of the morning invested it with all the ghostliness of death. She had plainly walked all the way from Weymouth, for her shoes were covered with dust.

"Has the press-gang been here?" she gasped. "If not they are coming!"

"They have been."

"And got him?—I am too late!"

"No; they are coming back again. Why did you—"

"I came to try to save him. Can we save him? Where is he?"

Anne looked the woman in the face, and it was impossible to doubt that she was in earnest.

"I don't know," she answered. "I am trying to find him before they come."

"Will you not let me help you?" cried the repentant Matilda.

Without either objecting or assenting Anne turned and led the way to the back part of the homestead.

Matilda, too, had suffered that night. From the moment of parting with Festus Derriman a sentiment of revulsion from the act to which she had been a party set in and increased, till at length it reached an intensity of remorse which she could not passively bear. She had risen before day and hastened thitherward to know the worst, and if possible hinder consequences that she had been the first to set in train.

After going hither and thither in the adjoining field, Anne entered the garden. The walks were bathed in gray dew, and as she passed observantly along them it appeared as if they had been brushed by some foot at a much earlier hour. At the end of the garden, bushes of broom, laurel, and yew formed a constantly encroaching shrubbery, that had come there almost by chance, and was never trimmed. Behind these bushes was a garden-seat, and upon it lay Bob sound asleep.

The ends of his hair were clotted with damp, and there was a foggy film upon the mirror-like buttons of his coat, and upon the buckles of his shoes. His bunch of new gold seals was dimmed by the same insidious dampness; his shirt-frill and muslin neckcloth were limp as seaweed. It was plain that he had been there a long time. Anne shook him, but he did not awake, his breathing being slow and stertorous.

"Bob, wake; 'tis your own Anne!" she said, with innocent earnestness; and then, fearfully turning her head, she saw that Matilda was close behind her.

"You needn't mind me," said Matilda, bit-

terly. "I am on your side now. Shake him again."

Anne shook him again, but he slept on. Then she noticed that his forehead bore the mark of a heavy wound.

"I fancy I hear something!" said her companion, starting forward and endeavoring to wake Bob herself. "He is stunned or drugged!" she said; "there is no rousing him."

Anne raised her head and listened. From the direction of the eastern road came the sound of a heavy tramp. "They are coming back!" she said, clasping her hands. "They will take him, ill as he is! He won't open his eyes—no, it is no use! Oh, what shall we do!"

Matilda did not reply, but running to the end of the seat on which Bob lay, tried its weight in her arms.

"It is not too heavy," she said. "You take that end, and I'll take this. We'll carry him away to some place of hiding."

Anne instantly seized the other end, and they proceeded with their burden at a slow pace to the lower garden-gate, which they reached as the tread of the press-gang resounded over the bridge that gave access to the mill court, now hidden from view by the hedge and the trees of the garden.

"We will go down inside this field," said Anne faintly.

"No!" said the other; "they will see our foot-prints in the dew. We must go into the road."

"It is the very road they will come down when they leave the mill."

"It cannot be helped; it is nick or nothing with us now."

So they emerged upon the road, and staggered along without speaking, occasionally resting for a moment to ease their arms; then shaking him to arouse him, and finding it useless, seizing the seat again. When they had gone about two hundred yards Matilda betrayed signs of exhaustion, and she asked, "Is there no shelter near?"

"When we get to that little field of corn," said Anne.

"It is so very far. Surely there is some place near?"

She pointed to a few scrubby bushes overhanging a little stream, which passed under the road near this point.

"They are not thick enough," said Anne.

"Let us take him under the bridge," said Matilda. "I can go no farther."

Entering the opening by which cattle descended to drink, they waded into the weedy water, which here rose a few inches above their ankles. To ascend the stream, stoop under the arch, and reach the center of the roadway, was the work of a few minutes.

"If they look under the arch we are lost," murmured Anne.

"There is no parapet to the bridge, and they may pass over without thinking."

They waited, their heads almost in contact with the reeking arch, and their feet encircled by the stream, which was at its summer lowness now. For some minutes they could hear nothing but the babble of the water over their ankles, and round the legs of the seat on which Bob slumbered, the sounds being re-

flected in a musical tinkle from the hollow sides of the arch. Anne's anxiety now was lest he should not continue sleeping till the search was over, but start up with his habitual imprudence, and scorning such means of safety, rush out into their arms.

A quarter of an hour dragged by, and then indications reached their ears that the re-examination of the mill had begun and ended. The well-known tramp drew nearer, and reverberated through the ground over their heads, where its volume signified to the listeners that the party had been largely augmented by pressed men since the night preceding. The gang passed the arch, and the noise regularly diminished, as if no man among them had thought of looking aside for a moment.

Matilda broke the silence. "I wonder if they have left a watch behind?" she said doubtfully.

"I will go and see," said Anne. "Wait till I return."

"No; I can do no more. When you come back I shall be gone. I ask one thing of you. If all goes well with you and him, and he marries you—don't be alarmed; my plans lie elsewhere—when you are his wife tell him who helped to carry him away. But don't mention my name to the rest of your family, either now or at any time."

Anne regarded the speaker for a moment, and promised; after which she waded out from the archway.

Matilda stood looking at Bob for a moment, as if preparing to go, till moved by some impulse she bent and lightly kissed him once.

"How can you!" cried Anne reproachfully. When leaving the mouth of the arch she had bent back and seen the act.

Matilda flushed. "You jealous baby!" she said scornfully.

Anne hesitated for a moment, then went out from the water, and hastened toward the mill.

She entered by the garden, and, seeing no one, advanced and peeped in at the window. Her mother and Mr. Loveday were sitting within as usual.

"Are they all gone?" said Anne softly.

"Yes. They did not trouble us much, beyond going into every room, and searching about the garden, where they saw steps. They have been lucky to-night; they have caught fifteen or twenty men at places farther on; so the loss of Bob was no hurt to their feelings. I wonder where in the world the poor fellow is!"

"I will show you," said Anne. And explaining in a few words what had happened, she was promptly followed by David and Loveday along the road. She lifted her dress and entered the arch with some anxiety on account of Matilda; but the actress was gone, and Bob lay on the seat as she had left him.

Bob was brought out, and water thrown upon his face; but though he moved he did not rouse himself until some time after he had been borne into the house. Here he opened his eyes, and saw them standing round, and gathered a little consciousness.

"You are all right, my boy!" said his father. "What hev happened to ye? Where did ye get that terrible blow?"

"Ah—I can mind now," murmured Bob with a stupefied gaze around. "I fell in slipping down the topsail halyard—the rope, that is, was too short—and I fell upon my head. And then I went away. When I came back I thought I wouldn't disturb ye; so I lay down out there, to sleep out the watch; but the pain in my head was so great that I couldn't get to sleep. I had no baccy, that's how it was; so I picked some of the poppy-flowers in the border, which I once heard was a good thing for sending folks to sleep when they are in pain. So I munched up all I could find, and dropped off quite nicely."

"I wondered who had picked 'em!" said Molly. "I noticed they were gone."

"Why, you might never have woke again!" said Mrs. Loveday, holding up her hands. "How is your head now?"

"I hardly know," replied the young man, putting his hand to his forehead and beginning to doze again. "Where be those fellows that boarded us? With this—smooth water and—fine breeze we ought to get away from 'em. Haul in—the larboard braces, and—bring her to the wind."

"You are at home, dear Bob," said Anne, bending over him, "and the men are gone."

"Come along up-stairs; th' beest hardly awake now," said his father; and Bob was assisted to bed.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### A DISCOVERY TURNS THE SCALE.

In four-and-twenty hours Bob had recovered. But though physically himself again, he was not at all sure of his position as a patriot. He had that practical knowledge of seamanship of which the country stood much in need, and it was humiliating to find that impressment seemed to be necessary to teach him to use it for her advantage. Many neighboring young men, less fortunate than himself, had been pressed and taken; and their absence seemed a reproach to him. He went away by himself into the mill-roof, and surrounded by the corn-heaps, gave vent to self-reproach.

"Certainly, I am no man to lie here so long for the pleasure of sighting that young girl forty times a day, and letting her sight me—bless hereyes!—till I must needs want a press-gang to teach me what I've forgot. And is it then all over with me as a British sailor? We'll see."

When he was thrown under the influence of Anne's eyes again, which were more tantalizingly beautiful than ever just now (so it seemed to him), his intention of offering his services to the Government would wax weaker, and he would put off his final decision till the next day. Anne saw these fluctuations of his mind between love and patriotism, and being terrified by what she had heard of sea-fights, used the utmost art of which she was capable to seduce him from forming his purpose. She came to him in the mill, wearing the very prettiest of her morning jackets—the one that only just passed the waist, and was laced so tastefully round the collar and bosom. Then she would appear in her new hat, with a bouquet

of primroses on one side; and on the following Sunday she walked before him in lemon-colored boots, so that her feet looked like a pair of yellow-hammers fitting under her dress.

But dress was the least of the means she adopted for chaining him down. She talked more tenderly than ever; asked him to begin small undertakings in the garden on her account; she sang about the house, that the place might seem cheerful when he came in. This singing for a purpose required great effort on her part, leaving her afterwards very sad. When Bob asked her what was the matter, she would say, "Nothing; only I am thinking how you will grieve your father, and cross his purpose, if you carry out your unkind notion of going to sea, and forsaking your place in the mill."

"Yes," Bob would say uneasily. "It will trouble him, I know."

Being also quite aware how it would trouble her, he would again postpone, and thus another week passed away.

All this time John had not come once to the mill. It appeared as if Miss Johnson absorbed all his time and thoughts. Bob was often seen chuckling over the circumstance. "A sly rascal!" he said. "Pretending on the day she came to be married, that she was not good enough for me, when it was only that he wanted her for himself. How he could have persuaded her to go away is beyond me to say."

Anne could not contest this belief of her lover's, and remained silent; but there had more than once occurred to her mind a doubt of its probability. Yet she had only abandoned her opinion that John had schemed for Matilda, to embrace the opposite error; that finding he had wronged the young lady, he had pitied and grown to love her.

"And yet Jack, when he was a boy, was the simplest fellow alive," resumed Bob. "By George, though, I should have been hot against him for such a trick, if in losing her I hadn't found a better! But she'll never come down to him in the world; she has high notions now. I am afraid he's doomed to sigh in vain!"

Though Bob regretted this possibility, the feeling was not reciprocated by Anne. It was true that she knew nothing of Matilda's temporary treachery, and that she disbelieved the story of her lack of virtue; but she did not like the woman. "Perhaps it will not matter if he is doomed to sigh in vain," she said. "But I owe him no ill-will. I have profited by his doings, incomprehensible as they are." And she bent her fair eyes on Bob and smiled.

Bob looked dubious. "He thinks he has affronted me, now I have seen through him, and that I shall be against meeting him. But, of course, I am not so touchy. I can stand a practical joke, as can any man who has been afloat. I'll call and see him, and tell him so."

Before he started, Bob bethought him of something which would still further prove to the misapprehending John that he was entirely forgiven. He went to his room, and took from his chest a packet containing a lock of Miss

Johnson's hair, which she had given him during their brief acquaintance, and which till now he had quite forgotten. When, at starting, he wished Anne good-bye, it was accompanied by such a beaming face, that she knew he was full of an idea, and asked what it might be that pleased him so.

"Why, this," he said, smacking his breast-pocket. "A lock of hair that Matilda gave me."

Anne sank back with parted lips.

"I am going to give it to Jack—he'll jump for joy to get it! And it will show him how willing I am to give her up to him, fine piece as she is."

"Will you see her to-day, Bob?" Anne asked with an uncertain smile.

"Oh, no—unless it is by accident."

On reaching Radipole he went straight to the barracks, and was lucky enough to find John in his room, at the left-hand corner of the quadrangle. John was glad to see him; but, to Bob's surprise, he showed no immediate contrition, and thus afforded no room for the brotherly speech of forgiveness which Bob had been going to deliver. As the trumpet-major did not open the subject, Bob felt it desirable to begin himself.

"I have brought ye something that you will value, Jack," he said, as they sat at the window, overlooking the large square barrack-yard. "I have got no further use for it, and you should have had it before if it had entered my head."

"Thank you, Bob; what is it?" said John, looking absently at an awkward squad of young men who were drilling in the enclosure.

"'Tis a young woman's lock of hair."

"Ah!" said John, quite recovering from his abstraction, and slightly flushing. Could Bob and Anne have quarreled? Bob drew the paper from his pocket, and opened it.

"Black!" said John.

"Yes—black enough."

"Whose?"

"Why, Matilda's."

"Oh, Matilda's?"

"Whose did you think, then?"

Instead of replying, the trumpet-major's face became as red as sunset, and he turned to the window to hide his confusion.

Bob was silent, and then he, too, looked into the court. At length he arose, walked over to his brother, and laid his hand upon his shoulder. "Jack," he said in an altered voice, "you are a good fellow. Now I see it all."

"Oh, no—that's nothing," said John hastily.

"You've been pretending that you care for this woman that I mightn't blame myself for heaving you out from the other—which is what I've done without knowing it."

"What does it matter?"

"But it does matter! I've been making you unhappy all these weeks through my thoughtlessness. They seemed to think at home, you know, John, that you had grown not to care for her; or I wouldn't have done it for all the world!"

"You stick to her, Bob, and never mind me. She belongs to you. She loves you. I have no claim upon her, and she thinks nothing about me."

"She likes you, John, thoroughly well; so

does everybody; and if I hadn't come home, putting my foot in it—That coming home of mine has been a regular blight upon the family! I ought never to have stayed. The sea is my home, and why couldn't I bide there?"

The trumpet-major drew Bob's discourse off the subject as soon as he could, and Bob, after some unconsidered replies and remarks, seemed willing to avoid it for the present. He did not ask John to accompany him home, as he had intended; and on leaving the barracks turned southward and entered the town to wander about till he could decide what to do.

It was the 3d of September, but Weymouth still retained its summer aspect. The king's bathing-machine had been drawn out just as Bob reached Gloucester Buildings, and he waited a minute, in the lack of other distraction, to look on. Immediately that the king's machine had entered the water a group of florid men with fiddles, violincellos, a trombone and a drum, came forward, packed themselves into another machine that was in waiting, and were drawn out into the waves in the king's rear. All that was to be heard for a few minutes were the slow pulsations of the sea; and then a deafening noise burst from the interior of the second machine with power enough to split the boards asunder; it was the condensed mass of musicians inside, striking up the strains of "God save the King," as his Majesty ascended from the water. Bob took off his hat and waited till the end of the performance, which, intended as a pleasant surprise to his Majesty by the loyal burghers, he probably tolerated rather than desired. Loveday then passed on to the harbor, where he remained awhile, looking at the busy scene of loading and unloading craft, swabbing the decks of yachts; at the boats and barges rubbing against the quay wall, and at the green-shuttered houses of the Weymouth merchants, with their heavy wooden bow-windows which appeared as if about to drop into the harbour by their own weight. All these things he gazed upon, and thought of one thing—that he had caused great misery to his brother John.

The town clock struck, and Bob retraced his steps till he again approached the Esplanade and Gloucester Lodge, where the morning sun blazed in upon the house fronts, and not a spot of shade seemed to be attainable. A huzzaing attracted his attention, and he observed that a number of people had gathered before the king's residence, where a brown curriole had stopped, out of which stepped a hale man in the prime of life, wearing a blue uniform, gilt epaulettes, cocked hat and sword, who crossed the pavement and went in. Bob went up and joined the group. "What's going on?" he said.

"Captain Hardy," replied a bystander.

"What of him?"

"Just gone in—waiting to see the king."

"But he's in the West Indies?"

"No. The fleet is come home; they can't find the French anywhere."

"Will they go and look for them again?" asked Bob.

"Oh, yes. Nelson is determined to find

'em. As soon as he's refitted he'll put to sea again. Ah, here's the king coming in."

Bob was so interested in what he had just heard that he scarcely noticed the cavalcade in which rode the king, the Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Cambridge, and a body of attendant gentlemen. He went on thinking of his new knowledge; Captain Hardy was come. He was doubtless staying with his family at Portisham, a few miles from Overcombe, where he usually spent the intervals between his different cruises.

Loveday returned to the mill without further delay; and shortly explaining that John was very well, and would come soon, went on to talk of the arrival of Nelson's captain.

"And is he come at last?" said the miller, throwing his thoughts years backward. "Well can I mind when he first left home to go on board the *Helena* as midshipman!"

"That's not much to remember. I can remember it too," said Mrs. Loveday.

"'Tis more than twenty years ago anyhow. And more than that, I can mind when he was born; I was a lad, serving my 'prenticeship at the time. He has been in this house often and often when 'a was young. When he came home after his first voyage he stayed about here a long time, and used to look in at the mill whenever he went past. 'What will you be next, sir?' said mother to him one day as he stood with his back to the doorpost. 'A lieutenant, Dame Loveday,' says he. 'And what next?' says she. 'A commander.' 'And next.' 'Next, post-captain.' I'd warrant that he'd mind it to this very day if you were to ask him."

Bob heard all this with a manner of preoccupation, and soon retired to the mill. Thence he went to his room by the back passage, and taking his old seafaring garments from a dark closet in the wall conveyed them to the loft at the top of the mill, where he occupied the remaining spare moments of the day in brushing the mildew from their folds, and hanging each article by the window to get aired. In the evening he returned to the loft, and dressing himself in the old salt suit, went out of the house unobserved by anybody, and ascended the road toward Portisham.

The bare downs were now brown with the droughts of the passing summer, and few living things met his view, the natural rotundity of the elevation being only occasionally disturbed by the presence of a barrow, a thorn-bush, or a piece of dry wall which remained from some attempted enclosure. By the time that he reached the village it was dark, and the larger stars had begun to shine when he walked up to the door of the old-fashioned house which was the family residence of the Hardys.

"Will the Captain allow me to wait on him to-night?" inquired Loveday, explaining who and what he was.

The servant went away for a few minutes, and then told Bob that he might see the Captain in the morning.

"If that's the case, I'll come again," replied Bob, quite cheerful that failure was not absolute.

He had left the door but a few steps when he was called back and asked if he had

walked all the way from Overcombe Mill on purpose.

Loveday replied modestly that he had done so.

"Then will you come in?" He followed the speaker into a small study or office, and in a minute or two Captain Hardy entered.

The Captain at this time was a bachelor of thirty-five, rather stout in build, with light eyes, bushy eyebrows, a square broad face, plenty of chin, and a mouth whose corners played between humor and grimness. He surveyed Loveday from top to toe.

"Robert Loveday, Captain, son of the miller at Overcombe," said Bob, making a low bow.

"Ah! I remember your father, Loveday," the gallant seaman replied. "Well, what do you want to say to me?" Seeing that Bob found it rather difficult to begin, he leant leisurely against the mantelpiece, and went on, "Is your father well and hearty? I have not seen him for many, many years."

"Quite well, Captain, thank ye."

"You used to have a brother in the army, I think? What was his name—John? A very fine fellow, if I recollect."

"Yes; he's there still."

"And you are in the merchant-service?"

"Late first mate of the brig *Pewit*."

"How is it you're not on board a man-of-war?"

"Ay, Captain, that's the thing I've come about," said Bob, recovering confidence. "I should have been, but I've waited and waited on at home because of a young woman—lady, I might have said, for she's sprung from a higher class of society than I. Her father was a landscape painter—maybe you've heard of him, Captain? The name is Garland."

"He painted that view of Portisham," said Captain Hardy, looking toward a dark little picture in the corner of the room.

Bob looked, and went on, as if to the picture, "Well, Captain, I have found that—However, the press-gang came a week or two ago, and didn't get hold of me. I didn't care to go aboard as a pressed man."

"There has been a severe impressment. It is, of course, a disagreeable necessity, but it can't be helped."

"Since then, sir, something has happened that makes me wish they had found me, and I have come to-night to ask if I could enter on board your ship the *Victory*."

The Captain shook his head severely, and presently went on: "I am glad to find that you think of entering the service, Loveday; smart men are badly wanted. But it will not be in your power to choose your ship."

"Well, well, sir; then I must take my chance elsewhere," said Bob, his face indicating the disappointment he would not fully express. "'Twas only that I felt I would much rather serve under you than anybody else, my father and all of us being known to ye, Captain, and our families belonging to the same parts."

Captain Hardy took Bob's altitude more carefully. "Are you a good practical seaman?" he asked musingly.

"Ay, sir; I believe I am."

"Active? Fond of skylarking?"

"Well, I don't know about the last. I think I can say I am active enough. I could walk the yard-arm if required, cross from mast to mast by the stays, and do what most fellows do who call themselves spry."

The Captain then put some questions about the details of navigation, which Loveday, having luckily been used to square rigs, answered satisfactorily. "As to reefing topsails," he added, "if I don't do it like a flash of lightning, I can do it so that they will stand blowing weather. The *Pewit* was not a dull vessel, and when we were convoyed home from Lisbon, she could keep well in sight of the frigate scudding at a distance, by putting on full sail. We had enough hands aboard to reef topsails man-o'-war fashion, which is a rare thing in these days, sir, now that able seamen are so scarce on trading craft. And I hear that men from square-rigged vessels are liked much the best in the navy, as being more ready for use. So that I shouldn't be altogether so raw," said Bob earnestly, "if I could enter on your ship, sir. Still, if I can't, I can't."

"I might ask for you, Loveday," said the Captain thoughtfully, "and so get you there that way. In short, I think I may say I will ask for you, so consider it settled."

"My thanks to you, sir," said Loveday.

"You are aware that the *Victory* is a smart ship, and that cleanliness and order are, of necessity, more strictly insisted upon there than in some others?"

"Captain, I quite see it."

"Well, I hope you will do your duty as well on a line-of-battle ship as you did when mate of the brig, for it is a duty that may be serious."

Bob replied that it should be his one endeavor; and receiving a few instructions for getting on board the guard-ship, and being conveyed to Portsmouth, he turned to go away.

"You'll have a stiff walk before you fetch Overcombe Mill this dark night, Loveday," concluded the Captain. "I'll send you in a glass of grog to help ye on your way."

The Captain then left Bob to himself, and when he had drunk the grog that was brought in he started homeward, with a heart not exactly light, but large with a patriotic cheerfulness, which had not diminished when, after walking so fast in his excitement as to be beaded with perspiration, he entered his father's door.

They were all sitting up for him, and at his approach anxiously raised their sleepy eyes, for it was nearly eleven o'clock.

"There; I knew he'd not be much longer!" cried Anne, jumping up and laughing in her relief. "They have been thinking you were very strange and silent to-day, Bob; you were not, were you?"

"What's the matter, Bob?" said the miller, for Bob's countenance was sublimed by his recent interview, like that of a priest just come from the *penetralia* of the temple.

"He's in his mate's clothes, just as when he came home," observed Mrs. Loveday.

They all saw now that he had something to tell. "I am going away," he said when he had sat down. "I am going to enter on board

a man-of-war, and perhaps it will be the *Victory*."

"Going?" said Anne faintly.

"Now, don't you mind it, there's a dear," he went on solemnly, taking her hand in his own. "And you, father, don't you begin to take it to heart" (the miller was looking grave). "The press-gang has been here, and though I showed them that I was a free man, I am going to show everybody that I can do my duty."

Neither of the other three answered, Anne and the miller having their eyes bent upon the ground, and the former trying to repress her tears.

"Now don't you grieve, either of you," he continued; "nor vex yourselves that this has happened. Please not to be angry with me, father, for deserting you and the mill, where you want me, for I *must* go. For these three years we and the rest of the country have been in fear of the enemy; trade has been hindered; poor folk made hungry; and many rich folk made poor. There must be a deliverance, and it must be done by sea. I have seen Captain Hardy, and I shall serve under him if so be I can."

"Captain Hardy?"

"Yes. I have been to Portisham, walked there and back, and I wouldn't have missed it for fifty guineas. I hardly thought he would see me; but he did see me. And he hasn't forgot you."

Bob then opened his tale in order, relating graphically the conversation to which he had been a party, and they listened with breathless attention.

"Well, if you must go, you must," said the miller with emotion; "but I think it somewhat hard that of my two sons neither one of 'em can be got to stay and help me in my business as I get old."

"Don't trouble and vex about it," said Mrs. Loveday, soothingly. "They are both instruments in the hands of Providence, chosen to chastise that Corsican ogre, and do what they can for the country in these trying years."

"That's just the shape of it, Mrs. Loveday," said Bob.

"And he'll come back soon," she continued, turning to Anne. "And then he'll tell us all he has seen, and the glory that he's won, and how he has helped to sweep that scourge Buonaparty off the earth."

"When be you going, Bob?" his father inquired.

"To-morrow, if I can. I shall call at the barracks and tell John as I go by. When I get to Portsmouth—"

A burst of sobs in quick succession interrupted his words; they came from Anne, who till that moment had been sitting as before with her hand in that of Bob, and apparently quite calm. Mrs. Lovejoy jumped up, but before she could say anything to soothe the agitated girl she had calmed herself with the same singular suddenness that had marked her giving way. "I don't mind Bob's going," she said. "I think he ought to go. Don't suppose, Bob, that I want you to stay!"

After this she left the apartment, and went into the little side room where she and her

mother usually worked. In a few moments Bob followed her. When he came back he was in a very sad and emotional mood. Anybody could see that there had been a parting of profound anguish to both.

"She is not coming back to-night," he said.

"You will see her to-morrow before you go?" said her mother.

"I may or I may not," he replied. "Father and Mrs. Loveday, do you go to bed now. I have got to look over my things and get ready; and it will take me some little time. If you should hear noises you will know it is only myself moving about."

When Bob was left alone he suddenly became brisk, and set himself to overhaul his clothes and other possessions in a business-like manner. By the time that his chest was packed, such things as he meant to leave at home folded into cupboards, and what was useless destroyed, it was past two o'clock. Then he went to bed, so softly that only the creak of one weak stair revealed his passage upward. At the moment that he passed Anne's chamber-door her mother was bending over her as she lay in bed, and saying to her, "Won't you see him in the morning?"

"No, no," said Anne. "I would rather not see him. I have said that I may. But I shall not. I cannot see him again."

When the family got up next day Bob had vanished. It was his way to disappear like this, to avoid affecting scenes at parting. By the time that they had sat down to a gloomy breakfast, Bob was in the boat of a Weymouth waterman, who pulled him alongside the guard-ship in the roads, where he laid hold of the man-rope, mounted, and disappeared from external view. In the course of the day the ship moved off, set her royals, and made sail for Portsmouth, with five hundred new hands for the service on board, consisting partly of pressed men and partly of volunteers, among the latter being Robert Loveday.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### A SPECK ON THE SEA.

In parting from John, who accompanied him to the quay, Bob had said: "Now, Jack, these be my last words to you: I give her up. I go away on purpose, and I shall be away a long time. If in that time she should list over towards ye ever so little, mind you take her. You have more right to her than I. You chose her when my mind was elsewhere, and you best deserve her; for I have never known you forget one woman, while I've forgot a dozen. Take her then, if she will come, and God bless both of ye."

Another person besides John saw Bob go. That was Derriman, who was standing by a bollard a little farther up the quay. He did not repress his satisfaction at the sight. John looked towards him with an open gaze of contempt; for the cuffs administered to the yeoman at the inn had not, so far as the trump-major was aware, produced any desire to avenge that insult, John being, of course, quite ignorant that Festus had erroneously retaliated upon Bob, in his peculiar, though scarcely soldierly way. Finding that he did not even now approach him, John went on his way, and

thought over his intention of preserving intact the love between Anne and his brother.

He was surprised when he next went to the mill to find how glad they all were to see him. From the moment of Bob's return to the bosom of the deep, Anne had no existence on land; people might have looked at her human body and said she had flitted thence. The sea and all that belonged to the sea was her daily thought and her nightly dream. She had the whole two-and-thirty winds under her eye, each passing gale that ushered in returning autumn being mentally registered; and she acquired a precise knowledge of the directions in which Portsmouth, Brest, Ferrol, Cadiz, and other such likely places lay. Instead of saying her own familiar prayers at night she substituted with some confusion of thought the Forms of Prayer to be used at sea. John at once noticed her lorn, abstracted looks, pitied her,—how much he pitied her!—and asked when they were alone if there was anything he could do.

"There are two things," she said with almost childish eagerness in her tired eyes.

"They shall be done."

"The first is to find out if Captain Hardy has gone back to his ship; and the other is—oh, if you will do it, John!—to get me newspapers whenever possible."

After this dialogue John was absent for a space of three hours, and they thought he had gone back to barracks. He entered, however, at the end of that time, took off his forage cap, and wiped his forehead.

"You look tired, John," said his father.

"Oh no." He went through the house till he had found Anne Garland.

"I have only done one of the things," he said to her.

"What, already? I didn't hope for or mean to-day."

"Captain Hardy is gone from Portisham. He left some days ago. We shall soon hear that the fleet has sailed."

"You have been all the way to Portisham on purpose. How good of you!"

"Well, I was anxious to know myself when Bob is likely to leave. I expect now that we shall soon hear from him."

Two days later he came again. He brought a newspaper, and what was better, a letter for Anne, franked by the first lieutenant of the *Victory*.

"Then he's aboard her," said Anne, as she eagerly took the letter.

It was short, but as much as she could expect in the circumstances, and informed them that the captain had been as good as his word, and had gratified Bob's earnest wish to serve under him. The ship, with Admiral Lord Nelson on board, and accompanied by the frigate *Euryalus*, was to sail in two days for Plymouth, where they would be joined by others, and thence proceed to the coast of Spain.

Anne lay awake that night thinking of the *Victory*, and of those who floated in her. To the best of Anne's calculation that ship of war would, during the next twenty-four hours, pass within a few miles of where she herself then lay. Next to seeing Bob, the thing that would give her more pleasure than any other in the world, was to see the vessel that con-

tained him—his floating city, his sole dependence in battle and storm—upon whose safety from winds and enemies hung all her hope.

The next day was Weymouth market, and in this she saw her opportunity. A carrier went from Overcombe at six o'clock, and having to do a little shopping for herself in Weymouth, she gave it as a reason for her intended day's absence, and took a place in the van. When she reached the town it was still early morning, but the borough was already in the zenith of its daily bustle and show. The King was always out-of-doors by six o'clock, and such cock-crow hours at Gloucester Lodge produced an equally forward stir among the population. She alighted and passed down the esplanade, as fully thronged by persons of fashion at this time of mist and level sunlight as a watering-place in the present day is at four in the afternoon. Dashing bucks and beaux in cocked hats, black feathers, ruffles, and frills, stared at her as she hurried along; the beach was swarming with bathing-women, wearing waistbands that bore the national refrain, "God save the King" in gilt letters; the shops were all open, and Sergeant Stanner, with his sword-stuck bank-notes and heroic gaze, was beating up at two guineas and a crown, the crown to drink his Majesty's health.

She soon finished her shopping, and then, crossing over into the old town, pursued her way along the coast-road to Portland. At the end of an hour she had been rowed across the Fleet (which then lacked the convenience of a bridge), and reached the base of Portland Hill. The steep incline before her was dotted with houses, showing the pleasant peculiarity of one man's doorstep being behind his neighbor's chimney, and slabs of stone as the common material for walls, roof, floor, pig-stye, stable-manger, door-scraper, and garden-gate. Anne gained the summit, and followed along the central track over the huge lump of free-stone which forms the peninsula, the wide sea prospect extending as she went on. Weary with her journey, she approached the extreme southerly peak of rock, and gazed from the cliff at Portland Bill.

(To be continued.)

## Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

### "SOCIETY" GIRLS.



THE poorest use to which a girl can put herself is to become what is popularly known as a "society" girl; for it is the hardest of work, with the least compensation. Society, cultivated at first from the fascination and pleasure which woos the pretty and attractive young girl at the entrance to what seems to be a perpetual round of gaiety and amusement, is soon discovered to be a

madly rushing whirlpool, from whose enthrallment it is almost impossible to escape, and which exhausts life and strength faster than standing in a shop—faster than any amount of hard work. This is not over-stated. The history of society girls—those who are seen everywhere, who attend balls and parties, who keep late hours, who eat late suppers—is the same, at least in large cities, and it is not very different in smaller towns. Five years is as long as they hold out; if they are deficient in health and vitality to begin with, one, two, or three years is enough to do the work. Many die of consumption, some are prostrated by debility, others succumb to the modern nervous disorders which attack the stronghold of life so insidiously that no one knows what has been done until the citadel has been undermined, and its forces given into the hands of the enemy.

Of course no one begins with the intention of digging their own grave in this idiotic way. The wine-drinker never begins with the intention of being a drunkard; social pressure is brought to bear continually, vanity is flattered, and the danger is all the greater because it is not realized. Who carries an umbrella, or looks out for a storm in fair weather? and if the sky were to always remain clear there would be no necessity for preparation for storms at all.

But even in the midst of the brightness, girls of any sense or intellect feel distressed at the waste of the young, strong, bright years, in such a hard, yet purposeless routine. Time keeps sounding the pitiless gone, going, gone; and nothing remains for the vanishing years to show but some mortifications and heart-breaks, pieces of torn tulle, some faded (artificial) flowers, a legacy of corns from tight shoes, and a blank future. Occasionally a beauty and a belle will be "snapped up" within the first few years of her career by some courageous man. There is no attempt to disguise the fact that this is the expectation and main object of society girls in general; it can not well be otherwise. But the chances are no more than would occur in a lottery, and the success—what is it? If the man is rich, the young wife becomes his property—part of his establishment—with only so much of individual existence as he chooses to allow her. If poor, she very often becomes a complaining and unhappy drudge, or sinks into listlessness because she is unfit to perform the natural duties of her position, and her means are too narrow, her resources too small to permit of much social excitement or activity.

But if this is success, what can be said of failure? Of days growing into weeks, weeks into months, months into years, and passing never to return; taking with them youth, beauty, brightness, and leaving premature age, embittered by slights, neglects, wounded feeling, a tortured heart, a perpetual sense that the past is gone and cannot be recalled; that it has been thrown away upon what has left only a bad taste in the mouth, and that even the one possibility of a husband is daily becoming more remote.

For young men fight shy of society girls; the cost of keeping them is too great. The

only person who dare approach them with a view to matrimony, is the successful middle-aged man who has killed the wife of his youth in his struggle to get rich, and who now thinks he can afford the luxury of a "high-stepping one," as he can of a fine house or a pair of trotters.

There is one other class, the ambitious professional men, who sometimes marry society girls less for themselves, however, than their "connections"—the girl may not have money, and the gentleman gets all the credit for disinterestedness, but all the same he expects to strengthen his position and influence through his new relations with an influential circle, and he considers the chances worth the risk which her habits of living and spending may entail upon him. It is possible that the risk may not be so great as he imagines.

Girls, even in society, very often get the credit of being extravagant when they are in reality economical. There are girls who make their own bonnets, who design and work the trimming for their dresses, and in fact rarely get anything more than the cast-off garments of some other and wealthier relative—who pass for idle, luxurious and incapable, and are proud of it; they would not have the truth known for the world. Such pride is false and unworthy, and they must suffer the consequences—the consequences are to be mistaken, misapprehended, and finally neglected; or they are perhaps to sacrifice herself finally, as she does now the best of herself, to what seems to her the actual necessity for keeping up certain traditions before the world, for which the world does not respect her half so much as it would for an exhibition of truth and honesty.

There is some excuse for the girls. An American society girl is really a charming object for five years (if she does not break down in that time), that is to say, between eighteen and twenty-three. After that, every one begins to talk of her as "getting pretty well along."

Life is very, very short after all, though it seems so long when we start out upon it. Twenty-five years is about the average of working life, the years between twenty-five and fifty. What we have not done, or carefully prepared for before fifty, we shall not accomplish afterward. To all practical intents and purposes, life ends for us at the close of half a century, though after this, for us may come the harvest, the garnering of what we have planted during our more active working days. It is at about twenty-five therefore, that the serious aspects of life begin to present themselves, and we cannot escape them, even though floating in the misty atmosphere of fashionable society, and still subject to some of its illusions.

The girl may still be brilliant, more brilliant possibly for having become a trifle bitter; but she cannot help knowing that her life as yet affords no foundation upon which to build a useful or honorable future, and that any effort in that direction is daily growing more difficult. What must her life be between twenty-five and fifty, that quarter of a century, so full of hope and splendid promise to

men, so destitute of all interest, so pitifully sad to the majority of unmated women, who are reproached with being idle, yet are not permitted to work by the society code.

There is still the chance of marriage growing smaller day by day, but then her ideas have changed, and she is less ignorant. Must she sit down and play second fiddle to a married sister—take care of her babies, and wear her cast-off clothes? Must she grow into years at home, gradually losing her hold upon those things which constitute her world, and having nothing to fill the place? Must she make a business of religion, or a profession of philanthropy in order to have an object of interest, or be cut off even from these, for want of the independent resources necessary to carry on a work, even one from which no return in kind is expected?

Poor girl, what a muddle she thinks the whole thing is,—and what is the use of living at all, anyway. Life for her, in effect, ended when she was a baby of six years and went to dancing-school balls in pink silk and lace, and carried a fan and bouquet in her exquisitely-gloved little hands. She experienced then all she has known since of gratified vanity,—pleasure in a dainty toilet, a taste of power, and the fascination of such charms as appeal to the senses. She ate her fruit when it was green, and hardly cared for it when it was ripe, and now it is turning to dead ashes in her hands. "Is this all?" she asks wearily, feeling that she has exhausted life at the threshold.

Poor, poor girl! The only hope for her is in taking the back track—in the sudden and unlooked-for realization of a woman's destiny—in the fortunate discovery before it is too late, of the miserable falsity and pitifulness of the life she is leading, and the determination to turn it to better account. It is hard to do that sometimes,—habit is against it, friends may be against it, society is against it, and almost more than human strength is required to successfully battle against the forces from within, and the pressure from without—and our society girl is very human. She is not of the stuff of which martyrs are made, so she drifts into an indifferent marriage, or into dependence upon relatives, or into a small legacy, or to California, or Colorado, or somewhere, and ends her life with but little recognition on the part of her idol, that she was ever one of its most ardent devotees.

The society girl is not a creature to be blamed or envied, but one to be pitied—she pays a high price for the few years of empty brightness which she enjoys, nothing less than herself, the best that is in her, and the best that could have been gotten out of her. For the direction which her life took she is hardly responsible,—that was in the beginning the fault of her mother, perhaps of both her parents, or of the circumstances of her education and surroundings. From these, strong as they are, there are occasionally girls strong enough to break away, but naturally they are exceptions. One whose name I could give, the daughter of a millionaire, has been thoroughly taught painting for which she has a great deal of natural talent, and could earn an excellent livelihood if nec-

essary. It was her mother's idea that instead of taking it up for a pastime, she should make serious work of it; and she has done so; and though her work is given away, principally to her friends, the necessity for earning money not having been laid upon her, yet it is highly valued by artists, and is a source of such growing satisfaction to herself, as to have largely taken the place of her former useless round of occupations and methods of killing time.

Another elegant young girl, a beauty and a belle, took a course of kindergarten instruction after she left school. She was not strongly opposed in this, but she received no sympathy. Subsequently, out of gifts and pocket-money, she hired a room, and collected about a dozen little waifs in it, to whom for three hours in the day she gave instruction, and a most useful and beautiful kind of training, closing her exercises each day with some slight refection if her funds would permit, such as an apple, and piece of gingerbread. Her injunctions failed to bring them clean, so she provided a washstand and towels and made them clean. Their clothing was often rags, so she begged and sewed for them, and soon accomplished wonders—even the parents of the children were influenced, and after a while allowed their neglected little ones to retain the clothing she gave them, neither selling nor pawning it; and one must have had an experience among such a class, to understand the extent of this self-denial and the respect which inspired it. "Did the young lady cease to be a society girl?" No, she did not, and this was the most interesting part of it. Only a few of her friends knew of her "eccentricity," as it was called, and very many of them considered her a rather outspoken "girl of the period,"—pretty, stylish, but inclined to be extravagant, and with no thought beyond her own adornments. They were greatly surprised when she was finally sought in marriage by a serious, noble-minded man, of high position and large means, a widower of thirty-two or three with a child, who becoming acquainted with her work by accident, had quietly watched it, and decided that if she was to be won, this graceful, unpretending girl, with her strong good sense and faculty for being useful, who did good for pastime, and blushed to have it known, was the sort of mother he wanted for his gentle little girl, to replace the one she had lost.

So she became a step-mother, a young but immensely successful one. But she did not desert or neglect her kindergarten. "No," she said, "how can I? for it was not in society, but through my work that I found my happiness."

### From the German.

DEATH censure's heavy frown,  
Our hearts discouraged close,  
As when the rain pours down,  
Shuts up the frightened rose,  
But opens to the tender dew,  
So hearts to kindness open too.  
In friendship's blue their balm unfold,  
But shrink away from censure's cold.

## The Home of Paul and Virginia.



HE early years of the sixteenth century were marked by a great and sudden impetus in the matter of maritime discovery. The closing hours, so to speak, of the fifteenth, had given to the restless, turbulent millions of the Old World a new and boundless field, America, in which to satisfy the craving for wealth, conquest, and self-aggrandizement that had not ceased with the decline of chivalry.

In the ranks of these adventurous and daring pioneers the Portuguese were foremost. First to double the Stormy Cape—afterward to them a Cape of Good Hope—they were the first whose ships cleft the waters of the Indian Ocean, and whose navigators opened up the wealth of India to the commerce of modern Europe, that might almost have lamented with Philip of Macedon that there were no more worlds to conquer, so well and so persistently had all the then known avenues to wealth and honor been worked.

In 1505, a Portuguese navigator, Dom Pedro de Mascareguas, a noted adventurer, while on a voyage to India, discovered an island five hundred miles east of Madagascar and seventy-five miles northeast of the Isle de Bourbon, which was named by him Cerné. No attempt, however, was made by his government to avail itself of this new acquisition. Beyond the landing of a few domestic animals, the progenitors of the wild creatures still found in the more retired parts of the island, and making of it a halting-place for their ships employed in the Eastern trade, to renew their supplies of water, nothing was done, and no proclamation of the discovery was made, the Portuguese evidently hoping to keep the matter a secret.

In the then state of commercial and naval enterprise, this was not, however, long possible, though it would appear that they managed to hold it unmolested for upward of ninety years—or, rather, no other nation happened to find the place, which is but a speck in the vast expanse of the Indian Ocean.

