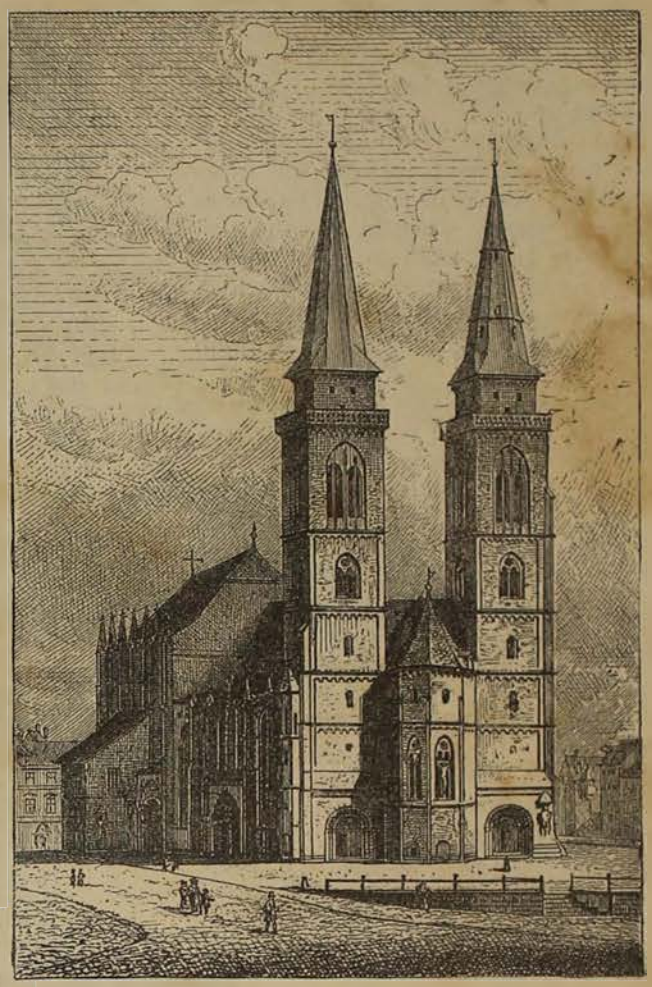
granted liberty of trade and the rights of duty and coin, so that in the eleventh century Nuremberg must already have become an important town. Its history for several centuries was one of warfare between the governing families, who, as they acquired wealth and power, took the title and put on the state of princes, and the different emperors and labor guilds, the first fighting for possession and unity in their dominions, the second for civic rights, and privileges guaranteed them by successive emperors and rulers. Nuremberg was a favorite place of residence with many kings, from the Emperor Conrad III., who gave a grand levee here in 1147, to Frederick Barbarossa, and Ludwig der Bayer (Louis the Bavarian), who conferred upon it many privileges of trade, and died in 1347, very deeply mourned.

In the fourteenth century the town was enlarged, and its boundary extended to the fortifications, which consisted of massive walls with round towers at intervals, and a moat thirty-five feet deep. These ramparts encircled the city, but some parts have recently been removed to make way for "modern improvements." During this period also the Church of Our Lady (*Frauen-kirche*) was erected, also the *Schöne Brunnen* (beautiful fountain) by *Meister Heinrich der Balier*, and the nave of St. Sebalds. A beginning was made to pave the streets, and the first stone bridge was erected. A curious law promulgated by the emperor (Karl IV.), successor to King Ludwig, was called the "Golden Bull," and was the first, or fundamental law of the German Empire. It was framed in Nuremberg in 1356, and is still extant, kept in the Museum at Frankfort. The law obliged every German Emperor to spend the first day of his reign at Nuremberg. King Karl seems to have liked the busy, opulent, prosperous city, for he favored it greatly, and his son Wenzel was born here in the Burg and baptized in a metal font at St. Sebalds, the first ever cast here, and which still stands in the



CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE, NUREMBERG.

THE IRON MAID.

church before the high altar. A brother of Wenzel was the Emperor Sigismund, whose portrait, by Albert Dürer, stands beside that of Charlemagne, also by Dürer, in the gallery of the Germanic Museum. The ancient title of Burggraf was conferred first by the Emperor Sigismund upon a member of the Hohenzollern family of Nuremberg, and the title still ranks among those that are proudly held by the present German Emperor. This was in the early part of the fifteenth century, during which it reached a very high degree of eminence in art and science, culminating in the labors of such men as Martin Behaim, who constructed the first globe—Hans Sachs, Wolgemut, Dürer, Adam Krafft, Pirkheimer, Labenwolf, Peter Vischer, Veit Stoss, and others. At this period successful trade and commerce made the town one of the richest and hand-

GOOSE-MAN'S FOUNTAIN.

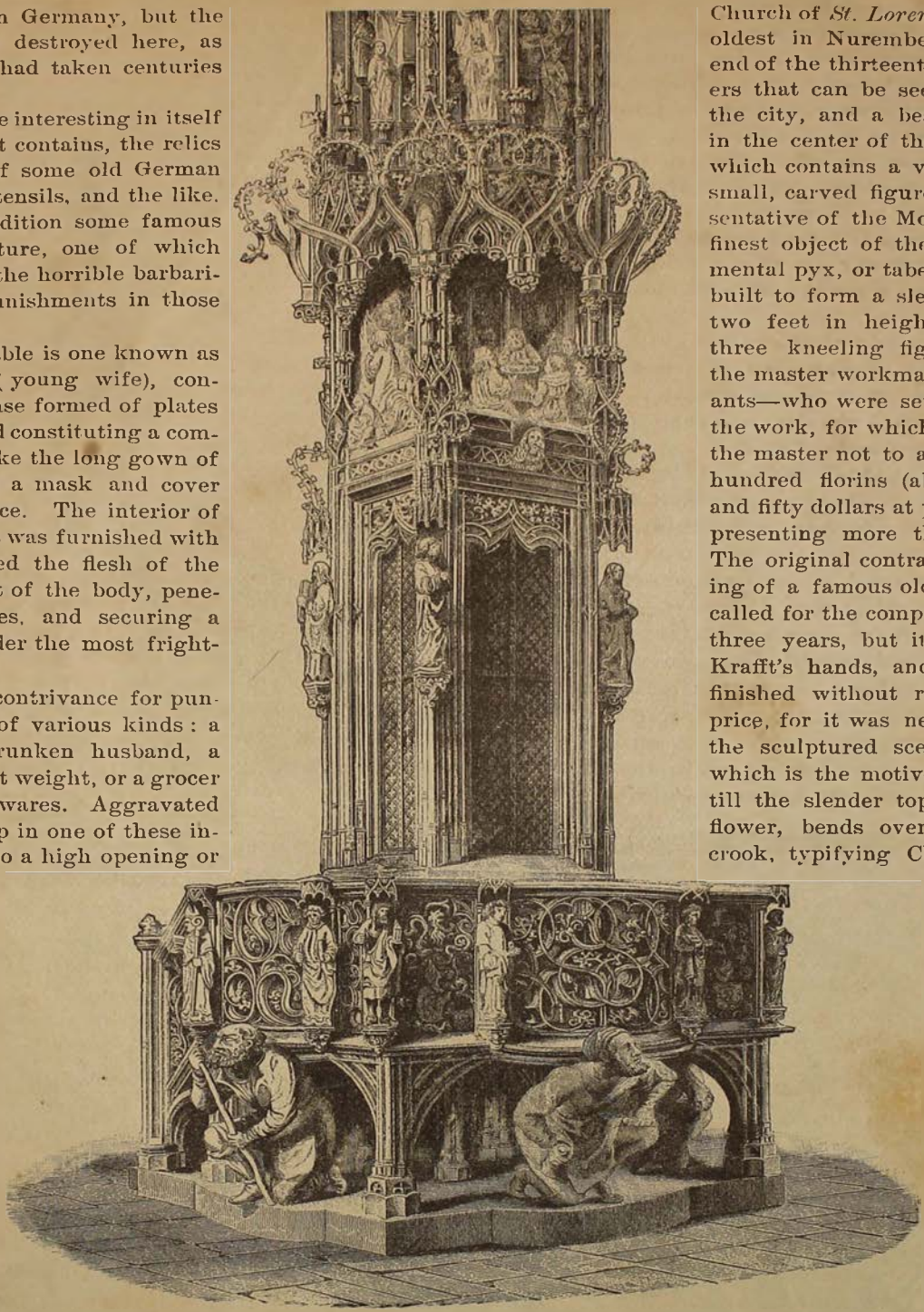
somest in Southern Germany, but the Thirty Years' War destroyed here, as elsewhere, what it had taken centuries to build up.

The Castle is more interesting in itself than for anything it contains, the relics consisting mainly of some old German pictures, pottery, utensils, and the like. But there is, in addition some famous instruments of torture, one of which will serve to show the horrible barbarities practiced as punishments in those days.

The most formidable is one known as the "Jung-Frau" (young wife), consisting of a metal case formed of plates riveted together, and constituting a complete suit, shaped like the long gown of a woman, and with a mask and cover for the head and face. The interior of this mailed garment was furnished with spikes which entered the flesh of the victim in every part of the body, penetrating to the bones, and securing a lingering death under the most frightful tortures.

The fiddle was a contrivance for punishing delinquents of various kinds: a scolding wife, a drunken husband, a baker who sold short weight, or a grocer who adulterated his wares. Aggravated cases were locked up in one of these instruments, carried to a high opening or window, and let down by a rope or chain into the river, where they received repeated dippings till they promised good behavior for the future. In the larger fiddles, two offenders, or husband and wife, were locked up together, and if it was for a second offence, their feet were put through the block, in sight of all comers, and a bell was rung as an accompaniment to their misery. Torture was common among the Greeks and Romans, but it could only be inflicted upon slaves, not upon free citizens. It was from Rome that it was projected into every part of the world where Roman law had been made the basis of legislative enactments. In Great Britain it was reserved as a punishment for treasonable practices, real or imaginary, but never became part of the common law, the last case of torture occurring as far back as 1640; but in Germany it was kept alive in modified forms till the beginning of the present century, it being considered by the public essential to safety, and a necessary part of the terrorism of the law.

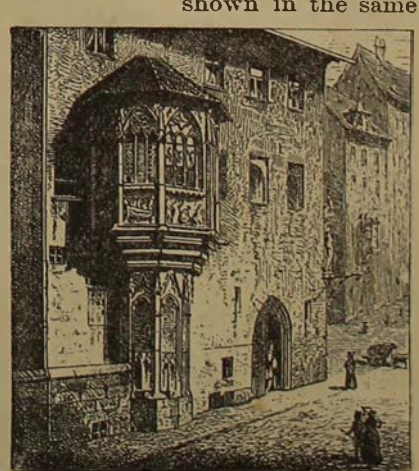
It is not the Castle with its history and torture-chambers, its lime-tree planted by the wife of Henry II., the Empress Cunegunde, or its chapels, the burial-places of so many *Marggrafs*, and *Burggrafs*, and *Fürsten*, or princes. The visitor to Nuremberg betakes himself, first of all, to the old



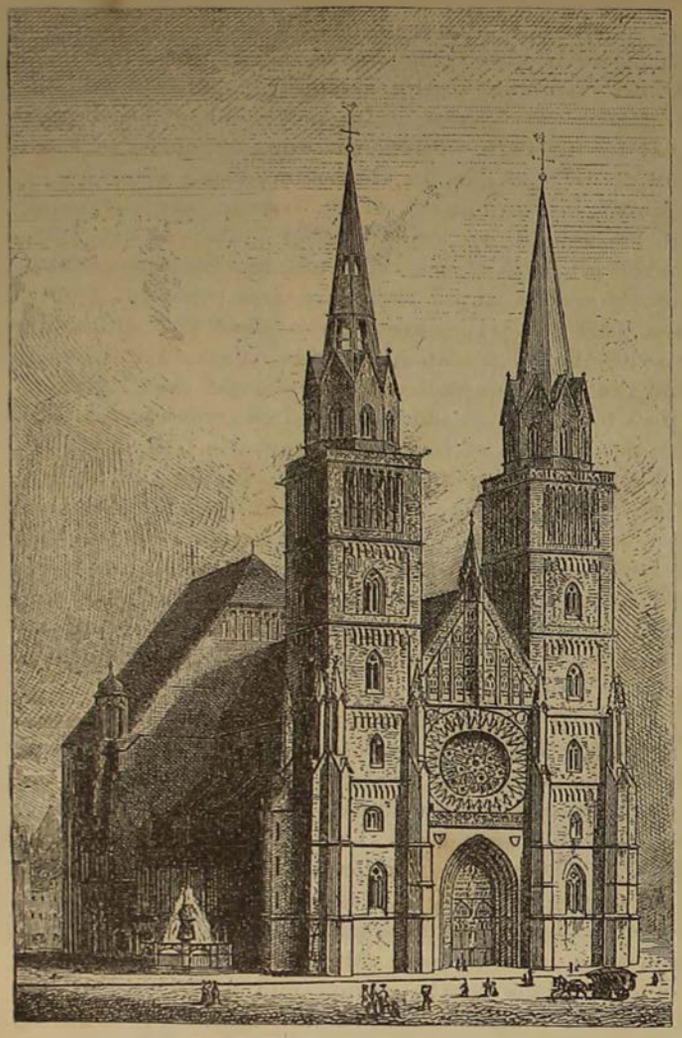
SACRAMENTAL PYX, BY ADAM KRAFFT, IN THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE, NUREMBERG.

church; it is a singular piece of work representing the Salutation of Mary, and the Anunciation of the Angel. The figures are surrounded by a wreath of roses, which also represent the seven joys of Mary in relief. The candelabra upon the high altar represent the figures of six serving angels, and the great crucifix of carved wood is by Veit Stoss. The great gothic bronze chandelier was cast by Church of *St. Lorenz* (St. Lawrence), the oldest in Nuremberg, dating from the end of the thirteenth century, with towers that can be seen from any part of the city, and a beautiful rose window in the center of the magnificent portal which contains a very large number of small, carved figures, the design representative of the Mount of Olives. The finest object of the interior is a sacramental pyx, or tabernacle, for the host, built to form a slender tower seventy-two feet in height, and resting upon three kneeling figures—Adam Krafft, the master workman and his two assistants—who were seven years executing the work, for which the contract bound the master not to ask more than seven hundred florins (about three hundred and fifty dollars at par), but now not representing more than three hundred. The original contract, in the handwriting of a famous old scribe, Newdörfer, called for the completion of the work in three years, but it grew upon Master Krafft's hands, and was designed and finished without reference to cost or price, for it was necessary to complete the sculptured scenes of the Passion, which is the motive, and which ascend till the slender top, in the form of a flower, bends over like a shepherd's crook, typifying Christ's office in the work of salvation. Seventy additional florins (thirty-five dollars) was finally paid in addition to the contract price, but the money was of little consequence, for the skill, aspiration and faithfulness of the master and his workmen have secured them immortality.

The *chef-d'œuvre* of Veit Stoss, the wood-carver, is shown in the same



THE BRIDAL PORCH OF THE CHURCH OF ST. SEBALDUS, NUREMBERG.



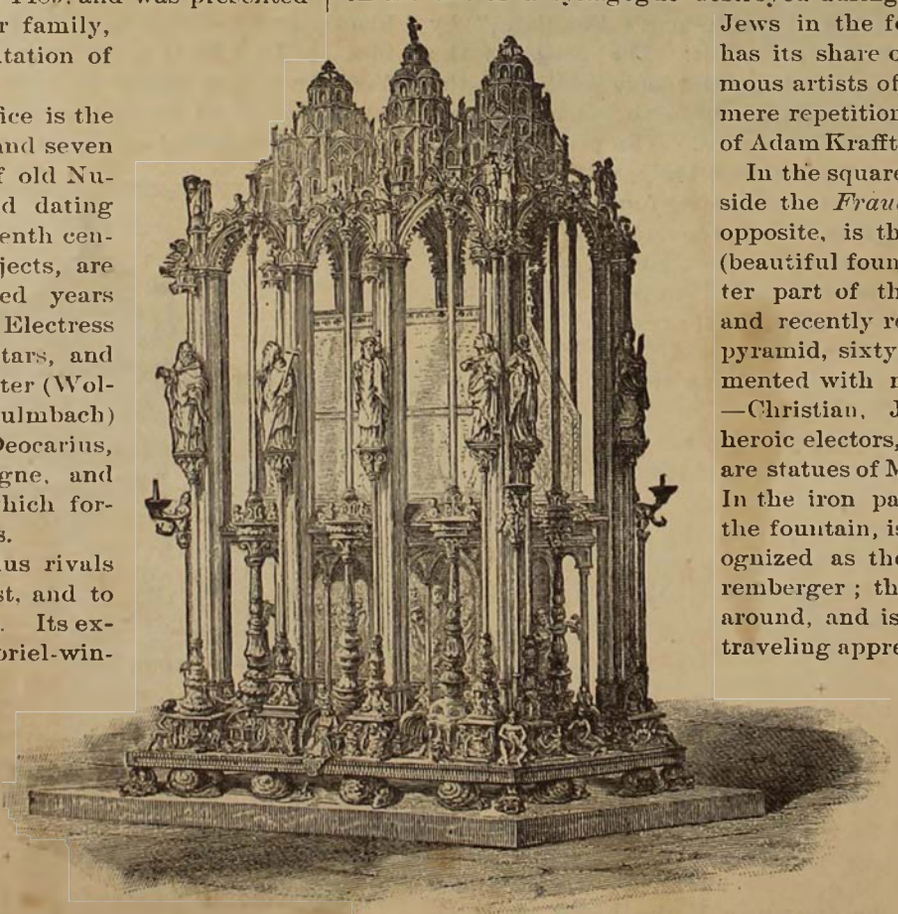
CHURCH OF ST. SEBALDUS, NUREMBERG.

Peter Vischer upon his election as a member of the guild of casters in bronze, in 1489, and was presented to the church by the Tucker family, who also gave to it the Salutation of the Angel.

The finest part of the edifice is the choir, with its vaulted roof, and seven windows in the best style of old Nuremberg glass painting, and dating from the middle of the fifteenth century. Other interesting objects, are tapestries over four hundred years old, the monument to the Electress Sophie of Brandenburg; altars, and paintings signed by the master (Wolgemut), and pupil (Hans Culmbach) of Dürer; an Altar of St. Deocarius, the confessor of Charlemagne, and very richly carved chairs which formerly belonged to the guilds.

The Church of St. Sebaldus rivals that of St. Lorenz in interest, and to some is even more attractive. Its exterior exhibits a beautiful oriel-window, above, and near the "brides' portal," while over the main entrance, is a fine piece of work in relief, by Adam Krafft, representing the Day of Judgment. The Memorial to Shreyer by the same artist, in relief, exists in plaster cast, in the collection at Munich. The great feature of the interior is the monument to St. Sebald, by Peter Vischer, said by Kugler, in his *History of Art*, to be the gem of German art. It is a sarcophagus of bronze in the form of a temple, with figures of the twelve Apostles in niches, twelve smaller figures of prophets and father's above, and about seventy-five, still more reduced and fantastic figures of genii, mermaids, elves, and animals, which will repay the labor of looking for them. The structure rests upon bronze snails and dolphins, and shows on one side, the figure of the artist in his apron, and with his chisel in his hand. The great master in bronze, and his five sons, were engaged thirteen years upon the detail of this wonderful work; its statuettes and ornamental portions, which are fine as the work put upon jewels and lace. The price paid by the administrators of the church property was 3,145 florins, and sixteen pence. The figures of the twelve Apostles are considered especially beautiful, while at the base of the eight principal columns, are the figures of the four strong men—Samson, Hercules, Perseus and Nimrod; and allegoric figures of Strength, Temperance, Love and Justice. In this church are beautiful windows, a painting by Albert Dürer, the "Descent from the Cross," and another, questioned, "Laying in the Grave." There are also unquestioned works by Veit Stoss, Wolgemut, Kulmbach, Hirschvogel, and the "Creation of the World" by Kreutzfeld. It ought to have been remarked in regard to the St. Sebaldus monument, that while other works of that time may show equal patience and technical skill, this exhibits a high order of imaginative intellect and a charming fancy, qualities rare in art at that time, and which, so far as the reflective and intellectual elements were concerned, largely made the superiority of Dürer also to contemporary artists, and gives him his place in art. A bronze font, the first ever cast in Nuremberg, is in one of the chapels of St. Sebald; it was used for the baptism of the Emperor Wenzel, brother of Sigismund.

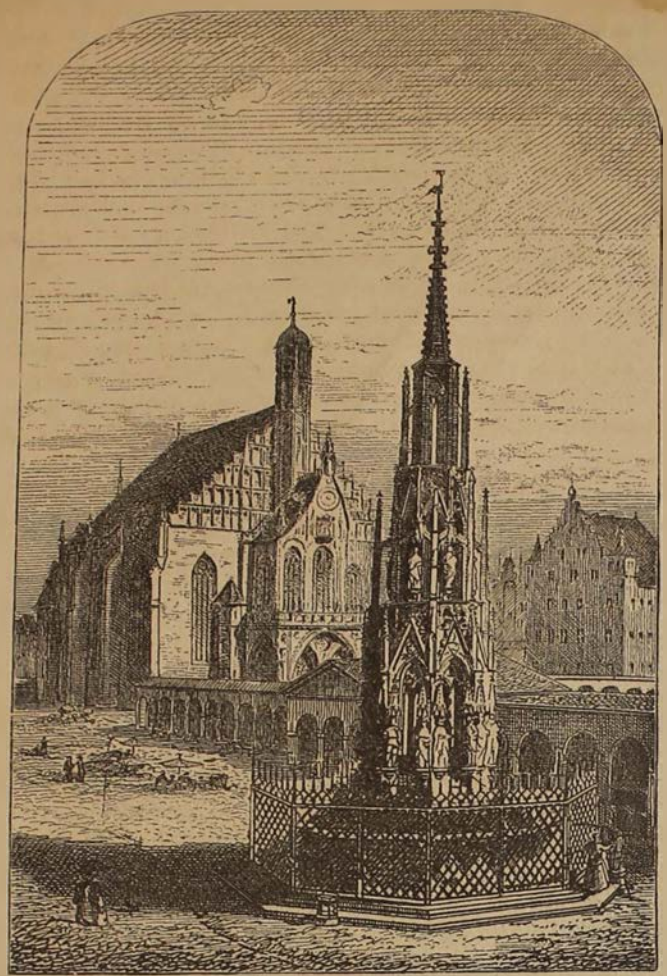
The *Frauen-kirche*, or Church of our Lady, was built in 1361, but has been recently renewed, and the defaced wood-work regilded. The high altar here, came from the famous Tucher family, and displays fine old stained glass, and the armorial bearings of patrician families, in addition to its scriptural subjects. The *Frauen-kirche* was built on the site of a synagogue destroyed during the persecution of the Jews in the fourteenth century, and has its share of the works of the famous artists of that time, but it is a mere repetition of the familiar names of Adam Krafft, Veit Stoss, and others.



ST. SEBALD'S MONUMENT, BY PETER VISCHER, IN THE CHURCH OF ST. SEBALDUS.

In the square, or *Haupt-markt*, outside the *Frauen-kirche*, and directly opposite, is the "*Schöne Brunnen*" (beautiful fountain), erected in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and recently restored. It is a Gothic pyramid, sixty-three feet high, ornamented with many figures of heroes—Christian, Jewish, heathen, and heroic electors, three of each. Above are statues of Moses and the prophets. In the iron paling, which surrounds the fountain, is a ring, which is recognized as the token of a true Nuremberger; this can be turned quite around, and is a ceremony which no traveling apprentice, passing through Nuremberg, fails to perform, at the same time lifting his cap, and raising his eyes to that heaven where all good Nurembergers go.

Walk round the *Frauen-kirche* and you will come upon



THE BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN AND THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY, NUREMBERG.

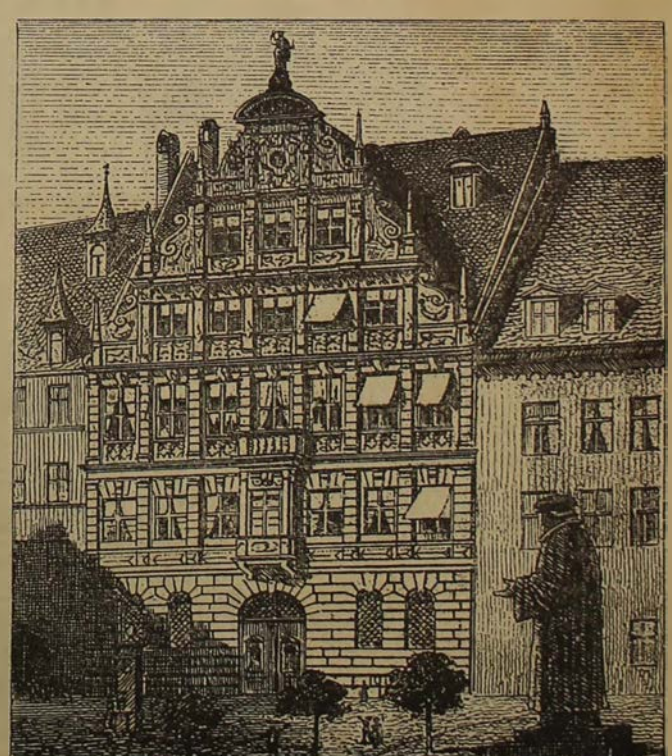
the "*Gaussmannchen.*" the "Goose-man's Fountain," by Labenwolf, a pupil of Peter Vischer. The goose is the national bird of Germany, and bears the same relation to the people, only more so, and particularly to the common people, that the turkey does to Americans. The peasant has in some way secured *two* of the national birds, and is carrying them home in triumph. A more imposing fountain by Labenwolf, with allegorical figures, is in the court of the town-hall.

Nuremberg derives much of its peculiar and picturesque aspect from its quaint and exteriorly beautiful architecture, as seen in the old private dwellings still preserved, with their carvings and frescoes, their courts, and their high-pointed gables, their roofs, containing as many stories as a modern house, and their lovely oriel or balconied windows. The most celebrated of these are the *Tucher* house and *Peller* house; but as architecture is only incidental to this sketch, the interest of these is subordinate to that of the personages who made the architecture and the art of Nuremberg worth perpetuating. The "*Peller*" house appears with the statue of Melanchthon, but the statue will give the picture its value for the majority of readers, notwithstanding the superior importance of Peller in those days.

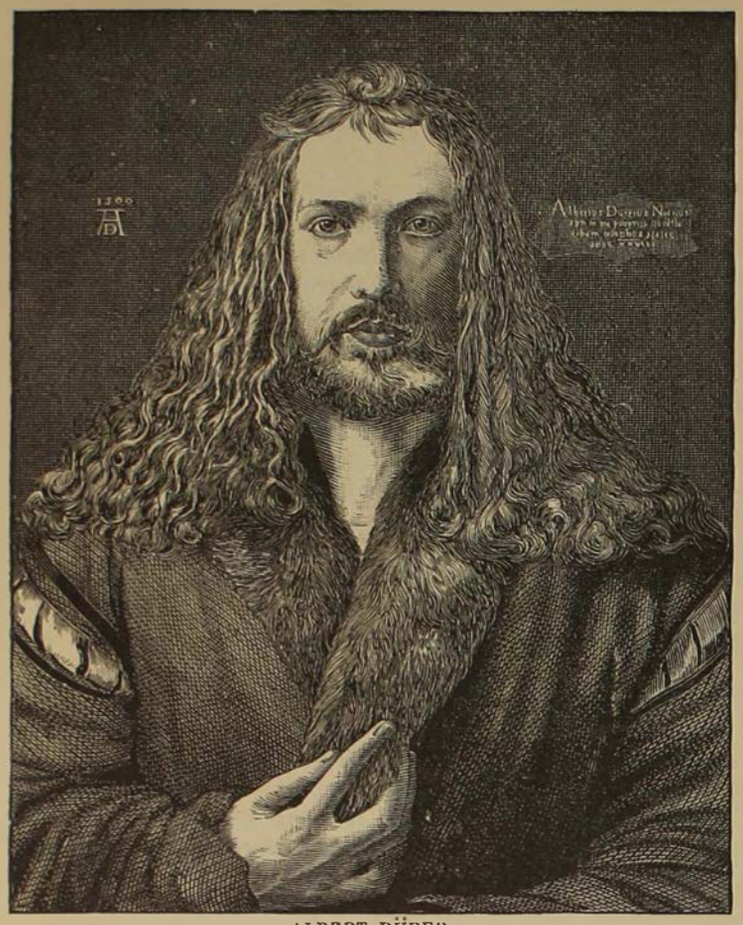
The Dürer dwelling, with the statue and picture of Albert Dürer—the latter from a portrait painted by himself—are evidences of centuries of honor in his own country and among his own people, paid to the artist, who was as good as he was great, and whose strong mentality has left its impress on all the work done since his time. There is another house, behind one which is also famous, Pirkheimer's, that is marked by a tablet, as the one where Albert Dürer was born, but the one given is the house in which he lived, and worked, and thought. The statue of Dürer is in the *Berg-strasse*, the house farther along, on the corner of *Albrecht Dürer-strasse*. The statue was designed by *Rauch*, after *Dürer's* portrait of himself, in the celebrated Martyrdom picture at Vienna. In those days it was quite customary for artists to incorporate some memorial of themselves in their work, as in the sacramental structure by Adam Krafft, in the church of St. Lorenz, and the monument of St. Sebald, by Peter Vischer. The Albert Dürer house is the property of a society, and has been made into a small museum of antique furniture, and copies of Dürer's paintings. All the statues are modern; that of A. Dürer was cast in 1840; that of Melanchthon was executed in stone in 1826, and that of Hans Sachs, the shoemaker poet, in 1874.

The uses to which the old cloistered churches and monasteries are put in many of the German towns is very significant of the changes which have taken place during the lapse of a few generations. The Germanic National Museum, for example, occupies a suppressed Carthusian monastery, a fine old building of the fourteenth century, with church and cloisters, to this has been added quite recently another monastic structure, taken down to make room for new law courts, and re-erected in close proximity to give additional space to the Museum, which is one of the finest in Germany. There are sixty rooms open to the public, the rest are reserved for the use of artists and students. One of the public rooms is devoted to models of ships and sailing vessels of every description, from the earliest known down to the present time; another to the art of printing and calligraphy. The picture gallery is particularly rich in examples of the German schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and contains also the famous portrait, by Albert Dürer, of Hieronymus Holzschuner. Months might be profitably spent in daily visits to the varied and well-arranged collections, which include every detail necessary to bring before the mind of the visitor the German life of the Middle Ages and its progress till to-day.

Naturally one would suppose a city that has so much of history and tradition would not readily take up with modern ideas, or lend itself to the busy commonplaces of modern life. Yet Nuremburg shares the active growth and progressive enlargement of all European cities, and is reaping the reward of newly awakened enterprise in a great revival of its special

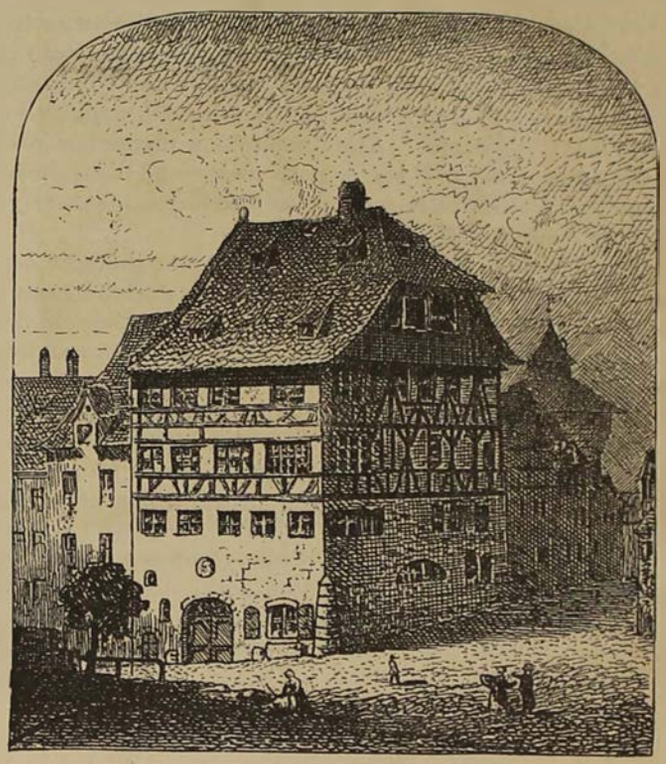


THE PELLER HOUSE, WITH STATUE OF MELANCHTHON.



ALBERT DÜRER.

industries—machinery, metal-work, and the rich products of the goldsmith's art. An exposition which has only just closed in Nuremberg was highly interesting, not only for its beautiful examples of Renaissance ornaments, jewelry, metal-work on glass, and bronze fittings for dwellings, but for its specimen manufactures in other and more recent departments of trade and industry. The Bavarian Museum in the *Konig-strasse*, aims at the development of home industries, keeps models and copies of famous works for the assistance of students. Of course there are many things very attractive in themselves in this delightful old town, which cannot be touched upon here for want of time and space. One of the memorable visits was paid to the *Bratwurst Glöckleim*, a little church-like hostelry, where Albert Dürer, Hans Sachs, Adam Krafft, and others of that ilk, took an occasional lunch of fried sausage, and spent an evening now and then. The good German frau still fries the most delicious little sausages not a little finger thick, as of old, and serves them with the famous German bread, and a mug of an equally famous Nuremburg beverage to wash them down. Four of us lunched royally for a mark and a half, less than forty cents, saw Dürer's mug and other relics of the old time, and sat in fifteenth-century chairs into the bargain. The holiday of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry was spent with literary friends—Mr. and Mrs. Comyns Carr—in visiting Nuremberg this last summer to get suggestive material for the *mise en scene* of *Faust*, which is to be produced at the London Lyceum this winter. What a rich field they must have found for studies of quaint old styles and picturesque scenes; and what a background for the figures of *Faust* and *Gretchen!* Only one anticipation in



ALBERT DÜRER'S HOUSE.

Nuremberg was not fulfilled; it was in regard to the famous Nuremberg *Lebkuchen* (gingerbread). For days it had been looked for in vain—seen often, but not recognized. When the fact was at last borne in upon us that the hard, indigestible honey-cake, filled with still harder and more indigestible nuts was what we were looking for, we gave up all idea of finding eatable gingerbread out of England or America. Spite of this disappointment we cherish tender recollections of the charming old town, and find it hard to bid farewell to all that even the name of Nuremberg calls up—of great work and honored workers of a past not dead or buried, but acting as a stimulus, an inspiration to the present; of days gone, perhaps, never to return, but always to be remembered.

J. J.

INTERIOR OF THE INN WHICH ALBERT DÜRER, HANS SACHS, ADAM KRAFFT, AND OTHERS FREQUENTED.

STATUE OF ALBERT DÜRER.

THAT OTHER PERSON.

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

(*Continued from page* 159.)

JACK posted the letter for her early next morning as he went to school, and as soon as he was gone beyond recall she bethought herself of the terrible mistake she had made in it. If she had not received a letter delivered at one o'clock in the day because she was dining out, the obvious inference was that her dinner-party took place at that unseemly hour. "And I meant my letter to give him such a good impression of our ways," she thought, most ruefully.

The eleven o'clock post, however, brought her a letter from John which made her forget everything else. He would be back in London about six o'clock on Monday and would come and see her at nine, or earlier still if he could get away. Furthermore, he wrote, "Alnminster is a charming place, and the house I am to have is both pretty and comfortable; but whether I shall be happy in it or not depends entirely on you, dear Zeph."

"How I wish he had not to take boarders!" thought Zeph. Her ideas on the subject of boarders were derived from an establishment over the way, where a dismal-looking old lady, assisted by two untidy servants, professed to board and lodge half-a-dozen broken-down "gentlemen and ladies," who might possibly at some very far-distant period have seen better days. This letter made Zeph feel that the crisis of her life was at hand. On Monday evening she would have to give him an answer, and this was Saturday. She knew she loved him, but in spite of that she did not like to vow away her whole life without more consideration. Suppose her love were not strong enough to enable her to endure the daily, nay hourly annoyances inseparable from small means. She well knew how little comfort could be procured for four hundred a year. Even her father's income was sometimes larger than that. She knew the mortifications and misery of poverty so well that her heart died within her at the thought that if she accepted John on Monday, she would set her seal to an act which would insure her having to live always as she was living now, with every desire of her heart continually thwarted by want of money. "I might easily have made up my mind to marry him if I had been brought up in a rich home," said she to herself. "Rich girls think it will be rather amusing to be poor—no poor girl can ever think that! It is a shame I should have been born so poor!" Zeph had many a quarrel with fortune. She never took up a society paper and read the praises of some well-known beauty without feeling that she herself was probably much more beautiful, only that other girl went to balls and parties, and places where she could be seen night after night; and besides that, she was always well dressed. "I might be the most magnificently beautiful woman in the world," thought Zeph, "and yet living as I do, my beauty would be completely thrown away. Who would ever dream of coming to a dingy house in De Manvers Town to look for beauty? Besides, beauty must be set off. I never have a dress or bonnet fit to wear. If people think me good-looking dressed as I am, there must be something really good in my poor face, which even the ugly ill-made things I go about in cannot succeed in hiding. I wish I could make the most of myself. Besides, one has to be seen. How delightful it would have been to have gone to the 'Levity' and have sat in that nice box last night!" Then her thoughts reverted to the pew set apart in Alnminster Cathedral for the second master's wife, and she began, with much satisfaction, to picture herself sitting in it a month or two hence, in a rich brown velveteen costume trimmed with fur, and a small hat made of the same materials. That was one of the dresses she decided on having, supposing she went there; and then she began to think that there really would be a great deal of pleasure in having her own way about her dresses, and in knowing that John had reason to be proud of his wife. She felt very unsettled all day, and wandered from room to room, frequently dropping down on a chair to meditate on these and other things, but always on something connected with John. "I could not well refuse him now," she said to herself; "I have all but accepted him already! Besides, who wants to refuse him, dear fellow! He has been constant to me for seven years."

"Zeph, my dear child, you sit far too much in the house!" said Mrs. Treherne, who had been in the study all day, but came into the room where Zeph was, about six o'clock, and found her looking pale and tired.

"I suppose I do mother; I forgot to go out."

"Jack is going to take a book and a note to Mr. Maxwell for your father after tea; go with him. You had much better do that. He is a little boy to send so far alone, especially on a Saturday night, and when he cannot go till after eight."

Mr. Maxwell lived in Kensington Square. This was about a mile and a half from Lorne Gardens. Zeph was quite aware that if her family had not been poor this note and book would have been sent by post; but for once she did not rail against poverty, for she felt as if the air would do her good. "I wonder whether this is the last walk I shall ever take as an entirely free, disengaged girl. Monday evening will soon be here, and when it is over, perhaps I shall have promised John to marry him." And then she began to plan costumes which would not ruin him by costing a great deal of money, but which would look well in the second master's wife's pew, and make John proud when he saw her from his stall.

"Do I look nice, Jack?" she asked, after a long pause, during which her thoughts had been busied thus.

"Yes, you look all right."

"But am I what you would call a really pretty girl? You may say what you think—I won't be cross."

"But I never think about it. Yes, you are pretty—at least I think you are; and some of the big fellows at our school say you are a real stunner!"

"Which of them says that?" inquired Zeph eagerly.

"Ever so many of them have said so; it's no use bothering to remember their names."

"And I look pretty now?" asked Zeph, for she recognized the hopelessness of extracting further information.

"Yes, you look well enough. But why do you keep asking about that? Who is going to see you?"

There Jack had touched a vital point of complaint—who indeed? But Zeph recovered herself quickly, for she had not been making these inquiries merely for the gratification of her vanity; she had been really anxious to know what the boy thought, because she wanted the satisfaction of feeling that when she accepted poor dear John on Monday next, he would be getting a good bargain. Sydney Smith, foster-parent of all witty sayings, has defined the feeling which prompts men to marry as "an insane desire to support another man's daughter." Zeph had never heard of that saying, but her own view of the proceeding when the man was, like John Simonds, possessed only of a moderate competence, was precisely the same. Had she been in his place, would she have married? Would she have turned

what might have been a peaceful, pleasant home, into a miserable scene of struggle and discomfiture? No, a thousand times no! She would have lived a cheerful bachelor's life—have taken a delightful bachelor's holiday, and have left marriage to the rich folks of the earth and to the extremely poor.

"Here we are," said Jack reproachfully, "and you have hardly said a word to me all the way!"

"I am so sorry, dear. Let us talk now. I feel much better than I did when we came out; the air has done me good."

"That's the garden we walked round and round in the fog," said Jack, pointing to the bit of ground in the center of Kensington Square. "How we did lose our way! and you Zeph, went farther still—you walked as far as Ambassadors' Gate! I say, when we have got rid of this book, let us just go over the ground we went over that night and see how we got wrong."

"All right," said Zeph, who always indulged Jack in his fancies. They did their best to retrace their steps, though they could not be quite sure that they always succeeded in doing so.

"That's the house where Mr. Daylesford knocked when he wanted to find out where we were," observed Zeph, when they reached Number Five. "What a splendid large house it is!"

"Mr. Daylesford's own house will be just as splendid," said Jack; "let us go and take a look at it."

"What possible good will that do us?" Zeph exclaimed snappishly; she did not like people to have such good houses.

"Don't stop, please. Come, you might do what one asks you, Zeph; he only lives six doors farther on."

"Yes; but that's a long way! Look what great wide houses they all are!" but she let him draw her on. Zeph and Jack always walked hand in hand. The dining-room of Number Eleven was lighted, and the Venetian blinds on one side of the bay having been carelessly drawn down, two gaps had been left through which Jack could see a large portion of the room. "Oh, my wigs," he exclaimed, "what a swell dinner he has had! He must have had a party!" The street was deserted, so Jack mounted on the low bit of stonework in which the iron rails were fixed. "Get up beside me, Zeph," he whispered. "You will see a lot more if you do."

She refused, but he teased her to do it, and at last drew her up by the hand he held, saying: "Why shouldn't you have a look—no one will see us—no one will ever know? Do you see all those glass sugar-basins round the table? What pretty colors they are!"

"Hush! Those are finger-glasses, Jack," said Zeph, ashamed of him. Half-a-dozen small lamps with pink shades stood on the table and showed the two children what to their inexperienced eyes seemed a vision from fairy-land. The most exquisite flowers and fruit were beautifully arranged in lovely china dishes and bowls. The silver, to their eyes, accustomed only to the pewter-like appearance of their own forks and spoons, seemed perfectly dazzling. Everything was so good, so pretty, and so tastefully arranged, that Zeph drew a long breath of astonishment and delight.

"Are those great goblets real gold?" asked the boy in amazement.

"What lovely flowers!" exclaimed Zeph. "Do you know, Jack, all those in the tall vases are orchids."

"What can he want with such a lot of them?" muttered Jack; "people can't eat flowers. Oh, look, Zeph! look at all those smaller vases or things; they are full, quite full of flowers that he would have to give at least a shilling apiece for! I have seen them in the shops with tickets to say what they cost."

"How lovely! How I should have liked to sit down to such a dinner as that!" said Zeph, and then she remembered that before Mr. Daylesford sat down to it he would have received her letter saying that she had been dining out. If he had discarded the idea of a one-o'clock dinner-party he had, perhaps, imagined her as taking part in some such entertainment as this, whereas——; but she could not endure the thought of such a contrast, and turned back to the rift in the blind which showed her pleasant sights. The walls were covered with water-color drawings, the——

"I say, Zeph," exclaimed Jack, "I had no idea your Mr. Daylesford was such a swell! He called me your nice little brother in his letter, didn't he? How I wish he would just come out now and give me another half sov.! That's what I'd like! Would you take one, Zeph, if he offered one to you?"

But Jack's words had recalled Zeph to a consciousness of what she was doing, and she was so dismayed at the idea of Mr. Daylesford coming, that she had already retreated.

Jack followed her, and said: "Only eight people had been having their dinner there! I saw that by the way the table was laid. What a lot of fuss for eight people! By Jove, Zeph, but he would find a difference if he came to dine with us!"

Tears rose to Zeph's eyes. "Dine with us! No one can dine with us! We don't dine, child—we only take some food."

"Never mind," said Jack; "I mean to work very hard and get rich, and then I will have you to live with me. You had better go and take another look at that pretty dinner-table, and then you will know how to have things set out when you and I live together."

"Dear little Jack," said Zeph, stooping down to kiss him.

"I dare say you think that I shall never get money enough for you to make things look as well as that, but I really will work. And, Zeph," he added shyly, "I am quite sure that the masters think a great deal of me when I do work. They all seemed to have a very good opinion of my theme. I could see them showing it to each other, and talking and looking quite smiling and happy about it."

Zeph began to think that when she married John it would be very nice to get him to let her have Jack to live with her. He could go to the Grammar School; John would then teach him himself, and the dear, handsome little fellow would look very well sitting beside her in the second master's wife's pew.

She went home in very good spirits. Some people must be richer than others. It was folly to make herself miserable because her lot was among the poor ones. She might be very happy at Alnminster with John.

She walked into the family sitting-room with rosy cheeks and bright eyes. Agnes came quickly to meet her, holding something carefully concealed behind her back. "Guess what I have in my hand for you, Zeph. You shall not have it till you do."

"Another letter from John Simonds?" said Zeph, blushing very prettily, and holding out a timid hand.

"No; guess again." But Zeph could think of nothing else; so Agnes, who was too curious herself to wait any longer, thrust into her hand another great square letter with "Eleven Ambassadors' Gate" running across the back of the envelope.

"Dear me," remarked Zeph, "he is very polite; my note did not require an answer." But when she opened the letter, another order for the "Levity" was inside it, and she read: "I am so sorry I did not give you a little more time. I have been to the office, and have secured the same box for Monday evening, when I hope to have the pleasure of shaking hands with your whole party."

"'Whole party' means me," said Jack. "That's nice; but I do wonder what makes Mr. Daylesford take so much trouble to be polite to us."

CHAPTER V.

A BIT OF WHITE PAPER.

PHIL.—Now, by my life, this is unkindly done,
To vex me with thy sight.—PHILASTER.

ZEPH had grumbled at having the drawing-room turned into a work-room, but at nine o'clock on Monday morning she herself was sitting there, and every chair and table was covered with some article of dress. There was even an iron at the fire, for Polly and Aggy had behaved like lambs, and made no objection to wearing the white dresses Zeph had prescribed, provided only she herself wore the same. Now they were ironing out every little crease in them and smoothing folds; while she, without consulting her mother, had made a raid on her wardrobe and captured the black silk, which was the only "smart" dress the poor lady possessed, and was trying by means of white lace and well-disposed bows of ribbon to make a handsome evening dress of it. They had as yet found no opportunity of telling Mrs. Treherne about the theater.

"Suppose father won't let her go," said Polly.

"Then his heart must be more fell than that of the Hyrcanian tiger!" exclaimed Zeph, who had been reading Jack's *Seven Champions of Christendom*, one of the very few books in the house within the range of her comprehension.

"Oh, Zeph!" said Polly, "he could not be so cruel as to say no."

"We will have a cab from the very door," said Zeph, holding the dress off to have a good look at it; "no omnibuses, no wretched makeshifts with a bit of walking and a bit of railway, but a cab the whole way! We shall never have a box at the 'Levity' again, so let us enjoy this to the utmost. We can pay for the cab ourselves. Oh, here is mother!" But as soon as Mrs. Treherne heard what they were hoping to do, she at once declared that she knew her husband would not be able to spare her.

"What have you come out of the study for now?" asked Zeph.

"A sandwich. He is hungry."

"Let me take it, and I'll ask him. We must know at once."

"Impossible!" said Mr. Treherne when she went; "I cannot possibly spare your mother."

"Have you anything very particular for her to do? I mean anything that must be done at once."

"No; but I like to have her at hand."

"It would do her good to go, and poor mother would like it. She never stirs from this room."

"That can surely be no great hardship, Zeph. I am sure your mother would not care to go. I am quite sure she would rather stay quietly here." He honestly thought that his wife devoted herself to his service from intense love of the various employments he found for her.

"Dear father," pleaded Zeph, "will you do us a very great favor? Let us have mother with us just this once, and we will not tease you again; and to make up for the loss of her services, I shall be so pleased if you will tell me anything I can do to help you. Is there anything?"

"Well, if you really have nothing else to do, and would like to do it very much"—Mr. Treherne always thought his assistants had a supreme relish for these long tasks—"I have some terriers which I should like copied."

"Father! I cannot draw, especially dogs," said the dismayed Zeph.

He smiled a wan and weary smile and explained the meaning of the word. "And I want a good clean copy made of this bit of MS. It is your poor dear mother's writing, and I have had to correct it so much that I am afraid the printers will not be able to make either head or tail out of it!"

Zeph quailed a little; but when she saw the number of pages and the amount of work her uncomplaining mother sometimes had to do, her desire to relieve her of some part of it and longing to help her to one evening's relaxation and pleasure became so strong, that she would have done anything, and she said, "I'll take great pains, father."

"Indeed you must. Leave ample space between the lines for any corrections I may have to make. Your copy will have to be carefully collated afterward. Stay; perhaps it is too hard for a beginner. I'll give you a bit of my essay on Beowulf to transcribe. If you do it well you can do the more difficult bit of writing to-morrow."

