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THE CROWN OF JUNE.

"And on her head she hath a chaplet
Of roses red, full pleasantly yset."

Roses, roses everywhere.

THE air is full of them; the garden is aglow with their blushes; baskets of silver and vases of crystal hold them prisoners within doors.

For June has come on her thirty days' visit, with these beautiful handmaidens in her train; and roses, white and pink and crimson, scarlet and yellow and mottled, blush and cream-color, through all the varied hues of rose attire, bloom in masses and clusters of wild, riotous beauty.

Some of them have an individual history:

"Oh, what are these roses bright
That in thy garland blow?
These roses red as blood,
These roses white as snow?"

"These blood-red roses grew
On a field with battle dyed;
These snow-white roses strew
A path that is not wide;
None seek that path but they who seek
Him who was crucified!"

The pretty conceit that white was the original hue of all roses, but that some poetic incident gave them a pink or crimson glow, has been made the subject of many rhymes; and beginning with Eve's kiss that drew

"From beauty's lips the vermeil hue,"

it is continued through mythological fables of Cupid flinging nectar down as he danced among the gods,

"Which on the white rose being shed,
Made it forever after red,"—

Venus wounding her foot with a thorn, and the drops of her blood coloring the insensate flowers with a perpetual blush for their cruelty,—and the Persian legend of the nightingale, in a fury of hopeless love for the rose, piercing her bosom with a thorn, when, as she expired, her life's blood tinged all roses forever with an exquisite glow.

But there are some white roses left notwithstanding; and there is a subtle charm in their colorless purity which is not possessed by any others of the family. In history even one feels a prejudice for the white rose of York against the red rose of Lancaster; and the beauty of the old white garden-rose, rarely seen except in out-of-the-way country places, is only equaled by its sweetness. That pearly iridescent hue, and the delicate fragrance from these countless censers; for the bush is covered with blossoms as with snow-flakes, and pours all its rose wealth into the lap of the spendthrift June. And this is why it has been elbowed off to its quiet retreats by hybrid Perpetuals that are not perpetual, and Remontants that do not always bloom again. But they have at least the name of doing these things; and "Go to," say the progressionists, "there is no room in our gardens for roses that only bloom in June."

The lovely wilding Rosebriar, or Wild Rose of the marshes and lanes, was probably nature's first attempt at a rose, developed by cultivation into the richly double, cup-like flower of the garden and greenhouse; but the Eglantine still holds her own wild grace in spite of pretentious rivals. Its exquisite tints vary from the palest tinge of pink, so faint that it is more like a reflection from some rosy cloud than like positive color, to the deeply-glowing hue that makes the phrase "a wild-rose cheek" one of the daintiest compliments in love's calendar.

The rose is essentially a child of the East, where it grows to wonderful perfection, and has made fragrant the verses of Oriental poets from the earliest times. They say there that "you may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not in his constant heart for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose." Among the charming fables respecting this hopeless affection of the King of Song for the Queen of Flowers, the most graceful are to be found in the "Bulbul Nameh," or Book of the Nightingale, by the Persian poet Attar.

Roses are scarcely roses out of Persia, "the genuine country of the nightingale and the rose," where the trees, sometimes fourteen feet high, hold thousands of blossoms in every degree of bloom, filling the air with a fragrance that Western roses never seem to attain. Gardens and courts there are crowded with the plants, rooms are filled with rose-branches, and baths strewn with the full-bloom flowers. "A bed of roses" is no figure of speech, and "conserve of roses" is food too deliciously ethereal for ordinary mortals. Who does not long to wander, wrapt in heavenly day-dreams, in the palace-garden of Negaristan, where the sight and smell are not the only senses regaled by the pres-

ence of the rose; the ear is enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of multitudes of nightingales, whose warblings seem to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favorite flowers.

It was here, too, that the lovely, laughing Nourmahol, while sailing with the Great Mogul in her rose-water canal, discovered the precious attar of commerce. As their pleasure-boat glided through the perfumed water, a sort of foam floated on the surface, which was soon found to be the essential oil separated by the heat of the sun from the rose-water. The concentrated perfume was pronounced by the whole seraglio to be the most exquisite known in the Indies; and after the *fiat* of such competent judges, the poor roses were sacrificed *en masse* to produce a few drops of the precious essence,—two hundred thousand blossoms being crushed into a rupee's worth of attar.

That Eastern custom of offering rose-water to visitors is a very pretty one, deliciously suggestive of unlimited luxury; and it must be pleasant to hear the words, even if spoken in Sanscrit:

"Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrewed with flowers."

The Spanish Moors, too, were fond of the rose and cultivated it with great care. They ran very much to treatises on the subject; and in a Spanish translation of one of these the existence of a *blue* rose is strenuously insisted on. "Some are of this last color on the outside and yellow within. In the East, they are acquainted with roses which are variegated with yellow and sky-blue, the inside of the corolla being of the one color and the outside of the other. The yellow heart is very common in Tripoli and Syria, and the blue heart is found on the coast of Alexandria."

How those old sybarites, the ancient Romans, reveled in roses! They could not get enough of them—fairly wrapping themselves in them at feasts, with their chaplets upon head and neck and arms—had their couches and mattresses stuffed with them, and their baths perfumed with their fragrance. That gentle monarch, Nero, had a playful way of letting down enormous masses of roses upon his guests to represent hail and rain; while a kindred spirit enjoyed the stifling of several unfortunate visitors in a similar shower of fragrance.

Rome had to import its roses from the warmer climate of Egypt, a long distance for the transfer of "cut flowers," until the universal passion for them led the Italian gardeners to the invention of greenhouses heated with pipes of hot water. Art had thus made winter roses so common in Rome, that the Egyptian present of roses to Domitian on his birthday was no more gratefully received than sending coals to Newcastle would be—Martial even indulging in the taunt: "Send us corn, O Egyptians, and *we* will send *you* roses in return." Exquisite vases filled with roses were common Roman window ornaments; and the plain-speaking writer already quoted declared, on receiving a present of a very small estate, that he had a much better country place in his window.

Legends of roses are always pretty. The roses of St. Cecilia and Elizabeth of Hungary are familiar traditions; and the idea embodied in the latter fiction, that of a good deed blossoming out in roses "the most beautiful ever seen," is often met with in early tales and poems. The graves of the lovers in the ballad of "Lord Lovel" are thus distinguished:

"And out of her grave there grew a red rose,
And out of his a briar."

Roses indeed seem sacred to lovers, as a rose is the language of love; and there is a pretty story in regard to the Cherokee Rose, which, if a twice-told tale, is not so often told as many others:

"An Indian chief of the Seminole tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture, but fell so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to the fire. And as he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of the Cherokee warrior, the daughter of the latter, a young dark-faced maid, was his nurse. She fell in love with the young chieftain, and, wishing to save his life, urged him to escape. But he would not do so unless she would flee with him. She consented; yet, before they had gone far, impelled by soft regret at leaving home, she asked permission of her lover to return for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it. So, retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the white rose which climbed up the poles of her father's tent; and preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminoles. And from that day this beautiful flower has always been known in Florida and throughout the Southern States by the name of the Cherokee rose."

The Dog Rose was so called from the virtue attributed to it as a cure for hydrophobia, and "medicine men" of the olden time had great faith in the healing powers of the rose. Even now the Chinese often wear a small bag of rose-leaves as a talisman against evil of various kinds; and this is not so much of a marvel when one considers the subtle charm breathed from the velvety petals. As the prophet said of Damascus, they are "too delicious," giving the fragrance of summer when summer is gone; and a peculiar refinement seems to invest the person whose open drawers and boxes send forth the delicate odor of June roses, laid tenderly away among dainty belongings long months ago. And what is more delightful than a necklace of pressed rose-leaves made into dark, mysterious-looking beads, and holding its fragrance through a quarter of a century?

An absurd book on the Rose appeared in the seventeenth century, in which its miraculous power of curing all diseases and driving away evil spirits is elaborately set forth. The author's closing fable of the resurrection of the rose, after the manner of the phœnix, is called the Imperial Secret, "because the Emperor Ferdinand the Third purchased it of a foreign chemist at a very high price." After a long account of the process, the climax is reached with: "Finally, all this material, being placed in a glass vessel with a certain quantity of pure dew, forms a blue powder, from which, when heat is applied, there springs a stem, leaves and flowers, and a whole and perfect plant is formed from its own ashes."

But to return to the living roses. June's sweet breath is heavy with their fragrance:

"And what a wilderness of flowers!
It seems as though from all the bowers,
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were gathered here."

Feasts of roses are charming, and the Persian feast continues during the whole time of their remaining in bloom, when

"Hearts open like the season's rose,
The flow'ret of a hundred leaves."

With us the Feast of Roses is a strawberry festival, and made prosaic by the introduction of strawberry short-cake.

The June fête of La Rosière, in Salency and other villages of France and Germany, is still kept up, its principal feature being the pretty custom of crowning with roses the young girl who is acknowledged queen for her amiability and excellence of character.

The yearly Rose Show at Brie Comte Robert, although only

an appendage of the village fair, is worth seeing, from the beautiful arrangement of the flowers. Fragrance and exquisite color fill the oblong tent in which the roses are placed on the ground in a sloping bed of sandy earth. This bed is covered with the vivid green of young barley, sown eight or ten days before the show, and the roses are thickly massed on this in small earthenware bottles, holding three or four flowers each. The arrangement is a very ingenious one, as the most conspicuous thing on entering the tent is a dense bed of roses around its sides.

In the middle of the tent are beds of different shapes, in which the roses are placed in moss and disposed in separate masses of color—seven hundred blossoms of the gorgeous General Jacqueminot, edged with a line of Aimée Vibert; a bed of Madame Boll, edged with white and red roses, etc. The deep yellow hue of the magnificent Maréchal Niel covers a bed of ten feet in diameter, each rose stem being plunged singly in the dark green moss.

Some of these rose-beds are in wavy lines of color, yellow and white, perhaps, trailing their serpentine way through a long mass of pink and crimson ones. But whatever their arrangement, profuse bloom is the order of the day, and this is nowhere attained in such perfection as by the French florists.

Every one likes roses, and with some the feeling amounts almost to a passion; yet they are seldom cultivated to any great extent on this side of the Atlantic. One would think that the bloom and fragrance would be enough to make every one who owns a plot of ground rose-crazy in the month of June; but the rosebeds of Ghazepoor, which "in the spring of the year for an extent of miles around the town present to the eye a continual garden of roses, a dazzling sight extending as far as the eye can reach, in the same bespangled carpet of red and green, while the breezes are loaded with the sweet odor which is wafted far across the River Ganges," have no rivals here.

Roses are easy, too, of cultivation. "The air and soil that nourish nettles and thistles, plaintain and dock, would bring forth roses with equal kindness;" yet solitary rose-bushes or vines are much more frequently seen in gardens than generous masses of them. To be sure, one such plant as the gorgeous Giant of Battles, with his crimson-velvet armor, or the fiery, scarlet-glowing General Jacqueminot, is almost a rosery in itself; but there is also room for the lovely Safrana, with its apricot hue and long, aristocratic-looking buds; delicate Bon Silene, with its exquisite fragrance; Devoneénsis, with its great cups of pale gold; Gloire de Dijon, the magnificent; and many others.

A rosery of a hundred plants, and even more if there be ground enough, is the loveliest flower-garden that can be made. Living carpets of roses spread on a lawn, by pegging down the branches close to the ground, are charming; and what hedge is so pretty as a rose-hedge? It is a sight of beauty when in full bloom, and especially if the buds and blossoms rest on a screen of evergreen. The most elaborate fence cannot compare with it; and by using a variety of roses, there will be some blossoms all the season through.

The same old Arabian treatise that discourses of blue roses, gives a style of planting which produces the appearance of trees whose tops are loaded with blossoms. A hollow pipe, of a length proportioned to the size of the top, is set upright for the trunk of the tree, which is filled with earth or sand in a suitable state of moisture. In the top of this pipe are planted several varieties of roses of different colors, which, rooted freely in the earth around them, soon form a bushy head, and represent a third-class tree clothed with rich foliage and beautiful flowers.

Several of these artificial trees would be highly ornamental on a lawn. Some low, with the small heads of China or Tea Roses; others high, and with the large, robust branches of the La Reine and other perpetuals—and others, again, planted with some delicate climbing roses, whose branches, falling down, would form a creeping tree, graceful and luxuriant. The hollowed-out trunks of small trees, with the bark left on, would be more natural-looking than the pipes.

The one great rule in cultivating roses seems to be, "It is scarcely possible to enrich too highly;" and quite a gem of wisdom is the advice, "If you cannot get what you want, get the best you can afford, and propagate only the best, and you will soon have a stock of roses." A very satisfactory rosery, on a small scale, can be made with:

Climbers.—Madame d'Arblay, Gem of the Prairies, Baltimore Belle, Queen of the Prairies.

Perpetuals.—Giant of Battles, Gen. Washington, Madame Rivers, Lord Raglan.

Noisette.—Lamarque, Solfaterre, Marshal Niel.

Bourbon.—Hermosa, Souvenir de la Malmaison, Vulcan.

Tea.—Saffrana, Bon Silene.

Bengal.—Agrippina, Louis Philippe.

The rose seems to hold the same place among flowers that the peach does among fruit; and Agassiz has included in the rose family most of our popular fruits—apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, etc.

Meanwhile, let glorious June

> ———"rain roses still,
> Until the last be dropt."

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

A Lover's Reason.

MUST I tell thee why I love thee, dear?
I have conned thy question o'er and o'er—
But the answer, sweetheart, is not clear.
Wrestling with the problem, more and more,
Do I love and long for thee, my dear.

It is not that thou art fairer, love,
Than thy sisters, who have smiled on me.
There is beauty, sweetheart, far above
Any grace which I behold in thee,
Yet thy power is absolute, my love.

It is not that thou art perfect, sweet.
There are women nobler, more divine—
Women at whose pure and saintly feet
I could humbly bow as at a shrine,
Yet I love thee more than these, my sweet.

Is it not that we are man and wife
By some subtle, gracious, golden law—
God-matched fragments, sweetheart, of one life
From which neither of us may withdraw?
Then I love by Heaven's decree, my wife!

Wilt thou take this for an answer, dear?
I could give no other if I would.
For I love thee, sweetheart—bend thine ear—
Not that thou art fair, or wise, or good,
But I love thee for thyself, my dear.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

THE ADMIRAL'S WARD.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," "HER DEAREST FOE," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE light of a glowing July day was changing to evening's hue when Mrs. Crewe tapped at Laura's door; she entered with radiant looks and eyes still moist with tears of joy.

"You must not think I have forgotten you," she said; "but my dear boy and I have had so much to talk over. And, God be thanked! I had so much good news to tell, the minutes, and indeed the hours, have flown by. Ah, Laura! we have seen such rough times together, that we have each grown to feel every throb of the other's heart."

"I am sure it is quite natural you should forget everything except each other," said Laura, kindly. "Is his return not a great surprise?"

"It is. He had written to me from Pernambuco more than a month ago, saying that he was on the point of sailing for England, but I have never had the letter. And now he is come to make some little stay, for the firm will not send him out again except in command; and one of their captains, who is expected home from Calcutta, is going to resign, so Denzil is to wait for his ship. Come down, dear; tea is quite ready, and Denzil is prepared to meet his mother's dear friend in you."

She led the way, and Laura followed.

In the dining-room the lamp was lit and the table was set. Flowers in the center, and even the candles in the ornamental lusters on the mantel-shelf lit up—a most unheard-of piece of extravagance.

Standing on the hearth-rug was the man of whom Laura had caught a glimpse when he descended from the cab that afternoon: a strong, sailor-like figure, with large, dark eyes and a quantity of black, curly hair; a very brown, steady, even stern face, with a square jaw, broad brow, and a mouth concealed by thick moustaches. He was looking toward the door as Laura entered, and holding Topsy on his shoulder after his mother's fashion.

"This is my dear young friend, Laura Piers," said Mrs. Crewe, laying her hand on Laura's arm; "and, Laura, let me present my dearest son to you."

Denzil Crewe made a low bow and put down Topsy, while a frank kindly smile lit up his bronzed countenance and showed a set of strong, white teeth.

"I am very happy to know you," he said, in a deep but not unpleasant voice, "and thank you heartily for the comfort and companionship you have afforded my mother." He came forward as he spoke, and with simple cordiality, and a slight but not undignified hesitation, held out his hand. Laura readily placed hers in it, expressing her hearty sympathy in the pleasure his return gave to his mother. And then a very happy trio sat down to their evening meal. To them Herbert soon added himself. Denzil Crewe, in his eyes a sort of nineteenth century Sindbad, who had been in the valley of diamonds, if not in the grasp of the Old Man of the Sea, was an object of intense interest. He measured him with his eye; he stole searching though furtive glances at him in the intervals of his cold beef, bread and butter, and tea; and, as the new guest bestowed more attention on him than anyone else, he gradually warmed up to the pitch of putting a series of questions, nautical, geographical, and commercial, all of which Denzil Crewe answered clearly, kindly, shortly, without the slightest reference to himself, even resisting his mother's efforts to draw him into personal narrative by her persuasive exclamations of "*Do*, dear Denzil, tell us about the narrow escape you had on your second voyage, when the ship was wrecked in the Pacific;" or "I am sure, dear, Miss Piers would be *so* interested to hear of how you saved that poor man's life in the Bay of Bengal. He ought to have had the Humane Society's medal for it, Laura, but then he does not care for such things;" all of which attempts Denzil turned aside with a stolid good-humored immovability that amused Laura, but gave her an impression of his superiority to petty vanities. "He is a silent man, who nevertheless *can* talk;" was her mental summing up.

Tea over, Denzil proposed to take a turn in the garden and have a smoke, inviting the delighted Herbert to accompany him.

"I am afraid I have taken your smoking-room, Mr. Crewe," said Laura, with a sudden sense of the fitness of her atelier for such a purpose. "Your mother has kindly given me the breakfast-parlor down-stairs to paint in. I imagine you must have had it before."

"Not at all; I never smoke in the house. Indeed, I am not often indoors: do not trouble about that."

"I am sure, Denzil, you will be charmed with Miss Piers' painting. He has quite a taste that way himself, Laura. Have you brought home any sketches this time, dear?"

"Very few—mere scratches; but I shall like to see your pictures, Miss Piers. I have never known any lady artist—scarce any artist, male or female. 'A life on the ocean wave' is not favorable for cultivating the fine arts. Come along"—to Herbert—"let us have a stroll in the garden;" and Herbert gladly followed him.

"Well, dear," cried Mrs. Crewe, directly the door was shut, while she piled up the plates and cups on the tray, ready for Collins; "well, dear, what do you think of him? Isn't he a darling? Ah! if you only knew his goodness and patience and self-denial in the old times! but he will have his reward. You cannot think how well he stands with the firm; they have the *highest* opinion of him, and between you and me, from what he tells me, I think there is every probability that they will take him into partnership, and then I consider that his fortune will be made and he need not go to sea again. Oh, how I pray for that day! Is he like what you expected?"

"Not exactly; people never are," returned Laura with hearty sympathy, "but I think he is better-looking than his portrait, and seems very nice and sensible."

"Sensible! my dear, he is *immensely* clever. There is nothing he does not know and understand; the worst is, he makes so little of himself; another man would put himself forward twice as much. Do not mind what he says about his sketches; he draws beautifully, Laura, *beautifully*. Do ring that bell; twice, dear; once more, please; Collins is *so* slow, and there is a good deal to do. Yes, Laura, you must see Denzil's drawings and judge yourself. Oh, Collins! Come, my girl! Come, come, come! Here, take away the

tray ; and then make haste and put your master's room right. He always likes to go to bed early. Be *sure* you wash up everything to-night. He must have his breakfast at half-past seven to-morrow, and, indeed, every day ; he has to go down to the docks and to the office, so be sure you have plenty of boiling water at seven or a quarter to ; and, Collins, pray don't forget to set the alarm at *five*, Collins ; and, stop, my girl, don't you think you might put a nail a little lower down and hang the clock just near your ear? It is so hard to wake you, Collins. There ! Go, go, go ! Do not waste time looking at me with your mouth open," etc.

. . . . . .

Denzil Crewe's presence made very little difference in the quiet household of Leamington Road. He had his breakfast early, and departed quietly about his business, returning to the usual high tea at half-past six, after which he often went out with Herbert, on whom he bestowed most of his attention and conversation. Indeed, it was not for some time that he found an hour of daylight free to look at Laura's paintings, or exhibit his own sketches.

Meantime, events ran on their course—just now slow and halting. Reginald came according to his promise and took Laura for a long, delightful drive to Harrow, and round the pleasant lanes in that direction.

He was quieter and more gently agreeable than on the day of the Admiral's visit, but was evidently displeased to hear of Denzil Crewe's arrival, although he congratulated Mrs. Crewe on her son's return with cheerful cordiality.

"What sort of a fellow is this sailor? is he a gentleman?" he asked, with a frown. "I never dreamt he would come home."

"Yes, he is certainly a gentleman," returned Laura, thoughtfully ; "not in a conventional way, but there is something I like very much—something one can trust in his simplicity and quiet. Yes, he has all the best essentials of a gentleman."

"That's a high eulogium, Laura," cried Reginald, partly amused, partly offended, as he touched up his horses. "I begin to feel that this mariner of England is dangerous. I must keep a sharp look-out."

"Reginald !" she exclaimed, a ring of reproachful surprise in her sweet tones, "I will not let you talk nonsense, even in jest. Imagine your being jealous of *anyone !*"

"Laura," said he, turning to look long and earnestly into her eyes, "I believe you are faithful and true, if ever woman was. But," he added, after a short pause, "I do not like to think that unsuitable society has been forced upon you—society unsuitable to my future wife."

"Set your mind at rest, Reginald. Mr. Crewe is quite fit to associate with even greater ladies than your future wife."

"I wish the future were nearer, Laura," said Reginald tenderly. "Do you know, that dear old boy the Admiral was not to be put off seeing my mother ! He sticks to his own ideas with marvelous tenacity—nails every color he adopts to the mast, in short."

"I am very vexed he is so determined on seeing Mrs. Piers," said Laura, her eyes filling with tears ; "it is humiliating to me."

"No, do not think so," returned Reginald, soothingly. "I have been thinking and hoping he may produce some effect on my mother. At any rate, he will have done what is possible by fair means. If that fails, I don't think even the Admiral will be against our taking the law into our own hands. And I have your promise (have I not, dearest?)—your promise to be mine, with or without the maternal consent, when we have exhausted all means of persuasion?"

"Ah, Reginald !" cried Laura, quivering with the effort to deny the voice and words so dear to her, "we must wait awhile, and see what time will bring forth."

"I consider you *have* promised," said Reginald, and at once turned the conversation, as he knew well how to do, drawing his *fiancée* into delightful, absorbing talk of the fair future that lay before them, putting the finishing touch to her satisfaction by proposing that they should offer a home to Winnie at Pierslynn. She would be a nice, useful companion, Reginald suggested, for Laura, and probably find a happy and suitable marriage among their country neighbors.

Was there ever so thoughtful and generous a lover.

The day but one after this conversation the Admiral was expected to arrive, "bearing" not his sheaves, but Winnie with him.

A few hasty, enraptured lines from the latter had told Laura to expect them about six.

The day seemed unaccountably long, especially the minutes from five o'clock on. And Reginald was particularly engaged, could not by any possibility come out to see Laura, though next day he hoped to spend with her, and make Miss Fielden's acquaintance.

Mrs. Crewe had been exceedingly busy arranging a chamber for Winnie, as Laura was now far too important a personage to be in any way incommoded.

Then that unreasonable old Jenkins had taken offense, partly on account of the copper kettle having been denied to him, and partly because he had received notice to quit. "Though, believe me," said Mrs. Crewe, when detailing the particulars of their last interview, "I expressed myself in the most ladylike manner, with the greatest consideration, so I cannot help it. He is determined to be off on Wednesday next. He must just please himself. I am not sorry he is going. I want all my rooms now that Denzil is here and dear Miss Fielden coming."

Laura's heart throbbed painfully fast with joy and expectation, when, a few minutes after the appointed time, a cab stopped at the door, and the next moment Winnie was in her arms.

What a wonderful delight it is to hear again, after long absence, the voice for which one has longed, to look into the dear familiar face and read again sympathy and affection in well-known eyes ; to recognize the little gestures, the peculiar turns of expression, so associated with happy days of perfectly unrestricted intercourse ! and two months was a long separation for the cousins who had never before been parted even for a day.

Laura was too deeply moved even to speak ; but Winnie, whose tendency it was to express every feeling, rushed into rapid words. "Oh, dear, dear Laura ! I can hardly believe that I am safe with you again ! It has been so dreadful ! And how well you are looking, dearest ! quite charming. Ah ! Mrs. Crewe, I am so pleased to come back—so thankful you can take me in ! And how is Topsy? Collins, are you quite well? How nice and home-like everything seems ! Your house is so delightful after the stiff gilding of Liverpool !" etc., etc.

And everyone crowded round her, feeling pleased and elated by her uncontrolled joy at finding herself among them once more.

A little graciousness on the part of youth and beauty goes so far ! and Winnie was always frankly cordial.

Mrs. Crewe embraced her with effusion ; Collins courtsied with a grateful, well-pleased grin ; Topsy purred loudly on being stroked by her, and Herbert greeted her with a sonorous, hearty kiss.

"Let me look at you quietly," said Laura, when they were safe in the privacy of Winnie's chamber. "You are not looking like yourself, dearest. What ails you?"

In truth she looked pale and thin. Her deep blue eyes

were bright with the joy of their meeting, but a dark shade beneath them suggested suffering of some kind.

"Yes, I am sure I look old and worn," returned Winnie, glancing at the glass; "but I shall soon be myself again, now I am with you. Oh! I have been quite miserable. Do you know, I don't think my aunt meant to make me unhappy, and Fanny and Jack only followed their natural instinct to trample on, or try to trample on, what they thought weaker than themselves. It was Mr. Morgan who hated me, as something he could not conquer; perhaps he was unconscious of it himself; but oh! that is all past and gone now; and you, you dear old thing, are really going to be married to Reggie Piers! Is it not funny that you should be married before me! I do not know it is (I am sure *he* is in the greatest luck to get such a dear good wife as you will be!) but somehow I never thought you would marry!"

"Nor did I either," said Laura, laughing. "I hardly believe it now."

"But I do," cried Winnie, "I quite believe it now, you are looking so bright and well and—no, not pretty—better than pretty—as if a soft, bright flame had sparkled up from your heart. And when is it to be?" continued Winnie, who was brushing her hair and making a hasty toilet.

"Not yet awhile," said Laura, with a sigh. "I will tell you all about it after dinner; but pray make haste."

"Then pray take out my black dinner dress; do you remember Mrs. Crewe's anxiety to get it for me? I have only worn it twice. It is in the tray of my box; there, thank you, dear! Is my hair straight?"

"Not quite; a little more to the right; and, Winnie, did the Admiral mention having seen Mrs. Piers?" asked Laura, anxiously, as she tied a jet locket round her cousin's neck.

"No, not a word. Why? Is there any difficulty there?"

"Yes, great difficulty, I fear. Mrs. Piers naturally expects her son to make a brilliant match, and ——"

"She must be a horrid old cat, then! and cannot know *you!*" cried Winnie with much frankness and decision.

A heavy thump on the door startled them. "I say, are you two not ready yet?" said Herbert, outside. "Mrs. Crewe says dinner is on the table, and the fish will be quite cold."

"We are coming directly," said Laura.

"How much Herbert has grown. He seems to have his wits more about him, too," exclaimed Winnie. A last touch to her hair, a last look in the glass, and she declared herself ready.

Mrs. Crewe, meantime, had awaited the appearance of her two young friends with much impatience. She had on this festive occasion put no small strain on the resources of her modest establishment by resolving—now that her son was at home to take the foot of her table—to give the Admiral a proper seven o'clock dinner.

Over the consequent sufferings of Collins we draw a veil. In an evil hour, and under the generous promptings of her uplifted heart, Mrs. Crewe proposed to engage auxiliary force in the shape of an elderly char-woman of high character and undoubted ability; who from the heights of her own respectability and knowledge, so looked down upon oppressed and insulted Collins, that that much enduring young person absolutely turned upon her, and the success of the entertainment was seriously imperiled by a tremendous explosion of wrath in the kitchen.

However, matters had settled down to working order again. Laura had decorated the table with flowers, and Mrs. Crewe had polished the glasses, and folded the napkins after the distinguished style of the butler at her late grandmamma's. "A most wonderful woman, my dear grandmamma, Laura. I remember her when I was quite a little girl. She was a daughter of Lord Denzil's, you know, and always walked with a silver-headed cane. She died at the advanced age of eighty-nine, and had thirty-two teeth in her head the day of her death!" so explained Mrs. Crewe as Laura and herself assisted to set forth the table. Many and complicated were the instructions bestowed on the tearful Collins as to changing of plates and handing of dishes; nor would she have escaped the agonies of passing round the wine, and the misery of spilling the same on the best cloth, but for the interference of Laura, who gently urged that in a quiet, almost family party, the guests *might* help themselves and each other, to which suggestion Mrs. Crewe assented.

Mrs. Crewe, the Admiral, Herbert, and Denzil were assembled when the two girls entered, and, after a hasty introduction of her son to Miss Fielden, Mrs. Crewe took the Admiral's arm, and led the way into the dining-room. Mr. Crewe naturally gave his arm to Winnie, and Herbert brought up the rear with Laura.

It was a pleasant sight to see Mrs. Crewe beaming on her guests from behind a dish of picturesquely brown fried soles on a snowy napkin, to observe the warm hospitality with which she pressed her friends to eat, and popped unexpected titbits and sudden spoonfuls of gravy on the Admiral's plate. It was a real joy to her, first to provide good things and then to see them appreciated. Her heart swelled within her as her eye roved from the daintily roasted leg of mutton, plump, brown, and juicy, across the intervening tomatoes and salad, to the veal and ham pie, on the composition of which she prided herself, while Collins, in a new dress and painfully starched collar, flitted round the table with a dish full of floury potatoes, dropping the spoon occasionally with a mighty clang, and hitting the head that "came nearest" hard with her right elbow as she handed them over the shoulders of the guests. The tide had indeed turned for Mrs. Crewe, and despite the privations and struggles long drawn out, and the hope long deferred of the hard old times, the indestructible buoyancy of her nature sprang up to meet fortune's favoring gale with sympathetic gayety.

Then a moment of triumph awaited her when the dessert, which she wisely substituted for second course, was placed on the table, and every one "came twice," to use her own phrase, for the cream, on which she had expended much care.

The little dinner was very successful, and Laura observed that Denzil Crewe was a capital support to his mother, and played the part of host well and easily. He and the Admiral had much to say to each other about shipping, and the many changes introduced into the means and appliances of vessels, on the new developments of the carrying trade brought about by the opening of the Suez Canal, etc., while he by no means neglected the young ladies right and left of him. Winnie, still excited by the joy of being once more free and safe with Laura, talked frankly, with much animation. Laura noticed that Denzil looked often long and thoughtfully at her when she turned partly from him to speak to his mother or the Admiral, a wistful, half-wandering look, but grave and respectful. Laura herself was silent; she had as yet had no opportunity for speaking with her guardian. She was not, however, eager for the report of his interview with Mrs. Piers. She felt quite sure he had met with no success, and she rather feared to hear particulars. Herbert, meantime, was reaping the reward of having earned Mrs. Crewe's regard. What private slices of rare quality were slipped on to his plate! What surreptitious spoonfuls of goody were dropped upon it! What huge, mellow, juicy pears were picked out for him, it boots not to tell.

"Do take a little more claret, Laura, dear," cried Mrs. Crewe. "I only wish Mr. Piers were here. He is such a charming companion altogether, quite a model young man. He was particularly engaged, I am sorry to say."

"Of necessity he has much to look to on succeeding to his inheritance," said the Admiral, "and he has an eager nature—even somewhat impatient, I fear." He smiled a kindly smile to Laura as he spoke, which called the color to her cheek.

"Has Mr. Piers reddish-auburn hair, and light blue or brown eyes?" asked Denzil Crewe, helping himself to a peach.

"He has," returned Laura, looking at him with some curiosity.

"I fancy I met him at the Docks this afternoon, coming off a vessel outward bound for Melbourne—I think—" added Denzil.

"You must be mistaken," cried Laura, much surprised. "You have never seen him. How could you know him, Mr. Crewe?"

"My mother has shown me his photograph—and I cannot help thinking it was the original I met. One of those odd recognitions that seize a man sometimes flashed across me. I feel sure I saw Mr. Piers to-day."

"I should have thought you too calm and philosophic to entertain such presentiments," said Winnie, smiling on him. "Do you believe, then, in second sight?"

"No; but there *are* strange moods that come upon one, and I am not philosophic, Miss Fielden. Sailors are generally considered superstitious, you know."

"I do not object to superstition," said the Admiral, thoughtfully. "Superstition is but the ill-directed craving of the soul for something beyond the meat which perisheth, an unconscious confession of the need for faith ——"

"It is certainly a confession that we are working in the dark, under laws of which we have but a very vague idea," said Denzil Crewe.

"Still, I cannot believe you saw Reginald," observed Laura, returning to the point from which they had started. "Did you know," addressing the Admiral, "if Reginald had any business at the Docks?"

"No—I should think he had not, and I imagine Mr. Crewe must be mistaken."

"Well, perhaps so," said Denzil, carelessly.

"I shall certainly ask him if he was there," returned Laura—and the subject dropped.

Soon after they rose from table, and the Admiral, at his own request, went to hold a private conference with Laura in her little studio.

"I have had a long conversation with Mrs. Piers," he began.

"And the result is not satisfactory," said Laura, turning rather white, while her heart sank within her.

"Mrs. Piers is more prejudiced than I anticipated," returned the Admiral, gravely. "More than is justifiable—although she commands my sympathy on one point. Still, I do not despair of her coming round—but you must both give her time."

"What is the point on which you sympathize with her, dear sir?" asked Laura, anxiously.

"I will tell you hereafter, Laura—nothing in which you are to blame. Indeed—as I told Mrs. Piers—you are a daughter-in-law whom any mother might be anxious to secure, although you have none of this world's goods—but there is no need of dwelling on anything unpleasant. If you and Reginald have patience all will come right, and I rejoice to think how true and affectionate a lover you have, my dear Laura! This gift of love is the crowning jewel that God has set as the seal and sign of His delegated majesty. It is a very sacred thing and not to be lightly entertained. I once knew something, a foretaste of its strength and sweetness—but to me it brought a long martyrdom."

Laura felt, she knew not why, strangely cast down by the Admiral's speech, and the evident suppression of something, which suggested the existence of an obstacle more tangible than a mother's natural ambition. "But, dear Guardian, is there not some grave objection which you conceal from me—something you fear would wound me?"

"No," he returned, and paused long in deep thought. "No," he repeated with a tinge more of cheerfulness. "Nothing that need cause you uneasiness or self-reproach. Hereafter, when all is well—when you are a happy wife—I will explain my slight hesitation. For the present be strong and of good courage—be strong, I mean, against the persuasions with which I feel sure Reginald will tempt you. This impetuosity is perhaps but natural in a young man. I will, however, speak seriously with him myself." The Admiral ceased, and Laura did not care to break the silence. On the whole she thought matters were not so bad. That they—Reginald and herself—should have to wait, she always expected; but it was evident that, for whatever reason, the Admiral was more warmly on their side than before, and there was no great hardship in delay, while she could see Reginald daily with all the freedom of an acknowledged engagement.

"I thought Winnie looking very ill and worn," said the Admiral, breaking silence at last. "I must say my heart smote me for having prolonged her trial beyond what was needful. I fear her aunt was neither just nor judicious. I wish I had sooner removed her."

"Oh! she will soon revive with me, with us," cried Laura, hastening to reassure him.

"I think I see an improvement already," he observed. "Now, my dear Laura, send Herbert to me. I wish to prepare him for going to school after the holidays, and to speak on other topics."

When Laura reached the drawing-room, she found Herbert and Denzil Crewe deep in a game of drafts; Winnie playing a soft, dreamy "Schlummer Lied," and Mrs. Crewe, with an expression of supreme content, nodding gracefully in her arm-chair beside the piano, while Topsy was curled upon a footstool near her.

"The Admiral wants to speak to you, Herbert."

"Can't I stop to finish the game?"

"Oh! no—not now; I will take his place, Mr. Crewe, if you will let me, but Herbert must go."

"Aye, you must—be off with you, youngster," said Denzil, good-humoredly.

CHAPTER XVI.

But the next day did not bring Reginald Piers, nor the next. Pleasant little notes of excuse came, however, a tempting basket of fruit and flowers, a civil message to Winnie, who expressed her impatience at this delay much more energetically and openly than Laura. Both girls, indeed, were exceedingly busy preparing Herbert's wardrobe for school, whither he was to go the following week, and very delightful it was to both of them to work together once more, while Winnie's lively pictures of life in Liverpool made Laura and Mrs. Crewe merry, as their nimble fingers sped through their self-imposed task.

For it was quite self-imposed. Mrs. Crewe, who had received most liberal instructions from the Admiral, was by no means satisfied in her own mind that it was right to permit the future Mrs. Piers of Pierslynn to wear out her eyes mending her cousin's old socks, and running the heels of his new ones.

Winnie, indeed, being of a careless, pleasure-loving nature, was greatly disposed to limit her exertions to the choice of new garments, and the giving of orders. "That dear old angel seems to have loads of money, and wished to

get rid of it; why need we work our fingers to the bone, Laura?"

"Oh! Winnie dear, just think! he is giving Herbert *everything*. We are bound in duty and honor to make his money last as long and go as far as possible."

To which Winnie, vibrating instantly to the touch of truth, replied: "Yes! of course, of course! what a heedless, unprincipled thing I am not to think all that for myself."

"Certainly, we must not waste the Admiral's money," said Mrs. Crewe, gravely; "but really, Laura, I think you might go and paint a little, dear; Winifred and myself can get on very well, and I do not know what Mr. Piers would say if he came in and saw you stitching away as if for dear life," etc.

"I suppose Reggie does not want his own socks mended now," remarked Winnie with a laugh. "How nice to marry a man who need never trouble you to mend or make for him! Is he as conceited as ever, Mrs. Crewe? Of course he has no human frailties in Laura's eyes."

"Conceited," cried Mrs. Crewe. "He is nothing of the kind! He is the kindest, best bred, simplest, most straightforward young man I ever met, except my own dear boy."

"Ah! so you are bewitched, too," exclaimed Winnie; "I foresee that I shall be the only one capable of holding the scales of justice among you all!"

This conversation took place in the drawing-room, which was littered with garments, new and old, the third afternoon after Winnie Fielden's arrival at Leamington Road—she was still bubbling over with joyous excitement at having escaped from her nondescript position in her aunt's house. She was more like her old self of the Cheddington days than Laura had seen her since they left Dresden, and she felt her own happiness doubled by this congenial change. If Winnie was thus bright and sympathetic with Reginald, he would be all the more disposed to offer her a home with them. "A consummation," she devoutly desired, for Laura was too young, too unsuspicious to foresee the many-sided peril to which such an arrangement might lead.

Her guardian had bid them an affectionate and cheerful good-by the evening before. He was always in a hurry to get back to his invalid sister, over whom hung a thin veil of mystery most attractive to Winnie, who had built up many theories to account for the retired, separated life of their benefactor.

The afternoon had slipped rapidly away, and Winnie was beginning to think that she had sat a long time at work, when Herbert put his head into the room, and asked her to come out with him. "It is not at all hot, and, Winnie, there is such a beautiful knife at a cutler's in Westbourne Grove! I want you to look at it, and see if we cannot get it a bit cheaper; the fellow wants five shillings for it."

"Oh! that is a great deal too much! but I will come with you, Herbert. Will you come, Laura?"

"No, thank you."

"Why, that would be losing her chance of a visitor," said Mrs. Crewe.

"Ah! yes, I forgot that! Well, if Reginald comes, be sure you keep him till I come back."

"Ah! I can tell you, once he comes he is in no hurry to go," cried Mrs. Crewe, with a knowing nod as Winnie disappeared to put on her hat.

"She is really a dear, sweet, elegant creature," said Mrs. Crewe, looking after her. "She will not be long on our hands. I would not blame any man for making a fool of himself about her."

"No, nor I! though she was such a child in Dresden, the people used to stare at her quite unpleasantly. What a charm there is in beauty!" added Laura, with an unconscious sigh.

"Yes, to be sure," returned Mrs. Crewe, quickly; "but after all, it is only skin deep, and it is well that men are to be found with taste and judgment to choose women of intellect and—excellence, and—" Mrs. Crewe ran aground in her not very judicious sentence; but Laura did not heed her, she was thinking how precious beauty had ever been to her, but that *now* she would give ten even of the sunny years which she had every reason to think lay before her, could she thereby purchase that most rare gift. To be a beauteous woman for her love, a graceful, gracious *châtelaine* of whom he might be proud; to have some treasure of comeliness, some natural wealth of fair-seeming to give in return for all that he had laid at her feet. Ah! what price would be too high to pay for such a possession? And though she felt so sure of Reginald's loyalty and true affection, proved by his free, unhesitating choice of herself—his ardent desire to carry out their engagement in spite of all opposition—a strange chill, gray cloud stole over her heart, weighing it down for a few instants with a dim, shadowy fear, shapeless, undefined!

It was but for a moment: her strong, calm sense told her the folly of such sentimental delusions, and a better charm came to break the spell. A peal of the door-bell, a rapid shuffling up stairs of Collins, and the longed-for announcement—

"Mr. Piers is in the drawing-room, 'm!"

Laura rose with unusual precipitancy.

"Good gracious, my dear Laura! do shake the threads off your dress, at least," cried Mrs. Crewe, shocked by her young friend's reckless disregard of appearance. Laura complied hastily, and the next moment her dread, and doubts, and self-distrust vanished, as she stood face to face with Reginald, and felt his smile and heard his voice.

He looked very bright and affectionate, and greeted her with a joyous warmth that made her heart glow.

"And how are you, my wise, sedate monitress, after these long days?" he cried; "it seems such ages since we met; but I have got rid of a heap of business, and shall not lose sight of you for such a long time again. Tell me how you got on with the Admiral, and if you have missed me much? and if Winnie is all right?" He drew her to the sofa and sat down beside her, gently kissing her hand, keeping it in his. They talked long of their plans and hopes, and Reginald was more than usually delighted; he even managed to communicate the unfavorable intelligence that Mrs. Piers had left Pierslynn and was on her way to Vichy, without startling his hearer; it was merely to ward off a threatened touch of gout, and to indulge a long-cherished desire to renew her acquaintance with continental life, that his mother undertook the journey, he said. "She will return in her right mind, dearest, I trust," he concluded, "and the only obstacle to my happiness will be removed," he added, with a quick, genuine sigh. "For, after all, I would rather marry with, than without, her consent."

"I am so glad you are reasonable, dear, dear Reginald," cried Laura. "Yes! that would indeed be a happy solution of all difficulties. How long will your mother be away?"

"Oh, a month or six weeks at the outside—she wanted me to go with her—but that was not likely—eh, Laura?"

"If she really wanted you——"

"But she did not; she only wanted to take me away; as if that would be any avail after the test of nearly four years' separation! Ah! Laura, my love is like Conrad's,

'Which nought removed—nor threatened to remove.'"