But in 1598, a fleet of eight ships, under Admiral Wybrand van Warwick, left the Texel, bound for Batavia. Off the Cape they were dispersed by a violent tempest, and on the 17th of September following, the admiral's ship sighted an unknown island—unknown, because it was not laid down in any of the charts of the period. The Dutch used great caution in landing, being fearful of savages, but, after finding a most spacious harbor on the southeast coast, and adopting every precaution against surprise, a strong party of sailors and soldiers took up a commanding position. The next day boats were sent out to reconnoitre the other parts of the island and to search for traces of inhabitants. The various parties discovered numbers of animals and birds, all of which were remarkably tame; also water in plenty and a most luxuriant vegetation. On the rocky shore was found

the remains of a large vessel, which proved conclusively that at some former period a noble ship and her human freight had here met their grave. No trace of human beings, however, was found. The entire island was as solitary and uninhabited as when Dom Pedro had first landed on its shores ninety-three years previously. After the customary thanksgiving to the Almighty for having brought them to so commodious a harbor of refuge, the admiral named the island Mauritius, after Count Maurice of Nassau, then Statholder of Holland, and the harbor, Warwick Harbor, after himself. On his departure he left no settlers on the island, but affixed the arms of Holland to a tree as a token of the owners of the new discovery. The next year he returned, and some steps were taken looking toward its permanent colonization. But it was not till 1644 that the Dutch finally assumed sovereignty over Mauritius, and made a real settlement on its shores. The first governor, Van der Mester, introduced some of the natives of the neighboring island of Madagascar, as slaves, to assist in the cultivation of the soil; but these people, being of a hardy and independent spirit, refused to be enslaved, made their escape to the more mountainous parts, and so harassed the Dutch by their constant depredations that about the beginning of the eighteenth century the island was formally abandoned to its savage and untamable inhabitants.

The French, who seized and colonized it about 1710, changed its name to Isle of France.

During the French occupation occurred the memorable shipwreck which furnished to Bernardin de St. Pierre the incident upon which he founded his pathetic gem of a love story, *Paul and Virginia*, the entire scheme of which is laid in this island. Mauritius was then but little known, and the descriptions of St. Pierre are all the fruit of his imagination, but the touching incident has invested the far-away island with an atmosphere of romance that still clings to it despite the lapse of years.

In the year 1744, pestilence, drought, and consequent famine had wrought sad havoc in the island, and the next year the French man-of-war, *St. Geran*, was dispatched from home laden with provisions for the relief of the suffering people. Late one fine afternoon Mauritius was sighted, and the night proving to be moonlight, the captain, M. de la Marre, was desirous of profiting by it to enter what has since been known as Tombeau Bay or the Bay of Tombs.

In this, however, he was dissuaded, and was advised to remain outside till morning, which, unfortunately, he did. Entirely ignorant of the coast, M. de la Marre, who throughout showed himself possessed of greater honor and bravery than seamanship, allowed his vessel to drift upon a most dangerous reef about three miles from land. At all times there is a tremendous surf running at this point, and the hapless *St. Geran* was driven helplessly among the breakers, and in a very short time the vessel parted in the middle. The crew used every effort to lower the boats, but to no purpose. Some were dashed in pieces by the waves, others were crushed by the falling spars, and in a

very short time the entire ship's company saw death staring them in the face. One by one the number on the now doomed vessel grew less, as they were either swept away by the waves, or, trusting themselves to a spar or piece of wreck, endeavored to reach the shore. Few, however, survived the attempt—the ruthless waves tore their frail supports from their grasp, and buried them in a watery grave. At the captain's request, the ship's chaplain pronounced a benediction upon all who remained, and then the cry rang above the fury of the waves, "*Savez qui peut!*" It was, indeed, save himself who can. A scene of confusion ensued which pen cannot describe, and only those who have witnessed such scenes can imagine. Stout men wrung their hands and wept; others crouched on the wave-swept decks in dumb despair, waiting in apathy for the moment when they would be swept into eternity.

Amid this scene of horror and desolation, in full view of those on shore powerless to help, two persons stand conspicuous. On board the *St. Geran* were two lovers—Mademoiselle Mallet and M. de Péramon, who were to have been united in matrimony upon arriving at the island. The youth, as anxious and agitated as the maiden was calm and resigned, was engaged, when all other means of escape had failed, in constructing a frail raft on which to save the one who to him was dearer than his own life. When it was finished he implored her to trust herself with him on the precarious but sole and only hope of safety, but the girl steadily refused. Again and again he begged her not to wreck all their hopes, and to make the experiment more certain of success, in the event of their being engulfed, entreated her to remove her more heavy garments. Again the girl refused. When he found all his solicitations in vain, and every chance of saving her flown, though she entreated him to leave her and save himself, his only reply was to take from his pocket a lock of her hair, kiss it, and place it next his heart. Then, with his arm around her, to shield her to the best of his power to the very end, he calmly and bravely awaited the issue at her side.

They had not long to wait. Soon a mighty wave, towering high above its fellows, came thundering on; it burst over the quivering wreck, and when it had passed, the spot where the lovers stood was vacant. The next day, in a little cove where the water was still and pellucid as crystal, they were found clasped in the close embrace in which they awaited and met death.

Until within a few years the tomb of these poor devoted lovers was still in existence, though rapidly falling into decay. But it is extremely doubtful if the visitor to Pamplemousses would be able to find more than a trace of it. But the immortal creation of St. Pierre will assuredly live in the memory of men, even though all vestige of the spot where occurred their tragic end should be lost. A traveler who visited the spot in 1870 found the tomb so overgrown by vines and shrubbery as to be well-nigh undiscoverable, to say nothing of the fact that recent rains had converted the spot into little better than a morass.

In the year 1810, Mauritius passed under the rule of England, and thenceforward commenced an era of prosperity that has continued until the present day. The population is somewhat mixed, being divided between the English, the descendants of the French colonists, the Maroons, as the natives of Madagascar are still called, Lascars and Arabs. The forms of religion are as varied—the cross of the Christian, the crescent of the Moslem, and the heathen temple rise side by side. In connection with the two last beliefs several unique and highly interesting religious festivals take place during the year, during the season of which those who do not participate make it the occasion of a general holiday—indeed, oftentimes no other course is open to the European, for at certain times both Moslem and heathen would rather die than be guilty of work.

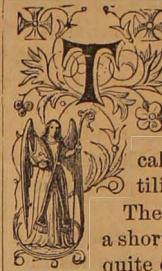
In an inclosure of ropes, specially devoted to these festivities, the native men, women and children congregate around great blazing fires, eating rice, cocoa cakes, and sweetmeats, and watching the performances of trained gymnasts and athletes. This, too, with the thermometer a hundred degrees in the shade, when the sole aim of the European is, or would be, with Sydney Smith, "to take off one's flesh and sit in one's bones."

The natural scenery of Mauritius is singularly wild and beautiful. Perhaps the most attractive feature in the landscape is that among the mountains known as "Les Trois Mamelles." These are, as the name partly indicates, three rocky towering eminences springing from the summit of a mountain itself a thousand feet above the sea level. These three pinnacles, the highest of which rises near four hundred feet perpendicularly, are completely inaccessible to climbers. Volcanic action is here, as in many other places, very apparent.

The Souffleur or Rock Spout, is one of the many interesting features of Mauritius. It consists of an enormous block of black basalt, partly connected with the mainland. It rises fully forty feet above sea, and is exposed to the mighty force of the waves, being perforated to its summit by a cavity that communicates with the ocean at its base. In rough weather the waves roll in one on top of another, till, with a growl and a roar, the water is forced upward, and forms a magnificent *jet d'eau* fully sixty feet high. The sound can be heard inland for two or three miles, and is a sure indication of heavy weather on the coast.

At a little distance along the coast from the Souffleur is the "*Pont Naturel*" or Natural Bridge, another most interesting and curious freak of old ocean's activity. It forms an artificial central pier with two arches springing from abutments at either end, through which arches the tide eddies and whirls with terrific impetuosity. The spaces between the arches ever widening, owing to the encroachments of the waves, and there is every likelihood that at no very distant day the residents of Mauritius will wake up some fine morning, after an unusually heavy tempest, and find the beautiful "*Pont Naturel*" forever swept away.

## Among the Tipperary Hills.



THE southern part of county Tipperary is a broad open valley, surrounded by ranges of lofty and barren hills, and called on account of its great fertility the Golden Vale.

The inclosing mountains, save for a short distance above the base, are quite devoid of trees; deep seams on the sides, marking the beds of streams reminding us of the scars of some weather-beaten veteran. "How dismal it will be," we say, "after our own wooded mountains of America to look at these desolate hills." But after a short sojourn among them, learning at their feet we grow to love these "green hills of Erin" as well as Moore himself could desire. Purple heath, green herbage, gray rock, and golden gorse combine at a distance into a soft neutral tint, quick to receive and reflect the constant changes of that showery atmosphere. The mountains are now deep blue, now sad gray, at sunset rose color, in the long twilight rich purple. Now a sombre cloud-curtain has blotted them out, and now they are wreathed in an ever-changing fleecy crown of vapor.

High and dense hedges of hawthorne border most of the country roads, and in June and early July, when the white or pale pink blossoms are in perfection, we seem to drive between walls of bloom, over which hang straggling sprays of wild roses, with faint, sweet flowers, and of woodbine filling the air with fragrance. Through May, the gorse beautifies the hill-sides, and gladdens the most neglected fields with its dense masses of golden flowers, with an almost overpowering fragrance.

And when hawthorne and gorse have laid aside their glories for the year, the wheat fields will be flushed with scarlet poppies appearing in glowing rifts where the breeze sways the grain; and later still, ridges and patches of purple on the mountains will mark the opening of the heather bells.

A constant source of surprise, and often of interest to an American in Ireland, is the immense number of ruins; we cannot take a short walk or drive in any direction without coming upon some of them. We see cabins roofless and filled with nettles, field plants growing on the crumbling window ledges; churches into which the sun shines and the rain beats, the grass-grown interior still used as a graveyard, and often planted with trees whose tops rise above the ruined wall.

All through the country are castles; some dating from the thirteenth or fourteenth century, are in fair state of preservation, and history tells us of sieges they have endured from Prince John, from the gallant and ill-fated Essex, or from bluff Cromwell's psalm-singing generals. In the county annals, we can read of the sieges and sorties, the merry-making and the love-making which have been witnessed by these old walls, where hangings of dark, lustrous ivy have superseded tapestry, and where swallows, owls and bats inhabit the halls once graced by gallant knight and "faire ladye."

There are other still older castles, now reduced to a mere crumbling vine-covered fragment, with a forgotten history about which we inquire in vain.

Besides these ruined strongholds, are traces yet more ancient of human life and struggle. We happen one day on a battle-ground, two high and now nearly shapeless mounds, surrounded by broad breastworks, and bordered by a deep ditch, marking the scene of some fierce, forgotten struggle; the soft green turf covered with pink-tipped daisies, and affording pasturage for drowsy black-faced sheep, is most unlike the scene of bloodshed, even the blood-shedding of barbarous races centuries ago.

The interest of the antiquarian and the superstitious awe of the peasant alike, center around the artificial moats, called mounds or dunes, supposed to be the burial places of chiefs or kings, and so numerous all through southern Ireland, that from the summit of everyone, another is said to be visible.

Historians tell us that the superstitions connected with them, originate in the fact that the builders of the seven round towers of Ireland, a people of Scandinavian origin, who invaded the country many centuries before the Christian era, were so superior to the savage Celts as to be regarded by them as a race of genii. They were hewers of stone, smelters of ore, and skilled workmen in copper, bronze and gold. The monuments of their skill were supposed to be haunted by their spirits, and this belief spreading from the towers to the mounds, has peopled them too, with beings wiser than mortal. This feeling has stood in the way of much investigation of the mounds; for not only is it impossible to induce an Irish laborer to break into one of them, or even to touch it with a spade, but the country people will not remain where such sacrilege is being committed. "If I should stick a spade into that mound," said to us a resident of Tipperary, indicating a dune in a field adjoining his estate, "and if it should be known, every man on the place would leave immediately." The few investigations that have been made, have brought to light ancient potteries, weapons, and vessels of antique form, sometimes of rich metal and remarkably skillful workmanship.

AUGUSTA WENTWORTH.

## The Spare Suite.



"HERE to, madam?" said the coachman, as pretty Mrs. Delanoy and her brother Fred stepped into the dainty brougham.

"Number 248 West—th street, John," returned the lady.

The equipage stopping before an elegant mansion, Fred Delanoy said, "I did not know there was a boarding-house in this block. Are you sure this is the house, Ella?"

"Yes, I'm sure Mrs. Percival said 248. I think I'll come in with you, Fred, and then I can judge for myself at once."

Upon their being shown into a parlor which looked as though the judgment of some good fairy had been invoked in the selection of its furniture, Mrs. Delanoy expressed her conviction that she had at last found a house that would suit her. "If the vacant rooms are anything approaching this," she said, "I am sure I shall like them."

Truly, judging from the room they were in, it was very plain that the mistress of the house was a lady of taste and refinement.

Their comments were interrupted by the entrance of a young lady, who, as she advanced, said:

"I judge it is my sister, Mrs. Farnham, you wish to see, but she is from home just now. If I can be of any service in her absence I shall be most happy." This with an engaging frankness of speech and manner that quite entranced Mr. Delanoy.

"I merely called at the suggestion of Mrs. Percival, to see your vacant suite of rooms," said Mrs. Delanoy, "and if you would be so kind——"

"Very happy, I'm sure; but they are nothing so very grand, I assure you. Will you step this way, please?"

Mr. Delanoy had made good use of his eyes during this short conversation, and while the ladies were absent confessed to himself that a more winning face and manner he had never seen. Beautiful the girl was not—some would not have called her pretty; but about her was that indefinable grace that at once sets people at their ease; and she possessed that rare gift—a pleasant smile, which might be likened to a gleam of sunlight spreading over a field of grain.

Meanwhile Mrs. Delanoy had seen and was enraptured. "You cannot tell," she said, "how rejoiced I shall be to find a congenial home for the winter; this is the first I have really seen since I arrived in New York." At the words "congenial home" the young lady's face assumed a curious expression, but recovering herself she said, "I am glad you are so well pleased, I am sure; I wish my sister was at home that you might arrange with her."

"I'm sure I wish so, too," said Mrs. Delanoy, "but I will be here at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, and I hope you will ask Mrs. Farnham to let me have the refusal until then."

The young lady promised, and the visitors took their leave.

During the drive to their hotel, Mrs. Delanoy was enthusiastic in her praises of the house they had just visited, and in answer to one of these bursts her brother said:

"It is a wonder to me that such a paragon of a house is not better known. Did you ever hear of it before Mrs. Percival mentioned it to you?"

"No; but that is not surprising, for she told me that they had not long since removed to this city, and besides, were inclined to be very circumspect as to who they took as boarders."

"Well," said Mr. Delanoy, "I hope you may become domiciled there, for I confess I am anxious to see more of that brown-haired lassie."

Punctually at 10 o'clock the brougham stood

at the door of the wonderful house, and Mrs. Farnham herself entered the parlor.

"I called yesterday, Mrs. Farnham," said Mrs. Delanoy, "having heard from Mrs. Percival that you had a vacant suite of rooms, and I confess that I was so much enchanted with them that if we can come to terms it will give me great pleasure. I have been trying so long to find a pleasant home for the winter that it will prove quite a relief to find myself settled in such a charming house as I am sure yours must be."

To say that Mrs. Farnham's face expressed surprise during this short speech would but ill express the look of blank astonishment that stole over it. Noticing which, Mrs. Delanoy continued: "But perhaps Miss Rogers did not inform you of the object of my call?"

Mrs. Farnham rang a small hand-bell by her side, and requested the servant who responded to its silvery call to ask Miss Kate to step into the parlor.

"There must be some mistake about this," she said, "which my sister can perhaps explain."

Pending Miss Kate's arrival there was, as may be imagined, a most awkward silence among the three persons in the parlor, though Mr. Delanoy, who had accompanied his sister on purpose to get a glimpse of the "brown-haired lassie" was more amused than he cared to show. Kate came into the room, and halted by the door with such a mingled look of shame and fun upon her face, that Mr. Delanoy was more attracted than ever.

Mrs. Farnham was the first to break silence as her sister advanced.

"Perhaps you can explain this extraordinary proceeding of yesterday, Kate," she said, with an attempt to make her tone a severe one.

"Yes, Annie, I can:" and the crimson blush that mantled her face rendered her still more bewitching in Mr. Delanoy's eyes.

"It was all my fault. You see, when the lady and gentleman called, I did not at first understand what they wanted, and although I thought it very strange for Mrs. Percival to send any one to look at our rooms, I did not like to refuse them, and it was not until the lady said something about securing a comfortable home for the winter that I began to see through the matter, and then I was possessed by a spirit of mischief, and I showed the rooms as though we had kept a boarding-house for the last twenty years. I assure you I was sorry and ashamed the moment they had gone, but it was too late then."

Mrs. Farnham began a reproof which was intended to be severe, but a look at the down-cast face, in which contrition and mischief struggled for the mastery, turned her severity into a hearty laugh, in which they all joined. But a moment later Kate, with her blushes still upon her, said:

"Really I am dreadfully sorry, and if I could do anything to make amends——"

"I hope you will think no more about it," said Mrs. Delanoy, "although I assure you it is a great disappointment to me to have to give up the pretty rooms I had set my heart upon."

Shortly after the brother and sister took

their leave, though not without an interchange of promises to continue the acquaintance so oddly begun. In order to find out more about these charming people they drove straight to Mrs. Percival's, to whom they recounted the adventure.

"Why, my dear," said that lady, when she had heard the story, "I told you 284, not 248! The Farnhams are one of our oldest families—are immensely wealthy, and would as soon think of taking in washing as taking in boarders. But after all, there is no great harm done, and Fred, if you will come to my *soirée* on Thursday I will give you a genuine introduction to Miss Rogers, who, by the way, is heiress to a large property in her own right."

As may be imagined, Mr. Delaney was not the last of the arrivals at Mrs. Percival's on the Thursday evening, and one of the first he met on entering the rooms was the brown-haired lassie. Advancing to meet him with outstretched hand, she said, "I am so glad, Mr. Delaney, I have another opportunity of expressing how ashamed and sorry I am for that escapade of mine the other day."

Whatever the reply was it, was one which caused the pretty head to droop lower on his shoulder, and a rosy blush to mantle the face and neck.

Happening to think of her promise a little later in the evening, Mrs. Percival went in search of the couple, and, finding them very cosily ensconced in a sheltered nook in the conservatory, concluded that her intervention was not necessary. Nor was it, for all through the winter Fred was Kate's loyal and untiring knight, and in the early summer there was a wedding, and in the early autumn a cosy housewarming; and the newly-wedded couple did not take boarders.

## A Dinner of Herbs.

BY HATTIE WHITNEY.



**J**ACK and Flora had a quarrel at breakfast. Jack was often a little "cranky" in the morning, and so also was Flora, sometimes.

Flora remarked that there was hardly any wood in the box. Jack said he would not have time to get any then, as he was obliged to have the corn patch plowed in to-day. But how could she cook dinner?

Couldn't she get chips? No, she couldn't; she had already picked up all she could find; she tried to scrape some up in a pan before breakfast, and they were full of dirt. But Jack said there was a lot of pieces of pine and stuff in the workshop; she could get them, couldn't she?

Then Flora observed with rasping decision that she could not be hunting round for pine all the time, and that wood-box must be filled.

Then Jack obligingly remarked, that being the case, she was at liberty to fill it. Could he do forty things at once? Off he marched to

the barn. "Just look at the mean thing," said Flora to herself in rosy rage, "crushing my grass-pinks with his big feet." And then she covered her face with her gingham cooking apron and cried with a will. The June sun rose up higher and higher, and threw hot strips of light across the kitchen floor. The fire in the stove burned slowly away. A swarm of flies settled over the molasses jug, and the gooseberry jam, and the unwashed plates; and still Flora sat with her elbows on the table and cried. An old hen wandered in at the open door, and finding a crumb, called shrilly to her brood which came flying in hilariously. Flora loosened her slipper and kicked it off at the hen who went bustling out, scolding violently in indignation and astonishment. Then the cow came up to the bars and lowed lustily for her calf; so Flora, finding it impossible to sit still longer, rose and went out to milk. It was getting late now, and no work done. She tried to hurry, but things went wrong.

The ants had found their way to her milk-pans. She churned a fly up in the cream, and when she tried to pick it out of the butter with a straw, was disgusted and surprised at the number of legs, wings and heads the creature appeared to have. A bottle of catsup fell off of a shelf and broke itself, and her yeast soured. Then she sat down and had another cry.

"I wish there had never been a man invented," she sobbed; "then I would not have got into this muss, but would be safe at home with pa and ma."

But the dinner hour was drawing near, and people have to eat as we all know. So our much-tried heroine got up at last and went at it.

"Two sticks of wood and an old corn-cob to get dinner with," she muttered; "all right then. I vow I won't go poking about the workshop after pine. But of course I can't parch coffee, nor bake warm bread with no more wood, so Mr. Jack will get tea and cold bread if he does despise them." And Mrs. Flora with her temper in this sweet state went flying about like a little wasp.

Sometime after she had blown the dinner-horn spitefully, Jack stalked in, looking half sulky and half penitent. But when Flora explained frigidly why the dinner consisted wholly of cold bread, tea, lettuce, radishes and young onions raw, the penitence vanished and the sulkiness increased, and he did not drink the tea. Then he went off again, and Flora washed the dishes and swept the kitchen and took another cry, and had not the heart to comb her hair and put on a white apron, as she generally did in the afternoon. The fact was, she was beginning to feel a little remorseful when she thought of Jack out in the hot sun plowing. She had nothing more to do until supper time, while he was plodding away. And how could he plow when he had not had any dinner to speak of?

She would get up a good supper, and then if he chose to make any advances she would not scorn them. But of course it was his duty to speak first. She could not settle down to sew or read, but wandered about until she could begin supper. Then she broke her vow,

for she did go to the workshop and gather a market basket full of pine blocks, and shavings, and chips. She roasted her coffee, and made it strong and pungent. She made a pan of short buttermilk biscuit and a custard pie, fried ham and eggs and potatoes, and gathered a dishful of red raspberries. Then she stepped into the sitting room to see what time it was. It was quite time Jack was coming up. The lower edge of the sun had almost touched the blue hill-ridge, and the ruddy rays flung themselves against the wall opposite the window, and over a framed motto that Flora had herself once worked in green and scarlet.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," was what it said. Underneath it was a smaller one, "Blessed are the meek."

For the fourth time that day Flora sat down and wept. "Oh," she cried, "what good does it do me to read the Bible when I go and treat Jack so bad? It was Christ himself that said 'Blessed are the meek,' and I haven't been meek, nor patient, nor loving, nor anything that I ought to be; and I half starved poor Jack, and now the sun will go down before I can see him, and maybe something has happened to him; maybe he got sunstruck being out in the heat without any dinner." She wrung her hands and looked out of the window. The sun was dipping, and there was Jack leaning against a tree by the well, looking doleful.

Out she flew to him.

"Jack, Jack," she cried, "the sun is setting."

"Well," said Jack dryly, "I guess we'd better let it set, hadn't we?" "But, Jack, I want to tell you I—I'm so sorry." "Sorry the sun's setting? nonsense, Floss, it'll get up again." "But I mean we mustn't let it go down on our wrath, I'm sure." "Pshaw, pussy, there's no wrath for it to go down on. We may have been fools, but maybe the Lord will forgive us this time, so we won't gush; but let's go into supper, that is if there is anything to eat besides grass. And Flossie, the plowing is done and you shall have wood hereafter." "Oh, Jack, I'll never serve you such a trick again, wood or no wood." "You shall have the wood whether you do or not, but I'm glad to hear you won't, for I don't believe I could stand another dinner of herbs and no love therewith."

## Let not thy Tears.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

**L**ET not thy tears too freely fall,  
Restrain them, lest they weaken thee;  
Remember, God is over all,  
As soon, or late, thy soul shall see!

**R**ESTRAIN them! or if from thy heart  
The upward swell be all too strong,  
Wash off with them the bitterest part  
From grief; nor let them rankle long.

**L**OOK up and smile, even through thy tears!  
Sing! With thy heart against the thorn!  
The promise of more tranquil years  
In stormiest seasons oft is born!



## My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

(Continued from page 501.)

"THERE is one thing that makes me very indignant," says Miss Jennie, with a good deal of spirit, as she throws down the paper she has been looking over, while the rest of the class indulge in a little friendly chatter.

"You are fortunate if there is only one thing," observes Sophie Mapes, "for I can think of several sources of indignation myself."

"Oh, dear, yes!" says Jennie, "there's quantities of things I get excited about, but I am especially enraged when men say such things as this, — now listen, please, while I read a paragraph from an editorial in this paper:— 'The time is at hand which the delighted housewife hails with rapture as the season for fall house-cleaning. Marthas of our generation are busy with mop, broom, and scrubbing-brush, renovating and restoring and getting rid of the accumulated dust and dirt of the past half year. Now the chimney-sweep's cry is music to the feminine ear, and the noise of the carpet-beaters lulls her soul to repose.'

"Isn't that a vile slander?" she continues, throwing down the paper. "That is the kind of thing that puts me in a rage. The idea of intimating that women enjoy house-cleaning, and that is just the way they all talk. Instead of sympathizing and being sorry that we have the horrid cleaning to attend to, they pretend to think that we revel in it, and only do it to torment them."

"I really think," I say, laughing at the vigorous gestures with which Jennie emphasized her sentiments, "that most men do take rather an unfair view of the disagreeable necessity for annual and semi-annual house-cleaning. But I think housekeepers make it more of a bugbear than it need to be."

"Well, I hate the whole miserable business," sighs Jennie, "and if you know of a way to lighten it, I wish you'd instruct us in it."

"Hating it will surely not make it easier," says I.

"I suppose," suggested Sophie Mapes, "that a house that is kept clean will not have to be torn to pieces and scoured every six months."

"Quite true," I say; "there is a striking difference in the labor of cleaning a well-kept house and a neglected one. City houses, however, that are wholly or even partially closed during the summer, and perhaps the fall, need a thorough renovation before the usual routine of family life begins again. But the grand upheaval need not take place all at once; indeed there need not be any upheaval at all, but the process can be gradually and quietly carried on without disturbance to any of the home circle except those immediately concerned in the work."

"And this year that means me, at our house," says Jennie ruefully.

"It always means me," says Sophie, "but I am so used to it that I don't mind it now. My mother has been sick so long that I am beginning to feel quite old and experienced in household affairs."

"Well, I should think," says Miss Kitty, "that bringing over the obelisk and setting it up again, was a trifling feat in comparison with cleaning a house from top to bottom."

"Either would be difficult for a person who was

ignorant of the way to go to work to accomplish the object."

"I supposed," says Jennie, "that the proper way to clean house was to pull up all the carpets, open all the windows, so people could catch cold, set pails of soapy water in convenient places to trip folks up, and do everything one possibly could to make everybody generally and particularly miserable."

"If many women share your views," I say, "I am not surprised that men consider it an institution devised for their discomfort. No, if you want to do the thing in the best way, clean one room in a day, beginning in the morning, so the floor will be dry enough to allow of replacing the carpet in the afternoon. If you hire a woman by the day, of course you will want to keep her employed all the time, so the best way in that case will be to let her clean each day, first one of the rooms in constant use, and later in the day one that can be left carpetless over night without particular inconvenience. Or else, let her devote afternoons to cleaning the woodwork of rooms where the carpets are not to be taken up and shaken."

"Don't all carpets have to be taken up once a year?" asks a new member.

"No, heavy brussels, velvet, and similar carpets, in rooms that are not used all day long, can be left on the floor for several years with no other cleaning than conscientious sweeping will afford. I do not like to hear any one boast of great dispatch in cleaning house, for there are so many small details to attend to, that haste implies a lack of thoroughness. Make haste slowly, and see, as you go, that nothing is neglected. Look after the closets most particularly, take note of the contents, and after the shelves are washed and dried, restore each article to its place in perfect order. Take the opportunity to examine the wearing apparel laid away from the previous season, and determine what disposition to make of it. Select such articles as you decide to give away, and put them aside. Do not give a pile of things away indiscriminately, simply to get them out of the way (there is no real charity in such giving), but if you do not know, you ask some friend to tell you where worthy and destitute objects for your benevolence can be found."

"There's nothing worth giving away in our house," says one of the girls, whose mother is of necessity an admirable economist. "By the time the grown-up clothes have been cut down two or three times, to suit various sizes of children, they reach the last gasp and are ready for the ragbag."

"Don't put them there," says I. "I am quite certain that the clothes your little sisters cast off would be very useful to some of the destitute little children the city is full of. Try taking them to some of the juvenile asylums, or even the mission schools, and you will find your donation joyfully welcomed by the ladies in charge."

"We have a garret full of old clothes," says elegant Miss Kitty, "but I shouldn't want to go around like a peddler seeking for some one to take them off my hands."

"You have an aunt in Saint ———'s Church," says I; "just tell her that you are willing to make a benevolent disposition of some clothing, and she will take all trouble off your hands."

"I never thought of that," says Miss Kitty. I feel like making a few apposite remarks on the evil that is wrought from want of thought, but refrain, and return to the original subject with the statement that the cellar is a much-neglected, but quite important part of the house.

"I never go down cellar," says Jennie. "I'm afraid to."

"Afraid of ghosts, or burglars?" I ask, as we all laugh at her childish confession.

"I don't know what I'm afraid of, but I always have dreaded cellars; they are so dark and poky."

"I think that is an old-fashioned idea you had better get rid of as soon as you can," I say, "for it is very necessary for a housekeeper to go into the cellar often enough to see that it is kept in a proper state."

"What do you call a proper state?" asks Nellie Greene.

"A state of dryness and cleanliness," I promptly answer. "In these malaria-haunted times it is of the highest importance that there is neither dampness nor dirt to pollute the air that naturally rises, as either bad or good air will, and permeates the house. By dirt I do not mean dust, although that is not desirable, but dried, decayed, or forgotten vegetables, or any article of food. Quite often a few potatoes will be left unnoticed in the bottom of a barrel; cabbage leaves, celery tops, and various other things are also too often carelessly allowed to lie in the dark corners, and it is not too much to say that the emanations from a small amount of decaying matter of the kind may cause serious sickness. Too great precautions cannot be taken to make the air we breathe as sweet and wholesome as possible. I remember reading a few years ago of a whole family of children being cured of malaria and general debility by the discovery, and consequent cleaning out, of a mass of dirty dish and floor-cloths that were hidden from sight in a dark sink-closet."

"I am a great believer in the sanitary virtues of whitewash," says Miss Lucy Little. "I don't know much about it myself, but I have heard my mother say that scrubbing brushes and whitewash kept off doctor's bills."

"Your mother's theory is a good one," I assent, "and I strongly advise whitewashing a cellar. It not only sweetens the place, after the rubbish we have been talking of is removed, but it lights up the dark corners so that there is less danger of their affording shelter to obnoxious matter in the future."

"What are you going to do if the cellar is damp?" asks one of the girls.

"Light a fire in the furnace, of course," says Jennie promptly.

"But our cellar has no furnace."

"In that case," I say, "the windows should be opened to let the air in for a short time every pleasant day. They are probably very small, but a good deal of air can enter if the covers are removed from the gratings."

"I wish I was not the slave of duty," says Jennie, with mock solemnity; "for now you have made me see that it is my business to inspect the cellar, I shall feel obliged to take my life in my hand and go snooping down those dreadful dark stairs every few days, smelling about like a cat to detect any vegetable deposits our present rather unreliable cook may have left there; I shall make papa buy me a pistol and a bull-dog, though, if I have to make many subterranean trips."

## Western Homes.

CHARLIE'S AND MINE.

I DON'T know anything about Eastern homes. I was born in Iowa, lived two years in Illinois, and the rest of my life in Kansas. My travels have not extended outside those States. My father was rich, until his speculations resulted in respectable poverty, when I was sixteen.

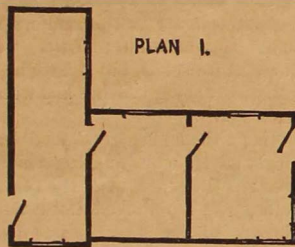
I have taught school in the country and boarded in a log cabin of one room. When it was time to retire the "man of the house" obligingly had occasion to go out to the stable, until I was in bed. Then the light was extinguished, and I knew no more. And I have visited among the wealthiest and most distinguished people of the

State; so I want to tell some of my Western sisters who may not have had the same chances for observation, how we make these small homes of ours pretty.

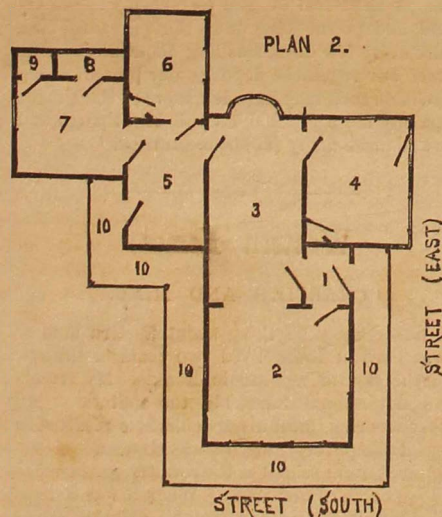
As I have begun in a bigoted manner to talk of myself, I may as well go on and get through with it, judging by myself that you want to commence always with the worst.

Charlie and I were engaged after quite a serious delay, owing to his scruples about marrying on a salary of two thousand dollars a year. But he became alarmed when he thought an old bachelor, with nothing plump about him but his purse, was going to walk off with me, and urged a speedy marriage. I was teaching at the time of the proposal, but I promised to "be his'n" as soon as my term should close.

The first thing thought of was a home. Charlie had just a thousand dollars to expend on one, and he proposed renting a large house and furnishing it with this money. But I had a vision of a little white cottage with green shutters, situated in a pleasant part of town, with beautiful grounds around it. No. 1 is the plan of the house as it stood when we bought it, and No. 2 is the plan of the house after we had made the additions.



I am afraid you will think this a very patchy-looking place, but it is a prime motto of my creed to have it pleasant inside, no matter what the exterior may be. But indeed it looks "cottagy" (as my little sister *naively* observed) and very picturesque. When Charlie carried the plan to the carpenter he made fun of it, and proposed raising the roof of the main part to make two rooms up stairs. Charlie thinking that I might not have thought of this, applied to me, but I pointed out the advantages of the one over the other, and he fully agreed with me.



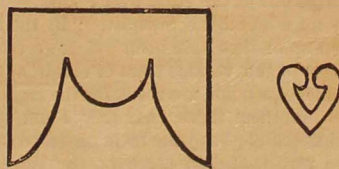
No. 1 is the vestibule, No. 2 the parlor, and No. 3 the sitting room. By placing the vestibule here it enlarged the sitting-room, which, having

but one window, inclined me to have a bay window. An arch divides the parlor and sitting-room. No. 4 is a bedroom. In one corner is a closet, which is simply made of pine boards, with an ordinary door, all painted to match the wood-work of the room. No. 5 is the dining-room, No. 6 another bedroom, No. 7 the kitchen, No. 8 the pantry, No. 9 the sink. Now the furniture. It did not come all at once you may be sure. We had been married three years before my house assumed its present aspect.

There is no need to describe the kitchen. Every housekeeper has her own idea of her kitchen, so we will commence with the dining-room.

Charlie has a strong affection for carpets, but I prevailed upon him to let me fix the dining-room floor as I liked. I could not get different colors of wood without great expense, so after having the old floor taken up, I had a new flooring put down of boards about three inches wide. Every alternate board I painted a very dark brown, in imitation of walnut. The intervening boards were left bare, and then I varnished the whole. The table was an "extension," a handsome sideboard, one of our wedding presents, on one side of the room, and the six chairs, cane-seated. The plastering on the walls of this room was very poor, and I had them papered with light brown, I believe the shade called "dauphin gray." The wood-work, which was painted when we bought it, was black walnut, and we had it scraped off and left bare. The blinds were "dauphin gray." I used no curtains or lambrequins, as the room was so small that any unnecessary would give it a yet smaller look.

The bedroom was likewise small, so I had it all white and blue. Remember that light colors make anything look large, and the reverse. The wood-work is white. The walls papered in light blue. The carpet blue and white ingrain. The blind to the one window is white muslin, with lambrequins of pale blue cashmere, bordered with a shade darker velvet. I must tell you how to make these lambrequins, they are admired so much. The blue cashmere was an opera cape of mine in my prosperous days, and is cut in this



shape. The border of blue velvet was cut in pieces thus: and button-hole stitched in yellow floss all around the lambrequin, where I have marked the border. As these pieces are placed together they form a scallop, which must be cut out. I had a cornice made at the furniture store of narrow gilt, like that used for picture frames. Charlie bought the bed at second hand; it was pretty and rather small, which was the main object in buying it. A white Marseilles spread, pillow, and sheet shams of white linen, edged with valenciennes lace, with a monogram in blue. The wash-stand was a queer little contrivance, with a place for everything and taking up very little room. But the dressing-case was the grand feature. Charlie had bought an old-fashioned high marble-top bureau with a little swing glass. I sent for the "furniture man," and this is what we did: The glass and marble-top were taken off. Then the top of the bureau and the top drawer were sawed off three inches; then the legs sawed entirely off, bringing it down four

inches more. The marble-top replaced, and a large, new mirror placed on top, and my dressing-case was "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." You should have seen Charlie open his eyes. The chairs are like the dining-room chairs, that they might be used in case of emergency. I made a cushion, and a "chair-scarf" covers both back and cushion.

Now the sitting-room and parlor. I will describe them together, because they are much alike, having only an arch between. The carpets are brussels, a "dauphin gray" ground with maroon fern leaves strewn over it. The walls are white, also the wood-work. The curtains are of maroon double-faced cotton flannel, and I embroidered them myself in yellow floss. They are hung on walnut rods with wooden rings, and have lambrequins of the same formed by turning the top of the curtain over, where it is fastened to the rings. Curtains in the arch are the same. In the bay-window are plants on brackets. Don't put your plants on a stand, they are in the way, and do not look so well. An aquarium occupies the center of the window, and most people have a bird-cage, but I don't like caged birds, so I have a hanging basket of sword-leaf fern hanging from the center, with ivy on each side. On one side of the bay-window is a foot-rest for Charlie, with an embroidered top of my own making, and near it a "sleepy-hollow" of maroon rep. On the opposite side is an embroidered footstool, and a chair, that I must tell you about. It was in the first place a cane rocking-chair, with a horribly marred frame. I painted the lower part black, and applied judiciously some decalcomanie pictures, then varnished it. Then made a cushion to cover the back and seat, fastened it on, and covered it all with maroon rep. No one ever dreamed that it was homemade unless I told them. Another chair in this room was treated in much the same manner. It was a large, shabby horsehair arm-chair. I painted this like the other, then took off the buttons, covered it with maroon rep, and replaced the buttons newly covered with rep. A heavy fringe on the arms and front of the seat gave it a finished look. The only other chair in the room was a wicker sewing-chair. In this room was our library. A library lamp hung from the ceiling in the center, and under it a small, dark marble-top table, with two slender silver and crystal vases upon it. A couch on one side of the room was another shabby horsehair affair which I had renovated. The parlor furniture was some of rep, some of velvet, but of different colors, and the chairs of different shapes. The windows in this room were "French," and a bouquet table placed in each. The piano has a cover of maroon, embroidered in yellow floss. A chandelier hangs from the ceiling, and under it is something—I don't know what it is called—I have only seen it in pictures. It is a circular arrangement to sit on, having a high center to lean against, with a seat running all around, like a tree with a seat around it. I had the frame made and covered it myself with rep.

Lastly, my spare bedroom. The walls and wood-work are white. The carpet a red and white ingrain. The furniture is a handsome set of walnut. The curtains are white bobinet, "darned," with red lambrequins. The bed-spread of white Marseilles with "shams" of "darned" bobinet. A "wall protector" over the wash-stand of the same over red linen; the "shams" are also placed over red linen. I could not afford silk. Two camp-chairs finish this room.

Now in regard to pictures. I have nothing but chromos and steel-engravings. I could not afford oil-paintings of the finest, and cheap oil-painting is abominable.

## Household Art.

NOVEL AND ÆSTHETIC PIANO DECORATION—DESCRIPTION OF HIGH-ART DECORATION—MANTEL VALANCE IN WHITE VELVET WITH DECORATION IN OILS—SLATE-COLORED CANVAS CURTAINS WITH BANDS OF EMBROIDERY—NOVEL AND BEAUTIFUL "HIGH-ART" WALL PAPERS—CHIMNEY-BREASTS OF EBONIZED WOOD—INDIAN FURNITURE IN "TEAK WOOD"—EMBROIDERED BANDS FOR TABLE-CLOTHS.

THE "new departure" in piano-decoration demands that not only the lid but the inside of the lid, the sides and the front shall be covered with artistic painting of a high order, both as to execution and design. The efforts of such artists as Millais, Alma Tadema, Burne Jones, and others of that "ilk," which certainly "plunges after the unfathomable" and succeeds in bringing up, instead of seaweed, the most lovely things that ever eye beheld, directs itself with singular success toward this new and beautiful branch of adornment. The fable of "Orpheus and Eurydice" furnished Burne Jones with a subject for his last piano-decoration, and all London rang with the tale of the eleven circular disks, of which each inclosed a design illustrative of this portion of mythological legend, and of which it is said that "for beauty of line and intensity of sentiment, neither morbid, nor affected, nor strained, nothing could excel this masterly design." It is surely a good thing for art and for artists that this new field for their labors should be opened, and good, also, for the performer, who, instead of contemplating an unadorned and barren field of lid, has now before his dreamy eyes some poetic subject, such as, to the artistic temperament, is more valuable than words can tell as a source of inspiration. Every branch of art helps to inspire its fellow. Thus, music gains by painting, sculpture by both, while literature helps each and all.