"Then mother may go?"

"You may ask her, but I don't believe you will be able to persuade her. Now run away. Zeph, my child, you have taken what might be called a liberty in coming here."

Zeph knew she had, and wondered at her own daring; none of Mr. Treherne's children had ever ventured so much before. "Forgive me," said she, "I know I have. Perhaps if I copy your Big Wolf to your satisfaction you will let me do something else."

"Yes," he replied with a smile of quiet amusement; "but you had better look carefully at your hero's name."

"Victory!" cried Zeph, on her return to the drawing-room, and she brandished the bit of MS. she had undertaken to copy. She began to write at once, and found she got on very well. This gave her courage, and she wrote for some hours. Her many occupations left her very little time to think of John, or to feel regret at having to break her appointment with him. She contrived, however, to write a few lines to tell him that they would all be out that evening, but that she hoped to see him the following day; and that done, she was content to wait.

All the three girls looked well in their quiet white dresses, and Zeph superlatively so. Mrs. Treherne had pulled out an old Spanish mantilla which had been part of her dower, and this made her look quite handsome. While Jack was fetching a cab Zeph addressed a solemn appeal to her sisters. "Promise me, do promise me," said she, "to be very quiet; and oh, Polly, if you could but force yourself to say Agnes instead of Aggy, it would make such a difference!"

Oh, the joy of that evening! Never was a box better bestowed. They were all eyes, all ears, all happiness. They had excellent places. Zeph had a slight knowledge of the play from having once read it; her sisters had not the same advantage.

"Will that young man called Hamlet appear often in this piece?" inquired Agnes. "I hope not, I am sure, for I don't like him. He makes himself disagreeable to every one; he seems to have no regulation in his mind."

Mrs. Treherne glanced anxiously at Zeph, but she had not heard this speech, for just at this moment she had seen Mr. Daylesford bowing to her from a stall immediately below. Two or three very distinguished-looking men were with him. Zeph thought he must have said something about her to them, for after a short pause, they looked up at the box where she was, and their eyes seemed to wander from face to face until they saw hers. But after a brief survey of the house, the stage engrossed all her attention. Had she looked about more she might have seen many an opera-glass turned in her direction. She was certainly right in one thing—she had but to be seen to be admired. When the curtain had fallen after the first act, Mr. Daylesford came to their box. After introducing him to her mother and sisters, Zeph said: "Thank you so much for the pleasure you have given us; I never was so happy in my life!"

"I am glad you are enjoying the play."

"I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. It has driven everything else out of my mind. Does it make you feel like that?"

"I am afraid not quite."

She looked up in his face and saw that he was smiling, but it was a smile of kindly sympathy. He was infinitely handsomer than she had believed. He had gay, laughing eyes, and often smiled; but in spite of this, his manner was somewhat grave and reserved, and there was something about him which made Zeph afraid of him.

"Do you like the play?" he asked Agnes.

"Yes; all but that young man called Hamlet," she replied; "he makes himself so disagreeable that I cannot bring myself to like him."

"Hush, Agnes," said Polly, who saw that Zeph was looking much distressed, "don't talk that way! It's natural he should look like that. Depend upon it, he's the rightful heir."

The tips of Zeph's ears grew crimson, and she began to talk almost at random—anything to silence those girls. "Oh, everything is delightful, perfectly delightful. The only thing that stops me enjoying myself is thinking that the time must soon come when it will be over," said she.

"But there are other things to see. They are playing *The Rivals* now: have you seen that?"

Zeph drew back. She was proud, and afraid that she had bewailed the dullness of her life so much to him that now he was charitably trying to make it a little better for her. "I think I gave you too bad an idea of my life," she said, almost putting her thoughts into words. "I am happy enough."

"Tell me what you do all day."

That was difficult, for she did so little. "I get up and have my breakfast—don't laugh at me—I know it sounds silly."

"Of course not. And then?"

"I mend my gloves, or do some work, or perhaps read a little, and then I go out walking."

"Where do you walk?"

"Near home somewhere—just in the streets."

"And then you go home to luncheon?"

"Yes."

To dinner he ought to have said, but Zeph was foolishly afraid to tell him so.

"And after luncheon?"

"I spend my time much as I spend it in the morning."

"Do you subscribe to a library?"

"No."

"Do you play tennis?"

"No."

"Are you fond of dancing?"

"Oh, Mr. Daylesford, I am fond of a great many things that I cannot have. My father is very poor, and it is just as much as he can do to make a home for us. He cannot let us have expensive pleasures!"

Every now and then Zeph's true nature asserted itself. She was naturally perfectly honest and straightforward, and detested all subterfuges and pretense of being other than she really was, but she was so shy and unused to society, and so entirely ignorant of it and its ways, that she was afraid to tell people the truth about her mode of life lest they should one and all turn from her in contempt. Whenever her feelings were really touched she was good, true, kind, and entirely honest. He looked at her pityingly. To one who knows life, and what sadness it has in its keeping for almost every one as years wear on, there is something profoundly touching in the idea of any young creature not enjoying it at its very outset, when the power of enjoyment is the greatest. He was silent—so silent that she looked at him and saw what she almost expected to see—his eyes bent on her in regretful sympathy. "I know what you are thinking," said she, "and I wish you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't do what?" he asked, smiling. She could not help admiring his smile.

"Pity me. I hate to be pitied."

"I am not pitying you," said he; but she knew he was.

"I was very happy to-day," she continued, being resolved to put a good face on it. "I had something given me to do which I thought I should detest, but instead of that, when once I found I could do it, I really liked it."

"What was that?"

"I had a bit of manuscript to copy for my father."

"And it was amusing?"

"Amusing! It was all about a king called Beowulf. By the bye, would you have known that a terrier was not a dog? At first my father wanted me to copy a terrier, or many terriers, and I said I could not draw dogs——"

"Do excuse me, but is your father *the* Mr. Treherne? Has he edited a number of books for the Cædmon Society, and is he a great genealogist?"

"Yes—do you know him?"

"I know his name perfectly, and I have seen some of his books. I have heard him spoken of with the greatest respect—especially as an antiquary. I have heard my tutor talk of him, and my grandfather must have known him, or at all events his books."

"Did your grandfather write too?" inquired Zeph. She had just become aware that her mother and sisters had ceased to talk to each other, and were now, most probably, hearing every word that passed, which made her shy.

"No, he didn't write, but he knew a great deal about books. He had a very valuable collection of old books, and some that were unique. He was much more competent to appreciate your father's works than I. Your father will know all about the Berkhampstead Collection."

"I dare say he will, but I—— Oh, perhaps mother will know. Mother," said Zeph, interrupting a new conversation between Mrs. Treherne and Polly—"mother, did you ever hear father speak of the Berkhampstead Collection?"

Mrs. Treherne's eyes flashed at once. Meek woman though she was, she shared all her husband's feelings. "The Berkhampstead Collection! Of course I have. It has been one of the greatest vexations of your poor dear father's life. Only this very day he has been lamenting to me that he cannot get access to it—he has a book now going through the press, and all kinds of information which would be perfectly invaluable to him is shut up from him by the churlishness of the Berkhampstead family. The old lord, who died a few years ago, was just as bad as the present head of the house; he never would allow any one to—— My dear Zeph, don't look at me in that way. What I say is perfectly true; I am only repeating what I have heard your father say a thousand times. They have a large muniment room—that's what he calls it—and it is crammed with documents which would throw light—— Zeph, I do wish you would not. Can I be saying something wrong?"

Zeph's signal of distress had at length made even Mrs. Treherne see that she must be making some terrible mistake.

"Mother dear," said Zeph, who at last ventured to speak, "Lord Berkhampstead was, I think, or is, Mr. Daylesford's father."

Mrs. Treherne looked much shocked. Mr. Daylesford hastened to speak. "He was my grandfather, and I know that he was in very bad odor with antiquaries; but I believe he did not refuse them the use of his stores from churlishness. It was not that—it was simply that his collections were so large that he himself hardly knew what he had. He wanted to have his MSS. and other things cata-

logued and arranged before he let strangers have the run of them. At one time he did employ a gentleman to do this, and the first thing this person did when established in the muniment room, was to discover a deed or a duplicate deed which showed that my grandfather and his ancestors had, for I don't know how many years, omitted to pay about five hundred a year to a school in the neighboring town. My grandfather naturally felt obliged to pay it, so he found himself a good deal poorer for this first antiquary's visit, and declined to receive any more."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Daylesford; do forgive me," said Mrs. Treherne; "I am sure I should have kept them all out of my house after that, if I had been in Lord Berkhampstead's place."

Zeph heard Agnes murmuring, "Lord Berkhampstead! Lord Berkhampstead!" in soft and rapturous accents, and was glad when the fourth act began and Mr. Daylesford went back to his seat.

"Oh, Zeph, did you hear? His grandfather was a lord!" whispered Polly. "Think of your having walked home with a lord's grandson!"

"What a pity you did not know it at the time!" said Aggy.

"Don't be so shockingly vulgar, girls," exclaimed Mrs. Treherne, and thought she had eradicated that distasteful vice.

At length the play all but came to an end. "Oh, how they do go dying one after another!" observed Agnes. "I don't wonder they never seem to think of calling in a medical man, for if they did he would not know which of them to attend to first."

"Don't make a stupid speech like that to Mr. Daylesford if he comes back," pleaded Zeph.

"I shall not make any speech at all to him. I hope he will keep away! I don't like such distinguished personages. I am much happier with plain people like the Simondses; they are more like ourselves, and much pleasanter to be with than——"

Mr. Daylesford came back before Polly had quite finished her speech. The sisters looked anxiously in his face to see if he had heard it, but he did not seem to have done so. It was time to go, and Mrs. Treherne was beginning to shroud her head in a white woolen handkerchief. He said to her, "You told me a short time ago that Mr. Treherne was much inconvenienced for want of an immediate sight of some deeds in the Berkhampstead muniment room. I shall be delighted to afford him the opportunity he wants. Berkhampstead Castle, of course, belongs to my brother—I am only a younger brother; but as he is not in England—you know, I dare say, that he is Governor of the Icarian Islands—I go there from time to time to look after things for him, and he allows me to consider it my home when I am not in London. I think you said that time was of some importance to Mr. Treherne. I am going there to-morrow to stay till Friday, and shall be very glad if he will accompany me and stay while I am there."

Mrs. Treherne looked more and more alarmed; her husband had not been out of London for years. She was voluble in her thanks, but hardly thought he would be able to go, *i.e.* could be induced to leave his den.

Mr. Daylesford made her take his arm, and repeated the invitation as they went to the door. "Will you tell him what I say? Will you also say that if he will go I will call for him at twelve o'clock to-morrow morning. I am going to drive there for once. Ask him to be punctual, as my horses won't wait—or perhaps it is my coachman; and there is another thing I must ask you to say, and that is, if he kindly consents to come, I expect him to bring you and Miss Treherne with him, and then I shall know that he has his two best assistants at hand."

Zeph's heart stood still in astonishment and delight, and then she reflected that this most delightful invitation might never have been given if she had not chanced to do a good action that day. Her offer to do some writing for her father had brought it all about. Would he go? Mrs. Treherne did not know, but was sure that he would feel very much tempted. Finally it was settled that Mr. Daylesford should drive round by Lorne Gardens, anyhow, and that Mrs. Treherne and Josephine would gladly go if Mr. Treherne did. Mr. Daylesford sent them home in his carriage, and himself went in a hansom.

"Oh, Zeph?" gasped Polly, as she sank back in the carriage and it drove off, "what a night we have had! And he has actually lent us this beautiful carriage! What things have happened!"

"Haven't they!" echoed Aggy; "I have been so happy ever since I left our house!"

"And how kind he is, and thoughtful, and how beautifully handsome, and how pretty that foreign accent is!"

They had all so much to think of, and so many questions of ways and means to consider, that they were in their own street before they thought they had gone half-way. They were not only in a whirl of excitement, but in a bewilderment of wonder as to how the family could be made presentable enough to visit in a castle, and in so short a space of time, too! All must be done before twelve o'clock next morning.

"But I am certain your poor dear father will not go," said Mrs. Treherne every ten minutes. Her warning only abated the tumult of discussion for a few seconds, and then it raged as hotly as before. How astonished they were when the carriage stopped!

"Go and tell father at once, and get him to give an answer," said Zeph. "We must know to-night, for we shall have to begin to pack, and most likely to do some sewing. Don't let father refuse; do, please, try hard to make him go; and if he says yes, and he won't let you come out of the study to tell us, just push a bit of white paper under the door, and then we shall know."

Jack let them into the house with a latch-key, and Mrs. Treherne at once hurried to the study, where she knew she should find her husband. Polly and Agnes followed her into the house. Zeph, after waiting a minute to see the carriage turn and drive away, was just about to follow too, when a dark figure, which she had not observed, came quickly toward her and said, "At last you are here!"

It was John Simonds. His words were ill chosen. She did not want to be there. She had enjoyed her evening so much that she felt sorry to lose sight of the carriage and to feel that all was over and she was consigned to her home again. John Simonds! How strange it was to see him! Those happy hours, during which she had never once thought of him, seemed to have divided them by years.

"John! You here!" said she, stopping suddenly short, with her foot on the first step, to look at his pale, tired face and bright, eager eyes.

"Of course I am here! I wanted to see you for a moment, Zeph, if I could not do more. You know I was to come to-night to learn your answer."

It was almost cruel of John to take her so by surprise—that was what she felt. She stood looking at him, full of uncertainty.

"Well, dear Zeph, won't you speak?"

"Oh, don't ask me to speak now, John; how can I? For the last five hours my head has been filled with such entirely different things."

"My dear Zeph," said he, in grave surprise, "have you not had all these days that I have been away to think? Be kind, and give me an answer. I am not made of stone."

"Don't talk that way, John, I entreat you. I must have more time. Give me one week from this evening, and then I promise you most faithfully to give you an answer."

John almost reeled, the shock of this disappointment was so great. She had all but accepted him a few days before, and now she spoke thus. She saw the misery in his face, and it cut her to the heart.

"Dear John," she exclaimed, "don't be angry with me; I am behaving ill, I know; but indeed I cannot help it. I cannot quite make up my mind now; that's all."

"But is it really all? Be true, Zeph, at any cost. Is there any one whom you like better?"

"No; I swear there is not."

"Is there any one whom you are weighing in the balance with me?"

"Most certainly not. You are the only man who cares for me and the only one I care for; there is no one whom I like half so well as you."

"Zeph! Zeph! Zeph!" cried Jack in a low, clear voice from behind the door; and she could hear him fingering the chain impatiently as he spoke, and making so much noise that it was a wonder he did not bring his father out.

"Yes, I am coming. I must go," said she. "Don't be unhappy, John, and don't think me unkind."

"I must say this——"

"Don't say anything more now. Jack is calling me, and father will hear him and come. I really must go."

In spite of Zeph's alarm, John was just going to utter a very strong protest against her conduct, when she darted up the steep flight of steps and was gone. She felt very sorry for him, but the thought that she had now a whole week before her in which to decide this, soon made her light-hearted again. He was a dear, kind fellow, and very much in love with her; he would not consider it too much to wait one short week for her answer. She locked the house door with more noise than was altogether prudent, considering how important it was that her father should be in a good humor; but she was too nervous to do it quietly. She turned to go up-stairs. One small lamp hung on the wall and partially lighted the dark, brown-looking passage. As she was passing the study door, with, to do her justice, her mind so full of what had just taken place that she had all but forgotten Mr. Daylesford's invitation, she heard a rustling sound, and saw that a long piece of white paper was being slowly pushed under the door.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LITTLE BROWN MAN.

Quoi! Lisette, est-ce vous?
Vous, en riche toilette!
Vous, avec des bijoux!
Vous, avec une aigrette!—BÉRANGER.

If any one had told Zeph twenty-four hours before that at twelve o'clock next morning she would be seated in Mr. Daylesford's carriage with her father and mother and on her way to Berkhampstead Castle, she would have regarded the idea as incredible. Her father never went anywhere; yet he was sitting opposite to her now, looking rather pale and weary it is true, and not the kind of person who ought to be exposed to full daylight or the open air, but very different from the recluse of Lorne Gardens. Mrs. Treherne looked modestly elated, and was showing much interest in the route they were to take. Zeph gazed regretfully at the steps where she had stood so recently with poor John. She hoped he did not think that she had been very unkind to him; if he did, she must be doubly kind some day. But all these gentler thoughts were driven out of her mind in an instant when the carriage drove off, and she saw that it was going to pass those shops which did so much to embitter her existence. Would those odious winter trouserings still be lying ticketed in the window? Would those yet more odious made-up garments at ten-and-sixpence a pair still be hanging in a row above it clamoring for people to give them one trial? The confectioner's shop, with Madeira cakes covered with something that looked like strips of wet leather and plates laden with edibles ticketed as "little seedy biscuits," was the first that they came to, but Mr. Daylesford's head was turned another way. She bent forward as they came to the next shop and barred him from the sight of it. That terrible danger was safely overpast, and so was J. Ward's most obtrusive shoe shop. If Mr. Daylesford had seen it, would he have thought she was wearing "Ward's Lady's Button Kid" at 7*s.* 9*d.*, or the "Health Boot?" "J. Ward's Gent's Elastic Sides at 7*s.* 6*d.* are a wonder!" but Mr. Daylesford did not see them, and in three minutes more the carriage had reached a point so distant from Lorne Gardens that responsibilitity for the neighborhood no longer rested on her. Then she remembered John. She did not repent what she had said to him, but she felt she might have spoken more kindly. She would have been unhappy about this a great part of the day if she had not resolved to write to him as soon as she reached the castle. She was very tired. She had sat up for hours after her return from the theater making such preparations for the visit that she was about to pay as were in her power, and even when she did go to bed she could not sleep. She felt very drowsy now, and often found that she had entirely lost the thread of the conversation. Was that her quiet father talking so much and so well? Mr. Daylesford appeared to be enjoying his conversation immensely; Mrs. Treherne was sitting smiling and looking thoroughly proud and happy. She did so delight in seeing her husband "take his proper place in society." Zeph was too sleepy to know much about what was being said. Sometimes she heard snatches of what seemed to be most intimate conversation, and Mr. Daylesford seemed to be making very confidential communications; but she could not rouse herself to endeavor to hear more. "That, as you know, is what the law has decreed, but I, of course, refuse to abide by it. My brother can't take the title, and I won't. We still look forward to some evidence turning up to prove what we are already convinced of; but Blackmore's death has made everything so difficult; he alone knew where the papers were deposited, and he was cut off so suddenly that he had not time to say a word," said Mr. Daylesford, and this and her father's answer was all she heard with any accuracy.

"I entirely respect the line of conduct you have adopted," replied Mr. Treherne. "I hope and trust your devotion to your mother may be rewarded."

"What is Mr. Daylesford to be rewarded for?" asked Zeph, when she and her mother were alone together for a while in the inn where they had stopped to change horses and have luncheon.

"For his noble regard for his mother's good name. What would be a reward to him, though, would be a punishment to a baser man. His earnest wish is to prove that he has no right to the Berkhampstead title and estates."

"I wish you would explain a little," said Zeph. "I thought he was only the second son."

"I will so far as I understand the story myself. The late Lord Berkhampstead was a very stern, unforgiving man, and he had an only son, who——" but here she was interrupted by the return of the gentlemen.

They reached their journey's end just before sunset. The

extent of the park, the length of the avenue, and the blackness of the fine old trees seen against the dusky red and orange in the sky, were very startling and impressive to Zeph, who had never seen anything of the kind before. She wondered how her father could go on talking so calmly to Mr. Daylesford; if all this were his, he must be a very great gentleman indeed. The castle was a remarkably handsome building—some of it was really old, and the rest a modern imitation of a feudal fortress. It was large and rambling, and looked very gloomy in the fast-fading light. Much of it was covered with a heavy growth of ivy.

The carriage stopped. A most venerable old gentleman stood waiting on the steps to receive them. Zeph wondered if he were the bishop of the diocese. He came forward and said something to Mr. Daylesford, of which she heard nothing but the words "your lordship." On which Mr. Daylesford said, rather sharply, "Tompkins, I thought you understood that I was never to be addressed by that title!" Tompkins muttered some excuse, and Zeph discovered that he was the butler. Other servants were there, chief among whom was a dignified personage who wore a great deal of jewelry, and was evidently the housekeeper. She at once proposed to take Zeph and her mother to their rooms. They passed through two magnificent halls, dark with oak paneling, and decorated with pictures and armor; then they came to an old oak staircase whose steps were so easy that the ascent was positively restful. But life-sized portraits of dead and gone Daylesfords hung on the walls by the side of the stairs, and every three or four steps she went, Zeph found herself standing exactly on a level either with a portrait of some mail-clad warrior or silken-doubleted cavalier, a rigidly correct-looking, long-waisted lady, or a smiling and less correct-looking lady painted by Sir Peter Lely. They alarmed her, they seemed to be standing so close by her side, and one and all to be scornfully wondering what possible right that insignificant, ill-dressed little person could have to set her feet where theirs had once trod. Then Mrs. Sanderson led Zeph and her mother to a wide corridor with more pictures and more armor, and finally to yet another paneled with oak, and here she opened a door and said to Mrs. Treherne: "This, madam, is your apartment." It was a large room, with massive furniture, and a blazing fire which just served to show that it was hung with tapestry. This represented some scene in a forest, with a number of figures which stood out from the dark background like ghosts. Mrs. Sanderson lighted the candles on the dressing-table, and then opened a door near the fireplace and said: "That is Mr. Treherne's dressing-room, and here, madam," she continued, lifting up a corner of the tapestry on the other side, "you will find a very pleasant little sitting-room."

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Treherne, much more promptly than Zeph could have done. She had been accustomed to better things in her youth, but Zeph was simply amazed. When they were cold at Five Lorne Gardens, what anxious thought was always given to the question whether it would be right to allow themselves the comfort of a fire or not, before they yielded to their desire! Fires were burning in all three rooms here. All were hung with tapestry. Zeph was glad she had not to sleep in any of them. By this dim light those pale ghosts on the walls looked as if they had been driven there by some spell but would much rather be down in the room and at liberty. She would be terrified if she were shut up all night with such half-banished creatures.

"Now let me show you Miss Treherne's sleeping apartment," said Mrs. Sanderson.

"It's not very far from my mother's, I hope," said Zeph fervently.

"Oh no, ma'am," said Mrs. Sanderson, but she walked as it seemed a long way farther. "It's the size of the rooms makes it seem so far. There is nothing but Mrs. Treherne's bedroom and sitting-room, and one spare room, which has not been occupied for a very long time, between you."

There was no tapestry in Zeph's room, and there was a most cheerful fire. An easy-chair was drawn near it, and a table with writing-materials and some railway novels. She felt quite relieved; it was a room in which she could be happy.

"I will return in twenty minutes' time, ma'am," said the housekeeper, and show you your way to the drawing-room—unless you would prefer having a cup of tea here in your own room?"

"I'd rather go down, thank you," said Zeph; and then another servant came and offered to unpack her modest trunk. "How delicious this is!" thought Zeph, as she sat by the fire and saw the maid laying out her white muslin dress ready for dinner. "Father is fond of telling a story about some one who lived long, long ago, and was called Robert de Insula; how, when he became a great man and a bishop, he set up his mother in state and plenty, too; and how she did not really like it, and after a while entreated him to take back all the money and servants with which he had burdened her, for the shameful obedience of the servants made her miserable! What a fool she must have been! How I should enjoy being tried! I'd never complain of having pleasant-spoken servants at hand, ready to do everything disagreeable."

She had rested so much during the journey that now she felt no fatigue. She tripped down-stairs looking fresh and beautiful as ever. Tea was ready. The moment he saw her, Mr. Daylesford exclaimed:

"Read this, Miss Treherne, and tell me what answer you would like me to give." It was a note from Mrs. Vincent, a neighbor of Mr. Daylesford. She had, she said, just heard of his being expected at the castle with some friends, and she hoped that he and they would honor her with their presence at a fancy ball on the following evening. Zeph's heart sank. It would have been such a delight to go—but it was simply impossible! How hard it was to have such a delicious opportunity and yet be obliged to forego it! "Well," said Mr. Daylesford, who had been watching all the variations of the poor girl's face, "what shall I say?"

"I am afraid," said Zeph, very humbly, "that you must not think of taking me. It is very good of you to do so, but it is quite impossible for me to go. Don't you see that people are to wear fancy dress?"

"Oh, are they?" said Mrs. Treherne. "Then, my dear Zeph, I really am afraid that you must decline this pleasure."

"A fancy dress can very easily be found in this house if you are inclined to go, Miss Treherne," he said cheerily.

Zeph looked up with eager, questioning, but somewhat incredulous eyes.

"You must talk to Mrs. Sanderson; she has twenty or thirty dresses in her charge belonging to the different ladies whose portraits you see. Stay: I think it would perhaps be better still if you were to inspect the pictures themselves and then ask her for a dress as nearly like that you most admire as she can produce. There is a very pretty Sir Joshua costume which I know she has. It was one worn by my great-grandmother. After all, I really believe that would suit you best."

"But would it be the right kind of dress?" said Zeph, who, of course, knew nothing of such things.

"Why, what could you have better? Everything she wore when she sat to Sir Joshua is here, I know, and you

have the portrait to guide you if you have any difficulty about putting the things on. Drink your tea and let us go and look; only we shall have to choose a dress for Mrs. Treherne too—that is, if she has nothing suitable with her and will condescend to rely on the resources of the house."

"Thank you," said Mr. Treherne firmly, "my wife never goes out in the evening; she does not like it." Two large tears formed in Zeph's eyes.

"Don't," whispered Mr. Daylesford kindly; "I will soon find you a chaperon. Let us go and look at the Sir Joshua."

Mr. and Mrs. Treherne were tired, so he and Zeph went alone.

"You are very kind to me" she said simply.

"No, I am not. I want you to go. I want you to have this pleasure, and I shall enjoy it myself if you are there."

"But if mother is not to go?"

"The clergyman here and his wife are sure to be invited; I'll ask them to dine with us, and we'll all go together."

She looked at the pictures on the stairs as she passed them with an air of something very like apprehension.

"Are you afraid of them?" he asked.

"Almost. They make me uncomfortable, somehow. If they were hung a little higher I should not mind, but they seem to be standing on the same step with me."

"What a timid young lady you are! Don't think of them. I want to see if Phillis Arnold's dress strikes you as suitable." He stopped at almost the last portrait on the stairs. It was a beautiful picture of a most beautiful woman. She was standing by a large tree at the end of a terrace looking pensively at a somewhat uninteresting sunset, but her figure was slim and graceful, and her face strangely pathetic. Her dress was a very pretty light-blue brocade, caught crosswise on the breast, and lovely laces fell from it in sympathy with the lines of her figure, and were fastened on her shoulder by pretty pearl ornaments.

"Poor little Phillis," said he, "she had little need of ball-dresses for herself. When she was young and beautiful no one would visit her. She was a farmer's daughter, and my great-grandfather married her." Zeph did not speak, but he could see that she was interested. "If he had been Lord Berkhampstead when he married her every one would have been glad to welcome her, but he was only plain Mr. Daylesford, very poor, and with no expectation whatever of ever succeeding to the title. He lived in our market-town, and not only did all the great ladies of the neighborhood stand aloof—which was, perhaps, not to be wondered at—but all the little townsmen's silly wives tossed their heads too, and pretended to despise her. When he very unexpectedly became head of the family it was a different thing; they would have come to pay their respects to her here on their bended knees, but then it was too late. He shut his doors to every one who lived in the neighborhood, and even when his wife died he would not let her be buried where any of these people ever came. They had refused to go near her when she was alive, he said, and they should not have the chance of doing so when she was dead. Do you like that little story?" he inquired, seeing how earnestly she was listening, and how grave her eyes had grown.

"I do. I like his being so true to her."

"I have always heard that she was a very sweet creature—most sweet, indeed, and most beautiful; I think you rather resemble her. I feel as if I should like you to wear her dress."

"Thank you," replied Zeph humbly.

"Then I shall order Mrs. Sanderson to seek it out immediately and lay it and everything belonging to it in your room. I have a fancy to see how you look in it. I wish you would wear it at dinner to-night, and then we can all criticise you and choose another dress if this is not as becoming as it ought to be."

Zeph would never have dreamed of opposing him; he was very kind to her, and he was lord of all there. But she ventured to express one doubt: "Shall I not feel very much out of place at such a large ball? You know, Mr. Daylesford, how unaccustomed I am to anything of the kind. Suppose the great ladies at River Green treat me as their grandmothers and great-grandmothers treated poor Phillis Arnold, if I may be allowed to call her so. I shall be very miserable if they do. You had better let me stay at home—I shall know no one but you."

"You are sure to be introduced to a lot of people directly, and you must promise to dance the two first dances with me. I know you will enjoy yourself."

When Zeph went to dress for dinner, Phillis Arnold's braveries were all laid ready for her to put on, and a very pretty maid came to help her to dress. Zeph was glad of her assistance. "I am to wear this at a fancy ball to-night." said she, by way of explanation, "and we want to see if it is becoming."

"It's rather a curious make of dress, ma'am," said Lydia the maid.

"Yes; but you had better go and look at the portrait at the head of the stairs—that of the lady wearing this very dress—and then you will see how it has to be put on; and Lydia, please notice how her hair is done, for mine will have to be exactly like it."

"It's Phillis Arnold's portrait," said Lydia with much interest when she returned, "her that was a poor girl to begin with, but became Lady Berkhampstead before she died!"

"You know about her, then?"

"Yes," said the girl; "we all know about her. What a heathenish thing it was to bury her where they did! I don't call that a proper burying, myself. I don't believe people buried in that way can ever lie really quiet."

"But what do you mean? Where did they bury her?" said Zeph, who had not understood from what Mr. Daylesford had said that there had been anything specially remarkable in her interment except that she had been laid to rest far away from every one who had ever flouted her.

"In the garden, ma'am. You can just see the place from your windows." Lydia went to one of the windows and lifted the curtains and blind; and Zeph saw four tall cypresses, and between them was a low slab of stone, now white as silver in the moonlight. "They might as well have given the poor lady a Christian burial when they were about it," said Lydia.

"Yes, I think so," replied Zeph; "but surely we ought to begin."

Not even interest in a pathetic story could make her neglect the important business which lay before her.

"Perfect!" exclaimed Daylesford, when Zeph entered the room—"absolutely perfect! My dear Miss Treherne, I shall be a proud man to-morrow evening when I enter the ball-room with you!"

"You look very well, dear Zeph," said Mr. Treherne; fathers do not rise to such heights of approval as young stranger gentlemen.

Daylesford was sincere in his admiration. Up to this time he had looked on Zeph as one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen, but in that dress she was matchless. Rich attire enhanced her charms in a way which her own poor washed muslins had no chance of doing. The touch of strangeness too, was given by the old-world apparel—he could not take his eyes off her.

"Will all the ladies at the ball wear as interesting dresses

as that?" asked Mrs. Treherne, with a slight tone of longing in her voice.

Zeph detected it at once—her mother wished to go. "Father," said she, "do let my mother go with me."

"Zeph!" replied Mr. Treherne, "I do wish you would not tease your mother by these perpetual requests. You must know how she dislikes going out—you worry her."

"I could not leave your father——" began Mrs. Treherne.

"Of course not," interrupted Mr. Treherne; and yet Zeph knew that all her mother would have to do would be to hand him a pen or find a page of manuscript, and perhaps not even so much as that.

The evening was very pleasant, more than pleasant to Zeph. Never before had she been so becomingly dressed, never had she felt that her beauty was a strong and firmly established power. Mr. Daylesford's manner had changed to her, and had become markedly deferential.

Every one was tired with the long drive but herself, and a little before eleven all were ready to go to bed.

"Good-night," said Mr. Daylesford to Zeph. "By this time to-morrow we shall be at River Green. Your dress suits you to perfection!"

Her dress! She had begun to feel so happy and at home in the lovely blue brocade, that she had almost forgotten poor Phillis Arnold and her sad little story. Now, though Mrs. Treherne was talking all the way up-stairs, Zeph only gave distracted answers; those words brought it back to her mind.

"Good-night, dear," said Mrs. Treherne when she reached the door of her room. "Come to me if you want anything. I dare say I shall not be in bed for an hour or two—I never do go till your father does, and then I know he cannot want anything more."

"Good-night, mother: you look such a lady, dear! I am so glad we made you have that dress." For that very morning before they set out on the journey, the girls had insisted on their mother taking a cab and going with all speed to a good shop in Oxford Street, and buying herself a handsome dress. Now Zeph thought Mrs. Treherne would grace any table, and she was proud of her.

She was intending to write to John before she went to bed—she knew that she should find writing-materials in her room; but when she got there she went and sat down by the fire, put her feet in the strange high-heeled shoes on the fender, and admired them, and the color of her silk stockings, and all the splendors of her apparel. "Dress does make a difference!" she thought. "How much nicer Mr. Daylesford has grown to me! It would be delightful to know that I should always be as well dressed as I am now." She forgot to write to John, or even to think of him. She forgot that she had never made her mother tell her about the mystery of the late Lord Berkhampstead's marriage, and why Mr. Daylesford would not assume the title; she sat holding up her arm and admiring her gloves and bracelets, and the wondrous fineness of Phillis's laces, and the set of her dress, and thinking of the ball that was coming, till a clock she had not noticed before told her that it was half-past twelve. So late! She must go to bed, or where would be the triumph that was to be hers to-morrow? Suddenly the thought struck her—surely it is almost treason to poor Phillis to take her pretty dress to a great gay ball, when she herself had never been allowed to go to one! Zeph sighed. She could not renounce her intention, but she wondered if it were right to persist in it. The wind had risen while she had been thinking: she heard it moaning outside; the fire was burning low. It was time to go to bed. She rose wearily, turned, and for the first time was alarmed by the ghostly aspect of her room. There was a tall four-post bed with heavy curtains! it was as large as the whole of her bedroom at home, and looked as if no one had occupied it for a century. There were two wardrobes, black-looking and enormous. One she had seen open and she knew that it held her own slender provision of garments; but the other was still unexplored, and the idea alarmed her; and yet she would not have opened it now for the world. There was a large cheval glass, too, which appaled her, it was so large and capable of reflecting so much. "Suppose——?" but she dare not think of that.

"What folly!" she mentally exclaimed, and went to the smaller looking-glass on the dressing-table, hoping that the sight of her own face would bring her back to her ordinary train of thought. It did so. She was happy again. She smiled at her image. She threw herself into various attitudes. She composed her features to listen to her own praises, rehearsing the hoped-for triumph that awaited her; but again she was chilled by a thought. Suppose that glass has never reflected any face since poor Phillis Arnold saw herself in it? This room might possibly have been hers. What if she were to see her shadowy, reproachful face looking over her shoulder? Suppose she came to claim the dress and upbraid her with the disrespect to her memory that she was guilty of in thinking of wearing it at a ball? A feeling she could not resist made her go to the window and raise the curtain to look at Phillis's last resting-place. The four cypresses were swaying heavily to and fro in the wind which went wailing round the castle. The moon was obscured by dark clouds. While Zeph was looking, a trailing branch of some climbing shrub lashed against the window with a sudden, sharp blow. Zeph started away, and hastily dropped the curtain, but the first thing she saw when she turned back to the room was one of the doors of the unexplored wardrobe swinging slowly backward toward her. She utttered a low cry and ran to the door of the room, without another glance in the direction of the wardrobe, for she remembered what her mother had said, and thought she would go to her. She had walked about half-a-dozen yards along the corridor, when she saw an old gentleman coming toward her. He wore a brown coat—that was the first thing she saw, and then the light of his candle fell more on his face and she saw that he was a pleasant-looking man, with rather a short nose, and a black shade over his left eye. A pair of gold eyeglasses were hanging from a chain—they caught the light as they dangled in front of him. Zeph stood still for a moment. He was evidently full of thought, and had not yet seen her; perhaps when he did he would think her mad, for the dress she was wearing was at least a century old. It seemed to her that as she could not explain why she was wearing it, she had better return to her room and wait until he had passed by. He was now close by her mother's door. She turned back, but before entering her own room looked round to see how far he had got. He was gone! She rubbed her eyes. Yes, he was gone! He must have turned into the spare room between her room and her mother's, for there was no other, and the idea that some one was sleeping there made her feel much more at ease. "After all, what a goose I am to be afraid," she said to herself. "It is not as if I really believed in ghosts," and she went back to her room, resolved to stay where she was, and be more sensible. She boldly walked up to the wardrobe which had swung open, found a very commodious place for hanging dresses perfectly empty, hung up Phillis Arnold's dress in it, and with very little further strain on her courage, composed herself to her slumbers.

She and Mr. Daylesford were the first to appear in the breakfast-room next morning. "I hope you slept well," said he.

"Thank you, yes," was her answer. "At first I was so stupid as to be rather frightened at being so far away from

every one, but the moment I found that little brown gentleman was sleeping so near me, I felt quite happy."

"What little brown gentleman? asked Daylesford.

"Don't you know your own household? A nice-looking old gentleman of about sixty-five, with smooth gray hair, a shade on his left eye, and rather a short nose."

"Go on," said Daylesford eagerly.

"But I can't! That is all I saw. There was no time to see more, except that he wore a brown coat."

After breakfast he threw a photograph book in her way and watched her turning its pages. Suddenly she exclaimed: "There is the brown gentleman—would you like to see his portrait?" and she gave him the open book.

"You are sure?'

"Of course I am sure. It is exactly like him; but why does a man who only sees with one eye wear a double eyeglass?"

"He always did," said Daylesford in some confusion.

"Did?" echoed Zeph, surprised.

"Did and does."

"He did not come down to breakfast?"

"No; he is gone. He is an old friend of mine—a shy, odd fellow. You must not be frightened if you see him again; he just comes and goes as he likes."

"Frightened? Of course not; why should I?" She fancied he was vexed at her having happened to see this odd old friend of his, but she said no more about him. She thought no more either—her head was full of other things, but soon after breakfast; when Daylesford was taking Mr. Treherne to the muniment room, he said:

"Don't on any account repeat what I am going to say to your wife or to any one—promise me that. You know what I told you yesterday about our lawyer, old Mr. Blackmore."

"Yes; he was to meet you here as soon as your late grandfather was buried, and was to put into your hands the certificates of your father's marriage with your mother, and other important documents, but he died on the very night of his arrival here, and you and your brother had no idea where to look for the papers."

"Precisely. He was a man of sixty five, with a good, benevolent face, short nose, straight gray hair, wore a shade over his left eye, and usually dressed himself in rather light snuffy-brown; and last night your daughter saw a figure exactly corresponding with this description walking in the corridor between her room and yours, and it disappeared suddenly before reaching her door."

"She has seen some one rather like Mr. Blackmore, and instead of disappearing, he turned into one of the rooms."

"There is no other room but one, which is always kept locked. It is locked now, for I have been to look; besides, who was the man? There is no such person in the castle. The wing where you sleep is appropriated to visitors. If my butler had a visitor of his own, he would not put him there. The figure Miss Treherne saw was exactly like old Blackmore. You must allow that this is a strange——"

"Very, my dear sir, very; but you can hardly imagine what a fever I am in to verify certain statements I am about to make in print. I shall know no peace until I have consulted the documents themselves!"

"We will go," said Daylesford; "but you will see the propriety of keeping all knowledge of what I have just told you from your daughter. You won't say anything about it either to her or to her mother?"

"Certainly not. It would be most unwise! You may rely on me, I assure you—indeed, before I have been in the muniment room five minutes, the whole affair will have passed from my memory."

(To be continued.)

French Etiquette for Diners Out.

[*From the French* (CODE CEREMONIAL) *of the Countess de Bassauville.*]

IN dress complete of silk and lace,
In spirits gay and fine,
Promptly arrive, with beaming face,
When you go out to dine.
Go precisely at the hour in the invitation stated,
Nor hurry in *before* the time, nor ever be *belated*.

To the lady for him chosen
By the hostess able,
Offers the gentleman his arm
To lead her to table.
No lady ever should refuse the arm of Monsieur brave,
To do otherwise, he'd recognize as insult very grave.

While *en route* for the dining-hall,
No lady called well-bred
Will stop, or hesitate at all;
But, with well-measured tread,
Will observe the strictest order, nor let any pass before,
Both in going from the parlor, and returning to its door.

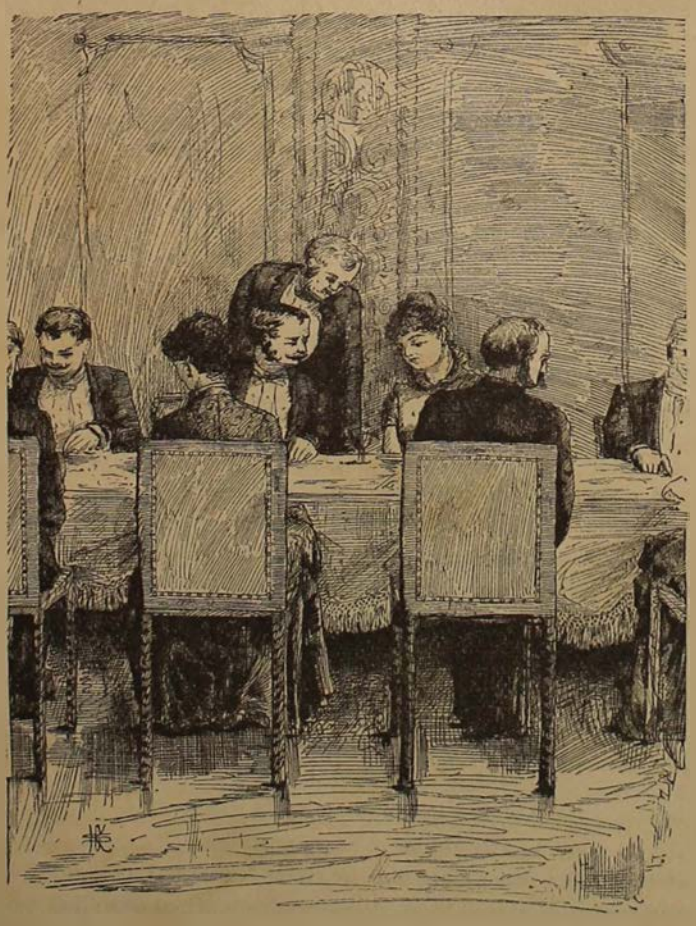
A card should indicate your seat;
But, if you find it not,
Await with manner most discreet
Till Madame casts your lot;
Then place yourself behind the chair Madame has signified,
And wait her signal to sit down with presence dignified.

The men should wait until they see
The dames their napkins hold,
Then, spread them deftly on the knee,
And do not quite unfold.
Be not too near the table, and of the opposite beware ;
Sit upright with graceful air ; lean not back upon your chair.

'Tis called uncouth to *cut* one's bread ;
It should *broken* be ;
Upon the plate should it be spread
And eaten leisurely.
Accept the plate that's to you sent, nor pass it to another,
The host who has remembered you will not forget your brother.

Attract their glance and *make a sign*,
But servants do not *call*,
If you should want more bread or wine
Or anything at all.
And *thank* them not ; in serving you they serve their master still,
Avoid all noise with knife, fork, plate, and use your jaws with skill.

Eat with the *left* hand, cut with the right,
Handle not any bones.
Guests *should not laugh* ('tis ill-bred quite)
While speaking in low tones.
Be affable to other guests as much as in you lies,
Be attentive when your hostess the signal gives to rise.



A part of your evening is due
The house where you have dined ;
So after dinner, hours two
Are given to feast of mind.
Then say good-bye. *Within a week* your hosts a visit pay
Their feast to praise, and of their guests, the kindest things to say.

And courtesy requires that you
An ample dinner give
Within the month that does ensue ;
Unless it be you weary live
A bachelor, a widow lorn, or lady still unwed,
Or fortune's fickle favors are not round your pathway shed.

M. A. R

For Auld Lang Syne!

"THE young sprigs dinna thrive like the auld 'uns," said Davy, looking proudly up at the wide-spreading beeches which his own hands had planted. "I wadna gie a flip for 'em. An' they tell me, Tom, that Master Weatherby's fetched a frog-snapping French gardener a' the way from Paris—puir body! It's muckle he kens o' the auld Virginia soil. What do they want with that row o' lindens fornenst the drive? It's soppy enough now i' the spring wi'out the shade. Thet's the de'il's ane notion!"

Davy sighed, and, striking his old clay pipe against the mantel, knocked the ashes out on the worn kitchen hearth.

"Aweel, aweel!" he muttered. "Blue bluid'd turn to water as fast as ither,—and dry up, too, like sap in a rotten trunk, for thet matter. Ah, Tom, the family's weel-nigh run aut!"

Tom only looked more moodily into the fire. He could not deny that the day of the Harrisons was over. Mr. Dick had a poor show. Why, Tom could remember the time when Davy himself had lived in that very house where his former master now dwelt—poor Davy, who had grown those famous yellow roses only to end his days in the poor-house, where roses were a myth and his accounts of by-gone splendor were treated as the mumblings of a garrulous old man.

"Wha's dat?" said Tom, pricking up his ears acutely.

"He's a'comin' doon to breakfast," Davy answered, as he rose and, without a hint of ceremony, slipped out of the back door. Tom paid no attention to this hasty exit. He knew very well that his master did not care to see old Davy around, nor did the poor decrepit gardener, in his altered

estate, care to meet his former employer. They were a mutual mortification, and, by tacit agreement, kept out of each other's way.

It was a fate most uncompromising that brought Richard Harrison, at the age of seventy, to live in that humble cottage where Davy himself had once dwelt in proud independence. The place was ugly enough to afflict the spirits of a gayer man. You often see such crude bits of early architecture wrought out of native lumber, and grown, as it were, on the very soil they stand upon. The glamour of rustic simplicity was nowhere about it; it stood on a clayey eminence, bare, bleached and angular, looking fretfully down on the new road which had almost undermined its foundations,—a poor place, indeed, to pass the evening of a frivolous life!

In such a place were spent the dreary gray days of Richard Harrison's old age! Whether he rose or dined or went to bed, he could see from some decrepit window the sad spectacle of his fallen fortunes. The ghost of his prosperity haunted his actual vision, for there, showing with bleak whiteness through the skeleton trees, was the old Hall—old, yes, older than he was, though now undergoing repairs. The new owner was rushing madly into architecture. There was a certain Tudor window that offended Mr. Harrison particularly, and he frowned at it from afar as he paused to look out on the bleak landscape.

"They're just ruining the place!" he muttered. "It looks for all the world like an architect's advertisement, and a poor one at that! Tom," crossly, "isn't Mr. Dick down yet?"

"Not yet, sah!" Tom chirped with a chronic cheerfulness that lacked all inspiring qualities.

"Not yet!" angrily. "Does he expect me to wait all day?"

"Shall I bring yo' breakfas'?" asked Tom discreetly.

"Certainly! I ought to have had it half an hour ago. Just as though a man hadn't enough to worry him—well, sir!" he concluded as a handsome young fellow opened the door on his harangue. "You are down at last, are you?"

"Good morning!" said Dick, drawing near the fire and glancing at a noisy clock over the mantel. "I'm a little late, but my bath was frozen stiff—as washtubs will, you know,—and I had the deuce of a time getting dressed. Ugh! I wonder what makes it so awfully cold!"

"Poverty," was the grim response. "You'll have to get used to a room without fire."

"I wasn't grumbling, sir," said Dick, with a sensitive flush; "my room is all right."

"Confound it!" exclaimed Mr. Harrison, pushing back his chair and reaching for his cane. "I wonder if Tom is laying those eggs!"

"He's coming," Dick said, peeping through the kitchen doorway before he seated himself at the table. "That failure of Phillips and White is a pretty bad one, I guess," he observed, as he picked up the morning paper.

"I'm not surprised," said his father, threading one corner of his napkin through his vest buttonhole. "Well, Tom! have you been making bullets out of those eggs?"

"Bullets, sah? No, sah! He—he! Tom ain't dat kin' ob a chicken. He—he!"

Dick swallowed his mirth with a choke, as the old man put down the platter and eyed it in a deprecating way.

"That's very well for a sample," said Mr. Harrison, frowning on the two lonely eggs which were set before him. "Didn't you cook any more?"

"Wha' say, sah?"

"Bring out another breakfast like that," in a louder key.

"I's berry sorry, massa," said Tom, twisting a napkin nervously through his fingers, "but I's lost de pattern."

"What?"

"Dere ain't no mo' eggs, sah."

"Then get some."

Tom vanished in deep anxiety. Mr. Harrison's fondness for eggs had been a great drain on the household resources, for he always wanted plenty on the table, even if they were not eaten. Once Tom had been driven to the point of strategy. Long service had enabled him on most ordinary occasions to gauge his master's appetite, and, presuming on the old man's failing sight, he had filled up the dish with china nest eggs which were served regularly with the couple of soft-boiled ones actually intended for consumption. But one morning Tom had narrowly escaped detection. In his absence from the room, Mr. Harrison had taken up a china egg and was trying to crack it open in the usual way, when Tom reappeared.

"Why, bress me!" he cried in great trepidation, "old Tom's eyes done fool him dis time, massa! Dat egg's putrefied fo' shore!"

So the dish was whisked away and some real fresh eggs were brought in. But this morning Tom had no resources. He came in looking very crest-fallen.

"I's sorry, Massa Harrison," he mumbled, half-hiding behind the old man's chair, "but eggs is high dis winter—dey is *awful* high!"

