

Major.

FROM THE MAJOR

(681.)

continued.

fine afternoon she accompanied Molly in search of elderberries for making the family wine which was drunk by Mrs. Loveday, Anne, and anybody who could not stand the rougher and stronger liquors provided by the miller. After walking rather a long distance over the down they came to a grassy hollow, where elder bushes in knots of twos and threes rose from a mossen bank and hung their heads toward the south, black and heavy with bunches of fruit. The harm of fruit-gathering to give enhanced in the case of elderberries by the inoffensive softness of the leaves, large and dark, which makes getting into the easy and pleasant to the most indifferent eaters. Anne and Molly had soon gathered a basketful, and sending the servant home with it, Anne remained in the bush picking and throwing down bunch by bunch upon the grass. She was so absorbed in her occupation of pulling the twigs toward her, and the stirring of their leaves so filled her ears, that when a great surprise when, on turning her head, she perceived a similar movement there among the boughs of the adjoining bush. At first she thought they were disturbed by the contact with the boughs of her bush; but in a moment Bob Loveday's face appeared from the bush, at a distance of about a yard from her. Anne uttered a little indignant "Well!" removed herself, and went on plucking. Bob likewise went on plucking likewise, and they looked at each other from their respective bushes like a Jack and a Jill in the green.

"I am picking elderberries for your mother," he at last said humbly.
 "So I see."
 "And I happen to have come to the next bush to yours."
 "So I see; but not the reason why."
 Anne was now in the westernmost branches of the bush, and Bob had leant across into the eastern branches of his. In gathering he swayed toward her, back again, forward again.
 "I beg pardon," he said, when a farther swing than usual had taken him almost in contact with her.
 "Then why do you do it?"
 "The wind rocks the bough, and the bough rocks me." She expressed by a look her opinion of this statement in the face of the gentlest breeze; and Bob pursued: "I am afraid the berries will stain your pretty hands."
 "I wear gloves."
 "Ah, that's a plan I should never have thought of. Can I help you?"
 "Not at all."

"You are offended: that's all," said Bob.
 "No," she said.
 "Then will you shake hands?"

Anne hesitated; then slowly stretched out her hand, which he took at once. "That will do," she said, finding that he did not relinquish it immediately. But as he still held it, she pulled the effect of which was to draw Bob's swaying person, bough and all, toward her, and herself toward him.

"I am afraid to let go your hand," said that officer; "for if I do your spar will fly back, and you will be thrown upon the deck with great violence."

"I wish you to let me go!"
 He accordingly did, and she flew back, but did not by any means fall.

"It reminds me of the times when I used to be aloft clinging to a yard not much bigger than this tree-stem, in the mid-Atlantic, and thinking about you. I could see you in my fancy as plain as I see you now."

"Me, or some other woman?" retorted Anne haughtily.

"No!" declared Bob, shaking the bush for emphasis, "I'll protest that I did not think of anybody but you all the time we were dropping down channel, all the time we were off Cadiz, all the time through battles and bombardments. I seemed to see you in the smoke, and, thinks I, if I go to Davy's locker, what will she do?"

"You didn't think that when you landed after Trafalgar."

"Well, now," said Lieutenant Loveday in a reasoning tone, "that was a curious thing. You'll hardly believe it, maybe; but when a man is away from the woman he loves best in the port—world I mean, he can have a sort of temporary feeling for another without disturbing the old one, which flows along under the same as ever."

"I can't believe it, and won't," said Anne firmly.

Molly now appeared with the empty basket, and when it had been filled from the heap on the grass, Anne went home with her, bidding Loveday a frigid adieu.

The same evening, when Bob was absent, the miller proposed that they should all three go to an upper window of the house, to get a distant view of some rockets and illuminations which were to be exhibited in Weymouth at that hour in honor of the King, who had returned this year as usual. They accordingly went up-stairs to an empty attic, placed chairs against the window, and put out the light, Anne sitting in the middle, her mother close by, and the miller behind, smoking. No sign of any pyrotechnic display was visible over Weymouth as yet, and Mrs. Loveday passed the time by talking to the miller, who replied in monosyllables. While this was going on Anne fancied that she heard some one approach, and presently felt sure that Bob was drawing near her in the surrounding darkness, but as the other two had noticed nothing, she said not a word.

All at once the swarthy expanse of southward sky was broken by the blaze of several rockets simultaneously ascending from different ships in the roads. At the very same mo-

ment a warm, mysterious hand slipped round her own, and gave it a gentle squeeze.

"Oh, dear!" said Anne, with a sudden start away.

"How nervous you are, child, to be startled by fireworks so far off," said Mrs. Loveday.

"I never saw rockets before," murmured Anne, recovering from her surprise.

Mrs. Loveday presently spoke again. "I wonder what has become of Bob?"

Anne did not reply, being much exercised in trying to get her hand away from the one that imprisoned it; and whatever the miller thought he kept to himself, because it disturbed his smoking to speak.

Another batch of rockets went up. "Oh, I never!" said Anne, in a half-suppressed tone, springing in her chair. A second hand had with the rise of the rockets leapt round her waist.

"Poor girl, you certainly must have change of scene at this rate!" said Mrs. Loveday.

"I suppose I must," murmured the dutiful daughter.

For some minutes nothing further occurred to disturb Anne's serenity. Then a slow, quiet "a-hem" came from the obscurity of the apartment.

"What, Bob? How long have you been there?" inquired Mrs. Loveday.

"Not long," said the lieutenant coolly. "I heard you were all here, and crept up quietly, not to disturb ye."

"Why don't you wear heels to your shoes like Christian people, and not creep about so like a cat?"

"Well, it keeps your floors clean to go slipshod."

"That's true."

Meanwhile Anne was gently but firmly trying to pull Bob's arm from her waist, her distressful difficulty being that in freeing her waist she enslaved her hand, and in getting her hand free she enslaved her waist. Finding the struggle a futile one, owing to the invisibility of her antagonist, and her wish to keep its nature secret from the other two, she arose, and saying that she did not care to see any more, felt her way down stairs. Bob followed, leaving Loveday and his wife to themselves.

"Dear Anne," he began, when he had got down, and saw her in the candlelight of the large room. But she adroitly passed out at the other door, at which he took a candle and followed her to the small room. "Dear Anne, do let me speak," he repeated as soon as the rays revealed her figure. But she passed into the bakehouse before he could say more, whereupon he perseveringly did the same. Looking round for her here, he perceived her at the end of the room, where there was no means of exit whatever.

"Dear Anne," he began again, setting down the candle. "you must forgive me; really you must. I love you, but the best of anybody in the wide, wide world. Try to forgive me; come." And imploringly took her hand.

Anne's bosom began to surge and fall like a small boat, her head remaining fixed upon the floor; till, when Loveday ventured to draw her slightly toward him, she burst out

“I don't like you, Bob; I don't!” she suddenly exclaimed between her sobs. “I did once, but I don't now—I can't, I can't; you have been very cruel to me!” She violently turned away, weeping.

“I have, I have been terribly bad, I know,” answered Bob, conscience-stricken by her grief. “But—if you could only forgive me—I promise that I'll never do anything to grieve ye again. Do you forgive me, Anne?”

Anne's only reply was crying and shaking her head.

“Let's make it up. Come, say we have made it up, dear.”

She withdrew her hand, and still keeping her eyes buried in her handkerchief, said, “No.”

“Very well, then!” exclaimed Bob with sudden determination. “Now I know my doom! And whatever you hear of as happening to me, mind this, you cruel girl, that it is all your causing!” Saying this he strode with a hasty tread across the room into the passage and out at the door, slamming it loudly behind him.

Anne suddenly looked up from her handkerchief, and stared with round wet eyes and parted lips at the door by which he had gone. Having remained with suspended breath in this attitude for a few seconds, she turned round, bent her head upon the table, and burst out weeping anew with thrice the violence of the former time. It really seemed now as if her grief would overwhelm her, all the emotions which had been suppressed, bottled up, and concealed since Bob's return having made themselves a sluice at last.

But such things have their end; and, left to herself in the large, vacant, old apartment, she grew quieter and at last calm. At length she took the candle and ascended to her bedroom, where she bathed her eyes and looked in the glass to see if she had made herself a dreadful object. It was not so bad as she had expected, and she went down-stairs again.

Nobody was there, and, sitting down, she wondered what Bob had really meant by his words. It was too dreadful to think that he intended to go straight away to sea without seeing her again, and frightened at what she had done, she waited anxiously for his return.

CHAPTER XL.

A CALL ON BUSINESS.

HER suspense was interrupted by a very gentle tapping at the door, and then the rustle of a hand over its surface, as if searching for the latch in the dark. The door opened a few inches, and the alabaster face of Uncle Benjy appeared in the slit.

“Oh, Squire Derriman, you frighten me!” “All alone?” he asked in a whisper.

“My mother and Mr. Loveday are somewhere about the house.”

“That will do,” he said, coming forward. “I be wherried out of my life, and I have thought of you again—you yourself, dear Anne, and not the miller. If you will only take this and lock it up for a few days till I can find another good place for it—if you only would.” And he breathlessly deposited the tin box on the table.

“What do you want to dig it up from the cellar?”

“Ah; my nephew hath a scent of the place—how, I don't know! but he and a young woman he's met with are searching everywhere. I worked like a wire-drawer to get it up and away while they were scraping in the next cellar. Now where could ye put it, dear? 'Tis only my few documents, and my will, and such like, you know. Poor soul o' me, I'm worn out with running and fright!”

“I'll put it here till I can think of a better place,” said Anne, lifting the box. “Dear me, how heavy it is!”

“Yes, yes,” said Uncle Benjy hastily; “the box is iron, you see. However, take care of it, because I am going to make it worth your while. Ah, you are a good girl, Anne. I wish you was mine!”

Anne looked at Uncle Benjy. She had known for some time that she possessed all the affection he had to bestow.

“Why do you wish that?” she said, simply.

“Now don't ye argue with me. Where d'ye put the coffer?”

“Here,” said Anne, going to the window-seat, which rose as a flap, disclosing a boxed receptacle beneath, as in many old houses.

“'Tis very well for the present,” he said dubiously, and they dropped the coffer in, Anne locking down the seat, and giving him the key. “Now I don't want ye to be on my side for nothing,” he went on. “I never did now, did I? This is for you.” He handed her a little packet in paper, which Anne turned over and looked at curiously. “I always meant to do it,” continued Uncle Benjy, gazing at the packet as it lay in her hand, and sighing. “Come, open it, my dear; I always meant to do it.”

She opened it and found twenty new guineas snugly packed within.

“Yes, they are for you. I always meant to do it!” he said, sighing again.

“But you owe me nothing!” returned Anne, holding them out.

“Don't say it!” cried Uncle Benjy, covering his eyes. “Put 'em away. . . . Well, if you don't want 'em— But put 'em away, dear Anne; they are for you, because you have kept my counsel. Good night t' ye. Yes, they are for you.”

He went a few steps, and turning back added anxiously, “You won't spend 'em in clothes, or waste 'em in fairings, or ornaments of any kind, my dear girl?”

“I will not,” said Anne. “I wish you would have them.”

“No, no,” said Uncle Benjy, rushing off to escape their shine. But he had got no farther than the passage when he returned again.

“And you won't lend 'em to anybody, or put them into the bank—for no bank is safe in these troublous times. . . . If I was you I'd keep them *exactly* as they be, and not spend 'em on any account. Shall I lock them into my box for ye?”

“Certainly,” said she; and the farmer rapidly unlocked the window-bench, opened the box, and locked them in.

“'Tis muck the best plan,” he said with

great satisfaction, and he took out a guinea from his pocket. “I'll give you see, and you'll see, and you'll see.”

When the old man had been gone a few minutes, the miller, who had been quite unconscious of Anne's anxiety, came in most now, and she told him of Derriman's visit, and how she had left. She would have asked them if they knew where Bob was, but that she did not wish to inform them of the rupture. She was forced to admit to herself that she had somewhat tried his patience, and the impulsive men had been known to do daring things with themselves at such times.

They sat down to supper, the clock ticked rapidly on, and at length the miller said, “Bob is later than usual. Where can he be?”

As they both looked at her, she could no longer keep the secret.

“It is my fault,” she cried; “I have driven him away. What shall I do?”

The nature of the quarrel was at once guessed, and her two old friends, who had guessed, and her two old friends, who had guessed, Anne rose and went to the window, where she listened for every sound, and with palpitating heart. Then she went out; and on one occasion she saw the miller say, “I wonder what Bob and Anne. I hope they will come home.”

Just about this time the miller's footsteps were heard without, and Bob he came to the passage. Anne, who had been in the dark while he passed, followed him to the room, where her mother and the miller were on the point of retiring to bed, and she saw the hand of the miller.

“I have kept 'em up, I find,” began Bob cheerily, and apparently with the faintest recollection of his tragic exit from the house. “But the truth o' this, I mean, with Fess Derriman at the Duke of York's, I went from here, and there we have been ever since, not noticing how the time was going. I haven't had a good chat with the fellow for years an' years, and really, he is an out-and-out good comrade—a regular hearty! Poor fellow, he's been very badly used. I never heard the rights of the story till now; but it seems that old uncle of his treats him shamefully. He has been hiding away his money so that poor Fess might not have a farthing, till at last the young man has turned, like any other worm, and is now determined to ferret out what he has done with it. The poor young chap hadn't a farthing of ready money till I lent him a couple of guineas—a thing I never did more willingly in my life. But the man was very honorable. ‘No, no,’ says he, ‘don't let me deprive ye. He's going to marry, and what may you think he is going to do it for?’

“For love, I hope,” said Anne's mother.

“For money, I suppose, since he's so short,” said the miller.

“No,” said Bob, “for spite. He has been badly served—deuced badly served—by a woman. I never heard of a more heartless case in my life. The poor chap wouldn't mention names, but it seems this young woman has

trifled with him in all manner of cruel ways—pushed him into the river, tried to steal his horse when he was called out to defend his country—in short, served him rascally. So I gave him the two guineas and said, 'Now let's drink to the hussy's downfall!'

"Oh!" said Anne, having approached behind him.

Bob turned and saw her, and at the same moment Mr. and Mrs. Loveday discreetly retired by the other door.

"Is it peace?" he asked tenderly.

"Oh yes," she anxiously replied. "I—didn't mean to make you think I had no heart." At this Bob inclined his countenance towards hers. "No," she said smiling through two incipient tears as she drew back, "you are to show good behavior for six months, and you must promise not to frighten me again by running off when I—show you how badly you have served me."

"I am yours obedient—in anything," cried Bob. "But am I pardoned?"

"A too easy pardon is apt to make folk repeat the fault. Do you repent?"

It would be superfluous to transcribe Bob's answer.

Footsteps were heard without.

"O, begged; I forgot!" said Bob. "He's waiting out there for a light."

"Who?"

"My friend Derriman."

"But, Bob, I have to explain."

But Festus had by this time entered the lobby, and Anne, with a hasty "Get rid of him at once!" vanished up-stairs.

Here she waited and waited, but Festus did not seem inclined to depart; and at last, foreboding some collision of interests from Bob's new friendship for this man, she crept into a storeroom which was over the apartment into which Loveday and Festus had gone. By looking through a knot-hole in the floor it was easy to command a view of the room beneath, this being unceiled with moulded beams and rafters.

Festus had sat down on the hollow window-bench, and was continuing the statement of his wrongs. "If he only knew what he was sitting upon," she thought apprehensively, "how easily he could tear up the flap, look and all, with his strong arm, and seize upon poor Uncle Benjy's possessions!" But he did not appear to know, unless he were acting, which was just possible. After a while he rose, and going to the table lifted the candle to light his pipe. At the moment when the flame began diving into the bowl, the door noiselessly opened and a figure slipped across the room to the window-bench, hastily unlocked it, withdrew the box, and beat a retreat. Anne in a moment recognized the ghostly intruder as Festus Derriman's uncle. Before he could get out of the room, Festus set down the candle and turned.

"What—Uncle Benjy—haw, haw! Here at this time of night?"

Uncle Benjy's eyes grew paralyzed, and his mouth opened and shut like a frog's in a drought, the action producing no sound.

"What have we got here—a tin box—the box of boxes? Why, I'll carry it for ye, uncle! I am going home."

"N—no—no, thanky, Festus: it is n—n—not heavy at all, thanky," gasped the squireen.

"Oh, but I must," said Festus, pulling at the box.

"Don't let him have it, Bob!" screamed the excited Anne through the hole in the floor.

"No, don't let him," cried the uncle. "'Tis a plot—there's a woman at the window waiting to help him!"

Anne's eyes flew to the window, and she saw Matilda's face pressed against the pane.

Bob, though he did not know whence Anne's command proceeded, obeyed with alacrity, pulled the box from the two relatives, and placed it on the table beside him.

"Now, look here, hearties; what's the meaning o' this?" he said.

"He's trying to rob me of all I possess!" cried the old man. "My heart strings seem as if they were going to crack, crack, crack!"

At this instant the miller in his shirt-sleeves entered the room, having got thus far in his undressing when he heard the noise. Bob and Festus turned to him to explain; and when the latter had had his say Bob added, "Well, all I know is that this box"—here he stretched out his hand to lay it upon the lid for emphasis. But as nothing but thin air met his fingers where the box had been, he turned, and found that the box was gone, Uncle Benjy having vanished also.

Festus, with an imprecation, hastened to the door, but though the night was not dark, Farmer Derriman and his burden were nowhere to be seen. On the bridge Festus joined a shadowy female form, and they went along the road together, followed for some distance by Bob, lest they should meet with and harm the old man. But the precaution was unnecessary: nowhere on the road was there any sign of Farmer Derriman, or of the box that belonged to him. When Bob re-entered the house, Anne and Mrs. Loveday had joined the miller down-stairs, and then for the first time he learnt who had been the heroine of Festus's lamentable story, with many other particulars of that yeoman's history which he had never before known. Bob swore that he would not speak to the traitor again, and the family retired.

The escape of old Mr. Derriman from the annoyances of his nephew not only held good for that night, but for next day, and forever. Just after dawn on the following morning, a laboring man, who was going to his work, saw the old farmer and landowner leaning over a rail in a mead near his house, apparently engaged in contemplating the water of a brook before him. Drawing near, the man spoke, but Uncle Benjy did not reply. His head was hanging strangely, his body being supported in its erect position entirely by the rail that passed under each arm. On after-examination it was found that Uncle Benjy's poor withered heart had cracked and stopped its beating from damages inflicted on it by the excitements of his life, and of the previous night in particular. The unconscious carcase was little more than a light empty husk, dry and fleshless as that of a dead heron found on a moor in January.

But the tin box was not discovered with or near him. It was searched for all the week,

and all the month. The mill-pond was dragged, quarries were examined, woods were threaded, rewards were offered: but in vain.

At length one day in the spring, when the mill-house was about to be cleaned throughout, the chimney-board of Anne's bedroom, concealing a yawning fire-place, had to be taken down. In the chasm behind it stood the missing deed-box of Farmer Derriman.

Many were the conjectures as to how it had got there. Then Anne remembered that on going to bed the night after the collision between Festus and his uncle in the room below, she had seen mud on the carpet of her room, and the miller remembered that he had seen foot-prints on the back staircase. The solution of the mystery seemed to be that the late Uncle Benjy, instead of running off from the house with his box, had doubled on getting out of the front door, entered at the back, deposited his box in Anne's chamber where it was found, and then leisurely pursued his way home at the heels of Festus, intending to tell Anne of his trick the next day—an intention that was forever frustrated by the stroke of death.

Mr. Derriman's solicitor was a Weymouth man, and Anne placed the box in his hands. Uncle Benjy's will was discovered within; and by this testament Anne's queer old friend appointed her sole executrix of his said will, and, more than that, gave and bequeathed to the same young lady all his real and personal estate, with the solitary exception of five small freehold houses in a back street in Weymouth, which were devised to his nephew, Festus, as sufficient property to maintain him decently, without affording any margin for extravagances. Overcombe Hall, with its muddy quadrangle, archways, mullioned windows, cracked battlements, and weed-grown garden, passed with the rest into the hands of Anne.

CHAPTER XLI.

FAREWELL.

DURING this exciting time John Loveday seldom or never appeared at the mill. With the recall of Bob, in which he had been sole agent, his mission seemed to be complete.

One mid-day before Anne had made any change in her manner of living on account of her unexpected acquisitions, Lieutenant Bob came in rather suddenly. He had been to Weymouth, and announced to the arrested senses of the family that the—th Dragoons were ordered to join Sir Arthur Wellesley in the Peninsula.

These tidings produced a great impression in the household. John had been so long in the neighborhood, either at camp or in barracks, that they had almost forgotten the possibility of his being sent away; and they now began to reflect upon the singular infrequency of his calls since his brother's return. There was not much time, however, for reflection, if they wished to make the most of John's farewell visit, which was to be paid the same evening, the departure of the regiment being fixed for next day. A hurried valedictory supper was prepared during the afternoon, and shortly afterwards John arrived.

He seemed to be more thoughtful and a trifle paler than of old, but beyond these traces, which might have been due to the natural wear and tear of time, he showed no signs of gloom. On his way through the town that morning a curious little incident had occurred to him. He was walking past one of the Weymouth churches when a wedding party came forth, the bride and bridegroom being Matilda and Festus Derriman. At sight of the trumpet-major the yeoman had glared triumphantly; Matilda, on her part, had winked at him slyly, as much as to say—But what she meant heaven knows; the trumpet-major did not trouble himself to think, and passed on without returning the mark of confidence with which she had favored him.

Soon after John's arrival at the mill, several of his friends dropped in for the same purpose of bidding adieu. They were mostly the men who had been entertained there on the occasion of the regiment's advent on the down, when Anne and her mother were coaxed in to grace the party by their superior presence, and their well-trained, gallant manners were such as to make them interesting visitors now as at all times. For it was a period when romance had not so greatly faded out of military life as it has done in these days of short service, heterogeneous mixing, and transient campaigns, when the *esprit de corps* was strong, and long experience stamped noteworthy professional characteristics even on commonplace rank and file; while the miller's visitors had the additional advantage of being picked men.

They could not stay so long to-night as on that earlier and more cheerful occasion, and the final adieus were spoken at an early hour. It was no mere playing at departure, as when they had gone to Exeter barracks, and there was a warm and prolonged shaking of hands all round.

"You'll wish the poor fellows good-bye?" said Bob to Anne, who had not come forward for that purpose like the rest. "They are going away, and would like to have your good word."

She then shyly advanced, and every man felt that he must make some pretty speech as he shook her by the hand.

"Good-bye. May you remember us as long as it makes ye happy, and forget us as soon as it makes ye sad," said Sergeant Brett.

"Good-night! Health, wealth and long life to ye!" said Sergeant-major Wills, taking her hand from Brett.

"I trust to meet ye again as the wife of a worthy man," said Trumpeter Buck.

"We'll drink your health throughout the campaign, and so good-bye t'ye," said Sadler-Sergeant Jones, raising her hand to his lips.

Three others followed with similar remarks, to each of which Anne blushing replied as well as she could, wishing them a prosperous voyage, easy conquest, and a speedy return.

But, alas, for that! Battles and skirmishes, advances and retreats, fevers and fatigues, told hard on Anne's gallant friends in the coming time. Of the seven upon whom these wishes were bestowed, five were dead men within the

few following years, and their bones left to moulder in the laud of their campaigns.

John lingered behind. When the others were outside, expressing a final farewell to his father, Bob, and Mrs. Loveday, he came to Anne, who remained within.

"But I thought you were going to look in again before leaving?" she said.

"No; I find I cannot. Good-bye."

"John," said Anne, holding his right hand in both hers. "I must tell you something. You were wise in not taking me at my word that day. I was greatly mistaken about myself. Gratitude is not love, though I wanted to make it so for the time. You don't call me thoughtless for what I did?"

"My dear Anne," cried John, with more gayety than truthfulness, "don't let yourself be troubled. What happens is for the best. Soldiers love here to-day and there to-morrow. Who knows that you won't hear of my attentions to some Spanish maid before a month is gone by? 'Tis the way of us, you know; a soldier's heart is not worth a week's purchase—ha, ha! Good-bye, good-bye."

Anne felt the expediency of his manner, received the affectation as real, and smiled her reply, not knowing that the adieu was for evermore, and that John would like a soldier fall. Then he went out of the door, where he bade adieu to the miller, Mrs. Loveday, and Bob, who said at parting, "It's all right, Jack, my dear fellow. After a coaxing that would have been enough to win three ordinary Englishwomen, five French, and ten Mulotters, she has to-day agreed to bestow her hand upon me at the end of six months. Good-bye, Jack, good-bye."

The candle held by his father shed its waning light upon John's face and uniform as he turned with a farewell smile on the doorstone, backed by the black night; and in another moment he had plunged into the darkness, the ring of his smart step dying away upon the bridge as he joined his waiting companions-in-arms, and went off to blow his trumpet over the bloody battlefields of Spain.

THE END.

Hester's Bonnet, and What it Brought!

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.



OR pity's sake!" exclaimed Aunt Martha sharply, "what a muss you're making in'—and besides, you won't be through—do hurry!"

Now, if any one is told to hurry, especially if the task is to make an old spring bonnet into something that is expected to be certainly fresher and handsomer than it was at first,

out of skimpy materials, with but two hours to do it in, the chances are, that nervous fingers will get completely paralyzed, and what little wit was possessed in the commencement will fly at once!

So the young woman, standing before the old cracked looking-glass, turning this way and that, to catch a comprehensive glance of all sides, had only one thought—to get away from the fire of fretful complaints that Aunt Martha's querulous tongue had furnished for her edification through all the work.

"You've spilt that bow," said Aunt Martha critically, perking up her spectacles, and coming up for a nearer view. "Why didn't you stick that end up higher?"

"Because then that showed where the ribbon was pieced," said Hester, with a little laugh, trying hard to be patient. "Poor folks, aunty, mustn't expect to be *very* elegant."

"Humph! I like to see things done *nice*," said her aunt, going back to the window, to crane her neck after a passer-by.

That was *too* much! That Hester, with her trim neat ways and her deftness with her needle, should have her pride over her one little "faculty" taken away, was the last drop, and threw her completely off her guard.

"There couldn't anybody *please* you," she cried passionately, twitching the bonnet off from her head, "if they worked a thousand years; it is bad enough to have a horrid old bonnet, without being scolded to death over it!" And with that she founced out of the room!

Up in her own poor little room she stood, scornfully twirling the offending headgear around and around, to see if there were any redeeming feature. Finding none, but, in her present ill state, seeing everything at its worst, she ended up by tossing it from her into the middle of the floor.

"There—it's no use!" she cried, with an impatient little fling; "I'm *never* to have anything decent, let alone its being pretty; it's drudge, drudge, drudge, and nothing comes of it!"

What! Didn't the only bit of brightness in poor old Aunt Martha's life come with each little duty performed out of love? *Could* her girlhood be spent in a better way than to lighten the burdens of one who had done so much for her? Should she throw away the result of the sacrifices made, when she had turned a deaf ear to those who urged her to look out for herself?

"I'm just like a naughty child," she cried to herself penitently—"and I wish there was somebody to shake me. I don't deserve to ever see a new bonnet in all my life."

She whisked into the adjoining room, and took down an old bandbox from the closet shelf in the vain hope that another search within it might bring to light some hidden treasure. But her efforts were useless, and calling up a little scrap of a song, where any other girl would have cried or been cross, she went back to do the best she could with what she had in hand.

"I think I had better pick up my bonnet first," she said to herself; "heigh—o! My elegant spring bonnet!—why, where—"

For the bonnet was nowhere to be seen, not

a vestige of the offending bow, not a scrap of the poor patient silk was to be seen, for all the rubbing of eyes that Hester bestowed on herself, nor the prowlings around under bed and chairs, to see if perchance it had rolled off on an investigating tour.

"It's very strange," she said, getting up from the floor. "Aunt Martha couldn't get up stairs without my hearing her. I don't see—"

Just then came a rap at the old-fashioned front door, loud and imperative, as if some one accustomed to being waited on stood without.

"It's Deacon Smith about that butter, I suppose," said Hester, flinging all thoughts of bonnet and everything else to the four winds. "Oh dear! we shall have to stop taking it entirely; we can't afford it."

Down the stairs she ran, and threw open the door. "Deacon Smith," she began, and then flushed all up to the roots of her pretty brown hair.

"It's not 'Deacon Smith,'" said a tall, fine looking old gentleman, smiling down at her. And then he held out something in his hand, and burst out into a hearty laugh.

Hester's eyes went from the fine, cheery face downward to the object put forth for her inspection, at sight of which her eyes stretched suddenly to their very widest extent, while her lips refused to utter a sound.

"I'm afraid you can't make much out of it," said the stranger ruefully, looking at it too. "I tried to get it away from him before the mischief was done, but I never saw such a dog to hold on. I'm very sorry."

Hester faintly gasped, "Thank you, sir. You're very good;" and put out her hand, while her heart went down, down!

"I've got *no* bonnet now!" she thought, that took all her self-control to keep from finding utterance in a hysterical laugh.

"What's the matter?" asked Aunt Martha's thin, querulous voice from the "keeping-room;" and then she came out into the entry to see the visitor herself.

"Nothing, aunty," said poor Hester, holding up the wreck, "only—"

But she got no further—for, rushing past her, spring bonnet and all, the stranger went directly to Miss Martha! "Well, cousin!" he said, and held out his hand.

"Hey!" said Aunt Martha, who couldn't take her eyes off from the bonnet; and she turned to peer sharply over her spectacles at him. "I *never!*" she ejaculated, and sat right down in the big, old-fashioned chair to catch her breath.

"I'm glad to find you at last," said the gentleman, speaking very rapidly, while Hester, still holding the bonnet, stared from one to the other. This must be the cousin of whom her aunt was always telling, who had been abroad for so many years, who was "dreadfully rich," and whom Miss Martha had declared, with pardonable pride, that "I wouldn't have him know, for all the world, Hetty, how poor we are; for Richard Green was always an awful generous boy, an' 'twould be the same as askin' him to help us."

"It *must* be," thought Hester, and then gave herself up to the two old cousins and their conversation.

"I lost all trace of you," the newly-arrived cousin was saying in earnest tones, "when I came back last year. How long have you lived here in this village?" he asked abruptly.

"Two years ago last February," said Miss Martha. "Warn't it, Hetty? No, I declare 'twas March; an' no wonder you couldn't find out from the folks in Berryville, for we weren't 'xactly decided to come here when we left; an' we han't had much time to write letters sence," she added, as if postage laws were nothing but a pleasure.

"Is this my little cousin?" he asked, turning around on Hester with a smile.

"Yes," said Aunt Martha, "that's Job's daughter, Richard. Hester, this is your father's cousin, Richard Green."

Hester's hand was grasped cordially. "I'm very glad to have found you," he repeated, "although the bonnet *was* spoiled," he added, laughing. "And by the way, I haven't told you yet, I believe, *how* it happened."

Aunt Martha led the way back to the "keeping-room." Cousin Richard gave one glance around the poor little room that looked as if trying violently to sustain an air which it couldn't quite carry out! and he winked away something bright from the keen gray eyes.

"I was passing through here," he began, plunging into explanations at once, "on business; and, having an hour or two at my disposal, preferred a run through the place instead of waiting at your little—beg pardon, cousin—but it really *is* a stuffy little station. Just as I reached your gate, when I was indulging in quiet meditations on matters and things in general, I was suddenly startled out of them by a rushing noise; and looking up, I saw a large dog flying out of your door, with not an appropriate mouthful exactly—a lady's bonnet! Not wishing to see *somebody's* work spoiled in that fashion, I remonstrated; but his dogship, not willing under any consideration to part with it, the bonnet suffered somewhat until I *did* have my way. I'm afraid it's pretty well chewed. Isn't it, Hester?"

"Never mind," said Hester, laughing gayly; and then the bright color came into her cheek at the thought of what Cousin Richard would say if he knew how naughty she had been! And he looked *so good*, and as if he had never been impatient or repining.

"I bless it," said Cousin Richard, "for without it I don't know as I should ever have found you; and now I don't go home without you. Stop, Cousin Martha," he commanded, seeing her about to speak, "it's no use; my mind's made up. Our house is big, and my wife and I need you for company. And besides, think hoy this child"—he took Hester's hand in his affectionately—"will cheer us up and brighten our lives."

That settled it for Aunt Martha! She *couldn't* bear the brightness that shone in Hester's brown eyes, and that flowed all over the longing face.

"Well," she gasped, "'tain't right, but we'll come—"

"Not *come*," he cried, laughing joyfully, "but you *go* with me to-morrow! I won't lose sight of either of you again as long as I live!"

The Story of a New-Year's Call.

BY ELLEN INGLIS.



MILY, Emily! Will you tell me about this idiom? I think the Professor ought not to give me so difficult a fable as this to translate, and I *never* shall get my other lessons learned to-day."

"Emily! Did you quill that footing up for my black silk dress? No? Well, do it now, there's a love! Nobody else can please me, or make my ruffles look decent."

"Emily! Maud Elliot is in the school-room, waiting for you to give her her music lesson, and you ought to go to her at once, for the days are growing so short the dark will overtake the child before she gets home."

These three voices, querulous, pleading, and admonitory, followed each other in quick succession, and the young lady to whom their tones were addressed had not time to really answer any of them. She gave each her reply in a characteristic way by bending over the impatient little Lou, and explaining the construction of the French phrase; by taking up a pretty shell-shaped basket, overflowing with snowy lace, and carrying it with her, thimble on finger, and needle threaded, to the school-room, where Maud was drumming on the old piano, stopping an instant to press a kiss on the cheek of her mother, the last speaker.

Mother and daughter were very like, each to the other, though the one was a pale, worn, weary-looking woman, whose forty years had left more than their due share of lines and wrinkles; and the other was eighteen, straight as an arrow, delicately tinted as a damask rose, and clear-eyed with hope and health. The plate on the outside of their modest dwelling, bearing the inscription "*Female Seminary*," as the fashion then was, told that they had sought to earn a living in the most genteel and available way then open to women who had themselves to support.

Besides Mrs. Mulherne and Emily, the household consisted of Aunt Adaline, an imperious dame who managed everybody, and considered she did them a favor by condescending to issue her orders; of Great-aunt Mercy, who had a little money, which it was supposed she would leave to Emily, should she (Aunt Mercy) ever consent to go out of this life; of Cousin Grace Hastings, a parlor boarder; and of little Lou Preston, whose parents had gone abroad and left her under Mrs. Mulherne's wing. A family of ladies exclusively, with forty day scholars and ten music pupils, the latter of whom were bonny Emily's particular charge.

It must be confessed that she sometimes grew a little tired and depressed, for her work was monotonous and uneventful, and in the brief intervals when she ventured to seize a moment's rest, the demands on her time were incessant. Everybody wanted Emily. Everybody felt that she had a right to her company, her music, and her help. She was praised,

petted, scolded, blamed, caressed, and loved by the whole establishment, from Aunt Mercy to the cook. But she was hardly allowed to call her soul her own.

When Maud's lesson was completed, she slipped on her hat and cloak, and accompanied the little girl part of the way home. There was a hill in Stockwood from which there was a very fine view of the sunset, and Emily frequently walked as far as this spot in the hour at the close of school duties, which was the only one, in the whole circle of waking hours, which she could spend in recreation without being pricked in her conscience. Evenings were, in general, devoted to practicing or to correcting the scholars' compositions, while her mother made or mended the clothing, or cast up domestic accounts, and as soon as breakfast was over, music lessons began. A wearing life, but work is never play, and Emily knew how to do hers, and did it well. Years after she looked back from a very different sort of environment and occupation, and thought how happy she had been in the day of small economies, of constant engagements, and of humdrum cares. Yes, how happy! though at the time she did not know she was eating her white bread and tasting her honey.

A soft hand was laid on her arm, as she stood looking off at the sunset's crimson and gold, and a pair of violet eyes overflowing with fun looked into her soberer brown ones.

"You here, Maggie?" she exclaimed; "why I thought you in New York!"

"I've been at home a whole day and a half, Mignon, and was on my way to see you now. Rob Everett is at our house. He came down from college with brother Fred, for the holidays, and we're all going to visit you this evening, and hear your new pieces. Rob says he can hardly wait to try again the duet you and he began to learn last vacation."

The friends separated, and Emily sped homeward with flying feet. At the tea table she unfolded her news. It was received with various degrees of approbation. Little Lou declared that *she* meant to stay in the parlor as long as the company did, and pouted when Mrs. Mulherne told her that she could not go there at all, and would retire as usual. Aunt Mercy, being deaf, had to be informed three times who was coming, and then remarked that Maggie Tracy and her set were wild and ill-bred. She didn't like Emily's making herself so common as to be at their beck and call.

Aunt Adaline said, with emphasis, "It is very well for an idle young woman like Margaret to entertain young men, and enjoy herself. You, Emily, have a principle to maintain, and have your livelihood to gain, and your mother to assist. Let me hope that you will not ask those frivolous butterflies to repeat their call."

"Dear me!" said cousin Grace, "it's a great pity if Emily is not to have a moment's pleasure in her life, and she only eighteen."

"Duty, and not pleasure, is, I trust, Emily's motive in life. She feels her responsibility to her Maker," said Aunt Adaline severely.

Mrs. Mulherne was silent. She could not protest in uttered speech for two reasons: the first, that she was timid and weak by nature

the second, that Aunt Adaline paid the rent, and thus her very liberal rate of board almost entitled her to a wider freedom of speech than she could otherwise have claimed. Besides, Aunt Adaline, though a Christian, was stern and unsympathetic to a fault: just, but never generous. A little child under her care would have had plenty of judicious punishment, with a whipping now and then as a tonic, and indulgence would have been slight and seldom. Once when Emily, a year or two over twelve, had been left in her charge, during an absence of her mother's, she had had the misfortune to be caught in a rain-storm, and destroy her best dress. Aunt Adaline had obliged her to go to church in it the next Sunday, stained, limp, and spoiled as it was, and when Emily had cried and begged off, and remonstrated, had silenced her by saying,

"You have your Saviour, Emily. Ask him to give you a meeker spirit, and to chastise your wicked pride. How can you shed tears over a dress? You deserve to have something given you to cry for."

But in these days the scepter had departed from Aunt Adaline, and, like the old giants in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, she could only sit in the door of her cave, and grumble. Emily shirked none of her proper work. She accepted whatever was tiresome as a necessary part of her own and her mother's social endeavor after respectability, but she took what comfort she could by the way. When Maggie's brother Fred and his college mate were at home, Emily threw herself gayly into their young life, and went with the current, enjoying it heartily.

She slipped to her own room after tea, and exchanged her gray dress for a pretty garnet merino, with lace rippling at the neck and wrists. A gold pin at the throat fastened a bow of pale blue ribbon, and she assumed the embroidered apron of black silk, which she put on only when she had guests at home, or when she went to sewing society.

Mother came up to turn her round and look at her.

"My sweet, you are as fresh as a snow-drop," she said. "Don't worry over Aunt Adaline, she has gone to prayer-meeting. And Aunt Mercy has retired for the night."

"I wish, mamma darling, that you and I had a home by our two selves, away from the cross, fault-finding aunts," said Emily impulsively. "They are growing harder to get on with every day."

"Hush, daughter, Aunt Mercy's door is ajar, and she always hears when one isn't expecting it. You frighten me. There is a way open to leave them, you know, if you would take it. Such a fair home, and my child might reign in it like a queen, if she would."

"Anything else, mamma, but never that," said Emily, running down to meet and greet her friends.

The mother sighed. It seemed hard to her that a gate into Paradise should be open to her darling, and the darling refuse to recognize what gate it was, what good things were there for her taking, and what pleasure she could have if she would. The lover who appeared elderly to Emily, surveying him with the ex-

perience of her few summers, was but thirty-three and in his prime. That he was a widower, and had a little brood of boys and girls at home, was an objection, but not, in Mrs. Mulherne's opinion, an insurmountable one. He was rich, influential, and handsome, and Emily as his wife would have opportunities such as she never seemed likely to gain in Stockwood. Her mother saw her in imagination growing prim, angular, and old-maidish, teaching music till the thick brown hair grew thin and faded, the bright eyes lost their luster, and the lithe form its elasticity. On the other hand, she fancied her with wealth and luxury as her portion, a circlet of diamonds on the graceful, tapering finger, and rustling silks and soft wools adorning her stately figure.

Meanwhile Emily had dismissed all serious thoughts, and was enjoying the gay sallies and retorts of the lively young people in the parlor. They had music, and the instrument there, a fine, full-toned one, gave back very different sounds from the antique, second-hand piano, which was in use for the school-room practice. They lingered late, late that is for Stockwood, where people retired at ten, and at the door, Rob pressed Emily's hand, and asked permission to write to her when he should return to Yale.

"But in the meantime," said Maggie, "you can call on her on New Year's day. She will receive with me."

Good-nights were exchanged, and Emily closed the piano, extinguished the solar lamp on the center-table and the swinging one in the hall, and taking her candle in her hand, went softly up to bed. Not so softly, however, that Aunt Adaline did not hear her. That lady, in nightcap and curl-papers, stood in her chamber-door, and said:

"Are you sure you are not too tired to read your Bible, Emily?"

And from Aunt Mercy's room there came a call:

"Emily, Emily!"

"Well, Aunt Mercy?"

"Are you *sure* you locked the front door?"

New Year's day arrived, crystalline in atmosphere, cold as an Arctic temperature could make it, but a beautiful day for calling. Quite early, our Emily, arrayed in a pretty and becoming suit, evolved by her mother's taste and industry out of a former evening dress of her own girlhood, and wrapped in shawls and furs enough to have enveloped an Esquimaux, tripped over to the Tracys. Cousin Grace had gone to her home for the holidays, giving a truce to the music and French she was pursuing in an elegantly leisurely manner. Aunt Adaline, who approved of New Year's calls, had been graciously pleased to lend Emily some rare old lace, and the two old ladies had gladdened her mother's heart by admiring the young girl, as much as did Mrs. Mulherne herself. A few days' rest from the strain of a school in the house had brightened the whole family.

Perhaps nobody ever had a much better time than Emily did at Maggie Tracy's that day. There was not the stream of visitors to which city girls are accustomed, for Stockwood was a suburb, and gentlemen were not too numerous, especially young gentlemen.

But all day there was company, and the gayety was unchecked by any unpleasant incident. Stockwood never offered its guests wine on New Year's, and the inspiration of good coffee and sparkling lemonade never unfits gentlemen for ladies' society, or sends a youth the first steps on the downhill road of intemperance and ruin.

Toward evening, Rob Everett and Emily were sitting by themselves in a cosy curtained nook in the back parlor, looking over an illustrated book. But their eyes saw each other's faces rather than the pictures, and the book was only a pretense. He was telling her of his hopes and ambitions, and of the prospect, when his studies were completed, of his being taken into partnership by his uncle the doctor.

"And then, birdie, my fortune will be made," he said, "and I can look out for a nest, where my dove may fold her white wings and sing for me."

Just then the face of Maggie Tracy appeared in the alcove.

"Emily dear, your mother has sent for you to come home. Your Aunt Mercy is ill."

"Aunt Mercy? Can it be anything serious?" said Emily. "Who came for me?"

"Your Aunt Adaline. Don't go, dear, if you can help yourself. The evening will be the best of all."

But Aunt Adaline was imperative. She had just come from the house, she said, and Mrs. Mulherne wanted Emily. It was not seemly for one of the family to be out enjoying herself when an honored member of it was ill and suffering.

She did not tell her niece that she had seen as she stood in the hall that Rob and herself were neither of them in the parlor, and had surmised that they might be courting somewhere, and that then she had resolved that Emily should go home, and stay there. Mrs. Mulherne's message had been sent to please the aged lady, and she had intended to let Emily return.

It was not in a very good humor that the young girl walked back with the spinster. She was used to Aunt Mercy's attacks, and said so.

"I truly believe, Aunt Adaline, that you just worried her into one, so that you could have a good excuse for spoiling my day's pleasure. You are just as disagreeable to me as you can be."

The guess was so near the truth, that Aunt Adaline felt as if she would like to pinch her niece's plump arm, and had to make quite an effort to restrain herself. She preserved an injured silence till they reached the door-step. When they were fairly in she said, with a sarcastic smile:

"I cannot say, miss, that I regret very much that Providence has interfered to stop your unseemly flirting with Robert Everett, a youth for whom I entertain a feeling of contempt."

"Aunt Mercy is better, darling. You may see her and rest a little, and I'll go back with you," said her mother. "I was sorry to interrupt your good time."

Just then the door-bell rang, and Mr. Forbes

was ushered into the dimly-lighted parlor. Mrs. Mulherne's face flushed with delight; he would see her pretty Emily at her best. The first of the year had brought its embarrassments to the good lady, in the shape of bills and interest. The aunts had been very trying, her health was not strong; if only, only Mr. Forbes would propose, and Emily accept!

Mr. Forbes had brought some exquisite hot-house flowers, the gems of his conservatory, and he presented them gracefully and with *empressement* to Miss Mulherne, thinking the while how like them she herself was in her beauty and charm. He was in no haste to go, he begged Emily to play for him, and then he talked of art, of music, of travel, and drew enchanting pictures of the delights of a European tour. In fact he spent the evening, and when at last he took his leave, it was far too late for Emily to seek the Tracy mansion that night.

She carried her flowers up stairs, as her mother bade her, but it was with a heavy heart. Aunt Mercy had slept peacefully the whole evening, and the sound of rhythmic snores proclaimed that Aunt Adaline was also slumbering profoundly.

As she deposited her bouquet on the dressing-table she saw, what had escaped her notice hitherto, a little white velvet case securely fastened among the roses, and as she was not without curiosity, she opened it with an exclamation.

"Why, mother!"

On a bed of purple satin reposed a tiny bijou of a gold watch, with the letters E. M. in diamonds flashing from its cover. A long thread-like chain of woven gold was entwined around it, and on the accompanying card were these words: "A happy New Year to dear Emily, with the love of one who hopes ere long to claim her by a dearer title than that of her admiring friend and well-wisher, Reuben C. Forbes."

Mrs. Mulherne was in ecstasies, she impulsively pressed a rapturous kiss on Emily's lips, but none was given in response.

"Mamma, I cannot accept this gift, it implies too much," said the girl with entreaty rather than decision in her voice. "There was temptation in it, for she loved the artistic and the beautiful, and this dainty watch was an earnest of more in prospect. Satan loves to tempt pure souls, by offering them the kingdoms of this world and the glory thereof."

"My dear," said Mrs. Mulherne, "do not break my heart by sending Mr. Forbes back his gift. If you want to keep me with you, you will marry this man."

"But I do not love him, he is too old."

"Old!" Mrs. Mulherne raised her voice in shrill displeasure, but presently lowered it, mindful of the aunts. "He is thirty-three, a man, with a man's place made for himself already; he can give you position, ease, influence, every advantage. And you turn your back on him?"

"O mother dear, hush!" said Emily. "I must marry with love, or I cannot marry at all."

"I married for love," said Mrs. Mulherne bitterly.

Alas! too well Emily remembered the unhappiness of her early years, the recriminations between her parents, the dissipation and drunken carousals of her handsome, well-appearing, gentlemanly father. She knew that widowhood had brought relief to her poor mother, and not alone sorrow and regret.

