DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

NO. CCXXVII.] DECEMBER, 1883. [VOL. XX., NO. 2.

THE SHORES OF NOTHING.*

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

Author of THREE "VASSAR GIRLS," etc., etc.

"The summer pilot of an empty heart
Unto the shores of nothing."
TENNYSON.

CHAPTER I.

A SUMMER IN SEVILLE.

"THEY came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon."
TENNYSON.

"AT last, mademoiselle, there have arrived to us some Americans," announces Clemence, the French maid from the hotel across the way. Clemence has been secured by the proprietor on account of her linguistic accomplishments. She speaks French as only a Parisienne can, and English and Spanish with volubility, if not with correctness. She is invaluable as an interpreter, for gossip is more to her than meat and drink. She comes regularly to retail the news of the hotel to her particular friend Pepita, who is posing now for the little American lady, in whom Clemence finds herself strongly interested, she is so pretty, so talented, and so mysterious; for, as far as Clemence has been able to discover, Miss Hathaway has no gentlemen friends. Not a single beaver hat or tourists' veil-wreathed sombrero has called upon her since she took lodgings opposite two months ago. It is *incroyable*, it is impossible, but it is true. Pepita is interested at the mention of Americans, and she a ranges her mantilla of black *Alma gro* in more fascinating folds; but her patroness paints steadily on, showing scant interest in the announcement.

The languid air of a Seville summer scarcely stirred the oleanders and jessamines; the palms drooped thirstily, and the vivid blossoms of the cacti burned like so many tongues of flame. The insufficient little fountain dripped with a tantalizing plash on the steaming tiles of the *patio*, and through the wrought-iron lacework of the gateway. Kitty Hathaway could see the city, white with dust and glaring with Spanish sunshine.

"I only wonder that any one comes to Andalusia in the summer," she remarked absently, as she made a strong effort to command will-power sufficient to match the exquisite ivory of Pepita's complexion.

"Seville, no," replied Clemence; "but Granada is so cool as an ice of *horchata de chufa;* and who can make his voyage to Granada without reposing himself a small moment at Seville?"

Kitty Hathaway had tested various European climes, and had discovered that even Italy was endurable in summer. She was a self-poised, self-reliant young woman, who had gone abroad for art study with several friends at the close of the War of the Rebellion, who had studied a year in Paris and six months in Rome, and who now found herself, in the spring of 1866, in Seville, with its treasures as yet unexplored, and commissions for copies of three Murillos. Her fellow-students and companions flitted away to more northern climes, but Kitty determined to defy the warm weather and remain throughout the summer. A little sense of loneliness came over her when she realized that for the first time she was quite unattended, but there was nothing alarming in the situation. She was boarding in a decorous Spanish family, and, with Pepita for maid and model, she haunted unmolested all the places of picturesque interest in the romantic old city. It was very pleasant, she told herself, to be able to give her attention uninterruptedly to study, with no buzz of distracting, frivolous Americans about her, no invitations from idle society people to help them fritter away time. Kitty Hathaway was intensely in earnest, but, unfortunately for the successful carrying out of her high aims, she was remarkably pretty, and a charmingly vivacious conversationalist. Society always found her out; people secured her services in arranging tableaux, in

designing costumes for a fancy dress ball, or in taking a table at a bazar. She was always ready to dot your satin *menus* with dainty flowers, to lead a German, or decorate a suite of rooms. She was just enough of a musician to play Strauss' waltzes if any one wished to dance, and knew enough of cards to be unable to refuse to make up the party when three veterans found themselves alone with a whist table. She was a great favorite with the gentlemen, and scheming mammas found it necessary to invite the comet to their receptions in order to attract the comet's train. The strictest dowager could not, however, pick the slightest flaw in her conduct. Up to this time, she had been able to conventionally protect herself with the companionship of some married lady, and as the aim of her life was good-naturedly to avoid flirtations and adventures, and to devote herself seriously to art, she had secured not only manly admiration but that more difficult acquirement, popularity with her own sex.

Clemence's news that a party of Americans had taken possession of the little hotel across the way, was not therefore the most agreeable which she could have brought.

"Tell me about them," Kitty asked, more to gratify the girl's love of talking than from any personal interest.

"It is a *partie quarré*," replied Clemence; "two ladies and two messieurs."

"Old married people, probably; then they will do the city in three days, and be off for Granada."

"Pardon, mademoiselle; none of these people are married with each other. There is a young blind gentleman, so sad! so beautiful! Madame his mother, so devoted! A young man, his companion, his—what shall I say? who shall read to him, who shall walk to him, who shall dress his hair, arrange his affairs and his baggages—his essential friend, who shall make life possible."

"You said, I believe, that there were two ladies."

"Ah! *sanctissima!* yes. I had forgotten the young lady, his *fiancée*."

"Whose betrothed? The young blind gentleman's or his essential friend's?"

"The young blind gentleman's. They all exist for him. His friend is doubtless poor. He is half valet, half coureur. He is nothing."

"And the young lady, is she pretty?"

"Alas! no. She is as unattractive as the three Franciscan virtues—Chastity, Obedience, and Poverty. But she is rich. Mademoiselle should see her diamonds."

"They seem to be a remarkably well organized party," thought Kitty; "just a carriage full; they will hardly need to invite a friend to accompany them on excursions. The two lovers are, of course, all in all to each other, and the mother and the essential friend are doubtless absorbed in the afflicted young gentleman. I shall not be likely to attract their attention."

As the evening breeze came up, and she opened her white parasol preparatory for her afternoon walk, she noticed the two American ladies examining some specimens of lace displayed in a shop window. "Always shopping," she thought, a little scornfully, and was about to turn into a cross-street, when the ladies suddenly retired from the window, and she recognized in the younger an old boarding-school friend, Maria Goldstone. Exclamations and greetings followed, and Maria introduced her to Mrs. Erskine, an intelligent lady with a motherly smile, to whom Kitty's heart warmed at once.

"Papa was called home suddenly on account of business," Maria explained, "and Mrs. Erskine was kind enough to offer to take charge of me, and I am to be on her hands for the summer. I am so glad we have found you. Won't you go to Granada with us? No? Then we must see all we can of each other while we are in Seville."

Mrs. Erskine, with kindly cordiality, insisted that Kitty should dine with them, and, as the dinner-hour was then sounding, they led her at once to their hotel. As they entered the shaded court, Kitty noticed two young gentlemen sitting in cane chairs. One of them, the elder, she might easily have mistaken for a Spaniard, as he had the dead black hair, sallow complexion and listless, world-weary attitude of the Southron. The other gave the impression of perpetual youthfulness; his features told of great sweetness of disposition, and must once have been strikingly handsome; but now a pair of London smoke glasses concealed his eyes, and when he raised his hand and swept back the abundant blond hair which grew low upon his forehead, a disfiguring scar was shown crossing it in an irregular white seam.

"You have brought some one with you, mother?" he asked, rising impulsively, and extending his hand in an expectant manner.

"Yes, Hugh," replied Mrs. Erskine, placing Kitty's hand in that of her son; "we have been so fortunate as to find a friend of Maria's, Miss Hathaway."

Hugh Erskine did not immediately relinquish Kitty's hand, but held it while he presented his friend, Mr. Lindsay. He chatted extremely well, showing himself conversant with every topic of the day, and commendably cheerful under his misfortune. His most noticeable characteristic was a good-natured determination to make the best of the situation, and there was nothing in his manner which either invited or permitted sympathy. At dinner Kitty noticed that he was punctilious in every point of table etiquette. He amused them by running over the menu and guessing correctly at every dish, guided only by the odors which were wafted toward them from the butler's pantry.

"The loss of one sense quickens the others," remarked Maria; "Mr. Hugh is as keen scented as a hound."

"Imagine, then, what I must suffer," he rejoined, "in traveling through Spain, this country of most unchristian smells."

"This is nothing, I am told, to Morocco," said Mr. Lindsay.

"Then Heaven defend us from all leather of that quality," rejoined Hugh. "Do you know it seems to me that the first fascination of the wine cup is in its gamut of gem-like colors from topaz to carbuncle. I lose that temptation, and I prefer the flower-like perfume of fresh fruit to the bouquet of Chateau Rose for example. Besides, there is another delight in feeling of fruit. With the furry velvet of a peach caressing my palm, I can imagine its color, and with an orange hot from the noon-day sun pressed against my cheek, I get a little of real Spanish feeling in my veins."

Maria made a little grimace and passed him a slice of pineapple. "My nose saves my fingers, Miss Maria," he replied gayly. I can forgive the pineapple its piquancy, just as I can you, for the sake of its other good qualities."

Hugh Erskine chatted on, enlivening the meal with playful repartee, and displaying an inexhaustible fund of fresh stories, ready humor and graceful compliment.

"Mr. Hugh is an inimitable raconteur," whispered Maria, and Kitty was forced to admit that while there was nothing surprisingly witty or profoundly original in his conversation, it yet possessed a boyish and hearty freshness, a genuine vivacity which she had missed in the more labored merriment of many conversationists of her acquaintance. While speaking he kept his eyes fixed upon her, and although she was quite conscious that they took no note of her actions, she could not quite bring herself to return their apparently earnest gaze. Instead, she observed Mr. Lindsay, who de-

voted his attention silently to his plate, rarely speaking or glancing about him. He was a young man of prepossessing appearance, and she felt sure that his taciturnity did not arise either from timidity or sullenness. He bore the unmistakable stamp of good-breeding; his dress, while unobtrusive, was neat to exquisiteness, and his manners were marked by a dignified and almost formal courtesy. A heavy mustache effectually concealed his lips, but his closely shaven chin was handsomely rounded and the upper part of his face refined and serious. Kitty felt an involuntary impression of respect, and came to an immediate conclusion that Mr. Lindsay occupied his subordinate position from some freak of fortune, and not from the natural fitness of things. She felt that he was a man at variance with his surroundings, perhaps a superior nature to the light, good-humored fellow to whom he must defer on every occasion; and a sentiment of respectful pity was awakened in his behalf. Even Maria treated him with a condescending familiarity, which grated upon her sense of propriety. Her numerous requests had too much the air of command, and for the first time she mentally accused her friend of a lack of taste Evidently she regarded Mr. Erskine as so completely hers, that all of his belongings, to his very valet, were hers also. After dinner the party adjourned to Mrs. Erskine's parlors, and Maria, who was a fine performer, seated herself at the piano, playing a number of selections from Wagner.

"Are you musical?" asked Mr. Hugh Erskine of Kitty. "No? I'm so glad. You know ever since Miss Maria joined us I've had a surfeit of music. I admire her talent immensely, of course, she's a very brilliant young lady, but confidentially now, I do get most awfully tired of that piano. It gives no opportunity whatever for conversation, and it's enough for a fellow to be blind without having to be dumb, you know. I say, Lindsay, just bring those photographs I bought in Madrid, I want Miss Kitty's opinion of them. I always take the liberty of using my friends' eyes as much as I can. I've bought a complete set of the Velasquez photographs, and I want your opinion as to their relative value. I know you are artistic and that your opinion will be worth something, and I shall see how it compares with Lindsay's. Lindsay here sets himself up as quite a connoisseur in everything. I've notched his estimates in secret cipher on the edges, and your's shall follow."

Mr. Lindsay stood respectfully with an amused smile lighting his fine face while Kitty made her remarks. Mr. Erskine slapped his knee with enjoyment whenever their views differed, and notched the diverse opinions with much gusto. "Esop," he jotted, "according to Lindsay, a disgusting old beggar. Velasquez must have fumigated his studio after the departure of his model. Miss Kitty calls the picture a wonderful piece of painting, of a shrewd, world-contemning philosopher. When doctors disagree, what shall the verdict be?"

"Recommended to mercy," suggested Kitty, and then it struck her that they were paying scant respect to Maria's playing. As the thought crossed her mind, Maria began an accompaniment from Ernani, and turning said carelessly: "Mr. Tommy Tucker, come sing for your supper."

For an instant Kitty blushed painfully for her friend, the jest was so rude and displayed so crude a nature that her teeth closed in resentment. Mr. Lindsay, however, took his place instantly at Maria's side, and all conversation was hushed as his rich tenor voice filled the room. After the music Hugh Erskine proposed that they should take a stroll upon the Alameda. "Now," thought Kitty, "I will arrange to walk with Mr. Lindsay." Her intentions were frustrated by Hugh, who sandwiched himself between the two young ladies, leaving his friend to escort his mother and to carry a camel's load of overcoats and wraps. The Alameda glittered with gas-jets and swarmed with pleasure-seekers. Stately carriages lined the plaza, where ladies in opera costume lolled languidly and received calls from the Dons who passed gallantly from landau to landau. The promenade was filled with a laughing, flirting crowd of pretty tobacco girls in white satin slippers, ruffled pink dresses and black veils, a coquettish white rose behind the left ear, and the fan poised against the right cheek; long shovel-hatted priests, with crucifix and thong for flagellation suspended from their girdles, Gypsies in fantastic costumes, tall handsome soldiers in showy uniforms, children screaming with delight, water venders and cake sellers, beggars and countesses: a kaleidoscope of humanity. The band brayed hilariously, the crowed elbowed and jostled, odors of rose and heliotrope mingled with fumes of cigarette and garlic. In all that seething mass of people they were the only Americans, and they felt out of place and intrusive, understanding "the loneliness of a crowd."

"There is an unoccupied bench behind that clump of hollyhocks," said Mr. Lindsay. "You ladies had better secure it, until I can hire a few chairs."

Seated a little aside, the Alameda took on the appearance of a panorama revolving for their amusement. In a part a trifle more secluded, a beautiful Spanish girl was gracefully performing the fandango to the claquing of castanets, and the "Student of Salamanca" played skillfully upon the guitar, to the more dignified and measured movements of her male companion. Two athletic young men with cigarettes over the left ear passed with their arms entwined in brotherly fashion. Mr. Lindsay made a significant gesture toward the coiffure of one of them. It was plaited in a little queue, and signified that the wearer was a professional bull-fighter. They had noticed the gaudy posters about the town and knew that in a few days the two friends might be separated by a horrible and brutal tragedy of the arena. Dusk deepened into dark and the noble outlines of the Giralda were lost in shadow. The clear sparkle of myriads of stars answered the more lurid signals of the gas-jets in the park, when suddenly their attention was attracted by a luminous object in mid-air, a golden globe, then a green, a ruby and a purple one in quick succession, then a circle of smaller topaz lights and two blazing diamond solitaires with sapphire pendants. They were arranged too regularly to be meteors, and yet they seemed too high in the heavens to be any species of fireworks. "What is it? Oh! what is it?" exclaimed Maria.

"It looks like a magnificent jeweled chandelier hung from the vault above," said Kitty.

Hugh Erskine, with his cheek resting upon his cane, turned his sightless eyes pleadingly toward her, and for the first time a great wave of pity for his deprivation swept across her. He had seemed so cheerful and unconscious of any lack, that it had not occurred to her that he needed sympathy.

"It is the lighting of the dome of the Giralda," explained Mr. Lindsay. "It is so dark that we do not see the tower, and it has all the effect of an illumination in mid air."

There had been a little hush of surprise in the crowd about them, and now exclamations of admiration broke forth on every hand. The great bell in the town told the hour, surprising them by its lateness

"There are some things," said Hugh Erskine, as they rose to go, "that cannot be described. I must be reconciled to missing them." He slipped his arm within that of his mother. "Lindsay, you may take your turn with the ladies," he said more gayly. "I must give them an occasional respite, or even their heavenly charity may be worn out."

CHAPTER II.

CURRENT AND UNDERFLOW.

MARIA GOLDSTONE, rich, painfully plain, in other things hopelessly commonplace, had been from her youth incorrigibly romantic. Nurtured upon novels, she had lived almost entirely in her imagination. The lowest in her class at school, she had fled from the ignominy of the recitation room to her never-failing solace, a volume of Wilkie Collins or a surreptitious copy of the *Ledger*. Bony of figure and ungracious of address, few girls have passed their teens with so slight a suspicion of romantic adventure; but what she had Maria made the most of. She glorified her heroes and wept in secret over imaginary heartache, spinning endless webs of fantastic experiences, wild dreams of conquest or desertion, which she poured into the ears of her cherished friends. Her darling ambition at sixteen was an elopement, but twenty came and no lover had presented himself, and even none at twenty-five. Maria's most Bohemian escapades had been purely of the imagination. Her plotting and scheming was not alone exerted on her own behalf. Each one of Maria's friends came in for a share of her abundant but futile match-making. She paired them off with the utmost generosity, relinquishing a hero whom a week before she had imagined her own destiny, and working with the utmost diligence to bring refractory hearts into loving concord.

Kitty remembered this trait of her friend, as they walked homeward from the Alameda. Mr. Lindsay talked very well, but she could not help contrasting his measured sentences with Hugh Erskine's boyish and sometimes inconsequent spontaneity. She found herself listening critically instead of keeping up her part of the conversation. Maria, however, seemed quite in her element, drawing him out to expressions of opinion by well managed remarks and interrogations. It seemed to Kitty that Maria was endeavoring to exhibit Mr. Lindsay, and the suspicion that she was striving to secure her interest in him, created in Kitty's mind a little feeling of indignation at Maria's gratuitous way of managing people.

It made no difference that the management was kindly intentioned, and in many cases would, if carried out, have resulted in the happiness of her puppets. Maria's interference with the decrees of destiny had invariably met with hostility; and Kitty determined that in spite of her love for Maria, though she might be led to admire Mr. Lindsay's excellencies, Maria should not in this instance work her will.

As she bade her friends good evening at her own door, Mr. Lindsay lifted the blossom of a cape jessamine caressingly. "It is the first time that I have seen the flower," he said, "since I left my own home."

Kitty looked up quickly. "Then I was right," she asked, "in thinking you a Southerner?"

He bowed gravely. "Mobile was my home and birthplace, but I have been an exile for several years."

Kitty regarded him coldly. Sectional feeling ran high at the close of the war, and she said to herself, "Here is an ex-Secessionist, or at best a coward, who has deserted his country to escape serving her in her hour of peril. Only bitter words crowded themselves to her lips, but she was saved all necessity of speaking by Maria, who exclaimed enthusiastically, "Don't say one word further, Mr. Lindsay; let me tell Kitty everything. Come and see me to-morrow, dear, I've loads of Spanish lace I want you to see, and I want to tell you all about Mr. Lindsay; he is too modest to set it out well himself, and it is too romantic for anything."

"I beg of you, Miss Goldstone," exclaimed Mr. Lindsay, deprecatingly.

"Reassure yourself, Mr. Lindsay," remarked Kitty, with an edge of frozen lime juice in her words, "I always make allowances for Oriental figures of speech when Maria descants about her friends."

Kitty had been favorably impressed with Mr. Lindsay, and it was, perhaps, inconsistent that she should rebel against Maria's attempts to introduce him to her good opinion; and yet on the following day, when she was seated confidentially on the floor of Maria's room, admiring the contents of her friend's lace-box, she was not a little vexed that Maria should make Mr. Lindsay the theme of eulogistic biography. She attempted, by a feigned enthusiasm for Spanish blonde, to ward off the infliction, but Maria was not to be diverted.

"I know you are very patriotic, Kitty," she began, "but I think if you will view the case impassionately you cannot blame Mr. Lindsay. He was a Southerner, you know, and all his interests were with the South, and he really could no more help joining the rebel army than Hugh Erskine could keep from enlisting in the Union one."

"How does Mr. Erskine regard it?" Kitty asked.

"Hugh Erskine and Mr. Lindsay were college friends before the war, now they are brothers. Hugh will tell you some time Kitty, if you get very well acquainted, how he received the wound that took away his sight. It was in the first year of the struggle. He was under McClellan, and had been sent out to reconnoitre. He rode up to a low fence behind which grew a hedge of willow trees, which his commander had thought might serve the enemy as a masked battery, and there in a gap in fence and hedge, he met Mr. Lindsay who happened to be stationed there as a picket. Then Hugh called out in his impulsive way, 'Throw down your gun; you are my prisoner.' And Lindsay laughed. Hugh says it was the last look he had of any human face, and that he shall never forget it, for it looked like the face of a fiend. I don't know what might have happened next, perhaps each might have shot the other, for Mr. Lindsay's rifle was pointed at Hugh's heart, and Hugh had his pistol half out of his holster, when just at that instant a screeching shell came ricochetting along the ground from the Federal lines. The gunners had noticed the movement in the willows, and not knowing that Hugh had been sent out, had determined to explore the supposed battery with a bomb. Both men looked away from each other toward the shell, which came tearing along in long irregular skips. It stopped just beside Hugh and exploded as it stopped. His horse was killed, and a fragment of the shell grazed his forehead and destroyed his sight forever. Hugh says he lost all consciousness, but when he awoke he was in the hospital, and they told him he was brought back by Mr. Lindsay, who risked his life to bring him inside the lines, and who willingly gave himself up as a prisoner, only asking to be allowed to nurse his friend. Wasn't that brave, Kitty? Wasn't that heroic?"

Kitty was silent, but behind the screening fingers tears were trickling.

"After that," continued Maria, "of course there was no more fighting for Hugh; he was sent home, and Mr. Lindsay was exchanged and returned to Mobile. But he is one of those daring spirits that cannot bear inaction, and besides he is very ambitious. I think ambition is his ruling motive. He had not achieved any distinction so far. Mobile was stagnating, his fortune was vanishing, and so slipping out of the harbor on a blockade runner, he joined Admiral Semmes in England. He was on board the Alabama when Captain Winslow sunk her off Cherbourg, and was picked up by a French fishing boat. He had relatives in France, an aunt of his had married a marquis; she placed a very little money at his disposal and advised him to study medicine at Paris. He began to do so, and a year after Hugh

came out to Paris with his mother and joined him. They have been inseparable ever since."

Kitty had recovered her self-possession and was a little ashamed of herself. "Mr. Lindsay's action, when Hugh Erskine was wounded, was certainly very noble," she said, "nevertheless, it does not seem to me quite in character, that he should now live upon his friend's bounty."

"Indeed," exclaimed Maria, "Mr. Lindsay does more for Hugh now than money can ever repay. Hugh has decided to study medicine merely to occupy his mind, and Mr. Lindsay reads to him. I believe Hugh would have gone insane without the companionship of his friend."

"Mr. Erskine does not strike me as a person predisposed to melancholia," replied Kitty, "nor Mr. Lindsay as a remarkably lively companion; however, I am willing to admit that he is by no means an ordinary individual."

"I am so glad to hear you say so," Maria exclaimed delightedly. "I wanted, above all things, that you should like him."

Kitty smiled. "Why don't you like the poor fellow a little, yourself?" she asked.

Maria colored painfully, and Kitty knew that she had touched her pride. "She would not be seen escorted by him to any place of amusement," she thought. "She will never forgive me for referring to him in the light of a lover. I don't care, it serves her right for recommending to me an individual whom she would scorn for herself."

Maria unfolded and folded her laces. "I look at marriage differently from what I used to," she remarked, after a little pause. "My fortune, while it apparently makes me independent, really imposes great responsibility. I mean to marry where it will do the most good. I used to say that I was waiting for a poor genius to turn up, and nobody has proposed who was either quite talented or quite poor enough to suit. There was one artist who lived in the Latin quarter in Paris, who was too romantic for anything. He used to patch his own pantaloons, gray ones, with black pieces; he ironed them out with a tile which he pried up from his floor and heated over a spirit lamp. I was really very much interested in him. And I had a lovely music teacher in Rome. His playing was something too heavenly, but there was always something the matter, and I have decided to give up genius and substitute—" Maria paused. She hardly knew how to indicate her choice without making it too apparent. "I mean as I said," she concluded. "I want to give my money where it will do the most good."

Kitty looked a little incredulous. "It is not hard to guess of whom you are thinking, dear," she replied. "If you marry Mr. Erskine you will maintain him a useless ornament to society. Is that your plan, Maria? It seems to me, any real man would scorn to be married in order to carry out a woman's taste for philanthropy."

"Don't talk so," exclaimed Maria; "if I marry at all, it will be for love quite as much as for charity; besides, it's too late to help the matter, now that I am engaged."

"Why didn't you say so before?" exclaimed Kitty, "and then I should not have offended you. I congratulate you, dear, for I really like Mr. Erskine very much, and I shall tell him all the good things I know of you as soon as I find opportunity."

But Maria was already sorry that she had admitted so much. She had no interest in anything which was not cloaked in mystery. "I did not say it was Mr. Erskine, did I?" she exclaimed; "and I forbid you to mention the subject to him. It's a dead secret. Father would not consent. I haven't told a soul, and you must not. I even deny myself the pleasure of a ring. I don't see how we came to talk about it. I am sure my thoughts were as far from the matter as possible. I only wanted you to understand and admire Mr. Lindsay."

"I do admire him very much," replied Kitty; "but I warn you not to lay any matrimonial pitfalls for my unwary feet on that account. I have no fortune or anything else with which to do any one any good by marrying. Frankly, Maria, I have looked at the matter very seriously, and I have concluded that my husband died in the war."

"Why, Kitty, you never told me that you were ever engaged."

"I never have been, but any person with half a head for figures must see that in a country where so many young men have been slaughtered, a large proportion of the girls must remain unmarried, and I have concluded to raise the average of chances for the rest by voluntarily accepting the situation."

"I don't know how that might sound at home," replied Maria; "but here, where there are any amount of supernumerary and unnecessary men, it seems too ridiculous. I really believe you are interested in some one this very minute."

But Kitty disclaimed the assertion with an earnestness which left no room for doubt, and returning the gossamer webs of lace with which Maria had draped her shoulders, insisting that she should see how she would look when a bride, she kissed her friend lightly, glad at heart that the problem of life held for her no unknown quantities of romance or love.

CHAPTER III.

ODOR SYMPHONIES.

As Kitty passed through the corridor on her way to her painting, Mrs. Erskine met her. "Hugh heard your voice," she said, "and has sent me to see if you will not come into our parlor and inspect one of his inventions."

Kitty found the inventor seated at a table before a little instrument composed of a key-board, connected by wires with rows of inverted vials. Pressing a key uncorked a vial and threw a jet of its contents in a fine spray through an atomizer.

"Will you take a seat, Miss Kitty, and enjoy a symphony of odors?" Hugh Erskine looked up with a bright cordiality, as though he really saw his visitor.

"And pray, what have you there?" Kitty asked, as she seated herself opposite him.

"Why, you see, Miss Kitty," he replied, "a blind man receives a great deal more enjoyment through his nose than a person in the full exercise of his senses, and it has always been a pet theory of mine, that perfumes could be arranged in a regular gamut, like musical sounds, so as to convey pleasurable sensations and even ideas by their succession or mingling. I have composed one or two aromatic fantasias, which have given me real pleasure, however puerile they may seem to others. Mother, if you will place the sofa cushion on the table and Miss Kitty will lay her head upon it and close her eyes, I will give her first my Nosegay *Pastorale*.

In quick little puffs across her face Kitty felt the opening notes of the performance; familiar country fragrances, which brought her grandmother's garden to mind, vagrant suggestions of sweet, old-fashioned flowers; mignonette, sweet peas and spicy pinks. Then a sweet wind came blowing across a field of clover. She was passing through the meadow hay-field to the rocky hillside pasture, where the midday sun curled the aromatic sweet fern as between plates of heated brass, and diffused an odor like frankincense, with mingled balm of mints and sassafras, winter-green and tansy. She had reached the deep woods and inhaled healing balsamic breathings from a pine forest. Next came a

hint of the sea, a skillful blending of chemic salts, which braced her nerves with a sting like that of ocean spray upon her face. She could almost hear the sullen war of surf upon a shingly beach; the marine *bouquet* was so suggestive. Then there was a passage of woods once more, with a redolence of spruce and birch, the blossoms of the fox-grape and a fine barky, earthy smell, which seemed to indicate that the ground became moist and cool, and ferns grew lush around her. Suddenly a breath of faint, luxurious perfume of indefinable delicacy pervaded the atmosphere, and she stretched out her hands with the involuntary cry, "Pond lilies! I have not seen them for years."

Hugh Erskine laughed merrily. "There, you have broken the spell," he said. "You are sitting bolt upright with your eyes open, I am certain. I was going to take you next to the apple-orchard and feed you on fruity odors, but the illusion is over. The imagination is a great aid in these perfume suggestions."

"Have you no other compositions?" Kitty asked.

"Yes; here is an Oriental Sonata," Hugh replied, rapidly changing the vials in his instrument for others from a medicine chest containing Eastern attars, essences and essential oils. "I begin with an andante movement, 'The camels are coming.'"

In slow, equable inspirations Kitty seemed to scent an approaching caravan, the warm desert wind blowing toward her strange spiceries of Egypt and of India, a sachet of amber, musk and odorous gums. With measured step and lounging gait the unwieldy, burdened camels seemed to approach and pass her. On this one she was sure there sat a sheik of grave and reverend aspect, smoking a nargileh, for she detected a whiff of fine Latakia tobacco, tempered with rose-water. He passed, and the next camel was laden with scented woods, aloes, ebony, cassia, camphor, sandal-wood, cedars and other precious timbers, with whose names she was unacquainted, but with whose scent sundry little marquetry boxes from Calcutta had rendered her familiar. Then a camel laden with panniers of tropical fruits filled the air with the fragrance of melons, figs, pomegranates, pines, bananas, nectarines and apricots. Others followed with spices, and the mysterious procession faded slowly from the horizon of the sense of smell. Then came a lively allegro, and she knew that she was in some crowded street of the bazars of Cairo or Constantinople. Here were bales of jessamine, scented silks from Samarcand, fluttering scarfs of silver tissue breathing attar of rose, luxurious shawls and carpets from the looms of Ispahan and Valley of Cashmere, which seemed to have caught the perfume as well as the dyes of the flowers of Persia and India; prayer-rugs from Tunis and Mecca diffusing the incense of the mosques. Here she was conscious of passing the open door of the bath and of inhaling the cleanly redolence of soaps and scented oils; jasmine of Aleppo, fountains of orange-flower water and lilies of Damascus. Now her appetite was quickened by the aroma of coffee, and the bazar of sweetmeats sent out its tempting odors of Sultanee citrons, Ottomanee quinces and candied dates and raisins. It was like a succession of pictures by Pasini, Fortuny and Gerome. She felt afraid that she might be cloyed by so much sweetness, but suddenly the scene changed again and the highly-wrought artificial perfumes were set aside for the natural scents of an Eastern garden, for beds of violets and hyacinth, and light wafts of heliotrope and attar of rose.

"Is it over?" she asked, dreamily. "I feel almost drugged with odors. I need to clear my lungs with a few deep inspirations of clear, odorless air. I think I enjoyed the 'Nosegay *Pastorale*' more—your 'Oriental Sonata' is too enervating."

"I'll bring you back to every-day life with a 'Baking Day Medley,'" Hugh Erskine suggested. "Ginger-snaps and mince-pies, pickles and roast chicken. Do you know, Miss Kitty, that one can actually dine very comfortably with the help of the sense of smelling and one's imagination? When I was in Paris I was sometimes rather tired waiting for mother to get through the Louvre, I used to imagine I was hungry and would manage to steal a neat little lunch by strolling up and down in front of the cafés. There was an Italian restaurant whose macaroni au gratin and Bologna I could scent a square away; a cremerie, where I could inhale genuine Mocha; a Vienna bakery, where I would sniff delicious rolls, and I took my dessert off the perfumes wafted from the fruit-stands. I always came away with a sensation of having enjoyed a square meal."

"I never noticed, however, that it spoiled your appetite for a dinner at the Palais Royal," remarked Mrs. Erskine.

"I think I must decline your invitation to a dinner of odors," laughed Kitty; "after the gratification which my æsthetic sense has experienced, it would be a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. Your toy is an ingenious one, Mr. Hugh, but it seems to me you have wasted upon it a great deal of taste and skill, which might better have been devoted to some nobler object."

"You are severe, Miss Kitty," he replied. "If I succeed in amusing myself a good deal and other people a little, it seems to me I accomplish all that can be required of a poor bereaved creature like me."

"I think you have shown by this ingenious piece of mechanism," said Kitty warmly, "that you are capable of some things which we others in the plenitude of all our natural powers cannot approach. I only object to your frittering away your talent on a mere plaything."

"If it were only so," said Hugh Erskine musingly. "My heart is not in my study of medicine. I doubt if I ever accomplish anything in that direction. Do you remember George Herbert's words:

> "All things are busy; only I
> Neither bring honey with the bee,
> Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
> To water these.
>
> I am no link of Thy great chain,
> But all my living here is as a weed.
> Lord, place me in thy concert; give one strain
> To my poor reed!"

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE MAZES OF THE LABYRINTH.

KITTY was profoundly touched by Hugh Erskine's position. To her artist feeling all the delight and glory of the world were to come through the faculty of vision, all other senses were so meagre, so inadequate. She covered her eyes with her hands and tried to realize what it would be to walk in darkness, widowed from Art, her first and only love; left an orphan by great mother Nature, with all her glory of gorgeous sunset and melting landscape withdrawn forever. It was horrible! horrible! An appreciation of the heroism of Hugh's cheerfulness dawned upon her, and she inscribed his name reverently on the roll call of the noble army of martyrs. Then she remembered the words of the gentle John, the beloved of the Master: "All that is in the world, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life is of the world."

The delight of the eyes and the pride of life, its interests and ambitions, were to her mind inseparably wedded, one might as well pass from the world, she thought, as to be deprived of these. Then came the pendant passage for which the other was but the prelude: "And the world passeth away and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

She was copying one of the Murillos as these thoughts passed through her mind, and she felt it almost as an interruption when she noticed Mr. Lindsay sauntering toward her.

"You were very hard on Erskine yesterday," he said. "The poor fellow is tremendously cut up about it. He feels some way as if he had forfeited your respect forever."

Kitty repeated in substance her parting apology to Hugh.

"I don't see how you could say any more," Mr. Lindsay admitted meditatively. "I am sure I should feel insanely complimented should you say as much about me. But you see Erskine is ridiculously sensitive. If there is anything he prides himself upon it is that he is not absolutely useless, and he has really accomplished a great deal. It seems to me no small thing that he bears his disappointment so bravely. Perhaps he has not told you that he intended to be a figure painter. When the war broke out he was studying Art. His army sketch books were filled with spirited studies of horse and rider. He gave them to me at the hospital. 'Take them, Lindsay,' he said, 'I can't bear to be reminded by them of my lost career.' They were among the most precious souvenirs that I lost on the Alabama. There is a young painter in Paris, De Neuville, whose sketches bear a resemblance to those in the drowned books. I mean to watch that young man's history, for I can't help thinking that Hugh's would have been something like it if he had not lost his sight."

"I did not know that Mr. Erskine had any artistic feeling," said Kitty, humbly. "I have even congratulated him mentally on not knowing fully the extent of his loss."

"Ah! he knows it, poor fellow, bitterly enough. When I met him in Paris, he said: 'Here I am, old fellow, in Europe among the master-pieces of the ages, cathedrals, castles, paintings, statuary; it has been the ambition of my life to be here. I would have gone nearly wild once to have known that I would one day really stand here.'"

"I wonder that he came abroad," said Kitty.

"His mother thought that it would distract his mind, but it only made his deprivation more apparent, and he began to study medicine to keep up his interest in life. 'I am a wrecked ship,' he would say, 'stranded upon the Shores of Nothing.' His study was his salvation. I read to him, and he tried to interest himself. He had studied anatomy superficially in connection with his figure painting; he went to the bones of things now. I have heard of some blind physicians who have succeeded in their profession, and, with his determined pluck, I do not see why he should not. It does not signify if he never makes a penny by it, the having an object in life is the chief requisite."

"Is he greatly interested in medicine?" Kitty asked.

"No, I do not think he cares much for anything but Art, and that, of all pursuits, is the one which is closed to him now."

It seemed to Kitty that not the least interesting part of this story was Mr. Lindsay's implied devotion to his friend, and she wondered whether he had told it with any view toward making an impression of his self-sacrifice. This haunting suspicion effectually dampened any enthusiasm which she might otherwise have exhibited, and, with her head poised critically on one side, she devoted herself to a minute retouching of the whites of her virgin's eyes.

"I do not think that 'Concepcion' equal to either of those in the Madrid Gallery," remarked the imperturbable Mr. Lindsay. "Why do you copy it?"

"Because a wealthy American lady took a fancy to it last winter, and gave me the order. I am not rich enough to despise orders for copies."

"Your own face has a deal more expression. I wonder Murillo never painted the face of a woman of character, like our friend Miss Maria, for instance."

"Maria is indeed a very decided character."

"She has some remarkably good ideas. When she is devoted to a person she enters heart and soul into their entire career. She is very fond of you. I wonder whether she has told you your fortune. Of course not, though. She has more *finesse* than to spoil her deep-laid plans by a premature revelation of them. I warn you, however, that she has arranged a nice little scheme for you, in which your future is neatly mapped out."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and I fully approve of the plan in all its details."

"What unblushing impudence!" thought Kitty, but she managed to say aloud, with a sufficiently steady voice, "Since it seems that Maria has made you her confidant, and that these plans affect me, perhaps you will be good enough to enlighten me in regard to them."

"Not entirely, the time is not ripe; but an initial stratagem is that you shall accompany us to Granada."

"She is very kind to wish it, but my orders?"

"Oh! the 'Murillos' can wait until the autumn."

"Impossible," replied Kitty curtly.

Mr. Lindsay had really gone too far; her previous good opinion of him was completely reversed, and he now seemed to her the most insufferable of men. To terminate the interview she rose, gathered together her painting utensils, and left the gallery. Her manner was not inviting, and he did not ask leave to accompany her. Nevertheless, that afternoon they met again, for Maria called and announced the intention of the party to visit the gardens of the Alcazar, and begged Kitty, who knew them so well, to act as their *cicerone*. The Alcazar was a favorite haunt of Kitty's. Royalty was summering at San Ildefonso, and the palace was open to visitors. Its gardens, among the most curious in all Europe, formed a delicious contrast to the glaring white walls and dusty streets of Seville. Here Kitty could forget the almanac and the thermometer; the fountain-cooled, blossom-perfumed airs were those of a perpetual May. She tripped lightly before her friends, leading them gayly to all of her favorite resorts, down the tile-paved walks to the Kiosk in the under-garden, with its grotesque tiles of griffins, centaurs, dragons, fauns, unicorns, and heraldic lions. They sauntered by the tanks in which Philip V. fished, glanced with a shudder into the vaults called the Bath of Maria Padilla, touched unsuspiciously the springs hidden in the pavement of the garden walks, and were showered by concealed sprays. The air was laden with the perfume of orange-blossoms, and giant oleanders arched their rocket showers of rosy blossoms above their heads. The box hedges grew about them in strange *cinque cento* patterns, among others the eagles and coats of arms of Charles V. Jasmine and cacti, rose and heliotrope, camellias, bromelias, palms and tree-ferns were mingled in all the luxuriance of a hot-house gone wild. The alabaster trumpet of the datura glowed through a myrtle thicket, they trod upon matted beds of dusky violets, and everywhere there followed them, in some form, the sound of water. It plashed in numberless fountains, murmured in the marble canal, laughed in the cascade, dripped from the brim of the overflowing basin, gurgled and rippled in the brook, and in all its multitudinous combinations of sound there was not one discordant note.

Hugh Erskine's pale face glowed with pleasure. "This is a little paradise!" he exclaimed. "I can't imagine what anybody wants of eyes when he can drink in such enjoyment as this without them."

"Is there not somewhere here a labyrinth?" asked Mrs. Erskine.

"Yes," replied Kitty. "The center contains a statue and a fountain, but it is so cunningly walled about with a high hedge of box, that I never heard of a tourist threading it unassisted."

"Have you ever tried it?" asked Maria.

"Yes, but never successfully. I have never allowed any one to lead me to the goal, however, for I am sure that, sooner or later, I shall succeed."

"Let us all try now," suggested Mr. Lindsay. Mrs. Erskine and her son seated themselves outside. The others entered the labyrinth by three different openings. Kitty could hear Maria laughing and exclaiming that she was lost, that she gave it up, and that she had come back to the place from which she had started, but she paid little attention to her exclamations, for it seemed to her that at last she had obtained a clue to the charmed windings; the fountain in the center sounded nearer; she felt sure that at last she was upon the right track. Suddenly, at an abrupt turning, she was startled by finding herself face to face with Mr. Lindsay. The path was too narrow for them to pass each other. They had each been so intent upon their respective quests that they were genuinely surprised and momentarily embarrassed by their meeting.

"You have come from the goal?" asked Kitty, first recovering herself.

"No," replied Mr. Lindsay, "but I am certain that I am close upon it."

"You will not find it in my direction," said Kitty, thoughtlessly.

Mr. Lindsay laughed. "Your words have an oracular sound."

Kitty flushed, but insisted mentally that he should not see that she understood him. "Our aims seem to be opposed," she said.

"I regret that they are not in harmony," he replied, "If you will lead I will follow, anything so that our path may be the same."

"There is a suggestive little Scotch song which you must get Maria to sing for you, 'There's nae room for twa.' I am afraid, Mr. Lindsay, that I shall have to trouble you to retrace your steps."

"Gladly," he replied, backing from her politely, "if you will follow me. No, you will not follow, and you will not give up your own way? What will you do then?"

"No matter," she exclaimed, piqued almost beyond endurance; "no matter, only go."

Each returned to the opening by which he and she had entered.

"Did you succeed?" exclaimed Maria.

"I found the statue," replied Mr. Lindsay, carelessly.

"I knew you would," said Hugh Erskine, cordially, "you always succeed in anything you attempt; I never saw such a fellow."

CHAPTER V.

AT PILATE'S HOUSE.

ONE of the oddest and most delightful examples in Seville of the Hispano-Moresque architecture, that absurdly charming marriage of the Saracenic and the Gothic, is an ancient palacio called, grotesquely enough, Pilate's House. It was built in 1533, by Fadrique de Ribera, after a toilsome pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and was modeled after the palace of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem. Strange indeed must have been the taste of the Roman governor, if this bewildering jumble of inconsistencies is a true reproduction of his dwelling. In the double patio statues of Roman philosophers and deities are interspersed with emblems of the Roman Catholic religion. A tawdry shrine for a spangled virgin occupies one of the noblest of the Moorish rooms. A staircase, which is a marvel of what Oriental tiles can do, leads to an outer room, where Simon Peter stood and received, through a pillar-divided window opening into the court of justice, Christ's heart-breaking glance of reproof and sorrow. Behind a latticed window a preposterous frescoed cock is crowing lustily. The curious traveler is moved alternately to laughter and admiration, the mixture of Roman, Saracenic, Jewish, and Spanish ideas are so grotesquely incongruous.

The glory of the building is found in the superb tiles with which apartment after apartment is faced from pavement to ceiling. No such metallic reflections, such play of mother-of-pearl, such corrosive greens and transparent aquamarine blues can be manufactured now. Moorish alchemists invented the fluxes which could vitrify ores and earths and spread the surface with a fluorescence of tint which has been the envy and despair of modern porcelain workers.

Kitty Hathaway sat sketching one of these resplendent interiors, when a shadow fell across her work. She had heard a footfall traversing the pavement, but had not looked up until now. It was Hugh Erskine who stood beside her with a smile of boyish delight upon his face. "I have found you, Miss Kitty," he cried, exultantly; "alone, unaided I have traversed these labyrinthine streets, and have found you at last. I am quite proud of my achievement."

Kitty hastened to unfold a camp-chair and place it at his service. "But you ought not to ramble about alone," she said. "It is hard enough for a person having the full use of his eyes to keep from being lost among these tortuous alleyways. And the people are so rude; donkey panniers and Spanish elbows graze your sides on every hand. I cannot imagine how you found me, for I never leave word at home where I intend sketching."

"Clemence was my ally. The girl has a talent for intrigue. I was mooning in the court, when she suggested that the Casa de Pilatos was well worth visiting, at least the young *artiste Americane* thought so and had wandered in that direction with her sketch-box. Clemence is a young woman of remarkable perspicacity. I rewarded her for her information, and with the watch-word Casa de Pilatos upon my lips set out upon my pilgrimage. I know enough Spanish to inquire my way, and (playing carelessly with his cane) my rattan is a good friend. I heard some gamins reviling me for a 'swell' for the way in which I flourished it. I use it as the leader of an orchestra does his baton, when I have occasion to cross a street, and donkeys and boys give me plenty of leeway. What are you sketching here, Miss Kitty? We are in a large room, and I am pretty sure that it is nearly if not quite unfurnished."

"There is no furniture," Kitty replied, "excepting a stationary divan on the other side, but the sunlight streams through the windows at my left and glorifies the tiling on the opposite wall."

Hugh Erskine rose, walked to the wall and ran his fingers over the tiles. "Of course I lose whatever pattern may come from mosaic," he said, "but these tiles are incised or pressed into heraldic patterns. Each one is an intaglio. This is an acacia leaf; this a scollop shell. Here is a long scroll, and now I think I have struck a bit of strap-work or a Cufic inscription." He passed on entirely around the room, his keenly sensitive fingers interpreting each design, even where the eye might have been at fault. "Do they mould tiles in relief nowadays?" he asked. "I do not remember to have come across any."

"They are copying all the old forms as nearly as possible," Kitty replied. "But Mr. Erskine, if you can appreciate these forms so acutely, one form of Art is still open to you. You can enjoy cameos, bas-reliefs and sculpture"

"Did you ever visit an exhibition of sculpture where peo-

ple were not requested to refrain from touching the statuary?"

"There is a collection of broken statuary from ancient Italica in the garden, and I believe no injunction against handling it exists. If you choose, we will go and see what we can find."

He followed her and together they explored the fragments from ancient Italica. "Here, at last, is something really old," said Hugh Erskine. "To think Italica was founded by Scipio Africanus, the old boy who bothered me so in my early studies of Latin. It was the birthplace, they tell us, of Trajan, Adrian and Theodosius, and some of these very marbles may have decorated Adrian's sumptuous palace. Here is a head, a fine feminine profile; a Ceres, is it not, or a Diana? We must drive out to Italica some day. Will you join us, Miss Kitty? Perhaps we will make some lucky find and be able to endow a museum, or write our names high on the noble roll of archæological pilferers."

"I believe the ruins have been thoroughly dug over," replied Kitty. "Some of the best specimens you will find here. Let your fingers trace the outline of this Bonus Pastor. Italica was a bishopric in the first century, and that is said to be an early specimen of Christian Art, though it is probably of later origin."