"What do I care?" thundered the old gentleman.

"He means that we can't afford them," said Dick, hastily.

"I did'n' say dat, Massa Dick!" cried poor Tom, shrinking from the wrath to come. "You an' Massa Ha'son knows bes' what you kin afford. All I says, sah, is dat ole Tom can't buy eggs fo' breakfas' ebery mornin' 'nless you gibs him mo' money."

Mr. Harrison turned very red and thrust his hand into his pocket.

"I don't care for eggs, father," Dick hastened to say. "Tom, get me some coffee."

"I'm not a pig, sir!" burst forth his father, angrily. "Eggs or no eggs, we'll share them together."

Dick made no reply, but helped himself to a roll. He was just about buttering it when he heard the silvery tinkle of sleigh-bells. It was the Weatherby turnout coming that way.

"I feel very sorry for Mr. White," he said, irrelevantly, hoping his father would not happen to look up the new road; but the flutter of a long black plume and a fair girlish profile richly set against a dark background of furs, had caught the old man's attention.

"Who's that?" he asked abruptly.

Dick glanced up with a would-be unconscious air and answered:

"Miss Weatherby."

"Humph! How do you come to know her?"

"I have known the Weatherbys ever since they came," Dick said, quietly. "I had the good fortune to aid Miss Weatherby one day when her ponies took fright, and her father has been very kindly disposed toward me ever since."

"Pity but he wouldn't be! No doubt he thinks it's a fine thing to patronize you, but by ——, Dick, I thought you had more spirit than to curry favor with a man who stole your birthright."

"I think you are a little severe, sir. Mr. Weatherby had a perfect right to foreclose the mortgage. It is no reproach to him that he came to live upon our bankrupt estate."

"Oh, no! Of course not. But if my father had treated his in the same way, Warren Weatherby wouldn't have had the money to do it with Old Silas was fond of sharp practice. No doubt he thought it was a fine thing to cheat us out of twenty thousand dollars, and snap his fingers. I tell you, Dick, that if a son of mine——."

"But that was years ago, father; and old Silas died poor

enough. Mr. Warren Weatherby has made his own fortune —every dollar of it."

"Yes ; but if he was an honest man he'd pay his father's debts. Moreover, I tell you, Dick, that he forced that sale. I'd have paid him the money inside of——."

"You couldn't have done it, father!" Dick said impatiently. "What's the use of deluding yourself with that idea?"

"Well, I suppose I may if I want to!" retorted the old man in a higher key. "Or must I always be balked and put down by my own son?"

Dick sighed—an odd thing for a fine young fellow of his temper.

"I always like to see you fair," he said rising ; "but I suppose we shall never think alike in this matter, and I don't see that we are any the better for talking about it."

"Well, who began it?" snapped the old man.

"Oh, I did, of course!" said Dick shrugging his shoulders. "It is a favorite theme of mine."

He opened the door and went out just in time to save his temper. When he came in again he had his hat and coat on.

"I was down to see Mr. White the other day," he said, ignoring the late unpleasantness.

"I hope they didn't make that coat for you!" growled his father. "There's no fit to it."

"No," said Dick turning over his sleeve and regarding it ruefully ; "this is a ready-made coat."

"What?"

"I can't afford anything else," said Dick stoutly. "I shall not wear any more fancy cuts till I can pay for them."

"You call that independence, I suppose."

"I call it right," Dick answered, and his frank eyes grew more resolute as he spoke. "I know very well, father, that you can't afford to set me up in my profession. If I did open a law office here I'd starve in six months. You have always been very generous with me, but I have no right to stay here and eat up the small income you have left. It is barely enough for you to live upon comfortably, and a great strong fellow like me ought to be ashamed of himself to idle away his time as I am doing."

"That's all very well!" cried his father. "But you can't do anything without capital or influence."

"I'll never have either if I stay here," said Dick. "I have made up my mind to do something. Mr. White has promised to help me get some kind of employment. I shall begin by straightening up their books for them."

"Then, sir," said Mr. Harrison, growing suddenly red in the face, "you have become bookkeeper to a tailor? You must be proud of your occupation."

"I am," said Dick quite boldly. "I'd rather be a hod-carrier than an idle pensioner on the bounty of an impoverished father."

The old man groaned.

"Well, father," he went on desperately, "what is a fellow to do?"

"Don't talk to me!" was the furious answer. "You'll be learning a trade soon, no doubt! It will sound well—won't it? Richard Harrison, of Virginia, journeyman tailor!"

"I don't think it will ever come to that," said Dick cheerfully, "unless the luck is very much against me. I wish you would look the situation in the face, father."

"Don't talk to me!" cried the old man. "I have heard enough! Go!"

Dick hesitated a moment, but one glance at his father's face decided him. He knew what that look signified, so he opened the door and obeyed most literally. But his heart ached within him, for the old white head bowed low on the table was weighed down just as heavily as though this fancied humiliation had been a real disgrace.

Yet what had been the life of Richard Harrison that he should care to perpetuate his follies? His whole existence was punctuated with failures. He had been too fond of pleasure to care for a career, too fickle a friend to keep one himself, too shallow in feeling to link to himself either by association or benefit any who might have been a comfort in his latter days. His ruling passion had been family pride, and now, that he had squandered all his means of supporting it, he was left stranded on the desert island of genteel poverty. Looking back across the sea of experience he felt vaguely that his first mistake had been his marriage. He had been wrecked on the rocks of matrimony. One woman, fair and sweet, had loved him, but society would never mate a Harrison with the daughter of a tobacco farmer, and his mother's worldly wisdom had checked upon his lips the tender confession he might have made—might have, but hardly! The girl had married he had heard long afterwards, but died early—poor thing! He hoped she was happy.

"Excuse me!" stammered Tom, poking his woolly head in the door. "I thought you was done breakfas', sah, as I hear'd Massa Dick go out."

Mr. Harrison lifted his head proudly, and got up, standing very straight and with dignity.

"Give me my hat and cloak, Tom," he said abruptly. "I'm going out."

It was an odd sight to see one old man waiting on another, wrapping him deferentially in a dark blue cloak and touching with respect the silver locks that lay on the worn fur collar.

"Be keerful, sah," Tom said as he held the door open, and Mr. Harrison crept down the slippery steps with due deference to his rheumatism.

It was late in March, but the season was slow and the landscape looked very wintry.

"It never used to be so when I was a boy!" he muttered, wondering to himself if the climate was going to destruction with everything else.

He hobbled along the old walk which he still frequented because he claimed he had a right to it. He always felt that, in some intangible way, that land would always be his, no matter who bought it. Davy's beeches were doing well, he observed, but the yellow rose hedge was wild and scraggy. It had passed its prime long ago ; yet even though the bare, thorny bushes had not a single twig of budding green to flaunt in the face of winter, he seemed to catch the drifting fragrance of bygone bloom. He remembered a time in June when he had stood just where he was, looking down into the sweet eyes that had haunted the after years of his cold, conjugal life. He could see now the winning face of his lost love, the wreath of yellow roses which she wore, her gown of tea-colored crape, and the slender strand of coral that had clasped her fair throat. Yet he wondered—the proud old Virginian—whether he would undo it all if he could. He had missed her, longed for her, and loved her in his way, but he had rather dreamed of regret than known it. If she had been standing there that moment beside the rose-hedge——

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a fine-looking stranger, who suddenly barred his passage, "but these grounds are not open to the public."

Mr. Harrison looked up in a dazed way and beheld a person of elegant appearance, young at fifty, and graced with the courtly manners which are a special gift of some middle-aged men. A beautiful Irish setter came bounding toward Mr. Harrison with a sniff of inquiry.

"Down, Eric!" his master called, with a snap of the

fingers that brought the dog to his side again. "There has been so much abuse of the place," he continued, apologetically, "that I have been obliged to close the gates."

Mr. Harrison grasped his walking-stick with a hand that twitched nervously, and the veins on his neck began to swell, so that his white cravat bade fair to choke him.

"I am sorry to have trespassed upon your property, Mr. Weatherby," he said, a purplish flush mounting to the very roots of his hair, while his lips trembled with suppressed passion. "In my father's time there was no such restraint."

"Mr. Harrison!" exclaimed the gentleman with an altered manner, stepping forward and holding out his hand. "I beg your pardon. I did not recognize you. You are most welcome, I assure you, to walk where you will, and, if you will accompany me back to the house ——"

"No, sir," cried the old man, his lips twitching with the passion he could not repress, "I do not shake hands with the man who robs me of my property. *You* ordered me off the place, Warren Weatherby! *You!* You wouldn't stand there to-day with all that money back of you, if your father hadn't swindled mine out of——"

"Have a care, sir!" cried Mr. Weatherby, with a sudden flash in his eyes. "Say what you will of me, but I forbid you to slander my father's memory."

"Your father was a thief, sir! He cheated mine out of twenty thousand dollars in that West India business; and I tell you that if it hadn't been for that capital which he stole from us, he'd—he'd——"

The old man stopped in sudden bewilderment. The stick he was clutching slipped out of his hand, his eyes roved around in a helpless way, he gave a low gurgling cry, and before Mr. Weatherby knew that aught ailed him he had fallen at his feet like a log and lay there insensible.

"Apoplexy!" Mr. Weatherby exclaimed, and he came promptly to the assistance of his stricken enemy.

When Dick heard of it, they had taken his father up to the Hall, and there Dick followed the doctor. If this was to be his death, fate had willed him to die where his father and grandfather before him had breathed their last. He lay in the old high bed where he was born, and when, after days of dull stupor, some faint gleams of consciousness returned, he seemed to take his surroundings as a matter of course.

The winter vanished suddenly. One morning they woke up and found the snow melting, and that was the end of it. They opened a window to let in the air, but kept a great log still smoldering in the chimney. It sent out little fitful flames and spires of smoke which Dick was watching as he stood with one hand on the tall old mantle in the room where his father lay. The old man was bolstered up with pillows, his white hair shining around his head like a silver aureole, his idle hands relaxed upon the snowy counterpane, his eyes radiating only the faintest gleams of clouded intelligence.

"Dick," he said with a thick gutteral utterance unlike his own, "I wish you'd sell that mare of yours."

"What mare, father?" Dick said as he came over to the bedside.

"Why, Stella, of course. You'll break your neck on her yet."

Dick took the old hand which had begun to twitch nervously, and caressed it with his strong fingers. By some curious action, the failing mind had confused their identities. The old man fancied he was his father and Dick was himself, the Richard Harrison of forty years ago, who owned the fastest trotter in Virginia.

"He will never be well again," Dick thought. "Poor father!"

A light knock summoned him from the bedside, but, before he reached the door it was pushed gently open, and some one entered carrying a tray. It was Charlotte Weatherby, and when Dick looked at her his secret was told.

"I thought I would bring it myself," she said yielding up her burden, a delicate savory broth in a bowl of rare blue china.

"It was very kind of you," said Dick, fairly feasting his eyes on her, for she was looking her best in a gown of rich crimson cashmere. It swept the floor softly and there were dainty fragrant ruffles of fine lace at her wrists and throat.

"How does Mr. Harrison seem to-day?" she asked, stepping softly to the bed, and looking down on the dull old face with real womanly pity.

"He doesn't seem to be suffering any," Dick answered in a low tone.

The sunlight stealing in through the shaded window was caught in the burnish of her bronze hair. The old man's eyes seemed to follow the shimmering little waves from her low white brow to the nape of her slender neck.

"Charlotte!" he faltered holding out one feeble hand that shook in her clasp. "Charlotte!"

"What is it, Mr. Harrison?" she said gently, sitting down on the edge of the bed and smiling at him very sweetly.

"I am so glad you came!" he said with a sigh. "Won't you stay with me now?"

"If you wish," she answered readily; then, turning to Dick, she asked in a low tone·

"How did he know me?"

Dick shook his head.

"Let me have the broth," she whispered. "I will give it to him. Papa wants to see you in the library."

Dick resigned his post then and slipped out; but he carried her image with him—the lithe young figure in a high-backed chair, the firm, slight hands and the tender, sympathetic mouth that seemed to soften every syllable it uttered. Poor Dick! He was just hot-headed enough to fall in love with the last woman in the world to whom he dared lift his eyes. A great gulf separated him from her, yet the more hopelessly she was lost to him, the more passionately he loved her.

The library at the Hall was one of the rooms they had altered and refurnished. It was very different from what it had been in the days of old Governor Harrison and his son the Judge, whom Dick could barely remember. The ruby velvet furnishings, and Turkish rugs, the Oriental drapery, blooming jardinières and Paris bric-à-brac—there was hardly a feature of the sunny south room that was not changed, save the great mahogany doors with their silver mountings, the open chimney appointed in old brass, and the fine cut crystal chandelier.

There was no one in the room when Dick entered it. He walked over to the fireplace and waited—how long he was not conscious, for his thoughts were suddenly absorbed in a trifling bit of mantel furniture. It was a good-sized medallion portrait painted on ivory, the bust of a beautiful woman, Charlotte's mother, he supposed, for the resemblance was a striking one. Mrs. Weatherby had been painted with a wreath of roses in her hair; she looked like a fair goddess—Flora, perhaps—in her earliest youth and freshness. The miniature was set in a delicate rim of gold, and had been hung by a little loop as a pendant against a panel of rich crimson velvet. Dick was examining it so intently that he did not hear Mr. Weatherby come in.

"Won't you be seated, Mr. Harrison?" he said, when he had shaken Dick's hand very kindly. "I want to talk to you on business; and you will excuse me, I know, if I broach the matter abruptly."

Dick sat down, and Mr. Weatherby, taking up an ivory paper knife, began to play with it abstractedly.

"Will you tell me, please," he said, after a moment's silence, "whether or not you ever heard your father allude to a—a transaction between Judge Harrison and my father in regard to some West India consignments which was not—at—not entirely satisfactory to your grandfather?"

Dick's face flushed consciously.

"My father has always been very severe upon you, Mr. Weatherby," he said, after an awkward pause, "I think he has grown rather morbid on the subject."

"Do not hesitate to tell me the exact truth," said Mr. Weatherby, quickly. "I admit that this affair is entirely new to me. I was not aware that there had been any difficulty until your father was taken ill. It happened long before my time, but your father said something——"

"I am very sorry, indeed, Mr. Weatherby," Dick said in distress.

"There is nothing to regret," Mr. Weatherby replied, laying down the paper cutter and drawing himself up like a man who nerves himself to an effort. "Your father was quite right in the position he took. I myself would never have any respect for a man who would wink at such a transaction. Do not imagine, Mr. Harrison, that I shall make any attempt to condone the offense because it was committed by my father."

"I never thought you did," Dick murmured.

"If I had known it before," Mr. Weatherby said, as he rose and walked to the window, "it should have been arranged long ago. It is not my fault. As soon as your father intimated the truth to me, I had the matter investigated by my lawyer; but I hardly think you and I need bother about the details of the matter. I find that I owe your father's estate about thirty-eight thousand dollars."

"Mr. Weatherby!" cried Dick, springing from his chair, "I will not hear to such a thing!"

"Pardon me!" said the elder gentleman, laying a firm hand gently on Dick's shoulder. "You must let me settle the matter as I like. The original sum ought to have been drawing interest, you know, for almost fifty years."

"But, Mr. Weatherby, this sort of honesty is finical, and quite unnecessary! It does not devolve on you to pay your father's debts."

"Perhaps not; but—answer me honestly, Mr. Harrison—if you were in my position, wouldn't you do it if you could?"

Dick hesitated. He knew that his own course would have been a parallel to Mr. Weatherby's, and yet, viewed from a worldly point, it was Quixotic, and he felt like entering a generous protest.

"You see," said his host, with a faint smile, "that I have some pride in my honor, even though I am not one of the Harrisons of Virginia."

"I never imagined, sir, that we monopolized all of the feeling," Dick said, with a deep flush.

"Besides," Mr. Weatherby continued, "do what I may, I can never clear off the old score entirely. I shall always feel that you have a claim upon me."

"I don't see how that can be," Dick urged. "You made your own fortune."

"Yes—out of capital which my father left me; and that money, small though it was, was a balance of what belonged to Judge Harrison. I think you must understand how I feel about it."

"Oh, yes! I understand that, but ——"

"Then you must let me settle the matter as I choose. I have decided to make over to you, Mr. Harrison, the money I mentioned."

As he spoke, he walked to a small cabinet from which he abstracted a bundle of documents. Dick stood still. He felt very uncomfortable, but there didn't seem to be anything for him to do.

"Here are the papers which relate to the matter," said Mr. Weatherby running them over rapidly. "I have collected what I could. They have all been properly executed, and require only your signature. The money has been transferred to your account at the bank."

Dick looked at the bundle that was put in his hands, but could say nothing. He was overwhelmed.

"You have done a fine thing, Mr. Weatherby," he finally faltered, "but your generosity overpowers me."

"I'd rather you wouldn't say anything about it," said his host, stepping to the window where the young grass and budding trees were just visible. "As you may imagine, the subject is not a pleasant one to me, and I shall never feel that I have quite made it up to you, Dick."

The name fell from his lips for the first time, but he spoke it familiarly, almost affectionately, and the young fellow's eyes filled with tears.

"You are very good," he murmured, "but I want you to understand that I did not expect or require so much of you. If my father had had this money, it would all have been spent long ago."

"That may be," Mr. Weatherby replied, "but I should still feel the same about it."

"You seem determined to crush me with a sense of obligation," said Dick with a sigh. "You transfer the debt to my shoulders. Already I owe you a great deal. I know that my father's illness has put you to a great deal of trouble."

"Don't speak of that!" Mr. Weatherby said hastily. "Here, in his own home, he ought to spend his last days. If I can do anything to make him easier, you may be sure I am glad to do it."

Dick wrung his hands warmly.

"God bless you, sir!" he said huskily, and then, feeling that he might soon give way very weakly, he hurried from the room.

He went upstairs with a more noisy step than usual. Charlotte held up a warning finger as he opened the door, for Mr. Harrison lay back on his pillows with his eyes closed. Dick's step aroused him for a moment. He looked inquiringly at the papers which his son had thrust into his hand.

"Father!" said Dick, speaking with a direct force that seemed to carry some ideas to the failing mind. "Mr. Weatherby has settled the West India business—*settled*—do you understand?"

A flickering light shone in the dull eyes.

"You—don't—mean—it!" he stammered.

"He has made over to me thirty-eight thousand dollars," Dick went on speaking slowly and forcibly still.

"Then it's all square?" queried the old man in a husky voice. "I'm glad of it. Give my regards to Warren. We were friends once."

The white head drooped languidly on the pillow again, and his eyes closed.

"Hush!" whispered Charlotte. "He has fallen asleep. I wouldn't disturb him again."

After that Mr. Harrison grew both better and worse. His mind seemed clearer, but his body grew weaker day by day. Still he was able to sit up in a chair, and one morning they brought him down to the library. He had never seen Mr. Weatherby since the first day of his illness, for they feared the excitement of a meeting and its consequences. It was early in May when the Virginia summer had bloomed forth luxuriously that they placed his easy chair by the library window, whence he looked out through a framework of vines at the blue sky and the fine old beeches. In a great cut-glass bowl on the window ledge were massed some luscious yellow roses—"Harrison roses," as Davy had named

them, probably when he first sent them to the county fair. Old Tom had been summoned to wait on his master, and sat near him always, deaf and rather feeble, too, but now quite content. He had heard that Mr. Dick had fallen heir to a fortune.

"Dey'll come up yit, Davy," he had said gleefully. "Good blood's like good 'east. It's boun' to rise. You an' me'll see Massa Dick a-lordin' it over the ole place yit."

The library was still and dreamy. A curtain of pale Madras swept softly to and fro in the gentle breeze which came and went like the breath of summer. Somewhere near there was a piano, and Charlotte Weatherby was playing a harmonious arrangement of French airs. Across the chiaroscuro of the sunlit room came the plaintive notes of the "Farewell to Lochaber." The girl's light touch softened the strains till they seemed like a tender echo of the fond old air:

"For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more!
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!"

The music seemed to breathe over the old man a sadness which he could not explain. Two unreasonable tears welled up to the dull old eyes and made their sluggish way down his withered cheeks. He did not try to brush them away, but with one tremulous hand he pressed to his lips some trinket that Tom had given him. The tears fell on it very softly.

"Mr. Harrison!" said a kind voice, as a hand was laid on the back of his chair. "I am glad to see you down. How are you feeling to-day?"

"Pretty well, thank you!" he answered, looking up into Mr. Weatherby's face with no sign of displeasure. The old sense of injury seemed to have been lost in the dark passages of his memory.

"I am glad to hear it," Mr. Weatherby said, and kept on talking in an easy, natural way, which soothed the old man's restlessness, and turned aside the look of trouble inquiry that stole into his face.

Charlotte had been ringing out the stirring notes of "Bonnie Dundee." By one of those apt chances that sometimes occur, her fingers strayed softly into the old song:

"For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For the days o' auld lang syne."

The old man nodded his head and a feeble smile flitted about his lips.

"For auld lang syne!" he murmured. "Eh, Warren?"

Mr. Weatherby grasped the old man's hand and shook it warmly.

"I never bore you any grudge, Richard," he said, "though you have had the best of it after all."

The music ceased suddenly, and through the open door came Charlotte's young fresh voice crying:

"Oh, Dick! aren't *they* lovely? Those are the prettiest I've seen yet."

"I brought them for you," Dick said in a voice that rang with pleasure. "Come out on the porch, Charlotte. It is lovely and cool there. Won't you wear my roses, darling? Put them in your hair."

"Oh, Dick—don't!" was her smothered explanation, and then came a moment of eloquent silence.

Mr. Weatherby glanced at his companion, but the old man was gazing dreamily out of the window It was to be so then. Fate had squared off the account and given Dick a full recompense.

"Richard," he said, touching the old man gently, and pointing to the pretty tableau now visible on the porch, "do you see that?"

Dick, forgetful of the open window, and unconscious of all observers, had taken Charlotte in his arms and kissed her.

Mr. Harrison nodded again.

"He couldn't help it," he said, turning to Mr. Weatherby with a look of apology. "It is in his blood. She is so much like her mother!"

"I have nothing against it, Richard," Mr. Weatherby replied. "I think they will make each other happy—happier than you and I have ever been."

He stood there in silence for a moment, but it hardly seemed fair to watch them, and presently he called out:

"Dick!"

Charlotte sprang aside in confusion and Dick flushed a little, but he did not shrink. Obeying his first manly impulse, he opened the door, and drawing Charlotte into the room, he said very simply:

"Perhaps I ought to have asked you first, sir; but I could not help telling Charlotte that I loved her. May I have her, sir? I will do my best to make her happy."

"Take her, and God bless you!" said Mr. Weatherby, with a warm hand-shake.

"Yes, yes!" murmured the old man, with a dreamy smile. "God bless you! He's a good boy, Charlotte—my Dick."

Mr. Weatherby took his daughter in his arms and kissed her.

"It all comes out right in the end," he murmured. "When I am dead and gone, dear, the old place will go to you and Dick. The Harrisons will have it after all."

Dick sat down by his father's chair and held Charlotte's hand. They were all too happy to talk much. Old Tom woke up from a long sleep, but the situation did not seem to strike him strangely. He dozed off again in a very few moments. The curtain swayed to and fro as softly as ever; the scent of the roses still floated in, and Dick kept whispering his heart's desire.

"I never dared to think of winning you," he said, going over all the dear conventionalities of love. "How did you ever come to care for me, darling?"

"I don't know," she answered, nestling shyly to his side. "I just couldn't help it."

Her upward glance fell by chance on Mr. Harrison's face which was half turned toward the window. Its look alarmed her.

"Dick—oh, Dick!" she cried suddenly. "Papa, come here, quick!"

Dick bent over his father's pillow with an anxious gaze. The still face that lay there wore a farewell smile of content.

"What is it?" said Mr. Weatherby, coming forward quickly.

"He is dead," Dick replied as he smoothed the white hair with a tender hand. "Poor father!"

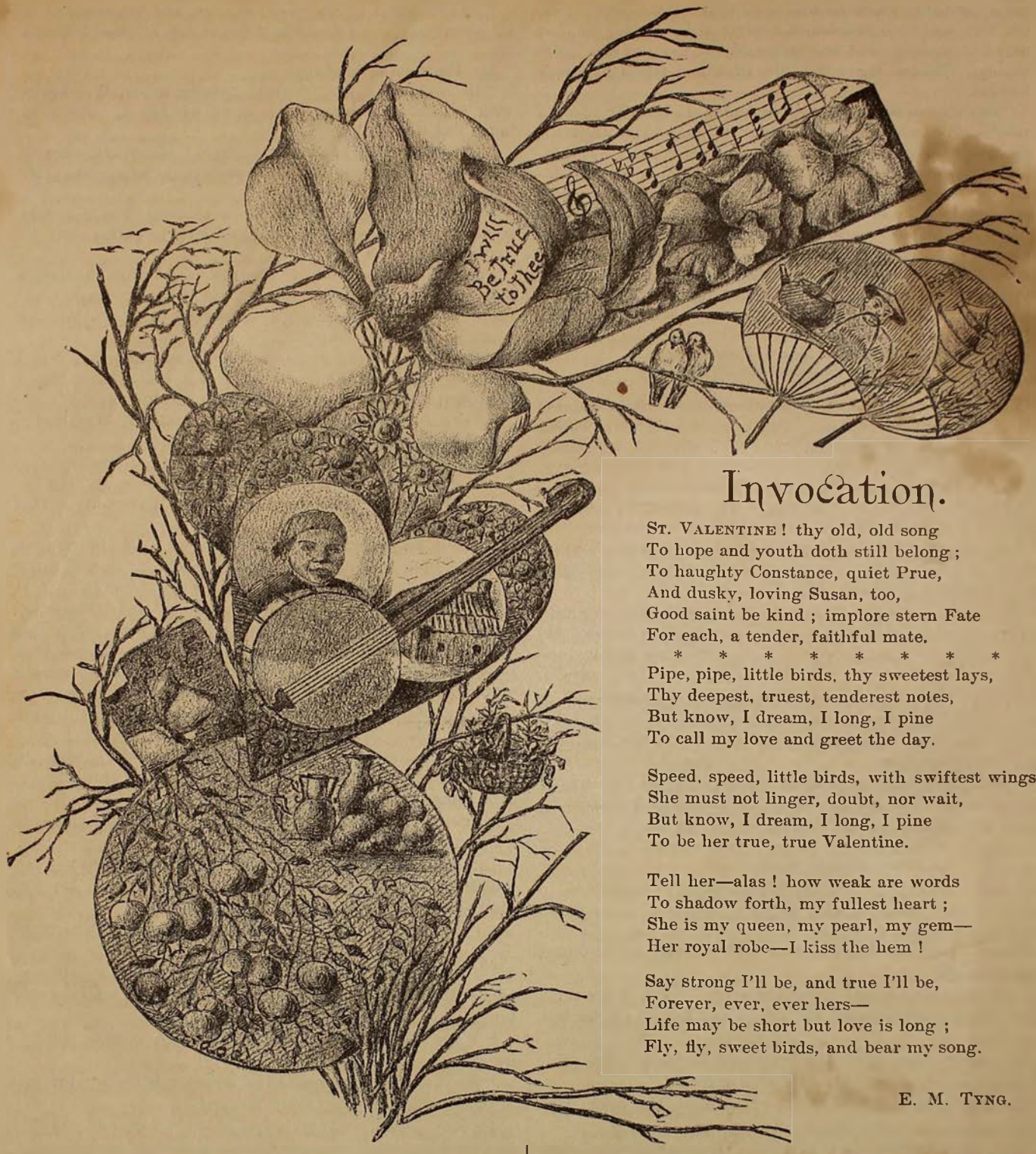
He had passed away quietly and suddenly, and old Tom had followed him even into the Dark Valley, for when they came to waken the old servant, they found that he, too, had gone beyond recall.

Mr. Weatherby lifted the hand of Richard Harrison, laying one finger on the dead pulse. As he did so, his eyes fell on something which the old man had clasped tightly in his palm. It was the ivory miniature of Charlotte's mother, the only woman he had ever loved.

Warren Weatherby unclasped the fingers of his dead rival, and looked with moist eyes from the face of his fair young wife to that of Richard Harrison.

"This was he," he murmured. "All the love she had to give she gave to him, and I—I would have died to make her happy."

ELEANOR MOORE HIESTAND.



Invocation.

ST. VALENTINE! thy old, old song
To hope and youth doth still belong;
To haughty Constance, quiet Prue,
And dusky, loving Susan, too,
Good saint be kind; implore stern Fate
For each, a tender, faithful mate.

* * * * * * * *

Pipe, pipe, little birds, thy sweetest lays,
Thy deepest, truest, tenderest notes,
But know, I dream, I long, I pine
To call my love and greet the day.

Speed, speed, little birds, with swiftest wings,
She must not linger, doubt, nor wait,
But know, I dream, I long, I pine
To be her true, true Valentine.

Tell her—alas! how weak are words
To shadow forth, my fullest heart;
She is my queen, my pearl, my gem—
Her royal robe—I kiss the hem!

Say strong I'll be, and true I'll be,
Forever, ever, ever hers—
Life may be short but love is long;
Fly, fly, sweet birds, and bear my song.

E. M. TYNG.

Love's Postman.

(*See Oil Picture.*)

THIS charming picture is peculiarly appropriate to the month when "lovers choose their mates," and tender missives make young hearts glad. The time represented is afternoon. The sun has just disappeared behind the hills, illuminating the skies with its departing rays, and lighting up the landscape with vivid beauty. All day the maiden has watched and waited for the valentine that was to fill her heart with joy. The hours have passed by on "leaden wings," and now evening draws near, and the wished-for missive tarries. Perhaps she has been forgotten, or another claims the love she thought was hers. She knows that the tender words for which she waits have many miles to travel over before they can reach her. She will still hope, will still believe him true, until he has been proved false.

Hoping more than fearing, she proceeds to the stone piazza to feed her doves. As her eyes glance over the green fields, she sees the postman approaching. He is no ordinary letter-carrier, going his rounds, with an unromantic looking bundle of letters. He is charmingly dainty in appearance, and supremely beautiful, with his silver wings outlined against the crimson of the sky. He is just the messenger that Love would be expected to employ. He is one of the doves that Cupid has unfastened from the car of his mother, Venus, and sent off on a tender mission. He is quite conscious of the impor-

tance of the rose-colored burden he bears ; and he has winged his way far above the wooded heights and the tall church spires, allowing nothing to impede his flight, until he reaches the happy maiden, and her hands untie the precious missive brought her by Love's charming postman. Never was there a poetical idea more charmingly carried out than in our picture, which cannot fail to meet with many admirers, especially at the season when Love is busy is making young hearts glad with his tender missives, though not always selecting as charming a postman as we see in the picture.

A Year in Los Angeles.

WE arrived in Los Angeles, by way of the Southern Pacific Railroad, on the 12th of May, 1884, and it seemed like entering an enchanted land. The journey had been over a long stretch of country dreary and desolate beyond description. We had taken leave of every appearance of home-like cultivation near middle Texas, and west of that the little new railroad towns we came upon suddenly and unexpectedly seemed to have fallen in a hap-hazard manner in the barren prairie, and at their best were only collections of rude shanties of new unpainted lumber, with not a tree, a shrub, a flower, and seldom even a fence in sight. To look upon them made the heart grow sick with longing for the pleasant home left behind. Even El Paso, of which we had heard so much, had none of the expected air of romance, but was much the same as the others, except that a giant mountain, looking like a dark blue storm-cloud towered over the town, giving something of an aspect of grandeur. The Rio Grande thus far was a puny, shallow stream, very disappointing.

Deming, in New Mexico, is a larger town, but with the same aspect of barrenness, the same absence of foliage, with the same interminable plain stretching around it ; and we shuddered at thought of it in winter, with an overwhelming "norther" rushing down upon it.

Tucson, the capital of Arizona, is not worthy of mention unless for the silent swarthy, and very dirty Indians gliding about its streets. At Yuma, indeed, we had a glimpse of oleander trees in full bloom, and a glimmer of water as we crossed the broad, but very shallow Colorado River. But this first pleasant impression we had received on our long westward journey was fleet and passing. In the night we passed through some little California towns which we have since heard are very pretty ; so we went to sleep on the lonely, desolate sandy plain, and we awoke in Los Angeles the City of the Angels ! It was something like passing from death to life, indeed. The car was immediately filled with little orange peddlers, crying, most of them, in the soft, musical tones so common in this half Spanish land, "Oranges, five cents a dozen !" Some young men just arrived from the "East" seemed to find great amusement in telling the little fruit venders that the exorbitant price of five cents for a dozen oranges was quite beyond their means. I observed that they all bought from a young Spanish girl, who, although barefooted and somewhat ragged, had soft, dark eyes, and the sweetest of voices. One of them, however, blind to all romance, thinking only of the "corn and wine and olives" of the land he had reached, declared that he, for one, intended having all the sliced oranges and sugar he could eat while here.

"What manner of country is this !" exclaimed one of our party, as we stepped from the car and saw boys playing ball with oranges nearly as large as their heads.

On our way to the house, which had been rented and prepared for us to spend a few brief months in, we drove through streets lined on each side with drooping pepper-wood trees, and past yards all aglow with roses of every rare variety, the most beautiful of which were the Maréchal Neils trained as vines, and completely hiding the wood-work of porches with their wealth of golden-hearted beauties. For a while the flashes of scarlet we passed were a puzzle to us ; but we soon found they were scarlet geraniums, double and single, clambering over back and side fences, often six feet high, covering many yards at a stretch, and masses of blazing color from top to bottom. We learned that they are confined to back fences because of such rampant growth, and are considered almost too common to be admitted into a bouquet for a friend.

We thought on reaching home we would do nothing but rest ; but everything was so novel, that we must investigate, and somewhat take the edge off our wonderment. A lovely raised cottage, well set back from the street, and surrounded by a cedar hedge close-clipped and smooth as velvet ; a lawn with palm trees, a gigantic century-plant, and a little summer-house covered with honeysuckle in full fragrance ; and a little flower garden at the side where bloomed roses, heliotrope, calla lilies, and geraniums which had not yet aspired to climb over the fence. Surely to no other place could one come, a stranger, and step into such a perfect home ! Days passed, every one bringing new enchantments. There was a sense of isolation from the world to which we once belonged. This is an enterprising, progressive world enough, but quite distinct from *that ;* and with such an air of independence and originality ! There is such a calm and stillness—such a dreamy haze resting upon the landscape, and showing most upon the distant purple mountains. The unvarying blue cloudlessness of the sky is spoken of by Bret Harte as tiresome in its monotony ; but to most natures it is a beautiful monotony, and the Sabbath-calm which envelopes nature brings a sense of peace and rest akin to that which blessed spirits must feel on reaching the Eternal Shores. While to those who love the sea there is a constant spell in the thought that the glorious thing is only a few miles toward the setting sun—invisible, except as a faint blue line, from the top of some high hill, but speaking to us in every breath we draw, and in every breeze that so invigorates us.

Our drives around the city revealed wonders of orange groves, dark green and changeless, the ground about them kept always in the highest state of cultivation, and the trees planted in rows forming long clean avenues from whichever side they are viewed ; boundless acres of vineyard, the vines cut into low bushes, thereby sacrificing their wild grace and beauty, but infinitely increasing the crop and the weight of the bunches ; eucalyptus trees everywhere, sometimes in groves, oftener in long rows extending sometimes for miles ; long lanes of English walnuts, through which the light falls in a pale green glimmer restful to eye and brain ; lines of the graceful, shimmering poplar ; groves of lemon, lime, olives, and other fruit trees ; the ubiquitous pepper-wood, that loveliest of evergreens—all these, with the many lawn shade trees, among which are the magnolia and different varieties of pine, beautifully supply the lack of forest trees, and give the impression of a well-foliaged country. Among all these silently creep the *zanjas*, or irrigating ditches, upon which depend the growth and beauty of the land.

Among the lovely homes there are many stately abodes of wealth with noble lawns and drives, but the humblest of them are embowered among flowers and shrubs rare and precious indeed in other States, where they are only seen as forced hot-house growths ; but here growing and blooming in wild luxuriance all the year, with no care but to give them a daily drink with the hose in the dry season.

Spring passed into summer, and there was no change in the cool nights which made two blankets to sleep beneath a necessity; but the noons gradually become warmer, though never sultry or oppressive. The singularity of the climate compels rather odd combinations in dress sometimes. Ladies find it beyond the capacities of their natures to give up altogether the pretty gossamer summer dresses which always look so pure and dainty, so one such is often donned for the middle of the day, but an outside wrap is soon needed, and a lawn dress and woolen shawl present a rather incongruous appearance. When in the City of Angels, however, we must do as angels do.

As nature has made so little change, society must supply the defect and have a make-believe summer; so as soon as the public schools are out there is a general rush to the sea-shore. Many go to the beach to remain for weeks, but a trip to Santa Monica, the nearest sea-side resort, in the morning, a day spent on the beach in the midst of a gay crowd, a bath in the grand Pacific, and a return home late in the afternoon are quite satisfactory, and several such excursions can be made during the warmest weather, thus enjoying the pleasures of the sea-side without giving up the comforts of home. Now also comes on the glory of the fruit season, although we have had all kinds of berries and small fruits for weeks, and oranges and strawberries we have every day in the year. Apricots are plentiful—and the magnificent pears, grapes, and melons—the abundance and cheapness of which would be incredible to the uninitiated.

Autumn comes, bringing the vintage time, when great wagon-loads of grapes—Muscat and Flaming Tokay—pass all day long on their way to the many large wineries. Near the first of November it begins to rain, and rain is all that constitutes our winter. The trees are nearly all evergreen, and are now washed clean of dust; the flowers bloom more brightly than ever, the hill-sides which have been so brown and bare all summer are now carpeted with green grass, the cattle in the pastures are in their glory, and every one is happy, while some of us foreboding spirits fear that such a veritable paradise is not for this sinful world long to contain; and we begin to think of the subterranean disturbances of which we have heard but have never felt, and wonder if perhaps, some day, there may not be a grand and terrible finale to the exquisite dream, in order to preserve the equilibrium of joy and sorrow, sunshine and shadow, which seems elsewhere to be a law of Nature! OLIVE MAY.

The Mysteries of the Five-Twenties.

WHEN a man has only a thousand dollars in the world, he is apt to deliberate before he invests it. Lawrence Hosmer had a thousand dollars, which sum was the hoarded result of earnest toil, steady habits and hard economy. He had no one depending upon him for support, nothing to specially remind him of financial storms in the future should his health fail, or sudden changes occur in his affairs. Yet he must have had some dreams of acquiring a fortune, or perhaps held deep in his heart that hope of a home-to-be, which is an inspiration to many a young man, and which forms so noble a motive for rigid economy and self-denial.

Hosmer wanted to travel in foreign lands. He longed to visit England, the home of his forefathers, and the head-spring of the life and power of his own beloved nation. And indeed it would have been good for his intensely active American nature to come in contact with the slower and more conservative spirit of England, although for a man of his energy he was remarkably calm, and had mastered one of the most important secrets of success—reserve force. He did not yield to the desire for sight-seeing in distant countries, nor did he invest his money in Dakota lands, as he was advised to do. He would have taken an interest in a certain stock company, but just before the matter was settled the company failed, and the lucky fellow was so grateful for his escape that he grew almost preternaturally pious and was persuaded to lead several prayer-meetings while the mood lasted. Not but that he was always worshipful, but his natural religious tendencies were given fresh impetus by his conscious good fortune.

It was under these circumstances that he met Miss Harriet Lane, the daughter of a locally, somewhat distinguished deacon. How many marriages come about through mere church relations? Finally, Hosmer, with his spiritual eyes fixed on the eternal verities, and his worldly vision quite unimpaired, made up his mind to purchase Government bonds with his money. The transaction was of so much importance to himself that he really felt almost offended with the bank officers for being so little affected by it. He was in a state of pleasant excitement, and felt a certain degree of exhilaration, caused by the fact that he had at last determined what course to pursue. But those with whom he dealt apparently failed to comprehend his feelings. His face was slightly flushed, his eyes were bright and eager and his heart beat with proud embarrassment. Alas, the glance that met his own as he looked through the green wire screen was one of stolid indifference, and his sensitive soul recoiled from the coldly critical and sublimely self-conscious manner of the clerk who waited upon him with such lordly ease. When he had made his purchase and the teller asked, "Will you leave the bonds here for safe-keeping?" he replied, "I will see about it to-morrow." He buttoned his coat tightly as he passed out of the bank and down the stone steps, for precious documents lay snugly folded up in the inside pocket. When he reached his room he examined them more than once, thinking of the hours of labor they represented; of the lonely evenings he had passed in preference to attending the expensive theaters and operas, which, had he allowed himself to enjoy, would have helped to drain the purse he had tried to fill. He was quite satisfied with the result of his savings, and as he sat and mused over his recent investment, he thought—"Now I will indulge my taste for art and literature. I will begin to accumulate pictures and books. I will have a few Rembrandt etchings and Turner landscapes on these bare walls. I will invite Miss Lane to all the best entertainments, for I am a thousand dollars ahead, and with the prospect of more money coming I can change my mode of life."

Feeling that he needed wider scope for his expanding plans, he put on his hat and went out into the street. But he was restless and apprehensive. Every other man he met had the appearance of a stealthy thief or bold pickpocket. Prosperity seemed to smile upon him, but threatened while it smiled. He watched for policemen at every corner, and did not feel quite secure until he saw the silver star shining out protectingly from the dark blue background of that official's coat. The stars overhead were for once unobserved. He was conscious of only one great overwhelming fact—the possession of his treasured bonds. Did he own them, or did they own him at this time? As their value continued to impress itself upon his mind, his fears for their safety became very troublesome, and he resolved to take them to the bank again the next morning. He did so, and left them for "safe-keeping," taking a receipt therefor. To say that every word of the receipt was carefully read is too mild a statement. He actually devoured with his eyes the lines that proved his ownership of the wonderful, mysterious, all-engrossing five-twenties! His pocket-book assumed the sacredness of an idol.

As time wore on, however, and some of the coupons had been cut off, the feeling that he was "a bloated bondholder," with but one absorbing object in life and one great end to accomplish, the enlargement of financial interests, began to wear away. He gave less thought to money-making and more to social affairs. The course of events flowed on naturally and placidly until between the pages of his books, not excepting the precious pocket-book, nor even his prayer-book, a form constantly glided and a face looked up bewitchingly. He called more and more frequently on Miss Harriet Lane. He gradually discovered that he was all eyes when she was present, all memory in her absence. The facts of life were idealized to him.

He sat in his room one day dreaming of all sorts of pleasant possibilities in connection with Miss Lane and the future, when it occurred to him that he must go and get his bonds as usual, cut off the coupons and collect his interest. As the teller handed them out he observed Hosmer's preoccupied expression and shrugged his shoulders somewhat contemptuously. To him business was business; a bank was a bank, and the human mind was made to count bonds, reckon discount, calculate interest and speculate as to probabilities of making certain collections. He had, owing perhaps to his materialistic ideas and strict business habits, an almost demoniac glitter in his steely eye as he said curtly to the abstracted bondholder, "Your receipt, please."

"Oh, I beg pardon. Here it is," said Hosmer, suddenly regaining his grasp of purely prosaic facts and seeming to bound back to the actualities of earth again. He began to wonder, bashfully, if all the world, and more especially that particular teller, had not perceived that he was in love. Vaguely speculating on the nature and growth of the affections, yet trying to appear as incapable of emotion as seemed the men at the bank, he took his bonds to another part of the institution, cut the coupons off, took them with the bonds back to the teller again, received his gold for the coupons and saw the teller put the bonds on a side table, where they lay serenely among a lot of other similar packages. Then Hosmer's elastic mind resumed its former meditations.

He strolled down the street leisurely, and his lithe, manly form was seen by Miss Harriet Lane through the large plate-glass windows of a dry-goods store. She had made all her purchases, but was patiently waiting for change. It amounted to only a few cents, and rather than wait longer—for her patient condition was changed to one of nervous trepidation—she said excitedly to the bewildered lady clerk—"Tell the boy he may have the pennies, I'm in a great hurry."

The lady clerk smiled, for her bewilderment had ceased to exist. She, too, had seen the rather handsome face and fine figure of Hosmer; had marked the blush on Miss Lane's soft cheek, and putting things together in her swift, systematic brain, solved the enigmatical problem of her customer's behavior; solved, too, the reason of Miss Lane's remarkable generosity. "Better, perhaps," she cogitated, as she silently picked up and put away things on the confused and disordered counter, "that there should be generosity from a selfish motive than none at all in this world. But can this be called an instance of real generosity?"

Then she said aloud in a quick tone, made a little sharper and harder than usual by the flinty element of distrust of human nature, just added to an already skeptical mind, "Keep the change yourself, Jimmie. The lady left suddenly, and said you might have it."

"By jingo," exclaimed the boy, almost transfixed with astonishment, "either the world is coming to an end, or it was a matter of life or death that called that young lady away."

"I suspect it was simply a matter of love," said the weary girl, half enviously; for Hosmer's face haunted her, and her imagination supplied the details of a courtship probably in progress.

"Oh!" chimed the voice of the boy, as his wide-eyed wonder was dissipated by her suggestive reply. "That's it, of course. Folks ain't naturally given to goin' off without their change, and a careful countin' of it, too. The more beaux there is round the better for me!"

Down the street they walked—Lawrence Hosmer and Harriet Lane. They were only half a block apart, but she had, after all, too much maidenly modesty and self-respect to hurry. She rushed out impulsively because she wanted to talk with Hosmer about many things. That indispensable aid to romances in religious circles, a church fair, absorbed the energies of the young people just then, and inspired feelings of fraternal zeal. In her real and under the circumstances quite "proper" desire to see Hosmer, and strengthened, perhaps, by the consciousness that she was doing a good work (for she was orthodox to the core, and the fair belonged with other missionary schemes), she did, at length, grow reckless, and try hard to overtake him. Just as her steps began to quicken, and her haste showed itself in her manner, which touched the hem of excitement, a gentleman friend joined her.

"Are you going after fire, Miss Lane?" he asked, "because if you are I shall not try to keep pace with you."

As she turned her lustrous eyes on him he gazed into their depths with bold admiration. She held her hand against her face, whose flush had deepened under his scrutiny, saying, "I was really walking faster than I knew."

"It don't pay to rush at such a rate as you were going," he said, carelessly, as he adapted his gait to her changing one, "although I must say that fast walking agrees with you. It has given you a splendid color."

Cooling off, quietly but obviously, she answered, "I had a good and sufficient reason for hurrying."

"Upon my word, I believe you were trying to catch up with Hosmer! I failed to see him until this moment. He isn't worth running after, I assure you."

"And I assure you that I am not in the habit of 'running after' anybody. I will bid you good afternoon," and, yielding to a burst of temper, which she considered quite becoming under the circumstances, she swept past him with an indignant glance, and the manner of an insulted queen.

The tone he had employed in speaking of Hosmer might have been the chief cause of her irritation, but he was unaware of that possibility. In thus hastening from him she forgot that her steps would bring her nearer Hosmer, who, for a not unaccountable reason, walked more and more slowly, making it very easy to overtake him if she wished to do so. As soon as she comprehended the situation in which, by a series of undignified actions, she regretfully saw that she had placed herself, she was filled with shame and embarrassment. Lag behind, and walk again with the gentleman who had so seriously offended her she would not. Hastening forward, as if eager to reach Hosmer, she could not without incurring criticism on the part of her innocent persecutor in the rear. Hosmer, seeing her near approach, half waited for her, though still slowly proceeding onward. All these things increased her distress. She impulsively determined upon a rapid and vigorous gait. It brought her close to Hosmer whom she could not have helped seeing, but who she passed without so much as a bow. He was surprised at her manner; pained too beyond expression as he tried to understand the cause. And the gentleman in the rear? He also was astonished, but he fathomed Miss Lane's motive for ignoring Hosmer. She, of course, wished to prove her indifference. He was familiar with her peculiarities of temperament, which had a sort of fascination for him. Imperfections magnetized rather than repelled him.

Her fits of temper amused, surprised, baffled and bewitched him. Being fully aware also of her sensitive pride, his broader view of recent events led him to smile where Hosmer deeply sighed.

Hosmer had intended to call on Miss Lane that very evening, but he did not do so. Nor did he call again for many weeks. When he met her, as he did occasionally at church and other places, her manner toward him and his own conduct in her presence led people to think they were almost strangers to each other. Although nothing had really occurred (for the pantomime on the street was quite meaningless so far as Miss Lane's personal opinion of Hosmer was concerned), their former friendship seemed to have shrank into mere acquaintance. And yet all the while these two foolish young persons loved each other. One day, in search of relief from the unutterable suspense of his mind, Hosmer resolved to accept more philosophically the fiat of fate. "Life is too brief for such bitter brooding," he thought. "I cannot afford to indulge longer in vague speculations about Harriet Lane. She cares nothing for me. Although she seemed to have a high regard for me at one time, and shyly gave me reason to hope for many bright days in the future, her mind has evidently been poisoned against me. I cannot account for it, but I must believe from her conduct that she wishes our friendship, if not our acquaintance, to cease. So be it, from this time thenceforth," and he moodily folded his arms, leaned back in his office chair, and, strange symbol of resignation, sighed profoundly.