"And my dear, I'll tell you one thing more, which, under other circumstances, I would have kept to myself. Dr. Pendleton has examined my heart, and he says there is pronounced disease of the membrane which surrounds it, and that the stress and anxiety of my present life are wearing me out by degrees. He says I must have less worry. Now, if you love me, you will think seriously before you withdraw encouragement from Reuben Forbes."

Well, it is easy to see how it ended. It was thirty years ago Emily became Mrs. Forbes, and this New Year's she entertained some of New York's proudest and most influential citizens, with a troop of little grandchildren playing in the rooms, a bevy of bright-haired girls surrounding her own beautiful daughters, and a fine lad her son, going out and in, with his guest, another Rob Everett, for whom mamma is known to entertain a very special fondness. Her life has not been so very unhappy, but it missed that which is the chrism and crown of fortunate womanhood, and often when she sees the real bliss of her eldest daughter, an Emily who made a love match, she thinks somewhat sadly of the old Bible story of one who parted with his birth-right for a mess of pottage. She gave her husband respect and esteem. She lived in amity and friendship with his children. But she has always had an unsatisfied corner in her heart, and that is a hard fate for a loving woman. "It might have been," she sometimes repeats in the confidence of her own thoughts, "so very, very different."

Her mother lived several triumphant years with her. Aunt Mercy died at a great age, and left her money to an orphan asylum. Aunt Adaline still lives, exacting and crabbed, attending duly on the means of grace, but showing little grace in her daily deportment.

NOT THE RICH ALONE HAVE THE POWER TO MAKE HAPPY.—It is very common for the poor to envy the rich, and say, "If I only had such a one's wealth, how happy I would make those around me!" But money is only one of the many means of contributing to the enjoyment of others. If we reflect on the favors by which others have added largely to our own happiness, we shall find that a large proportion of them have been pure deeds of kindness which have cost the bestower little or nothing beyond the good disposition to perform them. Do not attempt to excuse yourself from the obligation to do something—in fact, to do much—to make others happy, on the ground that you are not rich. It is not a valid excuse. A smiling face and an encouraging cheerful word to the afflicted and the troubled often go farther than all that money can buy.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, whose name is so intimately connected with the literary, philanthropic, and woman's questions of the day, is the daughter of a former eminent New York banker, a man not only of wealth, but distinguished for sound wisdom, ripe judgment, and keen intuitions, and whose companionship was equal to a liberal education.

Her mother, whom she lost in early childhood, was a lineal descendant of General Marion, of South Carolina, one of the Southern heroes of the revolutionary struggle, while on her father's side she is related to Roger Sherman, through Governors Green and Ward, of Rhode Island.

When but a tiny maid, not yet emancipated from nursery rule, Mrs. Howe strung rhymes together, and made childish orations to invisible audiences, and dreamed dreams of all she would accomplish if she was only a boy, feeling at that immature age, the restrictions which hamper a girl's aspirations.

Like hosts of other precocious and imaginative girls, she was studious by starts only, learning all she undertook with readiness, especially foreign languages, but devoting herself to music with eager and passionate fondness. When eighteen she left school, understanding French perfectly, and speaking Italian with considerable fluency.

Up to this time she had studied Latin probably as the generality of school girls of that day did, advancing as far as Cicero and Livy, but after leaving school she resumed her Latin studies, and read Virgil, Horace, and Tacitus with delight. She also devoted much of her time to the study of German, not the construction and practical use of the language only, but the literature and philosophy of that tongue, which could not but be a source of limitless enjoyment to such a mind.

When Mrs. Howe was about twenty, in 1839, her father died, and shortly after a favorite brother. Naturally of an excitable temperament and extremely sympathetic, she was drawn by her losses and sorrows into a religious revival, but from which she emerged a Unitarian in creed, after passing through many phases of religious needs and conflicts.

In 1841 she was married to Dr. Howe, so celebrated as the teacher who opened to Laura Bridgeman's closed senses the charms and delights of life, as well as the noble helper of Greece in her early struggle for independence, and as one of the most ardent, yet reliable philanthropists that America has ever produced.

Directly after their marriage, Dr. and Mrs. Howe went abroad, where they received every attention, especially in London, Dr. Howe's fame as Laura Bridgeman's teacher having preceded him. Dickens, Sidney Smith, Macready, Samuel Rogers, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Duchess of Northumberland opened their doors and spread their hospitable boards to do them honor. After travelling



MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

extensively in Great Britain and on the Continent, Rome was reached, where they wintered, and where Mrs. Howe's eldest child, a daughter, was born.

Until her marriage Mrs. Howe had led a life devoted to literature. At the age of seventeen she had published a review of Lamartine's Jocelyn, with translations, a paper upon the minor poems of Schiller and Goethe, besides original poems from time to time. But the cares of wedded life, and the joys and anxieties of maternity naturally interrupted these occupations, though through all she always kept some book of solid interest for daily reading, mostly of a historical or philosophical character.

In 1850 Mrs. Howe went abroad a second time, passing the winter in Rome, and taking with her her two youngest children. Upon her return to Boston, in the autumn of 1851, she so arranged her methods of life as to be able to devote the greater portion of each day to study. Within the following two years she published her first volume, entitled "Passion Flowers," a lyrical collection which awoke much interest in the author, and caused many predictions of future greatness from literary authorities. This was followed by another practical volume, "Words for the Hour," and a drama in blank verse, which was brought out at Wallack's in New York, and also in Boston. Although possessing undoubted literary and dramatic merit, it did not "keep the stage," partly because to write a successful play, it is absolutely necessary to have an understanding of scenic effects and stage business.

In 1851, when Mrs. Howe returned from Europe, the anti-slavery question was greatly agitating American society. Dr. Howe had been one of the very earliest and foremost of abolitionists, his sympathies being wholly enlisted on the side of human freedom for every race and color, and he greatly influenced the progress of the cause in Massachusetts.

Being so intimately associated with this

leader of the people, Mrs. Howe could not but see always the noblest and truest phase of private and public duty.

Her second volume, "Words for the Hour," commemorates the struggles of that time, while her third volume, "Later Lyrics," has numerous poems of the civil war, among them the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which has not inappositely been called the *Marseillaise* of America. This stirring war song was written in Washington in the fall of 1861, when the city was surrounded by McClellan's great army.

In 1857, Mrs. Howe accompanied her husband and Theodore Parker to Cuba, and upon her return published "A Trip to Cuba," a book which still enjoys the distinction of being a prohibited volume on the island.

In 1867, at the period when the Cretan struggle for national independence occurred, Dr. and Mrs. Howe visited Athens, where the Greek community vied with each other in their expressions of gratitude to the Dr. for his sympathy and the substantial aid he had afforded them. From that date Mrs. Howe has been an enthusiastic student of Greek.

In 1861, she was called upon to sustain one of the heaviest sorrows which can touch a woman's heart, in the loss of her youngest child, a fine boy of three. To keep up her courage under this grief, she wrote and read aloud to an invited circle of friends, some essays on various questions of practical ethics. From this time, she also devoted herself closely to the study of philosophy, as set forth in the works of Hegel and Spinoza, Auguste Comte's Positive Philosophy, and Kant's Critiques of Pure Reason, this last being especially delightful to her.

In the course of these studies, she wrote many essays on philosophical subjects, most of which have been read to public and private audiences, though none of them have yet been published.

About this time she began to feel her work was too much isolated from the work of the day, and the desire arose to do some practical service for her fellow creatures. This feeling induced her to attend a small private meeting for the consideration of the establishment of a woman's club in the city of Boston. This plan was speedily carried into successful operation, and Mrs. Howe was chosen president in the third year, a position she has ever since held, Miss May filling her place during her last visit to Europe. This club life she feels to have been an education for her in one important respect, it having elevated her opinion of her own sex greatly, to learn what they are capable of doing individually and in association with others.

About 1870, Mrs. Howe's mind became suddenly quickened with the thought that if women all over the world would unite their efforts, the settlement and maintenance of political and national rights might be effected by peaceful methods of arbitration, rather than the barbarism of war and bloodshed, and the wholesale destruction of human life.

To accomplish this, she called for a women's congress of all nationalities, to be held in London, to consider the essential conditions of universal peace. In 1872 she went to England, where, proclaiming her errand, she received invitations, which she accepted, to speak upon the subject in some of the principal cities of Great Britain. In London she held a succession of Sunday evening services, in which she considered "The Mission of Christianity in relation to the Pacification of the World." She was then made a delegate to the great Congress for Prison Reform, held in London, in 1872, speaking in its meetings in both French and English.

After her return to the United States, Mrs. Howe proposed the institution of a Women's Peace Festival, to be held on the 22d of every June, and succeeded in inducing people in various States, who were advocates of the peace theory, to join with her in celebrating that day. Her own meetings in Boston are held in a hall decorated with flowers and adorned with appropriate emblems, while addresses and appropriate music fill the time of their remaining together.

Three years ago, Mrs. Howe again visited Europe, remaining abroad more than two years, revisiting England, France, and Italy, and going as far east as the Holy Land. Everywhere the question of woman and her rights and cause she found in agitation, and she gave two lectures in Paris and one in Florence, on themes connected with the duties and education of women. She was made one of the presiding officers of the Woman's Rights Congress, held in Paris, in 1878. She also lectured in Athens upon the various associations of women in America, and their work and methods of work.

In addition to the organization of the Woman's Club in Boston, and, later, the Young Ladies' Saturday Morning Club, in the same city, Mrs. Howe had much to do with founding the Town and Country Club of Newport, Rhode Island, which meets in the season only, for literary purposes and social enjoyment. With this she is still intimately connected, as indeed she is with every society in Newport which has an elevating and ennobling purpose.

Since the publication of the books previously mentioned, Mrs. Howe has written another volume of "Lyrics" and a book of European travels, called, "From the Oak to the Olive." She has also delivered lectures and attended conventions in many of the States of the Union, besides preaching frequently in churches of Liberal Christians.

Indeed, a busier life than that led by Mrs. Howe can scarcely be imagined, or, in its way, a more useful one. Though somewhat past middle life (she was born the 27th of May, 1819), her temperament is such that she will never be able to give herself rest while the cause of truth, liberty, and universal freedom is in need of an advocate. And since she is so peculiarly fitted for the work, let every woman wish for her a life which passes the allotted span, and strength of body and mind with it, to keep her from faint-heartedness and faltering.



A Great English Charity.

THE "BLUE COAT" SCHOOL AND ITS DOINGS.

LONDON, 1880.



CHRIST'S Hospital playground presented a stirring sight this afternoon, with its throng of blue-coated, yellow-legged boys waiting for the hour in which they should be called into the great hall for the annual speech-day exercises. By two o'clock eight hundred boys had filed into the venerable room and climbed the raised seats at either side of the organ, and very soon after the sound of music announced the entrance of the Lord Mayor in his official robes, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, the Sheriff and Under Sheriff, Treasurer and Governors, preceded by the golden mace and sword of state.

The ceremonies of the day consisted of orchestral music composed by an Old Blue and performed by the school band; a prologue by one of the Seniors, a Latin oration, in which the orator expressed thanks on behalf of himself and colleagues for their education in the Hospital; extolled the wisdom and benevolence of the Royal founder; recalled the names of those who have lately done honor to the school; expressed gratitude to the Governors and Masters, and commended the Hospital to the sympathies of the audience. Then followed orations in French, Greek, and English, succeeded by the ancient custom of passing the "glove" for contributions for the benefit of scholars who are leaving for the universities; after which came the distribution of prizes by the Lord Mayor, who accom-

panied each by a hearty hand shake; the singing of the national anthem, and a "three times three," given with all the lungs and vim of real English boys.

The institution is one of the sights of London, and perhaps a few words concerning its origin may not be amiss. Ridley, Bishop of London, preached on a certain day a sermon before Edward VI. at Westminster, in which he exhorted the rich to be merciful to the poor in the relief of their necessities. The young king was so impressed by the nature and extent of the evils indicated, that he sent for the good bishop at the close of the service, and requested that some plan should be devised for the relief of the London poor, desiring him to take council with some of the citizens, who were not only "many and wise," but also "pitiful and merciful." So pleased was the bishop with the effect of his sermon, that he lost no time in talking over the matter with the Lord Mayor and aldermen, and the result was, that a brief and business-like plan was speedily laid before the king.

From this arose the Bridewell, for the "thriftless poor, vagabonds and idle persons;" the Hospitals of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew, for the poor by casualty, comprising "wounded soldiers and diseased persons;" the Almonry of St. Mary Ovaries for the poor by impotency, consisting principally of "orphans, the aged, the blind, and lame;" while for the largest and most important class, that of "desitute children," the most renowned of all the old religious houses of London, Gray Friars, was set aside.

Within six months the conventual buildings, then greatly dilapidated, were restored to a fit state, and three hundred and forty children were admitted within the old monastic walls. They were clad in a livery of russet, which was soon changed for the garb they now wear, long yellow stockings, blue gowns with ample skirts, red leathern girdle and white bands, this being the customary dress for the children of humble citizens in the time of the Tudors.

It was not long before the institution became a favorite one, and benefactions poured in. A few days before his death, King Edward donated lands to the value of four thousand marks annually, saying, when he had signed his name to the deed of gift, "Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of Thy name." Dame Mary Ramsey, whose portrait hangs in the Treasurer's room, made a magnificent bequest to the Hospital, which now yields four thousand pounds a year. Of this lady the following story is told: she intended to leave five hundred pounds a year to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, but made it a condition that the College should take the name of Peter and Mary. To this the Master objected, saying, "Peter, who had lived so long single, was now too old to take a feminine partner;" a speech which caused the loss of the benefaction.

Richard Castell, a Westminster shoemaker, called, from his industrious habits, the "Cock of Westminster," left lands which, at the time of his death, brought in forty-four pounds a year, but which are now of great value. Some

legacies were hampered by curious stipulations, one person leaving money on condition a certain number of boys should receive gloves at Easter, on which were to be printed, "He is risen!" and which were to be worn in the various processions that took place during Easter week. The gloves are still given, but a badge is now worn with the inscription, instead of having it on the gloves. Leigh Hunt says that in his day the motto conveyed no serious idea, but only called to mind an old doggerel which the boys were fond of repeating:

"He is risen! He is risen!
All Jews must go to prison."

One Mary Hunt left three pounds a year, to be expended in dinners of boiled legs of pork; and some other money for beef and mutton to be given to the boys, in addition to what they already were to receive. These bequests were really needed some time ago, when the fare was really so poor and scanty that the boys strung together the following rhymes:

"Sunday, all saints,
Monday, all souls,
Tuesday, all trenchers,
Wednesday, all bowls,
Thursday, tough jack,
Friday, no better,
Saturday, pea soup with bread and butter."

The diet now, though plain, is good and abundant, as the healthy faces of the boys testify; but, like the friars in the old refectory, they eat their meat off wooden trenchers, and ladle their soup with wooden spoons, from wooden bowls. These, with leathern jacks for beer, and the black piggins into which it is poured, give us a tolerable idea of the primitive manners of our ancestors.

The discipline is strict, but not as ultra Spartan as Coleridge reports it to have been in his day when Dr. Jeremy Boyer was head master. Once when Coleridge was crying, after his return from his holidays, Dr. Boyer said, "Boy, the school is your father! Boy, the school is your mother! Boy, the school is your brother! Boy, the school is your sister! Boy, the school is your first cousin, your second cousin and all your relatives! Let us have no more crying!" When Coleridge heard of his old master's death, he said, "Poor Jeremy Boyer! May all his faults be forgiven, and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys all heads and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublunary infirmities!"

The principal entrance to the Hospital is on Newgate Street, through a brick gateway surmounted by a statue of Edward VI. in his robes. At the right of the play-ground is the entrance to the cloisters, which form a large square, where the monks used to walk, and where many burials have taken place. In the middle ages, Gray Friars churchyard was thought to be peculiarly free from flying demons, and it became a fashionable burial place, almost as popular, even with royalty, as Westminster Abbey. Four queens lie there: Margaret, wife of Edward I.; Isabella, the infamous wife of Edward II.; Joan, daughter of Edward II. and wife of David Bruce, king of Scotland; and Isabella, titular queen of

Manx. The English Isabella was buried with the heart of her murdered husband on her breast, and according to all true Blues, her ghost still haunts the cloisters.

Many other knights and ladies almost equally illustrious by birth rest here. Isabella, daughter of Edward III. and wife of Earl Bedford, John, Duke of Bourbon, one of the French nobles taken in battle of Agincourt, who died after eighteen years' imprisonment in the Tower; Walter Blunt, Lord Treasurer to Edward IV., "gentle Mortimer" paramour of Isabella, who was hung at Tyburn, and Sir Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice of England, also hung at Tyburn, and who, tradition says, could not be hung until they had removed from his neck the head of the devil and certain other magical images. In the old church was the splendid tomb of Lady Venetia Digby, whose beauty Ben. Jonson celebrated, and who was supposed, absurdly enough, to have died from viper broth given by her husband to heighten her beauty.

The Treasurer's Hall is an elegant specimen of Gothic architecture, built upon arches which form noble cloisters, and over the center of which are recorded the names of the officers of the institution under whose superintendence the building was erected. A grained oak wainscoting lines the walls of the room to the height of ten feet, upon which are painted the coats of arms and names of the chief benefactors from the founding.

In the center of the north side, opposite the steward's table, is a pulpit, from which a Grecian reads grace and the daily Scripture lessons. A few feet from the pulpit is the entrance to the kitchen and buttery. At the farther end of the hall is the famous picture of Edward VI. by Halbein. The young monarch sits on an elevated throne, in a scarlet robe trimmed with ermine, and holds the scepter in his left hand, while he presents the charter to the Lord Mayor with the other. By his side stand the Chancellor and other officers of state. Bishop Ridley kneels before him with uplifted hands, as if invoking a blessing on the event, while the Lord Mayor and aldermen, kneeling, occupy the foreground of the picture. Citizens stand behind them, and on one side are a double row of boys and of girls on the other. The old-fashioned square windows with rude niches between, in two of which are statues, and the checkered floor bear every mark of being a real representation of the old palace of Westminster.

There is another immense and curious picture of Christ's Hospital scholars bringing their drawings to be examined by James II. in the midst of his court. This custom is still kept up, the boys going every year to the Queen at Buckingham Palace, who selects the three best drawings, and presents each of the young artists with a gold pencil-case.

The Hall is famous for its rats, who, attracted by crumbs and fragments of food, forage about by hundreds after dark, and it is the peculiar pride of a Blue to catch these rats with his hands only, traps being considered cowardly aids and unworthy the Hospital.

In 1673, Charles II. founded a mathematical school for the instruction of forty boys in navigation, endowed it with one thousand pounds for seven years, and added an annuity of three hundred and seventy from the exchequer to educate and fit out for sea ten boys annually. To supplement the king's grant, one of the governors left a legacy for the maintenance of a preliminary class of twelve boys, to be also taught navigation. The "twelve" wear a badge on the right shoulder, the king's boys on the left, the figures upon which represent Arithmetic, with a scroll in one hand and the other placed on a boy's head; Geometry, with a triangle; and Astronomy, with a quadrant in one hand and a sphere in the other. Around the plate is inscribed: "Auspicio Caroli Secundi Regis, 1673."

There are now about twelve hundred boys on the foundation, eight hundred of the elder ones at Newgate Street, and the remainder at the branch institution in Hertford. The boys enter at seven, and, as a rule, leave at fifteen, though when deserving a university course, they are kept longer. On an average, four scholars are sent to Cambridge every year, with an exhibition of £80, tenable for four years, and one to Oxford with £100 for the same period. Besides these, there are the Pitt and the Times scholarships, of £30 each, awarded to the best scholar in mathematics and classics combined, and held in addition to the general exhibition.

Upon going to the university, each Grecian receives £20 for books, £10 for clothes, and £30 for caution money and settling fees. These aids the Hospital can well afford to give, as it has a yearly income of £70,000, of which £42,000 is spent in educational purposes.

Although Christ's Hospital was intended for a commercial school, still the list of the Blues who have acquired celebrity in the liberal professions would do honor to any institution. Chief upon the list are Edward Campion, Camden, the great antiquary, Joshua Barnes, the Greek scholar, Richardson, the novelist, Middleton, first Protestant bishop to India, S. T. Coleridge, Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb.

L. P. L.

Old Songs.

"Sing a Song of Sixpence," is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice," is found in a music-book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse," was licensed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice," dates from 1639. "London Bridge is Broken Down," is of unfathomed antiquity. "Boys and Girls Come out to Play," is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II., as is also "Lucy Locket lost her Pocket," to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?" is of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner," is older than the seventeenth century. "The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket," is of the reign of James II., to which monarch it is supposed to allude.

Seed-time and Harvest

BY SHERRILL KERR.

(Continued from page 668.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

DESPITE the quiet and persevering efforts which Ethel conscientiously made to change the tone of her life from apathy and inaction to spirit and energy, she was very often heart-sick and weary and ready to give up. She had now a very clear idea of what her life ought to be, but to bring it up to that standard when her husband was so unconformable and indolent and self-indulgent, seemed to her the next thing to an impossibility. She was so convinced of her mistake in having separated herself in her pursuits and sentiments so completely and wilfully from her husband, that it seemed to her now the most manifest part of her duty to identify him with her newly-formed resolutions, and associate him in their fulfillment. One of her greatest causes of remorse was that ever since her marriage she had only tolerated his presence and endured such remarks and suggestions as he chose to make, instead of seeking to bring about a conformity of purpose and desire, and establish common feelings of interest and sympathy.

She imagined that this might have been easily effected, if she had tried, and, that she had wilfully hindered any such condition of affairs, made it the more essentially her duty to attempt its accomplishment now. So she endeavored in every way to associate herself with his affairs and interests and pleasures. She would never have her meals now until he was ready for his, though she now always rose at a stated hour, much earlier than had heretofore been her habit, realizing that if she was to succeed in governing herself, in the matter of her changed conduct to her husband, she must discipline herself in minor things. Her self-examination had shown her that her greatest danger for the future, and strongest fault in the past, had been indifference and inertia, not caring what came and not seeking to overcome evil or encourage good. So she made for herself a set of rules as to her daily disposition of time, and clung to their strict observance as her only hope of good. They were not hard or vigorous ones; indeed, in the enthusiastic longing to do right which had prompted their creation, she had tried to think of how she could make them harder; but there seemed no stronger way of crossing and controlling herself than that of forcing herself to act with system, promptness, and uncompromising conformity to rule, where she had formerly been so lax and listless and self-indulgent. Again and again would come the old longing to be of use to some one, to fill a need

in some human heart. It could not be a voluntary desire with her to act this part to her husband, she could not believe him capable of feeling the sort of need she desired to fill; but she remembered that she must choose her pleasures no more than her crosses, and determined to try, as far as she might, to make herself a comfort to her husband. She had much to contend with, of course. Alderstan's surprised looks and scarcely concealed amusement at the change in her, roused some of her worst feelings, and often made her long to gratify her swift impulse to utter sharp and reckless words, and avow her deliberate choice of an irresponsible, heedless, and wicked life, such an impulse as she would quickly have gratified a few weeks back. Sometimes she gave way and allowed herself to be morose and dull, thinking it best to be silent, because an under-current of better thought and feeling kept her advised of the fact that in a less bitter moment, when she came to repent of this mood, the remorse would be less hard to bear, if she had no weak and wicked words to call to mind, and fill her with an intolerable sense of shame. But mostly she was able to conquer; the hourly self-discipline she had imposed upon herself made self-control a habit with her. If she could have imbibed the idea of self-castigation, rigid penance, and voluntary bodily torture, she would have been capable, in her present mood of self-contempt and her passionate need of atonement, of carrying it to a fearful extent. She could have found keen satisfaction in the fasting and vigils, in the scourge and hair-cloth, the wounds and bruises, but she could not accept these acts as a means of atonement. The crossing of her will and voluntary infliction of irksome tasks she observed, it is true; but with a view of acquiring power over herself, that it might be ready in time of need; it was with no thought of expiation. The tense strain which she put upon herself made her often nervous and inclined to petulance, but the application of her rules of self-control soon enabled her to shake this off, and she found that, in the main, there was more peace in her present state of voluntary hardships than she had found in the past time when she had so diligently sought it through her course of doing only what she liked and felt inclined to. She used often to meditate, with a dim, sad wonder upon the time when she had found it so easy to do right, when she had been conscious of deserving the praise people gave to her. Her highest motive then had been not simply to do right, but to deserve this praise, and the thought that a certain act was beneath the estimate people had of her, and had taught her to have of herself, was a sufficient impetus to enable her to resist wrong. Now it was all different, her old belief and pride in herself was utterly dead, her self-dissatisfaction made it her impulse to do right for right's sake, and though she did not think of, nor realize it, this showed her on the way to a better life.

Her efforts to enchain her husband's attention to his home and his wife were not met with much success. He would not seem to notice when she had waited an hour or so in order to breakfast with him, and it often happened that when she would propose that they should

take their evening drives together, he would make a short excuse, to the effect that he was to ride in to Bascombe, where he had an engagement, or sometimes he would simply say he felt disinclined to go. Self-love was the very strongest feeling of his heart, and this had received an overwhelming blow when Count Varène had gone off with the Lynnes. He was thoroughly convinced that Ethel was the cause of it, and it was an offense he would not readily get over. So she had to stand the trial of finding her overtures constantly repulsed—sometimes with positive rudeness. It was a weary and an incessant struggle, but she pursued it with more perseverance and consistency than she might have thought possible at the outset, and the struggle that was in constant progress within her made her life less aimless and monotonous at least, and she hoped a little more earnest and worthy. One temptation to desperation and rebellion that she had constantly to fight against, was the thought of the future. She could fancy all her weary life being passed here at Coldstream, with drives to Bascombe occasionally, and visits to Col. March's. The variation of a visit to London in the season was not a pleasant thought to her, for she knew it would be fraught with new temptations to despair, and abandonment of the good purpose she was able to keep before her as long as she was left in quiet to meet and combat temptations, and apply her rules of self-examination and discipline. In the rush and excitement of London all her rules would have to be broken through, and she had not yet acquired sufficient self-confidence and stability to be sure of herself in any state and circumstances; indeed, she felt so insecure and uncertain, that she had a nervous dread of failure if she should be placed in more trying circumstances. She was in painful need of some one to advise and help her and give her a little sympathy, but there was no one in all the world to whom she could turn for these. She began to realize the idea that just in this way her life would drift on to its end, with slight variations of London, Col. March's, and Coldstream, when one morning there came a large letter for her husband, which gave a new and most unexpected turn to affairs.

Among the inconsistencies of Alderstan's character was an aptitude for business that might have been turned to good account in the case of a poor man. He had carried on a correspondence with the managers of Ethel's affairs in America ever since her marriage, and although she never asked questions, she was satisfied that things were going on well, and Mrs. Stirling had more than once alluded to Captain Alderstan's judicious decisions in matters upon which the agents had written for instructions, and said her husband was much struck with the good sense of his business views. So Ethel was quite willing to leave the management of her fortune to him, and had got to look upon the American letters that came for Captain Alderstan with as little interest as she gave to the rest of his correspondence. On the day when the letter alluded to was received, however, she saw a look of uneasiness come over his face as he read, and was surprised to hear him say:

"Ethel, have you any personal knowledge of this man Richardson in New York?"

"None at all," Ethel answered; "he was my father's agent, and I believe he thought very well of him."

"Here is a letter that I don't like," said her husband uneasily. "Mr. Stirling writes to advise me that having reason to be a little doubtful as to some of his dealings lately, he went to him and put certain questions about your property, which the man declined to answer, unless he would show his authority from you or me. Mr. Stirling also says that the opening of a street in the rear of some of the warehouses has greatly increased their value, and he learns that all the rents in the neighborhood have gone up. Now Richardson has written me nothing of this, but, on the contrary, has made much smaller remittances lately, saying that rents had gone down and much was needed for repairs. I haven't liked the way he constantly talks about repairs lately, and his charges have seemed to me very large. Still I did not care to annoy you about it, and thought I might be mistaken, but this makes me seriously uneasy. I shouldn't wonder if I should conclude to go over myself and see about this thing."

"And take me with you!" Ethel cried, with sudden animation, but her heart sank, as she thought of the pain she would feel at Mrs. Stirling's discovery of their unaffectionate and restrained intercourse, but her husband did not seem to observe the sudden change and silence, and said:

"Very well, I don't see what better we could do, and we have always vaguely planned it, and now's as good a time as any other, and really, in a business point of view, it seems important."

CHAPTER XXIV.

ONE month later Mr. and Mrs. Alderstan had left Coldstream and England behind them, and were established at a charming hotel in New York. In spite of herself, Ethel felt some pleasure and refreshment in being once more in her native country, and looked forward with much satisfaction to seeing Mrs. Stirling and the children again. She hoped she would not have much to fear in the matter of her husband's conduct to her, as her now unflinching course of gentleness and considerateness for him had made it almost impossible for him to treat her with either rudeness or neglect, and besides, Ethel remembered that he and Mrs. Stirling had been friends in Canada, and justly divined that he would take into consideration what would probably be expected of him, and his pride would teach him conformity thereto. She felt a little regretful sadness at the remembrance of her aunt's old enthusiastic admiration for and ardent belief in her, and wondered if she would not see that she was changed, now that her belief in herself was gone; but she knew people made allowances for changes of all kinds, and hoped her aunt would perceive nothing in either herself or her husband to mar the pleasure of their intercourse.

Captain Alderstan had found the business affairs in considerable complication, and he set himself, with an assiduousness that surprised and pleased Ethel, to righting them. As he was necessarily absent for some hours of each morning, he strongly advised Ethel to acquaint her friends in New York with the fact of her being in town, and Ethel had been quick to agree to this; not because she cared for going out and receiving visits, but because she knew her husband did, and she was sure that unless they had engagements together for the evenings, he was very sure to spend them away from her. So, as she would be detained in New York for something like a month, she notified her friends of her arrival, and cards and visits and invitations followed in quick profusion. She was a beautiful and charming woman, and was known to have married into an excellent English family, and the personal appearance and liberal style of living of her husband at once made him sought after and justified all that people could have expected of him. They had a charming suite of rooms, and gave occasional dinners which were delightfully arranged and composed of the happiest mingling of people. So Alderstan found himself extremely well entertained in New York, and the unfortunate habit possessed by so great a number of our people of lionizing and fêting foreigners, and especially the English, made him feel his own importance agreeably, and decide that America was a very good sort of place, and the Americans a very discriminating sort of people. Ethel, too, was entertained and amused, and most thankful to find her husband more agreeable and friendly to her than he had lately shown himself; but she was pained and angry with herself to find how constantly she was restless and discontented, and that the burden of living bore upon her still with such a sad oppression. But time flew rapidly on, and the business was assuming such a shape that her husband said they might go on for their visit to Mrs. Stirling in a short while, and Ethel had begun to make her farewell visits and prepare for going away.

On the day before they were to leave New York, Ethel, having been out making calls all the morning, had come in weary and tired, and sat in an indolent, languid attitude in one of the deep chairs in her little parlor resting and wondering what she might do to beguile the tedium of the hour that would pass before Alderstan would come to dinner. She was in a rich visiting dress, with exquisite laces; the French bonnet, with its curling plumes, became her admirably, and, despite her weariness, she was looking extremely beautiful, but she suddenly became aware that the room was unpleasantly warm, after her drive in the open air, and rose and opened the door that gave upon the hall. There was but little passing about at that hour, and she even found a little interest in the movements of the few who came and went. She sank into her chair again and began to draw off her long gloves preparatory to the change in her toilet which she must make for dinner. She was feeling very listless and out of spirits, and finding the struggle very hard and tedious, and wondering a little whether

she should ever find anything of any actual interest to her again, when she heard a coming step and looked up languidly to see who would pass by. The step came nearer and reached her door, and at the same time something clutched her heart and seemed for a moment to deprive her of her senses; but presently she drew herself up in her chair and recalled it all. Yes, she had seen Mr. Erle. It was the grave, dark, powerful, unforgotten face, with more than the old nobleness in it, more than the old beauty and power, and less than the old sternness. The arbitrariness, the impatience, the repellant self-containment had given place to a gentler look. She had noted all this in the quick moment in which he had passed her by, not seeing her or dreaming of her presence—all this and something more. There was an infinite self-contained sadness in his face, a troubled anxious look that all the energy there could not hide. In a little moment of time he had come and gone—and yet she had seen him clearly and palpably, within five yards of where a moment before she had sat so listless and nerveless and dull. Now a fiery brilliancy shone in her eyes, a deep flush was on her cheek making her beauty a vivid and glorious thing. She did not know how long it was that she sat there holding to the chair—it could not have been many minutes; but the rapidity of her agitated thoughts had crowded the feeling and emotion of hours into that brief space, when suddenly she heard a step returning and the fierce clutch at her heart came again. Before he reached the door she knew that it was Mr. Erle, and she loosed her hold upon the chair, dropped her heavily-ringed hands into her lap, and waited. This time he turned and looked in—a swift change passed over his face, as he paused and turned toward her—a convulsive working of the features, as of a man who comes out of the darkness into the sun's full light; but it passed away in a moment, and left him composed and calm.

"Miss Chesney," he said, in a low, deep voice, as he entered the room, "it can be no other—but how strange to see you here." His calmness revived the sinking strength of her spirit, and she rose and stood before him. He took her hand for a moment and then loosed it. She knew she ought to speak, but to save her life she could not utter a word.

"I am mistaken," Mr. Erle said, in guarded, quiet tones. "You are Miss Chesney no longer, but for the moment I had forgotten that, you look so entirely the same, though my memory has played me false in thinking of you pale and sad, instead of blooming and brilliant as I see you."

In the returning consciousness which Ethel felt she fancied she detected a shade of bitterness in these last quiet words, but she was obliged to pass that over as the necessity for speech could be postponed no longer now.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Erle," she said, in a formal tone; "you have taken me so by surprise that I could hardly realize it was yourself. Will you not sit down?"

Mr. Erle brought a chair and put it near her own, closing the door as he passed it.

"Your surprise can scarcely equal mine," he said, "as I did not know you were in America, but I was not troubled with any doubts as to its being you—I could never fail to recognize you on the instant."

"And yet you say you find me changed," said Ethel, feeling that she might now allude to his words which had seemed so cruelly sarcastic when she applied them to her listless, weary life.

"I wished to compliment you," Mr. Erle said, in a cool, light tone. "I said you were more blooming than of yore."

Ethel felt inexpressibly cut and wounded by these cold, indifferent words and her mouth looked piteous and entreating as she turned her eyes downward and said in low and tremulous tones:

"I have had great trouble. I am not gay and brilliant as you think me. I wear these rich clothes because I must; but my heart will never leave off its mourning for its dead. I have had great unhappiness and grief, and you are wrong to speak to me so scornfully and accuse me of forgetfulness."

"I accuse you!" he cried (oh, the thrilling, tender, proud, pathetic voice!). "You do not comprehend me. I would die before I would offend or injure you. Forget my foolish words." He spoke with deep fervor and passionate earnestness, and his words made Ethel feel more tremulous and agitated still. He saw the nervous workings of her jeweled fingers, and was the first to recover his calmness.

"I have heard of you only rarely," he said in a guarded, steady tone; "but the news of your dear father's death came to me, of course, and brought with it its heavy weight of sadness. I mourned for your father with you, Miss Chesney," he said, speaking the name readily, and without seeming to realize its inappropriateness after he had said it. "I never had so honored and dear a friend, and I felt it bitterly.

Later came the news of your marriage to an Englishman. I don't think I heard the name, and I know I heard no particulars but from my heart I have wished you happiness."

Oh, the mockery of his speaking to her of happiness and peace! The cruel bitterness of his words! Ethel felt them keenly and painfully, but they made her feel the necessity of forcing herself to be calm in order to resist the impulse she had to cry out in agony.

"You have been very good," she said; "I thank you for your recollection of my father. He is always the thought nearest to my heart, and to hear that some one here, in his own country, remembers and speaks of him thus gives me great comfort."

Mr. Erle observed that she did not speak of herself, and perhaps a sort of waiting look upon his face made her realize the fact that he expected this, and continue rapidly:

"Some business matters, connected with my property, brought us to America. My husband has been greatly occupied with looking into these since we came, and I have not yet seen my relations. We leave on to-morrow for a visit to my aunt."

She spoke in a composed voice, and her formal words seemed to put him at a great distance, nevertheless he preserved his interested tones as he said:

"So you leave to-morrow! And when will you return to England?"

"I cannot tell," said Ethel. "Perhaps in a few weeks, perhaps not for a month or two. Captain Alderstan has made no definite plans as to that."

"Shall you go down to Fenly?" he asked. "No—dear old Fenly!" said Ethel tenderly. "I should like to see it once more, but I have no idea that I shall."

"Still I am glad you speak fondly of it. The place, in spite of its dull ugliness, is still

have thought of her, and to hear of her continued illness has been a grief to me, too. You will let me see her, I trust, though, of course, she has forgotten me."

"You will find that she has not," Mr. Erle said quickly. "I will bring her to you at whatever hour you appoint this evening."

A shadow passed over Ethel's face. "We are engaged for the opera to-night," she said sadly, "but I will see if I could possibly escape it. I could not bear to go away without seeing the child. How good of you to speak to her of me, and keep me in her memory."

"I don't think she would have forgotten you, in any case," said Mr. Erle.

Ethel took these words as a desire to disclaim having talked of her to the child, and was sorry that she had gone so far as to presume that he had done so. When he had spoken of the shadow on his life, she could not divine whether he meant his wife's death or his child's illness, and she felt that, after having seen and talked to Mr. Erle, she understood him very imperfectly. It was clear that he remembered her kindly, but it might be as much for her father's sake as anything else.

There had been a moment's silence between them, when Mr. Erle said:

"You must not think of giving up the opera for to-night. If you find you have time I can bring Nelly to you earlier."

There was something in the quiet formality of his tone that hurt Ethel, and there came to her face again the distressed and numbed look that no one but Mr. Erle had ever seen there.

"You know I do not care for the opera," she said, with her eyes lowered to conceal the tears that had gathered there. But they were evident in her voice. "You think me utterly light and frivolous, and it is not kind of you, when you don't know."

"How can you misunderstand me so?" Mr. Erle said with

quick reproachfulness. "I think nothing but what is good of you. What reason have I given you to doubt it?"

"I know it!" Ethel cried with smothered agitation. "You scorn me for what my life has been."

"Remember how utterly ignorant of it I am, before you accuse me of anything so mistaken and unjust," he said fervently.

Ethel had not paused to think of that. In her confused agitation she did not take time to reason. She saw Mr. Erle before her, with more of the power and nobleness on his face than she had seen in the old time, when she had known him. His whole look and bearing made her feel, with renewed force, his superiority to other men. The purpose and good of his life, the patient labor in which his time was passed, resulting in the achievement of good and the lessening of evil, and contrasting her estimate of his life with her certain



SHE HEARD A STEP PAUSE OUTSIDE THE DOOR, THE HANDLE TURNED, AND SHE KNEW THAT MR. ERLE WAS COME.

dear to me, though you may not have heard that I no longer live there."

"Yes, I saw Mr. Hall in England and he told me," Ethel said, with a quick recollection of the other facts that she had learned from Mr. Hall. Perhaps Mr. Erle divined her thought, for he said at once, in a slow, grave tone:

"I have had trouble, too, since we parted. Perhaps Mr. Hall told you."

Ethel bowed her head. "Yes, I heard," she said gently. "I felt for you. I know what your grief must be."

"I have passed through much pain, since I saw you, and a lasting shadow has fallen on my life, but I will not grieve you by speaking of it. I have little Nelly here with me. I hope you remember her yet."

"Could you think I would forget her?" Ethel said. "You do not know how often I

knowledge of what her own was, made her seem so miserably beneath him, that she was prepared for his doubt and scorn, and morbidly sensitive to find some expression of it in his words and looks. She had been so swift in forming her conclusions about him, and felt so entirely certain that her vivid and intense convictions as to the nature of his purposes and life were accurate and just, that she felt as if he must fathom her in the same way. He saw her in sumptuous apartments, richly clad in laces and silks and jewels, resting from a round of visits to prepare for an engagement for the opera, and knew of her marriage to a rich young Englishman of high birth, and it seemed to Ethel that with these lights, aided by the swift intellectual sympathy, that had made her comprehend him so promptly, he must know that she was leading a shallow, aimless, miserable life. The keen conviction that he did divine this, and used those cold and formal words in consequence, made her ten times more wretched and dissatisfied with herself than she had been yet; and the earnest kindness of his last words only made her feel sure of one thing—that he pitied, as well as condemned her.

Again a long silence had fallen between them, and Ethel felt angry that he did not speak. The chance was so rare, and she would have nothing to recall when this interview was over. She wanted him to say something that it might comfort and help her to remember. She had such a longing for this that it helped her pride in enabling her to suppress the strong desire she had to pour out to him all the sorrow and wrong of her wretched wasted life. Presently he spoke:

"You are going to-morrow," he said, "and will shortly return to England. Then I shall not see you again."

The words roused Ethel, and she drew herself up, saying eagerly:

"And I have so much to ask you—so much that I shall be sorry not to know after you have gone. O, Mr. Erle, tell me about yourself—are you happy?"

Though Mr. Erle smiled, he answered seriously:

"Do you think that matters much? So long as one is striving and can feel that one has not quite failed, that ought to be enough."

"Ah, but suppose one feels that one has failed," said Ethel, excitedly.

"He can still struggle on," said Mr. Erle, "and need fail no more." Then he went on, in a changed tone, of personal interest, separate from the feeling with which he had spoken of these abstract subjects. "But you must let me ask something too. Are you happy?"

"You show what you are thinking," Ethel said, bitterly. "The striving and labor and noble fulfillment are for you—and the happiness, apart from all of these, you leave to me. You do not think me fit to struggle, but only fit to be heedless and gay."

She dropped her face in her hands as she spoke, while he answered her in a tone of hurried amazement:

"How strangely you misunderstand me! Do not think that I underrate happiness. I believe it is the sure result of a good life, and

I hoped, with all sincerity, that it had come to you, because I thought you worthy."

Ethel lifted her pale face and looked at him with excited incredulity.

"Do you not know," she said eagerly, "that I am miserable? That my life is empty and aimless and altogether weary? Could it be so, unless I was wicked and neglected the duties that every condition of life brings with it? O, Mr. Erle, you will never understand."

She spoke with low, fervent vehemence, and rose and walked across the room and back again excitedly.

"Dear Mrs. Alderstan," Mr. Erle said, standing, and looking at her with grave, sympathetic eyes, "is there anything I can do to help you? You are unkind not to let me, if I can."

Ethel felt the kindness of his tones, and knew he meant to be patient and gentle with her, but from the first word that he spoke there had come a chilling, composing change upon her. He had called her Mrs. Alderstan. Was it to remind her of what that title implied? Her quick pride made her resolve at once to show herself not impervious to the warning. So she turned her face away a moment, and then walked calmly back to her chair and sat down, facing him. He resumed his seat also, and waited for her to speak.

"Seeing you again has brought back to me such memories of the past as to unnerve me," she said calmly. "I have been able to talk to no one else about my father as I can to you, and it brings my grief up fresh and new before me, and seemed to make it wicked and forgetful that I should be gay and careless now that he is gone. You must excuse my fretfulness and agitation. It is over now."

Mr. Erle looked surprised and puzzled, and was about to speak, when a step was heard approaching, which made Ethel flush slightly, and draw herself into an erect and waiting attitude, and Mr. Erle at once divined that she supposed the coming person to be her husband. In another moment the door opened and he entered. It was not a favorable moment for a stranger to observe Captain Alderstan for the first time, for his long and unusual application to business had annoyed him, and he looked tired and warm. He was always a man whose good looks depended upon his being well kept, and as his toilet was usually scrupulously nice, he usually looked well, but now his hair was dishevelled and his clothes hung loose and careless, and one hand was thrust in his pocket. He had his hat on, too, and Ethel thought she had never seen him look as flushed and unhandsome. Perhaps there was a reason for this; perhaps it was only the contrast to the dark, pale, cool-looking man who rose to face him, as Ethel, rising too, said, in a quiet, collected tone:

"Let me present my husband, Captain Alderstan, Mr. Erle."

Alderstan took his hand from his pocket, removed his hat, came forward and offered his hand; while Ethel felt a thankful satisfaction that his inherited good breeding was a thing that did not fluctuate, no matter if his beauty did.

"Mr. Erle was an old friend of my father's," she said, reseating herself; "he has been giving me some news of Fenly."

"Ah, you live at Fenly?" Alderstan said, entering easily into the conversation. "I think Mrs. Alderstan would like to go down there, but I fancy we won't have time."

"I did live at Fenly, when Mrs. Alderstan was there," Mr. Erle answered, "though I have since moved away. I should not think you would find much to interest you there, though, of course, Mrs. Alderstan would like to see her old home and the servants. There is not a good society there, and you would inevitably find it very dull."

("He thinks St. George too shallow for resources in himself, and too dependent on excitement to find sufficient entertainment for a day or two in me," Ethel thought, with a sudden revulsion of feeling that had come with the keen consciousness of her husband's being in the presence of a man who was in every way his superior, and who, as she fancied, must feel it so), so she said in a high, light tone:

"Captain Alderstan is quite accustomed to and likes the country, but I see no use in our undertaking the trip. We want to travel in the North a little before returning, if there is time."

After a little more indifferent and general conversation, Mr. Erle rose to go.

"Will you not dine with us?" said Captain Alderstan, rising too.

"I am much obliged," Mr. Erle replied formally, "but I have an engagement which will prevent."

Then he went up to Ethel and said:

"If you are to go out this evening, I may not see you again. I am sorry to see so little of you on your visit to America, and that I will have to say good-bye to you now."

Ethel, in spite of her proud composure, was frightened at this, but she gave no sign except to say calmly,

"You have forgotten that you promised me I might see Nelly. Will you bring her to me at seven? I shall be quite at leisure to receive her then."

"You are very kind to remember it," Mr. Erle said; "I will bring her, certainly."

Ethel observed the distant politeness of his tone, and was hurt by it—not remembering that her course had been such at the end of their interview as to imply a desire to put him at a distance.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEN Mr. Erle had left the room, and Alderstan had gone to arrange his toilet for dinner, Ethel sank back in her chair and fell to thinking. She determined to dine in her present costume, in order that she might secure to herself the time during which her husband would be away from her. She was deeply agitated and confused as to her future course, and the new restraint she had imposed on herself made her involuntarily ask herself what was the highest right. Her desire was to ask her husband to excuse her to the friends she had promised to join to-night, as she was really very tired and worn out. She knew he would be disappointed, because he was proud of her beauty and the admiration she created,

and also because in sitting up a whole evening in an opera box with people in whom he felt no especial interest, he would be less bored if she were there, for her gracious tact was often the means of ridding him of unpleasant *tête-à-têtes*, and arranging things the better to his liking. And on the other hand, if she could manage to be excused and remain at home, Mr. Erle would come to her and spend all the evening, and she would sing to him and talk to him about the things which were nearest to her heart, and in which she felt that no one else could quite understand her. It would be a delicious evening, but the very delight with which she thought of it alarmed her; the keen longing which she had for it made her realize the more correctly the danger there would be. Her ardent desire for this gratification was so mighty and passionate, that she knew if she conquered it, she would have a claim upon Mr. Erle's respect which she had never had before and could never have, if she yielded to the temptation now. And when she came to look the matter in the face she could not doubt that to go with her husband was the course of duty. So she fretted a little, struggled a few moments with the rebellious tears that would come, and then resolved that she would go. But in her struggling progress toward the right she had not attained enough yet to make her capable of a complete and unreserved sacrifice. She had determined to go, and she felt conscious of having done a great deal, when there was such an overwhelming temptation to do otherwise just within her grasp, and she felt injured and fretful, and conscious of having done a brave thing because it was the hard right, and also of the fact that her husband had done nothing to deserve such a sacrifice at her hands. But the sacrifice, feeble and incomplete as it was, was an evidence of a stronger self-mastery than Ethel, a few months back, would have been capable of, and that she did not realize it now, as a sign of her progress and acquired power in the right road, was not the worst of its features. She knew she ought to have done it, and she had done it; she knew also that she ought to be patient and humble about it, but that she would not even attempt to be. If she must give up the only chance of a happy evening which she had had for years, she would do it, but she would not pretend not to feel it hard; it was hard—bitterly, cruelly hard—and she felt herself injured and aggrieved. So she was very cross to her husband during dinner, and very silent and dull, and when he put that most exasperating of questions: "What's the matter with you?"