Laura was listening intently, when the door opened and Winnie stood before them—tall, lithe, delicately round, with the graceful poise of head that gives so much dignity to the figure—her ordinary black dress borrowing distinction from the wearer—a large hat with crape band and rosette slightly

to one side, giving a picturesque, Gainsborough look to her head, the delicate oval face slightly tinged with rose, the somewhat full yet refined red lips parted in a surprised smile, the big, dark blue eyes gazing frankly, earnestly at the pair she had disturbed, and the masses of her wavy, satiny, nut-brown hair fastened loosely, but not carelessly, back from brow and eyes into a knot, low down upon her neck, contrary to the prevailing fashion.

A fairer picture, Laura thought, never presented itself, but she looked on her cousin fearless and unmoved. In the love she had won was no variableness or shadow of turning.

"Ah! Winnie! I am so glad you have come in," cried Laura. Reginald immediately rose from his seat and stood an instant in silent surprise; then springing forward to meet her, "Is it possible this is little Winnie?" he exclaimed, shaking hands with her warmly. "Why, I should never have known you—you are so tall, so altered, such a young lady." He stopped and gazed at her with an eager, searching look for an instant.

"But I told you, Reginald," said Laura, beckoning her cousin to sit down by her; "you know I told you."

"Did you?" returned Reginald, stepping back to let Winnie pass.

"Ah! yes—I daresay you did, Laura, and I daresay Reggie (I suppose I may call him Reggie) never heard you. You have something else to think about. But," leaning her elbow on the back of Laura's chair, "*I* should have known you! You certainly look years older, yet you are just the same as you used to be at Cheddington; the same sharp, merry, impatient look, the same conceited air, a little more conceited—eh, Laura?"

"Conceited!" cried Reginald, laughing good-humoredly as he returned to his place. "I am not conceited—am I, Laura?"

"I am not sure—you know your own value."

"By Jove! I have fallen into the hands of relentless judges—"

"Ah—you are pretty well spoilt *I* suspect," said Winnie, taking off her hat and laying it on the carpet. "But what a charming idea of yours and Laura's to marry; you were always such friends; you will get on beautifully!"

"Your consent is of the last importance, and we are most grateful for your approbation," returned Reginald. A lively conversation followed, the only drawback to which, in Laura's estimation, was that the word-play between Reginald Piers and Winifred sounded rather too sharp—a trifle too stinging to her sensitive ear.

Upon this congenial talk Mrs. Crewe obtruded herself, and was as usual received with much *empressement* by Mr. Piers. "I had no idea you had come in, my dear," she said to Winnie. "What have you done with Herbert?"

"He went to say good-by to some boy who is going away."

"Well, Mr. Piers, you will stay to tea—will you not? It is nearly seven o'clock, and I want so much to introduce my son to you; you have never met him?"

Reginald professed his desire to make his acquaintance, and graciously consented to remain.

"I am so glad!" said Mrs. Crewe. "Oh, Winnie, my dear, would you mind coming with me? you did say you would like to know how to make horseradish sauce. I am just going to make some."

"Indeed! I should very much like to know," cried Winnie, starting up, and following Mrs. Crewe to the kitchen. "You know," resumed that lady when they had reached a safe depth, "you know we must leave the affianced pair to have their talk out; they must have much to talk about, as *you* will no doubt discover one of these days, my dear, and I am always very careful not to intrude upon them."

"I see," cried Winnie, feeling a little vexed, "but, dear Mrs. Crewe, *I* could not be an intruder! they are both so familiar with me that—"

"Ah! my dear," interrupted Mrs. Crewe, "a third party in such affairs always spoils sport. Now, just hand me that little jug of cream," etc.

. . . . . .

Reginald was always a pleasant addition to the party, and though to Laura and Winnie it seemed quite natural that their old familiar friend, Reggie Piers, should share this essentially bourgeois meal—should pass round the cheering cups, distribute the bread and butter, cut the cold ham or beef, and plunge the shining spoon far down into the rosy depths of the strawberry jam—Mrs. Crewe never forgot, or let anyone else forget, that Mr. Piers of Pierslynn, but for the love, loyalty, and general nobility of his character, might at that moment be seated at late dinner, and waited on by obsequious but gorgeous menials; might have claret cup on his right hand and champagne upon his left, while archdiaconal servitors of the first rank, with distinguished manners and unexceptionable broadcloth, might be whispering tender inquiries as to his predilection for "hock or sherry," and all this under the cool hights of his ancestral hall, or the refined luxury of some Pall Mall club!

The second cup had been served, and Laura was in the act of handing the horseradish sauce to Reginald, when Denzil Crewe came in.

"Very pleased to make your acquaintance," said Reginald Piers, rising and coming forward to greet him, with well-bred cordiality, as Mrs. Crewe pronounced the formula of introduction. "I am quite familiar with your name."

"You are very good," was Mr. Crewe's only answer, as he accepted Reginald's offered hand, and the two men stood looking at each other for a moment—looking into each other's eyes with a sudden darkening and dim distrust, as if recognizing in that instant contact of spirit a vague but perceptible antagonism—a something neither would acknowledge or put into words, yet which would govern their mutual action and reaction; Denzil Crewe standing, square, steady, profoundly composed; Reginald, alert, gracious, his light eyes keen but courteous, a tinge of condescension in his suavity—not inapt representatives of a battle-ax and a rapier.

Laura watched both with interest and odd, uneasy feeling, at which she was herself surprised. Naturally she compared the well-bred grace of her betrothed with the solid, nay, somewhat heavy strength of Denzil Crewe, to the advantage of the former, yet she felt a sincere liking for her kind hostess' son; there was a strong degree of sympathy between them, and she welcomed him with a pleasant smile as he took his place between Winnie and his mother.

"I saw the Admiral this morning," said Denzil, "as I was coming from Mr. Duncan's in Gloucester Square."

"Is it possible!" cried Winnie. "I thought he had gone away yesterday."

"It was the Admiral, however," returned Denzil, looking at her, a peculiar soft, pleasant smile overspreading his face. "Admiral Desbarres is not to be mistaken, and I have known him all my life as my patron saint."

"The Admiral has evidently been amusing himself," said Reginald with a smile, "and outstaying his leave. I, too, thought our tutelar deity had gone back to his rustic retreat yesterday, and I saw nothing of him last night."

"The dear, good Admiral!" cried Winnie. "Do you think, Mr. Crewe, could he ever have smoked, and sworn, and drunk grog, and chewed tobabcco, like other sailors? They all chew tobacco in Marryat's novels, you know."

"I don't think he ever could. But, Miss Fielden, *all* sailors don't smoke and drink and chew tobacco, though

there is still room for improvement, and we *are* rather a rough lot," observed Denzil.

"I assure you there is much that is reprehensible going on in the Royal Navy," said Mrs. Crewe, shaking her head sagely, as she poured out the eleventh cup of tea unflinchingly.

"There is plenty that is reprehensible in every profession," said Reginald, amiably, "and plenty of good fellows to be found in all."

"I fancy schoolmasters are the worst lot going," put in Herbert.

"I remember you used to be very fond of Professor Schroeder," said Winnie.

"Well, he was a proper sort of a chap, full of life and spirit."

"Which is remarkable in a German philosopher," said Laura.

"Did not somebody tell us that he had gone to Africa or Australia with some exploring expedition?" asked Winnie.

"Yes. I did hear something of the sort," returned Herbert.

"Oh! Reginald," exclaimed Laura, her memory stimulated by this remark, "have you any friends about to emigrate? for Mr. Crewe fancied he saw you coming away from a ship in the West India Dock, three or four days ago—the day Winnie came back to us. I do not fancy it could have been you!"

While Laura spoke, a sudden gleam of surprise and displeasure flashed from Reginald's eyes in the direction of Denzil Crewe, who was not looking at him; it was but instantaneous, and his face immediately settled into somewhat hard composure. "Yes," he said, rather slowly, "I was at the Docks that day, and," he added with a smile, "you may probably see the result of my visit hereafter at Pierslynn."

"Ah!" cried Herbert, "I know. Kangaroos, or something queer for the park."

"Or black swans for the lake. Have you a lake, Reggie?" said Winnie.

"No," he returned, laughing good-humoredly, "and if I had I should be satisfied with the 'rara avis' I have already caught!"

At which pleasant conceit every one smiled approvingly, and Laura blushed and shrank into herself; compliments, especially public compliments, distressed her infinitely; anything that drew attention to her was an annoyance; and probably, perceiving this, Reginald changed the subject cleverly by proposing to give a whitebait dinner at Greenwich to the party there assembled, adding, to Laura's intense surprise, "I expect my sister, Lady Jervois, in town to-morrow, and she will no doubt postpone her departure for the North to preside."

Mrs. Crewe at these words stopped in the act of pouring out, teapot in hand, too astonished and delighted to continue. "I am sure that is quite charming; only I thought she wouldn't—that is, I did not know—Dear me! it will be very nice," she exclaimed, breaking off her sentences rather unconnectedly.

Reginald smiled pleasantly at Laura, and then Mrs. Crewe said, "If you do not want any more tea, we will leave Herbert to finish his, and go into the drawing-room. It will be much cooler there."

Whereupon Laura rose, knowing that Mrs. Crewe wished to be left behind to cram Herbert, and direct the removal of the tea things. The rest went into the drawing-room, which was cool and sweet, with open windows and Reginald's flowers, while the light of one lamp was sufficient, though very soft.

"Will you not play to us?" asked Denzil of Winnie, opening the piano—"if it is not unreasonable to ask you every night. But I don't suppose you can imagine the enjoyment it is to me to sit in the half-light and listen to you."

"Yes, I can, Mr. Crewe. I enjoy the same thing immensely, but I also enjoy playing; so what shall I play?"

"Anything you like—anything soft and dreamy." And he sat down in a dusky corner from whence he could see the player. While Winnie's fluent fingers wandered over the keys, seemingly without an effort, discoursing excellent music—endless "Volk's Lieder," bits of operas, Hungarian dances, and Polish waltzes, which are more laments than incentives to merry movement.

Meantime Reginald followed Laura to the window, where she went to let down the Venetian blind.

"This little room is really sweet and pleasant," he said, throwing himself into an arm-chair.

"It is," said Laura, looking round, a delicious sensation of content and hope and security stealing over her heart, like the soft ripple of a rising tide of happiness. "Ah, Reginald, what pleasure wealth enables the owner to bestow! The charm of the room is due to your thoughtful and delightful gift of flowers. You are really very good and generous, Reginald, though I am not going to praise and spoil you."

"I am far from good," he returned softly and slowly, "but I intend to be desperately good. By the by, Laura, I have something for you here. I forgot it the last time I saw you. I was vexed about my mother, and it went out of my head." He drew from his breast-pocket as he spoke a small leather case, opening which he took out a brilliant ring of sapphire and diamonds. "There," he said, slipping it on her finger, "there! the diamonds for you, the sapphire for my hopes." And he sighed—a quick sigh, which touched Laura deeply. Was it possible that the delay of their marriage troubled him so much, and sent that cloud sweeping over his brow at intervals—often-recurring intervals?

"It is very beautiful," she said, looking down at the ring through the tears that stood in her eyes. "I never possessed anything so beautiful. Ah, dear Reginald, if your hopes depended on me, none would be unfulfilled."

"But they do—utterly depend on you."

. . . . . .

"Really, Laura, this Reginald of yours is very nice," said Winnie that night, as she brushed her long hair. "He used not to be so good-looking, and his manners are quite *distingué*. I fancy he is a little quick-tempered, but very nice all the same. You know I think he will have his own way; he is a bit of a flirt, and he is scarce good enough for you, you dear, steady, sensible old thing. Though he *is* true, at any rate he found fault with my singing of 'Aennchen von Tharau,' when Denzil Crewe thought it perfect."

CHAPTER XVII.

ALTHOUGH the announcement of Lady Jervois' intended call had for the moment gratified Laura, the anticipation of it was far from pleasurable. In fact she had worked herself into a condition of nervous dread before that lady arrived, which she was ashamed to confess, and which Winnie only half perceived. The result was that she rarely appeared to such disadvantage as during the visit of her *fiancé's* sister. She was oppressed with the consciousness that she was the disturbing element in what would otherwise be the sunny tranquillity of good fortune and content, and the anxiety to choose her words with wisdom and prudence paralysed her powers of conversation, naturally of no mean order.

On her side, Lady Jervois was timid, and even to the least observant, evidently acting under pressure, while Reginald,

though composed and fluent, was a little too perceptibly doing the agreeable.

Mrs. Crewe, with much discretion and self-denial, decided not to appear, nor did Winnie, until Reginald, probably finding the restraint of everyone's consciousness intolerable, asked for her, and when she came she quickly dispersed the dim mist of hesitation and difficulty which had settled down upon the unfortunate three who had been groping about in a quagmire of make-believe talk upon every subject except that uppermost in their minds.

Bright, friendly, fearless, disposed to like Lady Jervois, for what she considered her generous espousal of Laura's cause, she chatted away about the weather and the climate of Germany, the picnics they used to have there, and the nutting excursions Reginald used to share at Cheddington, of her pleasure at being with dear Laura again, and her delight at meeting Reginald, etc., till Lady Jervois quite cheered up under the refreshing shower of commonplace sentences, which led naturally and easily away from predominant and oppressive ideas. She was evidently "taken" with Winnie, and at the end of a comparison between English and German scenery, she said, with timid civility, "I should like to show you some bolder views than you meet in the South, Miss Fielden, when I shall, I hope, have the pleasure of seeing you at the Grange."

"Yes," added Reginald, looking pleasantly at his sister, "Ashley Grange is well worth a visit; it is within an easy drive of Conniston. We will *all* come and look you up, Helen, one of these days; and now, don't you think we had better be moving, if you intend to get through that formidable list of commissions you showed me this morning?"

Lady Jervois rose with alacrity, receiving a warning look from her brother as she did so, which brought the color to her pale, delicate cheek. "Good morning, Miss Fielden," she said; "I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again! I am sorry, Miss Piers, that I am obliged to leave town the day after to-morrow, as Sir Gilbert returns from the Continent to accompany me, otherwise I should be most happy to be of my brother's party to Greenwich. I trust that we shall be very good friends," she added, rather nervously, "and I hope that my mother will soon recognize how essential you are to my brother's happiness, and withdraw her opposition, which I regret extremely."

"You are very good. I am greatly grieved to be the cause of any unpleasantness, of any difference,"—Laura stopped abruptly, borne down by an overwhelming sense of humiliation.

"You are very considerate," murmured Lady Jervois, offering her hand for a chilly touch, and with a sweet but rather conventional smile, her ladyship passed out. Reginald lingered an instant. "What the deuce is the matter with you, Laura?" he said in a low, quick tone. "Why were you so cold and stiff with her? you ought to have chatted away like Winnie."

"Ah, Reginald!" returned Laura in the same tone, "Winnie has nothing at stake;" but he was gone almost before she had finished speaking.

Laura looked after him for a moment, and then threw herself into a corner of the sofa, covered her face with one hand while the other dropped at her side in expressive listlessness. Winnie stood exactly where she had said good-by to Reginald, gazing puzzled and silent at her cousin, watching the rise and fall of her bosom as her breath came quick and irregularly, feeling a dawning comprehension that all was not as it ought to be.

"Dear, dearest Laura," she exclaimed, suddenly approaching her and taking the hand which hung down, "what is it that distresses you? tell all to me; sometimes one's worries shrink into a very small compass if we take them out and look at them. What is it, Laura?"

"I cannot tell; I do not know," returned Laura, lifting her head and showing a very pale face, with lips that quivered, though her eyes were steady. "I have suddenly grown unreasonable and superstitious; but something I cannot define, even to myself, in Lady Jervois, the sort of forced civility she showed me, the kind of veiled aversion, I fancied I perceived under her politeness, struck me as an evil omen. The corner of some curtain seemed lifted to give a glimpse of trouble and disappointment and suffering. Oh! I fear Reginald is not wise in choosing me; and then his words were so sharp and cold! I am overwhelmed with a sense of dread;" she pressed Winnie's hand tightly as she spoke, and looked eagerly into her eyes, as if she sought comfort there. Winnie was more touched than she liked to show. "What!" she exclaimed, "is this my mentor? my wise, clear-sighted Laura, to be so affected by the awkwardness of a nice little woman in an awkward position? Of course Lady Jervois feels with her mother as well as her brother, and no doubt will get a scolding from Madame. But her coming at all was a great advance—why should you mind *any* one except Reginald? and you are sure of him. I tell you what it is, Laura—if Mrs. Piers does not give in soon, and Reggie gets out of patience and urges you to marry in spite of them, *do it*—he is quite right, and when the irretrievable step is taken, everyone will come round."

"And the Admiral?" said Laura, reproachfully.

"Well, he is the real difficulty," began Winnie, when Mrs. Crewe came suddenly into the room, a serene smile on her lips and Topsy nodding on her shoulder.

"Why, goodness gracious, what is the matter!" she exclaimed, as her eyes fell upon the pair so unmistakably giving and receiving consolation. "You surely have not quarrelled with Mr. Piers, even if his sister *was* nasty?"

Winnie hastened to explain and laugh at Laura's unreasonable presentiment; and Mrs. Crewe uttered quite a small volume of strong common sense on the same text; and so between them, Laura was coaxed into laughing at her own forebodings.

. . . . . .

The ensuing weeks were very happy to Winifred Fielden. The hearty sympathy with which she rejoiced in Laura's happy prospects, the consciousness of being a pet with Mrs. Crewe, and perhaps an acknowledged enjoyment of Denzil's partly disguised admiration, which she was far too true a woman not to recognize; all were agreeable ingredients in a pleasant whole. But the brightest jewel of all was the delightful brotherly companionship of Reginald Piers. Scarce a day passed that he was not with them, walking in Kensington Gardens, chatting and smoking in the studio, driving the two girls far into the beautiful environs of London, and accompanying them to such galleries and sight-seeing as were available at the close of the season. In these latter expeditions Mrs. Crewe often joined, and as she generally wished for the fullest information on all subjects, she was frequently handed over to Laura.

Winifred's nature was essentially pleasure-loving, but in no selfish sense. Full to the lips with healthy, joyous life, she yet vibrated to the smallest discord in the rhythm of another's existence, if that other were in any way linked with her; perfectly aware that she could charm, she liked to cast her spell on all who come near, scarcely in a spirit of coquetry, rather from the loving necessity of drawing all to herself. Such was the sunny surface of her disposition in this her first springtime, but beneath it warmer, stronger qualities slumbered in the unstirred, unsuspected depths of her being.

The quiet happiness of these pleasant days was then for a

while unbroken. The Admiral's veto and Reginald's earnest request put a stop to her humble projects for winning independence; so she practiced and read and was unusually diligent with her needle, and seeing her cousin so patient and content, was, like her, satisfied to wait till a better spirit entered into Mrs. Piers and wrought relenting in that lady's heart.

The prevailing subject of interest about this time to the whole party was a plan of Reginald's to which he attached some importance. Among his miscellaneous belongings were a couple of very tumble-down tenements in the market-town of Midhurst, which was within half an hour's drive of the Pierslynn park gates. The leases of these houses had just expired, and Reginald proposed to pull them down and on their site to erect a workman's reading and lecture-room with a library, if the mayor and corporation would aid him in supplying books. These potentates graciously promised to assist, and Reginald, with his usual eagerness, set architect and contractor to work, and generally made his appearance in Leamington Road with a roll of plans, or a memorandum of estimates. The project necessarily caused numerous visits to Pierslynn, and afforded Mrs. Crewe material for much mental calculation of the amount spent by her delightful friend Mr. Piers on railway fares.

In this scheme Laura took the warmest interest, and under Reginald's directions made various designs of possible façades, which were of course pooh-poohed by the architect with professional contempt.

Yet in spite of this congenial occupation, of the frequent presence of her *fiancé*, the sympathetic companionship of her cousin, the gray cloud which had fallen on Laura's spirit the day of Lady Jervois' visit never wholly left her; rifts often came, it is true, through which the sunshine poured warm and cheering, and bits of promising blue sky appeared, but the mist still hung round the near and distant horizon ready to close again. Besides, though no eye could perceive the smallest change, Laura felt there *was* a subtle difference, not so much in Reginald, who was frank and kind and always ready to talk about his own affairs, as in herself; she involuntarily *thought* of what she was going to say before she said it, and felt in a way she could not define even to herself that an impalpable "something" had arisen between them.

Meantime Mrs. Piers still lingered in France and seemed well pleased with her travels. Reginald from time to time mentioned having had letters from his mother, but the question of her consent to her son's marriage was allowed to rest by tacit agreement.

Denzil, though obliged to pay daily visits to the city, was less busy than during the first six weeks after his return home, and was a great addition, both in Winnie's and Laura's estimation, to the home circle during Reginald's occasional absences. When that more ornamental gentleman was present, Denzil Crewe was remarkably silent, and often went out to smoke his cigar; though Winnie, in her pleasant, outspoken way would sometimes ask him to stay.

One morning, about a month after Lady Jervois had left town, Mrs. Crewe had asked Laura to accompany her to make some important purchase for which she had for months been saving up shillings and sixpences pared from the "house money" and stored in a little paper trunk which had once contained bonbons and had been presented to her by Herbert in an unusual fit of politeness. As it was a matter of taste, Mrs. Crewe was anxious to have her dear Laura's assistance.

Winnie had a slight cold and so stayed at home, setting herself to write to Herbert, who seemed to be getting on at school to his own satisfaction, and also to her brother in Bombay.

All was very still, the windows of the dining-room were open, and through them the odor of the flowers came softly on the warm air, while Winnie in a black and white morning gown drawn in at her waist by a black band, the open sleeves showing something of her creamy white arms, looked charmingly graceful, and felt delightfully at ease and safe from interruption; for Denzil had gone to town, and Reginald was to start that morning at some early hour for Pierslynn, where he was to receive a shooting party in the afternoon and remain for a few days.

Winnie, therefore, wrote with fluency and content, pleased to describe everything to her absent brother, and grateful for the good news of herself and Herbert she was enabled to give. She had quite finished her Indian letter, and had commenced the other, when the door opened very unexpectedly and Reginald Piers walked in.

"Reginald!" cried Winnie, greatly astonished. "I imagined you nearly at Pierslynn by this time."

"And I should have been," returned Reginald, throwing himself into an arm-chair, "but for that stupid fellow of mine, who was so confounded slow about everything this morning that I just missed the morning train; so I came up here to have a look at you all before I go."

"But how about your friends? Who will receive them?"

"Oh, I shall go down by the same train, and do the honors quite as effectively."

"Laura and Mrs. Crewe are out," said Winnie, feeling an odd, unusual sensation of embarrassment, for there was a something curiously somber and intense in Reginald's eyes that made her fear she knew not what.

"Are they?" returned Reginald, and relapsed into silence.

"Reggie," cried Winifred, "is anything the matter? Anything wrong? You look—I do not know how—but not like yourself!"

Reginald laughed, not quite a pleasant laugh. "You are easily frightened," he said, "for a plucky girl, as I have sometimes thought you. No, sweet cousin!—you are nearly my cousin, you know—I have no fatal intelligence to communicate."

"That is all right," returned Winnie, and stopped, not knowing what next to say. Reginald did not speak either, so after a few minutes' silence Winnie exclaimed, holding up the sheets she had covered, "Look! have I not written Dick a long letter? Does *your* sister treat you as well?"

"She treats me better—she writes briefly."

"Very well! If I ever have to write to you I will remember your taste."

"I do not suppose, Winnie, we shall have to write to each other often. You know Laura and I intend you to be our sister and favored—not guest, but home-bird—Eh, Winnie?"

"You are really too kind and good, dear Reginald," she replied, the moisture springing to her eyes, as she raised them to his for an instant, and then looked away. "I do not know what I have done to deserve such friendship."

"Don't call me dear Reginald," said he; "you know you do not care a rap about me—except so far as I am of importance to Laura."

"Indeed, indeed I do," exclaimed Winifred, earnestly. "I like you for your own sake; you are true and kind, and wonderfully good to me. I should be ungrateful if I did not like you."

"Ungrateful!" he repeated, gazing at her with the same somber, intense expression which had disturbed her when he first came in. "I do not want gratitude, I want your——" he paused—"sisterly regard," and he laughed again.

"Well! I am sure you have it," replied Winnie, shortly. There was another pause.

"As we are alone," recommenced Reginald, rousing himself with a sort of effort and rising to put a little water-

color drawing on the opposite wall straight—"we *are* alone, are we not, Winnie? Not a soul in the house except ourselves?"

"Except Collins," she replied, smiling uneasily.

"She does not count. However, as we are actually alone, I want to secure your help. I have not often such a chance. Winnie, will you help me to persuade Laura that it is unjust and unwise to postpone our marriage on account of my mother's opposition? she considers her pride more than my happiness. You would not act in the same way."

"Yes, I should, Reggie; though I do think Mrs. Piers is rather unreasonable. Wait till she comes back, she may be in a better humor. Believe me, the real obstacle is the Admiral; if *he* thought you might marry without your mother's consent, I do not think Laura would long hesitate, but——"

"Ah, Winnie," interrupted Reginald, "you have warmer, quicker blood in your veins; *you* would not wait for two or three consents to make the man you loved happy! You do not know how this indefinite postponement of out marriage unsettles me; my future depends upon it, and Laura will bitterly regret hereafter, if, owing to her cold-hearted delay, unforeseen hindrances arise."

"What is the matter with you to-day?" interrupted Winnie in her turn. "You are talking rank treason! Laura cold-hearted! You must not say such things to me."

"No, I ought not; nor will I, if you promise to do all you can to induce her to let our marriage take place—say before Christmas."

"I will try and persuade the Admiral, or rather I would, if I had a chance of seeing him. He is the most important person to win over."

"Thank you, sweet friend," said Reginald softly, as he sat down beside her and took her hand, holding it with a gentle, lingering pressure. "You will always be my friend, dear Winnie? I want your sympathy and friendship more than I can express; there are difficulties before me which I cannot explain now, but in which your help might be all-important. And then, we both love Laura so truly and deeply that we may well share the task of shielding her from the ruggedness of life. You will always let me confide in you?"

"Yes, of course," said Winnie, feeling half-frightened at the idea of mysterious difficulties and dangers thus suggested, yet finding something wondrously sweet and attractive in Reginald's unusual softness and earnestness. "I would do anything in the world for Laura, and, indeed, for you too, Reginald; but I think Laura is too wise and strong to want any one as a shield."

She tried to draw away her hand as she spoke, and he slowly relaxed his hold, almost imprisoning it again just as she had extricated it.

"We all want help one from another," he said, half to himself. "I want you to remember, Winnie, that I count on you as a real friend. I want to have some silent sympathy. Ah! I do not know what I am talking about; at any rate, Winnie, my dear little play-fellow, you will give me some of the affection you lavish on Laura?"

"Yes, of course," returned Winifred, her heart beating with curious, uneasy pleasure. "But before long you will be united—indeed, you *are* now if there is true love between you—so what I give to one belongs to both!"

"I suppose so," said Reginald, with a low sigh; and he sat for some time silently watching Winnie's fingers folding her letter and placing it in its envelope.

"Do you expect them back soon?" he asked at last.

"Yes; they started quite early; they wanted to be in Tottenham Court Road at eleven, and now it is one o'clock. We are to dine at three."

There was another pause, then Reginald began, abruptly:

"There are two pretty rooms above the library at Pierslynn, looking out over the woods to the Welch hills. They shall be yours, Winnie, and you shall have your piano there, and no one shall cross the threshold without your permission. You will make a home with us until—— but I will not look too far forward. There, is that bribe enough to make you plead my cause with Laura?"

"Indeed, I want no bribe, Reggie; nor do you need any advocate with Laura. I hope when Mrs. Piers comes back all will go well; till then, you must be patient."

"Patient! great heavens! and am I *not* patient? Can you not imagine what it is to come out to this cursed hole day after day (great as the attraction undoubtedly is), feeling that all my plans are hindered: my projects kept in abeyance, my future success endangered—for I have lots of lee-way, remember, to pull up—all on account of the petty sentimental scruples of the girl who is to share my life, my fortune, my all, and to whom you will grant I have shown myself tolerably constant?"

He again started up and paced the room impatiently as he spoke.

"It is true," said Winifred, soothingly. "Yet, grant, Reginald, it would be strange and unseemly to hurry on your marriage without attempting to win your mother's consent."

"Perhaps so, but we have been nearly three months at this game of winning, and are no further than when we started. By Jove! it is very hard on me. If it were any other girl in the world, I would break with her. And then, there are temptations which I dare not name, that nearly drive me mad. Don't look so startled out of those big, beautiful eyes of yours, Winnie," checking himself and forcing a laugh, "but I am the safer for relieving my mind, and you will do infinite good, to Laura and to me, by letting me confide in you. Do not think I undervalue Laura—she is golden! Would she had a little more alloy; there are times when it is heavenly to sit and talk calmly and reasonably with her, and hear the ring of the true metal! Gad! how much better I feel after one of those quiet hours! But, Winnie, there are other moods, when I am driven by intense passion—by desperate temptation—to my own ruin! Can you wonder, therefore, that I long for the rest and security of marriage with my gentle mentor?"

"No, indeed," cried Winifred, much moved. "You would be infinitely happier if dear Laura were really your wife, always by your side; and I will tell her so, and beg her to marry you in spite of every one. But, Reginald, it astonishes me to hear you talk in this wild way. Surely you are strong enough to be a law to yourself! I always believed you to be cool-headed and worldly wise, and *so* fortunate. What can have happened to upset you?"

Reginald, who had stopped by the window, muttered something about a "confounded idiot," and then, turning to face the speaker, he said with a constrained smile, "I suppose you think I have been rehearsing for private theatricals? I am a little ashamed of the exhibition I have made of myself. Pray forget it, and let me sometimes relieve my mind or heart, or whatever the thinking, feeling power within us may be, by displaying the weakness and passion Laura would despise, to you."

"Ah, Reginald! Laura would never despise you: she is your truest friend. Nevertheless, you may trust me too, if I can be of any use to you! And now, Reggie," for he stood silent, half turned away from her, "when does your train go?"

"At three-fifty. Are you anxious to get rid of me? There's lots of time! Yet perhaps I had better go. You must tell

Laura I was sorry not to see her; tell her how anxious I am for our marriage. And now, Winnie, give me that rose you have in your dress. Is it not late for roses? did it come from Pierslynn?"

"No! and I cannot give it to you. Mr. Crewe was out early and brought it in to me at breakfast time."

"Crewe brought it to you?" repeated Reginald, his face changing, his brow contracting, and his light gray eyes blazing with sudden anger. "Winifred! do you know where your coquetry toward that fellow is leading you? I have often suspected you have been playing a game, but I know it now."

"I really think you must be out of your mind, Reginald, to talk like that!" cried Winifred, surprised and indignant. "Can I not talk pleasantly to an acquaintance without incurring your anger? I am utterly unconscious of deserving your accusation."

"Have I not heard you asking about his favorite songs, and turning up your eyes to his, till I could have—till I wonder he did not propose to you on the spot! How could you lay yourself open to the degradation of addresses from a fellow like that, scarcely above a common sailor?"

"Reginald, how can *you* be so unjust, so absurd? Denzil Crewe is a true gentleman, and, what is more, a dear, good fellow; so kind and gentle and considerate. If I *cared* for him, I would marry him readily enough, but I do not."

"If such is your opinion, no doubt love will come!" he spoke with a sneer.

"Perhaps it will," returned Winnie defiantly, and she burst into tears. "You are unkind and cruel," she faltered, struggling to regain self-control.

Reginald looked at her steadily, the anger and suspicion of his look dying out as he gazed. "I am an unreasonable brute," he said, "and will not trouble you longer, *at present;* but, Winnie, if you will be to me the friend I hoped for, if you would soothe an irritation you cannot understand, do so much for me! Give me that rose."

Winifred hesitated, trembled, raised her eyes to his, and then as by a sudden impulse caught the flower from her waistband and held it out to him. With a gleam of triumph in his eyes, Reginald seized it, and first pressing it to his lips, tore it savagely in pieces, and strewing the fragments on the floor, exclaimed, "I wish I could do the same to the giver," he hastily left the room.

(*To be continued.*)

Three Wise Men of Gotham.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
If the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer.

THE old authors say that Gotham was the name of one of the inland parishes of England where the people were so stupid that "a wise man of Gotham" came to mean a fool.

Three wise men, when the world was new,
Stood by the sea while the breezes blew;
One looked afar, and the joy in his eyes
Thrilled the others with mute surprise.
"Behold!" he cried, "where the cloud banks rest
The tearless country, the islands blest;
We should know the secrets locked within
Earth's rock bound breast could we thither win—
The secrets for which we delve and moil,
While the gray sphinx mocks our bitter toil."
Then another, he of the keen blue eye,
Cried, "I tremble before her! I faint and fly!
Nay, force her to yield to thee inch by inch,
She tells her tale if thou do not flinch;
But be there more worlds for me to see,
I'll go—let a ship be brought for me."
They had never stood by the sea before,
Yet he laughed in scorn at its threatening roar.
They journeyed on till they came to a bowl,
Its rim just touched by the billows' roll,—
A giant bowl, with a wooden spoon,
Just fit for an oar. "Behold a boon!"
Cried the working brother. He stepped inside,
Then launched it, saying, "The thing will ride,
Like the egg-shell boats we used to sail
At our Gotham home in the water-pail."
It looks like a dish that's meant for meat,
And, behold! the prints of giants' feet;
They have had a feast on the beach, may be,
For here are the shells of the nuts of the sea."
Said the thinker, musing, "Still 'tis here,
We can but try it—I have no fear."
The dreamer stood with face to the west,
With thin hands folded across his breast;
The working brother rowed with the spoon,
While the thinking brother steered by the moon.
The winds swooped down and whistled with glee
As the wise little graybeards put out to sea.
To the sphinx the storm king bent the knee,
"Shall they find the answer denied to me?"
He asked. Her stone lips smiled as of old,
Her eyes gazed afar and their light was as cold
As far to the north the mountains of snow
Gleam in the night with the boreal glow.
The storm king was wroth at the dreamer then:
"She has told the riddle to these puny men!"
So he blew his trumpet and waved his blade,
And the cowardly sea its low moan made.
Then the thinker said, with a merry jest,
"We must leave for the present the isles of the blest,
Else this borrowed vessel a wreck will be
"And ne'er a farthing to pay have we."
They backward rowed, and they heard from the shore
The buffeted ocean's shuddering roar;
Still the dreamer stood with his patient gaze
Peering afar through the storm-ruffled haze.
"Dream on!" said the thinker, "my part shall be
To learn how to sail o'er this surging sea.
It may be your land lies so far to the west,
No ship of our building can compass its rest."
The brave graybeard smiled and said "'Tis well!
The joy of my thinking no words can tell,
And the skillful worker will toil at my plan—"
Then the dreamer sang, "Lo! a wiser man
Shall build, and after him better still;
Oh, wonderful ships, that my vision fill!
Till far in the future men shall say
Three wise men of Gotham sailed away
In a bowl, and laugh at our sorry plight;
Forgetting that each little step toward the light
Brings nearer and nearer the beautiful day
Of the land we are seeking. Away, away!"
So they dreamed and they thought, and they wrought, these men.
Now ask when you read the old story again,
If the wise men of Gotham are not going to sea
In each little Bright eyes that smiles up at me?

Toile St. Jean.

THE old, silent town of Bayeux lies in Normandy. It is old in wars, in massacres, in pillage; it is silent with its burden of memories; it bears the scars of many a battle; in its market-place lingers yet the scorch of the first fires of the Revolution. Its old buildings are rich in wild traditions and weird legends. Its great, solemn cathedral is world-renowned. To-day the Middle Ages reign in Bayeux. The aged woman in quaint white cap, making lace in a dim old archway, believes in witches, in fairies, in good omens. The groups of gay peasants—girls in wonderful tall caps, stout youths, old women, whom one may see on any market-day morning walking by their laden mules down the winding hillside roads—still religiously keep the "Fête of the Three Kings," and wander through the fields with gleaming torches, headed by chanting priests, invoking the blessing of the saints on the harvest to be sown on the morrow.

In the public library of this old town, which once knew but a few rude fisher-huts, then later reveled in the splendors of the Norman dukes, and after sat desolate in ashes and smoke, there is a wonderful piece of tapestry said to have been wrought by Matilda, and the ladies of her court. And though it has seen eight centuries, it is as fresh and unfaded as if the fair hands of the queen had laid it aside but yesterday. This carefully kept, antiquarian relic is a piece of brown linen, twenty inches wide and two hundred and twenty-seven feet in length, and having a narrow border, representing the events of the Norman conquest, worked in coarse stitches with crewels.

Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and brother of William the Conqueror, intended the work as a decoration for a church, and it was arranged the length of the church walls. Its designer was a dependent of Odo, called Tyrold.

The first compartment presents the interview between King Edward and Harold, and those following go on with the story of the latter as he goes on his mission to Duke William. We see him on the way with a hawk on his wrist; then in the ancient Abbey of Bosham, praying for a safe journey; next *en voyage*, and captured on landing by Guy de Ponthieu, and later surrounded by the ambassadors sent for his release. He is received in state by Duke William at Rouen, and he attends the funeral of Edward the Confessor, in a remarkable red and green Westminster Abbey. He is crowned, but with ill omen in the shape of a marvelous comet, at which the people gaze in alarm.

Then come the details of the invasion of England—the building of ships, felling trees, preparations for embarkation, the landing in Pevensey Bay, the horses in the act of being swung from the ships with cranes and pulleys. We have next the grand banquet of William the night before the battle, followed by the battle of Hastings, with William on a huge black horse. The most striking scenes are the catastrophe, when Norman and Saxon, man and horse, roll together in the death agony; and the ghastly tableaux of stripping the dead and dying.

The artist evidently did not understand perspective, and shade is represented by color—a red horse, with one blue and one green leg, &c.—and yet the attitudes and faces tell their own story without the aid of the worked Latin inscriptions. The figures are often badly drawn, but striking, and with many a life-like touch. There seems, too, to have been a limited number of colors.

The border suggests, with its winged, crawling and fighting monsters, a knowledge of the Fables, and also of pre-Adamite life.

The extraordinary preservation of the work is wonderful, taking into consideration the changes it has passed through during the eight hundred years. By order of Napoleon I., it was carried from town to town; and it has been at times exhibited on the stage. It survived the Revolution, while the cathedral it was intended to adorn passed from the face of the earth.

It is displayed annually on St. John's Day, in Bayeux cathedral. There is a book in the British Museum, printed in colors, where one may see it almost as well as at Bayeux.

H. W.

Two Grandmothers.

(*See Page Engraving.*)

THERE are few pictures which so admirably represent two phases of life so widely apart as the beautiful engraving "Two Grandmothers." What a broad gulf there is between the parties so unexpectedly brought together in the dim, old woods. One group is the type of civilization and domestic comfort; while the other represents semi-civilization, poverty, and a wandering existence.

The time is afternoon; and the old grandmother, having put aside her spinning wheel, sits in the stone porch of her dwelling, reading from a golden clasped volume, to her grandchildren. Suddenly, there emerges from the depths of the forest the tall form of an old gipsy woman, accompanied by two children. Approaching the group seated in the porch, they throw on the green sward a piece of carpet, and one of the children begins to dance, clashing her cymbals as she does so, while her sister accompanies her graceful movements with the music of the tambourine. Astonished at the unexpected apparition, the grandmother, laying down her book, gazes at the young dancer; while the servant, arrested in her duties by the sound of music, comes forth to view the performance. The scene is certainly pretty and picturesque, yet the grandmother regards it with a cold, questioning gaze, unmoved by the evident poverty of the party, or the beauty, grace, and youth of the dancer. The children show more amazement than admiration, as they gaze on the spectacle; and even the dog, seeming to catch the family spirit, looks with calm indifference at the gipsy group. On the good-natured face of the servant alone is a smile of approval visible, as she watches, with beaming eyes, the evolutions of the pretty young dancer.

On a rude stone seat sits the gipsy grandmother, clad in an old mantle and hood, presenting a striking contrast in her attire to the well-dressed dame opposite. Her countenance is dark and forbidding, as she gazes at the unsympathetic face of the grandmother. She seems to say, "Love flows in as warm a stream in my heart as it does in yours. I am as proud of my little ones as you are of yours. They have beauty, health, and grace, even if they have not houses and lands. They are innocent, happy, and gay. The same sky that overarches your grandchildren bends over mine; and the same Protecting Power that preserves your little ones in the fold of home, watches over the wandering gipsy children of the woods and the dells."

This charming composition is most admirable, both in sentiment and execution. Every figure stands out with clearness and vigor, and especially effective is the beautiful young dancer, whose graceful movements are "the poetry of motion." The coloring of the original is warm, rich, and harmonious; and the varying effect of light and shade very fine. The painter is Marie Weigmann, the wife of Herr Weigmann, professor of architecture in the Academy of Düsseldorf. In all her *genre* pictures she is most successful, and also in her portraits of children, both having gained her great celebrity.

A Female Art Studio in Munich.

ONE of the most encouraging signs of the times is the interest that women now take in art. Not content, as was once the case, with mediocrity, they aspire to excellence; and among art-students, there are none more earnest, pains-taking, and conscientious than women. In these days, Angelica Kauffman would be no wonder, for many women painters so far excel her that there is not even room for comparison. Rosa Bonheur, the queen of painters, has no superior in her peculiar department of art, and Mrs. Butler compares most favorably with the opposite sex. Both ladies select subjects supposed to be beyond the range of woman's powers, and both have proved, beyond a doubt, that "there is no sex" in art. When the latter exhibited her "Quatre Bras," Mr. Ruskin, who had doubted that woman could paint, because, as De Quincy says "there has never been a Raphael among them," said, on beholding Mrs. Butler's picture, "This is Amazon work, the first fine pre-Raphaelite battle picture we have had."

Women artists have been successful, too, in bearing off the medal on several occasions, as in the case of Miss Macgregor, who was the only lady competitor, and to whom the Royal Academy awarded the prize. Three years before, it was borne off by Miss Starr, from the male aspirants. As illustrators, women are eminently successful. Mrs. Allingham is regularly employed on the *London Graphic*, and designed the illustrations also of "Far from the Madding Crowd" in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Munich is selected by many lady students as a desirable place in which to study art. The city itself has a charm for the artist, as we learn from Miss Howitt's charming book, "Art Life in Munich." The churches, picture-galleries, and quaint old houses, charming rambles in the woods, and walks through attractive streets, are all pleasant to the student of art and contribute to render agreeable her leisure hours.

The studios of Munich afford admirable facilities to ladies studying art, many of whom seek them in preference to all others. The artist selects a painter under whose guidance she places herself, and after she has painted a head from life, in life-size, her instructor decides her future course of study. Several lady artists sometimes combine and hire a studio, and thus the benefit of economy and the criticism of the other students is secured. The students are very dilligent, desirous of criticism, and avail themselves of every opportunity to perfect themselves in their art. Some of the most distinguished painters receive pupils, and their charges are by no means exorbitant.