"How pleasant this garden is," said Hugh. "It is cozier than that of the Alcazar, and seems as if it might really belong to a private individual. It appears to me it is a little over-crowded with this old rubbish, however. If I had a garden, it should be a garden, and not a stone quarry. Ah! here is something that is really fine. What a pleasure it is to feel that softly rounded cheek and those pouting baby lips; the eyes are blindfold, it is a head then of Cupid. Miss Kitty, I appeal to you, is it really as beautiful as it seems to me?"

"I think it the finest thing in the garden."

"Miss Kitty, don't laugh at me, but if there is any modeling clay to be obtained in Seville, I would like to try to copy that head. I believe I could do it."

"I can bring you the clay, and I have a collection at home of the Flaxman Wedgwood medallions; little porcelain cameos of classical designs. I think you would enjoy feeling them out."

"Indeed I would, and if my fingers are not delicate enough, I can do them homage with my lips. But, Miss Kitty, how lovely the face of that Blind Love is. I do not think I will attempt it first of all. I will try something simpler first, and work up to it. Would you let me begin by attempting to model your hand?"

The proposition seemed to Kitty a little startling. "Why don't you try Maria's?" she asked.

"Maria's would do very well if I wanted to study osteology. But I have given up anatomy and am now devoting myself to art. Miss Kitty, you are my pilot. I really believe you will get my ship away from the shores of Nothing. What a fool I was never to have thought of sculpture, but I was so wrapt up in painting that it never occurred to me that there was any other form of art."

Kitty was silent; conflicting emotions were stirred within her. It was delightful to witness his young enthusiasm, the glad surprise of his soul awakening to new possibilities. She had not a single misgiving that he was making a mistake; she recognized the artistic temperament with a swift intuitive sympathy, and a trembling gratitude filled her that she had been the means of his awakening. For since her conversation with Mr. Lindsay in the Murillo Gallery, she had set herself this task, and it was with studied intention that she had led him to this garden of sculpture. She looked at Hugh Erskine with an almost maternal tenderness. She could have said, too, that "One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, and caught the water" was his recognition of her instrumentality. His thoughtful acknowledgments were almost overpowering.

"Oh, Miss Kitty," he exclaimed, "how can I ever prove my gratitude? Only by worthy work, I know you will answer, and I will show you some day that your kindness has not been thrown away. I know you have not said anything, have not told me to try to be a sculptor. You have let me discover for myself that I am one, and my life shall thank you. Will you not let me pass my hand over your face. I would like to carry your image in my mind. I know exactly how any one looks by merely tracing their profile with my forefinger. There, you've a thoughtful forehead, shaded by a mass of fluffy curls '*nez retroussé*,' a piquant little chin, and the lips—Rossetti describes them:

> "She had a mouth
> Made to bring death to life; the under lip
> Sucked in, as if it strove to kiss itself."

There, I've offended you. Forgive me; I did not mean to be rude or presuming. I'm only a poor blind boy, you know, and you are the angel of the pool; you have stirred the waters and now I see."

He was deeply moved, and Kitty felt herself stirred with a kindred feeling, when suddenly there came a discordant thought that set all the sweet chords jangling—what rank disloyalty to Maria!

"I accept your apology Mr. Erskine," she said coldly. "And now allow me to suggest that it will be something past your dinner hour before you can possibly reach your hotel. Pedro, the gardener's son, will act as your guide, and I would advise you to accept his services." After he had gone Kitty returned to her easel, but she could not paint, her thoughts wound themselves inextricably about Maria and Maria's *fiancé*. "She's not the wife for him at all," she said to herself. "Maria has no more perception of art than a cat. She cannot sympathize with one of his aspirations, and her fortune will only serve to deaden his ambition. Nevertheless he was Maria's betrothed, and Maria was her friend. He must never speak slightingly to her of Maria again. She would act the part of a true friend to both, endeavor to awaken Maria to an interest in Hugh's attempts at sculpture, and to draw them nearer to each other instead of proving a mischief-maker. On one thing she was determined, she would see as little as possible of Hugh Erskine during the remainder of his stay in Seville.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FORTUNE OF A MARBLE HAND.

AVOIDING Hugh Erskine was not now an easy matter. He came to her for advice, for criticism and encouragement. His first efforts were not masterpieces, but he struggled bravely on, learning to manipulate the clay, and gradually obtaining a just idea of form, and a command over his material. Kitty had allowed him to take a plaster cast of her hand, and he had copied the cast in clay, intending also to carve it in marble. There was no sculptor this summer in Seville, but he took lessons of chiseling from a marble cutter, and, strange to say, never once injured himself with heavy mallet or sharp chisel. Kitty found it difficult to interest Maria in his work. She thought the modeling board both puerile and untidy, and lamented that he had given up the study of medicine. Mrs. Erskine, on the contrary encouraged her son, and was only sorry that he had wasted two years in profitless study of anatomy.

"It has not been time thrown away," Hugh explained. "I needed just such a thorough study of the human figure before I began the work of reproducing it. I know now the

position of every bone, the action of every muscle. I do not know how I could have employed my time better if I had intended all along to be a sculptor."

He was at work one day upon a lump of wet clay when Kitty and Maria paused before him.

"Well, little boy, how many mud pies this morning?" asked Maria.

"Don't scorn clay," said Kitty. "We are not so very far removed from it ourselves. Watts sings:

'Alas, 'twas brittle clay
That built our bodies first.'

and then

'Imperial Cæsar—'

you know the rest. I have a kindred feeling for it. Who knows whose dust may be incorporated in that very mass?"

"The Persian poet, Omar, puts the same idea into quaint form." said Hugh,

"'For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a potter thumping his wet clay,
And with its all obliterated tongue
It murmured, 'Gently, brother, gently, pray.'"

Hugh Erskine did not forget his plan of visiting the ruins of Italica, and early one cool morning the entire party bowled out of Seville in a roomy Spanish barouche. Mr. Lindsay scrambled to a seat with the driver, and Kitty found herself seated beside Mrs. Erskine, opposite Maria and Hugh. They rode first through Triana, the Gypsy suburb of Seville. Swarms of beggars started up from every corner, barefoot girls ran by the side of their carriage begging for a "little quarter of a cent for the love of the Madonna." Aged men, dropping to pieces with their rags, lifted supplicating hands, and bandit boys formed an escort for nearly a mile out of the village.

They stopped at a potter's to purchase some barbaric water coolers and to order a box of clay for Hugh A picture of the Saints Justina and Rufina, roughly painted upon tiles, was let into the wall above the door, and a rusty lantern swung in front, playing the double part of illuminating the doorway at night and offering a blessed candle to their saintships. Mrs. Erskine related the story of the two saints, daughters of a poor potter of Seville: they sold *alcarrazas* or earthen pots, but refusing to furnish any for purposes of pagan worship, they were dragged before the prefect and suffered martyrdom.

"Oddly enough the Moslem muezzin tower, the Giralda, is supposed to be under their special protection," added Kitty: "they have preserved it all these centuries from the lightning, and are invariably invoked by timorous people during thunder storms."

"Strange combination of attributes," observed Mr. Lindsay. "I suppose the people of Seville imagine the noise of thunder to be the crashing which the ancient votaries of Venus made when they attacked the pottery collection of these modeling and model young women with clubs and stones."

"A countryman of ours has established a porcelain manufactory at the Cartuja convent, a little further on," said Kitty; "we ought to stop there and visit the museum of ceramics."

Hugh Erskine lingered over the specimens of Hispano-Moresque lustred ware, and chatting with the courteous proprietor gained some new ideas in reference to the making of statuettes in terra-cotta. He left the manufactory elated with enthusiasm. "The way grows easier and easier," he exclaimed. "Mr. Pickman has promised to call and see me, and to burn anything which I model. I thought that I should find difficulties, and I meet with nothing but encouragement."

They passed through the uninviting village of Santo Ponce, and reached the ancient Italica while it was still cool, choosing the shady amphitheater as their noon-day rest and spreading their luncheon in a little valley just behind it, where a rivulet trickled from an ancient fountain. "Think," said Mr. Lindsay, "of the excited multitudes who witnessed gladiatorial combats in this arena:

'Ho! ho! for the merry, merry show
With a forest of faces in every row;
Laugh as you may, you will hold your breath
When they meet in the face of the glowing death,
Tramp, tramp, how gayly they go.
Ho! ho! for the merry, merry show.'"

"It seems too tigerish to be true. I don't believe the games could have been very sanguinary here in lovely Seville," mused Maria.

"You have forgotten the bull-ring of to-day," suggested Mrs. Erskine.

As they chatted a figure started suddenly from behind a clump of whitey-leaved olive trees. It was a galliard Gypsy, glorious in ruby velvet jacket, dark blue knee-breeches, trimmed with a gross or so of small silver buttons, embroidered leather spatterdashes and a broad black velvet sombrero. He wore also a marvelous cartridge belt of scarlet and green, but he held only a guitar, and approaching bowed courteously, and asked if the señoras and caballeros would like to see some dancing. On meeting with looks of encouragement he gave a low whistle, and a little girl in white waist and scarlet petticoat bounded from one of the sunken vaults in which in olden time the beasts for the amphitheater were kept. She was an agile little creature, with eyes like a fawn's, and long braids of rank black hair. Throwing herself into a statuesque attitude, her hands clutching a tiny pair of castanets, she watched the signal of the guitar player. For all her beauty there was a look at once old, wicked and sly on the dark little face. The man began a monotonous and droning strumming of his calabash-shaped guitar, and the girl stamped upon the ground, moved quickly in a sideling zig-zag manner, claquing her castanets, springing, whirling, advancing, retreating with strange and uncouth gestures. At the close of her weird dance she passed around the man's sombrero. "Will the señoras allow a poor Gypsy woman to tell them the rich *ventura* which is hanging over them?" asked the man.

"What, can this child tell fortunes?" asked Mrs. Erskine.

"No, señora, the spirit of the Chowhanee descends only upon my wife yonder. Come forward, Jesusa, and read the lines of the palm for the fair ladies."

They had none of them seen her come, but there standing before them was a crone of most repellant features, her grizzled hair framing a mulatto complexion, and a single tooth protuding from her thin lips.

"To think that hag is called Jesusa, the feminine correlative of Jesus," shuddered Mrs. Erskine.

"This is surely not your wife!" exclaimed Mr. Lindsay.

"Yes, señor," replied the man, "she is only a matter of sixteen years older than I, and who can tell baji and hokkawar like unto her?"

Jesusa advanced with a wheedling smile and strove to take Maria's hand, but Maria snatched it away with a little shriek, and there was something so sinister in her look that even Kitty refused to surrender hers for inspection.

"Come, tell my fortune," said Hugh Erskine, extending his hand.

"May the blessing of Egypt light upon your head, caballero," cried the woman. "You have a fair palm and a soft one; it shall clasp a little one and a firm one, for the lady whom you shall wed shall be high born and high spirited."

"She will rule me, eh? Well, no matter, so she love me as well. Describe my wife, wise mother, that I may know the lady when I see her."

"Ah, the señor need not try to deceive the poor witch woman. He will never see his wife, the señor is blind, but his wife shall be eyes for him, she shall have love and wit enough to see for both. She shall be fair as a rose, señor, as a rose blossoming in a silver vase. You will hear her praises on every side."

"You are a sensible woman," said Hugh Erskine. "Most people think because I am blind I have therefore no appreciation for beauty, and ought to devote myself to all the homely wall-flowers of society; whereas if there is one thing that I am determined upon, it is that my wife shall be handsome. As if the eyes were the only media for perceiving beauty! I assure you, a lovely woman charms the atmosphere about her."

Kitty glanced in a surreptitious way at Maria, but that young lady was outwardly composed, either she was sustained by a misguided belief in her own good looks, or she was serenely confident that her lover was so deceived. The fortune teller proceeded, assuring Hugh of wealth and fame and happiness, until he declared that he had had his full pesetas' worth, and would accept no more. "But here," he said, taking a case from an inner pocket, "is a plaster hand, we will say that I found it here in the ruins of the amphitheatre, that it is the hand of a Roman patrician lady, dead centuries ago. I am curious to know what her fortune may have been." The cast reproduced the delicate lines of Kitty's palm exactly. The crone examined it with curiosity, and Kitty and Maria crowded near to hear what she would say.

"It is the hand of a fair young girl, señor, who stood before the branching of two ways. Two lovers laid their homage at her feet. We will call one the Fated One, the Predestined. She loves him, señor, and she will marry him in the end; but she is like a barge-man who looks the contrary way he rows. She will have none of him, señor, though he is faithful and true, and so she is thinking now of the False One, whose path here opens plain and smooth before her, but ends in a pit."

"Yes, I see," said Hugh Erskine, excitedly, "the little scar just at the base of the metacarpal."

"While the line of the Predestined continues clear and smooth, making a chain with her own life line and thus surrounding the full mound of the little thumb, and connected with the lines of happiness and fortune."

"Let us hope she chose the Predestined," said Mr. Lindsay, dryly.

Maria gave him a significant look. Kitty frowned and turned away. Hugh placed a second silver piece in the dark uncanny claw, and wrapping the plaster hand in a foulard handkerchief replaced it in the case.

The gypsies disappeared almost as mysteriously as they had come, and as twilight cooled the air the party drove back to Seville, not by the way by which they had come, but through Castileja de la Cuesta, where Cortes died broken hearted after all his splendid victories.

"Do you suppose the gypsy was really deceived and imagined the hand an antique?" asked Maria.

"Hardly," said Mrs. Erskine, "she must have known that plaster could not be preserved so long."

"I wish she had described the Predestined more particularly," said Maria; "if I could have seen her a moment before the fortune telling, I could have given her a few points."

"Don't meddle with fate, Maria," said Hugh Erskine. "Love will go where it is sent, and to-morrow I make Cupid a propitiatory offering, my blind love in terra cotta."

(*To be Continued*)

CHRISTMAS ✝ 1883.

THE world moves on. New faiths arise;
Old theories change; opinions vary;
Not quite the ancient luster lies
About the infant child and Mary.

The mind—the home, once, of Belief—
Now harbors Science for a season;
Old Time has turned another leaf,
And brought us to the age of Reason.

Now men dare preach to man is given,
Without the aid of creed or Saviour,
The moral strength to climb to heaven,
Upon the rounds of good behavior.

They hold it true that we within
Ourselves must seek the spark to light us
Away from paths that lead to sin,
Or not all heaven's great hosts can right us.

They argue less of final doom
And more of every-day conditions;
They ply the intellectual broom
And sweep away all superstitions.

"Tear down the cobwebs of all creeds,"
They cry, "thick with the dust of ages,
And give us facts and noble deeds."
Alas! ye rash, destructive sages!

Great faiths, great arts, must die one death—
Oh, direst of all dire disasters;
It was their grand ecstatic faith,
Which made the world's immortal masters.

Their lives were all one ceaseless prayer,
Their spirits seemed to scorn their bodies;
And rise above all earthly care
And penetrate the realm where God is.

They did not pause to question why,
They did not doubt the Christmas story;
On wings of faith they soared so high
They saw the wonder-world of glory.

Their brushes, dipped in heavenly fire,
Left colors which endure forever;
Oh, let not unbelief aspire
To equal faith's inspired endeavor!

The skeptic mind may coldly plan;
The scoffer may perform his duty;
But only the prayerful-minded man
May find the secret truths of beauty.

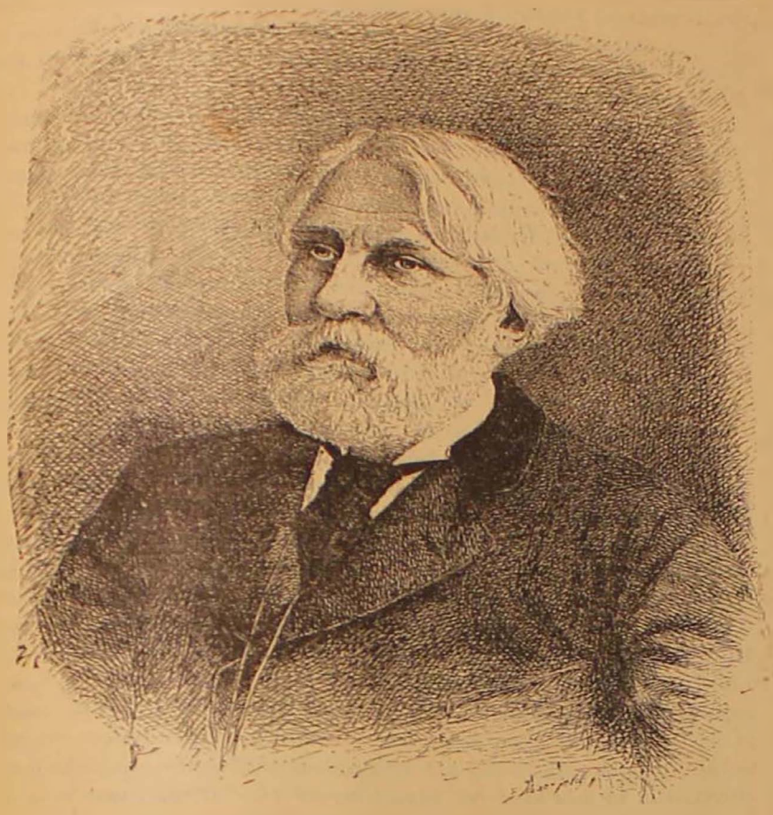
The grandest genius comes to grief,
And leaves no impress deep or lasting;
Unless 'tis builded on Belief,
And nurtured oft by prayer and fasting.

So much that's beautiful and bright,
Rare truths to which it was a stranger,
The world has learned since Bethlehem's light
Shone o'er the infant Jesus' manger.

That Christmas tale in which appears
The child God and the mother human,
Has left for eighteen hundred years
A luster on the name of woman.

Let all the enlightened hosts of earth
Our debt of gratitude be voicing;
And let this time of Jesus' birth
Remain a day of glad rejoicing.

ELLA WHEELER.



Turgenief.*

ON Monday, September 3, at Bougival, France, were enacted the last scenes in the life of the noted Russian novelist, regarding the nature of whose works, the character of whose mission, even the spelling and pronunciation of whose name, so much has been said and written. For ten years he had been severely afflicted with the gout, from the left foot it had traveled upward and finally attacked the vital parts. His sufferings were extreme, and during the last month of his life the once so vigorous intellect was clouded. His troubles are now over, the tumultuous throbbings of his mighty heart stilled, and while the St. Petersburg newspapers, in black-edged columns, are sounding his praises, and with expressions of the deepest grief, deploring the vast void his death leaves in the thin and degenerated ranks of Russian literature, while preparations are being made to inter his mortal remains in the cemetery of Wolkoff, at St. Petersburg, the world is engaged with renewed vigor in defining his place in literature, as well as deciding upon the most correct and desirable spelling of his name.

A French writer on this greatest of Russian novelists, who by some has even been styled the greatest novelist of our day, maintains that the spelling Tourguénief represents the nearest approach in the French language to the Russian pronunciation of the name. The distinguished Russian's own transcription of his name into Roman characters is Tourguéneff, but he wrote and authorized Turgénjew in the German language. The New York *Nation* adopts Turgeneff as best adapted to the English tongue, and the Boston *Literary World*, while giving spellings, evinces a preference for Turgenieff. The latter is used by the London *Times*, and seems to me to be the most reasonable English spelling, although I prefer to drop the final "f", as many have done. In all instances, the accent is on the second syllable.

Ivan Sergevitch Turgenief, then, was born November 9, 1818, in the government of Orel, in the interior of Russia.

* Read before the Madison, Wisconsin, Contemporary Club.

He was the son of a country landowner, of a noble family that from time immemorial had been characterized, in all its branches, by the despotism and other leading traits of the ancient Russian nobility. From the generation of the family preceding our hero, however, traditions of glorious self-sacrifice in the cause of human freedom had been handed down to him. Two of his uncles had figured conspicuously at the court of Alexander I. The elder, Alexander, a profound historian, on whose researches into ancient records were based all subsequent works on Russian history, was a friend of every liberal of his time; the younger, Nicholas, a Göttingen student, a statesman, a revolutionist, a man whose brilliant gifts and rare intellectual training had promised a distinguished career, was one of those innocent men who were swept into obscurity and exile by the revolt of the guards, in December, 1825, that "wild whirl of rash and mistaken heroism," as it has been called by Clara Barnes Martin, from whose admirable essay on the great novelist's work for freedom, in Scribner for December, 1879, facts concerning these uncles and other information are taken. The reason suspicion fell upon this Nicholas was because he had always been outspoken in his protest against the evils of serfdom, and in his ready support of plans for educational and social improvement; and yet he always declared that if his life were to live over again he would choose no other *rôle* than the one he had taken. After thirty-three years of cruel exile, during the early part of which his brother Serge, the father of Ivan, died of a broken heart, Nicholas was included in the general amnesty of 1858, and received a special invitation to St. Petersburg from Alexander II. He found his nephew, Ivan, the hero of the hour, the man who had won the battle against serfdom. It had been the patriot's prayer, his ideal dream, that some poet's imagination might be kindled against the wrongs of the serfs. "Are not the miseries of slavery enough to stir an inspired heart?" he had cried, and his own nephew had uttered an appeal that had reached the steps of the throne.

"To have made known to contemporaries and to posterity what serfdom means is the position of Ivan Turgenief in history," says the German critic, Julian Schmidt. Let us see for ourselves.

Ivan grew up on the parental estate, under the shadow of the memory of his uncle's doom, his father's early death; and as he moved about among master and serf in the home vicinity, hatred of the brutality, the inhumanity, the injustice to human rights, by which he was surrounded, became the most absorbing passion of his alike turbulent and loving nature. He resolved to remove himself from his foe—serfdom—in order that he might gather up all his forces to make war on it. He swore that he would never know peace, never still the restlessness, the dissatisfaction, the aversion, that overpowered him, until he had vanquished the foe. Russia has no fostering soil for independent genius, and forseeing that if he remained at home he would almost necessarily fall into the conventional grooves of the nobility about him, he resolved to go west. Even after he had come to scorn the corruptions of life in Western Europe, he was unshaken in his desire that Russia should accept all that was ennobling in the results of western art, science and social order, and adapt it to her own race and climate. In early childhood he had acquired the French and German languages, like all well-born Russian children, had received the usual elementary education, and better still, had gathered from the lips of old peasants the rich folk-lore of his native land. When twenty years of age, in 1838, after having studied at Moscow and St. Petersburg, he started for Berlin, where he entered on a university career, devoting himself chiefly to metaphysics, Hegelian philosophy, the classics and history.

At the end of two years he returned home, entered the Russian Civil Service, living on his estate, and devoted his leisure to literature and to walking, riding, hunting and fishing. He was soon known as the author of several volumes of prose and poetry. His first work of importance, "Memoirs of a Sportsman," was originally issued as a series of independent sketches in a Moscow literary journal and review, *The Contemporary*, from 1846 to 1851, and as the apparently harmless fragments had passed the censor unsuspected, it was impossible to revoke the judgment when their appearance, as a whole, in book form in 1852, showed these short stories of the relation between master and serf, and the positions in which both were placed, to have been written with a design. H. H. Boyesen, in his sketch of our hero in *The Critic* for September 22, says that it became obvious that Turgenief "had undertaken to show the effect of serfdom on Russian society and national life—how the existence of a class, including four-fifths of the population, without legal rights, degraded and brutalized the remaining fifth; how Russia was doomed to eternal barbarism as long as serfdom existed. In spite of this obvious purpose, the book was not in the nature of a plea, far less of an indictment; it did not contain a single general observation on serfdom; it merely presented a striking picture, which was the more effective because every one saw that it was true."

Clara Barnes Martin, in the essay mentioned before, pays the following glowing tribute to Turgenief: "No artist was more sparing of the colors on his palette. He concerned himself little with mere outward surrounding, or with physical suffering. It was the withering blight, the wasting canker, which was consuming master as well as servant, that grieved his heart. Faithfully and patiently he sketched his *genre* pictures, simple as idyls, but true with a truth that bit into the memory. His keen discrimination, his cool reticence, might almost argue his heart untouched. He had found only an artistic opportunity, a fine scene for a dramatist. But a moment more, and one sees that, though the voice, the pen, be steady, the lip quivers, the blood boils. Making all due allowance for the need of caution in order to escape the censor, this fine reserve, this calm poise, are only the expression of the man's own nature."

The sensation created by the "Memoirs of a Sportsman" can only be compared with that of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Yet the book was not written in a sensational style; it was merely a natural picture of Russian life and manners, with materials drawn largely from every day experience in country life, by a man so deeply in earnest that when the death of his mother, in 1850, put the reins of power into his hands, he set free his household servants and gave all the peasantry of his estate the right to work for the payment of a fixed sum, which in the hands of a humane master was practical freedom. The Czarwitch, as he frankly declared when he became Czar Alexander II., had his eyes opened to the demoralizing influences of serfdom by this book, and was caused by it, after he ascended the throne, to issue the proclamation of emancipation that gave freedom to thirty million serfs. Turgenief paid dearly for the privilege of enlightening him. The old Czar was bitterly enraged at the effect of the Memoirs, and finding himself unable to inflict punishment, he sought and found another pretext for revenge. An article written by Turgenief in February, 1852, on the death of the novelist and dramatist Gogal, in which expressions of personal sorrow were mingled with censures of a government that could drive such a man to voluntary exile and finally to suicide, caused its author's arrest. It had been refused by a St. Petersburg newspaper, but had eventually been printed in Moscow. Turgenief was incarcerated for one month in the Russian metropolis, then banished to his own estate in Orel, where he remained for three years under constant police inspection, At the end of that time the ban was removed by the ascension of Alexander II. to the throne, and then it was that our hero met his uncle Nicholas.

But Turgenief has spent little time in Russia since then. He has lived chiefly abroad, being the favorite of choice literary circles in Paris, Berlin, Baden-Baden, and elsewhere, and being surrounded by hosts of friends who will long mourn his loss. In the retirement of his country life, he had completed several literary works, and in foreign lands he produced a long list of books that have continued to make his name famous in all cultured lands. Among his most noted productions may be named "Dimitri Roudine," "A Nest of Noblemen," and what his countrymen have called the "immortal trilogy"—"Fathers and Sons," "Smoke," and "Virgin Soil." The first of these, "Dimitri Roudine," has for its hero, says Henry James in his "French Poets and Novelists," "one of those fatally complex natures who cost their friends so many pleasures and pains; who might, and yet evidently might not, do great things; natures strong in impulse, in talk, in responsive emotion, but weak in will, in action, in the power to feel, and do singly." "A Nest of Noblemen," written in 1859, was translated directly from the Russian into English, by W. R. S. Ralston, published in London, in 1869, under the name of its heroine, "Liza," and reprinted in New York in 1873. Of this novel it has been said: "Lavretski, its hero, is a modified Roudine. With noble ideas, he finds life a burden, but is finally roused from stagnation by his love for Liza (one of the finest creations in fiction), and gives his life to helping others.

"Fathers and Sons," published in 1862, translated into English from the Russian by Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D., and printed in New York, 1867, caused almost as much excitement in Russia as its author's first celebrated work, although of quite a different nature. Its immediate inspiration came from the days following the emancipation, when the elder and the rising generation were brought into conflict through the reforms of Alexander II. There was no longer a question of dealing with the old contending forces—brutal absolutism and philosophic liberalism The advocates of the latter were now forced into the position where they had once driven their elders, by the seething masses of youth who had been freed from all previous restraints. Both parties of the living generation were faithfully mirrored in "Fathers and Sons," with all their faults, weaknesses and merits, and both were indignant. The fathers thought themselves ridiculed, the sons considered themselves caricatured and slandered; and the latter heaped invectives on the author, branding him, who five years previously had been hailed as the deliverer of his fatherland, traitor to the cause of freedom. It was in this book that the word "nihilist" was used for the first time as a party appellation. Its significance, however, was far different from that which has since been applied to it. It was meant to designate one who, determined to make room to see things as they actually were, strove to destroy or bring to nothing all empty abstraction, all conventional rules, that there might eventually come better roads, increase of trade, honest administration, free justice. The party of action were proud to adopt the term nihilist, choosing it as their watchword, even though they had been bitterly incensed at the human weaknesses and susceptibilities with which Bazaroff, the hero to whom it had been applied, was endowed by the author. The Government finally took up the word and used it to stigmatize all revolutionary and ultra democratic tendencies. Turgenief himself wrote of it some years later: "Not in the sense of reproach, not for the purpose of insult, was this word used by me, but as the exact and fitting expression of a dawning historic fact;" and of the original of Bazaroff, he says: "In this remarkable young man were in-

carnate before my own eyes the scarcely formed, still fermenting, elements of what afterwards received the name of nihilism. The word nihilist employed by me was then made use of by many who were waiting an excuse, a pretext, to hinder a movement stirring in Russian society. It was perverted into an instrument of denunciation, of irrevocable condemnation, almost a brand of shame."

"Virgin Soil" (Neuland), 1877, translated into English from the French by T. S. Perry, may be viewed as a further development of the same theme, from a moral and psychologic point of view. It describes the attempts to diffuse liberal ideas among the peasantry, showing how often a harvest of thistles alone is reaped by the first cultivators of a virgin soil. Any one who reads this book, understandingly, will fully comprehend what is meant in Russia by the word nihilism. "Smoke," 1867, translated into English from the author's French version by Wm. F. West, and issued in New York in 1873, is a powerful and painful story, holding up a bitterly satirical picture of the "young progressists." All of these works have been published in English in the Leisure Hour Series of Henry Holt and Co., besides four other volumes of the Russian author, of which mention should also be made of "Spring Floods," translated by Mrs. Sophie Michell Butts, and in the same volume, "A Lear of the Steppe," translated by Wm. Hand Browne. The first of these is said by Henry James to illustrate "the element of folly which mingles in a certain measure, with all youthful spontaneity, and makes us grow to wisdom by the infliction of suffering." The second story in the volume is said to portray a noble proprietor, gigantic physically, although not brilliant intellectually, beneath whose rough exterior beats a good, generous heart. The Paris *Reveu des Deux Mondes*, for this year, has printed a story from our author's pen entitled "After Death." It is a story of a wrecked mind, and its translation into English will be eagerly awaited.

Difficult as it is to arrive at the full beauty and significance of an author whose acquaintance must be made by the majority of his readers through the medium of one, often of two, foreign tongues, Turgenief has been widely appreciated throughout the civilized world, and has universally been assigned a place in the foremost ranks of genius. He has been ecompared to Victor Hugo, Balzac, Thackeray, George Eliot. He has indeed wonderful powers of analyzing character, is a keen observer of men, women, and events; his female creations, in especial, are inferior to those of no other writer. He is strangely sympathetic, seeming to enter fully and instinctively into the inner life and emotions of the characters he represents, and these have vitality, individuality, are thoroughly natural in their deportment, easy and unconstrained in their conversation. Ludwig Pietch, a German writer who was personally acquainted with him, tells us that when he wrote he was under the pressure of a controlling impulse that could not be explained. He seemed to be surrounded by groups of men and women, usually Russians, of different ages, walks in life, appearance, speech and deportment, who confided to him their personal experiences, their views of life, until finally he was compelled to commit to paper what filled heart and brain, knowing no peace until the work was completed. H. H. Boyeson, who also knew Turgenief personally, tells us that he has heard him say: "I have never written anything which I have not enjoyed writing, because if I did not enjoy writing it how could I expect anybody to find pleasure in reading it."

Turgenief has been called a pessimist, and yet if we study him closely we will see that he dwells on the dark side of life only to remove the clouds that shadow it, that he depicts the tragedies resulting from existing evils in order that those evils may be crushed. Who would not be called a pessimist if he could accomplish as much as Turgenief in the cause of human freedom and progress? It has been said that he lingers with peculiar predilection, in his delineations of female character, about a certain class of fascinating but dangerous women of fashionable society, who live in a poisoned atmosphere and with whom no one can come in contact without being infected by malarial contagion. To me it does not appear that Turgenief draws such characters because he admires them, he is simply mirroring the times and setting forth all the evils that are its product. That he deals tenderly with these women is because his keen eye detects what they might have been and because he deems them quite as worthy of pity as of aversion. Great is the harm they work, equally great the harm that has been done them by the corrupt atmosphere they breathe. That he appreciates true, good noble women is shown by his Liza who is uplifted and strengthened by an exalted faith to deeds of heroic self-sacrifice and devotion, and his Tatiana, in "Smoke," a pure model of unselfish love.

Turgenief was said to be a singularly handsome man, with a magnificent physique, grand, noble features, clear blue eyes, and a countenance in which melancholly was blended with benevolence. Fidelity was one of the marked elements of his nature, and his friendships were of life-duration. He took great interest in the American Republic, and was proud of the title, "the American," bestowed on him by his fellow-students.

In the Boston *Literary World* of September 22, is a very valuable Turgenief bibliography giving a list of the great novelist's works as published in Russian, French, German and English, and also the titles of prominent writings on Turgenief.

AUBER FORESTIER.

Mount Desert.

A RETROSPECT.

A happy girl at Mt. Desert,
A chaperon, a man or two—
A college oarsman all alert
To guide aright the birch-canoe.

A buck-board ride o'er hill and dale—
Lively college songs that echo far;
Then, dipping oars, and twilight pale,
And twanging of a soft guitar.

A moonlight row, a camp fire glow,
A sail across the sun-lit harbor;
A mountain walk, a quiet talk,—
A friend of whom no chance can rob her.

A dainty costume for the Hop,
A score of favors at the German;
A heel-and-toe that cannot stop,
A chance acquaintance with some mer-man.

A tennis-cap for valor made,
A dim piazza meant for strolling,
A hush—a midnight serenade,
A sound of jolly numbers trolling.

Then—
A folding of the costumes gay,
And no more time to laugh and flirt,
A few last words, a big bouquet,
A waving hand—and Mt. Desert.

F. W.

Christmas in Bethlehem.

CHRISTMAS was close at hand, and the picturesque way from Jerusalem to Bethlehem was thronged with Christian pilgrims. Our party left the city in the early morning by the Jaffa or Pilgrims' Gate, so-called because of the hundreds of pilgrims of all creeds and nationalities who enter the holy city every year through its portals.

We took our way into the Valley of Hinnom, which, after a short distance, turns sharply and steeply to the east, and contracting to a narrow defile, joins the Valley of Kedron or Jehoshaphat, several hundred feet below its original starting-point.

Towards the south this ravine is bounded by rocky walls, behind which rises the "Hill of Evil Counsel," Dschebel Deir Abu Tön, a name which brings to mind that famous

A BETHLEHEMITE WOMAN.

rock in the harbor of Trapani, where Giovanni di Bonda and his compatriots plotted together the Sicilian Vespers.

It was here that Pompey, in the year B.C. 63, planted his camp to besiege the Temple, and after three months' desperate struggle stormed and took it. Here, too, says tradition, Caiaphas and the rulers of the Jews devised plans by which to ensnare the Son of God.

We crossed the plains of Rephaim, the former home of those gigantic inhabitants of Canaan, who, being driven from their native land by Chederlaomer, sought and found refuge here.

The soil of this plain is chalky, intermixed with particles of quartz, the size of peas, which shimmer and sparkle like precious gems in the sunshine. Legend accounts for this by saying that the Virgin Mother passed by one day when a countryman was sowing peas, and asked him to give her a handful. Grudging her the peas, and yet unwilling to refuse absolutely, he told her they were not peas but pebbles. And such in reality they proved to be as they fell from his hand!

At about three-quarters of an hour from Jerusalem, on a ridge of hills which separate the plain of Rephaim from the Valley of Tamir, rises the castellated monastery of Mar Elias, where the Greek monks show you a depression in the rock as being the impression left by the body of the prophet, when, faint and weary, the angels came and fed him there.

As we stood on the terrace of this monastery one of the most wonderful panoramas in the world was spread out before our eyes. Glancing back over the way we had just come, we saw the domes, walls and minarets of the City of David; northeast rose the Mount of Olives, and southward, soft and mellow in the hazy atmosphere, lay the birth-place of the sweet singer of Israel, and of the Holy Child of whom the Psalmist sang. So with scarcely a turn of the head we could see those sacred spots so inseparably associated with the three chief doctrines of our Christian faith: the birth, the resurrection and the ascension of our Blessed Lord.

From the opposite height of Santura the Hospice of the Knights of St. John is distinctly visible, the first post which the Roman Catholic branch of this order has occupied in Palestine since the extinction of those established during the Crusades.

Some distance away, the eye was caught by a curious truncated cone rising like an artificial mound above the neighboring hills. This is Frank Mountain, or Jebel Fureidis, once one of the most remarkable fortresses in Judea, and mentioned by Jeremiah as a beacon fort: "Set up a sign of fire in Beth-Haccerem." It was afterward fortified by Herod, and called Herodium, and when that dreadful tyrant met his death at Jericho, his body was brought hither for burial.

Shortly before reaching Bethlehem we passed the tomb of Rachel, a simple, square building, surmounted by a dome, and surrounded by many modern Musselmnic graves, as may be known by the piles of loose stones arranged in pyramidal form. What hosts of associations and what touching domestic incidents are called into life by this burial place "in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem!"

The remainder of our road lay through lovely evergreen olive gardens until we reached the hill upon which Bethlehem is situated, a city fair and pleasant to the eye. The town owns but one chief street, which runs from east to southeast, and is crossed and re-crossed in all directions by short, narrow, crooked by-ways, scarcely to be dignified by the appellation of streets.

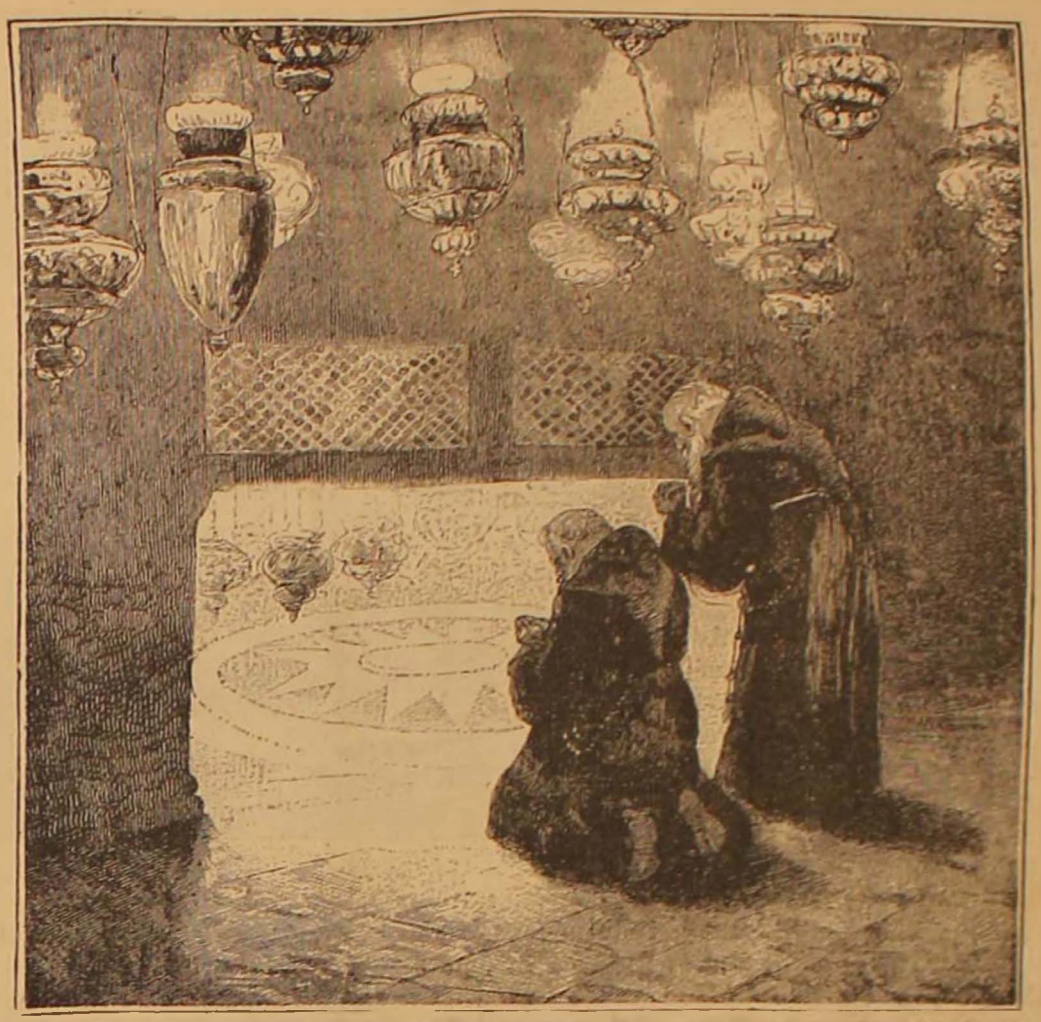
The slope of the hill from the lower row of houses to the valley beneath is planted with vines, fig, olive and pomegranate trees. The houses are built of grayish-white stone, and consist usually of one story with basement; the roofs are flat and slightly arched in the middle, in order that the

rain-water may more conveniently escape. The ancient walls are entirely gone, but there are some fine ruins still standing of the citadel, which dates from the middle ages.

The population of Bethlehem is almost entirely Christian, not a Jew, strange to say, residing in the place which was the cradle of his royal race. During the middle ages it was forbidden by both Crusader and Saracen, and now its Christian associations repel them.

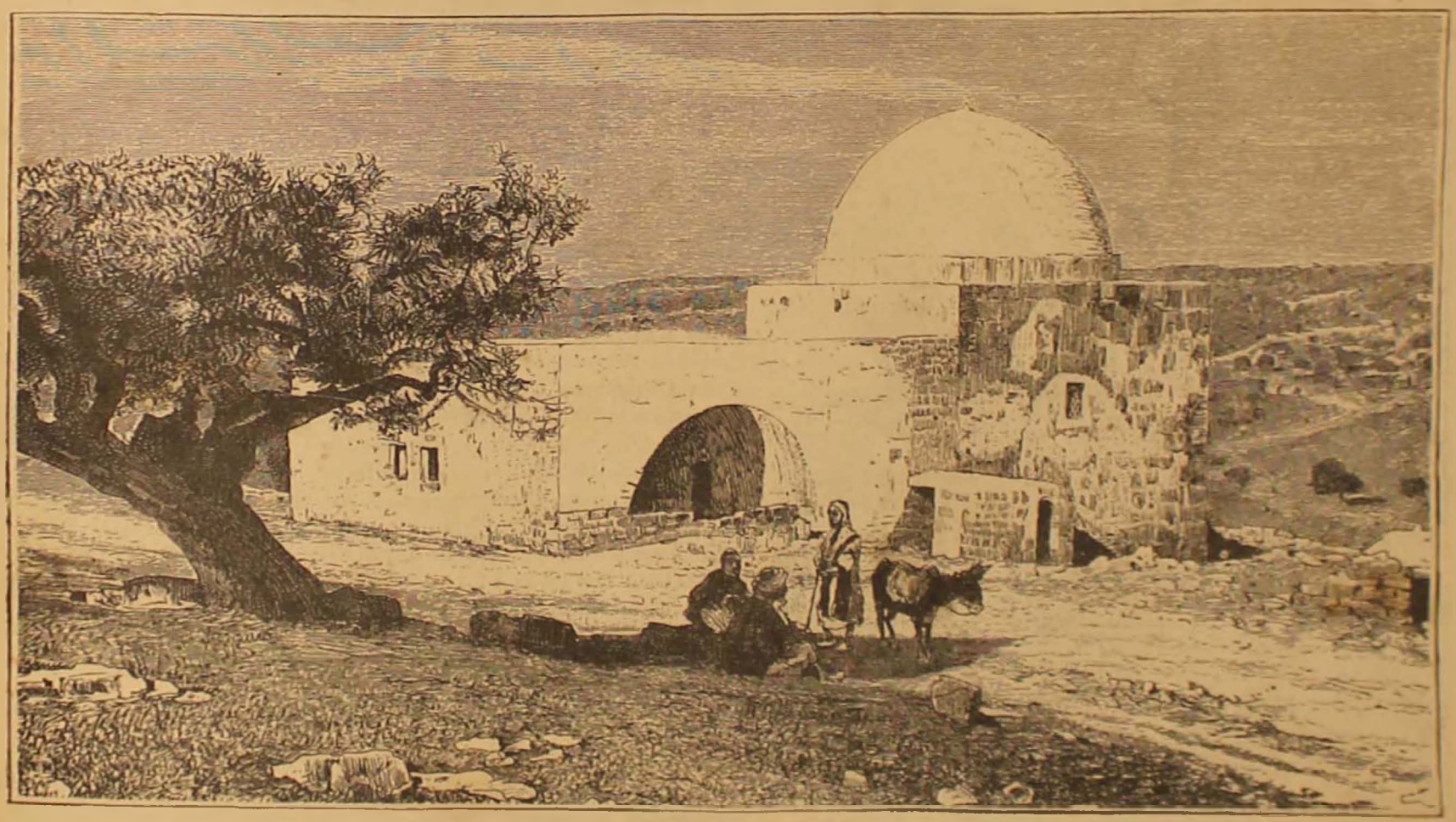
The Bethlehemites are an energetic race, inventive and artistic in taste. There are various branches of industry established there, but most especially celebrated is the manufacture of ornaments of mother of pearl and of black stone from the Dead Sea, which in their grace and beauty present a striking contrast to the coarse wooden utensils made by the monks at Mar Saba.

The men of Bethlehem are stately in person, and wear a costume which is a sort of compromise between that of the city and the desert. A long colored tunic, held together by a girdle, covers the white shirt, while over all is thrown the Arabian cloak, generally black in color. Upon their heads they wear a turban of such dimensions as can be seen in no other place in Syria.



