

an harmonious discord and an apparent confusion, out of which, however, order was rapidly coming.

Richard was leaning against the rail, watching all this with interest, when he saw Captain Onslow ascending the cabin stairs, escorting Mrs. Warner and her daughter.

"Now, Miss Mary," said the seaman, "now is your last chance for a glimpse of Old England. If this wind holds, we shall lose the land before midnight."

A tall, dark-eyed girl stepped to the rail at the captain's words, and Richard found he was to become acquainted with his fellow-travelers sooner than he had expected. Captain Onslow, seeing him at that moment, said, "Mr. Lovelace, let me introduce you to my friends, Mrs. Warner and Miss Mary Warner. You will be prisoners on board for many weeks," he said, turning to the ladies, "and I've no doubt Mr. Lovelace can make the time pass pleasantly."

Thus introduced, Richard found himself bowing to the ladies. Squire Penrose had already made him partially acquainted with.

"Mrs. Warner and her daughter are not entirely unknown to me," said Richard, "by hearsay, at least."

"Indeed?" said the elder of the two ladies, with a slight lifting of her eyebrows. "I do not remember your name, sir. Perhaps, however, you may be a friend of my husband's?"

"Not exactly that, either," said Dick, laughing; and then he recounted all that the squire had told him in the afternoon.

"Squire Penrose is known to me by reputation," said Mrs. Warner. "I have heard the general speak of him frequently. I need hardly assure you, Mr. Lovelace," said the elder lady, with a most gracious inclination of her head, "of the pleasure it will give us to travel in your company. Is Squire Penrose a relative of yours?"

"No, madam; but he and my father were friends, and for the sake of that friendship he has, since my father's death, taken his place toward me, as far as it was possible for him to do so." Thus rapidly he told of the connection between himself and the squire, and concluded by hinting of the much nearer relationship that was to crown his successful efforts in India.

At his concluding words, Mary Warner turned from the contemplation of the fast-receding shore. She had taken no part in the short conversation just recorded, but now she said:

"Mr. Lovelace, you remind me of the knights in the days of chivalry, going abroad for treasure to lay at a lady's feet."

"Let us hope that I may be as successful as those same knights usually were, if the legends are to be believed," said Dick, with a smile, as the ladies turned to descend to their cabin.

The acquaintance thus pleasantly begun continued all through the voyage, and Richard was all attention to the wife and daughter of the friend of him to whom he owed so much. And in all his courtesies to Mary Warner, Annie Penrose was not forgotten. She was present in his thoughts night and

day; sleeping or waking, in the furious gales of the Bay of Biscay, or the quiet airs that attended the ship in the South Atlantic, he heard incessantly her parting words, he felt her parting embrace. And in his intercourse with Mary Warner it seemed to him that he was but honoring Annie through another of the sex. Of necessity they were much together; Mrs. Warner was an invalid, and left her daughter to amuse herself as best she could; the other passenger, Mr. Pickering, seldom showed himself outside his own cabin, and then only for a few moments; and oftentimes the best amusement attainable for the young lady was in the society of Lovelace.

Thus the voyage wore away. Calcutta was reached, and, Captain Onslow being prevented by his duties on board from doing it himself, deputed Richard to escort his lady passengers to their residence a few miles outside the city. Here he made the acquaintance of General Warner, and once more the friendship of Squire Penrose stood him in good stead. The general insisted on his taking up his residence with them until his permanent arrangements were made, and to a stranger in the country the offer was very acceptable. So his "traps" were sent up the following day, and his first letter home was dated from General Warner's bungalow. At the end of a week, his arrangements were all completed. He was to commence his duties on an opium plantation a day's journey up the country, for a firm in Calcutta, which under skillful management would yield large returns. Richard was sanguine, hopeful, and energetic, and very soon his affairs began to wear an encouraging look. Here let us leave him for a time, and, taking a narrator's license, transport the reader once more to the shores of England.

CHAPTER IV.

"FATHER AND SON."

THE banking-house of Sir James Fontibell & Son, Gracechurch Street, London, was one of the oldest and most distinguished in that city—a city noted for its merchant princes. In the century of years that had passed since its founding by the grandfather of the present Sir James, no financial crisis had ever shaken its financial stability, so wise and conservative had been its management. Other houses had bent to the successive storms that had rolled over the financial world, but Fontibell's, as it was called, seemed impregnable. At length, however, its security was threatened, though no whisper of this had as yet got abroad. The danger was known only to two men—the head of the firm and his confidential clerk and manager. Sir James Fontibell wrote M. P. after his name, representing the borough of Marlowe in the legislature of the nation, and was a well-preserved man of forty-five, tall, of aristocratic presence, with jet-black hair and mustache, and quick-glancing eyes. Some years before, the railway mania had swept over England—indeed the whole of Europe was not exempt from the craze which hoped for a short road to wealth through railway shares. Sir James had departed from the time-honored custom of the house, and had

become largely interested in many of the enterprises which then started into existence. Some of these speculations had proved successful, but as many had resulted very disastrously. To such an extent did his embarrassments reach, that, unless a considerable addition to his available means was made, there would be no resort short of absolute suspension. That this meant ruin for many persons, Sir James knew very well; many of these were friends and relatives in and around Marlowe, who, relying on the reputation and good faith of the firm, had intrusted their all to its keeping. Many and long had been the consultations between Sir James and his manager; many a weary hour had he spent trying to see his way out of the tangle in which his unfortunate speculations had involved him.

There were two plans which promised relief. The first was to mortgage the family estates, but this was an extremely hazardous proceeding; for, were it known that Fontibell Towers was on the market, it might only precipitate the crisis; so it was dismissed from serious consideration. The remaining plan took the form of a rich alliance for his son Frederick. Such a marriage, Sir James thought, could be arranged with a Miss St. John, a wealthy heiress, who resided with her widowed mother a few miles from Marlowe. Sir James flattered himself that the match would be welcomed by his son, and of the lady he had but little doubt; the prospect of becoming Lady Fontibell was one that might have dazzled a maiden far more gently born than was Clara St. John.

With these thoughts in mind, and for the purpose of sounding Frederick on the matter, he had requested his son to meet him on a certain day, and at the time named the young man presented himself at his father's office in the bank, and was motioned to a seat.

"You wished to see me, father?" he asked, taking his place at the other side of the office table. He was a tall, dark, dreamy-eyed young man of about six and twenty, entirely lacking his father's decision of manner. Hardly a business man, one would have said at first sight, and the hasty estimate of his character would have been pretty accurate. In truth, he was a student rather than a financier, and would rather have been at that moment in the old library at Fontibell Towers than in the dimly lighted office in Gracechurch Street. It was doubtful if he would ever succeed his father in the management of the concern, but precisely on that account Sir James was anxious that no stain or blemish should rest upon the business honor of the firm, if indeed he was to be the last representative of the family in the busy haunts of trade.

"I wished to see you, Frederick," said his father, in answer to his question on entering the room, "on a matter of great importance to you, and I may say of some interest to myself. I refer to your marriage."

"You—you—take me by surprise, sir," said his son, after a silence of some moments, visibly affected. "I can assure you I had given the subject no thought—that is, no serious thought." He seemed possessed by some deep feeling aroused by his father's answer, and

was far more agitated than the words seemed to warrant. He took several hasty turns up and down the room, his father watching him curiously meanwhile. The latter was the first to break silence.

"You have been a frequent visitor at the house of Mrs. St. John, lately, Frederick?"

"Not more than our near residence at Marlowe warrants, sir," answered the young man. "And you must remember that since Mr. St. John's death the ladies have had no relative to whom they might look for escort when in town."

"From what I have heard, I had supposed that your attentions in that quarter had been not unfavorably looked upon."

"I hardly know what you mean by 'attentions,' father. I certainly admire and esteem Clara St. John—what man would not—but as to any attentions, or, for the matter of that, intentions, I can truly say that my calls have had no such significance. Besides, what has that to do with the matter you have referred to?"

"You are singularly obtuse, Frederick," said the elder, a slight irritation perceptible in his voice.

"Perhaps, sir, if you will be a little more explicit as to your meaning, I may be able to evince a little more penetration," returned Frederick.

Sir James rose from his chair and paced up and down the room. Should he tell his son all? Was Frederick the sort of man to marry a girl simply for her money? Hardly, he thought. Nor, if the truth be told, would Sir James have urged him to such a step. But if, as he hoped, an alliance between the two families could be brought about through a mutual liking, it would meet his desires completely. Resuming his seat, he said:

"Frederick, I am aware it is rather a delicate matter to urge a young man to marry a certain girl, but I had anticipated that you would have readily apprehended my meaning, and so saved me the trouble of being more explicit." He paused, waiting a reply. His son sat in silence, as though determined not to assist his father by a single word. Seeing which he resumed:

"I have every reason to believe, Frederick, that Mrs. St. John would look favorably upon any proposition from you looking toward your marriage with her daughter. As you are aware, her fortune is considerable, and her daughter will inherit the whole. Need I say any more, my dear boy?"

"Would you have me marry a girl solely on account of her money?" said the younger.

"Certainly not. I should think you could hardly fail to admire Miss St. John—any man might be proud to call her wife. If I were ten years younger—"

"The thing is impossible, sir," interrupted Frederick. "She is all you have described—she is far too good to be consigned to such a fate as you have indicated. I repeat, it is impossible. Were I—did I not—" and he rose and paced the floor in great agitation.

"I don't quite see the justice of your re-

marks, Fred," said Sir James. "'The fate I would consign her to,' as you term it, is one that might be eagerly sought by any girl in her station. The Fontibells are of far higher lineage than the St. Johns," said the elder, proudly; "and you may be assured that were you to offer the lady in question the chance of becoming Lady Fontibell, she would take you at your word."

"You misjudge her, sir. Clara St. John would give her hand to no man did he not possess her heart also."

"Come, come, Fred, you seem to be pretty well acquainted with the lady—to be more intimate with her than you would have me suppose."

"Again you are mistaken, sir. It appears to me as though you looked upon my marriage as a purely business affair."

"Heaven forbid that I should traffic in your happiness, my boy," said the father. "If you cannot enter into this affair without violating your feelings of truth toward Miss St. John, I will urge it no more; but I tell you frankly it is a plan I have cherished to see the two families united." His words seemed to quiet his son, who resumed his seat, and said with more composure of manner than he had hitherto shown:

"I will not deny that I have the greatest respect and esteem for Miss St. John. I respect her so much that I should think it a sin to marry her, did I not regard her with affection, and did I not possess her love in return."

To do Sir James justice, it was with a thrill of pride that he heard his son enunciate principles that he felt to be most creditable to his heart and mind. But when he thought of the interests at stake, of the certain ruin that stared him in the face if his darling plan failed, he was impelled to make one more effort to urge his son.

"Then why not try and win her love?—she is as I have said, a woman any man might be proud to call wife."

"You do not understand, father—you do not know—I cannot—" returned the young man, disjointedly, all his old agitation returning.

"What does the fellow mean," exclaimed the baronet, testily. "Here I tell him he is only to ask for one of the handsomest and richest women in England, and he stammers, and hesitates, and splits hairs, as though I had asked him to commit a murder!"

"Say no more, father, I entreat you," said Frederick. "The thing is impossible."

"Impossible, what do you mean by that? You own she is all that a man could desire in a wife—rich, amiable, young—and then tell me it is impossible you should even try to marry her. You must have some reason for such singular behavior."

"If you insist on knowing, then, I have," said Frederick.

"Well my boy, what is it? Out with it."

"I love another."

"You do, eh? And who may the lady be, pray; some fancy of your Oxford days, no doubt?"

"It is Annie Penrose!"

"Annie Penrose! You must be mad,

Frederick. You know she is promised to young Lovelace?"

Frederick groaned. "I do," he said.

There was a pause of some minutes, during which Sir James appeared lost in thought. At length, raising his head, he said, scornfully enough:

"And so you have fallen in love with that penniless girl?"

"I have fallen in love with Annie Penrose!" and, so saying, Frederick strode out of the room.

CHAPTER V.

"STILL WATERS RUN DEEP."

To Annie Penrose, in the quiet village of Marlowe, time sped on leaden wings. Winter had gone, and summer, and the melancholy days were at hand once again. It was nearly a year since Richard had said his good-by; a long, long year which had been almost devoid of incident. The squire had soon settled down, after the momentary ripple of excitement caused by Richard's journey, into the hunting, his weekly interviews with his bailiff, and his weekly game of chess with the minister; the two older ladies of the household had plenty of work to keep them occupied, even had they been disposed to let their thoughts wander to the absent one. But with Annie it was different. Beyond a few trifling duties about the house, and an occasional walk into the village or to church, there was nothing to divert her mind from dwelling upon her far-away lover. Her favorite pastime was to sit in a deep window recess, in the old library, where, under pretense of reading, she could dream to her heart's content. With no mother in whom she could confide, and who could sympathize with her at a time like this, she had been driven in upon herself for companionship, and the result was a decided *penchant* for solitude and self-communing.

The lovers corresponded regularly and frequently. Richard's affairs had for some months past been steadily improving, and he confidently anticipated returning to claim his bride in three years. His letters shone with all the ardor of true affection, and were full of expressions of constancy and love. Besides there were descriptions of his life in the tropics which had not a little of adventure and excitement. These letters, and the pleasant task of replying to them, formed the one staple theme of Annie's somewhat monotonous life.

During the autumn just passed Annie had been favored with a visit which to her had seemed ordinary enough, but which to her caller was fraught with deep significance.

After the interview with his father, young Fontibell had gone direct to Fontibell Towers. He wanted the quiet and repose of the old family seat for reflection on the, to him, startling proposal his father had made. His affection for Annie Penrose was not the sudden growth of a day, but had commenced long ago, in a liking for the sunny-faced girl he had used to meet when a boy, at the gatherings of the surrounding country side; albeit,

even at that early day, the maiden always had a readier smile and a quicker welcome for Lovelace. Frederick's passion had smouldered, its extent and depth unknown and unsuspected even by himself, until the announcement of the betrothal of the youth and maiden; and only then did he realize to what a consuming fire his passion had grown. He had endeavored to cure himself by study but to no avail; and he had returned to Marlowe at the close of his college career more hopelessly enslaved than ever. Hence the decided manner in which he had repelled his father's suggestion with regard to Miss St. John; not that he anticipated ever winning Annie—his good faith toward the absent one forbade the thought of such a thing; though had Richard been in Marlowe, Frederick would have been strongly impelled to try conclusions with him for the possession of Annie's favor; nevertheless, in his present state of mind, any other suggestion of the kind was particularly irritating and repulsive.

But, on cool reflection, the thought forced itself again and again upon him: Was it wise, was it manly, to cling to an attachment which could never be gratified, nay, the very thought of which was dishonorable toward his absent friend? Would it not be wise to endeavor to gain forgetfulness of this unfortunate love by some other attachment? Sir James was right when he said he must be mad to think of such a thing. Not that Frederick came to this frame of mind until after many severe struggles; and not the least of the many trials to his fortitude were the chance meetings he had with Annie during the summer and autumn succeeding Richard's departure. The sight of the well-known, trim little figure coming toward him on the village street, or a glimpse of her golden head bowed in prayer in church, would set his blood afire, and well-nigh scatter all his prudence to the winds.

It was a day or so after one of these chance meetings that Frederick Fontibell found himself strolling toward Penrose Hall. He had come in that direction with no fixed purpose, unless an ever present desire to exchange speech with the unconscious object of his affection, whom he had avoided of late, could be called a purpose. What good it could do him, or what harm, for that matter, he never asked himself. Thus it was that on coming in sight of the Hall his pulse quickened and his heart beat high as he discovered Annie alone in the garden; and, after entering the massive gateway, it took all his masculine self-control to prevent his agitation showing itself in his salutation. The touch of her hand sent a thrill through his whole being; but the confiding, unsuspecting way in which Annie allowed it to rest in his, brought him to his senses, and nerved him to inquire in a steady tone after Richard Lovelace.

If he had needed anything to tell him of the hopelessness of his attachment to the girl at his side, he would have found it in the happy confidence with which she chatted to him, her old playmate, of the brightening prospects of her betrothed. He felt, as he walked at her side, as though he would rather lose his right

hand than destroy her confidence in him; which he most assuredly would have done had she obtained but an inkling of his real feelings toward her. The result of the meeting was that Frederick went home a stronger and a better man. Months passed, and since he had become convinced of the utter hopelessness of his ever being aught but a friend to Annie, he had gone far on the road toward conquering his passion. He spent the winter at Fontibell Towers in reading, his father being in London attending to his business and parliamentary duties. At the Easter recess, however, Sir James came down to Marlowe for a week's rest. His affairs had not improved much, and he was as anxious as ever to consummate the alliance between his son and Miss St. John, and he took an early opportunity of broaching the subject again. To his surprise and gratification, Frederick did not repel his suggestions as at their previous meeting; but he would as yet bind himself by no promise to endeavor to further the baronet's suggestions; and with this progress Sir James was forced to content himself.

Summer came, and, with the close of the London season, Mrs. St. John and her daughter Clara came down to their country-house, some three or four miles from Marlowe. Annie Penrose and Clara at once resumed their intimacy, and Frederick was their frequent attendant in their many walks and drives in the surrounding country.

Clara St. John possessed a style of beauty that was almost Cleopatra-like in the dark richness of her complexion and the classical outlines of her form; and she completely eclipsed Annie even as the tulip outshines the white rose. A brilliant and showy girl, educated in all that the modern world calls accomplishments, she possessed a temper that was as equable and unruffled as the summer skies. Being thrown so much in her company, and having no opportunity, had he desired it, of making love to Annie, it is not surprising that before the summer was over Frederick had half confessed to himself that Clara St. John as Lady Fontibell would be "a consummation devoutly to be wished." But here a new fear stepped in—or rather an old one—born of his last experience in the treacherous field of love. She had given no sign of a deeper preference than that any lady might evince for an enjoyable and congenial companion; and he shrank from destroying their mutual good understanding by seeking to have a warmer feeling take its place.

Thus the summer wore away. Mrs. St. John and Clara returned to town; Frederick soon followed them; and the second winter since Richard's departure settled down on those at Penrose. Of them all Annie was perhaps the happiest; for would not the dear one return in a year? So he had said in his last letter, and so Annie hoped and believed. And in this happy belief she made the old Hall resound with her merry songs and gayly-tripping feet; and Squire Harry more than once expressed his conviction that a little bird had been whispering some pleasant tales.

CHAPTER VI.

"L'HOMME PROPOSER ET LE DIEU DISPOSER."

THE London winter season was at its height. Receptions, parties, balls followed each other in quick succession. Not a few of those condemned by social custom to move in this endless round of gayety longed for the respite which would be afforded by the Lenten season, when the fashionable world puts on sackcloth and ashes; that is, does not go out more than three times a week for its many sins. One young lady at least would be glad to exchange the ceaseless procession of brilliant gatherings for the more rational enjoyments of the boudoir and sitting-room.

The name of Clara St. John was upon the lips of all her male acquaintances; men with great expectations, men of moderate expectations, and men with no expectations at all—some of them having only the expectations of handling her wealth—came to swell her train. Emphatically she was the belle of the season. Came also Frederick Fontibell. He had availed himself to the utmost of the standing in Miss St. John's favor which the previous summer's intimacy had given him; but the casual observer, in public at least, would have failed to detect more in his manner than was warranted by their previous acquaintance. To chronicle truth, however, it must be said that the more he saw of her the more was he attracted. And yet he was most uncertain as to the position which he held in her regard. She seemed to be equally gracious to the penniless young cornet as to the heir of a dukedom. If she showed a preference to a class, it was to the very limited few distinguished for their intellectual attainments. And yet Frederick sometimes thought that her glance had sought him out of the crowd, but he was slow to take advantage of it even if it were so. He was so perfectly at ease in her society that, with the remembrance of the balking of his previous venture in love, the soreness of which he yet felt a little, he was loth to disturb the good understanding between them, and, perchance, in grasping at the shadow of her affections, lose the substance of her friendship. This last he was sure he possessed.

One evening, after their return home, Mrs. St. John said to Clara, "Send your maid away as soon as you can dispense with her, my dear; I wish to speak with you a while."

Clara opened her black eyes a little, but only said, "Very well, mamma." Accordingly Mrs. St. John shortly after proceeded to her daughter's room.

If the mother had one ambition it was to see her daughter the wife of a man of title. She herself was sufficiently wealthy to be able to waive the question of money, and shrewdly supposed that it would fully compensate for any lack of aristocratic lineage on the part of her daughter. Not that the St. John's were not of good family; but, notwithstanding the fact that they might be found in Burke's Peerage, the late Mr. St. John had made his money in the East-India trade, which fact was sufficient, in some minds, to keep them out of the charmed circle.

The mother had seen, not without inward satisfaction, the progress of the intimacy between young Fontibell and Clara. With all her ambitious projects she considered her daughter's future happiness as the first thing to be considered, and from what she had seen of Frederick she believed he was the man to make her happy, while his ancient and honorable name would fully meet her views in other particulars. So, unknown to him, Frederick already possessed an ally within the enemy's lines.

With feet encased in dainty slippers, and her form enveloped in the most bewitching of *negligé* wrappers, Clara St. John waited for her mother to begin the conversation. The elder lady unmasked her batteries at once as though she would take the citadel by storm.

"My dear child, you know that I have only your happiness at heart—"

"Of course I do, dear mamma," interrupted Clara, moving closer to her mother.

"And so, my dear, you will understand that in what I am going to say my only desire is for your good." She paused as if to arrange her thoughts, and then resumed:

"My child, it would give me unspeakable happiness to see you happily married, and mistress of an establishment of your own before I die."

"Oh, mamma!"

"There is no need for your astonishment, my dear. I was married at your age, and I never regretted it. Tell me am I not right in supposing that a certain young friend of ours finds favor in your eyes?"

"If you refer to Mr. Fontibell, mamma, I may certainly own to liking him very much as a friend."

"Nothing more?" said the elder, archly.

Clara parried her mother's insinuating question by saying, "How do you know, dear mamma, that there is any thought of 'anything more' in Mr. Fontibell's mind?"

"Enough of this fencing, you plague," said her mother, laughing. "Tell me this: how should you like to be Lady Fontibell? Come, Clara," she said, seeing that she still hesitated, "you need not be afraid surely to confide in your mother. I know what a girl's fancies are, my dear."

"Really, mamma, you want me to tell you more than I know myself. I admire Fred—Mr. Fontibell—and—and—but he has never told me that he liked me."

With this Mrs. St. John was forced to be content; but she was satisfied there would be no opposition to her plans on the part of her daughter; and she relied upon the coming summer when Frederick was engaged to spend some weeks at her country house to further her ambitious wishes for the future. Upon leaving London the ladies were escorted by Frederick some distance upon their journey; they to pay a visit before going to their own home, he to join some friends for a month's yachting on the coast of Norway. But at the parting of the young people Mrs. St. John tried vainly to discern some signs of a warmer feeling than mere friendship.

Three weeks later the ladies were startled by the receipt of a black-bordered letter bearing the Fontibell coat of arms. With trem-

bling hands Mrs. St. John broke the seal and in great agitation read the following from Sir James: "I write you under the shadow of a great affliction, of which you may have heard ere this reaches you. My dear son has been drowned while fishing on the Norwegian coast, and at the last account his body had not been recovered. * * * Pray for me, my friends, for my trouble is almost greater than I can bear."

To say that Mrs. St. John was shocked beyond measure would but ill express her feelings as she read and re-read the baronet's letter. That he whose name she had so recently coupled with her daughter's future life should be no more seemed almost impossible of belief; yet it is only just to say that in her sympathy for unhappy Sir James her own projects were entirely forgotten, and she wrote him speedily, assuring him of all her womanly sympathy and compassion. Clara, though to her the news was a great shock, was unable to grieve otherwise than for a dear friend. No word of love had ever passed between herself and Frederick, and she was not the woman to give her affections to any man unasked. Moreover, she had a very shrewd suspicion as to what his sentiments toward Annie Penrose had been, and this knowledge, perhaps, served to prevent her from showing regard for a man whose heart, she had reason to believe, was not his own.

As for Sir James, who could picture his grief and disappointment? On the receipt of the melancholy tidings all feeling but that of intense grief was eclipsed by this great sorrow. But very soon the precarious condition of his business affairs weighed upon him more than ever, and forced the conviction upon him that, now that his darling plan was dashed in pieces, he must cast about for some other way of restoring his fortunes. Meanwhile events are happening many thousand miles from England which our pen must chronicle.

CHAPTER VII.

"O'ER LAND AND SEA."

ON a certain day in the month of December, 1861, there strode into a merchant's office on the Strand at Calcutta a man whose every movement bespoke energy and activity. It would have puzzled many of his English friends to have recognized in the bronzed and bearded fellow before us the once slim and fair Richard Lovelace; but numberless days spent in the saddle in and around the estate of his employers, under the ungentle beams of a tropical sun, had changed and hardened the youth into a man of mature appearance.

Nodding to the clerks, he passed on to the private office of the firm, where he was met with outstretched hand by the senior partner, John Cavendish, Esq.

"Take a seat, Mr. Lovelace," said that gentleman, and then, after a few questions and replies thereto, relative to the affairs of the agency, said: "So you want leave of absence, Lovelace?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "It is now over three years since I came out, and I have ur-

gent reasons for wishing to return for a short time."

"Particularly urgent, eh?" said the senior partner, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"Particularly urgent," repeated Dick, with a slightly heightened color. Then, smiling, he said, "In fact, Mr. Cavendish, I may as well be frank with you now, because you'll find it out when I come back. I am going to England to marry the girl who has been waiting for me all these years—Annie Penrose, the daughter of Squire Penrose."

"Ah, well, if she's anything like her mother, you've got a prize, Lovelace," said the merchant, who had known Mrs. Penrose before her marriage, as he turned to his desk for a moment. "How long must you stay?" was his next query.

"I can return in six months if all goes well," said Lovelace.

"Well, I suppose we must arrange it for you. When do you want to start?"

"The *Warwick* sails this day week. That will give me ample time to arrange things up the river."

"Very good." Then, after a moment's thought, "Consider it settled, Mr. Lovelace," and the busy merchant turned again to his desk.

With a light heart Richard stepped in the outer office to write a hasty letter to Annie, telling her of the date of his sailing, and the name of the steamer, and assuring her of his arrival at Penrose Hall almost immediately after his letter—that is to say in something less than six weeks. Then, hardly waiting to receive the congratulations of the few to whom his approaching departure had become known, he started on his return to the plantation that he might lose no time in placing everything in good order for his temporary successor. He could hardly realize that the time of his "probation" had already passed; that he, Dick Lovelace, was really going home; that the day he had anticipated in his thoughts so often had nearly arrived; but so it was. Three years of hard work and incessant attention to duty had been rewarded by the confidence of the firm in whose employ he was, and with the entire control of the plantation. People called him lucky Dick Lovelace, but he knew that, while he undoubtedly had much to be thankful for, he also had his own exertions to thank largely for that same success. Now that he was going back to England and to Annie how short the past three years seemed, but how long they had been in passing! With such musings as these he whiled away the hot and dusty journey back to the bungalow which had been his home since he first set foot on the shores of India.

The next few days were busy ones. Much was to be arranged and explained to the man who was to take his place; and although the planting season was over, and the work would be correspondingly light, he was anxious that everything should go on as nearly as possible as though he himself were present.

The morning in question, however, found him on board, all his business arranged, and with a light heart he could look forward joyously to the coming reunion. By mid-day the low, muddy banks of the Hoogly were

gliding quickly by, and at sunrise the next morning the stem of the P. and O. Company's steamer, *Warwick*, was cleaving the waters of the Bay of Bengal.

Reclining under the awning on the quarter-deck, Lovelace could but compare his circumstances three years ago and now. Then he had landed poor and well-nigh friendless; now he was homeward bound, and, though still anything but rich, his position was made, and he was assured of a competence after a few more years of toil, which would be sweetened by the companionship of that dear one who, he fondly hoped, was even now waiting and watching for his coming.

For a whole week the routine on board ship was unbroken by any untoward event. Point de Galle was passed on the sixth day, and the *Warwick* was now well into the Arabian Gulf. Cloudless day was followed by cloudless night, and there was every indication of a quick run to Suez. Passing the captain's cabin on his way to his own state-room one day, Lovelace glanced in, and saw that gentleman standing before the barometer with anything but a pleased expression on his weather-scarred face.

"Glass falling, captain?" was his question.

"I should think it was!" said the skipper. "I suppose we shall have a few puffs of wind, shortly. Not that it will amount to much," he said, with a smile that was intended to be a reassuring one, "but I had hoped to carry this fine weather right across the gulf."

In anything that promised to delay the vessel, be it ever so little, Richard was interested, and, returning on deck, surveyed the heavens with interest. The sun was shining as brightly as ever; not a sign of a cloud was to be seen anywhere; nothing save a slight yellowish haze that seemed to be slowly ascending the western sky to meet the setting sun. It was not till after watching in that direction for some time that he was assured that it was slowly but surely ascending the heavens in the west. Captain Bush coming to his side, he called his attention to it.

"Yes, Mr. Lovelace, that's where we'll get our weather from if it does blow," he said. "But don't alarm yourself; these squalls blow themselves out in half a day."

Tiffin or tea was now announced, and with a last look at the west Lovelace descended to the main saloon. Here an hour was very pleasantly spent, but on again going on deck, he was greatly amazed at the change in the weather, or rather in the atmosphere. The sun was still shining, it was true, although rapidly nearing the horizon; but there was a sickly look about the heavens that was almost mournful. The sea was calm and only barely ruffled by a light wind that, to Richard's surprise, was blowing in a contrary direction to the motion of that bank of yellow haze in the west, which by this time covered fully one quarter of the heavens. The sun set, darkness came on, and the stars glimmered faintly without any change occurring; and about eleven o'clock Lovelace retired.

Three hours later he was rudely awakened by finding himself on his back on the floor of his cabin, while a din as of a thousand water-spouts hurling themselves upon the deck

above filled his ears, and his first thought was that the squall had struck them, which was perfectly true. The ship had been almost thrown on her side by the first force of the wind, and now slowly righted; but the rain still continued to fall. The torrent ceased, however, in about fifteen minutes, and then the sea, till then kept down by the rain, commenced to rise under the furious lashing of the wind, and so violently did the vessel toss and pitch that it seemed as if every lurch must be her last. It was impossible to go on deck, for the hatches were on all the companion-ways; so Dick had no resource but to turn in again. Toward morning he fell asleep, despite the motion of the ship, and when he awoke the sun was shining brightly, though there was a heavy sea running. By dinner-time the waves had so moderated that eating was no longer a series of gymnastic exercises as had been the case at breakfast; and all of the passengers who were not invalidated by the effects of the storm appeared at table.