Living models are not difficult to procure. A lady artist tells us that frequently they come into the studios, seeking to be thus employed. The price varies, old models charging less for their services than the young. For the former, the painter visits the almshouses and hospitals; while the latter can be found in the kitchen of the Café Dauner, where they take their meals. The ladies in the studio we illustrate, have secured a very venerable model, who is well known in the studios of Munich, and who on account of his patriarchal appearance is always in demand. He is rapidly approaching ninety years of age, and like Spenser's character, he is

> "An old, old man, with head as white as snow."

Nevertheless, he does not feel himself too old for his occupation, and he hopes to increase the sum which he has already collected, and which he promises to bequeath to the Academy. We are indebted to Mr. La Cour, for a sight of the interior of this female art studio in Munich, and of the old model who is so well known by the art students of that city.

A FEMALE ART STUDIO IN MUNICH.

Little Jack Horner.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

JOHN HORNER, M.D.

THE sign was a conspicuously large one; but had it been selected by the gentleman whose name it proclaimed so loudly, it most certainly would have been of lesser and more modest dimensions—being a small man he was extremely sensitive to the invidious comparisons to which it might subject him. The truth of the matter, however, was this: the size of the silver door-plate represented the large esteem and great love with which Dr. John Horner was held in the hearts of his friends and patients, for this sign was a present from a few of the grateful circle, and for that reason there had been no expense spared in its purchase.

"Those little fellows always like to make a big show in the world, I notice," said Tom Hurlburt, a tall, slender young man, with faint mustache and incipient whiskers, as he passed the office shortly after the appearance of the obnoxious sign.

"One cannot quite accuse Dr. Horner of that, however, Tom; he is uncommonly modest and unassuming," replied his companion, a little brown maiden with a pile of books under her arm, as she trotted along by his side down the village street.

"Do you think so? Hasn't he got the biggest horses and the heaviest side-whiskers of any man in town, I'd like to know?" answered Tom, tartly, feeling of his own frail downy appendages, "and I'm sure he has picked out the handsomest and tallest girl in the village for his wife: it's always the way with these pygmies, they're so afraid they won't be seen without attracting notice and attention in this way!" There was a little ring in the voice here.

"—— If you'd add the biggest heart, the grandest intellect and the largest practice, and the greatest number of friends in the place, you'd be nearer the mark when you speak of John Horner, Tom Hurlburt," came the hurried reply, given almost in one breath.

"Well, yes, John is a good sort of a fellow enough; I'll admit that; but who ever would have thought that Dora Blair would have accepted him!"

"Any woman might be proud to be John Horner's choice, and I think Dora Blair is very fortunate."

Miss Marjorie Dawson spoke very decidedly, and the brown eyes looked quite warm and dark as she turned them upon her companion.

Tom Hurlburt scowled and switched his cane at a passing dog, and Miss Dawson, with a cool "good morning," turned down the lane toward the village school where she taught the young idea of Brantville how to shoot.

Thomas Hurlburt was a fine young man in every sense of the word; but he was the victim of an unconquered and hopeless passion for this same Miss Dora Blair, and being but a poor clerk on a meager salary in a village dry-goods store it was really rather hard to look upon the many successes of his more fortunate rival. Envy and jealousy are two of the most powerful of the seven capital sins, and when allied together in the cause of unrequited love, are apt to undermine and pervert the best of characters.

"What a pity Tom is going to let his disappointment sour his disposition; I had no idea he was so deeply in love with Dora; but her engagement to her cousin John has completely changed poor Tom; I am sorry for him, he is a real nice fellow, but, ah me, that is the way some people's heart affairs terminate; their beloved becomes 'another's,'" and Miss Dawson ended her little soliloquy with a heavy sigh as she began her daily duties.

Dora Blair was eighteen years old, and both good and beautiful; to be sure there were some people who thought her a trifle too tall and statuesque for perfect beauty, for she was of the *Venus de Milo* type; but she really was a very handsome girl, and everybody loved her.

Left an orphan when but a young girl, she had been her cousin's ward and protégée for four years. At the expiration of her school days, upon her return from boarding school, after a brief period of the usual society whirl-around one meets in a village *coterie*, in whose little court her aunt reigned queen, Dora had very unexpectedly found herself the victim of two love affairs. One of the ardent besiegers for her heart and hand was the young minister of the new church; he was a very fine man and undoubtedly warmly interested in the girl he chose to fill the position of minister's wife; the other, still more to Dora's dismay, was her cousin Jack!

To the Rev. Albert Hardinge she felt no qualms whatever in saying, very kindly and prettily—but decidedly, "no." To Jack, up to whom she had always looked, mentally and morally if not altogether physically, she could not muster sufficient courage or hardness of heart to answer as peremptorily.

Although Dora's inclination toward changing her title from cousin to wife was far from strong, to tell the truth she felt somewhat annoyed that it seemed to be expected of her to relinquish her girlish freedom and settle down into a staid matron at once. She had been studying hard at school all her life; surely she might play a little at recess now.

"Why Jack," she cried with a little gasp of astonishment, when he leaned down over the piano stool one evening, while she was singing to him, and kissed her and asked her to be his wife. "Why Jack! I never thought of such a thing!"

"No, I dare say not, Dora; but won't you, now?" and he looked so painfully in earnest, and seemed so eager for her to say "yes," that she checked the gay laugh on her lips and answered slowly and demurely:

"Why, if you really think I am fit to be your wife, Jack, and want me to very much"—

"I swear to you that I do, Dora," interrupted Jack passionately, "and I will be the most wretched and unhappy man in existence if you cannot give me some hope that I may in time teach you to love me as I love you."

"But I love you *now*, Jack,"—

The sentence was cut short, and the matter settled with those words.

"How strange and sudden and queer it all is," thought Dora, as she sat alone at the window of her little room, several nights after her engagement to her cousin. "I don't feel one bit as I always imagined I should. Why, to be in love, I ought to dream of Jack every night and think of him all day; I ought to count the moments he is away, and feel a thrill at my heart-strings when I hear his step at the door,—that's the way romances read—and I don't, a bit. I'm glad to see him, of course; but I was just as glad when he was only *cousin* Jack. Oh, Moon! what is the matter with me? Is it that I am a cold, heartless creature, incapable of love?" And Dora leaned out on the window-ledge and looked up at the large, full white moon that was sailing through the blue heavenly sea.

A fire-fly down among the rose of Sharon bushes in the garden below paused a moment at sight of this pretty tableau.

("Is there any other man, my child, at thought of whom your heart-strings *do* thrill?")

"What a question to put into my head, Madame Moon!" And with a hot blush upon her cheeks Dora looked a severe reproof up at the luminary, who nevertheless went on communing with the girl's conscience.

"When Tom Hurlburt gave you your fan the other night, what did his tender pressure of your fingers tell you? Were your heart-strings calm under the touch? When he did not come out to the picnic in the Grove, what made the whole affair seem stupid and dull? Didn't you sing "Robin Adair" down in your heart all the afternoon? Why do you watch for him to pass the house on his way down town every morning, and feel wretched and unhappy if you do not see him? Whose figure is it that peoples your dreams by night and your thoughts by day, pray?"

"Oh, oh, oh! how unhappy and miserable I am," sighed Dora. "I know now that it isn't Jack at all that I am in love with; it's—it's"— and the girl's head went down upon her arm, and she burst into a passion of tears.

The light of the fire-fly among the bushes was out now, and as Dora retired from the window John Horner, M. D., threw away the cigar that had died between his lips, and walked the garden path restlessly to and fro.

"Ah, I see my mistake; I was too hasty to take a young girl's reluctant word without first testing her feelings. I am alone to blame. Mother is right; Dora is in love, but it is *not* with me. Who, then?"

He thought long and deeply and earnestly; then, with a sigh, he said:

"Whoever it is, be he worthy of her, she shall have him. I will not stand in the way of her happiness. No, Dora my darling, I love you too truly to make you an unloving, unhappy, miserable wife!"

Dr. Horner found that he had a very serious case on his hands for several weeks following this diagnosis made out under the moon. Dora asked him once or twice "what was the matter," he acted so strangely unlike his old self; was he sick? and shouldn't she cure him?

"You couldn't, Dora dear," he answered, smiling sadly and looking at her very keenly, "without you tried the Homœopathic method, '*similia similibus curantur*,' and I, being 'old school,' disapprove. No, let me alone; I shall fight the disease, and so conquer my malady."

It was not very long after, however, that Jack discovered who the man was who had usurped what he hoped might be his place in his cousin's affections. A little unexpected thing proved it conclusively to him one day.

Coming home hurriedly one day, to his office for his case of surgical instruments, he found Dora and his mother there.

"Young Hurlburt is badly wounded, shot; out hunting, gun exploded," he explained briefly, as he put up his things.

"Cousin Jack! Will he die?" He looked up to see Dora standing before him with her hands tight clasped over her heart, as white as a bit of marble. "Will he die? Oh, Jack, tell me he won't die! Save him, oh save him!" she moaned through pallid lips.

"Why, Dora! Is it—no, no, my dear cousin, he will not die. I won't let him—for your sake, if no other," he whispered, as he caught the swaying figure in his arms. "Mother, see to her, she is all unstrung. I will, I will see that Tom Hurlburt is attended to, and if in my power, he shall live;" and with these words Dr. Horner hurried away.

"And so it is Tom Hurlburt! I never dreamed of its being him! Well, Tom is a good-hearted fellow, and maybe he will make her happy; they are nearer of an age, and I dare say have more congenial tastes, and—no; Tom shan't die, Dora; he shall live to be your husband if I can do anything toward the matter."

After the wound was probed and dressed, John Horner said to his patient in a cheerful, pleasant tone:

"Now the best thing for you to do, my boy, is to keep as quiet and calm as you can. I don't want you to worry yourself into a fever; if you have anything troublesome on your mind, banish it at once. Think of the happiest sort of things during your convalescence. *Apropos* of news, I suppose you have heard of the Fargo wedding. No? Well, it is to come off next month; quite a swell affair. Mine, I believe, the gossips predicted would follow; but you may contradict that to any one. I don't think of marrying. Dora and I are affectionate cousins, no more. I hope to give her away some day to some younger and better man than I; at least to one she loves enough to want to be his wife. There, don't fidget; lie still and you will feel perfectly comfortable. Good morning. I'll see you in the morning." And Dr. Horner, having arranged matters to his satisfaction, hurried out of the room and house.

"Scarcely a good way to keep a young man's pulse normal, I must admit," he thought, as he drove up street; "but in this case the end justifies the means."

"Dora, I want to speak to you; put on your shawl and come out in the garden with me; it is starlight and warm," said Dr. Horner that night, as his cousin was about ascending the stairs for the night.

Dora obeyed, with a vague fear at her heart. Had she betrayed herself, and was Jack, her betrothed, going to upbraid her for undue interest in another man's life?

The full moon had waned and grown old, and passed away, and a new slender silver crescent shone up amid the stars. The two walked up and down a few turns before Jack could find his voice; at length he began:

"Dora, dear, I have been thinking—I fear—I am afraid we have been too precipitate in our *affaire de cœur*. You are young and——"

(Then he had seen her anxiety—he knew her secret.)

"Oh, Jack!" she burst out, catching his arm and looking up into his eyes, her own all tears—"oh, Jack! indeed I *thought* I could love you enough to be your wife when I told you so; I never dreamed that love was something so much deeper and stronger and different, until——"

"Yes, yes; that will do, my dear," interrupted Jack. How could he stand it to hear her say all this! "Yes, I know all about it; but now that you do know—now that you do 'dream differently'—we'll forget all about our—little mistake—and we'll be good friends, and dear cousins—no more—and, Dora," this in a lower, huskier tone, "Dora, remember, when the real love comes, you may trust to me to do everything in my power for your happiness and welfare."

Dora clung to his arm and sobbed out her gratitude, then she lifted up her face, and Dr. Horner took it between his two hands, and looking down into her pure, girlish eyes, pressed a calm, cousinly kiss upon her lips, and led her indoors.

The good people of Brantville were loud in their denunciations when the news of Miss Dora Blair's engagement to Mr. Thomas Hurlburt was announced that winter.

"Why, we thought, of course, Dr. Horner was interested in his ward."

"I'm sure she'd ha' done a heap better to marry her cousin," came the chorus.

Miss Majorie Dawson smiled when the report reached her ears.

"It's just like John Horner," said she. "He *was* in love with Dora, but he has given her up to Tom Hurlburt. He

is the most noble, self-sacrificing mortal that ever drew breath."

"Oh, but Madge," replied her sister, "don't you know—

'Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, and said, what a *good* boy am I.'

—so I dare say your self-sacrificing hero *enjoys* his goodness—they always do——"

"You don't read the verse correctly," answered Marjorie. "I always thought 'Little Jack Horner' was maligned; I'm quite sure he didn't eat the plum himself—he would have been quieter over it. No, he gave it to 'Tom Tucker, who sang for his supper.' At any rate, Tom Hurlburt is going to marry Dora Blair, and you'll live to see that John Horner will never marry any one, now."

"Maybe he'll turn to *Marjorie Daw* for consolation," slyly replied Miss Marjorie's sister.

Her words were prophetic, for when Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hurlburt celebrated the fifth anniversary of their marriage, it was at the wedding of Dr. Horner and Miss Dawson. And so Little Jack Horner wedded Marjorie Daw!

Spring Time.

(*See Page Engraving.*)

THE painter might search through the realms of nature and of art, and find no subject more lovely than the one selected by Mr. Bouguereau in his charming picture "Spring Time." Children and flowers have ever been linked together by the poet and the painter as fit companions, and in the beautiful picture before us we have this union most charmingly depicted.

The "jocund spring" has filled the earth with beauty, tinting the fields with emerald green, deepening the azure of the skies, and throwing the golden charm of sunlight over the broad pastures and wooded glens. The flowers are waving their perfumed censers over the woods, and decking in colors of radiant hue the sunny glens and pleasant pathways. Lured by the balmy air and the knowledge that the woods are blossoming with beauty, the little girl has gone forth to gather flowers, and is returning home with a generous supply, around which she clasps her chubby arms. In the spring-time of her own happy life, the bright season has peculiar charms for her, as she listens to the music of the birds, and culls her floral treasures with childish glee and vivacity. The sun, glancing through the trees, tints with brighter gold the fair hair that the winds have so freely sported with, and falling in vivid gleams upon the child and flowers, bathes them in a flood of golden glory.

Nothing can be more exquisite than the rendering of this subject. The beautiful face of the child, with its large, lustrous eyes, the wealth of golden hair, floating in wild profusion around the dimpled shoulders, the expression of child-like innocence pervading the features, the flowers so delicate in form and radiant in hue, heaped up in prodigal profusion in the loving arms, are given with an effectiveness that goes at once to the heart. If Rubens and Sir Joshua Reynolds gave to their children rare beauty and grace, Mr. Bouguereau is equally successful in imparting to his little folks exquisite freshness and sweetness, as lovely as the spring-time itself.

Adolphe Bouguereau, the painter of "Spring Time," was born in France, in 1825. He has received several prize medals for his pictures, and in 1859 he was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and in 1876 he became a member of the Academy of Fine Arts. Among the most admired of his pictures are "The First Quarrel," "Flora and Zephyrus," and "The Triumph of Venus." "Spring Time" was painted in 1878, and is one of the most beautiful of the artist's productions.

"That Voice!"

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

"OH, that voice! How rough Lillie is growing!"

The nervous, invalid mother turned uneasily on her couch, and put her fingers to her temples, as her daughter ran noisily through the yard, shouting with all her might. Yes, indeed! Lillie had strong lungs and well-developed vocal chords, as well as bright color and fine physique.

"I am very much afraid," murmured the worried mother, "that she will become a coarse woman. If she would only learn that a low voice is a most excellent thing! She will never be a gentle, refined lady if she don't!"

This is but a specimen. Mrs. Gurley's solicitude over Lillie's vocal powers was something well known to all her friends. But Lillie herself, in spite of all exhortations to "be quiet," "be ladylike," and so forth, continued to grow in muscle and in lung. And if she did little to edify her neighbors, she did much to amuse them, as well as furnish topics for their conversation.

"How valuable she will be in Young People's Prayer-meeting some day," thought the minister, as he heard her recite her text of Scripture in a full orotund, distinguishable below and above all other voices in the Sunday-school.

"What a splendid contralto she will be in a few years!" said the choir-master, as, standing high up in the organ-gallery, he recognized her strong, deep notes from the "amen benches" in front.

"What could I do without her?" asked the school-teacher. "Only for her I never could excite the ambition of my reading-class."

But when she declaimed Patrick Henry's speech from the top of the cherry-tree in the village common, for the entertainment of a motley assemblage of young and old; when she climbed up the school-house belfry, and sang the *Gloria in Excelsis* so that the encircling hills and woods sent back infinitely multiplied echoes; when she played "Demosthenes on the Sea-shore," by standing on the little bridge spanning the railroad-track, and indulging in loud, extemporaneous philippics, as the swift express trains thundered beneath her feet,—so that all the children in the county were trying to imitate her,—parents began to vote her a nuisance.

And no wonder. The chief juvenile remark was, "Lillie Gurley does this or that."

She "played preacher," standing on a stump in the woodland, and exhorting her school-mates to depart from the error of their ways. Old Pastor Walter would have been mortified and delighted by turns to see how well every one of his tones, gestures and mannerisms was mimicked,—to have noticed how quickly, whether appropriately or not, Lillie's voice could change like his, from loud to soft, from grave to gay, from humorous to pathetic. She "played menagerie," by hiding behind a clump of bushes, and, to the delight of her small auditors, imitating the sounds made by every animal known to natural science,—that is, so far as natural science was known in Gurleyville. She "played mill," by giving the noises of fifty or more kinds of machinery; "band," by reproducing the notes of brass and stringed instruments; besides ringing multitudinous changes upon all kinds of street-cries, and caricaturing the eccentricities of almost every individual in the village.

Truly, the number, variety, and quality of sounds which this ten-year-old girl could make were wonderful. Yet, strange to say, nobody seemed to think she had any particular gift or talent. Nobody seemed to know that nature

points out for us the way we ought to go. To the neighbors, Lillie was simply a nice little girl, rather annoying sometimes, as taking the children's attention from their lessons; to her mother, nothing but an aggravation to weak nerves.

"Never mind, Mrs. Gurley," friends would say, "Lillie is only a little girl. It is natural that young people should want fun. Wait till she's eighteen, then she'll be quiet enough."

"Yes," gravely remarked a white-haired, maiden lady, Lillie's great-aunt, "too quiet, perhaps."

The solemnity of the sweet-faced speaker's tone struck the circle of assembled ladies.

"Why, Miss Gurley," asked one, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," answered Aunt Charity, "that we ought to be thankful for everything, even if we cannot see its use. Be thankful now for Lillie's gay spirits,—at eighteen she may have no heart to be gay. The memory of these joyous days, so trying to her mother now, may be her only solace then."

"But, Aunt Charity," remonstrated Lillie's mother, "if she would only be quiet and ladylike sometimes."

"Especially when she bathes your head," remarked Aunt Charity, dryly, with the nearest approach to an old-maidish tone that she ever used.

Mrs. Gurley and her visitors were silent.

"Or puts her little brother to bed," continued Aunt Charity.

No answer.

"Or helps Bridget wipe the dishes. You see," went on Miss Gurley, "that Lillie *is* a little lady. She is all right at heart, mark my words. And I only hope, no matter how loud her voice is, that she will always be as happy and as good as she is to-day."

Did Mrs. Gurley remember these words of her husband's aunt eight years later, when, poor and widowed, she stood alone in the world, except for her daughter Lillie?

Her desolation was one peculiarly touching. She had so long imagined herself a delicate invalid, that she had actually incapacitated herself for any effort; she had indulged in the tastes of a rich woman, believing her husband owner of half Gurleyville, only to find at last that she had absolutely nothing except the house in which she lived; she had so long kept her daughter at a distance from her, that now she could find in her very little congenial companionship. Worst of all, she realized that Lillie must earn their bread. But how? The girl had no accomplishments to speak of, her education was very superficial, and Mrs. Gurley's pride shrank from her daughter's taking a menial position. "Lillie might be a lady's companion," she thought, "but for that loud voice—oh! *that voice!*"

And Lillie?

Some of her old friends had called with profuse sympathy and advice, but with very little real help. The old choir-master thought she might sing contralto in a city church, but was amazed to learn that poor Lillie couldn't read a note. One of the committee-men promised to find her a school in which she could teach for a time on trial, provided she would study for a certificate out of school hours. It was the best she could do, and she gratefully accepted the position offered.

Aunt Charity's words had come true. At eighteen she had no heart to be gay. No more noise, no more antics—the memory of her happy, uproarious childhood was all the solace poor Lillie had. She had grown more delicate and slender in appearance than one would have thought from the stout, romping girl; and in manner she was as quiet and refined as could be wished. Still—her voice, even in its present subdued state, was a rich, full alto, more like a young man's than a girl's.

Did she like teaching? No. Did she succeed? In nothing but in one branch, reading. Her pupils learned to read beautifully; but as the term drew near a close, Lillie was sadly conscious that they were very deficient in the other two R's. Moreover, she knew quite well that she never could pass the examination for a teacher's certificate. Next term, she despairingly felt, she would not know where to find her mother's bread.

"But," she bravely thought, "I won't give quite up yet. If I end my career here, I will at least do it gracefully. I'll get up closing exercises."

And now she undertook to do something which she really could do. What a pity so many of us have to question and struggle so long before we find out what it is.

Lillie's elder pupils remembered some of her old-time performances, and caught her idea with enthusiasm, and the little ones were easily infected. "Our concert," was the great theme for days and weeks.

Lillie trained the whole school for an opening chorus, attempting to teach no less ambitious a composition than Rossini's "Charity." What if she couldn't read a note? She had heard it often—nay, had sung in it at several entertainments in her seminary days—and her quick ear was well able to distinguish between right and wrong, while her naturally correct voice never failed. In the same way—was it instinct?—she drilled the solos and quartets. She had a Scotch ballad, a German song, and an English madrigal; she had a negro medley, a sacred anthem, and a comical catch. The most accomplished music teacher could scarce have told pupils better how to manage the vocal chords and abdominal muscles; how to modulate the voice so as to express every variety of emotion. What a musician she would have made had she known anything of the real science! For the instrumental part of her concert she depended upon her old friend, the choir-master, who kindly promised to send his piano to the school-house, and play for her on the afternoon of the performance. Several of her pupils played, also; so that the solo singers could give their own acompaniments.

But the "pieces!" Oh, they were the triumph! Instead of setting little boys and girls to "declaim" hackneyed extracts from the readers, far beyond their years and appreciations, Lillie gave them judicious selections from her favorite poets, humorists, and prose writers. One boy recited a current newspaper article; another a dissertation by Mark Twain; while a sweet little maiden described "Europe as seen by a Girl of the Period." Lillie determined that the declamations should be "live." She did not rest satisfied until she felt sure that each speaker thoroughly understood his or her part of the performance, and was able to interpret it accordingly.

The programme was varied by several little ones dressed as harlequins, pickaninnies and fairies, to each of whom was given a cunning pantomime.

Mrs. Gurley was opposed to it all. "The idea," she said, "of a modest lady exposing herself before the public in such a way as that."

"But, mother," persisted Lillie, "don't you know I can't keep my situation next term? Isn't it just as well to make as good an impression as possible before I leave? It may help me find something else to do."

To which Mrs. Gurley could answer nothing.

The afternoon came, bright and clear. The school-room was beautifully decorated with flowers, evergreens and banners, by the skillful fingers of the children—how children do love to work, when they work with an object! How proudly the young teacher looked around the pleasant room, in the front part of which sat a company of white-robed lassies, with their more somber-clad brothers, while the back was rapidly filling with parents, friends and neighbors. All seemed to have a pleasant nod and smile for her. Truly, she thought, her triumph would be real, short-lived though it might be.

A little stir and hush! Tall, dignified Judge Carleton has entered, accompanied by a white-haired old gentleman, a stranger. As the Judge is a committee-man, of course he and his guest have chairs up front. Lillie cannot help noticing how wearily and languidly the latter takes his seat, and she rightly guesses that he considers school-entertainments a bore, and has come merely to oblige his friend.

He starts in surprise as a slender, girlish figure, robed in deep black, steps forward and reads from her written programme, "Chorus, Charity, by Rossini." But the choir-master strikes a chord, the assembled school rises, and the grand tones pour and swell, until it seems the walls cannot contain them. "And this," says the stranger's expressive face, "in a little country school!"

The recitations further excite the gentleman's surprise and admiration. Very low is his whispered question to the Judge. "Who trains these children?"—but Lillie hears it. Also the reply: "Their teacher, Miss Gurley, alone." "I have made an impression," she gleefully thinks. "But ah!" she sadly continues, after a moment, "I must write my resignation to-morrow. And then what?"

A pause. Lillie looked at her written programme. Songs, declamations and pantomimes had passed off splendidly so far, and one recitation only was to come before the closing anthem. "Charlie Machree," she read, and looked for the girl who was to speak it. Her seat was empty. What should she do? Have a failure, a single hitch, even when the concert had so nearly been a perfect success? She had read the name of the poem, and here sat an audience in expectation. The blood rushed to her face, the perspiration streamed from her fingers, she trembled like a leaf. Suddenly her good genius whispered, "Speak it yourself!" That lucky accident—shall we not rather call it Providence?—decided her fate. Upon so little does our destiny turn.

"Come over! come over the river to me!
If ye're my ain laddie, bold Charlie Machree!"

The strange gentleman started again, and leaned forward in the strained attitude of looking and listening. Lillie's face, tones and gestures would have delighted an artist or a musician. Her auditors could see the laughing, careless girl, standing on the swift river-bank among her bantering companions, ready to lure her lover to destruction. She was a painter in every sense but the visible use of canvas and color. How quickly her voice changed from light chaffing to earnest entreaty! And, oh, how natural the delicious Scotch accent!

What a hush fell over the audience, old and young alike! Many who laughed with the reckless girl, sobbed aloud as rose the despairing shriek:

"He's sinking! He's sinking!"

The stranger watched Lillie's expressive face. Surely she was inspired as a prophetess, for she was conscious of nothing but the vision of a young Scotch lassie seeing her lover drown under her eyes, all to please her vanity.

Ah! The crisis is past! Charlie is safe! Now comes the reaction, the utter abandonment of joy. Jennie gathers her poor, exhausted darling's head to her bosom, and cries, exultingly:

"I'll part from ye never, bold Charlie Machree!"

Lillie sat down in an abstracted manner, scarce knowing that she had done anything out of the common order. But what a storm of applause brought her to her senses! Surely no prima donna, no great tragedienne ever received more genuine praise, or achieved more complete a triumph than this young teacher in an out-of-the-way country school-room.

The choir-master at length struck a chord, and the school rose for the closing anthem. But Judge Carleton had motioned Lillie aside, and presented his friend, Mr. Arden.

"I want to talk to you," impetuously began that gentleman. "Miss Gurley, how can you waste your talents in this school?"

A bright flush burned in Lillie's cheeks.

"I expect to give up the school," she simply said.

"Why?" queried Mr. Arden. "Not going to be married, I hope?"

"Oh, no!" answered Lillie. "But I have never given satisfaction as a teacher."

"So much the better. It makes your duty all the plainer. Miss Gurley, you are a born elocutionist." Mr. Arden's tone was very decided.

"Am I?" Lillie was astonished. She had never had any idea of such a thing.

"You are. And now you must come to Philadelphia to-morrow."

"Why?" Lillie's bewilderment was deepening.

"Because I want to introduce you to Mr. Pugh. We must have you in the Star Course."

"In the Star Course! Speak in the Academy of Music! Oh, Mr. Arden!"

"I mean it! I tell you, Miss Gurley, you've got a fortune in that voice."

"That voice!" How different was her mother's pronunciation of these two words.

"But I have never had any training."

"You don't need it. You are a genius. Who ever heard of teaching a duck to swim? Why, it's in him to swim! Teach yourself. Follow your own methods. Do as well always as you did to-day, and in five years you'll be so rich and famous you won't speak to me."

Lillie's eyes filled with tears.

"Indeed, Mr. Arden," she declared, "I shall always remember you gratefully. I think Providence has sent me just the friend I wanted."

Great was the sensation in Gurleyville a few weeks later, when it became known that Lillie Gurley was really to give recitations in the Star Course. Then people remembered what fine elocutionary talent she had always had, and they wondered that they had never thought of it before.

Mrs. Gurley put her cambric handkerchief to her eyes, and lamented the bitter fate which had compelled her daughter to leave the "sacred privacy" of "woman's sphere," and "face an audience." It had always been her belief that a modest woman couldn't do such a thing. Nevertheless, she was persuaded to sit in a box at the Academy, and witness Lillie's overwhelming success. And when praises and dollars came pouring in on every hand, she could not see that her daughter was in the least hurt by this new experience.

Mr. Arden's prophecy came true. Within five years Lillie had become a rich and famous woman. She settled a competence on her mother, bought back all her father's sacrificed property, and gave away a great deal in charity—besides winning laurels wherever she went.

Is this all? Well, I am not writing a love-story, or a story of anything but a voice. However, I may add that Lillie is now a charming, beautiful woman of twenty-three. She has traveled; she has added much to her stock of information by private study. She has many true friends, and numerous admirers. So far as I know, she is not engaged, though gossips have said that she cares most for her constant friend, Mr. Arden—a handsome, well-preserved widower of fifty. Still, they may be wrong, for Mr. Arden has a splendid son, near Lillie's own age, with whom she goes out quite as frequently; so we must wait and see. But one thing I know: she has had all the success she wants.

and is beginning to long for domestic repose. She looks forward to nothing so hopefully as settling down once more at Gurleyville, her childhood's home, for the balance of her days.

Her mother has learned to tolerate "that voice." No wonder. "That voice" has been her earthly salvation.

The Princes in the Tower.

(See Oil Picture.)

WHEN the young prince, Edward V., son of King Edward IV., and his wife, Elizabeth Woodville, left his castle in Wales to journey to London, to take possession of the throne made vacant by the death of his father, he little knew that instead of a throne he was to receive a prison, and instead of a happy life, his was to be a gloomy death. Carefully reared in his beautiful castle, surrounded by the love of kinsmen and friends, the youthful Prince of Wales, only thirteen or fourteen years of age, had thus far found life a pleasant thing. Bidding farewell to the scenes of his childhood, no gloomy thoughts clouding his young heart, no dark suspicions making him uneasy, he went forth with his cavalcade to be crowned king of England.

Even then his wily uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was planning the downfall of his nephew, and on a mere pretext he arrested the friends of the young prince, who were in his cavalcade. In vain did Edward plead for his half-brother, Lord Gray, and for his friend, Sir Thomas Vaughan, who had been a second father to him. There was no pity in the heart of Gloucester, and the prince saw those he loved borne off as captives. Then it was that he realized he had fallen into the hands of an enemy, and as he proceeded on his journey it was noticed that his fair, young face wore a look of sadness and distrust. When they reached Northampton, Gloucester caused the proclamation to be made in the streets that Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was appointed lord protector of the prince's person and realm. Deprived of the society of his friends, and a new household appointed, the young boy grew deeply sad, never smiling and even refusing to eat. His mother, hearing of Gloucester's alarming proceedings, took sanctuary in the abbott's residence in Westminster Abbey, with her children, one of whom was the eight-year-old boy, Richard, Duke of York. To gain possession of this child was now Gloucester's object; and after importuning the mother for a long time, on the plea that he was needed as a companion for his brother, she consented. Clasping him to her heart, while both wept abundantly, she exclaimed: "Farewell, my own sweet son! God send you good keeping. Let me kiss you once more ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall ever kiss again." With this pathetic speech the mother resigned the child, who had been the pet of the household and whose fair young cheeks she never kissed again. It was not long before Gloucester conveyed the young princes to their gloomy prison home, and caused himself to be proclaimed King of England, creating his son Prince of Wales. When the youthful Edward heard of his uncle's perfidy, as if anticipating the wretched doom of himself and brother, he said: "My uncle might take my crown, if he would leave us our lives."

It was a sad part that fell to the lot of the elder brother in the gloomy prison of the Tower. The younger boy wept incessantly, calling for the tender mother from whom he had never been parted before. "The babe," as she always called him, was not much of a comfort to his brother, who, nevertheless, strove to speak hopefully to the child and to give him the tenderness that his youthful years required. He could better have borne his own sad fate if his heart had not been harrowed up by the cries and moans of his companion. By some historians this child is supposed to have been at the period of his captivity but five years of age, but closer research proves him to have been older.

Richard now prepared to put into execution his murderous project. Summoning his confidential servant, John Greene, he ordered him to repair to the Tower and tell Sir Robert Brackenbury, the keeper, to put the boys to death. This Sir Robert Brackenbury refused to do, saying: "I will never put them to death, though I die therefor." Sir James Tyrell was then despatched on the murderous errand, and in company with two brutal assassins, he departed for the Tower. Midnight enveloped the gloomy prison in its shadows, and not a sound broke the stillness of the corridors. While Sir James Tyrell waited without the room, the men, Dighton and Forest, entered. What a sight of innocent loveliness presented itself! Says Shakspeare:

> "Thus lay the gentle babes, girdling one another
> Within their alabaster innocent arms;
> Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
> Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
> A book of prayers on their pillow lay."

However pathetic the sight of these innocent boys, encircling each other in tenderest love, it did not save them from their fate. Each man fell upon his victim, and smothered him with the pillows; and when life was extinct, Tyrell came in to gaze upon the cold, still forms, beautiful even in death. They were buried at the foot of the stairs, but Richard had them disinterred and ordered the chaplain of the prison to place them in consecrated ground. A few days after, the chaplain died very mysteriously, and the secret of the princes' burial was buried with him.

Two centuries had passed away. The fate of the young princes in the Tower had been "told in story and sung in song," and it never seemed to lose its pathetic interest. Shakspeare did much to keep alive the story, and during our own day, the elder Booth's Richard III. brought the scene vividly before us of "this most arch-deed of piteous massacre." Conjecture had been fruitless as to where the princes were buried, and it was a mere accident that revealed the spot. Charles II., desiring to store the national records in a safe place, had the chapel in the Tower prepared for their reception. When the workmen were digging, they discovered at the foot of the stone stairs an iron chest, which, on being opened, was found to contain the bones of the unfortunate boys. Charles, who was the representative of Elizabeth of York, the sister of the murdered princes, had the bones placed in a marble urn, and deposited in a royal vault in Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey. A white marble tablet bears the following inscription in Latin: "Here lie the relics of Edward V., King of England, and Richard, Duke of York, who, being confined in the Tower, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried, by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard the usurper. Their bones being inquired after and wished for, after lying 201 years in the rubbish of the stairs (those lately leading to the White Tower), were on the 7th of July, 1674, by undoubted proofs, discovered, being buried deep in that place. Charles II., pitying their unhappy fate, ordered these unfortunate princes to be laid amongst the relics of their predecessors in the year 1678 and the 20th of his reign."

In our charming picture "The Princes in the Tower," the distinguished artist, Mr. John Everett Millais, has given us a touching representation of the unfortunate boys.

Most eloquently does it speak of their clinging love and piteous grief, as they stand, with clasped hands, side by side, the resemblance of their features proclaiming their near relationship. Dressed in the costume of their day, the elder wearing the richly jeweled collar of his rank and the

younger a medallion attached to a ribbon, their golden hair floating on their shoulders, they look, even amid their pitiable surroundings, the princely children that they are, and light up, like sunbeams, their gloomy prison abode.

This lovely picture is distinguished for all that minuteness of finish which characterizes the school of painting of which Mr. Millais is one of the founders. The coloring is most harmonious and beautiful, and the expression full of tenderness and feeling. The charm of true pathos has been thrown upon the canvas; and, deeply imbued with the spirit of his subject, the distinguished artist has given us a most touching representation of the princes in the Tower, whose pathetic story, never growing old, strikes a chord of sorrow in sympathetic hearts, even though centuries have fled since the cruel tragedy was enacted.

A Wife's Lament.

DEAR Lord! why is it, that I am denied
The crowning wifely joy of motherhood?
Why may I not place in my husband's arms
The child he needs to make his life complete?
He says no word; but I have seen him gaze
On little ones so yearningly:
Once when
A frightened child sought refuge in his arms,
Hiding its face in his brown beard; I saw
In his dear eyes the look a father wears,
When thinking of his dead.
It quickly passed—
His lips were smiling all the while, but oh—
That tender, longing look, it haunts me still.
Why, do you know? I envy mothers, when
I see them weep o'er toys and dainty clothes;
A *little grave would* comfort me, I think,
For then, you see, I'd know, somewhere
In God's
Wide universe, *my* child awaited me;
And I would have such blissful memories,
That I could weep, and they would say, "Poor soul,
She misses so her little one."
But now,
How can I mourn the child I never had,
The little child, that only comes in dreams?
It nestles then close to my heart; I feel
Upon my breast its soft, warm mouth, and wake
To find my arms are empty, and to cry—
In bitterness of soul, like that poor wife
Of old, "Lord, give me children or I die!"

MRS. LAWRENCE.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

EMBROIDERY.

THERE are very many dainty pieces of embroidery serviceable for the dining-room. In this month's number we give designs suitable for tea-tray cloths. These can be made of round thread linen or crash, an inch hem darned down at the sides with hem-stitching or border line of color. The length of your cloth will depend on the size of your table. It should be sufficiently long to allow your embroidered border and fringe to show beyond your tea service, and rest uncovered on your table or colored cloth. When measuring your linen allow sufficient length for the knotting of your fringe. A tea cloth is more serviceable without pulled or drawn work, and with a simple raveled fringe of the linen tied in single heavy knots. The drawn work is very beautiful, if exquisitely done, and a row above and below the embroidery may be used, though it requires a large amount of extra work and is better omitted if it cannot be done neatly. As this work wholly depends for its beauty on nice needle-work, let no one attempt it if she is not willing to be both patient and careful.

In the hepatica design the flowers may vary from gray-blue to pink, according to your room surroundings. The flowers are in nature almost a lavender, shading from pink to blue, as the sunlight touches them. The leaves are in nature olive, shading to a rich red brown. If embroidered on white or cream-colored crash, lighter shades of color must be used. They may be embroidered in the medium shades of gray or olive green, with a still lighter shade of green for the flower stems. After the border is embroidered, it will greatly add to the beauty of the cloth if a flower and a leaf with an alternate bud is powdered at regular distances over the center of the cloth for some distance above the border. This of course involves considerable extra work.

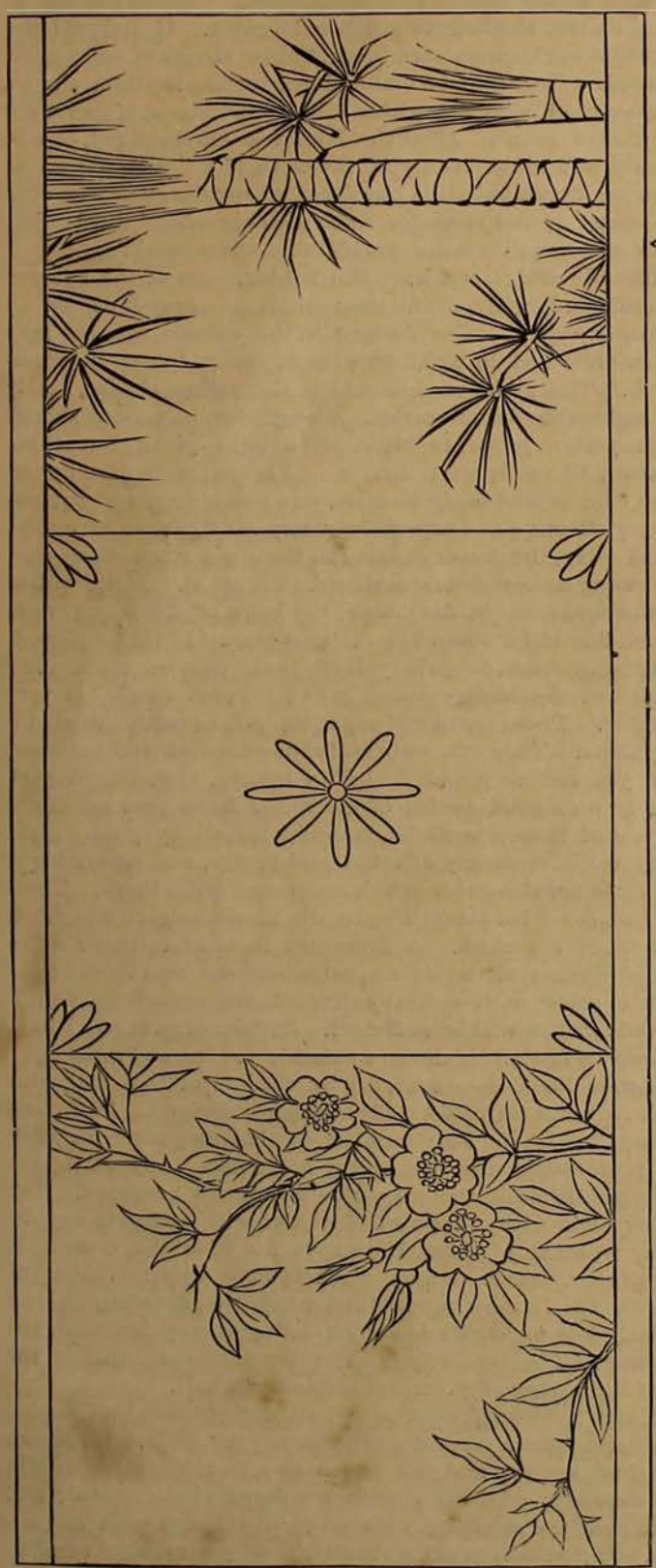
The tile design can have the border lines of the squares embroidered with even stem-stitch in gray-blue or in mahogany color. The designs in the outside squares may be embroidered in split crewels of many colors in stem-stitch. The pinks used should be the yellow shades, really the lighter shades of scarlet. The greens, in various shades from yellow green to olive. We have given but three squares, as our space is limited. Five squares give opportunity for more variety in color, and a double row of squares is very effective and especially pretty for the ends of a side-board cover, the flower squares in the upper row coming over the empty squares below giving the tile effect. If the outline of the squares is in dark-blue, the loops of the set figure in the middle block should be of light-blue. If the outline is mahogany color, a pale yellow pink can be used. The shades of the Morris colors called "Trout Flesh" is very suitable. These outline designs are good practice work for beginners. They demand careful needlework and patience, and yet are very simple. The beauty, also, will depend largely on a good choice of colors. I have just examined several of these tea-cloths embroidered all by young girls. They are exceedingly effective and pretty, and creditable to the little needle women who have embroidered them. These all had some border below the tile blocks to give weight to the end of the cloth. A few extra lines of color or a row of daisy stars of the lighter color between two lines of the darker color with a heavy line of stem-stitch in double crewels below will be sufficient. In former numbers I have given various border-designs suitable for the end finish.

Letters have been sent me by readers of this magazine with requests for perforated embroidery designs. Directions were given in the July number of this magazine for 1881, for perforating any design for home use. Any of the designs published in this magazine can be so prepared. The larger embroidery shops of the cities will perforate any design you bring to them, if you do not wish the trouble of the work yourself. As the work is done by a machine the perforation is very much better, but the drawing is frequently lost through misunderstanding or carelessness of the operator. The best way is the more laborious, that is the careful drawing of your own design yourself.