Chaotic questionings still filled his brain. But he bravely took refuge in silent prayer, which he hoped would prove a panacea for his woes, and the soothing influence of which was undoubtedly aided by a silent pressure of his pocketbook. "I will now devote all my energies to getting rich," he said, "money-making may bring me happiness. I will multiply my five-twenties. Society has no more charms for me."

And all because Miss Harriet Lane, owing to the essential pride of her womanly nature, and the unfortunate circumstance that illustrated it, did not bow to him that day when he was brave enough to loiter for her sake. To complicate matters even more, she happened to have a reconciliation with Fred Hunting, the gentleman previously mentioned, and, later, accepted marked attentions from him, which by no means eased Hosmer's heartaches.

Difficulties developed Hosmer's nature, however. He grew at one and the same time more ambitious in worldly affairs, and more zealous in spiritual matters. The church felt his pillar-like strength and leaned upon him for support. Figuratively, this model member of a model soul-saving society, carried the church upon his shoulders, and more than one deacon's daughter longed to render him that same species of feminine helpfulness which her mother perchance was rendering her father. An incipient deaconate showed itself in Hosmer's disinterested management of church picnics, and more plainly still in his open and authoritative criticism of the minister's sermons. He contended that they were growing too liberal. This course had a tendency to somewhat lessen his popularity. The congregation at large were in sympathy with the progressive ideas of the pastor; but Hosmer's increasing narrowness brightened his official prospects, and settled forever all doubts as to the genuineness of his deaconistic propensities. It was solemnly declared by many that Hosmer was destined, in the divine order of things, to join the noble army of deacons. That, to many most enviable thing in life, better than fame and more to be desired in life than great riches—a "social standing"—was gained by our hero.

It was about this time that an experience which might have affected both the religious and social foundations upon which Hosmer had firmly stood, came to him in the shape of a complex mystery regarding his five-twenties. The receipt was missing. He vainly searched his purse, his pockets and his room. He carefully, and with great perturbation of spirits, examined all his papers. He found two or three valuable little notes from Harriet Lane among them; notes that had seemed very formal and non-committal when first received, but read now, in view of sadly altered relations, impressed him as being actually affectionate. One was about a church fair; another about an organ-blower's bill, and a third about somebody's umbrella that he had borrowed for her; all unromantic subjects, to be sure, but the associations connected with them were pleasant, if pathetic. Cherishing them as so many relics of days past, Hosmer sentimentally placed them in the pocket nearest his heart, where, alas, the receipt did not lie for many a day.

At last he went to the bank and asked for his bonds. The teller searched through the bond package and requested to see the receipt, saying that he could not find them. Hosmer told of his fruitless efforts to find the valuable bit of paper which represented so much money.

"Possibly you have the bonds at home," suggested the teller, with exasperating calmness.

"No," said Hosmer, with much decision. "I am sure I did not take them. Do you not remember my cutting off the coupons and handing them back to you?"

"I think I do, but it is very strange," he answered, in a tone of mild perplexity. "They ought to be here," and he again carefully examined the bond package, while Hosmer watched him anxiously. Alas, the bonds were not there. The horizon of Hosmer's financial future began to look dark and lowering. Should he insist that the bonds were in the bank it might be thought that he really had them himself, but was trying to get them over again. The situation was very embarrassing. Hosmer blushed and stammered, and appeared so confused that the teller eyed him with unmistakable suspicion. Hosmer was not a weak man, by any means; but there was something in the expression of that complacent teller's face that never failed to make him ill at ease. He now winced so painfully under his polite but penetrating gaze that he longed to get away from it and think this matter out alone. He said that he would go home and renew his search for the missing bonds, thus proving to the men at the bank that he was not so sure about their having been deposited in the safe after all

He knew it was useless to look for them in his office or his room, and not being in a mood for work or study of any kind he hired a boat and went sailing on the lake all the afternoon. The sky was blue and cloudless, the air delightful, and the motion of the skiff as soothing to his senses as the rocking of a cradle in his infancy. But his mind was that of a man grown weary of the world's harassing cares and corroding disappointments; of cost without full compensation; of love without requital or reward. Sailing alone proved quite dreary and unsatisfactory. He returned to the city feeling that he had, while on the water, experienced that "climax of monotony, sunlight without gladness, stillness without rest," and he was glad to get back to the bustling, busy streets again. Poor Hosmer. He was out of harmony with nature, and the realization of this brought a slow pang of torture to his soul. He felt almost at swords' points with the human race in general, and having once fairly basked in his own geniality, he could not quite comprehend the cause of the change. He did not know which was most to blame for his pessimistic ideas at this time, the missing bonds or pretty Miss Harriet Lane. Two disturbing facts walked like phantoms through his brain, and occasionally seemed to collide with each other.

A few days later he had the courage to confide to his friend, and also Harriet Lane's friend, Hunting, some of his troubles regarding the bonds. But concerning his relations with the lady mentioned he was of course entirely uncommunicative.

"I've known for several weeks that something was bothering you, but half suspected it was some love affair."

"Humph, it is far more serious," replied Hosmer, with an untruthful ring in his voice that did not escape the attention of Hunting, who was a lawyer and had quick, well-trained ears and eyes.

"Oh, we can straighten the bond matter," he said.

Hosmer was grateful for consolation from any quarter. He was not, however, tempted to reveal any further perplexities. He knew, as all must learn sooner or later, that it is best to fight heart-battles single handed.

Hunting visited the bank both in company with Hosmer and alone. He highly eulogized Hosmer's moral character. Having known him for many years, and being a man of unimpeachable integrity himself, his word could but have some weight. Yet the missing receipt was indispensable and became a heavy burden on Hosmer's mind. If he could have found that the bonds might have been replaced. As it was the bank officers treated Hosmer with much consideration, calmly expressing a hope and belief that the bonds would yet be found by him in some safe place where he himself had put them.

This exasperating state of affairs lasted for several months, when one dull morning, as Hosmer sat in his office alone, something happened that set his heart to throbbing with varied emotions. There was a gentle rap on the dingy office door.

"Come," said Hosmer in an indolent tone, still allowing his feet to remain in an elevated position on the table. And who should enter but Miss Harriet Lane.

The room was suddenly transformed. She wore a light blue dress of muslin or some other sheer texture, finished at the throat and belt with fluttering blue satin ribbons. Her blonde hair was arranged as he had always liked to see it in long braids at the back, with little clustering ringlets, light and fluffy, all about her face. Her toilet was airy and graceful, and her manner was similarly breezy as she advanced smilingly toward Hosmer.

"I've brought you something. Can you guess what?"

He wanted to tell her that she had brought her all-sufficient self, and to say that he could indulge in no guesses concerning anything less while that delightful fact confronted him. But he only stared at her in glad surprise and undisguised admiration. He thought there could be nothing added to complete his happiness, as he looked into her eyes that morning in the first thrill of her unexpected presence. And surely, when she spoke again, the information she gave quite filled his cup with joy.

"I have found your pocket-book," she said. "I knew it was yours by the receipt I saw in it."

"Receipt?" said Hosmer. "But this is not my pocket-book," and his countenance, which had brightened at first, suddenly overshadowed.

"Open it," said Miss Lane with smiling persuasiveness. "I am sure it is yours."

"No, it is not," stubbornly, but with tender deference. "I guess I know my pocket-book! Pardon me, my dear Miss—I beg your pardon, but—but—"

"Well?" coyly.

"I didn't mean to address you so familiarly, but you see I'm rather nervous about this thing."

"What thing?"

"Why, your coming so suddenly—my lost receipt—your strange behavior that day, and your coolness ever since—your—your—my bonds you know."

"I know nothing about any bonds. I was not aware that any recognized ones existed. You have never told me anything about them."

"You have given me no opportunity. The misfortune occurred soon after our estrangement."

"Oh, you mean some one else. I was blind not to know. But do you then call it a misfortune?" half gladly, half compassionately.

"Most assuredly a misfortune, and there's a great mystery about it. I have suffered deeply in consequence, and other things, too, have troubled me."

"I am sorry for you—indeed I am," with great earnestness. "You have looked very sad lately, but I did not dream that—that—" and she broke down and commenced weeping softly as she stood there in the dingy room. She reminded him of an April day. The office would always be a holier and happier place after this benediction of smiles, sunshine and tears.

"Why you must not feel like that," he said, adding hopefully; "the matter may turn out all right yet," and he wanted to quote a stanza of poetry but only dared remember it. He radiantly thought—

> "The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
> And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears,
> The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
> And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears."

He said aloud, "I suppose you've heard about my unlucky bonds? I told Hunting about them."

"No, I had heard nothing. I only knew from your changed manner that something had happened. If you are really happy I ought to congratulate you," and she made a great effort to control her trembling voice. "In fact I do congratulate you most heartily. And now may I ask who the lady is?"

Seeing his puzzled face she paused in consternation.

With a woman's instinct and a man's strong grasp of circumstances, he suddenly comprehended and managed the situation. In order to give her time for recovery from the surprise, and possibly embarrassment, awaiting her, he said adroitly: "I haven't opened *somebody's* pocket-book yet. You told me to, so I will. I declare, here is my lost receipt, as sure as fate!"

"Yes, I said it was in your pocket-book; that was why I brought it to you this morning. Before I go let me say that I hope you will introduce her—the lady we spoke of—to me some time. I shall want to know her. Yes; I shall really want to know her," as if trying to convince herself of the fact; "for you and I were once very good friends, and—and—I—"

"But this is not my pocket-book. Bother the lady! Let us drop her until this mystery is solved. The receipt is all I can claim. Where did you find the pocket-book?"

"At the opera house, last evening."

"Were you there with Hunting?" he asked, rather savagely.

"No; with my father."

"I thought he didn't approve of operas."

"He doesn't avowedly, being a deacon. But I do, and I had no one to go with, so—"

"He had a good excuse," with a magnanimous smile, and a sigh of relief. "I am glad you went."

"So am I—because I like *Fra Diavolo*, and because I found your pocket-book."

"In the first place," said Hosmer quietly, but with an undertone of deep feeling, "it is not mine; in the second, I could not possibly have dropped it there. I haven't been

to an opera for months. I haven't cared for amusements of any kind lately. I've just sat in this dreary, dismal office or my lonesome room and moped."

"It is too bad."

"No; it is not. I ought to have had more sense."

"Well, yes; perhaps you ought not to have entered into an—an—engagement of any kind until you were sure—sure of its being—but, then, I must not say anything to increase your distress. You were speaking of—"

"Of the loss of my five-twenty bonds, and of the almost simultaneous loss of something that I valued a thousand-fold more highly—the friendship of Harriet Lane."

"Oh!" with a look of rapturous delight, "you meant *that* kind of bonds!"

"Certainly I did when I spoke of my five-twenties. But now I mean bonds matrimonial. "Oh! my darling, how could you—"

"But you have slighted me so and—and—actually snubbed me."

"Slighted you? *I* slighted *you?*" and all the long pent love of Lawrence Hosmer leaped forth to proclaim its loyalty. Such vows, such protestations, such pledges of eternal fidelity as passed his eloquent lips are seldom—nay, often—uttered by devoted lovers. He went home with Harriet Lane to dinner, staid until after supper, and evening still found him lingering by her side.

In fact, it was several days before he had time or the inclination to think about his five-twenty bonds.

There are *bonds* and *bonds* in this bountiful world. Hosmer's friend Hunting said to him, "Now proceed carefully. There is a dishonest clerk in that bank."

"Do you think so?" asked Hosmer, who found it hard to distrust any one while his recent rose-colored views of life were fresh and unfaded. "What do you advise me to do?"

"I would quietly take the receipt to the bank, say that it had been found at last, and that I'd like to have that bond matter fixed up."

Hosmer accepted the counsel. No one seemed confused or guilty. He was promptly given new bonds in place of the old ones and congratulated upon having found the receipt. But the mystery was by no means solved. All the bonds in the bank were examined and checked over. No package contained more than it should. The bank officers were in a quandary. Hosmer really thought, in spite of his credulous frame of mind, that some one in the bank must have meant to steal his bonds.

One day Paul Graves, a watch-maker and jeweler, called at Hunting's office to consult him. He said abruptly,—"I will only detain you a moment. Last week I was called to repair the bank clock. It's a large one—a calendar clock, keeping a record of the days of the month as well as of the hours of the day. I took it over to my shop and when I turned it over to take the works out, I found this package of bonds (showing a package with the name of Lawrence Hosmer on it) stuck to the bottom of the clock. You will see on the back of the envelope the spots made by tearing off the package. It was evidently fastened to the clock with mucilage. I opened the package and found these bonds, just as you see them with the receipt folded up inside, I took it out, intending to go with it to Hosmer, as I had heard of his loss, and have *him* go to the bank with it. Unfortunately, I lost my pocket-book, containing the receipt, and now I don't know what to do."

"We will just step over to Hosmer's office together. He will be relieved to know of this."

The bank president, when informed of the new development, could only express astonishment and his firm belief that the bonds were not put under the clock by any clerk with a dishonest purpose. So strong was his faith in the bank clerks that he called all the employees into his office and told them of the circumstances disclosed by the watch-maker. No one could throw any new light upon the mystery. Finally the bank-messenger, Willie Maynard, exclaimed, "I see, I see! Don't you remember that one day the clock indicated June 31st? I took it down to fix it, you know—Jim, the janitor, helped me. Well, I had been mending some mutilated currency, and was using the mucilage; I accidentally overturned it, and now I recall the fact that some of it ran over the bond envelopes that lay on the table. There were a few that had not been put in the large package. I was rather (well, yes, *quite*) scared, but I wiped it off as well as I could, and immediately after this I remember taking down the clock, with Jim's assistance, and standing it on the table, while I arranged the calendar and corrected the date so's to make it July 1st. (I didn't *particularly* care about having my 4th come a day later than other folks's you see.) I must have stood the clock upon those bond envelopes and one of them—this package—stuck to the bottom. Of course Mr. Hosmer must have left the receipt at the bank instead of taking it with him. It's all as clear as a bell, ain't it?" and the boy went off whistling a popular air from *Patience*.

And so the mystery of the five-twenties was solved. Hosmer, of course, married Harriet Lane in due course of time.

ELLA A. GILES.

A Woman's Or's.

"MEN work from morn till set of sun." They do.
"But a woman's work is never done." Quite true.
For when one task she's finished, something's found
Awaiting a beginning, all year round,
Whether it be
To draw the tea,
Or bake the bread,
Or make the bed,
Or ply the broom,
Or dust the room,
Or floor to scrub,
Or knives to rub,
Or table set,
Or meals to get,
Or shelves to scan,
Or fruit to can,
Or seeds to sow,
Or plants to grow,
Or linens bleach,
Or lessons teach,
Or butter churn,
Or jackets turn,
Or polish glass,
Or plate or brass,
Or clothes to mend,
Or children tend,
Or notes indite,
Or stories write—
But I must stop, for really if I should
Name all the or's take me a day it would.
So many are there that I do declare
More boats than I could count might have a pair,
And yet enough be left. And men-folks, these
Same or's propel your barks o'er household seas
Into snug havens where you rest at ease.
And, one word more, don't you forget it, please.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

PETER THE GREAT.

PETER THE GREAT. FROM A PAINTING BY PETER ANDERLONI.

WHEN the father of Peter the Great ascended the throne, the Russians, comparatively speaking, were a barbarous people. Alexis Michaelovitz, the father of Peter, was one of the best rulers that ever sat on the throne of Russia, and made many efforts to enlighten the people he governed. During his reign some of the principal manufactures were established. He made an attempt to introduce manufactories of silk and cotton, but, owing to the opposition of the people, it failed. He reformed the laws and the army, and curbed the power usurped by the Church. He died in 1677, leaving eight children, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Theodore, a youth of feeble health and feebler will.

His sister Sophia, a woman of ability and resolution, left the convent where she was, and placed herself near him, and by her devotion to Theodore gained great ascendency over him. She made herself absolute mistress, not only of the palace, but of the government, engaging on her side Prince Galitzin to head the party, and between them they carried on the affairs of the government until the death of Theodore, in 1682, when he was twenty-one years of age.

Knowing that his brother John, an imbecile, was not fit to succeed him, Theodore named Peter, his half-brother, then ten years of age, as his successor. Sophia had no idea of seeing her own brother thus put aside, and she succeeded in raising a revolt. After some blood had been shed, John and Peter were proclaimed czars conjointly, and they being very young, the crafty Sophia got the administration into her own hands.

Plots and counter-plots were formed, and on two occasions Peter and his mother were compelled to flee to a place of safety. The last plot resulted in the overthrow of Sophia and her adherents, and she was compelled to retire to the convent in Moscow, where she died fifteen years afterwards. Peter now reigned supreme, John being merely the nominal czar.

Peter was eighteen years of age. He had been married when seventeen to Ottokesa, daughter of the boyar Feodor Abrahamavitz, a match approved of by all but his sister Sophia. It did not turn out very well, however, and before he was twenty, Peter repudiated his wife, and placed her and their son Alexis—the boy who gave him so much trouble afterward—in a convent. Various reasons are assigned for Peter's conduct. It is believed that his wife, influenced by the priests, opposed all of Peter's plans for the improvement of Russia, and he resolved to get rid of her. It is quite probable, too, that he had no affection for Ottokesa.

Young as he was, Peter showed great ability and desire to place Russia among the first countries of the world. John had died, and Peter was alone on the throne. He was full of activity, and curious regarding all that he thought would advance Russia in the scale of civilization. No monarch ever had the interests of his country so much at heart as Peter the Great, and none ever took so much trouble personally to achieve its greatness.

A foe to pomp and etiquette, he disdained no service however menial. Passionately fond of the sea, he contracted a liking for a Dutch skipper, and frequently went to sea in his vessel. Desirous, as he told the skipper, of learning all connected with the duties of a seaman, he performed the most menial work, such as sweeping the cabin, swabbing the decks, brushing the skipper's clothes; and the next step in his studies was to go aloft and attend to the sails. He thus became fully acquainted with all the duties of a seaman, and learned, too, to manage a ship with much skill.

Peter paid great attention to the formation and disciplining of an army. In this he received valuable aid from Le Fort, a native of Geneva, who became the personal friend and confidential adviser of the czar—a friendship that remained unbroken until the death of Le Fort. In a short time a fine army had been raised, and placed under the command of General Patrick Gordon. Le Fort raised another corps, composed mostly of foreigners, and was placed at the head of them. So desirous was Peter of advancing the welfare of his country, that he freely availed himself of the assistance of foreigners in doing so.

Peter was fortunate in attaching to his service men whose influence over him was only for good. Le Fort introduced to his notice Menzikoff, who from having been a poor boy selling cakes and tarts in the streets of Moscow rose to be a general, a governor, and a prince, and leader in all the councils of the state.

Peter now conceived the idea of making himself master of all the details connected with ship-building. Proceeding to Zaandam with several of his attendants, he took lodgings in a miserable hut. It was soon noised abroad that this stranger was no less a person than the czar himself, and crowds flocked to the place to gaze at him. At this time Peter was about twenty-five years of age, tall and robust, with a round, full face, short curling brown hair, and a somewhat fierce expression of countenance.

After a while he was induced to leave the cabin where he lodged and accept quarters more in accordance with his rank in the house of a wealthy ship-builder. He purchased a boat and spent considerable of his time on the water. He was constantly among the shipping and astonished the Dutch by

his feats, as they declared they had never before seen such "*loopen, springen, en klauteren over de schepen*"—"running, jumping, and clambering over the shipping." On entering himself as a ship carpenter in the yard at Zaandam he assumed the name of Pieter Timmerman van Zaandam, and when in Amsterdam he went by the name of Peter Michaelhoff.

Not content with working himself in the dock-yard, the czar insisted upon some of his attendants, among whom was Menzikoff, doing the same, though it is not certain that they followed the example of their royal master in all respects, for he undertook rope and sail making and smith's work too.

Most men are satisfied to master one trade; but Peter the Great wished to learn many. Having acquired as much of the art of ship-building as he thought necessary he paid a visit to the Texel, to inspect the Greenland fishing vessels Here he was made acquainted with the manner of catching the whales and with everything connected with the business. He even learned to draw teeth, to bleed, and to dissect, always carrying with him a set of surgical instruments, which he used when occasion seemed to require. People who aim at learning all things, are apt to be somewhat superficial in their knowledge, and it is quite possible that the Czar Peter was no exception to the rule.

Having spent nine months in Holland, and fully investigated everything of interest, Peter proceeded to England. Here he remained four months as a private gentleman, and had an opportunity of witnessing the English method of ship-building. He was much interested in examining the mechanism of watches, and before he left England he could take a watch apart and put it together again. He next proceeded to Vienna, but news reaching him that a revolt had broken out among his subjects, he returned immediately to Russia.

Peter, resolved, if possible, to crush for all time rebellion among his subjects, made a fearful example of the conspirators. Some were broken on the wheel, and then beheaded, while others were hung. The decapitated bodies, with the heads beside them, were allowed to remain in a frozen condition on the roadside all the winter, a ghastly reminder of the fate that awaited all who opposed the czar's rule. The widows and children of the men thus punished were transported to a desert place, and they and their descendants were to remain there forever. Thus did the great Peter make war upon women and children—an act that always tarnishes the laurels of the monarch or the soldier.

That Peter was needlessly severe on the occasion is without a doubt, and even the greatest of his admirers have not pretended to justify him. If he supposed that this severity would forever curb all attempts against his authority he erred, for the next year insurrections broke out again, and again executions, in great numbers, took place; and Peter was made to feel that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

If Peter the Great was fortunate in the friends he secured, no less so was he in his second marriage. In one of the expeditions of Peter's army against the Swedes, among the captives taken was a young woman whose husband, an officer in the Swedish army, had not been heard of after the encounter between the two armies. One of the Russian generals, a man of great humanity, touched by the sorrow of Martha, as she was then called, took her to his house, and, inspired by her gentle wisdom and pleasant ways, placed her over his domestics. Here Menzikoff saw her, and was so well pleased with the pretty young captive that he proposed to the general to transfer her to his household to preside over his servants. Martha was consulted, and accepting the offer, went to the house of Menzikoff, whence she was transferred to the palace, and when in her seventeenth year, this child, who had already been a wife, was married privately to the czar, and afterward publicly. Never was there a more remarkable rise than that of this poor, unknown girl, who ultimately sat on the throne of the country to which she had been led a captive. Her influence over the czar was unbounded, and, to her credit be it said, was exerted only for his good. She identified herself completely with him; went with him when he had occasion to go to war, and faced the death that she saw all around her, that she might be with her husband. She calmed his violence, and, in many instances, saved the lives of the victims of his wrath; and by her counsels turned away from its object the avenging sword of displeasure. Such devotion was appreciated by Peter, who was not unmindful of all that he owed his wife, and in 1711 he ordered it to be publicly proclaimed that Catherine (the name by which she was now known) Alexiuna, was the true and legitimate wife of the Emperor Peter I. He had been privately married in 1707. He had the last wedding celebrated with great splendor soon after he had publicly proclaimed it. Subsequently, Catherine was crowned, amid much splendor, Empress of Russia, on which occasion Peter showed all the love and respect that he had for his wife. He robed her in the imperial purple mantle himself, put the crown on her head, and would not suffer her to kneel to him, which she attempted to do. He created a new company called the Knights of the Empress, and in the procession to the cathedral he walked at the head of it.

While happy in his matrimonial relations, Peter's son Alexis was a source of great trouble to him, and threw a dark shadow over his father's heart and home. Alexis had always shown himself opposed to his father's schemes for the advancement of his country, and leagued himself with the priests and other discontented spirits. He was utterly unfit to succeed his father, who by his efforts had done so much to place Russia on a footing with other nations, and Peter feared that if Alexis ever sat on the throne the country would again sink into barbarism.

His last act of flagrant disobedience to the czar's will caused his arrest, and his father issued a proclamation depriving him of the succession forever, and declaring his second son Peter his successor. Subsequent developments showed that Alexis had been plotting against his father, and he was sentenced to death. Whether Peter would have carried out the sentence or not, it is impossible to say; he was prevented, however, if so disposed, by the sudden death of his son.

Peter's own life was drawing to a close, and certainly, whatever his faults were, indifference to the welfare of Russia had not been one of them. He died, after a painful illness, in the arms of his wife, and was buried on the 21st of March, 1725.

The Russians may well be proud of Peter the Great, for he did more to enhance the prosperity of the country than any monarch has ever done. His character was exceedingly incongruous. Wise and foolish by turns, kind and yet cruel, a scourge and yet a benefactor, the elements of good and evil were strangely mixed up in this remarkable man, of whom it was said:

> "Blush, Art, this hero owed thee nothing;
> Exult, Nature, for this prodigy was all thy own."

The likeness that we give of Peter the Great is by Peter Anderloni, a painter and engraver, who was born at Brescia in 1784. It is evidently a copy, as Peter the Great died before the painter was born. Anderloni held distinguished rank as a painter and engraver, and was Superintendent of the Academy of Engravers in Milan. As a copyist of the paintings of the old masters he was eminently successful.

go to work at it with your charcoal. Place it well on your paper, a scratch to mark the top of it, and one for the bottom, then, such a width at the bottom in regard to its height; *the relative value* remember. Strike in the slants for the sides. These lines will try you, for it is no easy matter to get two slanting lines, starting from the same point, exactly equal to each other, and also similar to the object.

The slants put down to your satisfaction get the curved bottom correctly drawn, the amount of dip depending upon the relation in position to the eye as in all the curved round-bottom objects that we have done before.

A good solid curve for the base with the cone rising directly from it. Now the shadow on the cone ; dark on the off side, light on the light side, and the planes shaped differently from those of the cube, diminishing as they do at the top. Light and dark blended together down the middle, as it is a round projection instead of a sharp one, as in the cube. Rounded-form you will notice is obtained by the flowing together or blending of light and shade. These two objects well done separately, place the cone for the next drawing on top of the cube and draw them together, correct in themselves and in true relationship to each other.

It takes a long time to gain facility with that clumsy little stick of charcoal. It seems gritty and actually perverse, and requires light, delicate handling, but be patient and take pains with it at first, and practice and habit will soon give you the required ease and freedom in the use of it. We will give diagrams in pencil of the cast work, as it is difficult to engrave charcoal drawing, and it is also too bulky to be effective, as a rule, in print.

The pencil work of the diagram gives you the simple idea of the drawing and plans. Do not think that this is a lengthly instruction for a small matter ; it is the neglect of just these simple principles that discourages more than half the art students. When you have mastered this you have so much of a solid foundation. It takes fortitude to do this work thoroughly, for we well understand what it is to isolate one's self each fresh morning in the golden hour of strength, and to lay down these unattractive shapes on paper. When the end of a week comes to have one's best strength gone, and nothing but an invisible power within ourselves, that unless labor is added to labor will never be recognized by those about us, while the thousand and one practical things, like the making of pretty garments, the keeping of the house, the doing for friends presents so attractive a temptation besides being immediately productive of that applause and approbation that even the strongest, coldest nature yearns for sometimes. Keep a brave heart and struggle on ; some day, when perhaps friends and garments alike have worn out, a great strength may be in you; a power not of man or of earth, but God-given, self-developed ; a world of your own to live in, to act and feel in.

"Art does not all lie on the surface of paper," we heard a celebrated artist say in the class-room some weeks since.

"When you do true work, simple work, you will be in sympathy with the leading minds, you will realize that in great works of art, as in masterpieces of literature, the picture is but the key to your own thought."

We want to get out of littlenesses; we want a broad, simple way of working that we can comprehend *entirely*, and then anything is easily drawn and understood. When we have "grown over" the technical labor, then, unhindered and untrammeled by material, we lay down our every thought and feeling.

The distractions of living break and threaten destruction to all culture of the mind, but it must be realized that all stand equal in this, and it is with us whether we so arrange and order our lives that time is left for development. We must govern ourselves or we can govern nothing else, and in the professions and arts it is but a strife for the mastery ; we know not ourselves until we enter the fray, and it tests very surely the qualities we possess. Set apart your art time for every day, and look to it that the hour is given with your best strength and earnest study, and years will bring you increase. . . . In the regular study the planes of light and shade are laid on with a brush in India-ink, and if you feel that your drawing is true enough for the groundwork, you will find it much quicker to fill the planes or shade with a brush, but beware and, if at all doubtful, cling to stroking in shadow with the pencil. In time we will go into the detail of the system of black and white brush-work. Realize now, however, that all are sketches, the same in reality, no matter what the material used. It is essential that we should vary the material with which we work, now and then, or we grow very timid and lose sight of the all-important fact that form and value in just proportions and true tone in any material produces the picture.

The composition of the little picture is easy and light. Start with the vertical lines, first of the window and wall, then of the chair, then with great care and consideration adjust the stands. The perspective of the wall and window with utmost thought. The chair, umbrella and hat present an interesting bit of work ; after the twists and turns of the rocking-chair, the modest decorations of this will prove a slight matter. The curtains simply represent a film of shadow like the lace curtain in a back paper ; and without the window, light, as we explained in case of window and barn door.

FLORENCE.

The Bird of Passage.

(*See Photogravure.*)

THE charming engraving, "The Bird of Passage," is from a painting by Jean-Ernest Aubert, the much admired French painter. This successful artist was born in Paris, in 1824, and has achieved fame not only as a painter, but as a lithographer and engraver. After studying under Delaroche and Martinet, he went to Italy, where he remained five years. Aubert has produced some charming pictures, among which are "The Coming Love," "At the Fountain," "Cutting the Thread of his Destiny," and "Love, Merchant of Mirrors."

"The Bird of Passage" is a charming conception, and most admirably carried out. Three lovely young maidens, who have been reaping in the fields, have discovered a beautiful object with wings. Desirous of keeping it forever, and not heeding the significance of the wings, which indicate flight, two of them, picking up the little creature, fondle it most tenderly, whilst the third maiden gazes at the infantile form with curiosity and pleasure. It may be a bird, they think, but it looks like a child. If it is a bird, they will find it a bird of passage, for it will soon spread its wings, and despite their entreaties, will soar away to other lands. While the maidens are caressing the beautiful creature, two of its companions are looking on, with amused glances, at a distance.

This charming picture has been highly commended for its exquisite grace and beauty. The subject is most poetically treated, and in the faces of the maidens there is a sweetness that is very attractive. The little "bird of passage" is lovely enough to justify the admiration he is receiving, and the sorrow that will be felt when he spreads his wings for flight, for though one enraptured maiden grasps the wings tightly, she will find that no human power can hold Love when he wishes to go, and that no wings fly swifter than his. In every respect this picture is a gem of art, charming in conception, and most poetical and delicate in treatment.

A Woman's Club.

BY JENNY JUNE.

IT was in March, 1868, that the Press Club of New York, an association comprising nearly all the leading journalists, offered to Mr. Charles Dickens, prior to his departure for his home in England, after a successful reading tour in this country, a dinner at Delmonico's which was to be of an unprecedented character. Upon the executive committee which had it in charge was Mr. D. G. Croly, then managing editor of the New York *World*, and through him his wife, also a well-known journalist, applied for a ticket to the dinner at the regular rate (fifteen dollars), claiming it on the ground that the entertainment was offered as a compliment by the "press" of New York to one of the most distinguished members of the profession, and her own position, as a member of the press in good and regular standing. The majority of the committee were at first inclined to treat the application as a joke; but Mr. James Parton, who was one of them, took it seriously. He approved of it, and at the next meeting of the committee reinforced it by presenting a similar application from his own wife, a writer known as "Fanny Fern." This complicated the matter, other applications followed, and the question at last reached the ears of Mr. Horace Greeley, the veteran editor of the New York *Tribune*, who had promised to preside on the occasion, but declared he would not unless the "women had a chance" as well as the men. This compelled the committee to do something, and a reluctant note was sent to Mrs. Croly three days before the dinner was to take place, stating that if a sufficient number of ladies could be found willing to pay fifteen dollars each for their tickets, to make a good showing, and prevent each other from feeling lonely, they would be permitted to purchase them. This churlish and conditional assent, at such a late date, was a practical refusal, and Mrs. Croly replied in few words, simply saying that as the ladies had not been treated like gentlemen, they now refused to avail themselves of the possible opportunity.

During the intervening time the matter had been the subject of conversation at the Sunday evening receptions of the Misses Alice and Phebe Cary, and had interested not only those ladies but Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, one of their friends, and the wife of a New York journalist, who had been one of the applicants for a lady's ticket on behalf of his wife. It was at the "Light Gymnastic" School of Mrs Z. R. Plumb, that Mrs. Croly about the same time met Miss Kate Field, and propounded the subject to her of a "Woman's Club." Miss Field was struck with the idea, and begged permission to communicate it to Mrs Henry M. Field, and it was agreed, at the same time, that Mrs. Croly should endeavor to secure the co-operation of Mrs. Professor Botta. Pursuant to this arrangement a meeting for consultation was called for the following Monday at the residence of Mrs. Croly, in West Fourteenth Street, at which the following ladies were present: Mrs. Botta, Mrs. H. M. Field, Miss Kate Field, Mrs. C. B. Wilbour, and Mrs. Croly.

The latter, on being asked to state the object in view, briefly recounted the facts in regard to the treatment of women members of the press by the New York Press Club, and said her idea was simply to supply the want of unity and secular organization among women. Many women she herself among the rest, were hungry for the society of women, that is for the society of those whose deeper natures had been roused to activity, who had been seized by the divine spirit of inquiry and aspiration, who were interested in the thought and progress of the age, and in what other women were thinking and doing. No plan of work had been laid down, or system of organization, because these must be the outgrowth of what were felt to be the wants of the membership, and the first thing to do was to consider a basis.

Mrs. Botta recommended "taking the bull by the horns," and calling it the "Blue Stocking Club." This was opposed on the ground that it would tend to make it too strictly literary. The first club, it was felt, must be homogeneous—hospitable to women of different minds, degrees, and habits of work and thought—it must be representative of the whole woman, not of any special class of women, for the idea of clubs for women was too new to admit of a system of exclusion and division; besides which, it was opposed to the spirit of club life. A note of invitation was, however, agreed upon, signed by all present, Miss Kate Field acting as secretary, and a number of names suggested to whom it should be sent. In the mean time Miss Field announced her expectation of being absent in Boston, and Mrs. Wilbour was requested to act as secretary *pro tem.*

The second preparatory meeting was called for the succeeding Monday, at the same time and place, in the afternoon, at Mrs. Croly's house in West Fourteenth Street. But previous to its assembling and during the intervening days, many events occurred which threatened to "nip" the new organization in the bud, and postpone the work it was destined to do for women. Among these were letters of withdrawal from Mrs. Field, and Mrs. Botta, the former on the ground of immediate and long continued absence from the city, the latter, the opposition of her husband. Miss Field, as anticipated, was absent in Boston. This defection left the burden of responsibility entirely upon the shoulders of Mrs. Croly and Mrs. Wilbour; who determined to shoulder and carry it the best way they could. On Sunday afternoon preceding the eventful Monday, they met at Mrs. Wilbour's house. Mrs. Croly had prepared a little platform as a basis of future operations, and Mrs. Wilbour some brief rules for guidance, the two formulas were put together and formed the first "Constitution" of which the founders agreed, "the less there was the better." The following is a copy of a proof sheet as given to the New York *World*.

SOROSIS.

The object of this association is to promote agreeable and useful relations among women of literary and artistic tastes.

It is entirely independent of sectionalism, or partisanship.

It recognizes women of thought, culture, and humanity everywhere, particularly when these qualities have found expression in outward life and work.

It aims to establish a kind of freemasonry among women of similar pursuits, to render them helpful to each other, and bridge over the barrier which custom and social etiquette place in the way of friendly intercourse.

It affords an opportunity for the discussion among women, of new facts and principles, the results of which promise to exert an important influence on the future of women, and the welfare of society.

BUSINESS.

Members are elected by ballot.

The initiation fee is $5.

The members meet once a month for business, which will be transacted in order, and for lunch and social conversation.

Each member present at a regular meeting, bears her proportion of the expense incurred.

At any special meeting every member notified bears her proportion of the expense incurred.

No public notice is given of meetings.

ETIQUETTE.

Members can invite friends to a regular meeting, on assuming the extra expense.

Ladies receiving an invitation to any meeting will return answer of acceptance or declination, three days previous to the date of meeting.

At all meetings lunch will be ordered by the Committee, who will attend to the reception and introduction of members and invited guests.

Business letters and orders for insignia, note paper, and envelopes with the monogram, are sent to the treasurer.

This is getting a little ahead of the story, for a name had not yet been found for the infant, and it was not known indeed, if it was destined to existence in the world of fact, at

all. Fears and anxieties were uppermost, for the doctors had left it and the nurses distrusted their own ability. Counsel had been taken in regard to a name, and several varieties of Bee lighting upon, or crawling out of a blue stocking had been sketched by way of experiment, but the first objection remained in force. To quote from a recent historic sketch, given on the Sixteenth Anniversary of Sorosis. "Call it the Woman's League," said Miss Kate Field, "and it will have political backing, be a sort of woman's supplement to the Union League Club." Miss Alice Cary suggested the "Sphynx," when she was consulted, and Miss Phebe Cary the "Columbia," but the "Blue Stocking" seemed to narrow it, and confine it to women of strictly literary pursuits, and we did not want political backing, or to be suspected of belligerent tendencies, so we got rid of League. Sphynx appeared to hide a mystery, and we wished to do things openly and without concealment, and Columbia was too common and hackneyed. To find a name Mrs. Wilbour and I hunted through piles of dictionaries, or rather we placed piles before us, with the intention of hunting through them, but in the first one I pounced upon, which happened to be a botanical dictionary, I found the word Sorosis ; and liked it for its full, appropriate signification, its un-hackneyed character and sweet sound, which seemed to me full of all gracious meaning. Mrs. Wilbour at first thought it would require too much explanation, and suggested that we should ask Mr. Wilbour's opinion, whose literary taste and experience are unquestionable. We did so, and he thought it a good word and good name, so we adopted it, and the next day (this was Sunday) the society was organized under it, with twelve members. Mrs. Celia Burleigh being one of the twelve, not then so well known as afterward—though she had written some poems, Mme. E. L. Demorest, and others as well known. The presidency of the new club was offered to Mrs. Croly, but she refused to accept it, alleging her desire to remain a worker in the ranks, and the desirability of finding a president whose name would confer distinction upon the as yet unknown Club."

Alice Cary, the poet of American women, was Mrs. Croly's choice, and at her personal solicitation, as told in the memoirs of the sisters, by Mary Clemmer Ames, though in very feeble health, she accepted the position, and thus the first printed list officers became :

President—ALICE CARY, 53 East Twentieth Street ;

Vice-President—JENNIE C. CROLY, *World* Office ;

Corresponding Secretary—KATE FIELD, *Tribune* Office.

Committee—Phebe Cary, 53 East Twentieth Street ; Ella Clymer, 79 East Fifteenth Street ; Celia M. Burleigh, 37 Huntingdon Street, Brooklyn ; Josephine Pollard, 409 West Eighteenth Street ; Lucy Gibbons, 212 Fifth Avenue ; Ellen Louise Demorest, 813 Broadway.

Charlotte B. Wilbour, *Recording Secretary and Treasurer*, 151 East Fifty-first Street.

The list, in the exact order given, is copied from the first form of Constitution issued, and remained in force until the first meeting at Delmonico's, which occurred on April 20, 1868, and to which the members were bidden by the following invitation.

NEW YORK, *Apr.* 13th, 1868.

YOU are invited to attend the first meeting at Delmonico's, corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, on Mon., Apr. 20th.

Lunch, at $1 00 to each person, will be served at One o'clock.

A lady will receive your card at the door of the room of meeting, and introduce you.

Please respond before Saturday, Apr. 18th. Address : "Sorosis," No. 151 East 51st Street.

By order of the Committee,

C. B. WILBOUR, *Rec. Sec'y.*

On this occasion Mrs. Croly had to preside, Miss Alice Cary not being present, but Miss Kate Field was there, and she had come determined to get rid of the name SOROSIS, and substitute the "Woman's League." With her was Mrs. James T. Field, of Boston, and in the then weak and inchoate condition of the club membership, she managed to carry so much weight, as to have the name set aside, and the Woman's League adopted. The change was at last acquiesced in, because an overwhelming majority seemed to be in favor of it, including Miss Phebe Cary, and others of equal prominence, but it was soon found to have been a mistake, even by some who had urged it. The more they thought of Woman's League the less they liked it, and at the next meeting (in May), Mrs. Ella Clymer, who had voted for it, brought in a resolution of reconsideration, which cleared the way for a second ballot, and SOROSIS was restored by an overwhelming vote. This action cost the club the co-operation of Miss Field, Mrs. Longstreet (then Mrs. Gildersleeve), and Mrs. Gibbons, who left the room, and the Club, in disgust. Alice Cary presided at this meeting, and read her inaugural address, but the conflict of opinions agitated her, her nervous system was not equal to the strain, and she resigned the following week from the Presidency, though continuing her membership, as did also her sister, Phebe.

But notwithstanding these inevitable commotions, the Club was happy, its membership from less than fifteen had increased to fifty, it began to see the uses of its existence, and enjoy its life. On Monday, June 1st, 1868, it met, and found an immense circular basket of roses, with center of white carnations, and upon this, "SOROSIS" in violets. Who sent it no one seemed to know, but the roses were arranged for distribution, and the center, as a permanent decoration for the table, and as the members came in, and saw it, they clasped hands, and tears stood in many eyes. They had battled for their name ; they had planted it, and now they watered it, and felt that it would grow. Probably not more than one beside herself ever knew that the roses, and the christening were the work of Mme. E. L. Demorest. There were many incidents about those early days, which are interesting, at least to those who recall them, but time, nor space, do not admit of their recapitulation, nor are they perhaps of sufficient general interest to warrant dwelling upon them to the exclusion of circumstances which exerted a more potent influence. One thing, however, should be said for the benefit of recent members, and it is this : to Mrs. Wilbour we owe the Pledge. "I should not, myself," said Mrs. Croly in her recent address, "have introduced that into our assumption of obligations, it did not seem to me that we needed it, but the Pledge has now grown dear to us all ; it has become a tie, it seems to bind us together, and sometimes it is a needed reminder of what we owe to each other."

A Woman's Club was naturally the object of many jibes and sneers, much ridicule, and cheap attempts at wit, during the first months of its existence. An editor of one of the New York dailies prophesied its early death, and said many men would have to recant their opinions in regard to women, if it lived out a year. The young members of to-day will wonder why all this fuss could have been made about a mere society of women. But they must remember that seventeen years ago social and secular organization among women did not exist. There were no State Aid Societies, no Women's Exchanges, no Kitchen Garden Associations, or Industrial Unions, or Workingwomen's Clubs, no Church or Missionary Societies officered and carried on exclusively by women. No purely women's societies at all, outside of the sewing circle, and even in these men had a share ; and it was doubted, by many good men and women,

whether a secular society of women, of different tastes, habits and pursuits, and with no special object to bind them, could hang together for any length of time.

The following, which was copied into the *World* about this time, will give an idea of the general sentiment, and it also includes a letter addressed to a male applicant for admission to Sorosis, which became famous, and which it has been requested should be preserved in this veritable history.

(*From the "World" of June*, 1868.)

"The London *Queen*, the leading English ladies' paper, is quite exercised over the doings of our New York Sorosis. It quotes all it can find about that famous Club from the *World*, and comments upon the reports freely. We find the following in its issue of June 12 :

"'The "Sorosis," the women's club which exists in New York, has been brought before the readers of the *Queen* on more than one occasion lately. It is a society of women, many of them literary, meeting for the sake of mutual improvement and pleasant social intercourse. Men are invited to be present at the entertainments given by the members of "Sorosis," but they are entirely in the subordinate position of guests and listeners. The toast of "The Gentlemen" was given at one of their parties by a lady, and responded to on behalf of the "weaker brethren," by another lady.

"'A good deal of head shaking and holding up of hands in wonder, at the proceedings of the Sorosis, have been indulged in on our side of the Atlantic, and certainly it would be very difficult to conceive a body of English ladies, even of those who have the most advanced views as to women's rights and who are most accustomed to addressing the public, acting quite as the members of Sorosis have done. The idea is a ludicrous one ; but what would be the feelings of the British public if some fine morning it were announced in the *Times* that a number of ladies—say Mme. Bodichon, Miss Emily Davies, Miss Garrett, the authors of *Adam Bede* and *John Halifax* and other well-known writers, and women whose names are much before the public—had invited the members of a literary club to dinner, and had made speeches and proposed toasts ? No one would believe it—the whole account would be treated as a hoax.

"'But Sorosis and its doings are facts in New York, and somewhat prominent facts, too. We must say that, though the whole of the proceedings are very un-English, we have seen, with much amusement, not entirely unmingled with mild satisfaction, the very decided position which the members of Sorosis have taken with regard to the right of women to have a society composed exclusively of members of their own sex, if they so desire it ; and we hope that Sorosis may be able to hold well together, if only to prove that women are not destitute of the power of acting harmoniously together when they choose to do so.

"'A letter, written by Mrs. Croly, the president of Sorosis, to a gentleman who applied for admission to membership in the club, is thoroughly amusing, as exemplifying how rules of exclusion from societies, on the simple grounds of the sex of the applicant, can be made to work both ways. It is not a little droll to observe, applied to a man, the little courtesies and the utter rejection which women have been made to experience, when they have presumed to request admission to societies of men. There is the same complacent expression of superiority arising from assured position, and there are the same patronizing airs which are so pleasant to exercise, and so unpleasant to encounter. There is the same softening of the rejection by the assurance of personal esteem, and there is a similar ending up with a hint of consideration in the indefinite future which promises nothing, but tones down the harshness of entire denial. Altogether, we have not, for a long time, seen anything more amusing in many ways than the following letter to a gentleman, from the president of Sorosis:

"'"DEAR SIR: Your proposition to become a member of the Sorosis was laid before the Executive Committee, and subsequently before the club. I regret to say the decision was not in your favor. The reasons, it is only fair to state, were not those of character, position, or personal merit, but consisted solely of society restrictions as to sex. Personally, you have been found very agreeable by several members of Sorosis. Reputation and position are alike, unexceptionable ; but the unfortunate fact of your being a man outweighs these and all other claims to membership.

"'"We willingly admit, of course, that the accident of your sex is on your part a misfortune, and not a fault. Nor do we wish to arrogate anything to ourselves because we had the good fortune to be born women. We sympathize most truly and heartily with you and the entire male creation, in their present and prospective desolation and unhappiness ; but this is all we can do. Sorosis is too young for the society of gentlemen, and must be allowed time to grow. By and by, when it has reached a proper age, say 21, it may ally itself with the Press Club, or some other male organization of good character and standing ; but for years to come its reply to all male suitors must be, 'Principles, not men.'

"JENNIE JUNE CROLY,
"President of Sorosis."

"Mr. R. B. Roosevelt."

The allusions in the preceding were to a series of entertainments, the first one of which was offered as an *amende honorable* on the part of the New York Press Club, and consisted of a "Breakfast," to which the Press Club invited Sorosis, but did not invite it to speak, or do anything but sit still, and eat, and be talked, and sung to. The second was a "Tea" given by Sorosis to the Press Club, at which it did all the talking, allowing the gentlemen no chance to speak, not even to respond to their own toast. The third of these was a "Dinner," the brightest and best of the whole, at which ladies and gentlemen each paid their own way and shared equally the honors and responsibilities. Very lengthy reports were given of these affairs, from one of which the following extract is made :

"The entire affair was decidedly one of the most delightful events of the season, and will long be held in pleasantest memory by all who had the honor to participate in it. We believe we violate no secret when we say that the gentlemen were most agreeably surprised to find their rival club composed of charming women, representing the best aristocracy of the metropolis—the aristocracy of sterling good sense, earnest thought, aspiration, and progressive intellect, with no perceptible taint of the traditional strong-mindedness. The members of the 'Sorosis' were distinguished by a badge worn upon the left shoulder, consisting of a rosette of white lace, pinned with a gold enamel monogram 'S' inscribed with the word 'Sorosis' in Greek characters. The display of jewels would have done credit to our most fashionable assemblies, and there were many rich and elegant costumes well worthy description ; but the prevailing element was unostentatious good taste. The event cannot but prove one of great significance, as giving impulse and direction to the genuinely worthy progressive tendencies of the day, and the New York Press Club may well pride itself upon having been the first to establish such a precedent."

It will perhaps not be out of place to give Alice Cary's speech (in rhyme), on this occasion :

"You know, my friends, through whose good graces,
We meet around this board to-day ;
It has been said that man embraces
Woman ; but, with your leave, I say,
This rather holds in special cases
Than in a general way.

"We women have been coaxed and vaunted,
Fawned on and flattered every way ;
But the high-honored place we wanted
Is ours in sober truth to-day ;
For with the equal set is granted
The equal right to pay !

"Pardon the mention of the shilling—
(You see 'twas thrown so in my way),
And think not that I speak as chilling
Your courtesies, or courtship, pray ;
For each of us, our Barkis willing,
Would name the happy day !

"We mean to prove your praise no fable,
And while for that good end we pray,
Let lightning, harnessed to the Cable,
Trample old ocean into spray
With news that women sit at table
Above the salt to-day !"