There is in process of manufacture in this city a piano of which the case is already adorned, the works alone being still incomplete. It is intended for a Christmas gift to a renowned foreign pianist. No expense will be spared to make the æsthetic adornment of the case worthy of the recipient of this truly magnificent gift. A part of the sides only remains to be completed. The subject chosen is the "Lorelei." Seated upon her enchanted rock the seductive siren sings her alluring song, and toward her the enamored youth for whom she so fatally voiced forth her silvery strains stretches his yearning arms. Below the rock glitters the sea, which will engulf the doomed lover of the sorceress, and upon it falls the intense light of the dazzling sun. Its rays illumine the golden hair of the singer, and the comb with which she parts her shining locks. She has won her dangerous game and the youth is hers, as her smile would tell. This section of the story covers the lid of the piano, which is raised on two supports, thus displaying it in an almost perpendicular position. On the inside of the lid is the second episode, where, having won him to her embrace, the siren draws the dying youth beneath the waters of the sea, upon which the moon now throws her mystic pallor. The figure of the Lorelei is here seen under the water, while that of the youth, entwined by her arms, sinks with her, the face alone remaining above the waves, where it receives the last rays of moonlight upon its death-stricken brow. Upon the rock, which projects above the water, lies a broken harp, a golden comb, and the blue mantle of the drowned lover. Nothing could be lovelier than the design and execution of this artistic conception. The front and sides of this exceptionally elegant case have branches of seaweed, coral, water-plants and

shells, and on the left, a velvet cap which appears to be cast up on that fated "rock of offense," while on the right is a shell holding a broken harp similar to that upon the projection above. In grace and in appropriateness of design it would be difficult to exceed this new and beautiful artwork, of which the contemplation to the favored few who will be allowed a private view of it, previous to its being shipped for foreign shores, will doubtless be of benefit. The coming exhibition will show what American art can do in piano-decoration. A very beautiful case is talked of, having an inlay of many-colored woods, forming a wreath of leaves surrounding a medallion containing a figure of the "Muse of Music."

Mantel hangings or valances have now become an accepted portion of household decoration, wherever the mantel remains, instead of the new style mantel-shelf or the "gallery" chimney place, with its "wall-laid" historical or religious painting above the hearth. Nothing is considered too costly as material upon which to paint or embroider a mantel valance, no pains ill-bestowed that serve to beautify these hangings, which are considered to constitute an elegant and highly-acceptable bridal, Christmas or birth-day gift. White velvet, for example, decorated with a wreath of orange-blossoms and leaves in oils, intermingled with fronds of that most exquisite of ferns, the "maiden-hair" is a late bridal gift. It is heavily fringed with white and green silk fringe, below which falls a row of balls of white carved wood fastened to the fringe, and which serves to keep the valance in place. For mantel-decoration above this superb hanging are two vases, four feet high, of "iridescent amber" glass-ware, over the rainbow-like surface of which trail smilax and white honeysuckle, imitated from the "Assyrian" pattern. The central ornament is peculiarly beautiful, being a large and unusually perfect conch shell, with a lining of pure color, in which reclines the figure of a nymph, sleeping. Above her is a cupid, who has climbed to the top of the shell and gazes at the sleeper. The mantel-valance, the vases, the nymph and shell are the joint present of three brothers to their sister, a bride, and the entire order is filled in this city.

In curtains, the favorites at present are of slate-colored canvas with wide bands of *appliqué* embroidery, "English style," the bands being of beetle-green velvet, on which are embroidered poppy-pods, lilies of the valley, and peacocks' eyes in natural colors. In the windows are set "window-screens" of straw-color and Bohemian-red glass, which cast a well-tempered and mellow shade throughout the room. The massive effect of the folds of canvas with the bands of velvet as contrast, is highly artistic, giving, as it does, added beauty to the background formed by the window-screens.

Nothing in household art has changed as have the wall-papers. These "art papers" were among the first to dwell upon the great beauty and superiority of taste evinced by the open-air landscape effects, as shown in the English hangings, by some progressive and æsthetic minds eagerly adopted with us. Now, it is beyond a doubt that the taste of certain innovations has made itself felt to a degree that warrants the belief in the rapid acceptance of "artistic wall-papers," wherever the purse can afford it. An example of marvelous beauty gives a wall-paper of dark maroon. The field has a scattering of the ever-lovely honeysuckle blossoms. Sections of fret-work and arabesque divide these spaces from one another at distances of five feet, and upon these sections hover many-hued insects and birds. In the left corner of the "field" is a half-wheel in oriental tints above a dado of geometric figures, intermingled with boughs of trees in natural colors. The

frieze is in arabesque of vivid cobalt blue, overlaid with dead gold. A very narrow border of gold, above and below, divides the field from the dado as well as from the frieze, and heightens the effect of foliage. A singularly beautiful wall-paper of high-art merit and tone has a field of dark blue, upon which stand white cranes and red flamingoes. The dado represents flags and reeds standing in water, and the frieze has a flight of water-flies, dragon-flies and small beetles. On the left of the grand section, which takes in an entire wall, is an immense Japanese fan, wide open, upon which is one of the huge water-monsters resembling nothing that is in, above, or under the earth, sky, or wave, but having the singular attraction which *grotesquerie* undeniably possesses for the art eye, and which the French so quickly recognize and so aptly imitate or originate.

High casings of "chimney-breasts" in ebonized wood are favorites for mantel-decoration. It may here be said that the amateur attempts to ebonize wood in order to save a few dollars at the upholsterer's or the decorator's establishment, are, as a rule, flat and ignominious failures. Those friends who say "very pretty" when contemplating such attempts, simply desire to spare the feelings of those who have failed to produce the desired hue. Better devote time to ceramic art, to water-color or oil-painting, than attempt to do what only decorators by profession really understand.

Indian furniture in "teak wood" has become of general adoption, and the designs being artistic, the effect is highly picturesque. A very great change in the aspect of a room is effected by the introduction of even one or two of these elegant and choice articles. Sandal-wood boxes and jewel caskets correspond befittingly with the huge Japanese vases so much admired, as also do the quaint idols which serve to adorn the mantel-shelves of chimney-fittings in recess. These fittings will, it is beyond a doubt, take the place, wherever the means to effect a change can be found, of the now wearisome and so-long-endured mirror above the mantel. Let the mirror be set elsewhere than above the mantel, unless it be a plate of glass backing mantel-shelves and set there solely for the purpose of reflecting and multiplying the objects of art placed upon such shelves.

The subject of household art demands that some mention shall be made of the branch which includes the novelties lately introduced into table-decoration. It is an accepted fact that to serve the dessert properly the millionaire, if even his less wealthy brother fails to do so, shall furnish the fruit growing upon the very tree, from superb majolica tubs set upon or near the table, and that from it his guests shall cull their oranges, peaches, plums, nectarines or apricots, their pears and apples. How all this must gladden the heart of the gardener and florist. But, apart from all this, the wife of the millionaire must expect to be looked upon as behind the times, and not "in the movement," if she fail to furnish a table-cloth of ivory-white raw silk or snow-white damask, with intersected embroidered bands of silk, either of red, blue, or sage-green, upon which are flowers or fruit, foliage or fantastic figures. Many designs are of the Kensington school and some are Japanese. The last are more sketchy and more easily cover large spaces. Foliage is less difficult than flowers. With care these cloths, which only cover their central square with embroidery will last an entire season, and care is taken by every well-bred guest to avoid injuring that which is, in point of fact, a work of art. *Epergnes* and many articles of table-adornment formerly fashionable, have been swept away by the innovatory movement which demands flasks, highly decorated and beautiful menu-cards; and the table-cloths here describ-

ed, and, as well, the superb painted plates and dishes, of which the imaginative merit is often such that the guest regrets the moment when the plate, dish or cup before him and his neighbor is removed. Art is everywhere; and here with us the nature of the stimulus it has received is undeniably in the right direction. A few years have done wonders, and it is beyond a doubt that a foreigner who visited the city of New York five years ago would scarcely recognize the interiors of houses where he was wont to while away an idle hour. Americans, as has been eagerly recognized abroad, carry into the department of art that naturally good *national taste*, so to speak, which they display in dress, and which is now quoted in the French capital. Nor is this surprising, for the eye of the "mother country," England, is trained by contemplation.

## Gossip about Clocks.

BY A STRIKING CONTRIBUTOR.

SUN-DIALS were the first instruments used in measuring time. Ahaz, king of Judah, caused a sun-dial to be made at Jerusalem.

To sun-dials succeeded sand-clocks, or hour-glasses, water-clocks, and "candle-clocks."

Water-clocks were formed of earthenware or metal vessels filled with water, and suspended over a reservoir whereon lines were marked, indicating the hours as the water dropped from an upper level. This remained in use until the tenth century of the Christian era.

"Candle-clocks" were tapers, on which were colored bands, indicating how much of the candle had been burnt in a certain time. This invention is attributed to Alfred the Great.

There are various opinions as to who invented the first clock not moved by hydraulic force.

By some it is attributed to Pope Sylvester II.

The first mention of it is in a book published in 1120, called *Les Usages de l'ordre de Citeaux*.

At the commencement of the twelfth century striking machinery existed. The celebrated clock at Dijon has two figures, a man and woman, which strike the bell of the clock to tell the hours.

There was no public clock in Paris until Charles V. had one constructed and placed in the tower of his palace.

It was made by a German, Henry de Wyck.

This clock was afterwards placed in the tower of the Palais de Justice, Paris. During successive periods it was enlarged and improved. Lund, Sweden, possessed a celebrated clock. It contained the figures of two cavaliers who met and gave each other as many blows as there were hours to be struck.

On the opening of a door, the Virgin Mary appeared, holding the infant Jesus in her arms. The Magi then came into view, followed by a retinue, and prostrating themselves, made their offerings. During this ceremony a trumpet sounded, and the procession slowly vanished to reappear the next hour.

Queen Elizabeth had a curious clock, in the form of an Ethiopian riding on an elephant. As the clock struck, four attendants made a low obeisance. There is an old clock at Lubeck which is quite a curiosity; as it strikes twelve, the figures of the Electors of Germany enter from a side door and inaugurate the Emperor, who is seated on a throne. Another door opens, the Saviour appears and gives a benediction, and amid a flourish of

trumpets from a choir of angels, the cavalcade retires.

Caroage, a Frenchman, in 1840 substituted the coiled spring for weights, thus facilitating the construction of small-sized clocks.

It was not until the seventeenth century that Huygens applied Galileo's discovery of the pendulum.

As soon as clocks became a household article, they were ornamented according to the ideas of the period. During the reign of Louis XIV. tortoise-shell was extensively used for ornamentation. Elaborate brass work was mingled with this, interspersed with bas-reliefs and figures.

Later bronze clocks, ornamented with brass, became fashionable. "Subject clocks" were also in vogue. These were adorned with various historical and mythological figures, medallions and armorial shields. The "cippus clock" represented a female figure leaning on a cippus, which contained a dial. Sometimes these figures stood on stands of alabaster, marble, or porcelain.

Frequently they were decorated with floral designs in porcelain, painted by the best artists of the day. To Brèguet France is chiefly indebted for the renown of its clocks. He was a native of Switzerland, but served his apprenticeship at Versailles, and was considered the greatest clock-maker of the age.

He made several improvements in clocks, and his sea-watches or chronometers became quite famous. He, by a design of his own, preserved the equality of the chronometer, which would naturally be disturbed by the rolling and pitching of the vessel. One of the grandest things in the way of a clock is that of Westminster Palace, London. The four dials face the four points of the compass, and are so large that it has been said there are few rooms in London that would contain one of them on the floor. They are more than twenty-two feet in diameter, and the figures on them are two feet high, while the minute hand is eleven feet long. The pendulum weighs nearly seven hundred pounds; the total length is fifteen feet. The accuracy of this giant clock is remarkable. It is less than one second wrong on two hundred days in the year. The Strasburg clock is too well known to need description. A similar clock, perhaps even more remarkable, was made by a watchmaker of Pennsylvania, Stephen Engle, who was twenty years in bringing his work to perfection. The clock is eleven feet high, at its base it is four feet wide, and at the top about two. The figures are nine inches high, and consist of the Saviour, the Apostles, Satan, the three Marys, and a cock which flaps its wings and crows. A few minutes before the figures appear, an organ inside the clock plays an anthem. This organ is capable of producing five tunes. Before the figure of the Saviour appears, bells are rung. The motion of the clock brings the procession into view four times in the hour. There are other figures, some stationary and others moving. On the striking of a bell several of these appear. This clock not only tells the hours, but the moon's changes, the tides, the seasons, the days, and day of the month.

## Crest Albums.

To make a crest album it is necessary to consult books of heraldry, such as can be found at public as well as private libraries. The crests of those families which have attained the highest historical celebrity in all ages and countries are then carefully copied in water-colors, gold being used where "or" is indicated, silver for "argent," and all the tints followed with carefulness and extreme exactitude. Either a page is devoted to

each crest, or, by skillfully reducing the dimensions, four or even eight crests are introduced upon a page. Delicate imitations of the scroll-work or other designs of frames are then traced around each crest; squares, medallions and ovals being their forms. For the back of these albums satin is the present fashion, highly decorated, as, for example, with a crusader's helmet, out of which appear to fall crests of all kinds artistically colored, or the pommel of a sword into which is thrust a scroll with heraldic mottoes.

## The Toilet.

Taken from the *Recipes of a Celebrated and Beautiful Woman*.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

FOR CLEARING THE COMPLEXION.—Infuse a handful of well-sifted wheat bran for four hours in white wine vinegar. Add to it the yolks of five eggs and two grains of musk. Distil the whole. Bottle it and keep it well corked for fifteen days, when it will be ready for use. Apply the mixture on retiring, and wash it off in the morning with tepid water.

A SAFE COSMETIC.—Scrape a medium-sized root of horseradish into a pint of milk and let it stand in a warm oven three hours. Bottle and cork tightly. Use this wash after washing the face.

A CURE FOR PIMPLES.—Mix together purified lard, one ounce; almond oil, one-half ounce; citron ointment, one and a half ounces. Perfume with oil of bergamot, and apply just before retiring.

Freckles may be removed, it is said, by bathing the skin with distilled elder-water or using the honey-wash. The honey-wash is prepared by mixing one ounce of honey with a pint of lukewarm water. It is used when cold.

TO SOFTEN THE SKIN IF ROUGH.—Rub clarified honey vigorously into the parts affected, each time after washing, and allow it to remain for at least an hour. Then rub off with cold cream.

TO REMOVE SUNBURN AND TO PREVENT THE SKIN FROM CRACKING.—Melt two ounces of spermaceti in a pipkin, and add two ounces of oil of almonds. When they are well mixed and have begun to cool, stir in a tablespoonful of fine honey and continue to stir briskly until cool. Put in small jars. Apply it on going to bed, after washing the face, and allow it to remain on all night.

VIOLET POWDER.—Wheat starch, six pounds; orris-root powder, one pound; otto of lemon, one-quarter ounce; bergamot, one-eighth ounce; cloves, one drachm.

A cheap powder may be made without much trouble by mixing one pound of starch with four ounces of bismuth.

ROSE POWDER.—Rice starch, seven pounds; rose pink, one-half drachm; otto of rose, two drachms; santal, two drachms.

SUNBURN AND TAN DESTROYER.—Carbonate of potassium, three drachms; common salt, two drachms; rose water, eight ounces; orange flower water, two ounces. Mix well, and apply with a piece of linen.

AN ASTRINGENT POWDER FOR THE TREATMENT OF PIMPLES AND BLOTCHES ON THE SKIN.—Alum, one pound; white sugar, one pound; gum-arabic, one ounce; carmine, one ounce. Mix and reduce to an impalpable powder. When used, tie up loosely in a bag of gauze or muslin, and the latter rubbed over the skin.

**WHITE LIP SALVE.**—Spermaceti ointment, one-half ounce; balsam of Peru, one-quarter drachm. Mix well, and apply a thin coating before going to bed.

**ANODYNE OINTMENT FOR CHAPPED LIPS.**—Syrup of opium, one ounce; lard, three ounces; essence of roses, four drops. Apply frequently.

**BALSAM FOR CHAPPED LIPS.**—Two teaspoonfuls of clarified honey; add eight drops of lavender water, and apply every few hours.

**ROSE LIP SALVE.**—Almond oil, one-half pound; spermaceti, two ounces; white wax, two ounces; alkanet root, two ounces; otto of roses, one-quarter ounce. Place wax and spermaceti in a vessel heated by a warm bath. After they melt they must digest on the alkanet root to extract its color, for five hours. Then draw through fine muslin, and add the perfume just before it cools.

**RED LIP SALVE.**—White wax, four ounces; olive oil, four ounces; spermaceti, one-half ounce; oil of lavender, 20 drops; alkanet root, 2 ounces. Macerate the alkanet three or four days in the olive oil. Then strain, and melt it in the wax and spermaceti. When nearly cold, add the oil of lavender, and stir till firmly set.

**FOR WEAK EYES.**—Take rose leaves (the more the better) and boil them until they are reduced to a pulp. Strain the liquid into a bottle and cork tight. Wet a linen bandage with the liquid, and lay upon the eyes just before going to sleep.

**FOR WEAK EYES.**—Powdered alum, one-half drachm; white of one egg. Agitate well till a coagulum is formed. Saturate a piece of soft linen, and lay on the eyes.

**THE TEETH.**—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of water; before quite cold, add there to one teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh, and one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor. Bottle the mixture for use. This solution, applied daily, preserves and beautifies the teeth, extirpates all tartarous adhesion, produces a pearl-like whiteness, arrests decay, and induces a healthy action of the gums.

**JOURN'S DENTIFRICE.**—Powdered Peruvian bark, one ounce; orris root, one-half ounce; sage leaves, one-half ounce; myrrh, one-half ounce. Mix by sifting.

**LUBIN'S TOOTH POWDER.**—Powdered charcoal, four ounces; Peruvian bark, two ounces; myrrh, one ounce. Mix well and sift fine.

**CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.**—Cayenne pepper, four ounces; rectified spirits, twelve fluid ounces. Macerate for seven days, then strain.

**TOOTHACHE DROPS.**—Opium, ten grains; camphor, ten grains; oil of cloves, one drachm; cajuput, one drachm. Alcohol sufficient to make a thin liquid.

**VIOLET MOUTH WASH.**—Tincture of orris, one-half pint; esprit de rose, one-half pint; spirits, one-half pint; otto of almonds, five drops. Shake thoroughly, and rinse mouth after eating, when breath is bad.

## Correspondents' Class.

THIS department is intended exclusively as a means of communication between those who have questions to ask in regard to art decorative, industrial, or art proper, and those who have information to give to those seeking it. Questions in regard to literary and social matters, household, fashions and the like, belong to the department of the Ladies' Club. The "Class" must adhere strictly in future to its original purpose.—(Ed.)

**"HOME DECORATION."**—Cutting the glass is the next step after making the drawing. This operation is a purely mechanical one, but requires a certain amount of skill, and consists in laying a

piece of glass of the color required upon the cut line, and cutting it exactly to the shape by means of a diamond. Should the glass be found to be too dark for the shape to be seen through, it can be breathed on, and a little fine whitening dusted on it from a pounce-bag—which is a small piece of linen or fine muslin, tightly tied, containing some fine, dry whitening—and then by placing it beneath the drawing, and following the lines with a pointed stick, the shape will be found marked on the glass, and can be easily cut.

2. *Matting the Surface.*—Having laid out the pieces of glass which are to be painted upon the cutting drawing, they should be well cleaned to remove all greasiness. The next operation is to trace the outlines of the patterns drawn upon the cartoon, on the upper or cut side of the glass, and this may be done either in water color or in oil. The greatest difficulty in painting glass arises from the tendency of the pigment to wash up, in consequence of there not being on the surface of glass what practical painters call "key," or "tooth," and a second stroke of the brush frequently takes off that which the first has deposited. To obviate this difficulty, some foreign artists paint only on glass whose smooth surface has been removed by rubbing with sandstone or emery—ground glass, in fact—but this spoils the effect completely; for the brilliancy being utterly destroyed, the painting is no better than those paper imitations of stained glass sold under the name of Diaphanie. A far better method of overcoming the difficulty is to mat the glass with color. To do this, take a little painting color and grind it on the slab with the glass muller, and, after mixing a few drops of solution of gum with it, lay a slight wash on the surface of the glass with a flat camel-hair brush, and render it even by drawing a tool, termed a badger, across it in various directions until it is of uniform smoothness. The gum must not be in too great a quantity, as then there would be a difficulty in removing such portions of the mat as might require it.

3. *Stippling.*—This is another method of putting the mat upon glass, which, when executed in a proper manner, is very effective—especially in large work, where there are considerable masses of shade. It is termed "stippling," and is managed by laying a water mat upon the glass and rapidly dabbing it whilst in a wet condition with the end of a brush made expressly for the purpose. It gives a peculiar granular effect to the mat, and is much to be preferred to the flat mat for intense shadows. It is, however, rather difficult to manage properly, and is apt to produce a peppery appearance.

4. *Tracing the Design.*—The piece of glass is now laid upon the drawing, and the pattern put on it with the tracing color, by means of a small brush termed a tracing pencil. During the operation of tracing, it is usual to employ the assistance of a rest. To trace in water proceed as follows: Procure a glass muller and slab, and a glass of clean water; take a little of the pigment used as tracing color—it may be brown or black—and with water grind it to a smooth paste; then with the addition of either sugar, a few drops of a solution of gum-arabic, or a little treacle, the color is ready for use. In the case of mixing color for oil tracing, it must be ground up in turpentine, and fat oil substituted for the sugar, treacle, or gum. The object of these vehicles is to facilitate the laying on of the color, and to cause it to adhere more closely to the glass. In tracing work, be careful to keep the pattern well within the edges of the glass. Recollect that the lead used by the glazier will require at least a sixteenth of an inch all round each piece.

**FAN PAINTING ON SILK AND SKIN.**—Having procured the prepared silk, stretch it carefully on a board or fan cartel, and commence by indicating

the outline of the design with a fine pencil or brush in faint color, supposing the subject to be a simple one; but, if complicated, it may be first drawn upon paper, and then traced through upon the silk by red chalk or red transfer paper. In commencing the painting, first lay on the middle tints, using sufficient Chinese white to give a body to the colors; then put in the shades with pure transparent washes, avoiding the use of Chinese white, which would make the colors appear dull and cloudy. Then put in the high lights with plenty of white mixed with the color, or, to obtain more brilliancy, put in the lights with white alone, and, when thoroughly dry, tint them delicately over with the suitable color, used without white. Where the colors do not take freely, a little prepared ox-gall may be used with them.

**HOW TO BRONZE WOOD, CHINA, GLASS, ETC.**—One method of bronzing wood, china, glass, metal, etc., consists in the application of fine bronze powders, differently colored, and of a concentrated solution of 30 degrees B. of soluble glass, prepared with potash, or silicate of potash. The articles to be bronzed are first coated by a brush with a thin and uniform layer of soluble glass, after which the bronze powder is put on by means of a dredger. The objects treated are then dried in the air or in a room at a moderate heat, and the superfluous bronze powder which has not been attached to the glass is brushed away with a large camel-hair brush. The bronze powder and glass are so thoroughly united, and adhere so firmly to the objects treated, that they cannot be taken off by washing either with spirits, ether, or water. They can also be burnished with an agate burnisher. Where stoves and fire-places have been treated in this manner, the application will not be injured by the heat. A very useful application of this process is the renovating of worn or damaged picture-frames, cornices, etc. As bronze powder is made in different colors and shades, the application of this process for ornamental purposes is capable of much extension.—*Design and Work.*

**"ART STUDENT."**—The prizes were offered by Mr. Prang for the four best original designs for Christmas cards, and the money—two thousand dollars—was divided into four parts of \$1,000, \$500, \$300 and \$200. Two young ladies, Miss Rosina Emmett, of New York, and Miss Anne Goddard Morer, won the first and last; the second and third were obtained by male competitors, Mr. Alexander Sandier and "Unknown."

There was considerable surprise at the awarding of the prizes, neither of the designs being such as would be likely to be most popular with the public, and none showing the originality expected or demanded so much as others which received no recognition at all. The prize design exhibits a row of white surpliced boys singing carols, and passion flowers on a gold and olive ground. The reason why it was selected, was not because it was the most artistic piece of work, but the best that contained the complete Christmas idea. All the prize sketches are figure designs, the last showing a baby, surrounded by cherub heads. Six hundred designs were submitted, and as a rule they were poor; the merit in them being copied, and the art very cheap indeed. An exception—of course there were others—but this was the work of an amateur, and was executed in the leisure of six days preceding the opening of the exhibition. This was strong and good, so good that the judges dared not award it a prize, for fear it might be stolen!

## QUESTIONS.

**"COR. CLASS.**—Will you give directions for the following processes in glass painting?

"1. 'Tacking' the colors.

"2. Taking out the lights.

"3. Sticking-up.

HOME DECORATION."

# YOUNG AMERICA

## Where the Harebells and Violets Grow.

BY ELIZABETH KIRKWOOD.

(Continued from page 508.)

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

"NELLIE! Nellie! wake up, this is my birthday!"

"Oh!" cried Nellie, starting up, "so it is; I had forgotten. Let's hurry, and see what it is that they made such a mystery over last night."

"I can't imagine," said Kittie; "and Fred has been hinting all sorts of things for the last month. Let me see. I did tell papa that I would like a Maltese kitten—a real Maltese, you know; but he doesn't like cats very much, and I don't believe he would care to have any more about. What can it be? A dog, perhaps?"

"I don't think it is a dog," replied Nellie, "from what Jack said to me last night."

"Does Jack know, then? What was it he said?"

"Oh! he told me not to tell you; but it wasn't anything much—just one of his dark mysteries. He loves to puzzle people."

"Well, I should love to know."

"We shan't have long to wait, now. I'm nearly dressed, aren't you?"

"I've got half my things on wrong side out, I do believe! This skirt is wrong, anyway. Turn it, Nell; Sarah says it is bad luck to turn anything yourself that you put on wrong side out."

"Sarah is always talking about luck. I don't believe in her signs, do you?"

"Oh! no; mamma says there is no truth at all in them; but you know one has a feeling about it."

"Yes; my nurse told if I put my left foot out of bed first I should be cross all day, and I took the greatest pains for the longest time to put out my right one first; but I don't mind it now. I'm too old to be so silly."

"You're nine, aren't you?"

"Most ten."

"I'm ten to-day. That's pretty old, isn't it?"

"It's half of twenty," said Nellie, gurgling out her words from the depths of the basin.

"Twenty! that's grown up. Miss Leslie isn't much more than that, and she is going to be married soon. I'm glad I'm not so old yet; for I wouldn't want to marry anybody."

"Wouldn't you marry Jack if you were grown up?" asked Nellie with much interest, as she rubbed her face with the towel and shone forth fresh and rosy.

"Well—I wouldn't mind Jack, perhaps."

This interesting conversation was cut short by the entrance of Miss Leslie. "Good-morning, children. A happy birthday, Kittie. Here is a little gift for you, my dear," and she handed Kittie a little box.

Kittie opened it and found a tiny cross woven of bright brown hair, with little gold tips and a long piece of scarlet velvet passed through the ring.

"O Miss Leslie!" she cried. "How kind of you! It is perfectly lovely. Thank you ever so much," and she threw her arms around Miss Leslie's neck and kissed her.

"I am glad you like it. Let me tie it around your neck. There—how is that?"

"Just perfect," said Nellie.

"Yes indeed. I always wanted a little cross, and it was so very kind of you to get it made of your hair, Miss Leslie."

"Well, hurry now; for there is something else waiting down at the door, and the boys are dancing with impatience."

"I am nearly ready," said Kittie; "but I haven't said my prayers yet."

She found her thoughts wandering sadly as she repeated her prayers over slowly; but she tried her best to restrain them, and succeeded pretty well.

"Now we are all ready," said Nellie.

They ran down-stairs and found Mr. and Mrs. Clair guarding the front door, and heard a strange stamping noise on the gravel outside. After kissing the little girls good-morning, Mr. Clair opened the door a chink, and called out: "All ready, boys?"

The girls could hardly hold their impatience when Fred answered at first: "Wait one minute, if you please, papa." And then a moment after both the boys cried: "Now, all right!"

Mr. Clair threw open the doors and there, outside, was—what do you think? A large, pure white goat with a complete harness, attached to the prettiest little goat carriage, with seats for two! Kittie screamed with delight; Nellie danced and clapped her hands, while Fred and Jack expressed their satisfaction by shouting at the top of their lungs. Mr. and Mrs. Clair and Miss Leslie stood smiling on the broad verandah, and Kittie thanked them joyfully.

"Jump in, both of you," said Mr. Clair, "and take a drive around the lawn before breakfast."

So they climbed into the carriage while Jack cracked a little whip, and all started off merrily, the boys running by the side. They drove around the lawn several times, disregarding the breakfast bell, and could have gone on all day, but Mr. Clair called them, and they reluctantly left the goat tied within reach of a little grass, while they went in to breakfast. But their appetites were quite taken away. They could think of nothing but the goat, and the carriage, the little whip, and the harness.

Kittie showed her little cross to all, and they admired it much. When she sat down at her place she found a tempting-looking square brown paper parcel on her napkin. Of course the string was tied in a hard knot, just because she was in such a hurry; but she got it loose at last, and found a new story book with a bright blue cover, from Jack and Nellie.

"How nice it looks," she said, turning the pages and looking at the pictures, after she had thanked them both. "I wish I might read a story instead of eating my breakfast."

"Let's keep it for a rainy day, Kit," said Fred; "and have it read aloud, won't you?"

"Well," replied Kittie, "if you like."

"I have received answers from the invitations," said Mrs. Clair. "All are coming except Helen Ryder, who has a severe cold."

"How many altogether?" asked Mr. Clair.

"Not more than a dozen. We must make our arrangements in time, for we have a good deal to do."

"May we help?" asked Jack.

"Perhaps so. I don't know yet. We shall call upon you if we need you."

"You'll be sure to come home early, papa," said Kittie as she bid him good-by at the door; "and if you could only get into the goat carriage I

would give you a drive; but you are too big, I'm afraid."

"Rather," answered her father, laughing, as he returned her kiss.

"Now, boys, you may hang these lanterns on the trees all around the lawn, and then I'll give you something else to do," said Mrs. Clair. "And I think the goat ought to have a little rest before the afternoon; for every one will want a ride. Take him off to Martin now."

Kittie could hardly bear to let him out of her sight, but she patted his head affectionately and watched Fred as he trotted him off to the stable. Then she and Nellie went in and helped to arrange the parlors, and they were so much interested in pushing and pulling the furniture about to make the most room that it was luncheon time before they knew it. Mr. Clair came home early, bringing Mr. Allan with him, for Kittie had sent him a special invitation. After dinner Mrs. Clair sent the children up-stairs to rest for an hour before getting dressed. They could not sleep for excitement, but lay laughing and talking; and the boys, who were dressing in the next room, gave an occasional thump on the door by way of salute. When Miss Leslie came up to tell them it was time to dress, they were quite ready to get up.

"How nice you look, Miss Leslie," said Nellie. "That curl at the side is so becoming, and you look lovely in white."

"Silk stockings are nicer than the other kind, aren't they, Nell?" remarked Kittie, as she surveyed her slippered feet with satisfaction.

"Yes, indeed. But don't waste your time. My hair is brushed. Will you tie my ribbon, Miss Leslie, and help me on with my dress, please?"

"Certainly. There—that's done. What a lovely shade of blue this is."

"Yes, and the sash matches. Mamma likes blue."

"Mine is scarlet," said Kittie. "It suits my complexion better than blue. I'm not fair like you, but dark like papa."

"Come, little Vanity, never mind your complexion," said Miss Leslie; "put on your dress now."

Kittie got her dress carefully over her curls and stood pretty still while the sash was tied. "Now the little cross," she said. That was tied around her neck, and they were ready.

The invitations had been given for five o'clock, and they went down a quarter of an hour before. Mrs. Clair and Miss Leslie had dressed the room very prettily with flowers while the children were resting. The two boys were waiting with Mrs. Clair, and had put on a solemn behavior with their best clothes. They admired the little girls much, and indeed they did look very sweet with their happy faces and their pretty white dresses.

A little after five, carriage-wheels were heard, and the lawn was soon covered with children. The goat was wondered over, petted, admired on all sides, especially by the boys, who each, by turns, took one of the little girls a drive around the lawn, to their delight. The number of boys and girls was equal, and each girl wondered if she would be chosen by the boy she liked best. Jack obstinately refused to drive any one but Kittie, and Kittie said that as it was her party it would not be polite for her to leave her guests to drive with him, when she might do so any day.

"Fiddle!" said Jack. "You don't want to go with me, that's it. Why don't you say so right out? Very well, miss, then you needn't." And Jack went off with his nose in the air, and asked Flora Ward to drive with him. She accepted at once.

Now Flora Ward was the one of Kittie's friends whom she least liked. She was a very pretty little girl, but affected and full of little flirting ways that annoyed Kittie. Still the child remembered her duty as hostess, and without displaying any

displeasure, joined a game of croquet that was just forming. Charley Ryder was her partner, and seemed proud of his position. Miss Leslie and Mr. Allan came up at this moment, and to the children's great glee asked if they might join the game. They were soon deep in the contest, and enjoying themselves vastly, and Jack might have spared himself the trouble of walking past with Flora, and looking haughtily at Kittie, for she was so much interested that she never saw him.

Nellie was at the other side of the lawn, where the swing was, with several others, and they seemed to have a pretty good time, for merry shouts of laughter came ringing across to the others.

At seven o'clock they all went in to supper. But Jack ignored Kittie entirely, and remained studiously attentive to the pretty Flora, and as he was just opposite, Kittie could not, this time, avoid seeing him. She found it very hard to keep her attention on Charlie Ryder and several other boys, who passed mottoes to her, piled the sweetest candies by her plate, and tried in every way to make themselves pleasant; for Kittie was a favorite with all her friends, and especially with the boys. She liked them all too; but then Jack was a special friend; she loved him next best to Fred, and she felt hurt at his desertion.

Fred was here, there, and everywhere, and made himself extremely popular by his funny speeches and gallant actions.

They were a good while at supper, and when they went out again, all the lanterns were lit, shedding a mellow light over the lawn and garden.

"It is perfectly lovely!" cried the girls.

"Perfectly lovely!" mimicked the boys.

"Oh! let's have a game of croquet by this light," said Minnie Colville.

The others agreed, and the game was played. Then Miss Leslie began to play for them to dance, and two long lines were formed for Sir Roger de Coverley, Fred leading with Nellie.

"It is like Fairy-land," said Nellie when she got a chance to speak.

"Just as nice as coffee in the woods out of tin cups, ain't it?" laughed Fred in reply.

"Ever so much nicer," said Nellie.

"Why, you are growing artificial, Nell. Have you been taking a lesson from Flora, yonder? see how she dances with her head on one side. Watch me now: is that like her?"

"Don't, Fred," whispered Nellie, "she will hear you and think you rude."

"Well, then," said Fred, straightening his head and relaxing his smirk, "I won't."

Miss Leslie played them a waltz and a polka when they were tired of Sir Roger, and after that Mrs. Clair called them in, fearing they might take cold in the evening air after dancing. They played several games in the parlor, and then begged Mr. Allan for a story. Kittie had been spreading his fame. They gathered around him with earnest faces while he related a story so marvelous that even Kittie's expectations were outdone, and the carriage came for Minnie Colville and her sisters just as it was ended.

Presently the others were sent for, and soon all were gone. The lights in the lanterns were put out, and the children discovered that they were tired.

"I have spent a very happy birthday," said Kittie as she bade them good-night. "Thank you

all, and especially Mr. Allan; for, next to the goat, his story was best of all."

Mr. Allan appreciated this high praise, and shook hands very cordially with Kittie.

As they all stood in the hall up-stairs, Jack turned to Fred and said: "Isn't that Flora Ward a stunner?"

"She is pretty," replied Fred, "but somehow I don't fancy her; she has a silly way."

"Oh!" said Jack decidedly, "she's a stunner."

Kittie vanished into her room without saying good-night, and Jack went off whistling.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A QUARREL.

KITTIE did not say good-morning to Jack the next day, and during the whole day they managed to get along without speaking one word to each other, and yet neither Nellie nor Fred noticed it. They all played together as usual, but they managed to avoid each other at every turn, and in-



A LARGE, PURE WHITE GOAT WITH HARNESS COMPLETE, ATTACHED TO THE PRETTIEST LITTLE GOAT CARRIAGE, WITH SEATS FOR TWO.

deed this went on for several days. At last Mrs. Clair observed it, and wondered what could have separated such firm friends; but she prudently forbore to take any notice, hoping they would make it up in their own way.

"Let's drive the goat to the woods to-day," said Fred, one bright morning. "We can take turns. I'll drive with Nellie, then get out and walk, and you'll drive with Kit for a while, and so on. What do you say?"

"All right," answered Jack.

"I don't want to go," said Kittie; for by this time she had magnified Jack's little desertion into the greatest degree of baseness, and she would not drive with him till he said he was sorry.

"Very well. If you want to spoil our fun you may; but we'll go by ourselves. I suppose your serene mightiness won't object to lend us the goat?"

"Oh! no; take him," said Kittie, and then she turned back toward the house; for she felt a choking in her throat, and the tears started to her eyes.

Jack looked after her half repentantly, but

turned away with Fred, and they went off to the woods together, while Kittie and Nellie took books to the little summer-house and spent the morning there.

"I think Jack is real mean," said Nellie, for she had now found out that there was a quarrel, and sided, of course, with her friend.

Kittie did not answer, and they were soon absorbed in the stories.

In the afternoon the boys went fishing, without even asking the girls; so they sat in the summer-house with their dolls and books till they saw Mrs. Clair and Miss Leslie going out of the gate. They dropped their books, snatched up their hats, and ran after them.

"Where are you going, mamma?" cried Kittie.

"To evening prayers, my dear."

"Oh! to be sure. This is Friday. I quite forgot. May we go?"

"If you like. Does Nellie want to come?"

"Yes, please," replied Nellie.

"Then put on your hats a little straighter and run on."

They walked on till they were near the little church, and heard the sweet-toned bell ringing. Just then Fred and Jack appeared, coming toward them, each carrying a little string of fish.

"Hello!" they cried, running up; "see our fish. We met Abe's father and he showed us the best places. We never had such luck before!"

The fish were duly praised. "You may have them cooked for tea, boys," said Mrs. Clair, as they moved on. "They look very nice, and I am glad you enjoyed yourselves. Good-by. Have you noticed," she continued, turning to Miss Leslie, as the little girls walked in front, "that these children have been quarreling?"

"Why, no. Have they?" asked Miss Leslie, surprised.

"Yes. There is something wrong between Kittie and Jack, and by noting everything, I find that it is something about little Flora Ward. Jack was with her a good deal on Kittie's birthday, and I know Kittie dislikes her. I think they have had a misunderstanding about it in some way, and neither will give way. I am very sorry they have disagreed."

"They will make it up soon, I am sure," replied Miss Leslie. "Kittie never keeps angry long. She is very amiable by nature, and so, I think, is Jack."

"I know," said Mrs. Clair, "and I hope it will soon pass over. I think we had better not interfere, but I thought I would tell you, in case you might see some way to bring about a reconciliation." And then they went into the church.

The sun was setting, and threw bright rays through the stained windows, some of which were open to let in the soft summer air. A sense of quiet and peace stole over Kittie's heart as she knelt. She thought of her quarrel with Jack, and determined to make up, even though she was sure she had not been the first to blame; and she felt impatient to get home that she might see him.

When prayers were over they walked home by the quiet road, treading on the fresh grass, and passing by pretty daisies that drooped their heads in the twilight. The sun had gone down by the time they reached the house, and a long streak of red alone was left of all the radiant clouds. A tall, lonely pine-tree stood out in gaunt relief against the sky, and a whippoorwill sang mournfully from one of its lowest branches.

Kittie leaned against one of the verandah pil-

lars and looked around her after the others had gone into the house. She loved this time of the day better than any other, for it was one of her "good hours," as she expressed it. The fun and frolics of the day over, with the quiet of evening came a time of reflection. The crickets were chirping merrily, and the red streak had faded and turned dark blue, when Nellie came out to look for her.

"Why, Kittie!"

Kittie started as if from a dream, and turned round.

"I declare and vow, I believe you were *thinking*, Kit!"

"So I was."

"I didn't know you ever did."

"Oh! sometimes," replied Kittie, as she went into the house.

"Miss Leslie is in the parlor," said Nellie. "Shall we ask her to play for us?"

"Yes, I love to hear her play in the twilight."

They found Miss Leslie at the western window, watching the sky as Kittie had done.

"Why, you too!" cried Nellie. "Everybody is thinking to-night. Would you mind playing for us?"

"What shall it be?" asked Miss Leslie as she took her seat before the piano.

"Some of the 'Songs without Words,'" answered Nellie.

"Yes," said Kittie; "play 'Consolation.'"

Miss Leslie played, while the little girls stood looking out at the evening clouds that went drifting across the sky, and at the new moon peeping out behind them. The soft strains of music and the peaceful hour helped to confirm Kittie in her good resolutions, and she fully intended to "make up" with Jack as soon as he came down. But the tea-bell, ringing loudly, put an end to all such thoughts, and Jack came noisily down-stairs with Fred, and they went directly to the tea-table without going near the parlor. Miss Leslie stopped playing, lit the light dimly, and then they went to tea. The boys were anxiously examining the fish, and trying to point out to Mrs. Clair those they had each caught; but Ann had browned them so evenly that they looked much alike.

"Well, anyway, we each caught four. Wasn't it funny? just the same," said Jack.

"And we each caught a little one," said Fred. "Here they are. One for Nell and one for Kit."

"Poor little fish," said Nellie. "What a pity to eat them up."

"O stuff," cried Fred; "they are meant to eat, and it is such jolly fun to catch them. I never knew it till this summer, or I would have gone before, I can tell you."

"Wait till you have some trout-fishing," said Mr. Clair. "That is exciting."

"But it is slow work, isn't it, Mr. Clair?" asked Jack. "And you have to keep so quiet."

"Getting wet is about the worst part of it," answered Mr. Clair, "and even that I never used to mind. I have been in water up to my waist, and deeper many a time when I was trout-fishing in the spring, and the mountain streams were swollen. Your father and I, Jack, used to have pretty good times together, and, for that matter, had one pretty bad time together when we were fishing."

"How was that, Mr. Clair?" asked Jack with interest.

"Tell us about it, papa, please," begged Fred.