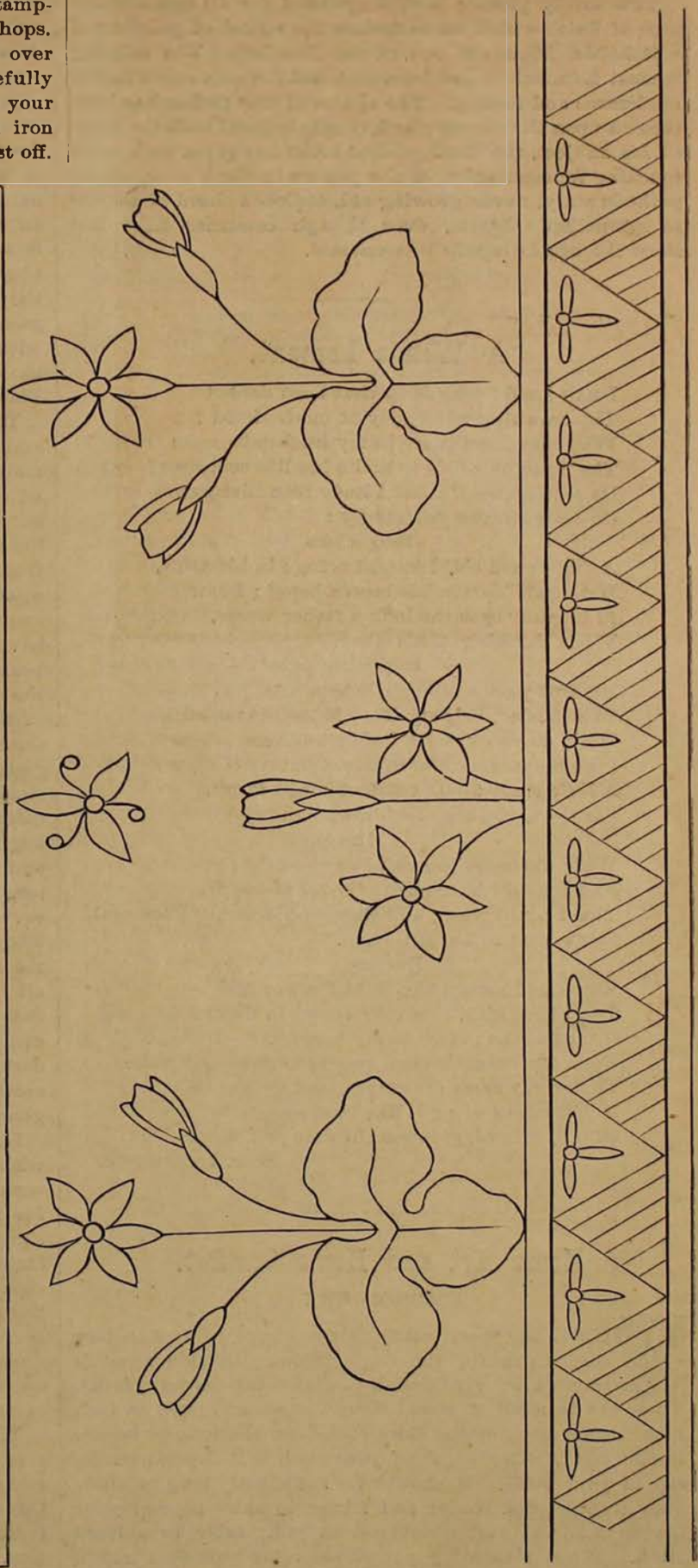
When one can draw readily, all designs are best copied free-hand from a careful design on to your cloth. On linens and duck use pen and ink or pen and liquid indigo bluing. On woolen goods, draw with a colored chalk pencil, and trace over the drawing with oil paint thinned with turpentine. If you cannot draw readily, trace your design carefully on thin, tough paper. Turn your tracing on its wrong side,

and prick with a fine needle little holes close together over all the outlines. Put your design in its proper place rough side up on your linen. (See that your linen is perfectly smooth.) Hold the design in its proper place on the linen by weights. Have ready a small roll of felt and blue stamping powder, which may be found at many embroidery shops. Rub the powder lightly with the end of your felt roll over your perforated design, then remove your design carefully that no superfluous powder fall on your linen. Cover your powdered design with a thin paper, and pass a warm iron over it slowly. This sets the color so it need not dust off. If you cannot obtain the blue powder, use powdered charcoal, and trace over your design with a pen and liquid blueing.

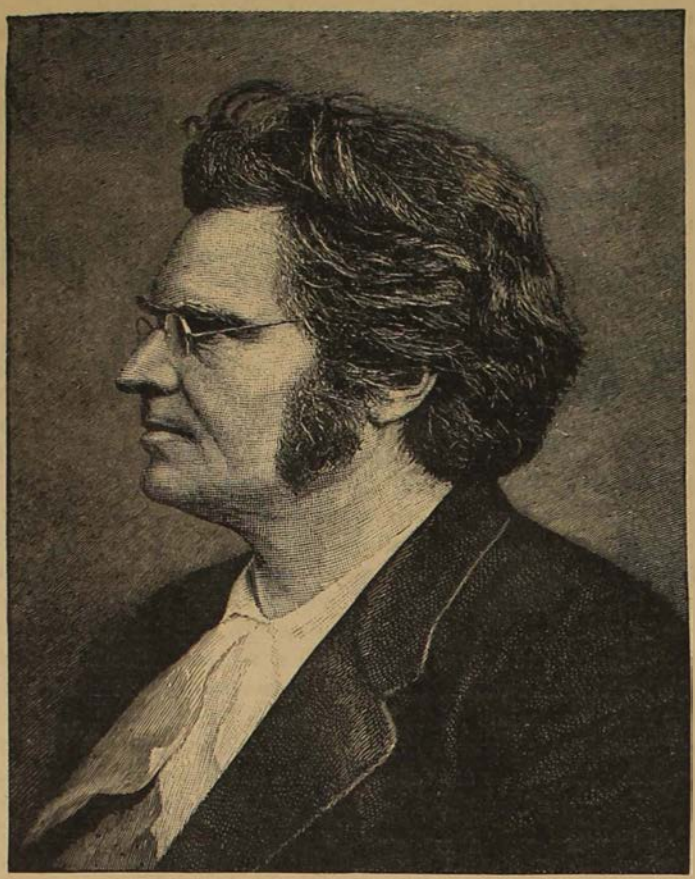
HETTA L. H. WARD.

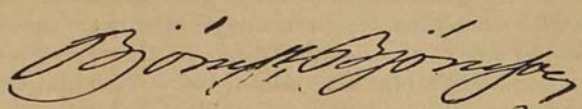


JAPANESE TILE BORDER FOR BUREAU OR SIDE-BOARD COVER.



HEPATICA BORDER, DESIGNED BY HETTA L. H. WARD.





Björnstjerne Björnson at Home.

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

THE name of Björnstjerne Björnson has become a familiar one in America. It is a name that has long been honored throughout Europe as one of the greatest in modern literature. Creations of this Northern genius have been pronounced by such leading critics as Robert Buchanan, as "worthy of Goethe at his best;" others have called him the "Mozart of literature;" altogether he stands on a lofty pinnacle as novelist, poet, dramatist, orator, critic, journalist and patriot. He is outspoken and fearless, he never considers consequences when he feels moved to declare the truth, to unmask a lie. As an orator he possesses matchless eloquence. I have never heard a public speaker who could in any way compare with him, and his recitals of his own poems are something never to be forgotten. Freedom, enlightenment, progress—these are the lofty goals to which he would lead his fellow countrymen, and all his literary efforts bear traces of how deeply they engross his soul. His dramas have been played with brilliant success in leading theaters in Germany, as well as in Scandinavian countries, and it is hoped that one day large audiences in America may profit by them. His novels have awakened a desire in all who have read them to know more about the fresh, pure idyllic life to be found among the mountains and fjords of Norway.

The reader of Prof. Rasmus B. Anderson's authorized American edition of Björnson's novels, finds in the introduction to the first volume of the series, "Synnöve Solbakken" (Synnöve of the sunny hill), a sketch of the poet's life and literary tendency, and also a portrait of Björnson, the same as that which accompanies this article. Is it not a grand head, a noble face, you see before you? The features display all the delicacy of an exquisitely refined woman, and all the vigor of a viking of old.

Leading men and women of talent who met Mr. Björnson during his recent visit to America were deeply impressed with this "tall, erect, broad-shouldered, and silver-tongued son of the frozen North," as Prof. Anderson calls him. Boston accepted him as one of the noblest of the lions whom she had delighted to honor. A friend of mine who saw him in the cars between Chicago and Madison, Wis., without knowing who he was, told of seeing a man who must be some one very great, and whose presence was so attractive that all eyes were insensibly drawn toward him. Certain it is that one cannot be brought into contact with Mr. Björnson without realizing fully that he is one of earth's giants of intellect, a man at once as strong and simple, as pure and true as the most idyllic and the most rugged of his ideal creations, a man who is, as he appears, every inch a king among men. We feel that in him we have met one who is capable of comprehending all the hidden mysteries of the most complex human soul, one who understands everything at a glance, through keenness of perception, through intuition.

Owing to my familiarity with his writings, my personal acquaintance with him, and consequent interest in everything concerning him, I was so much charmed with a glimpse of him in his home life, together with a description of that home and its surroundings, found recently in a Scandinavian paper, that I felt moved to make it accessible to the readers of his books, and so I have translated it into English, and now present it to the readers of Demorest. I may add that when I saw Mr. Björnson during the winter and spring of 1881, in Madison, Wis., where he was a guest in the home of Prof. R. B. Anderson, he talked much of his beloved home, wife and family, and seemed many times overpowered with home-sickness. His first letters written after returning to that dear home were like triumphant outbursts of joy.

The original of the translation which now follows, appeared without the author's name, in an illustrated weekly called "Ude og Hjemme" (Abroad and At Home), published in Copenhagen. The writer's pen picture of the poet, of his manner, leading characteristics, and life purposes, corresponds so fully with my own reminiscences and impressions, that I have thoroughly enjoyed reproducing the article in English. Here it is:

"In the heart of the beautiful natural scenery of Gausdal, on one of those long, high ridges that slope gently up from the bottom of the valley, where the road winds through a framework of coppice and woodlands, lies the home of Björnstjerne Björnson. There is a charm which passes all description in the physiognomy of the surrounding landscape. One feels such a sense of security, such high spirits, among these sheltered hill-sides, which lay spread before us with their substantial evidences of fruitfulness. Here are large, prosperous-looking dwelling-houses, an infinite variety of undulating woodland scenery, forest-clad mountain ranges, stretched out in the sunshine and casting shadows on the valley below, broad streams meandering through picturesque banks, and all glittering in noble, stately beauty. When we pass through such a region as this, there steals into our minds an invigorating sense of the power of the land, a redoubled faith in the capacities of the people. These tracts of land look so thoroughly reliable, so self-helpful, in their well-laden loveliness, that our hearts may well throb with stormy joy over the land, and with pride that it is ours. Something arises within us which may

be likened unto the peace that takes possession of us when, after a long absence, we return home and are surprised to find it still more beautiful than it was in our memory.

"Aulestad is the name of the gard* where Björnson lives. Well-known, indeed, is the name to those hundreds of travelers who every summer pass along the road leading from Lillehammer to the Sanitarium. As soon as a glimpse can be had of the gard in the distance, the diligence driver, in accordance with a definite agreement, begins to point with his whip toward it, saying: 'There lies the gard; you see those great grain-fields and pasture-lands before you with the woods to the left; and yonder is the house, just about half way up the hill, not the dark yellow Swiss cottage in the thicket above—that is Kristofer Janson's †—but that great light two-storied house with so many windows.' And then the travelers lean forward and peer out of the sides of the conveyance, fortifying their eyes with opera-glasses and lorgnettes, for no one cares to enter the Sanitarium without at least having seen Björnson's gard. Not that any one had laid the flattering unction to his soul that he would get a sight of the great man himself. It would have required a sanguine youth, indeed, to conceive such a fancy, a person who truly deemed himself the favored of fortune, for the coachman has already announced, in reply to eager inquiries, that Björnson is never in the habit of walking on the beaten highway, especially when the diligence is passing that way. So the passengers are forced to content themselves with staring up toward the house whose front faces the road. They gaze at the picket-gate and the gravel walk which leads up the hill and turns round the corner above; more cannot be seen. On rare occasions a passing glimpse may perhaps be had of Björnson himself, pacing the verandah, or standing on the balcony, but this is too uncertain to be in any way counted upon, and the distance is too great for any special profit to be derived from the sight. The diligence moves onward, and the passengers twist their bodies and stretch their necks, and keep their eyes fixed as long as possible on the gard, while from mouth to mouth runs a buzzing sound, amid which may be distinguished the words 'Björnson,' 'Aulestad,' those proud names with their tumultuous ring, which call to mind the old Norse banners, chieftains and their men.

"And, meanwhile, he whose plan it is to visit Björnson alights from the diligence, opens the picket gate, ascends the steep path, and enters the large, orderly farm-yard, in the rear of the house, where stables, coach-houses, servants' quarters and outhouses are spread around. This farm-yard is cool and shady on a summer afternoon, and may often be found supplied with sofas, chairs, and tables covered with books, work-baskets and newspapers. Here, most likely, with the exception of the master of the household, the whole family may be found assembled, including guests and servants—at all events, those who are not occupied with active duties—busied with fine needlework, either talking, or listening while the mistress of the house reads aloud. The children are usually of the party. Little girls sitting on low stools are playing with their dolls or making themselves useful with knitting, while the boys sport about at a distance.

"The house is a large, two-story building, with a gable end and balcony in front, is painted yellow, and has an air of solid propriety and rural comfort. Around three sides of the house runs a broad veranda; this rests on lattice-work, which descends to the garden, enveloping the entire basement of the house like an invisible veil. With its matchless garden seats, small tables, plant-decorations in pots and urns, but, above all, because of the superb view which beckons to us from every side, this veranda affords a most attractive tarrying place.

"But when we step inside of the house we involuntarily start with surprise at the whole arrangement, which indicates so much fine feeling and imagination, and which is invested with such a peculiar charm. We do not at first notice that the inviting room we enter from the veranda is really nothing but a partitioned-off portion of the broad hall that divides the house into two equally large parts. The walls are of a warm Pompeiian red hue, and are covered with large photographs of celebrities of the day in dark brown, carved wooden frames; also with busts and full-length figures. From the ceiling hangs a lamp over a table with a cloth cover, on which is a vase of cut flowers. In the far corner stands a polished colossus of a stove, the 'best piece of furniture' of the house, that extends up to the second floor, and in winter keeps the whole house warm. On the floor is spread a rug of a delicate design, portières take the place of doors to the adjacent rooms, white painted, antique sofas, with hand-embroidered seats, invite us to remain, and over all is spread so friendly and home-like a luster that we feel reluctant to move on and inspect the rooms. When, nevertheless, we do set forth, we find to the left the so-called sitting-room, a large corner room, which is, properly speaking, a suite of four rooms, amply provided with curtains. A forest of flower-stands and tall plants, with busts of great men on white pedestals artistically grouped about, and tall stands with candelabras on them are gracefully arranged along the window side of the room. Moreover, there may be found paintings, photographs, all kinds of bric-a-brac and embroideries, besides all the furniture which belongs to a family sitting-room. The little inside cabinet has furniture upholstered in bright red, and curtains to match at door and windows. Here stands the piano, and from the ceiling is suspended an ornamental lamp. The tables are covered with albums, quantities of photographs, portfolios with all kinds of illustrations, reminiscences of travel and knick-knacks of all sorts. Busts and statues abound here also.

"On the other side of the hall is the dining-room, a long room, with dark embroidered curtains and with oak-tinted walls and ceilings, inlaid with moldings. The tall side-cupboards of the buffet groan beneath the weight of the silver service behind its glass doors. The center part is covered by an immense fern in a huge metal basin. Along the walls and on small tables may be found a rich variety of all such articles as constitute the indispensable attributes of a well-appointed dining-room.

"Just outside of the dining-room door the carpeted stairway leads to the second story. Here the eye is again met by the same harmonious appointments, the same warm wall-tintings as below; and here there is a double fascination, especially of a warm summer day when the glass door to the balcony stands open. For then there is presented in the foreground, working its smiling way in despite curtains and sun-shades, the most bewitching perspective of irregularly-notched ridges, of streams which sport about in the shelter of thickets and verdure-clad heights, and of all the changeful glory of foliage that, with thousands of shades of coloring, glows with brightness and fades away in the far-off distance. And here, as well as at the entrance down stairs, it is needful to collect one's thoughts a little before one can realize that this is only an ante-room—no, not even that; it is nothing in the world but a passage transformed into the most charming spot one could wish to drop down in. A large mirror in a gilt frame, with a console to match, occupies one

* A Norwegian farm.

† Kristofer Janson is one of the four poets in Norway who receive a government salary, in recognition of literary talent, the other three being Björnson, Ibsen, and Jonas Lie. He is now in this country, lecturing and preaching among the Scandinavians of the North-west, having been recently ordained in Chicago to the Unitarian ministry. He is best known to American readers through his "Spellbound Fiddler," published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. (A. F.)

corner, a chiffonière, with a figure of Christ on it, the other. Here also are pictures and busts, a hanging lamp and a carpeted floor, stands of flowering rose-bushes, which greet us unexpectedly on the right of the stairway, besides matchless chairs, tables and embroidered footstools.

"Still, as long as Björnson's study has not been seen, the best is in reserve. It is situated on the second floor, directly above the sitting-room, is very large, and has a most ravishing outlook. It is evident that some one who understands the poet's tastes and divines his wishes has bestowed lavish care on the arrangement of this retreat. In the summer, when the winter carpet is removed, the floor is covered with straw matting of a delicate design, which deadens the sound of the active feet that march to and fro while the brain is busied with those mighty problems that engage its powers. The wall paper is of green velvet and gold; the furniture is of oak, is large and of antique form, upholstered with the same light mottled material as the window drapery, whose moss-yellow tints blend harmoniously with the green of the wall paper. On the wall facing the entrance is an immense head of Goethe. A similar one of Munch, the historian, is on the opposite wall. To the left, on the large writing-table, that is laden down with all its complete appointments, two female busts have found place. One is an excessively beautiful Venus, the other, which is of a veined marble and is of incomparable beauty, is supposed to be Sappho. There are, besides, several other busts in the room, and there are also fine paintings and monsters of bookcases packed full of books, a table of rare, old-fashioned style, sofas, lounging-chairs, arm-chairs—altogether it is a study to fall in love with.

"You cannot be long beneath this roof, where hospitality seems to be a natural law, before you notice that this is a most thoroughly well-ordered house, with very regular hours for meals, which it is well to observe if you wish to keep on friendly terms with the family. In favor of breakfast, however, is made a most charitable exception, which is rendered very desirable by circumstances; as will be understood when it is learned that Björnson and often his wife too sit down to the coffee-board before six o'clock in the morning, an hour which is reckoned by other mortals among the silent hours of slumber. If you do not make your appearance later than ten o'clock you will find the table spread and the coffee warm, but whoever oversteps this boundary line is mercilessly left to his fate by Birthe, the housekeeper. After breakfast Björnson usually takes a turn round the grounds, where he exchanges a word with his people about the work and management of the farm. Then he passes some hours in his study until it is time for the bath. Every summer forenoon, when the weather is not too bad, his large, imposing form can be seen, in its graceful house dress and broad-brimmed hat, passing down to the grove, with an enormous bath towel thrown over his arm. Quite a marvel of a shower bath can be had beneath the maple and fir trees, where the well-watered stream starts down the hill-side with such a leap that it sprinkles every surrounding object. A portion of the body of water is guided into a conduit and falls from a height of eight to ten feet on a platform which is built over the stony bed of the river. Below there is a large basin, watered partly by nature, partly by contrivances of human hands; from this a boarded passage-way leads to a rather primitive dressing-room. There can be nothing more refreshing than this cold mountain shower-bath, which brings with it all of the nerve-bracing aroma of the mountains, and comes like a halling* leap with splashing hallohs in a deafening, jubilant merriment. Here Björnson steels his colossal health with daily renewal of force, and gathers a fund of bodily strength and health, which is a guarantee that he will live longer than most people. From the bath he brings a ravenous appetite, and he does not view graciously the person who detains him on his way to dinner, or who in any way interferes with his meal hour.

"The whole summer long a continually changing stream of guests is to be seen at Aulestad. Some come merely to pay a short call, others to rest in peace for a day or two, while some remain still longer, and all are received with that generous hospitality, which scarcely seems to be hospitality so unostentatiously is it exercised. No one who remains at that house any length of time, can help feeling in possession of unlimited freedom. You can go and come in this house at pleasure. The usual demands on hosts and guests which combined so often make intercourse with our fellow-creatures tedious and trifling, are entirely ignored in this circle. The intense labor with life's divers problems which for a number of years has engrossed Björnson's thoughts, has created an atmosphere in which no species of sham will thrive. And yet no one better understands how to enter into playful conversation than Björnson when he is in the mood for it, and his laugh is so fresh and has such a hearty ring that one could be infected by it even at one's own funeral. Conversation at meal times and at the coffee-board around which the whole family often sit all through the afternoon, if one of the irons Björnson always has in the fire is not heated too hot, forms the most delightful part of the day's recreation.

"The Björnson household retires early to bed. The master of the house who is up, as we have seen, with the sun, begins before nine o'clock to inquire anxiously about the hour, and by quarter past nine, as a rule, every one has gone to rest.

"It is extremely wholesome to witness the natural simplicity of Björnson's life up at Aulestad. He is peaceable, good-natured, equable and cheerful in his daily intercourse with those about him, and as easy to satisfy as a good child. When he is discoursing upon or discussing any subject that interests him he usually paces the floor with his hands in his pockets, while his eyes, from beneath their bushy brows, send forth flash after flash. If there is anything he wishes to make especially impressive, he pauses in front of the person he is addressing, bends forward a little and speaks with increased strength of emphasis. But, however engrossed he may be with his theme, the moment his smallest daughter comes running up to him and takes him by the hand, begging leave, in her childish, prattling way, to lead him to her dolls, where some new dress or great surprise is to be seen—he breaks off at once, even if he is in the middle of a word, and accompanies her with that bright, joyous smile which is peculiarly his own, and which glows with redoubled warmth when it is his little Dagny who calls it forth.

"Björnson's household often consists of an unusual number of female members. The cause of this is that whenever one or other of the female acquaintances of the family needs moral or pecuniary support, he says at once: 'O, let her come to us!' And so she comes and finds a home, with the privilege of sharing the duties and occupations of the rest until circumstances call her away again. Björnson usually introduces these members of his family to such visitors as he cares to initiate into his home affairs, presenting them about as follows: 'See, here is one of our good friends who is making a little stay with us, and here is one of our dearest friends, who has promised to remain with us a while, and here is Birthe, our excellent housekeeper,' etc. Any one who passes a few days up at Aulestad must learn that Björnson cannot live without being helpful to his fellow-creatures. It is this quality of his nature that puts a check

* A rustic dance of Norway, whose main characteristic is turning summersaults in the air and kicking a beam in the ceiling.

on his vigorous tendency to storm forward and draw his fellow-countrymen with him in the progress he believes to belong to them by right of lawful inheritance, even if it must be grasped with violence and warfare.

"The relations which exist between Björnson and his family on the one side, and the household servants on the other, invest this home with the air of that of one of the Norse Jarls of old. An ardent devotion, arising from that tried and true friendship that leads men to depend upon one another, and, from common responsibilities and common joys, unites the people with the 'chief' beneath this patriarchal roof, where the servants feel that they are members of the family, and avail themselves of their privileges with a tact and a modesty that testify of true refinement.

"Björnson's relations with his inferiors convey the impression that he has laid deeply to heart the practical performance of the first law of humanity: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' The good service he has done his tenants is one of the many palpable proofs of this. No sooner did he see the wretched houses they had occupied before he owned the estate, than he gave orders to have these houses torn down, and new, friendly habitations erected in their stead. Indeed, he has tried in every way to improve the condition of his tenants. Even when he was in America he did not forget them, but brought home with him presents for each of them, as well as for the members of his household, and no one knows better than these same tenants how often he has gone to his granary and with his own hands filled their sacks, to make sure that they got an ample supply of the stores which they had complained of needing. There is, therefore, scarcely anything that so pains Björnson to the depths of his soul as the fact that even within his own domains he is unable to overthrow those prevailing differences in conditions which, like an invincible wall encircling the whole earth, separate mortals of the same flesh and blood. He is powerless before the formidable fact that this wall would not give way if all of the great and noble spirits of the earth should dash their heads against it as they storm onward in their march toward light and freedom.

"When there is a festival at Aulestad, when the whole gard, within and without, is in a blaze of light, while the guests sit scattered about in the cheerful, homelike rooms engaged in a sprightly conversation or listening to music or to something Björnson is reading aloud to them, then it is that Björnson feels more keenly than at any other time the injustice of social distinctions, which cause people of humble occupations and attainments to creep away like moles from the brighter world of those who are better placed in life than themselves, and to refuse to come forward and take part in the enjoyment of these when urged to do so.

"It is not merely within the narrower confines of the home and the gard that Björnson is regarded with respectful devotion, but in all the surrounding parishes he is loved and trusted as one in whose heart there is no guile. Not even his position in regard to Christianity, which, however, has caused much distress among the peasants, who are strongly bound to their religious views, could destroy the confidence felt in the uprightness of his character. When any one tells them that this or that ugly thing is said about Björnson, when they hear that report or the newspapers accuse him of being or doing thus or so, they give one another very significant looks, shake their heads and smile with an expression of contempt. They know him too well to believe any harm of him, and nothing whatever could shake their confidence in him.

"And there is no one, of whatever description, age or station in life he may be, who, after half an hour's conversation with Björnson, does not feel himself enriched by having been perfectly understood. No one is too humble or insignificant for him. It is as though he had the power of entering fully into the inner life of his fellow-creatures whenever he came into contact with them. Therefore there is no standpoint so lowly or so far-fetched that he does not fully comprehend why it is held, no view so poor that he does not know its theories, conditions and expedients, no intelligence so undeveloped that he wholly gives it up, and no spiritual life so barren that he fails to find its poor germs.

"He who sees Björnson in the varied light of his daily life up at Aulestad must realize how entirely this great man belongs to his fatherland. No foreign soil is mingled with the land on which he grew up, and therefore his development has been in every sense of the word, a product of his country. Nothing can be more incorrect than to call him a radical. He is no more a radical than he is a Frenchman, or could become an African. The conditions of nature which determine the characteristics of his race, as well as his own individuality, wholly forbid it. He does not aspire to radicalism, because it is his specialty to be the personification of the normal and consistent progress of a young and vigorous people, and the individualized expression of the highest possibilities of its spiritual development. His work rests on natural theories, and is in alliance with life's own laws, in intimate connection with the spirit and traits of the people. He is perhaps in advance of his people, yet not so far that they cannot one day follow in his train. It is only that he goes on in advance and breaks the path for his mighty army of followers, which will extend down to coming generations.

"It is his fate to be an agitator in society, not by virtue of radicalism, but simply because it is his nature not only *always* to speak the truth, but also *always* to speak the whole truth. It was very characteristic that when a few years since he was about to sell his gard, he did not confine himself to praises of its good qualities to those thinking of purchasing, but he took pains to point out all the hidden defects that, according to his opinion, the gard possessed. People were amused, and acknowledged that they had never seen a seller who was his equal. The gard, however, was not sold. Indeed, the result of such frankness never does bring either honor or gold, and no one knows this better than Björnson.

"He has called himself the home poet. And he is right. Home and Björnson belong together, as do the field and its crops. Only in the home soil can he grow and bear fruit. Torn from it his life-roots would surely become parched and withered. If he could be tempted to live in the midst of foreign splendor, it would avail him nothing; his heart and all the essentials of his life would be in Norway. He is bound to his native land by deep affections, but still more by gratitude. Gratitude, this most beautiful characteristic of a noble mind, gratitude to the land that gave him birth, the hearth-stone that afforded him shelter and warmth, is the most active impulse in the heart of this most slandered man.

"Up at Aulestad, beneath the protecting roof of his beloved home, lives and works Björnstjerne Björnson, like a Jarl in his lordly castle. With falcon eyes he follows all the events of the day at home and abroad. When it seems necessary he takes part with a will, and his words always have weight. Free and strong is he in his home on the heights, firm and unchangeable in all his purposes, protected against the poisoned shafts of his contemporaries by the armor he wears in his consciousness of his mission and of the unfeigned sincerity of his opinions. And it is from the pure source of well spent days, that his dauntless independence so freely springs. The strict customs of his home life, his regular habits, and that noble household simplicity which testifies of a well developed sense of responsibility, all combine to invest Björnson with his sublime earnestness, and his moral secu-

rity, and thus he acquires his purity of will and his righteous indignation against all that is false."

And in the ideal home thus pictured to the reader a great festival is to be held next summer, to which Mr. Björnson has invited all his friends, and where many people of distinction will be gathered together. It will be a grand jubilee, for the year 1882 marks a great era in our hero's career. It brings him to the fiftieth year of his life, and to the twenty-fifth of the usefulness of his authorship. Björnstjerne Björnson was born December 8, 1832, and Synnöve Solbakken was published in 1857.

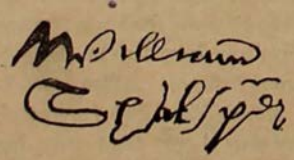
The Handwriting of Shakspeare.

IT may be more truly said of Shakspeare than of any other writer, "He was not for a day, but for all time." Advancing years bring no diminution in the interest felt in his productions, and the desire to fathom the depths of a mind whose knowledge was universal. Yet, after all this study, this research, we have found no plummet that can sound the mighty depths, and the immortal Shakspeare remains as much a wonder and a mystery as ever. Whence came all that knowledge of art, of science, of religion, of human nature? Such learning comes not by inspiration; and though the poet may be born, the scholar toils in the mines to find his gold, and then he gathers what is peculiarly his, and many veins of rich ore he leaves untouched for others. Like some magnificent statue, Shakspeare stands on the highest peak of fame, and while we can look up, we cannot approach. He has his critics, but not his equals; and having won the title of "prodigy of the human race," it is not likely that his glory will ever be snatched from him.

It has been asserted that the Germans first taught the English to understand Shakspeare. There is no authority for such an assertion. They have studied him, and some of their best thoughts on the subject can be found in the *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakspeare-Gesellschaft*, edited by Professor Leo and Mr. Bodenstedt. The Germans have made some admirable translations of his works, the best known being that of Schlegel and Tieck.

Neither did it remain, as has been said, for two Germans, Dr. Genée and Professor Leo, to reproduce, for the first time, the handwriting of Shakspeare. As early as 1778 the signatures to the will were traced by Mr. Steevens and given to the world. Knight, in his Biography of Shakspeare, published in 1843, reproduced these signatures, as also did Mr. Richard Grant White in his volume published in 1854. Others have also given reproductions of the same, so that those given two years ago by these German gentlemen are probably the latest reproductions of Shakspeare's signature, instead of the earliest. As, doubtless, many of our readers have never seen the handwriting of the immortal bard, we reproduce the only genuine signatures extant.

Not a line of Shakspeare's manuscript is known to exist. He died in 1616, and it was not until seven years afterward that the first edition of his plays was published, from copies



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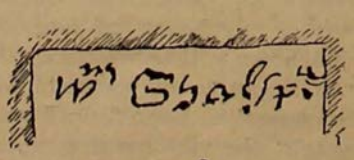

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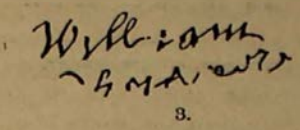

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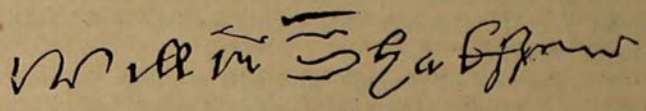
in the hands of his fellow-managers, Hemingle and Condell. Of these manuscripts not a word remains, and the only idea we have of Shakspeare's handwriting is gathered from his signatures, six of which are believed to be genuine. Three of these are attached to his will, which is written on three sheets of paper, the name being on each. The will is preserved in the Prerogative Office, Doctors' Commons, London, and may be inspected by anyone for a shilling. Another autograph was found in a small volume, the first edition of



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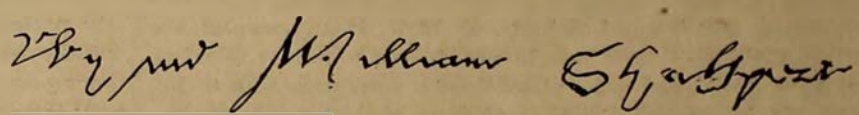
Florio's translation of Montaigne, which was in possession of the Rev. Edward Pattison, of Smethwick, England, and was sold in 1838, and purchased by the British Museum. The other two signatures are attached to the deed of purchase of a house in Blackfriar's, London, and to a mortgage of the



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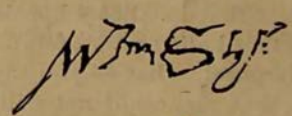

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same property. The former signature was bought by the Corporation of London, and is now at Guildhall; and the latter is in possession of the British Museum.

"I thank God," Shakspeare makes one of his characters say in "Henry IV.," "I have been so well brought up that I can sign my name," and while we have cause to be grateful that the "Swan of Avon" was so well brought up that *he* could sign *his* name, it is a matter of regret that he signed it so badly that the world has been disputing ever since as to how he really spelled it. Mr. George Wise, in his treatise on "The Autograph of William Shakspeare," gives us four thousand ways of spelling the name. This is a wide latitude, but the great question, after all, is — How did Shakspeare spell it? Steevens, Madden and Malone think that the first and second signatures attached to the will are spelled Shakspere, while the third reads Shakspeare. Aubrey, Blackstone, Pope, Warburton and others spelled the name Shakespear. Johnson, Boswell, Drake and Coleridge adopted Shakspeare, as we give it in the title to this article. After all, what matters it how Shakspeare spelled his name? It is enough for us to know, to use his own language, that he was "noble in reason and infinite in faculty"; that he

"Trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of fame,"

and

"Kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

"It is My Will."

BY MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

"*It is my Will.*"

O FATHER, *do* not say so. *Do* keep the dear old place in your own name or divide it equally among us. Are we not *all your* children, and what shall we do thrown penniless on the world?"

"Penniless? Margaret, what do you mean? Your home will still be here, your brother John is a good manager and he will provide well for all of us."

"Your love for him, father, blinds your judgment. He *is* a good manager, I'll admit; but he is also predisposed to avarice; and when once he has all you possess, and *you* and *we* are dependent upon him for support, the disease will spread rapidly through his whole nature and crush out natural affection."

"You are an evil prophet, and will see only the dark side of things. John's wife is good-natured and loves us all, and the home will not be broken; Jane and you will remain here till you are married, just the same as if my will had not been made."

"How can you be so utterly blind to your best interest? Of his wife's good-nature, we as yet know nothing. She would do well enough, perhaps, could they remove at once to themselves and be responsible only for their own home and their own happiness. She has been his wife but one month, and *here* only as a guest. She is younger by two years than Jane, and has had but little, if any, experience in housekeeping; and would not feel it her duty to try to please you, or even to be pleased with you, were she to become sole mistress and owner of your home."

"You need not be troubled about me. Your brother John will never see his old father wronged or neglected."

"The naked fact that he allows his sisters to be robbed is evidence enough that he is an unsafe guardian."

"Robbed! Margaret, what do you say?"

"I say, father that you *could* not will your whole estate to me. I would accept no position that would compel me to to be either a tyrant or a slave. I would not accept a penny that was not rightfully my own, and I question the integrity of one that would accept it."

"The estate is mine, and it is my right to give it to whom I will, and I mean my first-born shall have it; and if you and Jane are both wise, Henry Evans and Charles White will soon each have a housekeeper that any man in the world might be proud to own."

"Father! father!"—but Margaret's voice failed her; her heart was breaking under its impending weight of sorrow, and with the hot tears streaming down her usually calm face she rose and left the room. Out through the dear old yard, with its snow-ball and purple lilac bushes that seemed to beckon her to their trembling outstretched arms, she passed into the long grassy lane that stretched away beyond the barn, orchard and meadow, and led down to the riverside. It was her retreat in every storm of sorrow; the long and lonely avenue through which she was accustomed to wander in search of strength and light. A great tangled grapevine had wound itself around a crab tree that bent above a little grassy mound close to the water's edge; down upon this Margaret threw her weary form and gave her soul to silent prayer.

The next afternoon John and his young bride were walking leisurely through the smooth cut lawn that reached away eastward from the front of the old Howel Homestead, earnestly talking of their future.

"You see, my dear, it is all to be mine; you are my little queen, and there is nothing to hinder you from being the happiest little woman in the world."

"I know I ought to be happy, but I do not think I ever shall be with the gaze of two argus-eyed old maids continually on me."

"My dear, they are your sisters now, and very kind and considerate ones indeed you will find them to be. They may be old maids in point of age, but they surely are not in heart; they are the kindest and best of girls."

"But you must know, dear John, notwithstanding all your love for them, how much happier we should be here all alone, than to be encumbered as we shall be with them and your father. You know my young friends are very fashionable, and they will expect us to receive them in a style very different from that to which your sisters are accustomed."

"But minor points we must overlook. They are excellent housekeepers and will be of great service in many ways to both of us."

"But relations, my dear husband, make most troublesome servants. They expect no end of remuneration and no earnest beginning of toil."

"I am aware of that, but it will be policy for us to ignore these disagreeable facts until the settlement is certain; after that, we may make different arrangements."

On they went, down the flower-embroidered walk, and out of the gate into the easy family carriage that awaited them; but little did they dream that the conversation above narrated had entered the ears and opened the eyes of the hitherto blinded old father.

"Where are Margaret and Jane?" asked their father of the patient old housekeeper, whose heart ached with a dread of the fearful change that she felt was coming upon their once peaceful and happy home.

"Here is a letter, sir, I found upon Margaret's writing-table. I have not seen either of them since eight o'clock this morning."

Holding the folded letter in his hand, he ran about like a frightened child, calling "Margaret! Margaret! Jane! Jane!" Exhausted at length in his fruitless search, he sat down and read the following:

"DEAR FATHER:—We cannot witness the making of an instrument that is to render you dependent and to rob us. We love you and our brother, and under proper circumstances might learn to love his wife. We have served you both long and well, and have counted nothing a sacrifice that contributed to your benefit or pleasure; it has been a labor of love; but now to convert us into servants, 'who were to the manor born,' is the 'feather that breaks the camel's back.' Henry Evans and Charles White would doubtless make good husbands, but very unequal ones for *your* daughters; besides, Mr. Raynor, literary editor of the *M—— Tribune*, your old friend's gifted son, has offered his heart and hand to Jane, and has been accepted. She has been waiting to give you a double surprise. She is the author of all those home letters you have read with such delight each week for the last two years. Mr. Raynor's last visit was to obtain your consent to the marriage; but just the day before, you had made known to us your intention concerning your property, and she postponed the matter. To-morrow she receives her pay from the *Tribune* for last year's work. We shall rent a home in the city; I shall keep house and assist her in her literary labors, and some time we may forget the agony that has wrung our hearts of late. We shall soon have a home to which you will be welcome when you awaken to the fact that you are an incumbrance in your own house. After our last conversation, hope fled; I was in the dark. I left you and sought the vine-covered mound by the river, that our dear, dead mother used to call her closet of prayer; and there I

tried to bury *my* sorrow in prayer, but was interrupted by a scream of delight from Jane, who came running down the lane in search of me, to read me a letter she had just received from an old schoolmate in the city, inviting us to spend a month with her. We packed our trunks last night, and will be nearing the city as fast as the train can carry us before you discover our absence. It is hard to leave our dear old home, where I had thought to remain with you till you are called to join our sainted mother; but it is easier to do this than to endure worse things. Whenever *you* need me you must not forget that not one in the world is more willing to serve you than your own loving and faithful daughter,

"MARGARET."

The poor old hand that held the letter shook as if a palsy had seized it. The poor old eyes that read it grew blind with tears. It seemed to him as if the earth shook and the very sunbeams had turned to hail-stones. It had been an easy task for John to persuade him there would be no change in the old home by his monopoly. The girls had petted and cared for him as if he were a babe, since their mother's death, and he could imagine nothing that would take them from him for any length of time. In the sunshiny days of their mother's life it had been his custom to ask on entering the house, "Where's mother?" since her death his question had been, "Where's Margaret?" He was in the dark now. John was his eldest child and only son, nay more, his idol. But that overheard conversation had divested his idol of its godhood, and had let it down upon a plane where it rightfully belonged. He had long ago promised John his entire estate. He had never been known to break a promise or to change his mind about a matter when once he had settled upon it. But now to him the whole world seemed changed. He felt as if he had been snatched from the jaws of living death. Dependence would have been worse than death to him. One week had dragged itself slowly away, and the day for the settlement had come and gone, and below is a copy of the first letter Margaret received from her father.

"DEAR MARGARET:—I view with horror the fearful brink from which your pleading failed to win me. I now feel that I never before properly appreciated your and your sister's worth. Your mother was strong-minded and filled with progressive ideas at war with everything that in any way crippled the full exercise of every right and privilege that her justice-loving nature claimed for women. Her *principles* I called whims. I knew no better then. And when I saw that Jane and you had inherited all her notions, I thought to supplant them by what I have always named 'common sense.' But I find even that is a local term. It means one thing in this place and another in that. I overheard, the day you left us, a conversation between John and his wife that put a quietus upon my intended will. The day before your mother died she spoke of a division of the farm. It was on this wise: the two hundred acres of woodland on the south, she wanted Jane to have; the two hundred on the north, upon which still stands our first little cottage, she said must be John's. The two hundred between, with the old homestead, she desired I should keep for you and myself, Margaret, and if you will both come home at the end of your visit, your mother's will, *now mine*, shall be executed. Jane shall have hers for a bridal present; John shall have his to occupy at once; you shall have your portion with mine to occupy whenever and as long as you please. *It is my will.*

YOUR FATHER."

Never were two hearts happier than were Jane's and Margaret's when the above letter was received. An elegant bridal outfit was selected and bought, and the end of the month found them in their dear old home. And a more delightful evening was never enjoyed than when, a week later, surrounded by loving friends and a house-full of wedding guests, Jane Howell became the happy bride of Robert Raynor. But happier days awaited Margaret. A year went by, and on the evening of the anniversary of Jane's wedding, she was united in marriage with their village pastor, and a whole neighborhood of tried and true friends mingled their prayers and good wishes with the blessing of a proud and happy old father.

In The Greenwood.

(SEE PAGE 498.)

A CHARMING picture, delicate, graceful, and natural, is Mr. Beyschlag's beautiful painting, "In the Greenwood," an engraving of which we are happy to give our readers. Here we have a simple story, most exquisitely rendered. A young mother has gone forth with her little girl to enjoy the fragrance and beauty that dwells in the woods. The spring has brought its blossoms and its butterflies; the sunny glades are full of flowers; "the smiling verdure" decks the fields; and the balmy air brings rich draughts of joy. The little girl finds in her walk ample pleasure. She chases the butterflies as, winging their way through the air, they settle down on the flowers; she weaves bright garlands for her head; and fills her hands with the beautiful blossoms she is loth to leave in their grassy bed.