The meal had proceeded as far as the desert much as usual, with the gale as the principal topic of conversation, when suddenly there was a gentle shock, then a horrible rasping, grating sound along the entire length of the vessel, then a more severe shock and a sudden stoppage of the ship. Captain Bush sprang on deck, followed by Richard and one or two of the more active of the male passengers. A moment later those still at table, looking at each other with alarm and consternation in their faces, felt the throbbing of the engines as they first stopped and were then reversed at full speed, and again stopped. On arriving on deck Lovelace's first act was to look over the side, and there, a fathom or so below the surface of the ocean, he clearly discovered the sharp outlines of a coral reef. At once the situation flashed upon him. The *Warwick* had struck a sunken rock, and was hopelessly wedged in. The engines were again reversed, and again with the same result. Orders were then given to open the hatches and lighten the vessel by throwing overboard cargo, and very soon the sea around was covered with chests, bales, and boxes, whose total value would amount to a fortune. The crew worked as men whose lives depended on the result, assisted by many of the passengers, till within an hour or two of sunset; but without avail. The *Warwick* remained hard and fast. Still the crew continued to discharge the freight, and fully one-half were in the hold, engaged in this task, when a fearful cry arose. "She is breaking in two!" It was true enough. A gradual sinking of the two ends, which were almost entirely unsupported, since the tide had fallen somewhat, and which had not been noticed by any, was now followed by several sharp ominous groans, as the massive frame yielded to the immense strain. The crew came creeping out of the hold, and with one impulse crowded toward the boats. But Captain Bush met them with a look and manner so determined that the foremost among them shrank back.

"Women and passengers, first, men," cried he. Under his direction the boats were got ready for launching; provisions and water

were hurriedly placed in them, and the first boat-load got over the ship's side. Suddenly, and without any warning, there was an ominous cracking; a gaping chasm stretched across the deck from one bulwark to the other; a fearful cry arose from near two hundred throats; and the two portions of the hull of the doomed ship sunk on either side of the reef in a hundred fathoms of water.

The last rays of the setting sun lit up the fast-subsiding waves, glanced upon a few miserable forms clinging to fragments of wreck, the last of the ship's company, and then sunk beneath the watery horizon. When next he rose there was naught on all that waste of waters, save some wreckage, to tell the fate of the good ship *Warwick*.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A CLOUD IN THE SKY."

CHRISTMAS-TIME at Penrose Hall. Christmas-time kept as it only can be kept in the old manor-houses of England, and a merry party of guests were met to do honor to the day and justice to the bountiful hospitality of Squire Harry. A merry party on the whole, though the hand of sorrow was yet on one of them, at least, Sir James Fontibell. Mrs. and Miss St. John, too, were there, and a few others of the surrounding gentry. Annie Penrose had been the moving spirit in the matter of inviting so many, for she had not been without hopes that Christmas-day might find herself and Richard united once more. And although his last letter had disappointed her in this regard, telling her that he would not be able to leave India till the middle of December, yet even that brought the meeting so near that she felt as though she must sing for joy all the day through. And her gayety was so infectious that portly Mrs. Mayley and staid Miss Penrose caught the fever, to say nothing of the squire, who aided and abetted Annie in all her plans, and the holiday season bid fair to be the merriest that the old Hall had ever seen.

And why not? Was not Richard coming home? He was the theme of all the girl's plans and thoughts. Would Richard like this? Would he admire that?

"I am glad he's coming home in winter-time, auntie," she had said one day in a burst of confidence.

"Are you? Well, do you know, I should rather any one I loved would travel in summer-time."

"Yes; but you see the house looks so much more warm and home-like in winter, and of course that makes one all the more glad to reach it."

"I have a suspicion that if a certain person were not in the house, though," joined in Mrs. Mayley, slyly, "all our efforts to make it temptingly comfortable would prove of no avail to keep him here."

A rosy blush spread over Annie's face, and away she ran to join the guests at luncheon.

The effect upon Sir James of his meeting with Mrs. St. John and her daughter was twofold. The sight of the beautiful woman he

had hoped to call daughter aroused afresh all the poignant sorrow caused by his son's untimely death. At the same time there was such an evident desire on the part of both mother and child to divert his mind from that one great grief, that it was with a feeling of pleasure he found himself a great deal in their society. As has been said, Clara St. John was a most enjoyable companion; apart from her beauty she possessed a mind adorned with all the graces and accomplishments of the day. An accomplished linguist herself, it was not strange that a preference for the society of men of well-trained and mature intellects should have been one of her distinguishing traits. Himself a leading financier of the time, a member of parliament, and, on account of his sagacity, deep in the counsels of his party, and, withal, on the right side of fifty, it was not so strange as many affected to think, that Miss St. John should find pleasure in the society of Sir James Fontibell. Certain it is, however, for the various reasons we have given, that during this Christmas season at Penrose Hall they were much together in their walks and rides and in the more sober in-door enjoyments.

The death of his son had forced Sir James to seek some other path out of his financial difficulties, and his exertions, aided by a favorable turn of the market had borne such good fruit that he was now sanguine of once more standing on a firm footing. He had learned incidentally, in a conversation with Mrs. St. John, and the knowledge had, unaccountably as it may seem, given him inward satisfaction, that no word of love had passed between her daughter and Frederick Fontibell, and that, to the best of her belief, at the time of his death, Clara was entirely heart-whole.

So, with feasting and merriment, the blessed Christmas-time passed away, not without many a little sigh and inward pang on the part of Annie at the frequent thought that he whom she longed for was tossing on the angry deep. New Year's Day, with its happy wishes, Twelfth-night, with its old-fashioned customs, came and went, and Annie began to look for a letter announcing the probable date of Richard's return: and one morning, on her plate at breakfast, there it was.

"Open your letter, my dear," said the squire; "seeing that we are all interested, we'll excuse you this time." Their guests had all left them, and the family were once more alone.

"Oh, papa, he'll be here in less than a week he says. He's coming by the *Warwick!*"

"By the what?" asked the squire, sharply.

"By the *Warwick*, papa. Do you know the captain?"

"No, my dear, no."

Annie was too much engrossed in reading the remainder of her letter to notice the expression of anxiety, noted by her aunt, though, which flitted across the face of the squire. Turning quickly to his paper he read again an item among the ship news which he had merely glanced at before; but since Annie had mentioned the name of the steamer Richard had sailed by, it had become of intense interest. With a muttered exclamation he crumpled the paper in his hand and rose from the

table, and in a moment more the door of his study was heard to close in a very decided manner.

"What's the matter with papa?" asked Annie. "Something about politics, I suppose," answering her own question; and in her joy at the good news contained in Dick's letter, not noticing that the squire's breakfast was almost untouched. But the other lady knew that it was something more than ordinary that could induce the squire to neglect his morning meal.

So soon as she could, therefore, Miss Penrose went to the study, and found the squire walking up and down as he invariably did when annoyed.

"Why, Henry, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough," growled the squire. "Read that," handing her the offending paper, pointing at the same time to a telegraphic item which we shall transcribe for the reader.

"Later advices from Suez state that the P. and O. Company's steamer *Warwick* has not been spoken or heard from. She is now two weeks overdue."

"But, Henry, you don't think anything serious has happened to the vessel, do you?" said Miss Penrose, quite alarmed, as she knew it was no light matter that could move the squire to exhibit as much agitation as he now showed.

"No, I can't say I do," was his reply. "But it is so unusual for the mail-steamers to be delayed that it causes me to feel anxious. If there is no news of her by to-morrow morning, I shall run up to town and make inquiries. If anything happens to the boy I shall never forgive myself for sending him away."

"It would be best to say nothing to Annie," said Miss Penrose.

"No, no, poor child. At least, not till we know something definite. No use to alarm her unnecessarily."

The day passed much as usual. Annie was as light-hearted as a bird, singing about the house all day long. The squire passed the hours of daylight attending to various matters, and by dinner time appeared to have recovered his usual unruffled spirits.

The following morning, at breakfast, after scanning in vain the columns of the daily paper for any tidings of the *Warwick*, the squire announced his intention of going to London, promising to return on the following day. Accordingly, he was driven to the station in time for an early train, and by Miss Penrose, at least, his return was anxiously looked for. Not a word of the anxiety that haunted the squire and herself passed her lips, and Annie, if that were possible, was gayer and more joyous than on the preceding day. For would not Richard be there, she said to herself, in two or three days at most? Miss Penrose, as she noticed her high spirits, and rightly guessed at their cause, could not help picturing to herself the desolation which the non-return of Lovelace would work in that young and trusting heart. "She's like her mother—as delicate as a rose; I'm afraid such a thing would kill her." And yet, with all her musing, Miss Penrose was loth to admit

to herself that anything could have occurred to prevent the arrival of Lovelace being delayed more than a few days at most. So that it was with the utmost kindness that she said to Annie, after the latter had, for the hundredth time, asked when she thought Richard ought to arrive.

"My dear child, you don't take into account that something might occur on the journey to detain him, especially at this time of year."

"Oh, aunt, how can you? I know he'll be here—he must be here." And then after a moment's silence and a pallid cheek she said, "You don't really think anything *could* happen to him, do you auntie?"

"No, Annie, I do not," said Miss Penrose, thoroughly alarmed at the effect her simple remark had produced on the girl. And in her heart she tried hard to hope and believe that such a thing *was* impossible.

The short winter day drew to a close, and the family retired to rest—the last peaceful night they would have for many months. But all unconsciously each slept the happy sleep which a quiet, happy life brings to those so fortunate as to enjoy it.

Annie was the first of the family to leave her room the following morning, and, on crossing the hall to the breakfast-room, saw the daily paper where it had been placed by the boy who usually went to the village for the morning's mail. Moved by an unaccountable impulse she picked it up, and almost immediately her eyes caught the name *Warwick* in large type at the head of one of the columns. A few moments later the whole household was startled by a piercing shriek, and the sound of a person falling. Miss Penrose was just leaving her room, and divining that something had alarmed Annie, hurried down the stairs, and there in the center of the wide hall lay the apparently lifeless form of her niece, the fatal newspaper tightly clasped in her hand. To raise the swooning girl and carry her to her room was but the work of a few moments, and all the remedies that experience and affection could suggest were applied to restore her to consciousness pending the arrival of Doctor Burnet, when Miss Penrose left her in his care for a few moments, and hurriedly scanned the paper to find the cause of Annie's sudden swoon, and was horrified to see that the worst apprehensions of herself and Squire Harry were realized. In substance the article was as follows:

"TOTAL LOSS OF THE *WARWICK*:—

"Advices per cable from Bombay confirm the previous rumors concerning the P. and O. Company's steamship *Warwick*. The ship *Crusader* reached that port yesterday, having on board Mr. Charles Martin, first officer of the *Warwick*. He states that his vessel encountered a hurricane in the Arabian Gulf, during which they were forced to lay to, and on the following day, while going at full speed, struck a sunken reef not marked in any chart, upon which the ship became hopelessly wedged. Although everything was done to lighten her by throwing over cargo, coal, etc., it was of no avail to get her off; and just before sunset, and with scarcely any warning, the *Warwick* broke completely in two carrying all on board

to a watery grave. Mr. Martin drifted for two days on a fragment of the wreck, and does not consider it possible that any were saved but himself."

CHAPTER IX.

"SIR JAMES FINDS A WAY."

WINTER gave place to spring, and Annie Penrose still trod the boundary line between life and death, and it was not till summer had clothed the land in beauty that she left her chamber. And though all that medical skill could do had been done, though loving hands tended her, and earth in all its beauty tempted her forth, she was loth to mingle once again with the family. A glance told of how intense her sufferings had been, and her step dragged wearily as though it were a matter of perfect indifference to her whether she lived or died. Her first rational inquiry had been for Richard, and the mute shake of the head in reply caused her to turn her face to the wall in misery, and for a week after she spoke not a word. But on a nature sunny and affectionate as hers the incessant kindness of all about her could not fail of its effect; and so, the first sharp edge of her grief blunted by time, she roused herself for her father's sake, and on a glorious summer's morning she took her old place at the breakfast table, and did for her father those little offices which he loved so well to have her do.

For a long time after the first news of the calamity, Squire Penrose had refused to believe that his boy, as he called him, had perished. He might have been saved, picked up by a passing ship, as had been the case with the survivor who had brought the news. But time passed on, and even this slender hope faded as month after month passed, and no trace of any others was found. So, by this time, the squire, who had refused the most tenaciously to believe him dead, had come, sorrowfully enough, to regard Lovelace as lost to them forever. As for Annie, his name never passed her lips, and, for fear of the consequences, no one in the household dared to mention to her the lost one. A stranger might have discovered in her at this time no cause for wonder. She was, if anything, prettier than before; hers had never been a dashing kind of beauty; rather was it of that modest, shrinking nature of which the violet is so sweet a type; but there was that in the listless, aimless air which told of the life unsatisfied, of the hope unfulfilled. All these symptoms alarmed the squire and his sister; and although Annie would always reply sweetly that she needed nothing, wished for nothing, they were seriously uneasy about her. Rather would they that she had shown some outburst of frenzy than this unnatural calm.

It was, therefore, with the hope of interesting her once more in the life around that the squire invited Clara St. John to visit her old friend, and announced the acceptance of the invitation to Annie at the table one morning.

"It's very good of you, papa, to think of me so much."

"I am in hopes it will cheer you up, my girl. I cannot bear to see you so quiet and so utterly unlike what you once were. By the way, Miss St. John is to be married next winter, I hear."

"Why, papa, who to, I wonder?"

"Sir James Fontibell is the fortunate man," replied her father.

"Oh, I'm so glad," exclaimed Annie, with more animation in her voice than she had shown for a long time. Then, as the recollection of the happy wife she herself might have been rushed across her mind, she burst into tears, and hurriedly left the room.

"'Twill do her good," said Miss Penrose. "Better tears than that stony grief eating into her heart."

In a few days Miss St. John arrived, and the sight of her old friend really seemed to do Annie good. In the privacy of Clara's room the two girls, clasped in each other's arms, had mingled their tears, the one in sorrow, the other in sympathy. In fact, Clara was the first one to whom Annie unbosomed herself, not even excepting her aunt; and the unrestrained conversation with one of her own age upon the subject of her dead lover was of benefit to her, inasmuch as it afforded vent to the feelings she had kept pent up within her own bosom. Clara, too, was led to speak of her own rapidly approaching marriage, and this topic also served to turn Annie's thoughts away from herself to the contemplation of the hopes and joys of her friend.

"I am sure Sir James is a good man," she had said to Clara one day. "I know papa has the greatest respect for him."

"Perhaps that word would, better than any other, describe my feeling toward him," said Clara. "But then I don't think—in fact I'm sure—I ever what you might call really loved a man. So that when Sir James asked me to be his wife, I told him truthfully enough that I loved no one else, and that I would try to like him; and I've no doubt, my dear, I shall be as happy as I deserve."

To Annie, however, marriage without true affection was something not to be understood. But that there was love on one side was an undoubted fact. Sir James was deeply, thoroughly enamored with this high-spirited, beautiful woman, who, in her kindly endeavors to soothe his grief for the loss of his son, had completely won his heart. And a powerful advocate in his favor had been Mrs. St. John, while Clara's decision had been hanging in the balance. If young Fontibell had ever spoken of love to her daughter, she might have felt some scruples about afterward urging her to marry the father. But, on the contrary, it was very likely that, at the time of his death, his affections were not his own; for Clara had mentioned her surmises with respect to Frederick's sentiments toward Annie Penrose.

Besides, Sir James was yet in the prime of life—not yet fifty—and his family irreproachable. So two persons, at least, Sir James and Mrs. St. John, were perfectly satisfied with the match, and as for Clara—well it must be owned she was not the least pleased. So they were to be married in great style in the winter, and Annie was to be present, so Clara

insisted; but Annie shook her head gently every time the subject was mentioned.

After a visit of six weeks, Miss St. John took her departure. Undoubtedly her society had done Annie good. Her step was lighter and her glance had more of life in it than for many a day before. But no sooner was her friend gone than the old drooping, listless way returned, and again was Squire Harry puzzled what to do with her. At length, Doctor Burnet recommended change of scene and air, and Annie, submitting passively, as usual, preparations were made for leaving Penrose Hall at an early day.

CHAPTER X.

"A VOICE FROM THE SEA."

In a modest though well-appointed cottage at the west end of the Marine Parade at Brighton, behold the family of Penrose established. It had been decided, after due discussion, that Brighton in the height of the season was just the place to divert the mind of the sufferer. But for the first day or so her depression had been more marked than before they left home, and she obstinately refused to leave her room. Miss Penrose was utterly at her wits' end to account for this new whim, but on questioning Annie it was soon explained.

"The sea, auntie, the cruel sea!"

This then was the trouble, and her aunt expressed to the squire her doubts as to the wisdom of the choice they had made.

"I suppose it does remind her of Dick," said he. "But so does Penrose for that matter. At any rate we'll try it awhile longer."

Before the week was out, however, a new freak took possession of the girl, namely: to sit for hours and watch the shining, tossing waves of the channel, with its everchanging panorama of ships freighted with the riches of the earth.

"The cruel sea took him away; who knows but that it may bring him to me again," she said to her father, with the ghost of her former happy smile.

"My poor child," he said, as he softly patted her little hand, "if it annoys you we'll go somewhere else."

"Oh, no, papa; I begin to like it, indeed."

And so they lingered on, the summer merging into autumn, and the girl seemed as happy as it was likely she ever would be again.

One morning Annie and her father had wandered to the music pavilion, and had seated themselves near by. After an hour passed in this way, they had risen to retrace their steps, and were slowly moving through the fringe of idlers around the stand, when the squire suddenly felt Annie's grasp tighten on his arm, as she almost gasped, "Listen, papa." A voice behind them was saying, apparently in answer to a query:

"Strangest thing I ever heard. You remember the *Warwick* was supposed to have been lost, and only one man saved. Well, it appears that a poor beggar has been rescued off of a mere rock somewhere under the equator,

where he had lived by himself for six months. One of the passengers, I believe. Regular 'Robinson Crusoe' affair."

"Did you hear his name?"

"Believe I did, but I've forgotten it. Love—Lovegood, or something like it, I think."

The first impulse of the squire was to turn and accost the speaker, but just then his whole attention was engrossed by Annie falling senseless into his arms. A carriage was soon summoned, and her unconscious form placed in it and rapidly driven to their cottage, and in the confusion he utterly lost sight of those whose thoughtless words had so suddenly opened up new possibilities of hope. Hastily making his sister acquainted with what they had heard, and leaving Annie to her care, he hurried to the railway station that he might take the first train to London, where, by inquiring at Lloyd's, he could prove the truth or falsity of the report.

To describe his feelings as the train sped toward the metropolis would require a chapter by itself. Never did train move so slowly. Never, in the opinion of his fellow-travelers, was there such a fidgety old man. He chafed and fumed at every trifling delay; put his head out of the window and questioned the guard on the slightest pretext; and, on the arrival of the train at Cannon Street station, leaped from the carriage before it had come to a stop, threw himself into a hansom, and told the cabman to drive to Lloyd's. "Do it in ten minutes and I'll give you a guinea!" Over London bridge they dashed, and down King William Street; and the sober magnates of the exchange were considerably astonished at the burly form of the squire pushing his way to the desk, where his inquiry was almost unintelligible from the haste in which it was put.

"Yes, sir, it's true. There was a man taken off by the bark *Osprey* in latitude —"

"Never mind the latitude, man; tell me his name."

The clerk didn't know his name, but the bark had come up that morning, and was then lying off Black wall; the gentleman could easily find her. Off went the squire again, and stumbled against a tall figure as he passed through the door. Turning to mutter a hasty apology, he was seized by both hands, and a manly voice that he had despaired of ever hearing again, said:

"Not dead yet, you see, Squire Harry!"

"Thank God for it, my boy." That was all the hearty old squire could say for some moments, during which he continued to shake Richard's hand, and appeared to be loth to let it go, as though he feared he would vanish unless he kept fast hold on him. They had been joined by a third person, who, in his agitation, the squire had not noticed, but who was now introduced by Richard as Captain Somers, of the *Osprey*. "And but for him I might have been living on shell-fish and berries till now," said Dick, laughing heartily, as he could well afford to do at the recollection of his privations.

The squire insisted on their accompanying him to a more retired spot, where they could converse more freely.

"One word, squire," said Dick. "How's Annie?" The squire shook his head. "I am

afraid this will be too much for her," my boy.

"Captain Somers knows all about it," said Richard, "so you need not mind speaking before him, sir."

The squire then narrated quickly all that had happened during the past six months, and ended by describing in what a remarkable manner they had that morning heard of his rescue; and in return Richard told about the wreck of the *Warwick*, with which the reader is already familiar, and how he kept himself afloat, partly by swimming, and partly on some fragments of the ship, until he became insensible from hunger and thirst. How, on awaking, he found himself on a narrow strip of land, which on investigation proved to be the beach of a small, rocky island, nearly covered by the tides, upon which a few tropical plants grew, and in the crevices of the rocks of which shell-fish abounded. There he had barely subsisted for five months, despairing of ever seeing home or friends again; and that, doubtless, would have been his fate, had not the *Osprey*, in search of fresh water, sent a boat to explore the islet.

The afternoon was fast nearing its close, and Richard began to show signs of impatience; so, bidding a temporary adieu to Captain Somers, they took the first train back to Brighton. On the road the squire gave a fuller account of Annie's sufferings, so that it was with a grave and anxious face that Richard alighted at the Brighton station. The twilight was falling fast, and as they neared the cottage it was deemed best that the squire should go first to prepare Annie for the new arrival.

"She is in her room," said Miss Penrose, through her tears, to whom, as may be expected, the news was no less welcome than it had been to the squire. "But be careful, Henry, how you startle her. Remember the bent bow may snap at any moment."

Promising to use every precaution the squire proceeded to Annie's room. She had been sitting by the window which overlooked the sea, anxiously awaiting her father's return; and on hearing his footstep had risen and stood waiting for him.

"Have you brought him back to me, papa?"

A glance at her face, wrought up to the pitch of expectation, decided the squire it would be best not to keep her any longer in ignorance of Dick's return.

"Yes, my girl; he is waiting below. Shall I send him to you!"

But that was unnecessary. Richard had followed the squire up-stairs, and heard the "Yes, oh yes," with which Annie had answered her father's question, and in a moment he was in the room, and with an "Annie!" "Richard!" the long-parted ones were in each other's arms, and with dim eyes the squire stole softly away.

CHAPTER XI.

"AND THE MARRIAGE BELLS SHALL RING."

It is an old adage that joy never kills, and though there may have been exceptions to this saying, the present case was not one of them.

Annie's recovery of health and spirits was as rapid as could be desired, and when, a week after his return, Richard pressed her to name a time for their long deferred wedding, seeing that his return to India could not be long delayed, her blushing determination to leave the matter to him resulted in an early day being chosen for the happy event.

The morning came in due course, and the old village church at Marlowe never opened its doors to a bonnier bride and groom than Annie Penrose and Richard Lovelace. After all Annie was married before Clara, although as guests the newly wedded pair were present on Sir James Fontibell's marriage day, shortly after their own.

The parting with Squire Harry was a sorrowful one; as he said, trying to smile at it, he had "gained a son only to lose his daughter."

But when, one Christmas eve, some six years later, a family party among whom were a boy of nearly five summers, who answered to the name of Dick, and a brown-eyed girl of three, named Annie, alighted at the weather-beaten porch of Penrose Hall, the squire's cup of happiness was full. And afterward when the squire, and Miss Penrose, and Richard and Annie were gathered round the fire in the old drawing-room, happy in their being again united, the old man, with voice tremulous with age, gave thanks to God that his children had been gathered to him, never more to part, from OVER LAND AND SEA.

Miss Spinner's Diary.

BY HATTIE WHITNEY.

JULY 13TH, 18—.

COME now, Sallie, set the day. What's the use of fooling any longer?" Deacon Scratcher ought to have had better sense than to begin that old song then, when my loveliest pie, that I had spent fifteen minutes crimping with the shovel-handle, had just tumbled off the stove-hearth upside down and killed itself.

"Deacon," said I, "you are several shades worse than the seventeen-year locusts. I wish you would walk out of here."

"I won't," said he, "till I get an answer. Will you please to decide?"

"Decide what?"

"Whether you'll be Mrs. Scratcher or an old maid?"

"Verily, I will if you will give me time."

"How much time do you want?"

"Only a few years."

"Why don't you say a couple of decades? You're thirty-six and I'm forty six. Ninety is a good age to get married at!"

"Yes," I said, searching carefully in the wood-box for the nutmegs (which had fallen off the cupboard), "and you do need a few years more at school if you mean that for an

arithmetical calculation." It was bad of me to worry him, but then it was baking-day, and I think I got up wrong side out this morning, too.

He jumped off the meal-chest, where he had been doubled up like a Chinese fan.

"I won't wait the twentieth part of a minute longer," he vowed, and went prancing round the kitchen in the most tragic manner, and the worst possible temper.

"Oh, look out!" I squalled, "you've got your big foot on my best crinkled pie pan!"

He kicked it under the stove like a savage, and then went dashing round every way.

"Give me an answer," he kept roaring, "an answer—an answer. I'll have an answer!" and I had to fly about like a top to get my pies and gingerbread out of the way, for I had strung them out on the floor all around the stove, and he would have capered over them rough-shod.

"Quit—quit," I cried, brandishing the flour-scoop. "You great big juggernaut, if you don't quit capering, I'll shy the sifter at your head. Give me a day—no, give me two days, and I'll tell you." Then he stopped.

"Is that the truth, solemn?" he asked.

"That's the truth, solemn," I answered.

So now here I've only got two days to decide whether I'll stay Sallie Spinner with no one to love, none to kindle the fire for me, or be Mrs. Deacon Scratcher, and have to iron shirts. Perhaps I had better ask the advice of my married friends and relatives.

July 14th. I got my first installment of advice without asking!

Being in a meditative frame of mind, I had just kind of slicked things up, swept the dust under the edge of the zinc, and jammed all the papers and such behind the door, and was revelling in the society of my rocking-chair and a green apple, when cousin Juliana Pike came over to borrow a lemon.

"Well, I've got one somewhere," I said, "if it isn't in the cupboard or my work-basket, perhaps you'll find it in an old trunk in the smoke-house."

"Mercy on us," said Juliana, "why don't you be systematic?"

"System and Sallie Spinner don't travel hand in hand through this wicked world," said I, rocking away placidly. Juliana is one of the fidgetty kind.

"Can't you quit see-sawing a minute?" she asked, squirming around until she knocked the coffee-pot out of the window, "what are you fooling away your time for any way, when your work is not half done?"

"Tis half done," I said, "and I'm tired. My constitution is fragile and difficult to comprehend—"

"Shucks!" interrupted my impertinent cousin, "it's pure laziness. What ever you'll do when—Sallie, let me advise you never to get married. Your fragile constitution would be bound to get fractured if you had to spend your days as the rest of us do picking up hats, coats, and boot-jacks for a living, not to mention hunting nails, strings, and hammers, at all hours of the day, turning the grindstone by way of recreation, reading old

dry market reports at night, till you couldn't see, sewing on buttons, darning socks—"

"Enough!" I cried, "tell me of no more horrors!"

July 15th. More advice! I ran over to Mrs. Drydox's to get a night-cap pattern. She was cleaning house, had all the chairs stacked up outside the door, and she looked as if her last friend was buried under them, as she sat on the step clasping the dusting brush with visible dejection. Said I—

"What tower is fallen, what star is set? What chief comes there—"

Eying me with dismal scorn, she interrupted—

"Ain't nothin' fallen, as I know of, nor set neither—only the old dominiken hin."

"Why then this pathetic attitude, this—"

"Sallie," said she, "don't never get married."

"That's so," sang out Mrs. Flitter, who came hopping up on the porch with her sun-bonnet over one shoulder, like a frisky grasshopper with a stiff pink wing, to return Mrs. Drydox's wash-board, "they're worser than tarapins, men are. They—"

"You don't begin to know 'em, Sallie," said Mrs. Drydox with greatly increased dejection, "they'll call you honey and everything nice now, but once you marry 'em—hit's a solemn fact, they won't eat cold greens for dinner of a cleaning day!"

"You don't tell me their depravity goes that far!" I gasped, dropping into a bunch of burdock.

"Oh, that ain't nothing," said Mrs. Flitter, "why they won't so much as churn if they take a notion to plow or anything—"

"Acshilly now," Mrs. Drydox continued her grievances, "Robbut fursed to-day 'cause I never cooked no dinner, hit bein' cleanin' day, he did so! I never aggravated him a bit. I sayed gentle like, says I, 'you kin hev some cold greens, Robbut,' an' what you reckon he sayed?"

"What—O what?" I cried, thrilled with horror.

"He sayed, 'Git out!'"

"What a most perfidious Robbut!"

"Law sakes!" said Mrs. Flitter, "why Sam, he went to town to-day an' forgot to git sody, when I told him particlar, an' then 'lowed the corn pone wasn't good. An' he rared like a old pirate t'other day 'cause I swapped off his coat to the ragman for a chiny martyr at a stake."

"Well, I made a handsome blackberry pie a Sunday, an Robbut 'lowed hit was sour enough to make a pig squeal."

"Well, Sam—"

"Well, Robbut—"

"Dear me, I must go," said I, "or I'll die of Sam and Robbut."

I saw the Deacon slowly approaching my cottage. He looked sad, poor fellow! Remorse touched me, notwithstanding the fact that he belonged to the class who would not eat cold greens of a cleaning-day. "I owe him some reparation," I said to myself, "if only for the names I have called him. I cannot take every body's advice. So, I think, I'll take the Deacon."

"Though the Harbor Bar be Moaning."

BY CORNWALL.

IT lay on the sand among long, tangled strings of brawn kelp and shining mussel shells, a fragment of a wreck, broken and splintered by a long ago storm, now torn from the bar where it had rested for twenty-four years by a furious gale that swept along the treacherous Jersey coast, and flung high upon the shore at Deal Beach. It was apparently the bowsprit of a sailing vessel though now covered with clinging barnacles, blackened and decayed from long exposure to the salt water; the heavy iron bolts rusted and bent where the resistless, angry waves had wrenched them from their fastenings to the ship that had gone down in a terrible storm—so long ago that, except for a few aching hearts, it was almost forgotten.

Twenty-four years ago a land breeze blowing off shore made the thirty-first of December mild and pleasant even by the sea.

A long line of shore, unbroken in monotony, stretched miles away North and South, and back from the ocean lay the village of fishermen's houses. Down on the shore the waves tumbled lazily in, leaving long curving lines of foam on the smooth sand; the sky was blue overhead, and far out at sea the sun shone on a white sail.

Dolly Chester, walking slowly down the beach, stopped to watch the vessel tacking swiftly toward her. They were earnest gray eyes that gazed so steadily out to sea, seeing only a little red flag that waved from the topmast as the sails shook in the wind, and the schooner bore away to the southward.

The girl stood watching it till the last glimmer of white dipped out of sight with a vague longing to go away somewhere; anywhere away from the dull monotony of Deal, and the sight of its endless, never-changing stretch of barren sand where tangled nets lay drying in the sun; from the little low-roofed schoolhouse where with infinite patience and perseverance she taught the fishermen's flax-headed children—perhaps even out over the blue water that rippled and shone in the distance.

A shadow came into the pleasant bronzed face of the tall, young sailor beside her as the schooner disappeared. He was first mate of the *Flying Scud* wrecking schooner, bound to Squan, to take the cargo from the *Western World*, a ship that had gone ashore on the coast, and the red flag they had watched out of sight fluttered from the *Scud's* topmast.

"I must go now, Dolly," he said. "The *Scud* will be at Squan before I am."

The girl laid a little trembling hand on his arm. "Don't go to-night, Will," she said, wistfully.