She answered crossly:

"I am tired and worn out. I've had the most wearisome, fatiguing day, and have seen such a lot of stupid people."

"I shouldn't say your friend, Mr. Erle, was stupid," said Alderstan, eating his soup. "He looks capable of cutting a man right through with his eyes."

"Do you not think him handsome?" said Ethel, forgetting her griefs for a moment.

"Handsome? That depends. He looks like a brigand."

Ethel said nothing in response; and Alderstan, who was always particularly good-humored, when moods like this came on in his wife (and he was not wholly unacquainted with such), went now on in a polite easy way:

"I saw Robert Ashton, to-day."

"Ring, please," said Ethel, pushing back her plate of soup, and feeling that she would go mad, if he continued to discuss these indifferent trivialities, while her brain was on fire with the tantalizing contrast between the alluring wrong that she had decided to forego, and the painful right she had decided to accept.

"And he said," proceeded her husband, in the same easy tone, after he had politely complied with her request, "that there was to be a supper at Colonel Howard's after the opera, and that Governor Somebody and Secretary Somebody else would be there, and it would be a splendid affair. So you had better dress accordingly."

To be directed as to a toilet, in her present state of feeling, was so intensely exasperating to Ethel, that it would be hard to say how she would have received it, if the man had not here appeared to remove the first course.

"Please be very quick," said Ethel, addressing him with forced politeness—she might be rude to her husband, but she could not be discourteous to a servant. The fatiguing routine of dinner was exceedingly trying to her, and she longed to have it over. It provoked her, too, to see how her husband enjoyed the delicate dishes before them, while everything was so tasteless to her. After the next course had been served, and they had dismissed the attendant, Ethel made no attempt to show that she took any interest in, or had even heard her husband's last announcement. She was conscious of feeling rebellious and wicked, and also of not having any desire to feel otherwise. She was going to give up a happy quiet evening with Mr. Erle, for a stupid noisy one with a lot of people who did not interest her; and that was quite enough, she thought, and, for the rest, she would be as cross and disagreeable as she chose.

"What will you wear to-night?" asked Captain Alderstan, apparently not conscious of the fact that he had been snubbed.

"I don't know—what I have on, perhaps," said Ethel, impatiently, taking a grim satisfaction in saying this, because she knew a rich silk, with trimmings of rare lace, had been laid out on her bed ready for her attendance at the opera—having been left out, in the general packing up, by her express directions.

"Perhaps you had better stay away," said her husband, his temper giving way at last.

"I only wish I could," said Ethel, with an impatient sigh.

"I don't see why you may not," returned her husband. "I had much rather dispense with your society, if this mood is to continue."

Ethel looked at him quickly to see if he was in earnest, and discovered that, as far as she could judge, he was entirely so. But now that her coveted freedom was within her reach, she suddenly found that she did not find it desirable under these circumstances.

If she had gone, submissive and gentle, to her husband, as she had often shown herself lately, and said she was tired and would like to remain and spend a quiet evening with her old friend, and if he had agreed to it, as was at least possible, she could perhaps have stayed and talked to Mr. Erle without too much self-reproach and compunction of conscience. But if she were to stay after the rebellious conduct she was conscious of having indulged in for the last hour, she would feel herself so utterly wicked and at fault that the quiet, hopeful, comforting conversation with Mr. Erle which she had anticipated would have been out of the question. So her husband's brief and cutting words did for her what no amount of kindness could have done. They made her realize that if she resisted the temptation to stay and went with her husband, that act, after the anger and rebellion and fretfulness she had previously shown, would not do more than balance the good and the evil. Still the good impulse within her, which had been roused sufficiently to settle her decision, clamored for satisfaction, and made her decide not only that she would go to the opera, but would act with submission and deference to her husband's wishes in doing so. So, when she left the dining-room, she went at once to her dressing table and arranged her hair in the shining, careful plaits round and round her head, and donned the shining silken dress. Then she put on the whole of her handsome set of diamonds—what she did not often do; clasped the rich bracelets on her arms and the delicately set necklace about her throat, drew on her gloves, and stood before the mirror complete. The pale, melting color of the blue silk and its thick, dull texture became her admirably, but she turned from the mirror with a look of discontent. She hated to appear before Mr. Erle so; it would confirm him in the very conclusions about her which she wished most ardently to avoid; but the failure of her first attempt at sacrifice had made her determine to be most rigorous and strict as to this, and she knew it was her husband's wish that she should be richly dressed, and also that her husband's wish and not her fear of Mr. Erle's disapproval ought to be her guide. So she took her handkerchief, opera glass, and large white wrap in her hands, and went in to him in the parlor. He was reading a paper, and did not look up when she entered; she walked over to where he sat and stood before him, and as he looked up she said:

"St. George, I hope you are pleased with me. I have thought better of what I said at dinner, you see."

"I am glad to observe it," said her husband returning to his paper and speaking coolly. He thought she deserved a snub in return for the one she had given him, and it suited his present mood very well to deliver it. He was too used to the influence of her exquisite beauty to be seriously affected by that.

Ethel was able to take this conduct on the part of her husband with entire calmness, as she was quite prepared for the exasperating change of humor that had taken place in him. It very often happened that he pointedly maintained a good-natured course when she

was fractious and irritable, and then, when a contrite mood came to her, would choose to display the resentment for her late conduct that he had felt all along. So she made no comment upon it, but quietly passed him by, and went and sat down on a deep lounge a little way off. She had put on and carefully buttoned her long gloves, but she now began to draw them off, half absently and half because she felt more untrammelled when her hands were bare—the heavy bracelets were cumbersome enough at any rate. In a few moments Alderstan rose and went into his room to dress. The making of his toilet was always a lengthy operation with him, and Ethel began to wish that Mr. Erle and the child would come so that she might have them with her for as long a time as possible, but it yet lacked a few moments of seven. She sat with her eyes fixed on the hands of the clock on the mantel until they came to seven, and yet a little longer, and then there was a tap at the door. She rose and went to open it, perfectly calm and composed, and prepared to meet Mr. Erle without any of the perturbation she had shown in their late interview. He was standing at the door alone, and for a moment he looked at her without speaking a word. Ethel could not account for this, as she was totally unconscious of the entrancing spell of her own loveliness, and never divined that that could be the cause of his self-forgetfulness. But he quickly recovered himself, and said to her in a low, grave tone:

"I wanted to prepare you for the change; you will see a great one in Nelly, and I fear it will grieve you. I wanted to tell you and beg you not to mind."

He turned away then, and walked a few steps down the hall, and in a moment returned with the child by the hand. One moment before Ethel had felt herself calm enough to meet any issue without emotion, but she had not prepared herself for the heart-breaking sight of the tiny fragile child, with the sweet face she so well remembered, drawn and contracted with pain, and the once straight and slender figure broadened and bent in misshapen disfigurement. Mr. Erle led the child into the room, and turned to close the door behind him; as he did so, he heard a quick smothered exclamation, and when he turned he saw that Ethel had sunk upon her knees, with all her delicate flounces crushed carelessly beneath her, and had folded her tender arms about the child's bent form. As he came a step nearer, she looked up at him—her lovely eyes were full of tears.

She loosed the child, and rose with her face averted, as she turned away. Mr. Erle took Nelly's hand and led her off to the other side of the room, saying gently:

"See, Nelly, here is a beautiful fan with a bird on it something like the little robins at home," taking up Ethel's fan, and showing the child first the designs in the lace and then the pearls which headed the rivet in the handle. Nelly looked at the fan without much interest, and laid it down on the table again, and turned to look for the beautiful face of which she had had but a brief glimpse before she had been folded in the caressing arms. By this time Ethel had composed herself, and she turned

toward them calmly, but her eyes still showed traces of the tears that had been hurriedly brushed away, though the child seemed to look at them none the less admiringly for that, and their beauty went more directly to Mr. Erle's heart, at that moment than it had ever done before. Ethel sat down on the lounge and lifted the child to her lap, bending over her lovingly.

"Nelly, do you know who I am?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Chesney," said the child, promptly, lifting her sweet serious face to meet the tender gaze of Ethel's dark eyes.

"She has learned to know you so," said Mr. Erle, apologetically, and then he added speaking gently to the child: "Miss Chesney is married now, Nelly. You must call her Mrs. Alderstan."

"Please not," said Ethel, speaking with quick emotion. "May she not say Ethel? That is one of the few things that belong to me always—past, present, and future. You will call me Ethel, won't you, darling?"

"Yes, and won't you sing for me, please?" the child asked, at the same time holding out a few sweet buds and leaves that she had held in her hand when she first came in. "I brought you these if you will have them."

"How sweet of you to think of it," Ethel said, taking out the glittering diamond pin that fastened the laces of her square corsage, while she carefully fastened the buds where it had been. "Where did you get such lovely flowers?"

She asked the question heedlessly—only to show her interest in them, and also to divert the child's mind from the music for which she felt herself unequal, but when Nelly's answer came it touched her anew.

"Papa gets them for me every day," she said. "all sorts of flowers. I like roses and violets and pansies best of all."

"Nelly does not care for toys," Mr. Erle said. "Flowers and music are the only things in which she seems to find pleasure."

"Yes, you were going to sing," said the child, when he spoke of music.

"I really don't believe I could," said Ethel, looking appealingly at Mr. Erle.

"Nelly, Mrs. Alderstan is tired and cannot sing to-night. You must not ask her again. We must bear our disappointment without annoying her."

A fretful impatient look came into the sick child's face. She was evidently not used to having her wishes crossed.

"Papa told me you would sing," she said, in petulant disappointment.

"So I will, another time," Ethel said, with eager haste. Mr. Erle understood her words to be only a means of pacifying the child, but they were really the result of a newly-formed determination within her. Nelly looked only partially appeased, but as Ethel laid her hand over the little pale one that lay in Nelly's lap, the child's eyes caught sight of a pretty little ring which Ethel wore on her little finger; it was set with an enameled pansy with a diamond heart. Nelly took no notice of the splendid diamond on the next finger, but lifted Ethel's hand and looked at this.

"Do you like that, Nelly?" Ethel said, at

the same time slipping it off and putting it on the largest of the child's small fingers, which it fitted very loosely. "And will you give me the pleasure of thinking, when I am far away across the ocean, that you are wearing it for my sake? I'll teach you a little line about it that you will read in a wonderful book when you are older. Some flowers have meanings to them, and the line I mean is:

'Pansies, that's for thoughts.'

You must remember it, and let the little ring remind you of Ethel, even if you never see her again."

"But I thought you were going to sing to me some time," the child said.

"So I am," said Ethel, "but when I've sung, and told you good-bye, and gone away, you'll wear the little ring, and remember the line—won't you?"

"Yes, 'pansies, that's for thoughts,'" the child said, turning the little ring around on her finger, and seeming to be pleased with it. At this moment there was a sound, and Captain Alderstan entered. He looked very elegant and fashionable in his faultless evening dress, but contrasting its careful details with the unconventional simplicity of Mr. Erle's costume, it was as offensive to her, in her present mood, as the difference between her own splendid adornment and Nelly's little white lawn dress and black ribbons. The two gentlemen stood talking together for a few moments, while Ethel sat quite still with the child upon her lap, holding the little pale hands in hers, and thinking innumerable swift and painful thoughts. Presently a servant knocked and announced their carriage, and Mr. Erle rose to go. Ethel bent over the child and kissed her softly on brow and lips, and then put her down and rose. Mr. Erle came toward her and held out his hand. She gave him her cold fingers quite simply and said only a quiet good-bye, and turned away into the inner room while her husband accompanied Mr. Erle and Nelly to the door. When she had entered her sleeping-room, she walked a few steps forward, and then stood suddenly perfectly still, with a hard, set look upon her features. She was realizing that she had parted from Mr. Erle perhaps for all time, and that the parting had been formal and without significance, as it should have been in the presence of the man whom her own free will had made her husband. She felt no inclination to cry out—lamentation was too hopeless a thing. No expression of her feeling could possibly do any good. She did not think of staying away from the opera. She was under the influence of a dogged resolution to proceed with what was before her. She felt that she must go on. So, when her husband called to her, Ethel went calmly back to the parlor, wrapped her fleecy shawl about her, put her hand within her husband's arm and suffered him to lead her down to the carriage. She did not heed—she scarcely saw the passing people, who regarded this striking couple with animated interest. Alderstan had drawn on a light overcoat, but it parted in front, and showed plainly his perfect evening dress. He carried his opera hat in his hand, as he passed through the halls, and his

bare blonde head was a very comely thing to see. They were not talking to each other, but that gave them a more marked English air, and corresponded with Alderstan's unmistakably English appearance. Perhaps no one thought of whether Ethel was English or not. The rare existence of a perfectly beautiful woman should entitle her to the claim of a cosmopolitan origin.

In the same silence they entered the carriage that was awaiting them, and drove swiftly to the Opera House, and, as they passed through its crowded lobbies, the same attention was bestowed on them as in the hotel, with the same gratifying result upon Alderstan, and the same careless unconsciousness on Ethel's part. They were prompt in their arrival, and the curtain had not yet risen. Room was immediately made for Mrs. Alderstan to pass to the front of the box, and with her settlement into the seat which had been arranged for her there, the look of satisfaction sat on Mrs. Howard's face which comes to people in the fulfillment of an ardent expectation. Colonel Howard moved forward to Ethel's side; the curtain went up, and the opera began. It was the *Trovatore*, and poor Ethel was seized with a mighty fear of its power over her. She had trusted in the hard, resolute mood that had come upon her to take her through the evening's ordeal successfully, and she knew that if she listened to this music, and suffered it to enter into her soul, there might be a revulsion of feeling which she would find ungovernable. So she tried to close her heart to the passionate strains of *Il Balen* and *Non ti scodar di me*. She tried to divert herself by looking scanningly around the house, and fastening her mind upon the people and costumes before her, or any object that would hinder the music's influence. Then between the acts she shut out recollection by rapid talking with the different gentlemen who came and went. Every one of these was eager for the distinction of a word or a smile from her, and to-night she proved less chary of her favors than her husband had ever seen her before. Whoever furnished her with diversion or amusement she was gracious to, though these were in some cases men whom she would have disliked at other times; but she encouraged much talking and effort at wit, and laughed freely if there was a bare excuse for it. A Mr. Landys was the recipient of marked favor, though he was not known to be either especially dignified or profound; but he told amusing stories and said things which were striking rather from the boldness with which they were put than from any positive quality of their own, he was also vain, egotistical, and frivolous—the sort of man Ethel most detested—but she let him sit nearest her now, and encouraged him in all his various lines of being entertaining, and laughed and responded with such zest that he began to flatter himself that he had really been able to impress the beautiful Mrs. Alderstan—a thing no one else could boast; but the next morning, when Mr. Landys called, on the strength of this, Mrs. Alderstan received his card, but was excused.

What a relief it was when the opera was ended and they might go home! Ethel felt almost ready to cry for joy; but she preserved

her calm deportment until she had gone through with her adieux to the many people who crowded around her, knowing she was to leave next day, and yet farther until she had traversed the lobbies on her husband's arm, calm and beautiful, and had got into the carriage that awaited them. Then a sad, sad look came over her face, and her fingers worked themselves convulsively together, and the color faded slowly from her cheeks. Alderstan noticed that she was pale, when they were once more in the light of the hotel, and advised her to go at once to bed, as she was to travel the next day; he himself was going below to smoke and look about a bit, he said. So Ethel hurriedly took off her gorgeous ornaments and quietly went to bed; but an even, soothing sleep had come to her husband many hours before she was able to take her thoughts off the miserable weary subjects that claimed them now, at every quiet time.

(To be continued.)

Domestic Troubles.

(See page Engraving.)



THIS is a well-told story of domestic troubles, the painter's brush portraying the scene far more graphically than the writer's pen can do. The artist, John Burr, a Scotch painter, has produced a painting of remarkable spirit, humor, and fidelity, of which our engraving is an excellent representation.

The shadows of evening are beginning to fall around the old farm-house. Supper time draws near; the tea-kettle is put on the fire place, and soon its evening song will float into the room. The old-fashioned bellows is called into requisition to fan the embers to a blaze; but, for the first time, it fails to do its duty. The reason soon becomes obvious: the mischievous urchin, desiring to see in what part of the bellows the wind is located, cuts the leather with destructive curiosity. But swift comes Nemesis, in the form of an enraged mother, upon his path. She does not spare the rod, but administers a castigation which makes a sadder, if not a wiser boy of the young offender. She is evidently not disposed to drop the matter here; but stands prepared, with rod in hand, to repeat the punishment. Her hand has not been a light one, for the boy stands peering in at the door with an expression of pain as he rubs his arm. The maternal countenance and uplifted rod indicate what his prospects are if he ventures within the room, which he has no desire to do at present.

The old grandfather undertakes to put the bellows in blowing order again; but, to judge from his puzzled expression, he finds the task more difficult than he anticipated. The grandmother, having no faith in her husband's powers as a bellows-mender, resorts to the primitive method of bringing the coals to a blaze; while the little child stands by the old man, watching his efforts with an expression

of eager curiosity. The dog, with that instinctive knowledge which animals show of trouble in the household, has crept out of harm's way under the chair, and peers out with a quizzical expression to see what is going on.

There are few *genre* paintings more admirable in composition, expression, and execution than that from which our engraving is taken. Full of quiet humor, it tells its own story with rare expression and graphic fidelity; and is one of those serio-comic home scenes not unusual in the house that holds a boy of an inquiring mind and venturesome spirit.

The Spirit of Love and Truth.

(See page Engraving.)



THIS strikingly beautiful engraving is from an alto-relief of the sculptor, Joseph Edwards. It was executed for the authoress, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and forms a part of a mantelpiece, which will account for its peculiar form. It is fifteen inches by six, and is of the purest white marble.

The sculptor of this charming work of art is most at home in the purely ideal, and is indebted for his reputation to such productions as "Religion consoling Justice," "The Last Dream," and "A Vision." Although "The Spirit of Love and Truth" is produced in the cold, calm beauty of marble, the sculptor has infused into it wonderful vitality and expressive loveliness. It is not a marble figure that is bringing to us a lesson of love and truth, but it is some angelic being, who comes to smooth with her celestial message the ways of life, made rough by the demoniac hands of falsehood and of hate.

"Truth," says the poet, "has her head among the stars." Thus we find "The Spirit of Love and Truth" crowned with a star, and encircled by a galaxy of stars, which spread a halo of light around. Floating in the air, the light streaming on her upturned face, lovely in its noble serenity, "The Spirit of Love and Truth" spreads forth her arms, displaying the beautiful motto, "Ever let Love and Truth prevail."

If this motto had been written on the tablets of our hearts, on the door-posts of our houses, on the walls of our public temples and business marts, that Paradise lost by our first parents would have been regained by us. Home would mean happiness, life would be the blessing God intended it, and heaven possible even on earth. For those sisters fair, "Love and Truth," bring no discordant music from the harp of life. It is they who "beat our spears into pruning-hooks;" who make our "deserts blossom as the rose;" and who go out from our storm-tossed arks, bringing back the olive branch of peace. With this motto, engraved in golden letters on our hearts and homes, Peace will sleep sweetly in the arms of "Love," and "Truth," standing on immortal heights, will shine fairer than any creation of the sculptor's art or the poet's fancy.

The Innocent for the Guilty. (Cause Célèbre.)

BY HART AYRAULT.



PIERRE DUVAL was the thriving host of "*Le Plat d'Étain*," a small inn at the extremity of a little country town near Nantes. The patronage accorded him was well earned, for nothing could be more inviting than the luxury of cleanliness that pervaded every nook and corner of his establishment. On the ground floor there was a large entrance-hall, from which opened on the right hand a dining-room, and on the left a spacious kitchen, where the cooking utensils gleamed brightly in the light of the fire that always blazed within the ample chimney, and whence the savory steam of many a well-cooked dish came temptingly to the craving appetite of the hungry wayfarer.

Mine host had been twice married, or, as he argued with himself, he had tried both extremes. He had indulged in the luxury of a *dame comme il faut*, the reduced widow of an army officer, who, terrified at the beggary that stared her in the face, had given her hand to the landlord of "*Le Plat d'Étain*" in order to secure bread for herself and her child; and who, after an unhappy year or two, had pined and died, leaving her poor little girl to the not over-fond stepfather, who quickly chose a more congenial mate in a good stirring homely *femme de ménage*. But Pierre Duval was destined to be unfortunate in his matrimonial speculations, for his second choice, after making him the father of three boys, left him again widowed, and, in view of Suzanne Meuron, his stepdaughter, rapidly attaining to a serviceable age, he resolved thenceforth to continue the Alpha and Omega of his comfortable establishment.

Suzanne was beautiful in no ordinary degree, with so much of the *grande dame* in the simple dignity of her manner as to be altogether incompatible with the scenes and persons with which she was associated; and her stepfather, who could not be branded as a sentimentalist, utterly failed to understand the proud delicacy of her reserved nature. Her life was therefore far from happy, as it was a continued struggle to bear up against the constant outrages inflicted on her sensitive spirit.

The night when our story opens was a stormy one in the latter part of January, 18—, when the wind was sighing and surging without, and the rain plashing against the closed shutters of the "*Plat d'Étain*," where Pierre Duval, his children, and a neighbor who had taken shelter from the inclemency of the weather, were seated around an enormous fire of pine logs, indulging in local gossip and a capital glass of wine. The three boys, half-frightened at the wind roaring in the wide chimney, and half-amused by the conversation between their father and his guest, were huddled together in a corner, while Suzanne, pale and

beautiful, sat apart at her knitting, seemingly unconscious of the gossip within or the elemental uproar without.

Suddenly distinct blows were heard on the outer door, given apparently with the handle of a riding-whip, and the men removed their pipes from their mouths and listened; the boys ran clinging to Suzanne, who started like a person awakened from a heavy sleep.

"Whoever can it be?" exclaimed the landlord. "It is past the diligence hour, and no traveler could be abroad in this weather."

Again the loud knocks echoed through the kitchen, and Pierre Duval, somewhat reluctantly, took up the lamp, traversed the passage, and demanded, without attempting to open the door, who was there.

"A traveler," was the impatient reply. "Open the door quickly, and don't keep me out here in this pouring rain."

"Ta ta! don't be angry, Monsieur, whoever you are," grumbled the host, as he drew back the ponderous bolt and unlocked the door. "I beg Monsieur will remember that he has arrived at an unusual hour, and as our country is swarming with robbers it behooves honest folks to be careful to whom they open."

As he spoke he raised his lamp to a level with the stranger's face. The investigation apparently terminated satisfactorily, for his manner changed, and he bowed obsequiously, shouldering his guest's portmanteau and preceding him to the kitchen.

A handsome and graceful young man threw off his large military cloak that was dripping with mud and rain, and rubbing his hands gleefully, ensconced himself in a snug corner by the fire, saying in a clear joyous voice, "This is charming, mine host; one would say that you were expecting me, and bent on giving me a warm welcome. I only ask now that you will hasten my supper, for I have fasted since I left Saumur, and as I want to get off to —, at daybreak to-morrow, I should like to go to bed early and get all the rest I can."

"It shall be as Monsieur directs," said Pierre Duval; "but Monsieur will pardon me if I venture to remind him that had he kept in the diligence which passes through the town, instead of stopping here, he would have arrived at — to-night."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the stranger; "it seems that you are either very curious or very timid, mine host; in order, therefore, to tranquilize you I will explain that my family live at —, and by continuing my journey in the diligence I should have arrived at the chateau in the middle of the night—an arrangement comfortable neither for myself nor for my friends, when by spending the night under your hospitable roof I can arrive in their midst by dinner-time to-morrow."

"Monsieur misunderstands me," protested the somewhat embarrassed host. "One look into Monsieur's frank and handsome face is enough, though I was puzzled to guess what caused Monsieur to stop here, and break in upon his journey, I confess."

During this brief dialogue the eyes of the stranger followed Suzanne's graceful movements, as she prepared his supper, with undisguised admiration and astonishment, and she on her side was for the first time aroused

into something like interest in what was passing around her. Her pale cheek flushed into a wild-rose color, and her great black eyes softened and drooped, while her white lips quivered with a new and vague emotion to which she could give no name. A ray of joy had penetrated the desolation of her isolated spirit, and she felt for the first time since her mother's death as though she were no longer alone. As her shy glance rested on the beaming face, whose noble brow bespoke candor, on the waving clustering curls of the fair hair, her heart swelled at the bitterness of her position. What could she appear, in the eyes of such a being as he who was before her, but a menial, at the beck and call of every one who could repay her services with money! While he—the poor girl choked back her tears; she was not free even to weep over herself.

In due course the supper was served and discussed, and then her stepfather harshly bade her light a candle and conduct Monsieur to his room. Suzanne obeyed passively, and led the way to a clean and pretty chamber on the next floor.

As she placed the light on the table, the stranger addressed her with courteous grace:

"Mademoiselle cannot be the daughter of the landlord," he said.

"I am his stepdaughter, Monsieur," she answered, while a vivid blush overspread throat and face.

"I was sure Mademoiselle was not of the *bourgeoisie*; those delicate hands and the slender grace of Mademoiselle's figure bespeak better blood. Have you many travelers in the house to-night?"

"You are the only one, Monsieur."

"I am glad for your sake, Mademoiselle. Will you tell me your name?"

"Suzanne, Monsieur."

"A sweet name, and one that becomes you well," said Leon de St. Colombe, as he gazed lingeringly on her downcast face.

The young girl asked timidly, "Does Monsieur require anything more?"

"Nothing," said the young man bowing as courteously as to a high-born dame. "Good-night, Mademoiselle."

"Good-night," Suzanne murmured hardly above her breath as she descended the stairs stumbling at every step.

Leon could not recover his astonishment. Who could this young girl be? How was it that so coarse and uncongenial a man as the host could stand in the relation of stepfather to her? He was thoroughly mystified, and yet that this was her home was nevertheless evident. The artistic grace with which every object in the room was disposed attested no vulgar or servile hand. The snowy draperies, the pretty toilet, all bespoke her care and taste. Who could she be?

After all, he thought, as he piled fresh logs on the fire, what is it to me? I am but a passing traveler; to-morrow I shall be with my dear mother and sisters until my leave expires; so, Monsieur le Sous-Lieutenant of Cavalerie, as you'll have to be up betimes, you'd best retire.

When Suzanne returned to the kitchen, she found their neighbor had availed himself of a clearing in the weather to wend his way home-

ward, and the boys had retired to their beds in the *grenier*, but her father was not alone. A second traveler had taken up his rest at *Le Plat d'Étain*, a man past middle life, tall and powerful, with grizzled hair and beard, and a sinister light in his restless eyes. But his manner was self-possessed and easy, and the landlord was waiting on him with great respect.

"I must be your only guest to-night," he was saying as Suzanne entered the room.

"Pardon, Monsieur," was her father's reply, "the room next yours is already occupied by a young man who arrived in diligence; but there is no fear he will disturb you, as he is worn out with fatigue, and is to take an early start in the morning."

The stranger arose, and after giving careful directions for a saddle-horse to be ready for him by seven o'clock next morning, he followed Suzanne, who once more ascended the stairs to show the new-comer his room.

In the meantime Leon had got into bed, but his brain was too busy to allow him to sleep. The anticipated meeting with his parents, his newly-acquired rank, the mystery attached to Suzanne, the storm that was dying away in wild gusts of wind, and the moonlight that threw a fitful gleam across the uncarpeted floor of his chamber, all made him wakeful; so, when he heard the heavy tread of a man's foot traversing the passage and passing the door of his room, he was conscious of every sound. Suddenly a thought struck him, and springing across the floor he brought his sword from the farther side of the room, and placed it under his pillow. After this he seemed to fall into a restless sleep, from which he was awakened by midnight chiming out from the old clock in the kitchen below. The house was wrapped in profound silence, when suddenly he became conscious of a sound as though the key slowly turned in the lock of his door. He listened attentively, but as the sound was not repeated, he began to think he had been the sport of his over-excited nerves, and drawing the bed-clothes closer about him he endeavored to go to sleep. He had nearly succeeded when he was a second time disturbed, and now he was convinced he made no mistake. Some one was trying to enter his room. His candle had burned out, but, by the straggling rays of the moon, he noiselessly groped his way to the door, and stood by it sword in hand. He had carefully locked his door on retiring, and had little fear that the fastening could be forced, but accidentally casting his eyes on the floor, he saw that a hand had been introduced between the boards of his chamber and the bottom of the door, and was trying to lift it from



STRIKING STEADILY DOWNWARD WITH ALL HIS FORCE HE SEVERED A FINGER FROM THE HAND THUS TRAITOROUSLY EMPLOYED.

its hinges. Trembling with anger, the young man resolutely raised his sword above his head, and striking steadily downward with all his force he severed a finger from the hand thus traitorously employed. A smothered groan fell upon his ear, and then stealthy steps retreating along the passage, and all was again still. Trembling in every limb, Leon shrank from touching the hideous trophy of his victory, but, overcoming his weakness, he picked up the severed finger, remarking, as he did so, its slender proportions and well-kept nail, and wrapping it in a handkerchief, shivering sought his bed once more.

He soon fell into a profound sleep, from which he was awakened by the landlord bringing him the matutinal cup of coffee.

Great was that honest man's consternation when the events of the night were related to him. He turned ashy pale, and rushing to the door of his elder guest he flung it open. The room was empty. Traces of blood besmeared the window sill, and the window was wide open. Looking down into the garden below, the heavy impress of a man's foot was visible on the damp and soaking soil. There could no longer be any doubt in Pierre Duval's mind that the stately traveler, who had so impressed him with an idea of his importance the night before, was none other than the mutilated robber. His indignation and horror were extreme, and he no sooner saw Leon off than he hastened to acquaint the police with the tragedy which had desecrated his hitherto respectable house, and set them on the robber's track.

In the meantime Leon de St. Colombe had reached his home, where his mother and sisters welcomed him with vehement joy. After the first greetings were exchanged Leon asked: "But where is my father? His welcome and congratulations are still wanting to complete my happiness."

Madame de St. Colombe sighed. "He is absent from home, my son. You know he is frequently absent, and we are as little as ever in his confidence."

"How long has he been gone, *mère*?" asked Leon, "and do you not know when to expect him back?"

"He left three days since, and as he is rarely absent over four days at a time, we look for him at any moment now."

"And is he as *distract* and low-spirited as when I saw him last?"

"Unfortunately, yes," replied the gentle matron. "I fear he has met with great pecuniary losses, and the future of his children presses heavily upon him—but," she added brightening, "let us talk of yourself, my darling, it is

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At this moment the and a large stalwart saturated from rain and horted by pain. He sank into t while the whole party ran simu ward him exclaiming:

"Father here is Leon!"

"But, are you ill?" exclaimed the young man, whose extended hand had met with no responsive action on the father's part, and glancing toward what was so strangely withheld, he remarked that it was enveloped in a blood-stained linen.

"Yes," was the faint reply. "I have been attacked by brigands in the forest three leagues from here this morning, and in endeavoring to defend myself, the scoundrels struck off one of my fingers. I am faint from loss of blood; give me a glass of wine."

Leon stood motionless like one in a frightful dream, while his mother and sisters bestirred themselves in tender care of the invalid.

Suddenly little Marie, their youngest darling, who had understood very little of what was going on among her elders, but who with a child's curiosity had busied herself in unfolding the handkerchief which Leon had left upon the table on the entrance of his father, cried out, clapping her chubby hands:

"Oh, papa, papa! here is the finger Leon cut off at the *auberge*, and you can have it in place of the one you lost."

The police were already on Monsieur de St. Colombe's track, and in another hour he was in the hands of justice, having been clearly tracked by the traces of his blood from "*Le Plat d'Étain*," to his own chateau.

The tenth of March saw the assize court at Nantes filled to overflowing with its citizens. A drama of real life, one in which the culprit was a man of old and honored family, was being enacted in their midst. A father was to be tried for the attempted murder of his own son. No wonder the whole community were convulsed with unusual excitement.

The court, the prisoner, the jury, were assembled, and the proceedings had begun.

The first witness was called. Pale and agitated, dressed in his uniform of a cavalry officer, and wrapped about by a military cloak, Leon de St. Colombe answered the crier's summons. He raised his right hand and repeated the oath in a steady voice.

"Your name?" demanded the President.

"Leon Ferdinand Marie de St. Colombe."

"Your age?"

"Twenty."

"Your rank?"

"Lieutenant of cav-

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crowded court. She trembled violently as she took the oath, but when desired to say if she recognized the prisoner, she answered firmly:

"No."

Did not the recording angel blot out with a tear the perjury this poor girl had committed to save the father of the youth to whom, in one short hour, she had given her heart?

Lacking the evidence of the landlord or his stepdaughter to establish the identity of the culprit, the circumstantial evidence—though overwhelming—still failed to convict him. His counsel made an able speech, in which he endeavored to prove an *alibi*. He argued that it was impossible to prove that the prisoner had slept at "*Le Plat d'Étain*," since the only witness now alive who must have seen him, had positively sworn she did not recognize him. "No, gentlemen of the jury," he concluded, "the prisoner is a victim mutilated by violence which has been explained, but the sword of the son is unstained by his father's blood."

"To prove which fact," said a low clear voice coming from the body of the court, "I submit to the President the finger I cut off under the door of my room, which he will see belongs to the left hand, while Monsieur de St. Colombe was mutilated in the right." And as Leon ceased speaking, an officer of the court laid the finger upon the President's desk.

An expression of astonishment was visible on the face of the learned judge as he verified this assertion, and handed the trophy to the jury.

Leon de St. Colombe had thus frightfully mutilated himself to save the honor of his family.

The young soldier's career was over. He sought and obtained a dangerous post with the army in Africa, where he was killed in his first engagement.

Before leaving France he had seen Suzanne. Each appreciated the devotion of the other; each felt that thenceforth they had done with the world as they gazed at each other for the last time.

"I understand, Suzanne," he said to her, "and I accept. Adieu till death reunites us."

She answered solemnly, "Adieu, my Leon, till death."

This was their troth-pledge.

Gleanings from Ruskin.



God appoints to every one of his creatures a separate mission, and if they discharge it honorably, if they quit themselves like men and faithfully follow the light that is in them, there will assuredly come of it such burning, as, in its appointed mode and measure, shall shine before men and be of service constant and holy. Degrees of luster there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which worthily used will be a gift also to his race forever.

Let us beware that our rest in this world becomes not the rest of stones, which so long as they are torrent-tossed maintain their majesty, but which, when the stream is silent and the storm has passed, suffer the grass to cover them, the lichens to feed on them, and are plowed down into dust.

Happily for mankind beauty and ugliness are as positive in their nature as physical pain and pleasure, as light and darkness, or as life and death; and though they may be denied or misunderstood in many fantastic ways, the most subtle reasoner will at last find that color and sweetness are attractive to him, and that no logic will make him think the rainbow somber or the violet scentless.

Let a man have shaggy hair, dark eyes, a rolling voice, plenty of energy, and a facility of rhyming or sentencing, and we call him

"inspired" willingly enough; but let him be a rough, quiet worker, not proclaiming himself melodiously in any wise, unpretending, and letting all his littlenesses and feeblenesses be seen unhindered, wearing an ill-cut coat withal, and, though he be such a man as is only sent upon the earth once in five hundred years, for some special human teaching, it is irreverent to call him "inspired."

Of all the poetry I know none is so sorrowful as Scott's. Other great masters are pathetic in a resolute and predetermined way when they choose, but in their own minds are evidently stern, or hopeful, or serene, never really melancholy. Byron even is rather sulky and desperate than melancholy; Keats is sad because he is sickly; Shelley because he is impious; but Scott is inherently and consistently sad. Around all his power and brightness and enjoyment of eye and heart, the far-away Æolian knell is forever sounding; there is not one of those loving or laughing glances of his but is brighter for the film⁴³ tears; his mind is like one of his own rivers, it is white and flashes in the sun fairly, careless as it seems, and hasty in its going, but

"Far beneath, where slow they creep
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine."

Life begins to pass from him early; and while Homer sings cheerfully in his blindness, and Dante retains his courage and rejoices in "hope of Paradise" through all his exile, Scott, yet hardly past his youth, lies pensive in sweet sunshine among the harvest of his native hills.

There is an expression and a feeling about all the hill lines of nature which is not to be reduced to line and rule, nor to be measured by angles or described by compasses—not to be chipped out by the geologist, or equated by the mathematician. It is intangible, incalculable—a thing to be felt, not understood—to be loved, not comprehended—a music of the eyes, a melody of the heart, whose truth is known only by its sweetness.

Now it so happens that by far the largest part of things happening in practical life are brought about with no deliberate purpose. There are always a number of people who have the nature of stones; they fall on other persons and crush them. Some again have the nature of weeds, and twist about other people's feet and entangle them. More have the nature of logs, and lie in the way, so that every one falls over them. Most of all have the nature of thorns, and set themselves by waysides, so that every passer-by must be torn, and all good seeds choked; or perhaps make wonderful crackling under various pots, even to the extent of practically boiling water and working pistons. All these produce immense and sorrowful effect in the world. Yet none of them are doers; it is their nature to crush, impede, and prick; but deed is not in them.

Where I First Saw the Obelisk.



I landed in Egypt after two hours of winding among the low, curving strips of land which form and diversify the beautiful harbor of Alexandria; the city which for nineteen centuries has held the Egypto-American Obelisk; the Alexandria which was founded by Alexander the Great, and received his name two thousand two hundred and twelve years ago; the Alexandria which three centuries later was the home of the great historical beauty of the world, Cleopatra, who passed away a few years before the twin obelisks of New York and London were transferred to Alexandria.

She often looked at them in her chariot drives over Heliopolis, which was near the apex of the great Delta; and she wondered how her predecessor monarchs of the ages past felt when they drove around these monuments, and read intelligently the curious and shining hieroglyphics. How the gilded hawk high on that tall spire must have shone from afar on the wide sunny plain of Heliopolis, with every chance for the reflection of light!

More centuries have passed since thy time, O famous and fascinating queen! than lay between the obelisk-hewer and thee, and we of the West, looking backward, are now as curious of thee as thou wert of Tahutimes; and our obelisk is more wonderful to us, than as a Heliopolis obelisk it was to thee.

The spacious and, let us believe, ever-placid bay of Alexandria is one of the finest on the Mediterranean Sea. Alexandria is the summer resort of the wealthy Cairenes, for the sake of the sea-breeze, and the bay answers the place of a drive, when—with Egypt's mild air, with a great number of small yachts, and ships with their floating banners from all the countries of Christendom, and around us, the old shores which once were familiar to Persian, Macedonian, and Roman conquerors, and native land to the celebrated woman whose luxurious yachting we commemorate to this day in the favorite name, "Cleopatra's barge"—in a brilliant reverie we dream of more than we see, of temples, universities, libraries, monuments, and gardens, which stood here in the hazy past.

Alexandria is the principal city in the south and east Mediterranean, on all the long stretch from Gibraltar around to Constantinople the one large, Europeanized city. It was a great seat of learning, from its foundation, more than three hundred years before Christ, nearly until the grand division of the Roman Empire about A.D. 400; for the very first Ptolemy, he who came immediately after Alexander the Great, planted the famous Alexandrian Library, the library of Aristotle the philosopher being the nucleus. Cleopatra was the last of the Ptolemies. She died thirty years before the Christian era, and, as she was learned as well as beautiful, we may infer that she knew all that was known at that nearer age about the long-previous obelisk-hewing and pyramid-building Egypt.

It was a tribute to her intellectual taste when Mark Antony presented to her the great Pergamenean Library, which bore comparison with, but did not equal the one which had been lately burned.

Our ship had nearly reached the wharf and no longer moved. It was time to leave our Cleopatra's barge of thought, and we beckoned to the boatmen whose breasts were broadly labeled "Hotel d'Europe," and having pointed out our luggage to the hotel agent, who alone came on board, we went ashore without any of the confusion and annoyance of which all the guide-books had forewarned us.

A human wall, composed of people bright-eyed and dark, yet not of the negro race, environed the landing, and without offering a word, looked upon us as though they thought we were a sight indeed. We, on the other hand, thought they were the sight. We were seven, the only passengers on a ship of the Rubattino line—three Australians, viz., Manager Lister, of the Melbourne Opera House, his wife, a "prima donna," and with them a principal tenor, who had come by the Pacific Ocean, North America, the Atlantic Ocean, and across Europe, all this without a passport, and were on their way home by Egypt, the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, to Melbourne. The fourth passenger was a professor in the National Conservatory of Music at Naples. The fifth was a young clerk from the Cairo Post-office returning to his nineteen brothers and sisters, all the children of two Italian parents; the sixth was the Reverend Head of the whole European Expectant Church, commissioned to encourage the scattered several in Alexandria and Cairo, who were waiting, in their white garments of faith, to ascend and meet Jesus in the clouds. I was the seventh of the tourists, in this accidental companionship of four or five days, and when we drew near Egypt, it was often discussed whether the four of the seven who had no passports would enter the Land of Goshen. The provided three predicted that we would be sent back to Naples on the ship that brought us. I clung to the three Australians until a glance was given to the visiting card of Manager Lister, and his hand-bag was opened, which was all the ceremony that preceded our exit from the custom-house and entrance into the city of the Ptolemies. An active city to-day, although the dynasty that made it a magnificent capital has been extinct for nineteen centuries; a city so old that, like Damascus, its ruins are little fragments, or else mere dust. What more of the past may exist is hidden by the burial of the ages, covered with ground by Time, the slow-working sexton of the nations.

And, since we have accepted and removed the obelisk, Alexandria has not a single eminent mark of history, except one Roman-Egyptian monument to the Emperor Diocletian, about A.D. 300, and down this part of the past of the world we set little value upon any antiquity that does not date from before the Christian era.

All the old empires are covered with ground—all Syria, Asia Minor, Italy; anywhere the Roman Empire spread her eagle wings of wealth, we have only to dig into the soil to

take off the veil of the past. Alexandria would arise from her long burial, would display her Egypto-Roman and Egypto-Macedonian supremacy, and, in comparison, the curious Cairo, to which we hasten for its Saracenic architecture, would be a modern city.

After an appetizing breakfast, with birds singing and flowers blooming—it was a May morning in January, 1879—we hastened to drive to the Obelisk and the Pillar. "Pompey's Pillar" was not erected by or in honor of the distinguished Pompey; "Cleopatra's Needle" was not by Cleopatra's order, but by that of an ancient Egyptian king, Tahutimes (or Thothmes), hewed out of a bank of the Nile, 1590 B.C. We saw it standing by the sea, in an unkept, shade-treeless region, not near modern pleasure-life, and with nothing around it betokening a reverent affection, or befitting an object of remote antiquity, and probably of a religious character; an emblem of the sun's rays; the work of kings so long ago wrapped in mummy cloths that we do not know exactly what their names were, and but lately have learned to read their character-letters.

The one ancient relic which the devastations of time had left to Alexandria was a treasure there as it is here. We have it honestly, as honesty goes, yet we have despoiled Alexandria and enriched ourselves, even as she despoiled Heliopolis.

There were great flapping objects moving about the streets, presenting a broad front of loose black, inflated in the wind, unshaped by dressmaker's scissors, and free of the omnipresent pins which here plentifully bestick our female attire. I hardly knew what these things were, for no signs of a human being were revealed—none until I noticed a pair of eyes. These were the women. No cheek, no nose, no chin, no mouth—nothing but eyes. The men also being in habiliments not adjusted to the form, were not too readily recognized—not as we here, at less than half a glance, know which are the men and which are the women.

This first lesson learned, which is more bewildering than you may imagine, the next mystery to clear away was the cut and the put-on of these robes. But this subject, which took a longer time and some attention to get a knowledge of, comes decidedly under the department of dress and fashion.

ANNA BALLARD.

HONEST BELIEF.—The honest expression of an earnest belief ought always to awaken a respectful sympathy, even in those who cannot share it; and, if we only drew closer to those whose opinions are adverse to our own, we should find much in them to draw forth this very sympathy. Nothing can be more unjust than to charge people with moral delinquency because their intellectual perceptions are at variance with our own; yet this is precisely what we do when we decry an opposite party and attribute to its members mean and unworthy motives, when their only crime is that they will not adopt our views or pursue our methods.

Talks with Women.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

WHAT THE PAST HAS DONE FOR US ; WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR US.



THE New Year comes to us with a friendly hand-clasp, and we take it, perhaps with returning confidence and cordiality, perhaps with fear and trembling, perhaps with indifference, for life may not as yet have forced its serious side upon us in such a way as to compel serious thought on our part when we come to one of its milestones. We may not have learned to yield frank acknowledgment of its goodness, or brace ourselves up with fresh courage and determination to meet its cold withdrawal of sunshine and favor. But there comes a time to us all when we *must* think, when the past and the future assume most attractive or menacing aspects, and looking at them by the light of experience it is hard to say which are the more dangerous. Life, as a whole, is not easy for any of us—doubtless, it is easier for some than others—but even ease is not always happiness, and the law of compensation is so closely interwoven with every circumstance of human life, and so rigidly enforced, that we may be sure that some sharp, keen-eyed instrument of its purposes is always lying in wait to execute its commands.

Yet life is not necessarily a sandwich—a slice of good and a slice of evil. There are persons whose lives throughout have been exceptionally happy; but they would have been more or less so anywhere, under any circumstances, for they are born with happy, harmonious temperaments, and the good, the sweet, the wholesome, and the true have a natural affinity for them, and keep them sound and pure. Our philosophy of life has been very imperfect so far; we have imagined that we could do a little wrong, or be a little, or a good deal, wrong and get rid of it, as of a bad condition of the body by taking a pill. But we are beginning to discover that we cannot do either; that the secret of perfect health of mind and body lies deeper; that it begins with the foundations, and that if these are not sound and strong and well laid the superstructure cannot be relied upon.

Moreover, this soundness, and evenness, and strength, and their perpetuity in the character of the structure depend upon the quality of the bricks, stone, mortar, and the way in which they are laid, and if this is the case with mere materials for erecting a wall or a floor, what must the necessity be, and what must the danger be, in the multiple of elements that go to the formation of the human body, the development of the human mind!