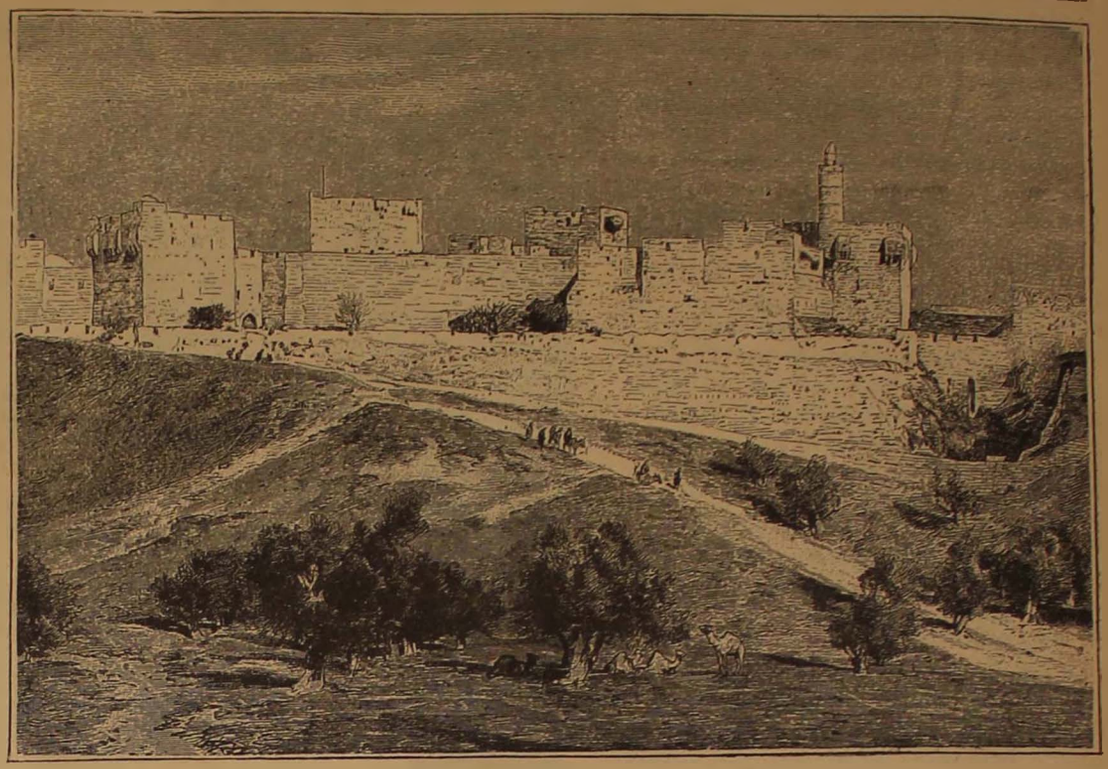
CHAPEL OF THE NATIVITY AND SILVER STAR UNDER THE HIGH ALTAR OF THE CHURCH OF THE BASILICA AT BETHLEHEM.

The women of Bethlehem are widely and justly celebrated for their beauty. Their physiognomy is half Jewish and half Egyptian, their large, dark, expressive eyes being wonderfully attractive and beautiful. They wear a garment very like a high-necked chemise, a blue skirt reaching to the ankles, and a short sleeveless red tunic—as picturesque a costume as can well be devised. But most curious and quaint is the diadem-shaped head-dress. Silver and gold coins are fastened upon a high stuffed cap, from which are



THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

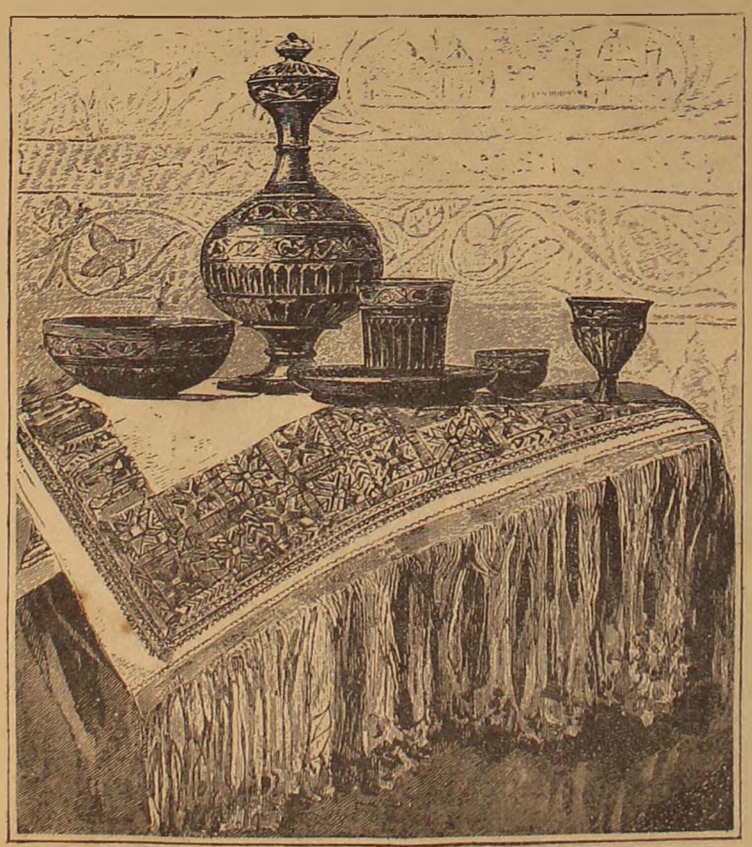
suspended long rows of silver chains and coins, which reach to the breast, and are finished off by a large Maria Theresa thaler. Married women wear in addition, under their veils, a peculiar circlet which gives this the form of a low round hat. The veils are thrown loosely over the caps, and it is upon these the Bethlehemite women lay greatest stress. They are of yellow linen, with borders exquisitely embroidered, showing alike on either side, and are often the work of years. Neither drawing nor execution can be criticised.



REMAINS OF THE CITADEL OF BETHLEHEM.

The great festival of the year in Bethlehem is, naturally enough, Christmas. On the 24th of December, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, the Latin patriarch of Jerusalem enters Bethlehem with numerous followers. When he reaches the square in front of the Basilica of Saint Mary, he alights from his horse and is received in due state by the clergy of the church.

Surrounding the basilica, which was erected in 327, by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, are the buildings of the Greek, Latin and Armenian convents. This church, which is undoubtedly the oldest church in the world, and which for 1556 years has been uninterruptedly devoted to Christian worship, is the central point of attraction to strangers.



VASES FROM STONE OF THE DEAD SEA AND VEIL OF BETHLEHEMITE.

So shut in is it by the various conventual buildings that one is not prepared for the imposing interior. It is an oblong square with a nave 170 feet long and divided into five aisles by four rows of columns, said to have been brought from the Temple of Solomon. The beams in the ceiling are of cedars from Lebanon, and on the walls are remains of mosaics representing Biblical scenes.

The east end of the church is divided into several chapels for the different sects who worship there. The Chapel of the Nativity is in the crypt and directly under the high altar. At the eastern end a silver star is laid in the marble floor, surrounded by the inscription, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est" (Here Christ was born of the Virgin Mary).

Close by is a grotto in which is kept a block of marble which has been hollowed out to represent the manger in which Christ was laid. The *original* wooden one is in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.

Here is also the grotto in which St. Jerome lived for more than eighty years, renouncing earthly fame and honor. Here he labored and prayed and wrote, working at that noble legacy to the Christian Church, the Latin version of the Holy Scriptures, which forms the basis of the Vulgate.

On Christmas eve, after the vesper service, there was a procession to the numerous sanctuaries, which lasted five hours. The whole church presented a lively and interesting scene, Turkish soldiers, Franciscan monks, chanting choristers, dragomen, the French Consul and attendants resplendent in gay uniform, pilgrims and foreigners, chiefly English and Americans, priests and patriarch; it was never to be forgotten; the ends of the earth brought together in memory of the Wonderful Babe, the Incarnate Deity.

LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

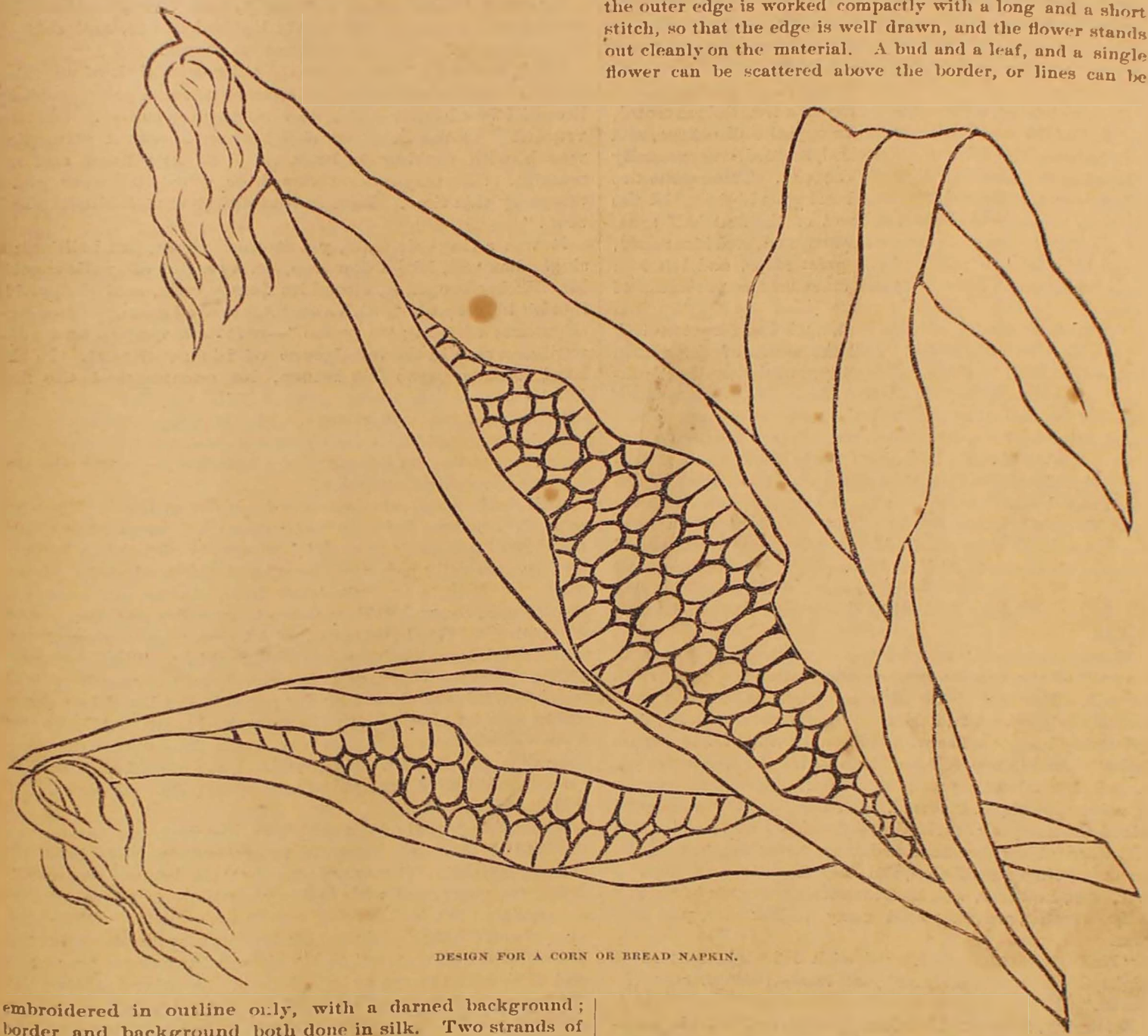
"PANSIES, that's for thoughts."

THERE is hardly a flower more difficult to manage for decoration than the pansy. The beauty of the coloring, and the love usually felt for the flower, make one resent

any liberties taken with it. It seems utterly out of place to embroider the velvet-petaled pansy with crewels on crash. It is an impertinence, and ought not to be done. Nothing less than silks should be used for this flower.

This design can be used for a border by repeating the large cluster and bud and leaf. The two right-hand flowers can be used to end the border if it is used for a table scarf or bureau cover. If this design is used on linen it should be embroidered in outline only, with a darned background; border and background both done in silk. Two strands of filosel can be used for the darning, three for the outline work. The colors should be as simple as possible, and the effect be conventional and not naturalistic. The outlining of the petals should be in dull reds and red purples, with eye of gold, and yellow-green or red-brown French knob in the middle of the gold eye. The line markings should be in the reds and red purples; the stems, leaves and calyx of buds dull green. The background darned in shades of old gold—one or several shades can be used. The border lines should be in gold brown; the zig-zag in dull green and the loops daisy stitch in the dull reds.

The design will be much richer embroidered solid on a pongee or an India silk. Both these materials are serviceable and can be washed easily. If the flower is embroidered solid the markings of the natural flower can be followed, but still keep the coloring simple, using the dull red purples and old-gold yellows, rather than the blue purples and lemon yellows. Choose your colors to harmonize with your background. If the design is worked in silks, even in few colors, the natural shimmer of the silks gives lights and shadows and richness to the flowers. In solid work be careful that the outer edge is worked compactly with a long and a short stitch, so that the edge is well drawn, and the flower stands out cleanly on the material. A bud and a leaf, and a single flower can be scattered above the border, or lines can be darned at regular distances across the middle space of the cover. Gold or silver thread could be used in this lining with the colored silks to add to the richness of the work. Pansies are always good on an old-gold background, and this design could be used in outline on gold-colored silk. The material would give the color of the flower, which would need only the purple markings and the darned background. If this design is embroidered by any one accustomed to painting the flower, the markings and coloring of the flowers can be varied so as to add much to the richness of the work, but this requires judgment, and for a beginner the simpler coloring is safest.



DESIGN FOR A CORN OR BREAD NAPKIN.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

Links of Holly.

MR. BARCLAY, muffled to the chin in costly fur, and carrying the nattiest of traveling-bags, the jauntiest of umbrellas, the finest of plaids, and the softest of rugs, came over the side of the newly arrived ocean steamer, and walked away as unconcernedly as though he had simply crossed the river.

The holiday times of most men had long ceased to be the exception in Mr. Barclay's life. He had been not only successful, but triumphant over fate and fortune, and there remained for him, one would say—to enjoy.

He soon became aware that there was a tremendous crowd, that it had two currents, setting in opposite directions, and that, between them, he was so jostled, hustled, and generally delayed as to arouse his dormant energies. There came fire to his eye and eagerness to his bearing as he breasted the opposing pressure in the steep ascent of the first half mile, but an eddy in front of the custom-house whirled him round, swept him into an angle of the great steps, and left him stranded there, to recover breath and scan the panorama of faces.

"Christmas Eve!" he exclaimed. "I had forgotten it!"

Christmas Eve assuredly! And the spirit of the season evidently abroad! Smiles and jollity, boxes, bundles, packages, eager haste, and alas! that fierce impatience which comes of a mind ill at ease with the mirth of others. To an imaginative and sensitive man, returning to his native city after years of absence in foreign lands, there was a melancholy significance in thus standing apart, a looker-on. The loneliness he had never felt in those years fell suddenly upon him, and the longing he would have scouted an hour before awoke to keen life in his usually genially contented breast. He began to wish he had written of his coming, had woven a tie, even of cobweb texture, with some one, *any one*, that would have insured him an expectant thought that night.

There was an old woman sitting on the steps near him, in the chill of the darkening afternoon, with a few poor trifles for sale. Miserable little odds and ends, at best, but wonderfully brightened and adorned by a wreath of holly, conspicuously hung on the worn brown handle of her ragged basket. As his eye fell on her waiting face, she mutely turned this fairest aspect toward him. The appeal was not in vain. He shook his head, with a smile, but, as he again joined the hurrying life, he dropped into her cold hand a sum that warmed her care-deadened heart to its very core. Mr. Barclay, going steadily on, and carrying his head high as ever, was, however, weighted with a linked chain of ghostly holly wreaths, woven round many a Christmas, past and gone.

"Holly!" he muttered. "I wish I had bought it. I might have had that much, at least, belonging to the season."

Belonging, indeed! How it made a part of all his memories, from the great picture-paper he crawled over as a very baby! Poem and song and Christmas story; church dressings and school festival, family dinners and youthful gayeties, all came to him in a setting of delicately outlined leaves and shining berries. And yet, curiously enough, he could well remember the first time he saw it in reality, long after childhood, in the very bloom and vigor of proud young manhood.

"It was that visit to Thorndyke's which decided my fortunes," he thought, as he mounted the hotel steps. "Old Thorndyke! What a fellow he was to gather young folks round him! I wonder where they are now. It is—yes! I declare it is nearly twenty years since she gave me that holly sprig after my first dinner there. I suppose she's married long ago to that pale-faced scamp. What sweet eyes she had! I never saw another woman with that same steady, gentle, earnest look. If she had been free, I suppose I should have been 'spoons' on her, as that young beggar Dorset would say."

Mr. Barclay's smile was rather grim than amused. Truly, he seemed to find it less easy "to enjoy" than one would have supposed.

He went to his room, presently, and then, to dine. He strayed out into the brilliantly lighted street, and drifted, with the crowd, into the resplendent stores.

"It is very odd!" he growled. "I can't think of anything else. I believe I will buy her a present, for a joke, and keep it until I find her, or some one belonging to her. She was very kind to me in those days, when I was a struggling wretch, with nothing to back me but my head and my muscles. She may have a daughter who can wear pretty things by this time. Here is something that looks like her, now!"

It was a ring—delicate, yet strong; plain, yet brilliant; a single diamond, like a dewdrop, on a circlet of yellow gold. Mr. Barclay bought it, closed its dainty case, and dropped it into his breast pocket, with a secret, amused and ashamed consciousness of being "a goose"—soft as a woman and awkward as a man in the indulgence of his sentiment. In the hotel rotunda, upon his return, he encountered the first familiar face. Its owner greeted him cordially, and they sat talking until a late hour. Mr. Barclay, going through with his nightly toilet, and turning his nightly pillow impatiently, under the pressure of thoughts new and disturbing, became quite Hamletian.

"All dead except one daughter? Poor, at that! Upon my word, it is curious I should have stumbled upon this thing. And I *can't* get away from it!" (viciously punching his pillow, energetically jerking it over, and determinedly flattening it). "Is there 'a Providence in it,' as the old woman in Medlip used to say? I'll go there to-morrow and see. *That* will settle it. Good Heavens! will I never get to sleep? One might think I was a baby and needed rocking. That youngster of Bob Hart's used to carry on in such style, I remember. Bob, too? Haven't heard of him for years. He liked her sister, but he married that witch with a crooked nose. All the men I know made fools of themselves when they married, unless the woman made a fool of herself. I am afraid *she* did that. I never could trust that pale-faced scamp out of sight. I'll find out to-morrow."

About this period of the soliloquy, Mr. Barclay passed into the land of dreams. When he re-crossed its threshold, the sun was shining. It was not exactly "Christmas weather"; rather too warm, and with lurking suspicions of rain in the atmosphere; but Mr. Barclay was in fine spirits. The prospect of something a little out of the common, and originating with himself, gave a zest to his always luxurious breakfast, and carried him promptly into church. A mixed motive may not have added to the efficacy of his prayers, but there was, after all, a substratum of real devotion and genuine desire to fulfill the precepts of praise and peace, which redeemed them from the charge of indifference or hypocrisy, while he congratulated himself on so comfortable and home-like a manner of passing the time. He had fallen into careless ways during his roamings, and it was a return to the habits of his youth which soothed his conscience, and drew him yet nearer to that long overlaid dream of his first struggling hopes and fears.

The rain had confirmed the suspicions of the morning, when he stepped from the way-train at a station just beyond the city line. A gray, noiseless, yet palpable mist veiled the sad-looking black and brown country landscape, and was rapidly turning the rugged hill road into a slimy waste. Mr.

Barclay's enthusiasm waned. Under such difficulties and discomforts, the prospect of presenting himself, unexpectedly, at a house he had not visited for years and years behind years, suddenly assumed that hopelessly silly aspect our best intentioned deeds sometimes wear upon their outer face.

"I believe I will go back to the station and wait for the up-train," he said, stopping short, and turning slowly from side to side.

There it was, nearer than he had thought. A small, gray cottage-house, set low among trees and shrubs and trellised vines, and wearing that look of neglect and decay which comes to a home once filled, now empty of all save shadowed memories. The roof was crumbling under the great sycamore tree's heavy, knotted branches; the vines had overburdened one of the trellises, the path—he had gone on, after all, and entered it—was worn by the winter storms into irregular channels, and the paint was slowly fading into corners from the whitened edges of window frames and porch angles.

"It would break old Thorndyke's heart!" thought he, as he rang the bell. It was answered almost instantly, and the little maid's wide-opened eyes conveyed the impression that a visitor was something to make much of. But she was a well-trained little maid—a *lady's* servant—and showed him modestly and placidly enough into the well-remembered parlor to await her mistress.

Well remembered? Had it been yesterday, he could not have recalled more vividly the last time he entered it! So little changed and yet—so worn? It told its own story of the life running on between its walls, and a pang shot through Mr. Barclay's softened heart at the mute evidence of constrained and narrowed tastes, of uneventful pursuits, and curiously unmarked seasons. There was a small bright fire on the hearth, a faded chair drawn near it, a tiny table with a worn book upon it at its side, and the one new thing, a majolica vase of rosebuds, on the mantle over it. Mr. Barclay bent his head to the fair blossoms with a sense of relief.

"Mr. Barclay!" exclaimed a soft voice, in a tone that was —it *certainly* was—a glad, incredulous surprise.

He turned suddenly, and stood without a word.

There she was, and twenty years had scarcely changed her. A little paler—she never had much color—a little thinner, with a certain sweet wistfulness in her clear eyes which softened their purity, she was winsome as ever. Her dark hair—yes, it was darker than it used to be—simply folded in its own heavy coils, her mourning dress worn with the same dainty adaptation to herself and her surroundings he so well remembered, her delicate hands lifted and extended as she had so often greeted him when he came with her father after business hours. Mary Thorndyke stood before him, and the long years vanished. He took her hands in his, and turned away his agitated face.

"The change must be very great to you," she said, in a low voice. "I am a little—a little used to it now."

"No, no!" he cried, shocked at the feeling he had aroused and the faltering tone. "It is not *that*. I had gotten over the first news of your loss, and mine. It was the finding you so like Mary Thorndyke still."

She colored. "Am I so like you remember me? After all these years? But I *am* Mary Thorndyke still. There is no change, save—the loneliness."

He looked at her, his puzzled face slowly clearing. Then, he led her to her chair beside the open book, and stood over her.

"I met an old friend last night," he said, abruptly; "you do not know him, but he told me—many things. He said you were living here, and that Walter was in delicate health. What did he mean?"

"Walter is with me—and dying. He—married Bell."

"But—but he was to—to—"

"He was to have married me, of course, but—did not."

Positively, she was smiling. Mr. Barclay drew a deep breath, and sat down.

"I came in yesterday," he said, "and to-day, I am here. I did not dream of it twenty-four hours ago. I am—I was so used to being alone out there, I had so little cause to think of any one; I had grown selfish and a fool. But what do you think greeted me, Mary? A holly wreath. It made me twenty years younger in a minute. Do you know you gave me the first sprig of real holly I ever saw? That Christmas I came out with Bob Hart, you remember! Walter was here then. Would you mind telling me all that has happened since I saw you?"

There was color in her face now, and a light in her eyes. Her hands trembled, too, as she laid them one over the other, listening quietly to his eager words. But she told him, as he asked, her simple story. Not connectedly, not fluently, but he understood it. The waning of her love for Walter Sinclair; the parting with him, half in sorrow, half in scorn; his later return to their midst as Bell's lover; the first break in the home when Bell went with him; her mother's death; her father's slow decay and sinking to rest; the struggle since on narrow means; the mistakes—were they nothing worse?—of Walter's career; Bell's death; and now, the burden of her vanished youth come home to her until the end—it was just a woman's story, patiently told, its undercurrent all unspoken pain and smothered passion.

Mr. Barclay wondered at himself, as he listened, and thrilled with a measureless gratitude at the thought of his slowly unfolding destiny. He began to hope—to believe he could see the reason for many things, to fancy he had looked forward to this hour with Mary Thorndyke through many years, when he had sighed for an aim in life beyond mere success. In short, when she finished her recital Mary Thorndyke had a lover who would have sworn he had known no other love.

He dined with her—a quiet dinner sweetened for him by other spices and flavors than those his wealth had long furnished. He waited over the fire for her while she ministered in the sick man's room to the wants, pathetic in their lessening querulousness. He chatted with her of foreign lands and home prospects, and at last held her hand for a brief good-night, and went away from her watching eyes into the starlit night. A strange sweet rest filled both their hearts, although he had not spoken.

"He will come again!" said Mary Thorndyke, to her brightened face in the glass above the nodding roses. "He will come again, and then! Oh, after all, God is good!"

"I have a use for you," said he, lightly tapping the pocket where lay his purchase of the night before. "But wait! She is so sweet, I must enjoy the wooing in fancy before I put my fate to the test."

He *did* come again. He told his stories of struggles to her waiting eyes and mobile lips, watching their lovely play; he wooed her dexterously; he advanced slowly, step by step, striving, as he thought, to make sure of his advance. At last, in fear and trembling, he told her the secret of his love in an hour he little intended, while her eyes were heavy and her face pale with the last watches by the death-bed of his long-ago rival.

"I cannot but be glad, Mary, that you are freed from this care," he had commenced, gravely. "Poor fellow! His life was one long error, it seems to me. How I envied him once! Oh, Mary, the weary years your mistake cost me! But for that engagement, I might have won your love. Now—now! I suppose you could never care for me? I am such 'a bachelor forlorn!'"

There was an eager tremor in his voice belying its carelessness. Mary Thorndyke made no answer, but her head drooped before him, and her hands fluttered aimlessly over the loose papers she had been sorting.

"Mary!" he cried, starting up, and laying his strong, white hand on her shoulder, "what do you mean? Tell me quickly!"

She looked up, steadying her soft gaze and trembling lips. "But for *you*," she said—and oh, what a thrill was in the words!—"but for *you*, I should never have known I did not love *him*."

She held out her hands, suddenly and impulsively.

"Great God! the lost years!" he said, passionately, as he seized them.

It was his last complaint. They are "the happiest of human beings." And Mr. Barclay, telling his best stories, and creating a furor of mirth around his Christmas-table with his wildest jokes, never fails to "sober down" and relate the wonderful fortune he owes to the old woman's holly-wreath.

"But for that 'bit of Christmas,'" he is wont to say, "I might have gone on until now, a selfish, heartless, homeless man. I had no thought beyond my dinner, when I came over the ship's side. I had forgotten it was Christmas Eve. But with one look at that poor old creature's twist of leaves and berries I was another man. I was hungry for the past; I remembered things I had long hidden away in the grave of youth; I was restless and maddened with a disappointment and loss I had once persuaded myself I did not feel. Out of this turmoil came the resolution to unravel the web of years. And lo! I found it woven with a thread of gold, leading me to the very treasure I had not dared to sigh for! The ghost of Mary's holly spray—that was my Christmas angel, wasn't it, my wife?"

All the poetry of a man's nature may come forth at a late day. Mr. Barclay's fortune is made, and his struggles over. He has time, if he will, to cultivate the vein of rugged wealth which crops up whenever he refers to the romance of his life. For Mary, she knows the poet spoke truth in that he sang: "All things come round to him who will but wait!" After her long sad years, the woven links of past and present seem scented garlands of heaven's own blossoms, and fadeless verdure.

The unwritten romances are such as this.

THEO. MARCH.

A Lone Woman.

WE were nearing the Christmas season, and had planned all sorts of festivities, gifts and games for the children, a Christmas tree, dancing and all that, when my brother received a letter which summoned him to England. He would be absent from Paris several days, would return Christmas morning, or at the earliest the night before. His two boys, one eight the other ten, had been left in Stuttgard, in the family of a learned professor who charged himself with their instruction. My brother had arranged to go for the children to bring them to Paris for the holidays, when this unforeseen demand upon him made the carrying out of the plan impossible.

We talked the matter over at the breakfast table, thinking of this and that way of getting the boys home. It was out of the question their mother's going for them; she could not be spared from the little ones at home. It was an emergency, and I found courage to suit the occasion. I am convinced heroines are made, not born.

"I will go to Stuttgard and fetch the boys home," I said.

My brother looked up astonished. "You go to Stuttgard, *alone?*"

"Yes, I will go to Stuttgard."

"*Mais, mais,*" began his wife.

"Don't say a word. I want to go. I know the road, it is all plain and simple, it will be a pleasant excursion. I will leave here in the morning, spend the night at Stuttgard with the professor and his good wife, and the next morning with a nephew under each arm I will take a train for Paris. Oh I shall enjoy it ever so much."

My brother and his wife were persistent in their efforts to dissuade me, but I overruled every objection, and as a result I found myself on a fine, clear, cold December morning in a train going eastward.

I had one companion at the beginning of my journey, at least I think I had better say *one*, a lady with her maid and her Spanish poodle.

From Paris to Strasbourg not a word passed the lips of mistress or maid; *silentium* was the order. The lady was stoutish in figure and a good deal encumbered with wraps; she was fresh in color, with pale hay-colored hair partly concealed by the white Shetland scarf with which her maid had replaced the bonnet that was carefully bestowed in the rack above. The maid was tall, thin, with pale wide-open eyes, in every way the opposite of the lady. Her black, scanty vestments clinging to her scantily made person made a contrast indeed to the rather corpulent mistress in a large, scarlet, circular cloak, who sat with closed eyes and with her hands placidly folded over her red-covered guide book.

I could have made my description briefer by saying simply that my vis-à-vis was a symphony in red.

Though I did not speak during all this journey, I felt that I had company, that I was not alone.

At nine o'clock we reached the station at Stuttgard, and I confess I felt both tired and hungry, as my breakfast had been a cup of coffee and my meal at Strasbourg but a slender one. My hope buoyed me up. I should soon be at home with the brave professor and his kind-hearted wife, and in the warmth of their welcome, and, in the joy of seeing our dear boys, I should forget how dreary it had been during the last four or five hours of the way, with the dark and other vexations that I have not set down.

I found a cab at the station. I mentioned a street and number. There seemed to be some needless delay in starting, and the driver thought fit to leave his horse and vehicle while he ran off to speak to a comrade. The house I sought I remembered to have been not far from the station, but the way to it on this occasion seemed interminable. I peered out from time to time in search of some familiar object or some land-mark to help me to guess at where I was. But all seemed strange and unknown. The statue of Schiller, which I had admired in its calm and placid majesty, stared frowningly on me as I dejectedly looked out in passing, and I failed to recognize it. To shorten the story, as I would have the journey, the carriage at length stopped. I got out with my wraps and hand-bag, paid my cabman, stepped toward the door, saw that it was unfamiliar, looked around and found that I was in a region altogether new to me. It was —— Strasse, and this was No. 10 but not 10 A. I held my breath for a moment, then recovered and re-entered the cab. No. 10 A was a new house at the other end of the street, and we soon reached it.

I recognized it by a tree before the door, leafless now, but with the same twisted trunk. I was surprised when the cabman demanded another fare, but I paid it and bade him good night as civilly as I could as I mounted the steps to the house I remembered.

The house as I had seen it in the autumn, I had thought rather sordid, almost shabby in its characterless newness, but now it was the House Beautiful.

I rang gently once, and again; the third time I pulled

vigorously at the bell-knob, for the cabman had mounted to his seat, and I had begun to regard him as a friend, though I knew he might prove a costly one.

The door opened and the *hausmeister* put forth his head.

What did I want? he asked.

"Professor Fersten."

The head protruded a little farther, then a hand reached out and a little lamp in it was waved two or three times before my face.

"Do you want to see Prof. Fersten? He's gone to Paris."

I gasped, "His wife, Madame Fersten."

"Gone to Augsburg; will be home next week."

The cabman had gathered up his reins and was making preparatory chirpings to his horse. I shouted to him to stop. I learned that the professor had gone with my nephews to Paris, and his wife to visit her parents, and there was no one in the apartment.

Whether this intelligence was conveyed to me in few words or many I do not know. I turned away. "Madame surely knows it is the custom to reward the *hausmeister* when he is called up at a late hour." "Madame" did know, and she put a half mark into the outstretched hand.

I returned to the carriage.

"You must take me to some hotel."

"Which, madame?"

I did not think to ask the *hausmeister* to recommend me one, and I do not believe he could have in his then stupid condition. I suddenly recalled a name, that of a hotel near the station I thought I remembered my brother had spoken of it; he had staid there once, at least it seemed so to me then.

We found it. To my cabman I paid "thrice the fare" as did the grateful stranger to the boatman in Uhland's verses.

A frowzy man, a stable-boy in appearance, represented the landlord.

"O, yes! they had rooms." And a woman who had evidently been suddenly roused from her slumbers took a light to show me one.

We passed through a room where men were sitting at tables, as I saw through almost blinding smoke, then through a kitchen where a *madchen*, with her head on a table, was soundly sleeping and where a small black dog came out from somewhere to growl at me, then across a passage up a stair and along another passage.

It was a small, low room we found, with a porcelain stove that occupied a considerable space, a short bed, a chair, a washstand and two trunks.

The room had that forlorn look of tidiness that a room may have that is never occupied. The bed was covered with a handsome knit cover, and the window-curtains were crochetted. The place was bare but clean. There were two colored French lithographs on the walls—heads and shoulders of blandly-smiling women. On the top of the stove was a pile of bed-clothing with which the woman made the bed with a dexterity that surprised me, she was so heavy-looking.

I ventured to try my limited German on her by asking if I could have my tea and some rolls and butter brought to my room, for I felt the need of establishing a connection with somebody in my dreary condition.

The woman evidently did not understand me, though she responded, "*ja, ja.*"

Her duties quickly over, she bade me good night, and lighting a crumb of a candle that she found among other crumbs in her apron pocket, departed.

How desolate I felt! Tired, hungry, sleepy, and not a little nervous at the prospect of spending the night in such unpromising quarters. But I determined to begin well by making myself a little tidy for my tea. I found soon I had counted without my host, or had no host to count on. My washstand contained a basin, but no ewer, and so, no water. I must wait till my tea was brought, for there was no bell to my room.

I tried to be amused at the situation, to see in it its ludicrous aspect, but I was so cold that my attempt at a smile must have proved but a fearful grimace. I shivered so I could not sit still, and I got up and tried to pace around my small circle. The clock struck eleven. I waited awhile longer for my tea, my teeth chattering from cold and dread of the long night before me. At length I took my candle and sallied out into the passage to try, if possible, to call some one to serve me, for I was sadly in need of some refreshing. I crept noiselessly along the unlighted corridor to the head of the stairs and began to descend, when a door suddenly opened and let out on the passage below me two or three such sinister-looking individuals that I quickly returned breathless to my room.

At my door there came up a sound of shuffling feet and excited voices, and a good deal of undefined noise that I was glad to try to shut out. With suspense and some anxiety the minutes dragged, till at length the clock on some near tower struck twelve.

I gave up all hope of even an apology for a supper, and decided to make the best of it.

There was no lock to my door and no way of fastening it, so I made a barricade before it by piling one trunk on the other, and putting my chair on that in a way that any pressure on the door from the outside would throw it to the ground. I could not think of going regularly to bed under the circumstances, but I laid down on it and drew over myself a big, broad, pillow-like arrangement which, however, fell to the ground the moment I dropped asleep. That, however, was at some hour toward morning, for I counted several of the hours as they struck, and my sputtering candle had burned itself out, leaving only a suggestive odor I would gladly have been rid of.

At length a gray morning made itself visible, and as soon as I could see I made my way to the lower regions, still dark, where I found the man of the night before with a lantern in his hand. An old woman was called, a fire lighted in the kitchen stove, where I watched the brewing of my coffee while I warmed myself. I did not criticise my bread, which I ate with a compote of stewed pears with mustard, —for the butter was an indignity—nor my account either, though it was exorbitant, and when the morning train came up from Munich I was the first to enter.

I was alone in my compartment, which was unnecessarily cold, and so aggravated my general wretchedness.

No notice was taken of me by any one, and I got safely on to Strasbourg nursing my physical discomfort.

At Strasbourg the *personnel* of the train was changed and I became the object of attention of two of the guards; one, a big, middle-aged man with half-gray side whiskers; the other, younger, a tall, stooping individual, who smiled in at my window on every occasion with light blue eyes, of most inane expression.

How uncomfortable those two men made me by simply looking at me! At the second station after Strasbourg, the elder of the two demanded of me my passport. I replied that I had none, that none was necessary on a journey from Strasbourg to Paris. At this the younger was informed that my name was Gretchen, but that it was impossible to say to which part of Germany I belonged. At the next station I was asked for my visiting card with my Paris destination. I produced it, while the old man watched with evident enjoyment my apparent discomfiture.

As we approached Paris the miles seemed longer. The train I knew would not arrive till after dark and—but I will

not follow the thoughts and fancies that, stimulated by my fears, filled my mind.

At X. the train stopped and I saw my two persecutors looking down the line toward me, and, O, joy! I saw on the platform of the station my good old friend Mr. Coppet tranquilly smoking a cigarette.

I waved my handkerchief. I shouted, "O, Mr. C.! Mr. C.!"

No fettered Andromeda ever welcomed a coming Perseus with more delight than I this old friend of my childhood.

My shout attracted his attention; he was soon at my side.

"Why, Marie, where are you coming from? Where have you been?"

"Don't ask me anything; come into this compartment; I can't stay alone any longer."

"But that will not be allowed; this is *pour les dames seules.*"

"Then take me with you. Anywhere, I don't care where, only take me."

And I struggled at the door.

He helped me out of one carriage into another, and when we were on our way I wept, I know not why, and my friend comforted me.

I do not need say that I reached my brother's home duly and safely, and found my nephews had arrived the morning before, that their coming had been announced in a misdirected letter. Boys always arrive safely. No harm ever comes to them, and I have written this sketch only to show that here, on the continent, women traveling alone are either disregarded altogether, or over-regarded, and that these annoyances are also sometimes exaggerated when they take counsel of their fears as I did.

The light by which I write this shines on the beautiful face and gray hair of the good man I have just referred to. In years he is twenty my senior, but in all but wisdom and goodness he is very young. I have just read him my account of a journey to and from Stuttgard and Paris, and he responds with, "And that was the day you offered yourself to me?" And I reply, it is a dreadful thing to be a Lone Woman.

MARIE COPPET.

The Tambourine Girl.—*(See Oil Picture.)*

THE charming picture of "The Tambourine Girl" transports us to Italy, the land of romance and of song. In the towns of Lower Italy just such looking girls can often be seen, picturesquely dressed, dancing and singing to the music of the tambourine. They are very attractive in their vivacious beauty, and the artist frequently transfers their charms to his canvas. In this way we are familiarized with these Italian tambourine girls, who, in their picturesque costume and graceful beauty, are so unlike the wandering musicians of our own streets.

All day this pretty tambourine girl has sung and danced in the streets of the Italian town. Many an admiring look has been cast at her, and many a coin thrown into her tambourine, as she held it out to receive the reward of her exertions, which are now over for the day. Before going home she concludes to count her gains, and her face beams with delight when she finds a silver coin among her little hoard. From the excessive joy she exhibits, it is evident that she has but few of these pleasant surprises, and she doubtless blesses the liberal hand that has so greatly enriched her store of earnings.

The artist has been very successful in his picture of "The Tambourine Girl." Her beautiful dark Italian face, beaming with delight, is replete with the charms of youth and intelligence, as she seems to be calling the attention of some bystander to the treasure she has found. Her dress evinces a love of the picturesque, and is charming in its rich simplicity; the red ribbons, the beads, the ear-rings, and the green apron adding greatly to the attractiveness of her beautiful costume. As she sits there with her brown smiling eyes, her rosy lips and "teeth of pearl," she reminds us of another Italian girl, the one of whom the poet Rogers wrote:

> "Her face, so lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
> The overflowing of an innocent heart;
> It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
> Like some wild melody."

At the Play.

Do you remember that night of nights,
When four of us sat in the box together?
By closing my eyes I can see the lights,
The stage, the play and the droop of the feather
Above your eyes, as you looked in mine,
With a smile that tingled along each vein,
Like a long, sweet draught of rare old wine,
And, like it, went to my brain.

That was the night, when I knew in my mind,
Past all doubting or possible error,
That a love that was life and death combined—
A love that was rapture and joy and terror—
Had fast, firm hold of my frightened heart;
That, come what might or must between,
Or if together, or if apart,
That you were my life's queen.

I think the birth of a love supreme,
However the world may laugh or cavil,
Or poets may sing of the blissful dream,
Must wrench the heart with the pains of travail.
All my past seemed slipping away—
Life seemed a tragedy strange and new;
And I tried to shut everything out but the play,
The music, love and you.

I seemed to see with the soul's foresight
All that must follow of pain and sorrow;
And I felt like taking fast hold of the night,
Keeping it back and delaying the morrow.
To sit with you there and know you mine—
Tho' never a promise was asked or given—
To see the love in your dear eyes shine,
Was all I needed of heaven.

The play went on in a mirthful strain;
You laughed with us all, yet under your laughter
I could catch a minor note of pain—
A hint of the sorrow to follow after.
Oh, that the night might never end!
Oh, that the players might never stop!
As we watch death closing the eyes of a friend,
I watched the curtain drop.

Well, no matter about the rest.
Take all the pains of purgatory—
Take all the joys of the land of the blest—
And you have the whole of the passionate story.
But among the pictures on memory's wall,
That death himself cannot steal away,
Brightest and fairest and saddest of all,
Hangs that night at the play.

ELLA WHEELER.

AGATHE DE VALSUZE.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH RESTORATION.

BY M. D'EPAGNY.

(*Continued from page* 14.)

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CONTRACT OF MARRIAGE.

SEVERAL days passed, and the Comte de Chamberceau did not come. Louis XVIII. sent to his house twenty times, but he had disappeared.

Various alarming reports reaching him, he had gone to seek information at the fatal field of Waterloo. He dreaded to inquire; he visited the frightful battle-field, and, bowed down with sorrow, he entered one of the neighboring houses.

An English officer, dangerously wounded, who was lying there, said he could give him news of his son. "A colonel of cavalry, was not he?"

"Yes, monsieur," answered the count, anxiously.

"Very courageous, very audacious; unnecessarily so, since when the battle was lost to the French, he was foolish enough to fall upon my regiment, a splendid regiment, which he has verily spoiled! it was too unreasonable and absurd, I assure you."

"Monsieur, war has fatal results. But I beg you to tell me how you have news of my son, and what it is?"

"Excellent news for us, since he has ruined our regiment. The Colonel Adrien de Chamberceau was killed by a shell.

While Adrien's father, almost fainting, caught at a wainscoting to keep himself from falling, a French non-commissioned officer, sheltered in the same house, but more slightly wounded, raised himself, saying: "Pardon, excuse me, Monsieur Englishman; but if I did not owe you thanks for having had me brought here and cared for, I should tell you very politely that—you had lied. Here are the facts: I was a witness, since I am quartermaster in his first squadron, and since also I am injured by the same shell which burst in his horse, and which sent him flying a distance that I defy any other to fall without harm."

The count interrupted the quartermaster by throwing himself in his arms.

"Oh! ah! gently there, gently. My chest is skinned by a piece of the shell which blew our colonel's horse into three parts, and I'll not be able to embrace any one for a month. But I understand: you want to know where your son is. I know. He has followed the father of us all at his command. I hear they are trying to mend affairs in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau. As he left he called out to me: 'Send word to Ghent to M. le Comte de Chamberceau, that I will write to him day after to-morrow.' So to-day, you ought to have a letter at Ghent."

"I am off at once!" cried the count. Satisfied of his son's safety, he hurried back at the greatest possible speed, and, an hour after his arrival, he was admitted to the king's presence.

M. de Chamberceau bowed with a quiet air. When he had presented his respects he retired several paces, without his Majesty having even glanced at him.

The courtiers, when he entered, said among themselves: "Here's a man whose son is in Bonaparte's army, yet the king welcomes him as he does us!" At the end of two hours they said: "Chamberceau is disgraced. Why does he let his son serve Bonaparte?"

As for the count, he knew his Louis XVIII. too well to be surprised at his cold welcome; he understood that the king found it necessary to avoid comment, and to leave no excuse for malevolent jealousy.

When the monarch retired, the count, who was going home, was recalled and went back to the *petit coucher*. Etiquette had lost nothing of its rights in spite of inconvenient circumstances.

We shall be obliged for the further understanding of this story to relate what took place at this special royal audience, where the goodness of the king, his character, and the original turn of his mind were shown more clearly than ever.

"I saw from your quiet countenance that you had no loss to deplore, and you understand why I said nothing. Have you any news of your son?—and any particular news of his chief, the ex-emperor?" (Louis XVIII. insisted that his first abdication had taken away Napoleon's title forever. To him he was always, from that day, conquered or conqueror, the ex-emperor).

This question troubled the count; he hesitated a moment.

The king divined his thought, and added quickly: "Comte, I do not ask you to betray your son's secrets, nor those of his master if they have been confided to him; I know he has followed the emperor, by his order."

The count remained silent. The king frowned, then his look softened and he said: "It is possible your Adrien speaks of me in an unbecoming way; I will pay no attention to that."

"Sire! he is incapable of doing so," replied the count, "and now that I have had time to reflect, I can show his dispatch without compromising either the man or his duty."

"I don't care to see it," returned the king quietly; "I would merely like to know whether or not there is a question of a second abdication?"

"There is, Sire."

Louis drew a long breath as if a heavy weight were lifted from his breast. "There are nearly forty thousand men in our forest of Fontainebleau, and with forty thousand men in that position—a man like that—so near to Paris—changeable Paris—but my couriers say the same as you. I find it hard to believe. If he should abdicate, do you know, Chamberceau (although they were alone he lowered his voice), if he should abdicate, able as he is to hold his own three weeks—perhaps longer, then—then do you know he would be a different man from what I have judged him? It would be an act of generosity for the sake of the country which he would not cover with blood without hope of success. It would be the finest action of his life."

After a moment of silence the king continued: "I am no longer surprised that there are men devoted to his fortunes, good or bad, and who partake all his ideas—like your son."

So far the king had not succeeded in making M. de Chamberceau talk; but at this he inclined respectfully saying: "My son, Sire, does not by any means partake all Napoleon's ideas. When I spoke to him on that subject, feeling surprised at his devotion to a man whom he did not always approve, he answered me as he always does: 'I have sworn him fealty—I serve him; I do not judge him.'"

Louis XVIII. remained for some time absorbed in thought, then he said: "I believe the hand of Providence will chase out the bees to restore the lilies. Take care to forget all we have said this evening, Chamberceau."