"Ah, but I must," he answered. "Oh, Dolly, if I were only a captain I would take

you away with me. Will you get tired of waiting for your sailor, my darling?"

"You know I never will," she said, trustfully.

"Not if I never come back?" he asked, smiling. Then seeing the wistful look in the earnest eyes raised to his, the strong sun-burned hands clasped hers closely. "But I will come back, my darling," he said, bending to kiss the trembling lips.

Then they parted, and Dolly went slowly back to the village. And away out at sea a fringe of ragged gray clouds began to show as the sun sank out of sight, and the wind shifting to the northeast hurried the waves faster and whiter upon the beach.

All night long they sobbed and moaned down on the shore. When day came at last it was gray and heavy with strange dark clouds piling up high in the northeast, and a damp snow feeling in the air.

Captain Walters came hastily up the narrow sandy path toward the house, a weather-beaten resolute-looking sailor, master and owner of the *Flying Scud*. The year before he had come down to Deal to a wreck, and since then—ah, it was always Dolly Chester's gray eyes he had thought of whenever the *Scud* sailed past the Jersey coast.

For all the sunburn a quick flush sprang to his face as Dolly's hand touched his a moment.

"I thought you were at Squan, Captain Walters," she said quietly, never seeing the tell-tale color.

"The *Flying Scud* is there," the captain answered, regaining his self-command with a desperate effort. "I left my mate in charge."

"It looks like snow," Dolly said, turning to the window to hide the conscious look in her eyes. Captain Walters rose and stood beside her, the color deepening in his bronzed face. "We shall have a heavy blow before long," he answered, looking not at the threatening clouds, but at the brown head so near him.

"But you will not try to reach New York in a storm?" Dolly asked, an anxious shadow coming into her face.

"No," Captain Walters said slowly, "and I must get back to Squan as soon as possible when—" he hesitated a moment, then added bluntly, "Miss Chester, I came here to-day to ask you to be my wife."

The girl rose now, surprise and wonder in her eyes.

"I am very sorry, Captain Walters," she said. "I wish you had not asked me or thought of it. I cannot; indeed I cannot."

"Is it because you think you cannot care for a rough sailor like me?" he asked. "I own the *Flying Scud*, and I will take you away from here; you shall have everything you wish. If you do not love me now I am willing to wait for it if you will be my wife."

"It is not that," the girl answered with burning cheeks. "I wish I had told you before. It is because—because I am engaged."

"Then I am too late," he said bitterly. "May I ask who he is?"

A proud look flashed into the gray eyes. "He is Mr. Waring," she said simply.

"My mate Waring!" Captain Walters'

strong hand tightened its hold on the visor of his cap. "You cannot mean him, Miss Chester?"

"Why not?" the girl answered proudly. "I do mean Mr. Will Waring of the *Flying Scud*." Then seeing the white, set look in his face, she added softly: "If I had only known, I would have told you before, Captain Walters. I am very, very sorry that—that you should care so much about it."

"It's too late now," the sailor said with a short, hard laugh. "But I hope the *Scud* will go down to-night, mate and captain!"

Then he went out into the wintry air, and set his face steadily toward Squan.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached the wreck. The *Flying Scud* lay off shore with her white sails furled pulling uneasily at her anchor chain, and a couple of fishermen in their boat rested on their oars under her lee, and talked to first mate Waring with grave, warning looks aloft. The wind had ceased to blow except for an occasional breeze, and an awful stillness lay over sea and sky. A sense of oppression was in the air; a feeling of something to be feared. A long streak of pale, yellow light burned in the west surrounded with a dull, copper-colored glow, and above and around it hung threatening, still clouds that rose in a dense, black mass in the northeast, slowly moving higher and darker. The cold, gray waters turned black in the shadows, and moved uneasily back and forth, streaked with lines of foam, and strangely heaving from below; creeping slowly up the sand, and curling like a water snake around the desolate wreck.

Captain Walters, leaning over the rail to listen to one of the fishermen, noticed it all with a dull sense of indifference. The wind might blow from every point of the compass so long as it took him away from Deal.

"It's goin' to be a bad night, Cap'n," the man said. "I know this coast better'n you do, an' it's a rough place to be caught in a storm. You'd better make Barnegat a harbor to-night insted o' New York. The wind'll be fair to run south."

The captain glanced mechanically at the northeast, then at the handsome, frank face and manly figure of his mate who stood waiting for orders. He muttered furiously to himself, the angry flush springing to his face as the full sense of his loss rushed over him.

"What do I care? I wish he was at the bottom of the sea, and he'll be at Deal if he gets ashore on this coast again."

"Let it blow," he called back, roughly. "I'll take her to Sandy Hook."

Then he turned with a quick angry order to get under way, the anchor was raised, the halyards rattled in the blocks, and the *Scud* slipped out to sea.

It was just at the close of the short winter day when the wind began to rise and rushed furiously up from the northeast on Deal village, the darkness settled down over the sea, and a sudden cruel squall of snow and hail cut the air like a knife. Oh, the desolate homes and sad, aching hearts after a storm at sea, forgotten often by those who are glad for their loved ones because "He bringeth them into the desired haven." And Dolly Chester,

gazing with wistful, anxious eyes out into the darkness, prayed softly and pitifully to herself for "those who go down to the sea in ships."

It was a terrible night long remembered along the Jersey coast. When at last the gray dawn began to show faintly, a crowd of fishermen and villagers gathered on the shore could see a distant black object beaten and tossed by the waves gradually settling lower and lower in the water.

"It looks like a sailin' vessel," a fisherman said scanning it closely with his glass. "Her foremast's gone, an' she's settlin' by the head. She won't keep afloat much longer."

Unable to render any assistance in a sea where a surf boat would have filled instantly, they silently watched the wreck flung like a helpless, wounded creature from one tossing wave to another. It was only for a little while—then a great surging mass of water struck her, the topmast fell carrying with it a tangled network of rigging, and dipping bows under she went down into the black, icy awful depths. A hush fell upon the crowd, broken only by the sobs of the women.

"The Lord have mercy on the poor fellows aboard!" a rough old fisherman said at last, drawing his hand across his eyes.

But while they waited vainly wondering about the lost vessel something came in sight lifted high on a wave—a vague, uncertain object that gradually shaped itself into the likeness of a spar. It came nearer, broken and tangled lines still clinging fast, and a thrill of horror ran through the crowd when it rolled partly over revealing a black, shapeless, dripping object lashed to it. It reached the shore, and the men gathered about it never seeing a girl who, with clasped, rigid hands, and white, set face, stood near them, her eyes fixed on the spar.

"Come away, Miss Chester," some of the women said, recognizing her; but she did not move.

Then one of the men, bending over the still, helpless form put the wet, brown hair gently back from a white, dead face. When he spoke again there was a choking sob in the rough voice. "It was the *Flying Scud*," he said softly, "An' this—this is the mate Will Waring."

A moment's silence, then a short, gasping sigh fluttered out on the still air. The girl raised both hands to her throat with a convulsed quiver, and sank down on the wet sand with a pitiful, little moaning cry.

The remorseless, awful sea broke another heart that night. They found her the next morning kneeling by the open window, her eyes fixed on the still tossing, angry ocean, and the same cruel wind that had wrecked the *Flying Scud* blowing icily over the bent head. "It must a been she grieved for Cap'n Walters," the villagers said in their kindly sorrow, knowing that he had come to Deal to see her.

Later on they knew. A chest was washed ashore among the fragments of the wreck, and the fisherman who found it put away unopened a bundle of letters, only taking from them first two photographs. One was the handsome, manly face of first mate Will Waring, and from the other looked the wistful, questioning gray eyes of Dolly Chester.

Russell's Drawing.

BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

NATHAN BARSTOW realized now that he ought never have even dreamed of wedding Chryssa Ellison. With this city lover she was a different creature from the girl he had hitherto known, she blossomed out as the dewy rosebud kissed by the summer sun. Before his appearance in the sleepy little village of Vallonia Chryssa was a silent beauty; but no amount of apparent dullness could dim the gold in her hair or the azure of her eyes, nor could it veil the fair complexion, the regular features, or the graceful figure.

Nathan sometimes told himself that she was a little "peak-ed," that she "hadn't no great sight of strength," that perhaps it wasn't wise for a young farmer to court a girl who couldn't do much hard work. Such a contrast to her cousin Mattie! There was a model farmer's wife if he had looked sharply to his own interests, a rosy buxom girl of twenty who could wash and scrub all day and dance all night, whose highest ambition was to have the lightest bread, the sweetest butter, and the neatest kitchen in Vallonia.

And Mr. Palmer's first summer boarder, Theodore Russell, saw the contrast as plainly as Nathan did, but in his eyes the advantages were on Chryssa's side.

"What can that pretty, high-bred girl be doing here?" he said to himself as he sat at the supper table doing justice to Mattie's prime biscuits and butter, cold chicken and preserved strawberries. "She is evidently quite at home, yet the old man introduced her as 'my niece Chryssa,'—Chryssa who, I wonder?"

"Haint been in Hamilton before, have you, Mr. Russell?" asked Mrs. Palmer.

"No, ma'am, this is my first visit."

"Got friends here, maybe?" suggested the host.

"Not one!—That is why I came here."

"Dreadful queer reason!" tittered Mattie.

Chryssa may have thought so, too, for she cast a half inquiring glance at the handsome young stranger opposite her. Replying to this unuttered query, he said,

"Yes, I wished to avoid all acquaintances; I want and must have two entire months of quiet and perfect rest, my physician tells me, or I will have a long illness. I chanced to drive through this pretty village yesterday while looking for a spot that tempted me, and I decided to go no farther—a wise decision, I am sure."

His last words were accompanied by a bright smile and a slight bow to Mrs. Palmer, which emphasized his words as a flattery and won the Palmers' hearts.

"Be you sickly?" asked Mrs. Palmer with interest.

"Oh no! I had a touch of typhoid last autumn, and was in too much of a hurry to get well,—that is all."

"Your mother aint no great hand to nurse

sick folks, maybe; it's a gift," suggested Mr. Palmer.

"I have no mother, no immediate family indeed. I had to trust to a hired nurse."

"Well, if you get sick here we'll cure you. The old lady'll doctor you with some of her yarb tea, Mattie'll cook you soups and things, and little Chryssa'll read and sing to you."

"I sincerely hope I may not be obliged to tax them thus far. All I want is rest."

"Have to work pretty hard when you're to home?"

"Yes, Mr. Palmer I do, though some people think my work is play."

"Lucky you have work enough these hard times, there's lots of real likely fellows that don't earn a day's wages more'n once a month; we can hire farm hands for most nothin'."

Suppressing a smile, Russell replied,

"Yes, I am fortunate in being constantly employed and well paid, quite enough so to more than supply my bachelor needs."

He said to himself, "I will let them know that I am abundantly able to pay my board."

And it was of him that Barstow was needlessly jealous; needlessly so because Chryssa wouldn't have married him had she never had another suitor; had she been Eve and he Adam she would never have left Paradise with him.

Chryssa Ellison was the orphaned daughter of Mrs. Barstow's sister, and had been in Vallonia but two years—two years of monotonous existence—when Russell made his appearance there. Her father believed himself rich and lived accordingly, until a few days before his death, when he found himself with barely four thousand dollars, Chryssa's sole inheritance. His dying request was that she, then eighteen, should go to Vallonia and live for a time with her aunt, and she did so. She was warmly welcomed, looked up to as almost a superior being and made a petted guest. To untraveled Mattie her tales of foreign life, the two years of school in Dresden, the holiday visits to London and Paris, the winter of musical study in Milan, were like a fairy tale. But their love and kindness were so great, she could not pain them by expressing a desire to go out in the world and earn her own living; so she stagnated there, growing more and more weary of her dull life, and getting to hate her would-be suitor, until Russell came.

Aside from the fact that he was a handsome, courteous man accustomed to society, his presence was pleasant to her, because, for the first time, she had a companion with whom she could converse on books and music, flowers and birds, some one who could give intelligent criticisms and advice upon her drawing, her sole amusement. And Ellison was, from the beginning, attracted to her by the contrast she presented with her surroundings; as he became better acquainted with her he esteemed her for her own virtues, and at last he discovered that he was in love with her.

Barstow discovered it, too. He persuaded Mr. Palmer that his rival was trifling with Chryssa's feelings, that their long walks and talks meant nothing, and that it was the uncle's duty to interfere. To this Mr. Palmer reluctantly agreed, he didn't like the job

forced upon him; he had faith in Russell's integrity, and was not surprised, only relieved, when the young man told him that he had proposed to and been accepted by Chryssa.

"You know nothing of me, Mr. Palmer, except what I have told you. If you will go to New York and see Mr. Graveson, my lawyer and friend from boyhood, he will tell you that I am able to support a wife, and he will also tell you whether I am what I pretend to be. You have never asked me about my business, and I prefer not to allude to it in Vallonia, some people have strong prejudices, so when *you* are satisfied about me I will be satisfied. Please see him soon, for I must return to New York on Friday."

Mr. Palmer considered Russell's suggestion a good one, and on the morrow was closeted with Graveson.

"There's a young fellow been boardin' up to my place this summer," said the farmer, embarrassed with his unaccustomed errand, "his name is Russell, Theodore Russell; he says you know him."

"I do," replied the lawyer succinctly.

"He is a nice fellow?"

"He is; I should think *you* would know that if he has been with you long."

Evidently Graveson wouldn't volunteer any information.

"Yes, he's been with us nigh on to three months; we like him amazin'ly. Is he steady? Industrious?"

"Decidedly."

"Says he has a good income,"

"He spoke truly, at he always does."

"Make a likely husband?"

"To a *suitable*, congenial wife," answered Graveson, thinking, "the farmer's daughter wants to marry him and I will put a spoke in the old man's wheel."

"What might his business be?"

"It might be that of a butcher, but it isn't."

"Oh no, he's too fine a gentleman for that," said Mr. Palmer innocently. "Well, what does he do for a livin'?"

"He draws."

"O—h! An artist, you call them, don't you?"

"Yes, an artist."

"His drawin's must pay well."

"They do. He is deservedly successful."

Mr. Palmer did not like Graveson's taciturnity, but on inquiring about him he found that he was universally considered a honorable and truthful man; so he consoled himself by thinking "he may be truthful, but he's an awful close-mouthed critter."

So the engagement was approved of and all were happy. All but Barstow, but nobody noticed his glum looks.

The wedding was not to take place until the spring, meantime letters came and went with unflinching regularity and numerous gifts found their way to the Palmer homestead.

One evening, in January, Barstow made his appearance in Mr. Palmer's door-way, and asked him to come out to the barn for a few moments.

"Neighbor," said Barstow, "I've got suthin' to tell ye."

"What is it?" asked the other, startled by his solemnity.

"That Russell feller is an impostor, he's been a deceivin' you and Chryssa all along."

"You don't mean it?"

"I do. I never liked him, and seein's I had to go to New York tother day thought I'd find out about him. Fustly, his name aint Russell, and there aint no Theodore Russell, artist, in the directory, big as it is. His name is Eugene Vaughan—I seen two or three fellers what know him. And what's more, I seen him huggin' and kissin' another girl, told her he loved her"——

"Barstow, I don't believe you!"

"Hardly thought we could fust go off, but I tell you I *seen him myself*, swear I did! You know I don't lie nor wouldn't swear to a lie."

"I must tell Chryssa."

"Course you must, I wouldn't for all creation."

But Chryssa would not put the least faith in these accusations against her lover, not even when Barstow repeated them with assurances of truth.

"There is some mistake," she persisted.

But her uncle had not her implicit confidence in Russell; he felt it his duty to write to him that grave charges were preferred against him, and unless he could prove his innocence his engagement with Chryssa must be dissolved. Palmer was not a skilled letter writer, and quite forgot to give any hint of the charges, though he succeeded in thoroughly alarming his correspondent.

Russell took the next train for Vallonia, and his first question was,

"Chryssa, Mr. Palmer, who has been slandering me? What am I supposed to have done?"

"Sailin' under false colors, for one thing"——

"I deny it, Mr. Palmer! Did I not refer you to Mr. Graveson? Did you not express yourself satisfied?"

"Ye—es, but I didn't know then that you were courtin' some other girl."

"I deny that, too! I never loved any girl but Chryssa, never will! Did *you* believe it, Chryssa?"

"No, I was sure there was some mistake."

"Then I am content. Mr. Palmer, who is my enemy?"

"Some one who knows you as *Eugene Vaughan*."

"Oh, my stage name; well?"

"Didn't know you drove a stage, thought you was a painter," said Mr. Palmer suspiciously, while a look of intelligence and amusement flashed from Chryssa's eyes.

"I don't drive a stage," answered Russell laughing, "nor am I a painter. Did not Graveson tell you"——

"He told me you was an artist," replied Palmer.

"He surely didn't say that I was a painter?"

"No, not exactly. I asked him what you did for a livin' and he said 'he draws,' so I believed him."

With a shout of laughter Russell exclaimed,

"I do draw--audiences! I am an actor!"

Why I thought you knew it; I'll bet that you did not explain to Graveson that I sent you to him because I desired to marry your niece, did you?"

"N--o; he was so close-mouthed."

"He did not know that you had a right to ask him any questions about my affairs. I thought it was odd that none of you alluded to my profession, but I supposed you were a little prejudiced against it. Chryssa knew my calling."

"Oh yes," interposed Chryssa. "And I presume the love-making that Barstow saw was stage business."

"Every bit of it," answered Russell. "So Mr. Barstow, a disappointed suitor, is my slanderer? Well, I forgive him, the thought of losing such a wife was enough to make him malicious. Poor fellow!"

The Fragment of a Photograph.

BY LOUISE ALEXANDER.

JOHN DAINGERFIELD went down on his knees, in a very unrighteous frame of temper—not from any devotional motive—but in search of a collar-button that had eluded his hurrying fingers, and rolled swiftly away.

Visions of an indignant young lady, who doubtless, at that moment, was awaiting his appearance, rose before his mind, as he thrust his hand beneath the ancient bureau, that adorned his room, at the hotel, and brought forth, together with the recreant button, a bit of pasteboard—the fragment of a photograph. John Daingerfield, crouching ungracefully, on hand and knees, forgot his impatient haste of the moment before, as his eyes encountered the semblance of another pair, meeting his, with an expression of frank and ingenuous candor. The brows above them were beautifully arched; and the carelessly arranged hair rippled in loose waves over a low, sweet forehead. But below the delicious little nose, so saucily *retroussée*, a ruthless hand had left it to conjecture what sort of mouth and chin should go to match those other charming features. A second time, this adventurous young man braved the perils of possible cobwebs, in search of the missing link, to the picture within his hands; but without avail, and John Dangerfield felt disposed to anathematize the vandal hand that had cleft in twain the careless but characteristic writing upon the back, that set forth these words:—"Taken at Phila., May 15th, 1876. Victoria Cam——"

With a sense of distaste, Mr. Dangerfield awoke to the realities of his toilet, and the necessity of fulfilling his engagement with Miss Vandernoodt. All the same, he did not neglect to place his bit of photograph in a certain safe inside pocket of his vest—for further investigation, he informed himself.

Mr. Daingerfield's worst forebodings were realized when he entered the parlor downstairs. Miss Vandernoodt was within, in all the splendor of her fresh summer costume, quite as pretty, and equally as cross, as he had provisioned. To be sure, she made a difficult effort at playful reproachfulness of manner; but when the delinquent made such vague and absurd apologies for his failure, to arrive at the appointed time, Miss Vandernoodt felt a decided inclination to fly into a rage. In her inmost thoughts she considered it altogether too provoking she should have lost the triumph of displaying this handsome and distinguished looking man, to the envious and admiring eyes of numerous feminine acquaintances, and to Nettie Jenkin in particular, who doubtless considered John Daingerfield, in a measure, her own property. Miss Vandernoodt was quite of the opinion, that this young gentleman, who had transgressed with such nonchalance, should be brought to a proper sense of his shortcoming; so she gathered up her fan and white sun shade, and departed in stately displeasure, notwithstanding several speeches of a conciliatory character on the young man's part, in the effort to disarm her anger.

Mr. Daingerfield breathed a sigh of relief as the door closed behind her. At least he was now at liberty to consult the list of arrivals at their hotel—even to interrogate the room clerk—if by no other alternative he could gratify his curiosity—and John Daingerfield, when once his interest or curiosity was whetted, would pursue his object to the end, without procrastinating by the way. But the office books were disappointing. After a further revision, they failed to show any name answering to that fragmentary penmanship upon his carefully treasured picture. The clerk, too, when questioned with apparent carelessness, had explained the impossibility to remember with distinctness the particular occupants of any room—there had been such a constant change of visitors, foreigners and strangers, during the Centennial season. So Mr. Daingerfield strolled out with an odd feeling of frustration, mingled with his other reflections. At all events, he was resolved to accept Miss Vandernoodt's displeasure as his *congé*. It was really an easy opportunity to escape, and perhaps he had been a trifle too pronounced in his attentions, and particularly in following her to the Centennial, as he had been foolish enough to do, for the want of something better to occupy him. And then Mr. Daingerfield assured himself that Miss Vandernoodt was just a trifle commonplace, with her pale blue eyes and yellow hair. To be quite sincere with himself, this fashionable girl's evident preference for his attentions, which had hitherto possessed its fascinations, rather palled upon him now. There was a certain drawl in her voice, when she made a clever speech, which seemed to indicate that she was aware of her achievement; and then this infatuated young man, mentally compared the open-eyed candor of a certain photograph, to the pale-eyed, pale-haired Miss Vandernoodt, who resembled nothing in the world so much as a trussed peacock, in her strict adherence to the laws of fashionable attire.

It was just as well, Mr. Daingerfield considered, that the mild flirtation between Dora Vandernoodt and himself should die out at its present harmless stage, and in the meantime this astute gentleman was observing with more keenness than usual the various groups of ladies, as they passed him on their way down Chestnut Street.

So now John Daingerfield began his career as a frequenter of Art Galleries. Of these there are many in the City of Brotherly Love; but then he would give this sweet-browed girl the credit of having her picture taken in a first-class establishment. In despair, being something of a sketcher himself, he took to improvising lips and chins, to match those other features of that haunting photograph. As he gloomily meditated the while, the reality of this semblance might be freckle-faced and red-headed—the pure, pale, neutrality of these infernal photographs is so deceiving. But by this time Mr. Daingerfield's patience had given way, and before him was a stack of unfinished sketches—all with the same friendly eyes, and charming, irregular nose, that doubtless in the flesh would have proved a temptation to kiss—and for the rest—there were lips and chins of every conceivable shape and style, but all alike were, to his eyes, utterly impossible and incongruous combinations. And so Mr. Daingerfield made up his mind that he must shake off this folly; for as he freely put it to himself, he was already on the verge of idiocy; so that if he chanced to see a woman on the street, with a desirable chin, and a veil concealing the remainder of her face—he felt a maddening impulse to tear off the hated obstacle to his vision. And were not these good and sufficient grounds for him to apprehend lunacy in his own behalf? Yet, truly, this handsome John Daingerfield, if any one,—with his six feet of manly beauty, and a sufficiency of this world's riches—should have been willing to accept life as he found it. At last, then, he resolved to have done with these vain and perturbing thoughts about a woman's face, and to resume the old conventional habits which of late he had relinquished. One of his first ceremonial calls, upon his arrival home, he decided to bestow upon Miss Vandernoodt. As he strolled along the avenue, with the intention of fulfilling this duty, out of hand—Mr. Daingerfield found himself observing—merely through force of habit—the movements of a feminine figure, just ahead of him. There was an elasticity of gait, an almost masculine simplicity of cut, in her dress of dark blue, that gave this critical observer the idea of a resolute and self-reliant nature. Abruptly this young lady brought up before a confectioner's window, where a couple of diminutive urchins were gazing in with greedy and envious eyes. "And is it the candies you are longing for?" he heard her ask, in a clear and pleasant voice, of the speechless, but open-mouthed boys. "Then you must have some; for it is a very good humor I am in; and there must be some way for me to vent it." And then the small hand dipped into a tiny purse and came forth with silver shining in it, for the awe-stricken and gaping boys. The firm steps went swiftly on

again, but not before John Daingerfield had caught a brief glimpse of the pleasantly curved lips and chin visible below the thick blue veil; and a quick thought of the Princess of Thule flashed across his mind. For was there not an unusual grouping of her words in the sentences he had overheard? and positively, he could almost fancy her saying:—"And are you ferry well?" With these idle fancies flitting across his brain, John Daingerfield suddenly beheld the subject of them disappear within the basement entrance of the very house toward which he was himself directing his steps. And this spectacle gave an impetus to his leisurely movements that caused him fairly to stumble up the imposing granite steps, while he handled the bell-knob with a somewhat unnecessary violence. Was he really losing his senses? he asked himself with commendable frankness, and a reflective tug at his long blonde moustache; for he distinctly experienced a fluttering sensation about the region of his heart. And when the tall and solemn footman opened the door with a severe air, Mr. Daingerfield mechanically presented his card and entered. But what was this he beheld? For a moment the bewildered young man fancied he had broken in upon a masquerade; for out into the wide hall came a bevy of vivacious girls—each identically arrayed in long, white pinafore aprons, and with coquettish caps ornamenting their dainty heads. Then, as he gradually became aware, that these quaintly attired maidens were the young ladies whom he was constantly meeting in society, they clustered around him, curtsying and enjoying his evident perplexity.

"And what is your latest craze?" Mr. Daingerfield inquired, with a mystified air, when they had cordially renewed his acquaintance. "Insolent youth!" Miss Vandernoodt retorted, with a playful air of indignation. "Know then you stand in the presence of the 'Belles of the Kitchen.' For your temerity, you are condemned to attend our meeting, and to become initiated into the mysteries of the society." "With all my heart," said Mr. Daingerfield, gaily. Whereupon, amid much merriment, and with laughing expostulation on his part, he presently found himself put into a pinafore apron, and his blonde head surmounted by a mob-cap,—the insignia of his installation into the society—lively Nettie Jenkins said; and in this absurd plight, amid renewed laughter, John Daingerfield was ushered, with much appearance of pomp and ceremony, into a model kitchen, with all its appurtenances of shining copper—and there on the other side of the wide oak table—with a face in which wonder and a gravely repressed smile were evidently struggling—stood the original of his photograph.

John Daingerfield felt the hot blood of confusion mount into his face as he bowed and then sat down, with a vivid conviction that he must be looking very ridiculous in that absurd rig of cap and apron.

And did his senses deceive him? Or was that lovely creature actually lecturing with perfect seriousness and a business-like air, upon the art of scientific cooking? Very practical, too, it became; for she illustrated

her theme by deftly manipulated ingredients, which resulted in a skilfully turned omelet of delicious exterior. Mr. Daingerfield's eyes and thoughts were in a sort of maze as he noted these externals, and critically decided that the firm, round chin and pleasantly curved lips were the exact pattern he would have selected, if he had been allowed a choice. But how in the name of everything miraculous did this evidently educated and refined girl, whose sweetly modulated voice flowed with a distinctness of enunciation adorably enchanting—happen to hold this incongruous position in Miss Vandernoodt's kitchen? But by this time, the lesson had come to a close, and the emergencies of the case enabled Mr. Daingerfield to collect his energies. "Miss Vandernoodt," he said boldly, "will you do me the favor, of presenting me to your—lecturer?" Introduce you to my cook? Oh, certainly!" answered the scornful Miss Vandernoodt, with an indescribable toss of the head; but Mr. Daingerfield felt indifferent to these signs so long as his end was attained. And presently,—having first rebelliously extricated his handsome head from the ignominy of the mob-cap, he heard the words pronounced: "Miss Cameron, Mr. Daingerfield;" and then Miss Vandernoodt turned away with stately step.

"You have converted an uninteresting subject into an epic poem, Miss Cameron," said this unscrupulous young man, after one of his most perfect bows. "Indeed?" the young lady answered sedately, "I fancied it a question of great interest, to gentlemen in especial. But I beg that you will excuse me," she added, with a graceful inclination of the head; "I have another engagement this afternoon." And so the dismayed Mr. Daingerfield beheld his newly-discovered divinity disappear from his gaze. But all was not lost, he meditated, since he could catechize good-natured Nettie Jenkins, which he did forthwith. There was not much to be told, it appeared, but the main statement was satisfactory. The course of lectures in the art of cookery had been inaugurated by Mrs. General Winthrop, and, therefore, they had become the rage. After this Mr. Daingerfield took his departure, with the laughing intimation to the Belles of the Kitchen, that, as he was now one of them, he would not fail to claim his cap and apron at their next meeting. So then Mr. Daingerfield directed his course to Mrs. Winthrop's elegant mansion. To be sure it was not her reception day; but had not this charming Mrs. Winthrop always been one of his kindest friends in society? Mr. Daingerfield's conscience smote him, that he had been so remiss in calling upon her since his return to Washington. But at last he would repair the omission without further delay. And so he was admitted into Mrs. Winthrop's parlor. The lady of the mansion was already there, and, seated upon a cushion at her feet, was—yes, absolutely—Miss Cameron. "You see there is a fatality in our meeting, twice in the same day, Miss Cameron," said Mr. Daingerfield, after he had bowed low over Mrs. Winthrop's jeweled hand.

And that lady said kindly: "So you and Victoria are already acquainted;" upon which

Miss Cameron related in her sweetly modulated voice the circumstances of their introduction.

During the next half hour Mr. Daingerfield fairly surpassed himself; he was determined to secure a hold upon Miss Cameron's memory and interest; and now was his opportunity, if ever; so he roused himself to say all the entertaining things he could muster. Few girls, perhaps, could withstand the charm of this young man's manner, once he made the effort to please. Certainly he had exceptional physical attributes—and there was a gentle deference in his bearing towards women—a courteous elegance of address—calculated to satisfy the most fastidious of young ladies. Perhaps, then, Victoria Cameron did not altogether escape the fascination of his manner; and when, at the end of a half-hour, she prepared to take leave, Mr. Daingerfield arose too, with suspicious alacrity. "You will permit me to attend you home?" he asked, in his most persuasive tones, while Miss Cameron was adjusting her furs. And when she apparently hesitated, Mrs. Winthrop interposed cordially, "Oh, certainly, Victoria; it is only kind of Mr. Daingerfield, and it is already growing dusk."

So, as in a dream, the young man found himself walking through the lamp-lit streets with Miss Cameron's little gloved hand resting lightly on his coat sleeve; until at length this delicious condition of affairs was interrupted by their arrival before a green-shuttered house, which Miss Cameron designated as her place of abode. Her escort felt unreasonably injured. Was this to be the end of it all? he reflected gloomily, while doubtless Miss Cameron was expecting him to wish her good evening. But John Daingerfield was determined this should be but the beginning of the end. So he said boldly, but with rather a beseeching air, "Will you not allow me to come in?" And what could the most obdurate young lady do but accede?