"Well, it is not much of a story," replied his father, as he passed his cup for more tea; "but it was a rather serious matter for us at the time. Mr. Bradley and I went one spring on a walking tour over a mountainous region. We had a good time, plenty of adventures, and came across some beautiful scenery. We stopped one night after a tiresome day at a picturesque little mountain inn,

and the innkeeper, who was a nice sort of man, and very attentive to our comfort, praised the trout-fishing of the neighborhood so highly that Jack—your father, you know," nodding to Jack—"proposed that we should stay over a few days and try it. We really had nothing to hurry us, and I was ready enough to agree; so, after a capital night's rest and a substantial breakfast, we started off early in the morning, taking our dinner with us. I remember well how Jack would insist upon strapping a big shawl upon his shoulders, and how I laughed at him for burdening himself. But I was glad enough of it afterward."

"Why? did you need it?" asked Fred impatiently, as Mr. Clair paused to drink his tea.

"Yes, indeed; but I haven't got to that yet. We had no fishing tackle with us, but the innkeeper, whose name was Graham, lent us all that was necessary, and we started in fine spirits and met with pretty good luck. But it would make too long a story to tell all that happened to us. Suppose we finish the story in the parlor; what do you say?"

They all agreed, and Mr. Clair, after sitting down in his big chair and thanking Nellie for the foot-stool she brought him, continued:

"We kept pretty close together, as we did not know much about the windings of the stream, and about noon we selected a pretty spot where we ate our dinner. After that we went fishing on and on, and the fish were so fine and so ready to bite, that night began to fall before we knew it. We turned back, but we must have missed our way. I believe we turned off at what seemed to be a little path running from the brookside, and this led us up a steep hill and round one of the most fearful precipices I ever saw. It was not so very high, but was perfectly steep and jagged, and it was growing so dark that we could not see far enough down to judge of the height. It looked below like a deep black pit, and, what was worst of all, we could neither advance nor retreat with safety."

"What did you do?" asked Kittie with wide-open eyes.

"Well, we consulted for a moment, holding on by some friendly laurel bushes—you know how tough they are—and we concluded that it was best to go on, for the path grew a little wider before us. But by some turn which I never could understand, we began to descend suddenly, and found ourselves by the brook-side. Here we thought we were all right; but the sound of a waterfall warned us to be careful, and by creeping along the edges and scrambling down by the side of the fall, we came to a stand-still in a black amphitheater of rocks with no outlet before us; for the stream running through, dashed down in a broad cascade with slippery rocks on either side.

"Here was a pretty to-do, and there was nothing for it but to stay all night. To climb up again by the upper fall where we had come down would have been highly dangerous, so we sat down and felt desperate. One by one the stars began to shine, but there was no moon, and we found it dreary enough sitting there on the damp rocks. Jack took heart first and said he would have a fire, for he wanted his supper. I helped him to gather sticks and leaves, and some dry moss, and pretty soon we had a blazing fire. Then we roasted some of our fishes, and ate them like hungry men. They were remarkably good and well cooked, too, considering the circumstances. By and by the fire began to get low. Then it was that the big shawl came into play. After gathering all the wood we could, and piling it on the fire, we spread the shawl before it and lay down. Jack was for lying on the ground and using the shawl as a cover; but I always had a horror of the little bugs and snails

that pervade the woods, so he yielded to my prejudice. I think I must have gone to sleep in about two minutes, and we both must have slept nearly two hours when we heard shouting in the woods, and started up alarmed. In a moment more a lantern shone through the bushes above, and Graham's voice called out: 'Hello! are you there?' Imagine how glad we were! We quickly shouted in return, and then he called to some one else, and we saw two men looking over with him.

"We'll have to let down ropes, my friends," said Graham. "This is not the first time trout-fishers have been hauled out of this hole."

"The prospect of liberation gave us great energy, and it was not long before we were trudging back through the woods, detailing our adventures, and displaying our fish; for you may be sure we did not leave them behind us."

"But how did Mr. Graham know where to look for you?" asked Kittie.

"That is exactly what we asked him when we found ourselves safe. He told us that several parties had been lost there before in the very same way, and that he usually warned people about it before they started. When we did not return he became anxious, and after waiting some time he concluded that we had taken the wrong path, and so he went directly to that spot. He had a wagon waiting when we got to the road, and a good warm supper refreshed us when we reached the inn. I think we did justice to it."

"Did you stay much longer, and go fishing again?" inquired Jack.

"No; we were too tired the next day to do anything but rest, and we left the day after. We had had enough fishing for awhile."

"I say, Jack," said Fred, "let's get lost tomorrow, and have to have ropes and lanterns and fires in the woods, and all that; shall we?"

"Please don't," begged Nellie; "we should be so frightened."

The boys took no notice of this speech, but went on talking about some spots in the woods where it might be uncomfortable to stay all night, and drew such exciting pictures of what might possibly happen, that the little girls ran off to the bow window to talk by themselves, and bed-time came before they were ready for it.

Kittie lingered a moment at her door as Fred and Jack passed; but it did not seem a fitting opportunity to say anything, as Jack only glanced at her indifferently, so she went in, feeling dissatisfied and unhappy. She fidgeted about after Miss Leslie went down-stairs, and poor Nellie found it hard to go to sleep. She became so restless, finally, that she thought she could not bear it. "Nellie," she said softly, "are you asleep?"

Nellie did not reply, and Kittie, raising herself up, looked at her for a moment. "Fast asleep," she said to herself. "I wish I were." Then she got up and went to the window. The top of the verandah was just below the window, and as Kittie leaned out, the thought came into her naughty little head that it would be an unusually pleasant thing to sleep out there. "I shan't stay long, perhaps, and I never roll about much, so there's no danger of tumbling over," she thought as she ran back for a blanket that was folded in a chair. She took that and her pillow, and climbed out of the window. Then she laid the blanket down nicely, so that she could get between the folds, and, pulling the pillow under her head, she lay down with satisfaction. "How Nell will stare," she thought, "when I tell her in the morning how pleasant it has been to sleep on a roof!" She lay looking at the stars in the blue summer sky for a long while; then she heard the doors shut down-stairs and footsteps pass in the hall; then all was very still and she fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

### Nobody's Cat.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

**I**N the cold sighing wind the winter draws near,  
The flowers are vanished, the earth is so drear;  
Dark is the sky  
Yet roaming am I,  
With my dirty white coat, so shabby and rough,  
With nowhere to sleep and to eat not enough,  
For I'm Nobody's Cat!

**HALF-STARVING** mouse  
From an empty old house  
Was the dinner for which I faithfully fought;  
To my out-reaching paw  
And my poor hungry maw,  
It seemed but a crumb of the meal I had sought:  
And now in this alley, all curled in a heap,  
I shiver, and vainly am trying to sleep,  
For I'm Nobody's Cat!

**P**AST night in my slumber I had *such* a dream;  
I had fish and cold meat, and sweet yellow cream,  
And a rug by the fire  
To fulfill my desire,  
While a hand that was soft was near to caress—  
O, why did I wake to my woe and distress,  
To be Nobody's Cat?

**I**T was but to day  
There happened my way,  
A lad with a beautiful smile in his eye.  
I thought he would heed  
If he knew all my need.  
Then nearer I drew with a pitiful cry,  
But oh!—with a shock I was sent 'gainst a wall.  
My bones are still sore from that perilous fall,  
But I'm Nobody's Cat!

**H**! somewhere, I'm sure, there watches an Eye  
O'er creatures so wretched they hope but to die,  
And the pain that is sent  
With an evil intent  
Must be first in the balance and weighed,  
While a kind tender pat,  
Or, e'en better than that,  
A meal for the pussy estranged,  
Would be counted as gold unmixed with alloy,  
And awake the soft purr of contentment and joy  
From Nobody's Cat!

### Solution to Illustrated Rebus in September.

**D**WELL not too long on trifles.  
Ease of mind and comfort by honesty are gained.  
Mend before it is too late.  
Open your heart to the weak.  
Rash acts call forth repentance.  
Easy are those having naught to repent.  
Stop to rest, but not to idle.  
True honesty brings great rewards.

### Equation of Payments.

BY MARY B. LEE.

G. WILSON owes for three bills of goods, as follows: \$500 due March 1, \$800 due June 1, and \$800 due August 1.

He wished to give two notes for the amount, one for \$1,000, payable April 1. For what amount

was the other note drawn, and when did it mature?

First find the equated time for paying the whole debt.

	Days.	Products.
\$500 due March 1 ;	$500 \times 0 =$	0
800 " June 1 ;	$800 \times 92 =$	73,600
600 " August 1 ;	$600 \times 153 =$	91,850
<b>\$1,900</b>		<b>165,400</b>

That is, taking the earliest date given, March 1, as the standard, count the exact number of days to each of the other dates. Thus there are 30 days left in March after the first, 30 in April, 31 in May, and 1 in June.  $30 + 30 + 31 + 1 = 92$  days. Again, from March 1 to August 1 there are 153 days. So Wilson is entitled to the use of one dollar for 165,400 days, and to the use of \$1,900 for  $\frac{1}{1900}$  of the time.

$$165,400 \div 1,900 = 87 \text{ days,}$$

or the equated time.

Now count 87 days from March 1, and we get May 27, the date of maturity.

Now Wilson wishes to change the programme, and pay \$1,000 April 1, and another note for the balance. When should it be dated?

As he paid \$1,000 before it was due, he should keep the remaining \$900 an equitable time after May 27 to balance it.

Now how long before it was due did he pay the \$1,000? We have found that the whole debt was due 87 days from March 1 or May 27. April 1 is how many days earlier than May 27? There are two ways of telling:

*First.* From March 1 to April 1 = 31 days.

$$87 \text{ days} - 31 \text{ days} = 56 \text{ days.}$$

*Second.* There are 29 days left in April, which,

with the 27 of May = 56 days. So the \$1,000 was paid 56 days before due.

Of course \$1,000 for 56 days equals \$1 for  $1,000 \times 56$  days, or 56,000 days. Therefore, he is entitled to the use of the balance for  $\frac{1}{900}$  of 56,000 days, or 62 days beyond the original time. 62 days from May 27 equal July 28.

*Ans.* The second note was drawn for \$900, due July 28.

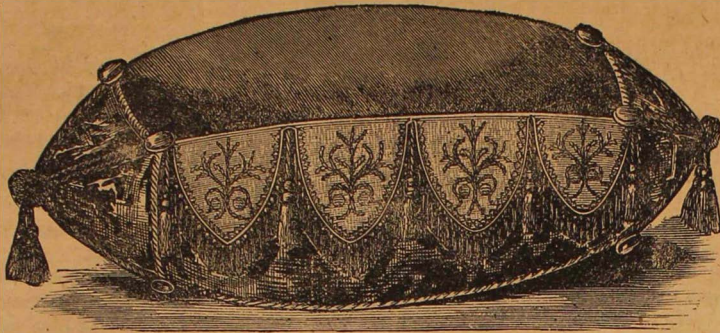
Some find it difficult to count days forward or backward, as the case may be.

Counting 62 days from May 27, the most simple way is this: There are 4 days required to finish May.  $62 - 4 = 58$ . Next comes June with 30 days.  $58 - 30 = 28$ . As July comes next to June, the 28 days must belong to July. So we have used the 62 days and reach July 28, when the second note became due.

**A Fact.**—I once heard an old minister say that he believed many men expected to be saved through the piety of their wives, but I never knew of but one man who admitted it. He was what is called a "good fellow," a profane, drinking man, but too weak, morally, to be anything but good-natured. When about to die, his friends summoned a minister to his bedside, who inquired of him respecting his state of mind, and his hope for the unknown future to which he was hastening. The dying man, looking him intently in the face, answered that he had no fear of death; his faith was strong. "Faith in whom?" said the surprised minister. "Why, in my wives," he replied. "I have two mighty good wives in heaven, and I know they'll get me in somehow." And, turning his face to the wall, he died.

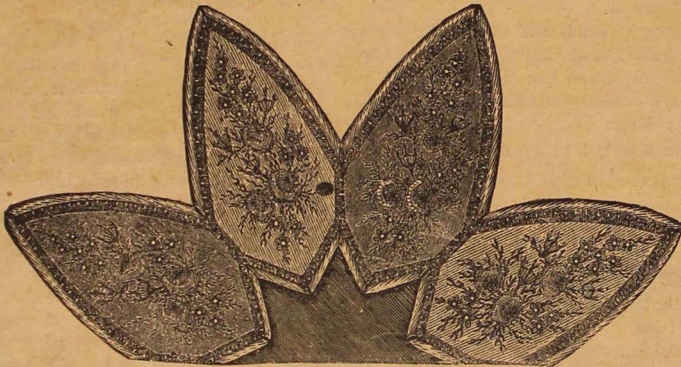
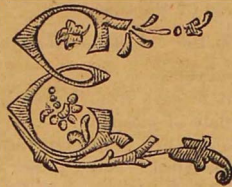


ILLUSTRATED REBUS—SOLUTION IN OUR NEXT.



Photograph Basket.

CUT four pieces of No. 1 (the sides), two of No. 2 (the bottom), and four No. 3 (the ends on top). Cover two of No. 1, one of No. 2, and two of No. 3, with blue satin, the same numbers cover with black velvet. Overhand a velvet and satin piece of each together; then join them to form the basket, having the velvet outside. Make the lambrequin of blue satin painted in water colors. Finish the edges of lambrequin and top of basket with chenille cord, and a tassel of the same between each point. (See loose sheet for full size pattern.)



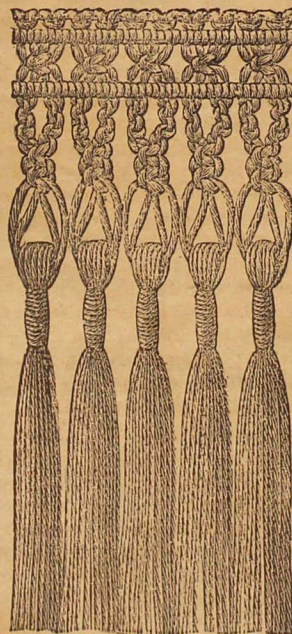
Lamp Mat or Tidy.

CUT eight pieces of silk the shape of pattern, four light and four dark, embroider or paint them in water colors, line them with silk, cord the edges, and sew the sections together. Around the edges, sew a narrow black velvet and dot it with steel beads; the center is simply a round piece of black velvet large enough to fill the space. The pattern is pretty made of silver paper and fancy pictures glued on, finishing the edges with a chenille cord and tassel on each point. (See loose sheet for full size pattern.)



Narrow Edging.

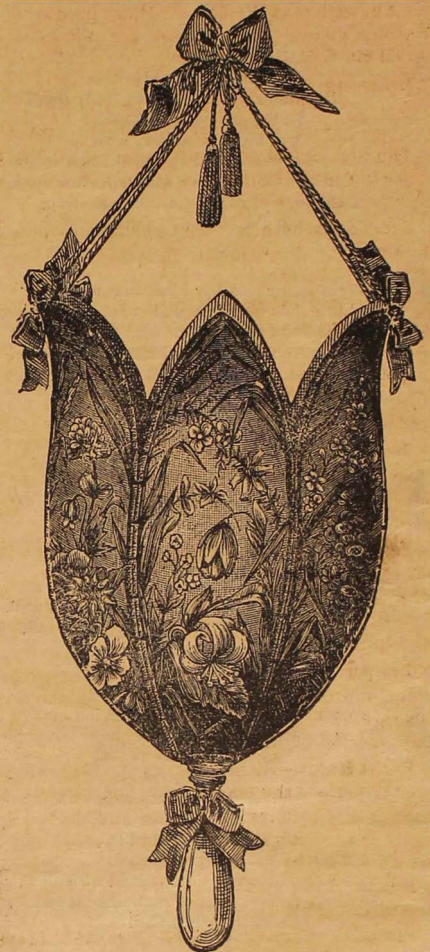
(CROCHET.)—Crochet 10 chain, 1 treble in 1st stitch,\* turn the work, 7 chain, 1 treble in the last chain stitch but 3 before the preceding treble, 4 chain, join to the stitch where the last treble was crocheted, turn the work, 8 double in the 4 chain, 1 double in last treble, 7 chain, 1 treble in center of preceding 7 treble, repeat from\*. 2d row: Going back along the former row.\* 1 double in center of 9 double, 7 chain, 1 treble in three chain, repeat from\*. 3d row: Along theotherside of the work, 4 double in 3 chain, repeat.



Knotted Fringe.

FRINGE knotted with black purse silk. Along a double foundation thread, tie the requisite number of strands folded in half and measuring about 16 inches long. 1st row: Over a foundation thread

laid across the strands, 2 buttonhole stitches with every strand. 2d row: 1 double knot with every 4 strands. 3d row: Like the 1st row. 4th row: 2 double buttonhole knots with every two ends, that is, 1 buttonhole knot with the first over the 2d strand, and then 1 with the 2d over the 1st, drawing the thread tight. 5th row: 2 double knots with every 4 strands; then tie together every 2 strands into a loop for the tassel, bind the latter evenly with the same kind of silk, and cut the ends of equal length.



Tulip Whisk Broom Holder.

CUT six pieces of cardboard the shape of pattern, cover them on each side with silk, and finish the edges all round with a cord. Paint design on the silk in water colors, or glue on fancy pictures, or, if desired to represent the tulip, cover the sections of silk the colors of the flower. Fasten the pieces together by laying one a trifle over the other, excepting the ones at the sides, for there it cannot be done, and have the case hang flat against the wall. Leave the flower open wide enough at the bottom to allow the brush to be drawn through. Hang it by a cord and tassel and full bows of ribbon. (See loose sheet for full size pattern.)



## DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

**Prayer.**—Prayer will make us leave off sinning, or sinning will make us leave off praying.

**Hatred of Kindred.**—The hatred of those who are nearly connected is the most inveterate.—*Tacitus.*

**Knowledge is Wisdom.**—Many people are esteemed merely because they are not known.—*From the French.*

### Learning.—

Learning by study must be won ;

'Twas ne'er entailed from sire to son.—*Gay.*

**The Best Shield.**—In most situations of life the consciousness of innocence is our best shield and our firmest security.

**Sudden Friendships.**—Let friendship creep gently to a height ; if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

**Insincerity and Good Nature.**—Insincerity in the guise of good nature is a dangerous dry-rot, to which even some excellent characters are liable.

**Worry.**—Though the life of a man falls short of a hundred years, he gives himself as much pain and anxiety as if he were to live to a thousand.

**Weavers and Weft.**—He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.

**For the Ambitious.**—There is only now and then an opportunity of displaying great courage, or even great wisdom ; but every hour in the day offers a chance to show our good nature, charity, and kindness of heart.

**Temper.**—Every human creature is sensible to some infirmities of temper, which it should be his care to correct and subdue, particularly in the early period of life.

**Right Habit.**—Right habit is like the channel which dictates the course in which the river shall flow, and which grows deeper and deeper with each year. Right habit is like the thread on which we string precious pearls. The thread is perhaps of no great value, but, if it be broken, the pearls are lost.

**Pleasant Thoughts make Pleasant Lives.**—Garner up pleasant thoughts in your mind ; for pleasant thoughts make pleasant lives. Strive to see all you can of the good and the beautiful, so that bright cheerful pictures may be impressed upon memory's tablets, and give you materials of which to think sunny and lovely thoughts.

**Wifely Tact.**—Whenever you find a man about whom you know little oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man ; for the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome, though painful, shears snipping off little growths of self-conceit and folly.

**A Sense of Humor.**—Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home-life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor, or the capacity to have a little fun along with the humdrum cares and work of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion, who sees the ridiculous points of things, and who can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does

a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to scold or cry over them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright and mirthful side. Into such a household, good, but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day.

**Religion.**—Religion does not enjoin a total contempt of all the pleasures and amusements of human society. It checks indeed that spirit of dissipation which is too prevalent. It not only prohibits pleasures which are unlawful, but likewise that unlawful degree of attachment to pleasures, in themselves innocent, which withdraws the attention of man from what is serious and important. But it brings amusement under due limitation, without extirpating it. It forbids it as the business, but permits it as the relaxation, of life.

**A Word to Parents.**—Incessant parental care is unfavorable to vigorous health and exuberant spirits, and it also weakens mental and moral vigor. The child must learn to balance itself in the uncertain moral footing of the world. Its perception and judgment of right and wrong must be made clear and quick by actual exercise, not weakened by using others' instead of its own. Good conditions of growth the child needs, not the narrow limits of some fixed measure of size and proportion. Given warmth and light and nutriment, and the germs expand in healthy vigor. The atmosphere of the home is more than direct instruction.

**Laughter.**—Inasmuch as laughter is a faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, we seem to be guilty of a sort of ingratitude, if not impiety, in not exercising it as often as we can. We may say with Titus that we have "lost a day" if we have passed it without laughing. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion that they call upon their prophet to preserve them from sad faces. "Thank God," exclaimed Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed, "if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

**Jealousy.**—It is true that some people are born with a jealous temperament, and can no more help it than they can help their brown hair or their black eyes, if they happen to have hair and eyes of those colors ; but they can in great measure help the development of it, if a course looking to that end has not already been adopted for them in childhood. In childhood, indeed, the thing will be attended to by careful and watchful guardians ; but where such care has not been exercised, and one has the work to do for one's self, although it is as hard and insufferable as rebreathing a limb that has been wrongly set, yet one should put one's self unflinchingly to the task, and destroy at first sight anything that bears the least relationship to the hateful quality.

**True Economy.**—A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings-bank established. The idea of saving is a pleasant one ; and if the women imbibed it at once, they would cultivate it and adhere to it ; and thus, when they are not aware of it, they would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy day. The best way for her to comprehend it is to keep an account of all current expenses. Whether five hundred or five thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the effort is made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and she will save something where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty, yet not a sordid avarice, but a moral obligation that rests upon women as well as men.

## SPICE BOX

**Probably.**—Is the blarney stone the same as the sham rock ?

**Woman's "Sphere."**—That she will never get married.

**Cheap.**—A music-seller announces in his window a sentimental song, "Thou hast loved and left me" for a quarter.

**Inside and Out.**—Every man is a miserable sinner in church, but out of church it is unsafe to say much about it, except to a small man.

**Same Thing.**—"Waiter, this bit of salmon is not so good as that you gave us last Saturday."—Waiter: "Beg pardon, sir, but it's off the same fish."

**A Mystery.**—We don't just call to mind Webster's exact definition of a mystery, but it seems to us a woman's scolding her husband for leaving his hat on the table, while she tosses her gloves and bonnet on the bed, would hit the case.

**Cynical.**—There are always two classes of men among our acquaintances whom we never trust. The first consists of those whom we don't know enough about, and the second of those whom we know too much about.

**A Rarity.**—The kind of man we seldom meet is he who can pick a single three-cent piece from among a pocketful of keys with a gloved hand, when he has but two seconds to catch a train, and answer political questions at the same time, without being disconcerted.

**Absent-mindedness.**—It is related, in connection with the absent-mindedness of Walter Savage Landor, that on one occasion, having suffered not long before from leaving the key of his portmanteau behind him, he took special precautions before starting on a journey to see that his keys were secure in his pocket. When, however, he produced them in triumph at his journey's end, he found that this time he had left the portmanteau behind.

**Has an Inclination that Way.**—Why must a line drawn by a pen be always on a slope?—Because it's always an ink-line, of course.

**Eggs-actly!**—Why are some people like eggs?—Because they are too full of themselves to hold anything else.

**Little Piece of Information.**—The clothing worn by a picador at a bull fight may not be cut on the bias, but it's apt to be gored.

**Family Likeness.**—"Oh, look, Louise! Fred has just sent me this sweet little puppy. Wasn't he kind?"—"Yes, dear; it's just like him."

**Not Much.**—A young lady ate half a wedding-cake, and then tried to dream of her future husband. Now she says she would rather die than marry the man she saw in that dream.

**Division.**—Governess: "Now Jack, if I were to give twelve pears to Maud, ten to Edith, and three to you, what would it be?"—Jack (aged six): "It would be mean!"

**The Signs.**—When he sighs for her and she sighs for him, the sighin's of the times may be considered auspicious for a wedding.

**Lady.**—"And just put a tint of carmine on the cheeks, but not too much, you know."—Photographer: "Exactly, madam—I perfectly understand ; about as much as you have now."

**Thorny.**—A sentimental young man thus feelingly expresses himself: "Even as nature benevolently guards the roses with thorns, so does she endow women with pins."

## What Women are Doing.

Queen Victoria has been made a "White Elephant."

Women can vote on school questions on Staten Island.

Miss Sprague's "An Earnest Trifler" has reached its twentieth edition.

Twenty-six women have graduated at the Italian universities, that of Padua being the favorite since the royal decree of 1877.

Well done, Melbourne.—Melbourne University is to admit ladies as students, except as regards the classes for medicine.

"The Octagon Club" is the title of a novel by a lady who makes her first appearance on the book-table under the initials "E. M. H."

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Miss Duda Fletcher are among the literary women who are graduates of Abbot Academy, Andover.

Miss S. M. Hitchcock, of New York, is the purchaser of Henner's new picture, "A Madeleine," which the celebrated painter has just finished.

Elizabeth C. Putnam has received the appointment of trustee of the State primary and reform schools.

Miss Mary Anderson can boast of having achieved, by her own efforts, name and fortune by her twenty-first birthday, which she celebrated recently.

Mrs. M. E. Griffith, one of the "Crusaders" of Ohio, is engaged in organizing W. C. T. U. societies, also colored lodges; and is superintendent of the night schools for negroes in Kansas.

Mrs. J. E. Foster, of Iowa, delivered the Fourth of July oration at Fremont, Nebraska, and then returned to take charge of the temperance department at the Clear Lake, Iowa, S. S. Assembly.

A Blind Scholar.—A blind girl has excelled all previous members of the fourth class in the High School at Portland, Me., by attaining a rank of one hundred in all her studies for one month, except Latin, and ninety-eight in that.

Miss Eliza Jane Cate, of Northampton, Mass., who was recently voted into the New Hampshire Historical Society, was made a corresponding member, it being the first time the organization has conferred that honor upon a woman. Miss Cate is a magazine writer.

Miss Emma Abbott, whose success in English opera and as manager of a troupe has been the most marvelous on record, begins her fourth season under the best auspices. She has already secured a comfortable independence.

Madame Etelka Gerster, Madame Marie Rôze, Mlle. Lilli Lehmann, Mlle. Minnie Hauk, and Mlle. Tremelli, are Mr. Mapleson's *prime donne* for the coming season.

Mrs. C. W. Churchill, formerly of Providence, R. I., has begun the production of a monthly journal at Denver, Colorado, entitled *The Antelope*.

A new comedy, entitled "Briefmarken" ("Postage Stamps"), by a German actress, Mme. Marie von Ernest, has met with great success at Hamburg, the dialogue being especially bright.

Mrs. Mary E. Scott, of Fort Worth, Texas, has dramatized a novel of her own, which has been accepted by a popular traveling company and will be produced this fall.

A New Candidate.—Miss Lottie Pinner, of New York, who has been in France studying with Madame La Grange, expects to make her debut in opera next year.

Dr. C. N. Germaine, of Westfield, Mass., lost his sight, but retains his practice, because his wife accompanies him on his rounds, takes notes of his cases, makes up his medicines under his direction,

and so ably supplements his skill, that his success in restoring his patients is greater than ever.

Working Together.—Mrs. J. Wells Champney will furnish the text and her husband the illustrations of some forthcoming magazine articles on Spain and Portugal, where the artists are now traveling.

A Literary Novelty.—An interesting volume of Indian fairy tales is published in London. It is remarkable as being the work of a girl of thirteen, a daughter of Mr. Whitley Stokes, of the Council of India. Miss Stokes has collected and translated these stories, most of which were told to her in Hindustani by her father's native servants.

A Fine Piece of Work.—Miss Grant, niece of the late President of the Royal Academy, is rapidly completing a fine reredos in marble for the new Cathedral in Edinburgh. Some of the groups, especially that of the Marys with Mary Magdalene at the foot of the cross, are very happily conceived and executed.

"Women Words" for July gave an interesting sketch of Mrs. A. H. Stuart, of Washington Territory, whose labors in connection with the emigration movement to that territory have been recognized by the government.

Mrs. Hannah McL. Shepard, formerly writer and correspondent in New York City, is doing excellent work as a member of the staff of the Life Saving Service at Washington.

An Octogenarian.—In the Bethesda Christian Home on Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, lives Mrs. Frances Branson Wyatt, who was born on the 28th of December, 1771. She has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for eighty years.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts is about to marry, at sixty-four, a young man of twenty-nine. It is rather odd that at the age of eighty-four her grandfather married an actress named Meillon, of forty, and the actress, from whom Miss Burdett Coutts inherited her vast estates, at the age of fifty-one, married the Duke of St. Albans, a young man of twenty-four.

The Ladies of Edinburgh have followed the example of the ladies of New York in visiting the shops and investigating the provisions for the seating of the saleswomen. The result was about the same,—that is, few houses had seats, or space in which they could put them, and the majority cared nothing about the matter.

Staten Island.—Mrs. Josephine S. Lowell, of the Out-Door Relief Committee of the Town of Castleton, has issued an appeal to the people of that town for funds to carry on the work of diminishing pauperism. The committee has been in existence five years, and has saved the town thousands of dollars. The committee also maintains two industrial schools for girls.

A Pretty Fashion.—The Princess of Wales, when she takes her little daughters into society, has a quaint fashion of dressing them in toilets harmonizing with her own. For instance, at a garden party the other day, she wore a costume of light blue and celadon green, and the young princesses followed her about in gowns of the blue.

A Women and Children's Dispensary has been established on the east side of Harlem, of which Mrs. Mary A. Sturgis has been chosen president. Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, Dr. William Parker, and other well-known physicians have signified their willingness to co-operate. It is a poor neighborhood, and funds are needed.

Miss Lilian Edgarton, the popular lecturer, enters the field again this fall, after a three-years' absence in Europe, with a novel and attractive subject, in which her fine contralto voice and splendid elocution will be heard to advantage.

Time Rights all.—German scholarship is yielding to the recent changes in public opinion regarding Mary Queen of Scots. Professor Goedska intends to give a new reading of her character, and another German scholar, whose library is rich in Mary Stuart lore, is making an analytical catalogue of every work in every language relating to her.

Premium Cotton.—Mrs. Haussman, of DeWitt County, Texas, has for five years in succession sent the first bale of cotton to Galveston, and has received handsome premiums for it each year. This season she also sent the first bale of cotton into Houston.

Well-won Honors.—Three young ladies have just received the first diplomas given by Bedford College, Oxford. These diplomas are granted to regular students who have been at the college for three sessions, and who have obtained at least two-thirds of the possible number of marks in four subjects at the annual examination.

Poor Child!—The daughter of the late unfortunate and brilliant statesman and author, M. Prevost-Paradol, has been twelve months in a convent, and has just bequeathed her little fortune to various persons. Her income is \$1,000 a year, one-half of which she has given to the Association of Former Pupils of the Normal School, of which her father was a member.

A Friend to Cats.—Miss Howard, an English lady, has been appointed doctor to the Countess Li in Pekin, China, and to a hospital established at Pekin by the foreign residents. The Countess Li supplies all the medicine for the patients, is a great friend to animals, and on being lately asked whether it was true that she supported one hundred cats, replied, "Alas! no; I have now only seventy."

Happy Newsboys.—Through the benevolence of Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe, a new east side lodging-house for newsboys and shoeblacks has been erected at the intersection of East Broadway and Gouverneur street. There are nearly two hundred beds in this institution, and the price for a night's lodging is six cents. If a newsboy or shoeblack cannot pay this price he is not turned away, but the price of the bed is laid to his account, and he generally discharges the indebtedness as soon as he gets the money.

Mrs. Amelia Lewis, of England, has published a useful pamphlet on the food and cookery question, and proposes to bring her ideas before the public in the form of lectures. Some extracts from her publication will be found in our Kitchen Department.

Re-elected.—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Professor William B. Rogers have been elected President and Vice-President respectively of the Town and Country Club of Newport, R. I. Rev. James Freeman Clarke will read a paper before the club at its next meeting.

Ladies' Brass Band.—Twelve young ladies of Albany, Oregon, have recently organized the "Albany Ladies' Brass Band;" membership as follows: Nettie Piper, Lotta Monteith, Maggie Foster, Eva Paxton, Mattie Foster, Lulu Clark, Jennie Clark, Laura Hauk, Laura Goltra, Libbie Irvine, Mary Irvine, and Amanda Irvine.

Mrs. Van Cott Retired.—The woman evangelist, Mrs. Van Cott, has traveled a distance of 143,417 miles during the fourteen years of her ministry; has preached 4,294 sermons, besides conducting 9,333 other religious meetings, and writing 9,853 letters. The strain of so much work has, however, proved too great for her at last. Her nervous system has received repeated shocks, and she retires from the field, probably forever.

**Actresses who are Social Powers.**—"The social lion sits down to supper with the social lamb, to the satisfaction and enjoyment of both—especially the lamb. In Vanity Fair any Sunday afternoon you may find yourself between a *grande dame* and an actress, and both shall be equally amusing, both equally well versed in the mysterious social lore of the day, and both *comme il faut*. Sarah Bernhardt dines with 'the best people,' and sups in Park Lane. Mrs. Kendall, another actress (I am not instituting comparisons, social or otherwise), is caressed in many drawing-rooms. Mrs. Bancroft, a third, is to be seen and admired at Mrs. Brassey's, together with Mrs. Gladstone and many a great social leader. Of Miss Ellen Terry, a fourth, we are all proud. Upon Miss Geneviève Ward, a fifth, royalty has bestowed its seal. It would be easy to multiply the list."

**The Peasant Sister of an Artist.**—Juliette Courbet, the sister and sole legatee of the great artist, is now in Paris. Her object in coming is to make an arrangement with the Treasury for paying off at once, instead of in installments extending over thirty years, the monetary charge her brother incurred in ordering the demolition of the Colonne Vendome. Juliette Courbet offers to pay once and forever 75,000 francs, instead of 300,000 in the course of the thirty years which have yet to run. Her object, if liberated, is to form a Courbet Museum here with the numerous sketches and paintings in her hands. She is a woman of rare native intelligence, and something of an artist, though a coarse peasant, hardly knowing how to read and write. The Courbet paintings she proposes eventually to bequeath with the gallery she will build for them to the State. For years before his death Courbet bought up at auctions works of his which had figured in private collections, and intrusted them to Juliette's safe keeping. He did a portrait of this sister which is said to be a masterpiece, and another in which she is engaged in bedding a cow.

**The Washington "Swiss Dairy."**—"Mrs. Wagner, who keeps the 'Swiss Dairy,' at No. 403 East Capitol Street, began business in August, 1877, with five gallons of milk, her first sale being of one half-pint at her store. She is now selling two hundred gallons per day, and her business is increasing so that she is seeking for a larger supply. About seventy-five gallons of the two hundred she sells and delivers at the stores. She is a quiet woman of pleasant manners, who says she is willing to work and have her family work. She had no experience in any business affairs until she took up this business.

"Mrs. Wagner's force to transact this large business consists of herself, her daughter, and her mother, who is more than seventy years of age, and a small colored boy—these at the store. Then she has three horses and wagons, with three men, one of whom is her son, to carry out the milk to consumers.

"The wagons start at half-past four in the morning, and deliver milk at all hours of the day, and the store is open until late at night. Besides the milk she sells some fifteen gallons of cream a day, part carried out and part at the store. She also sells sour milk, buttermilk, and skim milk at five cents a quart, and makes cottage-cheeses and sometimes butter of any milk or cream left."

**The Women of Russia.**—The women of Russia are rapidly coming to the front in professional and educational careers. Though tolerated by the Government, they have so far lived without any kind of legal recognition. In St. Petersburg the women students are numerous, and are divided into two distinct communities, the "Coursist-keys" and the "Student-keys." The former attend daily lectures on classical and scientific subjects in a large private building hired by themselves for the purpose; the latter attend the well-organized "Woman's

Medical School," attached to the Military Hospital of St. Nicholas. After the emancipation of serfs, the "Student-keys" suddenly raised the question of "women's rights" in Russia, by demanding, not a removal of political disabilities, but permission to study medicine, pass medical examinations, receive a license, and practice where they could. Of course, they were forbidden to study in their native land, but permitted to go abroad for the purpose, and in 1868 Madame Sorsloff came back from Switzerland, the first Russian woman possessed of a doctor's diploma. This lady having friends in high quarters, an exception was made in her favor; she was granted a license, and is still practicing in St. Petersburg. The Russo-Turkish war greatly aided the cause of medical education for women, showing in strong light the good natural capacities, strong nerves, and noble self-abnegation of Russian women. With but slight medical information, thousands of them were enrolled as assistant surgeons and hospital nurses. When the war was over, the Military Doctors' Council declared they were not only admirable nurses, but skillful operators, dressers, and chemical clerks, and petitioned Government to grant a yearly sum of 10,000 roubles to the Women's Medical School, and to place them on a level with the students of the St. Petersburg University and the Medico-Chirurgical Academy. After much deliberation the Committee of Ministers finally gave permission, temporarily, to all Russian women furnished with diplomas, to practice in Qemstvo hospitals, in lunatic asylums, and in general to tend the sick and wounded. Society in general favors their practice, male practitioners holding out a helping hand more than in our own country.

**A Brave Woman.**—Miss Goodsill, of New York, recently proved herself heroically brave and self-sacrificing in an accident on the Passaic River, which nearly proved fatal to five persons. It was dark night when, by a sudden collision with another boat, two parties of pleasure were precipitated into the deep waters. The two men who had caused the accident disappeared, saving themselves, but leaving two ladies to be cared for by Miss Goodsill and her friends. She instructed them how to make a rope of their hands, and to tread water; and one woman being unable to do this, the brave girl took her in one arm and struck out with her for shore, landed her, and swam back to aid in the rescue of the rest, whom she succeeded in bringing safe out of their perilous position.

**Regina del Cin,** the famous bone-setter, now performing such wonderful cures in Brooklyn, was born not far from Venice, among the Italian Alps, in the sleepy old town of Ceneda. There, some sixty years ago, she came, a brown-eyed baby girl, to gladden the cottage home of a worthy peasant pair.

The little maid grew up like other children in these sunny valleys, her face kissed by sun and wind till it was almost as brown as her eyes, but as happy and free from care as the dancing brooks and summer wild-flowers among which she played.

Regina's mother had a natural gift for bone-setting, and this faculty the daughter inherited. When but a tiny girl she could put together the skeleton of a cat or fowl, even when blindfolded, and her greatest delight was to follow the grave-diggers in the churchyard, that she might snatch up the bones and skulls turned up by their spades.

As she grew older she began to set limbs, showing especial skill in curing dislocations of the hip, until by degrees her fame spread over all Italy, even to our own country, across the sea.

At one time the regular physicians used great efforts to stop her work, but the people loved her and clung to her, so that even when the courts forbade her practice, which they did some time after her marriage, she worked on in secret.

In Trieste she cured over three hundred people in a few weeks' time, and was presented with an album containing the signatures of a thousand workmen. The municipality of the city offered her many inducements to remain with them, but she refused all, preferring to dwell in her own city, among her own people.

Her house is a short distance outside the city walls, and on the front of it is an amusing series of frescoes, painted by a grateful Venetian artist, during one of her absences from home. The figures in the pictures are small, naked cherubs engaged in surgical studies, and are supposed to represent Regina in the various scenes of her career.

The large hall is a sort of museum for crutches—some large, some small; some of richly polished rosewood, with velvet paddings; some rude and rough and home-made, speaking pitifully of poverty linked to pain; and baskets filled with misshapen shoes and machines for straightening distorted limbs. It makes one think of a church in Rome, where, from floor to ceiling, walls and pillars are hung with votive offerings of waxen limbs and silver hearts.

The method by which Regina effects her cures is very simple. One of her American patients—a clergyman—had not walked without a crutch for twenty-one years, until treated by her. For three weeks she kept the hip enveloped in a poultice, daily renewed, made of some healing herbs, in order to soften the stiffened muscles and tendons. Then she took the limb in her hand, moved it gently from left to right, drew it slightly downward, and the painless operation was over. Another three weeks in bed, with applications for strengthening the tendons, consisting chiefly of the white of an egg and tow, and the patient was allowed to walk about with the aid of a cane.

But it is not every case she will try. Some she declares she cannot cure, and she never deludes any one with vain hopes or changes in her first decision.

**Madame Anna Puéjac,** the chief lady *accoucheuse* of the Maternité of Montpellier, has been accorded a medal and a prize of 100 francs, by the Society "Against the Abuse of Tobacco," for an essay she had written. The essay was on the subject "The Part of Woman and her Influence in the Means she can use to Combat the Use of Tobacco." This is the second time that this Society has accorded Madame Puéjac a medal. Her lectures are more highly esteemed among the students of her own profession than those of the professor.

**The Donna Italiana,** a new Italian fortnightly, gives an account of the travels of a well-known Italian authoress, Signora Carla Serena. Her first letters of travel were from Vienna, from thence she traveled all over Sweden. From Greece she wrote *Hellenic Letters*; she then went to Asia Minor and the Holy Land, and from thence to the least explored regions of the Caucasus, where she specially devoted herself to the patient study of the family life of the people. Her observations will give accurate material for a book that will rouse special interest, as this is the first time a European lady has taken up this branch of study.

**Education in Hungary for Girls.**—The *Women's Education Journal* says that, according to the late report of the Minister on Public Instruction for 1878-9, there were fifteen training colleges for girls, with 1,297 pupils. These colleges issued, in 1878, 360 certificates for elementary (female) teachers. The average expenditure of the Government for one pupil in the training college boarding-houses amounts to 250.76 florins, *i. e.*, 8 florins more than the average expenses for one male pupil. There were three high schools for girls, with 422 pupils. The yearly expenses of the high school for girls at Buda-Pesth amounts to 45,000 florins, about \$20,000.

**More Honor.**—In the last examination for London University, ladies take five out of the first fourteen places, all of these attaining the number of marks qualifying for prizes, and sixteen names out of eighty-five in honors are those of ladies. Twenty-four in the first class are also ladies, and only one lady is in the second class.

**France not Behind.**—France is recognizing woman's importance in educational inspection, Jules Ferry having appointed Juliette Dodu, who received the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor last year for gallant conduct during the Franco-German war, delegate-general for the inspection of schools for the reception of little children under six years of age.