The conversation changed. The king became lively as he always was when in good humor. Still he was tormented with curiosity. He kept his eye on Adrien's dispatch, which his father still held.

"I am embarrassed," he said all at once, as he looked at the count with an amiable smile, "embarrassed, and imagine why! I defy you to guess! I am trying to think how I can bestow some mark of esteem on your son, Adrien."

"Ah, Sire!" cried the count.

"That seems to you difficult, so it did to me; but I have found it. You told me how you wished to help Valsuze by becoming his daughter's father-in-law, and lately, when you helped me to arrange the marquis' reimbursement, you said: 'Here will be a pretty dower for my son Adrien, who expected none.' Very well. I wish you to have the contract of marriage drawn up here on this foreign soil, and I will sign it. That will not injure me. A king, who, during the troubles of exile, the torments and disquietudes of fortune, pays a sacred debt and signs a marriage contract—even that of a Bonapartist—that will answer very well for all the parties. What do you say Chamberceau?"

The count had risen, while the king, pleased with his own dea, talked on without noticing his troubled face. At last he remarked it, and in his surprise cried: "Well! what is the matter?"

The count hesitated. "Sire," he faltered, "I am very unhappy——"

"Speak!"

"Your Majesty must pardon me, or rather my son, and I know no other way to justify him than to read the paragraph in his dispatch, where by a strange chance he speaks of his future contract of marriage.

"Only one paragraph from this letter!" returned the king, showing his curiosity in spite of himself. "I must understand what necessitates my pardon—this astonishes me too much—read all—read all."

The count, opening the letter, began:

"My good, my excellent father, pardon me the anxieties I cause you. I hasten to relieve your mind. I am not free from duty, since my sovereign does me the honor to wish me near his person. You understand that yourself, my father——"

The king interrupted laughingly: "You see you would have deprived me of a pleasure in not reading all. Go on—next—?"

The count bowed and continued his reading: "Foucemagne is less fortunate than I; I fear he will lose a leg. I am writing to him, and I must ask you to forward my letter, since you will be sending a courier to Paris. Be kind enough to tell Bernard that Foucemagne will give him the Marquis de Valsuze's address—he knows it. And charge our good Bernard to go and see the marquis, and to send me news of him and of mademoiselle. I shall also be impatient to hear how Foucemagne gets on.

"I open my letter again to add something interesting, sad, and yet honorable for me. Last night I was at the Château de Fontainebleau writing to you. I heard my door open. It was Napoleon. 'Come, colonel,' he said, 'there are two horses saddled at the foot of this stairway. I need your services.'

"We set off at a gallop. In two hours we were at the Austerlitz bridge. We had not, so far, exchanged one single word. There we found two fresh horses for our return, which showed me the emperor had given his orders beforehand. As we entered the bridge, Napoleon said: "Austerlitz! Austerlitz! glorious name! Adrien, I have confidence in you——"

"'You may trust me, Sire!'

"'Paris is armed—some say well disposed. If I appear suddenly in the midst of my friends—if at the same time the army forming again at Fontainebleau appears to sustain me against the enemy by falling back toward the Loire—I force the allies to divide their efforts—I force Paris to defend itself! Go and find out what I can count on; here is the list of those you must see. Do not let them know I am here, so near. I must only show myself to those I am sure of. I will wait here two hours—they will be long!—go!"

"I sprang to my horse and went into the city. It was then two o'clock in the morning. At four I returned.

"I approached the emperor on foot, leaving my horse at the entrance of the bridge. Napoleon was on the middle of it, walking with his hands clasped behind him, apparently calm. As he saw me he stopped and bent toward me.

"'Do not speak to me,' he said; 'look at me. I shall understand better.'

"My tears flowed. I had brought back proofs of a general defection.

"'I see,' said Napoleon.

"We mounted. I dared not speak.

"'With forty thousand men like those there,' said Napoleon, after two hours riding toward Fontainebleau, 'I could still reign, or fight—perhaps one year—and in a year, what may not happen? what new interests may not come? But these Parisians! after all I have done for them! They deserve to have me bring calamity upon their ungrateful city. But no; I did not make wars to please myself, in spite of all that has been said, and I will not begin today. I will abdicate; that will be grand. What do you say, Adrien?'

"We had reached Fontainebleau. I cried out with admiration, and was ready to embrace his knees to thank him for this act of magnanimity. He held me up by the hand. 'Let us be men,' he said. 'Follow me.'

"We went up to his private cabinet.

"'I do not wish to think about business until tomorrow,' he said; 'I wish only to think of my friends. Of you, for example, Adrien, who would serve no other sovereign but myself. What can I do for you, as a remembrance?'

"I made a movement which he understood.

"'I speak only of a token of affection.'

"I was so moved that I could not answer.

"He continued: 'Have you any fortune? You need it when you have no occupation. I have no time left to marry you to the daughter of some one of those whom I have enriched, and who have remained my faithful friends. I have a few yet. I am going,' he said, taking a sheet of stamped paper, 'to put my name there, with a few words. You will have your contract of marriage drawn up on this leaf, and I think you can choose among the heiresses of our first families.'

"He folded the leaf lengthwise and gave it to me, saying: 'Adrien, Adrien, leave me now. I must see some other men who also have been true to me. We shall see each other again when I say good-bye to all.'

"He shut himself in.

"I need not tell you how surprised and grateful I am. He endows me with two hundred thousand francs, creates me a baron of the empire, and a knight of the Legion of Honor, and signs my marriage contract to give me a last proof of his esteem. I send you this paper, which is more precious to me for the mark of regard than for the generous dower. I send it to you, father, and beg you have it filled up at once by a notary with all the advantages and delicate conditions in favor of Mlle. de Valsuze that we talked over together when you were going to ask the marquis to bestow his daughter's hand on me. It is time to carry out this project, which is now a duty to me. You remember I owe my life to Mlle. Agathe.

"And now you know all most interesting about my past and future. Oh my dear father, my public career is ended! If it has been happy, I owe it to the noble sentiments you instilled into the heart of your son, respectful and proud to sign himself with your name,

"ADRIEN DE CHAMBERCEAU."

When Chamberceau had finished reading, he lowered his eyes before the king, who seemed well satisfied.

"I see, I see," cried Louis, gayly, "you conclude from this letter and this signature that mine can no longer be placed there. You are wrong. Give it me."

M. de Chamberceau, mute with surprise, handed the king the leaf signed by Napoleon, with a postscript added.

Louis XVIII. smiled as he remarked: "It can never be said that we were not once of the same mind." He pointed with his pen to the imperial signature beside which he had written: "Louis de Bourbon, King of France," and he dated it: "The 22d year of our reign."

"If I am not allowed to sign the contract for Chamberceau's son," he went on, "I have the right to sign that of Valsuze's daughter. And for her dower—we shall see about that when the bride is presented."

He returned the contract to Chamberceau, who kissed the king's signature.

The monarch noticed this, and said with great good humor, "I am easy in my mind; Adrien will not now dare to erase my name. But, comte, your son's letter does not belong to our day. It is worthy of having been written two centuries ago."

"All that has passed, and all that has been said this evening, Sire, belongs to the beautiful time of our old monarchy," replied the count bowing profoundly before the king.

"I wish it might have been made public," said Louis; "such young people are destined to unite friends and enemies. Think of your Adrien in his German campaign, and look at this contract of marriage* with these two names! ah! it will be curious in two hundred years. Good night, Chamberceau—I am going to sleep."

The same evening the count sent the precious package, which passed through Foucemagne's hands, and through Bernard's, and which is lying still sealed upon the table, while the Marquis de Valsuze, very near death, is stretched upon his bed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SPORT OF DESTINY.

WE have seen the Valsuze family descend all the steps of human misery down to the last, where they are past feeling their woe.

If, as a wise philosopher says, the most cruel sorrows come from the loss of our hopes, no one could have suffered more than Agathe's father. The same bolt which struck him showed him also by its flash the depth of the abyss over which he had been building his illusion.

His daughter, who had known the weary side of life at an age when most believe it to be all joy, who had learned so soon to fight against adversity, had courageously supported a long torture, pushing out unceasing strength so long as her efforts were successful; but from the moment her father found out the truth, and she was no longer able to devote herself to him, she lost her force—there was nothing more to support her.

The doctor said to Bernard: "The father is dying. His illness is not so severe; but he has lost heart and is really dying of grief. In his lucid intervals I notice that our little attentions to his comfort render him sadder and make him worse; he seems ashamed to accept anything. Is he offended because we try to help him?"

"No, no," answered honest Bernard; "he has been used to give, and he does not know how to receive!"

They noticed also that the marquis would not let them buy him anything except with Bernard's money, which he believed to be the price of his watch and his ring.

"This belongs to me," he said to Napoléonie, whom he called by her real name. "Catherine, this is mine; the rest does not belong to me. I will not receive alms. I am an honest man, very poor it is true, so poor that my child—" he stopped, and hid his face. "But I will work, after to-morrow, so she shall have a chance to rest. I will make enough—if not, I will do as she did, I will implore—" he again broke off abruptly.

These nervous attacks, which came on every few hours, exhausted the marquis greatly; he did not know that Agathe was almost as ill as himself. He believed she was asleep and did not wish to have her disturbed, although it was now eleven o'clock in the morning.

Bernard, bent on keeping the old man's mind easy, and feeling sure that the Comte de Chamberceau's letter contained offers of an advance which, as things now were, would only augment the trouble, carefully avoided all mention of it, although he supposed, of course, it had been opened and read. If Bernard could have guessed what treasures of joy, hope, happiness, wealth, and honor were inclosed in this glad letter! But he could not.

We have seen almost every sorrow which can crush a human being fall upon this family: we have followed its members when, braving shame, they begged a few coins to avert hunger; and at the same hour on that very night, in Belgium, opulence, high favor, a brilliant marriage—all that heart could desire—was preparing for them.

The doctor at last took matters into his own hands. Bernard had acquainted him with M. de Valsuze's history and character, but the physician instead of showing emotion had shaken his head.

"There is much in your story to admire, but something to condemn. It is fine to be generous, benevolent, and delicate—when one can. M. de Valsuze gave away lavishly all that he carried from France. He entertained his friends with open house and open purse, and those friends gratefully accepted his kindness—why should he have more pride than they? Why is he mortally distressed because men like Chamberceau place their means at his disposal? You tell me that your associate, the Comte de Chamberceau, has written to him, and you presume these offers have offended him, since he has not answered, and since he is growing worse. And that the young Adrien seems wounded by this silence, which neither he nor his father can understand."

* M. d'Epagny in a foot note says: "Several people know of this contract signed by Napoleon and by Louis XVIII. It is an historical fact."

Bernard never doubted that he had correctly divined the contents of the letter, and he had nothing to say. He was surprised to see M. de Chamberceau now returned to Paris, offended, and refusing to go to see the marquis, while Adrien was gloomy and downcast.

So the doctor went on: "You, Bernard, who owe your fortune to your old master, you have succeeded in persuading him to let you re-establish his."

Bernard opened his mouth to say: "It took a deal of trouble before I could," but delicacy held him silent, and the doctor continued in an animated tone: "It is misplaced vanity, ridiculous in his position. If it had not been for this vain glory—which I can excuse, if you will, from the habits of his whole life—Mme. de Valsuze would not have been ashamed of supporting him by the exercise of her fine talent, and a rascal would not have robbed her in Germany, as another has robbed her daughter here; for the same faults bring the same results, and I would not have here to-day two maladies that medicine cannot cure—I mean the shame of poverty, and the pride that will accept no aid. I am going to employ a violent remedy to this excessive delicacy."

He went straight to the marquis, in spite of Bernard's prayers, and in a short time he succeeded if not in curing M. de Valsuze, mind and body, at least in rendering him amenable to reason and advice.

To gain his point he went to work exactly as Nanette had done with Mlle. de Valsuze. Mme. Chaudefront had alarmed Agathe by the fear of losing her father if he should be deprived of those cares and comforts necessary to his habits and his time of life. The doctor alarmed the marquis by the fear of losing his daughter, whose serious illness absolutely demanded expensive luxuries.

He had hardly touched on this point when the poor old exile, asking pardon of heaven for having allowed his pride to interfere for a moment, held out his hand to the doctor. "Do me the favor," he said, "to call in Bernard. I will accept an advance from him, since I have no other means. And I hope still that I may be permitted to pay my debt."

One thing above all distressed the noble Valsuze. He felt that he was the cause of Nanette's trouble. Bernard quieted his mind on this point. He promised to attend to Nanette's business matter, and to see that her son was released. He also said he would advance money, but would do so in the name of M. de Chamberceau, since the count had already offered his services in that way.

The marquis saw the propriety of this suggestion, and reproached himself for not having opened the count's letter. He had not done so, precisely because he believed it contained offers he would not wish to accept. He broke the seal murmuring, "I must, I must, my child's life depends on this;" and he said to Bernard, "At least, dear Monsieur Bernard, you will do me the service to find me some occupation which will pay me a little while I wait for the end of my troubles. I should blush to receive money, even as a loan, unless I were able to lay aside something every day to diminish my debt. Could you find me something to do, my dear Monsieur Bernard?"

"Why now," promptly replied the kind man, "I had thought of that, Monsieur le Marquis. You understand Italian, German, and English perfectly, and I have at least ten scholars to give you. That will bring you in about ten or twelve francs a day. Besides, you write a most beautiful hand, and I need all my business papers well copied. That will give you about two hours work every day, and a little confidential office at my place, and will be worth about twelve hundred francs."

This idea of Bernard's did the sick man more good than anything that had yet been tried. He began to calculate with Napoléonie the expense of living like an economical housekeeper. He seemed delighted to think he could manage it all, like Agathe had done.

"We shall do famously," said Sous-Quartier's granddaughter, who looked on herself as one of the family; "for the good Baronne du Bois-Cheun has been here twice to ask after everybody, and she told me that Mlle. Agathe may rest easy, for now she knows of her fine talent she will see that she makes heaps of money—not exactly those words; but she meant that—and the fact is that mademoiselle is better since she heard that news. She does not toss about, she has no fever, and she has stopped spitting blood."

At Napoléonie's last words the papers fell out of the marquis' hands all over the bed. He did not know that Agathe was very ill, until the doctor told him to make him more reasonable, and he had not supposed it was so serious as this. He shook with terror, and insisted on getting up at once. He dressed quickly, and entered his daughter's room, followed by the doctor, who thought best to allow this interview, although he dreaded it.

The marquis approached the bed. Their tearful eyes said more to each other than any words. The same thought was passing through the mind of each.

"Father, pardon me the sorrow I have caused you!"

"Pardon me, O my daughter, the sorrows you have suffered for my sake!"

When they were both calmer, and the marquis felt able to speak, he said he intended to accept the kind offers of the Comte de Chamberceau, his old friend, and former companion in misfortune. This would extricate themselves and those who had served them so faithfully from their precarious position, and he hoped, he added, in himself and without any political calculation, to pay his debt before a very great while. He was sorry he had delayed to acknowledge the count's letter. "Perhaps, too," he continued, "when his son Adrien may be——"

He stopped; he had not read the journals for a long while, and he feared Adrien might be dead. He took the first paper from the count's dispatch. It was the one asking the hand of Mlle. Agathe de Valsuze for M. le Baron-vicomte (both titles were given, although one would seem to contradict the other) for the Baron-vicomte Adrien de Chamberceau, colonel, etc., etc.

The poor marquis read this without the words conveying the slightest meaning to his mind. He passed and repassed his hand across his brow as if he feared his brain were yet fevered.

During this time Mlle. de Valsuze turned pale; her father's words: "Perhaps, too, when his son Adrien may be—" rang in her ears.

The marquis finally gave it up. "Here, my dear Bernard," he cried, "I have forgotten how to read; I believe I have lost my senses—alas!" He handed the letter to Bernard, who gave a cry of surprise and began to read eagerly.

The doctor had quietly read the paper over the marquis' shoulder. He stepped quickly up to Agathe with a restorative. "Show her the letter—be quick!" he exclaimed. "Can't you see you are making her think Adrien is dead?"

"I am so sorry," she said faintly. She was growing paler and paler.

The doctor, out of patience, seized the paper from Bernard's shaking hands and placing it before her eyes said: "You see very well he has no idea of dying just now, since he asks your hand in marriage!"

He had next to administer his restorative to the marquis,

who, almost overcome with his surprise and joy, had fallen into a chair.

The doctor had no fear of any misfortune following this unexpected felicity. He ran his eye over the famous contract, and, learned in the art of controlling feeling, he resolved to calm the effect of the first emotion by augmenting it. Therefore he took the letter which inclosed the reimbursement of the marquis, and after proving to the happy father that he had now a fortune, he showed him his sovereign's postscript: "*The king thanks you, Marquis de Valsuze.*"

This moment repaid the old exile for all his misfortunes. He believed himself to be as happy as any one on earth could be. He said aloud: "Noble comte, you recalled me to my unhappy king's remembrance. And in my misery you had the generosity to offer this alliance. What a fine marriage! Ah! who can be so happy as I? Heaven's favor can grant me nothing more."

"Do not limit Heaven's power," said the doctor gravely, with a half solemn, half smiling manner; "but look at this."

He read slowly the clause which, with so much care and delicacy, assured an independent income to the marquis, without appearing to give him anything. They noticed that this document was dated before the Hundred Days, and all the noble conduct of the Chamberceaus, father and son, were appreciated and understood. When at the end they came to the august signatures no words can describe their astonishment and admiration.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DISADVANTAGE OF SUCCESS.

"OUR mind is so constituted," said a profound analyst of the human heart, "that it never interests itself in the happiness of others." This is a sad discovery in the mysteries of egotism, but it is a truth. We only care to hear about trouble; and it would seem that, at the contemplation of sad pictures, the enjoyment of our own repose, and our feeling of calm security increases. As soon as the story we are reading shows us the open port about to receive the adventurous traveler, whose tempestuous voyage we have followed so intently, we turn our eyes away; we hunt for another in misery.

Since, then, the happiness of the individuals weakens the interest of a story, we must hasten to end our tale. Still we must linger a little over the conclusion, for there are always chances, and the brightest promise does not invariably bring fulfillment.

Adrien de Chamberceau, in spite of his strength and endurance, so often shown by his high courage, was not able to resist this last stroke. The marquis' silence hurt him more than the sufferings in Poland, or his wounds in his campaigns, or his fatigues without end in the last war, or his desperate sorrow after Waterloo, when he bade his chief farewell. From the day his father's dispatch was sent, to the day he was sure it had been received, and presumably read, he had not eaten, rested, or slept.

"The Marquis de Valsuze refuses me," he thought, "because the emperor signed my contract. But why should he mind that more than Louis XVIII., who signed it too, and after Napoleon? No—the marquis has too much mind—he is too reasonable. Could it be some idea about fortune, or inequality of rank—no, impossible! my father took every possible pains. No; it is his daughter—it is Agathe who will not have me! That can be the only cause of his refusal. Why did she save my life!" Turning to his father, he exclaimed: "I did not know myself how much I cared for this lovely girl!"

Adrien was not actually ill; but he lay on a lounge, too weak from low spirits and disappointment to care about rising.

The count pondered silently. "What can Valsuze want? There is not in all France a more brilliant, distinguished, and honorable man than my son! What has poor Bernard done for me?" he continued, irritably. What good are the hundred thousand francs a year that he has given me? what can I do with them? The Marquis de Valsuze is cruel. Can it be a shade of party spirit that makes him behave so to one who showed him such sincere friendship?"

These foolish and unjust complaints were interrupted by the arrival of the doctor, followed by Bernard, who supported the Marquis de Valsuze. The old gentleman had insisted on paying this visit in spite of his feeble condition. He could not hasten enough to excuse himself, he said, for this unintentional delay. He considered this point of etiquette absolutely essential to the expression of his regret and his gratitude.

While the fathers shook hands warmly, the marquis saw Adrien making an effort to rise; he ran to him with open arms.

"What! ill!" he cried. "My dear vicomte, or my dear baron! which shall I call you?"

"Call me whatever you please," said Adrien, "only call me your son."

"Yes, my son! my dear son!" cried the marquis with delight.

Explanations followed, and then the count left to assist at the *petit coucher* of the king, who had summoned him, and M. de Valsuze was taken home by the doctor.

As for Bernard, he had a new idea. He had suddenly thought of a speculation he could make for the benefit of his friends.

CHAPTER XXV.

BERNARD'S SPECULATION—CONCLUSION.

ANIMATED by an indefatigable zeal in the affairs of his master, as in his gratitude he always called him, Bernard had considered the union of Adrien and Agathe as the principal business he had to conclude. He had, therefore, neglected nothing in the interest of these two families.

He had taken care not to forget Nanette's son, poor Anatole, the victim of his awkward good-will, in attempting to save Mlle. de Valsuze from loss; and, knowing how the marquis and his daughter deplored this arrest, and how distressed they were by his mother's affliction, Bernard had not lost one moment.

The authorities had been seen; he had offered security; all that could be done Bernard had done, but vainly.

Manchiron, the broker, was also rich; he had continued his action against young Chaudefront, and a trial might be the consequence which would turn out badly, for appearances were not in his favor.

Nanette's uncle, by coming too late to Anatole's assistance, and by offering money to annul the sale, only strengthened suspicion against his former apprentice and against himself. The broker accused him of being in league with his relation to defraud him of valuable objects.

Bernard was beginning to lose heart, and was about to force Manchiron to be silent, in the grand fashion of the present day, that is, by means of money, when he chanced

to hit on something which succeeded, which not only gained his end and liberated Anatole, but enabled him to conclude an advantageous and lucrative affair for M. de Chamberceau, an affair which brought the Marquis de Valsuze to the very height of joy.

Manchiron was soliciting the favor of furnishing one of the royal residences. Bernard heard of it from another competitor. The idea struck him to have Manchiron address M. Bernard, factotem of the Comte de Chamberceau, a gentleman in high favor at the court, about the matter, and Manchiron was allowed to believe that Bernard would even accept a bribe. Rascals are easily persuaded that others are like themselves. Bernard's messenger encouraged the broker in his expectations of enormous profits; for his shops were full of valuable old articles which he had bought at low prices since the revolution of '93; old chests, old tapestries, old pieces of furniture again come into fashion, which he had received after the sacking of the châteaux, as one of the initiated members of *la bande noire.*

Manchiron approached Bernard with a most humble, supplicating manner, and Bernard, enjoying the comedy, acted out his part with more skill than any one would have supposed him capable of assuming.

Having set his services at a high price, he made a bargain with Manchiron, and all at once seemed to draw back and reflect.

"Ah, dear me!" he cried: "I am afraid this business will fail you, in spite of any effort of mine. Have not you a lawsuit going on—the journals have given it a word of notice—about some paintings done by a young lady of high birth?"

"Yes," replied Manchiron, "valuable paintings, that an upholsterer, an old friend of mine, has tried to steal from me." He went on and told the story.

"You will certainly gain the suit, but you will as certainly lose the furnishing, besides making some enemies at the court, where you have no influence. As for me, I can't help you. You go to work too awkwardly."

Manchiron, disconcerted, begged and implored Bernard to explain himself.

"Ah well! M. Chamberceau," he finally said, coolly, "you do not keep up with the news? You let the papers publish without denial that the exquisite copies marked with the Cross of Stars, a few of which adorn the king's own private room, are done by a noble young lady who has used her fine talent to support her poor old father, that M. Manchiron, a well known merchant, possesses several of these paintings, which he reclaims from a person who on a false pretext—and so on."

"Well, yes, what of it?" cried Manchiron. "I let it go, because it is perfectly true and the law is on my side."

Bernard affected disappointment. "I don't see how we can come to any understanding," he said, and he began to abuse Manchiron as he would scold an unskillful associate. "You have begun well, haven't you? M. le Comte de Chamberceau will be pleased to see the name of this noble young lady published in a Gazette as a painter and picture seller when his son, the Colonel, Baron Adrien de Chamberceau, has just asked her hand in marriage! That will be delightful to both father and son! Certainly, I shall only have to mention your name to gain you the right to furnish all the royal palaces!"

"Blockhead!" he continued, raising his voice, as he noticed the effect he produced, "do you think you will make anything on those pictures? No. They will very likely declare that your copies are the genuine *Croix d' Étoiles,* of an immense value, that this family brought from Germany, and which you wished to appropriate for almost nothing; and so you will be pushed in a bad corner."

Manchiron, pale and trembling, asked advice what to do.

Bernard made him write a letter of excuse to Anatole's mother, declaring that he now understood the injustice of his accusations; that he consented to cancel the sale, etc."

The adroit Bernard, thanks to this letter, managed Anatole's release; but he had still another object to attain. He gained a complete ascendency over the greedy broker, by describing all sorts of money making schemes in which he might engage, and Manchiron, delighted, agreed to share all the profits. Never was an honest man cheated by a rascal more thoroughly than was the worthless Manchiron duped by the excellent Bernard.

Perhaps we cannot fully approve of the good fellow's action in this matter; but his motive was pure; he believed he was doing right, and it certainly turned out well.

When the broker begged Bernard to dine with him to talk things ever more at their ease, he again seemed struck by a disquieting thought. "One moment," he cried, we are lost! our business will fail. Ah dear, I see another obstacle!"

"What is it? tell me;" faltered the broker.

"You have a fine estate at Bourgogne?"

"Very fine" he answered, "it has more than tripled in value since I bought it."

"You paid for it in paper money of the Revolution?"

"Yes—what of that?"

"And it was the property of an *emigré?*" (Bernard knew it was.)

"Certainly."

"The old estate of the Marquis de Valsuze?"

"Perhaps—yes, I believe it was; and what of that?"

"You seem unlucky, I must say, M. Manchiron. It is certainly delightful to have a lovely estate, well cultivated, with a fine revenue, fine forests, an agreeable manor house; and to have bought it so much below its value it was a superb operation, and I should like to be in your place——"

Manchiron rubbed his hands.

"But, frankly, it is a bad recommendation at the court which is mostly composed of exiles, and M. de Chamberceau is to be father-in-law to Mlle. de Valsuze, and as to your furniture I am unlucky too, to be associated with you in any way."

Manchiron clenched his fists, bit his nails, pulled at his hair as he sighed heavily: "I can't help owning this magnificient land, which makes three fourths of my fortune."

"If you could only sell it, and make a large sum which no one could contest. It is possible that they will not touch the so-called national property, I mean that which was taken from the exiled nobility, I do not believe they will, and yet it is possible they may. In any case it is a bad thing for you if you want to furnish the palace. That would have been a profitable affair."

Not to spin out these financial details the results of which only interest us, we will say at once that Bernard gained his point which was to induce the man to sell the château de Valsuze. He charged himself with the sale and paid a sum in no way to Manchiron's disadvantage.

Agathe's marriage day was fixed. A week before that she was presented to Louis XVIII. It was during this interval that Bernard persuaded the broker to sell the château, and he and Agathe plotted together about the payment, which took the reimbursement of his majesty's debt to the marquis, Adrien's imperial dower, and a sum almost equal which Bernard advanced upon what, according to him, was due toward the final settlement with the count, his honorary associate.

When the future Baronne de Chamberceau was presented, her father and Adrien were also there as well as the count.

The king, who understood how to say flattering things pleasantly, had an amiable word for each.

"My dear Valsuze," he said to the marquis, "'better late than never!'" He alluded to his long exile and to the tardy payment of his debt. Then smiling gayly he began to talk about his return to the throne, which seat he found greatly changed, and not very comfortable. He compared his feelings to those of the marquis when he drove to his old mansion on arriving at Paris.

The Comte de Chamberceau had related this incident to his majesty.

The king, leaning toward the marquis and Agathe, added in a tone full of grace and dignity: "It has been necessary to protect the throne and the dwellings of my faithful subjects by establishing rods against revolutionary thunderbolts. The one I have chosen to guard the throne is called the charter—the future will prove its power. The one placed over your mansion, marquis, is called the Cross of Stars, in honor of the filial devotion which has been a shield to you."

As he spoke they noticed on the table placed before him the whole of Agathe's works which had been collected by Bernard, given to the Comte de Chamberceau, and finally, at his own request, presented to the king.

"I have contracted another debt for these charming paintings," resumed Louis XVIII. as he kissed Agathe's cheek. "I beg the young and lovely Baronne de Chamberceau to employ what I owe her in" (here the king lowered his voice and whispered in her ear) "buying back *the hotel de Valsuze.*"

Tears of gratitude and pleasure sprang to Agathe's eyes. She thanked the king in her heart for thus delicately leaving her the satisfaction of surprising her father with a new happiness.

At last the monarch fixed his penetrating eye upon the count's son. "As for you, *Adrien,*" he said, falling into this familiar address with a pleasant smile, "since I can give you nothing, I shall ask something of you—a piece of advice. To whom shall I give the command of your regiment?"

"To Foucemagne, sire," replied Adrien, bowing respectfully.

"Thank you," returned the king. Then looking toward the count, he cried laughingly: "There is not another man like your son. Imagine him there in his position creating a colonel in the French army!"

Louis XVIII. was charmed with this evening. He had never given an audience which left him such pleasant memories. Probably because in this he so fully showed his generosity, his intelligence, and his good taste.

The marriage ceremony took place at the Château de Valsuze, which the marquis, arriving late in the evening through the brilliantly illuminated gardens, never recognised at all. He thought himself in a magnificent mansion belonging to M. de Chamberceau.

The incorrigible old nobleman, incorrigible, we mean, in his habits of goodness, said to the count, "My dear friend, when one possesses a princely dwelling like this, he cannot be happy without seeing joy and prosperity around him. In the old time one rich man gave to all the community, but still no matter how freely he bestowed his wealth, he never could reach every one. To-day we can contribute to the public good by helping our neighbors to augment their own welfare. You, comte, have utilized the treasures of industry. I have also reflected often, since my return, upon the wealth of the arts and industries which have saved us both, and which are yet to save all France. I shall be happy during my leisure here, both to aid you in this noble work, and to learn of you."

"Be assured, dear marquis," replied his friend, "that nothing shall be done in this wide and beautiful estate and its dependencies without your consent and your approval. But it is time to go to the chapel for the nuptial benediction."

Some words of thanksgiving pronounced by the curé, some familiar decorations in the chapel made the marquis look around him attentively, and only then he knew he was on his own land. He recognised all now even to the arm-chair of his great-grandfather who had built the chapel.

It took much time and trouble to persuade the old *emigré* that after all his privations and miseries he was once more an opulent proprietor, and it was the same when they told him about the mansion bought back from Foucemagne, and paid for by Agathe with her *Cross of Stars* pictures, or at least, with the price given for them by the king.

The Comte de Chamberceau and the Marquis de Valsuze lived long and happily. Neither one had the courage to separate from his children, and so they made one family.

They often held before their grand-children examples from modern days, teaching them that economy, courage, perseverance, and, above all, the arts and industries ward off the strokes of fortune and repair all her reverses.

The marquis constantly visited all the establishments instituted in the neighborhood for the public good by Adrien, who ranked first among the sincere and enlightened friends of France.

When M. de Valsuze speaks of Adrien he says the baron or the vicomte indifferently in memory of the titles in the famous contract of marriage signed at Fontainebleau and at Ghent. And the old exile no longer says Buonaparte, nor even the emperor; he says Napoleon.

When Bernard's partnership with the Comte de Chamberceau ended, his old master came near quarrelling with him over the final accounts; but Bernard proved that after carefully going over his master's affairs the balance due him amounted to two millions of crowns, and Agathe, who was appealed to in this discussion, which did not take place until twenty-four years after Adrien's marriage, settled the difficulty by proposing and making the marquis and the comte accept a new offer of marriage between her own daughter, the lovely Adrienne, and Bernard's oldest son, a distinguished inventor, and a man of large fortune.

Bernard nearly died of joy.

Adrien, faithful to the traditions of his family, would accept no office for himself, but his son, on completing his studies at *l'École Polytechnique* entered the army, and after some brilliant action in Algiers attained a high rank.

Nanette Chaudefront was housekeeper in full charge both at Valsuze and at Paris. Her son Anatole, in whom Bernard took an interest, succeeded admirably in business and married Sous-Quartier's grand-daughter, who made him an excellent wife.

Agathe brought up her daughter Adrienne in the virtuous ideas she had herself received from her own mother, and to impress them more firmly on her mind she wrote down the principal events of her youthful days.

These memories, treasured still in this noble family, furnished the writer with the outline of this story, the foundation of which is perfectly true.

THE END.

How We Live in New York.

BY JENNY JUNE.

TRANSFORMATION SCENES AND SEASONS.

EVERYBODY knows that New York city occupies the long narrow island of Manhattan, and that its topography has much to do with its limitations, and also with its advantages. Its divisions are created mainly by long avenues, which extend in irregular and often broken lines from one end of the city to the other, and of cross streets, also broken by squares and parks and less agreeable causes, partly the result of railroad and business, partly the old "cow-path" system of laying out streets, and the impossibility of providing in those old days for the enormous growth of to-day. The point, however, is simply this, that the residential and fashionable retail business of New York is confined by its peculiar formation within very narrow limits. In a future paper regarding, Where We Live in New York, I shall have more to say in detail on this subject. I shall content myself, therefore, now with noting the fact, and remarking that in this lies the difficulty of cultivating such suburbs as Boston, and other cities rejoice in. In reality, Long Island, which is the market-garden and watering-place of New York city; New Jersey, which is its great lodging-house and fruit farm, the lower part of Westchester county, and part of Connecticut, are all suburbs of New York, and are occupied largely by persons doing business in, or whose revenues are derived from, New York city; but being separated by water, they set up city or village house-keeping on their own account, and do not like to acknowledge their dependence. With such magnificent river and harbor views as the water on all sides furnishes, it would have been naturally supposed that the finest residences would have clustered along the heights and promontories overlooking the Hudson and the beautiful bay, and it was so a hundred years ago, but the growth of commerce, the development of a merchant aristocracy accustomed to neighborhood blocks and corner groceries, and with neither knowledge of, or feeling for nature, was not favorable to isolated and semi-rural houses, but was intensely so to class or neighborhood imitation, and the growth and building up of houses all after one pattern, one dwelling copying another, partly for want of original ideas, partly because their owners had no time to spend on anything outside of business, and were only ambitious of being like, not different, from other people. This accounts for the "miles" of "brown stone fronts" up the avenues, and on the cross streets, "as alike as peas" or "a row of candles," as they have frequently been described. The monotony has been broken up a good deal of late years by the imported craze for "Queen Anne," the revival of the old Dutch and colonial styles, by the effort, in short, of increasing wealth, stimulated by the art industrial spirit of the age to differentiate itself from the majority, depart from the beaten track and do something worth talking about. But the new departure has not yet proceeded beyond a little enlargement, a little divergence or renaissance in form, and commingling of material; ideas are still rigid, and wedge themselves together in solid blocks and masses, without margin or the grace of beautiful surroundings. All the wealth, all the cost, all the splendor are put into the house and its furnishings; the occupants still herd together in close conjunction with their neighbors, and seem to be afraid of being thrown upon themselves or their own resources for company. The consequence is, that we still have miles of stone; only it is varied now by occasional wedges or masses of gray stone, or "trimmed" brick, instead of plain brown stone, and when spring has departed and summer comes, a curious change takes place—life leaves the streets and flies to the woods. Streets and avenues, from Third or Fourth to Sixth Avenue and to some extent beyond these limits, and from Union Square to Harlem seem to have been visited by the Angel of Death. From square to square and from street to street blinds are shut, houses are closed, and steps and areas are covered with dust and accumulative *débris*, for even if servants are left in charge, they carefully avoid hurting their own feeling by doing any work that is not absolutely required of them. Thus for two months or more New York, the habitable part of New York, and the better part of its residences, are given over to silence, destruction and decay, and the absence of the usual residential population, the want of protection for property, the encouragement thus given to thieves and marauders, are among the most serious drawbacks to the comfort of the "stay-at-homes," and to continuous life all the year round in the great watergirt city. The same spirit of imitation that built up our brown stone fronts sends "everybody" out of town at a given time, and back again, like a flock of sheep. There is no need of it so far as health is concerned. New York is one of the healthiest cities in the world; it has never had the credit of it, because it is constantly receiving from all parts of the world immense quantities of human refuse, the weakest and sickliest and least desirable of which remain to be taken care of, or die and be buried, but those who have lived in the midst of its noisy activity, its wear and tear, who have had an opportunity of comparing it with other places far more advantageous, so far as freedom from nervous strain and social pressure are concerned, know that with all the drawbacks arising from all causes, including corrupt government, it is still more healthy to live in than most other cities; that it draws perpetual fountains of strength and purification from the mighty rivers that flow on each side of its riveted and dock-bound shores, and that of those who leave their homes, as many go away to find and bring back sickness, as to bring back more perfect health.

This is not saying that change is not desirable, even essential, or that "out-of-doors" the strong air of the mountains and the sea, the spiced air of the woods are better than medicine, more life-giving than all the drugs; but it is not these in their integrity that the majority rush away from the city to find—they leave one set of rooms to shut themselves in others less convenient, and they leave their duties which is sure to create trouble in the long run, and for the neglect of which nothing can compensate.

The dullness and deadness reaches its climax about the middle of August. About this time thieves and burglars who have been busy upon the lines of travel, and at the watering-places, return to make a raid upon the unoccupied houses, before the owners or occupants make their appearance. Usually these residences are guarded by a "private" watchman, who is paid one or two dollars per month by each head of a household for guarding his premises, that is, walking in front of them as often as the length of his "beat" will permit, between 10 P.M. and 6 A.M. These arrangements are as well known to professional thieves as they are to the householders nowadays, and they adapt their methods to them, and find it much easier. The master of the house usually makes a periodical visit to his domicile, and he walks in wearing ulster, or duster, and carrying a satchel. The modern burglar finds this style of doing things suits his purpose admirably, and follows copy. He is saved the vulgar and disagreeable necessity of prowling about houses at night and in the dark, and walking as if he were the master, with duster and satchel, no one notices him, and he is provided

with roomy receptacles for such plunder as the fastidious thief prefers to carry away. The prevalence of this sort of business, and the system to which it is reduced, will probably lead in time to changes in domestic arrangements; perhaps to more care and less recklessness on the part of New York household proprietors—possibly to more staying at home; but this is hardly to be expected, since home is the last place nowadays in which people seem to expect to *stay*.

September brings the beginning of a grand transformation scene. Houses and schools are opened, street-cars and elevated railroads are thronged with returning tourists, cleaners are set to work to sweep, and scrub, and scour, and restore walls, rooms, windows and areas to order and freshness. House-keepers throng the intelligence offices in search of the miraculous cook, and the treasure of a chambermaid, that are so rarely found, and never found but to die, or depart in an unlooked-for manner. The butcher, who has looked disconsolate for many weeks over the length of his ice bill and the smallness of his profits, who has emerged from the precincts of ice-house or ice-box after laborious effort, with the ghost of a chicken or toughest of steak, now airs his sirloins and "porter-house" once more, and wreathes his rubicund face with smiles. The florist round the corner, who has contented himself with putting out and taking in rows of little plants in pots, suddenly blossoms out in all the glory of golden-rods and chrysanthemums, purple asters, and gorgeous crimson velvet dahlias. Then the dry good stores which have been summering in wilted collars and neckties, gay but shop-worn fans, hosiery, gloves and handkerchiefs, suddenly brace up; new goods have arrived, or the overflow from last year been unearthed; the window decorator is back from Long Branch or Long Beach, and makes short work of the "rubbish," and presto! the business streets which yesterday looked like the dying summer going to its grave without mourners, to-day are bright and rich, and sparkling with newly-awakened life.

This, however, is only the beginning of a brilliant series of panoramic effects, the note of preparation which is sounded in anticipation of what is to come. The gathering of the forces for the prosecution of the social campaign, which is as important to those engaged in it, involves as much expenditure of time, and strength, and money, and is almost as momentous in its results as campaigns conducted upon another field.

Freighted with human hopes and human fears, come not only the long lines of steam cars and river boats, bringing summer wanderers home; but also day by day the mammoth ocean steamers discharging their hundreds and thousands of men and women who have been traveling through the highways and by-ways of England and France, of Germany and Switzerland, of Italy and Belgium, of Scotland, and possibly those wonderful homes of music and folk-lore, Norway and Sweden. These people come home to open the fine houses, to take possession of richly decorated flats and apartments, to fill the hotels, and start machinery in a hundred different directions into life and activity. Their horses and carriages at once throng the streets, and make crossing them a matter of risk to life and limb, for the upholsterer and painter, and many another skilful artisan must be set to work; household supplies must be ordered, and every wheel set in motion so that the vibration is even felt by a young girl who paints menus and supports her mother in a little apartment on the corner of an up-town street; by a poor widow who makes a livelihood for herself and three children by "doing up" fine dresses and laces, and by a lame boy in the suburbs who helps his mother by cultivating a few rare plants for a fashionable florist. Yes, the arrival of the ocean steamers means much more than appears on the surface, much more than the tired pleasure-seekers themselves know, to thousands whom they never saw, and never will see, but with whose lives their own are closely interwoven, all the same.

When the hurry and rush of travel, the confusion of settling down, and the important business of adjusting machinery in new or old grooves is completed, the regular life of the "season" begins. There is the afternoon drive, the theaters, the opera—a regular amount of calling, which is as obligatory as if it were necessary to a livelihood—for those who have no livelihood to look after—and then the multiform entertainments, social, philanthropic, and miscellaneous, to be arranged for and attended to. It is not an easy task, by any means. Who to invite, who not to invite, who to work with, who not to work with, how to avoid doing certain things, how to make successes of others, how to spend money, how to do things without money, all these problems present themselves and are answered by the fine ladies who roll about in carriages, and whose white hands seem never to have been of any use in this world.

By the middle or latter part of November, the whole world of bright, busy, active New York has taken on additional and kaleidoscopic attractions. There is fascination in a walk down any principal thoroughfare, a sort of intoxication in looking into the shop-windows, a dream of color, and a radiance of beauty in the eternal succession of objects displayed in ware-rooms, and even on the sidewalks, that is of itself a "treat" greater than money could purchase. This great display, these brilliant window exhibitions, and all this scenic splender which the children give their Saturday afternoons to see—constitutes the regular annual Christmas street spectacle. Christmas card dealers, booksellers, jewelers, confectioners, dealers in fancy wares of every description, and the great fruit and provision dealers, each and all contribute more or less of bulk or beauty to the show. The decorative mania of the past few years has added enormously to Christmas resources in the way of pretty things for gifts, and also to the rubbish which has to be gotten rid of every two or three years; but it has also given us much that is permanently pretty and attractive in our homes, and it is not well to be always restricted to just what brings its return in a utilitarian sense, and leaves nothing to be sent back to original sources of supply. Half the charm of the blossoming season would be lost if all remained on the tree, and none fell to the ground.

It is hard at this season not to have friends, not to have money; but it is people's own fault, as a rule, if they have not both. A crop of friends must be cultivated like a crop of potatoes; persons cannot expect friends who are not friendly, nor money, as a rule, unless they earn it. One of the tests and essentials of satisfactory work is getting paid for it, and when women have learned to apply this test, and men to acknowledge its justice, their work will be more gratifying to themselves and others, and they will have more money to expend upon Christmas gifts. It is a very bright picture that the Christmas season presents in the metropolis, one that gives pleasure to those habituated to seeing it, and that is never forgotten by the stranger, or those who have only seen it occasionally in their lives. It is principally pleasurable because the joy and the beauty, the gladness and the color, the anticipation and the realization seem so universal. Japanese art and industry have done much for us in introducing quantities of pretty and useful things that can be bought for very little money, and Germany and Switzerland contribute a constant supply of toys and articles of sturdier make, which fill the stockings and keep the Christmas traditions warm in the hearts of the man and woman, as well as in that of the child. It is indeed a blessed thing that no one need feel themselves forgotten at Christmas, unless their own acts place them out of the reach of human sympathy. In churches and Sabbath-schools, in mission-

homes and schools, in prisons and almshouses, the loving spirit of Christmas is at work, and exerts an influence. But it is always more blessed to give than to receive, whether at Christmas or any other time, and those only feel the divine inspiration of this beautiful festival and season who are participators in its work and teaching, of love and sacrifice, of death and life, of human effort as a potent factor in human redemption, and the only panacea discovered or ordained for human ills.

Robin Hood and His "Merrie Men."

BRAVE Robin, hero of song and story, noble-spirited outlaw, as such we all know him, but how many of us know him also as the chivalric martyr of English freedom in the 13th century? Probably very few, and yet such is the truth concerning him.

The earliest mention of Robin Hood is found in the great work of John Fordun, called the "Scotichronicon," which in the latter part of the 14th century laid the foundation of modern Scottish history. He there relates the final defeat of the party of English freedom under the ill-fated Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and in speaking of the vast number of confiscations and proscriptions made by Henry III., which ensued upon his triumph and that of his courtiers over the defenders of the Magna Charter, he says, "Now among the dispossessed and banished arose the famous Robin Hood."

The English people fought hard for their freedom. They had believed that under the provisions of their great Charter it was at last safe; but in the edition issued during the regency of Pembroke, in the time of young Henry, one of the most important of these provisions had been declared to be reserved for future consideration, as containing "grave and doubtful matters." This related to taxation by the arbitrary power of the king, and forbid the raising of an "extraordinary" tax without the consent of the barons and prelates assembled in Parliament by the royal command.

Three years after, the value of a Constitution thus left without a guarantee, became painfully apparent. By the death of Pembroke, Henry was left in his fourteenth year to the tutelage of the unprincipled prelate, Hubert de Burgh. So determined an enemy of the public weal was this man, that the barons were compelled ere long to refuse to obey the king's summons to assemble in Parliament, lest they should be intercepted on their way by armed bands in the pay of De Burgh.