It would not be worth while to make these extracts or give importance to these merely social events did they not mark a new departure in our social life, and constitute an actual social revolution achieved very quietly, almost without the knowledge of the agents, but none the less certainly and permanently. In one of the speeches made at the dinner referred to it was said that "Sorosis was building better than it knew," and nothing could be more true, for it was working by instinct rather than by knowledge ; yet no act was performed by those which laid the foundations of its future that was not the result of anxious thought and conscientious conviction. It was the movements, the first acts of the club and its individual members during the first years of life that struck the key-note of its future, and made the vital impression upon the public mind.

It was at the November meeting of 1868 that Mrs. Celia Burleigh read the paper upon "Womanhood," which suggested her possibilities as lecturer and preacher, and which was afterward enlarged into the first effort which she made

for the public lecture field. In it she spoke eloquently of the royal nature of the woman, of her munificence and love of giving, of the narrowing circumstances that dwarfed her noblest instincts, and made her slave and subject where she should reign queen. She demanded that woman should by her own efforts emancipate herself from dependence, and learn to give royally instead of receiving abjectly. At that meeting Mrs. Burleigh, as corresponding secretary, read a letter from Paulina Wright Davis, one of the best known workers and highly cultured women of Rhode Island, from which the following is a brief extract.

"My Dear Madame: An enthusiastic letter about Sorosis, just received from a friend, recalls my promise to write you a word of encouragement. I do so with diffidence, for I have lived so many years in retirement that I almost feel as if the world had gone on and left me, and I had become a mere fossil. I regret not having been able to accept your invitation to attend a meeting of your club, that I might personally have congratulated your members upon being the first to inaugurate a movement that promises so much for woman. It is an auspicious hour; we are reorganizing as a nation, socially, politically, and morally, and subjects of vital interest are coming under the careful consideration of the best minds. Among these the relations of the sexes hold an important place, and that they may be more clearly understood in the future than they have been in the past, is felt to be indispensable to the well-being of the race. To your and kindred organizations—to the patient thought and investigation of noble men and women must society look for help and direction."

The following series of resolutions were also presented by Mrs. Croly, and adopted unanimously:

"*Resolved*, That what women want most of all is freedom—freedom to *do* and to *be*—that at present they are born slaves to habit, to custom, to prejudice, to fashion, and finally to laws, which are made to govern the woman, but not the human being.

"*Resolved*, That as one step, we advocate freedom in dress, not necessarily a reform, not at all a uniform, but freedom to wear the useful, the convenient, or the beautiful, as taste and inclination dictate, without reference to whether the style is of yesterday or last year.

"*Resolved*, That we neither condemn fashion nor ignore it, but use it if it suits us, or act independently of it if that suits us better.

"*Resolved*, That a committee be formed to take up the question of dress, discuss it, and prepare a paper upon it, to be read at the next regular club meeting."

During the first year of club life Sorosis had no president after Alice Cary's resignation, it having been decided, pursuant to a resolution presented by Mrs. Wilbour, and supported by Mrs. Croly, to elect a chairman at every meeting, and thus "educate" the members generally for the business of presiding officer. But this was found impracticable, the choice always fell upon the same persons, and the club lost the benefit derived from recognized guardianship and guidance. The same cause had operated to prevent the adoption of any regular plan or system of work, and a determination was arrived at to elect a president at the close of the year and settle down to some organized plan of work. In December, 1868, a charter was obtained by Mrs. Agnes Noble, Chairman of Executive Committee, in place of Miss Phebe Cary, who resigned her office when her sister Alice resigned hers; and the club became an incorporated society, capable of receiving bequests, a privilege of which, however, no one has yet seen fit to avail themselves.

In March, 1869, Mrs. Croly was elected President by acclamation, and in May presented her plan of a "Woman's Parliament." This was intended as a permanent work for Sorosis, the club to act as the center of a great united womanhood, whose branches should extend all over the country, that these should be representative, elect their own officers, send delegates to an annual session, having its permanent home in New York, and its representative organ. From a printed letter written by "Burleigh," a New York correspondent, the following is quoted:

"The object of Mrs. Croly's Parliament is to organize a body of women to represent women upon subjects of vital interest to themselves and their children. It is designed to make it as permanent an institution as Congress itself, with as well defined a constituency, annual sessions, and definite provision for expenses incurred; and its functions will be 'to crystallize the intelligence and influence of woman into a moral power, which will act definitely upon the varied interests of society.' The more immediate matters which are expected to command the attention of this 'Parliament' are those connected with Public Education, Prisons and Reformatory Schools, Hygienic and Sanitary Reforms, Female Labor, The Department of Domestic Economy; Dishonesty in Public Life, etc. Mrs. Croly's brief suggestions in relation to these several topics show a good degree of familiarity with the facts that illustrate them, and sound views of the various needs which these facts indicate. She believes that the 'Woman's Parliament will at once give to women that voice in public affairs which is theirs by virtue of their humanity.' 'It offers to them the privilege of the vote, without the humiliation of asking for it from those who have no right to withhold it,' and 'it affords them the opportunity of showing that their desire is for the benefit and elevation of mankind at large, and not a personal striving after place and power.'"

The measure was defeated in the club by the absence of one vote, the member supposing that she could leave and vote by proxy, and the opposition of two others who believed that Sorosis should exist for social purposes purely, and took advantage of the absence of the member to challenge the quorum, which was then much larger in proportion than now. Some of the members were, however, strongly in favor of it, notably Mrs. Celia Burleigh, Dr. Anna Dinsmore French, then Dr. Anna Dinsmore, Mme. E. L. Demorest, and others. From the published notices Mrs. Horace Mann, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, and Mrs. Charles Peirce, then of Cambridge, now of New York, became interested, and the two latter came from Boston to attend a session pursuant to a public call, at which Miss Catharine Sedgewick was also present, and at which the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, We consider duties more important than claims and the dearest rights generally involved in the performance of the most sacred duty, therefore

Resolved, That we organize a body to be called "The Women's Council of New York City," as a part of a great general organization of women to be called "The Woman's Parliament."

Resolved, That this Parliament, and all the Council represented in it, be composed of women only, and that its principal object shall be, the moral, intellectual and social elevation of women through their own efforts.

Resolved, That Union is Strength, and that instead of the small, weak and isolated work heretofore performed by individuals, or at most by societies, for the removal of evils, we propose to bring the moral force of all good women to bear in given directions, and thus secure for our suggestions and recommendations the respect and authority due to the collective public (?) opinion of the sex.

Resolved, That self-help is the best help; and that the elevation of women must come from within and not from without.

Resolved, That charities, however extensive, are only palliatives, not cures, of social disease, and that having learned how to work in the "small things" of their own churches and communities, women must now turn to the "greater things" of the world itself, and bring their experience and their energies to the task of a thorough social regeneration.

During the three days' session, papers were read by Miss Peabody, Mrs. Charles Pierce, giving in detail her plan of co-operative house-keeping, one from Mrs. Horace Mann on "Education," which years afterward Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi characterized in the *Atlantic Monthly*, as the best paper ever given in this country on the subject, one from Mrs. Croly on the "Distribution of the Income in the Family," a paper on Prison Reform, and the legal status of women in regard to property, and other important topics. The bearing this movement has upon the history of Sorosis is this, that its ideas were those which in one way or another have been incorporated in the life of Sorosis, and subsequently formed the starting point of the "Woman's Congress."

During this year of 1869 the club made rapid strides toward settled forms of life, and systematized work. Standing committees were organized, and the aim of the club to represent the active interests of women became more clearly defined; and the result was that two Foundling Asylums were shortly in existence, one Catholic and one Protestant. At a meeting in May of this year Mrs. Wilbour offered the following resolution:

"To promote one of the objects of Sorosis, viz., render women helpful to each other, I move, Mrs. President, that we appoint at each meeting a Committee on Criticism, to be composed of three persons, who shall report upon all violations of business, order, incorrect speech, faulty manners, and whatever would be improved by faithful, intelligent, and benevolent criticism." The resolution was supported by the President, but objected to by others, some of whom thought it a good thing, but that Sorosis was hardly ready for it yet.

Early in the year a committee was formed for the investigation and discussion of Foundling Asylums in relation to infant mortality. At that time no foundling hospital existed in New York City, and the subject had received no attention from the public. The Committee consisted of Mrs. Celia Burleigh, Mme. E. L. Demorest, Mrs. Mary C. Owen, Mrs. Horace Greeley, Mrs. J. C. Croly, and Dr. Anna Dinsmore, the active mover of the resolution. Dr. Dinsmore (Dr. Anna D. French) put herself in communication with the representatives of numerous institutions of the kind, abroad and at home, and collected an astonishing array of facts, which were presented to the Club, and published in the *World* newspaper, June, 1869. The Press took up the subject, a Protestant foundling asylum was shortly instituted, and subsequently one by the Roman Catholics.

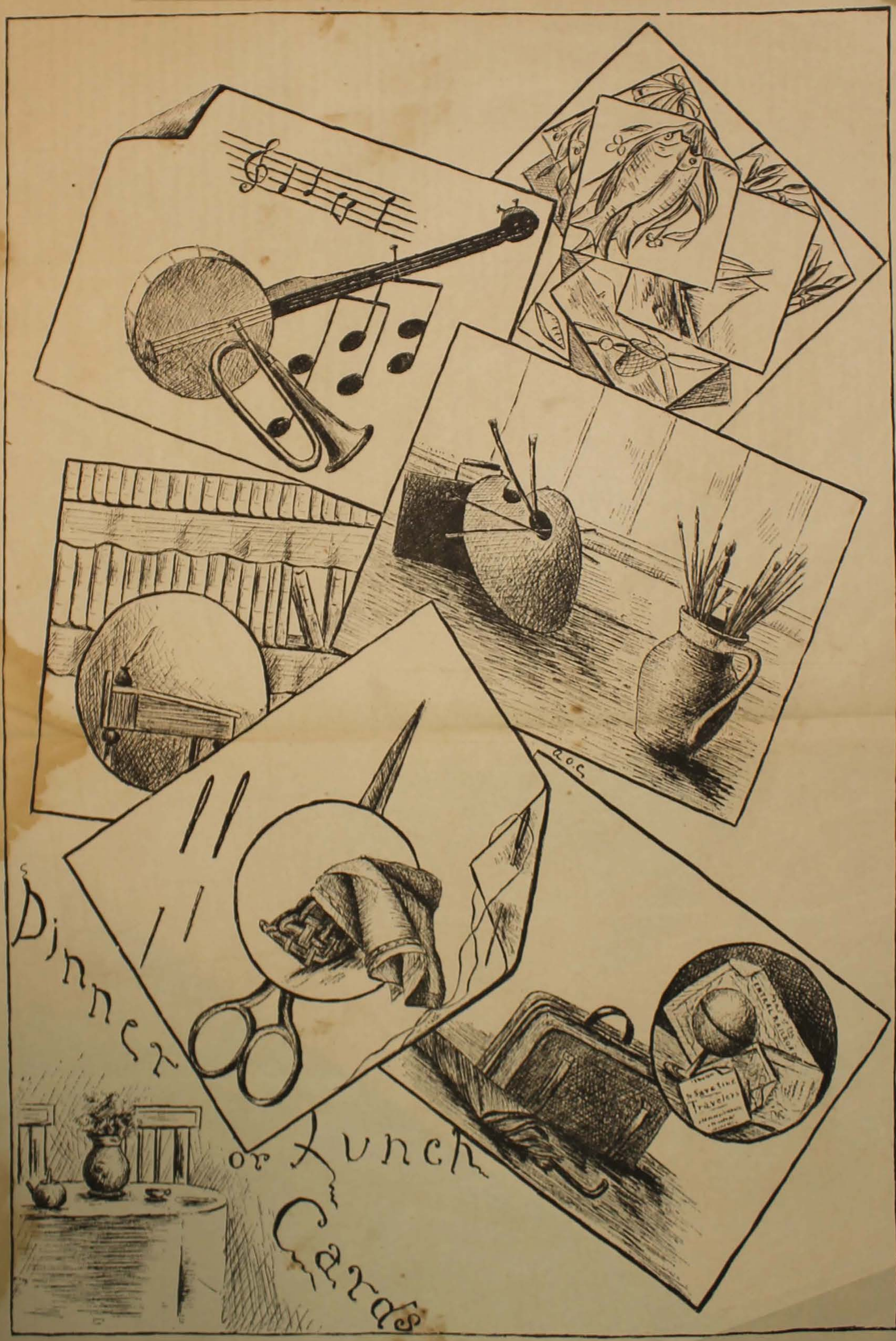
The following extracts from published reports of the officers made March 21st, at the second anniversary meeting, will show what was thought to have been accomplished at the close of the second year.

During that year Mrs. Celia Burleigh started the Woman's Club of Brooklyn, of which she became the president, and from her closing report as Corresponding Secretary the following words are copied which will show what the influence of the club was felt to be on its members when it had only been two years in existence. She said: "* * * The suggestion of a woman's club excited a degree of interest unlooked for and unprecedented. It was caricatured, criticised, and misrepresented, while from women all over the country came eager questioning of its aims, methods, and possibilities. This handful of women had undertaken to do what seemed to them a very simple thing—provide for a want which they in common with many other women felt, and they suddenly found themselves the subjects of sneering comment or vulgar would-be wit on the part of the men, and eager hope and expectation from women from one end of the country to the other. But the central idea of Sorosis was vital, and would neither consent to die nor be suppressed. The originator of the movement, though lacking experience, uncertain of the material that could be brought together, brought to the work an earnestness of purpose, a faith in woman, and an invincibility of determination which could not fail of success. I believe I express the sentiment of every one who has been for any length of time a member of Sorosis when I say that the debt we owe it is beyond our power to estimate. Probably we have not all been equally benefited, for our needs are various as our power of receiving help, but for myself I should be guilty of ingratitude if I allowed my official connection to cease without saying how much I am its debtor. Among the schools to which I have been sent, I reckon Sorosis the most valuable, and I trust I shall be pardoned if I mention the special good which I have received at its hands. One of the greatest needs of women is motive for mental activity—an hospitable entertainment of their thought. For me Sorosis met precisely this want; it afforded me an atmosphere so genial, an appreciation so prompt, a faith so generous, that every possibility of my nature seemed intensified, and all its latent powers quickened into life. If in the years to come I do any worthy work, speak any word that has power to help a despondent soul, shed any gleam of light on the dark and dreary ways that so many women are called upon to tread, it will be to Sorosis that it will be due in large measure, to this school where I have been educated to better hopes, to nobler aspirations, and a larger life. As the society's secretary I have been the medium of communication between it and many noble and gifted women, not only in our own but in other lands, and I congratulate Sorosis on these relations, so honorable to itself, so helpful to women at large."

The London *Queen* of April 16th, copies what it calls a "long and curious" account of the second anniversary of the New York Woman's Club, remarking that it is all of interest, and some of it worthy of "serious" consideration. It quotes a part of Mrs. Burleigh's address just given, and the following from the address of the retiring president, Mrs. Croly:

"We have found self-education very necessary, and a woman's club a wonderful school as well as most exact test of genuine quality. Some have found in Sorosis a stepping-stone to a public career, others a resting-place from labor and anxiety—the pleasant shadow of a green tree in a weary land. But we begin to realize the want of a motive, apart from ourselves, to quicken us into permanent and useful activity. We have been aware that partial, personal, and selfish organizations never achieve a great success, or sustain more than a brief existence. But women have difficulties in forming plans and achieving results that do not exist for men. In the first place, they are without means; in the second place, without freedom. Very few women have money of their own, and the few that have dare not use it. Their growth, therefore, in any direction, must be very slow, especially if they refuse to adopt the tricks which societies and society countenance for obtaining money and palming off upon the world a false and baseless reputation. We have to congratulate ourselves, at any rate, upon not having done this. If we have not borrowed or built a club-house, neither have we borrowed or begged money to do it with. If we have not founded asylums for helpless women, we have done our best to make them helpful, and thus do away with the necessity for such institutions. Moreover, from the first, it was not our intention to give ourselves to any small, partial, individual or specific work. We wished rather to infuse new, higher, and truer ideas into the life of women, and thus become the source and inspiration of a thousand active, beneficent influences, which would help to lessen the causes of the evils under which the world groans and labors. And, again, my own favorite idea has been that women's clubs should form the basis of a universal and united womanhood—an order distinctive as that of the knights of the olden time, composed of women able to command, but willing to serve; women devoted to the cultivation of whatever is noble and true and good in womanhood; women willing to labor and to wait, so far as they themselves were concerned, but jealous for the honor, anxious for the reputation of their sex, and more ready to confer honor than to receive it. Is this a very Utopian idea? I think not. There are plenty of such women, but they are busy in the church, in the sewing society, or in the nursery, and they are fenced in by a high wall of prejudice which they themselves cannot look over, much less step over, and, if they could, the pressure from behind and from before, the tyranny of social and domestic influence, would prevent it. She expressed the opinion that the great error of a republican form of government is that it makes no provision for the employment and incorporation of women in some department or other of State and national affairs. Monarchies recognize the female right of succession, and create a privileged class—the honors, emoluments, and duties of which women share. A republic is the only form of government which does not in any way recognize the existence of women, except as a creature to be punished. She went on at considerable length to enumerate the disabilities of women in America, and to state what Sorosis proposed toward their removal or mitigation. The conclusion of her spirited address was as follows: You are known abroad as well as at home, and from all quarters comes the cry, 'Only continue to live—your life is our hope.' We shall live—live to see the woman's club the conservator of public morals, the uprooter of social evils, the defender of women against women as well as against men, the preserver of the sanctities of domestic life, the synonym of the brave, true, and noble in women. This is the mission of the Woman's Club, this is the mission of Sorosis. I pledge your future, ladies, only from your past."

(*To be concluded next Month.*)


Dinner
or Lunch
Cards

Dinner or Lunch Cards.

(See folded sheet.)

A NOVEL and characteristic thought for the ménu is given in the illustration before us. We have all tired of the stereotyped scrap of pasteboard used for this purpose, showing up to us from the round background of the plate, or from the satiny damask, its conventional treatment in flowers or fruits. In these, the hostess has more to flutter over than, "shall it be roses or forget-me-nots, peaches or plums?" The dinner or lunch must be fully planned, the number of guests determined, and each considered individually. If the hostess has facility with her brush or pencil, the getting up of the cards will afford her much pleasure. The plain cards can be bought at any stationer's, silver, gilt, or beveled edge would not be out of place, though glitter in the ménu is now a little on the shady side of fashion. The cards should be three inches by five in size, or thereabouts, with smooth or rough surface as preferred. Now for the artistic work of it. As before stated, each guest must be considered individually; their especial hobby must be found and ridden. In these days of "doers" it will not prove a hard matter. You find that you have scarcely a friend that does not affect something. Even the dilettante, if there be such among your number, splashes over art, needle-work, paints, banjo or tennis; for the earnest workers you will find enough of solemn thought in their labor, to suggest a telling ménu.

First, take each card separately; say the lady or gentleman in question is a musician, you observe the suggestive treatment we have given. If the favored instrument be the piano, sketch in a corner of it; if this be too difficult for you, draw simply the key-board with a few notes dashed across the side. In the arrangement of the notes the method or style of the player may be indicated; short and staccato showing brilliancy of execution, or the longer notes of a melody, if it be a singer. You can easily copy the notes from a sheet of music. A violin is effective, if that be the taste; the mandolin, flute, or the significant words of a song, lettered prettily, varies the form.

The card beneath it would be particularly appropriate for a young collegiate who has mastered his last ordeal in examinations, for a divinity student or for a follower of the quill. If it be an enthusiastic devotee of letters, a table piled with books, foolscap, pens, etc., a lamp in the center, and conspicuously added, an enormous pair of spectacles, with a green shade beside them.

The domestic animal is our third card. This would be a good satire for the lately married belle. We could go through a great variety of practical combinations, but our hostess is familiar enough with these things. We leave to her the treatment of that blessed creature, who considers the material needs, and who deserves a high place in this whirling world. Her vocation will be touched, daintily enough, by a sister mind.

We go up to the top again, and read down the other side. We have the angler—for more than "compliments" this time—for there are the three fish that he caught in fishing, and behind visions of his fancies. Izaak Walton himself would have been pampered and flattered with such a delicate tribute to his skill.

Next comes the feature of the age; "our artist." Brushes and paints; and is not the study before her in the assembled company? This card could show a bit of an easel, with a Turkish scarf across it, a deep recess containing bric-a-brac behind.

Lastly, we have a friend who a-journeying goes: his valise, his umbrella, his time-tables. Consider the many accessories and perplexities of the traveler, and put them in. A closed ticket-office with a train of cars retreating in the distance, would be a feeling description of the perpetually late. A pile of luggage, beside the door of a country station, etc.

It will depend upon the skill in drawing as to how comprehensive and imaginative these cards will be. If restricted, copy what you want from the magazines, bit by bit, arranging them nicely, but if you can, work from nature, or the memory of nature. Have each a veritable little picture. The life of it tells wonderfully when directly taken. All copies are more or less dead. Here, however, the idea is the object, and for a thing that must, of necessity, be gotten up hastily, nothing very thorough is required. If you distrust yourself, work first on brown paper and you will see what you can do, and can plan your cards accordingly. Draw them first in pencil with a clean, sharp point, and touch them up with India ink.

They are extremely pretty painted in sepia. Keep them fresh and crisp at all odds, for dainty, pleasure-giving things should never have a labored look. If the young hostess have still in her heart a secret fondness for pink and blue, let her buy a bunch of forget-me-nots and rose buds, or violets and daisies. Dash them with water just a moment before, and lay a spray, dew-covered seemingly, on the plate of each guest. She will be fully repaid for all the trouble and painstaking by the light of genuine satisfaction that will come into each face. The cards add a little history to the formal introductions, and create a stir of curiosity. Each couple find themselves with a topic at once, without that labored discourse which so often ends in an irrevocable "step on the other's toe," which ill-flavors the dainty viands.

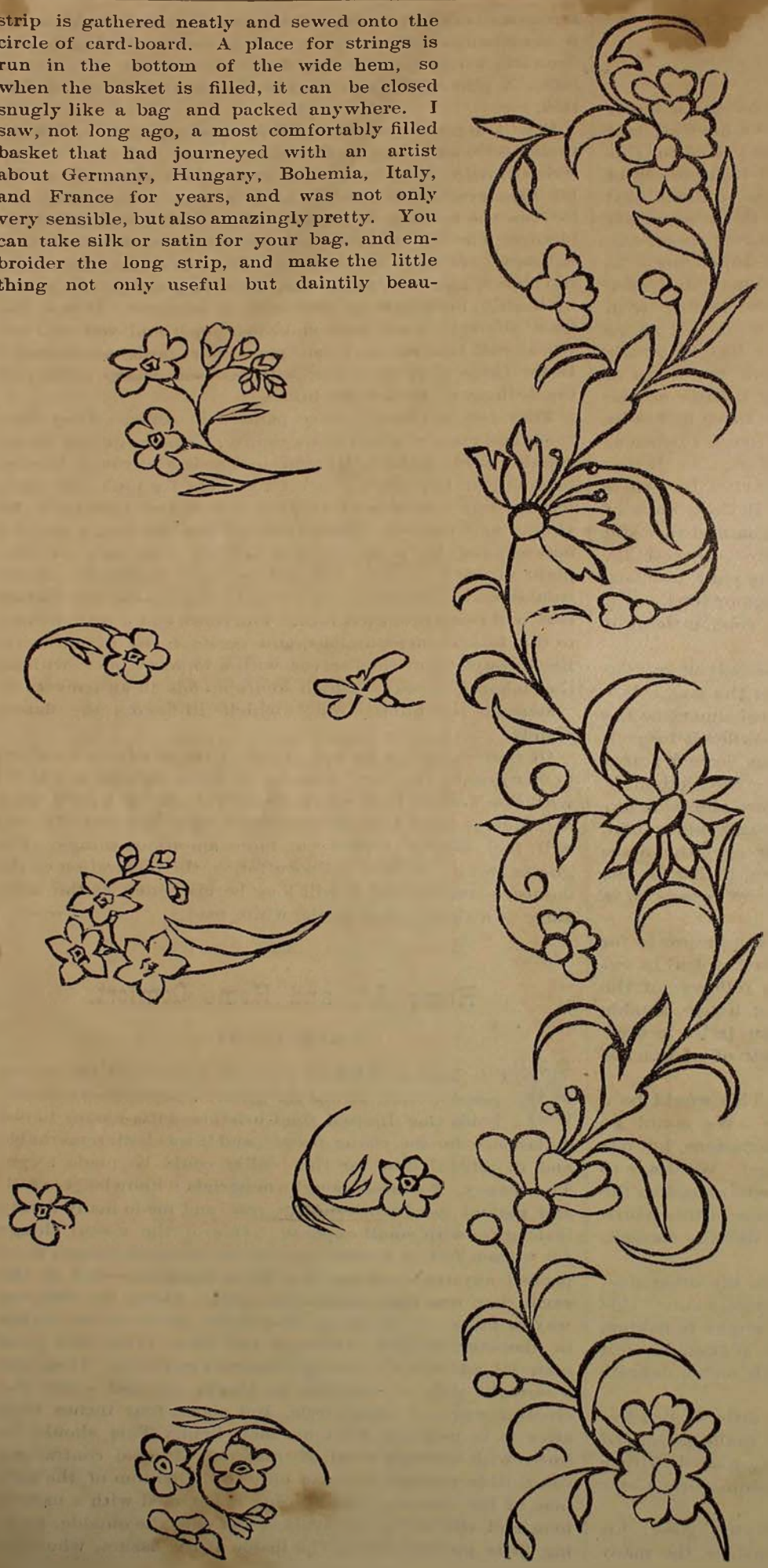
Of course, women have no vanity; the admiration yielded by her guests, for her thought of them, counts not at all with the hostess! We hope, however, she is a little weak and human, and that having done this successfully she will feel herself capable of more ambitious things. The guests, we know, will not soon forget the inspiration of the dainty souvenir, and it will long be cherished as the milestone of a shady place on the white road. F——.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

EMBROIDERY.

IT is hard to think of a goodly number of not too expensive little things for gifts. I have known households that limited the Christmas gifts-money to one dollar each for the young people, and it was both remarkable and delightful how far this dollar could be made to go. The money, of course, bought materials; knowledge, skill, and patient hand-work did the rest, and made many dainty little gifts with small expense. One of the useful things for women folk is a work-basket that is small enough to be packed anywhere—even in a little hand-bag—and at the same time one that cannot be upset. About the simplest way to make one is to cut two circles, three to four inches in diameter, of thin cardboard, and cover them with your material, and sew the two together over and over. Then take a straight strip of material, in length one and a half the circumference of your circle, and about four inches wide after it is hemmed with an inch hem. This should be lined with another strip of material of good contrasting color, wide enough to come only to the bottom of the inch hem of the outside. This lining is hemmed with a narrow hem and stitched at intervals across onto the outside, making little pockets around the inside of the basket, when the

strip is gathered neatly and sewed onto the circle of card-board. A place for strings is run in the bottom of the wide hem, so when the basket is filled, it can be closed snugly like a bag and packed anywhere. I saw, not long ago, a most comfortably filled basket that had journeyed with an artist about Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, Italy, and France for years, and was not only very sensible, but also amazingly pretty. You can take silk or satin for your bag, and embroider the long strip, and make the little thing not only useful but daintily beautiful. The little border pattern in this number could be used, or any of the scattered sprays of forget-me-nots could be powdered over the long strip. Use satin-stitch for this dainty work, and do it neatly. I have by me a piece of Persian work done in this stitch, and it is impossible to tell which is the right and which the wrong side of the work. Both sides are finished neatly, with no ragged ends. When you come to the end of your silk, run it along and bring the needle up on the right side, and clip the silk end off up close to your work. If you use the border design, let your material be dark and the flowers in shades of red, yellow, and blue, contrasting softly with your material. If the forget-me-nots are used, the material could be gold, olive, or dark blue, the greens of stems and leaves a gray green, the flowers pale blue, the buds a yellow pink. These little sprays of forget-me-nots can be used on little card-cases made of dark satin and lined, the inside pockets for cards, of a light shade, as gold or blue; any color contrasting well with the outside. If you wish a very elegant case, the outside could be of a gold or silver shot ribbon with brocade embroidery in color over the ribbon. A card-case is so small you can put good work in it. For a gentleman, a little court-plaster case is useful. This is made smaller, and instead of opening like a book is open only at one end, the three other sides being overhanded neatly. The little book is made with its leaves of court-plaster sewed into the colored cover, so as to bring the ends of silk thread on the outside of the book, in order to pull it out easily from the closed case.



A single forget-me-not, bachelor's-button, daisy, or two or three outlined single roses without stems and overlapping each other, is enough to embroider on one of these cases. Let the embroidery be simple on these little things, and the hand sewing very neat. I think I have mentioned little silk or velvet caps for gentlemen before, but let me give one suggestion in regard to them: Do not work naturalistic flowers on any garment a man must wear in public places. It has an inane or silly look to see on the cars a man's head wound round with buttercups and daisies, or apple-blossoms. Keep the embroidery for the men of your households subdued in color and absolutely conventional in design, and it will be sure to be in better taste. It will be generally safest to use only the same color as the velvet of the cap. The needle-work, without more color, is ornament enough. Photograph bags are also good gifts. Designs for these have been given before. Needle-cases made of two widths of ribbon, the narrow one across the wider, which must be as wide as is

necessary for the largest paper of needles, can be made, with fancy stitching to separate the papers, and then each place numbered with embroidered letters for the numbers. This is a simple thing a child can make. It is folded like a Chinese book and tied with a narrow ribbon. There are sewing aprons that can be embroidered, and knitting bags can be made of lovely colored material. Do not forget the useful. A stocking bag was to me one of the most gratefully received of gifts. If it does not come under Home Art, it certainly does under Home Comfort. Think up the comfortable things. A traveling case of brown duck, not the round roll that is one day plethoric, and the next baggy, but take the straight piece and fold it over at one end and stitch, so a simple gown neatly folded can be laid at that end of the case, then leave the rest of the case flat, only edged with fancy stitching in coarse silk or bound with an olive brown (not red brown) braid. This same duck can make a music case or a cover for a rough book-board portfolio of etchings or sketches. It is of good color, strong, not easily soiled, and washes well. Whatever you make do the work as faithfully well as you know how. Do not hurry or bungle a thing you intend for a gift, but work your best honest love into it.

"So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

HETTA L. H. WARD.

Paper-Rack.

A PAPER-RACK is seen here which will not only be an ornament to the sitting room, but is designed to hold somewhat more than any other that has come under our notice. The back is made of thin board (or very heavy pasteboard), sawed round, and measures half a yard in diameter; cover it with material such as comes around tea boxes or dates, or if you cannot obtain this, wall paper or cretonne of a bamboo pattern will answer; tack it on the back. The pocket is cut out of heavy brown pasteboard, the top of it being several inches larger, the back and the bottom the same size. Paint some showy flowers on it and tack it on the back, bind it around across the top of the pocket with a strip of white muslin, which is glued on. After it is dry gild it with liquid gilt, place a bow of ribbon at the side near the top, have two screw-eyes near the top with a cord drawn across to hang it up by.

SHAM HOLDERS.—An excellent arrangement for keeping pillow-shams on when not in use, is a broom handle cut the width of a chamber door. A case to fit closely is crocheted of Germantown wool of the color that suits the room best. A crocheted cord tacked securely at each end serves to suspend the stick on the door. A few balls or tassels where the cord is tacked on is an improvement. This gives a place to hang shams without folding them, and is so convenient that it seems almost indispensable.

A NEW TABLE.—A lovely round table is covered with pale pink plush, over which is white lace; a fall of white lace ten or twelve inches in width is sewed around it. Where the lace is joined on one side, the seam is hidden by a large bow of pink plush that also fastens a cluster of artificial roses on the top of the table; the whole is a very dainty-looking affair.

My Old Sweetheart.

THOUGH we pass by with courteous bow,
And half unconscious memory now,

Sometimes I think and wonder, long,
About our love, once deep and strong,

And look back half regretfully,
Through years that seem eternity.

And, sometimes, in my dreams, I feel
Your loving arms about me steal;

Heart close to heart, in strong embrace—
Remembered kisses on my face.

Then I am young, and life is new,
All else forgot, rememb'ring you.

The pain and silence that has been,
For years and years, our hearts between,

Is spanned by rushing memory,
That once more brings you back to me.

But soon the vision fades away;
The humdrum cares of every day

Half cloud my brain, our old love seems
Like sweet, but half-forgotten dreams.

And woman's work, and household art,
Fight back the romance in my heart.

Yet oft, in memory again,
The love that was half bliss, half pain,

Will fill my heart with magic power,
And brighten many a weary hour.

And our sweet, foolish, hopeless love,
Will be my heart's dear treasure trove.

And, near your soul, will walk alway,
Perhaps unseen, from day to day,

A soul that once was mine, but died
When I became another's bride.

And in my twilight dreams of you,
Half wishing that I had been true,

The ghost of her who used to be
Your little sweetheart, visits me.

JULIET V. STRAUSS.

The World's Progress

IN THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

CURRENT TOPICS, NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS OF THE DAY.—INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR POINT OF VIEW.

The Prospect Before Us.

The year upon which we have just entered promises to be a most important one. There is a probability of a great war in Europe, which will have momentous consequences. The business revival which commenced in the summer of last year will probably make the trade of the coming spring equal to that of any spring in the past. There is a promise of a rise in value in railway securities, in lands and houses, and in agricultural products. We have on hand the largest stock of grain (winter wheat excepted), cattle and hogs ever known. All this means prosperity, unless there is some malign influence exercised by Congress to again depress trade. A momentous year will be 1886.

An Irish Parliament.

It is among the possibilities that an Irish Parliament may convene in Dublin before the ending of this year. Indeed, it seems to be the only way out of the dilemma in which the great historic parties of Great Britain find themselves. The Irish problem demands a solution, and legislation for England and the empire is at a stand-still because Parnell and his friends are able to confine the attention of the country to the real or imaginary evils afflicting the "Green Isle." As we write, both parties, Tory and Liberal, seem willing to grant Home Rule. The question is simply "How Much?" The Tories do not want to abandon the landlords or the Protestants to the mercy of the Irish majority, and neither party will permit the Irish to control the police or to refuse to pay their share of the burdens of the empire; but unquestionably the Irish will have their Parliament, if for no other reason than because the English, Scotch and Welsh members wish to get rid of their present Irish associates who are a cause of confusion.

After Home Rule—What?

Suppose that a Parliament should convene on College Green in Dublin; would Ireland be any better off? All Irishmen would answer "certainly," but there would be serious difficulties in the way of the new state. Matters would not mend at once, and factions would begin to spring up directly the Irish Parliament convened. Charles S. Parnell is now a hero, for it is under his skillful leadership that the Irish gained so splendid a victory. He will be supreme in the councils of the new state, and will be held responsible if the great poverty of the Irish people continues. This misery, it should be remembered, is in great part due to American competition. Our grain, hogs and cattle are so cheap that we can undersell the Irish at their own doors almost. Parnell talks of taxing the English manufacturers, but this would only add to the distress of those who wished to purchase goods. Should he fail to bring reasonable prosperity to Ireland within a short time, Parnell would be blamed, and his career, so far so brilliant, will end in clouds and disaster.

An Era of Cheapness.

The economies brought about by cheap and rapid transportation, as well as the inventions which add to the results of human labor, is working to the disadvantage of the agriculturists of the hitherto favored nations. Time was when the "beef of old England" would command high prices, but the killing of cattle in distant regions, such as South America, Australia, and New Zealand—the freezing of the dead meat and its transportation to western Europe in swift steamships—has ruined the markets of those who bred choice cattle at home, and the consequence is that the cattle of eastern United States as well as western Europe, will not be worth more intrinsically than the cattle at the Antipodes. In other words, the world hereafter will have all the beef, mutton, and hog flesh it can use at steadily cheapening prices. What is true of meat has been true some years past of wheat. The old-time figures of two and three dollars a bushel will never again be quoted during this generation. The wheat fields of the entire globe are at the command of the consumers of western Europe. While these facts are not cheering to agriculturists, they are very reassuring to the consuming poor of all countries. There may be distress, but famines are at an end so far as the civilized and semi-civilized world are concerned.

The Dogs! The Dogs!

Pasteur's system of inoculation by which he cures rabies, has brought to light the fact that hydrophobia is a much more common affliction than has been generally suspected. The great French *savant* has announced to the world that he will and can neutralize this dreadful poison without money and without price, whereupon literally hundreds of people from different parts of the world, bend their steps toward Paris. It is settled beyond all peradventure that there is no danger of hydrophobia if the bite of the dog is two years old, but there is no certainty within the two years. The incubation of the poison may take from one to six months, and this is why the afflicted hasten at once to France, and place themselves under the care of the man who has immortalized himself by discovering an antidote for hydrophobia. Curiously enough, this great discovery is meeting the fate of Jenner's cow-pox inoculation to neutralize the small-pox poison. Vulgar and ignorant people say it is flying in the face of Providence to attempt to cure this dreadful disease. Rochefort, the famous French Radical, is leading the attack on Pasteur and his hydrophobia remedy, but facts are stubborn things, and if those who are bitten by mad dogs are saved from rabies by Pasteur's discovery, it will redound to his glory, and the confusion of his enemies.

The White Elephant.

After the British had conquered Burmah, one of the four sacred white elephants died at Mandalay. The Burmese have always expected some national disaster when one of these sacred animals die. The earliest traveler in Burmah, as far back as 1532, speaks of this reverence for the white elephant as having had even then an ancient and remote origin. When one of these royal beasts expires, the same honors are offered up to it as to a dead queen. The queerest part of the business is that there probably never was an entirely white elephant. The one that has just died had some white about the eyes, but the body was black or brown. It is passing strange how even a semi-intelligent people should for generations have paid such marked honors to a beast so far inferior in every way to the human race.

Progress of Prohibition.

It is a curious fact that the judiciary all over the country seem desirous to take the part of the liquor interest in the prevailing contest with the Prohibitionists. The judges have interfered in Ohio, Iowa, and Kansas, to nullify as far as possible every enactment designed to restrict the sale of strong drink. After the hard-fought battle in Atlanta, Ga., in which Prohibition won, a judge had his writ ready to declare the election void. Fortunately the temperance feeling is now so pronounced in Georgia that all the courts in the State cannot prevent the final extinction of the liquor traffic. Other Southern States will soon be heard from. In this matter the South is in advance of the North, but from every quarter come encouraging reports.

The Abuse of Anæsthetics.

The discovery of compounds producing insensibility of the human system has undoubtedly been a great boon to humanity, as it rendered possible surgical operations which, without their use, would have been as painful as dangerous. But several of these anæsthetics have taken the place of narcotics and stimulants with people whose systems were habituated to the use of strong drink and opium. Chloral, for instance, has the property of inducing sleep, which, to all appearances, is natural, but those who relied upon it to cure them of insomnia, became slaves to a most pernicious drug and ruined their nervous systems. A person under the influence of chloral is simply drunk, and his intoxication is more dangerous than if the stimulant taken were gin or brandy. Cocaine was another of the anæsthetics which was welcomed with delight by physicians and scientists when first discovered. With its aid the most delicate diseases of the eye could be treated surgically with entire safety. In other respects it seems to have no end to good qualities. But, alas! this blessing can and has been turned to a curse. People are using it as a stimulant, and so far it has been found the worst and most pernicious known in the history of slow poisons. It produces by its use moral deterioration. A physician in Chicago became a slave to cocaine until he lost all moral sense. He performed surgical operations upon his own children simply to cause pain, and their constitutions, as well as that of his wife, have been ruined. All stimulation is harmful; and fathers of families should discountenance everything in the way of narcotics and nerve exciters, from the cigarette to the decoctions sold at the druggists to tone up the system. Physicians who are noted for prescribing opium or liquor should be kept away from the family. Their medicines are more dangerous than the diseases they profess to cure.

More Business for New York.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has determined to seek entrance into New York City by way of Staten Island. Its lines already reach Philadelphia, and by building some twenty miles more of track beyond the Bound Brook road it can reach the North Shore of Staten Island, nine miles distant from the city. It is expected that a dense population will grow up on Staten Island, for the warehouses and the elevators of the Baltimore and Ohio road will be situated there. It is these great transportation lines which give value to localities, for wherever their depots, stations, and warehouses are established, a great working population makes its appearance. The first settlement on New York Bay was at Communipaw, where the soil was flat and sandy, and subject to overflow. This was so like

dear old Holland that the original Dutch settlers preferred it to the far more eligible sites elsewhere. But, finally, some more level-headed Dutchman than his fellows pointed out the fact that if they moved over to Manhattan Island they would escape the sand, mud, and mosquitoes, and would have good dockage for their ships. As time rolled by, the east and west sides of Manhattan Island were occupied. Then came the building up of the Brooklyn and subsequently of the Jersey shores. But all this time Staten Island was neglected. It is a beautiful region, with a superb water front, a part of it directly on the ocean. Now its turn has come through the desire of the Baltimore and Ohio road to reach New York. In the ancient world all roads led to Rome, while in modern North America, no railroad is built that has not its connections with the noble harbor into which pours the waters of the Hudson and East Rivers.

The Peninsula to the South of Us.

Several of the nations of Europe keep watchful eyes on South America. It is a vast and comparatively unoccupied portion of the earth's surface. Germans, Italians, and Portuguese, as well as the English, keep up close relations with it. The trade is profitable and large, while the number of immigrants, especially Italians, is steadily increasing. Some of the South American States are making rapid material progress. Chili is a very wealthy nation. Brazil has a very promising future, and the Argentine Confederation enjoys an immense commerce. The South American trade in dressed beef promises to be immense in time. The magnitude of this peninsula is not realized by our people. South America is more than double the size of the United States. The Empire of Brazil seems on the map quite as large as Australia. It is twenty-four times the size of England. The Argentine Republic is nearly as large as Europe, taking Russia out. Bolivia and Venezuela are each twice the size of England; New Grenada and Peru each as large as England and Scotland, Ecuador something less, Paraguay equal to Great Britain, Uruguay and Chili about the same, and the little-known regions of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego at least double the dimensions of Great Britain. British, French, and Dutch Guiana are nearly as large as Great Britain. The United States alone of all the nations has scarcely any interest in South America. We purchase of it coffee, leather and India-rubber, but our trade in return is a mere nothing. Some day or other we will wake up to the importance of cultivating business relations with the great nations to the south of us.

The Future of Spain.

The outlook in the Spanish Peninsula is anything but cheerful. The Queen Regent is a foreigner and not popular. The heir to the throne is a scrofulous little girl, only five years old. The educated part of the population want a Republic, but the great mass are priest-ridden and apparently unfit for free institutions. Spain has a proud history, and were her people enlightened, a Republican form of Government would be far better than a monarchy with a sovereign in the cradle and the administration of affairs in the hands of irresponsible juntos.

A Japanese Village in America.

For some time past there has been a Hindoo village on exhibition in the heart of London. It is of course a show, but the visitors are amused as well as instructed, for they get a glimpse of Hindostan, without going to that distant peninsula. In this village is to be seen the curious life of an oriental people. You are introduced to the living-rooms, to the employments, trades, and recreations of an ordinary Hindoo community. New York City has now a Japanese village on the same plan. It is at Madison Square Garden, and the quaint life and customs of that unique people are open for inspection to all who are willing to pay an admission fee. The educational value of such exhibitions is very great. It is an object lesson, which can never be forgotten. Seventy Japanese, comprising men and women, are to be seen, employed just as they are at home. They pursue all manner of trades, from weaving silk down to whittling chop-sticks. Those who have seen the *Mikado*, the extravaganza written by Gilbert & Sullivan, will be curious to note the resemblance between real Japanese life and that so humorously portrayed on the mimic stage. We believe that the time is coming when education, will be largely a matter of sight-seeing, that instead of conveying knowledge by books, teachers will use photographs, pictures, stereopticans, also exhibitions such as that going on at Madison Square Garden in New York.

A Disrupted Comet.

During the last week in November last the heavens were brilliant with meteoric showers. The coruscations of the shooting stars were simply wonderful. From the reports received by telegraph, it is known that this exhibition was witnessed by inhabitants of more than a quarter of the globe. The display in Asia, especially in Persia, was particularly brilliant. According to Professor Newton, of Yale College, these meteors were once a part of Biela's comet. According to this authority, hundreds of thousands of years ago the comet traveled among the fixed stars, but its path and that of the sun eventually coincided so nearly that by the heat of the sun little pieces of the comet's outer shell were cracked and broken off. These fragments, together with a light vapor created by the sun's action, were in turn repelled from the sun and the comet, and gradually fell in line behind the comet and formed its tail. In this state the comet continued to circle about in its orbit every six and two-third years, until about 1840, when it was observed to have become divided into two parts. This process has since continued until the comet is now but a mass of fragments, which methodically continue to move around in the orbit of the comet, and once in six and two-third years the earth moves through this meteoric belt and we are treated to an exceptional display of shooting stars, which, in their rapid movement through our atmosphere, take fire and give out light, fragments often falling to the earth. The display usually lasts two or three hours and varies in brilliancy, the shower of 1872 being so intense that between fifty thousand and one hundred thousand stars could have been seen by a single party of observers. The next great display will be in 1892.

Applying Power Direct.

A boat will soon be in readiness to leave New York for Newport, which is to test a new means of propulsion. When a steam-engine is used, but little more than 4 per cent. of the power contained in the coal is utilized. This is because of the waste in the burning of the coal, and the loss of power in overcoming the inertia of the machinery. But in Mr. Secor's vessel, soon to leave New York harbor, there is to be no machinery. Coal and petroleum will be used to form a gas, which is to be expelled through tubes on each side of the vessel. This gas, by a series of rapid explosions, eighty in a minute, will impinge against the water from the stern of the boat, thus shoving it ahead. By this method it is supposed that *all* the power in coal or petroleum will be expended in driving the boat. According to the designer of this vessel, it ought not to cost more than ten cents in fuel to drive this vessel from New York to Newport. Should this experiment succeed, a mighty revolution is impending in the propelling of ships at sea.

New York State and Society.

The following interesting and suggestive facts are extracted from the "Annual Report of the Charity Organization Society." One of the facts brought to light by such a concentration of information, from hundreds of sources, as our registration bureau alone makes possible, has recently forced itself into notice. It relates to the enormous extent to which applications for relief are made to charitable agencies, far beyond what would otherwise be credible. Of the many hundred relieving agencies in the city it has been quite possible for one hundred or two hundred to be operating in the same neighborhood, unknown to each other, and each having comparatively few applications, but altogether aggregating a very large number of beneficiaries. In examining our Street Register it appears that we had in our records on the last of November, 823 cases living in one single street on the east side, between Houston and Fourteenth Streets, in a section generally supposed to be inhabited by a poor but respectable working class, and containing comparatively few large tenement houses. These had all been reported to us within three and a half years, and resided in a section not over three-quarters of a mile long, one end of the street being occupied chiefly by families beyond suspicion of dependence, and the other by lumber yards, factories, storage buildings, etc., with few, if any, residents. At our safe average of four to a family, we have a population, more or less dependent, of say 3,300 persons living on both sides of a single street, only five blocks long. If these 823 cases are all that have been reported or referred to the society with its as yet incomplete degree of co-operation with relief givers, it is fair to estimate that half as many more applicants, unknown to the society, reside there, or a total dependent population of nearly 5,000 persons; showing unmistakably that pauperism must be deeply rooted and perennial in that locality—and if in that locality, in how many other similar streets is the same condition duplicated? On both sides of a single block of this street in which there are but fifty-one numbers, occupants of forty-one of the houses are reported as applicants, while only those in ten are not so, and some of the ten are not used as residences at all. These forty-one houses had one hundred and fifty-seven families asking aid, or an average of fifteen persons in each house. In one house of this block sixty persons wanted help, and in another thirty-two, while in other blocks the numbers in single houses were even greater. The next block east contains one house with one hundred and forty-four recipients, while in the block to the west, in five adjoining houses, and occupying a space of one hundred feet square, one hundred and nineteen families, or say four hundred and seventy five persons have asked for relief within the life of this society. The large majority of the lots in this section have rear houses; and it is in these that, not the most discouraged or the most needy, but the most degraded and shiftless congregate; the cases most hopeless of cure under treatment,—and the first step in whose reformation would seem necessarily to be the rigorous enforcement of adequate laws to prevent such festering aggregations of moral and physical pollution from being hidden away from sight along our thoroughfares. The figures above given are exceeded in several isolated tenements, but it causes amazement that a whole street, in a section not generally supposed to be given over to paupers, should show such sad developments. Doubtless much of the mendicancy there is fostered by private individuals, whose operations cannot yet be gathered and measured. The facts show conclusively that the process of infiltration from the awful cancer of pauperism has actually commenced, and that this society has not undertaken a day too early its efforts to prevent the poor of this city from drifting into the deeper degradation and the more hopeless poverty, which envelopes the poor of so many European cities; and that the task will require all the wisdom and energy that can be brought to bear upon it.

What Women are Doing.

The *Mother-in-Law* is the title of a paper published in Puebla, Mexico, by young women.

Signora Teresima Tua, the young violinist, has just signed an agreement with the impresario, Mr. Henry Klein, for a grand tour in America in 1886–7, for which she is to receive £10,000 ($50,000).

Mary A. Turner, London, England, has obtained a patent for "The Queen Mab embroidery frame."

Also Emily Martin Wrighton, for "Improved method of manufacturing short lace curtains, with draw tapes included in such manufacture."

Miss Ada S. Ballin's new book, *The Science of Dress in Theory and Practice,* will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington. The illustrations are by Mr. Bernard Roth, F.R.C.S.