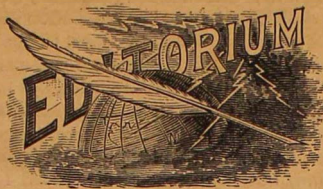
**Smart Girls.**—There is an oil well on the Moore farm, pumped by two young ladies, who attend to all the duties about the well except drawing the sucker rods and tubing. It is said by old pumpers that these ladies are experts in managing the well, having a perfect knowledge of the machinery connected therewith, and work the pumping as skillfully as any two male pumpers could possibly do.

**Mrs. E. B. Grannis**, editor of the *Church Union*, says that in 1861 Mr. Garfield held religious services in a grove near Lake Erie Seminary for young ladies. The girls were so impressed that they entered into a united bond that they would meet in Washington, to witness his inauguration as president of the United States, no matter at how distant a period of time the event should occur. Mrs. Grannis invites these girls (now women) to meet "that we may have a reunion and rearrange our programme for presidential congratulations."

**Mrs. Byers**, the principal and founder of the Ladies' Collegiate School in Belfast, and the most active agent in the promotion of the advanced education of the women of Ulster, and in fact of all Ireland, was recently presented with her own portrait and a collection of valuable books by teachers, friends, and pupils, past and present. The painting is life-size, and represents the lady sitting. It is inclosed in a very rich, massive frame. One of the books was an album containing portraits of the donors, and beautifully decorated by Marcus Ward & Co.

**Instruction by Correspondence.**—This system has been in operation in England for nine years, and is of great use in promoting the self-education of women who live at a distance from the centers of teaching. Many of the students have passed the higher Cambridge Examination. Among the teachers are four ladies who have passed a tripos examination. There is a lending library at Cambridge in connection with the classes, and the rules and lists of books can be obtained from Miss Julia Kennedy, The Elms, Cambridge. Ladies intending to join the classes should apply between October 1st and 14th to the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Peele, Trumpington, Cambridge.

**Among the many applications** of insurance in this country, it is remarkable that that of a well-known association of the higher classes in Denmark has never been attempted. A system of insurance for girls has existed for several generations among the nobility of Copenhagen. A nobleman, upon the birth of a daughter, enrolls her name with the insurance society, paying at the time a fee, and subsequently an annual sum until she reaches the age of twenty-one. She then becomes entitled to a fixed income from the society, and to apartments in the large building of the association, which is surrounded by gardens and a park. Should her father die in her childhood, she may immediately occupy the apartments if she so desires. Should she die or marry, the income and the right to a home both lapse.



### Books that Live.

IT is very curious and interesting in these days, when every one reads, and every one wants to write a book, if he does not, to examine the subject of the kind of books that live; the kind that survive a generation or two, and the kind that are turned out like newspaper articles, in hot haste, and hold their place not much longer in the mind of the reader. With this latter sort of literature we are flooded at the present time, and it has its use. If it is merely amusing and not harmful, it serves to make hours pass lightly, which in the old days, when books were not plentiful, hung heavily upon the hands; for the strongest minds cannot always be exercising their greatest powers, and there are a vast number of persons who are only stimulated to mental effort at all, by the mild excitement of a story.

The books that live are, as a rule, the direct reverse of books that sell, or at least of those which achieve an ephemeral popularity. They are books of original research, which contribute something not previously known, or at least not demonstrated, in regard to the facts and principles or laws which characterize the earth and govern our existence upon it. One would imagine that this class of subjects would be the most interesting of any to every inhabitant of the world; but it is not so, and the reason is, that general facts, and general principles, and universal laws, and the philosophy of their relations to us, and to the circumstances under which we live, require a higher order of intellect and capacity than falls to the lot of the average individual, who is interested only in what is limited and personal, because this is what addresses itself to his understanding. His larger knowledge must come to him diluted, through the medium of another mind, who takes the subject, devotes days, months, years, to its elucidation, and reduces it to the measure of his mental power of perception and analysis.

It is fortunate that the great literary and scientific workers are usually born with so strong a love and desire for their work that poverty and want of appreciation on the part of the world at large are no barriers to their performance of it; for many of them have toiled in obscurity, doing that which was to live always, without the knowledge or recognition of those around them, but satisfied if only the work could be done.

Histories live in proportion to the breadth and universality with which they portray the times and places of which they treat; the lives of men and women, according to the importance of their work, and the insight into and identification of the biographer with it. Popularly, the books that are supposed to have permanent interest are called standard, but no generic term or title is more abused. Books are called "standard" that scarcely outlast a generation, and there are others accepted as standard, which retain a place on library shelves, but which no one ever reads.

Very often the verdict of one generation entirely reverses the claim of a preceding one, or the work will survive which was the least known and thought of; while that which excited the plaudits of the multitude will drift away and be never more heard of. Sometimes a single piece of work will confer a lasting, or at least long-continued,

fame upon an author, while the rest, though good for "pot-boilers," add nothing to his reputation, and in fact dwarf it. The "Thanatopsis" of William Cullen Bryant is a case in point. Permanent reputations depend much now upon the commercial publisher. The commercial publisher will publish anybody's book that can afford to pay for it, and refuses to publish any but those that sell fast and bring in quick returns. In the present plethora of readers and dearth of thinkers, this is exerting a disastrous effect. The sensational trash sells and pays both author and publisher. A better and more thoughtful class of books go begging, and there is no encouragement to write them; therefore they are not written.

It is safe to say, however, that the worthless books of the present generation will be put to their best use in lighting the fires of the next generation.

### Sweet Sinners and Sour Saints.

A New York clergyman recently said in an evening discourse that there were unfortunately, saints who were sour and sinners who were sweet, and we take it that he meant by this that there are very good people, devoted to their duty, self-sacrificing and conscientious, who are yet so unfortunate in the possession of a naturally hard and forbidding manner, or in the cultivation of a cross and irritable disposition, that they get no credit for their real goodness of heart, or even for Christian growth, but are really obstacles to the spread of Divine grace by reason of infirmities of temper, and the want of pleasant, cheerful manners.

On the other hand there are persons who are essentially selfish and treacherous, not to be trusted, who are apparently all that is lovely and amiable, and who impress those they are associated with as the best and most delightful of people, until time or accident reveals how little they are to be depended upon.

Some persons make a merit of being rough, rude, and disagreeable, and consider it essential to "honesty," but this is a great mistake. It is just as possible to be honest and sweet, as honest and sour; it is a mere matter of habit and cultivation.

As a mere matter of fact, a sweet, cheerful temper is a great blessing to oneself, and every one who may be about us. It is a preservative, it is an aid to health and digestion, and it adds a charm to life greater than can be obtained from wealth or any other one source. It is particularly delightful when it is united to courage, truth, and honor or honesty, and is most valuable in a woman, because the sunshine from it warms up and brightens the domestic and social atmosphere. Fine manners begin at home; they can never be quite put on afterwards. So let us remember not to misrepresent or dishonor any profession we may make, nor yet save our sweetness for those who do not belong to us; but, as far as possible, make it a truthful and integral part of daily life, and walk so that if there is any saintship about us it shall strike clear through, and make the inside as well as the outside, and the outside as well as the inside, sweet and clean.

### "The Scanty Meal."

We have great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to our engraved copy of Landseer's famous picture with the above title. Nothing can exceed the naturalness of the scene, the faithfulness and accuracy in drawing, the clever fore-shortening, the distribution of light and shadow, the

life-like portraits of the animals, and their majestic indifference to the presence of the ducklings. One can almost see the look of remonstrance in their eyes as they survey the allowance of fodder, and remember the hours of hard work which preceded it. It is a speaking picture, every line instinct with life.

### "The Post-Boy."

THIS picture, the original of which was painted by T. Goodall, a Royal Academician, obtains its distinctive character from the introduction of a single figure, the "post-boy." This personage left out, and we should have the yard of an English farm-house, of by no means the best class—a simple bit of English rural life, well enough in its way, but having no claims above others by the side of it. But the post-boy is an historical figure, who has played an important part in English national history, and the otherwise commonplace lad acquires quite a new interest with his top-boots, his horn, and the bag slung over his shoulder. Evidently he is curious to know what the letter contains which he has brought; evidently, too, the pretty country girl intends to keep it all to herself, and will have to exercise her wit and ingenuity to parry the suspicious old lady's questions when the post-boy has taken himself away—which he is in no hurry to do. Turner, the great artist, used to say that critics and writers saw a thousand things in his pictures that he himself never dreamed of. But what we have indicated as characteristic of the "Post-Boy" is self-evident enough, and furnishes a glimpse of the picturesque if homely English life of the preceding generation.

### The Interests of Middle-aged Women.

THIS question has assumed a new aspect of late years, since women have taken a larger share in the activities formerly largely controlled by men; and there are women and journals that urge, as a compensation for the loss of youth and the attention and admiration it wins, the desirability of middle-aged women striving, when their time is no longer occupied with the care of young children, to achieve a place in the fields of active business and professional life. To our view this sort of talk is apt to be very misleading. It shows a want of knowledge of what is necessary to success in business and professional life, and it fails to take into account the numerous family and social interests in which a woman is involved who has done her whole duty, and kept the links of the chain bright that bind her to her family and the rest of the world. People who have bestowed any thought upon the subject know that the habits and modes of thought and work established between youth and middle age, that is between twenty-five and fifty, cling to us through life, and what we have not laid the foundation for, at least before forty-five or fifty has passed over our heads, we shall not be likely to reach afterwards. There may be cases where a strong predisposition had existed toward a special career which had been interfered with by the exercise of domestic functions, and which has been taken up when time and opportunity permitted; but these must be very rare. The large majority of women reach middle age with habits fixed, with faculties sharpened and improved in some respects by experience; but accustomed to work in given directions, and less capable of the sudden spurts of activity which characterize youth and untried strength.

The middle-aged woman who has properly cultivated herself and her surroundings loses nothing

in not receiving the sort of consideration she received as a girl. Then she was the recipient of all sorts of blessing and kindness, now she is the one to bestow them upon others. If her husband has done his duty abroad as she has at home, their house is a center from which a constant stream of beneficence flows, not only toward those who are directly dependent upon them, but outwardly, in a widening circle of which the middle-aged woman, wife, mother, friend, possibly child herself still, of some older woman, is the force and inspiration.

We reap that which we sow. The narrow, self-centered man or woman, realizes this as they grow towards middle-age and find their children looking forward with hope and anticipation to leaving the parental roof, and nothing in the way of friends or neighborhood interest to take their place—but the woman cannot throw herself out of these cramping circumstances into an arena occupied by trained, as well as young and strong competitors.

The fields of active effort present a very different aspect to women of to-day from that which was exhibited twenty years ago. Then the places and spaces were unoccupied except by underbrush and weeds, which had to be cleared away by pioneers whose work was more preparatory than thorough or complete. To-day the preliminary work has to be done no more; the means exist which did not exist then for furnishing the education and training of the faculties required to compete with men in the trades, in business, or in the professions; and numbers of young, able women are availing themselves of these opportunities, and gradually raising the standard of women's work in these directions. That women could work at all in these untried fields, the first who essayed them had to prove; having proved this, and the means being supplied for their intellectual equipment, as good work, and work in the same way, will be demanded from them as from men.

There is this difference, moreover, between men and women: whereas men at middle-age are in the prime and plenitude of their powers, women who are in active life begin to feel the necessity for reducing the amount of their daily expenditure of force, and resting somewhat upon what they have gained. Usually this is possible with the successful wife and mother. Through the man's exertions and her economy, their social position has improved; there is no longer the necessity for her personal service in such ways as she formerly gave it. She has time to work for and with her growing daughters, to cultivate youthful society for their sakes, to establish her friendly relations, and attend to such neighborhood and church and community interests as naturally fall to her share. This is the life of the married middle-aged woman, and the one in which she finds truest happiness. Who can tell what that woman sacrifices who has to give up her consecration to her own family, her intimacy with her own children, the sweet knowledge and loving remembrance which comes from daily and hourly association?

Is not the after life of that daughter likely to be happiest, who spent her months of preparation for her own bridal in the society and companionship of her mother, and whose thoughts of her are interwoven with every kind and thoughtful act for the family comfort and welfare? We would not say one word which would put an obstacle in the path of any woman; but all do not need to become doctors, or lawyers, or writers, or lecturers, in order to fill an important place in the world; nor is it helpful to women to add any more to the army of incompetents that already exist, or dignify the promptings of their vanity and ambition with high-sounding phrases. Let us be honest or nothing.

### Ruin to the Children.

THERE is a great deal of effort made nowadays on behalf of the children; everything is provided for them in the way of books, dress, entertainment, and the like; and there is an energetic society which does a great deal of active, and excellent work in the prevention of cruelty among the poorer classes.

But why cannot something be done to save children from the idiotic vanity of some ignorant, and foolish mothers? Why cannot something be done to put a stop to the public entertainments for which children, boys and girls of tender age, are remorselessly chartered, exposed to imminent risks,—their budding minds engrossed, excited, stimulated by something entirely foreign to the simple routine of daily life and school study, and prematurely aroused to a knowledge of the envy and bitterness of world-wearied women?

Late children's parties are, fortunately, now almost wholly unknown; a very salutary change has taken place in that respect, even in the social life of adults. Afternoon receptions have largely taken the place of the old crowded evening "parties," and there are few children's gatherings, no matter how "fashionable" they may be, that are not held between such hours as make it possible for the little ones of a family to attend them, and yet be at home and in bed at nearly their usual time. The children's "carnivals," and other public entertainments of a similar character, gotten up within the past few years, ostensibly for charitable purposes, exercise an influence so detrimental, so directly contrary to every effort that has been made in behalf of health, simplicity, regularity, thorough training, and a modest reserve in deportment, that it seems extraordinary some strong protest has not been made before this time in regard to an evil which, under the guise of charity, has assumed dangerous proportions.

The time consumed in the preparation for one of these public displays is at least two months, sometimes nearer three. During this time the children go to the hall of a dancing master three afternoons in a week for "rehearsals." This in all sorts of weather, in the midst of the strictest and most essential part of the school year. These rehearsals increase in number, frequency, and importance as the evening of the entertainment approaches, and must be attended to, at the sacrifice of time, strength and study. Finally, the children are forced to appear in expensive costumes provided by themselves—some of which are very light, others heavy—and take their part in the show, which lasts till twelve o'clock at night, though they may not appear for more than three minutes; and all this labor, and trouble, and time—this waste of force for an entire season of school life—is permitted in order that the child may dance, or attitudinize in public before a crowd, for from three to fifteen minutes! Should the child follow this up by imbibing a passion for the stage and the life of a dancer—should she elect to come before the foot-lights a few years later for money—the uplifting of hands and the groans would be beyond calculation.

Yet, in nine cases out of ten, this first experience implants a taste for public applause and cheap notoriety, which exerts a deteriorating influence, and not unfrequently a disastrous one. We must preserve the simplicity of childhood if we would have our children enjoy at the proper time, and to the full, the pleasures of the coming years. But it is cruelty to them to deprive them of their best opportunity for the sake of forestalling a period of doubtful pleasure. If charities can be sustained in no other way, they should not be sustained at all.

## Science in Small Doses.

**Useful for Decorative Wares.**—Any of the soluble aniline dyes may be used to color glue.

**What Next?**—A manufactory of paper bricks is reported to have been opened in Wisconsin. The bricks are said to be exceedingly durable and moisture-proof.

**How to Kill Insects.**—The best way to kill insects, for collection, so that their legs will not contract, is to dip them in turpentine or chloroform.

**Cleaning Tarnished Lace.**—To clean silver lace, sew the lace in a clean linen cloth, boil in a pint of water and two ounces of soap, and then wash it in cold water. If the lace be tarnished, apply a little warm spirits of wine to the tarnished part.

**Pictures in Ice.**—Take a block of ice, smooth the surface, and paint some scene on it. The paint will soon dry; and then water should be poured over it until the block is some inches thicker.

**Ink on Furniture.**—If ink has been spilled over rosewood or mahogany furniture, half a teaspoonful of oil of vitriol in a tablespoonful of water, applied with a feather, will quickly remove it.

**New Oak to look like Old.**—To make oak paneling look like old oak, put some common soda into some hot water—let the solution be very strong—and sponge the oak over two or three times with it. When it is quite dry, rub with fine glass-paper, as the soda raises the grain of the wood, and finish off with the best linseed oil.

**Damp Velvet.**—When velvet has been wet and becomes spotted, hold the wrong side over steam, and while damp draw the wrong side quickly over a warm iron. It takes two to do this—one to hold the bottom of the iron upward, and the second to draw the velvet across.

**To Take Out Candle-Grease.**—If *spermaceti* is dropped on any garment or furniture, first carefully scrape off all that can be removed without injury to the material; then lay brown paper over the spot, or a piece of blotting-paper, and put a warm iron on the paper until the oil shows through. Continue to renew the paper and apply the warm iron until the paper shows no more oil.

**Cocoa Nibs.**—Cocoa nibs—the cleaned, roasted, and crushed seeds of theobroma—are too rich and heavy as a beverage. "Pressed cocoas" have much of the cocoa butter removed from them, and "soluble cocoas" have starch added. So great is the amount of heat-givers in cocoa, that in one hundred parts they have an equivalent of one hundred and thirty-two parts of starch. Soluble cocoas so called do not, however, give a solution of cocoa; a thick mucilage is produced with boiling water, but the finely ground cocoa is held in suspension only. Ground cocoa is often ground in iron mills, and a quantity of iron—an undue amount—is generally given to the cocoa.

**Smoked Marble.**—If marble is smoked or soiled, either by bituminous coal or too free use of kindling wood, Spanish whiting, with a piece of washing soda, rubbed together, and wet with only enough water to moisten and make it into a paste, will remove the grease and smoke. Dip a piece of flannel in this preparation, and rub the spots while the paste is quite moist. Leave the paste on for hours, and, if need be, remove it and renew with fresh paste. When the spots disappear wash the place with clean, hot soap-suds, wipe dry, and polish with chamois skin.

**Defaced Wall-Paper.**—Oil marks on wall paper, or the marks where inconsiderate people rest their heads, are a sore grief to good housekeepers,

but they can be removed without much trouble. Take pipe-clay or fuller's earth, and make it into a paste, about as thick as rich cream, with cold water; lay it on the satin gently, without rubbing it in; leave it on all night. It will be dry by morning, when it can be brushed off, and, unless an old stain, the grease spots will have disappeared. If old, renew the application.

**Warm Water in Surgery.**—Dr. Goelet reports cases of traumatic erysipelas, lacerated and contused wounds in general, but especially those of the scalp, compound fractures, gunshot wounds, and traumatic gangrene, treated by warm water application. This may be done, he says (1), by a warm water bath, when the limb is submerged in water kept constantly at the same temperature—some 108 degrees Fahrenheit—disinfected when so desired, and changed as often as necessary, say twice a day; and (2), by hot fomentations, which consist of a layer of cotton batting, or two thicknesses of sheet lint, saturated with hot water—previously disinfected if desired—applied closely and evenly to the part, and kept at an even temperature by a covering of oiled silk.

**Chloral Applied Externally.**—Chloral hydrate is now employed by physicians with considerable success in neuralgic pains and in cancer of the breast, and this, in some instances, when other sedatives and narcotics have notably failed to give relief. The mode of application practiced in such cases is by the saturation of folds of lint, of the size of the part to be treated, brought into close contact, then covered with three or four layers of lint covered with oil silk or spongio-piline wrung out of hot water. The application to raw surfaces requires, of course, special care in manipulation. The strength of the solution is about four drachms to sixteen ounces of water, and the addition of a small quantity of glycerine is found advantageous.

**Chicory and Dandelion as Winter Salads.**—Chicory and dandelion, when cultivated, produce throughout the winter a very large supply of tender, delicately-flavored leaves available for salads. Both require similar cultivation; the seed should be sown in March or April in drills fifteen inches apart, and the plants be thinned out to a distance of nine inches apart in the rows, giving them a good deep soil to grow in. In November the roots can be taken up and laid in by the heels, where they may remain till required for use. The roots do not require forcing, as they will commence to grow freely if packed close together in boxes about twelve inches deep, with a little fine and moist soil between them, and placed in a cellar. If there is a mushroom-house, the roots can be planted together in one corner. To keep up a supply through the winter, three lots of roots will be required—the first lot to be started, say, about the end of November or beginning of December, the second as soon as the first begins to decline, and the third as soon as the second begins to show signs of exhaustion. Dandelion roots may of course be obtained from pasture and other lands, but they are by no means so profitable as those properly cultivated.

**Fungus and Intermittent Fever.**—The physical cause of marsh or intermittent fever is attributed by Professor Klebs to a kind of poisonous fungus. This, it appears, was ascertained by him and Professor Tommasi after several weeks of research and inquiry, during the spring season, in Agro Romano—a locality notorious for the prevalence of this particular kind of fever. They examined minutely the lower strata of the atmosphere of that district, as well as its soil and stagnant waters, and, in the two former, they discovered a microscopic fungus, consisting of numerous movable shining spores of a longish oval shape. This fungus was found to be artificially

generated in various kinds of soil. The fluid matter obtained was filtrated and repeatedly washed, and the residuum left after filtration was introduced under the skin of healthy dogs. The animals experimented on all had the fever with the regular typical course.

**Bread Making.**—There are at present three methods employed in this country by which carbonic acid gas is introduced into dough, the small bubbles of which give bread its vesiculated structure. In one process the carbonic acid is driven in ready-made from a vessel in which it is separately prepared. This is the bread known as aerated. Of the three processes in which carbonic acid gas is formed in the dough, two are chemical processes and one is by the action of yeast. Bicarbonate of sodium and tartaric acid are in one process used, when tartrate of sodium and carbonic acid result. The objection to this is that the tartrate of sodium, taken habitually, is liable to cause derangements in the system. Bicarbonate of sodium and hydrochloric acid are also used in another process to produce the needed carbonic acid, and here the interchange leads to the formation of water and common salt as well. The danger in this case to be guarded against is the presence of arsenic. The more common process, however, is that in which the yeast-plant is used, bringing about those mysterious changes which are still so imperfectly understood. Yeast has the power of converting the starch of flour into glucose—a sugar. This sugar is further broken up into alcohol and carbonic acid. The alcohol escapes, and the carbonic acid gives the vesicular structure.

**The Latest.**—A fruit-picker is the latest invention. It is simply a ring or collar of sheet-metal, four or five inches high and the same in diameter, with the upper portion formed into half a dozen points like a crown, each point being covered with an india-rubber disc or shield to prevent the fruit from injury by contact. A socket in the side receives a light pole of any required length, and from the bottom of the ring or crown extends a light hose of cotton drilling, or other light material, to convey the fruit down to the hand of the operator, or into a basket, wagon, or wherever desired. Standing on the ground, the operator reaches for the fruit, the points of the crown passing on each side of the stem, and a light upward shove easily detaches the fruit, and it drops down through the crown and hose. The operator can hold the pole in one hand and the hose in the other, or the hose can be hooked to a small, movable bracket placed on the pole for that purpose, thus allowing of handling the pole with both hands, or an assistant can manage the hose.

**Cause of an Epidemic.**—The recent epidemic at North Adams, Mass., has been traced to the water supply. Engineer Locke has made a map of the town, indicating by red dots every house where there was a case of sickness, and by small circles every house which escaped, covering both the village proper and all the roads leading out of it. Afterward he drew the line of the water-pipe on his map, and everywhere the red dots stop with the pipe and follow its course. He cites numerous instances to prove that the water was the sole cause of the trouble, and shows that nearly everybody who was pointed out as not using the town water, although sick, had been in the district and drank the water. He locates the impurity in an old mill-dam through which the water passes, and says he found it full of decaying vegetable matter, which gave forth an offensive odor perceived at some distance from the pond. That, he thinks, was sufficient to cause the outbreak, in connection with the peculiar weather which had prepared the people for the epidemic.

# Current Topics.

## Conversations on Events of the Day.

### THE WONDERFUL AND STARTLING THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH.— CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A DOMESTIC POINT OF VIEW.

#### Conversation Ninth.

*Mother.* Our first series of conversations published in DEMOREST'S MONTHLY for September, have, I understand, attracted a good deal of attention, for the reason that they contained in a familiar, off-hand way a record of the leading events of the month. There is much in the newspapers which it is not proper to read in families; and then there is so much published, which is doubtless of value to business men and politicians, but which is uninteresting and almost unintelligible to most women, and many men, that summaries of the important news, such as our conversations bring out, will be found to be of great practical value and interest. Now, then, for the latest news.

*Son.* I have been struck by the number of accidents which have taken place by land and water recently. There was that disaster at May's Landing, on the West Jersey Railroad, by which fifteen persons were killed, and nearly sixty scalded and otherwise injured. It was a church excursion train from Atlantic City bound for Philadelphia. Then on a railroad near Rockland Lake the breaking of an axle plunged a train of cars down an embankment thirteen feet deep. Seventeen persons were severely injured, and every one on the train more or less hurt. Then there were a number of minor accidents, collisions on the Long Island roads and several railway disasters in England; so that the readers have "supped full of horrors," and travelers have been made uncomfortable.

*Father.* It can be demonstrated that fewer people are injured by railway accidents than were killed and maimed by the stage-coaches of the last generation. Our means of collecting news by telegraph are so complete that the crimes and disasters from all quarters of the globe are served up to us every morning, and so there seems to be more of these painful occurrences than there used to be. The worst effect of these publications is the uneasiness they create among people who use steamboats and railway cars. The loss of life and the injury to the persons is bad enough; but for every one person killed or hurt there are a hundred thousand made apprehensive and nervous by the accounts they read in the papers. By the way, events are taking place in China which do not seem to attract much newspaper notice, but which are of the utmost moment to the human race. You know that China wished to keep aloof from other nations. All intercourse with foreigners was prohibited, and the central government would not permit Chinamen to emigrate or deal with the traders of other nations. But Great Britain forced the Chinamen to open certain of their ports to the commerce of the world, and permit certain foreign merchants to buy from and sell to their people. Before this could be effected several wars were undertaken. One was called the opium war. The use of that narcotic is one of the vices of the Chinese, and the government tried to suppress the traffic, but British East India merchants were largely interested in the growth and sale of opium, and the British Government, at the point of the bayonet, forced the Chinese Government to open their ports to the sale of this pernicious drug.

*Daughter.* Surely that was a wicked thing to do.

*Father.* So it was; and the remonstrances of the good people of England were loud and earnest against the war. To further open the trade of China an English and French army marched to Peking, defeating the Chinese armies and capturing the palace of the Emperor, which was plundered and burnt. It is to the credit of the United States that it took no part in these wars, though its commerce profited by the opening of this vast and densely populated country.

*Son.* Is it true that one quarter of the human race is located in China?

*Father.* In the old geographies it was stated that the population of that country was 400,000,000, but more recent investigations have led statisticians to think that 250,000,000 would be nearer the mark.

*Daughter.* Is it true that little girls in China have their feet made unnaturally small by bandages when infants; and is it also true that a great many of them are drowned?

*Father.* Yes; it is a mark of gentility in China if a woman has feet so small as to be unable to walk; and life is so hard and precarious because of the dense population that infanticide is encouraged so as to reduce their numbers. As girls are less able to work in the struggle for life than boys, it is they who are sacrificed. So common was this custom in the early history of mankind that women became scarce, and the institution of polyandry grew up.

*Daughter.* What is polyandry?

*Father.* It means one woman the wife of several men. Polygamy, you know, means many wives for one man.

*Son.* But what new development has taken place in China which you think of great importance to the human race?

*Father.* The Chinese Government has notified ours that all restrictions upon commerce are abolished; that every port in China is now open to trade; and that the subjects of that populous region of the earth are at liberty to deal with foreigners the same as with one another.

*Son.* What effect will this have?

*Father.* The Chinese merchants will hereafter deal on equal terms with foreigners, and will monopolize the trade now confined to the latter. The cheap labor and productions of China will be brought into competition with those of other nations. I very much fear this will create great disturbances and much suffering throughout the civilized world. The Chinaman can work longer and live on less than any other people on earth. He is the most industrious, persevering and economical worker to be found on the globe. His appearance as a competitor in the labor market will in time reduce the standard of comfort among all the wages-receiving classes in other countries.

*Son.* Is not the prejudice against the Chinaman in California unrepugnant and unnatural?

*Father.* Unrepugnant, certainly; but not unnatural. Wherever the Chinese have competed with white labor in Australia, New South Wales, New Zealand and the Islands of the Pacific, you will find the same hostility to them as exists in California; and all due to the same cause—their greater frugality and willingness to work for wages which the white workman considers inadequate to supply his daily wants. Hence laws are passed to prevent them settling among white people. By one of these strange caprices in human affairs it is not unlikely that we will find the civilized world changing places with China in respect to foreign intercourse; and instead of China keeping aloof from the rest of the world, the civilized nations will combine to exclude the Chinese laborer from competing with the Caucasian working-class.

*Daughter.* In our last month's conversations something was said about meteoric stones; I see that in May, 1879, the largest aerolite ever beheld in America fell on a farm in Emmet County, Iowa. It was chipped and broken by curiosity gatherers; but, when dug out of fifteen feet of ground, it weighed 431 pounds. It was sold recently to the British Museum for \$6,500.00. An attempt was made to raise money to keep it in this country as a great curiosity; but no one was willing to pay the price for it. I suppose that when that stone entered our atmosphere it must have weighed many thousand pounds. It is to be kept under a glass case in the British Museum, as the largest piece of rock that ever came down from the interstellar spaces.

*Son.* I see we are to have a world's fair in New York; do you think it will exceed the great fair in Philadelphia in 1876?

*Father.* The Centennial was really a very creditable exposition, and surpassed in every way the great fairs in Europe. It is announced the New York exhibition will commence in 1883; but if it is to be worthy of the United States there is hardly time for its proper organization. 1883 is a very fit time to hold it, because that year marks the one hundredth anniversary of the treaty of Paris, in which Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States. It will undoubtedly be the greatest International fair ever held on this globe, and will have momentous consequences to the trade and importance of the American Union.

*Son.* If we are to believe the papers, New York will soon cease to be a great seaport. It is stated that the people of that city are ruining their fine harbor by allowing the waste and filth of the city to fill the channels and so choke up the means of ingress and egress.

*Father.* It is incomprehensible how so intelligent a population as that which dwells in New York should allow this to go on for years without in some way correcting the evil; but then that city is sadly misgoverned in every way. But undoubtedly the general government will step in and give that attention to its fine harbor which its citizens have failed to do. The general government has already removed a great part of the rocks at Hell Gate, and in three years' time the reef at Hallett's Point will be blown away. This will permit of the anchorage and safe navigation of vessels of the largest tonnage by way of Long Island Sound. Then the East River is to be connected with the North River by the deepening of the channel of the Harlem River, and the building of a ship canal; so you see, even if the route by way of Sandy Hook should be closed up, New York could retain its commerce by the new line of approach by way of the Sound. But in that event the center of population would change from below to above the Central Park.

#### Conversation Tenth.

*Son.* I see the papers are talking about "Dalrymple's Crusade." It seems to be some scheme for invading Northern Mexico.

*Father.* You see in every civilized community which has been long at peace there grows up a restless feeling in a certain part of the population. Rough, daring fellows come to the front who seek to satisfy their desire for glory or taste for adventure at the expense of the laws. In other nations the outlet for these uneasy spirits is the army or navy, but in this country they are apt to form what are known as filibustering expeditions. Before the late war we had trouble with Nicaragua and Mexico because of the organization of men having in view the conquest of certain portions of Central America. Our Cuban sympathizers also gave us trouble by organizing expeditions to free the island of Cuba from the Spanish domination. This Dalrymple party, to which you allude, seems to be an organization having in view the capture of Northern Mexico. That is known to be a magnificent mining region, but that industry does not flourish, owing to the weakness of the Mexican Government. Mine owners are often plundered by the various rebel chiefs who dispute the authority of the reigning power at the Capital of Mexico. Many Americans have looked with covetous eyes upon Northern Mexico, and it is just possible that in time we may be forced to annex that region to the United States. When we do there will be a great development of mining industry in that quarter. Prospectors are now very numerous in Arizona and New Mexico, and the more adventurous of these confidently expect to get possession of the lodes of gold and silver just across the border. Hence it is not impossible that the next Administration may have to deal with filibusters organized to make descent upon the nation neighboring upon our south-west. Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona seem to be the headquarters of these new crusaders in search of the treasures of Mexico.

*Mother.* I saw in a paper recently a new reason for building the De Lesseps Canal across the Isthmus of Darien. A Dr. Boyland, of Baltimore, has written a pamphlet advocating its construction, because of the hygienic benefits it will confer upon the languid, liver-congested, malaria-ridden inhabitants of that region. He believes that when the ship canal is opened from sea to ocean, an

immense body of strongly impregnated salt water will pour through, and a current of fresh salt sea air will follow. This will establish a system of local drainage, and the now fever-stricken and malarial-cursed region will become wholesome.

*Father.* There may be something in that idea. Man works great changes on the face of the globe by his improvements, and many of the diseases of civilized countries are due to the damming up of streams and the turning over of the earth while they are in progress. It is strange that people will run the risk of death by living in climates where malaria and fevers prevail. No doubt Count De Lesseps will be pleased with this pamphlet of Dr. Boyland's.

*Son.* In a previous conversation you spoke of tunnels. I see that the French and English governments have consented to the construction of the great tunnel under the British Channel between France and England, and now an American, Mr. Walter Shanly, has commenced operations for a railway tunnel under the St. Lawrence River. The depth of the water at the deepest place is forty-two feet, and the tunnel will be required to be forty feet below the river bed. This will allow for twenty feet for the tunnel roof, and twenty feet for the tunnel itself. It seems Mr. Shanly thinks that he will have to wait for winter, when the river is covered with ice, so as not to be disturbed by passing vessels. It will cost twenty thousand dollars to make the survey alone.

*Father.* It is surprising to me why a tunnel should be built under the St. Lawrence in view of the great Victoria Tubular Railroad Bridge which crosses that stream at Montreal. It is strange what large sums of money capitalists are willing to spend on enterprises of that kind. The greatest work now under way is the East River Bridge—magnificent as a specimen of what man can do in overcoming the difficulties which nature has placed in his path, but I query whether it will ever be worth the \$17,000,000 it will cost to build.

*Mother.* That was a grievous loss Prof. Mommsen sustained. It seems he lost the fruit of many years' labor by a fire at his residence in Berlin. He was at work on some memorials of Rome, and had in his possession valuable parchments and documents to assist him in his work on "Roman Inscriptions" and the continuation of his famous "History of Rome." The fact is recalled that Neibuhr, his great predecessor, also lost valuable manuscripts by fire, which so affected him that he never recovered his health. The destruction of historical records is a public calamity. History justly condemns the Mohammedans who burnt the great libraries at Alexandria.

*Daughter.* Yes, mother, you remember that the fierce Moslem who destroyed that great collection said that if these books simply confirmed what was in the Koran there was no need of them, but if they contradicted the Mohammedan Bible they ought to be destroyed. In other words, he considered the only truth worth preserving was that which upheld the Mohammedan faith.

*Son.* Speaking of Mommsen's great loss reminds me of a similar accident which happened to Sir Isaac Newton. The labor of some twenty years was lost by a little dog upsetting a candle in a pile of papers. The great scientist showed his Christian temper by exclaiming, "Ah! Diamond, it is well that you cannot realize the mischief you have wrought." That was all the complaint he was ever known to make.

*Daughter.* In one of our previous conversations something was said about carrier-pigeons. I see that an Antwerp bird, which was brought to this country, tried to find its way back to its old home. It was owned by Mr. Alburger, of Callowhill Street, Philadelphia. This gentleman brought two birds from Europe called "White Cheques." One of them flew from Paris to Antwerp within three hours. Well, it seems this same bird managed to escape from his Philadelphia home, and started for the ocean. While its instinct was correct as to where it should go, it evidently found that it could not get across, so it returned to the beach. It was seen to go out and return repeatedly, and at last it was shot at Barnegat Inlet, by young Mr. Kinsey, of the Ashley House. On the wings was found Mr. Alburger's name. Does it not seem a miracle that these birds should know the way to take to get to their old homes over three thousand miles distant?

*Father.* It is expected that the emigration to this country will be very large this year. Probably half a million of people will land on our shores within twelve months. Of course, this will give business to our railroads; will help to

occupy our spare land, and in some respects will be an excellent thing for the country. Yet it must be borne in mind that of the five hundred thousand many will be ignorant and some vicious. Not only our farms but our prisons and hospitals will be in demand. This is a greater emigration than was ever before known in the history of the world.

*Son.* I see an account of a Swedish colony in Maine. That State seems to have a good deal of ground which Americans do not care to occupy, and so they offered a hundred acres of land to any able-bodied citizen of Sweden who cared to secure a title and turn it into a farm. This was taken advantage of in 1870, and now there is a settlement called New Sweden, which embraces seven hundred and seventy-seven persons, and they have put under tillage four thousand four hundred and eight acres of land, and are considered a very prosperous, honest and desirable colony. What a pity it is that all our emigrants are not of this character.

*Father.* Yes, such settlements are useful in this country, where our young American people prefer to come to the large cities. City life destroys population, and it is really true that in New England the natives are being supplanted by Irish and Canadians so far as the cultivation of the soil is concerned. The Swedes are said to like spirituous liquors. It is quite remarkable that Maine has succeeded in almost entirely suppressing the traffic in intoxicating drinks. Whenever it is said that the sale of liquor cannot be prevented, the State of Maine is the standing answer. No doubt some of it is drunk there, but it is very little compared with the amounts consumed in States where the prohibitory laws either do not exist or are not enforced.

*Mother.* By the way, husband, do you recall the settlement in Palestine of emigrants from Maine?

*Father.* Yes. That was some twenty years since. Quite a collection of religious people from Maine thought it possible to settle and make money in Asia Minor, but they were mistaken. The colony did not flourish. Some died, and the remainder returned to this country. With all their New England thrift and enterprise, their efforts to plant an agricultural community in the Holy Land was a conspicuous failure.

*Mother.* And yet I see that Jerusalem is a growing town. The Hebrew population is increasing, and numbers fifteen thousand against ten thousand in 1873. It seems that foreigners can hold real property in Turkey, and a great many Jews and others leave Germany and settle in Syria to escape military service. There are four hundred Germans at Jerusalem, three hundred at Jaffa, and about the same number at Caiffa. Their chief industries are said to be oil, soap, articles in olive wood, and mother of pearl.

*Father.* It has been the dream of a great many Jews to re-establish their race in the Holy Land. It is said the Rothschilds have been approached to raise a fund to buy Palestine outright from the Turkish authorities. It is singular that during the Middle Ages all Europe was in arms, to rescue the holy sepulchre from the Saracen. After thirteen crusades the Cross failed to overcome the Crescent. Unless I misread the signs of the times the end of the Turkish power cannot be far distant, and Palestine will fall into the hands of the Russians, and will be subject to the Greek National Church. In all Christian communities an intense interest will ever attach to the birth-place of the Saviour.

### Conversation Eleventh.

*Daughter.* What a dreadful thing that torpedo explosion was in Callao Bay! Three hundred pounds of dynamite were exploded under the Chilean transport *Loa*, and 150 poor men were killed. Is not war waged in this way too barbarous for civilized nations?

*Father.* Peru and Chili are at war, and the latter has so far had the advantage. The first success of the Peruvians has been this destruction of the *Loa*. We cannot very well object to torpedoes, for in the event of war between the United States and any great power, we should be forced to defend New York, Boston, and all our great seaport cities by their use. We are without an effective navy, nor have we any great guns. A war with a great naval power would find us defenseless, for it requires time to make cannon and construct a modern war vessel.

*Son.* But, father, surely the United States is the peer of any nation on earth.

*Father.* That is very true. There are nearly fifty millions of people in this country; they are as brave as any on earth, and, if prepared, could defy the world in arms. But a boy of ten years, if he had a pistol, would be more than a match for a naked Hercules.

*Mother.* Speaking of war ships I see that France has had a great naval display at Cherbourg. President Grevy, Gambetta, and other members of the government reviewed the ships. The fleet comprised six of the largest and most powerful of the French iron-clads, and were under the command of Vice-Admiral Garnault. The largest of these vessels were the *Colbert* and *Friedland*, the armor upon which was nine inches thick. These vessels were steamed at the rate of 14 knots an hour.

*Father.* Yes, these French war ships are very large and powerful; yet England's are still more formidable. The *Colbert* would be more than a match for the whole navy of the United States. Admiral Porter and all our naval officers admit this. It is a pity we cannot get along without armies and navies, but I am afraid the millennium is still some distance off.

*Son.* What use are those great iron-clads? There was no attempt to do anything with them during the Franco-German war.

*Father.* It is true that so far the money spent on iron-clad fleets has been worse than wasted. As you say, the French and German fleets never came to blows, while in the late war between Russia and Turkey there was no naval conflict, although the Turkish fleet was commanded by an Englishman of great gallantry. Both sides were afraid to use their iron-clads for fear of torpedoes.

*Son.* But, father, Admiral Farragut was not afraid of torpedoes. He did not fear to enter the Mississippi River and Mobile Bay, although he knew that explosives were stationed under his ships.

*Father.* That is very true, and hence I do not think we ought to rely so exclusively upon only one means of defense. We should have at least half a dozen war ships of the first class, and several hundred of the monster cannon in use on the other side to protect our harbors.

*Son.* Would not that involve forts and fortifications?

*Father.* Not necessarily. It is now found that earthworks are as effective for defensive purposes as the most strongly built forts. Any structure of stone can be knocked into pieces by modern cannon, but a sandbank offers a more effective resistance to cannon balls, and can be more easily repaired.

*Son.* What is the meaning of the seizure of arms in the harbor of Cork, by the Fenians?

*Father.* A Norwegian vessel was boarded by armed men, and several cases of guns were taken from the hold. The boarding party are supposed to be Fenians, a secret organization, the object of which is in time to free Ireland from the authority of England.

*Son.* Is there any reason to believe that a revolt against the English Government would be successful?

*Father.* So far as facts within our knowledge go, an attempted insurrection would be criminal, because of its utter impracticability. The Irish people are unarmed and unorganized, while England is in the plenitude of her power.

*Son.* Is the discontent in Ireland justifiable?