The sweet face of the young mother wears a thoughtful expression as she gazes down at her child. Memory carries her back to the time when she, too, gathered flowers in the greenwood, as happy as the little girl who bends so lovingly over her floral treasures. Her shallop has floated far away from the sunny shores of childhood; and though she is still young, she has known sorrow and tears. As she tenderly looks down at her child, so happy in its innocent pastime, she seems to say:

Who would not be a child again,
Sporting amid the flowers;
Gathering garlands for the hair
From all the perfumed bowers?

The light that dances on the trees,
The butterfly's bright wings,
The music of the silvery streams,
The early spring that brings

The breath of roses on the gale,
The song of birds in glee;
Filling the greenwood with sweet notes
Of wondrous melody—

Move the young heart to rapture wild,
Unmixed with grief or pain;
Ah, who that's traveled on in life
Would not go back again,

And stand where happy childhood stands,
Amid the radiant flowers,
Content with simple joys to fill
The quickly passing hours?

This tender and touching scene is admirably conceived and charmingly rendered. We can see in the sweet face of the mother her fond love for the child who is her pride and her solace. Even the dress of the little one shows the greatest care, the very apron being adorned by lace woven by the deft fingers of the mother who carries her bobbins at her side. Mr. Beyschlag has painted some beautiful pictures, but in none is the sentiment more tender than in this.

IN THE GREENWOOD.

The Story of Lessing.

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING, born January 22d, 1729, was the eldest son of the *pastor primarises* of the city of Kamenz. For more than one hundred and fifty years there had been in the Lessing family an unbroken line of clergymen, lawyers or burgomeisters, until the advent of the greatest of the name, who refused to become either of these.

Throughout generations it had been known as a family of littérateurs, in the best sense of that word; wise, learned, profound men. Ephraim's grandfather, in taking his university degree in 1670, delivered a Latin oration upon Tolerance in Religion, a treatise which is read and valued at this distant day.

His father was not only a profound theologian, well grounded in classical and oriental languages, but, what was rare in those times, thoroughly well versed in English and French, both language and literature. In this father Lessing had before him from his childhood the model of a pious, learned man, in no degree a zealot, though his whole soul was in his work as religious teacher, and a man of unflagging energy and self-sacrifice for the good of others. His means were scanty and his "olive branches" numerous, his family consisting of ten sons and two daughters; a care which not only weighed heavily upon him, but also upon the eldest son through his whole life.

How dearly Lessing loved his father we can see from the bitter sorrow the mature man felt upon his loss. "Let us," he wrote to his brother, "live as he lived, so that we may dare to die as suddenly as he did." And not only did Lessing love him as a man, but he was proud of him as a scholar. In writing to the celebrated Professor Michaelis, of Göttingen, about the translation of Tillotson's works, he says, "What praise would I heap upon him, were he not my father!"

Of Lessing's mother very little is known, except that she was daughter and grand-daughter of a pastor, and that her highest ambition was to see her sons follow in their ancestors' footsteps. The extinguishment of this hope for Ephraim was a painful disappointment and one from which she seemed never fully to recover. But that she was a careful mother and good wife we may judge from a letter written by Lessing to his sister, in which, speaking of his own wife he says, "In all things she is as just and tender with me as our mother always was towards our father."

Lessing's literary bias and taste for study early showed itself, as when his portrait was about to be painted in early childhood, and the artist desired to represent him in the style then the mode, with a pet animal, the child persistently refused. "No; paint me with a great pile of books, or not at all."

This picture, which was lost for a long time, was found not many years since, among a lot of rubbish in the attic of the Kamenz parsonage, and represents Ephraim in red coat, pants and stockings, with a large book in his lap and a number of others piled under and against his chair, while his second brother, Theophilus, stands by, feeding a snow-white lamb. It is curious to observe how singularly the child's face foreshadows the man's: high forehead, bright, wide-open eyes, broad nose, sensitive nostrils and smiling mouth.

When not quite thirteen years of age, Ephraim was sent to the Fürstenschule of Sanct Afra, Meissen. He entered June 21st, 1741, an anniversary which a hundred years later was celebrated with great show and pomp.

This school was one of the three so-called Princes' schools, established by Prince Moritz, of Saxony, from the funds of monasteries disendowed by his order. These institutions, in which many pupils were taught and clothed without cost, and others for a merely nominal sum, were for the especial study of the classics, and Protestant history and theology. An almost monastic simplicity of life and strictness of manners prevailed.

But subjection to severe rules is no hindrance to development of free thought, and the rigid surveillance he was under at Sanct Afra, did no injury to this freest of free thinkers. The intercourse with a hundred other youths, indiscriminately rich and poor, eating same food, studying same books, enjoying same pleasures and enduring the same discomforts, gave him that decided bent toward republicanism which never left him.

The first aim of these schools was to prepare pastors and theologians, and the great stress laid upon the study of ancient languages was because of their bearing upon the Holy Scriptures. Latin was of the chief importance in the curriculum, fifteen hours weekly being devoted to its study. Greek had four hours less, while mathematics, astronomy, and in the upper classes logic and ethics, were about evenly divided. Instruction in German, the language and literature, was quite overlooked, and indeed only tolerated, not encouraged, in extra hours.

Of these there were but few, for in addition to school work, twenty-five hours weekly were devoted to public worship and Bible exegesis. In after life Lessing often spoke of the school gratefully, and referred to its customs in one of his letters as follows: "The hours devoted to recitations were used to show us how and where to find mental nourishment. We knew nothing of those distractions which beset students in large and busy towns. We never troubled our minds over the frivolities of the great or small world; we talked more of Greece and Rome than of Saxony; spoke more Latin than French; prayed much, but canted not at all; and those among us who preferred study to prayer, studied without praying."

Lessing devoted much time to the reading of classical au-

thors not in the prescribed line of study, and conceived the plan of his "Junge Gelehrte," in Meissen, though it was not worked out till some years later.

The course of study laid down at Sanct Afra was supposed to occupy six years. But Lessing had finished it before his fifth year had expired, and he left June, 1746, with a parting essay in Latin upon the Mathematics of the Ancients.

After a brief visit to the Kamenz parsonage, Lessing went to Leipsic, entering the university on the same day upon which twenty years later Wolfgang Goethe matriculated as Teepsiger student. The change from the extreme quietude of Meissen to the bustling, miniature world of Leipsic, made a powerful impression upon him. It was a long time before he dared to leave his lodging and face this new and strange world of men and things. Comparing himself with those he saw about him he discovered that he was "uncouth in body, awkward in manners, a pedant both mentally and morally," and that though books would make him learned, they could never make a man of him. "These discoveries made me so ashamed of myself, that I took the fixed resolution to better myself, cost what it would. I learned to dance, to fence, and to vault, and it was not long, so rapid was my improvement, before I felt able to go into society and learn to live."

Almost the first acquaintance he made in Leipsic was Christlieb Mylius, a young author of great promise, who died early however, and who introduced him into a circle of dramatic authors and actors. First among the latter was Fredericke Reuber, who, although fifty years old, he says in his "Hamburger Dramatirgie," "was an actress such as Germany has never yet seen, as well as a woman of manly insight and full knowledge of her art."

That she also had a keen and quick perception of dramatic talent in others her conduct toward the youthful Lessing proves. At her suggestion he undertook to prepare "der Junge Gelehrte" for the stage. It met with a most favorable reception, though perhaps aided by a local incident which had just transpired. A young Leipsic pedant sent an essay in competition for a prize offered by the Berlin Academy of Science. Not only did he confide this fact to many of his friends and acquaintances, but so confident was he of success that he actually invited them to a banquet to be paid for with the prize money. While still surrounded by his feasting friends the news was brought, not only that his essay had failed in obtaining the prize, put that it was the poorest offered.

The news of Lessing's intimacy with play-writers and actors was carried to the distant parsonage, bringing dismay and grief with it. A severe letter of remonstrance was instantly dispatched; but how much greater was the parents' consternation to learn, shortly after, that not only had it failed in its effect, but that the Christmas-cake sent by the thoughtful mother had actually served as "pièce de résistance," in the feast given to celebrate the successful representation of his comedy. Could anything be more dreadful!

His mother wept bitter tears of shame and disappointment, but his father, resorting to what he thought under the circumstances a godly deceit, wrote, "Come home as soon as you receive this, if you would see your mother alive." Lessing understood the ruse, yet he went, reaching home half frozen, to be received, not with sharp words of reproof as had been intended, but, disarmed by his prompt obedience, with words of love and tender caresses.

He remained at home for several months, and his parents finding his pure and simple nature quite unspoiled, agreed to the inevitable, the abandonment of theology as a profession. Easter, 1747, he returned to Leipsic, but only for a time. The theatrical company with which he had identified himself failed, and as he, in his ignorance of business, had become security for some of the actors, these debts pressed so heavily upon him that, unable to meet them, he sought refuge in flight. He went to Wittemberg, intending to pursue his studies there, but his creditors followed him, and he went to Berlin, giving up all idea of finishing his university course.

He reached Berlin December, 1748, not quite twenty years old, without money, references or friends, except indeed Mylius, whose position was not very much better than his own. He gave him shelter, but in order to make an appearance respectable enough to give him hope of finding employment, he was compelled to ask his parents. They responded to his request, while begging him to quit Berlin. To this Lessing replied: "Go home I will not, neither to the university, because I cannot live upon my stipendium and pay my debts. If I leave here I will go to Hanover, Vienna or Hamburg. By and by, I shall find a place where a borther such as I am will be needed. But be sure of one thing, that wherever I go I will not be forgetful of all I owe you."

This manly letter was not without effect. They sent him more money, his books and manuscripts which he had left in Kamenz, and under-clothing, but anxious about his religious beliefs, they continued to write letters expressive of doubts and fears. To one of these he replied: "Time will prove which is the better Christian—he who goes regularly to church and makes constant use of the sacraments because he has been educated to it, or he who, having once doubted, has sought and found the truth for himself. The Christian religion is something which cannot be left by will to a man's children. Many people take it so, as a property to be inherited; but their conduct shows what sort of Christians they are. So long as I see how one of the first Christian commandments, to love one's enemy, is observed, so long must I doubt if many who call themselves Christians are truly such."

After some delay Lessing obtained employment which gave him great pleasure and some profit: it was the arrangement of the large library belonging to the proprietor of the "Bossischen Zeitung." In the winter of 1750 he wrote his father: "At last I can live comfortably, though what is comfort to me, might be deprivation to another." What good times there must have been in Berlin for striving men when, as Lessing wrote his mother, one could "get a good meal for fifteen pfennigs," less than five cents!

During this winter Lessing translated several volumes of Rollins' Roman History, Calderon's "Life a Dream," and began Cervantes' novels. He also started a quarterly periodical, in conjunction with Mylius, entitled "Theatrical Library," being a sort of encyclopedial journal about drama and the theater; and he wrote critical letters to the "Bossischen Zeitung," over books and art. The bread he earned by all this work was scanty, but he earned the real golden spurs of critical knighthood.

It was about this time that he wrote the first of his important dramas, "Miss Sara Sampson," intended as a protest against French dramas and as a true representation of middle-class family life. "Miss Sara Sampson" is now almost forgotten, and was never acted, but it was not only an era in the development of the poet himself, but also of German national literature.

Toward the close of 1760 Lessing went to Breslau, where he spent five years as secretary to the Governor of Silesia. While there he wrote "Minna Von Barnhelm," the first thoroughly German drama ever enacted on the German stage. The visitor to Breslau can see to-day the garden upon the Bürgerwerder where the poet sat in the early morning hours to write this play.

Tellheim, the hero of the play, is a major in the service of Frederick the Great, who has been falsely accused of dis-

honest dealings with the enemy (the scene is laid just after the Seven Years' War), and in consequence has fallen into poverty and military disgrace. He is betrothed to Minna Von Barnhelm, but refuses to fulfill his troth even when she urges him to it, for he will not drag her down to his level. She resorts to cunning, telling him she has been disinherited, and he, believing her to be in need, accedes to her request for the fulfillment of their engagement. Directly after he receives a full acknowledgment of his spotless honor from his king and commander, and so all ends well. Tellheim is the very ideal of an officer and nobleman to whom honor is above all things, even love. Goethe says that in this play Lessing has shown not only his intellect, but his large, warm, noble heart.

About 1765, the chief librarian of the royal library of Berlin died, and Lessing's friends hoped the position could be obtained for him. He went to the residence, and every effort was made in his behalf; but the king turned a deaf ear. Strange to say, never did Frederick, by word or line, acknowledge the genius of his greatest poet, and poor Lessing was forced to submit to the mortification of knowing a Frenchman, unknown to fame, had been brought from his own country to fill the coveted place.

It left a sharp sting in the soul of the great man, and from that hour he made no further efforts to establish himself in the royal city. After more than one hundred years have passed we can see among the figures of other great German writers and thinkers, standing at the base of Rauch's colossal statue of Frederick the Great, that of Lessing. It would have been better to have omitted it altogether, for it is a standing protest against the cruel injustice and cold-heartedness of the Prussian king.

This one word of apology, however, may be offered for him. He was born in a time when scholars in Germany spoke Latin and aristocrats French, German being the language of the common people. Voltaire triumphantly wrote to a friend in Paris, in 1750: "I am in Paris. They speak only our language here. German is only for soldiers and horses." This German of the common folk was the only German Frederick knew or spoke, and the time came when he regretted it, and tried to repair some of the injuries he had done.

The soil of Berlin now burnt the feet of Lessing, and it was just when he had pathetically written, "I stand in the market place, but no man will hire me," that he was called to Hamburg to be dramatic writer of a new theatre just being established. He went with joyful anticipations, but four weeks after the opening of the theatre he wrote to his brother, "I scarcely know what position I have. Great uncertainty and confusion reign everywhere, and nobody knows who is cook or who is waiter."

A few weeks more saw the enterprise given up, though Lessing continued for a time his *Hamburger Dramaturgie*, a theatrical review and critical journal. But his residence in Hamburg had its influence upon all his future life. It is rare to find a man who has lived to the age of forty without any love experiences, and Lessing was probably the only one among the princes of German literature.

When he first went to Hamburg he made the acquaintance of Herr König, a well-to-do silk manufacturer, who was also a lover of literature and art. He was a highly cultivated, finely endowed man, and his wife was worthy of him. This good man died suddenly in 1769, and it made a great change in Lessing's plans and hopes. The admiration he had felt for Eva König during her husband's lifetime ripened into passionate love, which speaks in every line of his correspondence with her, though not directly declared.

In the same year Lessing was offered the position of librarian to the great ducal library of Brunswick, at Wolfenbüttel. The salary was meagre and the place very lonely, but the desire to make a home for the woman he loved caused him to accept it. A formal betrothal, which in Germany is almost as sacred as a marriage, took place in 1771, but six long years of waiting were to pass before the full consummation of their hopes.

LESSING'S RESIDENCE WITH THE GREAT LIBRARY IN WOLFENBUTTEL.

After the death of her husband, Eva König found herself with four young children and an unsettled and complicated business. Bankruptcy and total loss of her own and her children's fortunes stared her in the face, and she felt it her duty to do all she could to save enough from the wreck to secure her little ones' future. To this precious years were given; and many a time did she mourn the fate which had drawn Lessing to her, while Lessing felt any cross could be borne, were it only with her.

But the six miserable years of waiting were over at last, and they were married October 8th, 1776, in the presence of a few intimate friends. During these years the poet had not been idle; many theological and critical fragments had been written, although "Emilia Golotti" was the only work fully completed. This is a very powerful and realistic tragedy, founded upon the old story of Virginia, though of course modernized. Emilia Golotti, the bride of Count Appiani, charms by her beauty Prince Guastalla, who seeks, by aid of his confidential servant, to obtain possession of her. On her marriage day the carriage which is conveying her and her betrothed to church, is fallen upon by robbers and Appiani is murdered. Emilia is conveyed to the prince's castle, who receives her with a show of sympathy. But she and her father see through the prince's plan, and her father, at her desire, stabs her to save her from a worse fate.

With the 8th of October a new life began for Lessing; surrounded by his step-children, whom he adopted into his heart as well as home, by the side of a loving wife, relieved for a time from pressing pecuniary cares, he called himself a happy man, "ein ordentlicher Hausvater."

Christmas day, 1777, his wife presented him with a son, to his inexpressible delight. But his joy was of brief duration, for in twenty-four hours the child was a corpse and the mother at death's door. A more touching letter has never been written than one Lessing sent during these troublous days: "I embrace this time, when my wife is unconscious, to thank you for your congratulations. My joy was short. I parted with him so unwillingly, this son! for he had so much intelligence, so much intelligence! Do you think these few hours of fatherhood have crazed me? *I know what I say.* Was it not intelligence to allow himself to be brought into this world only by force? Was it not intelligence which made him seize the first opportunity of leaving it? And he draws his mother after him, for there is small hope of keeping her. I had hoped for once to be as happy as other men, but it was not so to be."

The morning of January 12th he saw his happiness buried from him, and two days after he wrote: "If I could have sold one half the days left me in order to spend the other half with this woman, how gladly would I have done it. But I must go my way alone, and a good dose of literary and theological laudanum will help me through the time."

During the succeeding years of hopeless sorrow and loneliness his greatest of plays was written, "Nathan the Wise;" a drama founded on the doctrine of religious toleration. The chief characters are Saladin, a Christian templar, a Mussulman, and Nathan the Jew, who is a portrait of Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher. The lessons taught in this drama are worthy to be learned in these days of German and Russian persecution.

> Wenn Christen gar so gern vergessen konnten
> Das Unser Herr ja sebsts ein Jude war!

The essay on the Education of Mankind, written in favor of a free theology, was his swan's song. His troubles had undermined his physical system, and his courage and wish for a longer life were gone. In the winter of 1779–80 his health was such that he wrote, "I go from one illness into another, and though they are not dangerous, they rob me of strength and courage."

In the beginning of February he went to Brunswick on a visit, and the evening of the 3d, returning from a company, he had a slight seizure. Yet he refused to see a physician, and, after a very bad night, was only prevented by force from going to Wolfenbüttel.

During his illness, which lasted twelve days, he was quiet and calm, even merry at times. On the 15th of February he was apparently so much better that he dressed himself, and when, toward evening, some friends called to see him, he opened the door into the adjoining room, disclosing to their eyes, so says his step-daughter, a heartrending picture. His eyes glazed with death, cold sweat upon his face, he bowed silently, and, pressing his daughter's hand, sought to leave the room. But his feet refused their service, and he was carried to bed, where he died at nine o'clock.

His death was like an electric shock to his friends, but to the enemies of freedom of thought it was an occasion for open rejoicing. In Hamburg the censors of the press forbade any laudatory poem or obituary notice. Gleim wrote:

> Den einen Unsern Stoltz den haben wir veloren
> Ihn der der Nation beine Ausland Ruhue erwarb.
> Es werde Licht! spracht Gott, und Leibnitz ward geboren,
> Es werde Finsterniss! spracht Gott, und Lessing starb!

The poet died in such poverty that the Duke of Brunswick buried him at his own expense, but he did no more, not even erecting the simplest monument to the greatest of German thinkers. When, not many years ago, it was wished to place a suitable monument over his grave, it was only after long and patient effort that a sunken headstone, overgrown with moss and lichens, was found bearing the one word, "Lessing." A splendid Deukmal was erected over his grave, and a statue was placed near the library at Wolfenbüttel. But it should be graven with iron tools in the annals of German literary history, that of the thirty-four German princes who were asked to assist, thirty either replied evasively or not at all, and only four—the princes of Detmold, Schaumburg-Lippe, Leichtenstein, and the Grand-duke of Baden—showed by their words and contributions that they were capable of appreciating the honor of having had such a man with such a mind born on German soil. L. P. L.

What Life is to Women.

BY JENNY JUNE.

THE lives of women have never yet been written. The life of an individual woman has occasionally been put in black and white upon the printed page, but it was when rare gifts, or unusual circumstances brought her into relation with the world at large—the woman in the abstract has been dumb, voiceless, because her life has been absorbed in other lives—because she has looked at the world, and even at herself, through eyes that were not her own, and believed the impressions that these conveyed to her. Life, therefore, to the majority of women, has been the mere reflex of their relations with men. Thus the poet says: "Love is of man's life, a thing apart—'tis woman's whole existence." Why is it woman's whole existence? only because her life has been absorbed in that of men—first as the subject of her father—second of her brother—third of her husband—fourth of whomsoever he might choose to delegate her interests to in the event of death or absence.

It is easy to see, if love is or was the whole existence of women, how starved they must have been for need of it; for "love" meant in the poet's mind, not the love of women for women, or for anything in the world but men; and as all women are not loved by men, and women are only considered lovable in that restricted sense, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, it would be much better if life for them ceased when the age to charm has passed, and never existed for those women to whom the gift of inspiring love in the opposite sex has been denied.

But why has life been so chary of her bounty to one sex, so prodigal to another? Both are equally helpless when they open their eyes upon the world. Both are equally endowed with hands, feet, eyes, taste, smell, and power to distinguish between good and evil. For both the earth, air, water, and sky exist, and the amount of pleasure, of personal enjoyment to be gotten out of all these natural objects and circumstances, is largely a matter of the cultivation of individual taste and faculty, and not of sex. The possibilities in the case are certainly as great for women as for men. Why then are there so many women isolated and objectless? Why are there so many who are afraid of this, or that, or the other, whose little wall of prejudice shuts them in as in a prison, and will not let them see light, or love, or any good thing on the other side?

Perhaps it has been a natural result of a darkened and monotonous mode of existence, this childish timidity and prejudice that characterizes so many women; but is it necessary? is it an outgrowth of conditions, or an element of character? This is the question which it is important for women to ask, and answer, if life is hereafter to mean for them any more than it has heretofore?

Up to a very recent period, women as women, have not been known—least of all to each other. They looked at each other unconsciously, through the lens of men, and they believed such things of each other as they were told were true. They had no life, no love, no friendship except through men, and very naturally their one desire was to link themselves with a man, and through him reach the entrance to the outer world—obtain a glimpse of the glories that lay beyond. Life, free life, existed not for them—they knew not what it was—each one interested herself in her small routine, and few had a thought beyond it—for, as a recent writer expresses it: women in youth are repressed, in middle-age they are oppressed, in old age they are suppressed.

Of each other, they were naturally jealous; for their business being to please men, they only encountered each other as rivals and enemies, and they firmly believed what the tongues and written words of men told them, that women were false, and treacherous to each other—that they were incapable of true friendship, and that no joy could come to them in life, but through men, and as men granted it of their grace and goodness.

But in a fortunate hour some women inquired of each other if these things were so, and determined to test the question of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and find out if these did not, and could not be made to exist for women as well as men. Women give life to men; why then should they only receive life, and its treasures of love and companionship, of friendship and kindred association, as a boon from them?

The question was deeply felt, and it received its answer. It is proved that women can live, can love, can work together—that in short they possess within themselves all the springs of a life as active, as far-reaching, as true, and as divine as any that has ever been experienced by men. The question, a serious question of to-day, is—what is this life which we have discovered, to us? How far do we understand its grand, its beautiful meaning. Life is a great joy, and a great mystery. It is light, it is warmth, it is color, it is activity, it is all there is of doing, all there is of loving, and it is lent to us for a little while. We know what the opposite of life is—death—coldness, hardness, darkness, insensibility, inactivity, stagnation, putrefaction. Is not this beautiful life worth cultivating for its own sake? and how can we get the best out of it; how reach its deepest, how reach its truth, and put it into our lives?

There are only two ways—doing and loving; and for women the gospel has been, and is, to love men and work for them—leaving those who have not men to love and work for—alone, isolated, abroad on an open sea, without companionship, without haven, without sympathy. There is no doubt that it is a good thing for men and women to live and love and marry, and lay the foundation of good government in happy homes; but life is good of itself, and the woman's horizon is not, and ought not to be bounded by marriage. Her capacities for loving and enjoying exist just the same, whether she has a husband or not; and there are springs in life which domestic routine, though willingly accepted and joyfully performed, may fail to satisfy.

For those women who do not marry, life has still a storehouse of treasures, which need only to be believed in and worked for to be given up as fully and freely as to men. It is something for women to be no longer debarred from doing; it is something for women to be no longer debarred from loving. It is much to have learned that women can not only feel love, but inspire love for each other; that women may be loved loyally and truly by women; that they can cultivate a sense of duty and obligation toward each other as well as toward men, and live happy lives together unmixed by anxieties, unmarred by jealousies and unfaithfulness.

Do not smile cynically at this assertion—that is the last remnant of the old tradition that women could not love or be true to each other. Doubtless there are women who could not, just as there are men who could not. There are men and women incapable of love, incapable of any active, noble sentiment or truthful emotion; and there are others who have built a wall of prejudice around their hearts and minds which bars them from the goodness, and light, and joy in the world—but it exists all the same. Love is a necessity of life, and to die to it is very hard and pitiful, especially to die to it young. We have to die to many things before we are finally laid away forever, but love is one of the last joys to which we cling; and for those women who have not the love of husband or child, the new dispensation—the gospel of the true love, the faithful friendship, the steadfast loyalty of women for women—is not only full of comfort; it opens up a whole arcana of pleasant possibilities. We have all heard of the ladies of Llangollen, and the friendship and happy life together of these two women has been considered an exceptional case, a marvel and a mystery. Yet there are hundreds of such cases to-day. There are two women living not a mile from where I write, whose lives together have flowed on in a calm and beautiful current for twenty years, and who declare that existence has been the realization of an ideal life, one unmarred by even a thought of difference.

At this moment there is a woman, a teacher, perhaps thirty years of age, who is watching night and day by the bedside of a woman friend, also a teacher, with whom she has lived in constant association for the past ten years. One is American, the other German; both are orphans, with few relatives, and though refined and well educated, dependent upon their own efforts for support. What do you suppose the love of the devoted friend is to the husbandless, childless, comparatively young woman, who is dying of consumption, and, excepting for her friend, would die alone, in some solitary room

of a boarding house? As it is, they have lived a lovely life, they have done their work faithfully, and they have had their own home in a small, pretty apartment, surrounded by their books, and their pictures, and their music; and it is the fear of losing all that has made life so precious, that breaks the heart of the living as she sits by the side of the one who will soon be with the dead.

Do we not constantly realize how much more precious intercourse with each other becomes as it grows more intimate and unreserved? How closely we are drawn together by the circumstances of life, by the incidents of death; how often a little misjudgment from partial knowledge occurs, that time and patience sets right.

Life is not life when it is narrow—when it is hedged in by a wall of doubts, and fears, and perplexities, and prejudices—and only we ourselves can free ourselves from our thraldom in these respects. Nor need we wait for the opportunity to do some great thing. Life and love are just as active in the seed at our feet, as in the star above our heads. Let us do more, and love more, just where we are—just the friends that we know and meet every day—we shall find as rich a reward in it as if we went over yonder. For the seeds of life—of all good work—of all noble action—are as much here as elsewhere, and only need the effort we should make somewhere else to call what we hope and wish for into existence.

We glorify the past, we recall great names, we think *our* present destitute of all inspiration—of all encouragement to find the better thing, the nobler life. But so have all men and women thought who have lived before us, who have had high ideals, who have desired to leave something better in this world than they found in it.

But those who accomplish their object keep their eyes steadily fixed on it. Those who wish to cultivate ground, especially upon new soil, are not discouraged by the first stone, or the many stones they find to obstruct their progress. They rely upon the eternal principles which declare that cultivation, patient and persistent, will bring forth fruit. And this is true of the heart and the mind, no less than the ground—the soil of the earth upon which we live—and oh, how good and sweet the reward is!

Here in our own midst, wherever that may be, is as fair a spot to cultivate as round the corner, or across the way. Let us cultivate it conscientiously; let us look at its best side; let us put into it the work, the love, the patience, the forbearance, the tenderness toward each other that we all feel we need, that we shall some time look back and wish we had exercised when we had the opportunity. Life is not easy; on the contrary, it is often pitilessly cruel to those who love it most. Like the great bronze bell in the temple of Buddha, it cannot be moved; it is dark, fixed, stern, and implacable. But face it boldly, strike it strongly, and the sounds are deep and of wondrous sweetness; their echoes are carried afar off on every breeze, and are signals to weak and isolated souls of hope, faith, patience, and eternal love.

When we have once learned to live, we shall have learned the true secret of immortality; for it is life that is eternal, not death. We shall see many who are old in years young in thought and feeling, because in sympathy with the sweet, fresh springs of never-ending life and duty. We shall see those who are young prematurely aged, and worn to a thin and soulless, heartless cynicism, by having exhausted life on its surface merely, by being content to sit and complain of its shortcomings, without expending the love and the labor that bring reward—the toil that must have preceded triumph.

Let me enrich this poor page with the following most beautiful verses by Julia C. R. Dorr.

WEAVING THE WEB.

"This morn I will weave my web," she said,
As she stood by her loom in the rosy light,
And her young eyes, hopefully glad and clear,
Followed afar the swallow's flight.
"As soon as the day's first tasks are done,
While yet I am fresh and strong," said she,
"I will hasten to weave the beautiful web
Whose pattern is known to none but me!

"I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair,
And ah! how the colors will glow!" she said;
"So fadeless and strong will I weave my web
That perhaps it will live after I am dead."
But the morning hours sped on apace,
The air grew sweet with the breath of June;
And young Love hid by the waiting loom,
Tangling the threads as he hummed a tune.

"Ah! life is so rich and full," she cried,
"And morn is short, though the days are long!
This noon I will weave my beautiful web,
I will weave it carefully, fine and strong."
But the sun rode high in the cloudless sky;
The burden and heat of the day she bore;
And hither and thither she came and went,
While the loom stood still as it stood before.

"Ah! life is too busy at noon," she said;
"My web must wait till the eventide,
Till the common work of the day is done,
And my heart grows calm in the silence wide!"
So, one by one, the hours passed on,
Till the creeping shadows had longer grown;
Till the house was still and the breezes slept,
And the singing birds to their nests had flown.

"And now I will weave my web," she said,
As she turned to her loom ere set of sun,
And laid her hand on the shining threads
To set them in order, one by one.
But hand was tired, and heart was weak;
"I am not as strong as I was," sighed she,
"And the pattern is blurred, and the colors rare
Are not so bright, or so fair to see!

"I must wait, I think, till another morn;
I must go to my rest with my work undone.
It is growing too dark to weave!" she cried,
As lower and lower sank the sun.
She dropped the shuttle: the loom stood still;
The weaver slept in the twilight gray.
Dear heart! Will she weave her beautiful web
In the golden light of a longer day?

We are always weaving a web, whether we know it or not; and it rests partly with ourselves whether it be fine and strong, of a pattern worthy of preservation, in the woof of which the golden threads may shine; or coarse and flimsy, unfit for any use, tangled and unfinished, even in its poverty of workmanship. To sum up all, life is doing what is worthy to be done; life is loving what is worthy to be loved.

A Country Wedding.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"YOU have promised," says Miss Bently, "to tell us something about weddings."

"Do you wish me to speak in a prophetic spirit?"

"No, indeed," says the young lady promptly; "for I don't mean individual occasions, only weddings in general."

"I really wish you would give us some hints on the subject," says another of the girls; "for we are lamentably ignorant of polite usages up here."

"That's true," agrees Miss Nolan, "and if you look in books of etiquette for directions about entertainments of any kind there's such a glitter of glass and clashing of silver, as you might say, and so many impossible requirements, that persons who live in the country can't get much help or information."

"I think, myself," I say, "that writers upon social observances write for those who are already practiced in the matter."

"Yes; and their directions seem to be meant for wealthy people, who have only to give orders to butlers, professed cooks and caterers. There is hardly ever a word for folks who have insufficient help in the house, and live where there is not even a baker's shop." And Miss Miller, the young lady who makes this remark, puts on rather a plaintive expression, as if a life remote from caterers and confectioners was necessarily one of privation.

"There are certain inconveniences about entertaining in the country," say I, "but there is some compensation in the fact that less is expected. City people who go out much, grow critical, and are not easy to satisfy. Country guests wish to enjoy themselves, and so are easy to please. They are not worn out and sick of company. On the contrary, festive opportunities are so rare that they embrace them eagerly, with a sort of gratitude to their entertainer, and are good-naturedly disposed to make the best of everything."

"Yes," admits Miss Bently, "I do honestly think that country people are the easiest to entertain. But what were you going to tell us about weddings?"

"I think," say I, "it is a seasonable time to tell you of a June wedding I attended last year in Ohio. I was not an invited guest; but the cousin I was visiting urged me so strongly to go with her that I went, and, as I need not tell any one who has been in that hospitable State, was most cordially received. The bride, with her mother and a brother a little less than twenty, lived in a pretty cottage, so tiny that it would have hardly been too large for the celebrated wedding of Cock Robin and Jennie Wren. The nearest neighbors were almost a mile away, and the one nondescript store the township boasted was fully five miles off. So you see facilities for extraneous assistance were but few. What most excited my surprise as we arrived, after our twelve miles' drive, was the size of the house. Where could they put the people? was the anxious question I asked of my cousin. She took a sweeping survey of the cloudless sky, and told me cheerfully there was room for all Ohio. We were by preconcerted arrangement the first arrivals, and while my cousin went in to assist the bride in dressing, I, to keep from being in the way, shut myself into a pretty little apartment which was shown me as the ladies' dressing room. From the window, which overlooked the river, I could see a canvas awning stretched from tree to tree over a long table covered with a white cloth, and evidently prepared for a collation. My anxiety about accommodation for a multitude was relieved at the sight. Truly, there was room enough; for the enclosure in which the little house was built was large enough to be called a park in a crowded Eastern State."

"Before very long," I continued, "more of the privileged few invited to the ceremony came, and later we all went down stairs and filled the lower rooms, while a portion of the company saw, and all heard the short ceremony which united the couple. Those nearest offered their congratulations, but very soon the bridal party stepped out upon the wide verandah, which, being without railing and nearly even with the ground, made a sort of dais, where the guests as they arrived were received and welcomed. Just as if in a parlor, the visitors were presented by young men who acted as ushers, and then passed on to join the groups scattered about under the trees. Small tables and improvised rustic chairs were dotted about, and many of the guests took their refreshments in small parties at these little tables. I, by especial invitation of the hostess, went to the long table under the awning, where the bride was served. I suppose the table was a temporary structure of rough boards; but white table-cloths concealed its roughness, and the wealth of roses with which it was decorated diverted the eye from its very plain appointments. There was no fine china, no cut glass, and, excepting some of the spoons, no solid silver; but nothing could have been more charming than the repast and the way it was arranged."

"Do tell us what the refreshments were?" asks Miss Miller. "I should think there could be nothing extra in a place so far from civilization."

"'Far from the madding crowd,' certainly," I answer, "but certainly not removed from civilization, for most of the company were entertaining and well educated people, who carried their own civilization with them. The bride herself was a very refined and cultivated young lady, who had spent two winters in Washington with a cousin of her mother's, who was a senator. It was there she made the acquaintance of her husband, who seemed quite devoted to his bride, and told me with evident pride that she made her own wedding-cake. Cakes, I should have said, for there were three on the table, each beautifully iced and encircled by pink roses. There were two large bowls of berries upon the table, which were, I learned afterward, new wooden bowls, upon which large forest leaves had been lightly pasted, one above the other, to conceal the wood; but the effect was very pretty—they looked like great green buds, with a center of glowing, piled-up berries. There were large, flat dishes of chicken salad, and plates of undressed lettuce, which is always decorative; dishes of sliced ham and tongue, decorated with sliced lemon and a sort of cress, and trays of delicious biscuit, spread with golden butter. There was also a great variety of cake, and some peerless home-made ice-cream, which was creamy in nature as well as in name. There was not much attempt at style; no menu cards, no favors, and no waiters, but everything was delicious, and every one seemed to enjoy what was provided. Many of the guests had driven from ten to twenty miles, and perhaps more, and were undoubtedly possessed of appreciative appetites. But there was enough for all, and all the dishes were constantly being replenished from a little temporary wooden building, which served as larder, and from which supplies were sent to the small tables where other feasters were occupied."

"What was there to drink at this breakfast, or lunch, or whatever you would call it?" asks Miss Nolan.

"It might have been called a wedding-breakfast in more sophisticated regions," I say, "for it took place at twelve o'clock P. M.; but when the bride led us out to partake of it, she simply said to some who were near her, 'Come out on the lawn and take some refreshments.' She evidently gave the banquet no name, but I suppose it would be proper to call it a collation—that is a very safe and appropriate word. The entertainers, like many Western country people, were strong in their teetotal principles, so our drinks were iced coffee, lemonade, and ice water, and an unlimited supply of the kind of milk that city folks blindly purchase for cream.

"After the collation, two darky fiddlers appeared on the scene, and two or three quadrilles were formed, the bride and groom leading one. Those who did not choose to dance played croquet or sat under the trees and talked. Soon the bride disappeared, returning after a while in traveling costume to receive the farewells of her friends. She and her

husband were driven off to take the steamboat at its next stopping place. Their departure did not break up the party, for the bridesmaids and ushers exerted themselves with great success to entertain everybody, and the dancing was kept up till after four P.M. It was time, then, for people whose homes were so far distant, to say farewell. My party was among the first to leave, but we left a busy scene of preparation, for the horses which brought the visitors had been unharnessed and tied in the shade, and as their owners waited on themselves and reharnessed their horses all at about the same time, there was quite a commotion."

"What did the bride wear?" asks one of the girls.

"A pretty white satin dress, that she had cut herself from a paper pattern. It fitted exquisitely, and was most stylishly made and trimmed. She wore a veil, too, and the bouquets on her dress were of lovely natural half-blown roses."

"You spoke of 'menus' and 'dinner favors,'" says a young girl, who has been listening quite attentively; "now I know a menu is a card with a list of the dishes on it—a bill of fare, as I used to hear it called—but I don't know what a dinner favor is."

"It is a gift laid at the plate of each guest at lunch or dinner. Sometimes it is simply a bouquet or a basket of flowers, and sometimes it is a fanciful trinket of more or less value."

"Is it true that colored dinner as well as dessert cloths are fashionable?" asks Miss Bently.

"Yes; pink, écru, or pale blue damask cloths, with netted fringe borders, and napkins to match, are very much liked. But fine white cloths are always in good taste, and I do not think there is any fear of their going out of fashion. I should have told you of a style of decoration at the wedding I have been describing, which I think you might like to copy. Plates were filled with fresh moss and fringed with small ferns, and short-stemmed flowers were stuck into the moss. It is no longer as stylish to have tall center pieces, as platter decorations, and crosses, half-circles, and stars, in glass or tin, are used to arrange cut flowers in. A few small bouquets are allowed to stand upon the table in slender flower-holders, but the large flower and fruit epergnes, which conceal people from their opposite neighbors, are unpopular even in the country, and are quite out of date in fashionable circles in cities.

A Church and Stage Guild.

SOMEWHAT less than three years ago, in 1879, a society was formed in London, known as the "Church and Stage Guild," the object of which was to vindicate the right of church men and women to attend theaters and other places of amusement, and develop the sympathies which frequently exist, and which ought to be cultivated between the church and the stage. One of the founders of this movement was a young American lady, an author, an actress, and a Christian believer, who felt the strongest and most conscientious desire to moralize the gifts bestowed upon her, and felt severely the injustice and unwisdom, as well as the un-Christian nature of the entirely ignorant ban put upon the drama by a large part of the religious world. This lady, Mrs. Elia Clymer Dietz, is the author of a volume of poems, which received very high encomiums from such authorities as the London *Atheneum*, *Examiner*, *Public Opinion*, and the like; is not only an actress herself but the sister of Miss Linda Dietz, of the Union Square Theatre in New York, and the Haymarket and Court Theatre in London, while her mother, Mrs. Dr. Hallock, was well-known as the teacher and founder of the first Kindergarten school in New York city. Mrs. Dietz, therefore, or "Ella Dietz," as she is best known in connection with the stage and reading platform, is a lady of broad culture and much experience; and the announcement recently that she would give a paper at the College of Oratory, on the subject of the Church and Stage Guild, drew a refined and intelligent audience, among which were several clergymen; one of whom, Rev. Edward Flagg, expressed his strong sympathy with the effort to establish a New York branch of the London Society, and his desire to aid it in every way. The argument is, that the desire for amusements exists, and must be accepted. It is useless to fight what has been implanted in the human organization; the only way is to moralize the methods of gratifying human desires, and direct them for good instead of evil. If forcibly repressed, they not only stunt the best growth and development, but break out in evil forms, as very frequently has happened—the fact giving rise to a proverb in regard to the wicked children of good parents, by which is understood church-going parents, or parents whose conscientious convictions have led than to place a rigid barrier between almost all ordinary forms of amusement and their children; and whose restrictions, instead of resulting in the development of an exceptionally perfect class of human beings, result so often in deceit, hypocrisy, violent cravings for any form of excitement and indulgence, which leads to ruin, when the opportunity is afforded.

It is said, too, that the restriction upon this subject in church societies fosters deception among the clergy, who are cut off from innocent associations, from necessary study of fine examples of dramatic and poetic expression, and forced, if they would keep pace with the growth about them, to seek the means surreptitiously. The popular preacher must be master of much of the art of the actor, and he must seek very much the same school in which to acquire it. And why should he not? If all gifts are from God, the reading of an eloquent poem is as religious as the reading of an eloquent sermon, for the sermon is not unfrequently inspired by the poem. But, most important consideration of all, the young are peculiarly susceptible to dramatic impressions, and are and must be attracted by them. Thousands will listen to a lesson taught by a play who would chafe at it under the guise of a sermon, and the church, therefore, in building up a wall of separation, shuts itself out from sympathy with a great part of the human race. It is easy for the church to say, the sinners must come to us, we cannot go to the sinners; but that is a contradiction in terms, and not Christian doctrine. Christ came into the world to save it, he did not wait for the world to go to him. Had he done so there would have been no necessity for his work of atonement, for the inclination to do a thing presupposes a taste in that direction, which may need encouragement, but does not require sacrifice.

It is argued, too, that the Church and its followers do itself and them a great wrong in withdrawing their influence from the stage and its associations, and affixing a stigma to a profession which has so many worthy members, and has sustained and perfected its growth most wonderfully, considering the prejudice against it. The work of the Guild abroad has been to encourage and strengthen that which is pure and true in Dramatic Art, and to bridge over the "unkind breach" which has fallen between followers of that art and professing Christians. The present movement looks toward the creation of a branch of the Church and Stage Guild in every city in this country, and the establishment of Shakespearian schools and theaters, where the splendid poetry of the immortal bard shall not depend on traveling companies for its interpretation.

What Women are Doing.

Lady Harberton is the inventor of the divided dress. It is said to be "just the thing" for lady tricyclists.

Mrs. Ella Clymer Dietz read a paper, recently, in New York, on the "Church and Stage Guild," which she was chiefly instrumental in forming, in London.

The Water Colors of Madame de L' Auviniere, in the French Academy, are said to be delicately, faultlessly fine. She is English, and has studied chiefly under English masters during her girlhood, which is not very far away.

A Louisville Belle gave a knitting party, recently, at which no guest was permitted to begin a piece of work that they could not finish. The articles were very pretty, and were sold to pay the rent of a sick widow.

The Empress of Germany is among the contributors of books to the New York State Charities Aid Association, her present having been a collection of reports concerning volunteer relief work during the Franco-German war.