We cannot tell where usefulness or happiness begins for us, nor where it ends; it may be marred by a piece of mince pie, or helped by what seems, at the time, an untoward event. Having no omniscient knowledge, no omnipotent power to direct or control events, the only thing that remains to us is to do the best we can with ourselves, and trust the rest to the working of a Power whose manifestations we see all around us.

One thing we may be very sure of, that, in doing the best for and with ourselves, in the true and noble sense of these terms, we are doing the best we can for others; for our duty to ourselves is so blended with the duty we owe to others that they cannot be dissociated. We cannot be sick, we cannot be selfish, we cannot even be ignorant without injuring others. On the other hand, we cannot be healthy, and strong, and cheerful, and helpful, and self-forgetting without being a conscious or unconscious blessing and comfort to others, and these influences act and react in myriads of ways every hour and moment of our lives.

Sickness and selfishness are not accidents, any more than dirt and cleanliness; they are the result of causes which have been at work perhaps before we were born, but are still capable of being helped or hindered; of being assisted to perpetuate what the folly or wickedness of ourselves or others began, or checked by determined effort in a new and better direction.

It is a great thing to have been born with a good and harmonious temperament, to have inherited a sound and healthful organization, for these things attract to themselves pure and wholesome influences, and the life thus environed finds no temptation in what is lowering in tone, degrading in association. But then, on the contrary, such happy transmission is as yet rare; the converse is more often true, that is, the inheritants of strong passions and appetites and weak moral power to resist what presents itself in the form of temptation. We have not as yet reached perfection; but we are capable of growth, of improvement, of making advances upon what we were, and have been; and working up toward an ideal which we should set high if we hope to accomplish anything in the way of self-enlightenment.

The present age seems to me a very deceptive one in regard to real progress. We boast of material advancement, but are the great masses really enriched in mind, body, or estate, and are they really any happier? A great deal of money is made and spent, but is it not creating false wants, widening the gulf between the rich and the poor, and reproducing for us the question of Caste which has been the stumbling-block of all ages, and all nations? Thus, the mere acquisition of wealth and power does not mean the increase of good things for the majority, but the few, and the enhancement of happiness only temporarily as it is increased for a time by novelty and possession. But all women do not share in the golden shower any more than all men; nor do taste and the power of enjoyment have much to do with the distribution of wealth; longings have to be stifled, crosses

borne, the burdens taken up, and bravely and silently carried, while the processions are going by, and the whole world seems to be singing a *Te Deum* laudamus over the universal prosperity. This is true of nations, as well as individuals. The world is not happy to-day. The veil has been torn aside from the inner life of queens and emperors, of princes and statesmen, and we see that all the happiness they find comes from the practice of the commonest virtues, the cultivation of such tastes and occupations as are shared by the least distinguished of their neighbors or subjects.

I do not decry wealth, or its power, or its influence; on the contrary, poverty, even uncertainty, is a cruel strain upon mind and body, depriving life itself of enjoyment in the present, and hope for the future; but what I urge is this, that we are not to be deceived by the cry of present or future prosperity into supposing that it is going to improve the status of each separate individual; on the contrary, the tendency of all material advancement is to make a few rich, but many poor, and women will share the fate of men in this respect.

What to do in the premises is not so clear. There are thousands of women all over this country to-day, who are, beyond all measure, puzzled to know what to do with their lives. They have capacity for something, they know not what, whether for writing a book, or starting a millinery store; but they are held partly by fear, partly by a sense of duty to parent, or brother, or sister, and the years go by, and the strength and the opportunity with them. This is in many cases not right. Give the girls all the chance that is given to the boys; let them go out if need be to seek or make their fortune, and trust them to give a good account of themselves in the future. If you have not fortified them against evil and temptation you cannot do it now, and both will find them at your own hearthstone as easily as elsewhere. There are plenty of chances for girls nowadays, if they do not all make a rush at one thing, and that probably the one for which they are the least fitted. It is not necessary to wait long to find out what you want to do; do anything; you will find your way out if it is not the right thing, and all experiences are valuable. Only let it be something you can do at least tolerably well. There are plenty of copyists of bad things; plenty of imitators of poor work. What is needed are women who will put intelligence, brightness, ideas into common things, both at home and abroad.

We have such women, thank heaven, as the mistresses of happy homes throughout the country—clever women who can mend, and make, and keep a house as sweet as a pink, and dress their children till they are as pretty as Kate Greenaways, and find time to decorate their mantels with drapery, their chairs with art needle-work, and their walls with fern baskets and all sorts of dainty trifles of their own devising. But these women do not realize the good they are doing to the rest of the world, the happiness they create for every one about them, the influence their brightness and cheerfulness and many-sided activity

exercise not only upon the present, but the future; because these things have not a money-value, cannot be bought and sold like stocks, and have no pecuniary interest even for their husbands.

So it is not any wonder if they get a little discouraged, and wonder if they might not have taken their goods to a better market, if somewhere in the world there is not a place where they are needed, where honor, and distinction, and even fortune would have followed the unfolding and development by encouragement and concentration of their powers. It is not likely that such a place would have been found, but it might, and it is natural for them to dwell upon it, when they find themselves and their work little thought of at home. There are great successes which seem only like happy accidents, and the girls and the women are achieving them nowadays simply by making use of faculty and opportunity.

A girl applied a few months ago to a publisher for work. What he wanted he hardly knew himself, but as they sat and talked she sketched it out without knowing it, until he said, "That is what I want—go home and put it on paper." She did, received seven hundred and fifty dollars for it, and is now in Europe applying herself to study with this money.

The "home" women have been at a disadvantage, because their labor has had no pecuniary value. It is no use to talk nonsense about the "sacrifice" of making the love between men and women, and the sacred tie of husband and wife, a matter of money, of business, of bargain and sale. Such stuff nowadays has not even the gloss of sentiment to make it go down. Nothing kills love so quick as the unfair position women occupy in relation to money matters, and the utter discouragement that a wife feels who has given her youth, her strength, her care, her thought, her daily labor, to her husband and family, and feels at last that she has done it without recognition or acknowledgment, that she is only a family drudge, that her husband holds the purse which contains their joint savings, and that his possession of it gives him the power to rule the household, which he does with a rod of iron.

This has been the case very largely in the past, but it is less so in the present, and will keep growing smaller by degrees in the future. At least one half the women now living earn their own living by working at some regular occupation, and receiving wages. At least half of the other half "assist" in sustaining themselves and their families by keeping boarders, or renting rooms, or doing some work at home that does not expose them to remark or the imputation of "working for a living." Quantities of young women, and unmarried women who are no longer young, earn money by painting, by making knick-knacks, by embroidery or decorative art work, and many more might, if they were not mere copyists, but had ideas of their own, and knew what was practical, and what was wanted. There is a craze for art curtains, for portieres, for mantel draperies, for lambrequins, for

chair tidies, and the like. But nothing can be purchased that is not ridiculously expensive, because intelligent industry, that which knows how to combine simplicity with true esthetic taste, has not yet been applied to it, except in a private way. Kate Greenaway struck a vein, and made her fortune by producing a true baby face. Her faces are rarely seen among the grown-up children of to-day—with their airs, and their ball-room manners, and elaborate dress. But they are the new, wonder-struck, just-awakened faces that seem to belong to childhood, and they have become such a rage that the future may produce them in real earnest; for artificiality soon sickens of itself, and dies a natural death.

I think it is a pity to be forced whether one wishes it or not into the spirit of money-getting; I would like myself to work without a thought of it. I should be glad never to see it, but to find my home, my books, my friends, my work, and divide myself among them. But this is a money-making and money-spending age, and we must swim with the current, or be swallowed up by it; and women find themselves compelled in self-defense to provide themselves with resources. There are few so poor but demands are made upon them; there are few so rich but would be glad to add to their income. Thus women are driven to the employment of all their ingenuity to make a little money which they may call their own, and the unexpected success of a few has stimulated others to effort, until the ranks of the workers have been ennobled by the addition of the most illustrious names; and idlers are almost expelled from society, for those who are not obliged to work for themselves are expected to work for others. When the daughter of the prime minister of England accepts the post of private secretary to the president of the college in which she was educated, the young women in republican America may well be ashamed of idleness. Besides, it is work after all, and work that pays that brings recognition. A girl may be a belle in her own little circle for a few years. She may be invited to balls, and ice-cream saloons, and pass over the course on the free list, for from perhaps eighteen until she is twenty-two, or three; but after this, her place is taken. She begins to be neglected, and finds herself left out when the lists are made up for sleighing-parties and picnics. But the workers never grow old; men leave the young and beautiful to crowd about a woman no longer young and never beautiful, if she has done work that arrested their attention, and commanded their respect.

Work immortalizes—every kind of work, according to its degree—and excites respect. I have seen an old servant treated with the utmost deference by visitors of distinction to the family in which she lived, and there is scarcely an avocation in which skill and persevering industry do not tell in the acquisition of reputation, as well as means. Almost everything desirable for women is now open to women, and as they lose their fears and timidity, and take advantage of their opportunities more and more, marriage will become less desirable—much less desirable for women than for men, and therefore less liable

to be entered into without proper guaranties.

The one great use of men to women is as walking-sticks, as escorts. They made it unsafe for women to go out alone, and then made it a virtue to protect her. Many a woman has married for the sake of having some one to escort her to concerts, and balls, and lectures, and found too late, that by that very act she has not only lost her escort, but all chance of obtaining one forever.

Marriage therefore is not a certainty even of legal rights and privileges, and its doubtful issues will aid the extended opportunities which women are making for themselves, in rendering it less desired as well as less desirable as a means of life settlement. This is certain to be the case in the future; and as a result we shall see strange events, a revolution in circumstances—elderly women, who have achieved fortune and independence, marrying young men who are willing to sell their services for a livelihood. We shall also see woman living together, making homes and a social life of their own, not rarely as now, but often, and with deliberate purpose. Said one who has lived such a life for the last fifteen years: "It has been ideally happy—our troubles have come solely from the outside; together we have known nothing but peace." The Baroness Burdett-Coutts would never have thought of marrying had she not lost her friend and companion for so many years, Mrs. Brown. It is something to know and feel that doors are open to women, that a certain amount of freedom is conceded to them, that more than a certain amount of recognition has been awarded to them. But they must be worthy their future, worthy a great destiny, or such a destiny cannot in the nature of things wait upon them. The age is above all other things industrial; it will not let any power, any strength, any activity, go to waste, if it will only make itself seen and felt. Women are heartily welcomed in many fields, and public opinion is with them when they demand an equal chance in others. But they must do equal work. They must not apply as mendicants, or as objects of charity, but as trained and independent workers. They must fit themselves, and then try for the higher positions. They should leave the hand labor and sewing-machine labor for men, whose physical strength better fits them for it, and prepare and work toward the business positions and the professions.

The noblest example that has ever been set in this country is unconsciously given us today by one of the finest of our New England poets, who keeps cows and sells milk to his neighbors. Yet if he lifts up his voice, a whole nation and the people of other nations stand still to listen. Let women who want to do *something* to earn money, remember this, and not be afraid of anything that is not dishonest or dishonorable. Let us, above all things, not make work the excuse for being less true, less gentle, less modest, less kind, less considerate, less refined, less ladies, in the fine sense of the word; but add to all the graces that have distinguished women in the past the courage of conscious ability, trained and ready for action to give voice to the women of the future.

LOVE MATES HEARTS, NOT AGES.

BY HENRY FAUNTLEROY.

THE evening sun shed forth his brightest ray,
As if he wished to signal earth good-night ;
That none might maunder at departing day,
But see his promise of returning light.

CYE DURLEY caught the sign—his head he raised,
Supported by his loving daughter, Grace ;
And long upon the gorgeous pageant gazed,
As dark'ning shadows gathered on his face.

FOR his sun, too, was racing to his set,
No more to shine, to gladden earthly eyes ;
But from the night of death, far brighter yet,
To rise to morning in eternal skies.

CLIFF MURTON knelt, heart-broken, by his side ;
From boyhood friends, they'd borne true honor proof
For twenty years, in business union tied,
Sharing, the while, one peaceful hearth and roof.

"DEAR Grace," spoke Durley, "it is now my end ;
I leave you to our Saviour's promised care.
And, Murton, pledge me, be the orphan's friend ;
Let her your love, to me so faithful, share."

"AS God's my help," good Murton sobbing cried,
"All that you leave I'll make for her secure ;
And all I have, and life can earn, beside,
With love like yours, shall make her welfare sure."

"THANKS, thanks !" spoke Durley, as his hand he grasped.
"Now, darling Grace, grieve not in sorrow long ;
For while your parents are in heaven clasped,
Think not your joy will do our men'ries wrong."

"NOW God's love guard and bless my precious child !"
The sun's last beam across his visage shone ;
Grace caught his blessing in her kisses wild ;
But all his love, so fond, so true, was gone.

WITH reverent touch, kind Murton lifted Grace ;
But they in spell of solemn pity knelt,
Unthoughtful of a grief-impelled embrace,
Together drawn by new dependence felt.

AFTER fond love had tend'rest tributes paid,
The home of Grace was made again to smile ;
Gay cousin Kate her arts of witch'ry played,
And young friends strove her sorrow to beguile.

GRACE duly shared in pure joys of the day ;
Thought first of health and her mis'd's need of light ;
But, bed-time, Murton joined, to read and pray,
And, bending, take his blessing for the night.

"AH ! she gives me," said he, "a father's place,
While she's the secret idol of my life ;
My all I give, in worship of her face,
To see some younger man make her his wife."

HE loved too fondly not to quickly see
How Edward Lee and Grace each other sought,
While Kate, her cousin, whom he meant for Lee,
Appeared to never give the youngster thought.

THE two together, oft would walk or ride,
When Kate, in whimsey, hid or played recluse ;
And in the parlor, whispered low, aside,
Or fond love-songs well served their courtship's use.

THIS great-souled man began to waste away,
As hopeless burned the secret of his breast ;
And, while "'tis fit and right," he could but say,
"For Grace and Lee"—he groaned to think the rest.

"MY presence," said he, "shall not, e'en by thought,
Obtrude across the dear one's freest love ;
I'll flee abroad, to die, that she may naught
E'er know that could to her a sorrow prove."

SOON had he all arranged to suit his plan ;
His earthly stores on her he loved conferred,
Save a small sum, to toll life's short'ning span,
And buy a spot where he might be interred.

THEN, when Grace came for prayer, ere they begun,
With choking voice, he told her tenderly,
Saying that ere the next day's setting sun,
He would be far away, out on the sea.

SHE first turned pale, then gasped, then shrieked and cried,
"Oh, why forsake me? take me, take me, too ;
For naught but death shall tear me from your side ;
You pledged me your life, mine I pledged to you !"

"BUT, my dear ward, love you not Edward Lee ?"
"No, no," Grace cried, "we played the lovers' part
Because he loves dear Kate, and hoped through me
To sober her, and make her know her heart."

"BUT can you mate with twice your years, dear one ?"
"Had you but one short year left you to live,"
She spoke, while eye and cheek with radiance shone,
"For that year's love I would my lifetime give."

"O LOVE celestial, beauty, truth divine !"
He cried, and strained her madly to his heart ;
"O morning love, with turning noon's to shine,
And make life's afternoon of heaven seem part !"

SWEET Kate, who'd come at Grace's cry, then spoke :
"Oh, bless you, Grace, for what you now explain ;
I trifled, till my cruel heart you broke ;
Thank God, the good meant me brings you such gain."

QUICK Grace flew out, and soon brought Edward in ;
Kate stood with open arms and flushing face ;
"Forgive me, Edward, for my wayward sin."
His pardon priced love's kiss, and warm embrace.

WITH grateful hearts all knelt to give God thanks ;
But thoughts so honey-laden, scarce could rise,
And pulses thrilled so long with love's wild pranks,
The morning star waked ere they closed their eyes.

A FORTNIGHT'S sun sank slowly down the west,
Between fond homes and a ship far at sea,
That bore abroad four hearts, supremely blest,
In bonds so sweet they fain would ne'er be free.



SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

THE perspective view here shown faces the south-east; the rear portion, showing the kitchen etc., is to the north.

A country residence is a house generally surrounded with sufficient land to give importance to two fronts; it is desirable that the interior should be arranged with this object in view, and also for the general view from the structure. When possible the north-east portion of the building should be protected with a cluster of trees or shrubbery on rising ground.

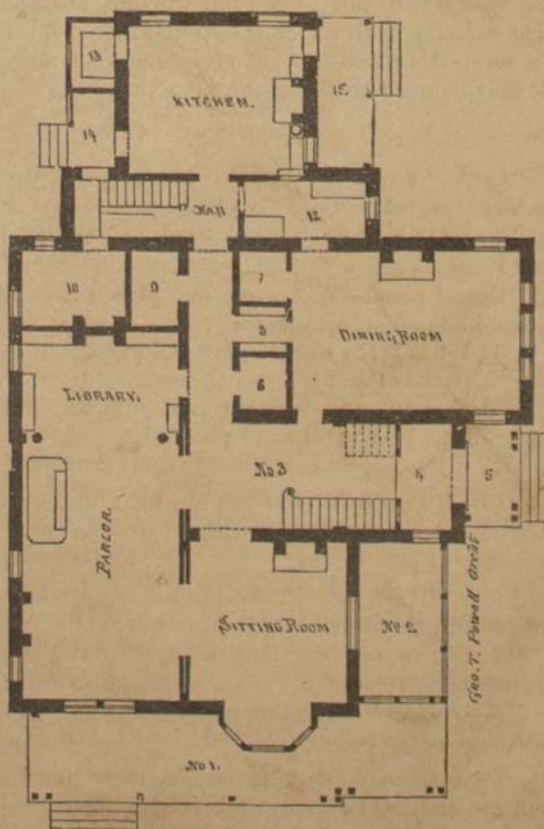
The accompanying plans give the arrangements of the first and second floors:

The main entrance hall is twelve feet wide, with an inviting stairway, easy of ascent. The parlor is on the north side, and in the rear is the library.

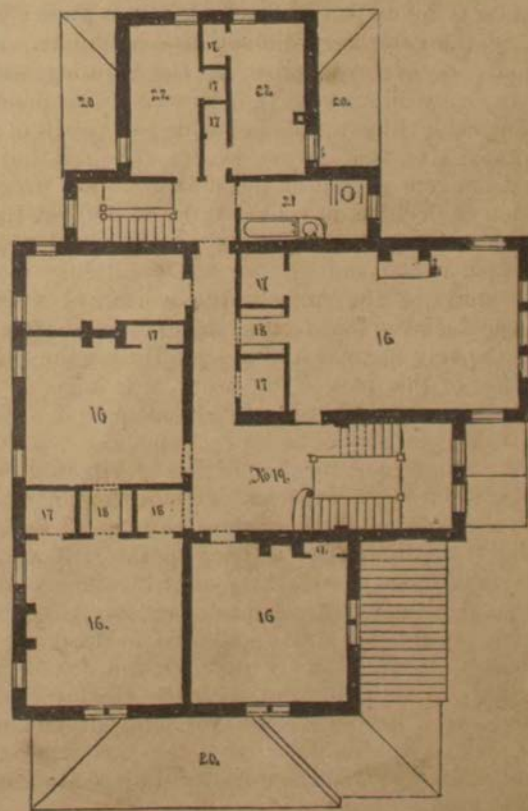
The sitting-room and conservatory on the east front; the parlor, library, and hall form a large saloon by opening the sliding doors. The dining-room has on the north a large dining-room pantry with closets; on the opposite side of passage way is a store-room to dining-room.

The bay window to sitting-room affords a fine view to the south, east, or west. The whole house is provided with all modern improvements, hot and cold water, bath, etc.; under the kitchen is the laundry provided with washtubs, etc.

The structure is intended to be built of stone or brick, whichever may be the most desirable in the locality selected; and it will cost from eight to ten thousand dollars, in proportion as the material may be furnished, and the cost of the work in certain localities.



PLAN OF FIRST STORY.



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

The style of the structure is strong in outline, but plain, without any extravagant display of ornamentation; the roofs are also simple in construction. The tower affords an agreeable observatory in hot weather and sultry nights.

Reference :

FIRST STORY PLAN : Parlor, 18x32.

Library, 12x18.

Sitting-room, 18x18.

Dining-room, 18x25.

Kitchen, 17x20.

No. 12—Dining-room Pantry, 7' 6" x 14' 0".

No. 3—Main Hall, 12 feet wide.

Passage, 5 feet wide.

No. 10—Office, 8' 6" x 12' 0".

No. 2—Conservatory.

No. 9—Store-room, 5' 6" x 8' 6".

SECOND STORY PLAN : Nos. 16, 16, 16, 16, Chambers, and average 18x18 feet.

The chamber over dining-room is 18x25 feet.

All spaces marked No. 18 are lobbies.

Nos. 17, 17, are closets, and are large, averaging 5x6 feet.

The Bath-room, etc., is 7' 6" x 14' 6".

For further information address Geo. T. Powell, Architect, 141 Centre Street, New York.

Correspondents' Class.

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

"AMATEUR."—*Painting in tar* follows the process of "sticking-up" in glass painting. The process is as follows: Having a little rectified spirit of tar in a glass, grind the painting color with it, being careful not to make it too thin, and then add the least possible portion of fat oil to keep the color open and prevent it drying too rapidly. Now take a flat camel-hair brush, similar to the one used for laying on water mats, but in this case termed a wetter, and dipping it lightly in the tar, apply it to the surface of the glass it is intended to paint, not using the brush too full, as the tar is apt to run on the back of the glass and make the color very difficult to manipulate. It should be evenly applied, or the painting will have a very disagreeable appearance. This done, paint, with either a camel or sable hair pencil of a suitable size, the intense shades and half-tones that are represented on the drawing. Let every touch be decisive, in other words, do not put the color on the glass until its proper position is decided upon; and by thoroughly entering into the spirit of the subject, the work will when finished convey that feeling and expression which are the very life and soul of art. During the execution of this part of the work, it is imperative that there should be an entire freedom from dust, that the color should be well ground, and that the spirit of tar used for the purpose of grinding the color should be kept clean. Should the color by any accident get dirty, or show any sign of seediness, it is much better at once to throw it away and mix fresh, as with dirty color it is impossible to paint with any degree of satisfaction. After the work is painted it must be allowed to stand a few hours until it is partly dry, when a few high lights may be taken out with the etching tool; after which, having become thoroughly dry, it may be taken down from the easel, the wax removed from the edges, and the work itself placed in trays to be fired.

2. *Enameling.*—Should any portion of the work require a coat of enamel, such as the flesh of the figures, or parts of the draperies, take a por-

tion of finely-ground enamel of the color required, and apply it to the reverse side of the glass. It will, however, be as well to fix the painting color by firing before doing this, as both the painting pigment and the enamels flux better when fired color-side up.

3. *Stains.*—Glass staining differs from enameling in this: that whereas enamels contain a certain proportion of fusible glass or flux, and adhere only to the surface upon which they are painted, stain contains no flux of any description, but has within itself the power of penetrating and coloring the glass to a certain depth with various fixed colors. The coloring matter of stain is silver, and although there are nearly a dozen different kinds of stain, they all contain as a base this expensive metal. Although silver itself contains the elements of a stain, all glasses are not susceptible of taking it alike. Some kinds of glass are impossible to stain, while others can be scarcely touched with the silver without, on being fired, striking an intense orange. Nor does the difference in the glasses end here. In some the stain will penetrate to a considerable depth, while in others it will merely lie upon the surface like an enamel. This is caused by the variations of the proportions of the alkalies in the glass. The amateur, as well as the professional, before commencing to stain his work should make a proof; that is, put a little stain on a piece of the same description of glass as that which he intends to use, and then fire it. By this means he will be enabled to judge of the effect which is possible on that particular kind of glass.

Do not introduce too much stain, in small windows especially, nor have it too powerful, or the result will be a disagreeable saffron tint to the whole subject, throwing an unpleasant light into the room. Avoid also getting it too flat; at the same time do not have its flatness broken by streaks, and within certain degrees keep it varied in fullness. Never apply stain to any but a clean surface; it must never be laid on the painting color. Stain requires grinding well in tar on a slab, scraping up and putting aside into any vessel kept free from dust, as a stock for future use. Before using, stir up the contents to an even consistency, and simply put it on the back of that portion of the painted work which is desired to be yellow to about the thickness of a sixpence, making sure it does not go beyond the part intended. The material with which the stain is mixed should be scraped or brushed off the glass after firing. It may be used again for the same purpose.

QUESTIONS.

"COR. CLASS:—1. Should landscapes in oil colors be varnished or only oiled?

"2. What vehicle is most used in painting in oils?
DELL."

"COR. CLASS:—Will some one please give me some hints about oil painting?

"1. What is the best shadow color for flesh?

"2. How is the best way to use mastic varnish and drying oil, and whether mastic is now considered the best varnish for pictures?

"SELF-TAUGHT ARTIST."

"COR. CLASS:—Would you kindly inform me as to the process of firing for china painting, etc.?

"R. DAVID."

"COR. CLASS:—1. Please publish best method of polishing and painting fresh-water shells.

"2. Where can the best kind of water-color paints be purchased?

"3. How are the colors of pressed flowers and autumn leaves to be preserved? Mrs. J. B. W."

"COR. CLASS:—How is pumice-stone used to soften and whiten the hands, and what will destroy the effect of chalk on the skin? It roughens the hands terribly as used on the blackboard.

"SCHOOL-TEACHER."



"The Shadow of Death."

HOLMAN HUNT'S GREAT PICTURE.

MESSRS. AGNEW & SON have brought over to this country, and placed on exhibition, Holman Hunt's great work, "The Shadow of Death." This is pre-eminently a religious work, not by reason of its subject, but by reason of its treatment, and as such provokes curious speculation. It is a work for which Taine's fascinating theory of the *milieu* fails to account. This is not a religious generation. The tendency of thought which characterizes this age no future historian will describe as devout in any such sense. Nor does the peculiar form of religious thought which exists touch on any side such a work as this. The Son of Man, who came eating and drinking, who raised the sick, lifted the fallen, restored the blind, has forced into pale obscurity the Man of Sorrows acquainted with grief. The Christ straining down toward humanity, which finds expression in hospitals, asylums, and practical deeds of beneficence, is the Christ of our day; and Mr. Page's head, exhibited some years ago in the Academy of Design, though it pressed somewhat hardly on our sensibilities, is, after all, nearer the thought of the nineteenth century, than the mediæval Saviour crowned with thorns.

Mr. Hunt's picture is rather an individual expression brought out of surroundings he has created for himself. Of all the pre-Raphaelites he has adhered most closely to the traditions. Botticelli never allured him from Fra Angelico, nor have the pagan glories of the Renaissance ever disturbed his vision. As the early masters he nourishes a single thought, and has bent toward it the purposes of his life, and for its expression reserves the serious study of years. This is literally true from his own account. He states that for sixteen years he had the subject in his mind, and six years was spent in Palestine recording the most literal facts with the most painstaking accuracy. This supreme faithfulness, these years of preparation, would of themselves demand consideration. From a man of Mr. Hunt's rank as an artist, such consideration is the more imperative.

The painting is seven feet high; the scene, a carpenter's shop, overlooking the plains of Jezreel and the mountains of Galilee. Jesus is represented at the age of twenty-five. He stands, having left his saw in the board, and, with his head thrown back, his lips parted in prayer, extends his arms. The level rays of the sun, pouring in the open door, cast his shadow on the wall in the form of a cross, of which his tools, hanging above, make the upper part. Mary, who is kneeling before the ivory casket containing the gifts of the Magi, apparently recalling, as a mother might fondly do, the homage to the infant, sees the shadow. The face is turned away; but her start of emotion is felt at the painful symbol, as if with a sudden premonition. This is the motive of the work, and is at once simple and dramatic. The figure of the Christ, which is girded about with a white cloth at the waist, and the slight tension of the portion bringing into view the anatomy, gives a magnificent opportunity to an artist capable of doing justice to it. The figure is superbly drawn, and painted at once with boldness and subtlety. The flesh is that of a laboring man, bronzed with the climate and tinged with the strong red light of the setting sun. The face has Jewish traits, but the eyes are blue; and the hair, warm and

brown, falls back from the face. Yet face and figure reveal the pre-Raphaelite conceptions of Christ, if they could have been expressed by the technique that delayed some centuries.

But the painting does not rest in this simplicity. The canvas is crowded with detail, each asserting its historical accuracy or symbolic truth. These do not remain as accessories, but insist on a prominence at war with the accepted canons of art. As a consistent pre-Raphaelite, Mr. Hunt contends for the importance of facts rather than for the relation of facts; for his Christ he studied the models of the tribe of Judah at Bethlehem of Judea. He has made a point of his Eastern saw with its peculiar teeth, the Oriental tools, costumes, the green jar with its aromatic herbs, the carvings and shapes of the gifts of the Magi, of his woods and the shavings which strew the floor. Each of them is wonderfully realized, and as if it were the object of the painting; no trifle, seemingly, has been too small for the most painstaking care. This, it need not be said, detracts from the picturesqueness and unity of the work. But nothing apparently could have been further from the artist's idea than to strive chiefly for picturesqueness and unity. He contented himself rather with accuracy and religious enthusiasm. But this last is not infectious, and so in its principal aim the work is a failure. Mr. Hunt feeds himself with symbolism, and uses it in the paintings like arguments in support of a cause. To the ordinary observer, this is carried to the limit of absurdity. The star above the head, and the curled shavings under foot, are extreme instances of this.

The picture is exhibited by gaslight, which is unsatisfactory, the red light on the figure being materially strengthened by it, and the tone of the work naturally modified.

M. G. H.



End and Means.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

"Work! work! work!"

Well, what for?

Why, because it is our duty.

Simply to work?

Yes.

Then, why should not every man and every woman gather together a pile of stones, and march around it ten hours every day, for weeks, and months, and years? Would not that be work? And in doing this, would not he or she be doing his or her duty?

Ah! This performance, you say, would be work, and work of the severest kind, but nothing would be *accomplished* by it. Here is a new idea. We must work, then, not only because it is proper for us to work, but because we expect to achieve something as a result of that work.

And yet, how many tread on, from day to day, in a routine little more elevated than the one mentioned, never getting one step further? How many must say that the world and they themselves are no better off at the end of their toils than at the beginning? Especially, I think, is this the case with women.

There is too much sentimentalism about labor. Some of us have well-nigh forgotten that labor, simply *as* labor, is a curse, and was first pronounced as such. We may know this to-day by its disastrous effects upon hand, and back, and brain, which were meant to be ever youthful; upon heart, and mind, and soul, which were meant

to be immortal. Surely, matter was never intended to dominate over spirit.

And yet, you say, we must work. True. But it is when we make our work subservient to some great end that we elevate it, conquer it, sanctify it. We are dignified in laboring only when we rule our endeavors, not when they rule us. So, my friend, remember always, that you yourself are greater than what you do.

Then, women all over the land, rouse yourselves. I care not what your outward circumstances are—you have a right to live, and breathe, and grow—the light, the air, the day, are as much for you as for any one. Determine, first of all, that you will possess your birthright—*then*, if you are hungry, provide your mess of pottage. How many know the sweets of perfect liberty? Ah, I fear, few. A far greater proportion could truthfully say:

"Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys."

Earthly toys! Precisely. Silk dresses, and gold chains, and new bonnets, and bushels of pretty trifles. Beautiful things, I grant, fascinating to every truly feminine mind—well worth possessing if circumstances favor. But how often are these things bought at too dear a price.

I wouldn't want the handsomest robe ever woven, if I had to work early and late in a noisy, dirty factory, month after month, in order to get it. I wouldn't wear the most valuable watch ever made, if owning it necessitated a dreary, monotonous life behind a counter. Not that I would be too proud to do anything honest for my living—but are things of this order worth the sacrifice of leisure, and comfort, and rest, and enjoyment, and study? Is it worth while to spend days and weeks in grinding, benumbing toil for the sake of a few hours' gratification of vanity?

I believe there are many women who must earn their living, and I honor them for doing so. But I believe there are also a great many who have good homes and ought to stay in them, but who would rather do outside work for a little more finery. Them I pity—all the finery in the world isn't worth domestic comfort.

But the very same toil may be made little else than a consecration, if undertaken in a different spirit. The woman who works in a factory in order to educate her brother, is a saint; she who stands behind a counter so as to obtain means to go to college, belongs to the "noble army of martyrs." No praise is too high for the young girl who does copying to pay for her piano; the poor teacher, who cuts down her wardrobe in the hope of going to Europe. These all deserve silk dresses and gold chains—but, remember, only as incidentals. They can afford to wait for these until they have performed their appointed tasks.

Work is hard. But I believe most people make it very, very much harder than they need—or, in fact, ought. They spend their substance for that which satisfieth not, and so are compelled to add to their toil. To illustrate.

I know of a woman whose work was in the basement of a large dry goods establishment. In the summer her quarters were exceedingly warm, causing her much discomfort. One day in particular, when the thermometer rose above ninety, she came home nearly fainting. She excited much pity, as well as much annoyance, by her continued complainings. But she herself was largely to blame for it all; had she been less extravagant for her circumstances, she might easily have bettered herself. I was especially struck with this fact on learning that she had given two dollars for a flower for her hat, while she only earned a dollar and a half a day. That two dollars would more than have paid a substitute for that time, which she might have spent out of the stifling heat, and away off in the breezy woods, and so have added

to her life. Or, better still, she could have afforded for her health's sake, to lose the entire week, and the price of the whole bonnet—she had another quite as good.

What would you think of a mother who insisted that her two little daughters should wear handsome sashes, at any cost? I know such a one. The girls had very pretty white suits, with fresh ribbons for their necks and hair, but because they hadn't broad waist-ribbons, the mother fretted and vexed her soul almost as much as she would if they had had no food to eat. So, when their school closed, and when they were home for vacation, she suggested that they sew rags for a carpet-mill and earn the desired trappings. Ah! stones for bread! By this means, working early and late, they could have made from a dollar and a half to two dollars a week. Then, by sacrificing weeks of their precious holidays, they might have come out, near the end of the season, with a little more gorgeousness on their backs. But, oh! on the one hand, heat, weariness, toil, perhaps even sickness; on the other, fresh air, gaiety, rest, health. These things were as nothing to the foolish mother. It is to the credit of the girls that they refused any vanities purchased at such a price. They reveled in the breezes, the fields, and the woods. They went walking, boating, and picnicking. As to money value, perhaps they tore, soiled and destroyed the worth of the possible sashes. But they went back to school healthier, stouter, and better in every way.

The mother did not know it, but the girls did, that the world respected them more for their course of action. It is an old piece of wisdom, that if you cringe to society, it will kick you; if you rule it, it will serve you. People don't praise those who spend *all* they have for adornment—such a thing is far too common; but they do praise those who intelligently strive for the highest good, and make themselves superior to their circumstances. The latter is much too rare.

Does it still seem incredible to some of my readers that there really are men and women who live along from day to day, striving for nothing, hoping for nothing, beyond their present bodily comfort? I know there are such. I know a family all of whose members above the years of infancy not only work, but work hard. And yet, I never saw a dingier, drearier, more unattractive home in the course of all my travels. But they live upon the fat of the land, frequently spending a whole week's income upon their Sunday dinner. The markets are ransacked, at the earliest possible moment, for the costliest delicacies from every clime—for, you must know, they don't want anything edible at a time when everybody else can have it. They can't afford a picture on the wall, or a book on the shelf; they can't send their children to school beyond the primary—because, "We're poor—we might want the money for *vic-tuals!*"

Who are more dainty, more economical, more industrious, more thorough, and, in some senses, more happy and contented than the French? Can you guess why? Simply because they *live* for something. They don't settle down to any work and say, "I'm going to do this all my life." No, indeed! What they look forward to may seem an unworthy end, and to the average American mind it is, but it is ten times better than no end at all. They work in the hope of being able some day to live in idleness—and all the more merrily for it. But a Frenchman does not neglect pleasure and culture as he goes along. By no means. He would lose a whole week's wages rather than not spend a day in the park; he would go without his dinner, but not without the opera. I don't uphold French life in all respects, but I do think that we might, to advantage, copy some of its good points.

O friends, is it enough simply to come into the world, pass through it, and go out again? Let us be remembered, then, not by our names on our tomb-stones, but by the amount of *useful* work that we have done.

Articles for Fairs and Bazaars.

As this is the season for these enterprises, we offer the following suggestions for articles principally home-made, and likely to sell, and which besides afford an attractive change from the common custom of "buying" to sell again the ordinary goods of ordinary stores.

Lamp-shades are fashionable and useful. First get the shape, which should be cut and re-cut in paper until it fits the glass. Then you may trace comic designs on silk muslin, or you may paint on satin, with fringe for border, or you may arrange ferns or dried flowers on silk with thin gum arabic. This latter work is pretty and novel.

Autumn leaves or ferns arranged on thin silk, and covered with transparent muslin with pinked edge, are lovely, and very pretty shades are made of lace lined with colored silk and edged with fringe.

Hanging receptacles for Christmas cards may be made as follows: Take a strip of colored cardboard, 12x5½ inches, cut the upper end into a point, lay on the lower edge an outer pocket of cardboard, with flowers upon it 4 inches deep, and cut in a point; place another similar pocket above, border the whole with gold edging, and put a bow and loop at the top to suspend it from. Arrange the Christmas cards in these pockets against the wall, and a pretty effect is the result. The large morocco stands intended for three rows of photographs, twelve in a row, make excellent receptacles for Christmas cards; and cases are made on exactly the same plan in crash, embroidering a border in silk round each aperture, and mounting the whole on cardboard.

Cards look well arranged on folding screens mixed with good scraps, and the small wooden screens, which are fashionable now for standing on tables, would be most attractive covered with them. There are small Japanese screens now to be had that would be suitable. A good idea is a long strip of satin cloth to hang against the wall, with a succession of pockets, all embroidered with birds, butterflies, and daisies. Large bags to place opera cloaks in at parties sell off very quickly, and if orders can be obtained beforehand they should have the monogram in the center.

Of course the foundation cloth should be quiet in color, gray, or brown, or stone color.

It is a pretty fashion now to have one or two low seats about a drawing-room or boudoir in the form of two large square cushions, one upon the other. In two colors, such as blue and black, red or black, or, indeed, of any colors to suit the furniture of the room, they look well. They are firmly stuffed with horsehair, and joined together at right angles, with or without tassels. Colored satin sheeting is a good material to cover them with, or a pretty dark-flowered cretonne, and then they need not be expensive. These styles are particularly good for a morning-room; gold or garnet is a good color for plain sheeting.

An excellent and inexpensive portière is made of dark olive oatmeal cloth, faced with a deep border of garnet plush, or velveteen outlined with feather stitch in garnet, old-gold, and blue.

Curtain-bands may be made of blue or crimson cloth, or of satin, embroidered with gold purse silk. The Greek "key" pattern is one of the most effective of all. They may either consist of a plain straight band of from 4 to 6 inches wide and about 14 inches long, or they may be 6 inches wide in the middle and diminish to the width of

2 inches at each end. In either case they should have a loop at each end to hang to the support which is generally fixed to the window-frame for this purpose. The bands may also be made of crash, or, for a bedroom, of dimity, bordered with a narrow white cord. All should be first lined with stiff muslin, and then with silk or soft cotton lining.

Girls like to make their own particular bed and morning rooms pretty. This is to be done with blue and white china, brass flowerpots, inkstands, candlesticks, and coal baskets, peacock feather fans, palm leaf fans, photographs and engravings (framed in oak and velvet), antimacassars of guipure d'art, and the like.

Quite inexpensive articles, quickly made, are bath slippers, with cork soles, the piece over the instep serge, satin, or flannel, almost entirely hidden by a gladiolus, or a bunch of cherries, or a dahlia, or some large flower. No shoemaker is required; the sole and the front constitute the slipper; the edge which comes on the instep is bound with braid, or a bias band of the material, and is sewn to the sole inside, and turned over.

Most little maidens over three summers old wear aprons worked in silk or crewels. These have the bib cut in one with the skirt, which slopes slightly at the side toward the waist; there are no braces and no back bib. Some are made in green or grenat satin cloth, and are elaborately worked with silks; but holland colored drill (which is almost everlasting in wear) is more generally employed, and very simply ornamented. Above the hem there is a row of stars in crewels, and worked with—what we have hitherto called Russian embroidery—mere loose stitches.

Wall-baskets like these will be found useful in many parts of the house. Those in the shape of a French peasant's "hotte," or basket carried on the back, will be found handy for many purposes, as they are to be had in so many different sizes; the large ones would be useful in a hall; those of a medium size will hold a pot of flowers or trailing plants, while the small ones make capital receptacles for spills.

A useful article for a gentleman is a pocket made in huckaback, to be hung by the dressing-table for brushes and combs. Take a strip of the stuff twenty-four inches long, twelve inches broad, round the ends, and work them over in the loose buttonholes, fold in half, and sew the sides together to where the rounding begins. The upper side must be worked with large red carnations and leaves.

In a hall or gentleman's room is often required a receptacle for hat and clothes brushes, button-hooks, straps, etc. The most useful basket to hold these odds-and-ends is one of those sold at all basket-shops for carriage-baskets. As they have flat backs they can be hung to the wall, and may be made very ornamental by the addition of a lining of colored chintz. The lining must be full, and finished off round the edge by a close ruching of the same material.

Tidies and mats in tied work are easily made. For these a frame is necessary—four pieces of wood grooved or notched at regular intervals, and arranged so as to fasten at the corners into a square, larger or smaller as may be desired. On this the wool or cotton is wound back and forth, an equal number of threads to each skein, and when the square is filled they are tied at the intersections with a needle and thread. Cutting the work from the frame leaves a fringe all around. The mat may be left flat, or the strands, save one, cut across between each knot, in which case it will appear to be formed of fleecy balls strung together. The last mode is pretty for tidies. This work looks well in bright wools, or in red wools and white tidy cotton mixed.

Very simple and convenient screens, because easily washed, to fix to the wall at the back of washstands, may be made by first nailing to the wall a piece of pink (or any other color) glazed lining about three-quarters of a yard wide and the same length as the washstand. Then take a piece of figured net or muslin half as long again as the lining, and rather wider, so as to allow for a good deep hem at the top and bottom: hem the sides narrowly, and at both top and bottom make a hem one and a half inches wide, and, at the distance of an inch from the top of each hem, run a line of tiny stitches. In each of the spaces thus made run a piece of narrow tape and draw it up until of the width required.

Children's tables may be furnished with an infinitude of pretty things.

Excellent châtelines for school-children may be made of brown linen, trimmed with red braid, or embroidered in crewels, ribbon, velvet, or print. Make first a band for the waist about an inch and a half, then stitch six little flat bands about three-quarters of an inch in width, and attach them carefully to one side of the waistband, and to the other side fasten a small square pocket in such a manner that when the waistband is worn the straps will hang on the left side, and the pocket on the right. At the end of each of the straps must be fastened something necessary for writing, thus a note-book, ink-eraser, pencil, penholder, box of pens, and a penknife or a ruler, may be substituted for the note-book, and the note-book placed in the pocket at the side.

Bed pockets of holland, embroidered in forget-me-nots, and edged with fringe, are pretty, and children's blankets, with just a bunch of cherries embroidered in one corner. Dolls dressed as soldiers and fisherwomen, brides and babies, always sell well.

Parasol needlebooks are made of a small round piece of silk, edged with fringe or narrow lace, in fact, made as much like those at the present time as possible, lined through with fine cashmere, and divided into sections for the different numbers of needles; the handle is made of a small wooden or ivory knitting needle, with a little bow at the top; this is put through the exact center of the circle, which is then folded to the shape, and a tiny elastic and button, or ivory ring added, slipped up to fasten it.

Knitted and crocheted "Tam o' Shanter" caps in dark blue or cardinal wool, or velvet jockey caps, embroidered with forget-me-nots. Pinafore dresses made of bright gold-colored satin sheeting, embroidered with poppies, cornflowers, and corn, are useful for children. Bonbonnières always give satisfaction, and with a little ingenuity they may be made up at home. Procure some hamper-like tiny baskets, fill them with candied fruits, chocolate, or sweets, on the top tie a bundle of straws with a colored ribbon, and a small fairy-like doll, or a toy hen or monkey resting on it, or a cheap smelling bottle, or, for a boy, a clasp-knife.

The most attractive method of knitting reins is with scarlet wheeling, working arm rings, the name of the little horse on the breast-piece, and ornamenting with bells. It is rather difficult to meet with the bells. Four ounces of scarlet wheeling are required, a pair of bone needles No. 10. Cast on 12 stitches, and knit a length of 4½ yards. With a piece of rope covered well with list form rings for the armholes. Loop one end of the scarlet knitting over a ring, and the other end over the other ring, making a neat finish where it joins the reins; then knit two lengths of 120 rows on needles for breast and back; on this work for the front the name of the horse; on the back sew three bells, then three bells on each rein, just below the arm rings.

Model gardens, lawns, and farms can be cou-

structed easily with suitable materials. Two feet square of stout brown cardboard makes a good foundation for any of these. The remaining materials are dried moss, grasses, glue, sand, small pebbles, a Swiss chalet, box of sheep, cows, farm buildings, palings, etc. These can all be had at the toy-shop. For a lawn, the foundation must be divided or laid out into grass plots, a hill being added, on the top of which the Swiss chalet is mounted, with garden and drive winding up to it. For grass plots a mixture of dyed and plain dried moss is the best, rubbed small, and put on with glue; the drive and paths are glued and sanded. The trees, if not included in the box of palings, etc., are best made of dried and dyed fairy or trembling grass or other grasses; these must be set in little blocks to make them stand. A bit of mirror will make a pond or lake, and toy swans put on it. The hill for the house is best made of a block of virgin cork, on which stones and moss are glued.

For a farm the fields are well stocked with sheep and cows, the farming buildings added; carts and straw and haystacks neatly made and fastened on. Skilled fingers can also make fencing on narrow strips of wood of short lengths by fastening wire netting or rustic wood on it. A pretty kind can be made with long strong hairpins, fastened on such closely, and diagonally crossed.

"CABINET" CLOCKS are a late Paris novelty. They are composed of black marble inlaid with light or red-grained marbles, and take the cabinet form, with recesses for small pieces of china or bric-a-brac. The side pieces match the clock.

There are others inlaid with exquisitely enameled or painted tiles, fine as jewelry, and outlined with gold work.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—The efforts made by publishers abroad and at home have brought out some marvelous things in the way of Christmas cards. S. W. Tilton & Co., have secured the quaintest, most captivating types of baby faces and figures, and others produce flowers or small landscapes, which are startling in their natural beauty. The greatest novelty issued by Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., is a set of six folding tryptich cards, illuminated in the highest style of chromo-lithography, with original songs, composed expressly for this purpose.

THE NEW GOLD CRACKLE glass is more beautiful than any which made its appearance last season. The forms are Oriental, and the designs purely natural upon a groundwork of such wonderful iridescent color as presents a constant succession of surprises.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS in silver for household use hammered or *repoussé* work, have acquired the highest vogue in the manufacture of rich, solid silver articles, and specimens of both will compare with some of the finest ever executed. The fashionable tea sets rest flat on the table, without standards of any description; they are very low and broad in shape. A set of this style of five pieces is of satin finish, the silver of moonlike luster, Persian in shape and design, of carved panels inclosing plumes carved in the most minute details. Another tea set, low and flat, has a hammered surface, richly decorated with flowers and arabesques. A small tea set—one of the finest specimens of *repoussé* work—is covered with flowers worked out with unequalled fidelity to nature.