*Father.* The Irish people have grave reasons for dissatisfaction. The land laws are oppressive to the farmers; so much so that the failure of the crops last year plunged them into misery. We raised some \$500,000 in this country to feed the starving Irishmen. But the House of Lords, in England, defeated a measure of the Gladstone Cabinet which had in view the alleviation of the burdens of the peasantry. Ireland is unfortunate in one respect: its soil contains neither coal nor iron, and hence the people are forced to rely almost exclusively upon agriculture. This creates competition for the possession of land, from which is derived the only means of subsistence, and hence high rents; and when a crop failure comes, extreme poverty affects the people; that is, if the landlords insist upon their rents. Mr. John Bright, the famous Quaker orator, wants the English Government to purchase the land from its present owners and resell it upon easy terms to the actual cultivators of the soil. This was what was done by the Prussian Government

after the Napoleonic wars. This policy resulted in making Prussia the foremost power in Germany, which was brought, in time, under its dominion. As the landlord interest is very strong in the House of Lords, no such radical measure is likely to be adopted by the British Parliament, and hence the discontent of Ireland is likely to continue.

*Son.* Does this extend to England or Scotland?

*Father.* Yes, America can now sell wheat so cheap in the English markets that the farmer there who pays high rents cannot compete. In seasons of ordinary or poor crops he fails to make both ends meet. Hence the landlord class is losing the support which it has heretofore had from the farmers and yeomen. It is conceded that the cheap food of the United States is one of the most potent causes at work to diminish the wealth and prestige of the English aristocracy. By underselling the British farmer, we reduce rents and lessen the value of realty. I look for grave changes in the whole structure of the British Government in a very few years. The secure establishment of a republic in France makes one in England a possibility. Still, I hardly expect to see a president replace a king or queen at Windsor Palace for many years to come.

*Daughter.* What is this I read about the Bender family in Kansas?

*Mother.* Oh, the story is a horrible one. Some years ago, in an out-of-the-way place in Kansas, a number of persons mysteriously disappeared. Suspicion fell upon a family of four persons—a father, mother, son, and daughter, called the Benders. They disappeared, and, on examining their house, discoveries were made which read like the horrors described in the old romances. The place was a little grocery and tavern, and the travelers who desired food were asked to sit at the table and partake. While eating, the old Bender would break their skulls with an axe, cut their throats, and then drop them through a trap-door under the table. In the cellar to which the trap-door led were found a number of dead bodies, while several others were dug out of an adjoining garden, two of which were little children.

*Daughter.* Was not that dreadful?

*Mother.* Yes, it teaches us that certain depraved people in our own time keep up the worst traditions of the past. Notwithstanding the progress of civilization and education, here and there will be found in society veritable human wolves.

*Son.* Have all the Benders been discovered?

*Mother.* No, it is not even certain that the two old people who are in custody are the real Benders. It seems they have been living for years among the Indians. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the example, that the culprits will be discovered and punished.

*Son.* What is this about the discovery of a new plateau in the South Atlantic near Charleston, South Carolina?

*Father.* It seems the officers of the Coast Survey have discovered that a submarine plateau runs some miles from our coast, which has an important influence upon the temperature of the Southern States. The water on this "swell of land" is only from 250 to 400 fathoms deep, instead of being from 600 to 1,000 as was supposed.

*Son.* But, father, how can this plateau have anything to do with the climate of the Atlantic coast?

*Father.* A very great deal, as you will see when I explain it. You know about the Gulf Stream, a body of warm water which comes from the Gulf of Mexico, turns toward the north at Florida, continues along our coast, and finally deflects over toward Great Britain. This stream of warm water sensibly affects our climate and even modifies that of Europe; for, as you know, England, though in a high latitude, enjoys a much more temperate climate than the corresponding latitude on this continent. During the winter and spring a counter-current of very cold water comes from the Arctic Ocean, but, being heavy, it sinks to the bottom as it runs south. If there was no impediment it would flow upon our shores in the South Atlantic, and thus modify the temperature. This last summer, on account of the unusual number of icebergs, it was supposed that the cold water would come to the surface along our Southern coast, giving rise to rains and cooler weather. But the plateau I have been telling you of kept the cold water, which was running at the lowest depths, away from our coast. Still, in the region of New York, July was, for that latitude, a cold and rainy month.

*Son.* If these ocean currents have so great an effect upon climate, might it not be possible for man to in some way control the weather as well as predict it?

*Father.* It seems impracticable now, but he would be a rash man who would set a limit to the possibilities of man's control over the powers of nature. If it was desirable, a break might be made in the Southern plateau I have spoken of, and then the ice-cold water could pour through, lowering the temperature of the shore upon which it is dashed as well as creating the conditions for more rain. Then, perhaps, it might be possible to detach icebergs from the frozen ocean and send them floating down the Atlantic to the equatorial regions.

*Son.* Have I not read somewhere that if the Desert of Sahara was turned into a sea it would modify the climate of Northern Africa and Europe?

*Father.* Yes, that is true. Sahara was once a sea within the historic period, and Northern Africa was then one of the most fertile regions of the earth. Should the waters of the Mediterranean be again poured into that desert, the temperature of Southern Europe would be thereby reduced, for the winds which now come laden with heat after passing over the burning desert, would become charged with moisture, and Spain, Italy, Greece, etc., would become cooler and more subject to rain storms than now.

*Son.* Is there any possibility of Sahara being turned into a great inland sea?

*Father.* Although a gigantic engineering undertaking, that feat is quite within the possibilities of science to accomplish. The level of the bed of Sahara is below that of the Mediterranean; and were a canal cut through, the waters of the latter would flow with their own gravity into and over this now sandy plain. Ships could be sailing and vessels steaming where now the camel is the only means of travel. This would marvelously affect the whole internal scenery of Africa.

### Conversation Twelfth.

*Son.* Well; Dr. Tanner has completed his task. He has lived forty days, of twenty-four hours each, without food, and has neither become insane nor died.

*Mother.* I notice from the newspapers that the feeling toward the Doctor is kindly, and that he has become quite a hero in some people's eyes.

*Father.* "Nothing," says the proverb, "succeeds like success." Any man who voluntarily suffers pain, or sacrifices himself for some ideal good, wise or unwise, is sure to attract attention and command applause. We are selfish from the necessity of our being. We need raiment to protect us against the cold; food to alleviate the pangs of hunger. Thus it appears directly to every man's susceptibility when he thinks of the agony to be endured by a craving for food. Hence the interest which followed Tanner's experiment, and the approbation bestowed upon him when he succeeded. He has also the felicity of realizing that his name will be quoted for many generations as having been able to outlive a fast of forty days and nights, it being, perhaps, the only well-authenticated case on record of a long fast honestly kept.

*Son.* I see the papers say that the country is enjoying good times. What do you understand by that term?

*Father.* We are at peace, the crops are large, and the mass of the people are employed at good wages. Consequently trade is active, and the industrious and enterprising are making and saving money. For instance, we will have 490,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, of which we will use about 200,000,000 and export 190,000,000. At present rates this would mean that Europe will pay us about \$170,000,000 for our surplus wheat. It is expected that we will raise in this country nearly 6,000,000 bales of cotton, about 500,000 more bales than last year. The great part of this we export; and so of other articles, such as petroleum, Indian corn, meat of all kinds, so that our total exports will aggregate an enormous sum. Europe sells to us manufactures of various kinds, but the difference between our exports and imports must be settled by payments in gold. Last year we received \$80,000,000 of European gold, and this year we may receive some \$40,000,000 more. This is the more extraordinary as we produce bullion—that is gold and silver—in large quantities, and naturally we ought to export it as we do our other

surplus products. These facts may seem dry to you my children, but all young Americans ought to understand the condition of their country.

*Son.* But, father, is it well to export so much of our raw products? Why should we not manufacture our raw material and use up our corn and wheat?

*Father.* That is a sensible question. It is, in a certain sense, wasteful for us to send abroad meat, wheat and cotton, for in doing so we impoverish our own soil. Every animal, every bale of cotton, every bushel of wheat represents a certain portion of the fertility of our soil, which it would be wise economy for us in some way to replace. But you see Europe has but little land and a great many people. We, so far, have a great deal of land and a relatively sparse population. Hence it is more economical for us to grow the raw material and let Europe utilize it in manufactures. The time is coming, however, in the history of our country, when our population will be so large that it will encroach upon our corn-fields, and by that time we will be manufacturing for ourselves.

*Mother.* I see that at last we have found an antidote for mosquitoes. It is stated, upon authority, that the Persian chamomile, a powder made from a flower found in the Caucasian Mountains, will, if burned in a room, destroy not only mosquitoes, but house-flies and other annoying insects. The fumes of this powder are not disagreeable, nor is it in any way injurious to a human being; but it is death to insects.

*Daughter.* Won't it be nice to get rid of flies and mosquitoes? I do not see what they were made for, except to torment people—flies by day, mosquitoes by night.

*Father.* It is difficult to see what good end is to be subserved by the creation of these insect pests; but careful housewives like your mother are not much troubled with the housefly or the mosquito. Proper screens and netting will save almost any house from these insect annoyances. The common housefly is very offensive and comes from the stable and the dunghill, and should be exterminated if possible.

*Son.* I see that Mr. Bergh and the New York Common Council want to kill off all the cats because they make noise at nights.

*Mother.* I hope they will not succeed, for what a pest rats and mice would become if the harmless cat was to be banished from our homes. But by the way, husband, have you ever heard the ingenious theory which attributed the splendid physique of the English people to the great number of old maids there are in Great Britain?

*Daughter.* What an absurd idea, mother!

*Mother.* Well, the argument was in this wise: The English race is powerful because the people live on good roast beef. The peculiar virtue of English beef is because the cattle feed on clover grass. Now, the clover has for its enemy the field mouse; but the enemy to the field mouse which keeps it in check is the cat, and cats are plenty in England, because there are nearly a million old maids, nearly all of whom own cats.

*Son.* Well, that is a ridiculous idea. How does it happen there are so many old maids in England?

*Father.* Because the English men emigrate to other parts of the world to make a living, leaving the women at home. There are about the same number of both sexes born, and nature seems to have designed that one woman should be the wife of one man. But so many young men leave their homes that there are not enough left of the male sex to go round.

*Wife.* So Balbo, the Italian who killed his wife, has been hung.

*Father.* Yes, and it seems to have stirred up a good deal of feeling. The trouble with our punishment of murderers is the law's delay. People forget the original crime in pity for the man who is about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

*Daughter.* Why kill men at all? Would it not be better to imprison them for life? It seems so cruel to me to deliberately hang a man who is in your power.

*Father.* I confess it seems barbarous to me. Criminals should be handed over to our medical men for experiments.

*Mother.* What! Vivisection?

*Daughter.* What does that hard word mean?

*Father.* Well, in the interest of science, medical men sometimes mutilate living animals. They cut into certain portions of the body of a dog or frog in order to see how the nerves act, or the brain appears under certain conditions close.

*Daughter.* Oh, how cruel!

*Father.* It is cruel, but medical men have defended the practice on the ground that they thereby acquire knowledge by which they can alleviate human suffering. In other words, the lower animals are sacrificed for the benefit of man. No, I did not mean that medical men should be allowed to treat criminals as they do the animals; but if a man's life is forfeit to the law, why should he not be killed scientifically, by electricity or the partaking of some chemical ingredient which would end life without distress or pain? There are a number of useful experiments which might be tried on living men, which would not be painful, and which might throw light upon serious distempers of the human kind. If we will, however, punish in the old way, the trial and execution should follow close upon the heels of the crime.

*Son.* I see Edison has got some new invention by which electricity is to be used on roads instead of steam. Is not Edison making more promises than he can perform?

*Father.* Well, he does seem to be in rather too many things, and I am afraid he has not much business conscience. But still he has made some marvelous inventions—or, perhaps, it would be more precise to say improvements—in electrical and kindred mechanisms. His quadruplex invention, the phonograph, his discoveries in what may be called telephonic science, and his electric light, give him a place among the great mechanical geniuses of the age. It should be remembered, however, that no one man should get all the credit for any invention. At every new problem in the march of mechanical science, there are literally hundreds if not thousands of ingenious men at work. They all help in the final solution, but some one of them usually gets all the credit. It has been Edison's luck to be just ahead of his rivals.

*Son.* But what advantage has electricity over steam?

*Father.* Electricity would not require fire, nor would it give out smoke. The engine-house could be small and compact, as no coal or wood would be required. Still, only trial could prove its superior economy. Scientists say that as yet we are only in the alphabet of heated vapor. The power in a ton of coal is not fully represented in the steam generated from it. Less than twenty per cent. of the force is utilized by our present methods. I look for very astonishing results from the discovery of new motors. By their aid we will fly much more swiftly over the land as well as in the water, and we may hope even to navigate the air. Since our last conversation I notice that many publications have been made on the subject of flying machines and aerostats. The poet, E. C. Stedman, has written a most excellent article on air navigation, which he believes we are on the eve of accomplishing, and he points out some of the marvelous changes that will effect in the distribution of population. Every mountain will become habitable; people will live on higher elevations; fortifications will become useless as a means of defense against enemies; seaports will lose their monopoly of trade, and the whole face of the world will be changed.

*Mother.* Let us change the subject. I see an authenticated statement respecting the amount of food taken by a good "diner-out" during his lifetime. It seems that if a person partook of an ordinary course dinner for sixty years, during that time he would eat about sixty tons of viands and a hundred hogsheads of wine and liquors of various kinds. According to Soyer, the great cook, the average epicure consumes at his daily dinner the following: Half pint of soup, four ounces of fish, eight ounces of meat, four ounces of poultry, four ounces of savory meats, two ounces of vegetables, two ounces of bread, two ounces of pastry, half an ounce of cheese, four ounces of fruit, one pint of wine, one glass of liquor, one cup of coffee or tea. The solids, it will be noticed, amount to thirty and a half ounces. Add eight ounces for luncheon and twelve ounces for breakfast, it would make about forty-eight ounces of food per day, and three pints of liquid—tea, coffee, or soup. This matter is worth considering, in view of Tanner's fast. Instead of forty-eight ounces of food, we should not consume more than thirty ounces, and a pint and a half of liquids a day is quite enough for any one to consume.

*Father.* It is one of the misfortunes of our civilization that, while the great mass of our population is under-fed, and either have poor food or too little variety, our well-to-do classes eat too much, while both rich and poor drink more than is good for them.

*Son.* Why is so much fuss made over the time of horses? I see that at Rochester, lately, Maud S. and St. Julien had a match against time, and they both succeeded in going a mile in 2.11½. What difference does it make whether a horse can go in a few seconds more or less?

*Father.* It may not make any practical difference so far as the value of the horse to his owner is concerned; but ever since the horse has been subjected to man's use, efforts have been made to improve his speed and increase his strength. Naturally, speed is a prime recommendation in a running horse, and time is an important consideration in trotting roadsters; but you must notice that for carriages handsome, high-stepping, showy horses are in most demand. Lately we have been importing the Pacheron horse from France. It is a large, powerful animal, and is intended for draught and hard work. Contests between horses are as old as recorded history. Homer mentions the sport, and chariot racing was recognized in the Olympic games. When Flora Temple first made 2.40 to wagon it was considered an extraordinary feat. But the time has been gradually reduced to 2.11½, which has just been made by Maud S. Goldsmith Maid's feat of 2.16, it was supposed, could never be surpassed; but it now seems probable that before the close of the century, a horse may be so bred and trained as to reduce the time to 2 minutes to the mile. There does not seem to be as much interest in trotting matches of late years as of old, except at country fairs. But the trotting horse is clearly the most useful in this country. Race horses, upon which so much money is spent, are not of much practical value. But a taste for that kind of amusement seems to increase with the wealth and luxury of the country.

*Son.* In a previous conversation you said we would produce probably 6,000,000 bales of cotton this year. Why is it we grow so much more than all the rest of the world?

*Father.* Because our Southern States have a climate exceptionally favorable to the production of cotton. This flocculent fiber, as it has been termed, requires moisture, heat, and a long season to grow in. Now most tropical countries have a dry and a rainy season which alternate; but this plant will not thrive under such climatic conditions, nor can it be grown in the temperate zone. Nowhere on earth is there so large an area of ground specially adapted to the cotton plant as in the United States.

*Son.* I see something said about holding a cotton fair in New York. What good would that do?

*Father.* Cotton requires continuous labor in the field. After the Northern farmer plants his wheat his labor is over until the crop matures; but cotton requires continuous labor from the planting of its seed to the gathering of the bolls. Hence it was supposed that slavery was indispensable in the Southern States; for it was argued that white men would not labor so incessantly under a burning sun. Since the abolition of slavery, however, the growth of cotton has increased very largely. It is estimated that the fifteen last crops of cotton made by free labor exceed the fifteen preceding crops made by slave labor by 9,600,000 bales, which has a coin value of \$600,000,000. The crop of this year, it is supposed, will be twenty-five per cent. larger than any ever gathered in slavery times. Free labor has discovered new values in the cotton crop. The seed is now used for making oils. It is superseding olive oil all over the world; and then the waste can be used as food for stock. For instance, if the present year's crop is 6,000,000 bales there will be a surplus of seed over what is needed for next year of 3,000,000 tons. This will make 90,000,000 gallons of oil and over 1,000,000 tons of oil cake or meal. It is believed by experts that these new uses for the cotton plant will double its value, and that this industry will be of incalculable benefit to the United States. But it is supposed that free labor will develop new improvements in the way of tools and cultivation, and hence the talk of the Cotton Fair, to call the attention of inventors and merchants to this the very greatest of the agricultural productions of the United States.

## An Overland Trip.

LETTER II.

HOTEL DEL MONTE,  
MONTEREY, CAL. July 27th, 1880.

DEAR DEMOREST:—Considering the fact that, during the present season, this place has enjoyed fogs and mist nine days out of ten, it may well be called a "watering place." Up to a year ago Monterey, the ancient capital of the State, was a dead-and-alive town whose only claim to importance was its history. The C. P. R. R. owning some land down here in a forest near the beach, conceived the idea of building a magnificent hotel on it in the hope that it would prove a fashionable resort. Part of their hopes have been realized.

The hotel has been open for the latter part of the present season, at times crowded with some of the best people of the coast.

But nature has not smiled. Out our way it would seem the height of absurdity for a lady to start down to the beach for a surf bath shivering in a seal-skin coat. Yet that is exactly what they have to do most days here. The whole affair is a servile imitation of a watering place hotel at Long Branch or Saratoga;—that is, as far as man is concerned. The weather and women (or shall it be women and the weather?) have alike been variable. While Long Branch, as I see by the papers, has been two degrees hotter than "Gotham," this place has been so cold that each guest has found it necessary to have a fire in his room. What on earth the Californians want of a seaside resort is beyond my comprehension.

San Francisco has excellent baths in town and across the bay at Alameda. The weather there is in summer often too cool for comfort. It's colder still at Monterey, and, to cap the climax, even when it's not foggy all day, the nights are spoiled by a "dead sure thing" of a fog settling down over everything and making one have an uncomfortably "sticky" feeling.

But when I come to the ladies I find the *raison d'être* of this magnificent pile (for it is really a splendid specimen of a hotel). How could the fair ones show their latest styles to more advantage than at such a place as this? Is the weather unpropitious? So much the better. The gentlemen will have to stay at home and admire the dresses. There is more "dressing" to the square inch than at any other hotel in the country, Saratoga not excepted. Some of it is in good taste. More, decidedly *not*. Some in rather dowdy and country gowns. More in altogether too expensive and flashy "make-ups" for the place. Every woman west of the Rocky Mountains, has a seal-skin coat and takes occasion to wear it, in and out of season, on every possible or impossible occasion.

The other day, when I took a short run up to San Francisco, I saw so many different styles of dressing that I mentioned it to a friend. "Why, my dear fellow," said he, "it's simple enough when you understand it." We were walking up Montgomery Street on the shady side. "Now do you see that young lady on the other side? Well, she's only going to be out till twelve o'clock this morning. So she wears her lawn dress and gets in by the time the wind begins to blow. By keeping on the sunny side of the street she will be quite comfortable till that time. Now, then, do you see this lady right in front of us with the black silk dress and the seal-skin? Well, now, you see she's going to be out all day. If she keeps on the shady side she's all right till twelve and then she'll need all the sun she can get." I appeared satisfied. But when a little further on we passed a nice-looking lady with a seal-skin coat covering a *lawn* dress, I nudged my friend and asked him what she expected to do. "Why she's—well—she—oh, you—you can't build a rule to fit every woman!" And so it is. I am aware that I have no right to criticise too severely San Francisco at the present time, for a great many of the best people are out of town.

I will not be so foolish as the lady from that place who went to New York this year, in the *dead of summer*, and then wrote a most scathing letter back. "Argonaut" on the ladies' dressing, of which the following is an extract:

"There are loads of money in New York, but a very small sprinkling of good taste. The female portion of this brown-stone city is, without ex-

ception, the homeliest, most ungraceful, and worst-dressed set of women that it has ever been my misfortune to behold. Sometimes, like a hideous nightmare, they haunt me in my dreams. They use good materials in some of their suits, but the meanest-fitting garments, hanging in every imaginable way but the right way! folds always in front instead of behind! no drapery allowed, unless arranged across the front or on the hips! the back looking like it had been 'sot upon' for the last two seasons! hair arranged flat, behind both ears, giving each an equal chance to hear! bonnets round and flat! sleeves long, reaching the wrist! two or *one*-button gloves! every conceivable color in one costume, without the slightest regard to harmony of tints! bent forward from the shoulders, something in the shape of 'Richard the Third'! head moving in jerks with each stride!—and this is the New York lady on the streets. Perfect guys!!"

What could this most astonishing writer expect? She prefaces all this with the somewhat *naïve* remark that she is acquainted with no one there, and no one appears to crave that honor! In the scorching heat of this summer she walks down Fifth Avenue, and wonders that the women she meets are not blessed with "good taste." Why, I might with equal sense begin to pour out the vials of my wrath and "sarcasm" on the personal appearances of the few ladies I found in town on my arrival in June. Not knowing any one, she had access to no residences, and so based her opinion of the fashions of the metropolis on what she saw parading the street under the hot July sun! I remember when I visited Chicago I found the ladies there, as a rule, fully one year behind the then reigning fashions in New York. According to the same law I expected to find the San Francisco belles at least five years behind the times. But, on the contrary, I find them right "up to the top notch." Of course, as I have said, they wear clothing which to me seems rather out of season, but that, perhaps, is more the fault of the climate than anything else.

The prevailing fault of the ladies out here, in dressing, seems to me to be that of going to the extremes. I have seen some rather light dresses on very nice people, and in places where the shades did not seem at all appropriate, judging them by our Eastern standard. The Californians are quick to catch at anything novel, both in the way of pleasure and business. If a man has a "Patent Combination Clothes-Wringer and Tooth-Pick," California is the place to bring it; if Mme. Demorest desires to bring out something startlingly new in fashions, California is the place to introduce it. All the houses have "the modern improvements; most of the ladies have the latest styles. Speaking of houses, I have lately been visiting some very fine residences that are magnificent enough to make even a Manhattaner open his eyes. There is too much "ginger-bread" about their architecture and decorations, but, barring that, they are wellnigh perfect. The suburban residences of D. O. Mills, Senator Sharon, and Flood, of Flood & O'Brien, are palaces which have no equals East, with, perhaps, the single exception of "Uncle Sammy" Tilden's "Grey-stone," on the Hudson.

The other day we slipped over the bay to Santa Cruz, a watering place about the size of this, but not quite so "swell," owing mainly, I suppose, to the lack of a hotel such as this. I liked the beach much more than the one here, and the day, for a wonder, was warm enough to enjoy a bath in the surf. I went up to 'Frisco on the "Narrow Gauge," and so much turning and twisting, tunneling and bridging, never was done before on so short a space! The scenery was very fine, but, after the "Yosemite" and the Columbia, I have become quite particular, and will not be content with a second-class article in that line. All over the State the reapers are busy, and in a short time nothing will be left in the agricultural districts but dried up stubble and drier hillsides, where once grass grew, to weary the eye, for miles and miles along the line of the railroad. California now appears at its very worst, for everything is dried up to a cinder. Oh! for a good, hard, honest rain! I hope to see one soon, for we start for the East in a few days. Will drop you a line from Colorado. To tell the truth, I'm getting tired, we have been "doing" so many places. But our friends have done all in their power to make our stay as pleasant as possible, and have succeeded to such a degree that we are becoming weary.

Your homesick

DEMI.



#### NOTICE TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

Will some of our subscribers who are house-keepers, favor us by sending, as soon as possible, a Bill of Fare of their own choosing for a Thanksgiving Dinner, with receipts for its preparation? We want also some tried Christmas receipts, and pretty New Year's dishes. The Thanksgiving Dinner is first in order, however, and will some of our lady subscribers oblige us with their old and tried bills of fare, and methods. Modern ones not objected to [ED. KITCHEN].

**To Preserve Eggs for Winter Use.**—Add four gallons of boiling water to half a peck of new lime, stirring it some little time; when cold remove lumps by passing it through a coarse sieve, add 10 oz. salt and 3 oz. cream of tartar, and mix all well. In a fortnight it is ready for use; keep the pan covered.

**Orange Snow.**—Peel some sweet oranges, slice them, and lay them in a glass dish with alternate layers of grated cocoanut, and sugar to taste, putting a layer of cocoanut on the top, and pouring over the whole a glass of lemon and orange juice mixed. Place on ice till needed, and serve.

**Stuffed Eggs.**—Chop fine a dozen oysters; mix with them the beaten yolk of one egg, and thicken with bread crumbs, a tablespoonful of thick cream, salt and pepper to taste. Fill the shells, and bake in a covered pan half an hour.

**Sultana Cake.**—Rub one quarter of a pound of butter into one pound of flour, add one pound of sultanas, one quarter of a pound of moist sugar, one quarter of a pound of candied peel, finely sliced, one teaspoonful carbonate of soda, half a pint of new milk, one egg. When these ingredients are well beaten up and mixed, pour them into the mould and bake immediately.

**Hashed Mutton.**—Fry in a saucepan three small onions and three small slices of bacon or ham until they are brown; then a little more than a half a pint of water, and thicken it with flour; then strain it, and add it to the meat, with a little Harvey sauce; pepper and salt to taste. It will take about an hour to hash.

**To Broil Oysters.**—Drain off all the liquor, dry on a napkin, dip them in cream, roll in bread crumbs or grated cracker, seasoned with pepper, salt, and nutmeg; lay on a wire gridiron; brown on both sides. Serve on a plate first covered with a twice-folded napkin.

**Scrambled Eggs.**—Allow one egg for each person, and one cup of cold milk, and a lump of butter the size of a walnut, for each egg. Break the eggs into a basin, beat a minute with a fork, then pour them into a saucepan, adding the milk, butter, salt, and pepper, and stir until sufficiently thick. Serve on toast.

**Cake to be Eaten Warm for Tea.**—Mix two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in one pound of fine flour. Rub in a quarter of a pound of butter, lard, or clarified dripping, mix in a quarter of a pound granulated sugar, a teaspoonful of ground caraway seed, grated lemon peel, or any other flavoring. When ready to bake, stir in as quickly as possible two well-beaten eggs mixed with a gill and a half of milk, or, if convenient, cream. Put into a well-buttered tin, and bake in a hot oven.

**Oyster Soup.**—Separate the oysters from the liquor; rinse the oysters well, in order to free them from any bits of shell that may adhere to them. Strain the liquor, and to each quart of it add a pint of milk or water. Boil it, and thicken

with a little flour, and water mixed smoothly together. Season with pepper, and put in the oysters, letting them remain, just long enough to get scalded through, otherwise they will be hard and unfit to eat. Add salt after taking up the soup; if added before it will skrink the oysters. Serve with crackers.

**Scotch Potato Scones.**—Rub one pound of cold boiled potatoes through a sieve, put them on the pastry board, and scatter over them seven ounces of flour. Work first with the rolling-pin into a paste, then a little with the hand until smooth; strew flour heavily on the board and over the paste, which roll out about the thickness of half a crown, and cut it into shapes. Lay the scones on a hot stove; when a little brown on one side, turn them and finish on the other. Serve hot in a folded napkin.

**Everton Taffee.**—Take two pounds of New Orleans sugar and five ounces of good butter. Put half a gill of water into a brass pan, let it boil, then put in your sugar, and simmer gently for one hour. Stir it a little from the bottom. To try when cooked enough, put a spoonful into a cupful of cold water. Flavor to taste with oil of mint or essence of lemon. Rub large dishes with butter, and pour on as thick as you wish it.

**Caraway Luncheon Cake.**—Break three eggs into a bowl, which place in another containing boiling water, whisk with them a quarter of a pound of castor sugar for fifteen minutes, or until they become very thick. Keep the batter whilst beating at an equal temperature, by adding boiling water to that in the outer bowl. When the batter is thick mix in six ounces of fine flour, sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder and two ounces of butter dissolved, but not oiled. Add half a teaspoonful of caraway seeds, carefully picked and cleansed. Put the cake into a buttered tin, and bake from thirty to forty minutes.

**Old-Fashioned Tapioca Pudding.**—Two eggs, one quart milk, one cup of tapioca, spices of nutmeg and cinnamon to taste; also sugar and bit of salt and small teaspoonful butter, melted. Wash and soak the tapioca in very little water till rather tender, then put it in the milk and place on back of the stove and soak one hour; then melt butter in dish and pour in the beaten eggs, milk well sweetened and spice; bake one hour quite slowly.

**Apple Sponge Pudding.**—One half pound each of butter, moist sugar, and fine breadcrumbs, eight apples, six eggs, one lemon, tablespoonful orange water, three wine glasses water. Place the butter in a large basin with the sugar, and mix them well together until they present a smooth appearance, then add the breadcrumbs, grated lemon peel and apples chopped fine, then the eggs, which should be well beaten. Mix all thoroughly together, put it into a mould, and boil or steam it for one hour and a quarter. For sauce make a thick syrup with the juice of a lemon, water, and six ounces of loaf sugar. Boil altogether, stir in a cup of marmalade, and pour the sauce over the pudding.

**Scalloped Oysters.**—A quart of grated breadcrumbs for a quart of oysters. Dry bakers' is the best. Take a deep baking dish, cover the bottom with a layer of the crumbs, then a layer of oysters, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and add a few lumps of butter; continue in this way till the dish is even full, adding last the crumbs, and several lumps of butter, and a small cupful of oyster liquor. A quart of oysters scalloped requires a quarter of a pound of butter. Bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

**Angel Cake.**—The whites of ten eggs. One cup of flour after sifting, one teaspoonful of cream tartar and half of soda. Sift the flour and cream tartar four times. Beat the eggs to a stiff froth, and then beat in one and one-half cups of sugar,

and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Add powdered flour and beat lightly but thoroughly. Bake in a greased pan, slowly, forty minutes. The pan should have a tin strip projecting above each corner, in order that when it is turned over to cool the air may circulate freely under it. Cut it out when cool.

**Dripping.**—To form a good substitute for butter in making pastry, the meat must be roasted with water in the pan to prevent the fat from burning; when the meat is cooked, pour the dripping in a basin and let it stand till cold, pouring off the gravy at the bottom, then place the dripping in the oven to melt, and the next day it will be quite fit for use, and will make excellent short pastry.

**Tea Cakes.**—Mix two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with a pound of flour and two ounces of powdered loaf sugar. Rub in two ounces of butter, and when ready to bake make into a dough with a gill and a half of skim milk, and one egg beaten up in it. Have ready three pound cake tins brushed over with butter, half fill each with the cake, and put into a quick oven the moment after mixing. Bake for half an hour.

**German Pudding.**—Put a thick layer of apples, which have been stewed with sugar and a little lemon peel, at the bottom of a well-buttered pie dish. Boil three dessert spoonfuls of arrowroot in a pint of new milk, and a few spoonfuls of water. Beat three eggs well, and when the arrowroot is cool enough, stir them to it, adding a little moist sugar. Pour the mixture upon the stewed apples, put some butter on the top with a good sprinkling of powdered sugar to make it brown and crackling when baked. Twenty minutes in a brisk oven will bake it.

**Home-made Yeast.**—Boil two ounces of hops in four quarts of water for about half an hour, strain it, and let the liquor cool to new-milk warmth, then put in a handful of salt and a half pound of brown sugar; beat up one pound of flour with some of the liquor, then mix all well together. Let it stand two days; then add three pounds of boiled and mashed potatoes, mix as before, and allow it to stand another day; then strain and put into bottles, when it is ready for use. This yeast must be frequently stirred while making, and kept near the fire, so that it may never be quite cold. It should ferment spontaneously in the pan in which it is made.

**Round Steak Stewed.**—Take a piece of rump steak an inch thick, fry it in butter on both sides; add enough hot stock just to cover the steak, a bundle of sweet herbs, pepper and salt to taste, two carrots sliced, and a dozen very small onions. Cover the saucepan, and let the contents simmer very gently for about two hours. Mix a piece of butter and some flour in a saucepan on the fire, add the best part of the liquor in which the steak has been stewing, put in a little Worcester sauce and mushroom ketchup. Lay the steak on a dish, the carrots and onions round it, and pour the sauce over.

**Plum Cake.**—This is a good school cake, and, if covered with sugar icing, is rich enough for children's birthday parties. Make two pounds of flour into dough, with two ounces of German yeast and three gills of tepid water. Let it rise for an hour, then work in a pound of dissolved butter, six eggs, well beaten, the rind of a lemon, half a small grated nutmeg, a pound of stoned raisins, a pound of currants, and half a pound of candied peel, shred finely. When all the ingredients are mixed, beat the cake up well, and let it rise in a hot place for an hour. Then put it into a greased tin, and bake in a good oven for two hours. If made into more than one cake, it will not take so long to bake.

**Beefsteak Pickled.**—Lay a steak in a pudding dish with slices of onions, a few cloves, whole,

pepper, salt, a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, one of marjoram, and some parsley; add oil and tarragon vinegar in equal parts, just to come up to the steak, and let it steep in this for about twelve hours, turning it occasionally; then take it out of the pickle, and fry it slightly on both sides in butter; add the whole of the marinade, a little common stock, and let the steak stew gently till thoroughly done. Strain some of the liquor, free it absolutely from fat, reduce it a little on the fire, pour over the steak, and serve with.

**Painted Ladies.**—Remove the eyes and stalks from some nice, round-looking apples that will cook well, and peel them very evenly to preserve their shape. Place them in a shallow stewpan large enough to hold them in one layer. Dissolve loaf sugar in sufficient water to completely cover the apples, allowing four ounces of sugar to each pint of water; add a few cloves, a little lemon peel, and stick cinnamon. Cover the stewpan, and simmer the apples very gently, or they will break before being cooked thoroughly. When done, and they are cool enough, lift them carefully to a glass dish, and with a small brush tint them delicately on one side with a little liquid cochineal or melted red currant jelly; strain the syrup, return it to the stewpan, and boil it rapidly until reduced to one-third of a pint. When cold stir to it the juice of a lemon, and pour it round, but not over, the apples. Florida oranges do well for this dish.

**Crisp Oatmeal Cake.**—Rub a quarter of a pound of dripping or lard into half a pound of oatmeal into which you have mixed a large pinch of carbonate of soda and of salt. Make into a dough with a gill of cold water, shake meal plentifully on the board, turn your dough on to it, and, having sprinkled this also with meal, work it with the backs of your fingers as little as possible. Roll the dough out to the thickness of a crown piece, cut in shapes—the lid of a saucepan or a glass answers well for this purpose—put the cakes on a hot stove, and, when a little brown on the under side, take them off and place on a hanger before the fire in order to brown the upper side; this done, the cakes will be ready for use. If to be kept, put them away in a tin box in a dry place, and when required for table put them in the oven for five minutes to warm them through and re-crisp them.

**Croquettes of Chicken.**—Take of the breast of a roast fowl two parts, of boiled tongue one part, and of truffles one part. Mince all these very finely, and mix them together. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, stir a little flour into it, then put in the above mixture, and moisten with a small quantity of stock; add some finely minced parsley, pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste. Stir it on the fire for a few minutes, then stir in, off the fire, the yolks of one or two eggs beaten up with the juice of a lemon and strained. Spread out this mince (which should be pretty stiff) on a marble slab, and when it is nearly cold, fashion it into small portions in the shape of balls or corks. Dip each in a beaten-up egg, and then roll it in very fine baked bread crumbs; after the lapse of an hour, fry the croquettes, in hot lard, to a golden color. Serve on a napkin with plenty of fried parsley.

**Fillets of Beef with Mushrooms.**—Take a piece of rump steak, cut it in slices three-eighths of an inch thick, and trim them to a uniform shape the size of a mutton cutlet; melt plenty of butter in a baking tin, lay the fillets in this, and let them stand in a warm place for an hour or two; then take them out, sprinkle them with pepper and salt, and fry them in some very hot butter, turning them to let both sides take color. Melt an ounce of butter, and mix it with a tablespoonful

of flour, moisten with some good stock, free from fat, in sufficient quantity to make as much sauce as is wanted; add a little *suc colorant*, or a little glaze, and about twenty button mushrooms (either whole or cut in half) neatly trimmed and washed. Let the sauce boil till the mushrooms are quite done; add the juice of half a lemon, pour the sauce on a dish, heap the mushrooms in the center, and dispose the beef fillets round them.

**Rissoles of Chicken.**—Mince very finely some remnants of fowl, free from skin, etc.; add an equal quantity of ham or tongue, as well as a small quantity of truffles, all finely minced; toss them in a saucepan with a good-sized piece of butter, mixed with a large pinch of flour; add white pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste; stir in, off the fire, one or two yolks of eggs, beaten up, with a squeeze of lemon, and lay the mixture on a plate to get cool. Make a paste with some flour, a little water, two eggs, a pinch of salt, and two or three of sugar; roll it out to the thickness of a penny-piece; stamp it out in round pieces three inches in diameter, put a piece of the above mince on each, then fold it up; fasten the edges by moistening them with water, and trim neatly with a fluted cutter. Dip each rissole in a beaten-up egg, and fry a nice color in hot lard.


**Isle of Wight Doughnuts.**—Work smoothly together with the fingers four ounces of good lard and four pounds of flour; add half a pound of fine brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of allspice, one drachm of powdered cinnamon, half as much of cloves, to large blades of mace beaten to powder, two tablespoonfuls of fresh yeast which has been watered for one night, and which should be solid, and as much new milk as will make the whole into a rather firm dough; let this stand from an hour to an hour and a half near the fire, then knead it well, and make it into balls about the size of a small apple; hollow them with the thumb, and enclose a few currants in the middle; gather the paste well over them, and throw the doughnuts into a saucepan half filled with boiling lard; when they are equally colored to a fine brown, lift them out and dry them before the fire on the back of a sieve. When made in large quantities, as they are at certain seasons on the island, they are drained upon very clean straw. The lard should boil only just before they are dropped into it, or the outsides will be scorched before the insides are sufficiently done.

**California Apricots in Lemon Jelly.**—One ounce isinglass, one pint cold water, two large lemons, six ounces loaf sugar, the whites and shells of two eggs, tinned apricots. Let the isinglass soak in the cold water for twenty minutes, put them into an enameled saucepan that will hold them nicely, add the juice and peel of the lemons, the sugar, beaten whites and crushed shells of the eggs, and stir until the jelly boils; put the lid on the saucepan, and let it boil without stirring for fifteen minutes. Take it from the fire and let it stand for a few minutes, then strain it through a hair sieve, in which you have placed a fine napkin. It should be very bright and clear, and if not so at first strain it a second time, with the scum still in the napkin, and take care to pour it very gently. While straining, the sieve should be put near the fire. Well oil your mold, and arrange in the bottom of it, according to taste, some apricots, halves, with a few of the kernels, which will be found in the tin. Pour to these sufficient jelly (which should be nearly cold) to set them; when set, fill up the mould lightly with the fruit, and pour in as much jelly as the mould will take. When cold turn the jelly out, mix the juice from the apricots with some thick cream and powdered sugar, and serve it round the jelly. The juice must be thoroughly drained from the fruit before it is used, or it will thin the jelly.

# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

IN STYLE FURNISHING



## SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Designs and Styles in Dress furnished in this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not merely COPY. It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by our more refined and elevated taste at home. Besides, its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace important information for dealers, and valuable hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, dress becomingly, and keep themselves informed of the changes in the Fashions and the specialties required in the exercise of good taste.

ALWAYS FIRST PREMIUM.

CENTENNIAL AWARD OVER ALL COMPETITORS,  
 MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION,  
 And the Medal of Superiority at the late Fair of the American Institute.

### Models for the Month.

WE direct the attention of our lady readers to a variety of new and seasonable designs which will be found in the illustrations of the fashion department. Specially the "Violetta" costume will attract their attention as a most novel and graceful walking suit, capable of adaptation to any of the new fall materials. The costume consists of a coat-shaped polonaise and walking skirt; the latter plain in front and at the sides, but massed in pleats at the back, which are shown by the draping of the back of the skirt of the coat. This costume, it will be seen, is susceptible of variation. Instead of embossed velvet, or plush, it may be combined with a plaided material, and heavy cords may be fastened from the sides, and the ends gathered in loops, and finished with spikes in place of the bow and ends as seen in the engraving.

The new basque "Lelia," shows a revival of what was formerly known as the "polka" style. It is short in the skirt, and cut up in square tabs, which adjust themselves more readily than the deep, tight-fitting basque, to the fullness of the skirt. The "Cuirass" is an impossibility with fullness in the skirt, which reaches to the waist, even if it is massed at the back, for the strictest outline must be preserved. The square *revers* in front finish this basque very neatly and becomingly, so that no trimming or other finish is required, but rows of stitching on the wool.

In street garments there are several beautiful as well as useful designs. The "Sonia," and "Zerah" visites are suitable for the more elegant classes of goods—figured plush and velvet, silk, and wool satin, corded satin, Sicilienne, or camel's hair. The trimming must also be handsome, handsome jetted fringes, passementeries, and lace, being among the most ordinary ornamentations. It will be observed however, that the "most" is made of the trimming materials used, to employ a technical expression; and that less is required than would be supposed, considering the effective style in which they are arranged. For the "Zerah"

only five yards of fringe and three of passementerie are used—a marvelously small quantity to produce the result. The sleeves of this visite, it will be observed, are very novel. They are shirred down to a point, and finished with handsome passementerie ornaments. The effect of the falling fringe in successive rows, back and front, is enhanced if it is of fine cut jet, or jet and chenille. The "Langtry" casaque is an example of the walking jacket with hood, which latter is considered an indispensable adjunct to street garments, and is even attached to some house dresses. The hood has a lining of a color or material differing from that of the jacket, and the *revers* may be faced with the same, if liked; but sometimes it is preferred to line the hood with red, or some high color, and then the *revers*, and cuffs, are lined with the same on the inside, so that a glimpse only of the color appears in the front of the garment.