* * * * *

A month had flown, and in that interval of time John Daingerfield had profited of every chance and artifice, to improve his opportunities with Victoria Cameron—a course which had obviously increased his infatuation, and which had aroused the scorn and indignation of the Belles of the Kitchen. Mrs. Winthrop, however, remained his friend, and moreover had confidentially imparted to him the story of Miss Cameron's life. She had come, with her uncle, from Scotland, to visit the Centennial, and Mrs. Winthrop happened to have rooms adjoining theirs at the hotel, where the uncle died suddenly of heart disease. He proved to be a Scottish nobleman, traveling *incognito*, with his niece and body servant; and Mrs. Winthrop became interested in the young girl, left so desolate in a strange city. And when the girl had passionately declared her intention never to return to Scotland, and implored her new friend's assistance, in finding some employment that would support her—Mrs. Winthrop had soothed her agitation by a kindly promise of assent. But her astonishment was great, when Miss Cameron declared the one thing she could teach with thoroughness was the Art of Cooking. It ap-

peared that the old man had been a selfish sort of monomaniac on the subject of his own health. He had insisted that his niece should be carefully educated in what he was pleased to consider one of the lost arts—and when this rather singular type of education, for a young lady of her position, had been completed—this eccentric uncle had constituted her as his particular factotum—whose duty it was in traveling to supervise and weigh to the ounce every particle of food that he partook of. But for all his care, death had overtaken him, and Miss Cameron had thus become Mrs. Winthrop's *protégée*. For all this, John Daingerfield listened with eager and deeply interested attention, and forthwith he was resolved to test his fate that day; and so he sought Miss Cameron's presence. Perhaps it was the light of unmistakable love in John Daingerfield's blue eyes, that caused the pause of embarrassed silence, while still they were clasping hands at meeting. Then, without preamble, the young man said: "Miss Cameron, I have brought you a picture of the woman whom I love; will you look at it—for do you know, you are adorably like the object of my adoration." The girl put forth her hand to take it, but her cheeks were as pale now as the mass of white rosebuds he had offered her at greeting. "Victoria," he murmured passionately, as her eyes rested on the long treasured bit of photograph—"surely you know it is you, and you only that I love. Darling—dearest and best—promise that you will marry me?"

With both her hands in his, and the quivering lips changed into curves of infinite content, John Daingerfield at last could gaze his fill of those limpid hazel orbs, as they were uplifted to his with such shy but satisfying sweetness.

"And you would marry me," she said, her eyes grown beautifully large, with the seriousness of her words—"a stranger, unknown and almost friendless?" "I marry you," he interrupted, with a smile of infinite tenderness, "because I love you." And then in answer to her queries John Daingerfield explained his possession of that fragment of her photograph. Victoria blushed and smiled. "I remember now," she said, reflectively. "My uncle had insisted I should send it to his son—for he was determined I should marry my cousin—but my will was equally firm in the opposite direction—and I tore my picture in half and threw it hastily behind the bureau, while my uncle thought I was dutifully enclosing it in a letter."

"And you are quite sure," said the young man, with an anxious frown clouding his handsome face—"that you prefer plain John Daingerfield to your cousin and a title?"

"I prefer you," said Victoria, with an arch smile, "because I love you. Then after a pause of mutual contemplation, she added, "It was because I was determined never to be dependent on my cousin's bounty, that I accepted a position as Miss Vandernoodt's cook. But the day we first met, I had heard from my uncle's executor's that he had left me ten thousand pounds."

"And that explains your reckless generosity to those little street boys."

And so in a short time the Belles of the Kitchen, and the fashionable world at large, became aware, that handsome and desirable John Daingerfield was about to wed a *ri-decant* teacher of the Art of Cookery. But the excitement was at its height, when it was discovered, this same Miss Cameron was not only an heiress, but the niece of a Scottish nobleman.

The Herdsman.

(See Full-page Engraving.)

THE original of our beautiful engraving, "The Herdsman," is in the gallery of paintings at the Royal Palace, Windsor Castle. The artist was the celebrated Dutch painter Nicholas Berghem, who was born in 1624, and died in 1683. Few painters received more judicious instruction than he did, the result being seen in the careful treatment of his pictures. He most delighted in pastoral subjects, finding in nature an inexhaustible mine of beauty. While he imbued common objects with the poetry of his nature, he executed them with rare fidelity to truth, and his paintings, eminently picturesque, are also wonderfully true. So great was his popularity that his pictures were all sold before they were painted, and to supply the demand he painted from dawn until sunset. Of a cheerful and happy disposition, he sang at his work, infusing some of his own sunny temperament into his landscapes.

His pictures can be found in the imperial gallery of Vienna, at Berlin, Munich, Dresden, St. Petersburg, the Louvre, at Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, and Buckingham Palace. Several private collections rejoice in a Berghem.

"The Herdsman" is one of those attractive rural pictures which always pleases, both from its naturalness and the charm that such a subject possesses, even for those who care least about rural scenes. The cool gray of early morning is rising over the peaks. The sun has not yet thrown its golden rays upon the blue mountain heights in the hollows of which rest light, fleecy vapors, or diffused its luminous shadows over the velvet slopes of the green hills. Grouped in the foreground are the herdsman and the cattle, some of which are drinking from the clear waters of the cool stream. The aerial perspective is unsurpassed, and the transparency of the water shows that the painter has mastered that difficult branch of his art.

In looking at this beautiful picture we can fancy that we see the painter in his chateau of Bentheim, gazing out in rapture from the window of his studio on just such a scene as this. The cool air steals into him refreshing and strengthening.

"From their mossy hollows in the hills,
The sheep have started all their tinkling bells;"

the green panorama stretches out in the shadows of the early morn; and peace and calm settles on the wooded slopes and hovers over the mountain peaks.



Fra Angelico di Fiesole.

FRA ANGELICO, the "St. John of Art," was born in 1387, at Vecchio, one of those beautiful fortified cities which crown the summits of the Apennine range, in the province of Tuscany. Very little is known of his early years, except that he was baptized Guido, that his father's name was Pietro, and that he had a brother who was very nearly his own age, who followed him into his convent and joined with him not only in his devout but in his artistic labors.

His parents were in more than comfortable circumstances, so that had he been inclined he could have chosen an agreeable or an ambitious career with favorable beginnings. But his quiet and reflective temperament led him to prefer the shelter of the cloister; and in 1407 he assumed monastic vows in the reformed monastery of the Dominican preachers at Fiesole, taking for his religious name, Giovanni.

The hill of Fiesole is one of the loveliest of those green elevations which guard the valley of the Arno against the sharp winds from the north. A powerful city once occupied its height; but Florence, its rival, conquered it one day, leaving of the once glorious town little else than ruins and memories.

About midway the hill rises the Convent of Saint Dominic. The church is directly on the high road, and inclines the passer-by to linger around it, by the pure and simple grace of its architecture, as the sweet waters from the ever-flowing fountain, and the numerous seats, drew the weary traveler to its gardens for rest and refreshment in centuries past.

The apse of the church is surrounded by cloisters and conventual buildings; and to one weary of his fellow men, and of the hard struggle for place and precedence, and longing for peace and communion with God, there must have been an intense charm in the silent corridors and the dim, shadow-haunted chapel. When we stand within the precincts of the place, we can easily picture the life led by the "Beato," in his quiet retreat—pacing the cloisters in tranquil meditation over his daily work—offering up thanksgiving in the incense, perfumed chapel for the songs vouchsafed

him in the night-season, or bent low in prayer within his cell for that inspiration which never seemed denied him.

As if to aid him in his work, the fairest objects of nature met his eye, let him look where and when he would, outside his convent walls. At night the clustering stars were mapped out on the open page of heaven—in the day, roses and lilies smiled in the valleys below, trailing clematis and wild honeysuckle festooned the sharp cliffs above—the shining Arno crept lazily under its bridges through the City of Flowers, and, loveliest sight of all, Giotto's Tower:—

"The Lily of Florence, blossoming in stone,
A vision, a delight, and a desire,
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone."

But even there, peace was not to last forever. The Latin church of that period was sorely rent and tossed by factions from within and without, and, for political reasons not necessary to give here, the monks were forced to leave Fiesole. They retired to Foligno, and while there, Angelico seems to have been fairly launched on his artistic career.

Four years were passed in this quiet retreat, and then the friars received permission to take up again their abode in their beloved Fiesole, where Angelico and his brother Benedetto worked together in illuminating missals and choral books, some of which, most exquisitely beautiful, may still be seen in the Convent Church of St. Dominic.

In 1436, Angelico, with several others of his order were removed to Florence, to the Convent of San Marco, which had been built and occupied for years by the Silvestrine monks, but who were ejected by Cosmo di Medici to make way for the Dominicans. By this time Angelico had become of so much repute as an artist, that every amateur was desirous of owning something from his pencil. To every application his invariable reply was; "Obtain consent of the Prior and I will do my best to gratify you," while all the money thus gained went to swell the income of the Convent.

His modesty and unselfishness were so great, and he was so anxious only to be judged as "a good and faithful servant" in the sight of the Master he adored, that none of the many pictures he painted in Florence, Perugia, Orvieto, or Rome, were either signed or dated. No work was ever begun without the most devout meditation over his theme and entreaties for heavenly aid and inspiration; and we are told by contemporaneous writers that his Madonnas, Christs, and crucifixes were painted on his knees, often amid floods of tears.

Though he was neither a bigot nor a fanatic, yet his mysticism was of an intense character, he believing that his pencil was guided by answers to prayer and faith. He refused ecclesiastical promotion, though it was repeatedly pressed upon him; and his real Christian virtue kept his heart and hands clean in an age noted for its looseness and corruption, in church as well as state.

His life being almost wholly passed in the attempt to conceive creatures belonging to another world than his own, we cannot wonder that he should have been blessed with such perfect repose of mind, such joy, and such unquestioning faith. Undoubtedly it was these very characteristics—his purity of life, his singleness of purpose, his constant musings over heavenly things, added to his natural sweetness of disposition, which gave him the power to draw human faces lit with sacred light and love, as probably no one has ever done before or since.

There is a certain peculiarity about his angels, which is not to be met with in the angels of other painters, and which is faintly approached in one of Gustave Doré's pictures now on exhibition in London. This peculiarity consists in a certain lightness of body which is really indescribable. It is as if the light of heaven shone through their human bodies, spreading an almost divine radiance round the places where they are.

The most exquisite type of the Annunciation has been given in a small reliquary kept in



THE ANGELS OF FRA ANGELICO DI FIESOLE.

the Sacristy of Santa Maria Novella, Florence. The Virgin is represented as sitting in an open Loggia, while before her is a meadow, dotted with daisies. Behind her, through the open door of the Loggia, may be seen her room with a small grated window, through which a single beam of light falls into the empty space.

But the picture of the "Beato," which most catches and holds the public heart, is that one in the Uffizza Gallery, Florence. It is the Madonna, painted on a background of gold and surrounded by angels, playing on different musical instruments. No picture has been, I presume, so copied as this, as indeed scarcely any other painting can impart such a thrill to Christian souls, as these "angel choirs, with flames on their white foreheads, and sparkles streaming from their purple wings, 'like the glitter of many suns upon the sounding sea'—listening in pauses of alternate song for the trumpet or the sound of psaltery and cymbal."

It has been said that to attain supernatural character in a painting, there must be great purity of color, no more shadow than is absolutely necessary for showing the form; and by the use of gilding and enamel, Angelico's smaller works are remarkable in this respect, "the glories about the heads being of beaten rays of gold on which the light plays and changes as the spectator moves: The colors of the draperies are always pure and pale, blue, rose, tender green or brown, but never dark or gloomy; the faces being always of celestial fairness, brightly flushed—this flush and glow being reserved by old painters for spiritual beings, as if indicative of light shining through the body."

Angelico passed as quietly away to the other life as he had lived in this, departing from Rome, where he had gone by order of the Pope, in 1445. His ashes repose in a secluded nook near the choir of the church of Santa Marie Sofia Minerva, but his tomb is so hidden away in the dusk that few see it unless they search for it. His portrait is cut on the stone and the inscription, "Hic jacet Venerabilis pictor Frater Johannes de Florentia Ordinis prædicatorum, 14LV."

But his memory can never die, since all generations of men have united to call him "Blessed," an artist Saint, who was sanctified in every desire, charitable as devout, meek as holy, consecrating his genius solely to religion, and faithfully fulfilling the rule that "He who makes the things of Christ should always be with Christ."

L. P. L.

Nerves.

UNDER this title we find another characteristic paper by Margaret McKensie which, considered as a treatise either philosophical or physiological, may be set down under the general head of "Literature from a Waste Basket."

Nerves! There is a look about the word as wildly erratic, contradictory, incalculable, and inconsequent as that extraordinary phenomena in nature which it names. There is, too,

a rasping, irritating, shivering quality in its sound, especially when enunciated by a conscious possessor of these marvelous organs of sensibility that excites the sympathetic or repulsive action in persons utterly ignorant of being in subjection to any such mysterious and occult forces.

Under the operation of these unaccountable influences, I have resolutely made a study of the curious matter with results which, according to my practice of arriving at a clear solution of difficulties, I will write out and foot up in a sum total which may or may not amount to an absolute conclusion.

Really, Margaret McKensie, you launch forth with a masterly assumption of superiority as if you expected to hide the fact that you were driven to this analytical study by a light, stinging taunt perpetually recurring to mind, "You are as nervous as a woman, Margaret." "Indeed! and why should a woman be nervous?" "Why? Because she has a fine, delicate organization sensitive to the slightest influences, and any physical disturbance destroys her mental harmony, and leaves her like a musical instrument with rudely shattered chords answering discordantly to every passing touch."

All this is very sweet and possibly very true, but is it the whole truth? Honest dealing with myself will not allow any hiding behind apology or subterfuge in an investigation so purely private and personal. Coolly and candidly viewed from my low ground of observation and experience, I have to say that the astonishing manifestations popularly attributed to the action of disordered nerves seem to me, in the majority of cases, the effect of a compound of mental vices—selfishness, unreasonableness, impatience, ill-temper, and lack of self-control.

Let me not be so harsh and narrow in my judgment as to deny the baleful influence of an unbalanced condition of health, but even this is tenfold aggravated by indulgence in the caustic alkalies and acids of unlovely moods and tempers. I may be suffering the torment of an outraged and rebellious nerve, but, if I exercise a moment's rational thought in the matter, I perceive that the agony is not abated by fretful complaint nor reckless trial and abuse of the love which strives to minister. On the other hand, I find a calm determination to rule myself, in consideration of the peace and comfort of the household, invariably results in a mitigation of the ills which I had only to believe intolerable to make so.

Now Margaret, Margaret, is not this a too severe process of self-analysis to be genuine? It might be feared so, indeed, if it had not been instituted after an exasperated study and condemnation of certain nervous subjects whom it isn't necessary for me to name. How could I prove the integrity of the law laid down for others without a practical application of its power in my own case, which alone admits of a clear and generous judgment? Of course I find it hard enough to submit to the exactions so easy to put upon another, but I so thoroughly despise the snarling, criticising spirit forever pouncing, like a cawing crow, on the carrion of other people's faults, that I am resolved never to

mark offenses without a rigid self-examination in the broken lines, and a prompt self-subjection to my own prescribed rules of proper conduct.

And I have to confess frankly that I find myself very frequently failing in the condemned weakness of nerves even to the point of shrieking sometimes on the slightest occasion of mental or physical disturbance.

Why?

There is a wonderfully composing power in that simple interrogative. In whatever way it may be answered, I find the cause either too great or too small for such absurd demonstrations, and the habit of self-control is slowly gained and strengthened. Judging the capacities and possibilities of human nerves by personal study and experience, I conclude that their tyranny arises in large measure from over-indulgence, and is limited by a resolute exercise of will.

It seems a mournfully accepted fact that the ordinary woman must be given over to panics, fidgets, paroxysms, helplessness, and exhaustion on any occasion of excitement, and men gallantly and tenderly soothe, protect, and shelter in the fervor and devotion of early love, though I sadly observe the wearing struggle of domestic life reduces them to a state of stolid indifference, culminating sometimes in a sneer of contempt, or breaking in the sharp reproof "Don't be a fool, my dear."

I'm not at all certain that men do not have the same faltering of nerve which is tolerated and even excused in women; but, as weakness and cowardice are not reckoned manly attributes, every influence of education is brought to bear against their exhibition, and the boy, striving valiantly after the virtues of the man, accustoms himself to face danger and death without flinching.

I could but mark, the other night, the difference of expression between the masculine and feminine elements of a family having a constitutional dread of all threatening disturbances in nature. A violent thunder-storm was coming on, and, amid the scorching flashes of lightning, Tom had deliberately closed the shutters, and, with the self-protective instinct of his sex, quietly seated himself at a safe distance from any chance electrical conductors; while the girls in frenzy of fear were dodging here and there, spasmodically plunging their hands to their faces at every flare of lightning, and shrieking as though smitten at every crash of thunder. Grace was nearly rigid with spasms of fright which poor mother, herself a good deal shocked and shaken, was doing her best to soothe.

Uncertain of myself in such an atmosphere, I dashed into the hall, slipped on my waterproof, and, stepping out on the piazza, made my way to a sheltered nook, where I sat down to watch the wild scene, not without a cowering wish to rush into a darkened room and hide my eyes with the rest from the whole dazzling, terrible glory. But, after all, I thought, why should I shut from sight, with imagined hope of safety, this magnificent spectacle which challenges my highest reverence and awe of the supreme and sublime powers of the universe? If death awaits me

in this flaming air, let me meet it with a calm, courageous front, and not with the sneaking, back-turned dread of a criminal who regards it as a punishment rather than the stepping-stone to a grander, freer life.

All tremor passed, and I felt an uplifted sense of relation with the wonderful forces from which I no longer shrank, conscious of a gracious nearness and protection of divine good as the lightnings darted about me on mysterious messages, the thunders boomed in the battle of the clouds, and the winds, sweeping like spirits from a realm unknown, bowed the trees to the earth in sighing acknowledgment of an unseen power. Suddenly a blinding light that seemed the world in flame followed instantaneously by a shock like the crash of colliding spheres, and I saw my beloved oak on the hill before my view shivered through branch and trunk as though by the stroke of a giant's axe.

At once the winds were breathless, the roll of thunder sounded afar, and the rain, which had been dashing in fitful gusts, came down in a white sheet.

For a moment I sat motionless under the creeping, tingling sensation of the electric current, but the thought of possible danger and certain dismay to the group of waiters inside brought me to my feet, and I hurried in to find the whole household in consternation, and hovering in a sort of stunned helplessness about Grace, who was lying on the floor in a torpor like death.

The coolness of mind and hand which I had brought from my determined subjection of nervous dread to sympathy with and admiration of the grand forces of nature served me in homely, practical thought of the proper thing to do, and I was not long in proving the trouble with Grace to be a dead faint from fright which had also partially paralyzed and confused the others. Tom, however, with instant collection of his superbly trained faculties, rose at once to the command of the situation, and, with the appearance of having shuffled off the responsibility of conducting the campaign of the storm, assumed, with dignity, the masculine prerogative of direction in the crisis of affairs, and allowed me, apparently, to aid him in the use of restorative measures which I had already brought to bear upon the disordered and discomfited condition of the family nerves.

This lesson was only another added to the many I have learned since I began to think of the matter that forgetfulness of self by absorption in broader subjects of contemplation is the truest and surest safeguard against all morbid and diseased action of those delicate agents of communication between mind and body familiarly known as "nerves," and which, deriving their strength from the physical, are subject wholly to the control and direction of the will.

I write, therefore, upon the tables of the law for thee, Margaret McKensie: "Forget thyself, forget thyself; and remember no more forever that thou hast 'nerves.'"

We submit, without comment, a girl's confident study of a subject perplexing to physician and savant.

Spring-Time.

(See Full-page Steel Engraving.)

THE artist to whom we are indebted for our beautiful engraving, "Spring-Time," very properly symbolizes this lovely season by a young maiden. Fresh and fair, her golden hair floating around her neck, her face full of sweetness and repose, she is a beautiful picture of that vernal season which throws the fragrance of flowers over the earth, and robes it in a mantle of unsullied green. In her hand she bears fair lilies—emblems of her innocence—those pure flowers which, Longfellow tells us, carried in the maiden's hand, "Gates of brass cannot withstand."

Most charmingly does she represent that delightful season when perfume dwells in the dells, and the fragrance of flowers floats out over the woods. The groves are vocal with the song of birds, and the dainty wings of the butterflies glance through the air. It is the season of beauty and the season of hope; it is the earth's resurrection from the grave of

winter, and soon the glory of the full tide of summer will sweep over the gardens and the valleys, and set brighter crowns of beauty on the mountain peaks.

The spring-time of nature and the spring-time of life are alike full of joy and of loveliness. The maiden of our picture, in the first flush of her beautiful womanhood, finds life a pleasant holiday. Like the fair season she represents, there are no withered garlands in her bowers. No painful memories cloud her present, for hers is the period of hope, not of memory, and her heart echoes the melodies of gladness which float through the world.

Too much praise cannot be awarded the artist for the delicacy and refinement of his conception of "Spring-Time." Every detail, too, is in strict keeping with the idea carried out. The butterfly against the garden wall; the lilies in the basket and in the hand; the richly flowered robe; the hat brightened by the sheen of its satin lining; the golden hair floating freely in the wind; and the tender grace and fresh girlish sweetness which pervades the face of this young maiden—fair symbol of the spring.



"ENRICO."

From a Painting by U. LAAR.

Teach Me to Live.

TEACH me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye
And waken in the glorious realms of day.

TEACH me that harder lesson—how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life,
Arm me for conflict, now fresh vigor give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

The Tragic Story of a Diamond Necklace.

WHEN the Countess Dubarry was in the height of her power, holding in chains a vicious king, Louis XV. ordered for her a necklace of diamonds. Böhmer and Bassenge, the jewelers, hunted the world through for gems worthy to be wrought into a necklace for the favorite of a king. Before the necklace was ready for delivery, the king died, and the jewelers found themselves burdened with a heavy debt, incurred in purchasing the diamonds.

They made an effort to sell the glittering and costly bauble to the youthful Marie-Antoinette, but the queen declined the purchase. The finances of the country did not allow of so great an expenditure on an article which, however beautiful, was by no means necessary to the queen. It was offered to the various European courts, but they were not willing to give four hundred thousand dollars for a diamond necklace, however precious the stones might be. For ten years the jewelers persisted in offering the necklace to the queen, until she grew weary of the persecution. Thinking that they saw their opportunity when the dauphin was born, again they appeared at the palace with the necklace, and the king taking it, offered it to the queen, and was astonished at the warmth of her words when she rejected the gift. So the jewelers still had the unlucky necklace on their unwilling hands.

There was a plot brewing, which, if successful, would relieve the jewelers of the now obnoxious necklace, but which would not place it within the hands of royalty. It was a plot wonderfully contrived and wonderfully carried out, the chief conspirator, a woman, showing remarkable fertility of resource, uncommon audacity, and great recklessness of consequences.

This woman, the Countess de la Motte, was descended in an irregular way from Henry II. of Valois. The Saint Remi family, however, had been reduced, through poverty, to the lowest extreme of degradation, and, however exalted their lineage, they had lost all traces of their royal pedigree.

When we are first introduced to the wicked countess she is begging on the roadside, with her little sister on her back, she herself a child of tender years. Deserted by their unnatural mother, these little ones had to take

care of themselves, and perhaps the cunning for which the wily countess was distinguished had been acquired during her vagrant career.

It was a fortunate day for her, when, running beside the carriage of the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers, she cried, "Pray, take pity on two orphans, descended from Henry II. of Valois, King of France." Such an appeal was likely to attract attention, as it was unusual to see the members of a royal family reduced to such a plight. The marchioness inquired into the girl's story, and finding that her lineage could be traced, even though remotely and irregularly, to a king of France, she sent for the children to her château and befriended them. Every educational advantage was given them, and by persistent efforts she had their claim to royal descent acknowledged, and a pension of one hundred and sixty dollars a year settled on each of the three children—for there was a boy also. The little beggar girl was now known as Mademoiselle de Valois; and after she had completed her education she went to Bar-Sur-Aube, the place of her birth. Here she encountered M. de la Motte, an officer in the gendarmes, and married him.

Even at this early age, her moral character was not above suspicion, and it is clear that she was utterly deficient in self-respect and in proper principle. Full of pretense and of ambitious aspirations, she thought that a daughter of the house of Valois should support a certain style. Neither her husband nor herself had the means to keep up a display, or even a moderately genteel appearance, and, like many other weak-minded people under similar circumstances, they began to borrow, beg, and steal. She now assumed the title of countess and her husband that of count. Fancying that she was kept out of her ancestral estate, she fairly besieged all who she thought could be of service in pushing her claims.

Having been, unfortunately for him, introduced by her benefactress to the Cardinal de Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, she prepared to secure him in her toils. He was not hard to ensnare. She was not destitute of attractions, was cajoling, flattering, insinuating, and without any moral scruples; while he was vain, profligate, and easily duped by women. He was Grand Almoner of France, and a rich prize for her to grasp.

Resolved to secure her ancestral domains, she was determined to gain access to the queen in order to enlist her sympathies in her cause. But she failed in reaching the presence of Marie-Antoinette, notwithstanding her artfully contrived plans. So persistent was she in thrusting her petitions before those in authority, that, to get rid of her, the controller-general added one hundred and forty dollars to her pension. This, however, was but a drop in the mighty ocean of her wants. Living far beyond her means, burdened with debts, and harassed in mind, she even contemplated suicide, but concluded to remain on earth awhile longer and battle with grim poverty.

Then it was, when she was having a hand-to-hand fight with penury, when every resource was exhausted, and the wolf could no longer be kept from the door, that her fertile imagination conceived a deed which for cunning

and daring has rarely been surpassed. This was a plan to transfer the diamond necklace from the hands of the jewelers into those of her own. Into this audacious plot the highest in the land were to be dragged, the queen and the Cardinal de Rohan, high church dignitary and Grand Almoner of France. It was a desperate deed, but well planned and well executed.

She first set the report about that she was on terms of intimacy with the queen, and, to give an appearance of reality to her story, she was constantly seen in the vicinity of the palace, as if she had been visiting the queen in her private apartments. She persuaded the weak and vain Cardinal de Rohan, that, through her intercessions, Marie-Antoinette was ready to receive him again into favor. Owing to his disreputable conduct when on a foreign mission, he was in disrepute at court; and, having spoken disrespectfully of the queen's mother, Maria Theresa, her daughter, the Queen of France, refused to countenance him. He felt keenly his position, and eagerly snatched at even the feeble thread this cunning woman held out to him.

She now forged letters which she pretended had been sent to her by the queen, in which she speaks of her forgiveness of the cardinal, and says that the explanations of the Countess de la Motte have placed matters in quite a different light. Delighted at this favorable turn in his affairs, and filled with gratitude to the successful mediator between himself and royalty, he is ready to lavish money and goodwill upon her.

She now goes a step farther, and the cardinal receives letters from the queen herself, through the medium of the countess. Through the same medium he sends money to her majesty, at her own request, which is eagerly appropriated by the Countess de la Motte. These letters are written on the same blue-bordered paper on which Marie-Antoinette usually wrote, and were inscribed by a young man employed for the purpose.

Under pretense that the queen wishes the cardinal to negotiate with the jewelers for the necklace, he is invited by one of these blue-bordered notes to meet Marie-Antoinette in the garden of the Tuileries at midnight. To have believed it possible that the Queen of France would commit the indiscretion of inviting a man to meet her in such a place at such an hour, proves that the vanity of the cardinal was so gigantic that it completely swallowed up his common sense. A woman, who is not in the plot, but is a dupe also, is cheated into meeting the cardinal. She is not aware that she is representing the queen, and does not know that it is the cardinal she is meeting. She says but a few words, when the countess, who is keeping watch, hurries her off, fearing that the deception may be discovered by the cardinal. The end has been accomplished, however; the dupe thinks the queen has thus honored him, and he clasps with eager joy the rose-emblem of her favor and forgiveness which she has placed in his hands. Wonderful credulity! He is ready now to perform any act, however silly, at the bidding of the cunning and false daughter of the royal house of Valois, whose

exalted descent did not prevent her being a swindler of the worst kind.

She writes, as if from the queen, empowering the cardinal to purchase the necklace. She sends one of her trusted emissaries to the jewelers to suggest to them that, as the Countess de la Motte is high in favor with the queen she would be likely to persuade her into purchasing the necklace. She was accordingly visited by one of the jewelers, and when the cardinal purchased the necklace they did not recognize him so much in the matter as the queen's so-called friend, the all-persuasive and all-powerful countess. So delighted were the jewelers to get rid of the expensive bauble, and so grateful were they to the countess for her powerful assistance, that they gave a banquet at which she was the honored guest.

When the cardinal was requested, as he thought, by the queen to purchase the necklace, he was told to hand it to the person appointed by her friend, the Countess de la Motte, to receive it. This person was the accomplice who wrote the letters purporting to come from the queen.

Everybody is satisfied. The cardinal that he is able to gratify the queen; the jewelers that they have got rid of the necklace; and the countess that she has secured that which will place her far above the pangs of poverty. A thief, a forger of the queen's name, she stands on a volcano which is liable, at any time, to destroy her. She does not seem to realize this fact, however, as she gloats over her stolen treasures. The queen, meanwhile, is unconscious of the plot of which she is one of the victims—a plot that is destined to work her woe and even to cast a shadow over her name.

Not the faintest suspicion entered the minds of the cardinal and the jewelers that they had been duped. But why did not the queen wear the necklace she had purchased? There had been public occasions when it would have been most appropriate; when its gorgeous luster would have decked her most becomingly.

The necklace was to be paid for in instalments; and when the first was due the countess visited the cardinal and informed him that the queen was compelled to defer payment. The cardinal saw the jewelers, who were not satisfied at the delay. Their creditors were pressing them, and their need of the money was great.

Meeting Madame Campan, Böhmer, one of the jewelers, told her of the purchase made by the queen. She electrified him by asserting positively that the necklace was not in the queen's possession, and never had been.

The necklace contained six hundred and twenty nine diamonds, all of rare beauty, and many very large. The De la Mottes, picking it to pieces, prepared to sell the stones. Villette, the young man who wrote the letters, was sent with some of the diamonds to sell. While thus engaged, he was arrested on suspicion of having stolen them, but, as nothing could be proved against him, he was released. The chief conspirator succeeded in disposing of many, and her husband had similar good luck in England.

And now "the winter of her discontent" vanished, and the countess prepared to live as a daughter of the house of Valois should. She furnished her house in regal style. The hangings to her bed were crimson velvet trimmed with gold lace and fringe, and embroidered in gold thread and spangles, and her coverlid was worked in pearls. Her stables were filled with horses; she had fine carriages; silver bells were attached to the horses when she rode out; she had outriders; her coffers glittered with rare jewels, and her attire was worthy of the queen herself. She was now living at her old home, Bar-Sur-Aube—living there like a princess where she had once lived as a beggar child.

But the storm was gathering that was to break upon her, for Madame Campan had informed the queen of the purchase made in her name by the Cardinal de Rohan. One day, as arrayed in his glittering pontifical robes, he was about to celebrate a church festival in the chapel of Versailles, he was summoned to attend the king in his private cabinet. On being questioned by the king as to who gave him the authority to purchase the necklace for the queen, he replied, "A lady called the Countess de la Motte-Valois, who handed me a letter from the queen, and I thought I was performing my duty to her majesty when I undertook this negotiation."

"How, sir," said the queen, "could you believe that I should select you, to whom I have not spoken these eight years, to negotiate anything for me, and especially through the mediation of such a woman—a woman, too, whom I do not even know."