Henry was an apt pupil in duplicity and treachery, and the people soon saw that his most solemn oaths to abide by the Charter were of no value whatever. He had heard the anathema pronounced by the prelates of the realm upon all transgressors of its liberties, especially those guaranteed by the Charter. Standing with them in Westminster Hall as they threw away their extinct and smoking tapers, saying: "So let all be extinguished and sink into the pit of hell that incur this sentence;" holding his hand on his heart with a calm and cheerful countenance and answering, "So help me God as I shall observe and keep all these things, as I am a Christian man, as I am a knight, as I am a king crowned and anointed," but he proved himself in every respect the son of his father, pupil of Hubert and *protégé* of the Roman court. His oaths proved as brittle as oaths in such cases usually are, and forced to some extraordinary measure, a famous Parliament was held in which wholly new and most admirable securities were provided for the protection of the land from misrule. Twenty-four barons, twelve to be appointed by the king's council, and twelve by the Parliament, were deputed to redress grievances and reform the State, subject to a Parliament to meet thrice a year. The barons were to be informed of all breaches of law and justice by four knights elected from each county. But such restraints as these could not but be galling to a tyrannical man like Henry; and after the new administration had for a few years continued in power, he began to give it great trouble. Hot debates in council were followed by an appeal to arms. Fierce were the conflicts, till it seemed that the cause of liberty was lost unless matters could be settled by some great victory, which should completely deprive the king of all power of resistance to the just demands of his people.

In 1265 the hopes of the nation were raised to the highest pitch, for at last such a victory was theirs, and that gained by a noble leader, a statesman as wise as the warrior was brave, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, aided by the young Earl of Gloucester. In the great battle of Lewes the king and Prince Edward became their captives, and into their hands then fell the administration of the affairs of the kingdom. De Montfort had planned a wonderful step in the direction of political freedom, namely, the protection of the commercial class from the rapacity of the king, the same protection sought by barons and prelates, but in the case of those engaged in commercial pursuits quite an unheard-of privilege. In his generous and liberal policy, however, the Earl of Leicester was not supported by his young colleague, the Earl of Gloucester, and his defection, by enabling Prince Edward to escape, permitted the latter to fall upon Leicester with greatly superior numbers, and annihilate the hopes of the nation by destroying the *élite* of its defenders, in the sanguinary battle of Evesham, August 6, 1265.

Henry was now in full power, and so cruelly and oppressively did he use it to trample upon the Charter, the sacred watchword of English liberty, that patriotic men could scarce endure to live under such a sway, and in many instances those who had fought for its maintenance retired to mountain and forest and there lived a free and even joyous life, setting at defiance the king's unrighteous rule, and scorning his proscriptions as those of a usurper of the rights of the nation as contained in Magna Charter. Was it surprising that such men should become the heroes of many a romance among those who revered the great leader of their cause as saint and martyr? There is a touching ballad, contemporary with the battle of Evesham, which fully expresses the love and reverence of the English people for "the gentle peers who fell for England's good," and shows by its tone of deep feeling how they must have regarded their outlawed followers, notwithstanding their defiance of the laws of the land, naturally so dear to a law-abiding people like the English.

What was the social condition of Robin Hood? Of this we are informed by the first lines of the oldest metrical romance concerning him:

> "I shall tell you of a good yeoman,
> His name was Robyn Hode."

With which agrees all the older class of ballads about Robin, without exception. It is only some of the latter song-writers and play-makers who thought to dignify him, as they supposed, by turning the yeoman into a disinherited Earl of Huntingdon. This they did in order to create a greater interest in him in the minds of their town audiences. The rural dramatists, although they, for the sake of filling up the set of characters needful for comic interludes performed on May Day, the day of Robin's festival, departed from tradition in adding to the list of his companions Friar Tuck and maid Marian, always preserved his yeomanly character. It was left for a reckless ballad-monger of the time of Charles I. to alter the whole history, by transferring it to the time of Cœur de Lion, in defiance of all historical proof as to the period in which he flourished.

Chaucer, in his Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, gives, us a picture of the yeoman, which may well stand for the likeness of our hero. Behold him, then, with his "round head and brown visage," clad in coat and hood of green, a sheaf of peacock arrows in his belt, and bearing in his hand "a mighty bow," sword and buckler by one side, by the other "a gay dagger, sharp as point of spear," a silver image of St. Christopher upon his breast, and winding his hunter horn. Such is our Robin!

The chivalry and yeomanry had most cordially combined together against the tyrant, and Robin Hood had no doubt drawn his formidable weapon with good effect at Lewes and Evesham.

Our next historical glimpse of Robin, given by Fordun, exhibits him in his sylvan retreat, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the object of the vindictive pursuit of the king and prince, but always successfully eluding them, to their great wrath and rage. His faithful and tender brother-in-arms, Little John, is his constant companion, and with his company of "merrie men" there are also a few priests, as is shown by the frequent religious services which form a marked feature of Robin's greenwood life. Fordun relates of him that once being engaged in one of these, he was informed by his men of the near approach of a large body of men sent by the king to take him, and besought to fly. This he promptly refused to do, and with the very few about him, met them in fair fight, and overcame them in spite of the great odds against him, and was enriched by their spoils and ransom.

The people saw in the outlawed follower of the defender of their rights a special favorite of heaven, and believed that to his piety and patriotism was vouchsafed the peculiar protection of Divine Providence in this instance. Truly the man who could thus set at defiance the force and dexterity of the oppressor might, naturally, become the hero of the oppressed people, and the ballads concerning him, as Fordun says, "delight them above all others." To these ballads we must look for ampler narrative and full delineation of his character and adventures.

The most valuable of these old songs is entitled "A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode," and is at least as old as the time of Chaucer. Its main object is to show him as a redresser of wrongs and a succorer of the oppressed. It is divided into eight cantos. The poem opens by introducing Robin as a "proud and courteous yeoman," accompanied by his inseparable friend, Little John. John advises him to come and dine, to which Robin replies that he will wait for a man of high degree who can "pay for the best." It then goes on to describe Robin as a devout man and chivalier:

"Robyn loved our dere lady
For doubte of dedely synne
Would he never do company harm
That ony woman was in."

We are then presented with his rules of conduct given to his men. Devout as he was, it seems that to churchmen not of the right sort. Robin must have been a formidable foe, since, afterwarning his followers to do no harm to any "good fellawes," he tells them,

"These Bishoppes and Archbishoppes,
Ye shall them bete and bind,
The high sheriff of Notynghame
Him hold in your mind."

Next we hear how he sent out a party to look for the guest who should provide the dinner. Shortly they espy a knight who comes riding along a byway, in disconsolate mood:

"His hode hanging over his eyen twain
He rode in simple array,
A sorryer man than he was one
Rode never in somer's day."

Little John courteously bends the knee to the stranger knight, and welcoming him to the greenwood, tells him his master awaits him fasting. "Who is your master?" said the knight. On hearing his name he said he had heard much good of Robin, and pausing in his journey, accompanied the men to the lodge door, where Robin meeting him, casts back his hood, and kneeling, welcomes his knightly guest.

They then proceed to dine, truly "of the best," since venison and every kind of wild-fowl, plenty of good wine and bread compose the cheer. The knight avows his delight with the noble repast, and tells Robin that if he comes that way again he will give him as good a dinner as that he had just partaken of as his guest. But this does not please Robin.

"Gramercy knight, sayd Robyn,
Thy dyner when I have,
I never was so greedy by dere worthy God,
My dyner for to crave."

"But pay or ye wende, sayd Robyn,
Methink it is good right:
It was never the manner by dere worthy God,
For a yeoman to pay for a knight."

But alas! the knight has nought to pay, being almost penniless. Robin wishes to know the cause of such poverty in one of his high degree, and learns that he has to pay great interest on a mortgage to the Abbot of St. Mary's of York, upon all his lands, whereby he was compelled to raise money for the ransom of his son, who in a tilt unwittingly killed a knight, and that he now needs a large amount to save himself from the loss of his all, which he knows not where to obtain. Robin weeps over his distressing tale, and asks him what security he could give were he to lend him the money. None has he to give but "our dere lady," since Robin declines to trust God for repayment, his first despairing suggestion. However, to the devoted Robin this seems sufficient, and he declares that he accepts the security, and tells Little John to bring from his treasury the needed £400. To this loan Robin, at John's suggestion, adds rich array of scarlet and green, golden spurs and a good horse, and sends Little John with him as escort, speeding him on his way to the Abbot.

The second stanza opens with the knight's blessings on Robin and his comrades, as they are riding to York Abbey. Then the scene changes to the sumptuous Abbey, where, surrounded by his monks, the Abbot feasts and gloats over the prey he is about to snare, while his Prior indignantly denounces his "light conscience" which will let him beggar so worthy a man as the distressed father. Arrived at the gate, the knight doffs his rich array, and to test the real character of the Abbot, appears as an humble suppliant for extended time of payment. He is met with rough refusal. He then entreats his mercy, but in vain. Secure of his prey, the Abbot orders him out scornfully, in which all the company join, for they are in his pay. At last, striding up to the table, the knight flings on it the whole sum of the ransom money and leaves them staring at their defeat. At the gate he puts on his rich array and goes home to this wife.

"Welcome home, my lord, says his lady.
Syr, lost is all your good?
Be merry, dame, sayed the knight,
And pray for Robin Hode."

He then tells of his goodness, and that in a twelve-month he is to visit the greenwood and, if possible, repay Robin.

The third canto principally concerns Little John, and we omit it on account of its length.

The fourth shows Robin somewhat anxiously awaiting his payment, since the time is over due, the knight being delayed by the way to rescue an oppressed yeoman "for love of Robyn Hode." Hearing of a monk of St. Mary traveling that way,

Robin has him brought by force to his camp, and demands of him payment as the servant of our lady, by whom she has doubtless sent to him. The monk denies having the money, but the sum being found upon him, Robin appropriates it, as from his "security." Shortly after the knight arrives and returns his loan, with a present. Robin smilingly hands back the money, saying he has been already paid by "our dere lady," whose messenger has just gone. The knight then takes his leave.

Canto fifth gives the account of a great shooting match before the sheriff, to which Robin ventures with a party of his men, and wins the silver arrow with the golden head, but they barely escape with their lives from the treacherous magistrate, and Little John is carried home wounded. On their way they meet with the castle of their friend the knight, who for a time is able to defend them, but after their departure falls prisoner himself to the sheriff, who in his turn falls before Robin, losing life, not liberty, for Robin smites off his head with his sword in a fight between his men and those of the sheriff. Robin takes the knight to the greenwood with him.

Now Prince Edward having become king, resolved on making Robin a visit in disguise. Accordingly he put on an Abbot's dress, and took five knights disguised as monks, who as king's messengers summon him to Nottingham. Robin entertains them with good cheer, and after dinner they proceed to a trial of skill in archery, in which the king gets the better of Robin, and proves himself "a stalworth frere." He then makes himself known, and offers a treaty of peace if they will come with him to court.

The last canto opens with the king and his party all clad in Lincoln green, accompanying Robin and the knight and many of his men out of the greenwood. But, treated with all honor as he is, Robin pines in the atmosphere of the court ere long, and piteously begs the king to let him return to his sylvan home and his dearly-beloved chapel, which he built in the greenwood, saying else must "he die of sorrow." "If this be so," said the king, "I give thee leave to go for seven nights." But once fairly escaped, Robin came not back. He was satisfied; he had seen his friend the knight restored to place and honor by his acceptance of the king's peace, and now for

> "Twenty yere and two
> Robyn dwelled in greenwoode,
> For all drede of Edward our king,
> Again he woolde not goo."

He was happy among his own men, but alas, poor Robin! he fell a victim to the treachery of a woman. She was his cousin, a princess, to whom he went in illness to be bled. She, with the aid of her lover, a knight, shut him up in a room in the priory to bleed to death. But Little John, hearing him faintly blow his horn, hastened to him, and kneeling besought him for leave to burn the priory.

> "Now nay, now nay, quoth Robyn,
> That boon I'll not grant thee;
> I never hurt woman in all my life,
> Nor man in woman's company.
>
> "I never hurt fair maid in my life,
> Nor at my end shall it be:
> But give me my bent bow in my hand,
> And a broad arrow I'll let flee,
> And where this arrow is taken up,
> There shall my grave digged be."

They laid him near to the fair Kirklees, and there, his bent bow at his side, which he said was his "music sweet," we take our leave of our hero of the English people, lying on a fair hill's breast of his own beloved region, and in our thought we lay a laurel on his grave.

K. M. HAVEN.

A Philosopher of the XVIth Century.

IN the year 1533 Pierre Eyquem, Baron de Montaigne, of the province of Périgord, France, had a third son born to him. An admirable man, with many odd and original ideas, he had two of his peasants hold the infant over the baptismal font, in order, he said, that the boy might feel under obligation to them and care for their old age. Before the little Michel could speak he was provided at great expense with a German tutor who did not know a word of French, but was an excellent Latin scholar. Later, two assistant teachers were hired, and with his family and servants, the father learned enough Latin to be able to talk in that tongue to his son, who, in describing it afterwards, says, "We did Latin it at such a rate that it overflowed to the neighboring villages, where there yet remain several Latin appelations of citizens and their tools." "As to Greek," he says, "my father also designed to have it taught to me, by way of sport, tossing our declensions to and fro, after the manner of those who by certain games learn geometry and arithmetic, for he had been advised to make me relish science and duty by an unforced will, and to educate my soul in all liberty and delight without any severity or restraint." The father was anxious, too, that his son should have perfect health, and being told that a growing child should not be awakened suddenly, he was never unprovided of a musician, who gently roused the little Michel with pleasant melodies.

But the good baron was not sure that his methods were the best, and when the lad was six years old, he resolved to do as other parents did, and sent him to the college at Guienne, then the best school in France. He tried to make special arrangements for his little Michel, to save him from punishments, perhaps; but whatever was agreed to on the part of the teachers, was not carried out, and our little friend had to submit to discipline. "I speedily forgot my Latin," he says, "and brought away from the school only a hatred of books." But this statement must be accepted with a reservation. At the age of thirteen he left Guienne and went to study law, perhaps at Toulouse, perhaps at Bordeaux.

He next appears at Paris, attached in some capacity to the court, a favorite with King Henry II., and his queen, Catherine de Medici. When he was twenty-one his father ceeded to him the post of Councilor of the Court of Subsidies for Guienne, a place he had bought for himself. Michel held the office twelve years, and thus became the colleague of his most beloved friend, the patriotic and democratic Etinne de la Boëtie, who inspired his noble essay on "Friendship." His duties were not onerous, and in 1559 we find him in Lorraine with the new King Francis II., and the year after he went to Rome with Charles XI.

In 1566 he married, somewhat against his will, he tells us petulantly, and three years later, when his good father died, his oldest brother being dead, he succeeded to the chateau and lands of Montaigne. The times were troublous. Remember Philip II. was emperor of Spain and Germany, and the bell chimed for the massacre of Saint Bartholomew in 1572. Montaigne could not be a partisan, and the moderation he counseled to both Catholics and Protestants brought on him the cordial dislike of both parties. So when in 1571 he retired to his chateau with the design, as he says, "of spending the rest of his days in repose and liberty," he may have done so to keep as far as possible out of harm's way, for he says, "Let Montaigne be overwhelmed in the public ruin if need be, but if there be no need, I shall think myself obliged to fortune to save me, and I will make use of all the length of line my duty allows for this preservation." At this period he began his "Essays," and in 1580 he brought out his first volume.

Soon afterwards attacked by the dreadful malady that had killed his father, he made a tour through France, Switzerland, Germany and Italy; but returned home with unimproved health, to become mayor of Bordeaux. This was a very great honor, for only a gentleman could hold the office, and during his term he took precedence of all nobles. He held the office four years, being once re-elected. But the plague broke out at Bordeaux and spread all over Guienne and Périgord. Montaigne tells us that not a hundredth of the people escaped. This must be a misstatement, though the mortality was no doubt frightful. Away he fled with his family, seeking safety, now in one place, now in another. He tells us that he was not afraid for himself, and reasons that one did not suffer more in death from that disease than from any other. Moreover, he says he carried his own remedies within his own breast, viz.: patience and fortitude; but he would not return to Bordeaux to preside at the election of his successor. Meanwhile, in spite of all these agitations he went on with the "Essays," and in 1588 brought out the third volume. But the disease which had tortured him so long, now fast wore him out. Death that he had philosophized about, that he says repeatedly is the beginning of a new life, but which he dreaded unspeakably, came the 15th of September, 1591. He died, as he tells us he was born, a good Christian.

He has drawn for us a quaintly comic picture of himself in the "Essays." Indeed, they are full of him, a fact which he justifies by saying that other men do not think about themselves enough, and that for his part he thinks it looks better for a man to condemn the faults of others in himself, than to condemn his faults in others. He says that he was below middle height, and regretted it; that his complexion was bad, and that he showed his feelings quickly; that he forgot the value of coins, and had much trouble to remember the differences between cabbages and lettuce; that he hated to ride on a pavement, and was made sick at his stomach when he traveled in a coach, a boat, or a litter. He confesses his neighbors thought it very droll that he was in print, and that he had a quick temper, and sometimes scolded. At the same time, he says he had a great many virtues; all of them, in fact, save two or three, but that age did not improve either his looks or his humor. He tells us very plainly that he did not begin the "Essays" with any set plan, but that he wrote indifferently whatever came into his head, and he describes the room in the tower by the gate of his chateau, that we may see him at work. "The figure of my study is round," he says, "and has no more flat wall than that is taken up by my tables and chairs, so that the remaining parts of the circle present me a view of all my books at once, set upon five degrees of shelves round about me. It has three noble and free prospects, and is sixteen paces in diameter." On the bare rafters he had sentences cut, as the following:

"Wind swells bladders, opinions men.
Things do not torment a man so much, as the opinion he has of things."

As for the "Essays," let the student go to them himself; he cannot afford to be ignorant of them; but as he reads them he needs to remember the sixteenth century was not like the nineteenth. It was practically Bibleless. Our Montaigne thought it indecent that the Holy Book should be in hall and kitchen, and read by everybody, and had small respect for anyone who advocated its translation into the vulgar tongue. To him religion was a creed, and had little or nothing to do with the conduct of life. His morality he drew from Plutarch and Seneca, and he is often selfish; but read the history of the cruel, ignorant time in which he lived, and judge him by the light of it. Then only can you appreciate the kindly little man who, hidden in his round tower, urges men to moderation, and parents to pluck out the roots of cruelty and tyranny that show themselves in their children; who begs men to be kind to the beasts, and schoolmasters to banish the rod from the school-room, and instead to adorn it with pictures of joy and gladness; and whose measure of manhood is so noble as this. "Why," he asks, "do we not value a man for what is properly his own? He has a great train, a beautiful palace, so much credit, so many thousands a year; but all these things are about him, not in him. What soul has he? Is it beautiful, capable, and happily provided of all its faculties? Is it rich of what is its own, or of what it has borrowed? Has fortune had no hand in the affair? Is it settled, even, and content? This is what is to be examined, and by that you are to judge of the vast differences between man and man." P. L. D

Mental Tools in Modern Schools.

BASING my plea upon the fact that there are mental as well as manual tools, the former being as necessary to brain work as the latter to hand work, I question the custom which in both fields of labor gives suitable implements to the professional, the skilled workman, leaving the amateur, the unskilled, to use what make-shifts he can. The professional hand-worker, unlike the amateur, is neither asked nor expected to bore holes with the scissors, stick on drawer knobs with mucilage, nor drive in nails with the heel of his slipper. Nor is the professional brain-worker required to do his work without the aid of mental tools in shape of reference-books, encylopedias, dictionaries, orthography, history, biography, geography, dates, quotations, synonyms, etc. The amateur is, if it be allowable to consider our school children as the amateurs in knowledge, our adult B.A.'s and D.D.'s as the professionals. Seen from this point of view, it seems to me most desirable to introduce such mental tools into modern schools, teaching the pupils how to use them—an acquired, not instinctive art. It is undeniable that we exact from juvenile students intellectual feats adults never need and never do attempt. If the child has forgotten or never known some important fact or fancy, he is hopelessly adrift upon the sea of ignorance. The man (be he ever so cultured a scholar) believes many, perhaps most such things, are as well kept in his book-shelf as in his weary head—a warrantable belief if he knows where and how to find such registered information—a belief from which arises this suggestion, urging that children as young as eleven or twelve years of age may be led to the public and private libraries and taught how to utilize the information there contained. As trained Bible scholars using a concordance to find some desired Scriptural reference, save strength, time, and obtain a better result, than do the untrained, who with the same object, look wildly through the Bible, hit or miss, guided by chance alone, so does the difference between an educated and uneducated man lie less in the amount of information he possesses, than in knowing where to find that which he does not possess.

Prize questions, now so popular in both juvenile and adult periodicals, are a means to this end. For many a young competitor trying to solve these literary conundrums, has gained in the introduction to reference-books a greater prize than the hoped-for one that stimulated his efforts; all such competitors know how skilled some librarians become, how they can help one answer almost any obscure, puzzling question, because while guardians of the books they have learned how to use them. When such expertness in the art of research becomes universal, then in its deepest, truest sense, will be exemplified the great Thinker's dictum,

"Man is a tool-using animal."

LUCY SKEEL.

Our Club.

What Ought She to Do?

WE had fallen so in the habit, at our boarding-house table and parlor gatherings, of discussing the moral and social bearings of every question which arose, and of every circumstance coming under our observation, that we had obtained the somewhat derisive appellation of the "Templeton House Ethical Club." "Very good," nodded Templeton, our genial host, when one of our circle brought home the *sobriquet*. "Very good, indeed. We will add an explanatory clause: 'An association for the encouragement of right thinking, and true living.'"

"A little pretentious, isn't it?" mildly demurred his spouse.

"Not in the least, my dear Mrs. Templeton," assured Prof. Engel in his rapid, decisive way. "There is no limit to the good resulting from a candid exchange and comparison of opinions relating to the conduct of life."

"For my part, I think breath better spent in works than in words," flashed bright Dell Falconer, who, whatever the question, always constitutes an independent wing of the opposition.

"That depends on the nature of the works, Miss Dell," returned the Professor. "Idle talk is not so bad as wrong action. But wrong action is the effect of wrong thinking, many times, and wrong thinking comes of a lack of free interchange and discussion of opinions by which we are made to see, in the light of reason, the falseness of our position, and the distorted views it gives us of life and its relations."

"For all that, Prof. Engel, there are people who are too pig-headed to get out of the old worn ruts of thinking, and, blind and deaf alike to the light and voice of reason, will just go on grunting their senseless platitudes until they fall asleep in the peace of perfect self-satisfaction," broke forth Jeannette Mariott with a spirit that suggested she had been tilting in her impetuous fashion against some prejudice which had not yielded to the point of her sharp lance.

We turned to her with kindling interest. "What is it, Jean?" we asked in a breath.

"Take now, for instance, the popular notion on woman's duty," she went on, "what a multitude there are who never give the matter a moment's rational thought, but just go on with stolid indifference, clinging to their heirlooms of tradition and superstition, and passing them down to posterity."

"As—how?" queried the Professor slowly, as if trying to feel his way to a solution of the difficulty but partly presented.

"We daren't any of us say anything, Jean, lest we should unwittingly number ourselves with the 'pig-headed,'" volunteered Dell Falconer, in explanation of our silence.

"As a case in point, allow me to read to you a page or two of a letter from one of the victims of this stupid theory of a woman's sphere of duty," said Jeannette, drawing from her pocket and unfolding a sheet whose careful and delicate lettering indicated a character timid and conservative—a nature that might meekly submit to the torture of being stretched and cramped to the procrustean measure of rule and precedent, but would never presume to assist its own powers, and be a law unto itself.

"'I don't know what to do with my life,' complained the letter. 'It seems an utter failure, and it is too nearly spent, or rather, too hopelessly fixed and fettered by the habit of years to be made the ground of any success in new efforts. I wish I could lay it quietly away and so be done with the trouble of it forever; but I suppose I must drag it on somehow to the end.'"

"Do you mark that?" said Jeannette interrupting the letter, "Not to carry her life up to the glorious hight to which she aspires, but—oh, the pity of that make-shift word—to 'drag' it—to *drag* it on somehow to the end!"

"It is much the fate of all of us," sighed gentle Edner Templeton, the sister of our host. "We fail, every one, to reach the high mark at which we ambitiously aim, or long to aim, if we dared.

"*Because* we do not dare to aim, or aim with steady purpose," pursued Jean.

"Because we are fitful, wavering and uncertain, lured by pleasure, frightened by difficulty, loving ease, and shrinking from the toil and sacrifice of effort! If we were not such puny, wailing feeble folks; if we would bring strong, resolute, unflinching wills to the work we have to accomplish before the good we covet can be ours, we would less often mourn the failure of our lives, I am sure."

"That is not so certain, Miss Jeannette," said bitter, cynical Roy Sherwood. "For often the good we have spent all the strength of our youth to attain turns to Sodom apples in our grasp, and we hold but a handful of ashes."

"Like enough," responded Jeannette, dryly. "In purely selfish enjoyments, for instance, one is sure to find at least the bitter, ashen flavor of Dead Sea apples. That is not the kind of good that earnest natures strive after, and their failures are of quite another sort. But to return to our letter."

And she read again,—

"'I don't know when I have missed my way, but I have certainly missed it, and I drift without expectation of reaching any goal but the grave, which is one thing in the future that I know will not fail me. A dreary, pitiful confession, is it not? I wonder how many women there are who might make the same? And could they tell any better where they have gone astray and missed their place in life? I intended to be, and I believe I have been, faithful to my duty, but even that is no merit of mine. It is nothing more than was expected and exacted of me. I could not have done otherwise without incurring censure and rousing opposition; my services were conceded to belong to the family, and I never thought of seeking any other field of usefulness than could be found in devotion to family interests. So the years slipped by so noiselessly I scarcely knew they were passed. But now my work seems also to have dropped from my hands and my sphere of duties has narrowed down to a circle far from satisfying my aspirations. The old folks have fallen asleep, and the others—well, they may make me useful, perhaps, but they do not need me sufficiently to remove from their kindness a certain flavor of condescension which holds me under a constant and depressing sense of obligation. Yet, since I am jostled from my beaten track I cannot as I told you find my way in life. All is so perplexing, and I have not the bold adventurous spirit of early youth which dares an untried path. What work awaits me in the great awesome world of which I am afraid because I know nothing of its ways? Has it any place for me? What ought I to do? What ought I to have done?'"

"Very clearly," interrupted Roy Sherwood, "she ought to have got married. Her way would have been plain enough then."

"Judging from the wailing and rebellious cries coming up from the ranks of the married, that is a little doubtful, Mr. Sherwood," retorted Dell Falconer.

"Not from the married, but from the mis-mated, Dell," corrected Jeannette. "And so marriage is your prescription for the ills of my correspondent, Mr. Sherwood?" she added, laying down the letter.

"Most certainly, Miss Jeannette," he returned. "Marriage is not the incident but the crown and completion of woman's life."

"I won't dispute that if you mean marriage in its truest sense,' was the prompt response. "But suppose our friend had missed the opportunity of making a marriage that could satisfy mind and heart?"

"She should have made one whether it satisfied her or not," Sherwood answered. "There is a great deal of sentimental talk about these matters, but sensible people don't expect to realize their first fond, foolish dreams and find a perfect and impossible happiness in marriage. Yet, they don't remain single on this account."

"The host of ill-assorted unions that we see is abundant proof of the truth of your assertion, though whether the parties are 'sensible' is, perhaps, a matter of opinion," Jean said, composedly. "But to reason on this point would carry us aside from the real question at issue—whether my correspondent in not choosing a life-work and pursuing it with steadfast purpose is not herself responsible for the unhappy state of affairs of which she complains."

"Now that question is settled by her own confession," remarked Professor Engel. "And yet, so strong is the power of established opinion, you can scarcely hold her responsible for her position."

"No, I suppose not. She simply waited with the rest of her pining sisterhood for somebody to come and open the doors of life to her, instead of bravely putting forth her hand and steadily and serenely guiding herself to some worthy and satisfying end."

"But, if I understand the case, Jeannette," interposed Edna Templeton, "your friend has been engaged in the duty of ministering to those who, in the absence of a husband, have the first claim on her love and service, and in such pure womanly offices she ought to have found happiness and content, reaping the reward of any self-sacrifice in the appreciation and affection of the domestic circle."

"My dear Edna," returned Jean, softly yet earnestly, "it is not possible for any woman to serve her friends truly while she leaves half her powers and resources of help unused and undeveloped; nor can she, with all her seeking, find contentment under such conditions. To have an aim in life, and to pursue it with brave, undaunted purpose, would confer more benefits and command more respect than this dawdling and frittering of energies in the effort to please everybody, which usually results in the failure to please anybody. And one's family has no earthly right, that I can see, to exact the entire devotion of any of its members to the exclusion of individual interests and preferences. It is the grossest selfishness and injustice to hold one in an attitude of perpetual thankfulness for the mere gift of existence, which is as often felt a burden as a blessing."

"I dare say if your friend wished to marry and make a home of her own her family would have cheerfully relinquished their claims," said Roy Sherwood, curtly.

"That's one of the worst features in the case, to my thinking," Jeannette responded. "Why could they not give her her freedom to do what she would with it? Does a woman only attain her majority at marriage? Has she no alternative, in your estimation, but to mope out her days in a useless round of duties, or to take, out of sheer desperation, the first chance suitor who offers a change for better or for worse? What might we think of a man who clung through all the fresh years of his youth to the shelter of the roof-tree, waiting for somebody to come and marry him off, and, failing of that, going down the slope of life hanging helplessly to his relations for support, and cringing for favors until all the spirit of independence and the pride of self-respect had oozed out of him?"

"That's not a parallel case by any means, Miss Jeannette," spoke Templeton. "We expect a man to go out bravely into the world, and battle heroically for a position of usefulness and honor—indeed, we do not recognize him as a man and brother without this test; but a woman, the real, true woman of our worship, finds her life and mission in the sacred retreat and inner temple of home, and only of necessity, I think, would she ever seek the rough outside work so illy adapted to her delicate, refined tastes and powers. And where the necessity? Why, there is not a man of us but glories in the privilege of toiling for her, proud to be intrusted with the guardianship of her interests, and finding the highest, sweetest rewards of our labor and sacrifice in her loving sympathy and approval. It grieves and hurts us when she assumes the prerogative of taking care of herself, and we feel defrauded of our most sacred rights, and robbed of our strongest incentive to action."

"That is very lovely, friend Templeton," said Jeannette, with shining eyes. "I like to hear a man talk like that. It shows his heart is right if his head is not. But I have observed, sometimes, that when a woman is past her youth and prettiness she fails to excite this beautiful enthusiasm and fervor of devotion in her friends quite frequently. Their favors are more coldly if not more grudgingly bestowed; they have less patience with timidity and helplessness, and the dependent sister grows to feel, like my correspondent here, that she has lost her place in life, and she droops under a depressing sense of her great weight of obligation which love had once so fondly canceled. And this brings us around to the question which our friend puts forward for consideration: 'What, under the circumstances, ought she to do?'"

"Why, do the only legitimate thing left for her—captivate the first disconsolate widower that crosses her way, and marry him without loss of time," recommended Dell Falconer, whom seriousness in others always moved to mirth.

"A widower with a baker's dozen of children, ragged and unkempt, so that she may have plenty of employment for her wasting talents," subjoined Roy Sherwood.

"Let her learn patience and sweetness in her station, and put away the morbid fancies which are poisoning her peace," said Edna Templeton, who, herself so tenderly cherished, failed, like many of her sisters, kind hearted but narrow, to see a less favored woman's ground of complaint.

Templeton looked down at her with an indulgent smile. "Spoken like my sister Edna," he said. "Now for myself I scarcely know what to advise in the case. I can understand the poor lady's perplexities more clearly than I can see the way to remove them. I wish it were practicable to offer her my protection, Jeannette. If my house were only as large as my heart I would take all the distressed sisterhood in, and consider myself the honored and obliged party."

"In other words," laughed Sherwood, "Templeton would be a Mormon if the law would allow him."

"Or if wife number one would not seriously object," added that lady with an arch glance at her husband.

"The fact is, my friends, however good your motives, you are all wrong in your methods of help," said the Professor, gravely. "It is exceedingly comfortable, no doubt, to be lifted up and carried blindly out of the bewildering and troublesome maze in which we are entangled, lost, and perplexed, but it is infinitely more invigorating and inspiriting to walk bravely out on our own feet. Of course, being a highly chivalric gentleman, it would afford you great pleasure, Templeton, to assume the responsibilities of Jeannette's correspondent, but you would serve her much more effectually to help her to meet and bear them in her own way. True, she has, first of all, to battle with the hindrances of a false education; but these, with any degree of encouragement, may be in a manner overcome, and if she have the will she may plant her feet on the prejudices

which now hold her inactive and unhappy, and find some work, however humble, which, faithfully performed, shall relieve her of her present wretched sense of dependence, and bring the content which comes only with the full employment of our powers."

"The trouble," said Templeton, "is probably with her as with the majority of women, and we may say, of men also. She does not feel herself called to any special vocation, and is all at sea when she tries to think about it and decide her course."

"That, too, is a fault of training," pursued Prof. Engel. "If she had been educated, as women should be, with a view to some pursuit adapted to her tastes and capacities, all this doubt and perplexity as regards her place might have been avoided. But, even now, it is not too late to conquer in good part the evils from which she is suffering. A strong, earnest, unfaltering purpose is what is needed first and chiefly. It is by will that miracles are wrought. Tell your friend, Jeannette, to choose her work, to choose it with affection, if she can, and with faith in its use and fitness. Let her give herself to it as to a lover, heart, and soul, and life. Let it be to her father, mother, husband, children. Let her cling to it as though it were her one hope in this world and her promise in the world to come, distracted from her allegiance by no pleasure or pain, shrinking from no sacrifice, faltering with no doubt, pressing always forward, minding only to be faithful and leaving the issue with God. And tell her to believe, however she may seem to herself to fail, her real success, her final triumph is as certain as the action of the Eternal laws."

Jeannette had risen to her feet. It was her hour for attending to her class in elocution, and she was as unerring as the stars in her course. We had observed, however warm and vital the discussion, she never varied the fraction of a second to carry it out.

Pushing back her dark, wavy hair from her glowing face, she reached out her hand impulsively to the Professor as she passed. "Thank you from my heart," she said. "I shall make haste to deliver your message, trusting it may lose nothing in spirit or letter through transmission. Such words are more helpful coming from you than from me—a woman of faith rather than of deeds."

"But a brave, earnest woman," murmured the Professor, half to himself, as she went out. "A grand, noble woman. Would there were more like her!"

And he sighed.

Was it the thrilling sweetness of her tribute to his self-love? Or are we going to have romance in Our Club?

The Minuet.

(*See page etching.*)

GUSTAVE JACQUET, the painter of the greatly admired picture, "The Minuet," is an artist of rare talent. He was born in Paris, in 1846, studied under Bouguereau, and first exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1865. His pictures have always attracted great attention, and have won for him several medals. Among his most admired paintings are "Reverie," "A Peasant Woman," "A Vidette," and "Going to the Races," which is owned in this city.

The stately dance which forms the subject of the painter's charming picture, originated in Poitou, France, and was the popular ball-room dance throughout that country and Italy. It soon became fashionable all over Europe, among the higher classes, and to dance the minuet with ease and stately grace was considered quite a desirable accomplishment.

Painters, among others Prinsep, have taken for their subject the minuet, but none have produced a more charming picture than Jacquet, or one richer in its details. A company of Italian comedians, of the time of Louis XV., are engaged in dancing the minuet. The scene is supposed to take place in the spacious halls of a palace. The chief danseuse wears a white satin skirt and a pearl-gray bodice, the ruffles of her sleeves being fine lace. One of her companions is attired in a Watteau costume of mauve satin brocade, with immense flowers. Almost equally rich is the costume of the gentlemen, and it is quite as picturesque as that of the ladies. Seated in the group of spectators, with his legs crossed, is the "scapin," or servant of the Italian stage. The musicians' stand in the foreground is of a golden color, with fluted columns, and is richly adorned with arabesques, the drapery being gracefully arranged. Every detail is finely carried out, and the colors are remarkably harmonious.

This charming picture created, we are told, "quite a sensation when exhibited at the Salon, and achieved immediate success." Our picture is from an etching, and in every particular, save that of color, conveys a good idea of Jacquet's celebrated painting.

Robin's Regret.

A ROBIN, where the alders hung
Above the frost-touched flowers,
In brief, regretful snatches, sung
Of summer's vanished hours.

"O, soft the April sunshine grew,
And sweet the airs of June;
The scented zephyrs gently blew
Among the boughs at noon.

"And rapturous was the music poured
Into the early dawns,
When apple-blossoms drifted toward
The cool and dewy lawns.

"The world was flooded o'er with song,
With blossom, color, light,
I loved the twilights lingering long,
The slow-descending night.

"Oh! happy, blissful summer, fled
So soon! What now remains
To me, on whose unsheltered head
Fall leaves and autumn rains!"

I listened, half in sympathy,
Half questioning. "The spring,
O bird, will come again to thee.
Till then, afar take wing."

But swiftly Robin, caroling,
"My grief, what heart could blame?
Though other summers bloom and sing,
They cannot be the same;

"And who could coldly let slip by
What filled his life with praise,
Or follow with a careless eye
The unreturning days!"

Ah! well the singer answered. Yet
But half the truth he said;
Before the April skies were wet,
Robin himself was dead!

JENNY BURR.

An Ancient Legend of Provence.

FAIR Provence! land of song—"of glory, grace, romance!" where upon earth could a young man find a brighter existence, especially the son of its reigning Count—his only son, too? He was of exceeding beauty, and well skilled in all knightly accomplishments. Ever victor in the tourney, the admired of all beholders was he, and yet the time came when he lost the joyous buoyancy which had always been his, making him the light of his father's court. Was he in love? pondered the Count. No, the young Count Peter professed himself quite heart-whole. He lay under the trees, languid and listless. It seemed to him that he heard distant voices calling him from the depths of the lonely woods. He wished to follow their guidance, but fear held him back, though his dreams ever beckoned him on.

A grand festival was at hand. Peter felt no interest in the matter, yet his weary, wandering steps led him in the direction of the crowd drawing near to the palace, as though by some irresistible impulse. Unconsciously he was drawing near his guide to a new and blessed life.

"Why so sad, Sir Knight?" said a voice in his ear, and turning, he beheld a foreign minstrel, one of the many who had assembled to do honor to the great occasion. "Oh, son of song!" said Peter, "I know not. Canst thou interpret for me this strange mood?" Then the minstrel took his lute and sang, oh, so sweetly! of the fresh, bright joys of a life of adventure, of fair countries and their strange customs, of beautiful maidens, of noble combats and of laureled glory. Count Peter's vague, restless thought soon assumed a definite form. He hesitated no longer, but resolved like other gallant knights to leave his father's halls and seek for himself fresh life experiences.

Alone he rode forth, with the joy returning to his heart and the bright sun shining overhead, for new hope was his. An objectless life is always dull and dreary, but Peter's whole being now glowed with lofty chivalry. So he went forward, singing, most likely,

"A' Dieu, mon âme
Ma vie au roi
Mon cœur aux dames,
L'honneur pour moi."

After several days' journey he arrived at Naples. He had heard much of the beautiful Magelona, the daughter of the king of Naples, and his curiosity with regard to her was greatly excited. At a tournament he beheld the lady of his dreams, and determined to win her love or die. He sang her praises in lays tender and sweet as those of the Minnesingers, and he loved her with the devotion of the old heroic days. But we will not linger over their courtship, though sweeter theme could scarcely be found.

Unhappily for Count Peter, he soon found that the king was far from smiling on his suit—indeed, the only hope for the lovers seemed to lie in speedy flight. With earnest entreaty Peter besought his lady to forsake all and confide herself to his care, until at last he gained her consent to an elopement. Impatiently the lovers waited till night should shield them from discovery, and when its still hours came, and all in the king's palace were wrapped in slumber, Magelona stole from her apartment, and gliding through the vast grounds, met her lover at the great gate of entrance. He clasped her in his arms with a silent blessing, then placed her on a horse, and mounting his own, they rode out into the silent night, while through the thick greenery a soft breeze murmured like the voice of a tender farewell.

When the morning dawned there was a strange uproar in the Court of Naples, and a strict search was instituted, but all in vain.

Let us follow the course of the fugitives. They chose a road through the woods by the sea-shore. The forest boughs waved sadly in the night, making a strange, melancholy music. Nevertheless Magelona was calm and joyous, for her beloved was by her side. Toward morning a thick mist overspread the landscape, but soon the glorious sun shone out and all nature flushed into beauty. The lady became somewhat wearied as the hours wore on, and in the bright midday they paused, and alighting from their steeds, sought rest in a charming shady spot. The Count spread his mantle on the fresh grass, and while Magelona reposed thereon, he kept watch. Presently he observed a number of beautiful birds fluttering among the neighboring trees. They did not shun him, showing no shyness, but flew quite close to him. Among the lovely plumage his eye fell upon that of an unsightly black raven, the bird of ill-omen, and he thought how much the creature resembled a low-born clown in the company of gentle and gallant knights. Just then Magelona breathed with difficulty, and, stooping, he loosened her mantle, too tightly drawn across her breast. As he did so, something fell out from beneath its folds. It was a little packet containing three rings which Peter had presented to his love. Pleased to find them thus cherished next her heart, he laid them beside her on the grass till she should awake and restore them to their resting-place. Suddenly the raven pounced upon the treasure and flew off with it. The Count was quite frightened, thinking Magelona would be so grieved at the discovery of her loss. Carefully he wrapped her mantle around her without disturbing her slumber, and pursued the bird, throwing stones to either kill him or make him drop his prize. In vain—the creature fled before him until he reached a high cliff overhanging the sea, when, with a great cry, he let fall the packet into the water beneath him, and made good his escape from his tormentor.

Now Peter saw floating before him the packet containing the treasured rings, just beyond his reach, when, on descending the cliff, he wandered upon the shore of the sea. At length he discovered an old skiff left on the beach by some fishermen, and, with a bough for an oar, he pushed out toward the prize. But the wind arose, the little boat rocked to and fro, the waves heaved, and soon the packet was far out of sight. Count Peter drifted on and on, the storm driving him farther and farther from land, thinking, with despair and anguish, of his fair Magelona, whom he had left sleeping in the lonely wood.

"Ah, dearest Magelona!" exclaimed our hero, "by what strange fate are we separated? An evil hand hath drawn me from thy side into the desert sea, and thou art alone and without help! Oh, thou daughter of kings, was it for this that I enticed thee from thy princely home?"

Thus mourned Count Peter of Provence. He abandoned hope and gave himself up for lost. Presently the moon rose and filled the world with its silvery splendors. All was still except the sighing murmur of the waves and the unearthly voice of some strange sea-birds floating near him. The stars shone out in solemn beauty. Weary with struggling with the storm, which now had passed, and overcome with sorrow, Peter threw himself in the bottom of the boat, and, floating on at the mercy of the billows, he fell asleep.

Now let us return to poor Magelona. When she awoke she was surprised to find herself alone, but she waited patiently for her lover's return. At last, becoming alarmed by his long absence, she wandered about, calling him by name. Having gained a lofty point of view, she looked forth as far as eye could reach. Woods—woods—everywhere; no village or dwelling-place met her eye, and in the distance

moaned the sad sea waves, as though lamenting her hard fate. Bewildered, she began to fear that her love had deserted her, when, to her immense relief, her eye fell upon the horses, yet tied to the trees where they had left them. "Oh, my Love!" she said, "forgive me; thou art guiltless of deserting me. Where, where art thou, then?" The night began to descend, and Magelona slept from weariness and sorrow, like her lover far away upon the sea. At last the morning dawned—Oh, how different from the preceding one, when hope danced before her like a glad butterfly, and all the flowers of the forest seemed to smile as they met her gaze! Magelona resolved that she would not return to the court of Naples. She felt that she could not bear angry reproach, and thought she would seek some quiet humble home. She wandered long ere she reached any dwelling; but at last she came to a pretty, secluded meadow, in which stood a little cottage, enwreathed in roses. On one side lay a wood. The breeze was musical with the tinkling bells of the pasturing kine. At its door stood an old shepherd, his wife leaning on his arm. She begged their protection, and although she did not tell them her story, they took her to their heart and home. Very kind and helpful did they find the stranger, whom they soon came to love as a daughter. Sometimes shipwrecked men came to the cottage for assistance, and at such times no one could be more thoughtful and ready than Magelona.

To return to the unfortunate Count whom we left drifting on the face of the deep. It was high noon when he awoke from his troubled slumbers, and in the glittering sun he discerned a ship bearing down in his direction. Soon his little skiff was in the possession of its crew—a party of Moors! They took him prisoner and greatly rejoiced over their prize, for the Count was a handsome, noble-looking fellow and they intended to make a present of him to the Sultan. On landing he was conducted to his master, who was highly delighted with him and made him overseer of a beautiful garden. There he often strolled and sang to his guitar the praises of his lost Magelona. Two years passed along, and Count Peter had become a great favorite with the Sultan, and moreover was beloved by his beautiful daughter Sulima. He began to think that he *might* be happy with her, if indeed he was forever cut off from Magelona, but it could only be by stealing her from her father and flying with her to his native land. To this, however, he could not bring his mind, even though he once went so far as to appoint a meeting for the purpose. That very evening fate provided for him another destiny. Instead of meeting the lady, he wandered by the sea-shore, and seeing a little boat, he unmoored it and sped forth upon the summer sea, bright in the starlight. The sounds of a lute met his ear—the appointed signal of Sulima—and his heart smote him, but he would not turn back. He suffered the boat to take its course, listening to the musical murmur of the waves, until when morning dawned he was far out of sight of land. After some time he descried in the distance a sail. Nearer and nearer it drew. It was a ship manned by Christians and bound for his native France, as he found to his great delight. They gladly took him on board—and again hope dawned for him.