The "Valentina" train furnishes an elegant design for very rich materials or fabrics. The under-skirt, which is walking length in front, and composed of three full breadths, forming a long train at the back, may consist of large patterned, new, and elegant brocades; the panels and apron of satin embroidered and trimmed with fringe, or with fringe and beaded lace, or passementerie.

The design makes up superbly in all black *satin de Lyon*, or rich *satin de Lyon* might be used for the panels and apron, but in conjunction with rich brocade, satin is most effective.

The "Castilia" over-skirt gives a good design for an over-skirt with the "Lelia" basque, in conjunction with a walking skirt. It is well adapted to any dark, solid woolen goods, which requires only stitching for a finish.

### Review of Fashions.

THE present promises to be one of the most brilliant, and prosperous seasons which this country has ever known. After many years of depression of commerce and the industries, a new

impetus has been given, and the activity in buying, and in building, in manufactures, and in the distribution of the products finds its natural outcome in greater comfort and increased luxury in dress and living.

Dress certainly never exhibited anything like the cost that distinguishes it this season, nor the variety in great elegance, and refinement. Probably we have always had people who spent as much money as is individually spent nowadays, but the number has been much more limited. Twenty-five years ago the rich women any where could be counted upon the fingers of one hand,—now there are hundreds and thousands who have money, and who are not dependent upon a husband or father for it; a few may have inherited it, but the majority have earned, or made it, and therefore add a large quota to those women who have money to expend. It is also true that as money is made by men more easily nowadays than formerly, and lost more easily, it is therefore more lavishly spent. There was a time when every dollar was put away beyond the merest necessary expenses of every thrifty family,—then the one best dress lasted a long while, the best bonnet was kept nine-tenths of its time in a band-box, and the best coat was brushed, and hung up on its peg beside it. This sort of economy made this country what it is, made the people the prosperous, energetic, elastic people they are to-day; whether they will thrive so well on riches, and greater ease, and more luxury, remains to be seen.

In the meantime the United States furnishes the largest market for rich goods to be found in the world; not silks and laces alone, but whatever the world produces that comes under the head of luxuries,—and the reason is partly to be found in the fact that money goes as easily as it comes in; broken banks and speculative investments, tempting to a large number, who having once been bitten, are willing, thereafter, to spend money rather than run the risk of its loss.

But it must also be said that there are constantly increasing temptations in the beauty, and refinement, and taste exhibited in manufactured articles, and fabrics. There is no color, no soft-

ness, no subtle art of weaving, no character in design that has been put to use in any and all the records of the past, that is not brought into play to produce and render the productions of the present more perfect. Modern discovery, too, steps in to aid in the work of beautifying and heightening the charm of grace and sweetness—perhaps no one agent has ever effected such transformations as a simple little colored glass bead. Only a couple of years ago a Frenchman found the secret of iridescent color as applied to what are called the "jet" trimmings of to-day.

Heretofore we had been confined to solid colors in bead trimmings, and the mixture of these, which looked too much like confectionery to be elegant. The black (jet), and what was known as "white jet," always enjoyed more or less of popularity, but the colors were too common, and too much vulgarized by many every-day uses to be adopted as ornamentation by women of taste and refinement. But the delicacy, and beauty of the iridescent bead trimming is such that it passes the effect of jewels, and may be used by the most fastidious. Among the designs are excellent copies of Indian embroidery—embroidery which is a mixture of silk and beads, or beads and gold thread. There are also rice-bead trimmings for white evening dresses, and opaline mixtures, which have a lovely effect in the evening upon tinted silk and lace, and solid masses of pearls, which are admirable imitations of real pearls, and bronze mixtures, which are to trim bronze satin, and amber and gold and red, which are put upon black, as well as the fine jet, which is always distinguished. There are solid masses of beaded trimmings which will form whole fronts of dresses, from the square front of the bodice to the edge of the skirt.

There are trimmings which will range from thirty to fifty dollars per yard,—and a great deal that will be considered moderate at from twelve to twenty.

There are new brocades, also, at from twelve to twenty dollars per yard, and these will be combined with rich satin and lace, and the soft iridescent shimmer of the opaline, or the shaded amber, or the glowing ruby and dark bronze will crown the whole. This magnificence is not a thing to weep or frown over; the birds in the air and the flowers of the field still outshine, and out-color, the utmost effect of mortal handiwork, but it is a thing to be glad of and enjoy, just as we enjoy the sight of anything that is beautiful; perhaps in this way we get more comfort out of it than the owner. It should not, at any rate, create envy or jealousy, or induce us to make undue efforts to get some poor imitation of what is, after all, not suitable to our wants, our position, or our circumstances.

There are plenty of lovely things in less expensive fabrics, which should satisfy a refined and intelligent taste. There are soft wools upon which a clever woman can herself weave embroidery more dainty than can be bought. There are laces which are real, and no cotton imitations, which cost but little, and are more becoming to the complexion than beads, there is exquisite mull, which is more dangerous to the peace of the masculine half of creation than damask costing twenty times as much; and there are simple costumes which carry with them no fears, no burdens, no anxieties, no heartaches, but only blessed memories of helpful days, and kindnesses done and received, and sweet content in the thought of duties performed according to one's best endeavors.

A fashion which finds an exponent in Miss Sarah Bernhardt will doubtless have a run, since it is one to which already many American ladies are addicted. This is muffling the throat in yards upon yards of *tulle*. Mdle. Bernhardt, the great

actress of the greatest theater in Europe, the *Comedie Française*, will certainly lead in those minor details of the wardrobe, which like the "melodies" of an opera, are so "taking" with the public; and we may expect to see the voluminous folds of lace about the throat, which are already indulged in, more profusely employed than ever, as this is a pet weakness of the famous artist, and one that has a motive, for it tends to disguise her thinness.

### The "Duchesse" Fan.

A VERY handsome new reception fan is shaped like the screen-mounted Japanese fans, and covered with satin on both sides, the edge concealed by a chenille cord twisted in two colors. The upper side of the fan is hand-painted, and low on one side, toward the handle, is a little pocket, which is also decorated, and which is used for holding a tiny handkerchief. The fan is suspended from the arm by ribbons attached to the handle. A black satin fan is edged with gold and black cord, and painted with daisies and buttercups. Others show sweet red clover, with waving grasses, and the crimson *salvia* appears with bending stems of ribbon-grass upon an amber ground.

THE most elegant fans are made with long, beautifully-veined tortoise-shell sticks, with a top of feathers, consisting of small breast feathers, or the small feathers of tropical birds, laid closely, over-lapping one another, and terminating in a narrow edge of the brilliant feathers of the Imperial pheasant.

### Jabots and Neckties.

No. 1.—A dainty *negligé* throat knot of ivory-white silk muslin, edged with Languedoc lace, and knife plaited, very full. Price, \$1.75.

No. 2.—This beautiful *jabot* is made of cream white India mull, edged with Languedoc lace and combined with white, polka-dotted satin ribbon. The ends of the mull are edged with lace and plaited, falling one over the other, and the upper part of the *jabot* is combined gracefully with loops and ends of the ribbon. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$2.25.

No. 3.—A lovely *jabot* made of creamy India mull edged with Languedoc lace, plaited, and disposed to form three ends and a plaited loop; at the left side is a bow of pale, pink satin ribbon. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$2.10.

No. 4.—Pale blue Surah necktie, the ends trimmed with deep cream-colored Spanish blonde in two rows. Price, in any desired color, with white or black lace, \$1.75.

No. 5.—This handsome scarf or tie is of white India mull, beautifully embroidered by hand in a delicate design. It is eight inches wide, and a yard and a quarter long, and may be tied in a long cravat bow in front, loosely knotted and fastened with a ribbon or a lace pin; or worn *en fichu* with the ends tucked into the belt, or fastened with a cluster of flowers at the waist. Price, \$2.50.

No. 6.—A pretty scarf of ivory-white India muslin, trimmed on the ends with wide insertion and ruffles of Breton lace. It is a quarter of a yard wide, and measures one yard and five-eighths in length, and may be worn as a cravat by tying it in a large "Marquise" bow in front; simply passed around the neck, with the ends fastened in at the belt, or in any other graceful manner that may be becoming. Price, \$2.65.



JABOTS AND NECKTIES.



## STREET COSTUMES AND VISITING TOILETS.

FIG. 1.—Costume of garnet cashmere and cashmere *broché*, in Oriental colors. The illustration represents a front view of the “Violetta” costume. The entire front of the skirt, *revers*, and hood lining, and the cuffs, are of cashmere *broché*, and the rest of the costume of plain cashmere. A garnet silk cord, finished with spikes, is tied around the waist, and another around the neck. Light gray felt hat, trimmed with crimson Surah, and ostrich tips in their natural colors. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—The “Zerah” *visite* and “Valentina” train are combined to form this elegant visiting costume of black *satén de Lyon*, brocaded satin, and plain black *satén duchesse*. The train is of black *satén duchesse*, trimmed with a very full “shell” plaiting, and the long, pointed apron and side panels are of brocaded satin, trimmed with rich, jetted *passementerie* and fringe. The *visite* is of *satén de Lyon*, trimmed also with handsome jet fringe and jetted *passementerie* ornaments. Bonnet of old-gold satin, with satin strings; it is trimmed

with a cluster of crimson roses, and old-gold and red feathers arranged in a Prince of Wales cluster. The *visite* and train are illustrated, separately, elsewhere. Skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of *visite*, in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 3.—This pretty costume for a little girl is of laurel-green serge, and figured *armure* cloth. The design illustrated is the “Lura” costume. The coat is of *armure*, with collar and *revers* of dark green silk, and the plaited skirt is of plain

serge, trimmed with large buttons. The hat is dark green plush, trimmed with double-faced satin ribbon, green and tea-rose color, and a gilt slide. This costume is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Pattern in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Fig. 4.—Promenade costume of plum-colored camel's-hair cloth, and *broché* plum-colored Surah. This design illustrates the back view of the "Violetta" costume. The front of the skirt, lining to the Capuchin hood, *revers*, cuffs, and sash, are of brocaded Surah, and the rest of the costume is plain, plum-colored camel's-hair cloth. Bonnet of light gray silk plush, trimmed with plum-color and gray satin, and a gold ornament. The costume is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price, thirty cents each size.

## Portfolio of Fashions.

LADIES who use paper patterns know how difficult it was at one time to form any correct idea of the way a design would appear when made up; and many a nice piece of silk or woolen goods has been minced, by being cut after a pattern which was found unsuited to its purpose, or the taste of the wearer.

This danger exists no longer; not only are paper patterns furnished with illustrations which reproduce them in fac-simile, but our "Portfolio" enables every lady to choose for herself, from clear, enlarged figures, just the model which will be likely to suit her style, height, figure, etc. It is a boon indeed which no lady who uses patterns should be without. Sent on receipt of fifteen cents.



SONIA VISITE.

**Sonia Visite.**—Graceful and very *distingué*, this garment is in a modified *sacque* shape, with very narrow back pieces fitted by a slightly curved seam down the middle, and having sleeves formed in a peculiar manner and inserted in *dolman* style. A long *plaque* on the back gives a very stylish effect, but it can be omitted if desired. The design is especially desirable for *drap d'été*, cashmere, *sicilienne*, and similar goods, and can be appropriately trimmed with lace, fringe, *passementerie*, and bows of ribbon, though any other style of trimming can be selected that is suitable for

## Fall Hats and Bonnets.

THERE is always a decided tendency in the early fall head-gear to dark, and somewhat quiet styles. Ladies have come in from the country where they have flourished in light, gay, and, particularly during the past season, somewhat exceptional, though picturesque styles of hats and bonnets. Between seasons, and on their first arrival in town, the most pronounced fashionables resort to dark, and black straws, feathers, and velvet, either remodeling old hats or selecting something neutral until they have decided what the coming season will furnish to their liking. This is how it happens that there is very little change in fall hats, and that they follow the lead of the previous season, or relapse into the regulation "English" walking hat.

The most picturesque hat for fall—but one affording few novel features—is the "Duchess of Devonshire," in black straw; the exterior almost covered with full, closely-curved black ostrich feathers, the brim faced with netted silk. This hat is always all black, because the shape is so very striking that color makes it vulgar; but certainly upon a rather tall, fine-looking young woman it looks very distinguished, particularly with a black toilet.

Another style of dark straw hat is trimmed with close bands, having the effect of plumes of cock's feathers, and others have a crown covered with silk netting, and two pompons of the same color, red, black, brown, or amber upon the top. The pompons are retained from the summer season, and the netted covering for the crown, and facing for the brim, is a compromise with the beaded coverings, which are more a rage than ever.

Bonnets are small and close; there are some

that follow the coal-scuttle lead, but the majority are fitted to the head, and the brim is simply a rim above the forehead, emphasized by the trimming, or it is rolled slightly up, and back from the face. The three distinctive styles are the feather bonnets, the fruit bonnets, and the beaded bonnets. Probably this is why they are small; they could not be large, made of such materials, without being awkward and unwieldy.

Amber has largely taken the place of red, and there are lovely bonnets of small, shaded amber feathers laid closely one over another, and faced with amber satin. There are others of golden grapes upon amber stems, with puffed lining, and strings trimmed with pleated yellow lace.

But many will think that the palm is carried off by the small bonnets of amber satin, beautifully embroidered with shaded amber beads; and outlined with narrow bead fringe. This idea is repeated in bronze, in plum, in wine-color, and other shades. The only difficulty is that the toilet should correspond with it, except in certain cases—as for example, amber can be worn with black, and brown, and bronze with dark green, black, and dark mixed toiles. But in any event, ladies who are restricted to one "best," should be careful not to make a selection of too striking a color, or too pronounced a style, as it is always remembered, and does not harmonize with ordinary costumes.

NOT satisfied with making Languedoc lace cream color, it is now appearing in light coffee shades. This is too much of a good thing, unless it was thought necessary to have coffee and cream.



VALENTINA TRAIN.

the material employed. The pattern of this garment is given on the supplement sheet, and it is illustrated on the cut of "Ladies' Street Garments." Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

**Valentina Train.**—Simplicity and style are happily combined in this graceful train. The front and sides are cut walking length, while the back falls in a long, flowing train that has the width of three full breadths at the bottom.

The long, pointed apron and full panels at the sides, made of contrasting material and richly trimmed, produce a charming effect, and the bottom is trimmed with a very full "shell" plaiting. This design is most desirable for rich fabrics, and can be made all in the same goods, or in a combination as illustrated. If made as illustrated, the contrast of the different goods, the fringe and *pas-menterie*, and the full plaiting around the bottom of the skirt furnish all the trimming required. This is illustrated, *en costume*, on Fig. 2 of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

## Ladies' Street Garments.

FIG. 1.—Elegant *visite* of black *satin de Lyon*, elaborately trimmed with jetted *passementerie*, lace, fringe, and loops of black satin ribbon. The design employed is the "Sonia" *visite*, which completes a visiting costume of black satin. Bonnet of amethyst satin, trimmed with a cluster of tea-roses and foliage, with strings of lilac satin. The *visite* is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—The "Langtry" *casaque*, of dark blue cloth, with capuchin hood and *revers* lined with *pekin* velvet and plush, in two shades of crimson, light and dark. The *casaque* is simply finished with rows of machine stitching, and completes a stylish street costume of dark blue camel's-hair cloth. Round hat of light gray felt, faced with dark blue velvet and plush *pekin*, and trimmed with Surah in two shades of red, and a light gray feather. The "Langtry" *casaque* is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each.

## The New Wraps.

THERE are a great many decided novelties in cloaks and wraps, some of which look very odd to unaccustomed eyes, but several of which have much grace, and a "character" which, to the experienced minority, will commend them at once to consideration.

The first criticism likely to be passed upon them is, that they seem to be intended for very tall women. But to this it must be replied, that the majority of American women are above the medium height, and that the incoming generation promise to be taller still.

The fact is, however, that there are several of the prettiest new out-door garments that can be adapted to small and slender women, such, for example, as the "Russian" paletot, the "Valletta" cloak, and even, the greatest novelty of all, the "Riche-lieu" pelisse.

This quaint garment is suitable for heavy black silk, Sicilienne, black camels'-hair cloth, and some ladies are reproducing it in satin, and *satin de Lyon*. It is really a most elegant-looking cloak, and, in silk or satin, possesses the great advantage of being made available for other purposes, if it is not desired as a cloak after a couple of seasons.

All the winter cloaks and wraps are long and protective; and it is likely that velvet will be used more for handsome garments than it has been for several seasons past. Brocaded velvets and plushes, lined with satin and trimmed with smooth bands of feathers, are in high vogue, as are, also, elegant silk and satin cloaks, richly trimmed with beaded fringes and *passementeries*. The latter styles of ornamentation seemed to have reached their climax; many of them are extraordinarily beautiful, and the designs are worth copying as works of art.

Close-fitting jackets and narrow sleeves have been used so long for out-door garments that an attempt to revive the open or "flowing" sleeve seems quite in the light of an innovation. The dolman cloaks, which have been gradually lengthening, have, it is true, open sleeves, but they are very deep, and, while forming a part of this stately garment, have no relation to any other.

The loose sleeve is, however, a great convenience in a street wrap, and a new water-proof ulster displays them in connection with the Carmelite hood and a heavy cord, tied about the waist and knotted on the side—quite a monkish arrangement.

RHINE-STONES are very fashionable for belt buckles, slides, scarf and bonnet pins.

PEKIN velvet and plush and tiger plush are the newest materials for colored linings and trimmings.

RED is the fashionable color. Titian-red, pheasant-red, garnet, cinnamon-red, *cuivre*, and *caroubier* are the various shades that are most worn.

## "What to Wear,"

For the Autumn and Winter of 1880-81, is now ready, and is the most practical work in the world for the mother of a family to possess. It furnishes comprehensive and reliable information upon every subject connected with the wardrobe, and in compact form contains the solid results of knowledge and experience.

## Remember,

EVERY subscriber to "DEMOREST'S MONTHLY" should be able to obtain one more name and add to their own, and thus obtain an additional premium for their trouble from our valuable list.



LADIES' STREET GARMENTS.



1



2



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FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

## Fashionable Millinery.

No. 1.—A novel and rich design with a crown of *pékin* velvet and plush in two shades of red—*garnet* and *caroubier*. The strings are black *satin merveilleux*, doubled and edged with black lace, and cross the back of the bonnet in folds, fastened at each side by a golden bar pin with chains and pendant gilt balls. The brim slightly flares in front, and is faced with shirred black satin. A bow of beaded black *tulle* and an *aigrette* and two tips of shaded red ornament the front and left side of the bonnet.

No. 2.—This elegant hat is a black fur felt, faced with black velvet. A scarf of crimson *Surah*, finished with jet balls, is disposed gracefully around the crown, and a drooping, long, black plume shades the left side of the brim.

No. 3.—This graceful model represents a coarse straw of *loutre* brown. A full scarf of golden brown *Surah* encircles the crown, and is fastened at the right side with a gold dagger. The brim is rolled up at the left side, and faced with dark brown plush. A cluster of ostrich tips, shading from *loutre* to pale gold color, are fastened at the left side, and a knot of gold-colored satin ribbon is arranged under the brim near the left side.

No. 4.—A becoming bonnet of gold-colored silk plush, with strings of golden-brown satin ribbon. A band of amber beading finishes the edge, and a shaded blue plume ornaments the front.

No. 5.—An exquisite little *capote*, fitting rather close to the head. The crown is covered with black jetted *tulle* over *heliotrope* satin, and a plaiting of black jet beaded lace finishes the brim. The crown is surrounded by folds of black *satin de Lyon*, caught at the left side with a cluster of

*heliotrope* and violets. The strings are black *satin de Lyon*, lined with *heliotrope*.

No. 6.—This dressy and elegant bonnet is quite close-fitting, with an old-gold satin crown encircled by a flat band of black satin richly embroidered with cashmere beads. The edge of the *capote* is surrounded with cashmere beaded lace ruffled very full. Two white plumes, slightly flecked with gold, ornament the front of the bonnet; and the strings are netted black *chenille*, edged with gold-beaded lace.

No. 7.—A modified Gainsborough shape of gray fur felt, faced with black velvet and trimmed with pearl-gray uncut velvet, and shaded pearl and white ostrich tips.

Stylish hats and bonnets are furnished through our Purchasing Agency for \$8 upward, according to the materials. In sending an order, it is always best to state complexion, color of hair and eyes, the purposes for which the hat is to be used, and any preference in regard to color, etc.

## Hair-Pins as Luxuries.

WE have all heard of living "ten miles from a lemon," as a dire calamity, but many women will be ready to aver that it is quite as serious a matter to live two miles from a hair-pin. Hair-pins lately have become not only articles of necessity, but luxury. Instead of the small wire affairs which can be bought at ten cents a box, it is now fashionable to twist the hair in a huge coil, and stick one or two large pins in it of silver or gilt, or tortoise-shell. These pins are very much prized by ladies, and the loss of one is an important matter, as they are costly. A married lady remarked not long since, that there were some young ladies whom she could not afford to invite to her house, for they were always "borrowing" her tortoise-shell hair-pins.

## The Wardrobe of an Actress.

It is said that Mlle. Bernhardt had forty-seven dresses made for her use before leaving France—twenty-seven for the stage, and twenty for general use. The following are some of the principal toilets:

For "Adrienne Lecouvreur," Louis XV. style, one toilet with ivory-satin train and front of skirt of China-blue drapery, with garlands of red and tea roses, and Alençon lace on a pointed bodice.

Another toilet of brocaded silk, specially made in Lyons, with cascades of flowers embroidered on the skirt, and the bodice trimmed with Bruges lace. The goods alone of this dress cost two thousand five hundred francs. Another *déshabillé* toilet, all of satin and Languedoc lace.

For "Camille," a ball dress of white satin, with large embroidered camelias covering a ground which is wholly of pearls, a court train, and a novel arrangement secured at the shoulder and draping at the side. This dress cost ten thousand francs. Another dress for a *déshabillé* toilet, wholly of Valenciennes lace and pearls. For "Frou-Frou," ivory-satin dress, covered with embroidery of pearl and mother of pearl.

One Lampas dress with crimson flowers on a cream ground, and a crimson train. One dress, all of black satin and jet, low-necked, with a cuirass. For the "Sphinx," one sensational dress, with yellow satin skirt, black and jet waist, with two huge ravens upholding the skirt. A house dress of brocade silk, with crimson and pale roses on a cream ground, and ruby satin train. This dress is said to be marvelously effective.



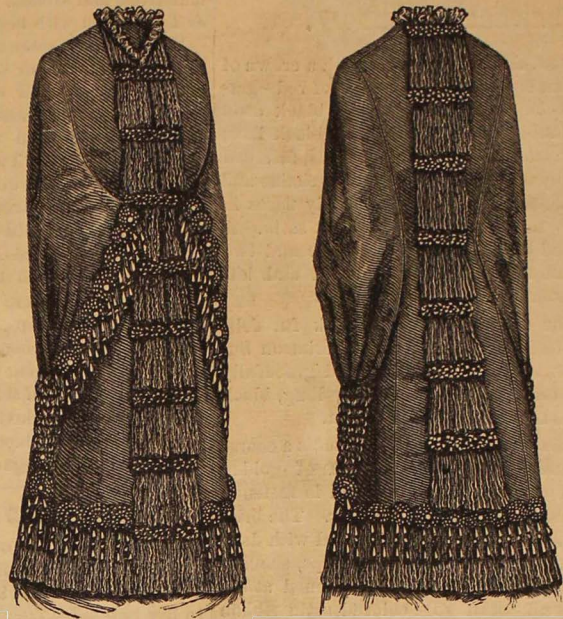


VIOLETTA COSTUME.

**Violetta Costume.**—A long, tight-fitting polonaise, reaching quite to the bottom of the skirt at the sides and looped high in the middle of the back, is combined with a short walking skirt, plain in front and at the sides, and plaited full at the back, to form this stylish costume. Novel and striking features of this design are the broad *revers* on the waist, that are connected with a deep capuchin hood which reaches to the waist line at the back; the arrangement of the double-breasted portion, and the entaway effect below, which displays the entire front of the skirt. The polonaise is cut with three darts in each front, two in the usual positions and one under the arm, side forms carried to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The engraving illustrates the most effective way of making the costume; a combination of two materials that may be any of the various beautiful fabrics now in vogue. No additional trimming is required. This stylish costume

is illustrated in Figures 1 and 4 of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

**Zerah Visite.**—*Distingué* and graceful, this *visite* has loose *sacque* fronts, side gores under the arms, the back slightly fitted by a curved seam down the middle, and sleeves inserted in dolman style. The design is appropriate to make up in cashmere, *sicilienne*, silk, *satins de Lyon*, and other goods of the same class used for *demi-saison* wraps; and can be simply or elaborately trimmed, according to taste and the material used. Lace, *passanterie*, and fringe, as illustrated, constitute a handsome garniture. The back view of this garment is illustrated on Fig. 2 of the full-page engraving. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

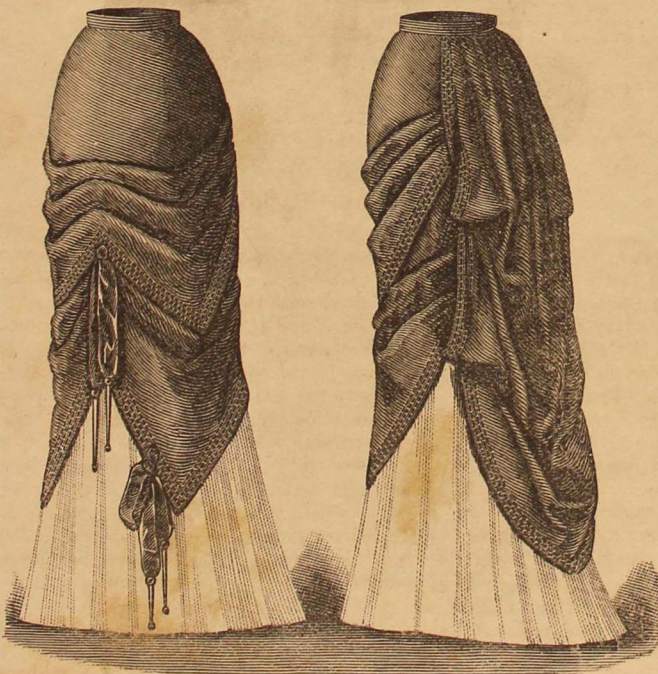


ZERAH VISITE.

### “Our Portfolio of Fashions.”

THE singular popularity of this publication finds no better evidence than its enormous circulation. This season we start with the almost fabulous list of 120,000, and this may increase to 150,000, at its present rate of advancement, before the edition is mailed. The secret is simply that ladies want to see a truthful, pictured semblance of styles before buying patterns, and in our “PORTFOLIO” they obtain a complete gallery of designs, so large, so distinct in detail, and so well described, that they are enabled to judge accurately of effects, and are not betrayed into useless expenditure. The “PORTFOLIO,” with all the new designs in costume for the fall and winter of 1880-81, is now ready, and prompt application should be made to insure delivery. Price, fifteen cents, post-free.

Address, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York City.



CASTILIA OVERSKIRT.

### Castilia Overskirt.

—Arranged with a double apron, draped in the middle and falling in two points on each side, producing the effect of *paniers*, and the back draped in a simple and graceful manner, the “Castilia” is a decidedly practical yet stylish design. It is suitable for all classes of dress goods, and is especially appropriate for cloth and similar fabrics, and can be trimmed in any style according to taste and the material selected, rows of machine stitching being most suitable for heavy goods; or it will be very effective with one of the aprons of a contrasting material. This overskirt is illustrated elsewhere, in combination with the “Leila” basque. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

### Our “Illustrated Journal.”

It is the first record that a ladies' paper has attained the circulation of six hundred thousand within the first year of its existence. But we can say with truth, that six hundred thousand comprises the edition with which we shall start our fall number of this latest of our fashion publications. The cheapness at which we have put this popular publication for the household, must be considered a great reason for its rapid advancement. It not only gives the latest news in regard to fashions, but more valuable and instructive reading for the money than any other paper published in the world. Our vast facilities do not admit of rivalry in our own field, and our friends know that we are not only as good, but better than our word. Demorest's “ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL” is issued quarterly with the seasons, sixteen pages, 16½ by 11¼ inches (same size as the Illustrated Weeklies), and the price is only five cents per copy, or fifteen cents per year, including postage. Try it for one year.

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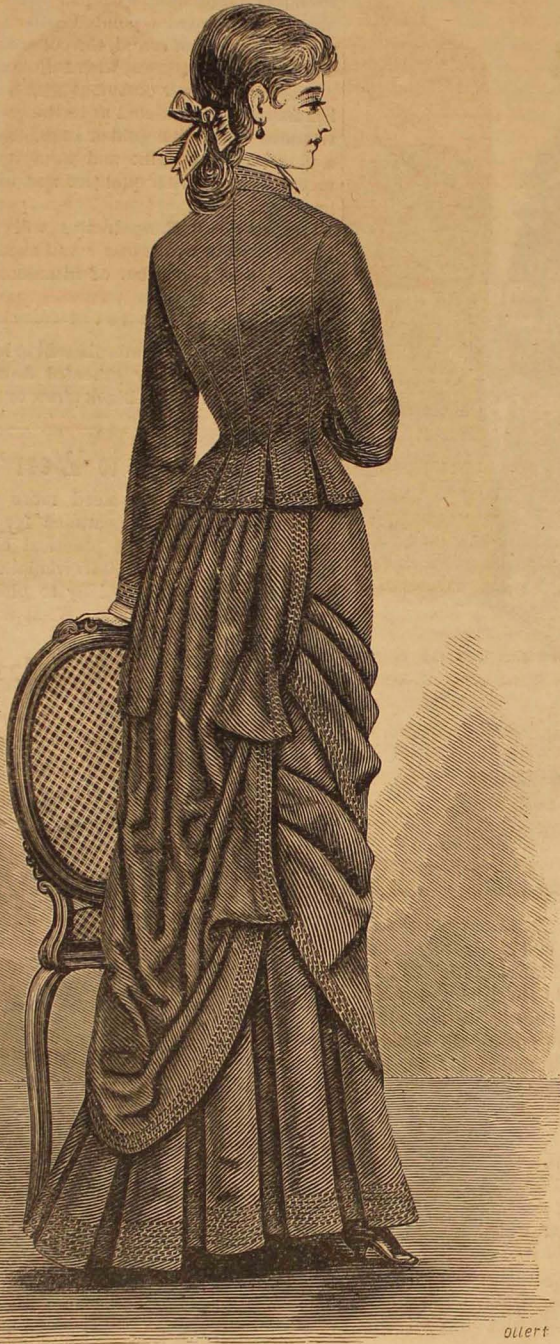
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THE unprecedented circulation which this publication has achieved (400,000) within a very brief space of time, warrants us in assuming for it a high place in public estimation. Its high yet varied character, and the extraordinarily low price at which it is distributed, have doubtless much to do with the singular success which has been obtained. The quarterly issue is now ready, and contains the newest fashions, and choice literary matter. Price, five cents, post free, or fifteen cents yearly.

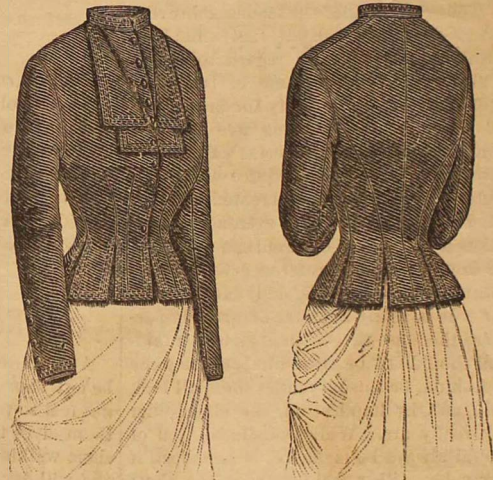
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oulet



LANGTRY CASAQUE.



LEILA BASQUE.

Cloth Costume.

THE "Leila" basque and "Castilia" overskirt are combined with a short, plaited skirt to compose this pretty costume of admiral-blue ladies' cloth. It is very simply trimmed with rows of machine stitching and pearl buttons, and is ornamented on the front of the overskirt with loops of dark blue satin ribbon, terminating in satin spikes. White linen collar. The hair is dressed low, with a knot of rose-colored ribbon. The overskirt and basque are illustrated separately elsewhere. Skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of basque, twenty-five cents each size.

MADRAS cloth in handkerchief patterns is an autumn novelty.

SPANISH LACE, both white and black, is largely brought into requisition for trimming purposes, and for long Directoire over-dresses.

**Langtry Casaque.**—Slightly double-breasted, with wide *revers* in front and ornamented with a "capuchin" hood which reaches to the waistline at the back, this is a practical and very popular design. It is nearly, but not quite, tight-fitting, cut with a single dart in each front, side gores under the arms, and a "French" back. By turning up the *revers*, the front may be closed all the way to the neck, if desired. It is suitable for all qualities of cloth, and many kinds of dress fabrics. The hood and *revers* may be lined with the same goods as the garment, or with a contrasting color or material. For cloth, the "tailor" finish—several rows of machine stitching near the edges—is the most appropriate. The back view of this design is shown on the cut of "Ladies' Street Garments." Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

**Leila Basque.**—The most noticeable feature in this design is its similarity to what was formerly

known as the "polka" basque; the seams being left open below the waist, forming square tabs. It is quite short, and nearly equal in length all the way around, and is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounded to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The fronts are ornamented with a double *revers*, and the neck is finished with a narrow, straight collar. The sleeves are tight-fitting and buttoned at the outside. The design is desirable for almost any dress material, but is particularly suitable for cloth, flannel, and other heavy goods, and cording or machine stitching on the edges will be the most appropriate finish. This basque is illustrated elsewhere, in combination with the "Castilia" overskirt. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

EVEQUE, *prelat*, and amethyst are some of the names of the new shades of violet.

## Evening Dresses.

REGULAR "evening" or ball dresses have a character of their own, very much like wedding dresses. The young brides' dress has become a regulation costume of white satin or satin brocade, with square or heart-shaped neck, elbow-sleeves, and long draped skirt, which is covered by the *tulle* or lace veil. This dress varies only in the quality, the tint and surface finish of the fabric, and slightly in the more or less elaboration of the design.

The bridal dress of a celebrated actress (Miss Clara Morris) in "Jane Eyre" (the play of that name) is a model of neatness, and was copied as a model for the daughter of a wealthy Governor of a State, in the preparation of her trousseau. It is a long, perfectly plain dress of thick ivory satin, with only a little real lace and *tulle* upon the neck and sleeves, which are, the first, a little more open, the second, only a trifle shorter upon the arm than the long sleeve, and are finished narrow, and with a small, rounded cuff.

The theory was this: Jane Eyre was a poor governess, accustomed only to the plainest and severest kind of dress; but she was going to marry a rich man, and was herself possessed of exquisite natural refinement and taste; therefore, she would choose at once the simplest, and richest, and plainest, and most beautiful of fabrics, and have it made up with the smallest possible concessions to display. The theory was certainly correct; the result was one of the most perfect dresses ever seen upon a bride.

The popular taste of the present day is, however, for something less severe, and, besides, a style would soon lose interest that admits of no variation. The great merit of the fashionable evening and bridal dresses of to-day is, that while they follow certain general ideas in regard to cut of neck and sleeves, and arrangement of the skirt, there is still abundant opportunity for the play of individual fancy, so that among five hundred square and heart-shaped draped and half-sleeved dresses, no two will be quite alike. Of late a greater diversity has been created through the medium of the pretty short evening dresses, which makes it possible to differentiate ages, and grade the dress with some reference to the personal appearance of the young lady members of the family. It is really a matter of great importance, where there are two or three girls in a family, that all should not be attired in just the same elaborate fashion, because it makes them all look equally old, and, by implication, the elder older than they really are. White muslin, dotted or plain, should always be made, or, at the most, if made over color, with a demi-train, as the short skirts are so much more youthful, and are only unsuitable for ladies who find it necessary to make up in dignity and stateliness what they have lost in youth.

Very good styles for chaperones, and ladies who have reached a certain age, consist of plain, plaited train of rich brocade, a puffed or shirred front of satin, puffed or shirred sleeves, and a basque relieved by an elegant collar or fichu of old lace. This in wine-color, *évéque* purple (bishop's purple), bronze, or black, forms a costume suitable and rich enough for any occasion, while, being so quiet in style, it is not out of place for a dinner, or an afternoon "at home."

Young girls find it much easier to arrange several inexpensive toilettes than married women. A ruffled white skirt and colored satin or silk bodice will dress up a pretty girl so that she will be charmingly, and pass for being elegantly attired; but a matron made up in such a style looks patched, and carries an affectation of juvenility, which is of all faults the least pardonable, save, perhaps, that other one of vulgarity.



Marie Costume.

This charming little dress is of navy-blue camel's-hair cloth, with *revers* and pockets of Stuart plaid. Large smoked pearl buttons and loops of blue satin ribbon complete the trimming. Embroidered collar and cuffs edged with lace. The double illustration is given among the separate fashions. Pattern in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

## New Walking Suits.

ALL woolen and walking costumes continue to be cut short, a blessing for which women need not feel so very thankful, for it only depends upon themselves to render it perpetual. If they prefer short walking-dresses, and continue to wear them, and will have them, there is no power on earth that can make them do otherwise.

There is also little decided change in other respects. Aprons are, in some cases, made pointed instead of round, and are often double, and even triple; they are also trimmed largely with a very wide plaid instead of with brocade, as last year. Plaids are, in fact, in high vogue, and there is every probability that they will constitute the most popular of street suits for winter wear. They are not, however, made all of the plaid, especially when this is very large and high in color. The body and sleeves are of solid wool in the dark shade, the plaid being used for the trimming. The skirt also is solid, but the plaid trimming is arranged so as to cover a considerable portion of it.

The "handkerchief" suits come back in all wool, and have the appearance of solid woolen suits trimmed with a border; but the bodices of these are plain, as are the so-called "plaid" suits. The most popular models are cut with walking-skirts and cuirass basques, the skirts trimmed with kilted flounces, and having a double apron,

round or pointed, and draped back. When the aprons are pointed, a pointed collar is trimmed on the basque; when round, the collar is round, deep, and brought low down, with fullness in the front.

Fine camel's-hair costumes with a cashmere finish are made with a coat as in the "Violetta," and trimmed with a rich gold or Indian border, or with a very handsome silk and wool brocade, which may be used in rich qualities and also as bordering.

Quite new walking-dresses will be made of plaid cloths in which one small check is laid over another, and a cross-bar of illuminating silk over the whole.

WIDE MULL TIES, embroidered in long-stemmed convolvuli and other graceful flowers, are the favorite ties for dressy black straw or chip bonnets.

## "What to Wear"

Is too well known to need more than the announcement of its appearance for the fall and winter of 1880-81. Its practical character has already secured for it 60,000 circulation, and it has only to be seen for every lady to place herself on the list of its subscribers. What it tells is just what every woman wants to know in regard to her own wardrobe. Price, fifteen cents, post free.

Send order at once to W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 E. 14th Street, New York.



Rodney Suit.

SUIT of light tweed, very simply trimmed with rows of machine stitching and tortoise-shell buttons, for a little boy under six years of age. Large linen collar and cardinal ribbon bow. *Béret* of light cloth with silk tassel. This design is illustrated among the separate fashions. Pattern in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

## Rich Silk Toilets—Dinner Dresses.

PLAIN silks are but little used nowadays, excepting for trimming—unless by simple people, to whom a silk dress is a silk dress, whether it be a fashionable silk or not—and in very heavy and handsome qualities. The introduction of "combinations," the revival of brocades, the extensive use of rich satin, and the addition of splendid embroideries, beaded trimmings, and lace in profusion, makes a simple silk exceedingly plain by contrast; and while it is still the pride and ambition of those to whom silk of any kind in clothing has heretofore been an unattainable luxury, and is really most suitable for the first "best" dresses of young girls who have got beyond the "white Swiss" era, it still furnishes, unassisted, but a very plain and unsatisfactory substitute for the combination grandness, unless, as before remarked, the silk is of unusual quality, and the ornamentation of extraordinary elegance and beauty.

The fashionable combination of this season is effected with brocade and satin, both in solid colors. The brocades are in very large figures, but do not cover the ground like the Surah damasks, nor are they entirely detached from each other in the stiff old style. On the contrary, they are connected by stems and fibrous lines, which preserve the connection and serve to unify the whole. These brocades are not cut up into flounces, or overskirts, or drapery; they are used for plain trains and bodice; but the front of the dress, left narrow, may be wholly composed of shirred satin; the under-plaiting around the bottom of the train, and sometimes the box-plaiting, is of satin, and satin re-appears in a narrow plaiting at the throat, or on lining the neck, or lining the outward rolling collar. The satin will be used as in the front of the train "Anastasia," or the "Simplice" adjustable train, or it may form the train itself as well as the front of the skirt, as in the toilet "Rosalba," or it may be used for the panels and draped apron as in the "Valentine" train. The design is a matter of taste, only it is understood that in selecting one for a combination costume the superior fabric should never be subordinated to the secondary one, and in combining a rich brocade with satin, the brocade is the superior fabric.

Of sleeves there are generally two pairs made to all rich dresses—one of the principal fabric, the other of lace; or they may be of satin covered with bands of beaded lace.

The pointed bodice is the most dressy for handsome toilets, the basque part only deep front and back, and hollowed in upon the hips with a gradual and graceful inner curve. The neck may be cut a low but not broad square, or it may be high at the back and completed by an upright collar which rolls over and is lined with satin, and perhaps gold lace, supported by a wire.

The length and shape of the train depends upon the style of the dress and the use to which it is to be put. The round and natural extension of a narrow skirt, such as are at present worn, cannot form a very long train for the most magnificent dresses; therefore square trains are used, which can be cut any length desired—three yards, if the wearer wishes to drag that length of train behind her. Short, round trains are known as demi-trains, or half trains, and these are the most suitable for modestly handsome toilets, for dinner dresses, or for dancing parties, when a short dress is not desired.