The cardinal evidently thought that the queen was only playing a part in the presence of her husband, and he felt some contempt for her cowardice, in trying to screen herself from blame in the transaction. However, he soon became convinced that he had been made a dupe of, and, confessing the same, declared his willingness to pay for the necklace. This did not save him from punishment, however; and, in spite of his protests, he was arrested in his sacred robes, and thrown into the Bastille.

When the guilty countess heard the news of the cardinal's arrest she was at a dinner party at Clairvaux, where the abbot was entertaining some of his friends. She almost fainted, as well she might, and rushed from the table in evident dismay. She was arrested the next morning and was carried to the Bastille, while her husband wisely fled to England. The woman, Mademoiselle d'Oliva, who personated the queen in the garden scene, was arrested, and the young man Villette, who wrote the letters purporting to come from the queen.

The audacity of the countess did not desert her on the trial. She put a bold face on the matter and denied everything, trying to make it appear that the cardinal was the guilty party. She was ever ready with the most plausible answers, and even denied the confession of Villette, saying that he was as innocent as she was herself. She was cool and courageous, never at a loss for an answer under the severest cross-examination, and bore herself

proudly through the whole trial, as a daughter of the house of Valois should do, of course. Her assertions of innocence did not save her, however, and she was borne to the Conciergerie, where a terrible punishment awaited her. The cardinal was acquitted, amid the plaudits of the people, but the king demanded him to resign the office of grand almoner and the orders that had been conferred upon him, and to retire to his abbey among the mountains of Auvergne.

Upon the countess deservedly fell the greatest punishment. She had planned the whole affair, the others being her dupes and instruments. When her sentence was read to her she went into convulsions. She was to be whipped and branded on both shoulders with the word "Volcuse"—thief. She was not the person to submit quietly to an infliction like this. She screamed and struggled violently when the hot iron was applied to her tender flesh. Never did the shoulders of a Valois suffer as did those of this degenerate orphan, descended from Henry II. of Valois, King of France." Amid her cries and imprecations, the painful sentence was executed, and thus branded, she was thrown into a coach and driven to the Salpêtrière, a prison for the lowest women.

Through the connivance of outside parties, she effected her escape, and joined her husband in England. They still had some of the diamonds in their possession, and these they continued to sell as their exigencies required. Her day for doing harm was not yet over; and she employed her pen in writing an account of the affair of the diamond necklace. Her narrative, which was as false as herself, was scattered far and wide; and her terrible slanders against the queen, strange to say, found believers.

The last glimpse we catch of this audacious creature is when she jumps from a window in London to avoid the creditors who are pursuing her. So badly was she injured by her flight, that she died in a few weeks, aged thirty-four years.

"The bad men do lives after them," says the bard, a saying verified in the case of the countess. The slanders she had raised against the queen, and the dubious position in which she had placed her with regard to the cardinal, were shadows which always darkened the pathway of Marie-Antoinette. There were those who persisted in believing her as guilty as they wished her; and her enemies were only too glad to have a subject of reproach like this.

Diamonds have often worked woe, but never did they work such woe as this diamond necklace accomplished. Where are they flashing now? Who can tell? The king who ordered them, died most miserably; the woman for whom they were ordered, the base Dubarry, was carried shrieking to the guillotine; the lovely queen whose name was used in the plot, bowed with heavy sorrows, shared the fate of Dubarry; and the creature who originated the whole matter died a tragic death, her white shoulders bearing the sign and the seal of her infamy. Truly these gems of history are also the gems of tragedy.

Kith and Kin.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF THE "FIRST VIOLIN,"
"PROBATION," ETC.

(Continued from page 353.)

CHAPTER XXII.

AN OLD WIFE'S TALE.

THE evening at Yoresett House passed with its usual monotonous quietness. Mrs. Conisbrough, weary, and dejected too, now that she was at home again, now that Aglionby had gone away, without saying one word of coming again, without holding out a single hope that he would deal generously, or, as it seemed to her, even justly, by her and hers, went to bed early, hoping to find rest and forgetfulness. She took a stronger dose than usual of her calming mixture, and was soon asleep. Rhoda was not long in following her example. The two elder girls were left alone. They chatted in a desultory manner, with long pauses, about all the trival events which had happened during Judith's absence. If there were anything remarkable about their conversation, it was that neither Bernard Aglionby's name nor that of Randolph Danesdale was so much as mentioned. By degrees their voices ceased entirely; silence had fallen upon them for some time before they at last went to their bedrooms. How different the feelings which caused or prompted this silence in the one girl and the other! Delphine's silence was the cloak which hid a happiness tremulous but not uncertain. Looking round her horizon, she beheld a most brilliant star of the morning rising clear, bright, and prepared to run a long course. She was content to be silent and contemplate it.

With Judith it was otherwise. She felt the depression under which she had lately suffered, but which had been somewhat dissipated by the strong excitement of the event which had taken place at Scar Foot. She felt this depression rush over her again with irresistible force, sweeping her as it were from her feet, submerging her beneath its dark and melancholy wave. Turn which way she would she could see nothing but darkness in her prospects—in the prospects of them all. Hitherto she had fought against this depression; had despised herself for feeling it; and, since her uncle's will had left them penniless, tried to console herself with the reflection that she was no worse off than before, but rather a little better, for that now she might justly go to her mother and claim as a right to be allowed to seek work. To-night she did not feel that consolation; she thought of Bernard Aglionby's eyes, and of the touch of his hand as he had said, "Good afternoon, Miss Conisbrough, and the thought, the recollection, made her throw down her work and pant as if she felt suffocated and longed for fresh air.

By and by she went to bed, and, more wearied than she had known she was, soon fell asleep, and had one of those blessed dreams which descend upon our slumbers

sometimes when care is blackest and life is hardest, when our weirds that we have to dree out look intolerable to us in our weariness and grief. It was a long, rambling, confused dream, incoherent, but happy. When she awoke from it she could recall no particular incident in it; she did but experience a feeling of happiness and lightness of heart, as if the sun had suddenly burst forth through dark clouds, which she had long been hoping vainly would disperse. And vaguely connected with this happier feeling, the shadow, as it were, the eidolon, or image, of Bernard Aglionby, dim recollections of Shennamere, of moonlight, of words spoken, and then of a long, dreamful silence, which supervened.

She lay half awake, trying, scarce consciously, to thread together these scattered beads of thought, of fancy, and of hope. Then by degrees, she remembered where she was, and the truth of it all. But cheered, and undaunted still, she rose from her bed, and dressed, and went down-stairs, ready to face her day with a steadfast mien.

The morning seemed to pass more quickly and cheerfully than usual. Judith was employed in some household work; that is, her hands were so employed; her head was busy with schemes of launching herself upon the world—of work, in short. She was reflecting upon the best means of finding something to do which should give her enough money to let her learn how to do something more. Never before had the prospect seemed so near and so almost within her grasp.

In the afternoon Delphine shut herself up in her den, to paint, and to brood, no doubt, she too, over the future and its golden possibilities. For, when we are nineteen, the future is so huge, and its hugeness is so cheerful and sunny. Rhoda, inspired with youthful energy, was seen to put on an old and rough-looking pair of gloves, and on being questioned said she was going to do up the garden. Thus Judith and Mrs. Conisbrough were left alone in the parlor, and Judith offered to read to her mother. The proposal was accepted. Judith had read for some time of the fortunes and misfortunes attending the careers of Darcy Latimer and Alan Fairfax, when, looking up, she saw that her mother was asleep. She laid the book down, and before taking up her work contemplated the figure and countenance of the sleeping woman. That figure, shapely even now, had once been, as Judith had again and again heard, one of the tallest, straightest, most winsome figures in all Danesdale. Her mother's suitors and admirers had been numerous, if not all eligible, and that countenance, now shrunken, with the anxiously corrugated brow, and the mouth drawn down in lines of care, discontent, and disappointment, had been the face of a beauty. How often had she not heard the words from old servants and old acquaintance, "Eh, bairn, but your mother was a bonny woman!"

"Poor mother!" murmured Judith, looking at her, with her elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, "yours has been a sad, hard life, after all. I should like to make it gladder for you, and I can and will do so, even without Uncle Aglionby's money, if you will

only wait, and have patience, and trust me to walk alone."

Then her thoughts flew like lightning to Scar Foot, to Shennamere, to the days from the Saturday to the Wednesday, which she had just passed there, and which had opened out for her such a new world.

Thus she had sat for some little time in silence, and over all the house there was a stillness which was almost intense, when the handle of the door was softly turned, and looking up, Judith beheld their servant Louisa, looking in, and evidently wishful to speak with her. She held up her hand, with a warning gesture, looking at her mother, and then rising, went out of the room, closing the door behind her as softly as it had been opened.

"What is it, Louisa?"

"Please, Miss Conisbrough, it's an old woman called Martha Paley, and she asked to see the mistress."

"Mrs. Paley, oh, I know her. I'll go to her, Louisa, and if you have done your work, you can go up-stairs and get dressed, while I talk to her, for she will not sit anywhere but in the kitchen."

Louisa willingly took her way up-stairs, and the young lady went into the kitchen.

"Well, Martha, and where do you come from?" she inquired. "It is long since we saw you."

It was a very aged, decent-looking woman who had seated herself in the rocking-chair at one side of the hearth. Martha Paley had been in old John Aglionby's service years ago. When old age incapacitated her, and after her old man's death, she had yielded to the urgent wishes of a son and his wife, living at Bradford, and had taken up her abode with them. Occasionally she revisited her old haunts in the Dale, the scenes of her youth and matronhood, and Judith conjectured that she must be on such a visit now.

"Aye, a long time it is, my dear," said the old woman; she was a native of Swaledale, and spoke in a dialect so broad as certainly to be unintelligible to all save those who, like Judith Conisbrough, knew and loved its every idiom, and accordingly, in mercy to the reader, her vernacular is translated. "I have been staying at John Heseltine's at the Ridgeway farm, nigh to th' Hawes."

"Ah then, that is why you have not been to see us before, I suppose, as it is a good distance away. But now you are here, Martha, you will take off your bonnet, and stay tea."

"I cannot, my bairn, thank you. John's son Edmund has driven me here, so far, in his gig, and he's bound to do some errands in the town, and then to drive me to Leyburn, where my son will meet me and take me home next day."

"I see. And how are you? You look pretty well."

"I'm very well indeed, God be thanked, for such an old, old woman as I am. I have reason to be content. But your mother, bairn—how's your mother?"

"She has been ill, I am very sorry to say, and she is sleeping now. I daren't awaken her, Martha, or I would, but her heart is weak, you know, and we are always afraid to startle her or give her a shock."

"Aye, aye! Well, you'll perhaps do as well as her. I've had something a deal on my mind, ever since Sunday, when I heard of the old squire's death and his will. I reckon that would be a shock to you."

"It was," replied Judith, briefly.

"Ay, indeed! And it's quite true that he has left his money to his grandson?"

"Quite true."

"Judith, my bairn, that was not right."

"I suppose my uncle thought he had a right to do what he chose with his own, Martha."

"In a way, he might have, but not after what he'd said to your mother. People have rights, but there's duties too, my dear, duties, and there's honesty and truth. His duty was to deal fairly by those he had encouraged to trust in him, and he died with a lie in his mouth, when he led your mother to expect his money, and then left it away. But there's the Scripture, and it's the strongest of all," she went on, somewhat incoherently, as it seemed to Judith, while she raised her withered hand with a gesture which had in it something almost imposing; "and it says, 'For unto him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.'"

"It is a very true Scripture, Martha, I think—so true that it will scarcely do for us to set ourselves against it in this case. The will is a valid one. Have you seen young Mr. Aglionby?"

"Nay," she answered, with some vigor; "when I heard o' what had happened, I couldn't bide to go near the place. And it's the first time I've been in th' Dale without visiting Scar Foot, the bonny place—'Fair Scar Foot' the verses call it."

"I think that is a pity. You would have found Mr. Aglionby very kind, and most anxious to do all that is right and just."

"I think for sure, he ought to be. Why not? It's easy to be just when you have lands and money all round, just as it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright. . . . He must be terrible rich, my bairn—that young man."

"He is as rich as my uncle was, I suppose. He was not rich before; he was very poor—as poor as we are."

Old Mrs. Paley shook her head, and said, decidedly:

"That can't be, honey! For when his father—poor Ralph—died, his mother's rich relations promised to adopt him; and they were to look after him, and see that he wanted for nothing. So that with money from them, and the old squire's money too, he must be a very rich man."

Such, but more rudely expressed, was old Martha's argument.

Judith felt a wave of sickly dread and terror sweep over her heart. It made her feel cold and faint. This rumor confronted her everywhere, this tale without a word of truth in it. Aglionby's words had been explicit enough. On his mother's side he had no rich relations; never had possessed even a rich connection. Yet her own impressions were strong, though she knew not whence they were derived; her own mother's words about "Bernarda" and what Bernarda had said (words

spoken as she awoke from her fainting fit); and now old Martha Paley—on all sides there seemed to be an impression, nay, more, a conviction, that he had been adopted by these mythical rich relations. Who had at first originated that report? Whence had it sprung? She knew, though she had not owned it to herself—she knew, though she had called herself all manner of ill-names for daring even to guess such a thing. It was because she knew that she had refused Aglionby's overtures.

For a moment or two cowardice was nearly gaining the victory. Mrs. Paley was an old, feeble woman; Judith could easily turn her thoughts upon another track; the worst need never be stated. But another feeling, stronger than this shrinking from the truth, urged her to learn it, and she said:

"Indeed! and how do you know this, Martha?"

"How do I know it bairn? Why, from your own mother's lips, as who else should I know it from? Aye, and she cried and sobbed, she did so when she brought the news. You know it was like in this way that it happened. When Ralph got married, and for long before I was housekeeper at Scar Foot, I well remember it all, and the old squire's fury, and the names he called the woman who had married his son; 'a low, penniless jade,' he called her, aye, and worse than that. He always meant Ralph to have your mother, you know. She was always a favorite with him. Whether that would have come to anything in any case, I don't know, for whatever she might have done, Ralph said much and more, that he wouldn't wed her. He went off to London and married his wife there. The news came, and the squire was furious. How he raged! He soon forbade Ralph the house, and cut off his allowance, and refused to see him, or hear of him. Two or three years passed, your mother was married, and lived in this house, which had been her mother's before her. I think the old squire's conscience began to prick, for he got uneasy about his son, and at last would have sent for him, I believe, but while he was making up his mind Ralph died, and then it was too late. For a time it fairly knocked the old man down. Then he came round, and began to think that he would like to have the boy, and he even made up his mind to make some sort of terms with the wife so as to get the boy into his own care, and 'bring him up an Aglionby, and not a vagabond,' as he said. It was a great descent for his pride, Miss Judith. He took counsel with your mother, and sent her to Irkford, where Mrs. Ralph lived, that great big town, you know. I've never been there, but they do say that it's wonderful for size and for dirt. He sent her there to see the mother and try to persuade her to let him have the child for the best part of the year, and she was to have it for the rest, and it was to be brought up like a gentleman, and sent to college, and then it was to have all his money when he died, same as if its father had never crossed him."

"Your mother—she was not a widow then, you know, nor for many a year after—she was away about three days. When she came back, she came alone. The old squire was as

white as a sheet with expectation and excitement. I was by at the time, and I saw and heard it all. He said, 'Where's the boy?' in a very quiet, strange kind of voice. 'Oh, uncle,' your mother said, 'she's an awful woman—she's like a tigress.' Then she cried and sobbed, and said it had been too much for her nerves; it had nearly killed her. And she told him how Mrs. Ralph had got into a fury, and said she would never be parted for a day from her child, and that she spurned his offer. The old squire said, with his grim little laugh, that perhaps when she was starving she would not be so ready to spurn. 'Oh, she won't starve,' your mother said; 'she has plenty of rich relations, and that is partly what makes her so independent. Ralph has left her the child's sole guardian. She scorns and spurns us, and I believe she would like to see us humbled in the dust before her.' Then the old squire let his hatred loose against his son's wife. With his terrible look that he could put on at times, he sat down beside your mother (she was flung on a sofa, you know, half-fainting) and he made her tell him all about it. He questioned and she answered, and she was trembling like a leaf all the time. He bade me stay where I was as witness. And at last when he had heard it all out he swore a fearful oath, and took heaven and us to witness that from henceforth, as long as he lived, he would have nothing to do with his grandchild. It might starve, he said, or die, or rot, or anything its mother chose, for aught he cared—he had done with it forever. It was terrible to hear him. And from that day none of us dared name the child to him. He spent a deal of his time at Yoresett House with your mother. I heard him many a time tell her she and hers were all the children he had. And after your father died he went on purpose to tell her not to be uneasy, but to leave him to do things his own way, and that you children should thrust that brat out of Scar Foot at last. And now he goes and leaves it all his money. Eh, my bairn—that was very wrong."

Judith, when she answered, spoke, and indeed felt, quite calm: the very hugeness of the effort she had to make in order to speak at all kept her calm and quiet. She had never even conceived of anything like the dreadful shame she felt as she said:

"It is a terrible story, Martha. It is very well that you told it to me instead of to my mother, for she is not strong enough to bear having it raked up again. Have you"—her voice almost died away upon her lips—"have you related it to any one else?"

"Nay, not I! I thought I'd just see Mistress Conisbrough, and ask her if there was nothing to be done. If she was to speak to some lawyer—some clever man—and some of them is so clever, you know, happen he might be able to set aside the will."

"That is what she thought of at first," said Judith, strenuously keeping her mind fixed upon the subject; battling hard to keep in restraint the sickly fear at her heart lest any of the unsuspecting ones around them should by chance come in and interrupt the interview. "But Mr. Whaley told her it would not be of the very slightest use. And—and—Martha, I

think you are very fond of us all, are you not?"

She came near to the old woman, and knelt beside her, with her hands clasped upon her knee, and she looked up into Martha's face.

"Aye, my bairn, I am so." She passed her withered hand over Judith's glossy brown braids. "I am so fond of ye all that I cannot abide to see ye cast out by a usurper."

"Then if you really care for us, please, Martha, say nothing more to any one about this, will you? I will tell you why. We have reason to think that Mr. Aglionby's relations were not really so rich as—as was represented, or if they were, they must have changed their minds about adopting him, for he was *very* poor, really, when his grandfather found him. And as it would not be of the least use to dispute the will, we want to keep it all quiet, don't you see? And to make no disturbance about it. Will you promise, Martha?"

"Aye, if you'll promise that if I ever could be of use by telling all about it, as I've told it to you, now, that you'll send for me, eh, bairn?"

"Oh, I promise that, yes."

"Then I promise you what you want. It's none such a pleasant thing that one should want to be raking it up at every turn, to all one's friends and neighbors."

Judith felt her heart grow cold and faint at the images conjured up by these words of the old woman, who went on, after a pause, during which her thoughts seemed to dwell upon the past. "Do you know him, my bairn, this young man?"

"Yes," replied Judith, a flood of color rushing tumultuously over her pale face. The question was sudden; the emotion was, for the moment, uncontrollable. Her clear eyes, which had been fixed on old Martha's face, wavered, sank.

Though Mrs. Paley was a withered old woman of eighty, she could read a certain language on a human face as glibly as any young maid of eighteen.

"You do? There's another reason for my holding my tongue. You say he's considerate, and wishful to do right. Is he reasonable, or is he one of them that have eyes, but see not? If he *has* eyes, he will want never to lose sight of you again. If you and he were to wed—eh, what a grand way of making all straight, and healing all enmities, and a way after the Lord's own heart, too."

A little shudder ran through Judith. She did not tell old Martha that Aglionby was already engaged; or Mrs. Paley's indignation would perhaps have loosed her tongue, in other quarters than this, and Judith wished above all things, and at almost any price, to secure her silence. She knew now that had Bernard been free as air; had he loved her and her alone, and told her so, and wooed her with all the ardor of which he was capable—after what she had just now heard she would have to say him nay, cost her what it might—a spoiled life, a broken heart, or what you will.

She rose from her knees, smiled a chilly little attempt at a smile, and said:

"I'm afraid you are a match-maker, Martha," and then, to her unspeakable relief, she heard

the sound of wheels. It was John Heseltine's son Edmund with the gig, coming to fetch Martha away.

The old woman did not ask to see the other girls. The story she had been telling had sent her thoughts wandering back to old times; she had forgotten Judith's sisters, who were to her things of yesterday. When she departed, Judith shook her withered old hand; promised to deliver her messages to her mother, led her to the door, saw her seated in the gig, and driven off, sure that she would keep the promise she had given. And thus old Martha Paley disappears from these pages.

Judith returned to the house, and stood in the hall a moment or two, then mechanically took her way up-stairs, along the passage, to her own bedroom. She sat down, and, folding her hands upon her knee, she began to think. Painfully, shrinkingly, but laboriously, she went in her mind over every detail of this horrible story. She felt a vague kind of hope that perhaps, if it all came to be compared and sifted, the particulars might be found incongruous; she might be unable to make them agree with one another, and so have a pretext for rejecting it. But, as she conned over each one, she found that they fitted together only too well—both her own vague, almost formless suspicions and the tangible facts which explained them.

Her great-uncle had had an interview with his grandson; she exactly understood how, talking to Bernard about what he supposed to be his true position, he had been enlightened, and that with a shock. He must have restrained his wrath so far as not to reveal to Aglionby what he had discovered; he had, as he thought, had pity upon her mother and her mother's daughters. She remembered their journey home from Irkford, and how her uncle's strangely absent and ungenial manner had struck her, and chilled her. Then, while she and her sisters were out, on the following morning, he had visited her mother. She could form no idea of what had passed at that interview: it must have been a painful one, for her mother had not mentioned it, but had been left shaken and ill by it. Next, Judith's own interview with her uncle; his extraordinary reception of her; his fury, unaccountable to her at the time, but which was now only too comprehensible; his sinister accusations of herself and her mother, as being leagued together in some plot—some scheme to fleece and hoodwink him; *now* she could interpret this fiery writing on the wall clearly enough. Her return home; the storm; the apparition of Mr. Whaley driving through it and the night toward Scar Foot; the hastily executed will; the miserable scene when its contents were made known; her mother's sudden fear and cowering down before Aglionby; her broken words on recovering consciousness—that repetition of the lie told twenty years before, and more. Those words had first aroused her suspicion—her vague fear that all was not so clear and straightforward as it should be. Now came old Martha, like a finger of some inspired interpreter, pointing out the meaning of each strange occurrence, throwing a flood of light over all, by her grim story of an old man's imperious will thwarted

—of a young man's obstinate weakness; of a woman's yielding to temptation, and telling lies for gain. Each detail now seemed to dovetail with hideous accuracy, into its neighbor, until the naked truth, the damnable and crushing whole, seemed to start up and stand before her, stark and threatening.

She feebly tried to ignore, or to escape from, the inferences which came crowding into her mind—tried piteously not to see the consequences of her mother's sin. That was useless; she had a clear understanding, and a natural turn for logic. Such qualities always come into play at crises, or in emergencies, and she could not escape from their power now. Sitting still, and outwardly composed, her eyes fixed musingly upon a particular spot in the pattern of a rug which was spread near her bedside—her brain was very active. It was as if her will were powerless and paralyzed, while her heart was arraigned before her brain, which, with cold and pitiless accuracy, pointed out to that quivering criminal not all, but some portion, of what was implied in this sin of her mother; some of the results involved by it in the lives of herself, her children, and her victims.

As to Mrs. Conisbrough's original motives for such a course of action, Judith did not stop long to consider them. Probably it had occurred to her mother, during that far-back journey to Irkford, that a great deal of power had been intrusted to her, that she did not see why she was to have all the trouble, and Mrs. Ralph Aglionby and her boy all the benefits, of this tiresome and troublesome negotiation. Then (according to Judith's knowledge of her mother's character), she had toyed and dallied with the idea, instead of strangling it ere it was fully born. It had grown as such ideas do grow, after the first horror they inspire has faded—"like Titan infants"—and Mrs. Conisbrough had not the nature which can struggle with Titans and overcome them. Judith surmised that her mother had, probably, gone on telling herself that, of course, she was going to be honest, until the moment came for deciding: she must have so represented her uncle's message to Bernard as to rouse her indignation, and cause her indignantly to refuse his overtures. Then she had probably reflected that, after all, it could soon be made right; she would be the peace-maker, and so lay them both under obligations to her. And then the time had come to be honest; to confront the old squire and tell him that she had not been quite successful with Ralph's widow, but that a little explanation would soon make matters right. No doubt she intended to do it, but she did the very reverse, and those sobs, and tears, and tremblings, of which old Martha had spoken, testified to the intense nervous strain she had gone through, and to the violent reaction which had set in when at last the die had been irrevocably cast.

Her lie had been believed implicitly. The wrong path had been made delightfully smooth and easy for her; the right one had been filled with obstacles, and made rough and rugged.

Something like this might, or might not, have been the sequence of the steps in which her mother had fallen. Judith did not con-

sider that; what took possession of her mind was the fact that her mother, who passed for a woman whose heart was stronger than her judgment, a woman with a gentle disposition, hating to give pain; that such a character could act as she had acted toward Bernard and her boy. It seemed to Judith that what her mother had done had been much the same as if one had met a child in a narrow path, had pushed it aside, and marched onward, not looking behind, but leaving the child, either to recover its footing, if lucky, or, if not, to fall over the precipice and linger in torture at the bottom, till death should be kind enough to release it.

"We should say that the person was an inhuman monster who did that," she reflected. "Yet she knew that if Mrs. Ralph Aglionby's health gave way, if she were incapacitated for work, or work failed, she must starve or go to the work-house, and the child with her. I cannot see that she was less inhuman than the other person would have been. . . . She has always appeared tranquil; the only thing that troubled her was an occasional fear lest Uncle Aglionby should not leave his property exactly as she desired. Was she tranquil because she knew Mrs. Aglionby to be in decent circumstances, or was it because she knew that she was safe from discovery, and that whatever happened to *them* she was secure of the money?"

Judith's face was haggard as she arrived at this point in the chain of her mental argument. It would not do to go into that question. She hastily turned aside from it, and began an attempt to unravel some of the intricacies which her discovery must cause in the future for her sisters and herself. She felt a grim pleasure in the knowledge that in the past they had gained nothing from their mother's sin. They had rather lost. In the future, how were they to demean themselves?

"We can never marry," she decided. "As honest women, we can never let any man marry us without telling him the truth, and it is equally impossible for us deliberately to expose our mother's shame. That is decided, and nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath can ever alter that. We can work, I suppose, and try to hide our heads; and make ourselves as obscure as possible. That is the only way. And we can live, and wait, and die at last, and there will be an end of us, and a good thing too."

She pondered for a long time upon this prospect; tried to look it in the face, "*Je veux regarder mon destin en face*," she might have said with Maxime, "the poor young man," "*pour lui ôter son air de spectre*." And by dint of courage she partially succeeded, even in that dark hour. She succeeded in convincing herself that she could meet her lot, and battle with it hand to hand. She did more; she conjured up a dream in which she saw how joy might be extracted from this woe—not that it ever would be—but she could picture circumstances under which it might be. For example, she reflected:

"They say there is a silver lining to every cloud. I know what would line my cloud with silver—if I could ever do Bernard Aglionby some marvelous and unheard-of service;

procure him some wonderful good which should make the happiness of his whole life, and then, when he felt that he owed everything to me, if I could go on my knees to him, and tell him all; see him smile, and hear him say, 'It is forgiven,' then I could live or die, and be happy, whichever I had to do."

A calm and beautiful smile had broken over the fixed melancholy of her countenance. It faded away again as she thought, "And that is just what I shall never be allowed to do. Does he not say himself that there *is* no forgiveness; for every sin the punishment must be borne. And I must bear mine."

The dusk had fallen, the air was cold with the autumnal coldness of October. Judith, after deciding that she might keep her secret to herself for to-night, went down-stairs to meet her mother and sisters with what cheer she might.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AGLIONBY'S DEBUT.

AGLIONBY, casting one last look after Rhoda's figure as it disappeared, turned his horse's head, and drove homeward, dreamily. Not a fortnight—not one short fourteen days—had elapsed since he had been summoned hither, and how much had not taken place since? He could not have believed, had any one told him earlier, that he had so much flexibility in his character as to be susceptible of undergoing the change which certainly had taken place in him during that short time. In looking back upon his Irkford life it appeared like an existence which he had led, say ten years ago, and from which he was forever severed. The men and women who had moved and lived in it, trooped by, in his mind, like figures in a dream; so much so, indeed, that he presently dismissed them as one does dismiss a recollected dream from his head, and his thoughts reverted to the present; went back to the parlor at Yoresett House, to Mrs. Conisbrough's figure reclining in her easy-chair, and to the figures of his three "cousins." All over again, and keenly as ever, he felt the pain and mortification he had experienced from Judith's fiat as to their future terms.

"By George," he muttered, "I wonder I ever submitted to it! I can't understand it—only she can subdue me with a look, when any one else would only rouse me to more determined opposition."

Arrived at Scar Foot, he entered the house, and in the hall found more cards on the table, of neighboring gentry who had called upon him. He picked them up, and read them, and smiled a smile such as in his former days of bitterness had often crossed his face. Throwing himself into an easy-chair, he lighted his pipe, and gave himself up to reflection.

"I must decide on something," he thought. "In fairness to Lizzie, I must decide. Am I going to live here, or am I not? I should think the question was rather, '*can I? will Lizzie?*' Of course I must keep the house on, here, but I know Lizzie would not be happy to live here. Two houses? one here and one at Irkford? How would that do? Whether

Lizzie liked it or not, I could always fly here for refuge, when I wanted to dream and be quiet. I could come here alone and fish, and when I was tired of that I might go to Irkford, and help a little in political affairs. Perhaps some day I might catch . . . my cousin Judith . . . in a softer mood, and get her to hear reason." He looked around the darkening room, and started. There was the soft rustle of a dress—a footfall—a hand on the door—his eyes strained eagerly toward it. Judith always used to come down in the twilight. She enters. It is Mrs. Aveson, come to inquire at what time he would like to dine. He gives her the required information, and sinks discontentedly back into his chair.

"The fact is," he mentally resumed, "I am dazed with my new position; I don't know what I want and what I don't want. I must have some advice, and that from the only person whose advice I ever listened to. I must write to Aunt Margaret."

(Aunt Margaret was his mother's sister, Mrs. Bryce, a widow.)