Miss Genevieve Ward is an artist in more senses than one. She exhibits in the art rooms of the Women's Coöperative Association a fine cast of a Harvard student, Mr. Angelo Wygatt, the work of her own hands.

A French Artist—Mlle. Abbéma has painted four well-known actresses as the four seasons—Baretta personifies spring; Reichemberg, winter; Jeanne Samary, summer; and Sarah Bernhardt, Autumn.

Music.—Madame Augusta Holmés, the author of three symphonies which have obtained a great success, has been named member of the jury of musical competition at Paris. This is an unusual honor to be paid to a woman.

The Academy of Fine Arts has transmitted to the council of state a donation of 48,000 francs from M. Ardoin, the interest of which will be given every year to young girls who are devoting themselves to art, and whose means are insufficient.

Education in India.—In the recent matriculation examination of the Calcutta University, six Bengali ladies were among the successful candidates.

Nothing Mediocre.—The *Gazette des Femmes* says that in the Art *Salon* at Nice there is not a single mediocre picture or statue by women artists, and the majority are very good.

"Foster & Foster" is the firm name of Mr. and Mrs. Foster, who have practiced law together in Clinton, Iowa, for the past seven years.

The "Bread Reform League" is an association which was organized in London by Miss Yates, a young lady universally admired for her highly intellectual acquirements. The society was formed to prove the advantages of whole meal bread prepared in a digestible form.

A Daughter of the late President Johnson manages a farm near Albany, Texas, with such economy and success that a prosperous future is already insured the President's two grandchildren.

The Princess Louise will contribute some of her own work to the approaching exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy in Montreal, which promises to surpass all former ones, both in the number and excellence of the paintings.

Mrs. M. Nimmo Moran, who, with ten other Americans, was elected a member of the English Society of Painter-Etchers, would not have had that distinction had it been known she was a woman, but they will not turn her out.

Mrs. Frances Grant, residing at Rock Ferry, near Liverpool, England, has placed the sum of $500,000 in the hands of trustees, directing that the interest accruing therefrom be paid to the deserving poor, without regard to class or creed.

Miss Kate Shelly, the young girl who saved a Chicago and Northwestern express train from wreck by a wash-out, one night last summer, at the cost of considerable suffering and the risk of her own life, has been voted a gold medal by the Iowa Legislature.

Madame Carla Serena, the noted traveler, is a small, delicate woman, with dark hair and brilliant black eyes. Her figure is erect and her step quick and light. She speaks several languages, and lectures eloquently upon subjects suggested by her journeys in the East.

Miss Dora Abbott, an Ohio girl who represents American art in Florence, has just finished a remarkable figure of a man who represents "The Stone Age." The splendid drawing and anatomy is said to have won the hearty admiration of artists, and, put into marble, will gain for her imperishable renown.

Hygienic Commission.—The Minister of Public Instruction has created a Commission of Hygiene for Schools. Several ladies have been appointed to form part of it, viz.: Madame Delabrousse, General Secretary of the Frobel Society; Madame Dillon, Chief Inspectress of the *Ecoles Maternelles;* Madame Ferrard, Directress of the Normal School of the Seine for Teachers; Mesdames Fleury, De Friedberg, Girard, Millard, and lastly, Madame Toussaint, Secretary-General of the Association for the Professional Instruction of Women.—*Droit des Femmes.*

Of "Memorable Women," it is said they have been hard students of hard studies, and hard workers in whatever fields they entered. In the eighteenth century, one young girl, working assiduously and alone over dead bodies in her attic, perfected the common manikin, and was the first to explain by the aid of prepared wax the hidden mysteries of the human frame; and another girl supplied from her own observations the suggestions which made the fame of John Hunter; and a woman taught that century in England all that it knew of obstetrical science; a woman also made the first medical botany. Do not suppose, therefore, that women are beginning to work in such fields for the first time to-day.

Hospitals.—The *Annuaire Statistique,* of the town of Paris, lately published, records the fact that a majority of the hospitals and asylums existing in Paris have been founded by women:

"Anne of Austria founded the Hospital Sainte Anne.

"Marguerite Rouille, wife of Le Bret, founded Les Incurables in 1632.

"Maria de Medicis created La Charité in 1605.

"Angelique Faure, widow of Claude Bullion, Superintendent of Finance, founded Les Convalescents in 1631.

"Madame La Rochefoucauld, in 1781, established the Maison Royal de Santé, now the Rochefoucauld Asylum.

"Madame Necker, 1779, founded the Necker Hospital. And there are many others. The charity of women in England has been continually noted. Unfortunately, too frequently, their own sex has been the last to profit by it."

A Brave Woman.—The *Débats* thus describes a brave *cantinière,* Annette Drevon. There is to be seen every morning at the Halles, where she sells vegetables, a woman about 55 years of age, with her hair still black, and her countenance unwrinkled and full of courage and energy. This is Annette Drevon, ex-*cantinière* of the 32d Regiment of the line and the 2d Zouaves, who has followed our regiments in Africa, the Crimea, Italy, and on the banks of the Rhine. Annette Drevon is decorated with the cross. At the taking of Magenta, two Austrian soldiers seized the flag of the 2d Zouaves. She threw herself upon them, killed one, wounded the other twice with a revolver, and returned triumphantly waving her flag. This was not the only time that Annette Drevon showed her bravery. During the Franco-German war she was one of the *cantinières* of the 32d Regiment. One day, after the armistice, she was grossly insulted on the high road, near Thionville, by a Bavarian soldier. She shot him dead with her revolver. Arrested immediately, she was condemned to death by a council of war then sitting at Metz. On the day fixed for her execution, chance brought Prince Frederick Charles to Metz. Hearing that a woman was to be shot, he inquired into the details of the case, delayed her sentence, and four days later she received her free pardon, and was sent back to France. In 1874 she was granted a little pension by MacMahon.

The Ladies' University at St. Petersburg has a physical laboratory with 130 students, a chemical laboratory with 60 students, and a physiological laboratory with 100 students. The botanical cabinet has twenty microscopes, and the treasury contained, on January 1st, 29.100 roubles. The whole institution is maintained by private contributions and by entrance fees of $25 per year, the Ministry of Public Instruction allowing only $1,500 per year. The lectures are delivered by professors of the St. Petersburg University, and since last year the programme has been rendered quite equal to that of the male university. A special mathematical faculty was recently opened. The number of students at this Free Ladies' University is 980 and 42 assistants.

CURRENT TOPICS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS OF THE DAY.

INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR POINT OF VIEW.

Popular Bandits.

How curiously inconsistent is human nature! If there is one crime which more than another inspires fear and disturbs the peace of the community, it is that of open robbery with its accompaniment of occasional murder. Yet, in every age and in all climes, the robber outlaw has been an object of interest, if not of admiration. The novel and the drama would lose many picturesque and popular heroes were highwaymen and leaders of gangs of open plunderers put in the category where they belong, of criminals who are the foes of all organized society. The popular ballads of England celebrate the virtues of Robin Hood, and one of the popular operas recently played in New York is based upon the doings of a handsome robber and murderer, one Claude Duval, who flourished in the time of Charles II. But we need not go back to ancient history to meet cases of appreciation of the red-handed highwayman. Jesse James, one of the most daring and successful robbers ever known, was recently killed by a man named Ford, one of his own gang, who did the murder to get the reward of $10,000 offered by Governor Crittenden of Missouri. James and his brother have for years been the head of an organization of desperate robbers. Their exploits were really marvelous, and that they should have lived so long in a civilized community without being brought to justice, is incomprehensible. The funeral showed how strong a hold the exploits of this robber had taken on the imagination of the people of the country in which he lived. Thousands of friends and mourners were present at the obsequies, respectable citizens officiated as pall-bearers, even the sheriff and one of his assistants acted in that capacity. The man was not without his good traits; he would murder and rob without compunction, but he was true to his kindred, he loved his wife and children, and held his mother in honor. No doubt the time will come when this Missouri highwayman will figure in novels and will take his place among the Rob Roys and Captain Macheaths of the melodrama. Jesse James was a murderous ruffian, but he had courage, address, skill, and the kind of faculty which would have made him an admirable partisan in war times. Indeed he developed his talent for desperate enterprises at the head of a band of Confederate freebooters during the war.

Died Together.

It is not uncommon for elderly wives to die soon after their husbands have passed away, and thousands of cases are upon record of members of one family following each other into the dark ocean of eternity. Phœbe Cary lived but a few months after her sister, Alice Cary, had passed away, and it will be remembered that Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, opposite in politics, died on the same Fourth of July. But the most curious case recorded is that of three sisters who expired recently in Philadelphia within thirty minutes of each other. Their names were Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Winsmore and Mrs. Smith. The youngest was fifty-two and the eldest fifty-eight years of age. The two sisters were attendants upon the first one attacked, and they died almost immediately after she was deceased. Poison was suspected, but none was found, and it would seem that it was a nervous shock which prostrated the two remaining sisters at the sudden death of the one who was first called away. Death under such circumstances is peculiarly impressive, and appeals vividly to the imagination. But after all, there are worse things than death in this world.

A Queen on a Pleasure Trip.

How pleasant it must be to be a queen! At their demand is all that is delightful and most enjoyable in this world. Queen Victoria has recently been paying a visit to Mentone, on the Mediterranean. A description of her surroundings while staying at that charming health resort reads like a fairy tale. She was lodged in a charming villa situated about seventy-five feet above the sea, and surrounded by odorous groves of olive, orange and lemon trees. From one window she could see a sheet of water, beautiful in itself and full of associations of a great historic past; on the right were the mountains separating Italy from France, every hour affording new and entrancing pictures to the eye. A winding pathway, every step of which was a surprise, leads down to the seashore, and near by are some of the loveliest gardens in the world. It would take columns to describe the enchanted life the Queen led in this land of delights. If only the myriads of poor, suffering people who live under her sway, could have a glimpse of the beauties, what an event it would be in their lives! but it doubtless soon palled upon the jaded appetite of England's queen. Yet in the midst of all these luxuries, a terrible fear was ever present, for, apprehensive of Fenians or Communists or a notoriety-hunting criminal of the Guiteau tribe, wherever the queen walked she was shadowed by protecting gens d'armes, and every entrance to her charming retreat was guarded and the paths patrolled by soldiers and policemen.

The British Royal Family.

Apart from the nervous terror inspired by apprehensions of assassination, Queen Victoria ought to be happy. She has none of the cares of state, that is, all the active work of the government is done by the Cabinet and Parliament. She is queen of a realm whose morning drum-beat never ceases to salute her standard in every part of the world. She is Empress of the Indies. She had a husband whom she recalls as the noblest of human beings; all save one of her children are happily married. As a woman she is universally honored, and when she dies the whole world will mourn her loss. What more could mortal ask? Her son and heir, the Prince of Wales, is very popular, and the dynasty will outlast his time; and then the young princes, her grandsons, are bright young fellows, who have just completed their long trip around the world. Their last exploit was to go up the Nile as far as Assouan. They saw the pyramids and the Sphinx, and navigated the mystic river in a dahabeah. They are said to have made a more thorough examination of the lands they passed through than any other boys recorded in modern or ancient times.

Seeing the World.

While we all cannot travel, there is no reason we should not see more of the world than we do. Why is not the stereopticon brought more into play in our schools and colleges? With photography and the electric light it is feasible to reproduce the scenery of any clime, as well as everything that recalls the past. Why books to describe the geography of the earth, when the pupil can be made to see every object of interest on the globe with the aid of modern art and invention? Some educator will make a fortune in availing himself of modern appliances to teach geography and give an idea of history, by reproducing to the eye the lesson to be imparted. The time will come when the student can see the world, the noblest works of architecture and art, and the mighty ruins of the past, without leaving the college in which he is studying.

Costume Parties.

One way of reproducing the past has been hit upon by the London fashionables. Mrs. Howiess of Regent's Park gave a Chaucer party not long ago, in which the Canterbury pilgrims were represented to the life. The walls of the dancing-room were hung with the tapestry of the period, the supper-table was supported on trestles, while an effort was made to reproduce the wines, cake and spices used in the days of the father of English poetry. These costume parties have got to be very fashionable, and are useful as well as very entertaining ways of passing the time.

Improved Telephones.

At last, it is said, the secret of speaking through long distances has been discovered. Telephoning has up to this time been confined to short circuits, and its use has therefore been limited; but with the new invention there is no difficulty of a person in New York conversing with a friend in Boston or Cincinnati. Indeed it is believed that before five years are over, speaking communications will be established between London and New York by means of the cable. But what a miracle the telephone is! What now seems so commonplace to us, would have been deemed incredible a quarter of a century back; yet we are only in the beginning of the marvels which science has in store for us.

Our Foreign Policy.

Ex-Secretary Blaine is being severely taken to task for his attitude toward foreign nations during the short time he was Secretary of State. He was determined, it seems, to put the country on its mettle and to change the policy of non-intervention which had come down to us from Washington, probably thinking the time had come to reverse this policy? In 1890 we will be a nation of over 60,000,000 people, and surely we ought to take our place among the nations of the earth. Were we to discuss foreign politics more, it would elevate the tone of our domestic discussions, and then there are many matters which America could have its say about. We might help bring about a universal system of weights and measures, also a coinage common to the whole world. The cable companies might be purchased and their management committed to an international

commission. Indeed, there are a thousand ways in which our influence might be felt beneficially without taking up arms or being mixed up in the quarrels of rival nations. Some day we will have a President in the White House who will understand his epoch, and then will the United States come to the front as a nation among nations.

Ocean's Myriads.

There is a fish in the sea which is very numerous, as much so as the cod or herring, yet which is rarely or ever seen. If it could be got it would be a fine food fish, and add greatly to the market supplies on the Eastern coast. It is known as the tile fish, and it abounds along the western edge of the Gulf stream, in 75 fathom water, of a temperature between 40 and 50 degrees. Attention has recently been attracted to this fish by the fact that something has occurred in the ocean's depths to kill great numbers of them. Along the coast, from Sandy Hook to Nantucket, myriads of tile fish were found dead during March last. It is a mystery what caused their destruction. The scientists are puzzled. This is not an unusual phenomenon. In 1789, Sir John Sinclair sailed through leagues and leagues of sea covered with dead haddock. This was on the coast of Norway and Sweden, and for three years haddock, before abundant in these regions, was very scarce. Is it not provoking to think that this tile fish, which could be made so useful as food for man, cannot be caught? At least it has not been caught so far, and is barely known to pisciculturists. If ever man should obtain as complete a knowledge of the bottom of the sea as he has of the surface of the land, it would doubtless be found that there are tens of thousands of varieties of fishes and submarine animals that might serve for human food. No doubt there are sea serpents and other monsters of the deep. Water covers two thirds of the face of the earth, and how very little we know of the mysteries it must contain.

The Land of the Church.

In certain circles of the Roman Catholic Church of America there is some uneasiness about the absolute sway the clergy have over the landed property of the Catholic community. Under the law of the State of New York all church realty is held by five trustees, two laymen and three priests, of which the Archbishop or ruling Bishop is one. But matters are so arranged that the entire power over the church property is in the hands of the Archbishop. Practically he can dismiss any of his co-trustees and appoint others in their place. At the commencement of the modern era the Catholic Church was found in possession of a large part of the arable soil in all parts of Europe. Pious people in dying could think of no better disposition of their property than to give it to the church. The latter never sold its landed estates, and had the absorption gone on the church in time would have held every house and farm in Western Europe. But Heny VIII. set the example of stripping the church of its landed possessions, and his example was followed by all other monarchs and nations, Catholic as well as Protestant. Our country is so enormous that there is little danger of a monopoly of the land by any church, but in every city of the country it will be found that the church has shown rare business sagacity in the sites it has chosen for its religious and charitable uses. If the Roman Catholics make the same progress in numbers and in landed wealth during the next century as they have in the past, they will overshadow every other sect in the nation.

The Flux of Nations.

At the way at which immigrants are pouring into the Atlantic ports, there will be added to our foreign population this year between 900,000 and 1,000,000 human beings. Never was the immigrant depot at New York so full. The Germans are coming in greater numbers than ever before, and lately Italy has been adding to the tides of humanity which are streaming across the Atlantic Ocean. Nearly all the immigrants who intend to pursue farming as a calling leave New York for Chicago, at which point they are reinforced by another stream which comes by the St. Lawrence, the lakes and the Grand Trunk Railway. Such vast movements in population have not been witnessed since the incursions of the barbarians into Europe when the Roman Empire was in its decline. Those migrations were necessarily slow, as the armies had to conquer each country they came to before the lands could be settled. But the transplanting of nearly one million people in one year from Europe to America could only be accomplished in an age of steam and telegraphs. These invaders do not come with the battle-ax and spear, they are armed instead with the implements of industry, and are adding to our material wealth and national greatness. Let them come. Certain evils will develop themselves in connection with this vast increase of our foreign population, and it will be another strain upon our republican institutions. Many of these immigrants are illiterate, ignorant, and a certain proportion criminal. But, after all, they belong to our own race, and the great majority are honest, hardworking people. Their coming will add to the value of our lands and will increase the material wealth of the country.

John Chinaman Again.

President Arthur's veto of the Chinese exclusion bill is very generally approved here in the East, but on the Pacific Slope the feeling is very bitter. Every class of the community in California, Oregon, Nevada and the territories to the east, is opposed to Chinese immigration. Christians object to the Chinese because they are pagans; mechanics and laborers don't like them because they work cheaper and lower the standard of comfort. The shopkeeping element look with disfavor upon the Celestials because they do not patronize the American stores. The sanitary authorities assert that the Chinese quarters of every populous locality are found to be nests for foul diseases. There are practically no Chinese families, for not more than one woman comes over to every one hundred men, and those who do come are, without exception, the vilest of their sex. So every material and sentimental interest on the Pacific Coast is opposed to the Chinese. They have no friends, except in communities where they are not personally known. It is a notable circumstance that the English speaking population of New Zealand, Australia and New South Wales are as bitterly opposed to the Mongolians as are the American residents on the Pacific Coast.

The Crop Prospects.

Those who wish to see higher prices for all consumable commodities are very anxious for great crops of grain this fall. With the great immigration and the business activity, all that is needed is a surplus of grain and cotton to export to see a revival of the prosperous times of '79, '80 and the spring of '81. But, timid and conservative people are not so sure about the future. It is argued that in prosperous times people do not go farming. They throng to the cities, to the manufacturing districts, and become consumers of food. During the hard times, from '73 to '78, an average of 8,000,000 acres per annum of new land was put into grain. But since '79 the increased acreage has been but little over 2,000,000 acres per annum. So far the present year, it is settled, there will be less land put into wheat in Minnesota, Illinois, Ohio and other States than was the case last year. It is true there is a much greater acreage in Texas, Missouri, Dakotah, Oregon and California; but it is doubtful if on the whole there will be as large an acreage in '82 as there was in '81, while the home consumption would be very much greater, due to the increase of consumers in cities and manufacturing districts. Then, it is feared that as good crops are continuous year after year, bad crops may also succeed one another for several seasons. The country was phenomenally prosperous for three years preceding the death of President Garfield. Perhaps the pendulum is about to swing in the other direction.

A Mining Exhibition.

On August first, next, a great exposition of the mining industry will be held at Denver, Colorado. All who can afford it should pay a visit to the wonderful capital of Colorado. It is a city of yesterday, and it has an astonishing future. The mining industry will be one of supreme importance to the country. We now produce more gold and silver than all the rest of the world put together, and the output from our mines is constantly increasing. The railway system of the nation now penetrates all our mineral districts, and we have the facilities therefore for working mines greater than in any other country on the globe. We have the mines, the capital, the trained working miners and the scientific, as well as practical knowledge, to develop to the uttermost the splendid possibilities of our mineral regions. What a wonderful, wonderful country we live in. We clothe the world with our cotton, we feed tens of millions outside of our own borders with our grain, and we will soon have a practical monopoly of the production of gold and silver; and yet we have no ships or navy.

Jumbo.

The great elephant, so long the delight of the little people in the Zoological Garden in London, is now in this country. They made a fuss about his leaving England, but a good deal that was done was no doubt due to the ingenious advertising of Barnum, the showman. The newspapers have told the story of the voyage of this huge beast and of his arrival in New York. He is only twenty-one years of age, and may live to be 150 years old. He loves candy and sweetmeats, and would drink whisky by the bucketfull if given to him. Barnum swore at the Custom House that he brought him over for breeding purposes, thus saving $2,000 duty. Of course Jumbo was not purchased for any such purpose, but to be exhibited for money. It is very rare for young elephants to be born in captivity. Jumbo is the largest elephant exhibited, but he is said to be an exceptionally dangerous beast, whom the managers of the London Zoological Exhibition were glad to get rid of.

Boro-glyceride.

A barbarous looking name this, but it is full of meaning, and if reports about it are true its discovery is one of the greatest boons to the human race. Its general use will involve vast changes in the price and distribution of human food. This preparation is an antiseptic, discovered or at least made known by Professor Barff of London. By using it, fresh meats, game, fish, vegetables, and fruit can be kept for years untainted. At a dinner given in London, to a number of leading scientists, oysters, turtle, fish, meats, game, and fruit were partaken of, which had been kept from three to six months, and yet were as fresh as if just brought from the market. The *London Times* very justly declares, that the discovery is of the greatest practi-

cal value. One is staggered in thinking of its possibilities. In time it will lead to the killing of cattle near where the herds are grazing, for the meat can be preserved and sent to any part of the world within a year after it is killed. Hence the cruelty connected with the shipping of cattle will in a few years be no more. This will cheapen food the world over, and will be a blow at or rather a modification of the canning business. The invention will give us summer berries in January, and Winter oysters in Summer. We can have green peas in early spring, and salted and smoked meats and fish will be no longer a necessity. Boro-glyceride is no secret preparation, it is a chemical compound, and is known in the nomenclature of that science as $C^3H^5BO^3$. It costs only about twenty-five cents a gallon. It can be used over and over again. Its value is that it can be equally valuable in preserving butter, milk, and eggs, as well as fish, flesh and game. The next step of science will be to give us artificially made food.

A Great Establishment Winding up.

This year will see the last of the house organized by the mercantile genius of the late A. T. Stewart. He was a retail merchant of exceptional capacity. He was the first to introduce the one price and cash payment principle into the retail trade of New York. He sold good articles cheap, never varied from his price, and as he did a cash business he made no bad debts. Then, he knew how to gauge the public taste. He was popular with his customers, but hated by his rivals. In business he was remorseless, and he ruined all who came in competition with him. His own great store was subsequently filled by retail merchants who had been his rivals. Outside of his specialty he was not even an intelligent man. He invested in real estate, and all his ventures were unfortunate. He bought property because it was cheap, not because it was needed. He spent the latter years of his life fighting horse-car roads and underground and elevated roads, which would use the line of Broadway. He succeeded in driving away these improvements to other avenues, the trade of which has been built up at the expense of Broadway below Fourteenth Street, which formerly had a monopoly of the choice retail business of the metropolis. There were queer stories about his private life, and he died intensely disliked by every one with whom he had transacted business. His body was stolen from its grave by thieves, and never recovered, and the great business which he had built up, was committed to incompetent hands and is now being wound up. His successor was a lawyer who strangled the establishment by too much red tape; but A. T. Stewart should ever be remembered as the first to introduce cash payments and one price into the retail business of the country.

The Thirteen Club.

There is a curious institution in New York, the object of which is to discredit the prevailing superstition as to unlucky numbers and days. The members frequently dine, but the rule is always to have thirteen at table on these festive occasions. Of course there are more members of the club, but some dine at one time, others at another; but if the requisite number is not on hand there is no dinner. At a recent dinner, on the table was a large cake around which were thirteen lilies; on the cake was the figure of an old woman with a broom charging on a black cat; at each of the thirteen plates was a lighted candle and a fancy stick and all the appointments were funereal; but the dinners are very jolly nevertheless, and no misfortune has as yet happened to any of the members.

Ida Greeley Smith.

The married daughter of the late Horace Greeley died recently at Chappaqua. She was a singularly amiable lady, and as beautiful as she was gentle and sweet. She left three children, the eldest a son, who is christened Horace Greeley. It is hardly fair to handicap a young person with so well known a name, for all through life more will be expected of him than if he were an average man, which is not fair to anybody. There is a surviving daughter of Horace Greeley, Miss Gabrielle, a very beautiful young woman.

Peculiar People.

Owen Morby was tried recently for killing his child. The little one was sick, and he refused to call in a physician, preferring instead to pray for the recovery of the child. The case was however, dismissed, as it was decided that no one could tell whether or not the child, would die even if it had the best medical attention. This Morby belonged to a sect called the "Peculiar People," who believe the Deity interferes directly in human affairs, and that life and death are in his hands. It is impossible to reason with those who hold to a belief such as this, and there is after all but little danger that fathers and mothers will not seek medical aid when their little ones are dangerously ill.

An Every Day Romance.

Truth is, after all, as strange as fiction. There are thousands of instances in the ordinary life of every-day men and women which are as strange as the romances of the day. Gotlieb Weins, in Germany, loved Katharina Schmidt. They were too poor to marry, so Gotlieb came to this country and followed his business as a baker, in Hoboken. He lived a life of penury, and even went in debt to save money to send for his Katharina. When she arrived he was still so poor that he thought it best to defer marriage until they had enough to go housekeeping; so Katharina went out to service with the keeper of a candy store, who recently lost his wife. The widower became smitten with the charms of his pretty help, and in time he offered to marry her. His house, store, and prospects were so much better than anything poor Gotlieb could offer her, that the faithless Katharina finally married the confectioner. Poor Gotlieb was in despair. He lost all interest in his business and finally became a raving lunatic. His life was wrecked and his reason dethroned because of his unbounded affection for a fickle, selfish woman.

A Sad, Sad Story.

What a world of misery is told in the simple statement that a certain cart near Lawrence, Kansas, was occupied by a family four in number, a father, a mother, and two children. The father was on his way to jail, to serve a sentence of two years for robbery, the children were going to the poor-house and the mother to a lunatic asylum. The poor creatures had been unfortunate. The drought last summer ruined the father, who in his desperation to keep life in his family committed robbery. He was arrested, tried and sentenced. The tension on the weakened frame of the poor mother bereft her of reason, and so it happened that the same conveyance took the father to prison, the mother to an insame asylum, and the children to an almshouse.

Messages from the Deep.

So far, it has been found impossible to utilize the submarine telegraph except at each end. A land line of wire can be tapped and be used every hundred yards, if necessary; but the cables which lay in mid ocean are useless away from either end. An ingenious Frenchman, however, M. Mennisier, has designed a plan for establishing mid-ocean telegraph stations, which will afford facilities to vessels crossing the Atlantic to communicate directly with the mainland. He wants a new cable constructed, which at intervals of every sixty leagues shall be connected with the upper air by a vertical cable, kept in place by a buoy of his invention. Two or even three of these vertical cables can be attached to the right and left, and distant twenty leagues from each other. These buoys being numbered charts, will show what part of the ocean the vessel was in. An electrical apparatus on board of the vessel could easily be tapped on the side of these buoys and the desired communication be at once available. These buoys can be luminous so as to make light by night and can be made sonorous like a fog-horn, so as to make them discoverable in foggy weather with comparative ease. If these buoys should ever be constructed, the chief value would be to vessels in distress or which had met with any calamity, for signals could be sent not only to the mainland, but to every other buoy, thus rendering almost certain the safety of any vessel that did not founder at once. By the way, sea voyages are now made in very short time. The *Alaska* recently reached New York in seven days, six hours and twenty minutes, the fastest time upon record. The fastest time before this was made by the *Arizona* in seven days, nine hours and twenty-three minutes.

Shoeless Horses.

Robert Martin, of Green Farms, Conn., says that it is as wasteful as it is cruel to shoe horses. He declares that if the animal's hoofs are untouched by steel or iron, in time they will become far better fitted for ordinary work than if the shoe is put on. Horses that have been lamed by shoes will become all right if freed from that impediment. The experiment might work in country places over soft roads, and farmers might try it as a matter of economy, but surely the users of horses cannot have been mistaken in this matter for so many generations.

Jeweled Underwear.

One of the recent caprices of fashion in New York is the wearing of jeweled garters. A mother presented her daughter, about to be married, with a beautifully made pair of elastics, with her monogram in pearls, a coat of arms with frosted stork heads, a crest of gold and a motto set in diamonds, which cost $1,200. Of course very few of that kind are sold, but $100 and $200 garters, elaborately worked and with costly ornamentation, are very common, and the taste is growing.

A Pre-Raphaelite Poet and Painter.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, artist and author, has passed to his account. He was the son of an Italian forced to leave his country for England, and his name he got from his father, who was a great admirer of the poet of the Middle Ages. Rossetti belonged to the fleshy artistic poets and painters. He was a man of great genius, but some of his poems were of the earth earthy. But he did good work in his day, and his paintings have rare merit. He was one of the leaders of the artistic movement of which Oscar Wilde is the more recent and eccentric exponent. Indeed, Rossetti's influence can be traced in Wilde's productions. All the Rossetti family were clever. A surviving sister, Christina, has written a great deal of very choice poetry.

Red Fog Dust.

The ship Berrian, when off the Cape Verde Islands, and six hundred miles to the west of them, suddenly entered a region of the ocean covered by a dense red fog. Although very far from land, this fog was really a dust carried by the upper atmospheric currents probably for many thousands of miles. This cloud of curious dust may have come from the interstellar spaces. They are frequent in the Mediterranean, and are there known as blood-rains. Indeed the masts and sails of the vessels are covered with what seems to be blood after passing through one of these fogs. Chemical analysis shows them to be full of infusoria, and under favorable conditions capable of generating insect life.

Wood-Carving.

The multiplication of the houses of the rich in the great cities has been a great help to decorative art. Interiors are now artistic studies. The ornamentation especially of the woodwork of a house has led to the employment of craftsmen who are artists as well as artisans. Wood-carvers are now reckoned by thousands where they were formerly by tens or hundreds. As yet we have no technical schools in this country to train artistic workmen, but we are among the greatest employers of house decorators and ornamentors. With the growth of wealth will come a great demand for handicraft men who are skillful manipulators of metal and of wood. This should be a hint to parents who have children that are handy and tasteful.

The Modern Robinson Crusoes.

In June, 1880, the bark Trinity, with thirty-three persons on board, was cast away upon an island in the North Pacific. It was an ice-bound region, and its only inhabitants were seals, sea-elephants and penguins. The crew had little or no stores, and for two years they were forced to live in that desolate region, subsisting on the eggs of birds and the flesh of sea-elephants. Yet they lived through these terrible years, losing only two of their number through cold when away from home. It would seem that no such terrible things could occur in our day, when the keels of myriad vessels vex the surface of every league of ocean. The crew were finally rescued and brought home, and not empty-handed, either, for they had collected enough grease and oil to bring $8,000 in the open market.

The Highland Junction Bridge.

A new bridge is about to be constructed over the Hudson river between Cornwall and Fishkill, or, more accurately, between the Storm King and Break-Neck mountains. It is to be two thousand eight hundred and fifteen feet long, with spans seven hundred feet apart. The Hudson river, so far, has only one bridge, that at Albany. A great tunnel is also under way between Jersey City and New York; but this new bridge will do an immense business, for it will be fed by the Erie, the Pennsylvania Central, the Delaware and Lackawanna and other great trunk lines. The thirty million tons of hard coal annually used by New England will pass over this bridge and the manufactures of the East will be carried over it to the customers of the West. It will be built within two years, and soon after it is opened it is estimated that fifteen hundred cars a day will make use of it. It will cost some $5,000,000, but it is expected to be more useful than ornamental in appearance.

A New Indian Policy.

The history of our relations with the Indians has been a melancholy one. From the beginning of the American government the red man has been killed and robbed by the white. There have been many changes in dealing with the Indian, but always the old trouble breaks out. First, the white man swindles the Indian, then the red man in his wrath murders and outrages his oppressor, and war follows, in which the Indians are crushed. Mr. Teller has a new scheme. He proposes to disregard the tribal organizations of the Indians, and to deal with them as individuals. Heretofore we have had treaties with the Indians, in which the tribe was recognized as a nation within a nation. Secretary Teller doubts whether the present generation of Indians would make good farmers, but there is no question but that they would become competent herdsmen. He wants to give them cattle, and to put them under protection of the laws. It is quite true that in the progress of man from savageness to civilization the pastoral life comes before the agricultural, and the experiment is at least worth trying of saving the remnants of the race which once was supreme from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains.

The State of Europe.

Unhappy old world! Spain has its Catalonian labor riots and general discontent, England its depression in trade, Ireland its social war and agrarian troubles, Russia its Nihilism, Germany its military terrorism and its people flying to America to escape fiscal burdens. In Italy there is an eager desire on the part of the poorer population to escape to the United States. France and Switzerland, the two republics, are the only two really prosperous nations. Old Europe will soon find out that republicanism is better than a monarchy or an aristocracy.

The Survival of the Fittest.

Charles Darwin is dead. He was confessedly in the very front rank of the notable men of the nineteenth century. His contributions to the scientific thought of his day profoundly influenced the foremost minds of the age. It was he who formulated in a popular as well as scientific way, the theory that man descended from some inferior animal, whose ancestry again could be traced to a still lower form of life. Haeckel, Darwin's most noted German disciple, goes so far as to trace all life back to some "protist" generated by electrical or chemical agency acting upon the slime at the bottom of the ocean. Taking the fact of the struggle for life throughout animated creation, Darwin found that only the fit survive, that is to say, of the myriads of individuals of each race born, a very few survive when adapted to their surroundings. These give birth to other individuals like themselves, and so race characteristics are developed. Darwin gives thousand of instances of the wonderful changes wrought by outside conditions upon the animal creation. His views have been very generally accepted by the scientific world, and they are profoundly modifying all the institutions and beliefs of mankind. But all his conclusions have not been verified by any means. There are many missing links in his theory of the chain which connects man with the lower animals, and these again with the first forms of life on the globe. Darwin was born in 1809, and both his father and grandfather were scientists. Indeed the family have contributed a great deal to the study of nature, and were remarkable for their longevity and their intelligence.

Sahara.

So it seems that there is not enough water upon the face of the earth. Only about one-third of the surface of the planet is land, and here comes along the French Government which proposes to convert the desert of Sahara into a vast inland sea. It is an established fact that great areas of the desert lie below the water line of the Mediterranean Sea, and a canal costing $11,000,000 would supply sufficient water to make a navigable lake several hundred feet in depth, of what is now a useless sand barren. Should this feat be successfully accomplished, Tunis and Algeria would be isolated from Tripoli, and Central Africa could be reached by ships. A mighty change would be effected in Northern Africa, for a barren region would become irrigated, and land now useless would be available for human uses. M. de Lesseps, it is said, will be the contractor to carry out this great natural improvement.

That Comet.

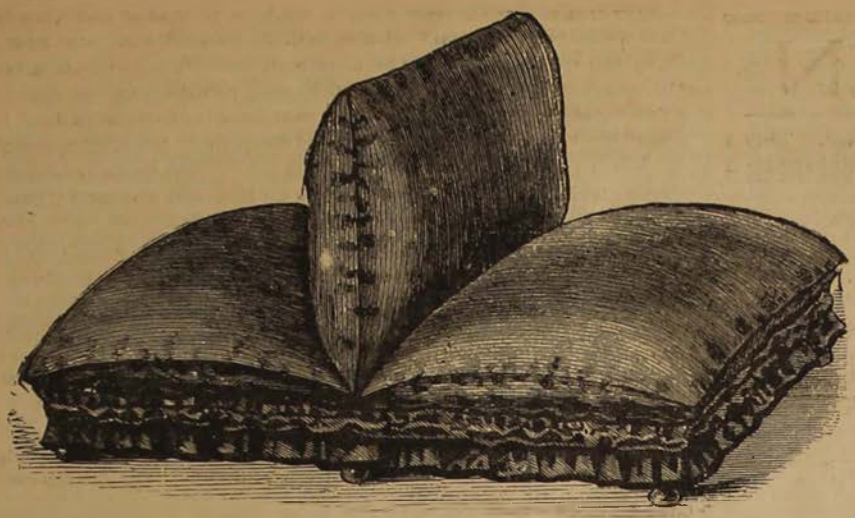
By the time this reaches the eye of the reader, the great comet of 1882 will be blazing in the heavens. It is provoking to know, however, that it will be more brilliant south of the equator. Time has passed for any superstitious feelings with regard to comets, but they are certain to inspire awe, whenever they reappear, in the minds of every sensitive and imaginative person. As yet we are lamentably ignorant of the constitution of comets, but science will in time undoubtedly solve the problem of their composition and rid them of all the mystery which attaches to their several histories. One good effect this visitation will have is in drawing attention to the firmament above us. Astronomy ought to be studied more than it is, for it is at once the most exact and the most spiritual of sciences. Nothing human is so certain as the forecast of the astronomer. He can tell to a fraction of a second the occurrence of any celestial phenomena, always excepting the orbits of comets, which are often eccentric. Hence the study of astronomy gives precision to the mind, as well as feeds the imagination and fancy. Said Kant: "Two things always fill me with awe and astonishment, the starry heaven above me and the moral law within."

The Arctic Exploration.

Mr. James Gordon Bennet's attempt to solve the Arctic problem has been most unfortunate. In addition to the loss of the *Jeanette*, the *Rodgers*, sent out to look for her, was destroyed by fire, and the crew had a narrow escape for their lives. It really seems like a wanton waste of life and treasure to attempt to reach the north pole in view of the tremendous physical difficulties in the way. Still, the feat will some day be accomplished, for man owns the earth, and will never be satisfied until he controls every acre of the planet he inhabits.

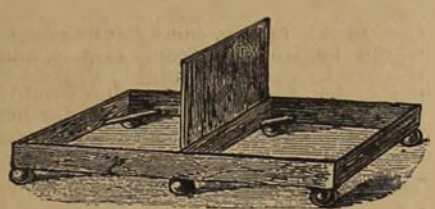
The Future of Russia.

There are those who believe that Russia is to be the Macedonia of modern Europe. As the last named country eventually conquered all Greece, so it is supposed that Russia will finally overrun all Western Europe. Napoleon predicted that in fifty years from his time Europe would be Cossack or republican. Why may it not be both? Rome conquered Greece in a material sense, but the Greek intellect, philosophy and art subjugated the Roman mind, and if the Russian arms should ever be powerful enough to overrun the European continent, the institutions, literature and civilization of the Western world would humanize and liberalize the conquerors. Matters do not look very encouraging in the Russia of to-day, the Czar is still fearful of his life, arrests are constantly taking place, and the road to Siberia is thronged with involuntary exiles. The coronation is to take place next fall, but there is no hope of any modification of the autocratic character of the government.



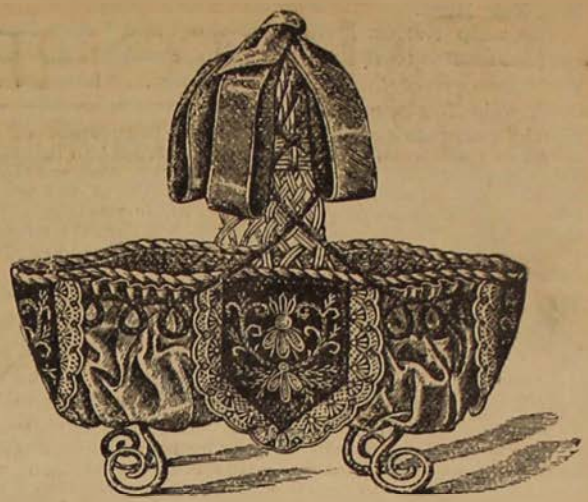
Ottoman.

THE frame is of wood, and by showing a carpenter the diagram it is readily made of pine boards. The length of the ottoman frame should be about three and one-half feet; hight, one foot. Cover the frame with stout ticking, firmly stretched over the boards forming the back, and across the two seats. The partition board is then covered with two joined cushions placed in one cover and slipped over the top of the frame-work, and a large stuffed cushion is made for each seat and firmly fixed to the edges of the seats. The frame sides are trimmed with a full ruffle of a corresponding material or a deep fringe.



Colored Bed Quilts.

A NEW design is a five-inch band of pretty chintz stitched on to the ordinary counterpane. It is placed so as to show well when the quilt is on the bed, and at a good distance from the edge. Another effective way is a broad band of pink, blue or red twill, stitched on and ornamented at each edge with long herring-bono stitches of colored threads, and in the center with white daisies worked in wool. Another style is of colored satinette, lined and a layer of wadding between, and edged with coarse lace or guipure d'art. If the Vandyke guipure is used it is put on double, the points of one row turning on to the quilt. Still another design has the four corners and the center ornamented with wreaths of flowers in chenille and muslin, in imitation of old work, the leaves being of green or brown chenille and the flowers and buds of muslin. The muslin flowers are quickly made by a strip being folded and neatly puckered up, and tacked on to imitate roses, buds, and other flowers.

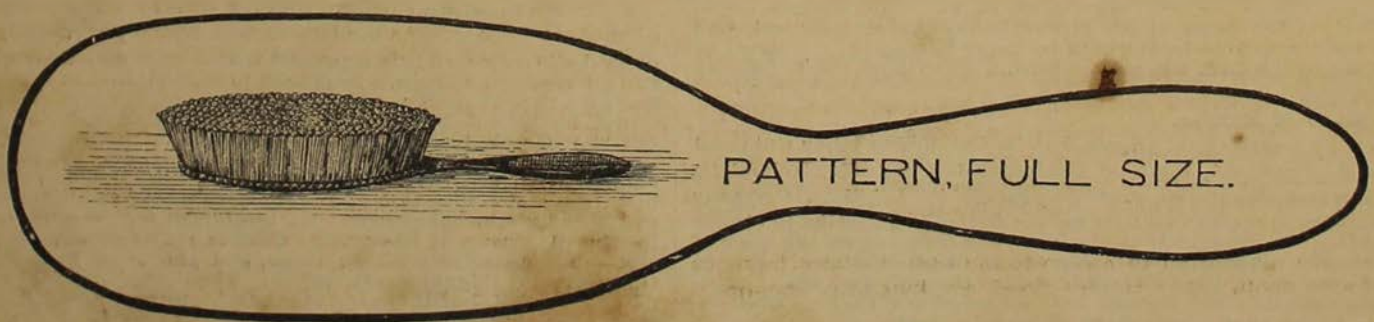


Work-Basket.

LOW, long basket of any design. The basket is covered outside with puffings of blue satin and tabs of maroon colored velvet, edged with fancy lace half an inch wide. The tabs are two and one-half inches wide and three inches long, pointed at one end. The design for the embroidery is worked in satin, chain, and feather-stitch, and in point russe. The middle patterns are worked in satin stitch, with several shades of pink silk, edged with a cord of colored silks. The feather-stitching on each side is done with eight shades of olive silk. A heavy fancy cord is arranged in loops round the basket and handle, and finished with a large satin bow on the top of the handle.

Pin Cushion.

A PLEASANT pastime for children is sticking pins into rows or design. We give here a little trifle which will be found attractive for the little busy fingers. Cut two pieces of card board the shape of pattern, cover them with velvet or something woolen, lay them together and overhand the edges. Between the pieces place a layer of curled hair, so when the pins are stuck in, there will be depth enough to keep them upright. It will require at least two papers of pins to stick them as close as the design.



Summer Fare.