In the course of its homeward progress, the ship stopped at a little island to take in water. Count Peter landed and lay down to sleep under the shade of a fair tree, whose outstretched boughs afforded a grateful coolness, but while he slept a high wind arose and the sailors, eager to put out to sea, and missing Peter, set out without him for the shore. When Peter awoke he was sadly distressed lest he might have been left behind. He rushed to the beach, and to his dismay found it was even so—the ship was far away. Frantic with grief, he threw himself upon the sand, and there he lay unconscious till midnight, when some fishermen, passing that way, found him seemingly half dead, and taking him in their boat, they rowed to the main land. When Peter recovered himself, he heard the men saying to each other that he ought to be carried to the shepherd's cottage, for there he would receive the utmost care and attention. Accordingly, when morning dawned, he gave them a piece of gold to direct him to this desirable spot. A path through the wood led him to a pretty little meadow blooming with wild flowers. By the door of a cottage sat a lovely maiden, singing a sweet and plaintive song. A lamb played at her feet. Peter felt a singular attraction toward her. She welcomed him kindly, invited him to take rest and refreshment in the cottage, and the old people—a man and his wife—gave him also a hearty greeting. Magelona—for it was she—at once recognized her knight, and all sorrow departed from her spirit like snow before the sun of spring. She did not immediately make herself known, however, and Peter seems to have have been strangely blind. Two days elapsed, and he was now quite recovered. As he sat by the door of the cottage, a sudden impulse seized him to tell his fair companion his whole story. She hastily arose. Re entering the house she unloosed her golden hair and attired herself in the costly robes she used to wear. When she returned, Peter recognized her instantly and embraced her with tears of joy. The lovers journeyed forthwith to the court of Provence where they were received heartily and all went merrily as a marriage bell. A large concourse of people were gathered at the bridal, and the king of Naples was pleased with his son-in-law. On the spot occupied by the shepherd's cottage Count Peter built a beautiful summer palace, and appointed the good old shepherd as overseer. It is needless to add that our hero lived long and happily with Magelona, his lovely bride. So ends one of the most attractive of the old Provençal legends, as told by Ludwig Tieck.

K. M. Haven.

Around the Hearth.

No feature of a room gives to it as much character as the fire-place; and the proper decoration of this center-piece, with the mantel above, deserves all the taste and ingenuity that the lover of home beauty can command.

The day of the cumbrous lambrequin, befringed and embroidered, has passed; a simple scarf with ornamented ends, a plain board, if the mantel be of marble, or the shelf itself with a heavy moulding, if of wood, a narrow fringe along the edge as a finish, is all that is now necessary to meet the refined eye.

During the journeying of the past few months, we have noted particularly the variety in the treatment of the chimney shelf, and jot down some observations made:

In an artistic cottage by the sea, a combination of Dutch and colonial architecture, and not, as a builder we heard of pronounced one of his achievements, "the latest Queen Anne style," there was the high shelf with a moulding around the edge, the corners very sharp, and reported by some of the gentlemen who had been wounded thereby, as "dangerous." About the plain sides, reaching to the floor and fitting around the angles, were little sets of shelves, supported by narrow pieces of what a carpenter would know as bead moulding. About four feet above the mantel was a narrow shelf with a pointed moulding along the edge, supported by a light spiral rod that rested on the chimney shelf. Against this rod, on each side at regular intervals, were small triangular shelves. This left a large place in the center nearly square, and it was filled with what appeared

to be a background of wood carving around an ordinary mirror. The whole was painted in imitation ash, without polish.

If one had a common pine mantel to begin with, any carpenter could add the ornamental moulding and shelves at a cost of less than five dollars. A new material, neither paper in relief nor leather, offers a substitute for the carved background, and can hardly be distinguished from the real wood itself. It is an English invention, and from its richness and adaptability for house decoration, has been so much used by fashionable decorators that an American manufactory has bought the patent for this country at an immense price. It is called Sincrusta, and may be had of all first-class upholsterers. It comes by the yard in self color, all widths, from twenty-five cents up. Medallions, panels, dados, friezes, almost anything wanted, is manufactured of this fabric, which seems to be a composition of dark oiled paper on strong cloth. It is claimed that it is impervious to moisture, and not changed by heat. When bronzed, silvered, or painted in imitation, it will look like carved wood or stamped leather. A background of this between the shelves is very effective. A strip of Madras curtaining on a rod at top and bottom, opening in the center to admit a plush-bordered mirror or gilt-framed picture, is also good. Loop the curtain on one side with a broad satin ribbon, yellow or gold-green, tied in a full bow with ends, an India palm-leaf decorated, some long grasses, a collection of Persian arrows, or any of the curious things found in a Japanese shop, will complete the off side. A few brasses and antique vases in dull coloring, on the shelves at the sides, an old china plate or two, precious and rare, mayhap only from age, and the upper decoration is completed. We chanced upon a new legend for the space around the jamb, if it is not to be filled with tiles. In the commonplace-book, of a Long Island farmer's wife, who sat with poke bonnet and checked apron shelling peas and husking corn for the boarders' dinner, while she quoted from Horace Walpole—such are the inconsistencies of life!—we found this couplet:

"Old books to read, old wine to drink,
Old wood to burn, old friends to love."

It struck us that this in quaint lettering against the bricks or dark surface would, as Mrs. Carlyle might say, "make cozy." Fancy the oak log on the broad hearth, or the ruddy glow of the coals in the open grate, the sofa wheeled about or the Sleepy Hollow chair beside the evening table whereon stands the well-trimmed lamp; a dear companion opposite; or lacking this, the last new book with freshly-cut leaves waiting its turn, the winds without may howl as they will, and the snows may gather in deep drifts where a few months since we gathered the columbine, the gentian and the golden-rod—what matters it? We enjoy in sweet peace the fruit of our labor, and are clothed upon with content.

It is a good idea, if one is in the country during the autumn, to collect bits of curious roots and gnarled branches for future use. When dry and seasoned, they may be tacked in bunches, or in set design against the most ordinary pine mantel, and when the whole is painted, relieve the plainness greatly. We call to mind a cottage visited two years ago in the heart of the Catskills, "A shanty, only," the young wife said, "but a splendid place for my husband, a clergyman, to get that rest that comes from a change of occupation. The children run wild, it is true, but they are the stronger to go through the winter." The house was a shell, built of planks placed lengthwise, and joined by narrow strips. The living and sitting room in one showed the heavy beams overhead. From these were hung all manner of curiosities. An immense Japanese fish in brilliant colors, fishing rods and tackle, etc. Against the wall were bows and arrows, an old Spanish dagger, a hunting horn, a few pencil and water color sketches, a piece of coffee sacking with a dash of autumn leaves in richest glory. On the floor were scattered home-made rugs, but the mantel shelf was the chiefest study of this room. That was altogether worthy the description of a Scotch novelist.

"Built by my husband and a friend who visited us last summer," explained the hostess.

For the sides or supporting pieces there was used the trunk of a small cedar or fir tree, say eighteen inches in diameter, cut off evenly just above the point where the branches begin to diverge, and split cleanly down the center. This held aloft the broad dark shelf. In the center, a curious old root, increased in size by bits of twisted wood tacked here and there, gave the effect of an immense stag's head or carved piece. An old-fashioned clock, a regular three-decker, crowned the whole. A plain wooden settee, also the work of the good master, stood beside the open fireplace, and one could fancy the ruddy glow or the flicker and flash of the great logs when they were set going in the cool September evenings.

But in the absence of carvings and shelves, a very simple and modest background may be secured above the chimney board, by tacking or pasting either a handsome piece of wall-papering, good dark color preferred, or a piece of satine finished with a bright border across the top. A picture hung above this, a few peacock feathers, and the usual mantel ornaments, will give a very satisfactory result.

E. M. T.

Table Linen.

AMONG the latest additions, to the already full and varied assortment of table linen are special napkins for fish and corn.

For the first take a fine piece of linen about forty inches long by twenty-three wide. This is the size for a large baked fish. Out of each corner cut a piece ten inches long by seven wide, which will leave a long flap or turn-over at each end and a narrow one at the sides. On each flap embroider in outline some appropriate design. A bunch of coral, spray of sea-weed or fern, a fish and net are effective when worked in natural tints. Use Pearsall's silk washing colors; they can be obtained at the Art Rooms, and are warranted not to fade. The Florence silks cannot be trusted to hold their color when washed. Pearsall's are English silks and if not kept in New York, can be had at the Art rooms in Philadelphia. The whole napkin is to be finished with a narrow hem, put in with a hemstitch. When the fish is ready to be served spread the napkin in the dish, and after it is placed, garnished with lemon and egg, fold the narrow sides of the napkin over it, leaving the embroidered flaps to lay uppermost.

The corn napkin is a square of linen any size desired; an inch hem hemstitched; a delicate spray in each corner, or a single large design in one corner. Small bunches of the blue corn flower look well, or if a single corner only is to be embroidered, a couple of ears of corn in the half-open husk, with one or two of the drooping blades, is a strong design. Use light yellow silk for the grain, a golden green for the husk, and a faint pink for the delicate silk of the tassel. The effect of these decorated napkins is very dainty on a table, when the corn is served on the ear as a separate course. Smaller napkins used for the bread plate, may have a similar design, where corn bread is used, and a sheaf of wheat for white bread.

While speaking of napkins, a friend from Paris, who has brought over an expensive and choice selection of table linen for her own use, tells us that the latest shape for the dinner

napkin is long, and proportionately narrow like a towel, so that when spread they are a protection to the sides of the dress. The initial or monogram is at one end or in the centre. May they be adopted at once; for who has been so fortunate that they have no moments of agony and suspense to recall while soup was served. Afternoon teas, from half past four to six, for young girls not decidedly out, are to be in favor this winter. It is the ambition of each young girl that the tray cloth and dozen tea napkins, for they are to be monthly affairs and limited, are to be outlined or embroidered by herself. Tea or chocolate, and the crispy English wafers will be the only refreshment.

The perseverance and industry of the maidens who join these Tea Clubs will be taxed during the Autumn for original designs, not only for their service of linen, but also for the dainty apron of pongee or silk, which is the necessary accompaniment. As outlining is not tedious on such a small scale, doubtless the club will be a success in every way.

The Tears of Man.

From the German of ANASTASIUS GRUN.

MAIDEN, didst thou see me weeping?
Ah to me a woman's tears
Are the purest dew of heaven
Gleaming on the lovely flowers.

In the evening's gloomy darkness
Or in smiling morning shed
Always dew the flower reviveth,
Till it raise once more its head.

But the tears of man resemble
Araby's most precious gum,
In the tree's deep heart abiding;
Never flowing free they come.

Only by thy sharpest wounding,
To the very deepest heart,
Will the drops so pure and golden,
From their sacred fountain start.

LYDIA M. MILLARD.

In Memoriam.

"O, may I join the choir invisible!"

[May, the daughter of D. G. and J. C. Croly, and wife of Lieut. Jesse R. Roper, U. S. N., died at Poland Springs, Me., August 20, 1883, aged twenty-three years.]

MAY is sleeping, only sleeping.
Ah! bring here no tears, no weeping.
She is in the angels' keeping,
May is sleeping, sweetly sleeping.

And the sunshine lingers brightly,
And the stars above bend nightly,
And the flower-gemmed turf glows brightly,
For our Father judgeth rightly.

She is sleeping; and a quiver
Of the rippling of the river
Shall disturb her slumbers never,
Though it floweth on forever.

May is sleeping, calmly sleeping,
Eglantine and ivy creeping
O'er closed lids that know no weeping,—
Leave her in the angels' keeping!

LILIAN WHITING.

Fancy Bags.

EVERY pretty bag for useful or ornamental purposes may be made of the Chinese or Japanese pictures that have been so much used for tidies. It takes three of these pictures of equal size to make the bag. Cut two of them perfectly square—seven or eight inches is a good size. From one of these cut a circle, leaving a triangle in each corner; piece these two squares together so the seams are all turned inside; then take the third picture and cut it into two strips of equal width; piece these together, and then sew this long strip around the circle cut in the square. This forms the top of the bag. After lining with a straight piece of bright-colored silk, run an elastic about an inch from the top, leaving it just large enough to admit the hand; put on two long loops of ribbon to match the lining on either side of the bag to suspend it by; finish the four corners of the bottom of the bag with a silk tassel. You can have little idea what a very pretty little affair such a bag is when completed, useful for combings or for scraps.

Chair Cover.

OUR design shows a cane-bottomed chair, with a cushion made of curled hair and bed-ticking, fastened on the back and seat of chair, over which is a slip-cover made of canvas or felting, embroidered in colors. The shape is so very simple that a lengthy description is unnecessary.

Umbrella Case, etc.

THE case is made of dark cloth or linen, stitched into compartments for holding a number of umbrellas, etc. A border is worked in cross stitch in colors down the side that laps over, and tied with ribbons top and bottom, or leather straps and buckles.

A PORTIERE, somewhat new in form, has just been arranged, of olive-colored satin, with a border of canary color worked in floss silk. A double drapery is festooned from the top. The lower tier is of canary-colored satin, worked with a vine of the same pattern in green. The borders are trimmed with a ball fringe in alternate rows of red and green. Immense brass nails sustain the cords which loop it at each side.

A window curtain of garnet-colored satin mingled with pale blue is designed somewhat in the same manner. The lace curtain or shade, which is close against the window, is trimmed at the bottom with a border of blue satin, which may be worked as well with a vine of colored floss silk.

What Women are Doing.

Mary Anderson has made an immense success in London.

Grace Greenwood's daughter will soon be heard upon the operatic stage.

Grace Greenwood has written "The Girlhood and Womanhood of Queen Victoria" for the *Century*.

Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender, of Lincoln, Nebraska, has been admitted to the Supreme Court of the State.

The Princess of Wales wore at an industrial exposition a pretty capote bonnet, trimmed by herself.

At the Mechanics' Institute Fair in Boston, Mrs. J. M. Milligan, of Jacksonville, Ill., showed the progeny of Japanese silk-worms which she has naturalized by feeding on the leaves of the Osage orange.

The King of Bavaria has appointed a niece of the late Richard Wagner to be "Royal Professor of the School of Music," the first appointment of the kind ever given in Germany to a woman.

An extraordinary honor to a woman has occurred in the appointment of Mrs. Humphrey Ward as Spanish Examiner at Oxford. This appointment overleaps all the barriers raised by monks, prelates, and the Dons.

Mrs. Ethirajulu, a native lady in India, has been granted permission by Mr. Nayadu, B. A., a sub-magistrate, to practice in court as a private pleader. She is the wife of a native clergyman.

Two young women from San Francisco have located on a quarter section of land in the hills to the west of Pleasant Valley, Cal. They live alone in a shanty, and are engaged in performing the necessary work to fulfill the requirements of the law.

The favorite ballad-singers in London are Miss Thursby, Mrs. Osgood, Mme. Antoinette Sterling, and Miss Hope Glenn—all Americans.

A Woman's Christian Suffrage Society has been organized in San Francisco, Cal., which asks it, "as a basis of power to protect themselves, their children, and their homes."

Signorina Lidia Poet, an Italian lady, has been admitted to the dignity of Doctor of Laws, and has asked to be called to the bar in Turin. The application has been acceded to by the Order of Advocates.

The Queen of Denmark, mother of the Princess of Wales, is an accomplished painter, and has lately presented the little village of Klitmöller, in Jutland, with an altar-piece, entirely executed by her own hands.

Mrs. Vache, Miss Morse, Miss Howard, and Miss Rausch, of Boston, and Miss Annie Carnes, of Attleboro, Massachusetts, sailed recently for England, to take positions as instructors in the Royal College for the Blind of London, the superintendent of that institution visiting the institutions here, and struck with their efficiency, having offered liberal terms.

Mrs. Candace Wheeler, of the Society of Associated Artists, recently had a private exhibition of artistic stuffs, all of American manufacture, which showed that the educational work of the Association is not confined to decorative embroidery, but begins in providing a true, as well as beautiful base for the work.

A Miss Halstead recently resigned her position as teacher in a public school in New Jersey after thirty-six years of service, during which time she was absent only four school days.

Miss Mary E. Lovejoy, of Bangor, Maine, is engaged in the silk business. She has 3,000 silk-worms. In thirty days from hatching the worms begin to spin, and in nine days more the cocoon is ready to be reeled and spun.

Emma and Mary Dietz, of Oakland, California, have patented two inventions, one a carpet-sweeper, a second, the "Deitz Patent Cream Receiver."

Mrs. E. A. Ross has been chosen county clerk by the county commissioners of Harper County, Kansas, to fill the unexpired term of her husband, lately deceased.

A University Association of women teachers has been lately organized in England for supplementing home-teaching by the governess with special instruction in higher studies, such as governesses are rarely qualified to give. Miss Clough, principal of Newnham College, Cambridge, is president. The working members of the association, more than thirty in number, have all studied either at Girton College or Newnham College, Cambridge, or at Somerville Hall, Oxford.

The first school of pharmacy for women has opened its doors in Louisville, Kentucky. Miss Kate Palmer is the botanist of the school and Mrs. Rachel Lloyd the chemist, but all the other instructors are men naturally, as they alone have been heretofore trained for the work.

Mrs. Anandibal Joshee, of Serampore, Hindostan, a Hindu lady of the highest caste, and about twenty-five years of age, recently arrived in Philadelphia for the purpose of entering the Women's Medical College as a student.

Miss Adah Parker is a girl of eighteen, who lives on a cotton plantation two miles from Monroe, Louisiana. For the last four years she has had exclusive charge of the place upon which her widowed mother, sister, and two younger brothers reside, supporting them all by her industry. She is her own overseer, supervising all the work done in person. She is said to be modest, energetic, intelligent, and attractive in person.

Miss Coggswell, from Owatona, Minnesota, went to Coddington County, Dakota, in 1878, when just twenty-one years old, and at once entered 320 acres of land, a "homestead" and "tree claim." She has taught school in the winters, and has expended a part or all her salary in improvements upon her land. But the land itself has been fruitful of income. Her last year's crop, raised on 100 acres, consisted of 945 bushels of wheat, 2,000 bushels of oats, 200 of rye, and 300 of potatoes. Besides she has twelve acres of thrifty trees started, and a comfortable dwelling-house, with the necessary barns and granaries. The value of the whole estate is estimated at $4,500.

A young lady living two miles from town, says the Charlotte, Michigan, *Leader*, weighing 116 pounds, and only seventeen years of age, arises at 5 A.M., and milks eight cows, helps her mother get breakfast, takes the team and carries the milk of thirty-two cows to the cheese factory, two miles distant, and brings back a load of whey; then hitches the team to the machine or rake, as the occasion requires; does all the mowing, reaping, and raking on the farm of 300 acres. At the close of each day's work she milks the cows, assists her mother in finishing the house-work, and retires at 9 P.M. Besides this she keeps the books of the farm, is fair looking and intelligent.

Miss Dora Kinney of Wild Cat, Indiana, is the boss shepherdess of the Wabash. A few years ago an uncle gave her an orphaned lamb to raise by hand, which she did successfully, and becoming interested in sheep husbandry, she procured a mate for the lamb, and she now sports a fold of twenty-eight old sheep and thirty-three lambs—sixty-one in all, all from the first starting pair. Miss Kinney attends to her flocks herself, and receives a handsome little income from the annual sales of wool and mutton. "Women do so many kinds of work that the men have become dudes," says the correspondent who writes this paragraph. "The fine, idle creatures these days are certainly not women."

An English correspondent draws attention to the increasing employment of girls in various business occupations in London, and adds the suggestion that instruction in the details of commercial clerks' work might be advantageously imparted in classes formed for that purpose, and instructed under proper supervision. There is, perhaps, no more interesting member of our youth than the well-mannered, well-taught girl, whose energies are addressed to the important work of earning her living. Perhaps no city in the world can present a more agreeable spectacle than London during the early morning hours, in which quiet, neatly dressed, and scrupulously well-behaved girls go in great numbers on foot, by omnibus, or rail, to their various places of business. The girl of this class and period is a distinct and valuable product of rational education, and, as an embodiment of capable and modest self-reliance, is a clear addition to the civilizing influences of the time.

Miss Emily Faithfull recently arrived in New York on a lecturing tour, which is under the auspices of the Boston Lecture Bureau. Miss Faithfull's first lecture is upon "Modern Shams," and it is well worth hearing. Miss Faithfull's long experience in women's work renders her an authoritative exponent of their needs, and women's societies will find her a most valuable auxiliary.

The World's Progress.

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 Light of the Future.

It will not be electrical illumination, say the scientists. That involves too much cost. Electricity is developed by violence; that is, by waste and the disturbance of atoms of matter, which is necessarily expensive. For sensational uses, for spectacles, for the lighting of city squares, streets and parks, where expense is a minor consideration, the electrical light will, of course, be employed; but the great mass of the community will never be able to use this costly illuminator to banish the darkness from their humble dwellings. Nature has been searched to find how light can be generated under the cheapest conditions, and the glow-worm has been hit upon as furnishing a hint for the cheap but effective domestic light of the future. The various insects which emit flashes of light in the dark, do so with an exceedingly small expenditure of mechanical force. It has been suggested that curtains, wall paper, and the coverings of furniture could be so prepared, that, by a slight disturbance of the air, they would emit a steady but mellow light at a cost of far less than a candle or kerosene lamp. Scientific men are now at work on this problem, and if it should be successfully solved, it would be a very great benefit to the poor of all nations.

Our Celestial Visitant.

The comet of 1812 has returned so as to be again visible in our firmament. Astronomers are interested in this particular celestial visitant, because it is one of the few cases in which predictions regarding the return of comets have come true. It will not be as conspicuous an object in the heavens as it was in 1812, but it has somewhat troubled the star-gazers by a sudden and very remarkable increase in its brightness since it has come within the field of vision. It must have struck an unseen comet or wandering aerolite with the result of increasing its brilliancy. The comet of 1882, it will be remembered, became apparently entangled in the photosphere of the sun and split into fragments. Although an object of wonder in all ages, comets do not seem to count for much in the various solar systems to which they belong. They do not seem to have any function, yet astronomers tell us that their numbers are simply incalculable. The heavens are as full of them relatively as are the lakes and oceans of fish. The immensity of the universe is shown by the very few which come into the range of our vision in view of the prodigious numbers of comets which are darting through the inter-stellar spaces.

Predicting Earthquakes.

M. J. Delaney, on November 17th, 1879, predicted in the *Comptes Rendus* the remarkable earthquakes which have taken place this year in Java, Sumatra and Ischia. He came within a few days of the event, and indicated the points on the earth's surface where the disturbances would take place. According to this authority the earthquakes this year will be followed by others even more remarkable, the maximum of the intensity of which will not be reached until 1886. But Mr. Delaney has not yet indicated where these intense seismic commotions will occur. A record has been kept of earthquakes for the last two thousand years, during which period nearly seven thousand serious ones have taken place. M. Mallet, a distinguished *savant*, shows from the records that these cataclysms increase in intensity toward the close of each century. It is less than seventeen years distant from now to the twentieth century, and hence we may look for other commotions of the earth's surface, which may lead to catastrophes as dreadful as that of the Lisbon calamity or the convulsions at Java and Sumatra this year. Asia Minor has just been visited by a dreadful earthquake very destructive to life and property. We may soon hear of volcanic action and earthquakes upon the Pacific Coast.

Sub-Marine Telegraphs.

The general public little realizes the steady extension of the sub-marine telegraph cables. There are now over 80,000 miles of them at work, representing a capital stock of about $170,000,000. There are nine cables across the Atlantic, and a fleet of twenty-nine steam vessels are in constant employment in laying, watching and repairing cables. At present these cables are owned by private companies, but the time cannot be far distant when they will pass into the hands of an international commission representing the various nations of the earth. Private persons should not have the ownership of the medium by which the news and the prices of all products are communicated to the public. A new cable is soon to be laid between Europe and America by James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the N. Y. *Herald*, assisted by J. W. Mackay, the famous California millionaire.

The English Trades-Unions.

While in this country the employing class have looked with great disfavor upon trades-unions, in England it is beginning to be admitted that these labor organizations have done a great deal of good. In the old country they are really provident institutions, and do more to prevent strikes than to cause them. Indeed, the figures show that of the money that they raise, not one dollar in a hundred is employed in carrying on war between capital and labor. Mr. Frederick Harrison furnishes some very interesting facts about the English trades-unions. Seven of them in six years spent $10,000,000 in support of their members out of work and for other charitable purposes. Of that large sum only $800,000 was used in settling strikes, and other labor disputes. The same writer shows that as the unions grow in numbers and money resources, strikes are less frequent, for the men do not wish to waste their money, while employers stand in some awe of these just combinations of their own workmen. Undoubtedly the ability of men to organize for the preservation of their rights gives them an advantage over women workers, who cannot very well act together.

The New Education.

Nearly every one who testified before the Senate Commission which sat in New York recently, as to the best means of benefiting the laboring classes, agrees that vital changes must be made in our common school education. Boys and girls must be trained to work as well as to read, write and cipher. France, Germany, and especially Switzerland, are far ahead of the United States in technical and art education. Hence the immense superiority of the foreign workmen in all our shops and manufactories over the native employés. The American is naturally the most intelligent, quick-witted, and inventive, but he is left hopelessly in the rear when in competition with the trained European artisan. We must rid ourselves of the superstition that our common school system is perfection. As a matter of fact, it is wofully deficient as compared with the industrial education given by continental European nations to their working classes. Apart from our scientific schools, the Cooper Union, and the Boston Technological Institute, no provision has been made in the United States to do work that requires intelligence and artistic skill.

Spain as a Great Power.

In times past Spain was the most powerful nation in Europe. Charles V. when he reigned had no peer among the rulers of his time, but for the last hundred years the Castilian monarchy has fallen from its former high estate and has not been admitted into the councils of the great Powers of Europe. This has been galling to the pride of the Spaniards, who are intensely interested in many of the questions which come up for settlement. A matter vitally affecting Spain is the proposed division of Northern Africa. France has absorbed Algeria and Tunis, England is dominant in the Nile country, while Italy has set up a claim for the reversion of Tripoli. If this absorption of North Africa is to continue, Spain proposes to annex Morocco, which was more than once subject to the sway of the Spanish Moors. The recent visit of Alphonso to Germany and Austria was to claim for Spain a vote in the grand council of European powers, and, it is understood that she will hereafter have a vote on matters directly affecting her interests. This is intended as a blow at France, and explains the rage of the Parisians at the king of Spain's acceptance of a colonelcy of German Uhlans. A recognition of Spain means an adverse influence to France in Northern Africa. Bismarck shows great genius in isolating France from the rest of Europe. When Tunis was seized the jealousy of the Italians was aroused against the French Republic. One would suppose that the Latin nations, France, Italy and Spain, would form an alliance to counteract the growth of the German power in central Europe; but Bismarck has ingeniously managed to set both Italy and Spain against France and thus minimize the influence of the latter in the councils of Europe. The French people realize this, and their hatred of the Germans recalls the passionate dislike of the Carthaginians against the Romans, who eventually conquered them. If the French people thought they had a ghost of a chance, they would go to war with Germany to-morrow. A terrible conflict is inevitable some time or other, but the wisest heads in France would like to postpone the trial at arms until after Von Moltke and Bismarck have passed away.

The Federal Republic of Europe.

There are indications all over Europe which are ominous for the reigning monarchies. England is a republic in all but name, France is one beyond all peradventure, while in Germany, Italy and Spain, the great body of the populations are republicans in theory. A change will probably come over Europe soon after Kaiser William's death. The kingdom of Sweden is even now shaken by a popular democratic agitation. King Oscar, a descendant of the French adventurer Bernadotte, has repeatedly set at defiance the popular will as expressed through the Norway Storthing. And as a consequence there is a determination on the part of that nation to assert its rights against autocratic rule. King Oscar may yet lose his crown if not his head, for he has violated the fundamental law, by making the same pretensions which cost Charles I. of England his life. There are stirring times ahead for the peoples of Europe.

Our National Prospects.

The outlook, until the crops of next year are reaped, is not particularly hopeful. Our wheat crop is over 100,000,000 bushels short compared with last year. Our corn crop is 400,000,000 bushels short of the 2,000,000,000 bushels, which was so confi-

dently expected early in the season. Our cotton crop will be 1,500,000 bales less than the previous year. Our external trade will consequently suffer, as we depend entirely upon our agricultural products to pay for the foreign goods we consume. There is no market abroad for American manufactured products. Then business failures are very numerous. Last year the sum total of bankruptcies amounted to less than $20,000,000, but during the year just passed the total was swelled to $52,000,000. The shrinkage in prices, due to the adoption of the gold unit of value, is increasing the number of bankruptcies all over the modern commercial world. This is a matter which the United States alone cannot rectify, as it will require the united action of the leading states of Europe to re-establish bi-metallism.

The Æsthetics of Electricity.

In ordinary lights the direction of the flame is always upward, but electrical illumination is not confined by any limits. This suggested to Mrs. Edison, the wife of the celebrated inventor, the use of fanciful devices as fixtures for electric lighting. Instead of a single jet flaring upward, the electric light can be distributed in every direction. Some extremely beautiful results are thus obtained. In one exhibition is a flower-pot overgrown with a wilderness of foliage all done in polished brass. The lights spring from among the leaves like flowers from their stem. Another device is called the umbrella light; in which the lamps are arranged in a circle located beneath a shining reflector. A little motor causes the lamps to revolve, and the result is two apparent whirling circles of flame. Another charming effect is a hanging framework of brass, in which the lamps are so placed that the stems form a basket that may be filled with artificial plants and flowers in their natural colors. The lights can be made to permeate ornaments in rooms and produce surprising effects. In the magnificent ball-room or drawing-room of the future, there will be no flaring jets of flame; the lights will be distributed so as not to offend the eye, but will be so combined as to heighten the effects of all the decorations of the interior of the room.

American Mummies.

It seems the Alaska Indians preserve the bodies of their dead, but by a very different process from that used by the ancient Egyptians. The corpse is bundled up and put into a recess where it does not decay, but is dried or desiccated. Four of these Alaskan mummies have been secured, one for the Smithsonian Institute and the other three for the Berlin Academy. The bodies were wonderfully preserved. A woman, evidently over a hundred years dead, was in a state of almost perfect preservation. The only preparation of the bodies seemed to be the removal of the viscera. The remains were then covered with skins and taken to caves or rocky shelters where there was no moisture. Some of these mummies were supposed to be several hundred years old. The Alaska Indians of to-day bury their bodies like other people. Unlike the ancient Egyptians, who embalmed all their dead, these Indians made mummies only of those whom they wished to particularly honor.

Some Wonderful Horses.

A Western trotting horse with the curious name of Jay-Eye-See has reduced the time for trotting a mile to 2.10¼. There seems to be little doubt that, before many years are over, a horse will be bred who will trot a mile in two minutes. Jay-Eye-See is a peculiar animal in his eating. When fed he insists upon taking a draught of water between each mouthful of oats. He alternates the water constantly with the hay or grain fed to him. This horse has beaten St. Julien and will have a brush in time with Maud S., W. H. Vanderbilt's famous trotting mare. At the race course it is now the practice to give whisky to some horses. It seems they can win races with that stimulus when without it they would fail. An old horse named Baby beat several fine fields of animals after powerful potations of liquor. Although still very popular, race courses are becoming demoralized. Their first supporters in this country were people who called themselves gentlemen, but now the principal owners of horses run at the race meetings are professional gamblers, book-makers and other low fellows. Even jockeys have their entries at every meeting. The long races in vogue in former years, which were a real test of the bottom and speed of horses, have been replaced by numerous short dashes, for the benefit of the pool rooms, but which seriously deteriorate the stamina of the horses which engage in them. The practice of giving whisky to horses, which has been begun, will in the end destroy the turf physically as well as morally.

The Increase of Wealth.

Although there is a great deal of poverty in the civilized world, and millions of human beings are constantly on the verge of starvation, yet the fact seems to be well established that wealth in all civilized countries has increased faster than population. Mr. M. G. Mulhall, an English statistician, has lately published some figures, showing that the English people as a whole are far better off than they were in the time of the Stuarts. In 1660, when England and Wales had 5,500,000 people, the average wealth was about £45 *per capita*. In 1774 the average was £136 per head. In 1882 the population was 35,000,000, while the total property of England and Wales amounted to £8,720,000,000, or £249 *per capita*. The same writer points out that this increase of wealth has been real, and largely in excess of the rise in prices which accompanied it. He also claims that the distribution of wealth is becoming more general as it increases. Judging, for instance, by the number of carriages, there are relatively three times more wealthy people to-day than fifty years ago. In 1840 only 3 per cent. of the population had deposits in the savings banks; in 1882, 11 per cent. were depositors in those institutions. Henry George, a well-known American writer, has been trying to prove that poverty increases with the advance in civilization, due to the monopolizing and enhancement of the value of land; but these figures, and the improved condition of the mass of our population as well as those of Europe, show that he must be mistaken. Still, the problem of problems is, how to increase the material prosperity of the great mass of mankind. All who love their race look forward to the time when extreme poverty will be unknown, and every man and woman will be decently clad, have comfortable homes, plenty of food, and also a chance to gratify higher wants than those which appertain to our mortal body.

English Visitors.

Lord Coleridge, the Chief Justice of England, has been paying us a visit. Before leaving, he was tendered a reception at the Academy of Music, in New York, where he made a sensible and felicitous speech. What struck him, he said, was our great middle class. It was evident that more people owned their own homes and farms in the United States than in any other nation. He did not think we ought to boast quite so much of the bigness of our country. Quality was of more importance than size. Lord Coleridge, however, ventured upon one criticism. He thought justice was swifter, surer, and better administered in Great Britain than in this country. The complaint of the law's delay was truer of the United States than of other nations. What he said, was true enough, and he might have been still more severe in his condemnation of our American legal machinery. All our courts are in arrears and everything is done to procrastinate trials and swell the fees of lawyers. But then we are ruled in this country by lawyers. Nearly all our Presidents, Cabinet officers, Governors, Members of Congress, and Legislators are lawyers. That class is supreme; hence, unconsibly, matters are so fixed as to add to the emoluments and fees of the favored ruling caste. Another Englishman, Matthew Arnold, is also on a visit to this country, and will doubtless write about us. He is a man of great culture, a brilliant essayist, as well as a poet of some merit. He is the Apostle of the creed of "sweetness and light." He has written about America already, in a way to give offense to some of our people. What he will say about us, upon his return, will be read with great interest, not only by Americans but by Europeans, as he is a trained observer and critic, and a writer of force and originality.

The Glossograph.

This is the name of an electrical instrument for recording speech automatically. It was first exhibited by M. Gentille at the Vienna Electrical Exhibition. A small apparatus is placed in the mouth of the speaker, in contact with the roof of his mouth, his tongue and lips; and, on being connected with an electro-magnetic registering apparatus, the sounds are committed to paper. It is constructed in such a manner as not to cause any inconvenience to the speaker; neither is it necessary that the voice should be raised, as it reproduces a whisper as exactly as a shout; the only condition is a correct and distinct articulation. According to the inventor's calculation, it will be possible to write four or five times as fast by means of the glossograph as has hitherto been possible even by the quickest writer. At first sight it appears as if this invention were but an improvement upon Edison's phonograph; it is, however, of a much older date. It rests, unlike the former, on an acoustic principle, and does not reproduce the sounds in a microscopical form. The chief obstacle to the introduction of the glossograph, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will be the difficulty in deciphering the characters, but it is not impossible that with the help of a second automatic apparatus the characters produced by the glossograph may be translated into our common typewriting. The orthography would doubtless appear strange, but in these days of phonetic spelling this might not long be a hindrance.

Co-operation.

In this country, co-operative societies have been a failure. Indeed they cannot be said to have succeeded anywhere except in England, and there only in one kind of business, to wit, in stores for distributing goods at a small advance over cost price. All attempts in the way of co-operative production—that is, in the manufacture of goods—have been almost total failures. Of course, companies and corporations have succeeded in transacting business, but we are speaking now of the co-operation of working people, so as to secure all the profits from their own labor. The co-operative stores of England, however, have been wonderfully prosperous. At the close of 1881 there were 1,189 distributive societies in successful operation. These had 573,000 members. The share capital was nearly $20,000,000 and the yearly sales were over a hundred million dollars. The saving in profits was about 10% or $10,000,000. The two largest co-operative societies in England are the Civil Service Supply Association, and the Army and Navy Co-operative Society. This last society employs 3,500 men, and 200 women. It has been so popular that it has begun manufacturing articles for sale. The secret of the success of distributive co-operation is because everything is done for cash. The stores of England previously gave unlimited credit, and consequently made many bad debts, and thus were forced to put high charges on all their goods to make a living profit. The co-operative societies introduced cash payments, made no bad debts, and thus had an advantage over the old-fashioned store. Doubtless the reason why co-operation has failed in this country

is because of the one-price and cash system introduced originally into the dry goods trade by the late A. T. Stewart. Selling cheaper, and being content with small profits, he ruined his competitors in trade, and by the magnitude of his transactions acquired a vast fortune. It is the cash system in the stores of our large cities which has prevented the growth of co-operative societies here.

Postal Improvements.

Nothing better shows the progress of the race than the modern facilities for postal communication, compared with the past. In the ancient world, among the Assyrians and Persians, stations were established a day's journey apart, and horsemen traveled with all possible dispatch from one to another. From the establishment of the Roman Empire down to the thirteenth century couriers were employed for the quick transmission of dispatches. But the remarkable thing about this system was that the general public got no advantage in the way of communication, as it was only government dispatches which were allowed to be sent by these posts. The first courier system to transmit private letters was adopted in 1516. It is worthy of note that when the Spanish invaders entered Peru, in 1527, they found a postal system in existence by which messages were transmitted by a corps of swift-footed runners. Our own postal system was organized in 1710. In 1753, Ben. Franklin was Postmaster-General, and in 1760 he startled the country by running a postal wagon from Philadelphia through New York to Boston once a week. Since then the income of the post-office has steadily increased, and the charges as steadily decreased. In 1816, letters sent under forty miles were charged eight cents and over 500 miles twenty-five cents. Now a half-ounce letter is conveyed to any part of this vast country for two cents. At this rate there would be a large profit over the expense, were it not for the astonishingly low rate charged for newspapers and periodicals. The two cents a pound which is the rate on printed matter is only a fraction of the cost to the government, and the country makes a present to the newspaper proprietors of some $14,000,000 per annum. The next reform will doubtless be the increase of the weight allowed on each letter to one ounce—that is, the citizen would then be charged the same rate for his one-ounce letter as the publisher pays for his pound of printed matter.

The Monster Steam Merchant-men.

The construction of the enormous ocean steam vessels within the past five years known as the Gallia, the Arizona, the Orient, the Servia, the Alaska, the Austral, the City of Rome and the Aurania constitute an epoch in the history of marine engineering and bids fair to lead to a period when, according to a well-known Clyde ship-builder, "we shall see steamers 800 feet long the ferry boats of two oceans, with America for their central station and Europe and Asia for their working termini." Thirteen years ago there were no vessels afloat 400 feet in length save alone the Great Eastern, while now 600 feet vessels are getting to be the rule. The new ocean steamers are marvels of size, strength and beauty; they are, indeed, floating palaces. It is the substitution of iron for wood, of steam for sail, and of the screw for the wheel, which has effected this mighty change. It was not until 1859 that the use of wood was finally abandoned on the Clyde, which river has since become the center of the ship-building interest of the world. In 1859, the tonnage launched in the Clyde ship yards was 35,702. In 1882, the tonnage launched was 391,934. In every country manufactures of all kinds flourish most at points where iron and coal can be produced at the cheapest rates. This happens to be the Clyde in Scotland. The conditions do not yet exist for an American rival to that famous Scotch ship-building river. It is mortifying to us that this great industry is monopolized by a foreign power. We can build as fine vessels as the Englishmen, but the cost of labor and material is so much greater that the foreigner can undersell us. If we are ever to have vessels carrying the American flag they must be purchased from British ship-builders.

How to Avoid Getting Fat.

The typical Yankee is spare of habit. Our forefathers probably worked harder than we do, for it is very certain that the number of corpulent men and women is proportionally larger in this generation than in the last. To be excessively fat is an affliction, and quite a literature has grown up instructing stout people how to get rid of their superfluous flesh. Hard work and lean fare will reduce flesh, but the problem has been how to get lean without physical toil or abstinence from food. A fat Englishman named Banting invented the system which bears his name. He advised the eating of lean meat and the sparing use or entire disuse of foods which contained sugar and starch. Prof. Ebstein, in Germany, has just published a work on "Corpulence and its Treatment." He objects to the Banting system, and insists upon abstinence from good living so-called, and a life of active exercise. The fats, sugar and starch are needed to sustain life. Here is a bill-of-fare which he proposes for a middle-aged man who has been over-stout for twenty years:

Breakfast—A large cup of black tea without milk or sugar; 50 grammes of white bread, or toasted brown bread with plenty of butter.

Dinner—Soup (frequently and with bone marrow), 120 to 180 grammes meat, boiled or roasted, with fat gravy—fat meat being preferable; a small quantity of vegetables, particularly leguminous, but also all kinds of cabbage. Turnips are excluded because of the sugar contained in them; potatoes are altogether excluded. After dinner some fresh fruit, when in season, as dessert; a salad or baked fruit without sugar. Soon after dinner a large cup of black tea, without milk and sugar.

Supper—In winter regularly, in summer occasionally, a large cup of black tea without milk and sugar. An egg or some fat roast meat, or both, sometimes fat ham, smoked or fresh fish, about thirty grammes of white bread, with plenty of butter, and occasionally a small quantity of cheese and some fresh fruit.

A lady physician in New York has been very successful in reducing the flesh of her over-stout patients. The profuse drinking of hot water is one practice she recommends.

The Papal Archives.

Pope Leo recently gave permission to open the manuscript treasures of the Vatican to certain Roman Catholic historians. So far this vast collection of documents throwing light upon the past history of the papacy has been sealed from scholars. It now leaks out that these literary and historic treasures have been tampered with. When the kingdom of Italy annexed the papal dominions and made Rome its capital, the dignitaries of the Church became apprehensive that the Italian government would seize the manuscripts in the archives of the Vatican. The most important of these were accordingly spirited away and concealed. The Jesuits secured possession of the official writings relating to their order. The documents referring to the Inquisition were also taken away. Notwithstanding this, however, quite a number of volumes will soon be published, throwing light upon obscure periods of the Church's history, and will be made up of excerpts from official communications in the library of the Vatican. It is a pity that unbiased historians are not to have access to the manuscripts still to be found on file.

The Temporal Power.

It is a curious fact that millions of Roman Catholics still believe that the temporal power of the papacy will some day be restored. At a Catholic Congress, which met at Naples recently, 1,200 delegates claimed that they represented 60,000 members of the Catholic Church in Italy, who were organized and ready to strike a determined blow for the restoration of the temporal power of the Vatican. The non-Catholic, however, does not see how this can be accomplished. Italy will not consent to be dissevered, and then the popes made very poor temporal rulers. Priestly government, no matter what the denomination, is always weak, inefficient and corrupt.

Russian Revolutionary Press.

Notwithstanding the vigilance of the Russian police, the revolutionary press is hard at work in disseminating reformatory and nihilistic ideas. The *Will of the People* claims to have issued 52,600 printed sheets; *Land and Liberty*, the *Forward*, and the *Alarm-Bell* are printed regularly, and the united revolutionary publications amount to hundreds of thousands of copies weekly. Of course, editors, printers and distributers do their work, as it were, with a rope around their necks, for if discovered by the police, they are banished to Siberia without the formality of a trial. Autocracy in Russia is fighting against fate in denying the liberty of the press, and in not acquiescing in the national aspirations for freer institutions.

Congo Land.

Henry M. Stanley has discovered what is literally a new empire. Under the equator, in the basin of the Congo, he has found a dense population, whose numbers he estimates at 49,000,000. The people are remarkably industrious, and are born traders. He declares there is a fine opening for trade in the gums, ivory, rubber, camphor, wood and other products of that fertile region. Mr. Stanley has discovered another immense lake, which he explored for a hundred miles. He calls it the Manitumba. He claims to have become the great peace-maker of the warring nations in equatorial Africa. Some day a railroad will be constructed up the valley of the Congo, connecting central Africa with the ocean. This will, in time, give civilization access to the secret recesses of the dark continent.

An Electric Railway.

The longest electric railway in the world is that between Portrush and the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, a distance of six miles. Its cost was $225,000. The force to work it is generated by a waterfall in the Bush River, which has a head of 24 ft., and is equal to about 90 horse power. There is no doubt as to the success of this venture, as the power costs nothing. This road is a tramway, but the other electric railways in Berlin and elsewhere are elevated roads. A New York inventor is about to introduce an electrical engine of two horse power for propelling cabs and carts through streets, and yachts and other small boats through water. Electrical machines take very little room, make no noise, require no coal, and no doubt will at some time in the future supersede horseflesh in propelling vehicles of all kinds through the streets of the cities and over country roads.

Cheap Paper.

Although paper has now hundreds of uses unknown a few years back, it is steadily getting cheaper. The recent reduction in the price of the New York City daily papers from four to two cents is largely due to the cheapness of the materials which go to make them. Wood and other materials is now largely used in its manufacture, the supply of rags and cotton waste being not only inadequate but too costly. The Japanese have taught us various uses to which paper may be put. We can construct houses of it; also every article of furniture and the domestic utensils, including the pots and kettles used for boiling water. The best car wheels are now made of paper.

Christmas Fare.

BY HOUSEKEEPER.

CHRISTMAS fare is synonymous with good fare. Punctually as the anniversary comes round, it always finds a welcome, and by long association the idea of plenty in the larder is inseparable from it. How to make the Christmas dinner a success is the question that occupies the mind with increasing force as the day draws near, and while the bill of fare decided upon each successive season may not vary very much in the actual food set upon the table, it is quite surprising to find how very much it may differ in detail. Some persons' dinners are always successful, and every housekeeper, however indifferent at other times, wishes to honor the Christmas festivities with a suitable bill of fare. What to have for dinner upon the most marked day of the year, and how to prepare it in such a way that it shall be worthy of the occasion, is the question. Moreover, Christmas fare is by no means limited to the day itself—it is a season of jollity, and its celebration does not end upon the 25th of December. Throughout the week friends will be dropping in, and the interchange of hospitality necessitates a little extra skill and care in the preparation of food. Everything depends upon the way in which the good things in the larder are prepared, cooked, and served. And even when the family circle is not invaded by guests, when there are no outsiders to be considered, there is an absolute sacredness about the Christmas dinner, for there is not a child in the house who is not thinking of it, dreaming of it, and destined in its enjoyment to receive impressions which will bear fruit when in after years it, in its time, becomes purveyor of the household.

Every turkey roasted upon this momentous occasion, every plum put in the pudding, is the ghost, as it were, of those enjoyed twenty or thirty years ago! And every mother is conscious in her own mind of a desire to have the good things taste to her children as they did to herself in the merry days when she was young.