The two English ladies recently captured by the Greek brigands and released on ransom of £500 have returned to their home in West Kensington thoroughly cured of sentimental traveling on the plains of Marathon.

Miss C. A. Thym, a Dutch lady, has just been appointed Conservator of the new Museum of International Art in Amsterdam. This is the first instance of a woman being placed in such a position.

The Queen has presented to Mme.-Marie Rose a diamond locket in remembrance of Mme. Rose's recent visit to Balmoral on which occasion she had the honor of singing before the Queen and the royal family.

Miss Carrie J. Bartlett, one of the brightest newspaper workers of Minneapolis, has resigned from the *Tribune* to accept the city editorship of the Oshkosh *Times.*

The first colored girl ever admitted to the privileges of the University of Toronto has matriculated, having passed in mathematics, history, geography, classics, and English, and obtained second-class honors in French and German. Her name is Blanche Williams.

Mrs. Harriet Georgiana Munday, the niece of Mary Frampton, edited *Her Journal, kept from the Year* 1799 *to the Year* 1846, which has just been issued by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

The Countess of Aberdeen entertained recently over two hundred girls employed in the various works and factories in Aberdeen who are members of the "Lily," society for young girls. The entertainment consisted principally of music, after which tea was served.

Princess Lili Dolgorouki of Russia, who is a talented violist, will be heard, it is said, this winter at the Aquarium, Westminster. The princess is a pupil of Vieuxtemps and Leonards. The violin upon which she plays is a real Stradivarus, a present to her from the Grand Duke Vladimar of Russia.

The *Arkansas Ladies' Journal* is published at Little Rock by a company of women. Mary W. Loughbury is the editor.

The chapel of the Nebraska University has recently been very handsomely remodeled and decorated under the supervision of Miss Sarah K. Moore, who is at the head of the art department of the University.

Miss Elvira Castner, the Berlin surgeon-dentist, who studied in Philadelphia and Baltimore, writes as follows: "Women in Germany are gaining ground every day. We now have lady dentists practicing in most all of our great cities, in Hamburg, Stettin, Konigsberg, Strasbourg, Cologne, Wiesbaden and Frankfort-on-the-Main."

Mrs. Ernest Hart, the founder of the Donegal Industrial Fund, has been awarded the gold medal at the International Inventions Exhibition "for the organized improvement and encouragement of peasantry industries."

Miss Prideaux, who was appointed recently as house surgeon to the Paddington Green Children's Hospital, is the first lady who has held such a post in London. Miss Prideaux, who was successful over nineteen male candidates for the post, is a "Bachelor" of Medicine, and "Bachelor" of Surgery of London University.

Among the women of Spain who have distinguished themselves by their talents, are the two sisters of the king, Dona Paz de Bourbon, now princess of Bavaria, and Dona Eulalia. The first of these is specially noted as a poetess; with her talents she unites a deeply religious nature. Hers is the truest religion, according to the notion of Senora Eva Vebel-Marea, the "religion of peace, love, and toleration."

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts's soup kitchen opened in 1883 in connection with Columbia Market, is now quite self-supporting. The wholesome fare here dispensed at the remunerative charge of 1d. per pint is greatly appreciated by the poor in the thickly populated neighborhood surrounding the market, and the following is the Baroness's formula for making thirty gallons of soup: Fifty-five pints of split peas, 15 lb. of carrots, 6 lb. of turnips, 6 lb. of onions, 7lb. of leg of beef chopped small. Add stock made from 24 lb. of small meat bones boiled in a digester for eighteen hours. Celery seed, mint, pepper and salt to taste. A forty-gallon iron pan should be used, and the soup allowed to simmer.

Letters from Melbourne state that Miss Genevieve Ward was making a great effort to raise £5000 in aid of the Melbourne Lying-in Hospital. She had obtained the use of the Town Hall, where she was to produce Sophocles' play of "Antigone." The charge for all seats in the body of the hall was fixed at £1, but all front row balcony seats had the fancy price of £10 attached to them, and the back row £5 each. Over £1000 worth of seats had been already sold. The Governor (Sir H. B. Lock, K.C.B.) had taken £200 worth, Sir W. J. Clarke, Bart., £100, and the proprietors of the *Argus* newspaper £100. Many other wealthy people had taken £50 worth.

A curious offer of assistance in the event of a war with Russia was made to the Viceroy of British India by the Dowager Maharani Jumma Bair, of Baroda. She wrote to inform his Excellency that she was prepared to raise and maintain at her own expense a corps of Amazons, who would all be Maharattee ladies. "The fighting capabilities and horsemanship of the Maharattee ladies can," she says, "be no secret to your Excellency; and I hope that the offer which I make, and which I am prepared to carry out at the shortest notice, will be accepted, and that it will prove a precedent to the ladies of India and of England and show the prowess with which the race of females is capable of bearing arms, and that we can fight side by side with the military forces of the empire."

At the annual Convention of the W. C. T. U., held at Philadelphia, measures were taken to perfect the organization of a United World's Christian Temperance Union, of women, and also a new department added of "Social Purity," holding men to the same standard as women, and co-operating with the society of the "White Cross," which originated with the Bishop of Durham in England, and is represented by Rev. B. F. Da Costa, who made an eloquent plea for it before the Convention.

Miss Ormerod, whose labors have so largely benefited agriculturists, has originated a happy suggestion, which the authorities of Kew Gardens are following up. They are trying to educate the public in a simple way in regard to the attacks of injurious insects on cultivated plants. In a small hanging case is arranged a model of the plant attacked, accompanied by the insect in its different stages of life that causes the injury. Beneath the specimens and their names are a dozen lines in clear type, giving a short history of the insect and a few notes as to the remedy or preventive steps to be taken against its ravages.

"Sarah Bernhardt," says the *St. James's Gazette,* "is not the only Frenchwoman who has achieved skill in the sculptor's art. The published list of gifts just made to a charity under the patronage of a number of ladies in Paris includes several works of art by the patronesses themselves, among them being a statuette by the Duchess of Uzès, which, we are told, 'no master of the day would disown,' and a bust of Chopin, modeled by the Countess de Beaumont-Castries."

An instance of what an energetic woman may accomplish is furnished by the experiences of Miss St. Pierre, the daughter of a Sussex farmer, who, at the death of her father, emigrated to Florida with two young sisters. She had been brought up on the farm at home, and on arriving at Florida she purchased a small estate, which increased as time rolled on, till she has become in a few years the largest farmer in the State and a lady of considerable consequence. She "runs" a colliery, owns a paint mill, has recently opened a marble quarry, and is now preparing for the construction of furnaces for the production of iron. Added to all this, she has set up a school on her own estates, which is under her personal superintendence.

Invalid Cookery.—To prepare food acceptably for invalids requires intelligence, tact, refinement, and sympathy, as well as a knowledge of practical cookery, in its most delicate, if most simple forms. In the monotonous daily routine of the invalid, the meals, even if they consist only of gruel, toast, a poached egg, or their equivalents, assume importance, and go far toward warding off severer attacks of disease or assisting recovery; in fact, the most important agency in ultimate restoration, is undoubtedly—next to the art of a good physician—that of the nurse, to which that of the cook is usually superadded.

Toast.—Bread is usually one of the difficulties, particularly if the patient is fond of variety, and accustomed to warm breads, biscuit, and the like. These, naturally, must be at once cut off, and then there is nothing left but toast—toast which is often put upon the tray in a condition that ought to be considered uneatable for a well person, burnt on the edges, criss-crossed with the blackened bars of the gridiron, and dried through, so that it is only fit for grating, not for eating. Toast is best made from good baker's bread, one day old. Cut the slices evenly and of moderate thinness. Toast over a clear fire, upon a toasting-fork, browning lightly upon both sides, and serve with or without butter at once, covering the rack or hot plate with a small linen napkin, through which the steam will find vent, so as not to injure the crispness of the bread. If "soft" toast is required, boiling water should be poured quickly upon the toasted bread and poured off instantly between two hot plates; a few crumbs of butter added, the cover replaced, and the plates put into the oven for a few moments, and only put upon the tray when it is otherwise quite ready.

Gruel is one of the simplest, yet one of the most easily spoiled of sick-room dishes. It is not usually liked by the young, but to the old and to women, whose systems lack nourishment, it is a great help and comfort. It is best made of oatmeal or prepared barley, and some like Indian-meal gruel; but the most delicate gruel, and that which suits best a stomach capable of receiving only light and strengthening food, is made of infant's prepared barley, in the proportion of one table-spoonful to a coffee-cup of boiling water, poured upon it after it has been mixed with cold water to a paste. This gruel requires boiling but a comparatively short time, ten or fifteen minutes, but must be stirred constantly, salted to taste, and a table-spoonful of cream added when done. Serve at once, while hot, and before it thickens.

A table-spoonful of sifted Scotch oatmeal may be treated in the same way to make a small bowl of gruel, only it must be boiled longer, and it does not need constant stirring; it may be covered down, set back upon a cool part of the range and left to "simmer," with an occasional "stir" to prevent lumps and sticking. Sugar and nutmeg are out of place in gruel, they harm it and impair its good qualities, rendering it less assimilative and more apt to sour on the stomach.

Good Chicken Broth and beef tea are valuable adjuncts in sick-room cookery; but slops, custards, sweet jellies, and *soufflés*, or eggy and milky puddings, should be avoided; for they are more difficult of digestion, and offer less for the internal organism to take hold of, assimilate, and turn into good blood, than a tender chop, a bit of broiled juicy steak, a bird, or breast of chicken. The usual way in making chicken broth is to take the wings, legs, neck, and side-bones for the broth, leaving the breast for broiling. There is no objection to this, if too much water is not used; a pint is enough of broth from the bony parts of one chicken, and it should simmer for hours, but never boil; a little celery root strained off with the bones, a teaspoonful of rice, and a little salt, furnishing the flavoring. The secret of good, strong extract from chicken, or beef, is to cook them slowly with closed lids, that is without evaporation of juices, and with no more water than is necessary. A cup of strong broth is better than a quart of weak slop.

There are few vegetables that can properly enter into an invalid's dietary, and among them must not be reckoned potatoes, or roots of any kind; only those kissed by the sun, or ripened in the air, are suited to an invalid's table. Perhaps the most valuable of these is spinach, or dandelion, beet-tops, and spring "greens," which may be boiled tender, chopped, seasoned, and served with a breast of broiled chicken, a lamb chop, or juicy "tender-loin," from a "porter-house" steak. Simple lettuce salad, too, is invaluable as an accompaniment to meat, or game, if dressed with oil and lemon, with a fraction of salt, but no eggs or vinegar.

Cranberries, stewed and strained, with just enough sugar to make them palatable, should be eaten at the two first meals every day by those who suffer with liver troubles, for the acid has a peculiar medicinal value, and assists oatmeal gruel, or well-boiled oatmeal, in promoting the restoration of a liver that is torpid in its action; but to obtain the full benefit of it, coffee should be avoided, and a well-blended mixture of fine "English breakfast" and best oolong tea substituted.

It is perhaps better for invalids to restrict the eating of fruit to the morning hours, and usually to avoid the uncooked, except oranges, the juice of which only should be extracted.

Milk is now strongly recommended by all physicians as an article of diet for invalids; but while some persons consider it indispensable, and others perfectly harmless, there are not a few who refuse it utterly, believing it decidedly injurious, at least to themselves. In cases of great debility and weakness, milk is undeniably a most excellent, almost indispensable element in the dietary. But it should never be taken cold; it should always be heated, and mixed with one-fourth part of seltzer or Vichy water; taken in this way it will be found assimilative, and most valuable at times when gruel cannot be made, or to alternate with gruel before the patient digests solid food.

Fish is less known and less valued by invalids than it deserves. It is important, however, to know which kinds to avoid. Salmon is too rich, too heavy, and requires too much of an effort on the part of the stomach to digest it, to be admissible. Mackerel, also, must be avoided. Sun-fish, whiting, frost-fish, small blue-fish, are all good, although the blue-fish require pretty good digestion. Lightest and most delicate of all are fresh sun-fish and the dainty whiting, which is delicious and very easily assimilated A small piece of boiled cod will sometimes be liked, but fish for an invalid should, as a rule, be small and broiled, served with lemon, but without sauce, and with a little fresh lettuce salad, nicely boiled rice, or hominy, but no potato, the potato being so largely starch, and containing little nourishment.

Simple forms, substances and flavors are the rule for the sick-room, and as few mixtures, condiments and spices as is consistent with palatable preparation of food. No pastries; tea and coffee avoided, if possible, and weak and watery puddings, and sweetened slops of every description. The seat of nine-tenths of the disorders is in the stomach, and this wants building up and restoring to a normal and healthy condition. Give it enough to do, but its work, to be well done, must be aided by the right material.

A Baking-Powder Trick.—The Chicago firm, under whose direction the band of women are "testing" baking powders in this vicinity, has hit upon a very cunning trick. The "test," as performed by these ladies, is to mix the baking powder they peddle, and that found in the kitchen, with water, separately, and call attention to the difference of action: That found in the kitchen, if pure, will foam up quickly like champagne. The baking powder they desire to prove superior will rise slowly, foaming like new yeast, over the top of the glass. This slower action results from the presence of flour in their baking powder, and is evidence of adulteration. To prove this, fill a glass half-full of water, mix together equal parts of flour and Royal or some other pure baking powder, pour into the water and stir quickly. There will be produced precisely the same effect—the slow, foaming action—produced by the tests with the adulterated baking powder as made by our lady missionaries from Chicago. The effect will be even heightened by adding a little lime, such as the baking powder carried by the ladies and the other low grade adulterated powders contain. Of course, any statements made in reference to other baking powders, by parties caught in practicing such tricks as these for the purpose of deceiving the public, will be entitled to no credit.

Scientific.

For cold in the head a good remedy is powdered borax snuffed up the nostrils.

Carrots are a specific for the complexion. Carrot soup *maigre—i. e.*, without meat stock—is well known in France as an excellent food for clearing the complexion. It should be eaten in the forenoon with brown bread.

Mix glycerine with water—about half and half—together with a small quantity of alcohol, then add a little choice cologne, and you will have a preparation that is inexpensive but good. Applied to the skin, it is said to render it soft and white.

Wash ivory well in soap and water, with a small brush to clean the carvings, and place while wet in full sunshine. Wet for two or three days several times a day with soapy water; still keeping it in the sun with a glass shade over; then wash again and it will be beautifully white.

Soft soap and fuller's earth, of each half-pound; beat well together in a mortar, and form into cakes. The grease spot, first moistened with water, is rubbed with a cake and allowed to dry, when it is well rubbed with a little warm water and rinsed off clean.

A St. Louis physician says that asphaltum varnish is the best disinfectant he knows of; it will destroy all germs at once, and no household insects will approach an article of furniture whose interior has been painted with it.

A lady in England, a successful breeder of poultry, preserves eggs fresh by immersing them in melted tallow and then packing in bran. This process closes the pores of the shell and excludes the air, and it is claimed will keep eggs fresh for months.

Charcoal recently burnt, acts mechanically and chemically in cleaning, whitening, and deodorizing the teeth, and is thus undoubtedly superior to all other substances as a dentifrice.

A simple and effective method of bleaching bones, to give them the appearance of ivory, has been discovered. After digesting the bones with ether or benzine to recover the fat, they are thoroughly dried and immersed in a solution of phosphoric acid in water, containing one per cent. of phosphoric anhydride. In a few hours they are removed from the solution, washed in water, and dried.

To stain pine or cherry a very dark color—to "ebonize" them in fact—dissolve 4 ounces shellac with 2 ounces borax in ½ gallon of water. Boil until a perfect solution is obtained, then add ½ ounce glycerine, after which add, in sufficient water, soluble aniline black, and the mixture is ready for use.

Dr. Fothergill, a greatly respected English authority on dyspepsia, speaks strongly in favor of milk puddings and stewed fruits for the dyspeptic, the bilious and the gouty. He says: "Sugar is undoubtedly objectionable to many, but it is by no means necessary to add sugar to stewed fruit. If the acidity be neutralized by a little bicarbonate of soda, the natural sweetness of the fruit will be brought out and the dish be made more agreeable than though artificially made sugar were added."

Every housekeeper knows that profuse supplies, some of which must eventually be thrown away, are wasteful. But all do not recognize that a far larger amount of food is wasted in the eating than in the leaving. Its purpose is the nourishing and strengthening of the body, and all that is consumed to this end is well and economically used; but whatever interferes with the regular operation of the physical functions, and by its quantity or quality lowers the healthy tone of the system, is wasted more surely and harmfully than if left to decay.

Paper slippers are the latest form in which paper is introduced in new inventions. A patent has been taken out for a system of manufacturing slippers, sandals and other covering for the feet out of paper. Paper pulp, or papier-mâché, is employed for the upper, which is moulded to the desired form and size, and a sole is provided made of paper or pasteboard, leather-board, or other suitable paper material, which is united to the upper by means of cement, glue, or other adhesive material. The upper is creased, embossed, or perforated at the instep and sides, which renders them somewhat pliable and prevents their cracking while in use.

In some of the public hospitals Japanese paper handkerchiefs are now used with much satisfaction for drying wounds. Sponges are so seldom and with such difficulty perfectly cleansed after being used that their employment is objectionable. The paper towels however answer the same purpose as cotton ones, and are so cheap that they can be thrown away after being used—ordinary cotton or linen towels having been found much preferable to sponges, which, if soiled, are liable to introduce septic material into wounds. The paper towels are scarcely suitable for drying hands after washing, unless several towels are used at once, because a large amount of moisture on the hands soon saturates a single towel. For removing blood from wounds a paper towel is simply crumpled up into a sort of ball or mass, and then used as a sponge; such balls absorb blood rapidly.

For furniture hard birch, ebony, mahogany, maple, sycamore, and walnut are commonly used; while for turnery, acacia, hard hawthorn, holly, hard laurel, lignum vitæ, poplar, sassafras, sycamore, and yew are employed. For very great hardness, ironwood, hornbeam, almond, hard beech, teak, thorn, are serviceable. Myrtle, lime, box, olive, pear-tree, sycamore, kauri wood, pine, and holly are also very even, close-grained, and hard.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs.

"**Since** Time is not a person we can overtake, or recall, let us honor him while he is passing."

Each day the world is born anew
For him who takes it rightly;
Not fresher that which Adam knew,
Not sweeter that whose moonlit dew
Entranced Arcada nightly.—*Lowell.*

Janus am I; oldest of potentates!
Forward I look and backward, and below
I count—as god of avenues and gates—
The years that through my portals come and go.
—*Longfellow.*

"**And** another year will tell another year's story. There is always more to tell, on and on. And that means more to *do*.—*Whitney.*

The days come and go like muffled and veiled figures; but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away.—*Emerson.*

The wave is breaking on the shore—
The echo fading from the chime,—
Again the shadow moveth o'er
The dial-plate of time!
—*Whittier.*

And like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
"Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God!"
—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Those who are really awake to the sights and sounds which the procession of the months offers them find endless entertainment and instruction. Yet there are great multitudes who are present at as many as threescore and ten performances, without ever observing the chief actors in the great drama.—*Lowell.*

SPICE BOX

A number of churches throughout the country are giving "reformed oyster" suppers. This must be a mistake. The church oyster is irreclaimable.

A novel has just been announced with the title "In Haying-Time." We suppose it must have a grass-plot.—*Puck.*

"**Waffles** are a fashionable winter craze" says a society paper—somebody is always crazy about waffles—generally the cook.

Josh Billings wasn't really sick long, but he had had frequent "bad spells" for more than twenty years.

A German proverb says: "The beauty of women, of the forest, and of the rainbow, lasts but a moment." That may be true in Germany, but it isn't in America.

Cause and effect—Mr. W. Brearley lost a very fine cow last Saturday by getting choked.—*Owego Times.*

"**What** a beautiful lamp!" exclaimed Mrs. Parvenu's visitor; "where did you get it? Mediæval, isn't it?" "We got it in Paris," said the good lady of the house, "but it isn't mediæval, it's bronze!"

"**What** I Told my Wife" is the title of a new book. It is almost needless to say that it is fiction.—*Puck.*

"**We** want something antique for the parlor," said young Mrs. Seixas to her husband, "it looks so awfully new and fresh." "Well dear, put in what is left of the rooster you had for dinner; that was antique enough," said the brute.

Charles Burleigh, the Abolitionist, in the midst of an anti-slavery speech was struck by a rotten egg full in the face. Pausing to wipe away the contents of the missile, he said calmly, "I have always contended that pro-slavery arguments were very unsound." The crowd roared, and he was no longer molested.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—FEBRUARY.

ALL indications thus far point to a most unprecedented success for canvas fabrics next season, and everything that resembles étamine. Beaded fabrics will also be very popular, regaining their late prestige, and, it is said, going far in advance of anything we have as yet seen. While there is a little danger of running into extremes in the use of beads, it must yet be said in their favor that with anything like judicious treatment they are the most effective and elegant of all garnitures. The variety of color, shape, size, and material gives them a wider range of adaptability than any other single item in the line of trimmings. Braids are less promising, although we are assured of some very desirable novelties, and braided and beaded gimps and flat garnitures of various sorts are promised in most exquisite and varied assortment.

There are evidences of a radical change in some departments of dress goods, and as many of the current materials are likely to be quite neglected after the end of the present season, there is a decided disposition to get the most possible good out of them before they are discarded altogether. The extremely rough-surfaced goods have had their day, and we are to enter upon an era of smooth-surfaced woolen fabrics, and plain rich silks to be used both by themselves and with wool combinations. Good black silk, especially, will be worn to an extent not known for years.

The coming fancy for plain goods does not, however, mean that rough goods will not be worn, but that they will not be as prominent as they have heretofore been, and will yield the first place to materials having a fine smooth face, and a canvas or étamine effect. A lingering regard is shown by some importers for the *bouclé* effects, as evidenced in orders for a few cases of exquisitely fine camels'-hair goods with tiny rings and flecks of *bouclé* and Astrakhan curl.

In directly seasonable fabrics there is little that may be called new. Full dress entertainments and the season's usual festivities demand almost constant attention, and require industry and the exercise of good taste to keep pace with the demands of fashion without an extravagant outlay in new materials.

There is room for a goodly development in some branches of economy among our ladies, and a most excellent example in this direction is set by the members of the royal families

(*Continued on page* 270.)

that owe their training to England's Queen. It is by no means unusual for the princesses to appear several times in the same dress, and even upon the most formal occasions; while their every-day dresses are made of very plain fabrics and in the most unpretentious fashion possible. The simplicity and economy so apparent in all of their habits of dress is well worthy of emulation by American ladies, who often indulge in the wildest extravagances and weary of their dresses at the first wearing.

Elegance and luxury are the predominant characteristics of the new reception toilets. For matrons and elderly ladies trains are very long, and fancy is divided between the square and round shapes. No color or combination of colors seems to stand in especial preference. Every intermediate tint or contrast is permitted, the only requirement being that the utmost harmony shall be observed both in blendings or contrast.

Among the most elegant of the midwinter's toilets is a trained robe of cream-white brocaded velvet in lace pattern, in combination with cream-white satin. The princess back and train are of the velvet, the apron and plaitings of the satin. Over the entire apron front is draped a very long, full netting of chenille and pearl beads, with fringe of chenille, beads, and round silk balls across the lower edge. The corsage is low, and there are only narrow shoulder straps with lace sleeves falling to the elbows. No lace is to be worn in the neck, the only finish being silk balls sewed quite closely together around the edge of the body.

A superb Paris dress of plush, somewhat startling in its combination of colors, is of rich purple and a light shade of cardinal, with point lace and crystal bead garniture. The skirt has the back breadths and train of the purple plush, and the front and side breadths of the cardinal. Around the foot of the front and sides is a triple row of very fine, narrow plaiting of cream-white faille, set very full and pulled out so as to form ruffles. Above this the plush is cut into squares about three inches across, and lined with the faille. The fronts are veiled with a very wide scarf of point lace, caught upon the plush at intervals with ornaments and tassels of very fine crystal beads. The train is square, plain and quite long, measuring about eighty-five inches from the waist line. The corsage is of the purple plush, pointed back and front, and cut square in the neck. A fall of point lace about five inches deep is sewed around the edge of the neck and caught up, at intervals of about three or four inches, with an ornament of crystal beads from which depends a small tassel. There are sleeves made of the same lace as the neck garniture, looped up like an infant's sleeves, and fastened with an ornament and tassels to match those on the body of the dress.

Many ladies who indulge in imported toilets have their dress skirts made in Paris, and the pattern and style of the waist designed there and sent with it, the home dressmaker or seamstress carrying out the design under the owner's supervision. Regular dressmakers also import ready-made skirts and materials for completing the toilet. This is especially desirable for ladies who insist upon the most perfect fitting, as it is often out of the question to secure such satisfactory results by alteration.

More simple toilets are made of lighter materials, the various transparent fabrics, faille, satin duchesse, surah, veiling, cashmere and the like being in especial favor. Dresses of this sort are by no means confined to what are known as evening shades. Bronze, myrtle and olive greens, various shades of brown, and especially gray in light and silver tints, are in high favor. A very handsome dress of gray cashmere has a princess back and train, with plain front covered with a flounce of fine white Angora lace. A width of surah silk of the same shade as the cashmere is set in the seam at each side of the back breadths, its upper edge being about ten inches below the waist line, and extends down the seam about sixteen inches being slightly gathered into the seam. Each of these breadths is about two yards long. They are drawn loosely up just over the tournure, and tied in a large, soft bow, with the loops drawn through just sufficiently to take the ends up so that they will clear the floor if they float away from the train. They are fastened only underneath the bow, which is firmly secured. The waist fits closely about the throat, and is pointed in front. The sleeves extend midway between the elbows and wrists.

A charming dancing dress is made of graduated plush and rose pink silk of the new Khedive weave, which is a grade heavier and firmer than surah silk. The front and both side gores are of the plush, the back of the silk with a flounce of Oriental lace gathered in with it and extending to the bottom of the back drapery. The effect is odd, but pretty. The short basque is of silk, with plain plush vest.

An exceedingly rich and elegant dinner dress is made of the new graduated plush on faille, the entire skirt being of breadths of plush and without drapery of any sort. The short, pointed front and postilion back basque is of plain faille to match that in the skirt. A very rich dress of white satin duchesse is made perfectly plain with long, rounded train, the narrow plaitings at the foot of the front and side breadths, and a wide jabot of Honiton lace down one side.

being the only trimming on the skirt. The waist is a plain basque, square in the neck, with elbow sleeves and Honiton lace garniture.

FOR information, thanks are due for materials to Le Boutillier Bros., of Twenty-third Street, James McCreery & Co., and E. J. Denning & Co.; for hair-dressing, to Mrs. C. Thompson; for dressy toilets, to Lord & Taylor and James McCreery; and for fine underwear, to Stern Bros.

Fashionable Fans.

ARTISTIC taste seems to have exhausted itself in devising elegant and tasteful trifles of all descriptions, and in no branch is a higher degree of skill shown than in the designing and manufacture of evening fans.

The special novelties of the season are the gauze or grenadine fans with choice hand-painted designs, and some fine embroidery and appliqué in combination with lace, velvet, plush, feathers, and flowers. These gauze fans are especially popular, as they suit nicely the various gauze and tulle dress materials that are the special favorites of young ladies for dressy wear.

One of the most exquisite of all of the many patterns is a gauze mounting in silver gray with an oval of silver gray satin on which is delineated a winter scene in water-colors. The gray of the satin gives tone to the background, and the union of the two fabrics is so wrought into the picture that it appears like a dissolving view. Another fan, of pale blue gauze, has a section of darker blue satin with a scene from Lohengrin, the sailing away of the knight, in exquisite detail.

Black gauze fans with colored satin sections set in are exquisitely painted in water-colors. One that has attracted much attention has a gray satin section, the edges of which appear to be laden with snow and icicles, and represents a hollow in the knot of a tree. Inside of the hollow, and perched upon a dry stick, are five robin redbreasts peering out in the most inquisitive fashion.

The tinsel gauze fans are extremely pretty, and those in black gauze with silver tinsel are much affected by young ladies. Plain crimped gauze fans in all black are among the coming novelties. There are many ladies who think that a fair complexion is best set off by a black fan of lace gauze or feathers. Certain it is that few of the munitions of social warfare are as valuable to a lady who understands its use as a fan. It is a weapon of offense and defense, and may be made to express all the varying sentiments of the heart and mind.

Point lace and pearl stick fans are the most costly, and the new designs in this variety are most exquisite. Next in value and popularity among wealthy and conservative people are those with tortoise shell sticks and mountings of ostrich feathers. These are quite large, and open and close, shutting up much more closely than might be expected from their wide expanse when spread.

There are also fans of ostrich feathers and marabout ornamented with aigrettes of various sorts and bunches of flowers, similar to those illustrated on page 274. These fans do not close, and are much less convenient and more liable to accident than the other style. Besides, while very pretty to look at, they are not in any sense expressive, have no significance or language like a folding fan, and are in fact "things without souls."

Regular satin hand-painted ivory and leather stick fans are shown in endless variety. Indeed, it would be a most difficult and capricious taste that would fail to find something satisfactory in the present season's exhibits.

Illustrated Fashions for Ladies.

A LONG, comfortable cloak, not too dressy, that will afford ample protection not only to the body but to the costume as well, is a necessity at this season of the year and during the early spring months, when winds are blustering and the weather uncertain. The short wrap may be more jaunty, and well enough for mere dressy use, but for real comfort and convenience the long cloak is to be preferred. The "Homburg" pelisse is one of the most practical and comfortable designs yet presented, and for present wear is handsomely made in moleskin plush with chenille or fur trimmings; in heavy silk lined with fur or quilted satin with fur bands down the front and back, and on the sleeves and collar; or in diagonal or beaver cloth with the new moss trimming made of short lengths or loops of narrow mohair braid. Later on, it can be made in Cheviot or tweed or any of the light qualities of cloth, trimmed with braid and large buttons, as shown in Fig. 2 of the plate of "Ladies' Walking Costumes" on page 276, and will be an exceedingly stylish garment for *demi-saison* or traveling use. It is particularly graceful, and the arrangement and cut of the sleeves permit a much freer use of the arms than is possible with the majority of square-sleeved garments. The manner of fastening the front can be decided by individual taste.

The "Vilette" costume, as seen on page 272, illustrates one of the fashionable methods of using Astrakhan and various furs. The fur is used at the right side of the skirt between the front and back draperies, and for the revers and collar on the jacket. At the lower edge of the jacket it is sewed in a very narrow band on the outside and then turned on the inside so as to appear like a narrow projecting edge of a fur lining. On Fig. 1 of the plate of "Ladies' Walking Costumes" on page 276, it is represented with velvet used in place of the fur, and this will be more suitable for the later season or for spring; for this model, with its short, simple jacket, will be quite as fashionable next season as this. A jersey basque can be worn in the house with the skirt, and the arrangement of the drapery imparts an effect of height.

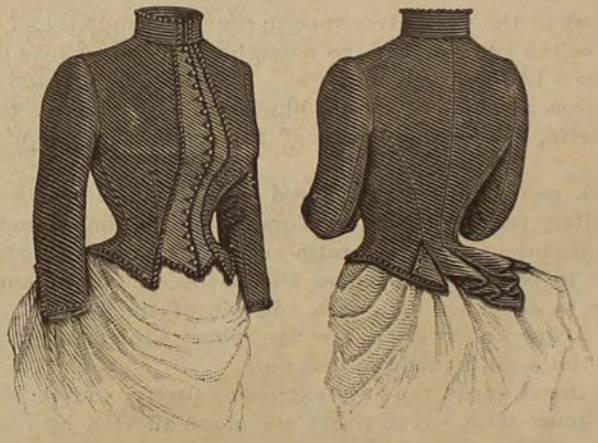
The "Feronia" basque and the "Clotilde" are two exceedingly stylish models that combine nicely and are so shown on Fig. 1 of the plate of "Ladies' House Dresses" on page 277. The skirt is especially graceful and is adapted to all seasonable goods. It will also be very desirable for the lighter woolens in brown and gray that are promised for spring. It is very effective made in plain and brocaded silks, the plain used for the front and the brocade for the remainder. Black silk will be much worn for the spring, and this skirt with the "Feronia" basque will make a stylish costume. The basque can be made of the brocade with a narrow bead trimming on all the edges, and the vest can be plain.

Every lady needs a tidy and becoming morning dress, and for this purpose the "Adalia," shown on pages 273 and 277, can be recommended as an excellent model. It is graceful in outline, simple in construction, and is sufficiently tight-fitting to prevent any of the severe criticisms that are made about wrappers for general house wear. It may be made as plainly or elaborately as circumstances may require. For present wear the Jersey striped flannels are in high favor, and these require no trimming for ordinary use, although they may be embellished with wool lace and ribbon bows if one so desire. The design is especially to be commended for gingham and other washable fabrics, also for white goods: and embroidery can be used in finish, or some style of the Kursheedt Standard tuckings can be inserted down the fronts with very good effect.

The "Breton" night-dress, while quite elaborate in appearance, is really a plain sacque shape with plaits at the back, and the front fastened at one side instead of down the middle. The Kursheedt Standard tuckings are admirably adapted for this pattern, and indeed for making all kinds of underwear when a trimming of material is required instead of lace or embroidery, or in conjunction with either.

Homburg Pelisse.—This comfortable pelisse is desirable for walking, riding or traveling, as it protects and conceals the dress and gives a graceful and stylish appearance. Although it is cut without darts in the front, the curved seam down the middle of the back renders it shapely, and it may be drawn in closely to the figure by a belt. Rough-surfaced and smoothly finished goods, and all qualities of woolen textures can be made in this way, and it is appropriate for various materials that can be made sufficiently warm by a plain or quilted lining. Bands of fur, Astrakhan, plush, chenille trimmings, or some kinds of fringe will be a suitable garniture, and while a more dressy effect is attained by trimming as illustrated, the result is quite satisfactory when the garniture is arranged on the neck and sleeves only. Nine yards and one-quarter of goods twenty-four inches wide, or four yards and three-quarters of forty-eight inches wide, will be required for a medium size. Six yards and three-quarters of flat garniture will trim it as represented. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each. See plate of "Ladies Walking Costumes," on page 276.

Vilette Costume.—A double-breasted jacket and graceful skirt constitute this stylish costume, which is appropriate for street wear and traveling. The foundation skirt is almost covered with drapery that falls long enough to nearly conceal the protective plaiting, though at the right side it displays a small portion of the skirt which is most effective when faced with contrasting goods. For the various silk and wool and all-wool goods this is a practical and very stylish design. Astrakhan, fur, plush or velvet may be used as a garniture with effective results, although plain and figured materials can be satisfactorily made in this manner. This model is shown on Fig. 1 of the plate of "Walking Costumes," on page 276. Ten yards and one-quarter of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for a medium size, and one yard and three-quarters of contrasting goods will face the skirt where illustrated, and trim the basque as represented. The foundation skirt will require four yards and three-quarters of lining. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

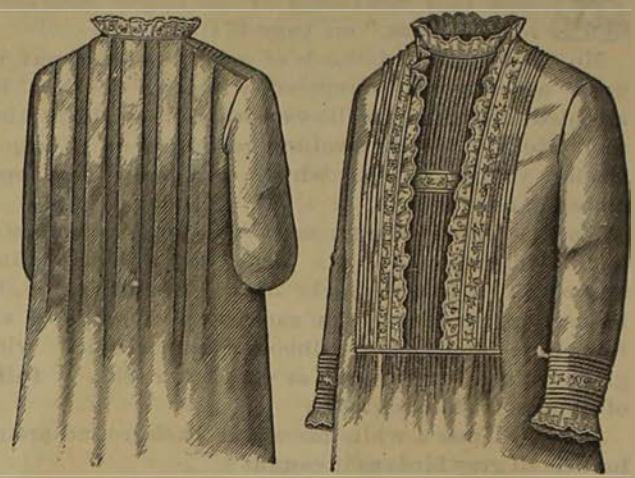


Feronia Basque.—In addition to the stylish effect of this basque, its suitability to all seasonable goods commends it as a desirable model. While one material may be used throughout in making this garment, a vest of contrasting goods will be effective, and narrow passementerie, braid, or any garniture fancied, and in harmony with the goods, may be selected. For a medium size, two yards and one-half of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required to make the basque, and three-quarters of a yard additional of the same width will be needed for the vest. Three yards and one-half of flat garniture will trim as illustrated. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size. See plate of "Ladies' House Dresses," on page 277.

Clotilde Skirt.—The drapery that conceals the foundation skirt of this design is neat and artistic, and very easily arranged. A plaiting covers the front of the skirt, and panels laid in plaits near the front are arranged at the sides, while the back is equally long and the upper portion is stylishly draped. Cloth, flannel, cashmere or silk can be made up in this way with pleasing results; indeed it will be found suitable for all seasonable dress goods. Braid, velvet, contrasting bands or any flat garniture appropriate for the goods may be used on the plaiting in front, though in many instances a front of contrasting goods without trimming will be quite effective. Two yards and three-eighths of plain goods twenty-four inches wide will be

required for the plaited front, and nine yards of any flat garniture will trim as illustrated. One yard and three-eighths additional of plain goods will be needed for a protective plaiting. Six yards and one-half of figured goods twenty-four inches wide will be sufficient for the panels and back drapery. The foundation skirt should be of lining and will take four yards and three-quarters. Price of pattern, thirty cents. See plate of "Ladies' House Dresses" on page 277.

Adalia Morning Dress.—Comfortable and attractive in appearance, and adapted to all materials usually chosen for such purposes. It is nearly tight-fitting, with two darts in each front, one in the place usually occupied by the side gore seam, and the back pieces are cut short, the skirt being gathered and joined to them. The bottom may be slashed as in the illustration and a plaiting the depth of the slashes placed underneath, or it may be made plain and finished with bands or a plaited or gathered flounce. For a medium size, seven yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for the wrapper, and two yards and three-eighths additional of the same width will be needed for the plaiting. Ten yards of flat garniture will trim as illustrated. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size. See plate of "Ladies' House Dresses" on page 277.



Breton Night Dress.—Novel in design, this night-dress is in sacque shape, with a bosom in front which is fastened on the side in Breton style, and the back laid in five box plaits. It can be trimmed with tucks, puffs, lace, or in any other way to suit the fancy. The illustration represents the front piece made in Kursheedt's Standard tucking in combination with embroidery. Five yards of material one yard wide will be needed for medium size; two yards and a half will be sufficient for one plain row of embroidery to trim as illustrated. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price thirty cents each.

The "Meumann" Jersey.

THE introduction of the first "Jerseys" marked an era in economical and convenient dressing. Ill fitting as they were, every lady who had the courage to assume one appreciated the comfort she enjoyed in being able to use her arms without restraint, and as the possibilities embodied in them became apparent there was an immediate demand for something more shapely and becoming. From this beginning has been developed the Jersey of to-day, graceful in outline, perfect in fit, and as susceptible of ornamentation as any basque made of dress materials. The latest claimant for favor is known as the "Meumann" Jersey. This is made in the most approved quality of Jersey cloth, and is most perfect in fit, being cut after special models with dart, side-form and other seams like ordinary basques, the seams stitched by a machine that fastens the threads of the loops in such a manner that they are not liable to crack or rip. The "Meumann" is made in black and all colors, either single or double-breasted, and is handsomely trimmed with braid in various patterns, and in the most fashionable styles of beading disposed as a vest or plastron on the double-breasted models, and on each side of the front if single-breasted. The black ones in double-breasted style with plastron in solid embroidery of jet and *plomb* beads are specially desirable and handsome enough to be worn with any style of skirt. These Jerseys cost from $3 to $10 each.

"COFFEE" parties are newer than afternoon "teas." Tea and small cakes are replaced by coffee, coffee cake, creams, ices, jellies and similar delicacies.

CLOSE-FITTING, independent wraps will be fashionable in the spring, and many small wraps will be made to match costumes.

Evening Fans.

THE accompanying illustrations represent some of the new fans mentioned in the article entitled "Fashionable Fans," on page 271.

No. 1.—The foundation is of pale blue marabout, mounted upon which, with outspread wings as if they had just alighted, are three swallows with yellow ribbon tied about their necks, a fourth swallow resting upon a large bow of shaded yellow ribbons which ornaments the top of the amber handle.

No. 2.—This is of pink marabout, with a mother of pearl handle surmounted by a large bow of blue satin ribbon, above which is a *panache* of white ostrich tips, and still higher up, at one side, a succession of loops of very narrow blue and white ribbons intermingled with light green velvet leaves, and at the other side a full cluster of blue and white aigrettes.

No. 3.—Upon a white marabout background are arranged four small gray birds as if caught in the loops of pale blue and rose colored satin ribbons and struggling to disentangle themselves. A bow to match is placed at the top of the tortoise-shell handle.

BEAVER and seal furs are used for trimming plush and velvet bonnets and hats.

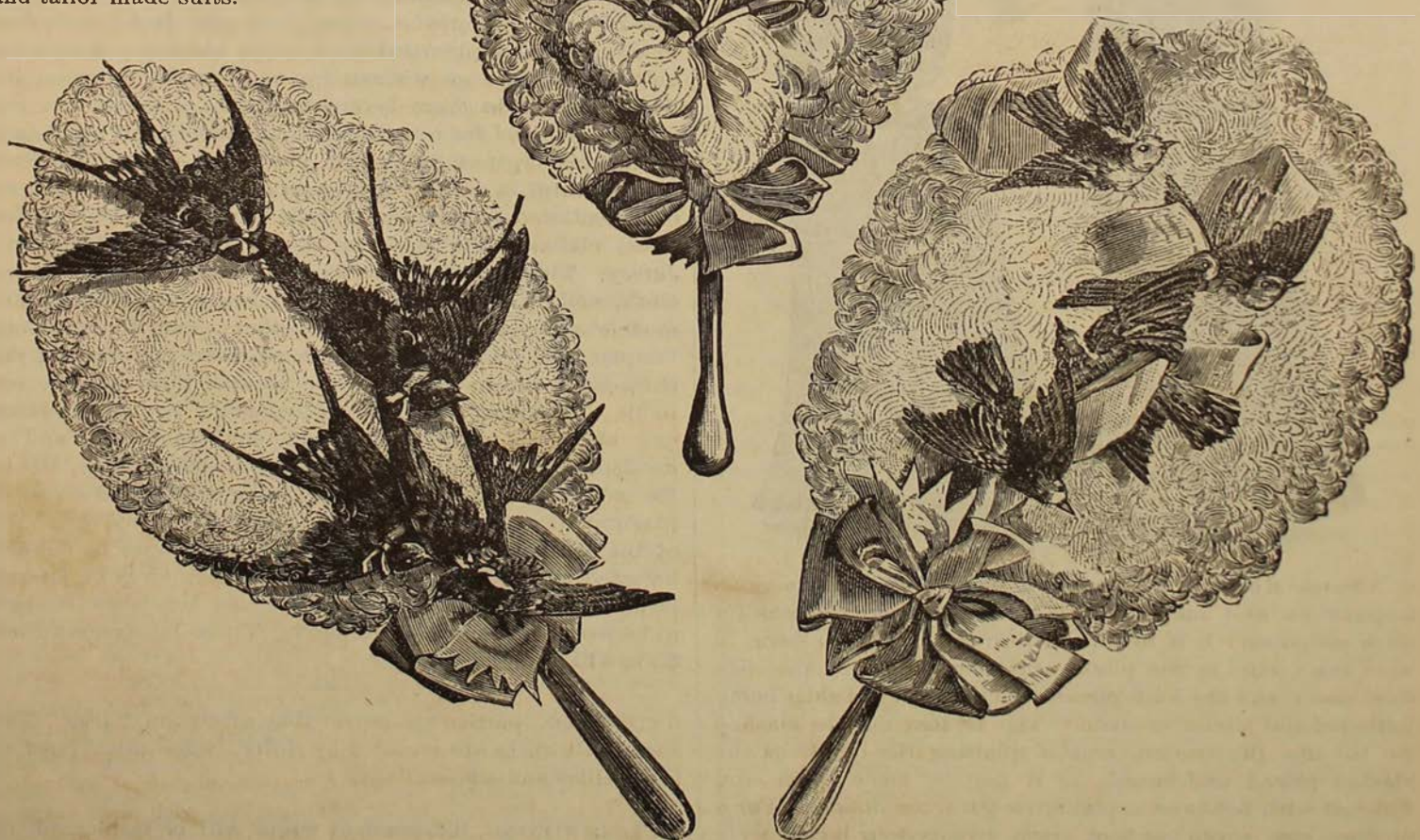
SILVER jewelry in antique and Japanese patterns and figures is shown. There are some pretty ideas and they are well executed. Most of this jewelry is oxidized, and it is especially suited for morning wear with cloth dresses and tailor-made suits.

Economical Hints.

FOR informal gatherings, especially at home, there are endless possibilities in last season's evening dresses if they are not too light in color, and even very delicate tints may be used in moderation to lighten some of the more somber of the seasonable goods. A last year's surah of a delicate pink was recently utilized with a bronze faille with most exquisite effect. The foot plaitings, facings, vest, collar, cuffs, a handsome sash and side panel were made of the surah, and only ten yards of the faille were required. The dress was used at the lady's own house at an afternoon coffee party, and was pronounced one of the prettiest costumes of the season.

Eight yards of olive green faille were purchased to make up with a last season's gray chuddah cloth, and a more dainty dress it would be difficult to imagine. The front and side breadths were of the faille, with vest, one breadth in the back drapery, and puffs at the shoulders extending about half way to the elbows. The remainder was of the chuddah cloth. A black satin, that was past wearing as an evening dress, had three breadths of black plush added for a front and sides, and seven eighths of a yard more for plastron, collar and cuffs, and looked "every bit as good as a new dress."

When new goods must be bought for the entire dress, fine cashmere and surah or faille may be had at most reasonable rates, and combine nicely. Dresses for home wear, excepting the most formal occasions, should be walking length. They are much more convenient and equally stylish.



EVENING FANS.

Fashionable Hair-Dressing.

THERE is really very little change from last season in the styles for dressing the hair. A most strenuous effort has been put forth by a few persons to induce the high styles to come down, but thus far with but little effect. The high style of hair-dressing, while possibly less becoming to the majority of faces than the Grecian knot and waved front, is infinitely more stylish, and to be stylish is often of more account to young ladies than to be pretty. Indeed, the average American lady, unless she be a most pronounced beauty, gives much less heed to prettiness than to style, and the result is that probably nowhere in the world are there seen so many stylish and elegant looking women as among our own wives, sisters, and daughters.

The present fashion of hair-dressing has much to commend it, as it really requires but little in the way of additional hair, is easily adjusted, and, while somewhat liable to get out of order, it is but a trifling task to readjust it, if indeed one need to worry about the few stray locks that will escape from their confinement; for "frowzy" locks are by no means unfashionable if the disorder only extends to the short hairs that invariably tend to droop from the most carefully arranged coiffure.

With the prevailing styles in millinery, the lady who is very abundantly endowed with hair is less fortunate than she who has but a moderate amount; for the bonnets are so small that with the hair dressed high there is little or no chance for wearing any of the fashionable head coverings. Very snug, close styles are therefore preferred for all ordinary occasions, favor being divided between the small coil on the top of the head and the style known as the French twist. A couple of loops of crimped hair are occasionally set above the top of the twist, but more frequently there is only the natural hair worn, the front slightly waved and allowed to fall over the temples. The comfort of hair-dressing is realized by ladies whose hair is not at all heavy or long, but light and wavy, and who can supply any lack with some of the almost feather-weight loops and knots with which our market abounds.

A few ladies, to whom the style is specially becoming, wear the Grecian knot at the back of the head, and the front in rather large waves; but unless the shape of the head warrants this style it is very trying and there are other modes that are preferable. The Cadogan braid does not meet with the favor that its advocates would like. It has many disadvantages, not the least of which is the soiling of collars and the backs of the dresses, which alone is sufficient to keep it out of use. The Dutch style is even less attractive, and has really nothing but its ugliness to commend it. There is no special beauty in a mass of small braids pinned closely round and round to the back of the head, and our ladies do not seem to find anything in the style that they are very anxious to adopt.

The front hair is crimped or curled in frizzes quite as much as ever, but there is a tendency toward raising it a little from the brows, and wearing it somewhat thinner than has heretofore been the custom. There are fewer of what might be called "bushy" fronts seen than formerly; the hair is either closer curled or else lies in flat rings and does not bristle up so aggressively over the temples as has been the fashion with some young ladies. There is just enough of a light and fluffy effect to remove all suspicion of meekness from the general appearance, and give a spirited and wide-awake style to young faces.

False fronts of various sorts are worn where the natural hair has been injured or destroyed, or in case ladies do not wish to spoil their own hair by the crimping or curling process. But as these devices are in almost every case easily detected, ladies who can do so usually prefer to use their own locks. Where the hair is naturally wavy, ladies may congratulate themselves on their good fortune, as they are saved an endless amount of time and vexation. One of the simplest and least expensive plans where the hair is worn upon the top of the head is to use a straight strip of weaving with the hair of natural curls and about sixteen inches in length. The strip is pinned across the head underneath the edge of the coil, and if care is taken to adjust it properly, and to show a slight parting in the middle of the forehead, a very natural effect is produced. Of course a net must be worn over the crimp to keep it in place.