"I believe," he then began to think, "that if I did what was best—what was right and my duty—I should set things in train for having this old place freshened up. I wonder what Judith would say to that—she has never known it otherwise than it is now; and then I should go to Irkford, tell Lizzie what I'd done, ask her to choose a house there, and to fix the wedding, and I should get it all over as soon as possible, and settle down . . . and that is exactly what I don't want to do. . . . I wish I knew some one to whom I could tell what I thought about my cousins. Some one who could answer my questions about them. I feel so in the dark about them. I cannot imagine Judith asking things she was not warranted in asking—and yet, blindly to submit to her in such an important matter—"

He spent a dreary evening, debating, wondering, and considering—did nothing that had about it even the appearance of decisiveness, except to write to Mrs. Bryce, and ask her to sacrifice herself and come into the country, to give him her company and her counsel, "both of which I sorely need," wrote this young man with the character for being very decided and quick in his resolutions. As to other things, he could make up his mind to nothing, and arrived at no satisfactory conclusion. He went to bed feeling very much out of temper, and he too dreamed a dream, in which reality and fantasy were strangely mingled. He seemed to see himself in the Irkford theater, with "Diplomacy" being played. He was in the lower circle, in evening dress, and thought to himself, with a grim little smile, how easily one adapted one's self to changed circumstances. Beside him a figure was seated. He had a vague idea that it was a woman's figure; his mother's, and he turned eagerly toward it. But no! It was his grandfather, who was glaring angrily toward a certain point in the upper circle, and Bernard also directed his glance toward that point, and saw, seated side by side, his friend Percy Golding and Lizzie Vane. They looked jeeringly toward him, and he, for some reason, or for none—like most dream reasons—felt a sudden fury and a sudden fear seize him. He strove to rise, but

could not. His fear and his anger were growing to a climax, and they at last seemed to overpower him, when he saw Mrs. Conisbrough suddenly appear behind Percy and Lizzie, laughing malignantly. It then seemed to him that in the midst of his fury, he glanced from her face toward a large clock, which he was not in the least surprised to see was fixed in the very middle of the dress-circle. "Ten minutes past ten," so he read the fingers, and his terror increased, as he thought to himself, "Impossible! It must be much later!" And he turned to the figure of his grandfather by his side, perfectly conscious though he was that it was a phantom. "Shall I go to them?" he inquired. "Yes," replied the apparition. "But the time!" continued Aglionby, frantically, and again looked toward the clock. "Ten minutes to two," he read it this time, and thought, "Of course! a much more appropriate time!" And turning once more to the phantom, he put the question to it solemnly, "Shall I go to them?"

"N—no," was the reluctant response. With that, it seemed as if the horror reached its climax, and came crashing down upon him, with a struggle, in the midst of which he heard the mocking laughter of Lizzie, Percy, and Miss Conisbrough. He awoke, in a cold perspiration.

The moon was shining into the room, with a clear, cold light. Aglionby, shuddering faintly, drew his watch from under his pillow, and glanced at it. The fingers pointed to ten minutes before two.

"Bah! a nightmare!" he muttered, shaking himself together again, and turning over, he tried once more to sleep, but in vain. The dream and its disagreeable impression remained with him in spite of all his efforts to shake them off. The figure which, he felt, had been wanting to convert it from a horror into a pleasant vision, was that of Judith Conisbrough. But, after all, he was glad her shape had not intruded into such an insane phantasmagoria.

The following afternoon he drove over to Danesdale Castle, to return the call of Sir Gabriel and his son. It was the first time he had penetrated to that part of the Dale, and he was struck anew with the exceeding beauty of the country, with the noble forms of the hills, and, above all, with the impressive aspect of Danesdale Castle itself. There was an old Danesdale Castle—a grim, half-ruined pile, standing "four-square to the four winds of heaven," with a tower at each corner. It was a landmark and a beacon for miles around, standing as it did on a rise, and proudly looking across the Dale. It was famous in historical associations; it had been the prison of a captive queen, whose chamber window, high up in the third story, commanded a broad view of lovely lowland country, wild moors, bare-backed fells. Many a weary hour must she have spent there, looking hopelessly across those desolate hills, and envying the wild birds which had liberty to fly across them. All that was over, now, and changed. "Castle Danesdale," as it was called, was nearly a ruin, a portion of it was inhabited by some of Sir Gabriel's tenantry; a big room in it was used for a ball for the said tenantry in win-

ter. The Danesdale's had built themselves a fine commodious mansion of red-brick, in Queen Anne's time, in a noble park near the river, and there they now lived in great state and comfort, and allowed the four winds of heaven to battle noisily and wüther wearily around the ragged towers of the house of their fathers.

Aglionby found that Sir Gabriel was at home, and as he entered, Randulf crossed the hall, saw him, and his languid face lighted with a smile of satisfaction.

"Well met!" said he, shaking his hand. "Come into the drawing-room, and I'll introduce you to my sister. Tell Sir Gabriel," he added to the servant, and Aglionby followed him.

"For your pleasure or displeasure, I may inform you that you have been a constant subject of conversation at my sister's kettle-drums for the last week," Randulf found time to say to him, as they approached the drawing-room; "and, as there is one of those ceremonials in full swing at the present moment, I would not be you."

"You don't speak in a way calculated to add to my natural ease and grace of manner," murmured Bernard, with a somewhat sardonic smile, a gleam of mirth in his eyes. Sooth to say, he had very vague notions as to what a kettle-drum might be; and he certainly was not prepared for the spectacle which greeted him, of some seven or eight ladies, young, old, and middle-aged, seated about the room, with Miss Danesdale dispensing tea at a table in the window-recess.

An animated conversation was going on; so animated, that Randulf and Aglionby, coming in by a door behind the company, were not immediately perceived except by one or two persons. But by the time that Mr. Danesdale had piloted his victim to the side of the table, every tongue was silent, and every eye was fixed upon them. They stood it well—Bernard because of his utter unconsciousness of the sensation his advent had created among the ladies of the neighborhood; Randulf, because he was naturally at ease in the presence of women, and also because he did know all about Aglionby and his importance, and was well aware that he had been eagerly speculated about, and that more than one matron then present had silently marked him down, even in advance, in her book of "eligibles." Therefore it was with a feeling of deep gratification, and in a louder voice than usual, that he introduced Aglionby to his sister.

Bernard, whose observing faculties were intensely keen, if his range of observation in social matters was limited, had become aware of the hush which had fallen like a holy calm upon the assembled multitude. He bowed to Miss Danesdale, and stood by her side, sustaining the inspection with which he was favored, with a dark, somber indifference which was really admirable. The mothers thought, "He is quiet and reserved; anything might be made of him with that figure and that self-possession." The daughters who were young thought, "What a delightfully handsome fellow! So dark! Such shoulders, and such eyes!" The daughters who were

older thought how very satisfactory to find he was a man whom one could take up, and even be intimate with, without feeling as if one ought to apologize to one's friends about him, and explain how he came to visit with them.

Miss Danesdale said something to Aglionby in so low a tone that he had to stoop his head, and say he begged her pardon.

"Will you not sit there?" she pointed to a chair close to herself, which he took. "Randulf, does papa know Mr. Aglionby is here?"

"I sent to tell him," replied Randulf, who was making the circuit of the dowagers and the beauties present, and saying something that either was or sounded as if it were meant to be agreeable to each in turn.

"Of course he plants himself down beside Mrs. Malleson," thought Miss Danesdale, drawing herself up, in some annoyance, "when any other woman in the room was entitled to a greater share of his attention. . . . did you drive or ride from Scar Foot, Mr. Aglionby?"

"I drove, I don't ride—yet."

"Don't ride!" echoed Miss Danesdale, surprised almost into animation. "How very . . . don't you like it?"

"As I never had the chance of trying, I can hardly tell you," replied Aglionby, with much *sang froid*, as he realized that to these ladies a man who did not ride, and hunt, and fish, and shoot, and stalk deer, and play croquet and tennis, was doubtless as strange a phenomenon as a man who was not some kind of a clerk or office man would be to Lizzie Vane. "Were there no horses where you lived?" suggested a very pretty girl who sat opposite to him, under the wing of a massive and stately mamma, who started visibly on hearing her child thus audaciously uplift her voice to a man and a stranger.

"Certainly there were," he replied, repressing the malevolent little smile which rose to his lips, and speaking with elaborately grave politeness, "for those who had money to keep them and leisure to ride them. I had neither until the other day."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said the young lady, blushing crimson, and more disconcerted (as is almost universally the case) at having extracted from any one a confession, even retrospective—of poverty—than if she had been receiving an offer from a peer of the realm.

"Pray do not mention it. No tea, thank you," to Philippa, who, anxious to divert the conversation from what she concluded must be to their guest so painful a topic, had just proffered him a cup.

"And do you like Scar Foot?" she said, in her almost inaudible voice; to which Bernard replied, in his very distinct tone:

"Yes, I do, exceedingly."

"But you have hardly had time to decide yet," said the girl who had already addressed him. Various motives prompted her persistency. First and foremost was the consideration that as in any case she would have a homily on the subject of forwardness and "bad form," she would do her best to deserve it. Next, she was displeased (like Miss Danesdale) to see Randulf seat himself beside Mrs. Malleson, as if very well satisfied, to the neglect of her fair

self, and resolved to fly at what was after all, just now, higher game.

"Have I not? As how?" he inquired, and all the ladies inwardly registered the remark that Mr. Aglionby was very different from Randolph Danesdale, and indeed, from most of their gentlemen acquaintances. They were not quite sure yet, whether they liked, or disliked the keen, direct glance of his eyes, straight into those of his interlocutor, and the somewhat curt and imperious tone in which he spoke. But he was, they were all quite sure, the coming man of that part of the world. He must be trotted out, and had at balls, and treated kindly at dinner-parties, and have the prettiest girls allotted to him as his partners at those banquets, and—married to one of the said pretty girls—sometime. His presence would make the winter season, with its hunt and county balls, its dinners and theatricals, far more exciting. Pleasing illusions, destined in a few minutes to receive a fatal blow!

"Why you can hardly have felt it your own yet. We heard you had visitors—two ladies," said the lovely Miss Askam, from which remark Aglionby learned several things, among others, that young ladies of position could be very rude sometimes, and could display want of taste as glaring as if they had been born *bourgeoise*.

"So I have. Mrs. and Miss Conisbrough were my guests until yesterday, when, I am sorry to say, they left me," he answered.

He thought he detected a shade of mockery in the young lady's smile and tone, which mockery, on that topic, he would not endure; and he looked at her with such keen eyes, such straight brows, and such compressed lips, that the youthful beauty, unaccustomed to such treatment, blushed again—twice in the same afternoon, as one of her good-natured friends remarked.

Philippa came to the rescue by murmuring that she hoped Mrs. Conisbrough was better.

"Yes, thank you. I believe she is nearly well now."

"Do you know all the Misses Conisbrough?" pursued Miss Danesdale, equally anxious with Miss Askam to learn something of the terms on which Aglionby stood with those he had dispossessed, but flattering herself that she approached the subject with more *finesse* and delicacy.

Aglionby felt much as if mosquitoes were drinking his blood, so averse was he to speak on this topic with all these strangers. He looked very dignified and very forbidding indeed, as he replied coldly:

"I was introduced to them yesterday, so I suppose I may say I do."

"They are great friends of Randolph's," said Miss Danesdale, exasperated, as she saw, by a side-glance, that her brother was still paying devoted attention to Mrs. Malleon. Also she knew the news would create much disturbance in the bosoms of those her sisters then assembled; and, thirdly, she had an ancient dislike to the Misses Conisbrough for being poor, pretty, and in a station which made it impossible for her to ignore them.

"Are they?" said Aglionby, simply; "then I am sure, from what I have seen of my cousins,

that he is very fortunate to have such friends."

"There, I quite agree with you," drawled Randolph, whom no one had imagined to be listening; "and so does Mrs. Malleon. We've been talking about those ladies just now."

A sensation of surprise was felt among the company. How was it that those Misses Conisbrough had somehow engrossed the conversation? It was stupid and unaccountable, except to Miss Askam, who wished she had never given those tiresome men the chance of talking about these girls. But the severest blow had yet to come. When the nerves of those present had somewhat recovered from the shock of finding the Misses Conisbrough raised to such prominence in the conversation of their betters, Miss Danesdale said she hoped Bernard would soon come and dine with them. Was he staying at Scar Foot at present? All the matrons listened for the reply, having dinners of their own in view, or, if not dinners, some other form of entertainment.

"I hardly know," was the reply. "I shall have to go to Irkford soon, but I don't exactly know when."

"Irkford! That dreadful, smoky place?" said Miss Askam. "What possible attractions can such a place have for you, Mr. Aglionby?"

"Several. It is my native place, and all my friends live there, as well as my future wife, whom I am going to see. Perhaps those don't count as points of attraction with you?"

While the sensation caused by this announcement was still at its height, and while Randolph was malevolently commenting upon it, and explaining to Mrs. Malleon what pure joy it caused him, Sir Gabriel entered, creating a diversion, and covering Miss Askam's confusion, though not before she had exclaimed, with a *naïveté* born of great surprise:

"I did not know you were engaged!"

"That is very probable; indeed I do not see how you possibly could have known it," Bernard had just politely replied as Sir Gabriel made his appearance.

There was a general greeting. Then by degrees the ladies took their departure. Aglionby managed somehow to get himself introduced to Mrs. Malleon, whose name he had caught while Randolph spoke. Bernard said he had found Mr. Malleon's card yesterday, and hoped soon to return his call. He added, with a smile into which he could when, as now, he chose, infuse both sweetness and amiability, "Miss Conisbrough told me to be sure to make a friend of you, if I could, so I hope you will not brand me as 'impossible' before giving me a trial," at which Mrs. Malleon laughed, but said, pleasantly enough, that after such a touching appeal nothing could be impossible. Then she departed too, and Aglionby felt as if this little aside alone had been worth the drive to Danesdale Castle ten times over.

Sir Gabriel asked Aglionby to stay and dine with them, as he was. They were quite alone, and Philippa would certainly excuse his morning dress. He accepted, after a slight hesitation, for there was something about both Sir Gabriel and his son which Bernard felt to be

congenial, unlike though they all three were to one another.

After Philippa had gone, and the wine had gone round once or twice, Sir Gabriel rose to join his daughter, with whom he always passed his evening, and, to do Philippa Danesdale justice, she looked upon her father as the best of men and the finest of gentlemen. Her one love romance had occurred just after her mother's death, when Randolph was yet a child, incapable of understanding or sympathising, and when her father was bowed down with woe. Philippa had given up her lover, and remained with her father, who had not forgotten the circumstance, as some parents have a habit of forgetting such little sacrifices. Thus it came to pass that if "the boy" was the most tenderly loved, it was Philippa's word which was law at Danesdale Castle.

"Suppose we come to my room, and have a chat," suggested Randolph. "We can join the others later."

Nothing loth, Aglionby followed him to a den which looked, on the first view, more luxurious than it really was. When it came to be closely examined there was more simplicity than splendor in it, more refinement than display. In after days, when he had grown intimate as a loved brother with both the room and its owner, Bernard said that one resembled the other very closely. Randolph's room was a very fair reflex of Randolph's mind and tastes. The books were certainly numerous, and many of them costly. There were two or three good water-colors on the walls; some fine specimens of pottery, Persian, Chinese, and Japanese; one or two vases, real Greek antiques, of pure and exquisite shape and design, gladdening the eye with their clean and clear simplicity. In one corner of the room there was an easel with a portfolio standing on it, and two really comfortable lounging chairs.

"The rest of the chairs," said their owner, wheeling one up for Bernard's accommodation, "are uncomfortable. I took care of that, for I hold that, in a room like this, two is company, more is none whatever, so I discourage a plurality of visitors by means of straight backs and hard seats."

He handed a box of cigars to Aglionby, plunged himself into the other chair, and stretched himself. Somewhere in the background there was a lamp, which, however, gave but a dim light.

"Do you know," said Randolph, presently, "I was in the same condition as Miss Askam, this afternoon. I didn't know you were engaged."

Aglionby laughed. "She seemed surprised. I don't know why she should have been. I thought her somewhat impertinent, and I don't see what my affairs could possibly be to her."

"She is a precocious young woman—as I know to my cost. Of course, your affairs were something to her, so long as you were rich and a bachelor. Surely you could understand that."

"Good Lord!" was all Aglionby said, in a tone of surprised contempt.

"My affairs have been a good deal to her up to now," continued Randolph, tranquilly. "I was amused to see how she dropped me as

if I had been red-hot shot, when you appeared on the scene and—"

"Don't expose her weaknesses—if she has such weaknesses as those," said Bernard, laughing again.

"I won't. But she is very handsome—don't you think so?"

"Yes, very. Like a refined and civilized gypsy—I know some one who far surpasses her, though, in the same style."

"Who is that?"

"The youngest Miss Conisbrough."

"Yes, you are right. But is it allowable to ask the name of the lady you are engaged to?"

"Why not? Her name is Elizabeth Fermor Vane, and she lives at Irkford, as I mentioned before."

"It will be a matter of much speculation, among those ladies whom you saw this afternoon, what Miss Vane is like."

"Will it? How can the subject affect them?"

"Well, you see, you will be one of our leading men in the Dale, if you take that place among us that you ought to have—and the wife of a country gentleman is as important a person as himself, almost."

Bernard paused, reflecting upon this. The matter had never struck him in that light before. Lizzie taking a leading part among the Danesdale ladies. Charming creature though she was, he somehow failed to realize her doing it. He could have more easily imagined even his little tormentor, Miss Askam, moving with ease in such a sphere. After a pause he said, feeling impelled to confide, to a certain extent, in Randulf:

"I had not thought of that before, but, of course, you are right. But I am very undecided as to what my future movements will be. I do not in the least know how Miss Vane will like the idea of living here. Before I can decide anything she will have to come over and see the place. I have asked my aunt, Mrs. Bryce, to come and see me, and I shall try to get Miss Vane to come here soon. I think she should see the place in winter, so that she can know what she has to expect when it is at its worst."

"Queer way of putting it," murmured Randulf, thinking to himself, "Perhaps he wants to 'scare' her away. Why couldn't he have married one of the Conisbroughs and settled everything in that way?"

Bernard proceeded succinctly to explain how Lizzie had become engaged to him under the full conviction that he would always inhabit a town. Randulf murmured assent, surveying his guest the while from under his half-closed lids, and remarking to himself that Aglionby seemed to speak in a very dry, business-like way of his engagement.

"Influence of Irkford, perhaps," he thought.

"And yet, that fellow is capable of falling in love in something different from a business-like way, unless I'm much mistaken about him."

The conversation grew by degrees more intimate and confidential. The two young men succeeded in letting one another see that each had been favorably impressed with the other; that they had liked one another well, so far, and felt disposed to be friendly in the future. They progressed so far, that at last Aglionby

showed Randulf a likeness of Lizzie, after first almost upsetting his host's gravity by remarking, half to himself:

"If I have it with me. I may have left it—"

"In your other coat pocket," put in Randulf, with imperturbable gravity, whereat they both laughed, and Bernard, finding the little case containing his sweetheart's likeness (to which he had not paid much attention lately), handed it to Randulf, saying:

"Photographs never do give anything but a pale imitation, you know, but the likenesses, as likenesses, are good. She 'takes well,' as they say, and those were done lately."

Randulf, with due respect, took the case in his hand, and contemplated the two likenesses, one a profile, the other a three-quarter face. In the former she had been taken with a veil or scarf, of thick black lace coquettishly twisted about her throat and head; the photograph was a good one, and the face looked out from its dark setting, pure and clear, with mouth half smiling, and eyelids a little drooping. In the other, Miss Vane had given free scope to her love for fashion, or what she was pleased to consider fashion. The hideous bushy excrescence of curls bulged over her forehead; ropes of false pearls were wound about her neck; her dress was composed of some fancy material of contrasting shades, the most *outré* and unfitting possible to imagine for a black-and-white picture. And in that, too, she was triumphantly pretty.

Randulf had asked to see the likeness: he was therefore bound to say something about it. After a pause he remarked:

"She must be wonderfully pretty."

"She is a great deal prettier than that," replied Bernard, amiably, and Randulf, thanking him, returned the case to him.

Now Randulf had a topic very near his heart too—a topic which he thought he might be able to discuss with Aglionby. The two young men had certainly drawn wonderfully near to each other during this short evening of conversation. The fact was, that each admired the other's qualities. Aglionby's caustic abruptness, his cool and steady deportment, and his imperturbable dignity and self-possession under his changed fortunes, pleased Randulf exceedingly. He liked a man who could face the extremes of fortune with unshaken nerve; who could carry himself proudly and independently through evil circumstances, and could accept a brilliant change with calm nonchalance. Randulf's *sang froid*, his unconventional manner, his independence of his luxurious surroundings, his innate hardiness and simplicity of character, pleased Aglionby. But Bernard's feelings toward Randulf were, it must be remembered, comparatively uncomplicated; Randulf's sentiments toward Bernard were vaguer; he felt every disposition to like him thoroughly, and to make a friend of him; but he had a doubt or two—there were some points to be decided which he was not yet clear about. He said, after a pause:

"I was very cool to ask you to show me Miss Vane's likeness. I owe you something in return. Look at these!"

He rose, and, opening the portfolio before spoken of, drew out two sketches, and bring-

ing the lamp near, turned it up, and showed the pictures to Bernard.

"What do you think of those?" he asked. Aglionby looked at them.

"Why, this is Danesdale Castle, unmistakably, and well done, too, I should say, though I am no judge. It looks so spirited."

"Now look at the other."

It was Randulf and his dogs. Aglionby, keenly sensible of the ridiculous, burst out laughing.

"That's splendid, but you must be very amiably disposed toward the artist to take such a 'take-off' good-naturedly."

"Isn't it malicious? Done by some one, don't you think, who must have seen all my weak points at a glance, and who knew how to make the most of them?"

"Exactly," said Bernard, much amused, and still more so to observe the pleased complacency with which Randulf spoke of a drawing which, without being a caricature, made him look so absurd. "Is he a friend of yours—the artist?" he asked.

"It was left to my discretion, whether I told the name of the artist or not. You must promise that it goes no further."

"Certainly."

"They were drawn by Miss Delphine Conisbrough."

Bernard started violently: his face flushed all over—he laid the drawings down, looking earnestly at Randulf.

"By Judith Conisbrough's sister?" he asked.

"The same," said Randulf, puffing away imperturbably, and thinking: "It is just as I thought. That little piece of wax-work whose likeness I have seen cannot blind him so that he doesn't know a noble woman when he meets her." And he waited till Bernard said:

"You amaze me. There is surely very high talent in them: you ought to be a better judge than me. Don't you think them very clever?"

"I think them more than clever. They have the very highest promise in them. The only thing is, her talent wants cultivating."

"She should have some lessons," said Bernard, eagerly.

"So I ventured to tell her, but she said—" he paused, and then went on, in a voice whose tenderness and regret he could not control, "that they were too poor."

He looked at Bernard. "If he has any feeling on the subject," he thought, "that ought to fetch him."

It "fetched" Bernard in a manner which Randulf had hardly calculated upon. He started up from his chair, forgetting the strangeness of speaking openly on such a subject to so recent an acquaintance. He had been longing to speak to some one of his griefs connected with his cousins. This was too good an opportunity to be lost.

"Too poor!" he exclaimed, striding about the room. "She told you that? Good God! will they never have punished me enough?"

The veins in his forehead started out. His perturbation was deep and intense. Randulf laid his cigar down, and asked softly:

"Punished you—how do you mean?"

"I mean with their resentment—their im-

placable enmity and contempt. To tell you that she was *too poor*—when—”

“It must have been true.”

“Of course it is true; but it is their own fault.”

“I don't understand.”

“But I will explain. It is a mystery I cannot unravel. Perhaps you can help me.”

He told Randolph of his desire to be just, and how Judith had at first promised not to oppose his wishes. Then he went on:

“What has caused her to change her mind before I spoke to her again I cannot imagine. I fear I am but a rough kind of a fellow, but in approaching the subject with Miss Conisbrough I used what delicacy I could. I told her that I should never enjoy a moment's pleasure in possessing that of which they were unjustly deprived—which I never shall. I reminded her of her promise: she flatly told me she recalled it. Well—” he stood before Randolph, and there were tones of passion in his voice—“I humbled myself before Miss Conisbrough, I entreated her to think again, to use her influence with her mother, to meet me half-way, and help me to repair the injustice. I was refused—with distress it is true—but most unequivocally. Nor would she release me until I had promised not to urge the matter on Mrs. Conisbrough, who, I surmise, would be less stern about it. Miss Conisbrough is relentless and strong. She was not content with that. She not only had a horror of my money, but even of me, it appears. She made me promise not to seek them out or visit them. By dint of hard pleading I was allowed to accompany them home, and be formally introduced to her sisters—no more. That is to be the end of it. I tell you, because I know you can understand it. For the rest of the world I care nothing. People may call me grasping and heartless, if they choose. They may picture me enjoying my plunder, while Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughters are wearing out their lives in—do you wonder that I cannot bear to think of it?” he added, passionately.

“No, I don't. It is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard.”

“You think so? I am glad you agree with me. Tell me—for I vow I am so bewildered by it all that I hardly know whether I am in my senses or out of them—tell me if there was anything strange in my proposal to share my inheritance with them—anything unnatural?”

“The very reverse, I should say.”

“Or in my going to Miss Conisbrough about it, rather than to her mother?”

“No, indeed!”

“It never struck me beforehand that I was contemplating doing anything strange or wrong. Yet Miss Conisbrough made me feel myself very wrong. She would have it so, and I own that there is something about her, her nature and character are so truly noble, that I could not but submit. But I submit under protest.”

“I am glad you have told me,” said Randolph, reflectively. “Now all my doubts about you have vanished.”

“Could nothing be done through these drawings?” suggested Aglionby. “Could

you not tell Delphine that some one had seen them who admired them exceedingly.”

“I see what you mean,” said Randolph, with a smile. “She has great schemes for working, and selling her pictures, and helping them, and so on. But I have a better plan than that. I must work my father round to it, and then I must get her to see it. She shall work as much as she pleases and have as many lessons as she likes—when she is my wife.”

Aglionby started again, flushing deeply. Randolph's words set his whole being into a fever.

“That is your plan?” said he in a low voice.

“That is my plan, which no one but you knows. However long I have to wait, she shall be my wife.”

“I wish you good speed in your courtship, but I fear your success won't accomplish *my* wishes in the matter.”

“Miss Conisbrough must have some reason for the strange course she has taken,” said Randolph. “Do you think we are justified in trying to discover that reason, or are we bound not to inquire into it?”

There was a long pause. Then Aglionby said, darkly:

“I have promised.”

“But I have not.”

Barnard shook his head. “I don't believe, whatever it may be, that any one but Miss Conisbrough is cognizant of it.”

“Well, let me use my good offices for you, if ever I have a chance. If ever I know them well enough to be taken into their confidence, I shall use my influence on your side—may I?”

“You will earn my everlasting gratitude if you do. And if it turns out that they do want help—that my cousin Delphine has to work for money, you will let me know. Remember,” he added, jealously, “it is my right and duty, as their kinsman, to see that they are not distressed.”

“Yes, I know, and I shall not forget you.”

Randolph, when his guest had gone, soliloquized silently:

“That fellow is heart and soul on my side. He doesn't know himself whither he is drifting. I'd like to take the odds with any one that he never marries that little dressed-up doll whose likeness he is now carrying about with him.”

(To be continued.)

Invocation.

O NIGHT! across the distant hills
Thy footsteps turn;
For, wearied with a thousand ills,
Our bosoms burn.

THY cool and balmy finger lips
Press on each brow,
For blessings from thy murmurous lips
We wait and bow!

O LOVING mother! fold us near
Upon thy breast;
We know no want, we feel no fear—
But perfect rest!

My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

SO very punctual is our friend the old laundress in her attendance at our next meeting, that she arrives before most of the class have made their appearance.

“I suppose it seems early to such ones as ye are,” she says, in good-natured apology for the young ladies' tardiness; “but to me own thinking the best half of a day is the first quarter of it.”

We all appreciate her funny little unconscious bull, but, I am happy to say, no one is impolite enough to give any outward and visible sign of enjoyment. One of the girls remarks that the early part of the day is her favorite time for sleeping, which assertion makes old Alice shake her head disapprovingly and say:

“I don't take much pleasure in hearing young folks say they're over fond of their beds out of time. The nights is give to us for sleeping, and them that wants to keep smooth skins and bright eyes had better do all their working and playing in the daylight, and give their nights to sleep.”

“But when,” says Miss Kitty, “should we go to parties and places of amusement, if we went to bed when night began?”

“It would be no hurt then, if parties was given in the daylight, and as for theaters and such dens, I'm thinking it would serve ye just as well if ye never saw the inside of one of them till ye was old enough to rayson for yerselves about the rights of a thing.”

“Oh, please, Mrs. Foley,” I say, anxious to avert an argument, “don't condemn theaters entirely, for I am very fond of a good play myself. But let me ask you, before I forget, what you think of these little patent clothes rubbers that people are selling in the streets this summer for twenty-five cents a piece?”

“I should think they might save twenty-five cents worth of wear on a person's knuckles,” says Miss Greene.

“Its a queer washer that would grind her knuckles against a board,” says old Alice, avoiding the subject of the patent rubber, which she has evidently not investigated. “There's a way to hold the clothes when you're using the board that will bring the rubbing on the lower part of the hand, where the bones has a good covering of flesh, and the skin won't get peeled off easy.”

“Now I've been trying some experiments, since I saw you last,” says Jennie. “I have been doing up some of my clothes myself.”

“Do ye hear that now?” says Alice, nodding at the rest of us.

“What success did you have?” I ask, rather amused at the idea of Jennie at the wash-tub.

“Well, nothing extraordinary. I tried a

night-gown and a petticoat. It was awfully hard work, but I think you would have known that the night-gown had been washed, the skirt, candor compels me to own, looks considerably worse than before I attacked it."

"I should have recommended attempting small articles like handkerchiefs and collars first," I say.

"Handkerchiefs are easy enough," says Sophie Mapes. "I have often washed them. Last week I tried to wash a little skirt for my sister, but I made a dreadful mess of it. I wish Mrs. Foley would tell us something about putting the starch into clothes. That seems to me to be the hardest thing about the whole business."

"The first thing about it," says the old laundress, "is to make the starch the right way. When I go to make it, I puts a cupful of it dry into a clean pan, and blends it smooth into cold, fair water, just enough of it to make it kind of thin and pasty. I presses all the lumps out with the back of a spoon till there's not one left the size of a pea. When it's all smooth and fine I pour biling water on it, very slow, stirring steady all the time with a bright spoon. It'll take most like about the full of three cups of water to make the starch the right thickness. Then I set it over the range and let it boil sure and steady for about half an hour; that's the secret of having good, clear starch that'll stay in the clothes and not be sticking to the iron. Ten minutes or more afore I lift it off the fire I put in a teaspoonful of shavings of spermaceti, and give it a good stir. Some folks think a couple of lumps of loaf sugar does more good than the sperm, but it only draws the flies on to speck the clean clothes when they do be hanging up to air off after they are ironed."

"When do you starch the clothes, Mrs. Foley?"

"When? Why, when I gets them washed and rinsed, of course, and put through the blue water."

"You starch them while they are wet then, do you?" asks one of the girls. "I thought they had to be dried first."

"Yes; I squeeze the pieces out of the blueing, and then put them into the starch, opening them out so they will get the starch through every part. If it is thin things I do be stiffening, when I squeeze the starch out of them I clap them between my two hands for a few moments before I hang them in the sun to dry."

"What for I wonder?" queries Jennie.

"To make them nice and clear, Miss. If you should be doing up a printed muslin dress that's what ye'd have to do, and ye'd have to be very careful not to hang it in the sun, or the color will all fade out of it. I may as well tell ye, whilst I'm talking, that if ye want to wash a dress with a dark ground ye had best make your starch with the coffee that's left after breakfast instead of using water."

"Is that all there is about doing up clothes?" asks Miss Kitty, languidly. "I supposed it was some very obscure process."

"Yes, there's one thing more," says old Alice, rather ironically, "there's the ironing."

"Oh, I forgot that."