The dinner should unquestionably begin with soup, and probably in nine cases out of ten it will be oyster soup, and the making of this in such a way that it shall be remembered as a great success is not a small matter. Indifferent oyster soup had better never be made at all. The following formula may be relied upon:

Put one quart of strained oysters with some of their liquor in a stew-pan with one pint of clear veal stock and set it on a good fire. Take it from the fire at the first boil, and skim off the scum. Take the oysters from the pan with a skimmer and put them in the soup dish. By keeping the soup dish in a warm place the oysters will not harden. Add to the liquor in the stew-pan a good squeeze of lemon; give one boil and take from the fire; mix two ounces of butter with one tablespoonful of cracker crumbs in a bowl; turn the juice into the bowl also, and mix the whole well: put the mixture back in the saucepan and set it on the fire, adding about half a dozen mushrooms, and pepper to taste; boil for two minutes and turn over the oysters through a strainer. The mushrooms can be put in the soup also.

Either this or celery cream soup will serve as a good introduction to the dinner. Heavier ones, such as mulligatawney, or mock turtle, are scarcely desirable upon an occasion where several *pièces de résistance* may be expected. In serving celery it is a very great improvement to the appearance to curl it, and this is easily done with a sharp knife.

The question of fish upon Christmas day, would, in the majority of families, be negatived, especially if oyster soup begins the dinner. Many people substitute oysters upon the half-shell for the soup, and proceed at once to bring on the turkey or goose, as the case may be. If the bill of fare includes roast beef, as it certainly should do, it is, perhaps, better to have the turkey boiled, but as a general thing it is not so popular with the juveniles as when roasted. Whichever way may be selected, it must be well stuffed; if the former, with veal stuffing; if the latter, there are various ingredients to be selected from. It may be filled with forcemeat, sausage meat, oysters (undesirable when oyster soup has preceded it), with truffles, or with chestnuts. The latter is the favorite method in Germany. Cranberry sauce must, of course, accompany it, and suitable vegetables will be snow potatoes, spinach, with hard boiled eggs, cauliflower, with cream sauce, and stewed tomatoes. Whether the turkey is to be roast or boiled, it should be young and fat. If boiled, bread sauce and cream gravy should be served with it; if roasted, a rich brown gravy is the proper accompaniment. To boil a turkey properly, in such a way that it shall do credit to the cook, is not specially easy. The stuffing should be of bread crumbs, chopped parsley, sweet herbs, a tiny bit of onion chopped very fine, the grated rind of half a lemon, melted butter, with an egg. Tie the turkey up, plumping up the breast, and flour it well; cover the breast with slices of fat pork or bacon, and place it in a large saucepan with a quart of good white broth, in which a little allspice, an onion or two and some parsley may be put; let it come to the boil, and then simmer for two hours, never once allowing it to boil fast. The French proceed a little differently, and before boiling the bird they place it for a few moments in a stew-pan, with a lump of butter, and turn it over and over until it is of a light golden brown; but as an ordinary thing the simpler method would be preferred, and, moreover, the turkey then appears perfectly white. Slices of delicately cut bacon, rolled, can be served upon it, and round the dish, alternating with slices of lemon. In roasting a turkey, after the question of stuffing is decided upon, the bird should be trussed, and the breast covered either with a buttered paper or with slices of salt pork. If to be cooked in front of the fire, it should be basted constantly with butter at first, and then with the drippings. Ten or fifteen minutes before serving, the buttered paper should be removed and the breast allowed to brown a rich color. If cooked in the oven, it is, above all, necessary to baste it very frequently. If it is to be stuffed with chestnuts, roast enough of them to fill it; skin them and remove the white inner skin; fill the turkey with them after it has been cleaned, and when it is half full, put in four or six ounces of chestnuts, then fill up the remainder and sew it up. If stuffed with truffles, chop about four ounces of them finely and put them in a stew-pan, with about a pound of salt pork cut into slices; set it on a moderate fire: add salt, pepper, nutmeg, a bay leaf, a little thyme; then, as the ingredients heat, add about two pounds of truffles, and then boil fifteen minutes; let it cool, and fill the turkey with it. Snow potatoes are always pretty. Boil large potatoes till mealy, and then rub them through a sieve; they will fall flake by flake, and must be served immediately. Spinach ought to be thoroughly cleaned, boiled for ten minutes with a tiny lump of soda, strained perfectly dry, rubbed through a hair sieve, dredged with flour, and put back in the saucepan, with two ounces of butter, pepper and salt. Hard eggs, cut in halves, should be served on it. Cauliflower ought to be laid for two hours in salt water, be freed of all green leaves, and placed head downward in a saucepan of boiling water; let it boil until quite tender, then break the flower into pieces; drain it and serve with a perfectly white sauce, made either of flour, butter and milk, or with cream. Cranberry jelly, to be good, ought to be as clear as crystal, and if made in the following way will be successful: To one pint of water put six ounces of loaf sugar; the rind of half a lemon, and let it boil down until it will adhere to a spoon, then add a pint of cranberries, and let them boil for fully half an hour; rub through a very fine colander; boil another five minutes, then pour into a jelly mould and let it stand till cold. Canned French peas should be added to the vegetables, and many people would serve macaroni with grated cheese, after the turkey. Roast beef is, of course, considered indispensable to Christmas dinner, yet, as a matter of fact, if roast turkey is served it would be better to have boiled beef—a large round or bacon corned—and served with carrots—turnips look well. For those who decide upon game at this season, canvas-backed ducks offer good opportunities for dainty cooking. They require to be roasted quickly, basted frequently with butter, and when nearly done, lightly dredged with flour. They should be served slightly underdone, very hot, and with a thick, rich, brown gravy, into which epicures put a little tarragon vinegar, or enough lemon-juice to give it a certain tartness. Salad should accompany the game, and the first essential in preparing it is to have it thor-

oughly dry, whether it be lettuce, endive or celery, and the dressing, when served with game, should be simple, tarragon vinegar, a little oil, salt and pepper, and no egg. If the Christmas bill of fare includes, as it probably will, chicken salad, a good recipe for its concoction will have a value. Cut up the meat of a chicken into very small square pieces, or dice, and put it in a bowl: add as much celery as chicken, season with salt, pepper, vinegar and very little oil, and mix all well together; add some cut-up lettuce and again mix; arrange it all in a mound upon a dish; spread a mayonnaise dressing all over it; then cut hard-boiled eggs in slices, and lay them upon the top, and in the center place leaves of lettuce, capers, slices of boiled beets and slices of lemon.

As far as the juvenile members of the family are concerned, interest will very probably center upon the dessert, and the prospect of a Christmas pudding and mince pies will outweigh all other considerations. A great deal of the effect of a Christmas dinner, too, will depend upon the look of the table, which should be as decorative as possible. A central dish should contain oranges, apples, grapes and bananas, well arranged; raisins and almonds should flank it on one side, and candied fruits on the other; there should be a dish of nuts and another of fancy biscuits. In some families a fruit cake is indispensable, but this should hardly be the case when plum pudding is to be the great feature of the entertainment.

Méringues are a pretty accompaniment to the dessert, and so is California cream, and black coffee in tiny cups ought to be served immediately after the pudding. There have been many recipes for Christmas pudding since its first invention, and almost every housekeeper has her own views upon the subject, and thinks that no other can equal hers. Very many people err upon the side of spice, making the pudding taste strongly of it, whereas a proper plum pudding should have no one predominant flavor. The orthodox English recipe is as follows: One pound of raisins, half a pound of currants, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of flour, half a pound of bread crumbs, three-quarters of a pound of suet, a quarter of a pound of mixed candied peel, a small nutmeg, grated, a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, ditto of ginger, ditto of pudding spice, the juice of one lemon and the peel grated, one orange ditto, six bitter almonds blanched and pounded, and a pinch of salt; mix the day or even longer before the pudding is needed, with six well-beaten eggs, a glass of cider or milk, to moisten it, and boil for eight or ten hours. A plainer pudding is made of one pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of chopped suet, four eggs, half a pound of raisins, half a pound of sultanas, two ounces of candied peel, half a pound of sugar, a little nutmeg and spice, mixed with milk, or cider, and boiled for four hours. The sauce to accompany the pudding is made as follows: Two teaspoonfuls of corn starch, two tablespoonfuls of water, half a pint of milk, two ounces of lump sugar, the yolks of two fresh eggs, a small pinch of nutmeg, a tablespoonful of fruit jelly; mix the corn starch smooth with the water, and beat the eggs up thoroughly with it; dissolve the sugar in the milk, and make it boiling hot, pour it gently into the eggs and corn starch, then stir the whole over the fire until it has the thickness of cream; take it off and mix in the cider, stirring all the time; serve in a butter boat.

Another Christmas pudding, differing in some respects from the above, may be given: Break about twelve ounces of soft bread and grate it; clean six ounces each of raisins and currants; cut up four ounces of citron and four of candied orange rind; grate the rind of a lemon; butter a cloth and flour it well; chop twelve ounces of good beef suet, and mix it with three ounces of flour; add it to the other ingredients, and half a pound of sugar, and mix with seven well-beaten eggs: add a pint of tarragon vinegar, or cider, and boil at least eight hours. It is the fashion now to boil plum pudding in a mold, but it is lighter when boiled in the cloth only. No Christmas fare can be considered complete without mince pies, and mince pies, to be good, want very careful preparation. First of all, the lightest, richest, puff-paste is indispensable, and mince pies are often uneatable from the fact that heavy paste is used in them. To make puff-pastry satisfactorily, allow one pound of butter to a pound of flour; break a quarter of a pound of the butter into little bits, and rub well into the flour, in which a little salt and baking powder has been put; mix to a paste with water and lay it on a well-floured board; roll it out once lightly; place bits of butter at short spaces all over the surface, sprinkle with flour, fold in four and roll out lightly again; repeat this process four times and the pastry will be very light. To make the mince-meat, take proportions as follows: To three pounds of beef add two pounds of beef suet, one pound of currants, one of plums, one of raisins, and one of apples, the rind of two lemons, two ounces of citron and one pound of candied fruit; nutmeg, mace and cinnamon must be added to taste. This is the recipe of the French professor of cooking, and has much to recommend it. The pies should be about five inches in diameter, and the mince meat inclosed in the paste. An English recipe is as follows: One pound of raisins, one of currants, one of moist sugar, one of pared apples, half a pound of chopped suet, two ounces of candied orange peel, two of citron, one of lemon, half an ounce bitter almonds, blanched, one grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful ground cinnamon, one ditto ginger, half ditto of cloves, half of allspice, a large teaspoonful of orange marmalade, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, and a little cider to moisten. All the ingredients to be put in a large earthenware pan and thoroughly mixed with the hands, and allowed to stand a day or two before using. The suet is better scraped and rolled than chopped.

As an addition to the Christmas dinner a cheese fondu may be highly recommended. It should be made as follows: Boil a pint of milk, pour it over a French roll, beat up and mix with it half a pound of good cheese grated, and the yolks of four well-beaten eggs. When about to bake it beat the whites of the eggs to a strong froth and whisk them in lightly. Put the fondu in a tart dish and bake in a quick oven for about twenty minutes.

Numberless good things suggest themselves for the Christmas season in addition to those already named, and there is no limit to the possible supply, but there is a limit to both appetite and the length of our article, and if the bill of fare is in accordance with the suggestions here offered, it will be safe to affirm that no guest will be disenchanted, and that no child will have found the realizations of Christmas fare unequal to its imaginings. The Christmas pudding will be as good served cold as it was hot; the mince pies will be perhaps better, and as a supplement to them both we will conclude with a good recipe for a Christmas cake, not a fruit one, for that would compete with the pudding, which should certainly be allowed the pre-eminence, but a chocolate cake, which will be found most temptingly good.

Rub six tablespoonfuls of butter into eight of sugar, and three large cupfuls of flour; mix with a cup of milk and four beaten eggs, and bake in jelly-cake tins; spread upon this when cold a mixture made as follows: A quarter of a pound of grated chocolate wetted with cream to a paste and beaten into the sugared and whipped white of two eggs, with the addition of a teaspoonful of vanilla. Place layers of the cake and chocolate alternately and make a firm icing for the top.

Mother Eve's Pudding.—If you would have a good pudding, pray attend to what you are taught:

Take two pennyworth of eggs when twelve for a groat,
Take the same fruit that Eve did once cozen,
Well pared and well chopped, at least half a dozen;
Six ounces of currants from the stones you must sort,
Or they will break your teeth and spoil all your sport;
Five ounces of bread, let your maid eat the crust,
The crumb must be grated as small as the dust;
Five ounces of sugar won't make it too sweet,
Some salt and some nutmeg to make it complete.
Three hours let it boil without hurry or flutter,
And then serve it up with good melted butter.

An Irish Plum Pudding (very old recipe).—Two pounds of raisins stoned, two pounds of currants picked, one quarter pound each of candied lemon, orange and citron; two pounds brown sugar, two pounds of grated bread-crumbs, two pounds of beef suet, chopped very fine; one grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves and salt. Mix all thoroughly, and, if not immediately wanted, pack in a jar, and pour in a glass of cider. So far it may be prepared a fortnight before required. To mix the pudding, beat a dozen eggs, add to them two good tablespoonfuls of molasses and a second glass of cider, add the other ingredients already prepared, and mix thoroughly. Butter a cloth, and slightly dust it with flour, tie the pudding up,

and at once put it into a pot of boiling water, which should cover it; boil six hours.

The Old Maid's Plum Pudding.—Half a pound each of suet and currants, three quarters of a pound of raisins, four spoonfuls of bread-crumbs, three of flour, five ounces of sugar, three eggs, three parts of an ounce of citron, half a nutmeg, a little milk.

For every-day pie-crust take five cups sifted flour, one cup lard, one of butter, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of soda. This makes a good, plain pie-crust.

To keep pudding sauce warm if prepared too long before dinner is served, set the basin containing it in a pan or pail of boiling water; do not let the water boil after the sauce-dish is set in it, but keep it hot.

For potato cakes, mash a half pound of them, after boiling and removing the skin; when entirely free from lumps, mix with them about three ounces of flour, salt and pepper to taste, a good piece of butter, and warm milk enough to make a nice dough, about like biscuit dough.

To bake sausages, put them in a baking-tin, turning them when necessary, just as if you were frying them. Brown them well; they are less greasy than if fried, and are altogether more delicate in every way. Serve with baked or stewed apples.

For New Year's sandwiches take equal quantities of the breast of cold chicken and cold boiled tongue. Chop them fine; so fine in fact that you cannot distinguish the separate particles. Add a good large half-teaspoonful of celery salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and four tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing. This amount will be enough to season the breast of one large chicken, and an equal quantity of tongue. When this is cold, spread some thin slices of bread with butter, and then with this mixture.

A delicious stuffing for any fowl, but especially for the delicately flavored chicken, or any of the small fowls, is made by taking about two dozen oysters; chop them very fine, and mix them with two cups of fine bread crumbs, or powdered crackers. A full ounce of butter is required. A tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little grated lemon peel, plenty of salt and black pepper, and a suspicion of cayenne pepper; mix these thoroughly. This stuffing should be moistened with a little of the oyster liquor, and the beaten yolk of one egg.

To make lady-fingers for afternoon tea, rub half a pound of butter into a pound of prepared flour; to this add half a pound of sugar, the juice and grated rind of one large lemon, and, lastly, three eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, and the whites stirred in after all the other ingredients are well mixed together. This dough should be stiff enough to make rolls about the size of a lady's finger; it will spread when in the oven so that it will be of the right size and shape. If you wish them to be varied and inviting, dip them in chocolate icing after they are baked, and harden for a moment in the oven.

Winter peach cream is made by rubbing through a sieve one dozen whole canned peaches, or their equivalent, six ounces of white sugar, and one pint and a half of sweet cream, mixed with the pulp. After a thorough beating freeze as common ice-cream. Color with a few drops of cochineal, or the juice of red raspberries.

Frizzled Beef.—Shred some dried beef, and parboil it until sufficiently freshened; drain off the water, and add enough boiling water to cover it. Rub equal quantities of butter and flour together until smooth, then add to the beef. Beat up three eggs, yolks and whites together, stir these in with a little pepper a couple of minutes before taking from the fire. Serve hot on toast or split rolls.

How to Preserve Ham.—Cut the ham in slices as usual for frying, then fry it a little and pack in a stone jar, and cover with melted lard to keep the air from it. When you wish it for the table, take out the necessary amount and cook as usual.

In this way ham can be kept sweet through the warmest weather.

Ham Toast.—Chop some ham (which has been cooked) very small, and to one teacup of this add an egg well beaten up, a small bit of butter and a little cream, and a little pepper and celery salt. Have ready a warm stewpan, toss the mixture into this and out again almost immediately. Have ready some neatly cut pieces of bread, about the size of a silver dollar, but thicker, fried in good butter, spread the mixture on these and serve on a napkin.

To Devil Turkey.—Mix a little salt, black pepper and cayenne and sprinkle over the gizzard, rump and drumstick of a dressed turkey; broil them and serve very hot, with this sauce: mix with some of the gravy out of the dish a little made mustard, some butter and flour, a spoonful of lemon juice and the same of soy; boil up the whole.

Rich Gravy for Fowl.—Cut small one pound of gravy beef, slice two onions and put them in a stew-pan with a quart of water, some whole black pepper, a small carrot and a bunch of sweet herbs. Simmer till reduced to one pint; strain the gravy and pour into another stew-pan upon two ounces of butter browned with two tablespoonfuls of flour; stir and boil up.

Stuffing for Turkeys, Fowls and Veal.—Chop finely one-quarter of a pound of suet; mix with it double the quantity of bread-crumbs, a large spoonful of chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of thyme and marjoram mixed, one-eighth of a nutmeg, some grated lemon-peel, salt and pepper, and bind the whole with two eggs. A teaspoonful of finely shred shaliot or onion may be added at pleasure.

Vinaigrette.—Take any kind of cold meat, chop it finely and lay it in a dish; chop an egg very finely with small onions; add any kind of herbs and pickled cucumbers, all chopped finely; make a garnish round the meat: serve it with salad mixture, but do not stir it together, as it would spoil the appearance of the dish.

Sauces for Meat, Game, etc.

Currant Jelly Sauce.—Melt together equal parts of currant jelly and butter, or any rich brown gravy; season to taste with salt and pepper, and serve hot with cold mutton or venison.

Orange Sauce for Game.—Grate the rind and squeeze the juice of one orange; cut two slices of fat bacon in half-inch dice and fry it brown with one teaspoonful of chopped onion; put in the orange juice and rind, a glass of wine and a teacupful of any rich brown gravy; heat thoroughly, strain the sauce and use for game.

English Sauce for Hot or Cold Roast Beef.—One tablespoonful of scraped horseradish, one teaspoonful of made mustard, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar; blend all ingredients together and serve in a gravy dish.

Drawn Butter.—Beat one cup of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour to a cream, and pour over this one pint of boiling water, and let it come to a boil without boiling. Serve immediately.

Egg Sauce.—Chop up two hard-boiled eggs and stir into drawn butter.

Celery Sauce.—Chop fine two heads of celery and boil one hour; at the end of that time have about a pint and a half of water with it and stir in it two tablespoonfuls of flour wet with cold water. Boil this ten minutes and then stir in it two tablespoonfuls of butter. Season with pepper and salt, and serve.

Tomato Sauce.—One quart of canned tomatoes, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two of flour, eight whole cloves, one small slice of onion. Cook tomatoes ten minutes with onion and cloves. Heat the butter in a small fry-pan and add the flour; stir over the fire until smooth and brown, then stir in the tomatoes, and season to taste with salt and pepper; rub through a strainer fine enough to keep back all the seeds. This sauce is nice for meat, fish and macaroni.

Hollandaise Sauce.—One-half teaspoonful of butter, juice of half a lemon, yolks of two eggs, a little cayenne pepper, one-half cup of boiling water, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Beat butter to a cream, then add yolks of eggs one by one, then lemon juice, pepper and salt. Now place the bowl in which is the mixture in a saucepan of boiling water, beating all the time, until it begins to thicken, which will be in about one minute; then add boiling water, beating all the time, until as soon as it is like a soft custard it is done. It will take about five minutes over the fire if the bowl is thin and the water boils all the time. For fish and meats, to be poured around the article on the dish.

Parsley Sauce.—Chop a handful of parsley and mix it in a stew-pan with two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour; pepper and salt; moisten with half a pint of water and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Stir the parsley sauce on the fire until it boils, and pour over your meat or fish.

Scientific.

Paper may be made transparent by saturating it with castor oil.

Soaking linen in cold water will remove stains of every description. After soaking, have the linen bleached, if possible.

To prevent mould on jelly, melt paraffin, and pour over it.

Steel knives which are not in daily use may be kept from rusting if they are dipped in a strong solution of soda—one part of water to four of soda; then wipe dry, roll in flannel, and keep in dry place.

A new and curious use for the eucalyptus tree, already famed as an antidote to malaria, was discovered by accident lately in California. The leaves, it has been found, act as a preventive of that incrustation of steam boilers which leads to their gradual corrosion, and is said to be almost the sole cause of explosions.

Oil stains on carpets, if action is taken at once upon the oil being spilled, may be removed by scattering corn meal upon them. The meal will absorb the oil. Also the application of a hot iron through a heavy sheet of blotting paper will have a like effect.

Antique lace may be washed in borax water, and after soaking a while in it and then left for an hour or more in warm suds, the water should be squeezed out, and it should be pinned in shape on a clean board to dry. Do not iron it nor blue it.

It is stated that some kinds of wood, although of great durability in themselves, act upon each other to their mutual destruction. Experiments with cypress and walnut and cypress and cedar prove that they will rot each other when joined together, but on separation the decay will cease, and the timbers remain perfectly sound for a long period.

When about to purchase an engraving, look carefully to the manner in which the boards are put together on the back, and if there are any knots in the boards have them at once replaced by others without knots. A handsome engraving may be ruined by the pitch in a small and almost unnoticeable knot.

To polish ebony, give the wood two coats of fine copal varnish and rub down quite smooth with pumice-stone; put on a third coat of the same and rub down with rotten stone; clean, and put on a flowing coat of best spirit copal varnish, and, when this has become quite dry, polish with chamois skin.

Inexpensive lavender water is made by mixing three ounces of the essence of bergamot, six drachms of the tincture of musk, one drachm of the oil of cloves, four drachms of the English oil of lavender, twelve ounces of rose water, and seven and one-half pints of alcohol. A smaller quantity can be made, preserving these proportions.

Investigations which have an important bearing upon the adulterations of food have lately been undertaken by Messrs. Vigier, Laborde, and Rondeau, with a view to ascertain whether the compounds of boracic acid, which form the basis of so many meat preservatives, are innocuous to health. They find that the acid is harmless if pure, but in the form of commercial borax, salts of lead, etc., commonly exist as impurities, and these are of course most hurtful.

The rubber rings used to assist in keeping the air from fruit-cans sometimes become so dry and brittle as to be almost useless. They can be restored to a normal condition, usually, by letting them lie in water in which you have put a little ammonia. Mix in this proportion: one part ammonia and two parts water. Sometimes they do not need to lie in this more than five minutes, but frequently a half hour is needed to restore their elasticity.

According to the *Chemiker Zeitung*, M. Muller has evaporated skimmed milk in vacuum, so as to obtain a permanent product, which can be preserved for months in a dry atmosphere, and which has valuable alimentary properties. He thinks that it may be of great use in pastry and in various kinds of baking, and the best sugar of milk can be made from it. The skimmed milk which is collected in dairies and cheese factories is usually given to animals or wasted in sewage; it contains, however, large quantities of salts and particles of butter and caseine, which can be utilized by Muller's method.

The Care of the Teeth.—The chief rules which must be attended to and observed in connection with the care of the teeth are as follows: First, if possible, the mouth should be rinsed out after every meal. Secondly, the teeth should be brushed, night and morning, with a tooth powder; mere tooth "washes" are ineffective in keeping the teeth clean and pure. A good powder is the "precipitated chalk" of druggists, well-made, and having a little camphor added. This preparation is sold under the name of "camphorated chalk," and the camphor has a stimulating and healthy influence on the gums. Thirdly, use a medium tooth-brush, neither too hard nor too soft, and use water with the chill taken off, wherewith to brush the teeth.

To disinfect a room, place an ordinary house shovel over the fire until it become thoroughly hot (but not *red hot*); then take it to the *center* of the room and pour on the shovel an ounce of No. 4 or No. 5 carbolic; lean the shovel *so that no fluid can fall to the floor*, and the carbolic will be readily given off in vapor sufficient to fill an ordinary room. This will disinfect the air of the room, and as genuine carbolic (more properly called phenol or phenylic alcohol) is not a mineral corrosive acid, the vapor will in no way injure pictures, metals, or fabrics.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

Love is sunshine; hate is shadow.—*Longfellow.*

"**He** that giveth let him do it with cheerfulness."

Happy is he that cherishes the dreams of his youth.

Be not simply good—be good for something.—*Thoreau.*

None are so old as those who have outlived their enthusiasms.

A calamity is better borne for not being previously dwelt upon.—*Mme. Bunsen.*

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.—*Franklin.*

In conversation with the egotist, all subjects lead to his "I," as "All roads lead to Rome."

Sweet is the breath of praise when given by those whose own high merit claims the praise they give.—*Hannah More.*

A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes there is no virtue but on his own side.—*Addison.*

A helping word is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and prosperity.—*Beecher.*

What the present man tries to do is a prophecy of what the future man will do—woman likewise.

Hold fast to the present. Every position, every moment of life, is of unspeakable value as the representative of a whole eternity.—*Goethe.*

To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field, it beholds every hour a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again.—*Emerson.*

If you would be happy, try to be cheerful, even when misfortune assails you. You will soon find that there is a pleasant aspect to nearly all circumstances—to even the severest trials of life.

Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.

SPICE BOX

Young ladies should not forget that Goliath died from the effects of a bang on the forehead.

Half a loaf is, no doubt, better than none, but a woman never gets a chance to loaf at all.

"**I don't** say all I think," remarked Brown. "I should think you might," replied Fogg, "and not be long about it either."

A little lady wants to know why a man is always there when you don't want him, and never there when you do.

It is claimed by some medical men that tobacco weakens the eyesight. May be it does, but just see how it strengthens the breath.

"**No, sir,**" said a practical American, "no bric-a-brac on the mantel for me! It's a nuisance. Where's a man to put his feet?"

"**What** ails this heart of mine?" is the melodious way in which some vocalists refer to an affection of the liver.

Mr. Spurgeon, the London preacher, being asked whether a man could be a Christian and belong to a brass band, replied, "Yes, I think he might; but it would be a very difficult matter for his next-door neighbor to be a Christian."

Before marriage—She: "Excuse me, George; did my parasol hurt you?" He: "Oh, no, my dear! It would be a pleasure if it did." After marriage—He: "Great heavens! There was never a woman under the sun that knew how to carry a parasol without scratching a fellow's eyes out."

At some of the Western fairs this year a "great secret" is sold in sealed envelopes at ten cents apiece. The following is the secret: "Never buy an article before examining it. If you had known this before, you would not have paid ten cents for a worthless envelope, when you could have got a dozen good ones for the same price."

A prisoner, who had been convicted at least a dozen times, was placed at the bar. "Your Honor, I should like to have my case postponed for a week; my lawyer is ill." "But you were captured with your hand in this gentleman's pocket. What *can* your counsel say in your defense?" "Precisely so, your Honor; that is what I am curious to know."

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—DECEMBER.

THERE are evidences of a new departure among the great dry-goods dealers of New York this season, one that is more human, more healthy, more stimulating to the life of trade, than the close-communion policy of the past five or ten years. There was a time when the regular semi-annual "openings" were anticipated not only as a revelation, but as an authority, and ladies attended them with the interest they now give to "art" exhibitions. But one by one the large houses became inspired with the petty feeling, the fears, the jealousies of modistes and dressmakers, and must be exclusive or nothing. So goods were taken out of the windows, and great establishments shut up like small "private" millineries on a side street, and goods were only shown, designs only exhibited to those who carried their order list in one hand and their check-book in the other. This restrictive policy was instituted at the time when it was least in accordance with the broader European trade ideas, and least likely to attract an immense class of new buyers springing up all over the country, and flocking to New York as the Mecca of their fashionable hopes. Timid, fearful, afraid to face even the clerks of one of these great dry-goods emporiums, who eyed them, asked them if they intended to buy before showing what they had to sell, and frightened them into purchases that they regretted making; these buyers, with pockets full of money, left Broadway, and went over to the "Avenues," where in those days the display of pretty things was lavish, and where "window decoration" had already become a fine art. This open policy built up many stores at the expense of those which were older but more restricted in their methods, and it is a pleasure to see that some of our oldest and best known firms are taking counsel of wider and more modern methods, and are actually letting the public know what they have to sell, and what the public, if it wishes, can buy. There is nothing more trying to inexperienced women, and to many that are experienced, than to have to face the impertinence of attendants who are taught to look upon all comers not as purchasers, but as suspicious personages who want to steal ideas, if not clothes.

"Have you any winter cloaks?" asked a timid little lady the other day of a young saleswoman, who at the moment was engaged in chatting with a male clerk, and evidently did not like to be interrupted. "Oh, yes, plenty!" she replied, with a covert impertinence, and a look at her associate, to which he replied with a laugh. This roused the lady. "I should like to see some," she said very quietly. The girl pointed to a row of them; "There they are," she said. "But those do not suit me, they are not what I want," remarked the lady. "Well, what *do* you want?" asked the saleswoman irritably. "Nothing from you, or from a store where you have not been taught better manners," said the lady, as she walked away. This lady was capable of holding her own, but who would want to go through the nervous strain of such a scene in order to buy a cloak, with the money in their pocket-book to pay for it? Doubtless the habit of handling, the frequent rudeness and want of good manners on the part of purchasers, are responsible for something of the roughness with which would-be buyers are occasionally treated, but more is due to a lack of knowledge of the first principle of trade, which is to make the public acquainted with what you have to sell; secondarily, to make the buying of it an agreeable process. Merchants who act as if the people who visit their establishments, whether to see goods or purchase, were their natural enemies, set a bad example, and one that the employés naturally follow and enlarge upon. The greatest successes and the largest fortunes have been made by those who pursue a different policy. In fact it will be found that politeness will go as far, if not farther, than a good figure in attracting, and especially in keeping, customers.

There is a great deal that is showy, but not much that is new, in the styles of the present season, and the showy has the usual effect of making the quiet people more quiet in the matter of dress, and of bringing to the front such sober colors and plain designs as they select in preference, and which serve as a foil to the glitter and glare of the rest. Take it, for all in all, there is a larger proportion of solid color in suits and costumes, less mixture, and much less use of figured fabrics in contrasting colors with plain, in the street. Stripes and plaids have retired into the background, and combinations are made with self colors in different fabrics, or with figured and plain in the single color. Velvet is again used, as it was a few years ago, in conjunction with wool as a trimming, or an integral part of the suit. Satin and silk are no longer employed to trim woolen

costumes, and never ought to be, for such a trimming looks shabby, and spoils the dress before the cloth shows signs of wear. They are made plain, and finished with stitching, braided, or trimmed with "maccaroons," or aiguillettes, or with velvet. Some of the finest cloth tailor-made suits include a narrow velvet vest buttoned to the throat, the basque and outside jacket having a twilled silk or satin lining, but the vest, when of velvet, is usually of the same color as the cloth. Some very handsome carriage suits for calling have been made in solid velvet in ruby shades, with kilted satin panels, and trimming of otter fur. Other styles are a combination of black Ottoman silk and matelasse velvet; the latter used for front and jacket basque with high open collar, which turns back from the throat, and is surrounded interiorly by a ruffle of lace, which terminates in a jabot in front.

The feature of the brocaded designs is their size, and the difficulty of cutting such fabrics so that they shall harmonize and be becoming to the figure. To do this with large detached figures is almost impossible, and they are therefore mainly used for the fronts of dresses, or for a piece across the front between the flounces and the short apron or paniered basque. There are small detached figures which are very pretty, such for example as the clover-leaf in raised velvet, and small shaded autumn leaves in silk brocade upon wool, which combine with plain wools of fine quality very effectively, and make very handsome dresses. The figure is used for the front, in part or the whole, and for the basque, the back being plaited closely.

The newest and most artistic fabrics made are the all-silk tapestries. The ground has the matted effect of the old Gobelins, the figures are woven in, and the blending of color is soft and rich, rather than high and striking. Sometimes a pure gold thread is woven into these fabrics, but one of the most beautiful is silver white and rose, the latter exquisitely shaded, the design pond lilies. The blending of color and design in these beautiful manufactures renders them particularly suitable for artistic gowns, simply made with trains, so as to display the stuff to advantage, or historic costumes which many ladies study for the sake of obtaining a design which shall suit the fabric.

Cloaks are rich and handsome, but less striking than those of the past two years. Solid plush, solid sealskin, solid matelasse, solid ribbed silk, or cloth, all substantial and adapted to the purpose, are the features of the winter styles, the linings and trimmings matching the materials, or affording only a rich, not showy contrast. The Paisley cloths are the newest and prettiest for evening wear, and make charming opera and theater wraps, lined with a tinted silk or satin, and fringed in the soft colors of the design.

Paris Fashions.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR DEMOREST:—After one of the dullest summers on record, Paris has awakened to a season of animation that bids fair to eclipse any of its predecessors.

The Grand Opera, the Opera Comique, Sara Bernhardt in "Frou-Frou," a company of the best French artists representing the "Two Orphans," Judic in "Mlle. Nitouche," monster concerts at the Trocadero, and the many minor attractions of the season all conspire to inspire renewed energy among the milliners, dressmakers and furriers.

Cupid's reign renewed, as it were, in the princely personages of the house of Radziwill, has filled the aristocratic world with an interesting topic for no less than a week past, and the finale was witnessed at the church of the Madeleine last Saturday, where all of the élite, and much of another class also, assembled to view the religious ceremony of marriage between Prince George Radziwill and the Countess Branicka. The bride was arrayed in white satin, the tablier formed of flounces of Alençon lace, each flounce surmounted by a fringe of orange buds and blossoms. Immense paniers of Alençon lace were caught high on the hips under solid masses of like flowers; the small Medici collar at the back of the corsage was composed entirely of tiny buds and blossoms, which also formed a heading for the fichu of Alençon across the bust, the round crown which confined the simple tulle veil, and the garland around the bottom of the long square princess train; while the voluminous tulle veil enveloped the entire form of the blue-eyed, golden-haired bride, like a misty cloud. The sister of the groom, the Princess Elizabeth, was dressed in sky blue moire embroidered in white on the bodice, and finished at the waist with a broad Lamballe sash, which fell in long loops and ends over the bouffant drapery at the back. A tiny capote in the Greek form, garnished with a cluster of white ostrich tips, completed her toilet. She led the rank among the maids of honor, all of whom were habited in similar costumes.

The Princess Mathias was attired in a Louis XVI. costume of silver-gray satin richly brocaded. The Princess Constantin wore a toilet of smoke-gray velvet garnished with old Alençon lace, and a small capote, in Tudor form, of velvet ornamented with white plumes fastened with an aigrette of diamonds. The Princess Dominique wore a costume of Marie Antoinette style in dove-gray velvet, over an ivory white satin petticoat garnished with invaluable Venetian point lace. The head-dress was composed of corresponding lace with silver-gray marabout plumes. The Marquise of Castellane was resplendent in a Rubens costume of Neapolitan coral velvet, and hat of Aurore velvet with silver ornaments. The Princess de Sagan wore a rose-satin petticoat bordered with a lace ruche, over which swept a long straight train of Russian purple velvet. The short mantle was of a darker shade of velvet, simply finished, without garniture. The close capote was of ivory crêpe massed in an indescribable manner.

One of the ball-dresses of the Princess Radziwill is of white tulle embroidered with chenille, the design being the white jasmine; another is of rose or Aurore tulle strewn with moss roses; and a third is of ciel-blue covered with fine pearls of the same shade. The manteaux are of satin corresponding with the robes, the enlarged devices on the manteaux being wrought in silver, and a cluster of natural flowers is used as a clasp at the throat.

Among the morning costumes is a Pompadour robe of frosted-rose surah, veiled with white *mousseline de laine* embroidered with swallows; another is of the same materials in ivory white embroidered with white lilacs in relief and trimmed with a profusion of Spanish blonde.

There are half a dozen night-dresses of Chinese ivory soft twilled silk, made exactly alike, with small side plaits stitched with saddler's silk in flannel point, the sleeves cut coat-shape at the arm-size, but gathered full into a band half way below the elbow, below which three ruffles of silk, scalloped in fine button-hole stitch, depend, one below the other, and corresponding ruffles finish the front and the throat.

Some of the under petticoats are of surah lined with gauze flannel, wadded with eider-down and quilted in most exquisite patterns, the edges finished with hand-wrought ruffles of the surah. All of the linen is in sets of half a dozen for each model. As regards the shape and workmanship, very little lace is used, but that little is real Valenciennes, very fine torchon or Smyrna, and all of the embroidery is of the most delicate description, and might readily constitute the layette

of an infant, although its appropriateness to the lovely bride is indisputable.

Having devoted so much space to this *grande mariage*, I have little left for the every day world, yet I can truly say there never has been greater variety in the draping of overskirts, puffing of polonaises, manipulating of mantles, and trimming of hats and bonnets, notwithstanding all which variety nine-tenths of last winter's styles are as much in vogue as ever. It is the *touch* that does it, tucking up a corner here, letting down a plait there, placing two birds' heads where only one was seen before, turning the tip of a plume the reverse, sticking a pin carelessly through the velvet band, each makes a transformation, and lo! Dame Caprice wins a new laurel.

I saw to-day a lovely costume for an American blonde. It is of stamped green velvet, bronze and water-cress, Holland tulips of water-cress color on the bronze, the stamens wrought in high relief with golden-brown chenille. A tunic of water-cress Ottoman silk is the foundation over which fall three panels of the velvet, one in front and at each side, the panels meeting at the waist, but open about eight inches at the bottom. Tulips of velvet, chenille and satin, graduated in size, form the *grelots* which lace the panels together, the stems seeming to mingle in inextricable confusion. A triple Fédora puff of the velvet forms a drapery at the back, each puff supported by a chain of tulip stems tangled amid the puffs and shedding a shower of tiny tulips over the drapery. The corsage is of velvet, with the short postilion plaits at the back laid so full that they form an immense fan, which opens and rises to the waist line, disclosing the lining of amaranth satin; the front is cut quite short, in three points, and is laced across with tulips and stems in a most intricate manner, a tulip terminating each point; the sleeves are set in plain, but high on the shoulders, and are finished quite close and plain at the wrists so as to admit of the fur-bordered Fédora gloves being drawn up over them. The capote is in Tudor form, with a puff of Ottoman silk around the face, the velvet being used to form the crown. A torsade of ostrich, marabout and bird-of-paradise plumage is placed high at the left side, and the strings of broad Ottoman ribbon are tied in short spreading loops and ends close under the chin. A "Zora" cape of fur matching that worn on the gloves is a fitting finish for this costume.

The plumage of the argus is the latest novelty in garniture. It is gray and not unlike impean plumage in quality; after this, pheasant and duck plumage hold high favor, while humming-birds' heads and throats are frequently used for the entire composition of a small capote. Felt hats and bonnets are not so much seen as those made entirely of short-pile plush, velvet and Ottoman, or armure silk. Long ostrich plumes and short tips have been so largely sought after by American modistes that the price for them is now nearly double what it formerly was in Paris.

The most select garniture is found to be a long plume at the left side of the Amazon walking hat, while any of the fashionable torsades may form a finish at the other.

Muffs are extremely small, and must either correspond with the bonnet or hat, or else with the fur garniture of the wrap.

M. T. K.

Illustrated Designs.

PROMINENT among the new and stylish designs for the present month is the "Gwendoline" walking skirt with adjustable train, so convenient for ladies making trips of a week or so to Washington or cities where dresses for day and evening are desirable, but problematical on account of the expense and the burden of much luggage. The difficulty is here very happily solved; the "Gwendoline" is a success, either short or long. It is elegantly made in black, rich black silk, with velvet brocade for the short skirt and for the basque, which may be made after the "Gervaise," or any other preferred design. The train must be of the same material as the drapery, of which it is the extension. Such a dress may be made up inexpensively, and with very good effect, in broché velveteen and satin surah. The cost will be comparatively slight, for it is not necessary to carry the velveteen or velvet up to the waist, but only to the limits of the drapery, being careful that the edge is well covered, while the satin surah, or all-silk surah, if of good quality, will give a handsome train and drapery.

The "Aloysia" costume is specially adapted to the softly draping woolen materials, the small "invisible" checks and suiting mixtures, the camel's hair or Vicuna cloths, or the later "bison" worsteds. Any of these are suitable for the "Aloysia," which may be trimmed with velvet, with the bands of embroidery which often accompany woolen goods, or with graduated braids, or braids in different widths, the narrow placed within the broader. The costume consists of a short, close-fitting polonaise, draped over a short gored skirt, and completed by a cape, fitted in to the shoulder. It is a good design for good, plain, mouse-colored or wine-colored velveteen, and would make a suitable traveling dress for a bride.

The "Wanda" is a simple skirt for wear with a tucked waist, a short polonaise or Jersey basque. The tucking is the only trimming, and it is suitably made in any class of thin or soft woolen materials, or washable linen or cotton. It is a good design for gray or smoke-colored wool of light, thin quality, and should be accompanied by a tucked or full waist. Add to it a broad belt of garnet satin, and garnet satin bows on the front of the waist and sleeves, and it would make a very simple and stylish evening dress. In thicker wine-colored wool, a pretty Christmas dress for a young lady.

A pretty waist is given, and called the "Greenaway" after the famous artist of that name, whose pictured sketches have done so much to revive the fashions of the last century. This bodice gives the effect of a low, square-cut blouse waist set into a yoke, and it should be kept in mind till next summer, for it will serve as a capital model for summer washing dresses, as well as the electric blue and plum-colored flannels of the present season.

A polonaise, which, besides being a polonaise, furnishes the suggestion for a very pretty and easily arranged suit, will be found in the "Villard." Make the basque and sides of broché velveteen, the back drapery of silk or plain wool, and trim the skirt over which it is worn with kiltings upon the front, as well as one deep one round the bottom, and you have a handsome and useful dress at small expense. As a polonaise, it can be made in cloth with braided sides and vest front, and worn either as a coat or part of a dress; either way it is effective and stylish. The "Monica" pelisse is a model of a design especially adapted to figured and brocaded velvets, plushes and other rich fabrics. It has a draped princess effect at the back, dolman sleeves, slashed up so as to afford glimpses of the rich lining, and sack fronts, half-fitted, and finished with ribbon rosette bows of dull satin ribbon, or velvet with satin reverse side. The ruche at the throat may be of lace outside of a narrow standing collar, or of velvet with lace edge.

The "Ademia" jacket is a pretty and dressy model for a house jacket, which may be worn over a full shirt or tucked habit, to form the vest. The trimming is one of the many pretty trimming laces, set up on the back, but arranged *en cascade* in front. Cream-colored lace is good upon peacock blue, pale blue or garnet, but the ivory tinted laces are better upon pink and lemon colors, or any shade of yellow.

RECEPTION TOILETS.

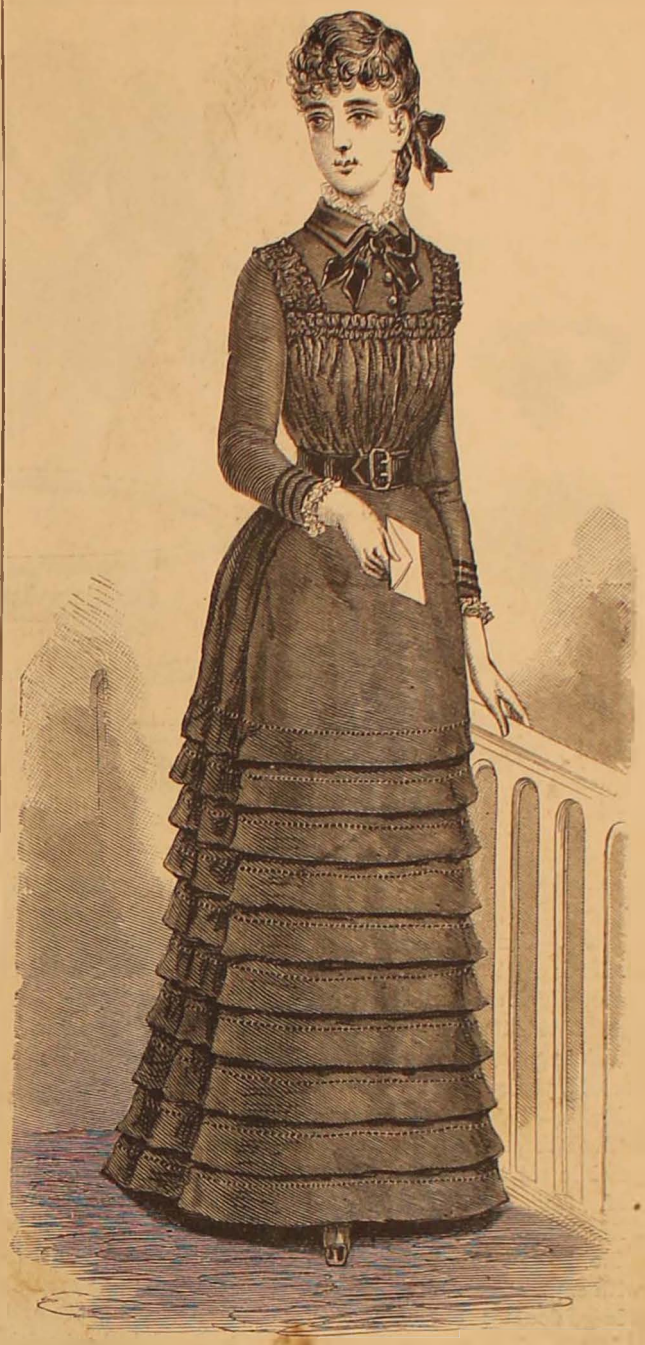
FIG. 1.—An elegant reception or dinner dress of woven broché and plain "Nonpareil" velveteen in a rich shade of garnet. The toilet is modeled after the "Gervaise" basque, and "Gwendoline" walking skirt with adjustable train. The basque, sharply pointed front and back and sloping away over the hips, is of plain garnet velveteen trimmed with écru linen guipure lace arranged *en revers* on the bottom and sleeves, and has a pointed plastron with bodice effect of the broché, while the shirred guimpe is of fine silk mull fastened at the throat with a velvet dog-collar and gold slide. The front of the skirt is of the broché velveteen, cut in Norman points at the bottom, falling over three garnet Ottoman plaitings, and the draperies and train are of the plain velveteen, the latter bordered with a full box-plaiting over a *balayeuse* of white lace. The train can be removed at will, thus converting the toilet into a street costume at once. Pink-tinted gloves. Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt patterns, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—This illustrates a back view of the "Gervaise" basque, and "Gwendoline" walking skirt with adjustable train, made up in olive bronze broché "Nonpareil" velveteen and Ottoman silk of the same color. The same combination

of the plain and figured stuffs is employed as in Fig. 1, and the basque is finished with a shirred guimpe of red Ottoman silk instead of mull. A cluster of olive and crimson velvet ribbons is fastened on the right side. For prices of patterns, see previous description.