For full dress there are several pretty styles, almost universally high, quite upon the crown of the head, and with either knots or loops of false hair unless there is an abundance without it. So little additional hair is required, however, that only a meagre supply necessitates the use of borrowed tresses. If a front or wave is needed, the ends are often sufficiently long to furnish the required amount. There is decided evidence of a demand for curls, both those that are long and thick, and the short and loose sorts, the long ones to be worn depending from the back of the coil, and the short ones used more as puffs than as curls. Very curly hair is made into loops and figure 8 forms to pin upon the top of the head in front of the French twist styles.

More ornaments are worn than for many years, and some of them are very attractive. Ostrich feathers are coming into high favor for dressy occasions. The tips and aigrettes are more especially appropriate to matrons, and bows and flowers with aigrettes for young ladies. Fancy pins and ornaments of shell, gold, silver, rhine-stones, and also the precious stones handsomely set are extremely popular. Some novelties in shell hair pins are made with a large hoop of metal and enamel in transparent effects in high colors. They are very choice and costly.

Gray hair continues quite the fashion, and ladies with a suspicion of silver threads in their locks are taking no precautions in the way of concealment. There are some processes of bleaching white that are occasionally indulged in, but this, like the happily obsolete fashion of bleached blondes, is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Children's hair is rarely allowed to hang loosely, but is braided, and for growing girls is either tied with a ribbon a few inches from the ends and allowed to hang loosely below the tie, or has the end of the braid turned up to the head and tied there with a ribbon. The front hair is waved or brushed back plainly. A few straight bangs are seen, but they are not considered at all stylish.

SCARFS of fine white lawn are again fashionably worn.

BLACK trimming is now considered fashionable on all colors, even brown.

IVORY white vests are worn with velvet, silk, and fine wool basques of dark colors.

LOW corsages of red velvet are worn with skirts of various materials, tulle and other thin fabrics not excepted.

"BANGLED" tulle, for dancing dresses, has pendants, like sequins, of gold, silver, or pearl, at regular intervals.

BRIGHT red is exceedingly fashionable for opera cloaks. Some of the newer ones reach quite to the feet, and are open up the back to the waist so as not to crush the train.

AMONG the promised novelties for spring are dress fabrics of étamine with hard-twisted wool cords, about the size of a No 8 cotton, making cross-bars about one-eighth of an inch apart. This fabric will be for combinations with plain étamine, and will be very stylish and effective. Very fine wool batiste in colors will divide popularity with veilings and albatross cloth.

Ladies' Walking Costumes.

LADIES' WALKING COSTUMES.

FIG. 1. — This costume — the "Vilette"—is admirably adapted for a combination of materials. It is represented made in myrtle green camel's-hair united with velvet of the same shade, and the handsome metallic buttons that are used to secure the jacket and ornament the cuffs greatly enhance the effect. A velvet panel is perceptible between the opening in the draperies at the right side of the skirt, and the arrangement of the drapery though simple is singularly graceful. For house wear any style of basque or a Jersey can be worn with the skirt. The English walking hat worn with this suit is of myrtle green velvet, trimmed with silk of the same shade arranged in plaited loops high against the crown in front, and gilt rings ornament the sides of the broad band that surrounds the crown. Tan-colored mousquetaire gloves complete the costume tastefully. The arrangement of the back can be seen in the double illustration given among the separate fashions, and the quantity of material required for a medium size is stated in the same place. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—The "Homburg" pelisse is here represented made in Cheviot, gray intermingled with dark brown, and trimmed with brown braid, the outer ends of which are secured with metallic buttons that correspond with the goods. The collar is trimmed to match and is secured with a bronze clasp. The jaunty hat is faced and covered with brown velvet, and écru colored silk and a fancy feather trim it effectively. Buttoned gloves of an écru shade are in tasteful contrast with the whole. The quantity of material required for a medium size is stated in connection with the double illustration among the separate fashions, and the arrangement of the back is also shown. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

Luxurious Underwear.

THE extreme to which elegant extravagance can go is probably nowhere better illustrated than in the fine underwear and lingerie stocks of some of our leading houses. Exquisite taste and unlimited expenditure have created garments that suggest childhood's stories of fairyland, where queens and princesses wore draperies made from the spider's shining threads, and mythical beings spun and wove filmy laces to drape the couches of fairy royalty. Certainly human skill can offer no nearer approach to such delicate environment than is presented in garments of the sheerest lawn, hemstitched and outlined in the most delicate effects, and edged with the finest, filmiest laces.

Knitted silk underwear is one of the luxuries of the wealthy, a first-class outfit costing several hundred dollars. Bridal sets consisting of chemise, drawers and night-dress, made of *crêpe de Chine* with real lace, are shown in stock, and cost $175 to $400, according to depth and quality of lace and the amount of work on them. Entire outfits of China silk underwear are not uncommon, and while somewhat expensive, are less so than the exceedingly fine linen lawn so often employed for such purposes.

A linen lawn chemise, with yoke and front of the body composed entirely of medallions of embroidery and squares of lace insertion, the whole set in with the finest hemstitching, the bottom of the garment having a band three inches wide of lace, medallions and hemstitching, and the edge finished with a fall of real Valenciennes lace about four inches deep, was recently made to order and cost $65. A petticoat with the entire front and deep flounce of alternate rows of hem-

stitched material and lace insertion, with deep lace flounce below, is valued at $70.

A specially delicate caprice is a matinée of cream-white *crêpe de Chine*. It is quite long, reaching nearly to the knees, and is a veritable work of art. From the hips down there is a skirt in the Spanish flounce style, and this flounce is finished for about four inches above the lower edge with rows of drawn work in very fine pattern. Very fine silk threads of the most delicate pink are used in the work, making a most charming blending of tints. There is a double edge to the garment, the hemstitched hem about four inches deep being cut open on the lower edge, and both edges pinked, the upper one being about half an inch shorter than the other. The outer piece has an inch-wide row of drawn work. The sleeves have a flounce similarly finished, and a strip of the same work, about three inches wide, extends down each side of the front, which is closed by tying ribbons. The neck is finished by a shirred piece of the material with the edge fringed and a band of the drawn work about one inch from the edge. Above this is a straight, narrow band of the material and a standing ruche of lace. The value of this extravagant trifle is $75.

A wrapper of blue *crêpe de Chine* is trimmed with real Valenciennes lace four inches deep, and ruchings of pink *crêpe de Chine*. About fifteen yards of lace are used on this garment at $7 per yard. The lady for whom it was ordered paid $150 for it.

MANY of the new imported dresses have fine side-plaited gauze ribbon with thin satin stripes set in the neck and sleeves. It is quite pretty as a novelty, but is scarcely suitable for full dress, and not as desirable as a little plaited lace for ordinary wear as it crushes very readily and then looks "mussy" and careless. White corduroy and very coarse white net lace are used in single or double bias folds for the same purpose.

Ladies' House Dresses.

FIG. 1.—A front view of the "Feronia" basque and "Clotilde" skirt is here presented. The costume is made in seal brown camels'-hair with the vest and front of the skirt in beige camels'-hair trimmed with rows of striped brown velvet and satin ribbon. The stylish basque is edged with iridescent beads which shade on the brown. The back of the skirt is prettily looped and hangs gracefully, entirely concealing the foundation skirt. The quantity of material required for a medium size of each pattern is stated in connection with the separate illustrations, which also show the arrangement of the backs. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

FIG. 2.—The back of the "Adalia" morning dress is seen in this figure, which is illustrated made in écru cashmere figured with leaves in natural autumn tints. The fronts of the garment are fitted by the usual darts and trimmed with ribbon velvet bands and bows matching the darker colors in the goods. A narrow plaiting of dark red silk is set underneath the slashed lower edge of the dress, and the collar and sleeves are trimmed to match the front. No more comfortable or becoming house dress could be selected, and the pattern is suitable for all qualities of dress goods. The double illustration is given elsewhere, and in the description which accompanies it the quantity of material for a medium size is stated. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

A NOVEL style of hand-bouquet, carried at a recent entertainment, was composed of five deep pink roses at one side, the remainder of lilies-of-the-valley above which hovered three tiny birds mounted on wires. Another was of La France roses with stems half a yard long; and still another, entirely of rare orchids.

LADIES' HOUSE DRESSES.

Fancy Muffs.

AS a purely ornamental accessory the muff has many possibilities. Its original intention was a receptacle for the hands for the purpose of keeping them warm, but fashion has gradually contracted the design until but little more than a dressy ornament capable of protecting the tips of the fingers remains to us.

Among the specially dressy fancy muffs, those that are made of lace and velvet are the most delicate, and, if properly made, the most attractive. They are very small, the strip of foundation being about eleven inches wide by nineteen inches long. This strip is sewed together at the ends, a sheet of wadding of about the same size is tacked to it, and the outside material, which is cut about twelve inches wide by twenty inches long, is joined at the ends and drawn over the lining and wadding. The outside and lining should be joined in a shirred seam slightly drawn up at the opening at each end of the muff. If lace is to be used, it may be set in a jabot either down the front half of the muff on each end, or all around the ends, according to fancy. One side is, however, quite sufficient, as the muff is slightly flattened, and is pinched up in the middle of the upper side and held in place by a few strong stitches, making the muff not over six or seven inches wide on the upper side, and bringing the lace on the ends together in the middle of the muff. A large bow of ribbon is set at this point. The ends of the ribbon may be folded in points and finished with rosary beads or little balls of flossy silk. Sometimes a rosette bow, of ribbon about one inch wide, is used, making several ends to finish with beads or tassels.

One of the choicest of these muffs was recently brought with a very elegant suit from Paris. It was made somewhat after the above design, but instead of being of velvet was of fine black plush and had a very elegant garniture of chenille and braid fringe with long wooden spikes in rosewood colors. The bow was of one inch wide satin and velvet ribbon, the ends folded to sharp points and finished with the same wooden spikes.

Plush, velvet, satin, silk, suitings of various sorts and net lace over bright silk is used for muffs. The garniture varies with the taste and means of the wearer. There is a great deal of feather trimming used for such purposes, but it is less dressy than lace although really more appropriate. Some small muffs are made entirely of feather bands, and if the wrap has the same garniture the effect is very good; but feather muffs should never be carried with a wrap that has fur trimming upon it.

Very pretty muffs are made from the *ombré* or shaded feather trimmings that come in wide strips and can be torn by lines marked on the back of the goods. This kind of trimming is made of feather down set with elastic gum upon strong cotton cloth. Some of it is very fine and exceedingly durable, being made with rubber gum; while other qualities are merely stuck on, and the warmth of the hand will often detach it. The best way to test the quality of a sample is to moisten the back slightly, and press it with the palm of the hand. On the worthless sort, the down will become loosened almost immediately. It is comparatively valueless for evening wear or on damp days as the moisture in the air is sufficient to make it shed. The sort of feather trimming that is woven in, while in some instances less attractive, is really very durable, and will bear much rough usage, and indeed the down trimming that is put on with the rubber cement may be thoroughly wetted without injury. If it is hung in a cool place and shaken occasionally while drying, it comes out quite new and fresh.

Muffs of the breasts of birds are shown, some of them being very pretty. In most cases, however, they come with hat or turban to match. Especially is this the case with the grebe sets and those of pheasants' breasts. The muffs made entirely of flowers and lace are especially appropriated by very dressy young ladies. Violets, marguerites, rosebuds and lilies-of-the-valley are the favorite flowers for such uses. It must be said, however, that a judicious mixture of flowers with lace and ribbon is much more durable than flowers alone.

Muffs made entirely of dress materials without trimming of any sort other than a band and bow of ribbon are very neat and tasteful. There are also sachel muffs that are very convenient and durable. These are specially commended when made of fur for carrying with fine fur garments. The constant friction of the ordinary leather shopping-bag soon shows in the wear of such garments, and the fur sachel is an important improvement in this direction.

Ready-Made Tuckings.

AMONG the pretty and practical materials, already in the market for the convenience of Southern buyers or those forehanded persons living in more northern latitudes who take time by the forelock in making preparations for the summer necessities, are the new styles in the Kursheedt Standard Tuckings. These goods have established for themselves a reputation based on their adaptability to so many uses, and the many advantages they offer to the economical and tasteful house mother who likes pretty things for herself and little ones, but must select those that will be durable as well as pretty, and to whom time is often the synonym of money.

The new designs are both plain and embroidered. The material is, as heretofore, a fine wide cambric, and the tucks are laid with mathematical accuracy and at regular intervals, making one of the most durable trimming materials in the market. The width of the tucks varies from five-eighths of an inch for the widest to about one-eighth for the narrowest. The plain tucking is a succession of tucks of the same width; other styles have clusters of tucks and a striped pattern in braiding between, and yet others have clusters of very fine tucks with the braiding stitch pattern between them forming one stripe, an intermediate wide stripe being made of openworked threads somewhat like hemstitching with an edge in fine corded effect. These goods are in extensive demand for children's dresses and ladies' and children's underwear, and for guimpes, yokes and waists for summer wear. Some of the choicest of the medium priced ready-made under garments are made of the embroidered tuckings with garniture of plat Val lace. Wrappers, dressing jackets and matinées are exceedingly tasteful when made from these tucked fabrics, either entirely, or in combination with plain white goods, and they are also effective with all cotton fabrics of about the same quality. Further information regarding these goods will be furnished on application to the "Kursheedt Manufacturing Co.," New York City.

A NECKLET of pearl beads is one of the pretty dainty creations of the season. It is made with a dog collar and long netted fringe with pendants, and may be worn over a close body, or with a low corsage.

AT a recent fashionable wedding, the bride was preceded to the chancel by a hundred choir-boys in white gowns, chanting the wedding march from Lohengrin. At the reception, the bride and groom stood under a canopy of pink roses from which were suspended four wedding bells.

Fancy Costumes for Ladies.

FIG. 1.—ROSE GARDEN.—Skirt of white satin having bands of green velvet ribbon sewed on it to represent a trellis, with bunches of pink roses placed at the intersections, and the bottom finished by a garland of pink roses and leaves. The pointed corsage is of white satin trimmed to match the skirt. Full back drapery of pale blue gauze. Pink roses in the hair, white satin slippers trimmed with roses, and blue silk stockings. A basket of roses in the hand.

FIG. 2.—SPANISH GIPSY.—Skirt of cardinal surah, bordered with gold fringe and crossed at the right side disclosing an underskirt of white cashmere. Scarf of gold striped gauze arranged as a drapery. Spanish jacket of cardinal velvet trimmed with gold braid and opening over a chemisette of white cashmere that has long pointed sleeves edged with gold fringe. A cardinal silk handkerchief, tied in a knot at the back and edged with sequins across the front, is worn on the head. Red stockings, and black satin slippers with red and gold bows. Tambourine ornamented with red and white satin ribbons.

FIG. 3.—JAPANESE LADY.—Japanese robe of flowered India silk, the loose flowing sleeves lined with pink silk and showing close undersleeves of blue silk. The collar of the robe is of pink silk, and the broad sash of blue silk is tied in a large bow at the back. Hair arranged in Japanese fashion with gold pins.

FIG. 4.—ITALIAN GIRL.—Short skirt of blue cashmere trimmed with three narrow bands of écru foulard. Apron of écru foulard embroidered in yellow, red and blue, turned up to the waist on one side and finished in the back with a sash matching the apron. Corselet of red satin with garniture of yellow, white and blue galloon, and tied over the shoulders with ribbons to match the galloons. Low-necked chemisette of white muslin shirred *à la vierge* with a gold cord, and having full sleeves of the muslin with the lower parts of red satin trimmed with yellow and white satin cordings, and finished at the wrists with full frills of lace. Necklace of gold and coral beads, and large gold earrings. Italian cap of écru foulard. Écru silk stockings, and black shoes with red rosettes.

Dresses for Débutantes.

FOR once at least in the history of fashion there is an arbitrary law that all sensible people must commend. It is the inflexible rule in favor of simplicity in dresses and materials used for débutantes. Nuns'-veiling, albatross cloth, *crêpe de Chine* and surah, light grades of gros grain and faille, are the fabrics most employed for young ladies' first evening dresses. The most costly of these materials should not be over $1.50 per yard, and with the exception of the *crêpe de Chine*, which is much wider than the other silks, need not be over $1 per yard. The style of making is largely a matter of fancy, provided it is not too elaborate and mature looking. Very little real lace is used, the various pretty and comparatively inexpensive qualities being by far more popular for such uses. Of course a few wealthy and doting mothers insist on making their young daughters' dresses of rich materials weighted with real lace, but they are the exception and not by any means the rule.

A specially pretty dress, just furnished for a fair, delicate young lady with brown hair and hazel eyes, is of pale blue *crêpe de Chine* and faille. The foundation skirt is of faille, a side-plaited flounce about three-fourths of a yard deep surrounding the lower part. A very full, long apron drapery of *crêpe de Chine* falls from the belt almost to the lower edge of the skirt, and is disposed in wavy folds. The back drapery is composed of three widths of the same material, plaited into the belt and falling straight with the exception that the lower corner on the left side is turned up over the drapery and caught just at the lower edge of the side seam of the waist, where it is finished with a bow of the *crêpe de Chine*, made without hemming, and with the sides pinked out and the ends fringed and knotted. The waist is a close fitting, very short basque, square in the neck and with elbow sleeves, both neck and sleeves being filled in with lace two inches wide resembling very light, fine Breton.

Another charming dress, for a very pale brunette, is made of pink *crêpe de Chine*. Three narrow ruffles of pinked *crêpe* are set around the bottom of a pink gros grain skirt. Above these is a flounce about seven-eighths of a yard deep, the lower edges of which are finished with a sort of drawn work and

hemstitching, in the most exquisite fashion. About an inch of space is occupied by the openwork, the lower side of which has a row of hemstitching that takes in another thickness of the *crêpe de Chine*. It is as though the hem of a handkerchief were cut at the edge to leave one side a trifle longer than the other. These edges are pinked out, and lie flatly one over the other. The skirt has only a slight fullness in front but much more at the back and sides. There is a short, full drapery drawn across the front, and a plain, straight back with a sash and ends. The sash is finished like the flounce, save that the hem part is about three-eighths of a yard deep and has the double edge fringed and knotted. The waist of this dress is merely a plain corsage low in the neck and without sleeves. There is a guimpe of linen lawn and lace to wear with it. The guimpe is made of alternate vertical rows of fine hemstitching and Valenciennes insertion, and is close at the throat with a standing ruche of lace and pinked *crêpe de Chine*. The sleeves reach the elbows and are made like the body of the guimpe and finished with a fall of lace.

Another dress is of white *crêpe de Chine* with exceedingly fine plaitings of *crêpe lisse* with pinked edges. A dress of blue surah, with deep flounce of white lace shirred full into the belt, a short basque with square neck and elbow sleeves, has been much admired. Another of canary colored faille Française with very profuse draperies of tulle of the most delicate pink is ordered for one of the coming débutantes.

Plainer dresses of veiling and albatross are shown, and are in most instances made with skirts either side-plaited or box-plaited, and in many cases lace flounces of from twelve to forty inches in depth are used. For the latter, of course, there are no over draperies of the material, as the lace gathers into the belt of the dress. Waists are usually short basques with elbow sleeves, although the guimpes are worn by slight figures.

Gloves reach the sleeves in all cases. Very little, if any, jewelry is worn, although there is a fancy among wealthy persons in favor of pearls for young ladies, but diamonds or other showy jewels are considered quite out of place.

In spite of the dictates of artistic taste, young ladies wear black slippers with light dresses. There is a convenience in this custom, and this alone probably is the cause of its obtaining among people of fashion. The incongruity of pink or any light-colored silk and tulle with black hose and slippers is painfully apparent to a critical eye. Slippers and hose should either be white or match the prevailing color of the dress.

Hoods.

THERE are some charming novelties in hoods for sleighing and evening wear. The old-fashioned ideas of comfort are really returning to us, and with them an appreciative sense of the pleasure of being warm enough to enable one to take delight in all out-of-door exercises in even the coldest weather.

The late fashion of head coverings for sleighing and winter drives recalls the melancholy plaint of the newly made heiress—

> "Once I had a bonnet that covered the tip of my nose,
> But now my freezing ear tips, just under the brim repose."

But the new styles of sleighing hoods comprehend all of the elements of comfort. They are light, warm, and attractive in appearance, and are made of all materials, fur, feathers, silk fabrics, plush, velvet, and woolen goods, or knitted of zephyr wools or chenille. They are of various shapes, from the Dutch baby cap form without cape, to the close, long curtained sort that covers head and shoulders as well.

The most popular models are made of fur, and are really more like bonnets than hoods. They have a short cape at the back, a rolling brim, and ornaments of either fur or a long plume or two curled over the side. Strings of wide ribbon tie snugly under the chin. They set quite closely to the head and are really very comfortable.

Other styles are in the pumpkin shapes so popular with our grandmothers. They are made of silk, satin, plush, velvet or any other suitable material, are filled with wadding or wool, or, better than all, with eider down, fit closely to the face, and have wide ribbon or surah strings. The capes are short, and it is usually necessary to wear a scarf of some sort to protect the neck. By far the most sensible and comfortable of the new hoods is one designed for a lady who delights in long drives. It is made of cardinal plush, with eider-down wadding and cardinal velvet lining. The cape is long enough to fall over the shoulders, and the cloak is to be drawn up over the cape when in use. There is a full plaited ruche of velvet with cardinal satin lining around the portion of the hood where the cape and head pieces join, and a smaller, closer ruche to match, around the front. Very wide strings of surah are tied in a full bow, and with a closely buttoned cloak there is little chance for the cold to get inside of the wrappings.

Another hood has a similar cape with a shirring ribbon in the lower edge of the cape which is turned under and drawn up tightly about the throat and tied with the shirring ribbon. The head part of this style is made with a round crown piece, and a front made of an almost straight piece of goods slightly shaped below the ears. These styles are not kept in general stocks, but are made to order.

For evening wear, the hoods with the long capes are preferred. Some ladies have their evening cloaks made with large hoods, but these are rarely close enough to afford proper protection after leaving a heated assembly room. They may be made so, however, by the use of a soft wrap for the head which can be worn inside of the cloak hood. A medium sized half-square shawl of hand-run Spanish lace is very convenient for this purpose, or a China crape shoulder shawl without fringe. These, however, are seldom a sufficient protection by themselves.

Plush hoods are trimmed with bands of fur, feathers, swans'-down, or long pile plush. Other hoods are knitted of the various wools, and lined with silk or cashmere with a little eider down or wool wadding as an interlining for extra warmth. A sheet of thin silk should be placed between the knitted outside and the wadding. There are wool head wraps almost without limit, either as to style or shape. Iceland wool, the various fancy zephyrs, and chenille are all extremely pretty for such purposes.

A charming hood for evening wear is made of cream-colored chenille fringe of the sort that has been so popular for trimming wraps. The fringe is about three or four inches wide and has long drops at the ends of the strands. The first row is sewed upon a shape of foundation material, and the ends of the fringe are then caught in to make loops of them. The second row is set just back of the first, and the loops so drawn in at the edge that after the foundation is covered, the effect is of a succession of ridges running over the head from side to side. The crown is similarly formed, and a long cape made of vertical stripes of the trimming, the lower edge being left of the drops without being turned up. The hood is lined with cream-colored plush, and tied with twilled ribbon. A bow of the same ribbon at the back completes this exceedingly attractive affair.

Morning Dresses.

THE importance of neat and tasteful house dressing cannot be over-estimated. The matron who appears before the members of her family in a shabby, soiled wrapper, and makes the excuse, if indeed she takes the trouble to make one at all, that "it is so much more comfortable," has little idea of the possible consequences of such a course. Could she but realize that her dress is an evil example to her daughters, and one productive of consequences that will reach far beyond her own span of life, that her husband and sons cannot fail to draw comparisons between her dress and that of the ladies they meet in other homes, and that these comparisons cannot fail to decrease their respect for her, she might be induced to give more attention to her personal appearance.

Not even the burden of care and constant employment can furnish a sufficient excuse for careless personal habits, for few things are more important to the well-being of a family. There is an old saying to the effect that an untidy mother has disobedient children; and while neither parents nor children may realize the why or wherefore of it, yet there is always a lack of respect and an indifference to the authority of a mother who takes no pride in her personal appearance. And it is not the mother alone upon whose shoulders rests the burden of responsibility for home neatness and order in dress. The father has his duties to look after as well, and should never fail to insist upon the younger members of the family presenting themselves with well-kept hands, clean faces, neatly brushed hair, and orderly dress at least at every meal where the family assemble.

Morning dresses should be neat, trim and tasteful. The "Mother Hubbard" styles are suitable only for the seclusion of one's own chamber, unless worn with a snug-fitting waist and a belt. There are so many pretty models for house dresses, and they are so easily made, that only the most hopeless indifference can find excuse for the slipshod styles so often adopted.

Wrappers are wholly out of place for young ladies' wear outside of their own apartments. It is doubtful whether they can be specially commended for any one but invalids; but so many are worn, and such attractive styles are furnished, that it has come to be an accepted fact that the matron may adopt a wrapper for her morning costume at home. A neat dress of flannel, suiting, or cotton goods, made with a not too snug-fitting basque or blouse, cut after the "Norfolk" jacket style, is much more suitable for a young lady. Where household duties are to be attended to, the morning dress should be of cotton material so that it may be laundered, and especially so where any active interest is taken in culinary affairs.

Very becoming for morning wear are simple, half-fitting jackets made of bright-colored serge, flannel, camels'-hair and basket woven woolens, trimmed with white, cream, or black wool lace put on in a reversed manner so it will require no heading, or with velvet ribbon or braid. Still others are of the striped Jersey flannels, and these require no trimming excepting buttons or ribbon bows down the front. These jackets can be worn with any style of skirt, and may be made as simple or elaborate as circumstances may require.

The Jersey and eider down flannels are also very popular for wrappers made in the style of the "Adalia" morning dress, illustrated elsewhere, or the "Watteau" house dress, or even a simple sacque shape, and finished with large buttons down the front; or more dressy ones have a row of Angora lace turned back on each front and satin ribbon bows down the middle. A very charming one is made of pale blue eider down in sacque shape, the fronts trimmed with cream-colored Angora lace and turned back from the middle leaving space for graceful bows and ends of pale pink faille ribbon which apparently secure them, and at the back is an Ulster hood lined with pink surah and ornamented with a bow of pink ribbon having floating ends. The skirt is a slight demitrain.

Party Dresses for Girls.

SPECIAL attention is given to dresses for children's parties, and the results are as charming as fine goods for little people must always be. There is a peculiar charm in little dresses and slippers and hose, and a suggestion of elfin creatures and fairies, and the invincible armies of Liliput whenever we see the wee creatures going through the formal social duties and pleasures of life.

Little girls are often more elaborately dressed for evening than their débutante sisters, and some of the little dresses are marvels of the designer's skill and taste. White, pink, and blue are a child's own colors. From the pure white and the baby blue and pink of the cradle garments, all through childhood, few, if any, other colors are used for dressy purposes.

While veiling, albatross and cashmere are worn by the little ones, such dresses among the wealthy portion of society are less in request than those of plush, Bengaline, and the more elegant plain fabrics. Among the finest dresses for little girls is a plain princess shape of peach-blossom plush with heavy faille Française silk. The body of the dress is of plush. The lower edge of the skirt is cut so as to form squares, every other one cut out, and the vacant spaces filled in with fine side-plaiting of the silk which has a lining of white lawn edged with narrow lace set underneath it. The waist is low in the neck and has only shoulder straps, as the dress is to be worn over a guimpe. A sash made of a full width of the silk, fringed and knotted at the ends, is tied just below the waist. The edge of the neck is cut out in squares like the bottom of the skirt, and in the spaces there are very fine side plaits standing up. The edges of the plush are embroidered in heavy cord silk, and the plaits are caught on the wrong side with a thread to hold them in place. The guimpe to be worn with this dress is of the same silk as the plaitings, and is shirred around the neck in rows not over half an inch apart. The sleeves are shirred around the arms, and reach to the elbows. Falls of lace finish the sleeves, and the same lace is plaited in the neck and stands up around the throat. Pink silk hose and pink kid boots, with cream white mitts complete this dress, which is to be worn at a birthday party by a little miss of eight years of age.

A dress for a miss of ten is of ivory-white surah trimmed with lace. The skirt is laid in side-plaits, there is an apron drapery, and a very full, long sash tied in a bow with very long loops, the ends of the sash reaching almost to the bottom of the dress. The waist is a very short basque with points both back and front, and is closed with pearl ball buttons. The sleeves reach to the elbows, and they, as well as the square neck, are finished with plaited lace.

An especially elegant dress recently ordered for a miss of twelve years, was of rich, cream-white Bengaline. The skirt, for about eighteen inches above the bottom, was embroidered in cord silk and chenille in the vines and blossoms of the morning-glory. The leaves and stalks were in the palest of spring green shades, and the blossoms were marvels of delicate tracery in pale lavender, mauve, and delicate heliotrope. A single breadth of the silk was fastened loosely, sash-fashion, about the skirt below the hips, and turned up and caught at intervals to the body just below the waist by small

clusters of morning-glory blossoms and vines. The ends of the sash had embroidery to match the bottom of the skirt. The body of the dress was princess, and had a square neck with a line of embroidery outlining it. The sleeves reached the elbows and were wrought with the same embroidery. The neck was filled in with tulle gathered into a standing ruche, and plaited tulle was in the sleeves. A triple string of pearls was worn as necklace with this dress. White satin boots and white silk hose, with a marabout fan and long white gloves finished this most exquisite and artistic toilet.

Nuns'-veiling and albatross dresses with Angora wool flouncings are especially desirable for less expensive dresses. One of the most desirable styles for making is to set a couple of narrow ruffles upon the bottom of the foundation skirt, then gather a wide flounce of the lace into the belt with the plain breadths of the goods, letting the lace cover the skirt to within about one inch of the bottom of the hem. A baby waist may be used or a basque, and a surah sash of the full width of the goods may be attached to the belt at the back, falling in double loops and long ends which should be fringed and knotted. Another excellent design is the "Roma" dress, illustrated on this page, and on page 283.

Very ample cloaks should be provided for wrapping up these delicate buds of promise. A very elegant one, recently ordered, is of navy blue plush lined with ermine. There is an ermine lined hood which is to be drawn over the head outside of a fleecy cap hood of knitted wool with silk lining, exactly after the fashion of a baby's cap. The cloak reaches almost if not quite to the ground, and is wide enough to wrap the slender form up completely. Wraps that will protect the limbs are a necessity for young girls who go out in evening dress.

Illustrated Fashions for Children.

TO those in search of a design for a girl's dress that is at the same time practical and pretty, the "Roma" will immediately recommend itself. In its construction it is exceedingly simple, being made with a plain, almost tight-fitting, waist to which the full skirt is attached, and if a specially simple dress is desired, the yoke, vest and sash may be omitted and the dress will be complete without them. The addition is, however, so easily accomplished, and the quantity of extra material required so small, that it would be a pity to spoil the effect by the omission. This makes up nicely in any of the winter goods, and will be quite as desirable for spring or summer use made in seasonable materials. For a simple party dress it can be made in camels'-hair, albatross or veiling, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with Angora lace, and a contrasting color in velvet, velveteen or silk can be used for the darker accessories. The full vest can be either of soft silk, or the dress fabric if it will drape nicely; but it is most effective made in a different goods. Cream-white veiling with ruby velvet, and a cream surah vest is very stylish. Tucks can be substituted for the lace at the bottom.

The "Tana" dress as it appears is more suitable for a street costume, but the jacket is removable and the underdress is a half-fitting sacque shape to which the flounces are sewed, and the sash placed above the upper one. It is a good design for remodeling or combining two partly worn dresses, for it is not essential that the dress and jacket shall be of the same material. One may be figured and the other plain, but it is always best to have the jacket of plain goods; and the sash may be of a still different material or be omitted altogether.

The "Zelie" basque is especially desirable for growing girls, the full fronts being universally becoming for undeveloped figures. This can be suitably made in any plain goods and worn with any style of skirt, and will be found an excellent design for materials of medium or light quality. Blue, garnet or brown flannel made after this pattern with the collar and cuffs of velvet or velveteen of the same shade will be very stylish worn with a kilt or box-plaited skirt of plaid woolen, and can be worn late in the spring.

For children under four years of age the "Short Wrapper" will be conducive to more genuine comfort than almost any other garment in the wardrobe. It can be made in flannel of solid color, or plaided, or the striped Jersey flannels that come in blue and red, blue and yellow, red and yellow, pink and blue, and either pink or blue with white. No trimming will be necessary, but ribbon bows can be used in front instead of buttons, if desired. For warm weather it can be made in gingham or other washable goods.

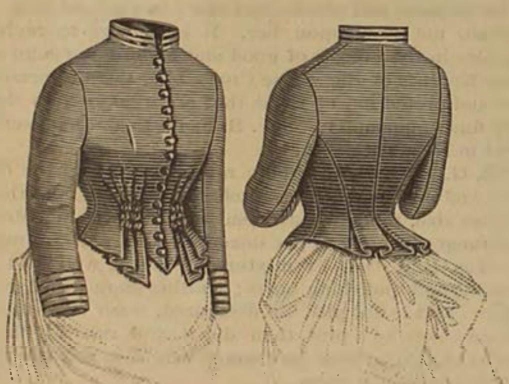
The "Infant's Sacque" is intended for small infants, and for some purposes will be found more convenient than a knitted or crocheted sacque, and it is more quickly made. Flannel or cashmere of any delicate color can be used, and all the edges pinked out if a very simple sacque is required; or it may be braided or embroidered.

The pattern of the "Child's Stocking" has been thoroughly tested and is so designed that it will cut from the least worn part of a larger stocking, and the seam will come under the foot instead of at the sides. In making this up, much care should be taken with the seams, which should be opened flatly and cat-stitched so that they will cause no discomfort; for it is often the neglect of attention to such simple things as ill-fitting stockings or hard seams coming on the joints of children that are the cause of so much misery and suffering with the feet in after-life.

Roma Dress.—Simplicity and dressiness are happily combined in this pattern, which is very appropriate for simple as well as expensive goods, and very desirable for a combination of materials. The yoke and full vest are faced on, and the jacket effect is produced by the arrangement of the trimming. The size for ten years will require four yards and one-quarter of goods twenty-four inches wide to make the plain dress, one-quarter of a yard of velvet will make the collar and face the yoke, and one yard and three-quarters of ribbon velvet will outline the jacket. Two yards and one-half of ribbon, or one yard and one-quarter of material will make the sash, and two yards and one-half of lace will trim as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each. See full length figure on page 283.

Tana Dress.—Combinations of two or more materials are very dressy when arranged in this manner. The foundation is a half fitting, sacque-shaped dress with gores under the arms, trimmed with two plaitings, the lower one sewed to the lower edge. Above these is a sash, and over all a cut-away jacket with side forms and side gores, and velvet revers which are arranged to give the effect of inner fronts. All seasonable materials can be made in this way, and although a combination is suggested, one fabric can be used throughout with stylish effect. For the size for ten years, four yards and one-half of goods twenty-four inches wide will be sufficient to face the dress fronts and make the jacket and plaitings, and one yard and one-half additional of the same width will be required for the sash. Three-eighths of a yard of bias velvet will make the collar, cuffs and revers as illustrated. The underdress should be of lining and will require two yards. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Zelie Basque.—A youthful and practical design for a miss's basque, suitable for all materials but particularly desirable for light fabrics. The shirred front is arranged over a tight-fitting basque front, and the back pieces end in a short postilion. Silk, satine, cambric and light woolen goods make up nicely in this way, and for washable fabrics it will be found very satisfactory. The size for twelve years will require two yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. One-quarter of a yard additional of contrasting material will be sufficient for the collar and cuffs. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.



Infant's Sacque.—A nicely fitting sacque with side and shoulder seams, which makes up prettily in cashmere, merino, or opera flannel, either embroidered or braided. Five-eighths of a yard of goods twenty-four inches wide, and two yards of trimming will be sufficient to make as illustrated. Price of pattern, ten cents.

Infant's Short Wrapper.—A simple sacque shape completed by cuffs and a rolling collar. For cool weather, flannel, cashmere, or Canton flannel, can be made in this way, and lighter materials used for warm weather. Narrow embroidery or lace may be used as an edging on the collar and cuffs, although a plain finish is generally preferred. Two yards and three-eighths of goods twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the size for two years. Patterns in sizes for from six months to four years. Price, fifteen cents each.

Roma Dress.

THIS youthful and becoming dress is represented made in pale blue camel's-hair with ruby velvet, blue surah and cream-tinted Russian lace as accessories. The design is adapted to all materials s[illegible]ble for growing girls, and it is so practi[illegible]
be found in making it as illus[illegible]
which is faced on the wai[illegible]
vest of pale blue sural[illegible]
by the arrangement [illegible]
skirt is finished [illegible]
upper edge of [illegible]

with lace turned upward, and pale blue ribbon is used to tie the hair and finish the neck of the dress. With the double illustration, shown among the separate fashions, the arrangement of the back can be seen, and the quantity of material required for medium size is stated. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Child's Stocking.—Economical mothers with small children will readily appreciate the practical nature of this pattern. It can be used either for making stockings out of stockinet, or for cutting down larger ones; and is designed without a separate sole, the seam being under the middle of the foot, thus giving a shape which allows of it being always-cut out of the least worn part of a stocking. The pattern is to be folded lengthwise down the middle and placed lengthwise upon the stocking from which it is to be cut. Patterns in sizes for from four to ten years. Price, ten cents each.

The increased number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, render it necessary to urge upon them, **First**—*Brevity.* **Second**—*Clearness of statement.* **Third**—*Decisive knowledge of what they want.* **Fourth**—*The desirability of confining themselves to questions of interest to others as well as themselves, and to those that the inquirer cannot solve by a diligent search of ordinary books of reference.* **Fifth**—*Consideration of the possibilities of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed.* **Sixth**—*A careful reading to see if the questions are not already answered in separate articles and departments of the Magazine. We wish the Ladies' Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain amount of space, and we ask for the co-operation of our intelligent readers and correspondents to further the objects. Inquiries respecting cosmetics, medicine or surgery will not be noticed.*

"ANNA M."—It is impossible for us to discriminate between one woman's college and another, or speak of one as superior to all others. All have their merits, and probably there are persons to whom each would have defects. There is no one of them, however, which, if a girl can enter and pursue the course creditably, would not be of immeasurable advantage to her through her whole life; raising her own standard, and furnishing her with higher ideals of attainment. When young women have entered society, they may without impropriety wear a "dress" bonnet, if it should be more becoming to them than a hat, and in accordance with a dressy costume. But a "dress" bonnet is always, to a certain extent, formal, and denotes age, and that sort of adherence to conventionality which it is the part of married women to sustain. Unmarried girls are not bound so strictly by these unwritten laws; they are at liberty to look pretty and picturesque, to wear what suits them best, and is most youthful; and, as a general rule, hats are more youthful, and more becoming to young women than bonnets.

"JEANETTE."—You could utilize your skirts in the way you suggest very nicely, but we should advise that the new basque bodices be uniform in color with the skirt, with the exception of the mastic, the skirt of which is already trimmed with garnet. For this, of course, you would require a garnet basque which might be made of good velveteen, with mastic lace front over garnet silk. The bronze would look well with bronze plush or velvet bodice; the collar showing an interlining of currant red, the front cross-cut. The faded pink silk would hardly pay for [illegible] over; better use it as a foundation silk, under lace

[illegible] universal in regard to the use- [illegible] ich we now furnish them, but [illegible] and it ought to treble our [illegible] k the full value of the

[illegible] lveteen, with deep [illegible] Short pants, very dark red silk hose, very dark narrow red tie at the throat, Molière shoes (black) with buckles and heels.

"A READER."—We cannot discriminate between the number of excellent cook-books in existence, but we should not consider the one you mention "one of the best." The best of the "cooking-school" cook-books is Mrs. Lincoln's Boston Cook-book, and the best English one, Miss Acton's.

"ROSE."—The new jet collars are more becoming than any black collars that we know of. The prettiest are bands made in close fine bead-work, outlined with larger beads, and with a pendent net-work edged with pear-shaped beads. This net-work may form a straight fringe with heading, or descend in a point in front. The use of wax and a seal has been revived of late for correspondence, but they are not often used for business letters; life is too short, and business too urgent for such forms as were in vogue when people wrote, and received letters, once in three months, instead of a dozen times in every day. It is quite the thing, however, for persons of leisure, both ladies and gentlemen, to use wax and a seal, in closing up their letters, though it does not yet appear why they use an envelope in this case, for envelopes are very modern—less than fifty years old—and when letters were sealed, the sheet of paper was folded, and fastened in this way to prevent curious eyes from looking at the contents, for envelopes were not then in existence. Some of your questions require too much research for their results, which must be more or less problematical.

"MRS. G."—The best kind of coat for your girl of ten is a sacque of brown Vicuna cloth, furred inside, so that no lining, only a facing (interior) of silk, or farmer's satin will be needed, and no trimming but very large collar of brown plush, and dark grained wood or smoked pearl buttons. Large brown felt hat, with feathers, and broad bias band of brown velvet edged with gold braid, doubled into a cord, on both sides. Ribbon velvet is the best and prettiest trimming for children's Scotch plaid dresses. For your younger girl, you may make a Mother Hubbard bonnet, with plaited front, and large, soft crown, the front lined with silk. The only trimming required for this will be a bow on top, and strings.

"YUM-YUM."—Fur-trimmed suits are exceedingly fashionable, and a very stylish way to trim them is with two stripes of fur on the left side of the skirt, forming a panel, and a wide band crossing the jacket from left to right, reaching the shoulder at the right, whence it is carried round the throat in a broad band, giving the effect of a boa. The lower front of the skirt, and the hat and muff, may be of cloth, and trimmed to match, or the latter may be fur, matching the trimmings. Beaver, otter, chinchilla, black fox, Alaska sable, and Astrakhan are all in high vogue. Lambs-wool, a finer and softer Astrakahn, is, perhaps, the most stylishly used for young girls, but the genuine is scarce and high.

"C. L. B."—The Society of the "White Cross" owes its origin to the Bishop of Durham. A short history of the movement has been written by Ellice Hopkins. It demands the same standard of morality for men as for women, and pleads that the strength of man be used to protect woman, not prey upon her. It endeavors to revive the old spirit of chivalry in the breasts of good and honorable young men, and by making them Knights of the White Cross, bind them to personal purity, and the care and protection of those that are weaker than themselves, whenever they find opportunity. Rev. B. F. Da Costa represents this new movement in New York City.

"E. G. N."—Photographic reproductions can be obtained of both ancient and modern pictures, etchings, statuary, and the like, from cabinet to large size, though some can be obtained in cabinet size only. The cost ranges from $2.00 per dozen, to $1.00 each, unmounted.

"MRS. E. A. O."—A mixture of emery, well laid on, is excellent for cleaning and polishing brass; whiting simply disfigures it. If the brass is pure, that is not gilt, but disfigured, wash it in alum boiled in strong lye, an ounce to a pint, then dry it, and rub it with fine tripoli. Brass kettles should always be cleaned with salt and vinegar, and well scalded before cooking in them.

"ELIZABETH."—There is no settled standard of etiquette in regard to wooden weddings; the essential thing to do is to have the invitations printed, engraved, or written on cards which imitate the color and graining of wood. The dates of the wedding and anniversary are printed on the upper corners, but the stationer will attend to these details. Wear your wedding dress; carry a feather duster, instead of a bouquet, and have a room reserved for the "wooden" presents. A supper should be served; and music stationed conveniently for dancing.

"MRS. D. W. M."—A substitute for the strip of satin or colored plush placed down the center of the dinner-table, for decorative purposes, has been found in soft India silk, which may be obtained in soft art shades, and is not laid straight, but "crumpled," or gathered by the fingers into irregular folds, so that a whole piece of from five to seven yards in length, is required for an enlarged table. The flowers in the center should match the silk in tone, and single roses or chrysanthemums are placed here and there in the folds. Chrysanthemums, both white and yellow, are much valued for decorative table effect.

"NEW SUBSCRIBER."—Stockinet is not for sale in the shops, and can only be ordered wholesale from the manufacturers. Underwear made of it just now takes the lead.

"Mrs. E. G."—If you go much in society in New York, and want to be quite like others, you will require low bodices for "full" dress, that is for opera wear (in a box), and at important private entertainments. The independent low bodice of velvet or satin is a great boon, for it can be worn with light, half-worn skirts at the opera, where the freshness of delicate new evening dresses is quite thrown away; and where the frequency with which they are worn soon destroys them. Some ladies keep a black, and also white lace dress especially for such semi-public occasions as the opera, and their own "At Homes;" the jet with which they are covered making them very dressy, while they always preserve a certain distinction and elegance. They are in fact most useful, for, with transparent neck and sleeves, they can be used for dinners, and are yet not out of place for evening full-dress purposes. We do not recommend, however, the double bodice for the same dress, that is, one high, one low; a skirt is as easily "mussed" as a bodice, and as evening dresses of ceremony vary little in style, and are generally delicate in color, it is better to have them reserved for their proper occasions. A red brocaded opera cloak trimmed with gold and antique lace would not be out of place; it would be beautiful. One of the most elegant made by Worth this year was in precisely this combination.

"H. L. A."—The three dresses you mention, black silk, navy blue, and stone-colored cashmere trimmed with blue plush, are all good, but the latter would have been better with a trimming of seal-brown or garnet. For a spring suit, we should advise a bottle-green camels'-hair made up with velvet, and with a small bonnet and velvet mantle (silk-lined) to match. A prune or smoke-colored surah or ottoman silk with beaded garniture, and an all brown ladies'-cloth suit, finished with stitching and small gold buttons, jacket and felt hat with narrow gold braid edge to match. An ulster in addition to the wraps she has will be sufficient. The hair now is worn high, but there is nothing obligatory in this; it may be arranged in any way that is most becoming. But with auburn hair do not wear "jet" comb except with black dresses; shell or amber (opaque) will be much more suitable and becoming.

"Mrs. J. P."—We did not find the sample of black silk mentioned in your letter. The jetted plastron as illustrated, would cost you $10, a garniture in addition of equal quality would bring the cost up to $25 or $50, according to amount and completeness. It is of little use to buy cheap jetted lace or trimmings, they drop all to pieces. A scarf of fine cashmere would be very pretty with border of delicate pink-eyed daisies upon the pink ground, and with faint gold in their hearts.

"Mrs. L. M."—You will always be troubled so long as your floor is *painted* dark. The paint wears off and "chips." The only way is to procure a good wood-stain ("Butchers" is good) that will permanently dye the wood, and this is best obtained from a good furniture store. To restore your floor now, you should have the paint scraped off and a good stain put on by an expert. Oxalic acid is sometimes necessary to remove stains from brass—try it on the brass of your bird cage, if "silver" soap will not remove it—afterward wash with silver soap and hot water, and polish with wash leather.

"Mrs. M. E. S."—Our book of instructions gives explicit directions in regard to our method of cutting and fitting by the chart, which are easily understood if carefully followed. Should any points prove obscure, we would answer any questions in regard to them. There is no lace-book by which you could learn to make "point" lace, without any previous knowledge. Point lace-making is a very fine art indeed, and requires knowledge, experience, and infinite care and patience. You might learn some of the simple styles of darned or composite lace-making, but "point" lace is quite another matter.

"Zephyr."—We can still supply missing numbers for the past year, but it would be well for you to send for them soon, as they will not be reprinted.

"Margery Daw."—(No. 2.)—Black would be an ominous color for a bride to wear, white or some delicate tint would be better. The veil is a matter of taste. We should not advise it unless the dress were rich enough to make it appropriate. It is not worn after the one occasion, but it can be utilized for neck wear and bonnet strings. The bridegroom should wear gloves of a delicate tint, pearl or écru, necktie to match. You had better choose such a dress as will serve you for evening entertainments afterward, perhaps a nice wine-colored silk would suit you. A pretty costume of some soft shade of cashmere is suitable for a bride's morning dress, one that can be worn for a walk or a drive, or in which she can see friends, if they should call. It may be embroidered or trimmed with silk or plush. Wrappers are out of date, and not now worn beyond the dressing-room.

"An Old Subscriber."—"First Lessons in Amateur Photography," by Randall Spaulding, is an excellent work. We cannot tell you exact prices for illustrations or illustrated articles. Competition is great in illustrated work as in all others, and while clever, experienced artists get good prices, many work very low.

"Irena."—Rings were formerly, but are no longer fashionably, worn on the fore-finger. The wedding ring and engagement ring are both worn on the third finger of the left hand—the latter serving as guard to the former. It is the place of the first bridesmaid to remove the glove from the bride's left hand, before the ring is placed on the finger by the groom. The bride herself can facilitate the operation—which is not now lengthy or difficult, for gloves are worn of a much more sensible size, and are more pliable than formerly. "Mizpah" stands for "The Lord watch between thee and me, while we are absent one from another." "*Loyal en tout*" (Loyal in everything). "*Fide et amore*" (By Faith, and Love), "*Cor unum, via una*" (One heart, one way), are all good ring mottoes.