A remarkable specimen of hammered work consists of a silver tea set showing a delicate tint of buff, and forming a perfect imitation of bamboo; it is called the bamboo set. It contains seven pieces, including a large kettle. The decorations are bamboo leaves and flowers.

A gift for a gentleman is a loving cup of ham-

mered oxidized silver, four-sided, with two elaborate rustic handles; on each of the sides is a gold panel with designs representing the seasons in *repoussé*. Around the top is twined in bas-relief a vine with brown berries and tinted leaves.

Most tempting salt and mustard jars stand on a golden base, and are made of citron-tinted, satin-finished silver, decorated with marsh marigolds and cat tails, with green gold foliage.

There are also ornamental ginger-jars of oxidized silver and gold; plates, and simulated fine damask napkins with silver fringe; jelly jars covered with a napkin tied with a gold cord; a tea-caddy of hammered oxidized silver, the lid tied down with a gold-fringed silver napkin and gold cord.

A new lace pin shows two oars tied together with gold cord, and in the center a gold plaque, upon which is a miniature light-house, and a sea-bird flying over the waves.

BASKETS FOR NEEDLEWORK.—The most decorative needlework basket is lined with garnet satin padding beautifully upholstered. Three are tied together back to back, thus offering three fronts and three baskets. One is appointed for knitting, with bags for wool balls and slides for needles; another for needlework, with pincushion and bags for reels of cotton, needle-book, etc., all of which accessories are in the back, leaving the hollow free for the work itself; the third is for fancy work.

A NEW MUSIC ROLLER.—Articles of dress are presented this season under the most unexpected disguises. The very pretty "Marguerite" balayeuses, and an improvement on the common plaited balayeuse, are among the most useful knickknacks; they are available in a morocco music roller.

The Use of Umbrellas.

MAN, always inventive, and ever regardful of his own comfort, was not long in devising a protection from the heat and the rain when walking abroad.

As early as twelve centuries B.C. umbrellas were in use. This we learn from the bas-reliefs found at Nineveh, on which are carved figures, probably kings, walking under umbrellas, held over them by attendants. These umbrellas are not unlike those of modern times. They are adorned with a flower or ribbon at the top, while linen or silk falls down at the sides and forms a protection.

In the beginning of the twelfth century, umbrellas were in use in China. They had twenty-eight ribs, and the stick was in two parts, the lower part being a tube into which the upper part slid, in order to close the umbrella. Greece and Rome had their umbrellas, the latter being made of leather or skin.

In the seventeenth century we find mention of umbrellas as being used in Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Horsemen used them when they rode, by fastening the handle to their thighs.

There seems to be some doubt regarding the precise time that umbrellas were first introduced into England. Various authors mention them as early as 1616, 1640, and 1664. Yet in the *North British Advertiser* it is recorded that the first umbrella appeared in England in 1777, and was carried by John Macdonald, a footman. Another writer tells us that they were introduced into England as early as 1611, from Italy.

The literal signification of umbrella is shade-maker, showing its original use. By degrees it was used for other purposes, such as to keep off the rain, to indicate state and authority in ceremonial processions, and as personal adornment. In the ceremonious occasions of the present day in India the umbrella plays an important part. The State umbrella of the princes has ribs of gilt,

a handle of gold or silver, and a silk cover richly embroidered with gold and silver. When the Emperor of China goes forth to hunt, a part of the attendant ceremonies is for a procession of twenty-four men to precede him with umbrellas.

The early English umbrellas were made of oil silk. They were very heavy, and when wet could not be opened easily. Silk and gingham covers superseded those of oil-cloth, and were found quite an improvement. Alpaca coverings were more recent. The frame was at first made of whalebone, then of split and dyed cane. As a general thing the frames, consisting of ribs and stretchers, are now metallic. A recent improvement is to make them grooved, which lightens the weight.

There have been various descriptions of umbrellas made, but none have proved as convenient as that now in common use. One had the covering folded in a hollow stick; another was fitted with a spear; and thirty years ago an umbrella had a small heating apparatus set in the handle. This was intended for persons with cold hands.

The plain twilled silk used for covering umbrellas is generally imported, while figured parasol silk is made in this country. The worsted serge, with a silk border, is imported. The plain "English boiled" is largely used by manufacturers, and as it is only in superior qualities, is found lasting and in every respect satisfactory. But twilled silk remains in extensive use, and is doubtless the leading article.

In the way of color, a choice is afforded between black and dark brown of the shade called "London smoke." This is so dark that, as a manufacturer laughingly remarked, "It is black if a black umbrella is desired, or brown if a brown is preferred." Somewhat lighter browns are seen, but a very dark shade is most stylish. In choosing between a brown and green twill silk, the brown will be the better choice, as it does not fade so readily as the green.

Alpaca umbrellas are now so nicely made that they have come to rival silk; being handsomely finished as to handles, and of fine material. They are purchased by fastidious buyers, and, in the best styles, are no longer regarded as common.

The best umbrellas are now made with double-woven seams, to allow for the wear.

The handles are made of a variety of materials. Celluloid makes one of the best handles, and is much in use, being strong and pretty. These are red, blue, imitation tortoise-shell, and black and white. Ivory, mother-of-pearl, ebony, coral, and even gold are used for making the handles of umbrellas and parasols of an expensive kind. Natural woods are much liked at present for the making of handles, and, of course, the lightest kind possible are employed. Many are finished in bulb style, but a hook finish is also popular. The same ideas prevail in regard to ivory, which divides favor with natural woods.

Chinese and Japanese umbrellas and parasols have ribs and stretchers of wood, and are covered with varnished paper. They have been, of late, used in this country to a limited extent, but they can never attain popularity.

A writer, in describing a visit to an English umbrella manufactory, says: "Now we wend our way to the cutting room, and see there the cutters with pattern boards neatly and expeditiously cutting out gores. Then we repair to the machine room, and there in skillful hands we see the gore just cut out, gradually assume the shape of an umbrella. Then we notice the finisher, who, in an incredibly short space of time, takes a stick, puts the ferule on, fits the runner, inserts the springs, and then a girl quickly fastens the cover to the frame, the seams are ironed down, and then, with a few additions, the umbrella is finished."

YOUNG AMERICA

Prunes and Prisms.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

CHAPTER I.

PRUNES.

"Ef eber I see de beat o' it!"

Old Maum Silvy brought one foot, arrayed in a thick blue stocking and heavy carpet shoe of generous proportions, down to the floor with such a bang, that Muff, the lazy yellow cat, basking in the genial warmth of the kitchen stove, gave an ominous start, and sat straight upright, blinking out of two astonished green eyes. "Dat Pruny'll cotch it when she *does* come home, dat's all I've got to say! Ter be gone an hour jest for a leetle lasses; an' me a-settin' here, an' dat gingerbread ter be shook up fer tea! Dar'll be somethin' else shook wen I lays my han's—"

The door burst open suddenly, and a small body staggered in, all out of breath, dragging, with an extreme show of haste, a big tin pail.

"Ugh—oh! oh dear!" grunted the figure, setting down the pail, when comfortably within the door, and beginning to feel of its arms—"Oh, I'm most dead! I tort I nebber *should* git here!"

"I tort so too!" said Maum Silvy dryly. "Take off de kiver."

"It's dretful heavy," said the figure, turning her back on pail, cover, and all, and, with one kick, she gave a terrible twist that seemed to run up and down her whole body with a delighted wriggle; and then finished up with a long, restful yawn.

"Wen I gets my han's out o' dis yere gingerbread," observed Maum Silvy coolly, looking at her sidewise, "I'll limber ye out a little, an' gib ye somethin' to make ye yawn t'other way!"

"Ur—ow! oh, don't!" cried the small object, whirling around in the greatest terror. "Oh, I say, *don't!* I'll take off de kiver—right slap off—I will!" And she skuttled up to the cause of all the trouble, and began to tug wildly with her little stumps of nails on the sharp edge.

"Wen ye does as I tell ye," said Maum Silvy, striding with one swoop up to her, and dealing her such a generous cuff on the little black ear that it seemed as if the kitchen rang with the sound, "it'll be de best ting fer ye! *Now*, do ye let dat kiver alone!"

"Couldn't help it," mumbled Pruny, through her tears, as she backed safely out of reach of her mother's hand—"couldn't help it, nohow—*couldn't*. It's most awful long down to de store—*couldn't*. Say, ain't dere somefin I kin do fer ye, mammy?"

"Ye kin go up stars an' wait fer me," said Maum Silvy, ambling off for the egg-basket, "den you'll see. Me an' de slipper'll want you fer a little spell."

"Oh—ow—ur—hoo—hoo—hoo!"

Thereupon ensued such a bedlam in the kitchen, that Maum Silvy broke her eggs into the garbage-pail, and upset a cup of molasses that trailed its sticky sweetness all over the big old table, dripping down upon the spotless floor.

"Ef I eber—see—such a disrageous young un!" she cried in perfect desperation. "Ye'll git *two* slippers now, Prunella Car'line!" she screamed in a higher key.

If it could be possible, this piece of information increased the outcry and noise to such an extent, that the kitchen seemed *all* squalls, and as if certainly a dozen children were in it, instead of one.

"For pity's sake!" cried a voice, coming into the kitchen, followed by a tall boy, whose bright dark eyes seemed determined to go to the foundations of things in general, and this one in particular—"what a muss!"

"Muss 'tis well ter call 't, Mister Rex!" cried Maum Silvy in high dudgeon, diving down into the basket for a fresh supply of eggs.

The howls ceased immediately.

"Oh, Mister Rex!" cried Pruny, seeing a good-sized ray of hope at his appearance; and unscrewing her little black fists out of her eyes, and wiping off the torrents of tears on her mangy apron—"don't let her take her old slip to me—don't! It's most awful horrid bad—*tis!*"

"What have you been doing?" asked Rex, turning on her a keen glance; "no shamming now, Pruny."

"I *didn't* sham!" said the child, indignantly. "I dunno wot dat is." And all her fear departing, she commenced on a series of small chuckles that would scarcely allow her to hear anything further, as she kept time with sundry gyrations of her body, calculated to express her delight at the turn affairs had taken.

"I shall be driv to distraction," cried old Maum Silvy, glaring at her. "Stop yer whirlin'—can't ye? I'm so confutterated now, I can't tell whether I've put in salt or sody."

"I'll take her off," said Rex, quickly. "Come on, nuisance. You'll be in the way *nowhere*, and it might as well be where Lean get something out of you," he added, more forcibly than politely. And picking hold of one of the numerous little tails sticking out all over her head, like spokes of a wheel, he marched her, without another word, upstairs to his den, where he kept her, very glad of two evils to choose the least, hard at work polishing up the brass handles to his cabinet of curiosities.

This Pruny hated beyond all things. But whenever she was very naughty, and he caught her, he always set her at it, with an old cloth and a bottle of oil. And she invariably came out of the siege, either furious at her close confinement and aching elbows, or completely subdued, as the circumstances of the case allowed. To-day, considering herself very lucky at the narrow escape she had suffered, she set to work with a series of brisk little nods, that started all the various small tails to trembling, keeping time to the *rub—rub—rub* of the small black arms.

"Rex, where in the world is Prunes? Oh, why here you are. Goody me, how I've looked for you!" cried somebody dashing in, at sight of whom, seeing another deliverance bearing down upon her, Pruny threw down her old oily rag, and bounded forward with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, here I be, Miss Cecy—here I be! I'll do it right smack off, woteber 'tis!"

"No you don't!" declared Rex, decidedly, "until you've finished this job. Go right straight back and pick up that greasy old thing, and fly at it again, quick!"

"I've scraped an' scraped, till I can't scrape no more," grumbled Pruny, slowly retracing her steps. "Nassy ole thing!" And she caught her foot and stumbled against the table; but, catching wildly at the bright cover with one greasy little paw, she recovered her balance and set herself sniffing to her task.

"Well, I've *got* to have her," cried Cicely, nodding her head so briskly that the long braid of light yellow hair flew out like a pump-handle. "So, Rexie, be sweet, and give her up."

"Thar, Miss Cecy wants me," cried Pruny, turning smartly around at this reinforcement to her hopes. "So—I *must* go," she added, looking severely over at Rex, with a most virtuous look in her black bead-like eyes.

"Take her along, then," he cried, "and I wish you joy of your bargain. Now, Prunes, if you're not good!" He pointed solemnly to the array of little handles.

"I'll be jes' as good," said Pruny, quickly, smoothing her old brown apron with dexterous pats, "jes' presac'ly as Mas'r Bale hisself."

"Who?" said Rex, squaring around with astonishment.

"Why, de man in de Bible dat driv de donkey," said Pruny, perfectly delighted to show that she knew. "He was *awful* good," she added, with a most impressive air. "Now, I tell yer—he *was* *awful* good, wen that donkey got scat!"

"She means Balaam," explained Cicely. "I was reading it to her last Sunday. Mercy! what greasy hands, Pruny!" as she caught sight of the active little digits moving up and down, not to the improvement of the long-suffering apron. "Run down, child, and douse them in the stak."

"Oh, I can't," cried Pruny, twitching back at the thought. "Mam'll be after me with her ole slip. She bain't forgot yit. Don't make me go, Miss Cecy, 'cos de gingerbread's done. I smell it." And she wrinkled as much of the end of a nose as she possessed, in the direction of the kitchen stairs.

"Go along and stick 'em over the bath-tub, then," said Cicely, with a grimace, "and I'll turn on the faucets. Phew! how they smell!"

"Whicky!" cried Pruny, in high glee, who decidedly relished the idea of the splashing she saw before her; and scudding with rapid footsteps she



"NOW, DO YE LET DAT KIVER ALONE!"

was soon calling, interspersed with many chuckles, for Cicely to hurry. "The grease was all a-pour-in' off 'm me," she said.

"Don't shake 'em so," commanded Cicely, giving her sleeves a twitch to insure attention. "Stop; you sent that water right into my eyes. Stand still, Pruney."

Thereupon, Pruney, with a great show of obedience, stood as if petrified, her black arms stuck out straight before her as stiff as two sticks over the bath-tub. Suddenly she gave a great hop, and jounced up against Cicely with a lurch that nearly precipitated them both head-over-heels into the tub.

"Ow!" she exclaimed. "De water 's all a-runnin' up my sleeve—ow!"

"You're the wickedest child!" cried Cicely, feeling tempted to box the little wooly head, "that ever lived! You're only doing all this to plague me, when, if I don't get over to Fussy Hitchcock's at five o'clock, I might as well stay at home altogether."

"'S true 's as I live an' breeve!" cried Pruney, with the greatest earnestness, bringing herself straight up with another lurch that sent a generous shower all over the floor; "I didn't mean to—I didn't, Miss Cecy, an' dat's de solemn trufe! Hope to bust an' die, ef tain't!"

"Come on, then!" said Cicely, reaching down a towel from the rack. "There, hurry up and wipe your hands dry; you've got to carry over my writing-desk."

"The old ile ain't all off," said Pruney, investigating her paws critically. "It'll spile your nice box, Miss Cecy," she said, with a longing for another splashing.

"Let me see," said Cicely, examining for herself. "Oh! *what* a little cheat you are, Prunes! They're as dry as punk—come on."

"Is that what you mean when folks get mad?" asked Pruney, following to take the writing-desk, while Cicely armed herself with several books and swung her hat on the top of her head.

"What?" said Cicely, absently, "what are you talking about, Pruney?"

"Why, spunk—you said my hands were 'as dry as spunk,' an' I ain't mad one single bit," said Pruney, taking the box and managing to turn it upside down and make an inward commotion unpleasant to the ears.

"Well, I am!" exclaimed Cicely, righting it, "if you are going to do that. Hold it straight, child. I said *punk!*"

"Oh!" said Pruney, looking very wise. "Whatever is it, anyway?"

"Oh, something to make firecrackers go off," said Cicely, carelessly, and running to the top of the stairs. "The boys use it—come, hurry up."

"Do you s'pose Mister Rex has got any, now?" asked Pruney, clattering after her down the stairs, churning up the desk frightfully at every step.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Cicely. "No, I guess not. Nobody uses it only on Fourth of July."

"I'm a-goin' to—" began Pruney. But she never got any further; for on opening the big outside door, both children, without a bit of warning, ran directly into the arms of a tall, thin woman, who, with a big work-bag on her arm, looked as if she had come to stay.

"Oh, Aunt Elderkin!" cried Cicely, giving the old shawl a loving hug, "I'm so glad you've come!"

Pruney gave a little crow of delight, and dumped down the desk, regardless of the nature of the resting place.

"Where's Putkins?" asked the big woman, turning a pair of gray eyes down on them, in which such a sturdy, kind light shone, that it seemed as if a bright little ray of sunshine skipped right into their hearts.

"He's asleep," said Cicely. "That is, he was, a while ago. Only I've been busy, so I don't know just this very minute, and Jane's with him."

"Oh, she is," said the big woman. "Well, I'll go right up then an' get the mending. Cicely, I want you to go home with me."

"Oh goody!" exclaimed Pruney, heaving a long sigh of satisfaction. "Then we sha'n't have to tote this ole box." And she glanced with intense scorn at the recumbent desk.

"I was going over to Fussy's to write my composition with her," explained Cicely; "but I'd rather go with you, aunty, an' I'll stop an' tell her I'll come to-morrow."

"Well," said Aunt Elderkin briskly, going with long, even strides down the hall to the nursery door, "we'll see to that. Anyway, you must go home with me. *That's* certain sure, an' I'll make it all right about Fusena."

"I must see old Rex," cried Cecy. And rushing up the stairs, two steps at a time, she bounced into his den, and surprised that individual, who was fastening his collection of butterflies more securely.

"I'm going to Aunt Elderkin's," she said, giving his head a pat. "Oh, Rex, *what* a beauty that big brown fellow is!"

"Take care!" cried Rex warningly. "The least thing will upset his dignity. So you're off?"

"Yes," said Cicely, gazing with fascinated eyes at the various specimens of insect life. "Oh, misery me! there she is calling! Good bye, Ducksie!" She gave him a loving little hug, which he returned with interest, dropping his favorite butterfly to accomplish.

"Take care of yourself, Puck!" he called after her. "Give my respects to the parrot," but half way through the long hall, intent on following "Aunt Elderkin's" bright green shawl as it was proceeding down the garden path, Cicely didn't hear, and only stopped to say, as she passed Pruney reposing in one of the best hall chairs, "Take the desk up carefully, Prunes, and set it on the table under the window."

"You'll have to be in a hurry," observed "Aunt Elderkin," when she caught up with her at the corner, and marching on with long, firm footsteps, "for I promised Miss Page to be home early to-night. She's a-goin' out to tea; and the poor soul don't go visitin' so often but that she sets a sight by it."

"Let me carry your bundle, Aunty," said Cicely, falling into step and panting, "Oh, my, I'm so hot! Dear me; seems to me your bag's fuller than ever," she added, glancing at the stuffy appendage that dangled comfortably at the good friend's side.

"If children will go stubbin' out nice stockings—like the Dickens!" observed Miss Elderkin coolly, while a little smile, like the sunshine over a fresh winter apple, ran across her honest face, "why folks 'll have to go paradin' through the streets with big bags on their arms for all that I know. *Somebody's* got to take care of the toes!"

"It's too bad!" cried Cecy, shocked at the at the work that she saw in vision popping up its head from all those invisible stockings, and hugging up to "Aunt Elderkin's" portly side, she ran her hand up under the green shawl, and gave her arm, on which hung the bag, a good, faithful squeeze. "I will try, dear auntie, I certainly *will* not to wear so many holes in mine this week. You shan't have to put out your eyes any more."

"Aunt Elderkin" smiled kindly, and retained her composure of feelings, having heard the same statement on an average once a week since taking charge of the mending department over at "the Seymours."

For this "mending department" had grown until it assumed huge proportions in the kindly

care and oversight which the faithful friend bestowed on the children up at the cottage, where for many a long year she had worked at her trade of dressmaking with conscientious service for their mother before them. They had always called her "Aunt Elderkin" ever since their little baby feet had pattered over the stairs, and wandered with tyrant wills all through her quaint, old-fashioned home. For, despite all entreaties, Miss Elderkin refused to live anywhere but with a little widow broken down in the same trade, and with whom, after she had saved up enough earnings to retire, she took rooms in her friend's big, old house, and there with her ancient canary, her parrot, and all her household gods and belongings, she kept watch and ward over the trust bestowed on her by the gentle mother when dying, "to look after the little ones." And so, now that Mr. Seymour was off to search after health, and the regaining of the fortune he had lost through ill-health and poor investments, "Aunt Elderkin" became guardian angel and everything else combined to watch after the interests of the children left in her charge.

She wouldn't move up to the big cottage, but never a day passed without her presence in it at some period of time between the twenty-four hours. "It's best for old maids to live alone," she said to all of Mr. Seymour's entreaties to domicile her there during his absence. "I should only fight a thousand times a day with that Silvy. Now Silvy's well enough, an' she's been in the family I'm sure as long as I have, but la! if I was mistress, as I *would* be if I lived there, me an' Silvy would be out about the whole time. No, no, 'tain't best. The children *can't* get sick without my knowin' it, an' we're all used to going' on as we be." And so there it ended. But the watchful, lynx-eyed vigilance that never slept on its post remained! And now the father was to come home in just one month!

"And now don't walk *quite* so fast," cried Cecy, looking up at a big, white house with green blinds, and a sociable looking veranda that ran all around the house, as much as to say, "Come right in, everybody!" "and I'll run ahead and tell Fussy, and meet you again. Oh! there she is looking out of the window!" she exclaimed at sight of a crop of dark curls evidently bent over a book.

"For once you hain't got to go scoopin' in!" said Miss Elderkin who, on some accounts, didn't altogether approve of this close intimacy, and so wasn't completely overwhelmed with grief whenever a chance like the present broke up their meeting. "Now don't be long in tellin' her, for I shall have to go right straight on."

"I won't stay but just one teenty minute," cried Cecy, who above all things liked a walk with her cheery companion, and running under the window she called out in a merry voice, "Fussy!"

"What?" said the girl with the book, and putting out her head her face took on an expression of great joy. "Oh, good! you've *FINALLY* come!"

"But I haven't come," gasped Cecy, "at least, that is, I can't stay. I've got to go home with 'Aunt Elderkin,' so 'twill be too late when I get back to-night, an' to-morrow—"

"That's always the way," complained Fussy fretfully. "Oh dear me!"

"Aunt Elderkin" was going on rapidly in the opposite direction, so Cecy stumbled out her excuses and her sorrow, and raced after her with all her might and main.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, coming up at last, "Fussy is so disappointed, and I'm so sorry!"

"I should do my compositions at home," observed Miss Elderkin, sententiously. "I don't believe in girls racin' round an' carryin' their books, pretendin' they're gettin' their lessons. You'd do better at home without that Hitchcock

girl gallivantin' round. Well, here we are!" And she turned in at a little square garden, up through a box-bordered path that led up to a big flat door stone, above which was an old-fashioned green door with brass knocker, that surmounted a modest little sign that read, "Mrs. Page, dress-maker and repairer."

"I'm here, Mrs. Page," she announced, putting her head into the first door on the right of the little entry, while Cicely, with the freedom of an old visitor, skipped up the broad, quaint staircase to Aunt Elderkin's rooms above, "so you can go as soon as you've a mind to." And then she leisurely mounted the stairs to find Cecy hobnobbing with Poll, who was hanging on his roost, unusually glum and forlorn from his mistress's absence.

"I do think Poll grows cross, don't you, Aunt Elderkin?" said Cicely, throwing off her hat on the big, roomy old sofa. "Oh, isn't it nice to get here again!" she cried, in the greatest satisfaction—a remark that never lost its power from the fact of its being made on each successive visit.

"Um—maybe," said Miss Elderkin, replying to the question. Then she stopped abruptly in the middle of the room, and looked a moment at Cicely.

"Don't you want to know what I've brought you home for?" she asked suddenly.

"Why, to carry back a bundle, p'raps—or—I don't know," said Cecy, with a merry little laugh. "Oh, Poll, you idiot!" for Poll, being under the delusion that his face needed a constant washing, was going through all the movements with clumsy solemnity.

"You're to stay all night," announced Miss Elderkin, with no change of manner; "an' I brought along your nightgown," and she unrolled the parcel, shaking out the contents on the gay patched bed-quilt.

"Am I?" cried Cicely, hopping up and down in great delight. "Oh, what fun! Poll, I'm going to stay over-night!" she cried, flying up to the cage with the important announcement.

Miss Elderkin followed her, and taking hold of both of her shoulders, turned her around, and gazed down into the big blue eyes.

"I've got something to tell you," she said quietly, "an' I could do it better here than up there," indicating with her thumb the cottage. "Cicely, you're a big girl now, almost twelve years old, an' must take disappointment when it comes, so's to comfort Rex."

"Yes'm," said Cecy, standing quite still, and looking up into the kind, sturdy face, with its keen eyes. Her heart went down, down, with a vague feeling of dread of, she knew not what. She was only conscious that Poll was croaking out "Good-night, good-night," thereby stimulating the ancient canary, whose singing days were decidedly over, but who still fancied himself one of the most charming of warblers, to attempt an evening song.

"I had a letter from your pa this afternoon," Aunt Elderkin was saying, and her voice sounded about a mile off, "an' he ain't as well, an' has concluded not to come home at present."

Down went Cicely from underneath the kind hands, into a little heap of disappointed misery on the floor. *Not coming!* when they were just as sure of it as that they were alive.

"He shall!" cried Cicely passionately. "We can't wait any longer! Oh—oh—oh!"

"And that," said Aunt Elderkin gently but firmly, "is just what you must do, child, to show the others that you can wait, if the Lord says so. Can't? Them four letters never come into anybody's life until they spell 'em there themselves! that's sure as gospel."

(To be Continued.)

Joe's Exaggeration Cured.

BY M. S.

"TEN acres are enough," said Joe's father to Farmer Sampson.

"They're too much!" grumbled Joe, stumbling into the door, with a big basket on his arm. "Whickets! I'll have to stamp all night to get 'em warm!" And he set up such a vigorous pounding with his boot-heels on the old wooden floor, that the cat flew off in a trice and took refuge behind the stove.

"If you can't come into a room like decent folks, Joe Bennett," said Aunt Hepsy, setting down a big steaming dish of hasty pudding on the supper table with a bang, "you needn't come in at all. You can stay out all night! Come Isaac, supper is ready."

"Can't help it," grumbled Joe, going behind the stove to give the cat a kick as a relief for his feelings. "When a feller's toes are froze, it's time to bang. An' mine are stiff as ice—they are!"

"Are your toes froze?" asked Aunt Hepsy, anxiously pausing as she was about to take her place at the head of the table; and turning away from pudding and supper and all, she peered over her spectacles at him, while she mentally ran over various remedies, out of which to select. "Poor boy, pull off your boots now, quick, and let's see!"

"They ain't exactly froze," said Joe, beginning to wish he'd kept still, and looking at the supper-table longingly. "They won't be if I can have something to eat, but I thought I sh'd die a-luggin' that old basket, anyway. Now I'm goin' to have my supper!" And he began to prance to the table with a satisfied grin.

"You said they was froze," said Aunt Hepsy decidedly, and turning from the little old medicine closet in the corner, she sent a gleam from her sharp black eyes not to be misunderstood, "an' they must be froze. Now, Joe Bennett, do you off with them boots, an' don't you let me have to tell you twice!"

"Oh, dear," whimpered Joe, tumbling back from the table, "they ain't froze, they never was froze, oh, dear, dear! Do lemme have some supper! I never'll say it again; I won't!"

"That's just what you've told me a thousand times," said Aunt Hepsy coolly, coming up to him with a roll of cotton-wool, and a bottle of liniment in her hand.

"An' I've told you just as many times that I'd stop it some way, this rushing in an' searin' me to death days, a-sayin' you're dyin', an' half killed, an' all that, now then!"

"What's the fuss?" asked Mr. Bennett, attracted by the noise; and turning away from the fascinating conversation of farm-lands, meadows, and sheep-lots, etc. "Oh, Mr. Burgess, supper's ready," as his eye fell on the well-

filled table, where the steam from fragrant tea and pudding arose like a cloud of incense. "Draw up, draw up, we'll finish our talk after supper."

"Yis," said Aunt Hepsy, looking around, as she was bending over Joe, whom she had forced on to a wooden stool up against the wall, for surgical treatment. "You set down an' help yourselves, I've got to attend to this boy."

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Bennett, helping his friend to a generous portion of the pudding, and a hot roasted potato, "what's happened to him?"

"Oh, he's froze his feet," said Aunt Hepsy quietly, pouring on a generous quantity of liniment of the slipperiest kind, to a wad of cotton-wool, which she then clapped on to the squirming toes in front of her; "there, hold still! an' of course they must be doctored."

"I hain't!" came in a perfect roar from behind Aunt Hepsy's big figure, "oh, I hain't! an' she's a-tying 'em up so I can't step. Make her git away, do!"

"He said so," remarked Aunt Hepsy grimly, proceeding to tie on another wad to the remaining five toes, "and of course he ought to know. I sent him down to Widow Snell's with a basket of apples, an' he's come back, an' says his toes are froze. Poor boy! There, hold up your other foot!"

"What, just over to Mrs. Snell's?" said Farmer Burgess, setting down his tea-cup in astonishment, "why, that ain't but a quarter of a mile!"

"I know it," said Aunt Hepsy, "but 'twas an errant, you see, so 'twas pooty dangerous."

"Yes," said Mr. Bennett, turning back to his supper with a relish, "I've noticed he's always havin' things happen on his errands. Ha, ha, ha! Tie 'em up tight, sister, an' if you want me to help, I'll come."

"I can get along," said Aunt Hepsy, surveying with great satisfaction the two woolly heaps stuck out from the ends of Joe's miserable little legs. "There, now, they'll feel better soon." And she got up, and gave a long stretch, gathered up her liniment bottle and cotton-wool, then looked at him. "Let me see," she said, "sick folks must have sick food, so I'll get you some toast and tea."

"I don't want no toast an' tea!" screamed Joe in perfect despair, and digging both sets of knuckles into his eyes, he gave vent to a dismal roar of sad disappointment. "I want puddin' an' molasses an' quince sauce an'—an' pie, oh, dear! I never'll tell again when anything's froze!"

"I wouldn't," said Aunt Hepsy quietly slipping a cup of tea under the tearful eyes, "at least, not until it was."



"OH, DEAR! I NEVER'LL TELL AGAIN WHEN ANYTHING'S FROZE!"

FANCY WORK.



Child's Lunch Basket.

TAKE any shaped basket desired; lay a piece of paper on the outside and cut a pattern off it; then cut of dark blue cloth, and transfer cretonne flowers by buttonhole stitching the edges. Fasten the cloth on the basket, and finish the edges with a full ruching of satin ribbon. The handle has loops of the ribbon on the upper side, and finished at the sides with full bows. Through the center of the plaited ribbon sew a fine gilt cord.



Handkerchief Bag.

TAKE eleven inches of twenty-two inch satin, lay the two selvages together, and cut a half round. Then lay the two straight edges together and sew. Turn in the round edge one and a half inches, run it twice, and put in the drawing cord or ribbon. Finish the point with a heavy tassel.



Slipper Case.

CUT two pieces of cardboard the size desired; cover them with momie cloth. Then cut of cardboard a smaller piece for the pocket; cover it on one side with the cloth, and fasten it in the center of one of the large pieces; then finish where it is joined with a worsted cord. Overhand the two large pieces together, and sew the cord all around the edge. To hang it, sew two large brass rings at the back of the two top-side scallops.



MONOGRAM—W. T.

Stuffed Animals.

IN the present day everything, from soup-tureens to walking-sticks, seems to be hung on the walls. If one is fond of game, have them stuffed and hung in a bunch, to look as though just killed. If hung in a sitting-room a background of velvet or cloth, red, blue or green, would improve it. Large skins, simply nailed up, are effective; but if hung in a room it should be large and airy, and be sure that the skin is well stretched.

Cabinet and Bookcase Doors.

MANY cabinets having plain glass doors, with plaited silk behind, we would suggest, for a novelty, to substitute fern leaves, glued against the inside of the glass in a pretty design, and back of that a very common looking-glass or swiss muslin.

Piano Fronts.

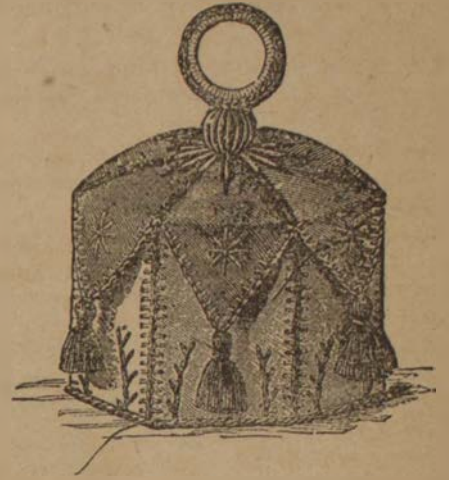
REMOVE the fretwork in the front of an upright piano, and in its place put a piece of satin, on which is painted, in water-colors, a trail of Virginia creeper leaves, or a large branch of wild roses and leaves. Cretonne figures, fastened on black velvet, or cloth, are very effective.

Sea-weed Lamp-shades.

WITH a little care the most fragile sea-weed may be attached to silk or tulle with china cement, and it will make charming hand-screens or shades for lamps.

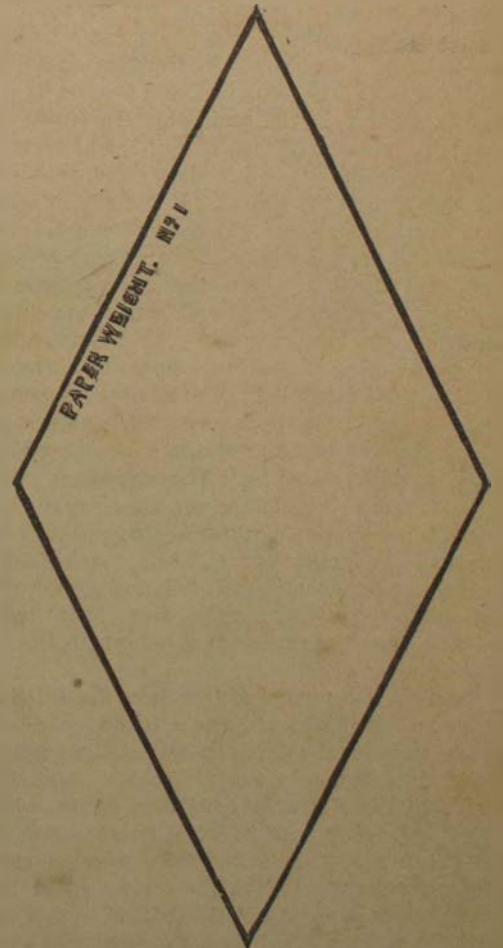
Texts.

WORK a text on cloth or serge in crewel wool, or with cloth appliquéd, or the letters cut out and laid on cloth or velvet, and covered with horizontal lines of gold silk, or covered with white plush. Finish the edge with a wreath of artificial roses and leaves.



Paper Weight.

CUT six pieces of cardboard, four inches long and two wide; cover them with silk, and buttonhole-stitch the edges and overhand them together; then cut a piece to fit for a bottom; cover that also, and fasten to the sections. Then fill the box half full with white sand, and on the top put curled hair. Next, cut of velvet, six diamond-shaped pieces like pattern, sew them together, and



buttonhole-stitch the points. For the handle take a brass ring and crochet over it with floss, and fasten it to the center of top with a large fancy bead between. Drawn the cover tightly over the top of the box, and sew it firmly between each point. The tassels are the same color as the floss used to buttonhole with. If the cover fits nicely the top is used as a pin-cushion.

What Women are Doing.

"Jack and Jill" is the title of Miss Louise Alcott's latest work.

The Sister of Keats has been pensioned from the Royal Bounty Fund at the suggestion of Lord Houghton.

Mrs. Mary J. R. Newton was elected a school trustee of Long Island City, the only Republican elected to any office.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has written a third volume of "Bedtime Stories," which Roberts Brothers will soon issue.

Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement is revising and bringing down to the present time "Spooner's Dictionary of the Fine Arts."

Miss Minei Yabu, a young Japanese lady of sixteen, daughter of an official in the Emperor's household, has arrived in the East from San Francisco. She is a graduate of the English school in Tokio, and will remain three years in America to perfect her education. She is a poet and a landscape painter.

Miss Margaret Hicks, a recent graduate in architecture from Cornell University, is, we believe, the first woman in this country to undertake a profession in which there is no reason whatever why a woman should not succeed. The *American Architect* has published portions of Miss Hicks's graduating thesis on "Tenement houses."

Madame Delsarte, widow of the famous teacher of the "Art of Expression," is living in Paris. She has supported herself by keeping a boarding school since her husband's death. Her two daughters are teachers; one of music, the other of drawing. Madeline Delsarte is said to be very beautiful. Her pictures are now attracting attention at the *Salon*, and she bids fair to become famous as an artist.

Miss Florence C. Perkins and Miss Emma Perkins are teaching in the High School at Cleveland, Ohio, at good salaries. Both of these young ladies graduated at Vassar College as valedictorians, both believe in woman suffrage, and both are deeply interested in the temperance and other reforms. They are the daughters of Rev. Sarah M. Perkins, and early imbibed, in an intelligent and happy home, the principles of freedom and philanthropy.

Mrs. C. A. Plimpton of Cincinnati, the wife of the assistant editor of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, has made some ceramic discoveries of importance in the art world. Mrs. Plimpton is an artist, whose years of study in Europe and natural talent have combined to give her fine power in oils and water colors. It is the same truth of outline and delicate touch that she has brought to ceramic decoration, in a new and original style, by a combination of clays in lieu of paints. The results are unique and beautiful.

The Sister of a Singer.—Miss Matilda Phillips, the sister of the incomparable Adelaide, has been singing with the Tagliapetra Opera Company in the British Provinces. Her success has been signal. The newspapers are filled with praises of her noble voice, her spirited acting, and her complete mastery of the most difficult music. The younger Miss Phillips promises to run an artistic career as brilliant as that of her better known sister, who has more friends and admirers, perhaps, than any other of our native singers.

The Woman's Exchange for woman's work has succeeded so well that it has enlarged its premises, by taking a whole house, and dividing its business up into departments. Canned fruits, jellies, and home-made provisions occupy the basement floor, the art-decorative work, the ground-floor, and the clothing, and articles sent to be disposed of, the floor above.

The president is Mrs. Wm. G. Choate, the secretaries, Mrs. C. R. Agnew, and Mrs. F. B. Thurber, treasurer, Mrs. E. A. Packer. About one thousand eight hundred names are on their books, of women formerly well off, who now need means of support, and many of these are wholly dependent on the returns furnished by the society, which has done an admirable work in developing practical industries.

A Number of Women in Salt Lake City, Gentile and Mormon, have organized themselves into an anti-polygamy society, and started a paper called the *Anti-Polygamy Standard* for the furtherance of their object, which is "To plan and execute such measures as shall, in the judgment of its members, tend to suppress polygamy in Utah and other Territories of the United States." Mrs. A. G. Paddock is the secretary of the society, Mrs. Froisette the editor of the paper, which deserves success, and which all women who can are requested to assist by subscribing the one dollar which is the subscription price.

Miss Annie B. Irish has been elected lecturer on modern literature in the University of Wooster, Ohio. This appointment is made, having in view the permanent connection of Miss Irish with this institution in some one of its chairs of languages so soon as she shall have completed her engagements in Washington. She has been in charge of the foreign correspondence of the Interior Department, during this administration, as the translator, and has recently been engaged, in addition, upon the very important work of classification of the library.

The Women's Congress, which met in Boston on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of October, was a great success, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; vice-presidents, Abby W. May, and eighteen others; secretary, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells; treasurer, Henrietta L. S. Wolcott; auditors, Elizabeth K. Churchill, E. M. O'Connor; directors, Sophia C. Hoffman, N.S.; Alice C. Fletcher, Anna C. Brackett; Phoebe M. Kendall, Mary J. Safford, M. D., Mary A. Livermore, Mary F. Eastman, Lita Barney Sayles, Ruth Denison, Henrietta W. Johnson, Augusta Cooper Bristol, M. Louise Thomas, Rachel J. Bodly, M.D., Kate Newell Doggett, Ellen Mitchell, Caroline M. Brown, E. Mont McRae, Mery Wright Thompson, Clara M. Holmes, Margaret V. Longley, F. H. Mason, Sarah Berger Stearns, M. E. B. Lynde, Ella A. Giles, Caroline M. Severance.

The Energy and Vitality of the Baroness Coutts are extraordinary. When she is well she defeats her age by a dozen years. She is a good horsewoman and is still fond of exercise, and she walks with an elasticity which many a younger woman might envy. Her capacity for business has long been known, and though her benevolence is boundless, no begging impostor could ever hope to outwit her. She has all the shrewdness of the Charity Organization Society, without the callous cynicism which makes that body nothing more than a system of police. Her knowledge of politics and politicians extends over half a century, and as she can write as well as speak with no little grace and force, a book of her recollections should have greater interest than anything of the kind which has been published for many years. It is a melancholy crisis in the career of a woman like this, whose unblemished life and magnificent benefactions have made her name a household word, when a matter which concerns her happiness is the subject of ribald mockery to every chattering slanderer, who, to use the strong language of Macaulay, has "a front of brass and tongue set on fire of"—well, a place which one would not choose for a summer retreat.

Mrs. M. L. Nichols, the granddaughter of Nicholas Longworth, is an enthusiastic worker in decorative art, and has day after day, for a year past, busied herself in clay and colors at a Cincinnati pottery. She has made many beautiful and original vases, and has accumulated a comfortable sum from the sale of them. Mrs. Nichols now intends to have a pottery of her own in which to try divers experiments in decoration. Mr. Joseph Longworth has purchased a building near the river bank in Fulton for the use of his daughter. Here the pottery will be located, and a kiln is already in process of erection. She has associated E. P. Cranch, Esq., a warm friend to her since her childhood, with her in the business, and will be ready to begin practical work some time next month. Mr. Cranch, who is more than a clever artist, will aid her in making designs, and will also conduct the business transactions of the firm. As we understand it, the new pottery will not be a dilettante concern, but a regular, out-and-out, practical, enterprising pottery, only controlled by one who is not dependent on its returns for a living, and who can consequently work to her heart's content in improving the quality and styles of domestic ceramics.

In a paper read before the "Church and Stage Guild" in London, Miss Ella Dietz remarked: "That spirit of Puritanism is fatal which discards all art because art has occasionally been used for evil purposes. Moreover, nothing can be worse for dramatic art than that people should go to it with the feeling that it is a stolen pleasure, something of which they ought to be ashamed: people who can only go the theater in that spirit had better stay away, for they dishonor themselves, the art, and the artists by such thoughts. Therefore I say to the clergymen, members of this guild, who do honor this noble art in their hearts, and have the courage to prove it by their words and deeds, if you wish to help us to elevate it, try and inculcate a spirit of reverence in your congregations, both for the art and those who devote their lives to the service of it; and if you criticize, let it be with discrimination and wisdom, and not so much from the point of view as to how the play affects you as how it is likely to affect the great mass of the people whom it ought to benefit."

A Woman's Will.—The will of Mrs. Maria Child makes the following bequests:

To Hampton Agricultural College in Virginia, under General Armstrong's care, \$2,000. "Said sum is never to be used for any species of theological teaching."

For the elevation of the character of women, and the enlargement of their sphere of action, \$1,000, to be used in such manner as Colonel Higginson and Mrs. Livermore may direct.

To the Free Religious Association, \$1,000. "I do this to express my cordial sympathy with those who are trying to melt away sectarian barriers which so balefully divide the human family, whether they exist between the different sects of Christians, or between the different religions of the world." If that "Association" has ceased to exist, Colonel Higginson and William J. Potter are to use this sum for the same object.

To the home for old colored women, \$1,000.

To the town library of Wayland, \$100.

After the death of one of her legatees she leaves:

To Abby W. May, for the education of destitute Protestant children, \$1,000.

To the Consumptives' Home, \$1,000.

To the Society for the Prevention to Cruelty to Animals, \$1,000.

To Quaker schools for the education of the Indians, \$1,000.

To the Homœopathic Hospital in Boston, \$2,000.



The New Year.

THE approach of the New Year brings a very different train of thoughts, feelings, and emotions to the old than to the young, or those who are on the edge of middle life, but still full of bounding life and activity. To the young, whatever is new is full of hope, and the future is one vast storehouse of great possibilities, of which no one knows how many may be garnered up in the year upon which they are entering.

Mere possession has little or no charm for the young; they care little for what they have in hand, because everything is prospectively theirs, and what they have not is the thing they most covet. Youth is proverbially ungrateful. Parents who have toiled, and toiled, to obtain for their children the wealth and ease which they never knew for themselves, have seen with dismay the ill consequences of their indulgence, and have been reproached with taking away the great stimulus to attainment, which is the necessity for exertion. Children know little difference between riches and their absence, except that in their absence they usually enjoy a sweeter home life—have more of their mother's society and influence, and more to do with the everyday life and surroundings of their parents. The rich are mainly given over to servants, and happy are they who can look back upon some kind old "Mammy" who partly made up by her tenderness for the absence of their natural mother, although her indiscriminating indulgence probably intensifies their faults.

It seems very singular that the acquisition of large means should render us so blind that we are willing to delegate our most important duties to others, and to a class naturally unfitted to perform them. Nor is this the result of a lack of the sense of duty; it is only that its manifestation has changed, its form become perverted, as the subject looks at it through strange eye-glasses. Many a mother who only sees her own children once or twice in the day, when they are brought to her in apple-pie order, is prominent in a dozen charitable societies, a "directress" in "Homes for the Friendless," or a Waif Asylum, quite unconscious that her own children need just such gentle influences as she eloquently asks for others. If the New Year could bring to each of us a true conception of duty, and a will to perform it, it would be the best gift it could bring to young or old—much better than those material things which we desire, and pray for so ardently.

For the middle-aged the New Year holds few illusions. They know that it can bring them little except what they can put into it; but they have also learned the extent of their own powers, and the weakness and the strength of the forces arrayed against them. They know that life is but a hard-fought battle at best, and that there is more honor in winning the game against odds, than in having it fought and won for you. Difficulties strengthen and develop character, and thus one of the philosophers of our time has said, "For the young, nature and simplicity, an atmosphere in which to grow; for the middle-aged, cities, contest, and constant activity; for the old, rest and peace."

For the old have nothing to expect; all that is left them to enjoy is the love and care of those about them, and they need a divine patience to endure the loss and the waiting which come to them. A little more of this quality would help

us all. Some one has said that if we could save our worries with our letters for three weeks before answering, we should find that few of them needed attention at the expiration of that time. And this view was met by the experience of a lady not long since, who received a disagreeable letter, which was so long she could not find time to read it, and did not for three or four days, for she was a very busy woman, indeed. In fact, before having read it, she received another, retracting and apologizing for much that the first letter contained. The first one, therefore, she put in the fire, and never read at all. A great many of our troubles might be got rid of in the same way, or better yet, we might never know we were in danger of them, if they were not brought to us so hurriedly and impetuously.