"Well it wouldn't do for me to forget it then, or I'd give very little satisfaction to the ladies I work for."

"Won't you tell us a little about the process," say I, "we are really quite ignorant."

"Very willingly, ma'am," is the answer. "In the first place, the great thing to be careful about, if ye want to get ahead fast with the work, is a good, clear, strong fire. Putting on bits of sticks once in a while to brighten it up is a poor thing, for they smoke the irons and leave them smutty. The irons must be as clean as can be before ye begin. Ye can put salt on a newspaper, and rub the hot iron over it a few times, and then ye can rub off the face of it an instant with a bit of beeswax, and wipe it off quick with an old cloth, and it will be as smooth and even as a looking-glass. If the irons grow rough or sticky, while ye are at work, just touch 'em up again with the beeswax as ye lift them from the fire. Ye want a good clean table, and it's best to keep one just for the purpose, for no matter how thick the ironing blanket is, the hot irons will draw up grease if there's any on the table. Kape a clothes-horse opened out by the side of ye, and as fast as ye get a piece ironed hang it up to air off. When ye iron petticoats, use the irons as hot as ye can, and don't fold them any smaller than ye can help, and never put a fold down the front, but double it from the sides; but the best way at all is to hang the skirt in the closet without any folds.

"When ye go to iron a shirt, scamper through with it as fast ye can, or it will get so dry for ye, that ye can make no hand at it all. Ye must iron the bosom first, and ye can never do it right unless ye have a little bosom-board with a cover, to slip under it. After ye have done the bosom, iron the neck-band, then the wristbands and sleeves, and then work away at the plain part.

"Put yer sheets and table-cloths on the table double, and iron them that way, putting all your strength onto them. Don't be ironing dark doilies, or any other colored thing, with a very hot iron, and never touch the iron to the front of them. Keep some of the little fine things ready by ye, and when ye've taken the mad heat off an iron and worked it smooth on coarse towels or sheets, give them their turn. Hold all the straight pieces even, and don't pull them out of shape, and screw them round, till they don't look like themselves. When ye go to iron a collar, give it a smoothing lengthway first, and then across, and keep a clean little tin pail handy to put each into as ye finish it. It's gentleman's collars I'm talking about, they likes to have them rounded to the shape of their necks, and the pail will give them the right turn, while they're hot from the iron."

"There's a deal of things to be thought about in ironing different pieces," continues our friend, "that cannot be told all at once, but after one takes hold, they can see for themselves, with a little practice, how to get at the rights of it. I believe there is a right way and a wrong way to do everything that's done here below, whether its laundry work or some other kind, and there's some folks

that seem to take a deal of trouble to do things the wrong way."

"I am a little bit afraid," says Jennie, "that I am one of the kind of people who take a deal of pains to find out the wrong way to do things."

"Indeed, then," says Alice, who seems to have taken a fancy to Miss Jennie, "if ye do, I'll warrant ye find out the wrong way for the sake of keeping clear of it."

"I really think that is a very neat compliment, Mrs. Foley, and I will try to deserve it. Now will you tell me what people hold a hot flat-iron up to one ear for?"

"To feel if it's got the right heat on, Miss."

"Well, I don't see how they can tell. I tried it, and burned my hair."

"There is no need of it. The bit of paper that ye have wiped off the wax with does better for a trier, and the wax that is left on it helps to smooth the iron. I forgot to say that there ought to be a big, coarse sheet left under the back of the ironing-table, so that the large pieces needn't lie on the floor when they hang over. If a floor is ever so clean, it's a poor place for freshly ironed clothes. It's a very good plan, too, when ye are ironing off a dress, to set a chair against the table for the waist and sleeves to lie off on."

"I don't see how anybody can ever iron a dress," says Sophie. "It must be very hard work."

"Easy enough when ye know how," says Alice. "Ye begin with the waist, and if there happens to be no lining in it, there's no trouble about it. Iron the sleeves next, and then do the skirt, and the overskirt, if there is one. If there's puffs or ruffles on the skirt, they'll take a deal of care; folks don't know what they are doing when they fix up their wash dresses the way they do now-a-days. I've seen them that fanciful that they'd take a whole day to iron. I know a colored laundress who spent from nine o'clock at night to four in the morning ironing a white morning dress for one of her customers."

"Why did she do it at night?"

"Because it was in the heat of August, and the days was so hot she couldn't stand up to such a weary job in them, so she had to wait till the night cooled the air off a little. Rich folks don't think much of the trouble they gives poor folks."

"It is too bad," says Sophie Mapes, rather vaguely; "but now, as it is time to be going, will you tell us how you iron puffs and ruffles? I have some on an old white dress that I thought would be a good thing for me to experiment on."

"Ye irons ruffles according to the nature of them," replies Alice. "If they are plaited, of course ye even the plaits and press them down flat, but if they are gathered, ye must iron them smoothly into the gather, and if there is needle-work on the edge of them, iron it on the wrong side. Ye will have to fold a puff down in the middle, and iron it double up to the gathers, the same as if it was a ruffle. But with all respects to ye, young ladies, I would advise ye to work away at something plainer, before you try yer hand at flummery and finery, which takes a dale of experience, not to say patience."

Decorative Art and the Associated Artists.

THE work of the Decorative Art Society is well known throughout the country, and its influence is felt in almost every state by means of its lending library and generous encouragement carried on in many ways through the mails. Probably one of the most important results of the decorative art movement in this country is the work it is doing in the remote West. The mining fever and the opportunities offered in the new states of cheap lands and abundant crops have been the means of taking many women accustomed to the refinements and occupations of life in the older portions of the country to the somewhat barren existence of the frontier. However heartily such women identify their interests with the new country, and no matter how eagerly they join in the common endeavor to gain, first of all, wealth, there remains the inevitable baldness of their surroundings, and the tedium of many weary hours to be overcome. Formerly decorative art was largely dependent on the upholsterer, who could alone make useful the fancy work which was the only form known. The present movement is much broader, and single-handed a woman can make attractive her home with a few artistic hints and some humble materials. Nothing is more clearly proven than that art value depends but little on the medium of expression. Sheets of brown wrapping paper and a few paints can glorify a log-cabin interior, given the proper artistic training. It is this which the Decorative Art Society is contributing to give. As before remarked, its influence is nowhere more valuable than among the rude homes of the far West in rendering them more satisfying to the eye, and in furnishing a pleasant recreation among the stern duties which are inseparable from such a life. This influence exerted in widely diverse parts of the country cannot help but result in a somewhat independent expression of decorative feeling, inasmuch as there will be always much that must be left to the individual. There is a great deal of hopefulness in this. Meanwhile what bids fair to be the nucleus of an American school of decorative art is in the work undertaken by that band of artists who have combined under the name of the Associated Artists.

This is primarily a business organization which undertakes every form of household decoration. The artists whom the business brings into relations with the public are Louis J. Tiffany, the son of the house of Tiffany & Co., and an artist of high reputation, Samuel Colman, who has long stood among the foremost artists of this country, and Mrs. Wheeler, a most admirable flower painter. In entering decorative art each brings the results of years of service among the fine arts. Thus equipped with the knowledge of color, skill in rendering form, and acquaintance with the literature

of art, they are able to assume a vantage ground of incalculable value. Each of them had also previously attained some distinction in decorative art. Mr. Colman had shown a fine sensibility to color. Mr. Tiffany had effected a wonderful advance in decorated glass, and Mrs. Wheeler had identified herself particularly with art embroidery. The association, however, is by no means limited to these three. Other artists and sculptors are joined with these, and each is intrusted with that part of the work for which he seems to have special preparation. No design, however, is executed except after consultation, when it is subject to modification, and finally passes as the work of the society, and not of the individual.

As no work of the association is duplicated, it has the uniqueness of the fine arts. This singleness makes a great drain on the resources of the association, and its constant effort is to extend them. Wherever a fine piece of work is seen, or a clever original design, the name and address of the artist is sought for, and he is communicated with. In this way persons are acquired for special work, and in several instances independent assistants have been found whose work the society agrees always to take at their own valuation. This fact shows what a field there is for originality when expressed with proper skill and with correct appreciation of decorative limits, and how remunerative is such work.

While the association is a business organization, its aims are broader and the outcome is tending to something more important than a few artistically decorated homes, and such show-places as the Union League Club House, and Veteran's Room of the Seventh Regiment Armory, of which some notice has been given in these columns. Its varied work demands equally varied resources in the way of design, and many busy hands. The two demands center in what may be called its schools; although one of the distinctions of these schools is that the scholars are paid for their work and for their instruction, which continues until they prove to be of too great pecuniary value for the association to retain their services. At this point they may be said to have graduated, and are able to take their places as independent decorators.

These scholars are taken from the classes of the Cooper Union or other art schools, after having shown particular aptitude for art work. Their first duties are copying flowers and foliage from nature, and in this way providing the association with material for future use. In this work the first consideration is perfect accuracy, the rendering with fidelity the form and peculiarities of growth which distinguishes each plant. The scholars here are simply faithful reporters. The first promotion consists in arranging these natural studies into compositions for the needs of the glass, decorative painting, or art embroidery. A third step is in the use of color, and the preparation of the painted models for the more experienced artists. With these successive grades goes the knowledge of decorative principles, and the pupils are expected to acquire also a knowledge of the literature of decorative art, that in their future

work they may escape the danger of compounding style, and mingling different artistic periods.

The chief advantage, it will be seen, is in the necessity which demands the return to nature and native forms, which have been the inspiration of all the best creative periods. It is in this which lies the hope of an American school. Almost happily for us, those sources from which the modern English revival of decorative art has sprung, are not within our reach. The Metropolitan Museum of New York serves nothing the same purposes of the South Kensington Museum, and other store-houses of art treasures abroad, which furnish innumerable motives to the decorative artist. London has been heretofore the great center of art needle-work, and the South Kensington stitch has made the circuit of the globe, but a lady on the staff of the London *Queen*, recently in this country, remarked, had produced nothing so fine in the way of original design as some examples recently shown by the Associated Artists. The strength, in short, of South Kensington has been rather laid on the revival of the old, than in the production of the new.

Some of the art needle-work produced by this society recently has been of great interest, particularly in the development of new schemes of color, and in demonstrating the value of art treatment when applied to humble materials. One of these pieces was a square of faint pink plush bordered with deep salmon plush. The decoration consisted of a mass of pink, cream, and deep red roses with foliage bursting out of basket-work simulated in strands of shaded pink silks. The decoration massed in one corner was carried diagonally across the square in melting harmonies of pink and cream, and deepened into rich reds and olives in the darker border. The first impression was of the beautiful management of the color, only afterward the eye perceived the perfect drawing and artistic composition. On inquiry it was learned that the lady who did this work drew and colored this study from nature for this work. Another piece by the same hand, also on pale pink plush, was a decoration of blue water-flowers, which were carried through blues and purples into pink, which lost itself in the background.

A more striking example of this particular development of color was shown in a piece of yellow stuff on which large conventionalized flowers were brocaded in blue. In the lower left-hand corner the color of the flowers was taken for the crewels, and they were embroidered in blues shading upward, the high lights given in silk. From flower to flower, one tone suggesting another, the embroidery was carried, the leaves being outlined in olives until there appeared a sweep of color through purples and pinks upward and across the piece until the decoration was lost in the yellow of the ground. It is impossible to do more than suggest such treatment as this, which must be guided alone by a keen sense of color. Another fine piece of color was a vase of chrysanthemums on blue gold silk. The design was first painted, and afterward heightened by embroidery in silks which presented a harmonious mass of olives and reds

shading into pink, but always preserving a beautiful sense of the forms.

In a pair of patchwork *portières*, designed to accompany a Mauresque interior, were designed in mosaics of silk separated by divisions of olive plush. These mosaics were in light shimmering silks but little varying in tone, but these were so varied and shifted from place to place that they gave an opaline effect playing about the centers in which bright bits of oriental embroidery were set like gems.

Other interesting embroideries were in tapestry stitch on tapestry stuff. This tapestry fabric is one of the important results of the needs of the association. The first work of the society was done on stuffs chosen by Mr. Tiffany in Europe, many of them being oriental fabrics. When these were exhausted it was impossible to replace them in this country, so the attention of the association was turned toward manufacture. After a number of experiments it has succeeded in producing some beautiful artistic stuffs in silk momic cloths, tissues, raw silks, and this tapestry cloth which is also silk, and an altogether new fabric.

On this some handsome reproductions of Titian's pictures have been given, full size, and in their own glowing colors. The stitch consists in weaving the color in and out the surface of the fabric. This allows the reappearance of the ground color, and those subtle gradations and avoidance of strong contrasts which are the properties of the brush and pigments.

Nothing was more suggestive of the value and future of art work than a piece of brown linen canvas. The surface of this was overwrought with gold thread outlining small diamonds. In groups of two or three, single or overlapping, were disks of brown holland. These had been embroidered in silks with field flowers. On one were up-springing but-tercups, on another grains and insects, a third a group of three disks was wrought with clover in blossom. These were all drawn and colored with perfect fidelity. Good drawing, it may be remarked here in passing, is considered essential to good embroidery, and the ability to draw well demanded of the craftswomen. This piece of work, it will be observed, is simple in motive and humble in materials, yet there was nothing seen of greater artistic value.

It was, moreover, adapted to modest surroundings, perfectly serviceable and worthy, and capable of outlasting several generations. Such work, given the proper artistic training, can be as easily effected in the remoter parts of our country. Women who find themselves among a new flora would beguile many weary hours profitably by making faithful studies of the new varieties of plants and flowers about them. If they can do this in color the advantage is so much the greater, or if they can transfer their studies to linen crash with the silks and crewels which they can get through the mails, they will be working in sympathy with this new movement which is broad enough to inclose the most humble worker on the frontier.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

Stories from the Classics.

THE SIEGE OF TROY.

MOST readers of Mr. Bryant's admirable translation of Homer have become familiar with the story of the Trojan war long before they were acquainted with its history; if, indeed, any but a very few cared to unearth from a mass of authorities difficult of access the facts of this world-famous conflict. We say facts advisedly, for, although it has been the belief of ages that the events narrated in the *Iliad* were but a splendid creation of the fancy, the recent explorations and excavations of Dr. Schliemann have led him to express the belief that the Trojan heroes were not mythological beings, but veritable flesh-and-blood personages, whose deeds were largely colored by fiction if you will, but who nevertheless "lived, moved, and had their being" in their turn on earth as well as "the tribes that slumber in its bosom."

Stripped of all unnecessary verbiage, we shall endeavor to give a concise account of the causes that led to the siege of Troy, and then glance at the probabilities of the tale being a narrative of actual events.

Jupiter, seeing the earth overstocked with inhabitants, consulted with Themis how to remedy the evil. The best course seemed to be a war between Hellas (another name for Greece) and Troy; and Discord thereupon, by Jupiter's direction, came to the banquet of the gods at the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, and flung down a golden apple inscribed, "The apple for the fair one." Juno, Minerva, and Venus claiming it, Jupiter directed Mercury to conduct them to Mount Ida for the question as to the precedence in point of beauty to be decided by Paris, the son of Priam. The prize was awarded to Venus, who had promised the judge the beautiful Helen in marriage. Venus then directed him to build a ship, and requested her son Æneas to be his companion in the adventure. The vessel put to sea, and Paris arrived at Lacedæmon, where he shared the hospitality of Menelaus, the husband of Helen. Paris at the ensuing banquet bestowed valuable gifts upon his hostess, and shortly afterward Menelaus sailed on an expedition to Crete, commanding his wife to entertain the guests while they should remain. But Venus caused Helen and Paris to become enamored of one another, and the pair, filling a vessel with all the portable property they could lay their hands on, embarked and departed. Menelaus, returning to his forsaken home is filled with a desire for revenge against the faithless Trojan, and consults with his brother Agamemnon about an expedition against Troy. Together they went through Hellas assembling chiefs for the war, and appointing the rendezvous at Aulis. From this point the combined Grecian fleet proceeded to Troy, but as they were sailing thence they were dispersed by a storm. The fleet again assembled at Aulis, and, the wind proving propitious, appeared off the coast of Troy. The Trojans came down to oppose their landing, but Achilles, having slain Cycnus, the son of

Neptune, put the enemy to flight. An assault on the city having failed, the Greeks turned to ravaging the surrounding country, and captured and destroyed several towns. Then followed a war of ten long years, in the last year of which Ulysses learned by stratagem how Troy might be captured, directed Epeus to construct a huge horse of wood, and when completed the bravest warriors concealed themselves in it, and the rest set fire to their tents and sailed away to Tenedos. The Trojans, thinking their toils and dangers all over, break down a part of their walls, draw the wonderful horse into the city, and indulge in festivity. Then ensued a debate as to what should be done with the horse; some were for throwing it from the citadel or rock; others for burning it; others for consecrating it to Minerva. The latter counsel prevailed, and the banquet was spread. Two vast serpents now appeared, and destroyed Laocoön and his sons, dismayed by which Æneas decamped to Mount Ida. Sinon then, who had got into the city by deceit, raised torches to apprise those at Tenedos; they return, the warriors descend from the horse, and the city is taken!

And now a few words as to how far the story of the Trojan war is credible. Without attempting to decide the matter in any way, we may be permitted to say that the question should not be dismissed with a derisive laugh. It is the opinion of the best writers that a story of so great antiquity must have originally had some basis of truth. For many years even the site of the city was deemed fabulous, but Dr. Schliemann has, by his excavations, in the course of which he found many relics, discovered the site of a large city which he claims is the Troy of the *Iliad*. But it should be stated here, that, shortly after the fall of the original city, a new town was built with the same name, about thirty stadia (a stadium was the equivalent of six hundred and six feet, nine inches) distant from the old site (between two and three miles). It was a resting-place of Alexander the Great in his Asiatic expedition, but never rose to much importance, and two hundred years later was in ruins. Homer's descriptions are evidently intended to be true to nature; and, in fact, are so, as an inspection of the surrounding country at this late day will sufficiently prove; he evidently copied nature most faithfully, and took his descriptions from scenes actually existing, and which must have been familiar to his eyes. All these things bear witness, with a due allowance for poetic fancy, to the truth and accuracy of Homer's delineations. Dr. Schliemann found pottery, coins, arms, etc., which all, either by inscriptions or by correspondence with the known date of such articles, go far to prove that the city had existence.

Of course, certain of the characters mentioned in connection with the expedition against Troy are purely mythological—to this class belong such as Jupiter, Venus, Discord, Themis, and others. But as regards such personages as Agamemnon, Menelaus, Achilles, Hector, and Helen, the case is far different. Dr. Schliemann claims to have unearthed the tomb of the first-named, and records his belief that all these characters really lived,

perhaps under different names, and certainly without doing any of the marvelous feats attributed to them in the old mythologies. Agammemnon was also claimed by the earliest of the Greek colonists in Asia as their ancestor. That the number of men and ships engaged in the expedition was greatly exaggerated is also probable. That twelve hundred ships and one hundred thousand men lay for ten years before the town is highly improbable. So, too, as regards the deeds of prowess reported of the various mighty men engaged in the war.

Summing up all that has been written and said on the subject by the best authorities, it is safe to assert that in all probability there was engaged in the operations against Troy a number of highly distinguished chiefs, each attended by a small band of soldiers; and that the deeds of valor in which each strove, as was natural enough, to out-do his neighbor, gave rise to the fabulous tales with which old Homer has regaled us. These several bands of soldiers returning to their native districts at the close of the war would give to the event that national celebrity which is one of the strongest arguments advanced by those who believe that the events narrated in the Iliad are founded on actual occurrences, largely colored by poetic fancy and imagery, but events belonging to the matter-of-fact domain of truth nevertheless.

Social Perversity.

IT is generally believed that woman's single life is not voluntary, and that man's single life is. Hence, society commiserates the former who had neither choice nor chance in life, and condemns the latter who had both without benefit to the community. They are the ostracized and ostracizing members of society. Single women getting the pitying sympathy which galls, single men the smiling censure which courts.

We do not blame society for courting the ever-eligible members; their redemption is wholesome, and is a necessary work. But we do blame society for putting single women a grade lower in consideration when it is powerless to control the social machinery for their benefit. We do blame society for calling them unfortunate when it cannot prove their misfortune or unhappiness. What right has society to designate celibacy an evil? Every evil has its remedy, this never had a remedy, never will have; as long as there are men and women there will be old maids and old bachelors, therefore it is not an evil but a simple necessary spoke in the wheel of social law.

Taking the darkest example of both married and single life, what have we? A woman who never had a proposal, hoping for one, scheming for one, and—granting the worst society can impute but scarcely substantiate—even miserable over her disappointment. Another woman who had a proposal, and was smart enough to jump from the social

frying-pan of a pitying designation into the fire of a man's brutality and selfishness. Is there any difficulty to determine which of these dark pictures is the blackest? The brightest side of married life, again, shows the woman with brief periods of unalloyed happiness, and long intervals of anxiety, nobly endeavoring to fulfill her mission of wifehood and motherhood, as comforter and friend, as guide and teacher of her own. The brightest side of single life shows the woman in possession of tranquillity and freedom, making the duty others have neglected her own; nobly striving to be the comforter of the heirs of poverty, the guide and teacher of somebody's own. Husbandless, indeed, but not companionless, the world's brave toilers call her sister, orphans call her mother, and thrice blessed is she who can clasp the world-forsaken to her heart in virgin mother-love.

The lonely, unhappy, prejudiced, wrangling old maid, if she can be found anywhere but in fiction and the imagination of narrow-minded people, is to be commiserated. The intelligent, large-hearted, independent single woman met in every community, in every benevolent enterprise, in every busy working corner, is to be loved and honored. Her heart is cloistered in peace within the holy of holies; her hands are busy among the restless, weary, tempted without. Her life is one of glorious activity in labors loved. She feels no loneliness amid the loved and loving faces smiling gratitude; no aching void amid the healed, the comforted, the hope-inspired bosoms of gladdened humanity. The single woman of the present century is far better off than the married one of the last. And it is but a question of a few more progressive years whether she will not be as much a voluntary old maid as the man is a voluntary old bachelor, and as useful, as influential, as respected as he in her then unstinted rights, in the then unlimited field.

But society will not have it so. Clinging to old prejudices far more than it does to old styles, it prefers to stow the new fruit of the new age in the moldy grave of dead centuries, then laments the necessity of it, and pities the buried. Because a benefit is not derived by the means and in the manner society expects, it is a misfortune. Because not all women are married, the single ever are certainly very miserable, and society spares no pains to keep them fully informed of their uneviable situation, gratis. To be pointed out as a disappointed woman; to be a sweet morsel in the mouths of idle gossips; to have pity proffered in a thousand lies, it is the run of this social gauntlet which embitters women against society, and not disappointed matrimonial hopes.

Happily a healthier sentiment is growing up among the intelligent; and true women are ceasing to be society-slaves. Guided by inclination, governed by right, sustained by self-respect, they soar as high above the troubled waters of society as eagles do above the earth, and care a little less for parlor-gossip than children's prattle. They see but the great eternity beyond, and work and live for it with joyful grace.

BERTHA A. ZEDI WINKLER.

A Murdered Woman.

AFTER the ball was over,
In the watches of the night,
Close to my bed, with silent tread,
That chilled me with a fright,
There came a spectral woman,
With a face that was full of woe.
And terrified, "Who are you," I cried,
But she answered me, "*You know.*"

"I am a murdered woman—
A woman whom you have slain,
With the cruel swords of idle words
And thoughts that were poor as vain.
My home was in your bosom—
In the beautiful palace, Truth,
But you put me to rout—you drove me
out,
And killed me in my youth.

"For triumph and praise and conquest,
And the pleasures of a day,
I, who was true as the stars to you,
Was ruthlessly thrust away.
At revel, and feast, and banquet,
With lips and cheeks of bloom—
You mocked at me, and in wanton glee
You danced above my tomb.

"But the leaves of your rose are dying—
Your pleasure rose so fair,
And the thorn of unrest will pierce your
breast,
And I shall not be there.
Only a phantom to taunt you
With your cruel worldly sin—
The phantom grace and accusing face
Of the woman you might have been.

"Your beauty shall fade and vanish,
And conquest and praise shall cease,
When you sit alone with your heart and
moan
Know I would have brought you
peace.
Peace and the golden treasures
That all true women win—
But throttled me in wanton glee,
And now you must bear your sin;
Bear it with tears for the wasted years,
And the *woman you might have been.*"

ELLA WHEELER.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

CURTAINS.

"MIGHT not every naked wall have been purple with tapestry, and every feeble breast fenced with sweet colors from the cold?"—JOHN RUSKIN.

ONE of the pleasantest sensations after crossing the Atlantic is sleeping the first night in a bed instead of a berth, and in the morning opening one's eyes not to the sight of green waves washing against the port-holes, but to the hanging curtains on the tall old-fashioned bedstead that rises above one's head. Many of us keep gentle memories of a grandmother's home, where such curtains were a matter of course in some rooms of the house. They gave a softened color to the nursery, and a dignified stateliness to the best bed-chamber. The windows, of course, were draped with dimity or gayly colored chintz to match the hangings on the tall bedstead. The other rooms in the house, with their more modern furnishing, had an undressed, cold look, wholly wanting in the curtained chambers.

In our furnace-heated houses we have little need of our grandmother's bed curtains for warmth's sake or for protection from draft. Still I should be glad, for old association's sake, and for beauty's sake, to see in every home at least one room with the old-fashioned bed hangings.

For window curtains for our bedrooms there are many delightful materials that may be easily obtained. The first things to look for in curtains is good color, and then a material that will hang well, making good folds. The color should contrast pleasantly, not match, the walls of the room. Among the many materials for thin curtains, there is hardly one more desirable than the Madras or Cretan muslins. The tones of color are very delightful, being various shades of olives, yellows, yellow blues, and yellow pinks, on a cream-colored ground. These curtains, of course, have their own color, and there is no room for embroidery. When embroidery is desired, there are India mulls that may be embroidered in geometrical or in powdered patterns in two shades or three shades of color. Two shades of old blue or pale pomegranate, or the olive, old blue and pomegranate may be used when more than the two colors are desired. The best Madras curtains give good hints for tones of colors to use for embroidery on a cream-colored ground. Pongee has good color and texture, and takes kindly to embroidery. As the material is very narrow, it can be used with insertion of yellow lace, and is useful for small windows where a bit of choice work is needed. There are various India and Japanese silks that are sure to be good in color, but costly in price, and so hardly obtainable save for some small window that demands especial honor and especial thought and labor in the decoration. For cheaper materials we have the *écru* scrym curtains that may be made plain with insertion and lace, or with pulled work or outline

embroidery in a band above or down the side. There may be a band of pulled work with a few outline flowers crossing it, and the whole curtain lined with a color. Strainer cloth is also good in color, and may be used in the same way.

For heavier chamber curtains, if you can draw a little you may choose a band of cretonne in soft colors for top and bottom stripe to your curtain, then embroider in crewels a continuation of your cretonne design across the middle section of your curtain, which middle section may be in any color suitable to your cretonne and your room. Round thread linen is a strong and useful material. It is best unbleached, off the white color. On this you may work border-lines, or a row of squares for a border above, in the twisted chain-stitch double thread, which is given in this number. Between the bars or in the squares work large conventional rose shapes in stem-stitch.

For a small curtain for a child's book-case, a row of these tile shapes may have outline pictures taken from the most conventional of the flower designs from the children's picture books. Such a small curtain, if the drawing is made by the elders, with very little supervision, may be easily embroidered by the children of the household. I gave in a former number directions for transferring designs. I have known this twisted-chain and outline embroidery to be well done by girls from ten to fifteen years old. A powdered pattern is one of the best and most effective for curtains. For example, a border may be made at the top or bottom of the curtain by repeating the spray for New England stitch in the July number, or the aster design in the June number of this magazine. The rest of the curtain can be powdered regularly with small sprays of the same design, a bud and a leaf or a flower and a leaf. Embroidery on the curtain itself will hang better and be handsomer than an applied stripe.

I know a linen curtain powdered with sprays worked in blue linen floss in the old New England stitch, that has been in use for over fifty years, and is still very beautiful.

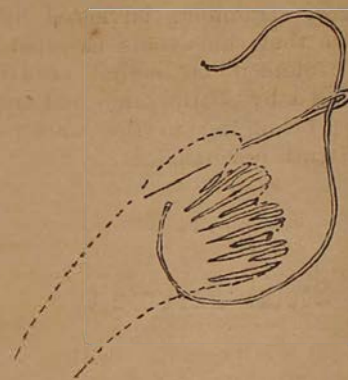
Curtains are very good embroidered with a branching design like a brocade. At Chadwick's, No. 3 East Nineteenth Street, you may see delightful Spanish embroideries in silk on linen originally intended for bed-spreads, but used by those who can indulge in them for *portières*. For this brocade design, the New England stitch is very suitable, being rapid and economical, the silk used being on the surface. I have seen a bride's gown in this same branching brocade pattern, which was embroidered some fifty or a hundred years ago, and has served many years as a bed-spread, and now might most honorably hang with a heavy lining as a *portières*, and give comfort and beauty for years to come. Elizabeth Glaister gives a design of an old embroidered curtain. She calls it in her book on "Needle-work," in the Art at Home series, "French." The same flower, shapes, and style of ornament, we will find in the work of our grandmothers in out-of-the-way country towns all over New England—and all this work is good to study for designs and gay coloring.



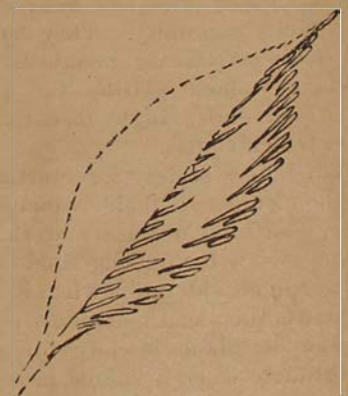
No. 1.—CHAIN-STITCH.



No. 2.—TWISTED CHAIN-STITCH. DOUBLE THREAD.



No. 3.—FEATHER-STITCH.



No. 4.

The chain-stitch No. 1 may be of use for border-lines in some places. It is not so serviceable as the twisted chain-stitch No. 2, which is exceedingly useful for heavy cord lines. The feather-stitch, or long and short stitch No. 3, is serviceable for the petals of flowers. It is also useful sometimes in shading a leaf as in No. 4, where the outside serrated edge of the leaf may be worked in a light color, the line of stitches in the center in a darker shade, while the middle space is filled solid in stem stitch in a medium tone of color.

HETTA L. H. WARD.



Flower-Pot Cover.

ARTIFICIAL plants are now much used in the decoration of rooms, and ornamental covers for the flower-pots containing them are a very pretty addition.

The lower part of the cover here illustrated is velvet, the upper part satin.

Make the satin into a full bag, lengthwise of the goods. Cut the velvet into a circular piece, and point it on the edge as the design shows, then fit the satin over the pot, gather it and draw tightly. Set the pot on the velvet and fasten the velvet upon the sides, tacking each point securely. The conventional flowers on the velvet may be either painted or embroidered.

Applique Work.

A ROOM can be decorated very prettily and inexpensively by having curtains and valance, mantle-shelf, and antimacassars all worked in the new way. The materials are red serge and brown holland, and the curtains have a border of holland lilies and leaves all down their edges; the mantle valance and antimacassars, large lilies and leaves. The thread is of the same shade as the holland. The work is extremely easy and quick. Also work the same designs in turkey-red twill, with red cotton, on to sheeting and oatmeal cloth, which is most effective.