"Mrs. G. W."—There has been a rage for plush this season, and it is generally supposed it cannot continue, because it is so "common." But the finer plushes are not common, and are too handsome to be easily driven from the field. The best quality of seal-skin plush is as elegant as seal-skin itself, and more convenient and adaptable. Plush has lighter weight, is less heating, and can be cut and used for the whole garment, or for trimming, as desired. It is not so really rich or becoming as silk velvet. It does not hold the lights and shadows, like velvet. But it is effective for many purposes, and in a climate where there is, after all, very little severe weather, and whole fur cloaks, or even long seal-skin jackets, are too warm for health or comfort during the largest part of even the cold season, plush has found a large, and, probably, more or less of a permanent place.

"Jennie."—The sample is known as Astrakhan cloth. It is used for jackets, and also for trimmings and borders to suits, coats, hats, and jackets. As a material, it is more becoming to slender than stout persons.

"Grandma."—The plaited blouse, belted over a kilted skirt, is as good a model as there is for a boy of four. For best you could make it of handsome, large Scotch plaid, the skirt short, and cut on the bias, the body part of the blouse plaited into a pointed "shirt" yoke, and belted with stamped leather. A King Charles collar of antique lace. For every-day wear the same style may be made in twilled flannel, trimmed with flat braid, and the blouse may be plaited to the top. The hose should be long, and either dark wine-color, or black, to be "stylish," the skirt short, the blouse belted down low. The cap should be velvet, round, with soft crown, and cluster of small, soft, silk balls, or pompons.

"Constant Reader."—There must be some mistake in regard to your "tunnel" from Canterbury Cathedral to Dover. Such a work would be possible; but it would be thirty miles long, and one of the feats of building and engineering that "all the world" would know of. We can find no mention of it, and no one who ever heard of it.

"Constant Reader" (No. 2).—The quotation you inquire about is probably a parody on the last lines of the following stanzas from an old Scotch song:

"It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true,
And afore you're off wi' the auld love
It's best to be on wi' the new."

It would be well for correspondents to select something more original for a signature than "Reader," or "Subscriber," for these are repeated so often as to create confusion.

"Mrs. M. C. A."—The nun's shoes referred to in the December number of the Magazine, can be bought at from $2.50 to $3, and the serviceable cloaks referred to at from $38 to $45.

Art Notes.

The Autumn Exhibition at the Academy of Design is one of the best of these exhibits which are not expected to represent the serious work of the Spring Exhibition. They give the results of the summer's holiday or lighter studies—the Spring those of the winter's serious work. Mr. Edward Gay's fine landscape holds the place of honor, and is undoubtedly the best piece of work in the collection.

A notable exhibition at the Burlington Gallery, in London, has been that of the works of Mr. William Hughes, the well-known pupil of William Hunt. Mr. Hughes has been so distinguished for truthfulness and decorative effect in flower and fruit painting, that justice has not been done to his landscapes, which are full of delightful suggestiveness, and that "atmosphere" which shows the union of the poet and the artist.

Upward of three millions of francs have been appropriated to be spent this year on repairs and improvements in the Gobelin manufactory at Paris. New exhibition rooms are to be opened, fresh looms set up, another workshop built, and a school of design opened for the education of artisans. Visitors to Paris should not fail to take in this renowned establishment in the Quartier Mouffetard, particularly as they can combine it in the same day with a visit to the *Jardin des Plantes*.

At the request of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Island, Professor Boyd Dawkins, F.R.S., has drawn up a report on the antiquities of the Isle of Man, and the best means of preserving them. These antiquities, as is well known, are of great interest on account of the light which they throw on early Christian art and on the complicated and little-known relations of the Northmen to the Celtic population of the British Isles. Professor Dawkins urges the importance of steps being taken to preserve the existing remains, such as the Runic crosses, which are being destroyed by ex-

posure to the weather. They should, he recommends, be removed from unsuitable places into the parish churches, and pieced together when necessary. The pre-historic and non-historic remains, consisting of habitations, camps, places of assembly, and of tombs, might be preserved by means of an Act of the Manx Legislature on the same lines as the Ancient Monuments Act; and the localities of such archæological remains should be accurately marked on the 25-in. ordnance map, and the record of the old Manx place-names and folk-lore, which are fast disappearing, carried on without delay. The Lieutenant-Governor has directed a bill to be prepared for accomplishing some of the objects which Professor Boyd Dawkins recommends.

THE Illustrated Card has become a feature of our modern social life, which could not now be dispensed with. The Christmas card, the Easter card, the Birth-day card, but especially the Christmas card, has developed so much that is beautiful, and given expression to so much of the feeling that lay dormant in common life, that its value cannot be overestimated. Very much of this successful growth is due to the genius and enterprise of Mr. L. Prang, who is the foster-father of the Christmas Card in this country, and is acknowledged to have far outstripped all European rivals. It is to him certainly that we owe the elevation of the printed card into a true work of art. For years he has offered prizes the importance of which have led to competition by the best artists, in the creation of original designs; but he has now struck a new vein, and offers prizes for essays on the subject of the Christmas Card, to be competed for by ladies only, in order to ascertain the judgment of intelligent American women in regard to the requirements of a Christmas Card, and how far they have been met. The severest criticism is asked for.

THE painting of the final race between the "Puritan" and the "Genesta," which Mr. William F. Halsall was commissioned by Prang & Co., of Boston, to execute, has been lithographed with great spirit and truthfulness by the owners, and has made a picture well worthy of preservation, as admirable in color as it is vigorous in composition and faithful in detail. No souvenir of the event, which excited so much interest, could possibly be more welcome.

THE most interesting event of the season has been the acquisition of the famous Brinkley Collection of Oriental Keramics, by Mr. Edward Greehy, of 20 East Seventeenth Street. For several weeks past it has drawn not only the connoisseurs of New York, but from distant cities and sections, who were anxious not only to see a collection of Chinese and Japanese faïence and porcelain, quite unrivaled in this country or Europe, taken as a whole, but also to secure a piece, whose source alone will stamp it as original and unique. The collection is peculiar in its historic significance and perfection. Captain Brinkley being the highest living authority on the subject of Oriental Keramics—and every piece a lesson in itself—while a study of the whole is a true education in this singularly interesting branch of Eastern art, in which the habits, the customs, the worship, the social and domestic life of a wonderful people are all curiously blended with their flights of fancy, patient industry, and admirable technique. It is impossible to give an idea of the beauty and diversity of design, ranging from the noblest examples to the most grotesque oddities, and of the splendor and affluence of color, from the ivory white of the antique Korean, to the splendors of the Chinese polychromatic ware. It is a pity that the Metropolitan Museum of Art could not have acquired the whole of this magnificent collection—the gathering together of which has cost fabulous sums. While its dispersion, however, must be a matter of regret, the opportunity afforded is a rare one for adding to the treasures of other connoisseurs and collectors.

MISS FRANCES WILLARD, the able President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is endeavoring to enlarge its scope by making it the basis of a "World's Women's Christian Temperance Union," too long a name to begin with, long enough to make an end of it before it is begun at all. But if any one can do it, Miss Willard can, and will. At the recent annual meeting plans were sketched for enlarging the work of the W. C. T. U. in many needed ways: prominent among which is the sending out of missionaries to the farthest corners of the country and the earth, in order to unite women everywhere against the liquor traffic, and in favor of prohibitory measures. At the conclusion of her address Miss Willard said: "I can never forget that our cause is indissolubly linked with other great reforms. Already there is no sectarianism in religion so far as temperance work is concerned, and erelong, because of temperance, there shall be no sectionalism in politics and no sex in citizenship. The new party that is to us a morning star of hope, shall do what no other can—bring out in full the negro vote. When white men divide upon the liquor line and each side is intent to win adherents, then the color line will be obliterated. The New South will lead us in this great movement. For one, I would be glad to see our generous allies there outrank us in the new anti-slavery war and pioneer the path of the Republic into the promised land of prohibition. . . . The Prohibition party, under another name, perhaps, and broadened in its outlook, but first of all devoted to an outlawed liquor traffic and a protected home, promises to make us one family, with firm clasped hands and loving hearts. I am willing for its sacred sake not only to endure hardship as a good soldier, but, if need be, to bear reproach without the camp."

Mad Dogs and the Liquor Traffic.

REGULATED BY PROHIBITION; OR, WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

"IF the mad dog epidemic continues long in this and the adjoining cities, the dogs will have to go. Better that all the dogs in this city be killed than that one human being should die from the bite of a mad dog." *N. Y. Mail and Express.*

What signifies one man, woman, or child, now and then bitten by a mad dog, when compared with the vast multitude of men and women that are being constantly bitten by a poison that biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder; and this poison, so diffusive, so virulent, that it surpasses any or every other scourge, on account of the magnitude of the evils that follow in its train; a poison so terrible, that, in its effects, it makes small-pox, cholera, and other epidemics, including war, pestilence, fire, and famine, to be as nothing compared to its dreadful devastation.

A More Awful Madness.

"MEN, women, and children, are our first care; and whatever sacrifice of animals is necessary to the welfare of the human race, should be made without a second thought."—*N. Y. Herald.*

If it be better that all dogs should be killed rather than one child should be bitten by one mad dog—and we know all good mothers and fathers will heartily endorse this—what shall we say, what ought we to say, about the more awful madness of some human demons who make it their business to tempt men and women, and even children, into their dens, to deal out to them a slow, fiery poison, that exhilarates the brain with a frenzy, and then stupefies the victims into helpless idiocy, leaving them subject to an irresistible craving that nothing but repeated doses of the same villainous poison will satiate. And yet these mercenary monsters of iniquity, in their greed for money, will see these wretched, poisoned victims of theirs bloat, writhe, and die with curses on their lips, and all their surroundings enveloped in poverty, wretchedness and crime, and then gloat over the prospect of new victims that are being constantly enticed into their meshes, to satisfy their greedy selfishness.

Our Thoroughfares are Infested.

And, even while this hideous and demoralizing suffering and crime is being perpetrated, these monsters of vice are flaunting their vicious business before the eyes of the whole community with a wanton impunity and braggadocio, perpetrating more mischief and injury to the world than the worst brigands or bandits, or even than the pirates on the high seas. Why this nefarious traffic is suffered to exist, infesting our most frequented thoroughfares, unmolested by either officials in authority or passers-by, cannot be explained. How often they succeed in luring many of our best citizens into their dens, and even go so far as to offer attractive baits to entice women and children to partake of their poisonous compounds.

The Wicked Apathy of the People.

And to make the matter worse, the most marvelous stupidity, cupidity, or abject wickedness, has so taken possession of the people's minds in their sympathy with these monsters of crime, that they have secured the sanction of a legal endorsement; and, even more than that, they have been so active and so efficient in their raid on the conscience and moral sense of the people, that some otherwise good Christian men have been deluded into furnishing an apology and a justification of their criminal business, under the pretense of regulating it.

Marvelous Perversion.

Thus our most cherished and sacred Christian Church is made to subserve and perpetuate the most awful crime known in history. This is certainly the greatest marvel of moral perversion the world has ever seen; and so great is this perversion of conscience, of good, of truth, of law, and the best interests of humanity, that the wonder is that we can find any protection to our property, or barrier to the vicious propensities of bad and unscrupulous men, or any security for life, liberty, or happiness.

And the greater wonder is that we are saved from utter annihilation, especially when we remember that these dens of infamy are tolerated by nearly the whole community.

We are certainly standing, living miracles of how much vice and immorality can be practiced by a people and they not be engulfed by it. How imbecile is our claim to any conscience or moral sense; how utterly we have failed in making the best use of our opportunities, or justified the claim to our advanced and much boasted civilization.

It would seem that most of the people were stark mad in their selfish apathy, perverseness, and stupid forgetfulness of their best interests. How evident this is, as illustrated in their toleration of a traffic that produces a flood of crime, misery, and wretchedness, whose untold and immeasurable horrors are too vast to be fathomed by any human calculation.

Who is Responsible?

But who is most responsible for this stupid and wicked sanctioning of a demoralizing traffic? Let us see in the light of a further statement.

At a church temperance meeting held lately in one of the largest churches of this city, a clergyman in high standing declared that wine was one of the good gifts of God, a considerate use of which was justified by the Bible, and a license law was the best means of regulating its use in the community.

Is a mother's tears and agony over the loss of her dear, and perhaps only son, brought about by the open licensed saloon, to be rebuked and silenced by the liveried servant of God, who preaches to a rich congregation in a large church? Is his exalted position to be any screen for his perversion of the Bible, and his insensibility to the demands of poor, suffering humanity? Shall the wretchedness and misery, the debased manhood and degraded womanhood of our city's slums, brought about by the sale of the poisonous liquid under the sanction of these churches of Christ, be tolerated and sanctioned by us because their example is a sufficient justification to relieve us from all personal responsibility?

Who can describe the untold horrors of the liquor traffic in its desolating influence on the homes of our country; its ravages on the health, property, and welfare of the people. Truly, it is a vile and hideous incubus on every department of our social economy, and should be antagonized by all the power and influence we can bring to bear against it. Nobody denies the enormity of the evil of rum-selling; but who is responsible? That is the burning question.

Where the Responsibility Lies.

The rum-seller says: "I am innocent, because I have paid for my justification. The law demands a license, and it therefore assumes all the responsibility; and, besides, if I did not sell, some one else would."

The voter says: "I am innocent, because my party will take care of this question, for that is what parties are for, and if I should go with a new party it would set back the temperance question twenty years. And, besides, it might throw the good old party into the hands of the other party, and that would be worse than all."

The law-maker says: "I am innocent, because the people did not instruct me to legislate on this question. I am not supposed to be in advance of the people's wishes. They are the sovereigns; and if we should attempt to dictate to the people and give them what they do not want, we would soon be taught a lesson of how to stay at home and mind our own business."

The Christian minister says: "I am innocent, because, if we should agitate this question of Prohibition of the liquor traffic, and the necessity of the people doing their duty at the ballot-box as the most efficient way to annihilate this curse of rum-selling, it would be a partisan movement, and we cannot allow politics to be brought into the pulpit, these weapons will do for our enemies, but ours is a spiritual warfare, you know."

The individual Christian says: "I am innocent, because political Prohibition does not concern the church; and I, too, believe in the good old plan of educating the public with gospel temperance. We can talk temperance, preach temperance, pray temperance, but we cannot work temperance, for that would be voting, and I do not believe in bringing temperance politics into the church. Even if the curse of liquor-selling could be annihilated by a prohibitory law, and the church could, by her voice, sweep the traffic from the land, I do not believe it is any business of the church to meddle in politics."

The moral citizen says: "I am innocent, because, if the church-members and Christian ministers are silent on this subject, I do not see why I should be expected to take an active part in this agitation."

The unthinking public, the poor of all classes, the more degraded victims of intemperance, say: "If Christian men and ministers can say they are at liberty to ignore this question and remain silent, and do not care to put themselves out of the way, or take any responsibility about what they say is a great evil, why should we, who do not pretend to be leaders on even moral questions, much less on religious questions like these. We certainly are innocent, because, if there was so much wrong and injury done by the liquor traffic, why in the name of Heaven and all that is good do not the rich men, the great men, the moral men, the good men, especially Christian men and Christian ministers, do something, or say something, to show what they think about it."

So this responsibility is shifted from one to another, all saying: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes; from the depths of those enslavements, the drunkard's stupor and craving appetite, the cries of helpless, homeless children, the agony and tears of desolate mothers and of widows, degraded and criminally debauched, and suffering humanity all say: "Thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

Our intelligence is not so much at fault. We know more than we are willing to do. We should learn the most useful lesson, that it is never expedient to do wrong. What we want most is an enlightened, vitalized, active conscience.

We need not describe the yet untold horrors of this awful traffic, its desolating influence on the homes of our country, its ravages on the health, property, and happiness of the people.

We need an aroused Christian conscience that will proclaim eternal condemnation of this vile and hideous incubus, that now curses every department of our political, social, and educational progress. We want a conscience that will not rest satisfied until this awful traffic is utterly annihilated, by any and every means that can be brought to bear upon it.

Light is Breaking.

The Prohibition party movement has had a grand success so far—a success that justifies the prospect of an ultimate triumph of the principles of our party in the near future. The boom of 20 per cent. increase on our vote of last year, is being echoed all over the country. The old parties are paralyzed with fear at the prospect of complete demoraliza-

tion before the next Presidential election. And why should this not be? They have sold themselves out to the liquor dealers, and ignored the temperance element in their platforms, leaving us without hope for the prohibition movement in any other way than through the Prohibition party, and the people are now ripe in their convictions for the utter annihilation of the liquor traffic. High or low license, or vain talk about moral suasion, sumptuary laws, or any delusive pretense of regulating this evil is only so much sentimental nonsense. The people are getting tired of these misleading and fallacious arguments whose purpose is to stifle conscience and justify the apathy and actual connivance and even participation in the crime of rum-selling, whose only right is self-destruction.

The People's Anxiety.

Every one knows and feels that something ought to be done to blot out and banish this outrageous traffic from our land, but how to do it with the least jar and the least effort, and at the same time to conciliate the rum-seller, is the great question. In order to succeed we must be willing to sacrifice some of our old prejudices. We must meet the issue with a full determination to know no compromise, no justification or sanction of the traffic; no half-way measures, no temporary expedients, or doing evil that good may come; no setting up false standards of right and wrong, no betraying virtue into the hands of vice, no parley with the interests of the criminal; in short, no concession to the rum-seller. But to work for, pray for, vote for, and demand nothing less than the utter, unconditional, immediate and permanent annihilation of the liquor traffic, now and forever, by and through and incorporated in the organic law of States and nation, with a Prohibition party to enforce it

Prohibition Coming.

Will you champion the right? Will you be one of the party? Will you give this movement the benefit of your voice, your sympathy and your efforts, especially just now when you can do the most good, when it will be an honor and a matter for future congratulation that you allied yourself with the progressive party in its earliest experiences? The culmination of the Prohibition movement will be a glorious epoch in the history of our country. What a wholesome, healthy, and welcome howl we shall hear from the departed spirits of the rum-sellers' business. But we shall then see even the rum-seller, clothed in this right mind, rejoicing ever his deliverance from a curse that threatened to destroy him.

Then let our aspirations go up for an early triumph of Prohibition, and hail, all hail, to the near future when this terrible evil of rum-selling shall be swept from our land. Then shall a glad cry go on that will echo from hill-top to valley, the music of which will thrill the whole earth with an ecstasy of delight and rejoicing. Our country, redeemed from the curse and thraldom of this monster crime, will then rise to her true dignity as the home of a free, a regenerated and happy people.

Prohibition in the South.

Spread of the Movement—Georgia Apparently Quickly Approaching Absolute Prohibition Through the Ballots of a Newly Roused People—That State and Kentucky Lead the Rest in the Unlooked-for Movement—The Negro Vote Eagerly Sought by Whites and Freely Cast.

The recent bitter election contest in Georgia over the local option of Prohibition which promises to leave Atlanta, the most progressive of Southern cities, as free from liquor saloons as any Maine town, has attracted attention to the unlooked-for and almost phenomenal spread of the temperance movement in the South. Georgia, South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and even Kentucky, are moving rapidly in the direction of absolute prohibition. Kentucky, of all States—Kentucky, whose very name has come to be synonymous with whiskey—is only second to Georgia in this movement. The movement seems to have taken deep root, and the next Legislature will be asked to stop the production of whiskey in the State that gave life to the word Bourbon.—*N. Y. World.*

WHISKEY'S DOWNFALL IN ATLANTA.

The absence of bitterness and violence before the election, and notably on the day of election, was a happy surprise to all. Never before, we may safely say, was an important election conducted so peaceably—certainly never before with us.

While the friends of whiskey were betting on their success our people were never more harmonious. The rich man in Atlanta who predicts that prohibition will do incalculable damage is, no doubt, a dealer in liquor, as some of the trade are considered quite rich, and bet heavily on a favorable result for their side.

Now, all this stuff is the expiring effort to stem an overwhelming torrent which public opinion has been gathering for these forty years. The friends of virtue and good order are calmly rejoicing over the victory of temperance, and those who trade in the calamities of intemperance are the only ones made unhappy by the Atlanta election. Let the world know that the decision is inevitable and irreversible. A. H. Colquitt.

The North Carolina State Convention (held at Greensboro', Dec. 10th) was a grand success, and the work of agitation and organization will be prosecuted with unintermitting energy from now on until the election next fall. There promises to be but two parties in the field—the Democrats and Prohibitionists—and the contest will be a most exciting one, with the chances of victory largely preponderating in favor of the latter. This, by the way, promises to be the *natural division* of parties throughout the entire South, the Republicans generally having abandoned their organization in hopeless disgust. It also promises to become the only division in the North in a much briefer time than is generally believed or anticipated.

The Southern Prohibition Campaign, opened at Balimore, December 2, by Prof. Hopkins and Rev. C. H. Mead, promised to accomplish great good in arousing interest and crystallizing temperance sentiment in the South.

In an address at the Mount Vernon Methodist Episcopal Church in Washington City on Sunday night, Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, reviewed the Prohibition movement in that State, and gave a history of the recent campaign. He said that parties were lost sight of, and that the better element of both parties were engaged in driving saloons out of the State. The Senator declared that he should introduce a bill in the Senate to allow the people of the District of Columbia to vote on the liquor question, and should press for its passage. He thought the Capital of the country should set an example, and lend its moral influence to the Prohibition movement in the States.

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Temperance Advocate* asks: "Are the widow and orphans of a drunkard any better off because the head of the family was ruined in a high license saloon?"

A Burning Shame.—It is a burning shame to the M. E. Church, if it be true, as we have seen it published, that Bishop Merrill's letter, published in the interest of the Republican party during the recent Ohio campaign, "was literally distributed over the counters of bar-rooms and saloons." We say not in bitterness, but with deepest regret, that we are ashamed of a Methodist preacher of any grade who can write a document that will be adopted as a source of aid, comfort, and strength to the saloon. May the blessed Saviour interpose His Almighty power to defend His church when saloon-keepers speak well of a chief pastor and herald his method of dealing with the liquor traffic.

Another interesting feature is the steady growth of the Prohibition element as a most important factor in elections. In the early part of the Presidential canvas last year the *World* pre-

dicted that the Prohibition element, which the Republican party had for years courted and played with, would loom up into important proportions and enact hereafter a very prominent part in politics. We repeated the prediction this year, and notwithstanding the personal abuse lavished on ex-Governor St. John and the lying and scurrilous charges made against him by the angry Republican press, we warned the Republican party that the Prohibition vote would continue to grow.—*N. Y. World.*

THE *Christian Leader* says: "Dr. A. J. F. Behrends presents again the contrasts of doing good and doing evil in our society. More money is spent every month by the American people for distilled and fermented liquors than the American Board has been able to collect for the spread of the Gospel among the heathen in its whole history of seventy-five years. Not all of this liquor has wrought evil, but most of it has; and the money spent for it is worse than wasted. If we could turn the force used in depraving and blighting mankind into the channels of education, philanthropy, religion, how long would it take to make the darkest corners of the earth brighter than the lightest now are?"

THE National Women's Christian Temperance Union has thirty auxiliary State and nine Territorial Unions, besides that of the District of Columbia. It is said there are near 10,000 local Unions in the United States, with a membership of about one hundred and fifty thousand, and that it is the largest society ever composed exclusively of women, and conducted entirely by them.

Prohibition in England.

IT is a matter of sincere gratification that we learn that the question of the prohibition of the liquor traffic has a majority of the members of Parliament in its favor and it will soon be put to a test in a measure that will probably create a wide revolution.

It is possible that England may get ahead of us on this momentous question.

A political test of the liquor interest will be among the most important measures that could possibly be brought before the people, and the changes and modifications required will be of the most interesting and exciting character. Verily the world moves.

Prohibition is Coming.

"STRAWS show which way the wind blows." A few days since we had a most interesting illustration of the above adage:

A little girl of scarcely ten summers, came tripping into our head-quarters, and said in the sweetest tone: Please, sir, how many of those Prohibition tracts will you give me for two cents.

With a tear trickling down our face, we gave the usual No. 10, for once cent, and she seemed as much pleased as if most children would have been to receive a new toy. Within three days, the same little girl came again, saying: I want three cents worth more of those Prohibition tracts.

We hold the first two cents as trophies of the bright future opened for the lecture bureau, which includes the distribution of literature in the form of four page tracts, having a direct bearing on the political prohibition movement in its moral, social, economical, political, and religious aspects.

There is already a large and constantly increasing demand for these tracts, and we feel quite sure there is no other way in which so much information on this momentous question can be furnished to the people at so cheap a rate. Do not fail to avail yourself of the opportunity we offer to send a package of these tracts containing ten for one cent, either to comprise a set of ten or all of one kind, ten cents per 100 or $1.00 per 1000. Send stamps for amount less than $1.00.

Address Prohibition Lecture Bureau,
32 East 14th St., New York.

The South on Prohibition.

THE Southern question as related to the Prohibition movement promises to be one of the most interesting features of our next presidential campaign; already we hear of numerous charges and dissatisfied political aspirants giving vent to their conviction on the liquor question, most of whom are from the Democratic party.

The Negro vote will to a large extent rally around the new Prohibition Party, and a large proportion of the most conscientious of the whites, and not a few of the large capitalists in view of stopping the lawless and the vicious use of liquor among the blacks will unite and form a most formidable party that promises to win the prize as illustrated in the recent success in Atlanta. A solid South and perhaps a divided North on this great question of Prohibition will be the next problem for Political Strategics.

We are on the eve of great political results in all parts of the world. What marvelous changes may be seen in a few years.

The Saloons Must Go. Will You Help?

THE following are furnished in tract form at ten cents per 100, or $1 per 1,000. The printed page is one of the most effective of educational agencies, and the series of tracts announced are offered at so cheap a rate that communities may be "sown with the burning truths incident to the great political prohibition question."

Bombs for prohibition just issued by the Prohibition Lecture Bureau:

"The South and Prohibition," by A. A. Hopkins.

"A Third Party Needed," by Horace Waters.

"Liquor Traffic the Monster Crime, and how to annihilate it," by W. Jennings Demorest.

"Should Prohibition be made a Political Issue," by Herrick Johnson, D.D.

"Prohibition the Remedy for Hard Times," by George W. Bain.

"The Giant Evil of the Nineteenth Century," to be annihilated by Prohibition, by W. Jennings Demorest.

"Necessity for a Prohibition Party," by Herrick Johnson, D.D.

"Rum Selling our Country's Scourge, and the Remedy," by W. Jennings Demorest.

"Mad Dogs and the Liquor Traffic, regulated by Prohibition, or who is responsible," by W. Jennings Demorest.

Published by the Prohibition Lecture Bureau, 32 East 14th Street, New York, and sent anywhere, post free, at ten for one cent, ten cents per 100, or $1 per 1,000. Send stamps for small amounts.

WE repeat our notice in reference to the desirabiliiy of subscribing to some good temperance paper.

There are a large number of such papers now published in different sections of our country.

And there are two such papers published in New York City—one is called the *Voice*, and the other the *Pioneer*. The *Voice* is a large four-page paper, published weekly at one dollar per annum, and we can safely say of this paper that it is a veritable household treasure. It is edited in the most efficient manner, contains a weekly summary of all the latest and best intelligence on the progress and purposes of the Prohibition movement, and is altogether worth many times its cost. Do not fail to secure the weekly visits of the *Voice* and also make a special effort to get all your friends to subscribe, as the best means to create an interest in the great movement in your own family and the most efficient method to disseminate the truth and do good in the world.

The *Pioneer* is a smaller Prohibition paper, full of good and solid information on this momentous question, and is published monthly at only twenty-five cents per annum, or we will send both of these papers, the *Voice* and *Pioneer*, for one dollar, or both papers and DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE, for two dollars and seventy-five cents. We hope to find a very prompt, active response to this offer we have made to secure your favorite magazine together with the live and valuable temperance papers as the best means to awaken a genuine enthusiasm in this new temperance campaign that promises so much for the best interests of our country.

Address W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th Street.

THE Sociologic Society of New York City, Mrs. Imogene B. Fales, President, has appointed a committee to gather statistics of industrial co-operation, whose office is No. 12 Beecher Street, Newark, N. J. Any person having any knowledge of industrial enterprises, founded upon a co-operative basis, is requested to send the facts to Mrs. Henry A. Beekmeyer, at this address.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,
PRESIDENT AND TREASURER.
HORACE WATERS,
VICE-PRESIDENT.
WM. McK. GATCHELL,
SECRETARY.

A. A. HOPKINS,
FIELD MANAGER.

PROHIBITION+LECTURE+BUREAU,

ORGANIZED NOV. 9, 1885.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:
W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, N. Y. CITY.
HORACE WATERS, N. Y. CITY.
W. T. WARDWELL, N. Y. CITY.
FERD. SCHUMACHER, AKRON, O.
SHOTWELL POWELL, KEYS'LE, VA.

No. 32 EAST 14TH STREET,

New York, November 30, 1885.

DEAR FRIEND:

The "Prohibition Lecture Bureau" is the practical outgrowth of the movement started early last summer by Mr. Horace Waters, who originated the "St. John Campaign" of last fall and winter, so successfully carried out under the direction of Mr. A. A. Hopkins. The original plan limited the work to a single season, principally in the Southern States, with the hope that the South would cordially reciprocate with the North, but from correspondence and discussion between those interested, financially and otherwise, it became apparent that the scope of the plan must be broadened, its tenure expanded, and proper machinery for its efficient operation be arranged. To consider this demand a meeting of leading Prohibitionists was held at No. 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York City, on the evening of November 9, and the "Bureau" was organized, with the Officers and Executive Committee as noted at the head of this circular. The principal features of the plan are, that the "Bureau" is to continue for five years, or less, should Prohibition be established; that the work, while beginning in the South, will be reciprocal, and carried on in all sections of the country; that the membership be divided into three classes: Active, consisting of those who contribute $5 or upwards annually; Life, those who agree to contribute $100 or upwards for five years, or during the continuance of the Bureau; Honorary, in which list are included voluntary speakers, officers of State Prohibition organizations, and eminent representatives of the principle, male and female.

The following is a list of the subscribers to date in the amount of $10 and upwards:

W. Jennings Demorest, New York City	$1,000.00
Horace Waters, New York City	500.00
S. T. Gordon, New York City	300.00
Shotwell Powell, Keysville, Va	300.00
Ferd. Schumacher, Akron, Ohio	200.00
W. T. Wardwell, New York City	100.00
S. W. Packard, Chicago, Ill	100.00
Osmund Gunderson, Stoughton, Wis	25.00
J. R. Anderson, Bristol, Tenn	25.00
Lucius Woodruff, Binghamton, N. Y	25.00
A. W. Dennett, Chicago, Ill	20.00
George Sperling, New York City	15.00
C. O. Reed, Chicago, Ill	10.00
Rev. Geo. C. F. Fisher, Maspeth, L. I	$10.00
George L. Case, Cleveland, Ohio	10.00
J. A. Richards, East Orange, N. J	10.00
Rev. Jas. B. Simmons, New York City	10.00
J. C. Stowell, Flint, Mich	10.00
Rev. L. S. Stowell, Portage, N. Y	10.00
Wm. J. Groo, Middletown, N. Y	10.00
Herbert A. Lee, New York City	10.00
Dean La Banta, New York City	10.00
Dr. J. M. Gano, New York City	10.00
Jeremiah T. Brooks, New York City	10,00
Wm. Brown, New York City	10.00
A. H. Dolliver, New York City	10.00

It is estimated that $10,000 annually will be required. Subscriptions in any amount are respectfully solicited, and these will be promptly and extensively acknowledged through the press and circulars.

The plan contemplates that the speakers (like the subscribers) will be "volunteers" for this campaign of principle, with expenses of travel and board to be paid out of the funds. The "Pioneers" of this army are already enrolled, over seventy names being now on the register, with pledges aggregating more than 1,000 addresses. Among these "volunteers" are Gov. John P. St. John, A. A. Hopkins, George W. Bain, Rev. Green Clay Smith, Rev. John A Brooks, George O. Christian, Horace Waters, Miss Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, Mrs. Caroline B. Buell, Mrs. Sallie F. Chapin, Mrs. M. L. Wells, Mrs. Clara F. Hoffman, and a score of others of National celebrity, affording incontestible evidence of the popularity of the Bureau's proposed work, and that it will be carried out intelligently and effectively. It is proper to explain here, that the scope of the Bureau's work being *national*, and the "volunteers" representing all sections, they will be employed, so far as possible, in localities contiguous to their homes, thus economizing in all directions, while affording the lecturers the great advantage of addressing audiences to whom they are more or less known.

It is apparent that through this plan our ablest and best-known speakers, and many not so famous but competent and worthy, can be kept in the field, at far less expense to the cause, and with much less wear and tear to themselves, than while individually and locally employed. It is certain, also, that broader and more lasting good may result to the cause from this systematic order of field work, and by moving our platform forces compactly across territory to be organized and developed. The work of this Bureau is educational and agitational, auxiliary to the party's National Executive Committee, covering a range of duty and effort not properly belonging to such Executive, but equally indispensable.

The first national service the Bureau seeks to render is in the South, under a profound conviction of the possibilities which await development in that section; and on this account especially, both the Bureau and the cause are to be congratulated over the consent of Mr. A. A. Hopkins to take full charge of the Bureau's field arrangements, initiating them in the State of North Carolina early in December. Mr. Hopkins' experience in the South last winter as manager of the "St. John Campaign," his wide acquaintance with the leaders and workers in every State, his intimate knowledge of the entire national situation, and his acknowledged platform power, render him exceptionally qualified for this delicate and responsible position.

Mr. Hopkins is authorized to obtain membership and receive funds for the Bureau. The special desire is that he secure on the Southern field the heartiest co-operation in this work, for it is there the Bureau will make its principal outlay the coming winter.

Finally, as an organizer for the National Executive Committee, of which he is a member, Mr. Hopkins will see that the efforts of the Bureau are concentrated upon territory where party organization can be expected to reap the largest results.

It is hoped that this comprehensive plan will meet your cordial approval, and not only so, but that you may give it such substantial recognition and assistance as interest in this, the greatest cause of the ages, and your circumstances, may dictate.

Address all correspondence to the Secretary, No. 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York City. Make all subscriptions payable to the President and Treasurer, at same address.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST. *President.*

WM. McK. GATCHELL, *Secretary.*

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

"**Mal-Moulleé.**"—The author of this novel is not unknown to the literary world, though this is her first venture in the field of pure prose fiction. It is perhaps ten years ago since she struck across the Eastern horizon in meteoric flashes of somewhat passionable poetry—uneven, and often faulty in style and construction, but giving evidence of true poetic feeling and power, and signs of unexplored depths of thought, which might mature, or be arrested by premature conviction. Strong opinions upon the gravest subjects are not infrequent among the young women of the period. Seldom, however, has the expression of them been at once so frank and so profound as some of those touched upon in bits of poetic philosophy by "Ella Wheeler;" and, if her flights were sometimes fantastic, they were never absurd or destitute of the ring of the genuine metal. The publication of her "Poems of Passion" won the recognition of literary authorities, who acknowledged the presence of a new poet among us: and this conceded place gives an importance to her new literary venture, which it would not otherwise possess. It is safe to say, that though her first, it will not be her last novel. It is good enough to make the reading public desire that she should try again. It is, naturally, full of faults. Like all first novels, it is full of "views," of opinions, of theories for setting various things right; and, above all, it contains too much of the author's own poetry. There is a sad instance of this in Percy's letter to Helena—no man would cut a poem out of a newspaper to express himself with, under such circumstances. The most successful thing in the book is the character of Dolores. It is possible, and natural; true, not consistent, but true to the last. Helena's goodness is made to depend too much on her somewhat mystical spiritualism, and Percy Durand is just the sort of selfish, commonplace personage, that might enter into and spoil the lives of two uncommon women. The situations are daring, but the purpose is good throughout the story; and, though Dolores is by far the most interesting of the *personæ*, yet she is out of harmony with life, and there is a sort of poetic justice in making her the victim of the tragedy, the materials for which she herself had gathered together. She dies like a queen, however, and the sudden inspiration of her death is one of the happy inspirations of the book. G. W. Carleton & Co., publishers.

"**The New King Arthur,**" by the author of the "Buntling Ball," is an exceedingly clever satire, and highly creditable to the author, whoever he may be. The secret of the "Buntling Ball" has been so well kept, that it suggests Mr. John Hay, who preserved his incognito so well in the "Bread-Winners." But there is a finer touch in "King Arthur," and a richer vein than can be credited to the work of any known humorist or satirical writer, and which is exemplified in Guinevere's song to the "Lady Moon." The work has been beautifully printed on fine paper by the publishers—Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls—and must excite an interest superior to that of the author's previous work, among the reading public.

The "**Furnisher and Decorator**" maintains its high standard, and is full of suggestions to the builder and finisher of houses and homes. No one interested in this line of work can afford to do without it if they would keep *au courant* of the latest ideas. It is nothing less than marvelous that an interest has been developed in the art of building and decorating houses within so very short a space of time, that sustains journals of such a character.

"**The Infant Philosopher.**"—Under the above title an admirable little work has been written by a highly-esteemed medical practitioner—Dr. Verdi—which contains, under the guise of a baby's journal, much sound wisdom, and the results of many years' experience and observation. Dr. Verdi has gained the reputation of an expert in the treatment of infant diseases, and has certainly, in this clever little book, given voice to some of their legitimate causes of suffering and complaint. "An Infant Philosopher," however, is not only wise, but highly amusing as well. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, are his sponsors.

"**A Lucky Waif,**" by Ellen E. Kenyon, is a practical story of humble home and school life in a great city, by a writer who is herself a teacher, and knows all the workings of the simple ways through which she takes the reader. The subject does not call for the exercise of much imagination or fine writing; it is probably best told in the plain, direct style, which is one of the author's characteristics, and in dealing with simple and homely subjects, one of the chief merits. There is much that is interesting in the working out of the different lives that the author has grouped together, not without skill, and a current of honest, kindly sympathy with work and workers, particularly with teachers, to whom, naturally, the author is most closely allied, which wins responsive feelings in the reader. Moreover, both teachers and parents will find much that is suggestive and valuable in the hints conveyed through the medium of the story. Fowler & Wells are the publishers.

"**Ruling Lights**" is a calendar of original design, which is intended for perpetual use, and forms a pretty ornament for table or bureau. It consists of twelve leaves, with landscape and astronomical ornamentation, illustrated by scripture and other texts. The days of the week and the month are numbered under two little groups of tablets, which form pendant attachments to the upper part of the standard, upon which the main leaves are mounted. The only difficulty is, that if these tablets become displaced, there is no guide to correct date except another calendar. The author, Miss Little, has, however, shown great ingenuity, and A. L. Cassius, publisher, great taste in form and arrangement.

"**Salammbo,**" the famous Carthagenian romance by Flaubert, recently translated by M. French Sheldon, has been dramatized by the translator, and produced in London with great *éclat*. The chief part was taken by Miss May Huse, a noted American beauty, and great opportunities demonstrated for splendid scenic representation. Messrs. Abud & Co. managed the performance.

In her preface to "What we know about Shakespeare," Mrs. Dall says: "A few years since a gentleman of some scholarly reputation was asked to deliver an address, on Shakespeare's birthday, before a Shakespeare club of which I had long been a member. He spoke before two or three hundred people. He represented Shakespeare as 'vilely born'—the son of a butcher, apprenticed to a butcher, without education, a pot-house brawler, loafing about with poachers, until he got himself into such serious discredit that, after an enforced early marriage, he was obliged to fly from his native town. He then proceeded to glorify that Divine Spark of Genius, given to its possessor without regard to his deserts, which had set this pot-house brawler above all mortal men. What was my amazement to find that among his audience no one beside myself was prepared to question any of these statements." Mrs. Dall goes on to recapitulate facts capable of verification, and continues: "To bring forward these facts became my duty on the 23d of April, 1885, when I was asked to address the Shakespeare Club in the City of Washington. I care very little for adult people who are ignorant of what is now well known to every student of Shakespeare. It was to the young and untaught that I spoke. What I said was received with much enthusiasm, and I was asked by several of the best-read men whether I could not put it into a handbook which every child could buy. This I am now trying to do."

Miss Gordon Cumming's new book, "Wanderings in China," is in the press, and will be published by Messrs. Blackwood. The book contains a full account of Miss Gordon Cumming's travels while in China, and will be illustrated with reproductions of her best sketches.

Mrs. Pfeiffer's new volume, "Flying Leaves from East and West," published by Messrs. Field & Tuer, is an account of that lady's travels in Asia Minor, Greece, and America. During her stay in the last-named country, Mrs. Pfeiffer kept a journal, and these leaves from it were written as she went from New York, through Canada to San Francisco, over the Rocky Mountains to Salt Lake City, the Yosemite Valley, and primeval forests and back, *via* St. Louis, Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston.

Mrs. Huxley and Miss Nettie Huxley have, in collaboration, brought out a volume, of which the matter, "A Story of Pigland," is from the pen of the mother, and the illustrations, consisting entirely of pigs, are from the pencil of the daughter. The work is brought out in America by Messrs. Appleton, who have printed on the back of the volume, in guise of title, "My Wife's Relations—Huxley." At first the volume was supposed to be from the pen of the eminent biologist; but the *ruse* of the publishers was soon discovered. The sale is lively as ever, owing to the merits of the literary and artistic portions of the work.

The latest work from the pen of Miss Marietta Holly ("Josiah Allen's Wife") is called "Sweet Cicely." She corrected the proof of it upon a sick bed, and thinks it her best. Her publishers, Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, announce orders which obliged them to print a large second edition before the first was out.

Spurgeon has now completed his "life work," as he calls it, the "Treasury of David." This work is composed of seven large octavo volumes, of about 500 pages each. He has been engaged for many years preparing this great work. The sixth volume was published four years ago. The completion of the seventh volume has been much delayed by the frequent sickness of the author and his multifarious labors. In a letter to his American publishers, Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, he says that the delight he felt in completing the work was beyond expression. Instead of the stereotyped word "Finis," Spurgeon has had printed in large capitals at the end of the seventh volume the significant word "HALLELUJAH." It is certainly a suggestive ending. There are many thousands of admirers of Mr. Spurgeon who will join in a hallelujah that he has been permitted to live to complete the work.

"**Only Half a Hero,**" by Alfred T. Story, is a charming tale of the Franco-German war, simple, yet perfectly delightful in the development of the old, old story, and the true manliness and womanliness of a German youth and maiden. The character sketches are wonderfully well drawn. The author is well known in previous works—"Historical Legends of Northamptonshire," etc. L. N. Fowler, Imperial Buildings, 4 Ludgate Circus, London, is the pub isher of "Only Half a Hero."

The "Knave of Hearts."—Robert Grant is very well known as one of the most original and caustic of sketch writers. His "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl" was a hand-glass in which many of the girls of the period found their follies held up to the light; and it has been very properly followed by this "Knave of Hearts," in which the professional lady-killer tells his own story. The fairy aunt, and the "fairy" idea altogether, is rather shadowy, but the merciless fidelity with which a coxcomb is made to paint his own portrait is real, and places the author in the front rank as a satirist. Ticknor & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

"An Iron Crown."—The aggregation of enormous wealth in the hands of a few individuals is one of the curious and most distinctive phenomena in our modern American life; and the selection of this as a motive is already common among story writers. The author of an "Iron Crown" has, however, gone deeper than his predecessors. He depicts with earnestness and force, the influence of suddenly and ill-acquired wealth upon the social life which surrounds it, and its deadly effect in sapping the sources of true honor, manliness, and integrity. The author is evidently at home in many of the scenes which he describes. His principal fault lies in having crowded his canvas with too many personages. The majority are graphically drawn, however, and are so true to life that every reader will believe that he recognizes them. The far Western episodes, the life of the mining camps, and the stirring incidents of the Pittsburg riots, contrast finely with the glitter and gayety of high society in New York, in which, it must be said, the author is less at his ease than in Wall Street, with the inside of which famous locality he seems perfectly familiar. He uncovers the rapacity, the quite unconscious yet deliberate cruelty of the every-day transactions of its colossal gambling operations, and clinches his statements with facts and opinions, massed together at the end of the volume, and which are matters of public record. The book, it is acknowledged, has been written, less as a story than for a purpose; but it is not uninteresting in the former capacity, and furnishes an unusually dramatic denouement, while there is much that is clever in description and keen in satire, scattered all the way through its pages. The name of the writer is withheld, as is the fashion nowadays, but the work hails from Chicago, and T. S. Denison, 163 Randolph Street, of that city, is the publisher.

Holt's "Leisure Hour Series" is about to be represented by a romantic and dramatic novel of English rural life, with an American hero of a type at once fine and strong. It is entitled "After His Kind," and the author is supposed to be "John Coventry," who will probably be recognized as a practiced hand, whether English or American.

The "Corset" Shoe.

THE "Corset" shoe is in appearance like an ordinary high, laced shoe, but the steels placed perpendicularly around the ankle effectually prevent any turning or twisting no matter how weak the joint may be, and this is accomplished without discomfort or any undue pressure. As the name implies, it is intended to be a support, and a very efficacious support it is for weak or sprained ankles either for ladies or children, or for children learning to walk; and for roller or ice skating it is an indispensable adjunct.

Swindlers.

YOU should be on the lookout for all kinds of traveling swindlers, prominent among whom are the *bogus* book peddler and subscription agent. The latter is, probably, the meanest of the tribe, his victims being generally needy persons who desire to enrich their homes with a magazine or family paper. This impostor avers that Shark & Grabem are the authorized agents for a particular territory, and have contracted with the publisher for ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand copies each month, and are thus enabled to take subscriptions at half price, and give one or more chromos, of large dimensions, in addition. He is generally supplied with current copies of the leading publications, which he has purchased from some newsdealer, and will leave one number on payment of the reduced price, or one-half, the other half to be paid on delivery of the second number; and that is the last seen of the self-styled "subscription agent," the magazine, or the money.

Subscription swindling was common in years past, but direct communication with the publishers through the facilities offered by the modern postal system is so easy that these swindlers meet with but little success, unless some special inducement can be offered to the expected victim, who parts with a dollar, often more, sometimes less, because the opportunity is at his door of obtaining, as he thinks, a two or four dollar magazine for half the publisher's price. This inducement, and the oily, lying tongue of the applicant, blind them to the fact that if the publisher could afford to sell his magazine for less money, he would immediately put it on his publication, that all the world should know it, and not send out a special fraud to undersell him in his own market.

How We Can Do It.

DOES it interest you to know how the "Demorest" (the best Sewing Machine in the market) can be sold for $19.50?

Very few but those directly interested in the manufacture of Sewing Machines know how cheaply they can be made.

No first-class sewing machine costs over $14 to build, and the difference between this amount and $55 is made up in profit to the company, numerous times out on trial without being purchased, lessons to non-purchasers, old machines taken in exchange (which are destroyed), repairing of machines broken and defaced by parties not purchasing, and agents' profits.

Take the opposite of this, and you will see why we can sell for $19.50 the most expensive machine in the market to build. We make but about $1 profit on each machine, above manufacturing cost and a small agents' commission. The purchaser is not obliged to pay for several other parties having worked and taken lessons on her machine before she gets it, nor for sundry repairs to make the machine look new. The machine is sent directly from our factory, and is guaranteed to be a new machine. You therefore will see why other sewing machine agents talk against our system. There is probably no other business run in such a prodigal way as the old system Sewing Machine Companies. We are simply systematizing it to the same methods as other manfuactured articles, and giving the purchaser the same show for the money expended, as in buying a stove, a broom, or other household commodity.

We are giving you, for $19.50, a superior article to that for which you are now paying $55. That is to say, we are selling you a sewing machine at the same price that other companies charge their agents. It is the agents who tack on the immense profits to cover the cost of the time and trouble expended in selling by the old system.

THE following letter was published in our November issue. A second letter from Mrs. Kilgore (appearing below) will be interesting to those residing at a very great distance from New York.

929 K STREET, COR. TENTH.
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, *Sept.* 30, 1885.

DEMOREST SEWING MACHINE CO.:

I am pleased to state the "Demorest" Sewing Machine received from you works to perfection. It is all that you claim for it, and the finish is much better than your advertisement led me to expect. I thank you for the saving you have enabled me to make by purchasing your machine, and remain,

Yours truly,
MRS. ELLIS KILGORE.

SACRAMENTO, *Dec.* 15, 1885.

THE DEMOREST SEWING MACHINE CO., NEW YORK,

DEAR SIRS: I am receiving letters from all parts of the coast inquiring about the Demorest Machine. These letters have become so numerous that it will be a great favor to me if you will insert the following information in your next issue. To wit:

After a long and thorough trial of the "Demorest Sewing Machine," I find it to be just as represented. The cost of getting it to Sacramento, California, is as follows:

Machine	$19 50
Freight to Sacramento	5 87
P. O. money order	15
Total	$25 52

Very respectfully,
MRS. EMMA KILGORE.

P. S.—The machine comes set up and ready for use. (Transportation to nearer points vary from 25 cents up.)

Our Volume.

AN examination of our subscription list discloses the fact that a large number of our new subscribers have commenced their term with January, and we call their attention to the fact that the volumes of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE commence with November and end with October, for which a Title Page and Index to correspond are annually given. In the past, so many in this situation have called for the first two numbers of the volume (November and December) at the end of the term, that we have had to make reprints to supply the demand. We anticipate this condition again, and call your attention to the same. Should you desire to have the November and December numbers of 1884 to make your volume complete, we will forward them and change the date on our books; or we will send the two numbers additional on the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps.

☞ DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE and *Floral World Magazine* (Highland Park, Chicago), *both* one year for Two Dollars, *if forwarded to the latter publication.*