THERE is a fine art which it is worth while for every woman to study, in the adaptation of food to seasons, and times, and persons, and occupations; but it is really an art with which few have more than a bowing acquaintance. Sickness would rarely trouble us, and even those minor ills, in the shape of colds, and blues, and headache, and depression, would pass us by much more frequently than they do, if we were careful to follow nature somewhat; avoid stimulating jaded appetites, and especially in the warm season reduce the quantity of food, as well as its rich and heat-supplying quality. Fruit or vegetable acids are always valuable, particularly in summer, and should be eaten early in the morning, in the shape of oranges, freshly-picked currants, strawberries, and the like. For breakfast muffins or thin toast, a single cup of Oolong tea or coffee (Java and Mocha mixed), an egg with a bit of "frizzled" bacon or a lamb chop, a dish of water cresses, and some fruit to wind up.

Oatmeal is almost too hearty a dish for a summer morning; still, if well cooked, if it is the principal dish, and particularly if the "granulated" meal is used, from which the starch and husks have been eliminated, it will be often found most welcome and nourishing for those whose appetites are not strong, and who cannot eat meat in the morning.

Welcome changes, too, may be made by alternating light corn or flour muffins with rice or brown bread cakes; and also by using farina or fine hominy for boiled dishes in place of oatmeal. The following is an excellent formula for very nice

Corn Muffins.—Half a cup of butter, three quarters of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful of Royal baking powder, two cups of flour to one of meal; salt to taste. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add the other ingredients, and beat the whole well together; then reduce with good milk or cream to the consistency of drop-cake. Bake in patty-pans.

Hominy Griddle-Cakes.—Are light and pleasant for breakfast, made in the following way: To a large coffee cup or small bowl of well boiled hominy, add an equal quantity in bulk of prepared flour; mix thoroughly, and then add one teaspoonful of Royal baking powder, a salt spoon of salt, and one egg; reduce with a cup of rich, sweet milk, and at the last put one tablespoonful of melted butter. This last is to make them fry brown and crisp upon the edges. They should stand about an hour or less after being mixed, and receive a final beating up before being baked.

Rice may be substituted for hominy, or stale bread which has been reduced to a pulp by having a little water or milk poured upon it and being brought gradually to a boil. Bread dipped in egg and fried is about as indigestible a dish as could be invented, only second to heated butter and cheese upon toast—the old-fashioned "rare-bit," which required much bitter liquid to wash it down.

Potatoes warmed over in some form are considered indispensable to many breakfast tables. If fried the butter or beef dripping should be made very hot, and the potatoes, after being cut and seasoned, adding a little onion and parsley, should be put in and fried very quickly, with as little absorption of grease as possible, and served uncovered and at once in a heated dish. But a better way is to stew them.

Potatoes a la Maitre d' Hotel.—Slice small all the cold potatoes you have; pour a pint of milk, which should be boiling hot, to a large teaspoonful of flour which has been previously blended with a very little cold milk. Stir well, adding a tablespoonful of butter, some salt, white pepper, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Put in the potatoes and let them come to a quick boil, and serve.

Fish affords many pleasant and palatable changes from the routine of chops and steak for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner dishes.

Braising.—A very nice way to cook beef that is not very tender, or the upper part of the leg, or loin of veal—is, first to lard it thickly, and then place with it in a large stewpan, a layer of slices of bacon, some carrots and onions cut in slices, a bundle of sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and spices to taste. Lay the piece of veal or beef in the middle, and moisten with about a pint of stock. Let the meat stew gently for three or four hours, basting the top occasionally. Then strain off the gravy, put it into a small saucepan, skim off superflous fat, add to it a little butter mixed smooth with a small quantity of flour, and let the gravy reduce nearly to a glaze; pour it over the meat, the top of which should be ornamented with the vegetables.

Baked tomatoes would properly be served with this dish,—and these are very easily prepared by cutting a dozen large ones in two halves, removing the pips, and enclosing a small dressing of fine bread-crumbs, chopped onion, butter, pepper, and salt. One onion (not a large one), is sufficient for the whole dozen tomatoes. Lay the halves close together, and each tomato close to its neighbor on a well-buttered tin, and bake in a rather slow oven.

A fine substitute for roast beef consists of a loin of well-grown, well-kept veal, thoroughly larded, and in which the kidney has been allowed to remain. The joint should be put in a hot covered baking pan, with a slice or two of the pork, in a hot oven, and the cover removed for the meat to brown when it has been well done all the way through, for there is nothing more distasteful than under-done veal. In the meantime to a pint of gravy stock put a can of mushrooms, season to taste, bring to a boil, and pour over the meat, or they may be served in a sauce tureen by themselves.

For dessert you may have the following:

Derbyshire Tapioca Pudding.—Soak a cup of tapioca in water until dissolved; put it in a quart of milk, with a little salt; let it boil until soft, then stir in the yoke of five eggs, and a cup of sugar; flavor with lemon; when cold spread over the top a thin layer of jelly or raspberry jam, and on this put a meringue of the whites of the eggs. Let it brown in the oven for two or three minutes.

Lemon souffle is a nice summer dessert dish, but it requires care in the making and baking. Beat very lightly the yolks and whites of eight eggs separately, add a teacupful of white sugar, the rind of two lemons, and the juice of one; bake for a quarter of an hour in a moderate oven. It is of the greatest importance that the whites of the eggs be beaten separately, and added last; also that the buttered pan in which it is baked be made hot before the souffle is put in, and that it be baked quick.

Delicate cake which may be sent to the table with this dish is made of half a cup of butter, two cups of sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, the whites of three eggs, and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, and put the whites of the eggs in last.

How to warm over roast beef or lamb is a problem with many housekeepers. Here is a nice way for lamb: which, however, is very good cold. Boil a cup of rice soft, adding a little milk at the last, and season to taste with salt; put it into a buttered baking-dish, and in the center lay your cold meat in good shape, and nicely trimmed; put some bits of butter over the rice; some gravy over the meat, if you have any, and a thin layer of rice on top; cover close, and put in the oven, till thoroughly steamed through; then remove the cover and brown.

Beef may be treated in the same way, or it may be put into a braising kettle with a pint of stock, or gravy weakened with a little water; some sliced onion, a carrot cut up; a little chopped celery, a tomato, or some lemon juice; cover close, and let it come to a boil; then set away, and let it stand for a while, and simmer in the juices; season if necessary, and serve with tomato sauce and new potatoes, which have been laid in salted water and cooked *au naturel*.

Luncheon becomes a very light meal in cities where a late breakfast, and elaborate dinner at six or seven o'clock, are the meals upon which the main force is expended. Indeed, in many houses luncheon is dispensed with, and a four o'clock "tea" takes its place; the tea being served informally, and accompanied by thin bread and butter, or some small biscuits or cakes. This is in houses where the dinner is served late, say seven

o'clock; and is merely a trifling refreshment, which is often partaken of at the house of a friend during the progress of an afternoon call.

The majority of people, however, breakfast by eight A. M., and dine at six, and thus prefer a little intermediate lunch at perhaps one P. M., or thereabout. The following is a nice luncheon dish at short notice:

Mince Toast.—Mince ham and veal very finely, or tongue and beef, or any cold meat you may happen to have.

Potato Eggs.—A good dish to send to the table with the preceding consists of potato eggs. Take mashed potato, a little chopped parsley, some yolks and whites of eggs, and a tablespoonful each of melted butter and cream; mix, and form them into egg-shaped parts. Roll in bread crumbs, and fry in hot butter.

Sliced Tomatoes are quickly prepared, and become a most delicious salad by peeling them, which is easily done after scalding them, and adding salad oil to the pepper, salt, and vinegar with which they are seasoned.

The "Jung-frau" is a pretty luncheon dish. Boil a pint of thick, rich cream with a stick of mace and some crushed lump-sugar. When cold, add the juice of two lemons and the grated rind of one. Have a quarter of a pound of small Savoy (sponge) cakes in a dish, which have been soaked in raspberry fruit syrup. Pour the cream over these, piling up in the center a whip made of the whites of three eggs and a half cup of powdered sugar.

Lemon Cheese Cakes are a very nice dessert for luncheon. Here is a formula: Take two ounces of butter, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, the grated rinds and juice of two lemons, and two stale Savoy biscuits, also finely grated. Mix all together, and simmer over the fire for a few minutes in a saucepan. Have ready some patty-pans lined with puff paste. Put a very small quantity of the mixture into each, and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes in a rather quick oven. This quantity will make about one dozen cheese cakes.

A Sally Lunn is a most delicious English tea-cake. It is made of a piece of butter the size of an egg put into a pint of sweet milk and set in a moderately warm place. To a pint of flour put a tablespoonful of yeast and a little salt; then stir in gradually the warm milk in which the butter will have melted, and one egg. Beat thoroughly. Put it in a buttered tin, set it to rise, and when light, bake; it will require about an hour. Some omit the white of the egg, and some leave out the egg altogether.

In Making Tea the important point is to have the tea-pot clean, and scalded, and the tea only steeped the proper length of time. If it is bitter, the astringent tannin has been drawn out, and the tea is spoilt, as it is positively injurious to drink it. Serve in delicate cups, it tastes so much better; and if you want to put a finer touch on, serve with slices of lemon, Russian fashion. Slices of lemon are indeed a most delightful substitute for milk for those who do not drink the latter, and may be supplied separately for those who like them.

It is best to be sparing in the use of liquids with food, particularly ice-water; as this reduces the temperature of the stomach, weakens the gastric juice, and arrests digestion. The use of fruits, of food carefully arranged and composed at each meal, of solvents as well as solids, will render the use of liquid at the table almost unnecessary. At any rate, if used, let it be in sips, not quantities; do not drown your food, or even moisten it; there is a natural provision for that. Drink, if need be, after meals and in the morning, rather than at meals.

Currant Jelly Sandwiches.—Take nice tea-rusk, split and butter, cover thickly with currant jelly the pieces intended for the bottoms, with a *small* cake cutter or something similar, cut a round piece from the top halves leaving a jumble-like ring; place this butter side down on the jellied part, now take the small pieces cut from the centers, butter side up and put them back in place and lay on top of them a very small piece of cold chicken, turkey or other delicate cold meat.

Tomato Sandwiches.—Take smooth, ripe tomatoes, solid enough to slice nicely in thick pieces, spread on a flat plate and to each piece put a little cayenne, celery, salt, a drop or two of salad oil, and a little lemon juice, and a drop of made mustard. Lay between split buttered biscuits, and serve.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

A sneer is the most potent weapon in the armory of the evil one.

To really live is the most important thing for a man or woman to do.

Everybody is bound to some kind of service; for everybody is dependent upon his fellows.

No one can gain by vicious action. The gain is only seemingly apparent; but the loss is lasting, permanent.

We ought to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.

Enthusiasm is an evil much less to be dreaded than superstition.

Power will intoxicate the best hearts as wine the strongest heads.

Almsgiving.—"No almsgiving of money," says Ruskin, "is so helpful as almsgiving of care and thought."

The Dignity of the Human.—Every condition of life has its own dignity and importance, whether we perceive it or not.

Forbearance.—It is in our daily association with other people, whether in society, in business, or at home, that we are in the deepest need of forbearance.

It is not enough that you keep your finger off from a man; you must not let your ill-natured or wicked thoughts touch him.

Worry kills more people than work; and laziness—though many will scarcely believe it—kills more than both together.

"So Tired."—"So tired!" is the moan, and "So tired!" it must be until we have learned not so much how to rest from any work as to rest in work.

Vulgar Habits.—Asking questions private and personal is a vulgar habit, and telling your own business, which no one wants to hear, is another.

He who respects his work so highly and does it so reverently that he cares little what the world thinks of it is the man about whom the world comes at last to think a great deal.

Praise and Blame as Moral Educators.—No one need fear bestowing praise with too liberal a hand, if he but observe two precautions—first, that he is perfectly sincere, and expresses only the degree of pleasure or admiration that he really feels; and, second, that he praises only what is truly good and worthy of being reproduced.

The best things are nearest; breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

SPICE BOX

Wanted.—An artist to paint the very picture of health, and get it put on the line at the Academy.

Written in a French album: "A pretty woman is never old, an ugly woman is never young."

A young lady was asked to define ambrosia. She replied: "I think it's a kind of hair oil."

Deacon Jones was happy indeed when he was told that his daughters, the dear girls, had gone to the revival. Their mother didn't tell him that it was a revival of "Pinafore."

It is said to greatly improve the temper of a razor to plunge it into hot water before using. A man, however, who is plunged into hot water at home finds his temper increased but not improved.

It is that good old lady, Mrs. Partington, who says very wisely that there is not much difference between a poet and a pullet, except in the spelling, for both spend most of their time in chanting their lays.

Two well-dressed ladies were examining a statue of Andromeda, labeled "executed in terra-cotta." Said one, "Where is that?" "I am sure I don't know," replied the other; "but I pity the poor girl, wherever it was."

"John," said the teacher, "I'm very sorry to have to punish you." "Then don't; I'll let you up this time and not tell on you," responded John.

Review of Fashions.

NOTHING more sudden or surprising in the world of fashion has occurred for a long time than the cutting off of the trains and the adoption of the short dress for house and evening, as well as street wear. The question with every one is, will it last? because, spite of all the hurtful things said of the extravagant disregard of all minor considerations by women where dress is concerned, the majority make the comparative permanence of a style or a fabric an indispensable prerequisite to its adoption. The truth is, the capricious and arbitrary assertion of facts is not accepted so readily as it used to be, and ladies are becoming wiser than to suppose that a sudden action or reaction signifies permanent improvement. Many realize, what is certainly true, that an arbitrary shortening of the skirts for all purposes and upon all occasions is just as likely to be followed by an arbitrary lengthening of them; and that to make evening as well as morning and street dresses short, may be preliminary to an attempt to make street dresses once more long. Such an assumption of power to control a matter so important is not now relished or even permitted as formerly. There are ladies who will wear their elegant dresses with more or less of a train, because they consider it essential to grace and dignity of appearance; and there are many who will always wear their street dresses walking-length, in the present and in the future, because they have discovered that they can if they will, and that it is so much more healthful and cleanly. It is indeed a matter which ladies ought to adjust to their own satisfaction, for trains ought never to be worn by young girls, or by those who dance at balls, and need not be retained by those who do not like them or whose social opportunities are few and of a quiet and modest kind. There is no reason, however, why ladies who live in refined circles, whose homes are elegantly appointed, whose duties are principally social, and who prefer a gracefully trained dress, should not wear such an one all the time, except on the street. It is this freedom we advocate—freedom to wear the long and short dress as taste and convenience dictate, always maintaining the relations of our clothing to fitness, health, and cleanliness.

Without borrowing trouble for the future, however, merely striking a note of warning, it may be remarked that this summer's fashions are full of lovely suggestion. The daintiness of the fabrics, the exquisite coloring, the pretty designs so full of natural life, of even the cheapest cotton materials, and the infinite opportunities afforded for the gratification of individual taste, exercise a sort of fascination which it is difficult to resist, and if the whole is not spoiled by a bad design, by too much crowding of adjuncts and decorative accessories, the result is sure to be attractive and satisfactory. The short dress is undeniably a comfort, and for summer wear adapted to every occasion, for there is nothing in the fêtes and garden parties, the al-fresco dances and summer night entertainments, that demands, even from the most rigorous, the same ceremony in regard to dress that is observed in stately city drawing-rooms. On the contrary, at watering-place hops and country-house festivities, heavy dresses drawing enormously long trains, such as are sometimes seen, look very much out of place, and always suggest the remains of last winter's wardrobe. Short, fresh, easily adjusted costumes, of much less expensive materials, look better and are more truly economical; for the costly robes, having been trailed in the dust and heat, are quite spoiled and no longer fitted for the making-over process, which might have transformed them into elegant walking suits by judicious cutting and the present convenient fashion of combination.

There is hygienic and physiological advantage in complete change of clothing in summer, which women ought to take advantage of. In winter, and in cities, for general wear at least, dark colors are obligatory and heavy stuffs which become a burden. In summer it is more healthful, it gives freedom to the spirit as well as the body, to put on lighter and more varied colors with the lighter materials, and wear primrose cottons and ivory cheese-cloth, if the finer nun's veiling or the soft chene silks are beyond our reach, rather than the same heavy cottony satins and velvets and dark woolens which have done duty during the darkness and cold of the winter season. The matter would be simplified and the changes made much more easy if dresses were limited in number and only obtained as they are wanted. A striped gingham (linen) at twenty-five cents, a summer silk or thin wool, a lawn, and a cotton gown for morning wear, are all that is needed, with a white satine or linen lawn for occasions.

It is said by some that "fashion ordains velvets for this summer's wear," but this is one of those assumptions that belong to a very old idea of the autocratic authority of fashion. Ladies have actually grown into enough common sense to consult the condition of the thermometer before deciding on what they shall wear; and when that useful little indicator points to the eighties and nineties there are women who set their pretty feet down with determination, and will not wear velvets, even though fashion is said to "ordain" it.

Illustrated Designs for the Month.

THE designs for the present month are specially interesting to those who contemplate a journey, or a simple outfit adapted to all ordinary emergencies. The costume "Marana," is a practical tailor-stitched dress of flannel, or light llama cloth (all wool) in robin's egg blue, bottle green, stone-color, or navy blue, as preferred. It requires, for flounces and everything included, twenty yards of material twenty-four inches wide; but dress flannels and llama cloths are usually forty-six or forty-eight inches wide, and in this case only twelve yards, or less for a very small person, would be needed. In addition to the flannel, a dozen buttons and half a yard of twilled silk for facing collar, cuffs and edge of blouse jacket, should be provided, at a total cost of ten to twelve dollars, for a suit that would cost twenty-five if purchased ready made in the colors mentioned and the same quality of material.

Such a suit is the best possible for an Atlantic voyage and a traveling dress on the other side. It is also admirable for White Mountain, lake and Canada trips, and is almost the only summer dress required for those who spend the season in the Adirondacks.

But there are plenty of lighter suggestions for those who need them. For washing materials, for polka-dotted foulards, or small figured satines, there is the "Waldeck" overskirt, and the "Michelle" waist. This last is one of the novelties of the season. It is not necessary to make the overskirt like it in color or material—on the contrary, the "Michelle" is made in dotted red, and old-gold foulard, in red, or pink, or pale blue satine trimmed with white lace, and worn with thin black or white ruffled skirts. Or, *vice versa*, the skirts when black or dark, may be accompanied with white waists. Three yards of wide muslin will make it, but three and a half of foulard will be needed, and three and three quarters if the silk or other goods is only twenty-four inches wide. Five yards and a quarter of lawn, muslin, or satine will make the overskirt, and the border which usually accompanies them will trim it.

A light and graceful design for a polonaise will be found in the "Augusta," the fullness of which, instead of being shirred, is laid in fine tucks front and back, the shape being further outlined by side-seams, which render it tight-fitting. This model is pretty in any of the thin, washable or unwashable materials. It would be good in white or écru linen or lawn, in muslin, in satine, in striped silk, or in a chintz cotton. It will require about eight yards of any of these materials and fourteen yards of lace for the trimming and making of the triple collar and cuffs full, as illustrated, and the ruffled border. But ladies who possess collars and cuffs of lace ready made or in tatting can use this, and will require then only five or six yards for trimming of the skirt.

The "Melita" basque is one of the new and fashionable hip basques, that is, one in which the hip part forms a panier, and is formed a material or fabric differing from that of the body part of the dress. In this case a plain satin is put with a figured brocade; the plain fabric also forming a vest, collar and cuffs. The figured stuff is olive brocade with glints of gold thread intersecting it; the satin is a dull, rich quality of satin Rhadames, the bow and tasseled ends strictly matching in color, but showing a lining of old gold. Of course it would be employed with a trimmed skirt, in which the same combinations were used. The "Allegra" pelisse is a very stylish design for a thin wrap, or demi-saison cloak. It should not be made in any heavy material, but in pongee, Surah, or fine camel's hair lined with French twilled silk or foulard, which is thinner, and lighter still. Fourteen yards of narrow material, or seven forty-eight inches wide, are needed to make exactly as illustrated, but if the material is thin wool lined, a shell-like trimming may be substituted, which should be lined also—but being of very light materials will add almost nothing to the weight. The back, too, may be shirred, instead of plaited, if preferred. For a lady who wants at least one light wrap in which she can feel herself protected, the "Allegra" will be found most desirable.

The "Worth" mantelet is a charming design for silk and lace, which will be found more fully described under the head of summer wraps, and which, being one of the newest of the new designs, shows that the difference is but trifling between this year and last, the principal being the absence of fullness.

For children there are three models, two of which may be used together, the "Geraldine" waist, and "Zima" overskirt, and the English apron or blouse. The apron is for children of from two to ten years, and deserves the particular attention of thrifty mothers, for it is a design that may be used for an apron, or a summer dress. Made in linen with simply braided yoke, and band for sleeves, you have the most useful and protective of dresses or aprons for playing in the garden, and digging in the dirt. Make it in white lawn or mull, trim with needle-work embroidery, and add a wide sash of old-gold, pink, or wine color, and you have a dress for in or out of doors.

The "Geraldine" waist is a pretty little design for a young girl, with a pointed bodice instead of a belt over the full waist, and sleeves puffed at the top. The overskirt consists of a full, rounded apron and leaf-shaped drapery.

Marana Costume.—Simple and practical in design, this is an excellent model for an ordinary street or home costume. It is composed of a short walking skirt trimmed with two gathered flounces, a draped apron, and a *bouffant* back drapery arranged over a kilt-plaited valance; and a loose, sacque-shaped basque belted in at the waist. A deep, square collar and large pockets ornament the basque, which is illustrated open in surplice shape in front; *but the pattern is only marked, not cut out.* This design is suitable for almost any class of dress goods, especially light woolens, summer fabrics and wash goods. No garniture is required, rows of machine stitching near the edges forming a very suitable finish for flannel and similar goods. It is also very effectively trimmed with braid. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Graduating Dresses.

THE finest graduating dresses are made of v
veiling over satin Surah, trimmed with l
and moire ribbons. The "Dorothea," "D
"Carmen" are all good designs, and may be ar
"Dorothea" skirt of satin Surah, with thick ru
the bottom, plaited apron of nun's-veiling wit
plaited lace border, paniers of satin Surah ;
nun's-veiling ; folds of satin, and nun's-veilin
bodice.

The "Desirée" may be made of Surah with e
apron of crêpe de Chine ; or, less expensively,
veiling, with embroidered apron ; the apron may b
and made double, which will give two rows of embi
that is preferred. The "Desirée" is, however, better
solid than transparent fabrics, unless the skirt is
the thin goods, and the basque of satin, or moir
would look exceedingly well.

A novel and pretty effect for a class of girls may be
duced in the following way : Skirts trimmed with k
plaitings, and drapery at the back, of India mull ; d
coat bodices of satin, in ruby, old blue, ficelle, or old go
shades ; each student selecting her favorite, and a differer
color from the others. Sashes in color should be omitte
The corsage, or hand bouquets, in such a case as this, shou
be white, or tinted flowers, unless they are yellow, whi
is good with all colors.

Some pretty graduating dresses have been made of em
broidered muslin, trimmed with plaited flounces edged wit
lace ; overskirt draped at the back, and round waist, belted
with satin or moire, elbow sleeves finished with ruffles, and
interior lace ; waist open at the neck, and trimmed with
lace. This style suits those who like the double skirt, but
a later model has the skirt ruffled almost to the waist, the
deep-pointed bodice draped off in paniers upon the sides,
and arranged in small winged puffs at the back, the center
supporting the immense sash bow and ends. This is
suitable for barege, nun's-veiling, or any other thin ma-
terial.

It should be borne in mind that the white of cotton is so
different from the tint of wool, that a graduating class ought
to be careful in regard to their material, and have them of
all one kind, or all another ; that is, not necessarily all of
the same material, or cost, but of the same class of fabrics,
so that one will not be draped in a soft tint, and the other
be chalky white.

It is possible to be original in the way of graduating
dresses, but few girls desire to be original in dress ; their
graduating costume becomes their party toilet, and the more
conventionally correct it is, the more useful it is, and the
better they like it.

One graduating class has decided on a simple, old-fashioned
dress of white muslin, with one embroidered ruffle at the
bottom of the straight skirt, baby waists, and short puffed
sleeves. They will look very "cunning," but they will prob-
ably repent of it afterward. They say, however, they can
wear the dresses afterward with a fichu, and long mitts.

Very pretty, and permanently useful, graduating dresses
are of open embroidery, over a color—pale pink, blue, or
canary ; the sashes, or ribbons, matching the tint of the
under-dress. But one point is of essential importance, and
that is, that the colors shall be delicate, not high, or dark.

LONG STOCKING MITTS are better than the open lace or
netted mitts for frequent and serviceable wear.

GLOVES extend not only to the elbow, but upon the upper
arm. The tan and écru shades remain in fashion.

NCEMENT DRESSES.

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tings and *écru* silk
tterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years, price, twenty cents each. Patterns of overskirt in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years, twenty-five cents each. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2. The "Augusta" polonaise and a gored walking skirt are combined in this costume, which is made of nun's veiling, cream-tinted, and trimmed with Newport lace. The skirt is trimmed with a succession of shirred flounces edged with lace, and the polonaise is fully trimmed with lace and further ornamented with bows of terra cotta red satin ribbon. Black kid slippers, black Lisle thread stockings, and black kid gloves complete the costume, or the gloves can be of any light shade preferred. This polonaise is illustrated among the separate fashions. Polonaise patterns, thirty cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

Melita Basque.

AN exceedingly stylish and youthful model for a basque of black grenadine, to complete a costume of the same material arranged with a combination of satin Surah. The basque is of brocaded black grenadine, with plaited paniers and a vest-plastron of *satin merveilleux*. The back is laid in full box-plaits on the underside below the waist, imparting a very graceful effect to a slender figure. Jet buttons close the front, and a bow of black satin ribbon terminating in jetted balls is placed at the waist. Collar and Mousquetaire cuffs of white Spanish lace gathered upon white silk mull. The collar is tied in front with a bow of pale pink satin ribbon. The model illustrated is the "Melita" basque, which will also be found among the separate fashions elsewhere. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

FICELLE, or twine lace, is used on simple cotton costumes, and on handsome silk toilets.

Ladies' Costumes.

FIG. 1.—Costume of dark plum-colored satine, trimmed with embroidery on *écru* tinted *batiste*. The design illustrated is the "Marana" costume, a charming model with short walking skirt trimmed with two gathered flounces edged with embroidery, a scarf tunic, and a sacque-shaped basque belted in to the figure. Hat of fancy Tuscan straw trimmed with a large bow of plum-colored satin *reps*, sprays of fine plum-colored blossoms and *ficelle* lace, *Suède*, tan-colored gloves, and parasol of plum-colored satine. The double illustration of this costume will be found among the separate fashions elsewhere. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—This pretty costume of olive green percale, with cream-colored polka dots, is composed of the "Michelle" waist and "Waldeck" overskirt, arranged over a short, gored walking skirt trimmed with rows of knife-plaiting, edged with bands of plain moss-green percale. The overskirt is also trimmed with a broad band of plain percale, and the plaited cuffs are of the same, edged with ruffles of Edelweiss lace. A belt of scarlet satin ribbon tied in a bow in front, is worn with this costume, and a *fichu* of cream-tinted mull edged with Edelweiss lace. Jersey gloves of cream-tinted silk. The hat is a fancy straw, with trimmings of cream-tinted Spanish *guipure*, an Alsatian bow and a cluster of shrimp pink roses without foliage. The waist and overskirt are also illustrated among the separate fashions elsewhere. Price of waist patterns, twenty cents each size; overskirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 3.—A stylish pelisse of pongee silk, composing an extremely convenient and pretty outer garment to be worn with a traveling suit or summer excursion costume. The design illustrated is the "Allegra" pelisse, made up in *écru* pongee silk, and trimmed with plaited ruffles of the same around the bottom, neck, and sleeves, and faced with gay striped *satin merveilleux*, or surah in terra-cotta and *écru* stripes. Bows of dark terra-cotta satin-reps ribbon, with tassels to match on each end, ornament the front. Bonnet of terra-cotta straw, trimmed with a scarf of silk to match, and a cluster of lighter colored flowers. The double illustration of the "Allegra" pelisse will be found among the separate fashions elsewhere. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

BLACK ARMURE GRENADINE is made up over a color for handsome costumes.

COLORED GRENADINES are again fashionable, and are trimmed with frills of black lace.

Pongee Dresses.

PONGEE is a greater favorite than ever this season, for useful, elegant costumes. It is cool, durable, and at the same time comparatively inexpensive for a fabric that is pure silk, and needs not a silk lining. The embroidery executed upon the materials greatly improves it, and, in fact, removes the only objection—its want of character and variety.

Mantelets and Jackets.

THERE is no more vexing question than that of wraps, especially those which are required for best. Ulsters, water-proofs, jackets, and even good cloth coats can be purchased more or less satisfactorily ready-made; but a more dainty affair, one made of good silk, good lace, or other really handsome and serviceable materials, costs so much that it is quite out of the reach of an ordinary purse, while the coarse or flimsy fabric and trimming that forms the alternative are disgusting to a woman of refinement. The only remedy in this case is to select your patterns and have one made, or make it yourself. Take for example the "Worth" mantelet in the present number; it is very pretty and stylish, just such a wrap as nine ladies out of ten would rejoice in for summer wear; yet its cost in any made-up establishment would put it quite out of the power of four-fifths to obtain it. It looks small—so do hundreds of others that you see—and you imagine, if you have not had much experience in buying silk wraps, that it cannot cost much. But you have selected it because it was pretty, well cut and well finished, and these are qualities which seem to command a price entirely out of proportion to the intrinsic value. You can buy a silk and lace wrap for twenty-five, perhaps twenty, dollars, but it will be coarse, badly shaped, and fussily trimmed with showy, but not really good kind of ornamentation.

But now let us see what the "Worth" mantelet could be made for at home. Three yards of satin Rhadames, at $1.75 per yard—$5.25, twelve yards of lace, $9, four yards passementerie, at seventy-five cents, $3—$17.25.

The only addition to this sum would consist of a half yard of soft twilled foulard, at fifty cents, for facing, leaving the whole cost at seventeen and a quarter dollars. Seventy-five cents per yard would not, it may be said, procure much in the way of lace, but it is not supposed that this will buy "real" or extremely fine lace, but these prices will pay for a better quality of silk and lace than is used for silk and lace wraps under thirty to thirty-five dollars, and a little extra put into the lace would easily bring it up to a forty dollar wrap.

The light cloth wraps are most useful, and very pretty and becoming for a variety of purposes, and for the fall and spring seasons particularly. Select your pattern, and make one at home out of material and trimming purchased, and you will have the comfort of feeling that you have duly paid for what you have got.

Ruffled lace capes are as fashionable as ever, or rather large lace collars, to which a deep ruffle of lace bordering is attached, Spanish and Spanish point being the favorite fabrics.

Little in the way of addition to summer costume seems to be needed. A fichu of black or cream Spanish lace, or a small straight mantelet of the silk, muslin or grenadine of which the dress is composed, is all that is necessary; but the black silk and lace wrap is demanded by a class of ladies who do not feel that they are dressed for the street if they have not an outside garment which partly conceals the dress.

White Toilets.

WHITE toilets are in great vogue this season, not the dead, chalky white cottons, but the ivory tints and creams in nuns'-veiling, fine barege, Surah, China crape, and, for cheaper costumes, cheese-cloth, and the like. White open embroidery is also worn with great distinction, but it is placed over ruby, pale blue, or ficelle silk, or satin, and trimmed with moire ribbons of the under color. The soft-tinted white dresses are not only much more becoming, but, excepting in such costly materials as *crêpe de chine*, much more economical than these silk and white embroidery dresses, which after all, have not the merit of novelty. They are pretty, undoubtedly, and those who can afford a variety of rich toilets will find them a very bright and becoming alternative. But the girls who cannot, need not pine after them, for a simple cheese-cloth, well-cut, and made up with knife-plaitings and ribbon-loops, will be as effective at a cost of five dollars (made by the girl herself) as the silk and over-laying at a hundred and fifty. Still, we do not advise cotton cheese-cloth if it can be avoided. Light bunting (all wool), linen cheese-cloth, which costs double that of cotton, and is worth four times as much, are either of them better worth the time and trouble or money necessarily spent in making, and it is always cheaper in the end to buy good material than the revers. Nun's-veiling is so very fine and delicate in texture that it can only be made up for a summer evening, or fête dress over silk, or batiste. For occasions it is lovely, but it must not be depended upon for a dress to wear at all times, and upon all occasions. The firmer bareges are more suitable for regular wear, or the buntings, linen cheese-cloth and the like.

The finest visiting dress this summer is tinted white throughout; dress, straight, lace-trimmed fichu, of the material hat or bonnet, and parasol. The latter may be of the lightest shade of pongee, or it may be covered with cream lace, or it may be covered with an alternate series of ruffles of cream lace and cream Surah. These toilets do not soil so easily as one might imagine, and will serve for the summer season for church and occasional visiting, with an alternate, and provided they are not worn on showery days. There is no limit to the charm of these white toilets except length of purse. Some exquisite models are made of ivory satin, draped with china crape, the bodice of white moire and the enormous sash of moire forming part of the drapery at the back. Others, less costly, but still expensive enough, are of nun's-veiling draped over Surah silk, laid in fine plaitings, and trimmed with quantities of finely plaited white lace. The first mentioned cost from two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars; the second, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars. Of course the materials can be bought, and they can be made up at lower prices, and yet they must still be high-priced if costly fabrics are used, and real lace trimmings, or fine embroideries.

It is one of the peculiarities of the modern competitive styles that fabrics and trimmings are used for day wear, for day entertainments, for the street, and even for the church, that would not formerly have been considered admissible; and we can never admire or consider it good taste to wear strings of pearl beads with garnet walking dresses, or imitation lace fichus with a bunch of tawdry artificial flowers, as part of the street costume. A cream costume throughout may, however, be quiet and modest, and the bouquet of natural flowers in the corsage may repeat the coloring in the cluster at the side of the bonnet, without transgressing in the least any of the canons of good taste.

Charming dresses are also made of white linen lawn, which are suitable for any occasion, particularly if they are trimmed with a pretty dotted embroidery, and not garishly with high-colored ribbons. It is surprising what numberless resources the summer holds in dainty fabrics, many of them extremely inexpensive, for those who can turn them to account.

LONG MITTS are as much worn as ever. They are useful with the elbow sleeves for house wear, and indispensable for garden parties.

Summer Wraps.

THE range of outdoor garments is very wide, and adapts itself to varied tastes and necessities more than ever before. All sorts of garments are worn, from the "Mother Hubbard," which envelops the figure, and the ulster, which protects it, to the prim cape of netted silk and chenille, straight yet elastic, which adapts itself to the shoulders. Usually there has been little choice in outside covering. It has either been covering indeed or nothing at all, short jackets or long cloaks, shawls or mantles,—never before was such an opportunity to choose from the most diversified lists. But the newest things are the small dolmans, straight on the back, made of satin Surah, or satin Rhadames, and trimmed with rich Spanish point lace and jetted passementerie, or the new elastic capes, straight, reaching only to the middle of the back, and resembling a coat of mail in the netted mesh, set so closely with jet, and sometimes alternating with a small tasseled silk fringe or tiny chenille balls.

Jackets, which fit closely like a basque, are worn with the made-up silk or satin skirts, which are an English fashion, but are becoming popular here.

Twine colored cloth jackets of light texture are most useful for seaside or mountain wear, and are faced with silk or satin of the ficelle shade, and finished with old coin or imitation coin buttons.

The large Mother Hubbard cloaks have been made part of the summer outfit of many ladies who want a light wrap that will cover them and yet look more dressy than an ulster or waterproof. For this purpose they are made of écru, dark or wine-color, fawn, or a still more delicate tint of thin llama, or cashmere, and lined with twilled foulard. A ribbon belt fastened underneath ties down the waist at the back, and satin or moire ribbons tie the sides of the front together. Some very stylish Mother Hubbards are made of pongee, and lined with old gold silk, of a thin quality.

Very nice summer ulsters are made of hair striped or invisible check washing silks, but of course the popular ulster will continue to be of waterproof tweed in heather mixture, or linen. Spanish lace mantles have taken the place so long occupied by the black lace "point," or shawl. These mantles are many of them made with a deep flounce, some not so large, with several narrow flounces, and if the lace is of good quality the cost is high. Shawls, on the contrary, can be purchased very low, compared with the quality of the lace, the shape being out of fashion. The most elegant mantles are lined with satin, the flounces falling below, and the effect is very rich. But if the lace is worn over a satin, or rich combination satin and lace dress, the lining is useless, simply concealing the dress, and if it is worn over inferior materials it looks out of place, so that, after all, the lining seems rather useless than otherwise. The large cream Spanish lace mantles are beautiful.

Spring and Summer Suits.

CHARMING SPRING and summer suits are made of a combination of a plain material, with a darkly shaded silk, or wool stripe. The front of the skirt is puffed, or kilted, the back is laid in broad, box plaits; the sides are panelled in the stripe. The deep, glove-fitting coat basque is of the plain material, but a straight scarf-like fichu partly covers it. The large straw hat of the plain color is trimmed with the stripe.

Pretty Summer Toilets.

A PRETTY, novel-looking dress of fine dark green cashmere, the skirt fitted to the yoke into which it is set, the jacket of dark blue green satin Rhadames turned back from the front, and fastened under a large moire bow, the moire being used also as a facing for the *revers*, and perfectly matching the satin and cashmere. Neck and front, also the wrists, are finished with loops of cream satin and cream lace, and the buttons are of shaded pearl.

A *fête* dress is of heliotrope silk, trimmed with knife plaited flounces and draped with two aprons, and a succession of puffs at the back, of nun's-veiling trimmed with plaited lace. The sleeves are of nun's-veiling and lace, the bodice of the silk with a full square of nun's-veiling inserted in the neck, and outlined with a double row of lace. An immense bow of the silk is mingled with the drapery at the back.

Another dress is of ruby satin and tinted silk muslin arranged in a succession of plaited ruffles upon the front, above a knife plaiting of the satin, from which the paniered basque is drawn aside. The basque is of moire and the paniers of satin, laid in close folds. The square *guimpe*, or chemisette, which descends low, is of silk muslin and lace, the lace laying as a sort of colarette upon the outside.

A simple dress for summer wear is of muslin in shades of olive and old blue, with a border in which pink flowerets are introduced. This is used to ruffle the skirt. The bodice is a deep basque shirred to the waist line, and open V. shape. The sleeves are also shirred lengthwise. A moire belt and sash lined with pink completes the dress.

And the simple but pretty dress is of robin's egg blue lawn, made with two skirts, and a basque which is shirred in at the waist, and trimmed with dotted needle-work, the dots graduated in size. A ribbon belt with side loops completes it. Many white lawn dresses are made in this fashion. A morning walking dress is of striped linen gingham, made with two skirts and a blouse waist, belted in. The trimming is Madeira embroidery, or linen (Belgian) lace.

A good traveling dress is made of wood brown wool, draped with a large check in shades of wood brown and green, with lines of white, black and gold. The deep, kilted flounce and basque, also outside jacket, are of plain wool.

Black Jetted Dresses.

BLACK JETTED DRESSES are among the most distinguished of this season's toilets. They may be made of grenadine over foulard, of black nun's-veiling over satin Surah, of satin and Spanish lace, or any mixture of lace, and satin preferred, but the materials must be light, soft, and rich, and the trimming lace beaded with small fine cut jet, or fine, jetted fringe. Unless the jet is of the finest, it will over-weight the material. When made of rich materials, and with taste, the costume being black throughout, the effect cannot be surpassed.

There are jetted dresses, however, whose weight no woman ought to lift, even in winter, much less in summer. One of these has a jet embroidered front upon ruby satin, the sides are panelled with jetted lace, in a succession of narrow ruffles. The back is of plaited moire (black). The basque of moire, with embroidered vest of satin, and jetted lace sleeves. A fraise of jetted lace completed this dress, lined with ruby satin.

Allegra Pelisse.—This unique and stylish wrap is especially well adapted for summer wear as a traveling or dust cloak, as well as for more dressy purposes. It is an extremely novel model, having the back laid in two broad box-plaits, sleeves inserted in dolman style, and loose sacque fronts. Garnitures of plaitings, as illustrated, are very suitable for many classes of goods, but any other style of trimming may be substituted to accord with the material selected. Pongee, Surah, India silk and *foulard*, as well as many qualities of light woolens and dress goods, are appropriate for this design. Patterns, in two sizes, medium and large, price thirty cents each.

Melita Basque.—Novel and stylish, this model is admirably adapted to a slender figure. It is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. Plaited paniers ornament the sides, the front has a vest-plastron, and the side form and back pieces are cut with extensions laid in box-plaits on the under side. A square collar and elbow sleeves, finished with "Mousquetaire" cuffs, complete the design. This model is suitable for almost any class of dress goods, and is especially effective in a combination of materials, as illustrated. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each.

Michelle Waist.—Especially appropriate for light summer fabrics, including materials that may be laundered, this pretty waist is laid in side plaits in the front and back, and is ornamented with a deep, rolling collar, while the coat sleeves have deep, plaited cuffs. This design may be made of any class of dress goods and trimmed to suit the fabric of which it is composed, lace or embroidery, as illustrated, forming a very suitable garniture. It combines nicely with a simple overskirt like the "Waldeck," and is so illustrated elsewhere. Price of patterns, twenty cents each size.

Bonnets for Summer Wear.

THERE is one essential requisite in a summer bonnet in our climate, and that is this: it ought to shade the eyes. The small capote bonnets which have been in vogue so long are not only useless in themselves for day wear, but they involve the wearing by nearly all women of the strip of irritating lace across the eyes, which has a permanently injurious effect upon the sight. We regret on this account to see the small bonnets still predominant, and really so reduced in size as to be little more than scull-caps upon the head. In fact, the French bonnet of the present season has no freshness or distinguishing summer characteristics; it is exactly like the reception bonnet of last winter—the same beading, the same materials, the same ornaments—only, if anything, smaller, and therefore still less protective from the sun and glare, which are so trying in summer.

Fortunately, we have got to a place where it is not necessary to wear a particular style if we do not like it. There are larger bonnets, there are bonnets with brims that shade the face, and there are large hats for the young and those who can wear them. These afford alternatives which the wise will do well to avail themselves of. There is not the least occasion for having recourse to the costume bonnets of last season, for the straws are varied and becoming, as well as effective. There are small bonnets also in straws, fine Dunstable, Tuscan, open Leghorn, the light manilla, ficelle satin, or glacé straw, and many others. These are more seasonable than beaded satin, or beaded lace over satin, and can be trimmed so as to differentiate from costume bonnets, and make them suggestive of the light and fragrance and beauty of summer.

The large hats of wine-colored straw, bronze, olive, old-gold, and the like, have had a great success for little girls. They possess character, and are distinctive, without being costly. They require but little trimming—a scarf with a full knot, a band of wide satin ribbon, with large bow, short ends, or ends entirely omitted, and brim faced with shirred silk or satin the color of the straw.

English Apron or Blouse.

THIS simple little dress, arranged so as to give the effect of a blouse worn over a *guimpe*, is made of white French nainsook, prettily trimmed with Valenciennes edging and insertion. The blouse is mounted upon a square yoke made of alternate rows of lace insertion and strips of nainsook, and the full sleeves are gathered at the wrist with a band of insertion and lace ruffle. In less expensive goods this design is an excellent one for an apron, and may be worn to protect the dress underneath. The double illustration of the "English" apron or blouse will be found among the separate fashions elsewhere. Patterns in sizes for from two to ten years of age. Price, fifteen cents each.