Well, the New Year is a good time to make a new departure in many ways, and one of these is the avoidance of debt. The brightness of the New Year is obscured for those who are besieged by bills, and beset by fears of not making both ends meet. It is a moral degradation. It makes a man or woman lose their self-respect, and takes the light and joy out of life itself, for those who have any conscience remaining. Let us remember, too, that we get out of the year, as out of the ground, very much what we put in—increased and multiplied if the soil is good and fruitful, but never wholly different in kind, so that we should be neither surprised nor disappointed at results.

A Brace of Brilliant Attractions.

WE have the pleasure of announcing that we have completed arrangements by which we shall be able to give to our readers a treat, in the latest works of two of the most brilliant writers of the present day, Miss L. M. Alcott, and Miss Jessie Fothergill, the author of the popular novels, "The First Violin," "Probation," and "The Wellsteads," published by Henry Holt & Co. of New York.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott fulfills the promise of last season, in contributing to our columns a story of original construction and great dramatic power, entitled "The Artist," and divided into three parts. It is quite different from anything Miss Alcott has written or published, and will develop a new strain of intense and dramatic composition in this gifted author.

Of Miss Fothergill's new story, which is to be published simultaneously in *Temple Bar*, in London, Mr. Bentley, its editor, and one of the highest London literary authorities, thus writes:

"DEAR MR. HOLT: . . . Now I want to tell you that I have just read through a work which has taken me by surprise. It is by the author of 'The First Violin,' 'Probation,' and 'The Wellsteads,' but as superior to these, and to everything else she has written, as it is possible to conceive. To me it has the strength of 'Jane Eyre.' It is so powerful that though in MSS. I was glad to get back to it. I write after a week's absence from it, and my opinion is confirmed by the distance of time. I greatly increased my offer to Miss Fothergill, and told her I believed she had written a work which would immensely increase her fame. I shall run it through *Temple Bar* next year (1881).

"(Signed), GEORGE BENTLEY."

We shall begin the publication of this powerful story, for which we have contracted with the American publishers, Henry Holt & Co., in the February number of the Magazine, as, on account of the early publication of this periodical, and its large London and Australian editions, the first installment did not reach us in time for our January number.

The February number of this MAGAZINE will contain a beautiful picture of Marie Antoinette, a companion of, and quite equal to the much-admired portrait of Marie Stuart, issued some

months ago. This picture has been a long time in preparation, is costly, and executed in the very best style; it is alone worth much more than the price of the MAGAZINE.

New Year's Customs.

THE one that is most characteristic, most truly American, is the old Knickerbocker custom of making calls upon New Year's Day, and it is to be hoped that it will be long continued by those who care to encourage and sustain whatever is distinctly national and characteristic among us. It is true that this custom belongs to a time when making calls had not become a daily business, pursued for want of other occupation by men and women of leisure. It is true that it belongs to a time when men were too busy to do much visiting, and gladly seized this annual opportunity of looking up old friends, and especially the busy wives and mothers they had known as girls, and recalling and recounting the scenes and events of their youth.

This annual brightening of the links of old friendships is the special function of New Year's calls. The day is put to very bad use when it is employed in a mere effort to count up a long list of names of persons whom one may have seen yesterday, or the day before, and who have no steady purpose to prevent them from calling every day of their lives. Of course one does not want to miss one's intimates on such a day, but there is not the same object in setting apart a day for them, and that is the reason why some modern and fashionable people, who have "traveled," relinquish the custom when they return home to a life based, as far as possible, on what they have heard and seen abroad. But this class are not all of New York, or American society. There are many who represent the oldest and best families, who cling to old habits, who do not spend half their lives abroad, but who are the strength and honor of the best enterprises and efforts at home. Then there are others, busy business and professional men and women, who form the largest part of our "best" society, who perhaps do the most to formulate its habits and perpetuate its customs, and to these the First of January, as a day of freedom and devotion to the social idea, is a boon which they welcome apart from its significance and the desire to perpetuate it as a custom.

The young do not realize the value to those who are older of the traditions of their past; but, as they grow old themselves, they find a terrible poverty, even in the midst of wealth, in lives that are not bound by habits and associations, even though these may at times have proved irksome.

Another pleasant New Year's custom, bound perhaps to become more universal even than "calls," is the one of sending New Year's cards. This is possible to every one who can afford the smallest amount of outlay, from a few cents to a few dollars—the expenditure only being in proportion to the number of one's friends and desire to be kept in their remembrance. Cards have become worthy of preservation as works of art. Some of them are beautiful, and there is no better way of reminding old friends who are at a distance of our existence, than by sending a remembrance of this kind.

It is well also not to look upon these things from the standpoint of cost at all, but from that of the human and social idea, from which nearly all of our happiness in this world and that which makes life worth the living springs. Time will teach us that the compensation in the case cannot be counted by cost, and that to neglect our part is to separate ourselves from the great body of breathing, working, hoping, loving life about us, many of whose sorrows and mischances are compensated for by participation in such simple joys.

The Revised Bible.

A GREAT deal has been said lately in regard to the "new" Bible, which is to come out of the work of revision which is now approaching completion at the hands of some of the most distinguished members of the Protestant clergy in this country and in England. An idea has obtained that there was some ground for the objections which have been raised of late years, and that this revision is to smooth things, to "adapt" the Bible to modern ideas, without much regard to its integrity, or the exactness of its relation to the "old" Bible, the Bible of many hopes and prayers.

All this is so utterly foreign to the work and the purpose, and so at variance with the real state of the case, that it becomes a duty to dispel misapprehension on the subject. There has never been any reason to doubt the integrity of those to whom the important work of collecting, or arranging, or classifying the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments has been delegated. But there have been enormous difficulties in the way in getting at the originals and comparing translations with the original text. The first English translations were made contemporary with Shakespeare, and nothing can exceed the beauty and majesty of the language in which the thoughts are conveyed, the splendor of the diction, or the grandeur of the poetic imagery.

To "modernize" the noble simplicity of the style would be to destroy it, and no lover of the Bible would endure the sacrilege for a moment. It would no longer be the Bible. But, on the other hand, there has never been the slightest desire to impair in any way a style which, as well as the matter, is accepted as sacred, and which appeals to the most ignorant as well as the most learned understanding. It is also picturesque as well as strong, and if not always clear, it is because language is plastic, and the English language never more so than at its most grandly formative period, when the King James version saw the light.

The present revision of that translation is the ninth, but each one has been more or less imperfect for want of the materials. Instead of some twenty comparatively modern manuscripts to judge from and compare with, there are now over one thousand discovered by modern research, some of which are of the most ancient date, and which are used for comparison, and in order to correct errors which have arisen in the past through old methods of making copies, and the like.

The present work has been in progress ten years. All sects are represented in the nearly eighty divines who are at work, and who must agree upon every doubtful point before it is admitted, including Unitarians and Quakers. When completed it will be more truly the "old" Bible than ever, for the errors which have crept into the modern versions will be eliminated, and will be more truly the Word of God as delivered to true believers than before, and a stronger weapon in the hand of the ministry, because secure from criticism.

A Blessing to the Poor.

"APPLE-YEAR" is a matter of rejoicing to thousands. When apples are cheap the poor are not so likely to go hungry, for almost any one can manage an apple and a piece of bread, and together they make no despicable meal. Apples are a blessing because they are so wholesome, as well as so delicious, and can be cooked in such a variety of ways. Apples baked, apples stewed, apples fried, apples in a pie or pudding, apples above all things in dumplings, baked, and apples raw, are equally welcome. The cost is a mere trifle, yet what a

treat to palates not accustomed to delicacies, and even by others more cultivated, they are still considered superior to many an article of high cost. Breakfast, dinner, and supper, at night or between meals, the apple is never out of place, and never clogs upon the taste. Less delicate than many other fruits, it ripens at a time when it has to take the place of them all, and is the only one that can offer us any compensation for their departure.

A Good Work.

THE Association for the Advancement of the Medical Education of Women is endeavoring to raise an endowment, or an annual subscription equivalent to the income from an endowment, for the benefit of the Woman's Medical School of the New York Infirmary. The medical schools of women are in the same condition as the colored schools: that is, the wealth and resources of the country are all lodged in the richly endowed schools for young men. A school for women has no endowment, no rich backing, and therefore depends on individual effort solely. The association already supplies two chairs, and wishes to provide a salary for the dispensary department, the work of which is enormous and of a very onerous kind, and has heretofore been done gratuitously by the women physicians and graduates of the College of the New York Infirmary. Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi is the founder and president of the association.

The New York Cooking School.

THAT New York has a cooking school is owing to the persevering efforts of Miss Juliet Corson, and the wise benevolence of the ladies and gentlemen associated with her. Slowly, and with little help from the outside public, it has grown into an influence, if not a power, and, encouraged by the interest which is beginning to be manifested, and which expresses itself in the best possible way, that of a steady increase in the number of pupils, the board of managers have extended their sphere of operations, and organized a department of household economy and management upon the basis of a permanently chartered and incorporated institution.

Already they have in their premises, 22 East 17th Street, six young girls in training for domestic servants, who are bound by the terms of their agreement to remain in the institution one year, and are then furnished with a certificate and supplied with places at excellent wages. This number will be increased probably to a dozen before the year is out, which is all for whom they have accommodation.

This is only the beginning of the new departure, which it is hoped in time will greatly extend its usefulness. The principal business is still the courses of demonstration lessons, which include a First and Second Artisan Course, the Plain Cook's Course, and a course for ladies. A kitchen garden has also been organized for the training of younger pupils. The instruction is naturally, at least much of it, an oft-told tale to experienced housekeepers who are also good cooks, but it is not always possible for these to teach others, and it is an enormous advantage to have as a permanent institution a well-regulated school of cookery under intelligent management, where girls, young married women, and young women expecting to be married, can obtain in a series of lessons many facts and principles which they will never forget, and which, if they do not cover all the ground necessary for household management, will at least enable them to furnish their tables more healthfully and palatably.

Country Life in Winter

Is sometimes more pleasant than life in the city. It is where the people are bright, intelligent, and interested, where they take plenty of magazines and newspapers, and have frequent neighborhood parties, and sociables. It is where they have a men's and women's club, or a lively musical or literary society which keeps everything moving, and will not let the wit or the talent grow rusty for want of use. The young people do not care to leave such country places as these, and so we find more of them remaining at home, and consequently more life, more activity, more growth, and an absence of the dead-alive stagnation which is characteristic of other country places. You can tell what a country town or village is, on entering, by just looking at the door-yards. If these are gay with flowers, neat and trim in appearance, and show signs of care, it is pretty certain to be a bright, progressive place; but if there is a hang-dog look about everything, if the only paper to be seen is a week old, and the "old folks" have been left alone, it is quite certain that it is because the young folks could not stand the stupidity any longer.

Our New Title Page for 1881.

WE need hardly direct the attention of our lady readers to our new illuminated title page which has been designed expressly for this number. The artistic grouping and rich blending of color will at once strike even an uneducated eye, while the preservation of the unities, and the decorative taste displayed in the whole of the work is calculated to please the most fastidious. The idea is mainly the representation of Japanese decorative art. The Japanese forms, the plaques, the fans, the peacock's feathers, the China jar containing the blossoming plant, which is a feature of all Japanese interiors, are so thoroughly characteristic as to be recognized at once. And though more such objects might have been introduced, yet they could not without crowding the space, while the skill of the artist has been fairly shown in the happy manner by which he has brought the various features into proper relations—measured their values, and distributed his strong and varied coloring, so that no single one should predominate, but all live together in accord and harmony.

"Paola."

(See Card Oil Picture.)

THE little Paola, whom we have put on a card and honored with a place in the January number of our MAGAZINE, is a little Italian girl, brought to the great city of New York, probably by one of the vile agents who sometimes kidnap the children of poor peasants, and carry them to foreign countries, where they use them for their own wicked purposes. You see the wistful, far-off look in the poor child's eyes, and the sadness of her expression, which is so painful on a young face. But the point to which we wish to call special attention is the feather in her hat. Doubtless this little girl inherited the Italian love of the beautiful, for, finding a peacock feather in the street one day, she eagerly picked it up, and stuck it in her worn felt with the utmost pride and delight, and this is how she comes to have this bit of gayety in her picture; though it must truly be said to harmonize well with her bronze hair and yellow stuff dress, subdued by its black bodice.

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.

ABOUT THEATERS.

[A conversation between Miss Rustic, Miss Urban, and Mrs. Urban.]

MISS RUSTIC.—I would so like to see Sarah Bernhardt, but where I come from good people are prejudiced against the theater. They say that amusements of that kind are demoralizing, and that women like Sarah Bernhardt are no credit to their sex. How do you regard it, pray?

MISS URBAN.—I am sure I like to go to the theater, and I don't realize that it has done me any harm. I know there are stories as to the private lives of theatrical artists which are not to their credit. They are the subject not only of private scandal but of public ill report. In private life we hear so many unpleasant things about good and reputable people that I have always supposed that injustice was done these artists.

MRS. URBAN.—I think you are right, daughter. Women who work so hard as do actresses cannot live very reprehensible lives. The necessities of their profession keep them so constantly employed that they have not time nor strength for the orgies in which it is vulgarly supposed they pass most of their time. I think it very likely that the intimacy between the sexes which is consequent upon a theatrical career, the publicity which attaches to an artist's life, robs them of modesty, and makes them tolerate familiarities and conversation which is not considered proper or right in private life. But no really depraved woman or man can be a great artist; it would tell upon their features and their voice. No very wicked woman has a sweet voice or a gracious presence. Vice soon shows itself in the demeanor and gestures of all her votaries. I can never believe that the noble, sweet women I have seen upon the stage are wholly bad, or that they are, taken for all in all, much worse than the average of human kind.

MISS RUSTIC.—How is it that these people have such dreadful reputations? Why is the Church so set against the theater?

MRS. URBAN.—Well, for a very good reason. The theater dates back to a rude age. Strangely enough the first theatrical representations were of a religious character. They depicted in the middle ages the life and sufferings of the Saviour. The Evil One was represented by a weak and foolish fellow who furnished the amusement and the sport for the common people. The clown and the pantaloon in the modern pantomime are really the modern representatives of the ancient devil. Further along in the history of the stage the immorality of society tolerated language and characteristics which were very reprehensible. In the time of Charles II. the stage was dreadfully immoral, and the ministers of that day were justified in protesting against the looseness of the stage. But since that time theatrical entertainments have been much improved and moralized, and certainly some of the plays produced in our leading cities for the last ten years are as good as any sermon I ever heard. Take the "Two Orphans." What a pitiful story it tells, and how can a person see it without having his heart touched and his sympathies aroused, and all his better nature strengthened, and yet it is a French drama.

MISS URBAN.—Yes, mother, and is it not true that all that is noble in the poetry of our language finds expression on the stage? Do you love painting? How splendidly the theater brings out fine scenery. Do you admire statuary? Here it is on the boards, animated. See how those trained artists pose, how graceful in all their movements!

Do you delight in the expression of pathos or passion? There it is living and moving before your eyes. It seems to me that the theater combines all the arts, and fine plays worthily presented are an education esthetic as well as intellectual.

MISS RUSTIC.—What you say excites my curiosity, and, as I am away from home, I may some time venture to go with you to see a famous artiste. I see you are having a great deal of attention paid to Sarah Bernhardt. What do you think of her?

MRS. URBAN.—Now there is a case in point. Sarah Bernhardt, as the Lord made her, was a tall, awkward, bony creature; but through the most perfect training she is lithe, graceful, willowy, and her very defects have been converted into beauties. Her voice was not naturally strong, but by training and culture has been made music itself. Her origin was poor, for her mother was a runaway Jewess of unfortunate antecedents, yet this marvelous woman seems from her appearance to have descended from a race of princesses. To see Sarah Bernhardt, is to look upon the finest exemplification of the highest French art. We have nothing like her in this country, nor have we ever had another artist so remarkable, save perhaps Rachel and Salvini. I do not think it will hurt anyone to see this woman in one of her great rôles, or to hear the purest French spoken upon our boards. After all, the public deals with the artiste, not with the woman or her private life. She does not parade her personal virtues or vices. She assumes ideal characters, gives them form, and brings before the mind's eye (and the body's eye for that matter) the exact intention of the author. Say what we will, the theater is established among us; it is growing in popularity yearly, and instead of discountenancing and condemning it, the clergy would be much better employed in reforming it, and making it the school of art and morals it might become.

MISS RUSTIC.—I notice that in church festivals and school exhibitions there is a growing tendency toward theatrical display. Dialogues are spoken, in which young people take part in public; and these declamations and readings have got to be very common, even in the sitting-rooms of clergymen, when there is a social gathering of church people.

MISS URBAN.—Yes, and I have noticed, in social festivities among the laity, that recitations have taken the place of dancing. Now, I like to dance, but I think the hearing of fine verses, by one trained in the elocutionary art, is much more improving and quite as pleasant.

MRS. URBAN.—Yes, I regard this as one of the best social tendencies of the times. Music, instrumental and vocal, is very well in its way, and I do not object to young people enjoying a dance. But the training of the human voice, so as to give the best expression to "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," seems to me a very desirable accomplishment. One of the greatest charms of our sex is a sweet, well-trained voice, capable of giving expression to all the softer and sweeter emotions of our race. The stage, in so far as it cultivates the taste for natural action, and the expression of feeling by voice and gesture, is so far an educator and improver of the human race. By all means let us try and reform the stage.

MISS RUSTIC.—Well, suppose we go and see Sarah Bernhardt to-night.

Living on their Income.

People who live on their investments in France are called *rentiers*. Out of a population of 37,000,000, it has been found that nearly two million have fixed incomes and do not need to work. Some 7,500,000 French people are also in receipt of sums from investments and government securities, savings banks, and the like. The French are the richest people on earth, that is to say, they are the most economical of the Caucasian race. Wealth is very generally distributed, and all the world pays tribute to French art and taste. There is more money in Great Britain; but it is unequally divided, and there is less economy practiced by the average inhabitant of the two islands. There are no panics in France, for the Frenchman never goes in debt. One secret of the prosperity of that nation is the fact, that it has more gold and silver coin in circulation than all the rest of Europe put together. There are nearly \$2,000,000,000 in gold in use in France, and 600,000,000 silver five-franc pieces have been coined for the use of the Latin Union. What a boon it would be to the United States if its people had the same horror of debt which is characteristic of a Frenchman. The French do

not draw checks or give notes—they pay cash. There is nearly \$60 *per capita* of coin circulation, and in the United States there is only \$24. Clearly we might learn something from the French.

Pity the Poor Rich.

We are living in prosperous times. The price of all sorts of property is advancing, and every one in business is getting rich or hopes to do so soon. But there is one drawback to the prosperous times. People who live on incomes derived from government and other standard securities find themselves growing poorer. Money is becoming cheap. In Wall Street it has not averaged much above three per cent. during the past busy season. Investments in United States securities bring in only three and a half per cent. Mortgages on real estate that ranged from seven in the Eastern States to fifteen in the West have been reduced until now four and five per cent. is the common rate. Those who held securities when the "boom" commenced find themselves apparently much better off. But when they seek to invest there is no margin of profit. In the meantime the price of everything is advancing; food and clothing cost more, and rents are higher. So a good many people who thought they had fair incomes find they cannot live without work. They are forced to go into business to keep up their old standard of comfort. It is now settled that we will never have money so dear as it has been in the past, and this means that we will have a smaller return for all investments. One benefit arises from this state of things: it sets everybody at work producing, and "it is better to wear out than to rust out."

A 2,500 Acre Farm.

The late A. T. Stewart in 1869 bought 7,000 acres of land at Hempstead, Long Island. It cost him \$394,350. It was regarded as almost worthless land. As a speculation it has not paid to this day. A city was built, but no one seems to care to live in it, and a college is about to be established to help to populate Garden City, as it is called. 2,500 acres of the land have been set apart as a farm, and W. R. Hinsdale is its manager. He uses steam plows and all the improved machinery. This year he has raised 20,500 bushels of oats, 30,500 bushels of shelled corn, 600 bushels of wheat, and 500 bushels of buckwheat. The oddity about this great farm is, it being the only one in the Eastern States comparable to the great prairie farms of the West. The land is flat and without trees or herbage. No fences are used. Underneath this curious farm is a reservoir of pure water. The property is worth a visit on account of the labor-saving machines used, and the hint it gives to farmers to dispense with fences. The cost of fencing, taking the whole country through, is something enormous; and with a proper system of caring for cattle, this waste might all be saved. It is a curious circumstance that the late A. T. Stewart, while great as a merchant, was most unwise in his investments in real estate. He bought houses and lands simply because they were cheap; and he was mistaken in his every venture. Houses and lands that are cheap are apt to be undesirable.

On to Mexico.

The American speculator looks with longing eyes to the halls of the Montezumas. It is known that in Senora and Chihuahua are the greatest mines in the world; that certain portions of Mexico are rich in sugar and coffee lands; and it is known that so far her commerce has been diverted to England rather than to the United States. To get this trade away from England, to develop the industrial possibilities of Mexico, it is proposed to build railroads which will connect the different parts of the republic with the railway system of the United States. General Grant made a speech recently in New York advocating the opening up of commercial relations with our sister republics, and already ground has been broken to construct railways through the State of Texas to the Laredo Pass on the Rio Grande, on the way to the capital of Mexico. No less than three roads are under way. Once they are built the reign of lawlessness in that country will be over. Property will be rendered secure, and it is supposed that thousands of active, energetic Americans will seek their fortunes in that country. It is believed that there is a design on foot to purchase from Mexico, Chihuahua and Sonora. This is to satisfy the covetous American miner, who hungers for the great mineral wealth now

unutilized in the mountains of Northern Mexico. The inhabitants of Mexico are not desirable additions to our population. They are generally half-breeds, a cross between the Spaniards, Indians, and negro races. Hence, as a people, we have been averse to the annexing of Mexico. The country is desirable, but we do not want the inhabitants. Our custom has been to dismember Mexico gradually, and to quietly get rid of the inhabitants of the annexed States. There are but few of the original inhabitants now left in Texas or California, and should the coming four years see Senora and Chihuahua annexed, the present inhabitants would soon disappear.

Electric Light.

Yes, the problem is certain to be solved. In a quarter of a century from now our present illuminating oil will be as much behind the age as whale oil, the "penny dip," or the old tallow-candle are to-day. If Edison has not solved the problem of electric lights, others will take up the task and do so. In all our large cities these new lights are becoming common. Little by little, electricity is being used for illuminating purposes. At first the lights in theaters were ignited by electricity; then came the brilliant displays in our public squares; and now Edison, and a host of inventors, are at work to break up the light so that it can be used in private dwellings. It will be cheaper and safer than the old methods of illuminating. Then it will be marvelously beautiful, when properly manipulated. The effect just now is somewhat ghastly, but, when modified by tinted glasses, the light will be soft and weird and very grateful to the eye. The night, in time, will be far more brilliant than the day. It is not too much to look forward to the time when all the inhabited portions of the earth's surface will blaze with light during all the still hours of the night, and that too at very small cost. The sun itself will be voted a poor luminary alongside of this human invention; while the moon will no longer have the monopoly of the mild, soft splendor which distinguishes its effulgence. What a marvelous world our descendants will live in!

The House of the Future.

Are we realizing the great change that is taking place in the domestic architecture of the large cities. The apartment house, sometimes called the Paris Flat, is a thing of yesterday; yet how immense they are, and how numerous they have become. Certain social reform dreamers have been telling us of the possibilities of the associated home, where a hundred families can live under one roof, with a common kitchen, laundry, and dining hall. They have pointed out the economy of washing and cooking by machinery; but all this was to be done by means of associations, and the organization of phalanxes and communities. But, lo a marvel! we have the associated home where many families live together with comforts and conveniences the isolated house could not afford; but these great buildings are being erected by capitalists, and not by committees or associations. New York City has the *Florence*, the *Victoria House*, the *Haight House*, and at least a hundred other immense buildings furnishing luxurious suites of apartments. And on Eighth Avenue, opposite the Central Park, an enormous structure is to be erected covering a whole block. It will have an interior court-yard, a great restaurant, four elevators and every possible luxury in the way of fine living and beautiful appointments, all furnished at a cost very much below what would be required in a private house. The man of the future is going to be much better housed than were his ancestors. The American citizen can dwell in a palace superior to any occupied by emperor, king or queen, and yet not costly. The feature of the architecture of the future will be these great residential palaces which amount to veritable communities, and are the precursors of great social reforms.

Saving Time.

How marvelous are the devices in use among the inventors for saving space and time. All the forces of the modern world seem bent upon getting rid of distance in space and of shortening time. Our readers will have noticed that on some railroad lines long tanks are placed, out of which they scoop the water required for the engine, without any stoppage of the train. A new invention in Germany is designed to take passengers on board trains without "slowing up." The plan is to have a waiting carriage ready which has

a wire cable wound around a drum. When the express train dashes along, a hook on the last car catches a ring in which the cable terminates, and the waiting car is carried forward, not with a sudden jerk, but at a rate gradually increasing to that of the train, the cable being unwound in the process. Then the motor is used to rewind the cable on the drum until close connection is made between the waiting car and the train. When the passengers are transferred, the waiting car is cut loose, to be carried back to the station by its own motive power. What a saving of time this will bring about when universally adopted.

They don't like it.

And now the English millers are in trouble. The Americans are sending forward flour in place of wheat. The farmers of Minnesota and Dakota say, Why send the bran, and waste thousands of miles before it reaches a market, when we can manufacture the wheat into flour, and ship that at a greatly reduced cost? As yet the great bulk of our export is in wheat, and this because the English flour requires American grain to give it body. English wheat is soft and starchy, while California and our Western grain is glutinous and far more nutritious. In this connection it would be well to note how rapidly we exhaust our soil for the production of the best varieties of wheat. In the early history of this country, Long Island wheat was the finest known anywhere; afterwards, Northern and Central New York became famous; then the Genesee Valley flour was known all over the world for its nutritious qualities; then Ohio flour took its place, while now the best flour in the market comes from Minnesota and Dakota. The desirable quality is the gluter, which soon disappears after repeated croppings, leaving the starchy elements to predominate. The time will come when it will pay to revive our old wheat grounds. For the present it is cheaper to cultivate new land than it is to artificially improve old soils.

Our Pig-tailed Fellow-Citizen.

And now it is reported that the Chinese Government has consented to a modification of the treaty between the United States and China, which gives us the power to regulate Chinese emigration. It is a notable circumstance that wherever Chinamen have settled a hostile public sentiment has soon been excited against them. The more Chinamen the more keenly are they antagonized by the whites. In the Middle and Eastern States, where John Chinaman is a curiosity, it is difficult to realize the hatred felt for them on the Pacific coast. There is the same prejudice in New Zealand, New South Wales, Australia, and in every other place on the globe where the Mongolian and the Caucasian compete for labor. Last August the Legislature of South Australia passed an act to restrict Chinese emigration. It provides that no vessel shall land more than one Chinaman to every ten tons of its tonnage, while £10 (that is \$50) shall be paid the collector for every Chinaman thus permitted to land. And there are other restrictions. Theoretically the prejudice against the Chinese seems to be inhuman and preposterous, and it does seem in conflict with the whole theory of our government to restrict the liberty of any human being. Yet the arguments against Chinese emigration are many and strong. They do not come here in families; the women are all of bad character; many of them have hideous vices unknown even to our depraved class; they reduce the standard of living in a way to make life intolerable to an Anglo-Saxon workman; they monopolize the employments of girls and boys, and the one becomes a hoodlum, and the other—well, that story cannot be told. Something will undoubtedly be done to restrict Chinese emigration to this country.

The Dominion to the North of Us.

Let the American eagle exult in its pride of place no more. The Dominion of Canada, to the north of us, now includes more acres than can be measured in the United States. The Canadians have annexed all the vast spaces to the north of them up to the very pole. Hudson's Bay, Labrador, from Greenland over to Alaska and Behring's Straits is now included in the Dominion of Canada. Two thirds of the Dominion is probably uninhabitable. Vast tracts of it is a mere snow and ice field in which the hardiest animals cannot live. It is some little humiliation to Americans that Canada to the north and Brazil to the south have a larger extent of country than is to be found in

the United States. Some day or other Canada will cast her lot with the great Republic. In case of war between the United States and Great Britain the Dominion would drop like a ripe plum into the mouth of Brother Jonathan. There is no scientific frontier between the two countries. Canada would be wholly at the mercy of the United States, even though backed by the whole power of Great Britain. We can afford to wait, for English capital is building vast railway lines, Welland Canals, Victoria bridges, and the like, all of which will be owned some day by the American people. There has been a natural reluctance to incorporating Cuba, Santo Domingo, or Mexico into the United States, for the additions that would be made to our population would not be desirable; but the English, Irish, Scotch, and French, who make up the bulk of the people of the Dominion, are of our own race and religion, and would become very desirable citizens of the American Union. May all our readers live to see the day when the sway of our country will not only extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but when our flag will float over the whole land, from the Gulf of Mexico up to the open Polar Sea.

International Boat-racing.

Well, Hanlan has won the international match, and wrested the championship belt from Trickett, the gigantic Australian, who has held it for several years. The remarkable thing about this race was the ease with which it was won, while the time was longer than usual. Four miles and three furlongs were covered in twenty-six minutes and twelve seconds. The distance has been repeatedly gone over by scullers of less fame in twenty-five minutes. The critics say that Hanlan's success is due to some abnormal development in two muscles in his legs, known as the extensors. With these he can make a pull in the water so tremendous that it takes the heart out of any sculler who contests the race with him. While Hanlan is able to give these tremendous short pulls, he soon becomes tired, and is forced to rest repeatedly. Hence his queer maneuvers; his stopping to look around, his laughing at his rival. Had Trickett borne in mind Hanlan's peculiarities he could have won the race easily, but he tried to "spurt," and lost the race by tiring himself out prematurely. But how absurd it seems for millions of people to wager their money and become intensely excited over a boating contest between two men where the race was finally won because one man had a larger muscle in his leg than the other! "Men are but children of a larger growth."

The Naval Review.

Last month the available naval force of the United States was gathered together at Hampton Roads for inspection by the President, Cabinet, and all who cared to see them. It was a sorry spectacle. The United States has no navy. One good foreign iron-clad could do more execution than our whole fleet. There are no better sailors in the world than the Americans; our officers and engineers are accomplished gentlemen, but our ships of war belong to a past age, and are useless either for offense or defense. On this occasion officers and men showed splendid drill, but it would be simple murder to risk an engagement with any well-equipped foreign vessel. The ships should have been maneuvered in a squadron, but this was not done, although, to properly train our officers, this should have been attempted. On this occasion some fourteen vessels were brought together, which is an extraordinarily large showing for our contemptibly small and inefficient naval marine. The reports made to Congress emphasize the fact that we have no navy, and that we have no guns capable of coping with the artillery of Great Britain, France, or Germany. We have no great cannon in this country, nor any means of making them. Even the little armor we use on some of our naval vessels has to be bought abroad, as Congress has refused to appropriate money to armor any of our vessels. The guns, such as we need, would take from a year to eighteen months to manufacture; but modern wars are short affairs, and our sea-coast cities would be captured before we could begin to construct them. The economy of Congress in this matter of the public defense is as criminal as it is contemptible.

Disturbances from the Stars.

The prophet of disaster is abroad. The next few years, according to a semi-scientific forecast,

is to be signalized by grave astronomic phenomena which will affect unfavorably the condition of us poor inhabitants of this earth. There are to be meteorological disturbances all over the globe. Jupiter has passed the point when it is nearest the sun, and its retreat from its perihelion is to be marked by violent snowstorms and earthquakes, extending about the globe. Saturn is coming very near the earth. It will continue to grow brighter until 1884, when it will be a hundred million miles nearer the sun than when at its maximum distance. It is supposed that the pulsations made by the retreating and the coming planets will have their effect in shocks, electrical and magnetic, which will cause divers evils to the inhabitants of the earth. The prophets of evil of old professed to draw their inspiration from the stars. They cast nativities, and foretold the future of individuals from observations with the horoscope; but modern science takes no stock in the notion that individual lives are influenced by the stars. But we know that stellar, lunar, and solar influences do affect climates and magnetic conditions so as to produce storms, deluges, droughts, earthquakes, and alternations of violent heat and cold.

The coming five years will be marked by many important astronomical occurrences. Winnecke's comet made its perihelion passage December 4th, and was visible for some weeks after. Faye's comet will be at its perihelion January 22d next, and, in November, Encke's great comet is due. The great comet of 1812, it is expected, will be visible before the close of the year. Indeed the stars will be worth looking at during the coming year. We will have four eclipses—two of the sun, and two of the moon—one of them a total eclipse. Saturn will be in a position which will give astronomers a chance to study the texture of its mysterious rings. Who knows but in the not distant future that we may communicate with beings of superior intelligence in the far distant stars? On this earth we have learned to transmute light into sound. In other words, by means of flashes of solar or electric light, we can produce sounds at a distance which will convey a meaning to other human beings than ourselves. Why may not this also be true of the distant stars? What would seem more inexplicable than the constitution of the sun, the stars, and the planets? Yet, by means of the solar spectrum, we can be assured of the fact that iron, hydrogen, potassium, magnesium, and a dozen other familiar metals and gases are a part of the constitution of the sun, stars, and planets. This information has reached us from a distance of hundreds of millions of miles. Why, if inorganic matter thus reveals itself to us from the depths of the starry heavens, may not intelligence, in time, flash between star and star, and from planet to sun?

Arabian Steeds.

At last the best blood of Arabia is accessible to the world. The famous horses of the Anazeh Tribe of Bedouins can now be purchased. Two famous Arabian stallions have given us the best strains of blood in the English thoroughbred. Darley Arabian was one, the other Godolphin. These two stallions were pure Kehilens. It is alleged that all that is valuable in the English racing horse is due to these two stallions, and that the imperfection, occasional foaling of immature, fractious, and imperfect horses is due to the old impure strains of blood which no crossing will get out. Of course, the English thoroughbred has been so carefully attended during the last 160 years that he has greatly improved, while the pure Arabian, because of the poverty of the Bedouins and imperfect nourishment, has not improved. But it is the testimony of Mr. W. S. Blunt, who was married to the granddaughter of Lord Byron, and who has lived in the East among the Arabs, that the English thoroughbreds to-day cannot begin to compare with the Kehilens pure-blooded Arabian horses. The latter have almost human intelligence, never get out of temper, are docile and enduring unto death. The breed has been carefully preserved, probably for tens of thousands of years. The Turkish law did not permit of the exportation of this fine animal. Now, however, the Arabs, who own this valuable horse, are poor, and they are willing not only to sell their stallions but their brood mares, and, for the first time, it will be possible to get a strain of blood pure on both sides. It is not argued that the Arabian horse can be taken on an English or American race-course, and there contest with the thoroughbreds of the two countries, for the latter have been

better attended to, better fed, better trained, than the Arab. But Mr. Blunt argues that in a few generations the pure Arabian will show an immense superiority over the English and American thoroughbred. Man is showing his dominion over nature by improving all the plants and animal which minister to his necessities, his comforts his luxuries, and his tastes. Whether it be cereal, vegetable, fruit, flower, sheep, oxen, or horses, the fostering care of man betters them, improves them, increases their usefulness, value, beauty, from generation to generation. The only exception in all animated nature, is in the case of man himself. True, civilization and education are doing much to add to the beauty, strength, and intelligence of the human race; but there are other things quite as important, which are attended to in the case of the lower animals and the plants, but which are utterly neglected in the human kingdom itself.

France to be Educated.

Hurrah for the noble French republic! The education of the children has been taken away from the clericals, and Minister Ferry proposes to furnish compulsory and gratuitous education to all the young of France. The priests, when they had the monopoly of teaching, thought a great deal more of instructing their pupils in the creed of the Church than in the letters of the alphabet. Of the recruits in the German army before Sadowa, two out of every hundred could not read and write. In the French army, fifty-six out of a hundred could not read. The State educated the Germans: the priests had charge of the education of the Frenchmen. The Republicans of France have realized that their defeat by the Germans was attributable more to the schoolmaster than to the needle-gun. Germany has taught France the necessity for secular education, but France in turn is teaching Germany and Europe an important lesson in republican freedom. If France can maintain a republic whose citizens are free, and whose children are educated; if its people can be as contented and prosperous as under an empire, the time cannot be distant when Germans, Austrians, Italians, and Englishmen will be asking why royalty, why this vast expense for useless state officers? Why cannot we be free as well as the people of the United States, of Switzerland, and of France? And the heaven is working. Italy to-day is ripe for a republic. And, when Wilhelm and Bismarck are no more, the German may think the time is ripe for him to assert his right to himself and to the choice of his rulers.

What's the Matter with Ireland?

Poor old Ireland again plunged into misery, and the reason strangely enough is to be laid at the doors of the American farmer. It is the enormous production of cheap food in this country which is impoverishing the agricultural class all over Europe. Nations with diversified industries, such as France, Belgium, Switzerland, and the manufacturing portions of Germany, are able to bear the competition of America in the supplies of food. But purely agricultural countries, such as Italy, portions of Austria, Hungary, and Russia, are plunged into poverty by the ability of the American farmer to sell his wheat at a profit in Liverpool at less than \$1.50 a bushel. Ireland suffers more than all the others, as it has no manufactures; for it has no mineral wealth, neither coal nor iron, and the wretched peasantry cannot pay rent when American wheat can be landed in Dublin cheaper than they can raise it. So the people of Ireland are on a strike. They say, We cannot and we will not pay any rent for the land we hold. We cannot help ourselves. All the English government can do is to arrest the leaders of the new agitation; for Parliament is dominated in both Houses by the owners of lauded property, and to admit the no-rent claim of the Irish people would be to upset the industrial system and social importance of the governing class of Great Britain. Some statistics of the distribution of land in Ireland may be interesting. There are 20,000,000 acres in the whole island. Four hundred and fifty-two men own 5,000 acres each; a hundred and thirty-five men own 10,000 acres each; ninety men own 20,000 acres each; fourteen men own 50,000 acres each; three men own 100,000 acres each; while the Marquis of Lansdowne owns 137,000 acres; while 5,000,000 men of Ireland who till the soil have no ownership whatever in the land they cultivate. The absentee landlords take out of Ireland \$50,-

000,000 per annum. If a tenant improves his farm the landlord can raise the rent, because of those improvements; that is, except in Ulster, where tenant-right prevails. There seems to be no hope for Ireland, so long as America can produce food so cheaply, while the governing class in England are a race of merciless landlords. Unhappy Ireland!

Contagious Lunacy.

One of the most curious chapters in human history is that which tells of emotional contagions or epidemics. Whole communities sometimes are afflicted with a particular mania. Verzeignis, Italy, has recently been visited by an epidemic of a religious character. A hysterical woman saw a priest under circumstances which threw her into convulsions, she uttering cries and lamentations on seeing any one in holy orders or when she heard a church bell. The peasants believed she was possessed of a demon, and she was publicly exorcised. After a short time three other women were attacked in the same way. In their case a solemn mass was said to expel the demon. But the evil spirit got the best of the church, for some forty other women became possessed, and proclaimed themselves prophetesses and talked nonsense about the future. Only one man, and he a soldier, imitated the women. As the priest had failed, the authorities sent a file of soldiers to the commune where the epidemic prevailed, the afflicted women were arrested and sent to a hospital, given appropriate remedies, whereupon the Evil One departed from Verzeignis and has not been heard of since.

Ships by the Mile.

The use of shipping has revived all over the world. When the telegraph became extended to distant foreign ports, shippers of goods were enabled to follow merchant vessels and steamers to every port on the globe. This resulted in an enormous saving of tonnage, for the ship-owner, with the price list before him, could tell what to buy or sell without any waste of time. The telegraph practically doubled the tonnage on the ocean. And so for some years back but few ships have been constructed. But sea-going craft are very perishable, and the world has entered upon a new era of shipbuilding. The Clyde rings with the click of hammers closing rivets up. All is activity in the British shipyards. Alas, that we should say it! there is no corresponding activity in our shipyards, nor is there likely to be, owing to unfortunate legislation by our Congress. We export more of our native productions than any nation on earth, but the profits all go to foreign ship-owners, as our flag has practically disappeared from the ocean. We are without a navy and without a merchant marine. The reports say that England is building ships by the mile.

Eriesson's Torpedo.

The *Monitor* of Capt. Eriesson saved us during the civil war from a great disaster. When the *Merrimac*, the Confederate ironclad, sailed from Norfolk Harbor, there was nothing apparently to prevent her from coming to New York, and capturing that city. Then, as now, we had no defenses for the metropolis that could resist the attack of the poorest kind of an ironclad. But after the *Merrimac* had beaten the wooden fleet at Hampstead Roads, the newly-constructed *Monitor* came into view, and soon put an end to the dangerous career of the Confederate war vessel. Capt. Eriesson has now invented a very formidable engine of war. It involves three things—a boat, a gun, and a projectile. The boat is submerged like the *Monitor*, with the machinery below a deck of plate iron, strongly ribbed and defended by armor plates. The deck-house above water has no ports at the sides, and can be shot away without damage to the vessel. The steering gear is ten feet below the water line. The *Destroyer*, as it is called, is practically invulnerable, for with her armor she can defy the heaviest ordnance. Attacking bows on she would be irresistible. A single breech-loader of wrought iron, with a bore of sixteen inches, is her only armament. This gun lies seven feet under water, and discharges a projectile containing 250 pounds of dynamite. Ten men will suffice for the crew, and within 400 feet of the enemy the gun is fired by electricity. If the first shot fails, the firing can be kept up with extraordinary rapidity. It is supposed that by this great invention Capt. Eriesson has rendered useless all the costly iron-plated fleets in the world.

It is terrible to think how sudden would be the destruction of a heavily-armed ship, which like Achilles is vulnerable only in his heel; that is to say, below the line of armored plates. Let us hope we will never have a war in which to test this tremendous engine of destruction. Perhaps the invention of so many death-dealing implements may in time render wars so cruel that mankind cannot longer indulge in them.

Under the Ocean Again.

And now it is proposed to lay two new cables under the ocean. We already have one French and three English lines, but they have become a monopoly, and hence the American Union Telegraph Company, an opposition to the Western Union, proposes to have two cables of its own. The telegraph, either on land or sea, should not be owned by private companies; but should be worked by an international commission, representing all the nations interested. It has been found that the government monopoly of telegraph lines in Europe has resulted in cheapening telegraphy, and giving the public far more facilities than is possible under private corporate management. The two new lines, it is said, will land at Cape Cod. No doubt the time is coming when they will be needed not only for telegraphic, but for telephonic communication.

A Landlord Hunt.

"Boycotting," it is called. The name comes from an English farmer who settled in Ireland as the agent of Lord Erne. He undertook to evict some tenants for non-payment of rent, whereupon every person in his employ, laborers, herdsmen, gardeners, stablemen, cooks, chambermaids, everybody declined to do any work for the offending family. The butcher would not supply meat, nor the baker bread. There were splendid crops ready to be gathered, but not a laborer was permitted to come near the grounds. There was no violence or intimidation. So the government was appealed to, and troops were sent with laborers to gather the crops. The movement spread: wherever a landlord was unjust to his tenant he was "Boycotted." The people made up their minds that the cruel land laws of England should not be enforced in Ireland. This has put the English Government in a dilemma. Minister Gladstone, John Bright, and the leading liberals wish to do justice to Ireland. But the landlord and property interests of England demand coercion, the setting aside of the habeas corpus, and the legal punishment of those who defy the laws. But the trouble is that there is no real defiance of the laws. It is a strike of the people against landlords who have the legal power to oppress and make their tenants miserable. How all this will result is hard to foretell. But Great Britain ought to legislate in the interest of the common people, and do full justice to poor old Ireland.

The English Way, You Know.

The habit of imitating English ways of doing things is at present the prevailing mania among young Americans who have traveled abroad. Our young fellows come back wearing narrow brimmed English hats, trousers and vests of tweed, loud neckties, and the smallest of canes. They set up coaching clubs in imitation of English snobs, go to the races in green veils and white overcoats. They dine on Southdown mutton and drink London porter. They even imitate the English in conversation, and occasionally drop their h's to give an impression that they were born within the sound of Bow Bells. A Tattersalls has been opened in New York on Broadway for dealing in horses after the London pattern. An architect was applied to by one of these Britishized young Americans, and he was told "We want, you know, to build a Hinglish Tattersalls, you know; we want the fellows, you know, to feel as if they were in Lunnun, you know. 'Ave everything made after the Hinglish pattern, you know. Then there's the bricks, you know, for the floors, you can import them, you know, from Hingland." But the architect, explaining that they made better brick in this country than in England, and that they only cost one-third as much, actually lost the contract, because he would not waste good money in bringing bricks from London. "He didn't know, you know." But the American Tattersalls has been built for the accommodation of rich gentlemen who want to buy and sell horses after the English manner.

Scientific Items.

Mildew.—If clothes are absolutely dry before they are folded and laid away, they will not mildew.

Stained Marble.—A small quantity of diluted vitriol will take stains out of marble. Wet the spots with the acid, and in a few minutes rub briskly with a soft linen cloth till they disappear.

Cleansing from Foul Odors.—All sorts of vessels may be purified from long-retained smells of every kind in the easiest manner by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and water.

How to Clean Silver-ware.—Frosted silver-ware or frosted ornamentation on plain silver should never, says a contemporary, be cleaned with powder, but only with a soft brush and strong lye, accompanied by frequent rinsings with soft water. After the frosted parts are dry, the polished parts may be rubbed carefully with powder.

Sea-Water.—Sea-water is largely impregnated with common salt and with chloride of magnesium, to which it owes its bitter taste. From the vast surface of the sea pure water is constantly evaporating to form the clouds; into it run the contents of myriads of rivers, while the sea itself constantly returns to the earth marine plants, fish, guano, kelp, etc., which are useful to men.

Seidlitz Powders (Aperient).—Tartrate of soda, two drachms, carbonate of ditto, two scruples; mix, and put it in a blue paper; tartaric acid, thirty-five grains, to be put in white paper. Mix in half a pint of water.

Jet Black Varnish.—To make a jet black varnish for small wood handles, that will make them smooth and shining and hard and solid, so that they will not get dim by handling or lose their gloss, take of asphaltum, three ounces; boiled oil, four quarts; burnt umber, eight ounces; and enough oil of turpentine to thin. The three first must be mixed by the aid of heat, and the turpentine gradually added—out of doors and away from fire—before the mixture has cooled. The work—dry—is given several coats, each being hardened in a japanner's oven. The last coat may be rubbed down, first with tripoli applied on a soft cloth, then with a few drops of oil.

Washing Linen in France.—Any one who has ever been in France must have observed the snowy whiteness of the peasant women's caps and aprons. This is obtained by first roughly washing the clothes. They are then placed in layers in a large tub which has a bung-hole in the bottom. Some coarse sacking is next laid over the top, and on that a thick layer of wood ashes. Upon the ashes boiling water is then poured, which passes through the clothes and is let out at the bung-hole, carrying with it all grease and other impurities. This process is repeated until the linen is whiter than milk.

Charcoal and Its Uses.—Charcoal, laid flat while cold on a burn, will cause the pain to abate. Saluted meat, surrounded with it, is sweetened; strewn over heaps of decomposed pelts, or over dead animals, it prevents any unpleasant odor. Foul water is purified by it. It sweetens offensive air if placed in shallow trays around apartments. It is so porous that it absorbs and condenses gases most rapidly. One cubic inch of fresh charcoal will absorb nearly one hundred cubic inches of gaseous ammonia. Charcoal forms an unrivaled poultice for malignant wounds and sores. In cases of what is called "proud flesh" it is invaluable. It hurts no texture, injures no color, and is a simple and safe sweetener and disinfectant.