A novelty for dinner dresses will please that numerous class of ladies who wish to utilize a good velvet skirt, or would like to combine one with an effective over-dress. It consists of a robing of camel's-hair wool, embroidered most effectively in a deep border for the tablier, and in a narrow border for the trimming of the waist and

sleeves. The apron is additionally furnished with a rich fringe. This makes a beautiful and complete over-dress, useful on occasions when a rich silk or satin would be liable to injury, and handsome enough for almost any emergency.



MARIE COSTUME.

**Marie Costume.**—This stylish little dress combines a loose blouse and cut-away jacket with a skirt having a wide box-plait in front, and kilt-plaited all around the sides and back. The blouse is gathered in full in front, and has a plain back with a seam down the middle. The jacket has loose fronts, turned back to form *revers*, and a "French" back; the skirt has a yoke to which the plaiting is attached. The costume may be appropriately made in any dress goods, excepting the thinnest. Pattern in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



RODNEY SUIT.

**Rodney Suit.**—For boys under six years of age this is an especially desirable style of suit. A the fronts and sides it has a half-fitting jacket, cut with gores under the arms, which falls over a skirt kilt-plaited at the sides and having a broad box-plait in the middle of the front; and the back pieces extend the entire length of the dress. It is suitable for almost any material that is used for the dresses of small boys, and may be trimmed with rows of machine stitching, narrow galloon, or binding, in accordance with the goods selected. Pattern in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

## A Million Readers.

THE aggregate circulation of our "Monthly Magazine," "Illustrated Journal," "Portfolio of Fashions," and "What to Wear," now falls little short of one million, an unexampled list in this or any other country.

## Autumn Materials.

THROUGH the summer the loveliness of the manufactured fabrics, from which one had the power, if one had the means, to choose one's clothing, made it seem hard for the warmth and sweetness which were allied to their delicacy and beauty to depart. But the chill air of autumn has a strength and charm of its own, and we are not sorry to see the soft dark wools, the rich silks and velvets, which belong to a severer season. Plaids enjoy a periodical revival in this and European markets. They come with as much regularity as "apple-year," and are as welcome. Why people always warm to plaid it would take a Scotchman to discover; but they do, at least after an absence, and so it has a perennial hold upon manufacturers and dealers. This year the plaid shows infinite diversity and great distinction of style. It is sometimes enormously large, but the colors are dark and soft, and the bars are broken by shaded lines which save whatever would render the effect harsh or crude. This is in the best imported and American-made fabrics. These large, beautifully shaded plaids are used principally for tabliers and trimming; they will also make handsome round cloaks, or the cloak may be of a solid color, and the hood be lined with the plaid.

The opposite to the very large plaid is found in a small, broken plaid, which begins with an infinitesimal check and enlarges, always holding one check in another until it is perhaps an inch and a quarter square; the entire check is then outlined by a cross-bar of twisted silk in high colors. This is one of the very prettiest plaid fabrics that has ever appeared, and is a special importation of a house famous for its fine wools (Lord & Taylor). The mixture of color, and of silk and wool, in dress-goods this season seems to be confined to two classes of fabrics—a very superior class, and a very cheap class. The mediums are in solid colors, or in plaids. There are small-figured, mixed fabrics in blended colors, and silk and wool surface, the cotton showing only upon the back, which sell at from fifty to sixty-five cents per yard, and will doubtless be used largely both for dresses and trimmings; but they are not the best class, even of goods for street-wear. The soft, all-wool is superior to them, and their secondary quality is still further shown in their designs, which follow the lead of the superior quality of silk and wool goods of last season.

A new trimming fabric is a satin of silk and wool, which sells for two dollars per yard, and has a soft, fine, yet firm texture and beautiful surface. It comes in all the dark cloth shades: plum, wine-color, garnet, bronze-green, indigo-blue, and seal-brown. It is used, as before remarked, mainly for trimming, but it would make a dark, rich, quiet dress for an elderly lady, for it has more depth though less surface gloss than satin. Fine serges, camel's-hair cloths, and a solid, cloth-finished flannel are used as much as ever; the only variation is in the trimming, and this may be bordering which comes with the goods, a plaided border simulating a "handkerchief" dress, silk and wool satin, gold brocade, or hand embroidery in crewels, or with floss in "crewel" stitch. This last is perhaps the most distinguished method of ornamenting a woollen dress, and many young ladies have availed themselves of their summer leisure to decorate a fall costume with carnations or anemones, the flowers of the field, or the cultivated treasures of the garden.

Plushes are to be used this winter, and they are figured and embossed in solid colors like velvet. They have a very rich appearance, and are used with fine wool, for sleeves and trimming, as well

as with silk and satin. Satin and rich figured silk plush of the same shade make a very beautiful combination; figured velvet combines better with satin de Lyon or thick, heavy silk.

A novelty for costumes over velvet skirts is a robing of dark wool embroidered in floss silk and having a handsome knotted fringe in the ground color for the tablier. The embroidery consists of borders for the apron, and a narrow bordering as trimming for the bodice and sleeves. The work is really artistic and effective; daisies with shaded stems, the yellow acacia with its leaves, the pendent columbine, the pansy and wild rose being all represented. The robing is four meters and a half long, sufficient for the overdress in almost any style, and it furnishes an excellent method of utilizing a half-worn silk or velvet skirt which is still handsome enough to form part of a dinner toilet; or the robing may be considered quite elegant enough to demand a skirt of its own.

### Children's Fashions.

THE styles for children seem to grow daily more picturesque and beautiful. The large hats, the Vandyke collars, the startling contrasts of color, and the fashion of allowing their hair to grow over the forehead, and fall in masses about their ears, makes them look exactly like pictures taken out of their frames in some old gallery; and gives to their toilets an air of distinction, which is entirely independent of the material of which it is composed. Broken checks in wool, solid-colored wools, flannel plain and in checks, serges, and the like, are all suitable for the every-day wear of girls and small boys.

Checked wool may be used for entire dresses and suits, and some very new designs show one check overlaying another; but plaids are used mainly for trimming—the high colors forming a fine contrast to the solid, dark ground.

Plushes are used for children also, for the trimming of handsome woolen suits; the figured plush, which is as handsome as embossed velvet, being the most desirable.

Coat suits are novel and pretty for girls, and usually consist of a woolen skirt with coat of woolen brocade, or a velvet skirt with a coat of silk brocade, in a small fan, feather, or flower pattern.

Very quaint and odd dresses are made with full "smock" over-dresses—the shape very much that of a French blouse apron, only, instead of a yoke, the neck is shirred down back and front, and stayed underneath with a lining. The fullness is not drawn very close, and it is often outlined with red, and yellow, and black embroidery, in a sort of herring-bone stitch.

The shirring only extends across the front and back, the sides are left plain, and it is repeated upon the top of the sleeves, which are slightly full, and gathered into a band, which is embroidered at the wrist. The skirt may be a kilt attached to a waist-lining, and the over-dress may be confined at the waist by an embroidered belt or sash. Of the designs for children illustrated in the present number, we call special attention to the "Marie" costume of dark, plum-colored serge or flannel, trimmed with plaid wool, and the "Lura" costume, consisting of plaited skirt, kilted at the back, box-plaited in front, and coat cut away from the front, and having a *revers* collar, and bands for the sleeves of the plain materials. The coat may be made in armure wool, and to show how fully the striking contrasts in color have been revived, it may be remarked that a suit of this style was made with a purple silk skirt

and *écru* coat of silk and wool, with collar and band of purple satin.

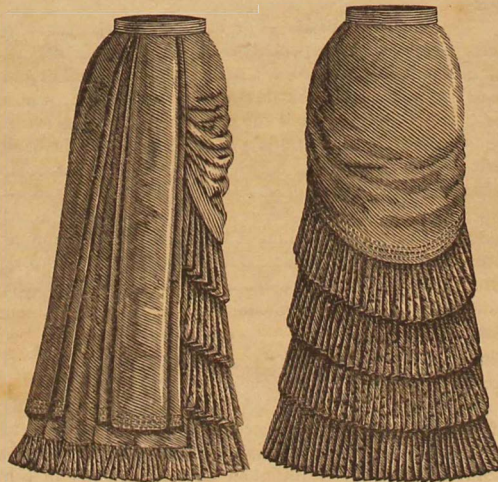
The blouse waist in the Marie costume is particularly good in flannel, and dark green or navy-blue are well contrasted with wine-color or Gil Blas red in ribbons, and with a plaid in which red, black, yellow, and bronze are the chief colors. The "Florence" is a very stylish skirt, the long, plaited sashes at the back giving the effect of a coat opening upon a straight gathered skirt. The plaited flounces in front are surmounted by a circular apron, which is draped in at the sides, and the dress may be finished by a round bodice with belt, or the "Coralie" basque. The "Thalia" jacket is a novelty, and very becoming. It is half double-breasted, crossing semi-diagonally, but meeting only at the waist-line. The bodice is cut with a spring over the hips, and to it is attached a skirt plaited at the back. Cuffs and collar should be of velvet, if the jacket is cloth, and the material contrasting, or they may be of the new silk and wool satin.

The "Rodney" suit is for small boys, and is made of invisible wool check. It is very simple, but very stylish in the new dark wool checks, shaded upon mixed ground, which are the rage in cloths for this season. Any lady can make a suit of this kind, and of cloth forty-eight inches wide only one yard and a half would be required for the size for four years of age.

Hosiery for children partakes of the mixed character of the goods of which their dresses are composed. New styles have mixed ground upon which there is a cross-bar of solid color. Solid dark wine-colors, crimsons, and garnets are still in vogue, and there are solid hose with wide bands of mixed checks or plaids over the calf of the leg. These are not new, but they were very popular last season, and they adapt themselves nicely to solid suits of wool with plaid trimming.

A very fashionable fall style of dress for little girls consists of suits of plain wool in dark solid colors, with red silk handkerchief trimmed on the neck, red sash, and red pompon in the hat. The stockings may be red, or matching the suit with red checks.

An early fall dress consists of a coat of pale *écru* cloth over a brown skirt. The skirts of the coat are lined with crimson, and trimmed with crimson, brown, and *écru* cord twisted loosely together, and festooned at the back. The hat is a deep-brimmed straw, trimmed with the thick twisted silk cord around the crown, the brim faced with crimson.



FLORENCE SKIRT.

**Florence Skirt.**—Simple in design, with a short, draped apron above four overlapping, plaited flounces in front, arranged in semi-circular shape, the novel feature of this skirt is the arrangement of the back, which has two long, box-plaited sashes falling over the plain breadths, producing the effect of a coat when the skirt is worn with a round waist. The front of the skirt is slightly gored, there is a side gore at each side of it, and the back is in full breadths. The design is suitable for any kind of dress goods, and is very effective in a combination of materials, with the apron and sashes of goods contrasting with the rest of the skirt, or it can be made all in the same goods, and the sashes lined with a contrasting color. If preferred, the plaitings can all be omitted excepting the narrow one at the bottom, and the skirt will still be very stylish. Pattern in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

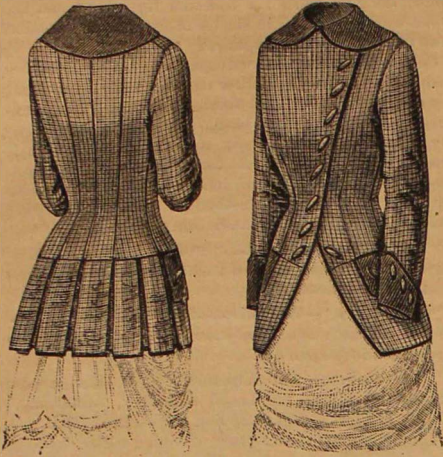


LURA COSTUME.

**Lura Costume.**—To form this stylish costume, a long, double-breasted coat, with cut-away fronts, and collar and *revers* so arranged as to give a Directoire effect, is combined with a skirt that has a box-plaited front, and the sides and back kilt-plaited. The coat is tight-fitting, has one dart in each front, side gores under the arms, side-forms carried to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. Two box-plaits formed by extensions on the side-forms give additional fullness to the back. The design is suitable for all classes of dress goods excepting the thinnest, and the costume is most effective if the coat is made of a different fabric from the skirt. Pattern in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

You can renew your subscriptions for 1880 now, and get for a premium all the three publications—Mme. Demorest's "What to Wear," Mme. Demorest's "Illustrated Portfolio," and Demorest's "Illustrated Journal"—all four publications, one year, postage paid, for \$3.00.

DEMAREST'S "Illustrated Journal," Mme. Demorest's "Portfolio of Fashion," and Mme. Demorest's "What to Wear," all three publications for one year, postage paid, for seventy-five cents.



THALIA JACKET.

**Thalia Jacket.**—Double breasted, crossing diagonally from left to right, this stylish little coat is nearly tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms carried to the shoulder seams, and a seam down the middle of the back. A separate skirt is added, cut away and plain in front, but box-plaited at the back. The coat is ornamented with a large turned-over collar, cuffs, and large pockets. This design is suitable for any kind of dress material excepting the thinnest, and is adapted to some qualities of cloths. It is most effective made in figured goods to be worn with a skirt of a different material, or the collar, cuffs, pocket lapels, and a facing between the plaits in the back can be made of a contrasting color or material, and will furnish all the trimming required. Pattern in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each size.

KID GLOVES are perfectly plain and long.

VAILS ARE NOW but little worn.

THE FASHIONABLE bracelet is a coiled snake, which winds round the arm five or six times and holds it close. It has diamond or ruby eyes.

THE DRESSING for the neck in the street is a half handkerchief of wine-color, crimson, peacock, or purple silk, round upon the corner, and edged with coffee-colored lace.

"OPAL" BEADS are the latest of the iridescent inventions, and the effect is lovely upon lace for trimming light tinted silks and satins.

PLAIN TRAINS and trimmed fronts to dresses are very general.

VOLUMINOUS FOLDS of tulle are to be worn round the neck *à la* Sarah Bernhardt.

"CAPPED" sleeves are coming into fashion again.

## Our "What to Wear" for the Fall and Winter of 1880-81.

THE enormous circulation that this publication has attained shows that ladies generally recognize it for what it is—a *multum in parvo* of information and direction in regard to dress and its belongings—taken from the most useful and practical side. In a handy form for reference are found all sorts of useful facts in regard to costumes, fabrics, out-door garments, hats and bonnets, children's clothing, hosiery, and all the details of the toilet, illustrated, and embodying many new and exclusive styles. "WHAT TO WEAR" for the autumn and winter of 1880-81 is now ready. The price is only fifteen cents, postage paid. Address, MME. DEMOREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York.



"COUANT."—We should advise a handsome wine-colored silk for your wedding dress, trimmed with satin of the same shade lined with old-gold color. The interior platings should be of valenciennes, or ivory bretonne, and crepe lisse. White lace tie and ivory gloves. Your "second" dress may be all wool—a cashmere or camel's-hair—trimmed with narrow-striped satin or solid velvet; if satin, a stripe of the color should alternate with one of a deeper and warmer tint; if velvet, the shade should match. We should advise the velvet and narrow striped satin as a trimming for your mohair, of which you send sample; not an expensive kind of satin, but one that sells in New York for \$1.25 per yard, and should be selected with an alternating stripe of narrow and dark gray. A dark straw hat trimmed with maroon would suit this dress. For best you should have one of wine-colored satin trimmed with velvet and old gold. A white satin fan painted with dark drooping fuchsias would be pretty with your best dress—not too many—and pretty shaded butterfly on the wing. Of lingerie you will want little except plenty of tulle, which you can buy by the yard. Folds of tulle around the neck and meeting in front are the prettiest for a bride, and least expensive.

"IRENE C."—Your question hardly requires an answer. No gentleman ever introduces another to a young lady without first finding out if it is agreeable to her, unless the individual is so exceptionally desirable an acquaintance that he knows there can be no question about it. Under the circumstances the act was a rudeness which fully justifies you in "cutting" both the "admirer" and his friend.

"JOSIE J."—We should say that your character is as yet unformed, but promises pretty well. For this reason we do not advise keeping "steady company" yet. Girls marry at sixteen very different persons from those they would choose at twenty or more. Sixteen is too young for a girl to think of marriage for herself; she ought to be deep in her studies. Your height is not too great for a woman, and you will probably not grow much more. You must cultivate repose and grace of movement, and then your height will be an advantage.

"NUISANCE."—Piano covers are of cloth handsomely embroidered, or sometimes hand-painted. Late styles are also printed in very pretty border patterns. The ground color should correspond with the general tone and color of the furniture or upholstery. You could combine your brown wool with plain velvet, plain or striped satin, or a soft Persian mixture. Very much trimming is not required for woolen suits—principally collar and cuffs. Deep, tight-fitting velvet cloaks will probably be worn this coming winter, either quite plain or very richly trimmed with jet and passementerie.

"INEZ."—Four dollars is the lowest price for which we make a corset. You are quite correct in the detrimental influence upon the figure of an ill-made corset, or one that is not scientifically adapted to the form. No one can estimate the difference except one who has tried both, and we have the testimony of numerous ladies to the effect that their health as well as appearance improved immeasurably after wearing our corsets, which shape but do not compress either the bust or the waist. You would find improvement and benefit from profuse washing and rubbing—first with tepid, afterward with cold water—every night and morning. You are quite right in attributing immense influence to a thorough and dainty attention to the toilet and personal habits.

"ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS."—It is not fashionable now to address a letter formally—that is, a friendly letter. Instead of "Dear Sir," or "My dear Sir," or "My dear Mr. B.," the writer may begin at once—"Thanks for the flowers you sent me;" or, "I am so sorry I missed you (or the ride, or the picnic) the other day." The envelope should be addressed to "Mr. James Grant," or whatever the name is. No flourish, no esquire, or anything of that sort. A young lady will quite naturally invite a gentleman to "call again" if she wants him to do so; she will need no book of etiquette to tell her to do that. A small, dainty, covered basket should be hung on the door-knob, or tied with ribbon to the bell or the knocker.

"INTERESTED INQUIRER."—The cards should be sent out immediately. When sent to a married couple, they are addressed to "Mr. and Mrs." so and so. If there are young ladies in the family, the address may be "Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses" so and so. If there are married sons and daughters, separate cards are sent them. Certainly not. What would be the use of sending to a business firm? It has no social existence. It is optional with the lady whether she rises or remains sitting when a gentleman is introduced to her. Only the hostess need rise when callers leave, unless the callers leaving are friends also of the callers who remain, and then it is optional. It is not obligatory for a bride to send notes of thanks for gifts she receives as bridal presents, but when they are unexpected or particularly pleasing to her she may do so. Certainly, you inquire for the hostess also.

"A. T."—The binder we give as a premium (No. 11), or sell at seventy-five cents each; is suitable for preserving the pictures when detached from the MAGAZINE. Your suggestions in regard to the binding could not be carried out, it being all done by machinery made especially to run in one particular way.

"ESSIE."—Write legibly; write on one side of your paper. Paragraph, punctuate, and put your capitals in the right place; put three lines underneath your heading, and send postage stamps to prepay its return. These are the principal rules in preparing and sending manuscript.—COUSIN BY MARRIAGE.

"SUBSCRIBER" asks where the following line may be found: "A flower of beauty on a stem of grace."

"W. S."—The climate of the Southern States in winter resembles our Northern spring more than our fall; it is subject to dampness, and a waterproof would be desirable. For traveling dress we should advise a dark bottle-green or navy-blue flannel, which is light yet warm, and a dressy ulster with Carmelite hood. Your gray camel's-hair would be better and more fashionably trimmed with satin of the same shade, or a narrow stripe, gray and garnet alternating, than with black velvet. You would find a wine-colored silk very useful, trimmed with fine platings of the same, and satin of the same shade, lined with old gold. A hat of dark gray felt, trimmed with garnet velvet and a mixture of gray and garnet feathers, could be worn with all dresses.

"DORINA."—Your mode of address was perfectly correct. Your mother's striped silk should be made with trimmed skirt, and deep, plain basque, with a rather large, round collar, brought almost to a point low upon the waist, and edged with black lace, put on a little full. The skirt should have a kilted flounce in front, and be shirred above; the back draped or arranged in three puffs above the box-plaiting, which should edge the train. Elderly ladies wear dolmans with mantle fronts, but your mother is not too old to wear a coat, if she is not too stout.

"H. N. AND M. C."—Cards with corners turned down signify, if at the upper right hand, that it was left in person. The other corners respectively mean, congratulation, farewell, or condolence. P. P. C. in the lower left-hand corner stands for *pour prendre congé*—farewell.

WILL "Rose Geranium" answer "Dora," who writes: In Vol. 14, No. 5, page 260, there is a lesson in decorating, by Rose Geranium. I cannot understand how to make the paper air-castles, especially how to cut the paper and mount the tiny castles. Will you not explain and make the matter more clear? I think they would be so pretty.

"SUBSCRIBER."—An almost perfect house has lately been disintombed at Pompeii. It is the best preserved of all the Roman dwellings hitherto discovered. There are two atria and a very spacious peristyle, in the middle of which there is an ornamental fountain. There is also a complete bath, which must assist in clearing up some of the doubtful points concerning the arrangement of Roman baths. The paintings in the interior of the house were executed with considerable taste, and they are in good preservation. Those on the first floor, representing for the most part marine animals, are especially interesting. The frescoes, also, which are contained in the wings of the building, are excellent representations of scenes from animal life.

"GEOGRAPHER."—The resignation of Colonel Gordon, in Central Africa, is chiefly due to the discouraging treatment he has met with from the Egyptian authorities. He has dealt a deadly blow to the slave-trade on the White Nile and Gazette Rivers. The slaves gave him the opportunity by open rebellion. It seems to be admitted on all sides that he has achieved a wonderful

work of civilization under enormous difficulties. The extent of his dominion was 1,500 miles long by 1,300 broad. Tribes formerly hostile are now engaged in peaceable barter, and a chain of military posts has secured free communication. Egypt grew dissatisfied, because so much in need of money, and this it was impossible for him to send her.

"SCIENTIST."—Monsieur Scheurer-Kestner has discovered the remarkable fact that the fermentation of bread causes the complete digestion of meat. He found that a beef-steak, cut into small pieces and mixed with flour and yeast, disappeared entirely during the process of panification, its nutritive principles becoming incorporated with the bread. The meat would also appear capable of preservation for an indefinite period in its new state, for loaves of meat-bread, made in 1873, were submitted to the French Academy of Science, when not a trace of worms or mouldiness was observable. At the beginning of his experiments, M. Scheurer-Kestner used raw meat, but the meat-bread had a disagreeable sour taste, which was avoided by cooking the meat for an hour with sufficient water to afterward moisten the flour. The meat must be carefully deprived of fat, and only have sufficient salt to bring out the flavor, as salt, by absorbing the moisture from the air, would tend to spoil the bread. The proportion of meat to flour should not exceed one-half, so as to insure complete digestion. Bread made with a suitable proportion of veal is said to furnish excellent soup for the sick and wounded.

"SCHOOL-GIRL."—1. Jews, Mussulmans, and Christians now live in harmony in Palestine, and a non-Mussulman seldom suffers in any respect on account of his creed. Even the red fez is not obligatory on non-Mussulman government servants. European clothing is now common both with men and women, and many of the latter may be seen dressed in the latest Paris fashions. The pashas no longer move about in constant state, but may often be seen on foot in the streets with only one or two attendants. European furniture—chairs, sofas, and tables—are now common. Great bells are now allowed to be tolled in the Christian churches. Old Christian churches have been restored and new ones built in Jerusalem, Nazareth, Tiberias, and elsewhere. So also have a number of synagogues, especially in Jerusalem, been built during the past twenty-five years. All this progress must not be taken as a sign of any laxity in religion on the part of the Mohammedans, who have during this time built many new mosques, and otherwise shown themselves as much attached to their religion as ever. Justice, also, is much more impartially administered, and the old barbarous punishments have been abolished. In Jerusalem the Sanitary Department is in charge of a German physician, and building affairs are in the hands of a German architect.

2. Rome spends two hundred thousand dollars annually on its public schools, of which, ten years ago, it had none at all. The Romans now evince great alacrity in attending the schools, and the latter are entirely inadequate to the demands of the population.

3. One of the richest and most famous monasteries in Italy is that of Monte Casino, on the line of railway between Rome and Naples. It was founded in 529, and has continuously existed ever since. Its library is wonderfully rich in written and printed documents, and the rents of the domain are adequate to maintain the institution. Its abolition and confiscation are now urged by the Italian radicals.

"A TEACHER."—For general purposes, the New York School Journal is as good as any. A letter addressed to it thus will find it.

"ASA GREY."—We should advise for your wedding and traveling dress a costume of seal-brown cashmere trimmed with satin of same shade, and dark brown felt hat trimmed with satin, and dark brown feathers. Make this up with trimmed skirt, and deep plain basque, upon which a double collar, deep, rounded at the back, and extending to the waist in points in front, is made—one of cashmere, the upper one of satin. Over this you can wear, when traveling, an ulster coat. With your gray silk, put velvet of the same shade, and wear with it gray gloves, and tie of dark crimson or wine-colored satin, bordered with white lace. Also crimson hose, and at least one crimson feather upon the bonnet, which should be of velvet matching the trimming of the dress. With your brown dress you should wear ivory lace tie and ivory gloves. The cravat and gloves of the gentleman may be ivory also. Make your gray with a bodice, open heart-shaped at the neck, and with a leaf-shaped basque at the back; wide belt, starting from the sides

across a straight front; skirt with plain, plaited demi-train, paneled sides, and draped front, or front trimmed with flat plaitings, graduated in width, and surmounted with a short apron.

"A. A. M."—A velvet skirt is always good as part of a wardrobe, but there are two reasons why they are not so desirable for new as for half-worn dresses. One is, that they were very fashionable with ivory over-dresses several years ago, and do not look new; another is, that if the upper part of the dress is not white, it must be rich and striking to be in accordance with new velvet, or the velvet would not get the credit for being new; yet a velvet skirt and brocaded coat, while handsome, is only suitable for a few occasions, unless you always wear handsome dresses, and see much society.

An over-dress of plain wool, with a velvet collar and cuffs, always looks well over a velvet skirt, and in making it up new, a thin woolen skirt may be used (of the same color) upon which to mount velvet flounces. This makes a very pretty walking dress for a young lady.

In silk, for church and street wear, we should advise wine-color, or dark green, trimmed with velvet of the same shade, and mantle to match with velvet collar; the back held into the front by a wide belt and bow of velvet. The velvet should be principally used for two not very wide flounces, and for trimming for waist and sleeves. It may be used also for flat panels or other trimming for the skirt. The dark green will be the most becoming to you, and we should advise this color.

"BLANCHE W."—The corset is laced with an ordinary corset-lace. No; the skirt is worn quite natural, and without any "extender." The turban hat has never gone quite out; a modification of it is used, which sets close to the head, has no turned-up band, but is trimmed with a border of feathers or leaves.

"GRISELDA."—Whether an ulster made of the cloth of which you inclose a sample would be uncomfortable in October, would depend largely on the weather; sometimes we have warm days in that month; but it is very suitable cloth to make into an ulster for fall. The walking coats will be quite as fashionable this fall, but some are made with plaited backs. Dresses are worn very high, and voluminous folds of tulle are worn around the neck, à la Sarah Bernhardt. Frizzes are very small, and the wavy hair is combed quietly back, the parting in the middle being very distinct, and massed in a low knot, or one bunch of braids. We could send you a very nice traveling hat for ten dollars.

"G. L. R."—We do not separate sets. The price of No. 1 in January number, 1880, was and is six dollars; of No. 5, seven dollars and twenty-five cents.

"AN ADMIRING READER."—Squeeze a dozen lemons or oranges, or part of both; make the juice thick with powdered sugar; then stir in very slowly three quarts of fresh, rich cream, and freeze in a warm room, as the more rapidly the ice melts, the quicker the cream freezes.

A very rich frozen pudding is made of sweet, rich, boiled custard, to which add a tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in a small quantity of cream. When it is cool, put in the freezer, and add a glass of raspberry jam or preserves, a cup of stoned raisins, a few blanched almonds, and a pint of whipped cream, sweetened and flavored to taste. Beat well, and freeze.

"E. J. L."—A widow wears very deep mourning for twelve months, then she lightens it a little by removing the crape. At the end of eighteen months she can introduce a little color. Mourning stationery is indispensable if a lady is in mourning at all.

"MRS. K. P. S."—Try benzine upon your carpet; that will extract the grease, unless you have ironed it in, so that it cannot get out.

"E. M."—If she has received a diploma, yes.

"JUANITA."—It depends whether it is a sit-down supper or not. If it is, the plates would be laid as if for a dinner; if not, they would be set in piles at the corners, and the refreshments arranged so that they could be readily placed upon them. It is a matter of choice, not necessity. A bride receiving calls in her own house, might like to offer some refreshment of cake and lemonade, and in that she could do so with perfect propriety; but refreshments would not be obligatory.

"A LOVER OF DEMOREST'S."—The walls of your parlor should be either papered or painted, and the border should contain the colors of your furniture. The general effect should be dark, and the wood-work also. Sleeping-rooms should be lighter; fawn-gray and crimson (cretonne), or green and crimson, or blue and wood

color, are good tones for bedroom furnishing, and the wood-work should be in shades of gray or wood color, with rather deeper toned panels.

Common cheese-cloth, six cents per yard, makes more fashionable bedroom window curtains than white lace; the cretonne may be used for lambrequins. The chandelier would probably be best for the parlor, the hanging lamp for the dining-room, over the table of which it sends such lovely light. As for the transoms, have you no one who can make them look like illuminated glass with the new metallic method of painting? If not, shade them with varnished crimson paper.

"A READER."—The publisher of the *Quarterly Elocutionist* is Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl, and her address is 24 East Fourteenth street.

"L. N. NEFF."—We "disposed" of the MS. as suggested. There was a good idea in it, but it was too long—too much spun out.

"A SUBSCRIBER AND ADMIRER."—For your purpose we should advise the Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass. The girl would there find herself associated with an intelligent and polite class of young ladies, who are at the same time taught accomplishments and encouraged to be practical. It is a home-school, bright and full of sympathy. The sanitary arrangements are excellent—the table good and wholesome. There is an exceptionally good teacher for the department of Art.

"ANXIOUS MOTHER."—Of the colleges, Vassar is the more popular, and probably the best adapted to secure a constituency from the daughters of wealthy families. Its cost to parents precludes the poor from entering, unless they are fortunate enough to obtain a scholarship. Its organization is, however, admirable; its life ideal; not, perhaps, so well fitted as some others to prepare a girl for a battle with life in the future, but just such as would develop, if the material were there, a charming and cultivated woman. Smith College is, perhaps, the most classical and mathematical of the Eastern women's colleges, and Wellesley the most practical. At Wellesley, the pupils, under the direction and supervision of teachers, are obliged to take part in the household. This is considered, by some, one of its most valuable features, but the teachers object to it seriously.

"GERTRUDE DE SAXE."—You might send specimens of your work to some of the ladies' decorative art societies, and see if they would pay for them. You can only otherwise do anything in art by study, and working your way gradually upon the spot where there is a sale for such work. The large towns, however, are flooded with crude beginners, and unless you have talent, we would not advise you to pursue it as a means of livelihood.

"Who wrote 'God Save the King?'"—ELLA." The national anthem of Great Britain, adopted by the German States and Prussia, is apparently adapted, as respects the words, from the *Domine Salvum*, of the Roman Church. The authorship has been generally credited, in England, at least, to Dr. John Bull, organist in Queen Elizabeth's chapel, and chamber musician of James I. About the time of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, he composed and played before that monarch, on a small organ, an ode beginning, "God save Great James our King." It is not shown, however, that this or any other old composition of a similar title had any connection with the modern hymn. After much discussion, it has been settled that Dr. Henry Casey wrote both the words and melody. He was a poet and musician who composed the anthem in honor of a birthday of George II., and it was performed for the first time at a dinner given on that occasion, 1740, by the Mercers' Company of London. It was first published in the *Harmonie Angelica*, in 1742, and appeared three years later in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

"A. M. K."—Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. are the New York publishers of *Woman's Work and Worth*, by J. Davenport Adams. We cannot tell you the price. Address *Woman's Journal*, Boston, Mass.

"HERO W."—Heliotrope is not a winter color, and has been very much "run into the ground" during the past season. Still, it would do for house-wear, with a warmer color for trimming, say crimson or garnet. The polonaise is more fashionable than overskirts. Crocheted jackets are very useful, and very stylishly worn on cool mornings, but we should advise a fine dark crimson rather than navy-blue. Velvet and satin skirts will both be worn. A well-finished flannel would answer nicely.

"A. M. J."—Lace shoulder capes, with beads, vary from \$5 to \$25.

"F. L. A."—There was an error in the number of the street. Madame Carter is on Broadway, left-hand side going up, between Twenty-first and Twentieth streets.

"Mrs. E. V. W." asks for the author of the line, "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned."

"CAN you tell me something of the Baroness Bunsen? —AMY." Frances Waddington, afterward the Baroness Bunsen, was born at Dunston Park, Berkshire, England, March 4, 1791. Her mother was one of the most attractive women of the day, and gave her time and thought to the education of her daughter. In 1815 she paid her first visit to London, where she was acknowledged by eminent men and women as one of the finest educated young ladies of her day. The winter of 1816 she spent in Italy with her parents, and there made the acquaintance of the illustrious man who became her husband. On the 1st of July, 1817, she was married, in the ancient chapel of the old Savelli Palace, to Baron Bunsen. For twenty-three years they made their home in Rome. Here their twelve children were born. The most cultivated society of Rome found their way to this house, drawn by the reputation of the great German scholar and his interesting wife. After these years of absence, Baroness Bunsen returned to England, where she spent one year, then going to Switzerland, where her husband had been appointed Prussian Ambassador. The next year Bunsen was sent as minister to the Court of St. James. These twelve years spent in England by Madame Bunsen were the most brilliant of her life. Yet she never seemed to really enjoy London life, so that she was really glad when her husband took up his abode in the beautiful town of Heidelberg. There Bunsen resumed his studies, and the family lived for some time in great enjoyment, receiving visitors from all parts of Europe. Toward the latter part of their residence in Heidelberg, Bunsen's health began to fail. Madame Bunsen saw the great sorrow approaching her, but bore her burden with quiet fortitude. In 1860 the family removed to Bonn, where, on the 28th of November, Bunsen died. After his death, Madame Bunsen spent the next few years in writing his life, and well did she perform this work. In March, 1862, her favorite daughter died, after giving birth to her fifth child, and Madame Bunsen devoted the remaining years of her life to these motherless children. She made her home in the quiet town of Karlsruhe. Her closing years are a complete finish to a perfect womanhood. All the great public questions of the day were of interest to her, and her letters are full of intelligent remarks on the affairs of the world. In 1876 she began to grow feeble in body, although her mental faculties remained perfectly sound. Lovingly cared for by her children, with perfect peace of mind, and an intelligent Christian faith, she entered into rest, March 18, 1876.

"RENA W."—You found an article on "Babies and their Belongings" in the September number. The lowest price at which our Purchasing Bureau can furnish an infant's outfit is \$24.45. This includes one best dress, six linen shirts, two morning slips, two night-gowns, two day dresses, two flannel skirts, two cambric skirts, two barrie-coats, two flannel bands, two quilted bibs, and one flannel shawl. This makes twenty-five pieces. A more complete set, including baby-basket, four night-ropes, four day slips, three day dresses, and a Eureka diaper—thirty-three pieces in all, of good quality and very nicely made—are sent for \$43. The highest-priced sets are \$84.79. These include forty-three pieces, some very richly trimmed and embroidered.

"BELLE."—Wine-color would be much more becoming to you than navy-blue, and is more fashionable than black, unless the latter is very rich. Fine wool shawls in solid red, white, and pale blue, are fashionable for morning and house wear.

"Mrs. C. D. R."—We do not know about the particular pattern; but one of similar character could certainly be furnished through our Purchasing Bureau. The exact cost, also, it is impossible to give.

"A. J. C."—We should advise a princess wrapper, with a dress finish, made walking length, and trimmed with bands of soft Persian silk, in which the crimson (not garnet), united with old blue and old gold, would appear.

"Miss J. A. W."—Certainly, mitts would answer. Your sample is a shade of wood-brown.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—Make up your black silk alapaca with platings of the same, beaded with folds of the same. Trim the basque and sleeves with collar and cuffs of black velvet.

"MISS DINGLEY."—The foulard is too thin to dye well, or to be worth dyeing. You could only have it dyed black or brown, and used as a lining. Red satin platings are placed all round short dresses, and cost from 75 cts. to \$2.50 per yard.

"BESSIE T."—Your samples are too light in texture for winter silks; they are all for summer wear. The wine-color, speckled with white, might be made to look well by trimming it with the dark shade in satin.

ANY of our readers who will send their address to the TOILET MASK CO., 1164 Broadway, New York, will receive without charge a Descriptive Treatise explaining how to obtain a pure and faultless complexion without using poisonous cosmetics, powders, etc. We hope that our lady friends will avail themselves of this liberal offer.

A KITCHEN OUTFIT.—To a genuine housekeeper there is a great deal more pleasure in fitting up the kitchen than in furnishing the parlor. This is particularly the case nowadays, when there is so much that is attractive in the wares which are destined for practical use. It is worth a visit to the old established house of Mr. Charles L. Hadley, Cooper Institute block, to verify the truth of this statement, and obtain the treat of going through his fine displays of wooden wares and metal and china services in all the new and pretty designs. Mr. Hadley sends per order throughout the country, and is thoroughly reliable; also experienced in every branch of his trade. He will send catalogue and price-list post free on application.

## LITERATURE

"Flowers of the Field."—Our next (Thanksgiving) number will contain a charming story by the author of the "Annals of a Baby" and "He and I,"—Mrs. Sarah Bridges Stebbens. It is written in the best vein of the "Annals," and is as perfectly finished as a picture. It is a true prose idyl.

Howard's Guide to Jerusalem.—This is a small but curiously interesting paper-covered book, which has been prepared by the well-known traveler and journalist, Miss Anna Ballard, of New York City. It seems very odd to read an itinerary of the Holy Land, and the places made famous to us by the birth, death, and passion of our Saviour, as we might of Paris or the Scottish lakes. Although we may never visit the sacred spot, yet it is interesting to know that one can go by steamer, that passengers daily pass the rock to which Andromeda was chained, and arrive at Yafa, the modern name for Joppa, where, from the balcony of a modern hotel, they can look across to the mountains of Judea, and inhale the fragrance of thousands of orange-trees. Tours and trips are arranged from Jerusalem, as they are from any central point of interest, of longer or shorter duration, and equipments are provided for extended journeys, which include all the luxuries of movable hotel life. The first edition of the work was sent to Syria, but another will be issued by the Union Square Printing Company immediately, for home circulation.

"Sappho."—A fifth edition of this famous tragic poem has recently been issued in very handsome style by the London publishers of the author, Mrs. Estella A. Lewis, better known as "Stella." This edition is not only well printed, but it is illustrated by portraits of the heroine, and also of the author, and contains a hymn to Bacchus, and one to Venus, which are not found in the earlier editions. "Stella's" tragedies have not won, nor are they likely to win a place upon the modern stage; but this is not to their discredit, when "Pinafore" is preferred to Shakespeare a hundred to one. "Sappho" is not only a delightful reading play—it would act well if the conditions were favorable; and we recommend it to young women's colleges as affording a fine opportunity for declamations and dramatic fire and expression. It is singularly sweet in passages, full of heart-rending pathos in others, and really tears from the obscurity of the past the most gifted woman-poet of antiquity, and presents her to us, living, breathing, throbbing—torn by conflicting passions and emotions—the woman still stronger than the genius which crowned and crushed her. It is a powerful study, to say the least, and places Mrs. Lewis in the front rank of those poets who are the historians of the heart. Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill, are the publishers.

## Good Words.

WHY "WE" TAKE "DEMOREST."

"DEAR DEMOREST:—We are sometimes amused in looking over the 'whys and wherefores' of your many readers for taking 'DEMOREST,' and forthwith we begin to investigate to find *our* reasons. Pet says the housekeepers' class has been a great help to her, and carried her safely over some 'Sloughs of Despond;' 'Jennie June's Talks' are, in my opinion, the best pages in the book, not excelled by anything in America. As an old teacher, I have examined all publications carefully before admitting them to my school-room, and always call the attention of my pupils to this lady's writings. Am sure they have done great good.

"During the last month I made two handsome suits, one of cashmere and satin, one of lace bunting and satin; saved at least twenty-five dollars by it, and had no other help than patterns and illustrations from 'DEMOREST.' As I am not accustomed to sewing, I think this is something to be proud of, but, being modest, give most of the credit to the magazine."

## AN ENGLISH ECHO.

THE able editor of an English literary journal writes:—"I must thank you for the constant interchange of your 'MONTHLY MAGAZINE' for the *Review*. I think 'Demorest' superior in variety and clearness to any English fashion magazine; its designs are even better than those of *The Queen*, and it richly deserves the popularity which, by all accounts, it enjoys."

A WELL-KNOWN lady, and successful authoress, writes:—"May I add my small mite to the continual tributes of praise which your book receives and merits? The September number is too full of good things for them all to be mentioned, but the letter from San Francisco charmed us most of all. We are perfectly familiar with the route, and the truthfulness of the whole letter, the vivid descriptions, and the manner of telling them, impressed us with the feeling that a very clever hand held the pen.

"I read many magazines, among which are *Scribner*, *Harper*, *Eclectic*, *International Review*, *Fortnightly Review*, and the *Phrenological Journal*, besides newspapers from many places; but none of them have ever given me the same feelings of longing for something higher and better in life than 'DEMOREST'S' MAGAZINE does. I cannot describe it better than to say it uplifts my soul, it encourages all of my higher and better aspirations—it teaches me how to be a better woman. I sincerely trust that so long as literature shall be cultivated, your book, which comes as such a beloved messenger of peace, knowledge, and happiness to us, will endure, be prosperous, and continue improving; better I could not wish for you."

"Mrs. M. E. S."

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20 Chromo Cards. No 2 alike 10c, with name. Post paid. Stamps taken. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

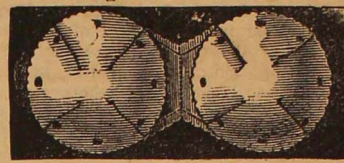
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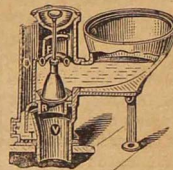


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