How to Dress Children Well.

AMID the endless varieties of fabric and style continually brought forward it becomes increasingly a matter of thought to dress children suitably and well. For certainly the first element of beauty in children's dress is simplicity. To see a delicate, slender little girl completely lost in flounces, furbelows and laces is to see a sorry sight; and while rich and dainty materials can legitimately be employed, it should never be forgotten that the dress intended for a child has no business to be a counterpart of that suited to a woman. A boy looks absurd if the cut of his clothes gives him the air of a miniature man; and the little miss, whose dress is a matter of infinite consequence in her own eyes, should learn by force of habit and early education that the more simply she is dressed the more attractive she is.

And, after all, that which is true of everything else worthy of admiration is true of dress; the beauty of simplicity is only to be obtained by a certain amount of study and consideration, and its rarity serves to prove how difficult it is of attainment. It ought to be laid down as an irrefutable law that all clothes worn by children should be conducive to comfort, and that they should never, even upon the most exalted occasion, be of such make or fit, such fashion or style, that the dress shall extinguish the wearer instead of the child's showing off the dress.

First, then, comes the consideration of suitability. A dress suitable for one occasion is clearly not adapted for every other. At this time of year, especially when life is most enjoyable out of doors, when freedom of limb is absolutely essential to the enjoyment of children, simple, easy-fitting, not very destructible dresses are a necessity. Ginghams, lawns and dainty fabrics of all kinds are on hand, and demand more than passing attention, but for the first requisite of usefulness there is nothing like the thin summer flannels, of which such charming suits can be made. Either in small checks or in self colors, the most practical dress an active child can have for everyday wear is unquestionably a flannel one of light texture. These admit of every variety of style and make, but certainly none is more bewitching than the combination dress, with its kilted skirt and long loose jacket, with a blouse undershirt of cashmere. If invisible blue or green are selected for the skirt and jacket, the choice of bright crimson or blue cashmere for the shirt is extremely pretty. Such a dress suits a child of any age, and is especially valuable in the case of those restless little people who are the despair of tidy mothers and exacting nurses, whose frocks are never "fit to be seen."

Shirring, which came into fashion with the Mother Hubbard dresses, gains increasing favor. A very pretty introduction of it is possible in the blouse dress, when the loose blouse is not only shirred across the chest and sleeves, but instead of being confined below the waist with a sash, is lightly drawn in with successive rows of shirring. Other dresses again are shirred at intervals throughout the entire length of waist and skirt in front, while the back is shaped to the figure in the style of the Princess robe, and finished off below the waist with a wide sash bow. Frocks for quite little children, both boys and girls, are almost uniformly in one length, or with the simple introduction of a yoke or square at the neck, which it is now very usual to make of other material. Charming little morning dresses are made in this way with a combination of fine colored linen lawn and white muslin, the yoke and sleeves being of some pretty-patterned lawn, and the remainder of mull muslin shirred above the knees, and made more handsome by the introduction of embroidery below the insertion.

Elbow sleeves are becoming to little girls, finished off just below the elbow with lace. The introduction of high puffs on the shoulder will not become general, but a succession of smaller puffs, with insertion let in between them, makes a pretty sleeve. Blouse dresses, with a habit shirt and sleeves of white muslin, are extremely becoming to children in the ages where they begin to develop elbows and to contend with the lankness of rapid growth. A fine muslin *guimpe* or chemisette, high in the neck and finished off with delicate ruffling, or with an open insertion, which admits of a ribbon run through it, as an addition, with sleeves to the wrist, sets off a blouse of summer silk admirably.

The Princess dress for little girls is always in favor, and is usually completed with a deep collar and cuffs turned back in unison with it. Sailor suits, for both boys and girls, hold their own for country and seaside, and there are few styles more becoming and comfortable.

It is always a difficult matter to dress little boys well, between babyhood and the knickerbocker age, but the pretty kilted dresses, which are simple and childlike, and yet essentially boyish, solve the problem.

The large collars for both boys and girls continue in favor, and are made in every style, plain and shirred rounded or square. The first trouser suits for boys of four and five are very prettily finished off, with knee pants, vest, and loose jacket, with several rows of raised black buttons down the vest, while for larger lads a suit of long pants and jacket which is semi-tight and comes below the hips, is useful and gentlemanly. For out of door wear for girls so little addition is really needed for walking in summer that there is not a great deal of variety in children's cloaks or jackets. A pretty little walking costume is more suitable, and such a one can be readily made of mixed goods of almost any

quality. One great secret in dressing children effectively consists in the choice of materials. No amount of trimming or style in making will turn a common material into a handsome one; but handsome, good stuff will make the most simple style of costume stylish and attractive. Style is in reality the adaptation of simplicity and good taste to individual requirements; the well-dressed child, boy or girl, is he or she whose clothes are well made, of good material, and suitable to the time and place in which they are worn; and, as we have already remarked, the overdressed child is never admirable.

For nursery wear there is after all nothing more suitable than the old-fashioned blouse pinafore, with its long sleeves, made of any pretty cambric, which effectually answers the end for which it is provided, and keeps the little wearer clean; but for children of a larger growth, who are expected to reverse the order of things and keep their aprons clean, for school children of all ages, the gored pinafore is as pretty as any.

One concluding remark upon the style of hats worn by children. There is so much latitude in fashion now a days that individual choice is the main question, but there is one consideration which cannot be too deeply impressed upon parents or those who have charge of growing children. They require a shade for the eyes, and any hat or bonnet which exposes them to the heat of the sun ought to be condemned at once. Two things only are absolutely requisite, the details after that are a matter of choice; the head covering should be light and large enough to protect the childish head. It's a suggestion of good taste, we may add, that few flowers only are suitable for children's hats, such as small daisies, pansies, violets, or rosebuds; and that, in spite of all that fashion may say to the contrary, glaring sun-flowers, poppies, or any other obtrusive flowers have no right to appear upon the hats and bonnets of children, be they babies or older girls. And so the burden of our text throughout is the same: the best way to dress children, whether of large growth or of small, is to study two things, simplicity and suitability, when they will be sure to look well, whether the materials of which their clothes are made are economical or costly.

English Apron or Blouse.—A simple and pretty design, equally well adapted for an apron or dress. It is a perfectly loose blouse attached to a square yoke. The sleeves are full and gathered in to a band at the wrist, and the skirt is trimmed with a gathered flounce. This model is very desirable for washable materials, but is also suitable for almost any of the materials usually selected for children's dresses; and it may be trimmed, as illustrated, with insertion and embroidery, or in any other style adapted to the material selected. Patterns in sizes for from two to ten years. Price, fifteen cents each.

Geraldine Waist.—This charming model, especially becoming to the slender figures of young girls, is most suitable to light summer fabrics, but can also be used for any class of dress goods; and is very effective with the corselet made of a different material from the waist. It may be trimmed, as illustrated, with lace or embroidery on the sleeves and collar, or made up plainly, as desired. This waist is illustrated on the cut showing "commencement Dresses," in combination with the "Zima" overskirt. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

THE fashionable colors for flannel dresses are olive, cadet blue, white and black.

BLACK brocaded nun's-veiling is used for overdresses with silk or satin skirts.

60th Birthday Anniversary,

AND A SPLENDID MEMENTO OF THE OCCASION.

ON the sixth month, June tenth, 1882, W. Jennings Demorest, the senior Editor and Publisher of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, will be sixty years of age. It is proposed to make this sixtieth Birthday Anniversary the occasion of some interesting features with especial reference to the sixty years' life of the Editor.

For the sixth month, July number, to be issued on the tenth of June, the magazine will be put in an entirely new dress, and, besides giving a prominence to the sixties, there will be some new literary features and other novelties.

This Number will contain sixty leaves and sixty interesting articles, or subjects; also sixty beautiful steel, wood and other engravings, colored pictures in oil, and also include a fine line steel-engraving of the editor, taken at sixty.

The whole issue of the magazine to be confined to sixty thousand copies to correspond with the sixty thousand published one-third of sixty years since, and the commencement of the publication in 1860.

The magazine to be richly worth sixty cents, and yet sold at one-third of sixty.

We propose in this number to take only sixty advertisements, which are to be sixty lines, sixty words, or sixty letters, at sixty cents per line.

In order to more fully understand the magnitude of the edition of sixty thousand copies of the magazine, as now issued, we will give a few familiar illustrations and comparisons which will amuse and perhaps astonish our readers.

The size of the magazine is nearly twice sixty square inches; the whole edition of sixty thousand copies, therefore, would cover a space of sixty thousand square feet. Or the sixty leaves of the whole edition of the magazine would cover the whole of Broadway from the Battery to Central Park; or a distance of six miles sixty feet wide.

Its immense weight—One hundred of the magazines make just sixty pounds, or thirty-six thousand pounds for the whole edition; or over sixteen tons.

To carry this immense amount it would require about six hundred men, carrying sixty lbs. each, or sixty carts carrying six hundred lbs. each, and the train would be about six blocks long.

Its bulk—In thickness sixty magazines measure just one foot, therefore the whole sixty thousand would make a stupendous pile one thousand feet high; or sixty piles as high as a sixteen foot ceiling, or sixteen piles as high as a sixty foot or six story building.

Or six huge piles of the magazine as high as Niagara Falls.

"Miss B. J. F."—"*Rev. and Dear Sir*:—"Yours respectfully," would be suitable formulas for the beginning and ending of such a letter. You know more about the proprieties than you imagine—your own ideas as given in your letter indicate a perfectly proper line of conduct. Preserve a happy medium between sitting down with your hands folded when you receive a call from a clergyman, or other person with whom you are not familiar, and boring him with incessant talk and attentions. Ministers are just like other people, only a little more, or a little less so. There are no directions that could be given that, followed exactly, would not make you seem stilted and absurdly conventional. Formality is at home on state occasions and in grand circles, but the dictates of natural refinement and common sense can be safely followed in smaller and quieter circles.

"Mrs. B. J. H."—Mrs. Chapman's story was not told with the idea of adding to her already very large constituency, but to show what a woman can do with a little energy and skill in any given direction. She cannot add to her own burdens, as she is already over-burdened and over-taxed, nor can we use our columns to advertise her personal work. But what she has done may be done by others. Women who have skill at this sort of lace-work will find more or less of a market in their own neighborhoods, and might advantageously follow her lead by trying to establish one in the nearest city with some wholesale house, and employing other women, as she does, to fill orders. We cannot give her exact address because it would have to be continually repeated, and she does not wish it. It is sad evidence of the general poverty of married women, that from the small notices made of this woman's doings upwards of five hundred letters have been received (only seven of which were from unmarried women), containing prayers for work which is confessedly unremunerative, and whose principal merit is, that it does not require long training, and can be done at home.

"M. E. S."—See reply to "B. J. H."

"Mrs. Wm. P. E."—We know nothing of the article you mention.

"Van."—Good, pure Surah silk does not grow shiny—on the contrary, it retains its texture and quality. There is a thicker silk now of the same kind called Satin Rhadames, which makes up very nicely. We should advise, however, a good quality of plain faille for wear, and thoroughly lady-like appearance. Satins of all kinds are losing ground. Make them up with trimmed skirts, and basques, trim with fine plaited ruffles of the same, and small mantelets to knot closely round the shoulders, or cross in front to complete the suits; these can be edged with a plaiting to match, or heavy fringe.

"Rosa."—The Desirée costume would perhaps suit you. Trim with jet passementerie and Spanish lace. You can change the form of the tablier if you wish by rounding and shortening it, or you can make it double; that is, you can have two small graduated aprons cut rounding, instead of one that is long and pointed. Your hat or bonnet should be black, or white straw, or chip. Hoops are not fashionably worn—small tournures are sometimes inside the back of a flounced underskirt. You mean guipure lace—it is not now fashionable.

"A Constant Reader."—See reply to "B. J. H."

"Sadie H."—We do not know any one who wears "plumpers," and should think they would be very disagreeable and unpractical. Simple frames of carved or ebonized wood, or narrow flat gilt are best for our oil pictures, which are well worth the expenditure. They have glass put over them, and are enlarged by being put on a mat. You will have pictures of value in the India proof engravings that we are giving. Each one is worth the price of the magazine. It is a want of coloring matter in the hair itself that turns it to gray so early. Use vaseline pomade at the roots of the hair.

"M. C. H."—Your sample is an all-wool fabric, but it is not cashmere, and we should consider it high at $1.25 per yard.

"June."—The "Carmen" would furnish a pretty model for your graduating dress with sleeves added. Wait till you have acquired a handwriting with character—or character enough to be expressed through your handwriting.

"Coney Island."—A pongee, or brown summer silk, mixed with small stripe, or check, would be very suitable for your purpose. A washing cotton would not answer, as it is destroyed in a shower, and soils so easily—a wool would be too warm; and the only kind of dress entirely suitable would be a combination summer silk, or a *chine*, a *chally*, or a pongee; all three of the latter are very fashionable this season.

"(Miss) K. C."—See answer to B. J. H.—"Bric-a-Brac."—"Apostle" spoons were made in the time of Queen Elizabeth, an era famous for art and decoration, because very sumptuous and luxurious living and dressing were encouraged by the Queen and her Court. Plate spoons were not at that time in common use—the first one made in England dates only from 1445, and was the gift of a king to a subject. The spoons of that day are called "Apostle" spoons because they were often decorated with the head of an Apostle; but they also show other devices—the bust of a young maiden, the head of an owl, a lion, or a dog. The bowl was pear-shaped, the stem always solid.

"C. B. W."—To all your questions we can answer yes. Young ladies do wear figured muslins trimmed with lace, also white dresses trimmed with embroidery. They wear lace mitts and large hats, and have their dresses belted in, and look as dainty and pretty as possible. But real nice girls do not wear hoops or bustles—they make underskirts of a kind of French lawn (white), and flounce them at the back to the top, and draw them in with strings run in a casing about half way down. All dresses are made walking length.—Glad you like us.

"Mrs. S. G. S."—Your silk is a very nice piece; it is a pity to have it dyed, for no dyed silk ever looks, or can be as "good as new." But it would doubtless be better to make it wearable, and we should advise you to have it dyed seal brown, or black—probably black would be the most useful. We do not know what the cost would be in San Francisco; here it would be about three dollars, if it was ripped apart, as it should be.

"Qui Vive."—We do not advise a combination with velvet if it is to be worn for several seasons; rather get a handsome plain silk, and trim with itself and Spanish lace. The lace is not so very durable, but it is fashionable, and not expensive; and in a couple of years you can retrim, or put velvet with your silk—if it is good quality and color—and practically have a new dress.

"Viola."—An embroidered dress is the prettiest and richest summer dress you could select. We should advise embroidered silk muslin flounces over knife kiltings, very fine, of pale amber satin, and over-dress of *chine* silk in amber shades. This would be drawn away from the front and draped at the back. Traveling dress of pongee, with embroidered trimming in the same shade, and straight little mantelet knotted in front. A foulard, or washing silk, is always useful, always cool, and always pretty. You should also have two linen ginghams for washing costumes, trimmed with linen lace or embroidery; and a robin's egg blue nun's veiling, with embroidered ruffling; long gloves, light tan, and a few pairs of thread and silk gloves and mitts—better select some of these minor articles when you come East. New York is famous for gloves, laces (made up), ties, and odds and ends for fancy wear. Two pairs of walking boots, one pair of Oxford ties, two pairs of strapped shoes, and two pairs of slippers, one for general, the other for dressing-room wear, should be enough. Hosiery should be selected to match your dresses; some Lisle thread will be useful, and pleasant for warm weather.

"Miss M."—Armure silk is what you want, and you should trim it with itself, and fine interior plaitings of crepe lisse (white). Get a white house dress of plain linen lawn, and wear with it black ribbons, and another of gray, and trim it also with black ribbons or black embroidery. Have a gray traveling dress of fine wool, and wear with it black hat, black gloves, and black and white very small check or striped ulster, the black predominating.

"Mrs. E. F."—Your letter was forwarded to the President of the Silk Culture Association in Philadelphia.

"Recluse."—Can you not have a dolman made of your shawl? They are used very largely for this purpose now. Or, otherwise, put it up on a pole, by the aid of a few brass rings, and make a portière of it. There are simple waved fronts which you could easily arrange with your own hair, because they have hair attached, which will mix in at the back. Avoid reddish browns and greens, and wear dark, cool colors—dark twig green or brown, dregs of wine, with white lace, and the like. Do not use black for every day, or all the time, as some ladies do; it is depressing to the spirits of the wearer and the spectator; but avoid figures, and wear, as before remarked, plain, dark, cool colors, with folds of tulle at the neck, extending to the waist. We do not advise false hair if you can get along without it—there is always more or less of an unnatural appearance about it. Get up dainty little caps for morning wear, very simple and rather quaint, small mob shapes of tinted muslin, with band of ribbon and bow, and soft (not wide) lace as a frame to the face.

"Mrs. E. E. L."—You can buy watered silk and *moire antique*, the first from $1.50, the second from $2·50 per yard, very fair quality. Of course you can ascend from these figures as high as you please.—Glad you and yours like us so well.

"Lillie C. B."—You can probably obtain them of the Decorative Art Society, 24 East Twenty-first Street, New York City.

"Athens."—"Norma" is rather out of date now, but we always admired the opera very much indeed. Norma is a very good name, but stately, and should be associated with the right kind of surname and person.

"Grace Ethel."—We know nothing in regard to the person you allude to, and have not time to search legal records in order to hunt up individual property matters.

"LITERA."—Beatrice Cenci was the beautiful and ill-fated daughter of a fiendishly wicked Italian nobleman. To save herself, her mother, and her brothers and sisters from unheard-of wrongs, she assisted her brothers in an attempt upon her unnatural parent's life, and lost her own. Her short life of fearful suffering and her exquisite beauty have been celebrated by poets, painters, and sculptors.—Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is a novel, not a poem.—"Diacritical" marks mean the marks of separation which divide words into syllables. Therefore, when your teacher asked for the dia-critical marks of the word fi-nal-e, he meant its marks of separation as we have given them.

"ETHEL WYLDE."—From 12 to 15 yards would be required for a suit of "Nonpareil" velveteen. Jet passementerie is a suitable trimming Damassée of a handsome quality may be used for trimming cashmere or satin de Lyon. Gros grain is best trimmed with knife-plaitings of itself and good lace. "Marion Evans," now Mrs. Wilson, is the author of "St. Elmo." Princess Helena is the wife of Prince Christian; her husband is a German.

"MRS S."—We are not acquainted practically with the stove you mention, but we know that the principle upon which it is constructed is very good, though more economical when used by a large family than a small one.

"MAUD."—We should not advise satin now, because it is going out of date, nor should we consider a black satin bonnet desirable except for a very old lady. Why do you not get a dark bronze or olive silk, or if you prefer black, black satin de Lyon, and with a black chip hat, or bonnet, which would be useful to you with other dresses? You could also make a little mantelet of the same, or a larger dolman for the shoulders, which could be worn with anything and everything.

"MISS M. M."—A long, handsome ostrich feather will cost from five to ten dollars. Its "spoiling" will depend on the accidents of weather—rain will flatten and take all the curl out of feathers, but they can be recurled and "cleaned" when necessary, though the processes usually require to be done by a professional.

"YOUNG MOTHER."—You are quite relieved from the necessity of wearing mourning any longer; but you had better lighten your dress gradually, or rather change it to colors, for light colors are not fashionable except for indoor wear. Your little boy is the right age to wear flannel sailor suits, and for best a "Roscoe" suit in white flannel or Scotch tweed.

"CHAUTAQUA."—Thomas Carlyle was the author of "Sartor Resartus." This work, and the volume of his miscellaneous essays, will give you some idea of him as an author. He has a special interest just now for the young, because he was one of the intellectual forces of the last generation which did much to mold the thought of the present. He was no dilettante author, but a sort of intellectual Vulcan, a worker in rude stone and iron, and his blows were dealt sledge-hammer fashion. But they always hit their mark. He is terse, bold, epigrammatic, shrewd, caustic, and imaginative, with a sort of primitive power of divination, which brought with it too much insight for happiness. Carlyle may be recommended to young readers capable of digesting hearty mental food; and if they can understand, and place it where it belongs, without becoming enthusiasts on the one hand, or hopelessly involved on the other, they may be congratulated on the possession of faculties that ought to stand them in good stead in doing some work of their own.

"VILLAGE MAIDEN."—The "Nelida" basquine drapes off into side paniers, and would be very pretty over a ruffled skirt. The "Arrietta" costume is a good design for skirt and polonaise, and there is the "Regia," which is very pretty, and gives you a complete dress with hip panier. Ruby sashes are fashionable in the evening with tinted white, or black. Wave your hair and comb it plain. Arrange it in a Grecian knot at the back, and with a little fringe across the front. Visiting cards containing name and address are used for "tea" invitations. Above the name, at the left, inscribe, "At home June 5th," or whatever the date is, and in the lower left (the address presumably occupying the right), add, "Tea at four," or whatever the hour may be. Or, you may write, "Your presence is desired at No. 7 Eastlake Terrace on the afternoon of June the 4th. Tea served at five o'clock." The finish of the neck on occasions when you wish to look your best is a matter which ought to be guided by taste. The interior plaitings should always be of soft lace. But some young ladies now wear with black dresses, thick black lace ruches, others Mother Hubbard collars (gathered), others fichus of soft crepe, and lace, and still others a mere scarf of tulle, fastened at the throat and brought straight down to the waist.

"MRS. B. F. D."—The "Celeste" dress can be had on application, though it has been rather crowded out by the newer styles, the "Elfie" and the "Nina," for example.—Jennie June thanks you most heartily for your very kind estimate of her work.

"ELLA J. C."—There are no safe or harmless dyes for the hair. Nor is it of any use for you to dye your hair if it has begun to turn gray; nostrums will only hasten the process, and make it dingy and stiff in the process. Gray hair and white hair soften and often add a beauty, and many young women were never handsome till they became white-haired.

"L. C. B."—A gentleman wears a ring always on the little finger of his left hand.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—We quite believe you in earnest, and wish to reply to you in earnest also. The only way you can reach the stage at once is by applying to the manager of some provincial theater, and going on at first either in the ballet or its equivalent. This means hard work and poor pay, constant humiliation and grievous disappointments. Still, if you had the stuff in you, if you devoted your leisure to study and improvement, if you cared nothing for difficulties so long as they helped you toward the final object of your ambition, why, you might succeed in time in making a place; but it must always be one full of weariness, for there is no profession in life so hard as that of actress; the dress question complicating this, as it does every other for women. There is no respectable metropolitan theatre where you would be taken even as a beginner without a training in many things—stage dancing and the like, which you probably have never received—or without previous practice. To achieve any higher position in the beginning you must spend months and years in expensive training, and must be able to buy an elegant wardrobe, and pay for an opportunity to make a first appearance. Do not think we underestimate your natural ability. It requires a great deal of it, and the training, too, to make even a moderate degree of success upon the stage, and the artists that are acknowledged to be great possess a genius for industry as well as a genius for the stage, and are the most indefatigable of students. As for the vulgar and degrading possibilities attendant upon stage representations in its lowest forms, we do not consider them with any reference to you, because to commit yourself to such a beginning would be to ensure an ending such as we would rather not contemplate.

"S. M. B."—Your checkered silk, copper color and black, is a bad combination for you, and will not be becoming. The best way to make it up will be by itself, trimming it with ruches, intermixed with black, and feathered out upon the edge. This will soften the effect, and you can further aid it by fine interior plaitings of crepe lisse, and bow of pale blue ribbon, and lace at the throat.

"BROWNIE."—Your sample of cashmere is olive green, a very good shade, and sure to be becoming to the brown-haired, fair-complexioned wearer, who belongs to what is called the mixed, or "American" type. It will make an excellent traveling dress. Robin's-egg blue lawn, trimmed with dotted embroidery (white), would make a very pretty graduating dress, and the "Carmen" (with sleeves) would be a pretty design for it. The "Regia," also, would be good, the bodice trimmed a low square, instead of pointed.—Could you not write an essay on what to do with a graduate, or an educated girl, when you have got her?—Make the gingham dress for the old lady with a skirt trimmed with a single gathered flounce. Attach it to an easy-fitting waist made of lining, with a small spring over the hips; add to this a basque, or jacket, without lining, and edged with a narrow row of Madeira embroidery. Button down the front.

"MRS. M. E. W."—"Serkys" is a fraud, or a joke, perhaps both. We could send you a wearable bonnet for eight dollars, but it would not be composed of expensive materials. Linen collars are not large; the small interior collars, with yoke attachment, remain in vogue; and there are others which turn down, but they are of moderate size. An interior plaiting, or ruffle of lace, or muslin and lace is the proper finish for the wrists of sleeves.

"S. V."—It is not necessary. The young lady may give a miniature of herself as an acknowledgment and souvenir—something to carry in the vest pocket. Each *direct* member of the family, sharer in the blood, has a right to the insignia. An overdress of black grenadine, or black, or cream-colored Spanish lace, would be suitable. The latter is a kind of woolen grenadine in lace pattern, and is adapted for over-dresses. A silk grenadine would be more elegant. The price of the Spanish (woolen) lace varies according to quality. Lace mitts are worn. We should judge that you could wear either a small Virot or an open brim. It is better to fit several styles, and judge for yourself.

"A SCHOOL GIRL."—We do not consider you "presumptuous," but a very bright and intelligent girl, and wish there were more among our subscribers who would write as clearly, as directly, and as much to the point as yourself, telling their needs, rather than sounding our praises. It is very gratifying and helpful to get a word of genuine and intelligent appreciation sometimes; but it is a difficult thing always to realize the wants of those who are separated from us by many hundreds of miles, and also by difference of climate, etc. There are, besides, obstacles in the way of summer fashion designs in the later winter and early spring numbers which are insurmountable; they are not then determined upon, and must be but a reflex of those which have preceded them. But you will always find in the written articles a foreshadowing of what is to come, and may safely make up white, or washing, dresses by the written directions, as we carefully anticipate the requirements of our Southern subscribers, even as early as February, in the way of spring changes. All styles of dresses are being made for summer, some shirred, with straight skirts, and no overskirt, others with paniered basques, which take the place of overskirt; still others with overskirt and paniered basque above. For Newport a great many dresses have been made with straight skirt, shirred bodice, puffed sleeves, and small fichu trimmed with lace.

"An Old Subscriber."—We know nothing of the dry goods house you mention. We will send the premium for the additional fifty cents in stamps. A quire of mourning paper with envelopes can be obtained for about fifty cents. The very best quality would be one dollar.

"Miss M. E. McK."—The wearing of a sash depends entirely upon the style of your dress. A large sash bow and ends (short ends) often forms part of the drapery of a skirt. A very wide sash is sometimes laid in folds about the hips, or a wide ribbon sash may be tied at the back over a belted waist. Flowers are not now fashionably worn in the hair; a handsome comb is the only ornament.

"E. C. B."—A black silk would perhaps be the most useful dress you could get, and we should advise a black satin de Lyon, or satin merveilleux of good quality, trimmed with itself and with lace, if you should happen to have any, upon the neck and sleeves. Short, trimmed skirt and basque, with little mantelet, would be the most useful. For your graduating dress, cream nun's veiling, trimmed with itself and cream satin ribbons. This dress you can wear all summer, or it will be a pretty evening toilette. Watch and chain could be got for from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The chain your mother prefers would be safest and best. We do not think we can help you to acquaintance with the rich and generous women you speak of, for two reasons: first, that we do not know any whose resources are not fully drawn upon by the really needy, or those who have claims upon them; secondly, because we do not sympathize with the willingness to begin life by sporting in borrowed or cast-off plumes. Now, do not be offended, or think we have put it brutally. We fully appreciate your feelings in the matter, your desire to aid your father and your mother, and your readiness to work the moment the time arrives when you can do it, and if you had a wealthy aunt or cousins living in a distant city who could send you some of their dainty belongings, not half worn, it would be very nice, and no one need be the wiser; but not having such fairy relatives, it would place yourself under humiliating obligations to seek such aid from a stranger, and probably be of very little real service to you. Better economize on your dresses, get something more simple, and wait till you can honorably, out of your own earnings, help your father, and make a costly, but not essential, gift to your mother, and spare yourself the always bitter consciousness of having placed yourself under an obligation which you cannot repay.

"Colyrium."—"Old Needle Point," Tilton's needlework series, No. 2, is, we believe, like all others of the series, 50 cents. "Nonpareil" velveteen is 27 inches wide. It makes a very pretty dress for a little girl. One we have seen with sleeves puffed with silk, a gathered square of silk set in at the neck, and the square, the sleeves, and top of the sash, which was laid in folds above a kilted flounce, trimmed with white Russian lace. The velveteen was black, the silk wine-color, but it would be very handsome made of wine-color throughout.

"Ananmore."—The prayer-book would cost you about twenty-five dollars—perhaps more. Miss Braddon's name is Mrs. Maxwell. She could be addressed at Stepney, near London, or care of her publishers, Maxwell & Co. We do not know their London address.—Thanks for your very warm commendation.

"Amateur."—Any bookseller will obtain the book for you. The cost would not exceed a dollar.

"Alice Gertrude."—It is not necessary to acknowledge the receipt of a paper, and it is customary and proper for a young lady to wait until a gentleman has written, and begged the favor of an answer, before she writes to him.

"A Picnic Party."—The "luncheon-basket" mentioned can only be procured with its fittings.

"Lil."—Address M. T. Holbrook & Co., New York, in regard to the book.

"Denver."—Why do you not wear your hair in smooth waves, if that style is becoming to you? It is fashionably worn in smooth waved bands at the sides and in a low knot at the back. This style would certainly be becoming to you.

"Harassed."—Make an overdress, or polonaise, of the old-fashioned flowered grenadine by all means; it will be quite in fashion now over a skirt of silk of the same shade of brown. Trim with the silk. The grenadine is a very nice piece indeed.

"Mrs. S. A. F."—Church bonnets for the ladies mentioned could be sent you at a cost of from ten to twelve dollars. Hats for the children, five dollars to eight dollars. Church wraps (black), twenty-five to thirty dollars each. Chenille fringe is but little made except to order for summer, and is expensive; from $2.50 to $6 per yard. A good India shawl, since the heavy reductions, can be bought from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars. A costume for a girl of fifteen could be purchased in a combination of two fabrics for from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars. Trimming satin can be had of fair quality for $1.25 per yard; Pongee silk, 75 cents to $1; good black silk, $1.50 to $2.50; and lace for trimming neck and sleeves, 50 cents to 75 cents. Chintz is 25 cents to $1 per yard; and undressed kid gloves (long), $1.75 to $2.25.

"Mrs. E. M. B."—We cannot open a lace *depot*. Had you not better try to effect private sales? You may send on patterns and price list if you choose, and might possibly obtain some orders in that way.

"A Subscriber."—Your puce-colored silk is not wearable. Have it dyed black, or make it up for a little girl, and trim it with white lace.

"New Subscriber."—Make the Mull dress after the pretty "Elfie," or "Nina" pattern. There is no change in the style of hats and bonnets for children. Little girls wear pretty gypsy shapes in straw, the interior faced with shirred silk, pale pink, blue or white; the exterior wreathed with daisies or forget-me-nots. A bow of satin ribbon formed of loops upon the crown, and satin ribbon strings. The ribbon the shade of the lining. For every-day wear very little girls wear very large moon-shaped hats of dark red, or manila straw, which make them look like walking sunflowers.

"Omer."—Our Purchasing Bureau can supply you at the difference of exchange and cost of transportation between here and Canada. The satinettes are fifty cents per yard.

"Bessie."—Your sample of velveteen is very nice, and would make up well in this color, better than in black. Make it up plain, with handsome buttons and interior facing of dark satin, same color, and wear white lace with it, and it will look exceedingly well as a dinner or walking-dress; much better than if bunched up or combined with satin, as this puts the material at disadvantage, and shows it in wrong lights. We should advise a handsome *faille* for service or satin de Lyon; they are more likely to remain in fashion than satin Surah, which is more used for trimming or in light colors for evening dresses in combination with lace and silk muslin. Get stone-color and white, with stone-color instead of drab. Stone-color is very fashionable this season. We should prefer, however, a pongee (embroidered) or a stone-colored silk skirt with overdress of stone-colored camel's hair (fine), trimmed with open embroidery on the material. Nun's veiling will be most suitable for summer wear (in wool); and there are in this material very pretty dress patterns, with embroidery executed upon the goods in graduated widths. The embroidered mull flouncing would make you a beautiful skirt, and with embroidery to match for waist and sleeves, a lovely dress. Tuck the plain spaces (as you suggest) very finely, and put on with very scant fullness. The waist may be shirred, and round, or made in a basque, just as you prefer. But do not wear a mull sash; a wide moire, or satin belt with pendant loops, (ivory tint) would be prettiest.

"A Subscriber" asks for the author of the following lines:

"Better to weave, in the web of Life,
Some bright and golden filling;
And do what we do with a ready heart,
And with hands that are swift and willing:
Than to snap the delicate minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder;
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder."

"Mrs. V. A."—Your black silk dress can be worn, and will not look in the least out of date. Your visite-mantelet might possibly be improved by lengthening the back as you suggest, and at any rate would make a change that would make it look like a new one. Send sample if you decide to have it done, and we will do our best to have the fringe matched.

"Mrs. G. W. B. S. W."—Tilton & Co., of Boston, can supply what you want in the way of instruction in drawing and painting; also the colors you will require. Dark olives and art colors will be becoming to you; you can wear the handsome dark plaids which are trying to so many, and impossible to short, stout people.

"Ella."—Put black with your purple brocade. Steel will trim it very nicely. You can use your old gold silk just as it is, or combine it with a somewhat lighter shade in cashmere. You can use black straw, or chip, and trim with black. For dresses you can use black armure, Tamise, or nun's veiling, over silk, and trim with self and thick moire ribbon (without gloss). For neck you can use black and white tulle ruches, and white lisse for interior.

"Work."—To describe all you desire to know in regard to the different kinds of lace would fill a volume of large size. The best manual on the subject can be obtained of S. W. Tilton & Co., Boston. All importers of materials for lace-work import feather-edge braid. The price of the twine seems moderate. There are several different kinds of Irish lace—one is darned, and called "Limerick" lace; another is made of braids knit together with lace stitches. This is "Irish point."

"K. M. N."—We only send samples to those who send orders through our Purchasing Bureau; we could hardly find samples for fifty thousand subscribers. In regard to Mrs. Chapman, we must repeat once more in reply to yourself, and hundreds of others, that we cannot advertise her address in this department. If she thinks it worth while to advertise it herself in the proper columns, well and good. But the truth is, she has a larger force already than she can very well handle, and it augments itself. Let others start the business in their neighborhoods.—Any good bookseller will procure for you the works of the Good sales and such as are procurable, of Ruskin. Address Woman's Silk Culture Association, Philadelphia, Penn., or send to R. Worthington, 770 Broadway.

"A. L."—Make your grenadine with a princesse polonaise, buttoned over upon the side and draped low. Avoid the hip panier, as it will increase your apparent size. Use dark colors and black.

"Wilmington."—Cream Spanish lace would be the most suitable material for an over-dress with a skirt like sample, for purpose mentioned. Make the upper part upon a lining.

"Missouri."—We should advise linen traveling dress and ulster, and summer silk, or foulard, for church wear. A couple of striped linen ginghams, trimmed with white embroidery, for every-day walking; a wrapper for dressing-room purposes; a large shade hat, and white straw bonnet, trimmed with ribbon to match Sunday suit, and primroses. The brim lined with pale shirred silk.

"Old Subscriber."—A black silk grenadine, with colored designs, silk, would cost you $3.50 per yard. Costume number 2, page 387, April number, "exactly" as described, would cost $100.

"A Subscriber."—A ready-made suit like that on figure one, page 328, March number, could be sent at a cost of $100. The second one on page 192 of January number, with all the accessories named, would amount to about $150.

"Ladies' Chat."—In reply to "constant reader," who wants a red dye for cotton: Madder and alum will dye either a permanent red or pink, according to the strength of the dye. One pound of alum dissolved in as much water as will cover the rags; boil one hour. Make a dye of one pound madder and two ounces of crude tartar; enough water added to cover the goods; boil half hour. If not deep-colored enough, dip in the alum-water and boil in the dye, again adding more madder.

I have made a rag carpet with a stripe of this color—two threads of black on each side of it, and the connecting stripes were of "hit or miss" strips; solid warp of orange-colored cotton chain.

I thank Sylvan for her kind notice of my efforts to make an independent living. I am at work, and up to present date (16th March) my wheat looks well. My ground for oats has been plowed; I am waiting until after the vernal equinox to sow. I shall only seed thirty acres in oats; I shall have fifty acres in corn. Most of the corn ground has been broken. I was going to plant potatoes to-day, but find the ground was covered with snow last night. I am having grass-seed sown on the snow to-day.

The burning of my wheat left me moneyless, as I had paid the labor on the crop; but it has only taken the strength out of me for a day.

M. A. J. H.

Fairfax County, Va

Originality at a Premium.

A gentleman, an American, but long a resident of the Continent, making the inevitable comparisons between the society and civilization he had abandoned, and that to which he had returned, remarked that he found here many pedestals yet unoccupied. As we cannot all be goddesses and expect to be placed quite so prominently before an admiring public, his remark is really addressed to comparatively few. There is, however, in it an inference which each one may appropriate. This is, that it is a worthy endeavor to relieve in some way the monotony of the background of that mass which constitutes one society by one's work or individuality. The gentleman's standpoint was that of an observer contemplating in an artistic light what he considered a somewhat dry and uninteresting civilization. Without considering too seriously the dilettante criticisms of a traveler, we must admit that nothing now makes itself more quickly felt, and is sooner appreciated than originality, either in the thing done or in the way of doing.

To say that women have had good luck in the last year in winning this sort of appreciation would be a reckless way of putting it. But it is a fact that of the good things which have recently fallen in this direction a large proportion has descended on women. This is not more gratifying in the fact than in the way it has been achieved, and this concerns all women in general, and should encourage in particular every woman who has any little gift or tendency hitherto ignored. At the last exhibition of the Water Color Society there were several flower pieces exhibited by Miss Kate and Miss Eleanor Greatorex. Before the exhibition had opened these were eagerly bought by artists themselves,—thereby paying them the highest compliment in their power,—and the journals were filled with their praise. These two young ladies had often exhibited before, but their works had attracted no particular attention—nor would have so long as they walked in the footsteps of others. But one day they chose to see with their own eyes and record their impressions in these unpretending sketches, and how quickly their vitality and freshness was perceived and heralded. In the present spring exhibition of the Academy of Design, out of the eight hundred works exhibited, a little tumbler of yellow roses, by a lady of no previous reputation as an artist, made the most profound impression, and, like the flowers of the young ladies Greatorex, was contended for by those present. No one was probably more astonished at the success of the little work than Miss Van Arsdale, the artist. Although the subject of these works were flowers, nothing could be more alike than their rendering. Miss Van Arsdale's yellow roses almost nodded out of the canvas, they were so strikingly realistic, while the flowers of the Misses Greatorex were masses of beautiful color and drawing, with details only suggested, and supplying the imagination with poetical and picturesque food.

In portrait painting Miss Sartain, Miss Grumet, and Mrs. Whitman have carried away the honors of the season. Portrait painting has been always considered that peculiar branch of art which demands the most sturdy masculine qualities, including not only skillful technic, but the maturer judgment necessary for the appreciation of character. These are representative cases. In other branches of art, Mrs. O. W. Holmes, Jr., gave to us a new and welcome sensation with her landscape embroideries, and Miss Caroline Townsend with her beautiful decorative embroideries.

Coming down to more humble walks, that institution known as the Exchange for Woman's Work has made known to many women the value of some unpretending gift, and created a demand which it is found that she can best supply. This may be nothing more than a nourishing jelly, or a loaf of home-made bread for a dyspeptic or an epicure, but it is her specialty which a part of the world has discovered it cannot do without.

It is when individuality and originality becomes of value as a means of livelihood that they chiefly concern us, and a happy condition of their existence is that they are not dependent on special surroundings. Every one familiar with the decorative art rooms of this city knows how much of it comes from the country and towns far removed from the centers which furnish the greatest stimulus. Some most exquisite work was shown the other day at the Society of Decorative Art, sent by a lady in Indianapolis. This was two leaves for a screen of white silk gauze. On these were painted the white dogwood and the wild clematis tangled with careless artistic grace, and yellow daisies and golden-rod, on which a cobweb had fastened itself. The two compositions were delightful, and additionally so by reason of their fine drawing and beautiful color. The ingenious artist had also heightened their effect by giving them an inch in the rear a background of white paper muslin, on which fell the shadows from the painting. Nothing of the kind had ever appeared here before, and it was probably the result of independent work on the part of the lady.

The results of efforts in new directions on the part of women have often more important results than merely stimulating women to confidence in themselves. Like the building of tunnels and the opening of new ports, they make ways for others to new enterprises and into profitable lands. Such are the results of Mrs. Candace Wheeler's entering into the competition for the wall paper prizes, and Mrs. Florence E. Cory's struggles to wrestle from unwilling carpet designing rooms their secrets. At the rooms of the Associated Artists Mrs. Wheeler is establishing classes in wall paper design, and Mrs. Cory is now at the head of flourishing classes in carpet designing. Both of these are for the first time actually pursued as studies through a systematic course of instruction, and the two classes are the first of their kind in any country. It is soon to predict their futures, but if the analogy between wall paper design and carpet design holds with other arts, the energetic women who have undertaken the classes are on the right road. Mrs. Wheeler's wall paper design, which was distinguished in a moment by its beauty and originality over the superior technical work of old designers, proved how valuable to her was her previous artistic training, her knowledge of form, her perception of color, and her ability to regard a thing as the instruction consequently proved in this way through a thoroughly artistic curriculum. The students must first draw well from nature. This is the first lesson. Then from some natural study they are required to make from this a continuous design for a perpendicular surface, which educates them into the requirements of design and gives them the opportunity to develop original ideas. These are the ultimate object of the class, and students who prove deficient in this respect are dropped, for the world is sufficiently full of adapters.

The course in carpet designing begins with still more elementary work. The course opens with geometrical drawing, which is followed by studies from nature and the art of conventionalizing plants, and the three combined in series of problems, which the student satisfactorily solves and presents before graduation. The adaptation of designs to the requirements of the machinery follows, and a loom and Jacquard is furnished for the purpose. The work already done by the students is very interesting. Several of these having already experience in art work, find opportunity to introduce rare studies from nature made in other parts of the world. It is these opportunities which make all these new branches of art so worthy the attention of women remote from art centers. There is no part of this country which has not distinguishing features, and those worthy of study. The cities now absorb great quantities of such material in the competition for new motives. A carpet manufacturer says he buys hundreds of dollars worth of designs, and studies from nature, which are never used in the hope of getting some one thing which will prove valuable. Any one who has proven even liable only to produce something new, who has given evidence of a fresh, original way of seeing things, has a field now ripening before her eyes from which she may not only reap worthily and substantially, but make herself feel as a necessary part of all this busy movement. This in itself is a part of the reward which every one finds it agreeable to receive.

W. G. H.