Uses of the Potato.—In France potato farina is largely used for culinary purposes. The famous

gravies, sauces, and soups of France are largely indebted for their excellence to that source, and the bread and pastry equally so, while a deal of the so-called cognac imported into England from France is distilled from the potato. Throughout Germany the same uses are common. In Poland the manufacture of spirits from the potato is a most extensive trade. "Stettin brandy," well known in commerce, is largely imported into England, and is sent from there to many parts of our foreign possessions as the produce of the grape, and is placed on many a table of England as the same; while the fair ladies of America perfume themselves with the spirit of potato under the designation of eau de cologne. But there are other uses which this esculent is turned into abroad. After extracting the farina, the pulp is manufactured into ornamental articles, such as picture-frames, snuff-boxes, and several descriptions of toys.

Peruvian Bark.—The experiments begun ten or twelve years ago for naturalizing in certain parts of India the best varieties of the cinchona or Peruvian bark tree have been attended with the most remarkable success, and there are now in various stages of growth probably millions of cinchona plants already yielding the Peruvian bark so plentifully and so perfectly that the price of quinine has fallen considerably in Ceylon and other parts. There is every probability that in six or seven years the Indian production of quinine will be so large and the price so low that it will become a considerable article of export.

A Paper House.—The Sydney Exhibition has in it a house built and furnished from paper. The structure is one story high, and its skeleton is made of wood. The exterior is molded in carton-pierre, while the interior is covered with the same material, being plain on the floor, forming splendid arabesques on the walls, and molded in imitation of plaster on the ceiling. The doors, cupboards, and shelves are of the same material, while the entire furniture, including chandeliers and a stove, in which a fire can be lighted, is made of papier-maché. The carpets and curtains are of paper, and there is a bedroom in which there is not only a large bed made of papier-maché, but there are also blankets, sheets, and female under-clothing, dresses and bonnets, in the latest style, composed solely of carton-plate. It is proposed to give a series of banquets in this building, in which the plates, dishes, knives, forks, and glasses will all be of paper.

Milk for Fowls.—A correspondent of the *American Poultry-Yard* gives the following bit of experience: "A neighbor of ours, whose hens, to our exasperation, kept on laying when eggs were forty-five cents per dozen, while ours persistently laid off during the same season, on being questioned, revealed the fact that his hens had a pailful of skimmed milk each day, and no other drink. On comparing notes, we each found that our management of our fowls was almost exactly alike, with this single difference—a difference that put many a dollar to the credit side of his ledger, while our own was left blank during the same period; and this thing had been going on for years, with the result always in favor of a milk diet. In cases where milk is very plentiful, and only a portion is needed for fowls, it would be well, say once a week or oftener, to give the milk in the form of curd, by heating it until the whey separates from the more solid portions. This is very nutritious, and its constituents so nearly resemble the white of the egg that egg-formation must naturally follow its use. Let no one hesitate to take from his waste milk whatever his hens will use, assured that they will yield five times over the returns that swine or any other stock would give for the same amount."



NEW YEAR'S TABLES.

The table of refreshments which is set for New Year's callers, should adapt itself to the tastes of gentlemen, and not be furnished wholly with sweets or confectionery. It may be simple, but if showing only a few dishes, let those few be substantial rather than otherwise.

A VERY PLAIN TABLE.

SANDWICHES, SARDINES, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE,
CHEESE, PICKLES, BISCUITS,
COFFEE.

AN ORDINARY TABLE.

PICKLED OYSTERS, SANDWICHES,
OLIVES, MIXED PICKLES,
BISCUITS, COLD CHICKEN, HAM, SARDINES,
FRUIT, CAKE, JELLY,
TEA, COFFEE, LEMONADE.

TABLE WHERE TWO HUNDRED CALLERS
ARE EXPECTED.

COLD TURKEY AND HAM,
GAME PIE,
PICKLED OYSTERS, SANDWICHES,
CHICKEN SALAD,
OLIVES, PICKLES, BISCUITS,
CANDIED FRUITS AND JELLIES,
CAKES AND FRESH FRUITS,
MOTTOES,
COFFEE, CHOCOLATE, TEA.

TABLE WHERE GENTLEMEN LIKE TO
LUNCH.

DRESSED SALMON,
CREAMED OYSTERS (hot),
PICKLED OYSTERS AND SARDINES,
SANDWICHES OF VEAL AND HAM CHOPPED TO-
GETHER,
GAME PIE,
COLD CHICKEN AND HAM,
OLIVES,
SMALL GRAHAM CRACKERS AND ROQUEFORT
CHEESE, WHITE GRAPES,
TEA, COFFEE, CHOCOLATE.

DINNER FOR LADIES ON NEW YEAR'S
DAY.

ROAST TURKEY,
LYONNAISE POTATOES, CRANBERRY SAUCE,
CELERY,
COLD PARTRIDGE WITH JELLY,
MINCE PIES WITHOUT MEAT,
FRUIT,
CHEESE, CIDER, COFFEE.

This dinner can be eaten at convenience, and will not suffer by waiting. Moreover, a friend of the family may be invited to partake, if one should happen to drop in at the right time.

We subjoin a variety of receipts for cakes specially desired for New Year's and New Year's parties, obtained, many of them, from original sources.

Orange Cake.—Two cups of flour, two cups of sugar, half a cup of water, the yolks of five eggs and whites of four, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, grated rind and juice of one orange.

White Mountain Cake.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, one cup of sweet milk, the whites of ten eggs, two even teaspoonfuls of yeast powder; bake like jelly cake. Put icing and grated cocoanuts between the layers. Same over the top and sides.

Cream Sponge Cake.—Two eggs, half a cup of cream, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda; flavor to taste.

Bread Cake.—One pint of sponge, two teacups of sugar, one teacup of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, fruit, spice to taste; flour depends upon the thickness of the sponge.

Sponge Cake.—Seven eggs, whites and yolks together, three-quarters of a pound of sugar dissolved in half a tumbler of water, let it melt and just come to a boil; half a pound of flour, one teaspoonful of yeast powder, one teaspoonful extract of lemon; beat eggs and sugar together until very light, then add the flour.

Silver Cake.—Two cups of fine white sugar, two and a half cups of sifted flour, half a cup of butter, three-quarters of a cup of sweet milk, the whites of eight eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda, quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar; flavor with either almond or lemon.

Gold Cake.—Cream one cup of sugar, and three quarters of a cup of butter together very light, add half a cup of milk, the yolks of eight eggs beat very light, two cups of sifted flour, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; flavor with lemon.

Lady Cake.—One pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of flour, whites of sixteen eggs beaten light; cream the butter and sugar together, then mix the eggs three or four at a time, then the flour.

Hickory-nut Cake.—One and a half cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, two cups of flour, three-fourths of a cup of sweet milk, one cup of hickory-nuts, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, whites of four eggs.

Cocoa-nut Cake.—One pound of fine sugar, half a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of flour, six eggs, one large or two small cocoa-nuts; cream the butter and sugar together, add the yolks of the eggs, then the whites, then the flour; mix well, and just before baking add cocoa-nut; bake in two long tins.

Lemon Cake.—One cup of butter and three cups of sugar, beat to a froth yolks of five eggs, whites beaten separately, juice and rind of one lemon grated, four cups of flour, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda.

Bride's Cake.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, the whites of five eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one cup of cold water; mix well together; then add three cups of flour into which one teaspoon of soda and two of cream of tartar have been stirred; beat briskly for two minutes; flavor with almond, and bake in a quick oven; frost the top.

Coffee Cake—"Very Nice."—Two teacups of sugar, one teacup of molasses, one teacup of butter, one teacup of cold coffee, five cups of flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, mace, cinnamon, half a pound of chopped raisins, two teaspoonfuls of soda.

Marbled Cake—Two Cards.—Light Part.—One and a half cups of light sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, whites of four eggs, two and a half cups of flour; beat the eggs with the sugar, add the butter melted, put the soda, cream and milk together, then add the flour.

Dark Part.—One cup of brown sugar, half a cup of molasses, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, yolks of four eggs, two and a half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon, one of nutmeg, one of allspice; beat and mix same as the light part. When each part is ready, drop a spoonful of light,

then of dark, upon the bottom of the pan in which it is to be baked, and so proceed until the pan is full.

Spiced Marble Cake.—The whites of seven eggs, three cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, four cups of flour, one cup of sour cream, a small teaspoonful of soda.

The yolks of seven eggs, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of molasses with a small teaspoonful of soda in it, one cup of butter, five cups of flour, one cup of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda; cloves, allspice, cinnamon to taste. Half this quantity of dark is sufficient for the white top and bottom.

Connecticut Loaf Cake.—Six pounds of flour, three pounds of sugar, three pounds of butter, one and a half pounds of mace, five eggs, three pounds of raisins stoned, four nutmegs, one pint of home-made yeast, two lemons, one wineglass of pickled fruit syrup; beat half the quantity of butter and sugar to a cream, add the flour wet with half the quantity of yeast; mix it quite soft, and let it stand till risen very light; add the rest of the ingredients, and let it rise again, then stir in lightly the raisins dredged with flour, and bake. The above will make eight loaves.

Martha Washington Tea Cake.—One and one-quarter pounds of white sugar, one and one-half pounds of butter, two pounds of flour, one pint of sour milk, six eggs, grated rind of two lemons and the juice of one lemon, one nutmeg, a little mace, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one and a half pounds of citron. Whip the butter and sugar to a cream, to which add the yolks of the eggs well beaten; then put in the milk and flour alternately; then the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth; have the fruit flavored and stir in last. Bake two and one-fourth hours, cover with buttered paper to keep from browning too fast. This recipe is said to have been used by Mrs. Martha Washington.

Maccaroons.—One pound of blanched almonds pounded fine in a mortar, whites of four eggs whipped to a stiff froth, two and a half pounds of sifted loaf sugar; mix all well together, then add the whites of ten more eggs, beat all together until very light; drop with a spoon on stiff white paper, and lay in a baking tin in a slow oven, after having dropped upon each a few small bits of sliced almonds.

Icing.—The whites of four eggs to a pound of powdered sugar is a good rule for icing; beat till very light, stir in the sugar by slow degrees, flavor with lemon or vanilla to taste, and spread on the cake with a knife dipped in cold water; set in a cool oven to harden.

To Ornament Cakes.—To make any kind of ornament for cakes the icing must be perfectly smooth, and is fit for use when it retains a given shape. Only simple tools are required for even a rich ornamentation of cakes, and practised hands can accomplish great things with a paper funnel. This is made like a grocer's cone sugar-bag, with an opening at the point large enough to admit of the required size of ornament being forced through it. Tin tubes of various sizes and shapes are to be bought, to be fitted as nozzels to paper funnels; those of French make are the best. To make a piping or a running pattern on a cake, put some icing into a paper funnel, and, holding it in much the same manner as a pen, press out, but not too near the point, in the desired pattern. This can be varied by using a tin tube in the paper funnel, with the point slit so as to mark the sugar as it is pressed out. Tubes for shaping leaves and flowers are made, and to use these it is necessary to have a lesson, in order to secure a uniform pattern, and even letters on a christening, birthday, or Twelfth cake; it will be well for an inexperienced hand first to trace the design lightly with a pencil.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

THE BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Designs and Styles in Dress furnished in this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not merely COPY. It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by our more refined and elevated taste at home. Besides, its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace important information for dealers, and valuable hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, dress becomingly, and keep themselves informed of the changes in the Fashions and the specialties required in the exercise of good taste.



ALWAYS FIRST PREMIUM

CENTENNIAL AWARD OVER ALL COMPETITORS,
MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Review of Fashions.

THERE is very little to complain of in the fashions of to-day even by the most inveterate grumblers, for there is no fashion that is unwise that is obligatory. In fact, day fashions, fashions for the street, impose upon all women a simple, short, sensible dress, if they will wear it, and permits them to envelop themselves in a straight, protective garment, which requires no more care or thought than a man's overcoat. It is true that there are dresses with long trains, and masses of ruffles accompanied by bodices cut as small as possible, and sleeves which are either gossamer or no sleeve at all. But it is not necessary that all women should wear such dresses, and as a matter of fact they don't. Only a very small minority wear very costly dresses, and out of this a still smaller number have them made with tight bodies and short sleeves, or without sleeves.

The majority of women are fast settling down to some permanent ideas in regard to dress, and it could be done much better and more rapidly if it were not for ignorant would-be reformers, who know nothing of the subject, but are possessed with the antiquated notion that fashion is folly, and their particular hobby wisdom, and keep hammering at it, totally oblivious of what has been accomplished, and of course giving no credit for it. This is not only discouraging, it is false, and discredits their judgment even where it is sound. Luxury, elegance, and refinement will always exist, it is to be hoped, and certainly there is no prospect at present of any decrease in the growth of wealth and its inevitable concomitants in this country. Naturally it will find its expression in dress; it is part of the law of things that it must be so; it is useless therefore to rail at what cannot be helped, and that is right, if whatever is, is right. A long dress is a suitable dress under certain circumstances, and it is not necessarily a weighty dress. Some long dresses, particularly those made recently, and of rich materials are distinguished by being perfectly plain, and are as quiet and gentle as they are graceful.

But the great fact remains, that it is the short dress which is the every-day dress, the all-day dress, the one in which we walk, and work, and live.

If we do wear a long dress for an hour or so at an evening entertainment, or if some of us do, it is of little consequence, as during this period we are, so to speak, relieved, off duty, with only the necessity laid upon us of smiling, chatting, performing the social duty of making ourselves as pleasant to the eye and agreeable to the mind as possible.

Those persons who feel that they have a mission on the subject of dress would be better employed in directing their efforts toward the folly of rich women who accept as unalterable the decrees of any standard-bearers of fashion which are opposed to common sense—decrees which are often in direct violation of the requirements of health, and the principles of physiology. "Everything is velvet and fur this season," remarked one lady to another. "Yes," replied her friend; "and what to do with my clothes I do not know. I never could endure much weight or warmth, and there have only been a few days when my heavy suit and cloak have been endurable." This is paying a very high price for discomfort, and because it is said to be the fashion by one or two interested individuals, and echoed by their ignorant clientele, seems to be a very poor reason for persevering in what is so bad a bargain for one's self.

Let those who would teach women anything in regard to their clothes, teach them independence and self-reliance. Teach them to choose such materials for wear as are suitable to time, place, and circumstance, and to the health and comfort of their own bodies. There is no excuse now in want of proper fabrics. There is every variety of soft wool, silk, satin, and rich piled velvet; but there is nothing so suitable as wool for street wear, for those at least who have to walk and work, and that is the majority of women. The few who ride in carriages may wear velvet and fur, for the burden of caring for it is not superadded to the necessity for exertion; but wool is more pleasant as well as more healthful, and to lose the exhilaration of daily exercise upon one's own feet is scarcely compensated by the wearing of a richer fabric. Certainly, there are many sides to the dress question nowadays, and to look at it from one side solely is to do it great injustice, and exhibits our own ignorance, rather than our knowledge.

Models for the Month.

In our illustrated designs for the present month will be found several cloaks in the new pelisse forms, and toilets both for reception and walking purposes. The "Giulietta" is an example of an elaborate costume for formal dinners or receptions. It is a very stylish combination of brocade with satin or velvet, though we should consider velvet too heavy to be used in conjunction with brocade for a dress so fully trimmed, and should recommend instead satin or satin de Lyon. The design, it will be seen, is suited for combinations, however, of many different kinds. The front may be of brocade to match the princess casaquin, or it may be of draped satin, with rows of fringe or lace, and fringe to form the divisions, or it may be cut of cloth of gold, the brocade being gold upon a black or red ground, and the solid fabric black or red. We would not advise satin even in a different color for the tablier if satin is used for the solid part of the train, unless it is enriched with hand embroidery so as to give the appearance of a flowered fabric. A very fine effect may be produced, however, by employing wide bands of embroidered satin, and separating them with fine knife-plaitings of plain satin covered with chenille or knotted silk fringe. The design is lovely in ivory white, in two shades of heliotrope, in primrose, or in all black. In the latter case beaded fringe and embroidery adds greatly to the effect, and in the former cases pearly or white jetted lace and fringe may be applied to the purposes of decoration. About twenty-two yards and a half of satin and brocade are required, very nearly divided as to quantity, and three yards and a quarter of fringe for the trimming of the apron. The "Beloecca" train may be arranged in less costly materials, and requires smaller quantities, although it must be remembered that the "train" does not include a basque or bodice, and is mounted upon a lining. Sixteen yards and a half will make this graceful trained skirt, divided into eleven and a half of damasé for the train and apron drapery, and plaitings at the edge of the train, and five for panels, and ruffles in front. These last may be of silk or satin in combination with the

damassé, and the toilet completed by a basque of the damassé, open in front, or cut square with elbow sleeves. All wool and velvet may be used to reproduce this design very handsomely. Dark myrtle green cashmere, for example, for the drapery, and velvet of the same shade for panels, ruffles, platings, and basque; or, instead of myrtle, use the dark shade of heliotrope or wine color.

The "Patricia" and "Stellina" costumes are examples of walking dresses adapted to woolen and combination materials. The "Stellina" is a princess design in front, but a basque at the back, and to this basque the drapery is attached, which constitutes in effect the back of the skirt, and may be arranged over a lining set in to the side seams, and finished on the bottom with a deep kilted flounce. One side of the front of the dress is buttoned over upon the back, and the drapery, which forms a pointed tablier, secured by a loop; on the other is a cascade of ribbon. Deep collar and cuffs of the trimming material finish the neck and sleeves.

The "Patricia" is a simple walking skirt and polonaise, the latter cut in the form of a coat with breadths attached, which are turned up and fastened in regular plaits under a large double bow. Flannel or suiting will serve for this costume if of nice quality, and only eight yards of the usual width (forty-eight inches) will be required. Stitching may be employed instead of braid.

The "Sarita" polonaise is recommended as a useful and easily arranged design for house materials of any soft and graceful style. Plain wool, corded cotton, striped or Surah silk are all suitable fabrics, and may be finished upon the edge with bordering of plush, of velvet, of embroidery, or lace. About eight yards of the material are required for the whole design, unless made in unbleached linen, when seven would be found sufficient. Bands and a collar of linen embroidered in crewels would trim it very nicely.

The two new and elegant cloaks illustrated are very graceful specimens of the most admired pelisse forms. The "Alexandria" is simple yet very distinguished, owing to its length and peculiar shapeliness. Its parts are few in number, the sleeves being formed by an extension of the back pieces, and the whole amount required for the cloak is only two yards and three-eighths of goods forty-eight inches wide. Upon this may be trimmed cuffs and a long gored-shaped plaque at the back, which will require one yard more of a material twenty-four inches wide. The materials used may be sicilienne and plush, velvet, or satin for trimming, to which may be added a rich fringe, and eight yards of passementerie. The lining should be plush.

The "Vladimir" pelisse is more in the long dolman style, and requires rather more material. It may be made in fine dark tricot or diagonal cloth, bordered with woollen beaver plush, a substitute for fur; or for a richer cloak heavy silk or sicilienne, satin de Lyon, or silk matelassé are equally suitable, with handsome fur or silk plush for a trimming, and an additional garniture of heavy cords and tassels. If the material were cloth with reversible beaver side no lining would be required, but if it is silk or a silken fabric of any kind, plush or fur will be the proper lining.

Among the secondary designs is a pretty hood which may be copied by a clever seamstress with or without a pattern, and is one of the most graceful of the capuchin forms. One yard of material for the hood, one also for the lining, both ordinary (that is, twenty-four inches) width, makes it with the addition of the cord and tassel attachment. The "Paola" muff is another variety of the pretty, fanciful style of muffs which are at present so fashionable, and which are made in rich trimming stuffs to match costumes. This has an exterior pocket which will be found most

convenient for the handkerchief, also for the small purse which holds change. It is finished with an elegant cord and tassel. The amount of material required is only three-eighths of a yard twenty inches wide, half a yard of the same width for the lining, and these quantities include sufficient for the pocket.

There is a very graceful wrapper to which we desire to call attention because it is a pretty design for spring chintz as well as winter cashmere. It is lovely in white or pale blue flannel or cashmere, and it is, perhaps, still more appropriate in satin foulard, chintz, or figured louisine. Too much lace cannot be put on a wrapper, at least on a handsome one, and therefore the trimming *en cascade* and upon the edge of the ruffles will not be considered out of place.



GIULIETTA TOILET.

Giulietta Toilet.—An elegant design for a reception or dinner dress, arranged with a close-fitting *casquin*, rather short and rounded off on the front and sides, but extending in princess form at the back nearly to the end of the long, full train, giving the effect of a double train, and ornamented with two draped sashes, crossing it *en torsade* and confining it in moderately *bouffant* drapery. The train is peculiarly graceful, and is cut in a manner to throw all the fullness at the back. The neck is cut heart-shaped in front, and the *Marquise* sleeves only reach to the elbows. This design is especially suitable for the richest materials and is very appropriate for a combination; and may be trimmed as illustrated, with platings and jetted *tulle* and fringe on the front, or in any other way to suit the taste and material employed. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



ANGELA HOOD.

Angela Hood.—An especially stylish model of the favorite capuchin, now so fashionable. It may be made of the same material as the jacket or wrap with which it is worn, and is most effective with the lining and *revers* of a different material. The *cordelière* is the most suitable ornament, but a bow of satin ribbon may be substituted if desired. Pattern a medium size. Price, fifteen cents.

Winter Costumes.

FIG. 1.—Black satin de Lyon street costume, completed by the addition of the "Alexandria" pelisse, made of black Antwerp silk, richly trimmed with jetted *passementeries* and fringe, and a *plaque* and cuffs of silk plush. "Paola" muff of garnet plush, lined with pale pink satin, and ornamented with a garnet and pink silk *cordelière*. Red plush bonnet, trimmed with a bird of paradise and colored cashmere beads; strings of garnet *satin merveilleux*, lined with pink, and finished on the ends with Alençon lace. Pattern of pelisse in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each. Pattern of muff, fifteen cents.

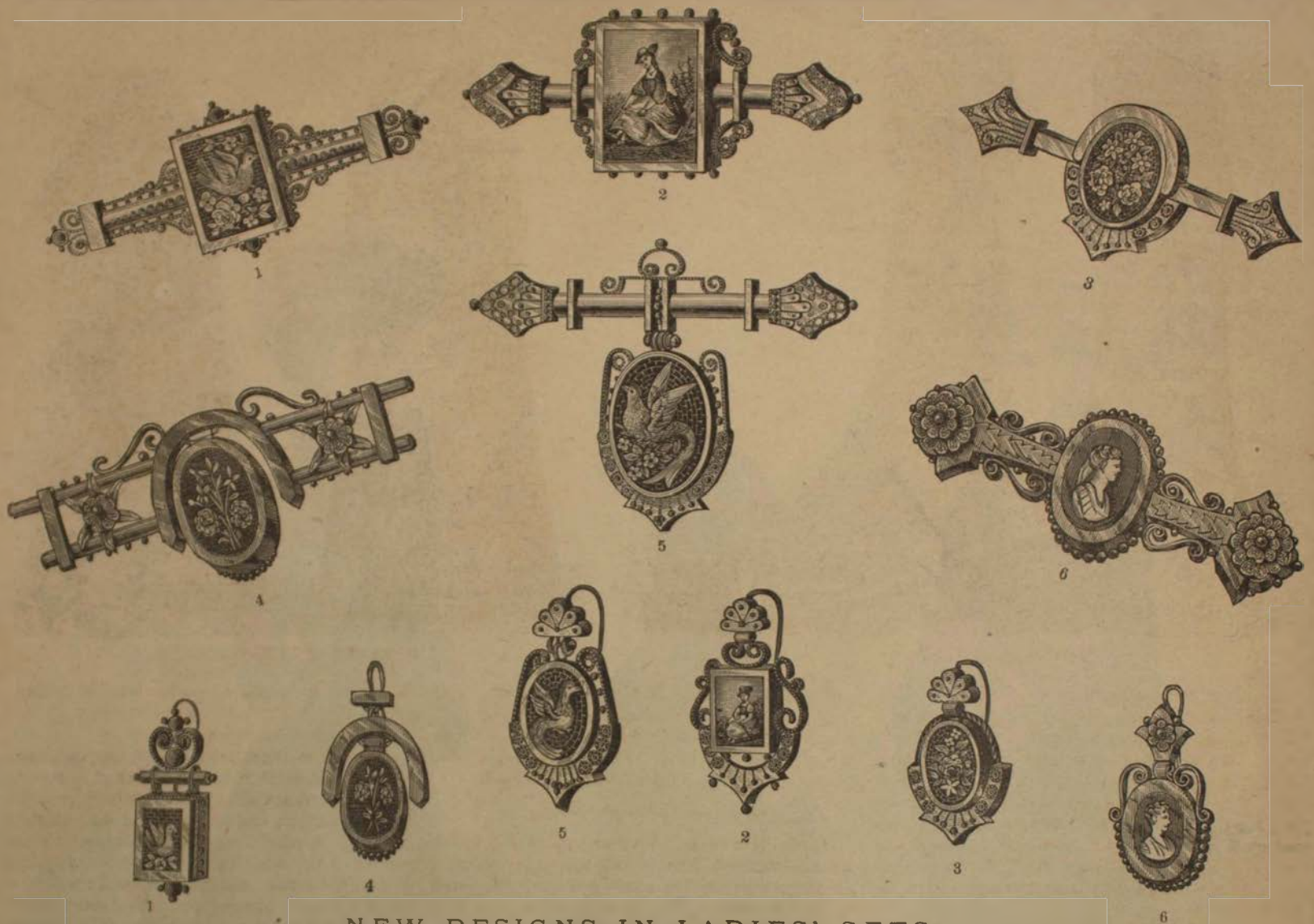
FIG. 2.—The "Vladimir" pelisse is here illustrated, completing a visiting toilet of dahlia *satin de Lyon*. The pelisse is of black *sicilienne*, lined and trimmed with plush and heavy triple *cordelières* of silk ornamented with jet. Bonnet of heliotrope satin and gold-beaded *tulle*, with *prelat* violet satin strings, and trimmed on the left side with a cluster of Parma violets. Tea-rose colored gloves. Pattern of pelisse in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

FIG. 3.—Veronese-green cloth street costume. The design used is the "Patricia" costume, a simple and stylish model. The skirt of cloth is edged with a narrow plaiting of Veronese-green satin, and the polonaise is trimmed with a separate breadth of dark green plush lined with satin. The front is closed under *passementerie* ornaments, and rows of braids are stitched plainly all around the dress. Dark green felt hat, trimmed with shaded gold colored plumes. Strings of old-gold *satin merveilleux*, finished at the ends with *point de Brabant* lace. The "Olga" muff of dark green plush, lined with old gold *satin merveilleux*, and trimmed with Veronese-green and gold-colored satin ribbon. Muff pattern, fifteen cents. Pattern of costume, thirty cents each size.

LADIES WHO HAVE NOT SUBSCRIBED for 1881 do so at once; the names are rushing in at a rate which will soon exhaust the first edition of Miss Fothergill's new story.



Winter Costumes.



NEW DESIGNS IN LADIES' SETS.

(Actual Sizes.)

No. 1.—A lace-pin and ear-rings of "rolled" gold and Byzantine mosaic. The setting is composed of delicate filigree work and polished gold, and in the center of the pin is a square medallion of Byzantine mosaic representing a white dove with gold wings, and small flowers upon a dark blue ground, surrounded by a band of highly polished gold. The ear-drops match in design. The polished gold is all solid. Price, \$7.25 for the set.

No. 2.—An artistic design for a lace-pin and ear-drops, having Watteau paintings on copper, set in "rolled" gold. The pin is of dead gold, with ornaments of filigree and polished gold. In the center a painting, representing a shepherdess upon a silvery background, is set as a square medallion in highly polished gold. The ear-rings match in design. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, \$8 for the set.

No. 3.—An especially handsome set, comprising a lace-pin and ear-rings of "rolled" gold of Byzantine design, set with floral medallions of Byzantine mosaic in dark blue. The lace-pin is of dead gold, with ornaments in filigree and polished gold. In the center a medallion of mosaic, representing roses and jessamine upon a dark blue ground, is set in an oval of polished gold. The ear-rings match in design. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, \$7.25 for the set.

No. 4.—An elegant set, comprising a lace-pin and ear-drops of Byzantine mosaics set in "rolled" gold. The pin represents a latticed bar of dead gold crossed with polished gold bars near the ends, and ornamented with tiny gold balls, scrolls,

and rosetted flowers of silver and frosted gold, with a polished gold ball in the center of each flower. The center of the pin is a semicircle of polished gold, from which is suspended a swinging medallion of Byzantine mosaic, with a floral design of red and yellow roses, *myosotis*, and white jessamine on a black ground, set in an oval of polished gold. The ear-rings match in design. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price \$8 for the set.

No. 5.—A Byzantine set of entirely novel and elegant design, consisting of a lace-pin with swinging pendant, and ear-drops of "rolled" gold, set with Byzantine mosaic medallions. The pin is of dead gold, with ornaments of polished gold and filigree. The pendant swings from the center of the bar, and is set with a mosaic, representing a bird of paradise in many colored stones upon a black ground, in an oval medallion of highly polished gold. The ear-rings are of corresponding design. All the polished gold is solid. Price, \$9 for the set.

No. 6.—A lace-pin and ear-drops of "rolled" gold, set with cameos, compose this pretty set. The pin is a bar of highly polished gold, with ornaments of frosted gold. In the center is a cameo representing a Grecian head cut in profile, set in a raised oval of polished gold. The ear-rings match in design, and the oval medallion forms a swinging pendant. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, \$6 for the set.

All of these goods are of the best quality of material and workmanship, and many of the designs are fac-similes of those made in solid gold.

Tam o' Shanter Cap.

MATERIALS, 5 oz. of Germantown wool, single zephyr, or Angora wool, the latter imparting a hairy appearance. Bone crochet hook, middle size, say No. 8 to 10. The cap is worked throughout in single crochet into the stitch, not into the loop of the chain. When the 9th round has been reached, it is a good plan to tie a piece of white cotton into a stitch; it will be of great use in marking the commencement of each round, and save trouble. Make a ring of 6 chain.—1st round. Work 10 stitches into the ring.—2d round. Work round, 2 stitches in each stitch.—3d round. Work round, 2 stitches in every 3d stitch.—4th to 7th round. Work round, 2 stitches in every 4th stitch.—8th to 12th round. Work round, 2 stitches in every 12th stitch.—13th to 23d round. Work round, 2 stitches in every 16th stitch.—24th to 29th round. Work round, 2 stitches in every 28th stitch.—30th round. Work round without increasing.—31st to 36th round. Work round, decreasing by omitting every 28th stitch.—37th to 47th round. Work round, decreasing by omitting every 16th stitch.—48th round. Work round, increasing by working 2 in every 6th stitch.—49th to 56th round. Work round, without increasing or decreasing. These last seven rows should be worked tighter than the rest of the cap.

To make the tuft, wind a sufficient quantity of yarn on a piece of cardboard about 2 inches wide; withdraw the cardboard, and then bind the center of the yarn with 5 or 6 turns of carpet thread, tying it tightly; then cut the ends of each loop of the yarn, and trim the ball or tuft to shape.



VINETTA WRAPPER.

Vinetta Wrapper.—An elegant and graceful design, especially becoming to tall, slender figures. The wrapper is tight-fitting, cut in "Princess" style, with a single dart in each front, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a double "Watteau" plait at the back. It is suitable for almost any kind of dress goods, and the trimming can be selected to correspond with the material employed. This design is an excellent one to be used for a domino, and is so illustrated with the fancy costumes.

Alexandria Pelisse.—This singularly graceful yet simple design is cut in sacque shape with loose fronts, the back fitted with a seam down the middle, and extensions at the sides of the back pieces forming the sleeves. This model is desirable for the richest materials used for heavy wraps, especially for those to be lined with fur or plush,

and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with a *plaque* of plush to simulate a hood, and *passementerie* and fringe; or in any other style to correspond with the material selected. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

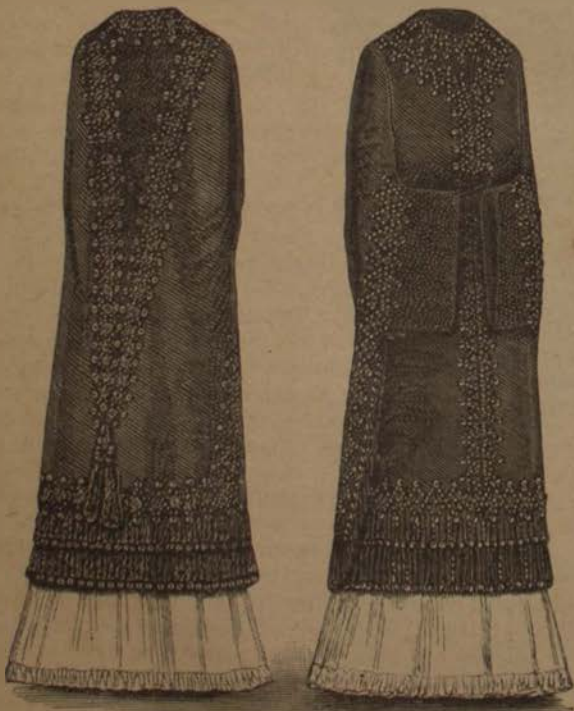
Belocca Train.—Very unique in style, this graceful trained skirt is cut the usual walking length on the front and sides, and in a long, round train at the back. The front is trimmed with a long apron, draped high in the middle over a succession of gathered ruffles; the sides are ornamented with plaited panels extending to the bottom of the skirt, and the back is draped full, over a lining, in a novel and graceful manner. The train is edged all around with three narrow plaitings; and the panels and drapery are ornamented with large *Bébé* bows. The design is adapted to



GINETTA WALKING SKIRT.

the richest materials, especially those which drape gracefully. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Ginetta Walking Skirt.—Simple and graceful in arrangement, this design is short enough to escape the ground all around, the back breadths straight and full, and the front and sides slightly gored. The short, fully draped apron is ornamented at the sides by an upright shirring laid on over the plaits; and the bottom of the skirt is finished with a plaiting two inches deep, and a band six inches wide of contrasting material completes the trimming. The back breadths are shirred at the top. This design is appropriate for all dress materials, and is particularly suitable to be worn with a round waist and belt. It is most effective with the apron and the band of figured material, and the rest of the skirt of plain goods, as illustrated. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



ALEXANDRIA PELISSE.



BELOCCA TRAIN.

Reception Toilet.

A RECEPTION or dinner dress of satin brocade and velvet. The design illustrated is the "Giulietta" toilet, with long, full train of *vin de Bordeaux* velvet, and apron of pale salmon-pink satin trimmed with three flounces of opal-beaded tulle, edged with a fringe of the same cashmere beads falling over satin plaitings. The tulle is embroidered in a beautiful floral design. The *corsage*, of ruby satin brocaded with pink and opalescent flowers is short in front, but reaches nearly to the end of the train in the back, where it is confined with two draped sashes of brocade and pink satin, crossing it *en torsade*. The neck is cut heart-shaped in front, and the *corsage* is ornamented with a pointed *plastron* of opal-beaded tulle. The *marquise* sleeves are trimmed with a narrow band of velvet and ruffles of Alençon lace. Salmon-pink gloves and gold bracelets. Pink satin slippers with gilt buckles. The double illustration of this toilet is shown among the separate fashions. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Fashions in Furs.

THE noticeable change in the use of fur as an element in a lady's toilet, is the variety and adaptability. There was a time, not so very remote, though perhaps not within the memory of the younger women of this generation, when a muff and a pelérine, or "victorine," as it was called, was the standard "set," and a lady thus provided, particularly if the articles were composed of Russian sable, or even dark, several-striped mink, was happy, and relieved from all care, so far as furs were concerned, for two or three years at least.

But fashions in furs have changed with other fashions; Russian sable, always very costly, became less desirable, when styles became liable to more frequent modification, and sealskin in time displaced even the popular mink. At present, sealskin is undoubtedly the most fashionable of furs, if fashion means the patronage of a majority of well-dressed people; and, upon the whole, it deserves the ascendancy it has obtained. Its rich, dark depth of color, its softness and refinement, its adaptability to the smaller and larger garments, and to almost every general and purpose, render it the most convenient, as it is one of the most becoming and beautifying of furs.

There are two special kinds of fur garments, and two distinct uses to which they can be put: one is the fur garment to be taken off, the other the fur garment to be kept on. The first should be a fur-lined garment; the outside, silk, sicilienne, satin de Lyon, or matelassé satin; the second should be a fur cloak, or coat, with satin or plush lining, because the environment of rich sealskin enhances the beauty of a beautiful woman, and makes even a plain woman seem attractive; and this is very desirable when the tint of a delicate complexion is put to unusual tests. C. G. Gunther & Sons, 184 Fifth Avenue, are to be credited with the introduction of the long sealskin coat, or ulster, which has created a sort of furor, be-



RECEPTION TOILET.

cause of its effect in heightening the charms and distinction of its stylish wearers. It is not much more in reality than a lengthening of an elegantly shaped sealskin jacket, a garment which has been gradually undergoing improvement in shape, and style since its first appearance among us. Certainly, in buying, it is better to buy a coat than a jacket, for a coat can be reduced in length much easier than a short jacket can be lengthened.

A long fur coat, a small fur muff, and a fur cap make a decidedly Russian outfit; but one very suitable for a Western or a Canadian winter, if not so desirable for New York.

But of course fashionable fur designs are not limited to coats or jackets; there are an immense variety of beautiful cloaks, some pelisse and some dolman shaped, others shaped at the back, and having circular fronts, and still others with sleeves set in full surplice style upon the shoulder, and fitted into the back, of which they form a part.

These are made of sealskin, lined with plush, and trimmed with a broad band of otter. Or they

are of rich satin "sublime" (a soft, thick, corded satin), trimmed with pointed fur, or with natural beaver. The blue, gray, and silver fox furs are used for light cloths mainly, or for velvet; and the chinchilla, for Antwerp silk and satin; although, of course, silver fox may be used with great distinction for satin and rich silk also; and the black and "pointed" (or dark furs set thickly with white hairs) upon all black fabrics by those who wish to preserve the "all black" character as nearly as possible, in a street garment. The point of our remarks is this, that nearly all of

this class of fur-trimmed garments are for dress purposes, more or less elegant and fanciful; for fur is by no means the only trimming, it is supplemented by wrought clasps and handsome passementeries, by rich contrasts of color, and all the elegance imparted by depth and harmony of tone in the most splendid materials. Fur-lined wraps are a class by themselves. They are always *ortonde* in shape, and confined to black silk, sicilienne, or satin de Lyon, with lining of whole squirrel, and a collar of dark or chinchilla fur. They are most useful for "wraps," that is for a cloak that can easily be taken off and put on. They are invaluable for theater, or afternoon concert, or reception purposes—for occasions where unusual warmth is required to protect a lady from exposure in a thinner dress than she is accustomed to wearing. They are almost too warm for regular street wear, excepting in the coldest weather, and too "old" for very young ladies. The fur-lined jacket, or the cloth coat with sealskin collar, cap, and muff, is a more suitable outfit. We recommend an inspection by our stylish readers of the very attractive novelties in furs at the well-known fur-house of C. G. Gunther, the oldest in New York.

The Combination Underwear.

THE whole undergarments are making rapid headway, because ladies are becoming more and more averse to multiplied and unnecessary folds and ridges about the waist, a condition directly opposed to smoothness and elegance of outline. The fewer pieces into which clothing is divided the more convenient and practical, and in this case the more true and harmonious it becomes.

VEILS HAVE NEARLY DISAPPEARED from hats and bonnets for ordinary wear. Occasionally a bit of white tulle is used to keep crimps in place, and long gauze veils are found useful in traveling, but the warnings of physicians in regard to the effect of the rasping net and exclusion of light upon the eyes is having a good effect, and women are beginning to emerge from the seclusion of centuries.

Evening Dresses.

THE toilets for evening wear are remarkable for their diversity this season, and for a wide range between simplicity and magnificence. Perhaps this is partly due to the fact that evening parties are now much less common among the medium class of people, their places having been taken by the afternoon reception and the weekly evening and day receptions, which have become the rule of late years.

Certainly evening entertainments have been largely relegated to the wealthiest class and to clubs, who give them on a scale which ordinary individuals cannot hope to rival; and the style of dress shows its relation to the importance of the social event. All costumes, however, cannot be of equal richness and splendor, especially if they belong to one wardrobe; even magnificence may become monotonous, and, to save variety from drifting into commonplace the two extremes are chosen of rigid simplicity, and supreme elegance of ornamentation. Let no one imagine, however, that this simplicity means white muslin tucked over a cotton skirt, according to the "sweet sixteen" code of our grandmothers—oh, no. It means thick white satin or brocade, from ten to twenty-five dollars per yard, made in a long, "whole" gown, with priceless lace at the neck and upon the sleeves, and a string of beads or diamonds, worth as much as a modest house.

A beautiful dress worn recently was of ivory brocade, draped apparently over a petticoat of Turkish gauze. Ruffles of gauze, exquisitely embroidered, formed the lower part of the tablier, the upper part of which was shirred, and a panel was formed of ruffles upon the left side, the other being fastened with cords brought from the shoulder. Another dress was of amber satin sewn over thickly with small gold beads. The entire dress, sleeves, and bodice, and train, were enriched in this way, and the effect was most peculiar: the labor, all performed by hand, must have been enormous.

A charming princess dress of pale blue and silver brocade had an entire front and sleeves made of pearly lace and pearl fringe, and a brown brocade was effectively combined with what is known as cloth of gold, though in reality it is all silk and gold, and realizes all one's ideas of oriental magnificence.

The cost of the elaborate combinations of satin and lace, or brocade and satin, of the embroidery and fringe and superb stuffs used for ornamentation is now so great, that many ladies have given up what are known as "evening toilets," the present fashion of day receptions and entertainments permitting them to do so without great sacrifice: one handsome visiting dress, and a dinner dress for at homes, being all the toilets they require for society purposes.

Winter Hats and Bonnets.

THE contest still continues between the large hats and small bonnets, but a diversion has been created by the sudden and unlooked-for appearance of the cap. The cap takes various forms, the turban, the Scotch, the Tam O'Shanter, the Polish, and the like, but it is inoffensive in them all; pretty, coquettish, but not at all belligerent, and best suited to fresh and youthful faces. Matronly ladies make a mistake in indulging in the temptation offered by the picturesque hats, or dainty little caps. Young-looking and handsome women may indulge in the hat, but the modest frame of a bonnet is best for a face that is fighting its battle with time, and getting the worst of it.

What looks like one of the quaintest novelties in beaver is simply the large hat, the brim which had been turned up at the side turned down, and

tied down in the shape of a gipsy bonnet. The deeper the brim the more effective and stylish it becomes. The trimming is feathers (ostrich) and wide, soft satin ribbon, black upon black, gray or garnet upon gray, feathers to match the ribbon. The large, all-black hat is the most striking.

The small bonnet is, as we have remarked in previous numbers, simply a vivid bit of color. It may be ruby red velvet or gold with red feathers. It may be bronze velvet, or gold with feathers to match.

It may be composed of small over-lapping feathers of the most brilliant edges, and it may be beaded in a rich mixture of dark, iridescent hues, or in the white of "jet," and "rice" or pearl. Whatever it is, it should look like a jewel, just as the hat should look as if copied from a picture; the beaver bonnet, as if stolen from a woman of a past generation going to the fair, and the cap from the little sly-boots who created such mischief by "Comin' thro' the Rye," instead of going home by the straight road.

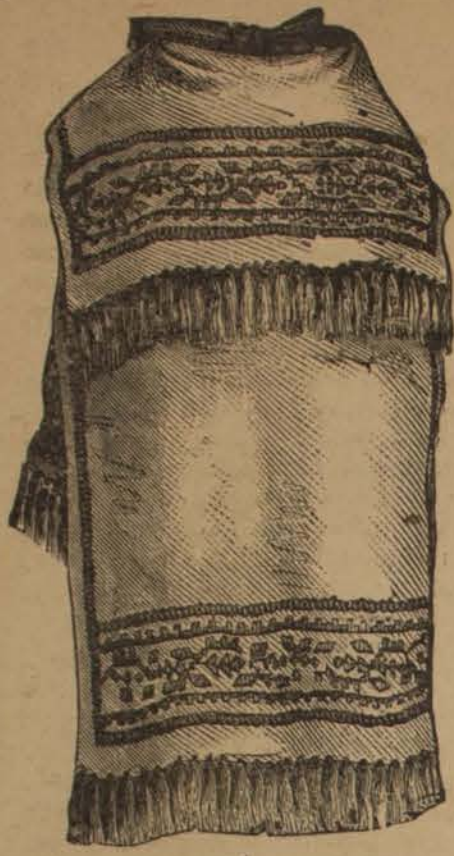


Evening Toilet.

A CHARMING toilet of cream-colored *voile de religieuse*, with a long, full-trained skirt, trimmed on the front with a long apron, edged with Languedoc lace, and draped high over a succession of pale blue satin ruffles. The train is edged all around with alternating narrow ruffles of lace and blue satin. The sides are ornamented with plaited triangles of pale blue satin, extending to the bottom of the skirt. A knot of pale pink roses, with plush leaves and petals, is placed on the panel just below the knee, confining the plaits in the form of a *quille*. The pointed corsage is low in front and half-high at the back, with *marquise* sleeves. It is of Pompadour satin brocade, trimmed with a *plastron* of light blue satin, and a *bertha* of *voile de religieuse*, confined in front and on the sides with pale pink roses. The neck and sleeves are edged with a full plaiting of Languedoc lace, and the corsage is laced in the back with blue silk cord. Cream-colored gloves trimmed with insertion and plaiting of white lace, and embroidered with *myosotis* on the back. Black velvet dog-collar with silver pendant. The designs used in the composition of this toilet are the "Belocca" train, and the "Thyra" corsage without the second *basque*. The train is illustrated separately elsewhere. Skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of corsage twenty cents each size.

MISS L. M. ALCOTT has sent us the initial chapter of a story entitled "Victoria," to run through several numbers, and which shows how the struggles of an artist's life assisted in the growth and development of a noble, womanly character.

EVENING TOILET.



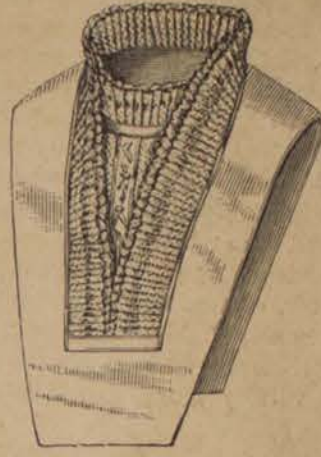
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ROMAN APRONS AND LINGERIE.



PATRICIA COSTUME.