Monica Pelisse.

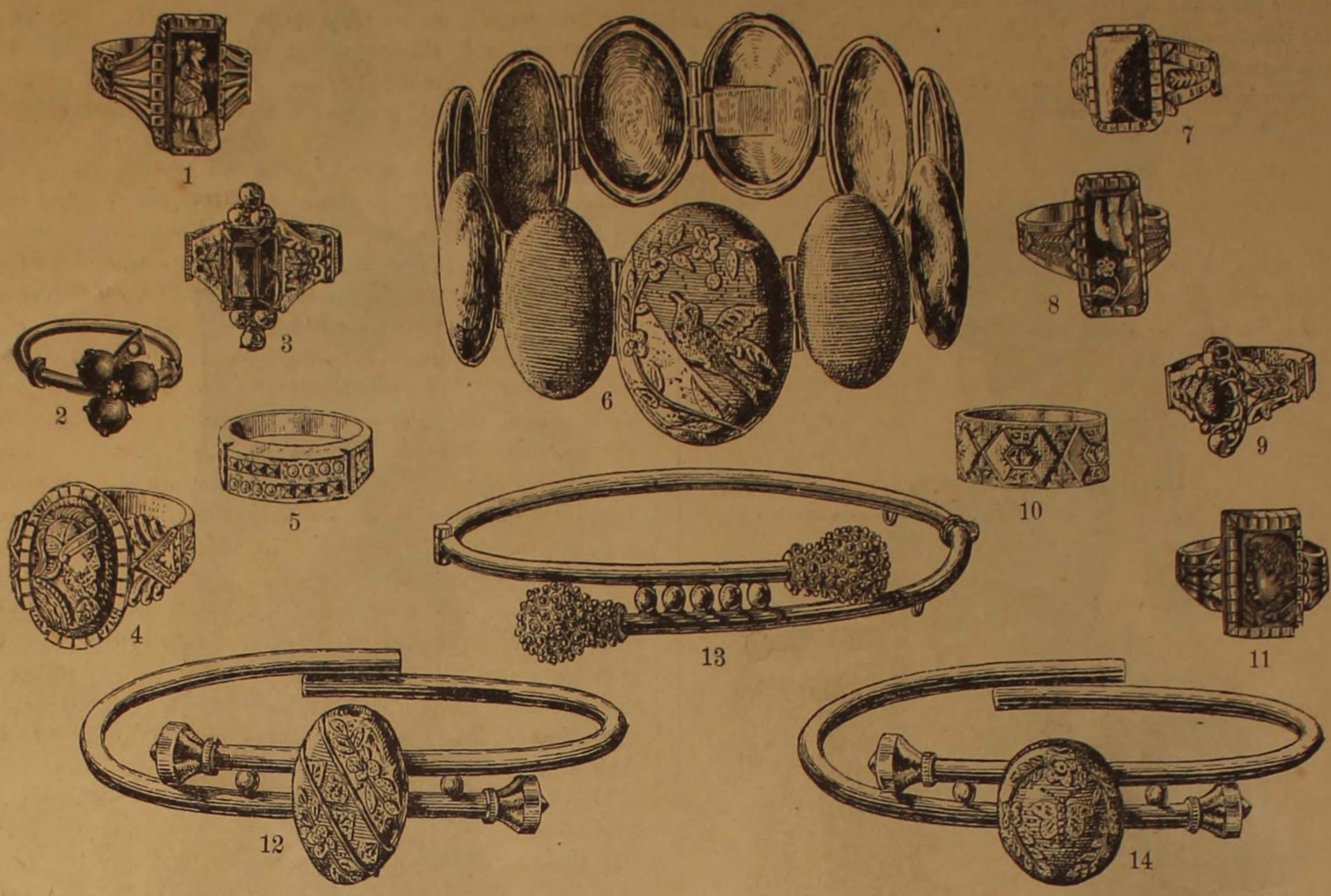
THIS elegant wrap is of handsome brocaded velvet, black figures on a stone gray Ottoman repped surface, and is lined with crimson-striped silk. The model employed is the "Monica" pelisse, which is cut with sacque fronts fastened with handsome chenille ornaments, a draped and bouffant back, and slashed Mandarin sleeves, the bright colored lining showing at the openings. The neck is finished with a full ruche of lace. Black velvet bonnet, faced with crimson puffed velvet, and trimmed on the outside with a long gray plume curling around the crown. Patterns of pelisse in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



Lady's Home Dress.

THE "Greenaway" waist and "Wanda" skirt are employed in making up this pretty home toilet of granite gray cashmere. The skirt is composed of four full widths and a gored front piece, and is simply made with nine tucks and a deep hem; and the waist is a full body shirred to a fitted square yoke. The puffs over the shoulders can be omitted, if preferred, and the waist will be still simpler. The coat sleeves are trimmed with rows of red velvet ribbon, and a bow of the same is tied under the collar at the throat. Red velvet belt fastened by a silver buckle. Patterns of the "Greenaway" waist in two sizes, thirty-four and thirty-six inches bust measure. Price, twenty cents each. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

RIBBON and lace are used in immense quantities for the decoration of evening dresses, the loops upon the skirt being carried up to the left shoulder, and used as an ornament to accentuate high sleeves. Some young ladies decorate the ends with tiny flower painting.



BRACELETS AND RINGS.

No. 1.—Cameo finger-ring with solid gold setting. The circlet is a flat, polished band dividing on the outer half in three, which are united by a handsomely chased strap and again divided into five beveled bars supporting the setting, which is engraved in grooves. The cameo represents a figure of a young girl in white on onyx. Price, $5.50.

No. 2.—This dainty finger-ring is a solid gold wire, set with three carbuncles representing a clover leaf. A single pearl is set in the center, and another in the stem of the leaf. The stones are set quite high in diamond mounting. Price, $4.25.

No. 3.—Marquise ring of solid gold. The circlet is flat, with engraved shank supporting the square setting around a large doublet ruby and a cluster of three pearls above and below it. The same style of ring can be furnished set with a dark blue sapphire instead of the ruby. Price, $7.25.

No. 4.—Heavy, solid gold ring, richly ornamented and supporting a large stone cut in cameo to represent an antique head. The stone is the changing brown and gold tinted tiger-eye, or tigerite cameo, as it is called, and is extremely beautiful. Price, $8.

No. 5.—This lovely ring is a flat circlet, widening at the shank, supporting a half hoop of pearls and turquoises set in two alternate rows of four pearls and four turquoises. The ring is solid gold, and handsomely engraved near the setting. Price, $5.50.

No. 6.—This elegant "rolled" gold bracelet is composed of a series of oval medallions connected by hinges. In the center is a large medallion with two divisions of the surface showing a transverse line where they meet. One of the divisions is in dead, copper-colored gold, and the other has a highly polished surface. A solid gold bird and floral spray in raised effects of copper and green frosted gold and silver, ornament the medallion. The two next medallions on either side of the center one have a dull, copper-colored surface, contrasting finely with the highly polished gold of the other medallions, all of which are plain. Price, $12 per pair.

No. 7.—Solid gold finger-ring, set with a square polished stone with very convex surface and gleaming brown and gold lights. This stone is called a "tiger-eye." The ring is richly chased and engraved in openwork near the setting. Price, $3.50.

No. 8.—Finger-ring of solid gold with flat band, handsomely engraved near the setting, and supporting an oblong onyx encrusted with the figure of a dove and flowers in gold and silver. Price, $6.

No. 9.—A pretty finger-ring in Marquise shape, with a tiger-eye in the center, and a pearl above and below. The ring and setting are of solid gold. Price, $5. The same style of ring can be furnished set with a garnet in the center instead of the tiger-eye, or with a fine white stone, resembling a diamond, and a ruby on the other side. Price of either, $4.50.

No. 10.—Solid gold band ring, suitable for either a gentleman or a lady. It is a flat circlet heavily chased and engraved around. Price, $4.50.

No. 11.—Onyx ring set in solid gold. The circlet is a flat, solid band grooved near the setting and supporting a square onyx with a raised engraving, representing a head in antique style. Price, $4.25.

No. 12.—This handsome bracelet is in bangle style, but has a spring opening concealed by the ornament on the outside. The bracelet consists of two tubular wires of "rolled" gold, overlapping on the outside and inside of the arm, and pulling apart to admit the wrist. The medallion on the outside is oval, with convex surface richly ornamented with frosted green and copper-colored gold, and frosted silver chasing on a surface half polished and half dead gold. Price, $6.50 per pair.

No. 13.—A pretty bracelet of "rolled" gold in bangle style, but opening with hinge and clasp. The circlet is a polished tubular wire with overlapping ends finished with knobs of filigree. Price, $4.50 per pair.

No. 14.—A beautiful bangle bracelet of "rolled" gold. The design is composed of two tubular wires of polished gold over-passing at the ends and springing apart on the

inside of the arm to admit the wrist. The spring is concealed in the circular medallion on the outside, which has a dead gold surface in copper color chased with a wreath and butterfly of frosted green gold and silver. Price, $6.50 per pair.

All of these goods are of the best quality of material and workmanship, and many of the "rolled" gold designs are fac-similes of those made in solid gold.

When ordering finger-rings, the measure of the finger should be sent. The best way to obtain it is to put a fine wire round the finger and twist the ends at the required size, being careful to leave room enough for the ring to slip over the joints of the finger easily. By sending us the wire ring thus procured, for a measure, a ring that will fit accurately can always be obtained.

The bracelets can be furnished only in pairs, not singly.

Aloysia Costume.—A short, tight-fitting polonaise with a shoulder cape gathered full at the top of the arms, is draped over a plain, gored skirt, to form this stylish costume. The polonaise is cut with two darts in each side in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. Any class of dress goods is suitable for this design, which may be trimmed as illustrated, with bands of velvet, or in any other style according to taste and the material employed. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Winter Cloaks and Jackets.

CLOAKS are long, but not quite so long as last season. They do not come to the foot of the dress, but are shortened sufficiently to show the flounce at the bottom to the depth of ten or twelve inches. There is little difference in the shape, except that the high cut on the shoulder is still more strongly accentuated, and the backs made very narrow; the dolman sleeves rounded, or square cut, rather than long, furnishing side-pieces. The effect is to give a high, upright, stately appearance to the garment, which is emphasized, or the reverse, by the carriage of the body of the wearer. Some women give dignity to a wrapper, while others take away all distinction from the robes of a queen.

Sealskin has taken a new departure most decidedly, and it is no longer confined, or mainly confined, to jackets; it appears in long ulsters, cloaks, and dolmans of diversified shapes, very elegantly finished with solid trimmings, in which sealskin itself plays an important part, and which are much more suitable and in harmony with the richness of the fur than applied ornaments of silk and passementerie. Mr. Booss, the well-known fur manufacturer, was the first to introduce the buttons and trimmings of sealskin upon sealskin some years ago, and he has the satisfaction now of seeing his idea extensively copied. Beaver is used this season as a border for seal; but a handsome sealskin coat or cloak is more elegant without a border, with only buttons of itself, and lining of richly quilted golden-brown satin. The jacket is, of course, the most suitable garment for young ladies, and they are now so well-shaped as to give a "Jersey" effect to the figure. The new fur capes are also very much used by young women in place of cloaks, with warm suits of cloth, velvet, or velveteen. As capes they are not new, having had a vogue for two seasons, but they are more popular now than ever; and the high cut upon the shoulder, the shaping, and simulated sleeves are decidedly novel and very becoming. A novel effect is imparted by fringing the seal capes with tails, but this, of course, adds greatly to the cost. Beaver capes are the styles usually preferred, with muff to match.

The long silk plush cloaks, black, lined with red and gold brocade, and trimmed with otter, or with a rich pattern and chenille trimming with pure gold and red silk threads mingled in small quantities, are perhaps the finest in effect, as they are the most costly of outside garments; no other fabric can compare with them in solid dignity of appearance, though there are others that are more splendid and showy. There are two objections, however, to the raised figured velvets and brocaded goods for cloaks. One is the liability to go out of fashion; the other, the tendency to roughen and grow shabby by contact, as all unequal and corrugated surfaces do more or less. Next to the solid pure silk plush, in black or seal brown, comes the long dolman cloak in Ottoman silk, or in dull armure satin lined with silk plush, faced with a border, and finished with a collar of the same. This is very handsome in all black, and is suitable for mourning if a rich dull silk is used. Or, should silk be objected to, there is black camel's-hair cloth of fine quality, which, lined with quilted silk or satin, and trimmed with black silk plush, broad border and collar, makes a beautiful cloak.

More simple and inexpensive styles of cloaks and jackets are made in "Jersey" cloth, a soft, elastic material, with twilled surface and furry reverse side, which requires no lining. It is very stylishly but very simply made up, this season, in jackets that are faced, interiorly, with silk or satin, and tailor-finished. The cloaks are sometimes braided, but, as a rule, the braiding is not fine, and is more apt to be applied in large showy patterns to coarse materials than used to give additional beauty to fine ones. This rule should be borne in mind: that it is always better to get a fine or genuine material untrimmed, than a coarse one with a common, showy trimming.

But it is still a great comfort that there are so many and such great varieties of cloaks, that every taste can be suited. There are, for example, very useful cloaks that would suit many ladies for driving or walking in the country, of plaid cloth, in bright, warm colors, lined with Cardinal flannel. These are often confined by a belt, from which a leather satchel may be suspended, the belt beginning at the side seams. Round fur-lined cloaks reappear this season; some arranged with ribbons to form a sort of sleeve which gives freedom to the arms. These are strictly confined to use as wraps.

BLACK FOX CAPE.

FUR-LINED SILK CLOAK.

NATURAL BEAVER CAPE.

SEALSKIN PALETOT.

BLACK FOX MUFF.

SEALSKIN TURBAN.

NATURAL BEAVER MUFF.

SEALSKIN REDINGOTE.

FASHIONABLE FURS.

FURS rank with rich velvet and fine real lace as a mark of distinction. In some countries furred garments are a badge of honor and nobility, and the genuine furs, well made, always furnish the richest and most becoming of all out-door clothing. It is a pity that caprices of fashion and the creation of an arbitrary standard should ever interfere with the service and real comfort to be extracted from the possession of fine furs, or with their beauty and variety; and it could hardly be believed to what an extent this is the case. The long and well-known prejudice in favor of dark furs will illustrate our meaning. A prejudice that could only have grown up out of ignorance, for the very dark and uniform color is always the result of dye, and is not nearly so handsome as the natural color and shading. Another illustration occurs in the preparation of "natural" beaver, which has obtained a vogue, though some ladies prefer that this shall be dyed also. To satisfy ultra ideas, the long, rougher hairs, which protect the soft, delicate coat beneath, are all extracted, and this finer and more easily injured surface left exposed. It would in reality be much better to leave it as nature left it, with the fine and soft interior coat protected by the hairs upon the surface; and to those who understand and appreciate nature and the causes of things, who know how jealously the most precious things are guarded, it is a sort of profanity thus to expose interior beauty to the rudeness of exterior sight and contact.

Seal has established itself as the dress fur of the season. Elsewhere will be found a variety of elegant sealskin and other garments from the well-known fur house of F. Booss & Bro., 449 Broadway, whose designs, as usual, lead the market, especially that which is recognized as representing the finest class of trade. Among them is a new and stylish ulster, or long redingote, which is the most distinguished garment of the season, and will be more fashionable next year than this; a handsome pelisse, or square-sleeved paletot; and a dolman, which only differs from those of last year in the superior cut and shape, which improves year by year; a statement which is true also of the jackets specially adapted to young ladies, and which equal the "Jerseys" for the perfection with which they outline the figure. Various efforts have been made to restore such old favorites as mink and sable to the position they occupied thirty or forty years ago, but without success. Sealskin has established itself too firmly, and is preferred for many reasons. One is, that it is the most dressy of the dark furs, and the only one that does not enlarge the apparent size and render the body almost shapeless; and another is the fact that moths do not attack sealskin. A good sealskin garment, with cuffs and collar of sea-otter, is fit for an empress; is, indeed, a truly royal and princely object to look upon; while its depth and texture soften the complexion and beautify the least attractive of women. It is also, for one who wishes to dress well, not an extravagant purchase, it being good for several years' steady wear during the cold weather, and always rich and lady-like looking.

Fur trimmings in bands, and the like, are much used this year, although braiding for cloth, and plush upon silk, have somewhat taken their place. Capes are still called for, and are accompanied by muffs to match; and we are glad to see that capricious fancy has largely discarded the fancy "bag" and "pocket" muffs, the toy muffs, ribbon and lace-trimmed, which were conspicuous a couple of years ago. Muffs are a solid comfort, or nothing; the only

"fancy" styles which have a claim to existence, are the sealskin satchel or "reticule" muffs, which open at the top, and can be suspended by a cord round the neck, thus proving a great convenience on shopping expeditions to ladies who are apt to drop about some of their belongings. The fashionable capes appear in black lynx, beaver, sea-otter, chinchilla, and black fox furs, and the latest are shaped and cut high on the shoulders. This is not an improvement in fur; the depth of fur exaggerating the height of the shoulder into a defect; the ordinary pelerine capes, shaped to the throat, are much better. Seal hats and bonnets are trimmed with seal pompons, or feathers matching in color, and are very handsome, when the hats are employed with jackets to form skating sets. What a welcome present to many a young girl!

Plain Clothes for Plain People.

WOMEN do not pay enough attention to the warmth of their underwear, or the protection afforded by good winter stockings and shoes. The most important item in the winter wardrobe is soft knitted underwear and hosiery, and for women who are exposed to changes of temperature, the latter should always be of wool, not coarse and harsh, but soft and light, and the former nearly all wool, and made in one whole garment, "combinations," so-called, of vest and drawers. Women are usually poor, and find it difficult to make ends meet and secure nice winter outside clothing of even the most modest pretensions; and woolen, that is merino, underwear of good quality, seems quite beyond them; yet it is vastly more important than dress, cloak or hat, at least it is more important that it be genuine than that these should be fine or costly; the result in health and comfort being worth more than can be calculated. It is particularly advisable that young school teachers should observe this rule in regard to winter clothing, and lay in their stock of merino hosiery and underwear before beginning upon more tempting outside garments. Once fortified against sudden chills, dampness or penetrating snow, there is little danger to be feared from colds, and the thickness of the dress material is of little moment; although it must always be remembered that wool is more healthful and more comforting than silk or cotton in cold weather, and the service to be obtained from a good quality outweighs the cost.

Next to the "combination" wear a waist, or corset of good natural shape, to which the stocking suspenders can be attached; over this a second combination of cotton, a flannel skirt, red or white, and over this a light quilted skirt of silk or a second one of wool attached to a deep yoke of thick, single twilled cotton. The dress skirt may be kilted in fine plaits from top to bottom, and should be attached to a lining waist, with a short spring over the hips. Above this may be worn a tucked basque, a coatbasque or a polonaise draped at the back and drawn off into very brief paniers in front. The habit of attaching the skirts of woolen dresses to lining waists is a very good and useful one, the lining not only sustaining and equalizing the weight of the skirt, but serving as a foundation for a vest, which may be trimmed on, and affording an opportunity for the small pockets which are indispensable to men, but of which women seldom obtain the benefit. A nice looking and useful dress is easily made by mounting upon a lining a deep, single kilted flounce, the plaits laid fine, carrying others up the front and surmounting them with a short apron or scarf drapery. Over this make a coat-shaped polonaise of dark mixed wool, finishing it on each side of the front with five or seven narrow lengthwise tucks, and buttoning the sleeves over at the wrist with three or five buttons. The buttons for the front may be of small bronzed metal, and the pocket should be put in diagonally and invisibly, like men's pockets.

Stylish looking, but comparatively inexpensive winter dresses, are a combination of wool, or surah, with broché velveteen, and the "Miselle" polonaise used, or a basque like the "Melita" or "Gilberte," remembering that the basque is to be of the figured velveteen, the drapery of the plain surah. But if the skirt be of wool, then the drapery of the basque should be of plain satin surah matching the wool in color, very little being needed.

Black silks have become fashionable again this season, but they are usually seen with thin beaded fronts, or fronts of some figured fabric, silk or velvet. This is very well for those who change the style of their dresses often, and have many of them, but it is not at all well for those who wish their "best" to be as serviceable as possible. In getting a faille or a gros-grain obtain a handsome quality, and make it up entire, with kilting of itself, and trimming of lace or self alone. You can re-trim with something else when it shows wear. If you cannot afford a good faille, select a good surah; they are durable and make up well with kiltings and lace. With a black and white surah a young lady, or a young married lady, can go through a whole season, even if she goes much into society. A novelty in materials this season consists of fine wool combined with a small figured material in raised velvet. The color is the same throughout, the designs olives, clover leaves, and the like; the shades dark, in bronze, plum, wine, brown, gray and garnet. The plain material is used for the skirt, the figured for its front, or tablier, and for the basque. The "Lorena" is a good design for these materials, or the "Elrica," in walking-skirts, and for the basque, the "Graciosa," the "Aylmar," and the "Lavinia," are good models.

A model for a useful "cape" suit easily made in cloth or flannel, and trimmed with velvet or velveteen, will be found in the "Aloysia" in this issue. This cape may be lined with canton flannel, and is then warm enough for all but the coldest winter weather. Or, a fur cape may be employed for cold weather, and the dress-cape retained for fall and early spring. The "House-keeping" dress, the "Jersey" dress, and the "Watteau" house dress, are all examples of indoor styles, easily made in simple materials, and costing very little. The "Rodolpha" is an excellent design, and if the pockets are exposed, or put in invisibly, as fashionable to-day as when first issued.

Warm cloaks and jackets are best made in elastic Jersey cloth, which looks well, fits well, and does not need lining. The jackets need only neat finish of buttons and feather-stitching, with interior facing of twilled silk or satin, or "farmer's" satin; but the cloaks may be ornamented with border and collar of plush or curled Astrakhan, with effective designs in braiding, or with handsome ribbed silk braid in graduated widths, the "Molda" cloak, or the "Dauphine" or "Hildegarde" pelisse, furnishing excellent designs. Furs are not all important, but they are great additions to comfort, a collar and muff being the essentials. For head-gear in the country, get something that will cover the ears. The felt pokes are the best, trimmed with a group of feathers or a wing, and a head of a bird combined, and a large bow of dull satin or velvet. In gloves there are now the fine long cashmere, which cannot be improved upon for color or quality, the shades being fine dark colors, wines, greens, browns, plums and mouse gray. Do not get coarse woolen gloves; they are detestable and torture the hands. Get the best of the kind.

Winter Walking, and "Reception" Costumes.

THE fashion, which has obtained such a vogue, of giving afternoon "teas" and receptions has stimulated the production of elegant costumes adapted to the purpose, and also prescribes certain rules by which they must be governed. As they are worn in warm rooms fur trimming is undesirable, and a cloak or wrap, which can be thrown off, a necessity. There is, therefore, more latitude in color and style permitted than in walking-dresses proper, though the skirts are always walking length. Some Ottoman silks, with raised velvet flowers upon Ottoman ground, are made into handsome costumes, the flowered fabrics being used for basques and panels or front of skirt. Other styles consist of Ottoman silk with fine intersecting lines of gold, or color, which produce a "spot" effect. The basque may be made with a full "Molière" front in the contrasting color, or with an outstanding collar lined with the color, and, additionally, with handsome real lace, ordinary lace not being desirable when used in small quantities.

The most elegant dresses are, however, without doubt, the solid velvet lined with satin and trimmed only with rich, small, chased or jeweled buttons. A beautiful costume of ruby velvet has a high basque, with outstanding collar lined with ruby satin and Mechlin lace. The hat is of ruby velvet with white plumes fastened with an antique clasp in gold. The buttons used on the dress are chased gold, small, round, and with a small ruby in each center. A sapphire velvet is made up in the same way with brilliant effect.

A beautiful dress is a combination of autumn tints in reds and browns, subdued shades, with plush front in exquisitely shaded leaves on a brown ground. The hat is brown with shaded plumes. The skirt is plaited at the back to the edge of a *moyen âge* bodice, the plaits laid very fine and full and *toward* the center, so as to meet at its point. A rich black Ottoman satin is combined with ruby satin, the two united in a stripe, which forms the plaited front. Other handsome black toilets are of rich faille, with full beaded fronts and trimming of real lace with beaded passementeries.

Walking-costumes proper are of wool cloth, serge, Cheviot, Vicuna, or camel's-hair, made up with stitching and buttons only, with cord passementeries or braided trimmings. The habit-bodice is, perhaps, the most popular for cloth, and "shell" buttons the newest. A cinnamon brown dress has a straight plaited skirt tapes holding the folds in position underneath, while below these they hang loosely. A high coat bodice with standing collar is finished off square at the bottom, with a vest of velvet, which has side pockets. The walking-cloaks, coats, and capes are innumerable, but of substantial materials, and serviceable in cut and style. The Newmarket coat and the cloak with capes which forms sleeves are the favorites; the former, with tight-fitting jacket, being the popular styles for young women, who sometimes add to the coat a cape of fur, as well as a muff.

Ademia Jacket.—A graceful model, suitable for a morning *négligé* and house wear generally. The loose fronts fall open over a half-fitting vest, and the back is considerably shorter with fullness imparted to the basque by a box-plaited extension on the back piece. This design may be made in any class of dress goods, opera flannel, surah, etc., and it may be trimmed as illustrated, with revers and ruffles of lace or embroidery, whichever is preferred or is best adapted to the material selected. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

GWENDOLINE WALKING SKIRT, WITH ADJUSTABLE TRAIN.

Gwendoline Walking Skirt, with Adjustable Train.—A practical, yet stylish model, extremely convenient for travelers and others who sometimes find it necessary to make one costume serve the dual purpose of street and evening toilet, as it consists of a walking skirt with graceful drapery, underneath which is attached an adjustable train that can be removed at pleasure. Any class of dress goods may be made up after this design, which may be employed for a combination of materials with very good effect. This design is shown on the full-page engraving in combination with the "Gervaise" basque. Price of patterns, thirty cents.

Evening Silks.

BROCADES in light colors have been in special demand this season and stimulated manufacturers to the production of new and beautiful designs. One of the latest productions of the J. H. Stearns silk works, Forty-second Street, New York City, is a design in calla lilies, with natural leaves and stalks, lost in suggested wavelets of water. The perfect naturalness of the copy, the delicate silvery outlines upon a grounding of exquisite pink, render this one of the most successful patterns ever issued, and one of the most genuinely artistic. It is produced in five different colorings, or rather groundings, pink, blue, ivory, water-green and écru, the graceful flowers with their accessories being woven in white, carefully toned and shaded with curled satin edges. Many other novel and beautiful designs are to be seen in the late autumn productions, some of which suggest fruits, others nuts and shaded leaves. The colors are harmonious, and show but little contrast, and there is a tendency to graceful designs which are less difficult of adjustment than the blocked-out figures, and make lovely trains for evening gowns, for long skirts looped over satin petticoats, or for robe dresses with fronts of puffed or plaited lace. Charming toilets for dinner or evening wear are arranged in this way: Basque of brocade, front and plaited train of satin, the former veiled with lace, or silk, and beaded embroidery.

Brocades, it is understood, are not adapted for young girls; they find prettier or at least more suitable materials for evening dresses in white, pink, blue, or lemon-colored surah, or in nuns'-veiling trimmed with white cordel silk and lace. The surahs are a boon to young women; they stand such a vast amount of wear, and are so soft, dainty and comparatively inexpensive. Both white and black silks are this year combined with beaded gauze, net, lace or grenadine, the thin material forming a puffed front which extends the entire length of the front, and is often used for a thick ruche round the bottom, over which the silk is cut out in leaves.

Newest Hats and Bonnets.

A NEW style of hat which is very popular with young ladies is the "Riviera." It is a soft, high-crowned felt, with rolling brim, and is most fashionable in smoke and mouse shades. It is trimmed with three rows of velvet of a darker shade than the felt (upon gray black may be used) and one large cluster of loops, somewhat elongated, and set partly against the crown. The felt hats with straight brims are too stiff, though they are becoming to some faces, but most women are improved by a certain irregularity in the frame in which the face is set. The most fashionable hats recall the "Tyrol" of a few years ago; the crowns are high and inclined to oval, the brims rolling and more or less broad, and the trimming full velvet, and feathers in a darker shade, the velvet in folds, the feathers in a group. The dark greenish gray tones, the smoke tints, the dark stones, the rock-gray, the fawns and the pale mouse-colors are the favorites and suit all costumes except black. The black hats are not at all so prominent as last year; black bonnets are more numerous, because a small dress black bonnet can be worn with everything, and in colors they must be made to suit every costume. As usual for several years past, the small princess bonnet leads; and has established for itself a sort of place as a dress bonnet which it will be difficult to fill with any other that is so simple, yet so exactly what is needed. The canons of good breeding have established a small bonnet of some kind as a necessity for assemblages where every one has a right to see as well as be seen, and within these limits there is not much choice. Satin very delicately painted or embroidered with small flowers and trimmed with lace, or satin covered with beaded lace and finished with aigrettes of feathers, are the favorite styles for evening, opera and box wear at the theater.

Villard Polonaise.—An elegant and stylish model, with pointed vest effect in front, long, plain side-panels fitting smoothly over the hips, and a plaited postilion basque at the back over a bouffant drapery. The polonaise is tight fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. Coat sleeves, and a narrow, straight collar complete the design, which is adapted to any class of dress-goods, especially woolen materials, velvet and velveteen, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with satin cord passementerie, or in any other style to suit the taste and material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Children's Winter Clothing.

A VERY bad tendency to shorten the skirts of little girls' dress more than comfort or decency will warrant, has been apparent for some time, and deserves severe condemnation. Whatever the excuse may be in regard to the length of hose, the addition of leggings in winter or other warmth-producing articles of attire, the fact remains that during the larger part of the time, and while subjected to many changes of temperature, the child's limbs are covered with nothing but her stockings, and that whenever she sits down, she is not only painfully conscious of her legs, generally long and thin, but is constantly occupied in endeavoring to make her brief skirts cover her knees. Such a fashion not only outrages the child's instinct of modesty, but in time lessens it, if it does not absolutely deprive her of it.

The styles for children still preserve their simplicity, and depend more upon cut and color for picturesque effect than upon cost. Miss Kate Greenaway, the London artist, has done much to revive the quaint, old fashions of last century by putting them into her characteristic sketches, and upon her odd, rolly-poly Dutch little figures. She made a new departure, and in this way a mark upon the country, in the

direction of children's clothing. Conventionally a vein was also struck in the happy thought of a "Gabrielle" or princess dress for girls. Never since the introduction of the "all-in-one," or whole dress, has the style been wholly abandoned, and it certainly provides a simple basis which taste an dingenuity can almost infinitely diversify. This season, solid colors lead, solid dark shades, such as garnet, ruby, brown, navy blue and bronze green, the latter always associated with red. Combination underwear, corded waists, long merino hose, attached by suspenders to the waist, ruby red skirts with square cut bodices, the skirts tucked or embroidered, these form the foundation for the dress, which is often made with puffed front in a contrasting color, as well as with a sash laid in folds above the flounces, or a kilting inserted in the sides, while the back is plaited from the top to the bottom.

There are plenty of lovely materials in the dark bright wools, the pretty checks, the soft warm flannels, and the still thicker and more durable worsted serges and heather mixtures. The velveteens, too, offer a very desirable addition to the resources, velveteen being so durable and keeping its color well, in addition to presenting a rich and elegant appearance for little money. Black, seal brown, myrtle green, garnet, ruby, wine and plum-color, are the best shades in velveteen, which looks well combined with all wool. To the colors mentioned must be added the specialties in French blue and mouse-color of the present season. The latter trims beautifully with Russian point, the former with gray fur.

Cloaks for girls are made with capes which cover the shoulders, and sometimes are quite deep, and form the sleeves but divide in the center of the back, which is plaited, and sometimes held in by an interior belt. This style, modified or slightly varied, is almost uniform, and is certainly very comfortable. A cape always adds greatly to the warmth and protection afforded by an outside garment; it "catches" the force of a storm, and is especially to be recommended, therefore, for school cloaks.

Low square-cut dresses are still made for best and party dresses, and also for daily wear, by mothers who like to give the time and trouble to the making of pretty costumes for every day, as well as Sunday, or who perhaps have only one little daughter to sew for; but the skirt is now made of wool, red or blue flannel, instead of white linen or muslin, and often the square is filled in with shirred or plaited satin, and the sleeves are of the same material as the dress. The long hose should always at this season be of wool, and the dark solid colors are uniformly selected, such shades, for example, as dark wine, garnet, plum, brown and navy blue. The warmth of the feet is of special importance to growing children, and the greatest care should be taken in regard to supplies of soft knitted woolen stockings and thick sole-lined shoes during cold weather.

A simple but very pretty model of an indoor dress for a young girl will be found among our illustrated designs for the present month. It consists of tucked skirt and waist, the tucks of the latter upright, of the former horizontal. It may be made in wine-colored or bronze wool, flannel, camel's hair or any soft warm material. If bronze, the sash should be dark red. It is called the "Liona," and is a most charming, and at the same time useful and easily made dress, such a one, in fact, as any clever girl of sixteen ought to be able to make for herself.

A dressing-gown for a girl is the "Greenaway," which consists of a long, straight blouse, shirred upon a square yoke, and falling loose to the desired length. This may be in warm twilled flannel, the yoke lined, the blouse skirt unlined, but trimmed with several graduated rows of velvet, or it may be simply turned over and stitched. In red, blue or gray, it is equally pretty and desirable, and would constitute a most welcome Christmas gift.

There is also a stylish and becoming little dress illustrated in the "Martina." It consists of a gored skirt and polonaise, the former trimmed with plaited flounces, faced with a contrasting material, the latter forming a draped apron, and two draped points at the back, the sides of which are looped with rosettes. The waist is trimmed with folds which surround the neck, and are carried to the waist, where they are held by straps laid across. It is a pretty style for a graceful figure, the waist and hips being well defined, but it would hardly show to advantage upon a clumsy one.

A very pretty basque gives the full front, now so fashionable, and which affords such an excellent opportunity for contrasting colors and materials. A garnet, or gray woolen dress makes up charmingly with a checked surah skirt gathered in, and outlined with a border of embroidery on the material. In lighter fabrics for evening wear nuns' veiling may be thus combined with silk or satin to produce a lovely effect.

Hats and bonnets are very varied this season. The "Granny" bonnet is for very little girls; a large soft felt, embroidered and trimmed with a broad band and bow of satin ribbon for girls somewhat older. The Tam O'Shanter's keep a place.

Liona Dress.—Simple as this model is, it nevertheless is one of the most stylish designs in vogue, and is suitable for either house or street wear. It consists of a short, full skirt with five deep tucks, and a round waist tucked lengthwise and finished with a rolling collar, and coat sleeves tucked around the wrists. This model is adapted to almost any class of dress materials, especially light qualities of woolen goods, flannels and cashmeres for street or school wear, and for washable fabrics. The sash may be of the same or some suitably contrasting material. Patterns in styles for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

EVENING GLOVES of soft undressed kid in pale tints now reach to the shoulder or to the elbow, the sleeves being either absent altogether or covering the arms to where they are met by the gloves.

NEW fichus are square and full, with standing bands covered with lace and straps formed of very narrow ribbons, which are tied carelessly across the front.

Ira Basque.

THIS pretty basque forms part of a costume of myrtle green French cashmere, and is trimmed with revers of silk embroidery on the material, and completed by a Molière blouse vest of green and gold plaided surah, tied at the waist with green velvet ribbon. The basque is perfectly straight all round, and open below the waist in the back. Patterns of the "Ira" basque in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

THE BONNETS for little girls are this season very important affairs. The poke in felt, and the old-fashioned "calash" in velvet and Ottoman satin are the prominent styles. The latter has a soft plaited "cap" crown, and projecting cabriolet brim, and is often made in white or strawberry-red. Genuine pokes of white French felt are garnished with white satin ribbons and full plumes of ostrich feathers, for little misses not yet in their teens.

FINE CASHMERE gloves, made long and beautifully shaped, take the place of the Lisle thread and silk and linen of the autumn. They are made in all sizes, for children as well as ladies, and in the best shades. They are a great improvement on the old cloth and lined silk, and more pleasant for general and serviceable wear, as well as more economical than kid.

GRAY CASHMERE, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade, and silver buttons, is a pretty walking dress for a young lady. The front of the bodice is full and outlined with velvet, which forms the band at the throat.

Martina Costumes.—A charming and graceful costume, composed of a gored skirt trimmed with two double box-plaited flounces which are faced to about one-third of their depth with a band of contrasting material, and a polonaise with a single dart in each side in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, and a French back. A plaited piece on the front of the waist and extending around the neck gives a surplice effect; the front is draped high at the sides to form an apron, while the back drapery falls in two graceful points. This design may be made up in almost any class of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Greenaway Wrapper.—Quaint, but eminently practical in design, this wrapper consists of a loose, shirred blouse mounted upon a square yoke, with shirred straps over the shoulders which produce the effect of a *guimpe*. Coat sleeves and a turned-down collar complete the model, which is adapted to almost any class of dress materials, especially washable goods, and soft fabrics such as surah, cashmere, flannel, etc.; and it can be made very effective with the yoke and sleeves of a contrasting material. The trimming may be of ribbon velvet or braid, or can be selected to correspond with the goods chosen. Tucks above a deep hem will be very suitable for some materials. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

LADIES' CLUB

THE increased number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, renders 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. *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.

"MRS. J. A. O."—We take the best we can get from any source in the way of contributions, within suitable limits prescribed by popular taste, and we prefer that authors should mark their own price upon MSS., leaving us to accept or decline them, at our option.

"M. L. J."—If you made a call upon a person, particularly if it were a friendly call, you would naturally express desire for an early return of it. It is not necessary to do this, nor is it the correct thing if the call is merely one of ceremony. The fact that you have called is the evidence that you want the visit returned, wish, in short, to retain relations with the person upon whom you call. A formal call, or a first call, should not last over fifteen minutes, and should be returned within ten days.

"WORKING-WOMAN."—The reading of good books of best authors, is the truest and simplest guide to correct speech and accuracy of thought in writing. Text-books are made up of arbitrary rules which confuse rather than define expression, and teachers usually stick to the text-books. We advise you to read and study, for your ideas are good, and you *think* rightly, which is the important point. You have struck most important questions when you say that "all classes should be taught how powerful is every one, rich or poor, for good or evil;" also, "that the prosperity of our country depends on its social as well as political unity"—not, of course, uniformity. It is true that we are beginning, even in this republic, to talk about "upper and lower classes," and it is sadly true, also, that with the increase in wealth, they are drifting more and more widely apart from each other. That cannot be helped; the correction is education and training, which is better than money, and which starts the poor boy or girl in life with an advantage over the ill-equipped and untrained "rich" boy or girl. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

"DAISY LIVINGSTON."—Get a couple of yards of satin brocade in the same color, and drape it high and as a sort of paniered tablier over your velvet skirt. The hair is not worn "pulled" back; it is still fringed slightly over the forehead, and waved from the sides.

"MRS. E. T. C."—We can furnish all you need in the way of materials, through our "Purchasing Bureau." Rick-rack braid, about 50 cents per box; Instruction book, 25 cents; Macrame thread, $1.00 per lb.

"J. B. A."—The best thing you can do is to made a long, draperied basque of gray figured (broché) velveteen, to wear over your woolen skirt, which is soft and fashionable in color. Cut the basque a small square at the neck, and fill in with crossed folds of tulle, and you will have a very nice-looking dress, at small cost.

"CLARISSA" wishes to know where and how she can procure a "Hatchery"? We do not know how hair can be safely and permanently removed from the arms without disfiguring the skin, and leaving dark and unsightly holes.

"ANXIOUS TO KNOW."—You may address any carpet manufacturing company—the one at Roxbury, Mass., for instance; but your technique would certainly be at fault if you do not know upon what material to make your drawings, when there are so few to choose from.

"A TIRED SCHOOL-TEACHER."—A "Woman's Exchange" takes all kinds of articles and wares made or decorated by women, places them on exhibition, and charges ten per cent. commission above the price charged by the maker for selling. If not sold, they are returned at the cost of the owner at the close of the year.

"AN ADMIRER."—Damon and Pythias were famous for their friendship. Damon was condemned to death by Dionysius, the Tyrant. He begged for time to return home and settle his affairs, and Pythias offered, amid scoffs and jeers, to remain a prisoner in his stead, and become surety for his return. A limited time was allowed, and Damon performed his errand, but encountered the most tremendous obstacles on his return: his horse died, frightful storms overtook him, he breasted seas, he swam torrents, he scaled mountains, he performed acts of almost incredible valor, and finally arrived, nearly dead, just as his friend was being led to execution. His blood-stained and mangled body told its own story, and moved even the tyrant, who forgave him on account of his courage and devotion.

The "gay Lothario," with "so many hearts in his belt," is a character in Rowe's tragedy of "The Fair Penitent;" his character is that of a libertine.

Orestes was the son of Agamemnon, who was killed by his treacherous wife, Clytemnestra, and her lover, Ægisthus. They would have killed Orestes also, but he was only a boy, and was sent away secretly by his sister, Electra, and brought up with his cousin, Pylades, at the court of his uncle, the king of Phocis. He afterward murdered his mother and her lover, and for this act, revolting, notwithstanding her wickedness, he was pursued by avenging Furies, the Eumenides. These dread powers drove him frantic and despairing from land to land, but through all his terrible wanderings he was accompanied by his loving and faithful Pylades. Orestes was finally forgiven by Minerva. We do not know any popular work so exhaustive and so admirable in every respect for short studies in mythology as Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," published by S. W. Tilton & Co. It is especially adapted for family reading. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askdon," is from the Bible. 2d Samuel, 1 chap., 20 v. We have not time or space for your other questions.

"F. H. W."—The "Star Route" trials grew out of a call on the part of the General Post-Office Department for bids for new mail routes in remote regions. The occasion was made the opportunity for a "big job," the sums charged the Government being enormous, and obtained, it was charged, through the connivance of certain Senators, who shared the spoils. The trials failed of conviction, notwithstanding abundant proof, but no one doubts the fraudulent complicity. The Gulf Stream is really a river in the midst of an ocean; it starts from the Gulf of Guinea, crosses the Atlantic ocean, strikes South America, flows north through the Caribbean Sea, and into the Gulf of Mexico, then passes between Florida and Cuba, being at that point 3,000 feet deep. It then rises to the surface, and continues along the eastern coast of North America until it reaches Cape Hatteras. It then flows northeast toward the west coast of Europe, moderating the temperature of England and France, and as far north as Norway. During the greater part of its course the warmth of the water is mainly on the surface, the colder currents of the Arctic ocean forcing the warm currents to the top.

You are doing your full share, and acquiring a practical knowledge and experience that is valuable in proportion to the earnestness you put into your daily life and work. We constantly think in working for this magazine of such women as you—busy every moment with house and mother duties, yet intelligent, interested, alive, hungry for books, for knowledge of books, and for the thoughts and doings of the great minds of the world. Get the best you can in the way of reading. Read Ruskin, George Eliot, a new book, Professor Blackie's "Wisdom of Goethe," and get, if you can, the "Famous Women" Series, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; above all, remember that what you find good in others is only the reflection of what is in yourself.

"MISS L. N."—One of the best and most serviceable materials in black is camel's-hair cloth; still more serviceable is pure, soft finished English serge. Do not buy a mixed cotton and wool material for "service," and especially in black, as it so soon acquires a brown shade.

"JANET."—The true fish-scale work in embroidery and ornamental articles, composed of scales and shells connected with very delicate silver wire, is very rare. Specimens are found in Norway, Denmark, Ireland, and at Havre and other French towns on the coast, but the work requires great delicacy of touch, and the ornaments are not much worn here because they "catch" in lace and fine neck wear. Most beautiful specimens were sent from Norway to the Fisheries Exhibition in London, held last summer.

"MOTHER HUBBARD."—Your idea for a Christmas bazar is very good; but for the old woman in her shoe, have a little girl dressed in red quilted skirt, black stiff satin overdress, mob cap, red ribbon band and bow, muslin kerchief crossed over her breast, and long black-lace mittens. Black shoes with buckles. Fill the big shoe in which she sits with tiny dolls, dressed in humble imitation of her own attire, and little boy dolls as ancient men. Have a Christmas tree brilliantly lighted and filled with ten cent articles, each one to be accompanied by a "gift," a rose, motto candy, an apple, small Christmas card, or the like.

THE author of "The Blind Spinner" is asked for by "D. J. S. R.," who supposes it to be by Rev. Arthur Brooks, brother of Rev. Phillips Brooks, but has recently seen it accredited to "Helen Hunt" Jackson. If any of our readers can settle the point, we shall be glad to hear from them.

"WEDIE."—You can wear a seal-skin jacket in mourning without impropriety. Yes, white cashmere made simply, trimmed with solid unglossed satin, or with white velvet, and lisse for neck and sleeves. You should wear white undressed gloves.

"MRS. D. C. N."—The "Bison" cloth is a rough, coarse kind of worsted serge, sometimes embroidered to form a tablier in Persian colors and patterns. It is considered very stylish, and would certainly be serviceable, but the embroidery does not beautify it, and the coarse, heavy fabric is only suited to slim figures, and for service in stormy weather, or very cold or damp climate.