Patricia Costume.—The absence of unnecessary ornament is a conspicuous feature of this graceful and stylish costume. It consists of a tight-fitting polonaise and a walking skirt, the former coat-shaped in front and extending nearly to the bottom of the skirt at the sides, where a separate breadth is added which is caught up in a reversed manner and fastened to the back of the polonaise, in plaits, under a large *Bébé* bow. The polonaise is cut with three darts in each front, two in the usual positions and one under the arm, side forms carried to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, which is left open below the bow. A short, round walking skirt edged with a narrow plaiting completes the costume. This design is adapted to almost any dress material, being especially appropriate for the heavier varieties, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with rows of braid and *passanterie* ornaments, or with any other garniture appropriate to the goods selected. Price of pattern, 30 cents each size.



STELLINA COSTUME.

Stellina Costume.—Cut in princess style the whole length of the front, with irregular drapery falling in a shawl-shaped point at the right, and the back arranged with a deep basque to which the drapery is attached and falls over an underskirt, this is a decidedly unique and stylish design. The waist portion is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, and a deep dart taken out under the arm on each side, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a narrow side plaiting on the front and sides, and a deep kilt-plaiting on the back, but any other style of trimming can be substituted. The front laps over the edge of the underskirt, and is fastened with buttons on each side, and the drapery is secured by a large loop on the right side and a cascade of ribbon at the left. The collar is turned over very broad, and the plain cuffs are deep and trimmed with buttons like the dress. This is a suitable design for almost any dress material, especially for a combination of contrasting goods. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Roman Aprons and Lingerie.

No. 1.—An Italian apron, made of fine white linen cut lengthwise, about one yard long and half a yard wide, and folded over a quarter of a yard from the top. The strings are sewed in, under the fold, three inches from the edge on each side. The trimming consists of two rows of embroidery, done with *écru* thread in tapestry stitch, and narrow hem-stitching, or darned open work upon the sides of the apron and around the embroidery; the ends are hemmed and finished with a knotted-in *écru* fringe about two inches deep.

No. 2.—Linen chemisette and standing collar slightly flared in front. The bosom is laid in tucks about three-quarters of an inch wide. The collar has button-holes worked in the band to be fastened with a collar-button, and the front has eyelet-holes for spiral studs. Price, with any size collar, 65 cents.

No. 3.—A handsome *fichu-jabot*, intended for a dressy toilet, made of silk India muslin, with gold polka-dots, and trimmed with Breton lace. The *fichu* is of muslin, doubled and laid in plaits, and finished with a ruffle of lace; it fastens in front, under a large bow of the muslin edged with lace, which forms a very full jabot. Price, \$3.50.

No. 4.—This dainty chemisette, intended to be worn with dresses that are cut out in the neck in front, is made of French nainsook and insertions of embroidery and Breton lace, and trimmed with a double plaiting of Breton lace around the neck and down the front. It fastens in the back with a small pearl button. Price, \$1.40.

No. 5.—Although not turned over at the top, this is also known as an Italian apron, and is made of fine white linen, cut lengthwise, three-quarters of a yard long and twenty-four inches wide, and hemmed on three sides. The upper edge is sloped off about one inch toward the middle, and is sewed plainly to a straight belt, the corners being left loose about five inches, and cut off about an eighth of a yard from the top. The strings are sewed to the belt at the sides, and may be of double-faced satin ribbon of any desired color. The trimming is colored embroidery upon the material, in bands three inches wide, and at the distances of an inch for the lowest row, and a quarter of a yard for the upper row, from the lower edge. Smyrna lace, embroidered in colors, is sewed on just below the embroidery.

No. 6.—A beautiful *jabot* or *plastron*, made of India mull laid in deep plaits, and edged with wide Breton lace, which is arranged very full at each end. A knot of pale blue *gross-grain* ribbon is placed near the top, and the lower end is ornamented with a cluster of pink rose-buds and mignonette. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, and flowers to suit the taste, \$3.

No. 7.—A white linen apron in Italian style, although not doubled at the top. It is made of a piece of heavy white linen fifteen inches long and half a yard wide, increased to the required length of three-quarters of a yard by several strips of linen alternating with heavy Smyrna insertions an inch and a half wide. Stripes of red and blue embroidered trimming, two-thirds and three-quarters of an inch wide, are placed on the linen strips and secured by cross or herring-bone stitches of colored silk, and a trimming to match the strips is placed on the lower edge of the apron proper. The fringe, one-eighth of a yard deep, is knotted into the lower insertion. The apron is fastened around the waist by a cord two yards and a half long, finished with tassels. The corners are cut off and left loose.

No. 8.—An Italian apron made of black silk, twenty-four inches long and twenty inches wide, and embroidered with deep red, blue, green, and yellow floss silk in "gobelin" stitch, which will be found very effective. A silk and chenille fringe, three and a half inches deep, finishes the bottom of the apron, and a second row is placed just below the upper row of embroidery. A cord with tassels, in which the colors of the embroidery are combined, fastens the apron, and the corners are left loose but not cut off.

No. 9.—A handsome chemisette *fichu* especially suitable for dressy wear. It is made of white silk mull with pale blue polka dots, and Italian lace and insertion. The mull is folded and laid in plaits on the outside and finished around the neck with insertion and two rows of lace, turned over to form a collar. The ends are trimmed with a deep plaiting of lace, fastened at the belt with a cluster of wild flowers and pink rosebuds. Price, with any kind of flowers, \$3.25.

No. 10.—A plain gored apron of black silk, trimmed to about one-third its depth with fine *écru* canvas, worked with floss silk in bright colors in a bold design. The ends of the strings and a pocket on the right side are trimmed to match. A plain silk fringe, from two and a half to three inches wide, finishes the bottom, and may be sewed together in little bunches, or left plain, whichever is preferred.

No. 11.—This stylish *fichu* is made of white India mull, edged with a wide ruffle of Breton lace. It is a style which can be utilized for various purposes; may be crossed on the bust and fastened at the belt, loosely knotted in front just below the bust, as illustrated, or tied close about the throat. A cluster of flowers placed on the left side renders it more dressy if worn as it is illustrated. Price, with flowers to suit the taste, \$5.50. Without flowers, \$4.50.

No. 12.—*Écru* linen Italian apron, made of a straight piece of linen, one yard and an eighth long and half a yard wide. Fold over three-eighths of a yard of the length on the outside, and hollow it in the crease by a dart about half an inch deep in the middle, leaving about an eighth of a yard loose on each side. The illustration represents the apron trimmed with a hem-stitched and darned border, and a fringe an eighth of a yard deep knotted in the lower edges with a crochet-hook; but the apron may also be trimmed with embroidery on the linen, or embroidered bands and fine knotted *macramé* fringe or lace.

Ladies' Fancy Costumes.

FIG. 1.—Domino of satin-finished Pompadour foulard, trimmed with Languedoc lace. The design used is the "Vinetta" wrapper, which is tight-fitting, and has a double Watteau plait in the back. It is trimmed down the front with a jabot of lace, interspersed with loops of pale pink and blue satin ribbons, and around the bottom with ruffles of lace. The sleeves are loose, and trimmed with lace and ribbon. A hood, covered with ruffles of lace, conceals the *coiffure*, and is tied in front with a bow of ribbon. Cream-colored gloves with lace insertion. Pink satin mask, with curtain of Languedoc lace.

FIG. 2.—THE "SORCERESS."—An effective fancy costume made of red silk and black satin. The short red silk skirt is trimmed with a wide band of black satin, embroidered with cabalistic designs in gold. A short, full tunic, embroidered with gold stars, is draped to form two side *paniers*, and joined in the back with a large bow and ends of black satin. Red silk basque, pointed front and back, closed in front with a band of black satin—a similar band extending all around the basque. This band is ornamented with colored stones in square gilt settings. A *plastron* of black satin, striped with gilt braid, is placed upon the basque in front, which is very slightly *décolleté*. A red tab, embroidered in gold and trimmed with gilt braid, falls from under the point of the basque in front. The sleeves of black satin are short, and trimmed with similar tabs. A gilt band, ornamented with a large emerald, and two gilt points in the middle, is worn just back of the forehead; and a second band, with gilt rays, is placed further back on the head. Red silk boots with gilt heels and lacets.

FIG. 3.—LOUIS XV. FANCY DRESS.—Made of blue and white *pekin* and blue velvet. The short skirt is of blue and white *pekin*, and the overskirt of blue velvet, draped at the sides and *bourré* at the back, and ornamented with a bow of cherry-colored satin at the left side. India muslin apron, edged with a ruffle of lace, headed with cherry-colored satin ribbon. The basque is of *pekin*, cut very short on the sides, the fronts long, and the back in *postilion* shape; and a short jacket of blue velvet covers the upper part of the basque and forms the sleeves. This is ornamented with a turned down collar and *revers* of white velvet, trimmed with gilt buttons. The sleeves, which only extend to the elbows, are trimmed with white velvet *revers*, and the undersleeves are of white *batiste*, with full ruffles at the wrists. A full *ruche* and *jabot* of white lace finishes the neck. Powdered hair, arranged in a *calotte* at the back, tied with a bow of black satin ribbon. Three-cornered hat of black felt, bound and trimmed with cherry-colored satin.

FIG. 4.—ORIENTAL COSTUME.—Full trowsers of blue satin, drawn in at the bottom, about half-



LADIES' FANCY COSTUMES.

way from the ankle, under a straw-colored skirt, and tunic of blue satin. The tunic is plain in front but platted full at the back, and is trimmed with straw-colored bands and embroidery of white silk and fine pearl beads. A white tarlatan scarf, with gilt stripes, is placed upon the right hip, crosses the skirt, and is tied at the bottom of the skirt on the left side, leaving uneven, floating ends. The long basque opens in front over a straw-colored vest embroidered in the same style as the tunic. The basque is trimmed with embroidery and silk galloon ornamented with pearl beads. The low opening in the neck is filled in with a *guimpe* of white *tulle*, drawn close around the neck. The sleeve is only a point of blue satin trimmed like the basque with pearl beads. An

open undersleeve of white *tulle* is fastened at the top with a turquoise and gold clasp, and at the bottom with a similar clasp. Turban of blue satin entwined with pearl beads, and ornamented with gold tassels and a circlet of sequins, falling on the hair in front. Turkish slippers of blue satin, embroidered with gold.

DR. FARRAR, an American physician, estimates that half a ton of pure gold, worth half a million dollars, is annually packed into people's teeth in the United States. At this rate, all the gold in circulation will be buried in the earth in three hundred years. He also calculates that three millions of artificial teeth are annually supplied, and that only one person in eight has sound teeth.

Winter Cloaks and Wraps.

THERE is no lack of warmth this season so far as that can be obtained from outside garments. The variety of cloaks is endless, and the weight of some of them, where heavy trimmings are added to thick fabric and lining, is almost more than a woman could carry, if the burden did not depend from her shoulders.

A serious attempt at a revolution in outside garments has been made of late, and though, as yet, there are few signs of it upon the street, or even in the stores, yet it is bound to make its way when we are once freed from the sort of despotism that the jacket, the circular, and the paletot have exercised over us.

The tendency is toward complete garments, that is, cloaks or coats that envelop the person; in this direction are the handsome seal-skin ulsters, and ulsters of feather-cloth. The pelisse, which is more dressy than the ulster, though equally protective, is a movement of the same kind, and the dolman has been gradually lengthened until it has ceased to be the small garment with wide sleeves which we knew ten years ago, and has become a long, graceful cloak, whose sleeves are not its most important part, but bear the proper relation to the rest of the garment. So far these are improvements. Fashion prefers extremes, and the fashionable outer garment must be small or large.

The features of the new cloaks are, first, length; second, fullness about the neck and arms. The fullness at the neck gives them the appearance of a "surplice," and can only be applied to silk, satin, and fine wool. A gathering of thick cloth is extremely clumsy, and the reversible cloths, which are the latest and best development of this species of manufactures, though very soft, are too thick to be even laid in plaits.

On tall and slender figures silk and satin can be shirred and drawn in to form outlines with very good effect, but it must be in rather light and easily draping materials.

The two examples which we give, in our illustrations for the present month, of the pelisse forms are graceful as well as novel, and very distinguished; they can be safely relied upon as permanent designs, at least for years, subject, perhaps, to slight modifications.

The seal-skin jacket has lengthened into the seal-skin ulster—a Russian-looking garment warm enough for an Arctic winter, and wonderfully becoming when it is accompanied by a jaunty seal-skin cap and muff. The addition to it for the neck is a wide embroidered necktie of soft mull, a cravat of antique lace or muslin trimmed with lace.

Visiting cloaks are a rich combination of black damassé, magnificent passementeries, and high-colored plush lining, old-gold, red, or "tiger" striped. They are very warm and comfortable as well as effective for carriage wear; and the soft, thick chenille fringes, and even the beaded passementeries are so beautifully wrought as to mass without harshness or jingle, and envelop the person with a delightful sense of luxury and enjoyment of it. The bright-hued plush linings are an inspiration in conjunction with the rich-figured silks and satins, and both are matched by the beauty of the chenille and jet ornamentations.

The round, fur-lined cloaks of black silk have lost much of their popularity, because of the difficulty of preserving them, and their uncertainty as an investment. Unless the silk is of very good quality, it soon looks shabby and defaced; the

fur also is apt to rub off upon a woolen dress, particularly the second year of wear, and, as a good silk fur-lined cloak costs from sixty to a hundred dollars and is only worn a part of the year, it is not to be thrown aside after one season. Besides, though there is the temptation of warmth and comfort in it, the warmth is too great not to render change a risk; and while silk is too easily defaced to render it serviceable wear for thrifty women who want a wrap for many and various purposes, the style of the cloak is too uniform and too commonplace for anything but ordinary wear.

A round cloak is unquestionably a most desirable addition to every lady's wardrobe, and a necessity to many; but it should be of the nature of a "hack," and therefore it is best to make it of reversible cloth, soft, thick, and furry upon the inside, that can be worn and thrown aside,



LADIES' FANCY COSTUMES.

dropped or exposed to weather without fear of spoliation.

The advance upon this is a long cloak with a shaped princess back and sacque fronts, which is elegantly made in American satin de Lyon, and lined with seal-skin silk plush of a very handsome quality. This cloak has great distinction, and is costly, though not any more so than one that is fur-lined and first-class. It is a very suitable cloak for an elderly lady who is in the habit of dressing richly.

Opera-cloaks are in white exactly what the finest class of day cloaks are in black. They are of the richest silks lined with satin or plush, and trimmed with mossy ruches of white silk and thick chenille fringe. The inner wadding is a sheet of pure wool or down, and the softness and beauty of those garments, which are used merely as wraps, is hardly to be realized from description.

A still more gorgeous style of evening and carriage wrap is an India dolman, the material a very rich India stuff wrought with pure gold. The thick ruches and fringes of this cloak are mixed thickly with gold threads, and have all the colors of the stuff blended in them, the prevailing one being red; the lining is red-striped silk plush. Such a cloak is worn with a dress of white damassé or brocade at the opera, or in a box at the theater; but, in the latter case, it will be accompanied by a large beaver bonnet tied down with white satin and trimmed with a plume of white ostrich feathers.



Description of Cut Paper Pattern.

OLGA MUFF.

A CONVENIENT and dressy little arrangement, serving the double purpose of muff and reticule, and intended to be made of silk, satin, velvet or plush, as desired, trimmed at the sides with lace, and ornamented on the outside with a large bow of satin ribbon. It may be made of goods to match the costume, wrap, or bonnet, or of an entirely different material, as preferred.

The entire pattern is given, consisting of two pieces—inside of the muff, and outer part forming the reticule.

Cut two pieces like the inside piece, which is the smallest, of the satin or silk used for lining, and between the two pieces an interlining of French wadding is to be placed. The edges indicated by single notches are to be joined in a seam, and the ends are to be gathered and drawn up to the width of about nine inches. The outer portion of the muff is to be lined throughout and tacked across the middle to the seam in the muff, thus forming a pocket on either side of the muff, or the lining may be omitted and false pockets introduced, and the outer piece faced to the depth of the row of holes. The edges marked by a single notch are to be joined to the ends of the muff as far up as the notch, and above that they are to be joined together in a seam. The row of holes denotes two rows of gathers, forming a tuck, through which an elastic, about nine inches long, can be run between the outside and facing, or a drawing-string may be substituted, so that the muff may be carried on the arm as a reticule, if desired.

Cut both pieces of the pattern straight, the outer piece crosswise, and the lining lengthwise of the material.

Three-eighths of a yard of goods, twenty inches wide, will be required for the outside; and three-quarters of a yard of the same width for the lining, to make as described.

CLUBS, HURRY UP, or your subscribers will be disappointed in not getting the first chapters of our new serial stories by Miss Alcot and the author of "Probation," also our fine portrait of Marie Antoinette, and the many brilliant attractions in preparation for succeeding numbers.



FABIA CLOAK.

A DRESSY design, in *visite* style, made of black diagonal cloth, and trimmed with *revers* of black *gros-grain* silk and silk fringe. The costume with which it is worn is of black serge, with a kilt-plaited skirt, edged with a narrow plaiting of red Surah silk. Collar and muff of natural beaver fur, lined with red Surah silk. Black fur felt hat, trimmed with a shaded red plume, and black satin ribbons. The double illustration of the cloak is shown among the separate fashions. Pattern of cloak in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



ELMA POLONAISE.

Elma Polonaise.—Tight-fitting, the fronts ornamented with wide *revers*, and partially double-breasted, and the back in the favorite coat style, the "Elma" is one of the most popular designs for misses' wear. It has one dart in each front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounded to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The back pieces and side forms extend the entire length of the garment, but a separate skirt is added to the fronts and side gores. The design is most appropriate to complete a street costume, and is very desirable for a combination of goods or colors. Almost any of the various dress fabrics used for street costumes may be employed. Pattern in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



FABIA CLOAK.

Fabia Cloak.—A stylish and dressy design in "*visite*" style, cut with loose fronts, in sacque shape, side gores under the arms, and a curved seam down the middle of the back. The flowing sleeves are inserted in dolman style and ornamented with broad *revers*. This is an excellent model for all kinds of cloak materials, both heavy and light, and makes up handsomely in silk or *sicilienne* trimmed with fur, or with the cloak of figured material and the collar and bands on the sleeves of plain goods, and trimmed with *passerie* ornaments and fringe, as illustrated. Pattern in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



SARITA POLONAISE.

Sarita Polonaise.—Simple in design, gracefully draped, and tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, deep darts taken out under the arms, side forms rounding to the arm-holes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The fronts are cut away and very fully draped, forming *paniers* on the sides; and it is ornamented with a wide, turn-over collar. All classes of dress goods are adapted to this design, and the trimming can be selected to suit the taste and material used. It is especially desirable for washable fabrics, as it is easily arranged. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



PAOLA MUFF.

Paola Muff.—This dainty little muff may be made of plush, satin, velvet or silk, lined with the same or a different material or color, and trimmed, as illustrated, with a silk *cordelière* and a bow of satin ribbon, or in some other appropriate manner, and may be of material to match the costume or bonnet, or different from both. The design is simple and easily reproduced. Price of pattern, fifteen cents.



"JERSEY" COSTUME.

"Jersey" Costume.—Exceedingly stylish but simple in design, this costume for young girls is composed of a tight-fitting cuirass basque to which is attached a kilt-plaited skirt. The joining is concealed by a plaited scarf or sash, which may be of the same, or a contrasting material as illustrated. The "Jersey" waist is fitted with three darts in the front, one on each side and one in the middle of the front, side gores under the arms, and a "French" back. This design, usually made in Jersey webbing, or stockinet, either silk or wool, with a skirt of a different material, is also appropriate for nearly all other dress goods, but is especially suitable for the heavier varieties. Pattern in sizes from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



WILHELM SUIT.

Wilhelm Suit.—A deep, side-plaited, single-breasted blouse, and pants without fullness at the top are combined to form this stylish suit. The design is suitable for flannel, the lighter qualities of cloth, linen, jean, or any of the goods of which suits for small boys are made, and rows of stitching form the most suitable finish. Pattern in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, thirty cents each.



VLADIMIR PELISSE.

Vladimir Pelisse.—Simple, yet *distingué* in appearance, and somewhat in *visite* style, with loose sacque fronts, the back slightly fitted by a curved seam down the middle, sleeves inserted in dolman style, and a deep, pointed collar trimmed to simulate a hood. The design is appropriate for any goods used for winter wraps, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with plush and *passementerie* ornaments, or with fur, or any other style of trimming suitable to the material chosen. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



ADELAIDE COSTUME.

has full breadths in the back, and the front and sides are slightly gored; it is trimmed on the bottom with a box-plaiting about two inches deep and a band of contrasting goods, six inches wide, and the sides are ornamented with detached panels. The waist is trimmed with a large, square collar forming double *revers* on the front, and altogether this is a dressy design for a young girl's costume. Any of the various dress fabrics now in use are suitable for this model. Pattern in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

OUR next, the February number of Demorest's Illustrated Monthly, will contain the companion picture to Marie Stuart, a magnificent portrait of Marie Antoinette. It will be the best monthly magazine, without regard to price, published in America.

Adelaide Costume.—The "Adelaide" costume has a plain, round waist in front, fitted with a single dart in each side, and side gores under the arms; and the back is a "polka" basque with side forms rounded to the armholes and a seam down the middle. The skirt

Children's Fashions.

THERE is a sort of return to the quaint old fashions of previous generations in some of the children's fashions of to-day—in the beaver bonnets tied down under the chin, in the cape cloaks, and Mother Hubbard overdresses, which are caught back at the sides, and have a bodice properly finished with a kerchief in true Mother Hubbard style.

It speaks well too for the majority of mothers that the princess dress, shaped and mounted with simple folds or sash, still continues the base of the popular designs, for there is none other so practical, or so convenient for school, and work, and play; and none that preserves a certain appearance of elegance with the employment of so little material, and such moderate resources. The whole dress throughout is the only sensible dress for girls, and the combination underwear enables mothers to employ it for every part of the dress, thus decreasing the number of pieces, and saving the pressure and multiplication of folds round the body at a time when it should have all the freedom and all the chance possible for healthful development. One whole knitted merino undergarment, one corded waist to which stocking suspenders are attached, one whole cotton garment, a woolen skirt attached to shoulder-straps, and a whole flannel dress lined. This dress, with long woolen stockings and stout boots, is complete and comfortable, and is made suitable for the street by adding a cloth coat or ulster, a cap, a muff, and red silk cravat.

Another skirt may be added if considered desirable, and one or other of the skirts may be attached to a cotton waist, but this should depend upon climatic conditions and amount of exposure.

All children should be provided with wristlets, gloves, and cravats of silk or wool for the neck, as it is in the absence of these accessories that they are most apt to suffer from the cold. We give an illustration of a fashionable complete costume in the present number which furnishes an admirable model for school or home wear. It is called the "Jersey," and is, in fact, the celebrated design known by that name, adapted to different materials. This can be made in any plain fabric, or woolen material, and the sash may be of a figured stuff, or a different fabric, such as plush, satin, velvet, silk, or plaid wool, instead of the brocade as shown in the cut. The entire dress for a girl of twelve years only requires six yards and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide, and two yards of the same width for sash.

Another pretty costume is the "Adelaide." This has the effect of a coat, and from the belt is suspended the ends of the "sword" sash. The costume should be made in two materials, wool and plush, or wool and brocade (in a small figure), or wool and velvet. For the size for

fourteen years, six yards and three-quarters of plain goods are required for this dress, and two and three-quarters for the combination, both twenty-four inches in width.

The "Elma" polonaise is a pretty combination of coat, with basque effect, and is suitable also to a union of two materials. The skirt would naturally be of the plain, with perhaps two bias folds of the figured. For the polonaise for fourteen years three yards and a half of plain material are needed, and one yard and a half of the trimming goods, both of ordinary (twenty-four inches) width.

The "Fabia" cloak is an adaptation of the dolman designs to young girls of fourteen and sixteen years. It is very stylish, but need not be very expensive if it is made at home, for only two yards and a quarter of cloth, forty-eight inches wide are required, and three-eighths of a contrasting material for the collar and bands of the sleeves, from which the ornaments may be omitted if preferred.

The "Wilhelm" suit is one of the latest and best designs, in two pieces, for a boy of from six to ten years of age. It may be made in heavy flannel, cheviot, woolen, cashmere, or any durable,

not too thick, cloth. It is tailor-stitched for finish, and takes for ten years of age three yards and one-half of cloth twenty-seven inches wide.

Fashionable hosiery for children is in dark, solid colors for day wear, and the best is made double at the knees, as well as the heels and toes. Dog-skin gloves, fleece-lined, are used both for girls and boys' school wear, so that muffs are not obligatory, especially as the coats and ulsters all contain pockets. This is a very important matter when books and luncheon box or basket have to be carried.

Best suits for children are all made complete, and of one color, including cap and fancy muff. The combinations of ruby plush and velvet, with immense Vandyke collars of antique lace are the most striking. But they can be made in any color, and any combination of material.

Children's Costumes.

FIG. 1.—Young girl's costume of *vin de Bordeaux* cashmere and "Jersey" webbing. The "Jersey" waist is made of the webbing or stockinet, laced in the back with a red silk cord. The kilt-plaited skirt is of cashmere, and the joining of the basque and skirt is concealed by a plaited scarf or sash of *nalté* silk, with red and gold figures combined in a palm-leaf pattern. The design used is the "Jersey" costume. Pattern in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—Boy's suit of figured brown fancy cloth, made with a plaited blouse and knee-pants. The design employed is the "Wilhelm" suit, simply finished with rows of machine stitching and tortoise-shell buttons, white linen "Pierrot" collar, and red silk tie, "Tam O'Shanter" cap crocheted of dark blue worsted. The directions for crocheting this hat are given in the fancy work department. Pattern of suit in sizes for from six to ten years of age. Price, thirty cents each.

LOOK OUT FOR THE FEBRUARY NUMBER, for in it we shall begin the new story by Miss Jessie Fothergill, author of "Probation," "First Violin," "Well-steads," etc., but said by competent critics to be infinitely superior to either, and destined to create as great a sensation as "Jane Eyre."

THE LONG, UNDRESSED KID GLOVE, buttoned at the wrist, but whole above, and drawn upon the arm, so as to leave it a little wrinkled, is the fashionable French glove of the season.

THE LATEST BREAKFAST TOUCH is the neckerchief of mull, embroidered upon the scalloped edges, and trimmed with Breton lace or not, at discretion.

A LADY SAYS in a recent letter, "DEMOREST has more ideas in one number than other magazines in a whole year."



CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

LADIES CLUB

"PUZZLED."—Make up the dress with an adjustable train, and with a bodice in addition to the figured jacket; you will then have two complete dresses in one, suited to day and evening receptions. The "Imperia" is an elegant and very graceful design; the "Langtry" casaque would be a suitable pattern for the jacket, with or without the hood, and the bodice may be any pretty open basque, with elbow or half long sleeves. The "Musette" will give you a pretty design for your little girl's party dress; it may be made in pale pink, or blue, or white, in wool, or silk; only, if it is wool, the puffing should be laid in plaits. The trimming may be lace, needle-work, or colored embroidery in silk or wool.

"MRS. W. H."—The "Rosalba" would make you a very handsome toilet arranged in the following way: use satin, bronze or olive, for the draped and ruffled front of the robe, and mount it upon a lining. Make the train of satin, and the upper part of the dress of silk and wool brocade, in olive, old gold, and peacock blue. The ribbons may be olive satin, without any admixture of color. The fichu may be mull, or dotted net and lace.

"AMY ROBSART."—There is nothing improper in thanking a gentleman for an act of attention if you feel obliged to him. He may have rescued you from an embarrassing position, or at least taken trouble, and gone out of his way to serve you. To thank him in such a case is not politeness, it is only decency.

"RUBY."—The general tone of the houses now is dark, and is very much objected to by physicians as wanting in cheerfulness. Dark walls, thick dark curtains, dressed mantelpieces, chairs, pianos, and tables, all in somber hues, are rather depressing, unless brightened by gold and rich color. The temptation too is to return to the old fashion of keeping for years without change or renovation, and this is anything but sanitary. Doubtless the healthiest houses in the world are the cottages that are scrubbed once a week, that are white-washed twice a year, and have the doors and windows open, some of the time, the year round.

"GRACE."—It is a very nice idea, and we should advise you to carry it out. It need not be a very costly undertaking, but it will give you a permanent interest in your home, and as your parents are willing you should retain the proprietorship of your room, even while teaching, the sense of cosiness and ownership will not be disturbed. You like blue—select a soft, leafy carpet in blue, wood-color, and white. Let your furniture be wood-color with a little blue ornamentation. Get a chintz curtain for your window, and attach it to rings which can be run upon an oak or walnut bar; you can drape it back with blue ribbon. This will give you the foundation for your accumulation of properties, for the cultivation of a precious home-nest. Let the first thing you add be a little shelf or case of books, and let them be those whose authors you would most desire to know, and of whom you would wish to make personal friends; for the best of people, as a rule, is put into what they write, and to read them is the best way to get acquainted with them.

"ENGINEER."—The Gorham Manufacturing Company, and Tiffany & Co.; both Union Square, New York.

"THREE BROWN GIRLS."—Short dresses of red wool would be very pretty, with white bib aprons, and red caps. Or gray dresses with white Normandy caps, and aprons *a la* "Two Orphans." Short black dresses with white Alsatian bow of embroidered muslin, and white aprons without bibs but with square pockets are effective. But whatever your dresses, make them of a solid color, and the three alike, as they will attract attention to "Refreshment Corner" of the fair, and help to swell your receipts. Also do not charge too much for your wares. It should be said that with the black Alsatian dress small white muslin fichus are worn.

"C. L. McM."—The price of spun silk vests varies from twelve to fifteen dollars, and drawers about the same. Probably a very fair set could be obtained for twenty-five dollars.

"MODERN STUDENT."—All the learned ladies of England are not confined to the present time. Dame Julia

na Berners, born in 1388, and daughter of Sir James Berners, a favorite of Richard II. and prioress of Sopwell Nunnery, near St. Albans, was celebrated for her extreme beauty and great learning. She varied the devotions of the cloister with field sports, and wrote books on hunting, hawking, fishing, and heraldry. A copy of her book on hunting sold in London lately for £180.

"MISS LEMONS."—The lemon tree is a native of Asia, though cultivated in Italy, Portugal, and the south of France. In Europe it is a small tree, while in its native state it is sometimes over sixty feet in height. Lemon juice is very useful in sickness, makes the hands smooth and white, is an alleviative to neuralgia if rubbed where the pain is, and is useful in destroying dandruff.

"WALLINGFORD."—Near the bathing establishment of Sandeford, Christiana, Norway, there is a tumulus locally known as King's Hill. Under this tradition averred that a mighty king had been buried with costly treasures near his body. Last January the peasants on whose land the tumulus was situated began to sink a well. Upon reaching some timber they sought the services of an able antiquarian, and under his guidance the whole body of an old Viking vessel was revealed, seventy-four feet long from stern to stem, sixteen broad amidships, drawing five feet water, and with twenty ribs. It is evident that when the burial took place the sea, which is now a mile away, washed the base of the tumulus. The craft is placed with her stern toward the sea, so that when the Great Father should call him, the chieftain might start fully equipped from his tomb. Among the articles found in the vessel were some smaller boats, a quantity of oars, and some shields, too thin to be used except for ornamental purposes. Bones of man, horse, and dog, together with various utensils, drinking cups etc., were found. The tumulus is supposed to date from about 800, when Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of Rome, and when Norway was still divided between the wild chieftains and sea-kings. The burial craft is to be left where it was found, a roof being built over it to shelter it from the weather.

"SCHOLAR."—You are right. The so-called "Pre-tenders" to the English throne lie buried in Rome, and on their tombs they are styled respectively James III., Charles III., and Henry IX. King of England.

"MEDICAL."—It is said that a discovery has recently been made by M. Toussaint, a professor of the Veterinary School at Toulouse, by which he has succeeded in inoculating animals with vaccine taken from an infected one, and rendering them proof against epidemics, such as pleuro-pneumonia, etc. M. Pasteur, as is well known, was successful in vaccinating poultry, and thus preserving them from the attack of what is known as chicken cholera.

"STUDENT."—On Friday, September 17, 1880, Boston, Mass., celebrated her two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. The great feature was a procession of tremendous length, including all the militia of Massachusetts, many regiments from other States, and numerous trade representations. A bronze statue of John Winthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts, was unveiled, and there were many appropriate orations. September 17th was selected because on that day in 1630 the magistracy passed a resolution bestowing the name Boston on what had been called Trimountain and Shawmut. A settlement by whites had been made there during the previous summer, their predecessor being a solitary Englishman named Blackstone, of whom they bought the land. At the end of its first century Boston was a prosperous town of several thousand inhabitants. The present population of the city is 350,000, with about as many more in the suburbs. One of its original three mountains has been leveled, and the others greatly flattened, so that the topography of Boston is very decidedly changed.

"HOUSEKEEPER."—Mr. Ruskin takes a charming view of the dignity of the cook's function, and one that should encourage women who are tempted to feel discontented with a quiet life. "What does cookery mean?" he asks. "It means the knowledge of Medea, and of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of Rebekah, and of the Queen of Sheba; it means knowledge of all herbs, and fruits, and balms, and spices, and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savory in meat, it means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliances; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means much testing and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, and French art, and Arabian hospitality; and it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and

always ladies, 'loaf-givers;' and, as you are to see imperatively that everybody has something pretty to put on, so you are to see yet more imperatively that everybody has something nice to eat."

"LINGUIST."—Among the languages of civilized nations English is the most wide-spread. It is the mother-tongue of about 80,000,000 people; German of between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000; French of between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000; Italian of 28,000,000, and Russian of between 55,000,000 and 60,000,000.

"HAROLD."—The lines of railroads in the five divisions of the earth cost, in round numbers, \$16,000,000,000, and would, according to Baron Kolb, reach eight times round the globe, although it is but little over half a century since the first railway worked by steam was opened between Darlington and Stockton, September 27, 1825, and between Manchester and Liverpool, September 15, 1820.

"GARDENER."—You should never destroy black ants; remember the "Ancient Mariner," and think before killing even insects. In Northern Italy and Southern Germany orchard proprietors are cultivators of the common black ant, which insect they hold in high esteem as the fruit-grower's best friend. They establish ant hills in their orchards, and leave the police service of their fruit-trees entirely to the tiny colonists, which pass all their time in climbing up the stems of the fruit-trees, cleansing their boughs and leaves of malefactors, mature as well as embryonic, and descending laden with spoils to the ground, where they comfortably consume or prudently store away their booty. They never meddle with sound fruit, but only invade such apples, pears, and plums as have already been penetrated by the canker, which they remorselessly pursue to its fastnesses within the very heart of the fruit. Nowhere are apple and pear trees so free from blight and destructive insects as in the immediate neighborhood of a large ant-hill five or six years old. The favorite food of ants would appear to be the larvæ and pupæ of those creatures which spend the whole of their brief existence in devouring the tender shoots and juvenile leaves of fruit-trees.

"UGLY BUCKEYE."—A growth of hair where the skin is usually fair and smooth is not an attraction, but it is difficult to remove it; the better way would be to arrange your hair and dress to conceal it. It might possibly have been done in childhood—it would be almost impossible now. You can wear corsets, however, that will greatly improve your appearance and not injure your health. Your handwriting is that of an honest, truthful, right-minded, intelligent girl.

"DEAR DEMOREST:—I am glad to have read Jennie June's 'Cost of a Career.' It has done me good—not that I am one of those who are 'sighing,' but there are but few of us who cannot look around us and see some towering height whereon we think we might have written our names had we but undertaken the task; and I believe there are women who go through life with an unsatisfied ambition to know for themselves, and to show to the world what their capabilities are, and just how high up the hill of fame they can climb—women who are talented, and who, if they had cultivated those gifts, had undertaken a 'career,' would have ranked among the very best and brightest, but who seldom display their gifts outside of their own homes; to be sure these gifts make the home of such a woman all the pleasanter and more enjoyable.

"I must say that I like DEMOREST exceedingly. I have taken it for three years, and I think I must have it next year."
SUBSCRIBER.

"MARGARET."—Your best plan would be to get one handsome and complete suit in which to be married, and which you could reserve for visiting, church, and any ceremonious day occasions. Such suits are made now very elegantly of a combination of wool and plush, all in one color, and consist of trimmed skirt, plush jacket, lined, and finished with large buttons; plush cap, with ostrich feather band and gold ornaments; and muff, ornamented with large satin bow and ruffles. This makes a very neat-looking though very elegant complete costume, and our Furnishing Bureau will make it to order, of finest materials, for \$125. The jacket, cap and muff could be utilized in many different ways, and save outlay for separate articles, which, after all the cost, have not the peculiar *cachet* of fashion.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—We should advise an English, or a French one; and the best way would be to go to some good bookseller, look at the different ones, and select one to suit your own taste.

"E."—Instruction by correspondence began in England, but the idea has been copied in this country.

There is a society of this kind in Boston. We do not remember the address of the secretary, but a letter would probably find her addressed to Boston, Mass.

"VIOLET."—Get dark green, and trim with plush same shade.

"LA REINA."—Try muriatic acid on your warts; touch them with it; do not let it touch the skin elsewhere.

"DENVER."—There is a *cosmetique* for darkening the eyebrows, which is the simplest and easiest means of deepening, and more strongly defining them. It is the size and shape of a small stick of chocolate, and costs about twenty-five cents.

"MRS. L. R. M."—Garnet and old gold, or gray and crimson, are, either of them, good combinations for an afghan. The stripes should be about five inches in width, and the embroidery upon them should be butterflies, birds, grasshoppers, etc. Quantity of wool will depend on size, fringe, and the like; that you can judge for yourself. Do not put any contrasting color with plum-colored cashmere. Use velvet of the same shade, and this also for trimming the gray hat—unless you prefer plush. She can wear pale blue at the neck.

"VAN."—Sancho Panza is a character in the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes, a famous satire upon chivalry. The majority of educated men at the North are Republicans; that will account for the ministers being of that political stripe.

"DILEMMA."—The handkerchiefs are a very good idea. You should not get less than half a dozen. They should not cost less than a dollar each—\$1.25, including the embroidery. Our Purchasing Bureau could furnish them. But this advice will probably come too late for you to execute the embroidery. Has he a dressing-gown, or a handsome pocket and memorandum-book combined? Doubtless either of these would be welcome.

"MRS. A. H."—Use crimson dress flannel, or some other solid color in all-wool for your little boy's dresses, and select any good princess pattern which is simple and convenient. The combination knitted merino drawers are the best and most useful. They can now be bought in any size.

"AN ARDENT ADMIRER."—We do not exactly understand your questions, in regard to New Year's Day. You say, "Should callers be introduced individually to every member of the family?" And again, "Should a card be inclosed in a separate envelope for each gentleman, supposing there are two, or three, in a family?"

The custom, in regard to New Year's calling, may be different in your locality from what it is in New York. But here only the ladies of a family receive, not the whole family, and, especially not the gentlemen, who are presumed to be out calling, as in duty bound, upon their lady friends. Sometimes, when there is only one lady in a family, she invites ladies to receive with her; but, unless she has several grown daughters, there is not likely to be an embarrassment of numbers among the ladies receiving on New Year's Day; and, so far from having a difficulty in introducing callers to every lady present, there is usually a difficulty in getting ladies enough to attend to the callers.

Refreshments are a matter of choice and convenience. Very many gentlemen do not partake of them at all, but they should be adapted to suit their taste. Pickled oysters, chicken salad, sandwiches, a basket of cake, fruit, olives, sardines, bouillon, coffee and lemonade, make a sufficient bill of fare. Perhaps your inquiry, in regard to leaving cards for gentlemen, refers to "Ladies' Day," but that has long been obsolete in cities.

"A. B."—Beaver hats are more fashionable than felt. We do not know how brown hair can be bleached to white; and, if we did, we should not want to tell of it, for fear some foolish person would make the experiment regardless of consequences. The hair is dressed very simply this season. It is merely waved, and coiled at the back, where it is fastened with a comb, or one or two immense hairpins.

"A DEVOTED ADMIRER."—The combination suits of wool and plush, or wool and velvet, are the latest and most elegant costumes for visiting and church wear. They include hat, muff, jacket, and trimmed skirt—the three former of velvet or plush in a solid color, the latter of wool trimmed with velvet. There is no contrast of color, only of fabric.

"BUSY BEE."—The following is the story of Emily Geiger: Gen. Greene was very desirous to send a message to Gen. Sumter to join his forces and aid him in attacking Lord Rawdon. There were so many Tories scattered all about the country, no one would consent

to convey it, until a young lady named Emily Geiger presented herself and offered to make the journey on horseback. She was intrusted with a letter, but informed of its contents, that, if the missive could not be presented, she might deliver the message verbally. Her journey was intercepted, and an old woman bidden to search her person. To escape detection, she ate up the letter piece by piece, and, nothing being found upon her, was allowed to go her way unmolested. She reached Sumter in safety, and brought about, through the delivery of the message, a union of the two divisions.

"RUTH."—The only usher required in receiving New Year's calls is the servant in attendance. He, or she, receives the card of the caller and carries it to the lady of the house, or to the lady for whom the call is specially intended, perhaps a daughter of the house, or some one who is receiving with the ladies of the family. This lady, whichever it is, walks forward and does the honors; that is, she presents her friend to such of the ladies as may not be engaged with friends of their own, or if it is a busy time and many callers are present, she introduces him to the nearest ones, or entertains him until an opportunity offers to present him to some of her friends. Perhaps all are bound for the refreshment-room, and then the latest comer joins the rest, and takes his chances afterward of a chat.

Everything about New Year's calls is as informal as possible, for gentlemen who have many to make come and go with lightning-like rapidity, and often cannot stay for refreshments, but only to wish the regulation "Happy New Years."

"MRS. H. W."—Corded corsets are only suitable for very slight forms. Our corsets, filled with *parabone* substitutes for bones, are made in *cord* for \$6.00, in satin jean for \$5.00. Your alpaca is not worth brocaded silk, you might put a cheap woolen brocade with it, if you could find one to correspond with the shade of brown.

"MRS. A. W."—A long, well-fitting cloth jacket would be the best permanent, inexpensive garment for you. It should be black diagonal or tricot cloth, and requires no finish but facing of farmer's satin for the stitching, and buttons. Such a jacket is good as long as it lasts. We do not know the address desired, nor can we give the address of individuals in this department unless some public good requires it. We do not think that Mrs. Wilson is writing another book at present.

"L. D."—Black armure, and lusterless black silks generally, are mourning; and heavily trimmed with handsome crape, would be "deep" mourning. Black armure is the best mourning silk.

"MRS. M. J. B."—We do not flatter ourselves when we say that the best dressmaking chart you can procure you can get at this office, by applying to Madame Demorest, 17 East 14th Street. The simple reason is that it was based, in the first place, on scientific principles, capable of adaptation to the various changes in fashion, and has been carefully modified in its details in accordance with the latest ideas. Long experience and actual knowledge have made Madame Demorest's charts for ladies, and children also, as near perfection as it is possible to make guides in cutting, and a very little practice will make an intelligent dressmaker, by their means, perfect in fitting. The price of the ladies' chart is \$3.00, children's chart, \$1.50; a discount is made if purchased in quantity to sell again.

"JEN."—In almost all schools and colleges there are scholarships which are given to deserving students, or a provision by which a very earnest and energetic pupil may work out the tuition; but we know of no school in Kansas, or elsewhere, based entirely on this principle. Perhaps some Kansas subscriber can enlighten "Jen" on the point. Tilton & Co. of Boston have published a series of manuals on art which would probably be about what you would need. As for "literature," it is not contained in manuals, or any "two" books. Cut your hair regularly, it is better than shingling it.

"MRS. A. S."—Walking-skirts are still short and narrow, and ruffles are slip-stitched or lightly basted, so as not to show the stitches upon the outside. When stitching is seen, it is made so neat, and in so many rows, as to be ornamental and used as trimming.

"MRS. H. S. L."—The Rose Darnier will fit the Singer, but not the Secor sewing machine.

ANY of our readers who will send their address to the TOILET MASK Co., 1165 Broadway, New York, will receive without charge a Descriptive Treatise explaining how to obtain a pure and faultless complexion without using poisonous cosmetics, powders, etc. We hope that our lady friends will avail themselves of this liberal offer.



Oh! Pshaw.—Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

Ahem!—When a poor young lady hemstitches handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, it may be suspected that she is sewing that she may reap.

Uses of Adversity.—One of the uses of adversity is to enable your neighbors to buy all your new furniture at about 95 per cent. off store prices.

How to do it.—"How shall we get the young men to church?" is the title of an article in a religious weekly: Get the girls to go, sainted brother, get the girls to go.

A Clergyman, meeting an inebriated neighbor, exclaimed, "Drunk again, Wilkins!" to which Wilkins, in a semi-confidential tone responded, "Sho am I, parson!"

The child probably destined to be the greatest of American naturalists is already born. He lives in Tennessee, and is the author of the remark that "a jackass is the only animal that winks with his ears."

Certainly, and as Often as Possible.—Epigram found written on the back of a bank-note—"A wee short while ye hae been mine, Nae langer can I keep ye; I hope you'll soon be back again, An bring anither like ye!"

Just like Them.—"I apologize for saying you could not open your mouth without putting your foot in it," said the editor to Mrs. Snagsby. "I solemnly assure you that when I said it I had no idea of the size of your foot."

A Spooky newly-married couple at Bridgeport were overheard billing and cooing. He—"What would do we do if pidgee died?" She—"Dovee'd die, too." Drug stores cost money—listeners didn't have to buy emetics for a year.

Sensible Darkey.—"Hold on dar," said a colored man, hailing an acquaintance. "Does yer cross the street ebry time yer sees me, to keep frum payin' dat bill?" "No I doesn't." "What fur den?" "Ter keep frum being axed for it."

My Train.—"Is this my train?" asked a traveler at the Grand Central Depot, of a lounge. "I don't know," was the doubtful reply. "I see it's got the name of some railroad company on the side, and expect it belongs to them. Have you lost a train anywhere?"

Good Man Robert.—The late Rev. Dr. Symington, not feeling well one Sabbath morning, said to his beadle, who was a "character," "Man Robert, I wish you would preach for me the day." "I canna do that," promptly replied Robert; "but I often pray for you."

Dark Philosophy.—Two darkies were vaunting their own courage.—"I isn't 'feared o' nothin', I isn't," said one. "Den, Sam, I reckon you isn't 'feared to loan me a dollar?" "No, Julius, I isn't 'feared to loan you a dollah, but I does hate to part with an ole fren' for ebber."

Philosophy is Good in the Absence of Everything Else.—One ought to get as much consolation as possible out of one's grievances, and most persons will admire the cheerful and hopeful spirit of the colored man, who when struck by lightning, simply rubbed the abraded spot of his skull, and remarked, "Dat makes free times I've been struck; now I shouldn't wonder if it let me alone."

Sitting Still.—Says a writer in the *Parisian*:—"I do not know which is the more exasperating, an American woman tilting to and fro in a rocking-chair, or a German woman knitting, knitting, knitting, until the needles seem so many restless, shining imps. I fancy that it requires very high degrees of—of—breeding to enable women to sit still, quite still, not to rock, or do fancy work, or even sway a fan to and fro."

Something about Daughters.—"There's something about your daughter," Mr. Wanghop said reflectively; "there's something about your daughter." "Yes," said old Mr. Thistlepod, "there is. I had noticed it myself. It comes every evening at eight o'clock, and does not get away usually till about twelve o'clock. And some of these nights I am going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the side gate and see what there is in it."