To Keep Chinese White and Water-Colors Moist.

BEFORE the colors get quite hard one or two drops of pure glycerine, dropped into the pan and mixed up with the point of a knife with the color, will be all that is necessary. If the Chinese white or water-color have become quite hard, then take out of pan or bottle and place in glass muller, and beat it up quite fine and smooth with a few drops of glycerine and water, and replace in pan or bottle. The glycerine does not injure the paints or render them greasy.

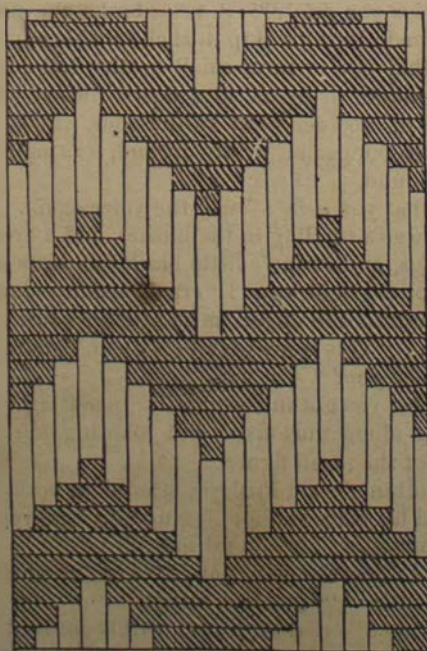
Boys who Learned Needle-work.

WHEN the late Admiral ——— was a young midshipman, he was sent on a voyage round the world in one of King George the Third's ships. He was three years away, and, as he grew very fast, he found himself sailing in the Pacific Ocean with hardly a stitch of clothes to his back. His mother, sister of Admiral Lord ———, had taught her little boy to sew, so he got some canvas out of the ship's stores, and cut out and made himself a new suit of clothes. His mother was very proud of these, and, when her son was an admiral, she used to show them to her grandchildren, and tell them the story. Rather more than thirty years ago, a lady went to call on another one rainy afternoon; the house was built on an island in a lake in Ireland. In the drawing-room were two little boys sitting on footstools, one on each side of the fireplace. Probably, the visitor looked astonished, for the mother of the little boys said in a low tone, "Please don't laugh at them; what should I do with them on this island on a rainy day if they were too proud to sew?" One of these boys was a lieutenant in the Crimean War; he fought none the worse because he knew how to use the needle as well as the sword, when he with his men was for eighteen hours in the Redan on the memorable 18th of June. The chaplain of an Irish institution had seen when he was young the straits to which the French aristocratic refugees were reduced, from having to learn how to do things for themselves; and he got a tailor to come into his house and teach his boys how to cut out and make and mend their own clothes. One of the boys is now an old general, but he sews on his own buttons to this very day; and when he was on service in one of the small British stations in Asia, he not only mended and patched his own clothes, but those of his brother officers; all the men of his regiment knitted their own socks.

E. S. N.

Ornamented Table.

TABLES bordered with light-colored satin cut in vandykes, then edged with narrow fringe or narrow silk lace. A spray of flowers may be embroidered in each vandyke, but it is not necessary.



Patchwork Design.

THE strips in this design are all the same width, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, and sewed together the same as the Log-Cabin pattern, excepting it can not be sewed in small squares, as that is, but fastened to an entire lining when all the strips are finished.



Double Purse (Crochet).

THE peculiarity of this purse consists in its being divided into two distinct parts, joined by chain stitches, and that both ends are worked at the same time. The engravings marked 1A and 1B show the manner of doing this. It would be far more useful worked in twine, or more as a bag than as a purse for money. The work is easy and simple in itself, but very troublesome with the connecting rows of chain stitch. We do not advise its being tried in silk at first. You make a chain of 24 stitches; cut off the thread, which must be done at the end of every row; the ends must be left long, as they are knotted together afterward to form the fringe.—1st row. 1 treble on the 1st Ch., * 1 Ch., miss 1 Ch., 1 treble on the next; repeat from * until you have 46 treble. You then join to the 11th treble stitch from the first (see detail No. 1A.), 60 Ch., leave 60 chain of the foundation row, one treble on the 61st, 1 Ch., miss 1 Ch., 1 treble on the next; repeat until you have again 46 treble, which brings you to the end of the Ch., but at the 36th join to the first of these last 46.—2nd row. 1 treble on the first treble of last row, 1 Ch., 1 treble on the next; repeat until you come to the treble just over the 60th Ch., join neatly as by the engraving 60 Ch., or the flaps will not fall right, 1 treble on the first treble of the next piece, work 1 Ch., 1 treble, 35 more times, join neatly, finish the row. You must cross the chain stitches *between* the rows of treble, so that the end pieces will fall well as flaps over the purse. Cut the thread off again. You work in this way until you have 18 rows; then knot the fringe as in the engraving; add a fringe on the row forming the ends of the bag.

Frames (To Ebonize).

FIRST scrape some of the old gilt off the frames, rub them with a piece of sand paper, and then paint them well over with black Japan varnish; or, if that is not to be had, with Brunswick black, to be had in bottles at a saddler's or painter's store. If one coat is not enough, wait till it is quite dry, and then add another. This can be tried on odds and ends of furniture and found quite effectual.

Table-Spread.

FOR the material of the spread use olive-green satin, cloth, or serge; and for the border have a design of blossoms, or deep yellow sunflowers. Or another design is to have the cloth of old-gold, worked with gorgeously colored humming birds and tall grasses.

Prunes and Prisms.*

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

(Continued from page 396.)

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SHADOW OF A BLOW.

PUTKINS had his own plans of what he would do the third day "in camp." And he *did* it, too, which is quite another thing.

It was simply a matter in which himself and a certain little fascinating box were concerned. That was all. "I don't want nobody else," said the little fellow to himself over and over, when he was supposed to be picking red-cup moss and ferns, with the most innocent expression on his small face, as he wandered around in a blissful state before the cabin, but with the darkest plans and schemes revolving and ripening underneath the yellow hair. "An' that's nothin' to Jane, so long's I don't bother *her*!"

For days he had had his eye on Dr. Farman's medicine case, ever since he saw him take it out of his pocket for some court-plaster one day when Uncle Mose cut his thumb. And although the attractions of the woods were overwhelming, and engrossed him at every turn, compelling him to try to be in forty places at one and the same time, yet, over and above it all, was that box! If he could only see what was inside of it!—could see for himself what all those little bottles and papers held, and the cunning little pockets distributed here and there, of which as yet he had only caught a glimpse! Would there *ever* be such paradise for him! Putkins thought "yes," and in the thinking immediately set about making that way for himself.

And before he well knew it, the naughty little plan was so firmly fixed in the small breast that it was leader, and Putkins followed to the pitfall set for the little feet.

Uncle Joe, the doctor, Rex, and Washington Birge, set off the next morning up the pond for their usual supply of fish.

"Don't forget to come back!" sang out Mr. Higgins, as they pushed off. "An' do be so obleegin' as to fetch along a few more fish than was brung yesterday!"

"Ungrateful man!" retorted Dr. Farman, taking up an oar. "It's only saving your strength when we have poor luck. You know, Higgins, nothing delights you so much as to get rid of cooking our fish—"

"He shall cook them, nevertheless," said little Mrs. Farman, from a seat on the pine-needles, a little way up the bank; and she gave a saucy little grimace as she spoke. "We must take back to the city, Uncle Mose, the recollection of that delicious dish!"

Uncle Mose turned and beamed on her with satisfaction. If there was one person whom he liked thoroughly, above all the others of the party, always excepting Cicely, whom he petted with most conspicuous partiality, it was the gentle, cheerful little wife of the doctor.

"She's jest right fer him," he would say to himself, when watching them together. "An' *how* he does set by her! Don't wonder, fer she's 'one of a thousand,' as my Aunt Betsy used to say of her first husband. An' ef ther's another sech a woman, so jolly an' frisky an' onselfish—why, I'd jest like to make her acquaintance—that's all! She's a blessin' in the woods—an' out jest the same!"

The "fish-party" were off—and those left behind immediately precipitated themselves into

all the delights that a fresh day brought anew to them. Putkins gracefully eluded Jane by every means that his ingenious brain could devise; and at last, as she, grown careful by her late sad experience, dodged and tracked him pertinaciously, he rolled himself up in a small heap on the balsam floor of the cabin, and shut his eyes determinedly.

"There, thank fortune," said Jane, the innocent, "he's tired out at last! Well, he'll sleep at least an hour."

But as soon as the last squeak of her stout mountain boots had died away, Putkins' head flew up on a tangent, followed by the rest of the excited, wide-awake little body.

"I've woked up!" he whispered softly to himself, for want of other company. "Now for the box!"

He scrambled out of the cabin, on all fours, to peep furtively around.

No one was in sight. Aunt Elderkin and Cicely had taken their botanist's cases, and gone off for specimens. Maum Silvy was singing loudly to herself, way down in a little nook in the trees, some ear-splitting Methodist tunes, as she washed and scrubbed some pieces of clothing she had insisted on doing, "ter keep my han's out o' mischief, Miss *Eud'kin*."

Evidently the coast was clear.

Putkins tucked in his head again, quite satisfied, and began operations at once.

The doctor's coat hung up in the corner of the cabin; and in the big pocket was the case, hidden away snugly secure. Putkins stole up to it, and, reaching on tip-toe, "put in his thumb to pull out"—not exactly "a plum," but something representing to him just then more than all the plums in the universe.

The moment his little fingers closed on it he scuttled with his treasure out of the cabin, and ran as swiftly as possible to a hiding-place behind the cabin, where he could enjoy it in peace.

"There," he puffed in great delight, taking the first look he had dared indulge in. "Oh, ain't it *fooful*!"

He turned it over and over at first, quite contented to revel over the outside attractions; but tiring soon of that, he began to wiggle at the lock, impatient to come at the pleasures within. He had just succeeded—oh, joy!—in bursting the bright catch that shut him out from complete happiness, when—

"*What you doin'?*" A voice broke the stillness that made Putkins skip in such terrible apprehension that two or three small bottles fell down to the ground, to break in a dozen pieces, while a paper of powder went to the four winds! The child stood, gazing wildly around, waiting for the next sound.

"*What you doin'?*" said the voice again. Then there was a rustling in the bushes, and a breaking of twigs, and Pruney's little black face appeared.

"You go right away!" cried Putkins, stamping his small foot in anger, as he saw the cause of his fright. "This is my play-house—an' I didn't ask you. Go way!"

"*What you got in your han'?*" persisted Pruney, edging along curiously, and planting herself in front of the small figure.

"*Nothin'*," said Putkins, cramming both hands behind his back and looking up into her eyes with determination. "You go way!"

"It's somethin'—an' 'tain't yourn," said Pruney, confidently. "Gimme a squint."

"*I s'ant!*" cried Putkins, horribly enraged; and beginning to wriggle frightfully, still keeping his hands concealed back of his little flannel dress. "Go—o—way! I'll bite you! Go—o—!" he kept howling at every revolution.

At last, in one of the whirls, the hands and their contents came into view.

"Oh—oh—oh!" exclaimed Pruney, rolling up

her eyes at the sight; "it's the doctor's med'sun chest! Oh—oh—oh!"

With that, knowing that all hope was gone as to his keeping it, unless he ran for his life, Putkins started on a blind race out of the thicket, where he had hoped for so much enjoyment, and down the long hill, past the cabin, Pruney after him in tight pursuit.

Neither of them expected that he would turn suddenly off to a trail never used by the party that led by a shorter way, but an extremely dangerous one, because so slippery in its descent, down to the bank of the lake. Putkins himself didn't know he was on it; but, wild to get away from his pursuer, who represented avenging justice to his guilty little conscience, he plunged, he knew not where, at a perfectly breakneck speed, grasping the coveted prize, that now he wouldn't relinquish at any price, tighter and tighter each second of his flight.

And now Pruney saw with horror that he *couldn't* stop. The little flannel dress just ahead of her, that she could *almost* touch, was flinging out frantically, as his little heels dashed up against it—if she could *only* reach it! With one wild lurch her fingers closed—ah! she has lost it! And the child, losing his footing, slipped, and fell, rolling rapidly down, down to the bright, shining water below!

Pruney covered her eyes for just one second. There was a splash, and then a scream, loud and piercing; and she looked, to see the little figure struggling wildly; its arms flung up, one hand still grasping tightly the "med'sun case," while the long yellow hair floated back on the shining water.

One look—the next, Pruney, with wild, fierce shrieks of despair, was in the water, striking out for the drowning child, with bold, swift strokes. No use! the childish form was drifting, drifting slowly away; and Pruney, who could not swim, felt her own strength giving out, and herself going down—down—to death below the wave!

"Uncle Mose will deal retribution with a heavy hand," said Dr. Farman, laughing. "We promised these fish a half hour ago. Now, then, for home!" And he bent vigorously to his oar.

"Nonsense, man!" exclaimed Uncle Joe, easily. "What's the use of being so excessively prompt in this wilderness. *That* belongs to civilized life. *I'm* going to run up into that curve yonder. It looks very interesting, at least from this point."

Now Uncle Joe, being so much the senior, made it a slightly difficult thing for Dr. Farman to carry his point. However, he preserved an exceedingly disapproving expression on the proposed enlargement of the trip; so much so that Uncle Joe, on seeing his face, reversed the order he had given Washington Birge to "head her up stream."

"No comfort, Farman," he said, laughing. "with such a face as yours staring one out of countenance. Hope you never'll live to repent of your notions."

So down they came on the "home stretch," at a pretty good pace, too; for Dr. Farman, having gained the point, determined to save as much time as possible. And with laugh and jest they came sailing in.

"*Hark!*" Rex stopped a second, in the midst of a burst of merriment over one of the doctor's sallies. "Isn't that a scream?"

"One of Pruney's remarkable shouts probably," exclaimed Uncle Joe, carelessly; "another 'b'ar,' perhaps!"

"*Somebody's in danger!*" said Dr. Farman, with long, full sweeps of his oar. "Now be quick, for your life!"

On flew the boat, like a dancing speck on the waters—now the shrieks were heard distinctly enough! Uncle Joe paled to the lips as he tried

to keep up with with the firm, even strokes of the others, who, with every muscle strained to its utmost tension, with teeth set, and with nerves held under rigid control, were speeding to the place whence the cries of danger were now sounding with despairing ring!

A few more strokes, ah! they knew now! *Could they reach them!* Dr. Farman flings himself from the boat, Rex followed suit, and Uncle Joe—yes, brave old Uncle Joe—is in the water too!

Washington Birge whirls the boat around with a violent wrench. Prunty is saved! Dr. Farman holds the little figure up, dripping—up to his waiting, brawny hands. Prunty is saved!

But where is the little yellow head—where is the bright, laughing face—where is the winsome, agile figure?

The surface of the clear, beautiful lake sparkled away in the merry, merry sunshine! They never any of them, remembered but one sound connected with that dreadful moment. A little bird sitting on a branch, overshadowing the bank of the lake, trilled with sweet, happy melody, a perfect burst of song!

Ah! could hope start with one faint gleam in those crushed hearts? It is—it is! The little one comes up *once* more! There is one more chance of life for the one in whom *their* lives are bound up!

Putkins, with *something* clasped in his wet, cold little hand, is caught in Rex's frantic grasp. Putkins is taken, in Dr. Farman's skillful hands, up to the cabin—up to the sorrowing group they came with their sad burdens. Time alone would tell whether they were *living* burdens.

Unaided by the precious medicine—that now seemed worth its weight in untold wealth—Dr. Farman worked on manfully over them; never giving up hope, never relaxing a single effort, until—one of the little wet bundles turned over suddenly, opened its eyes, and said, "I want ter see the rest of the bottles—I *do*!"

"Oh!" shrieked Maum Silvy, who knew nothing of the cause of the accident; and she flung her hands over her head, wailing in heart-rending tones—"He's gone clean crazy—Putkins has—*Oh!* oh! oh! He'll be an idjit for shore!"

"Give 'em to me!" cried Putkins, flying to an upright position, with the air of a man who had many years of life before him. And pointing to the other wet bundle, over whom Dr. Farman was at present bending, working as only one will work when death stands menacingly in the way—"She took 'em—she did—make her give 'em back!"

Poor Prunty! she looked as if nothing would have power to make her do anything again; as if the active, restless limbs had at last become still; as if the dark little face, strangely quiet as it was, would never more sparkle into thought and action—Poor Pru—

"I *never* did!" cried a voice, with a strong intonation; so strong that the doctor started back in a way, coolly professional as he was, he could not possibly help—"so *there*!" Indignation did what science couldn't; so Prunty sat up, on her side of the cabin, and glared across at Putkins.

"For the land sakes!" cried Maum Silvy, staring at them both till she seemed to be all eyes. "Ye've ben drowned—didn't ye know it; both of ye; and thar ye dot a-squallin' an' a-flight-in' like a pussel o' cats, 'nstead o' thinkin' o' yer latter end!"

"It warn't a latter end," said Prunty, who, brought so suddenly back to life, saw no way but to be her natural self again. "'Twas the doctor's pill-box—his med'sun chist—so! an' I didn't tech it, 'cause I couldn't reach it—so!"

"Now," said Dr. Farman, with a merry laugh, "you are *my* babies now, and must do just *exactly* as I say. So I'm going to put you into bed, as snug and warm as two pussy-cats—now, then!"

Before either could raise a remonstrance he captured them both in his big, strong, tender arms; and then ensued such a lively, exhilarating scuffle as couldn't be thought of, much less described.

The end of it saw two little creatures tucked up warm, in all manner of nice, hot flannels; and India-rubber bags, which the guides filled with boiling-hot water, hugged up to their cold little feet. And there they were, cosily fixed, one in each corner of the cabin, like statues set to grace some loved and worshiped shrine.

And shrine it rightly was; and the cabin was full of those, who, with gratitude in their hearts to Him who alone can restore, paid all that could be exacted even by the little ones themselves, the highest tribute, in the shape of attentions and gifts.

"It's awful nice," observed Putkins, reflectively, over across to Prunty, and scooping out the very center of an immense piece of molasses candy which Mr. Higgins had just brought up and presented. As soon as the children were pronounced "out of danger," Uncle Mose, in sheer desperation had run down and put some molasses to boil in the big iron pot. "That'll fetch 'em!" he said to himself.

So now Putkins again remarked to Prunty, who was in a corresponding state of bliss and stickiness, "Ain't it awful nice, Prunty? Yes, go git in the water again to-morrow. Folks'll love us then, an' give us things."

Prunty dropped her mussy wad like a hot coal. "I shan't never go *ne-ar* the *nassy* ole water agin!" she said, "*never!*"

"And if you do," observed Uncle Joe, with a look in Putkins' direction not to be mistaken, "why, when your father comes home—we'll see!" which awful threat finished the business. Putkins would no more have thought of going near that lake after that, if all the temptations of the combined world of delights had beckoned him on.

"Doctor, I've got a plan in my head." Uncle Joe brought out his words with a snap of determination; then turned and bestowed a long glance on his companion, as they paced up and down, a short distance from the cabin, on a clear, bright night.

"Ah!" Dr. Farman returned the glance, then waited till such time as it should please Mr. Seymour to continue, which came presently.

"That new man that's wanted down at Fosskett's saw-mill, you know," said Uncle Joe; "that Higgins was speaking of to day?"

Dr. Farman nodded. "Well—and—what then?" he asked.

"Nothing more nor less than I know of the man," said Uncle Joe, too excited to relate the plan coherently. "It's a poor fellow that's had nothing but trouble, so far as I can find out, the whole course of his natural life."

"And you are going to help him to something better," said Dr. Farman, gravely. He stopped a moment, as they walked up and down under the grand old trees, the moon now and then peeping at them through the branches, and laid his hand on the other's shoulder with an earnest gesture.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Seymour, quickly. "I shall do no more than any other man would, under the circumstances—you, for instance."

"I'm not so sure of that," responded the other quietly, and with a touch of reverence in his tone. "I should like to hear the man's history," he added, with interest.

"Not very much, so far as I know," replied Uncle Joe, beginning to march on again at his accustomed sturdy pace, "only he's had nothing but poor luck for a long time, ever since he was born, for aught I know. The last stroke burnt him out, at the time our family suffered; nothing left

but his children—and those good gracious, why man, there's a perfect pack! Though I suppose I ought to count one less, for Prunty has adopted one."

"Prunty adopted one!" repeated Dr. Farman, in astonishment.

"Pre-cisely that," said Uncle Joe, with decision. "Haven't you seen her writing mysterious letters and missives of one kind or another. Well, I declare, where are your eyes?"

"Were those what she has been laboring over so persistently?" cried Dr. Farman, bursting into a hearty laugh as he recalled the sight. "I pity the adopted child from the depths of my heart."

"Hear!" Uncle Joe grew very sober at once, while he related the story of Prunty's self-sacrifice and bravery; and the doctor's bantering ceased immediately. Then he cried, enthusiastically, "Well, they must come, if for no other reason than for Prunty's sake!"

"That's so!" seconded Uncle Joe, perfectly delighted at the enthusiasm he had raised; and beginning another turn in the promenade—"Billings is booked for the Adirondacks!"

"It will be just the place for him to begin again," said Dr. Farman. "If a man can pick up courage anywhere to face life, the Adirondacks will do that thing for him." He looked lovingly up to the grand old peaks above him with a gaze such as a man gives only when he has gained something in his very soul. Dr. Farman was going home a "recruited man," to battle nobly in his profession with all obstacles, and work with renewed zeal for the alleviation of suffering with the health that he had sacrificed for others given back to him with fresh vigor; and now nothing delighted him more than to help those around him who were suffering, to the same possibilities, to the same chance of relief.

"Don't you know that cottage over near Higgins'?" he said, after a moment's severe thinking—"the one with an ell, you remember. Well, I happen to know it will be empty, for sale; in fact I heard Uncle Mose telling Slocum about it this morning when he came back with the 'supplies.' The family have gone back to Connecticut, and—"

"The very thing!" cried Uncle Joe, with a resounding clap on the doctor's stalwart frame. "How kind in Providence, when there's one too many families, to remove some to Connecticut, or elsewhere. Now, then, for Uncle Mose—come on!"

With the agility of a young fellow in his teens, Uncle Joseph scrambled down the rocky ledge, at the summit of which they were walking, and followed by Dr. Farman, at a more leisurely pace, invaded Mr. Higgins, who, after the necessary fatigue of preparing the evening meal, was placidly resting, smoking an enormous pipe, at the same time, between the puffs, relating the most marvelous yarns to his *confères*.

The business was soon concluded. Mr. Seymour, with all the haste that an exciting bargain or speculation on Wall Street would engender, gave orders for Mr. Higgins to go back the following morning, get the refusal of the cottage and piece of land surrounding it, and make all necessary arrangements to secure it for Uncle Joseph's hand, when he should come down from camp.

"Ye-*whop* a lus!" ejaculated Uncle Mose, filiping off the redundant ashes with a dexterous finger. "Ther ain't no need o' hurry. Thet place'll be in the market for ten years yit. Real estate don't move like thet with us. Ha—ha—ha!"

"Now is the word!" exclaimed Mr. Seymour, determinedly, bringing one hand down hard on the other. "If you don't go, why, I'll go myself. *That place is to be mine!* and I've seen enough in my life to know that if I let slip one day after my

mind's made up, there'd be twenty men after it before sundown. If you want a thing, *get it!* That's my theory."

"Done!" Mr. Higgins assented; and the business closed that was destined to bring another family to recruit health and fortune under the healing influence of the good old mountain forests.

Pruny, meanwhile, all unconscious of what was going on around her, was diligently tugging, with painstaking care, over a letter designed to comfort and inspire the absent Angelina, who, it may be stated, unfortunately never knew the contents of one of them, as Mrs. Billings was but a poor reader at the best; and after they had passed around wondering from Tom to the baby, for inspection, they were, long before they reached the recipient's hands again, usually in such a state as precluded *anybody's* reading them at all!

But nothing could equal Pruny's satisfaction in concocting these epistles. Tucked up in a small nook which she had scooped out of the soft moss, with her back pressed up against the trunk of an enormous pine, there she sat, her nose within an inch of the paper, the pen cramped up in her stubby little fingers with a death grip, painfully tracing, accompanied by much hard breathing and an occasional grunt, characters that not even the eye of love could decipher without a dreadful struggle.

But the result of one of these spasms of duty toward her "dopted chile," showed the following in *words*; the writing cannot be faithfully portrayed:

"Deer, my chile Ang iine; Don't *never* wear yer stockin's ter bed, cos it muss, siles 'em so. Don't *never* do it; ef yer do, I shall whip yer! An' yer can't eat cake between meals till I git home." (This was rather a superfluous motherly command, as the Billings' household scarcely knew the word "cake" except to cry for it.)

"Oh! well, Putkins an' me jumped inter the lake tother day, an' I'll tell you about it. Fust, he jumped, an' then I jumped. I dunno how we got out, but we've hed *re-al* nice things to eat ever sence; an' now Mr. Pigs" (the only name with which Pruny ever honored Uncle Mose), "an' the pill-man takes us poose-back riding *al-l* around, an' that's all.

"Respekfly yer 'dopted Mudder,

"MIS. SIMPSON."

CHAPTER XV.

A MIXTURE OF MANY THINGS.

MUST they leave the camp? The word had gone forth, and there was no alternative but to turn their backs on all the loveliness that they realized more than ever now that the last looks were being taken, had been enjoyed and understood by them all in only a faint measure of what it really held for those who came within its influence.

"I didn't *imagine* the woods were so rich," cried Rex, going around and around the old haunts for the twentieth time. "Oh! just *one* more day, Uncle Joe!" he begged.

"So you've said ever since Wednesday," said Uncle Joe, down on his knees, giving another twist to the strap around the rubber blankets. "And to-morrow would be worse yet. No! 'March' is the word, we go to-day!"

"Oh dear!" grumbled Cicely, flying up with such a pair of cheeks that would turn a lover of beauty back for many a glance. "We haven't *half* begun to see all that there is. Oh dear!"

"Nor ye wouldn't ef ye should stay a twelve-month," observed Mr. Higgins, dryly, who was composedly packing up with methodical precision the various cooking utensils. "I've been here ev'ry year for fourteen summers, an' I hain't spyed out all the 'tractions *yii*. You come along nex' season," he said, with an alluring wink. "That's the way to fix it!"

"That isn't *now*," said Cicely, despairingly, rushing off to help Aunt Elderkin pack up her mosses and ferns. "Oh dear—dear!" they could hear her voice float down the hill in dismal accents.

And so, thanking God that they had had this experience; feeling in every fibre of their beings such renewings of body and mind; refreshed for the taking up gladly any new burden of life that might come to them; they came down out of the woods into the little cottage again.

"How funny it looks!" cried Cicely and Rex, together, as they saw the afternoon sunlight glint across the top of the roof, to give them a welcome as they came riding up. "Did we ever think *this was wild!*"

"So wild," said Uncle Joe, with a laugh, "that it was with difficulty that we could persuade some folks to stay at all." He glanced backward slyly at Maum Silvy, who was grinning at a frantic rate under her turban; and the peaceful Jane, who, with blooming cheeks and a happy air, would have immediately decided the cautious John Clark on the spot, could he have seen her then.

The next morning, as the little household, happy and busy as bees, were setting down again to their ordinary life, the children flying hither and thither, trying to help in the general unpacking and setting to rights; and everything being on a "reg'lar rampage," as Maum Silvy expressed it, a mountain wagon drove up, and, after great deliberation among the occupants, finally stopped before their door.

"Massy!" ejaculated Pruny, rushing in from the plot of ground under the kitchen window, where she had been grubbing at her "gardin," sticking in and pulling up again the several long-suffering roots and bits of moss she had brought down from "camp," till she was a sight to behold—"it's a hull lot o' rich, starin' folks dressed up. Oh, *my!*"

"Ye g'long!" ejaculated Maum Silvy, pulling her head out of the pot-closet, who, finding nearly all of her tins rusted since her absence, and sundry other unpleasant changes, was not prepared to receive any such news with her usual avidity. "Ye're alwus a-skylarkin' in with a pack o' lies! Run out this minute to yer pokin' in the dirt. Start!"

"An' they're all a-gettin' out an' a-comin' in!" cried Pruny, joyfully, climbing up to the window to reconnoiter. "Oh, *goody*, Maum! we're goin' to hev comp'ny!"

"*Comp'ny is it!*" screamed Maum Silvy, in terrible excitement, and getting up on to her fat feet, beginning to see that Pruny's news might be reliable. "Well, all I've got to say is, *they shan't come in!* The idea o' folks philanderin' round when they orter be about their business, an' slashin' down onter a body, stuck up in a corner of de woods, with nothin' ter eat, an' nothin' ter cook it with neither. They shan't *come in!*"

"They're in *a-ready*," announced Pruny, who had jumped down from her chair, and now stood with her ear applied to the crack of the thin partition that divided the kitchen from "parlor, library, and all." "I hear 'em a-larfin' fit ter split."

"Dey won't larf long," ejaculated Maum Silvy, wrathfully, in a most murderously inclined attitude, and a face to match—"they shan't."

But just then Pruny flew over suddenly into the middle of the room, on the occasion of Uncle Joe's abrupt entrance, who, not understanding the ear episode, knocked her completely over!

"Hallo—now that's too bad," he exclaimed, then stalked up to the old woman. "Well, Maum Silvy," he said, briskly, "here's a to-do, now. Some friends of mine have come, and you must get up a bite of something nice to eat."

"Somethin' *nice ter eat!*" repeated Maum Silvy in the highest key she was capable of, that could

penetrate a modern-built house with deadened walls, let alone the little airy partition between themselves and the guests. "An' where'm I goin' ter git it, I shid like ter know! An' my tins is spillet—an'—"

"For gracious sake," cried Uncle Joe, in a tone of horror, "stop your tongue, can't you—stop—goodness! *stop!*" as he saw violent demonstrations of a warlike nature on the part of the one he would have given kingdoms, if he had possessed them, to propitiate at this moment.

"*Stop my tongue!*" exclaimed old Maum Silvy, thrown wholly off her guard by her horrible disappointment, as she saw such a lovely chance to shine resplendently before "Mister Josuf's" New York friends, as a splendid cook, disappear before her actual resources. "Ye've got ham—an' salt pork—an'—"

Uncle Joe fled the kitchen to meet Mr. and Mrs. Livingston, Mr. Harold Martin Livingston, Jr., and Miss Maude Livingston preparing to depart.

He plunged zealously, if not gracefully, into all sorts of enthusiasms over the views, etc., offered recklessly any amount of pioneering necessary for their enjoyment of the same; but, as he said afterward, to use an extremely slangy term, "it was no go!"

The mountain wagon, freighted with its precious load of Livingstons, in the most approved of mountain costumes, gotten up in the latest of fashions, departed, after prolonged stares all over Aunt Elderkin, the children, and everything that came within the reach of their eye-glasses, on their homeward drive to their hotel, some twenty miles back.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Livingston, when they were a safe distance from the house, and shifting her dainty carriage parasol over to the other side, while she gave Maude a comprehensive look, "if ever I saw an astonishing thing, I've witnessed it to-day! To think of Joseph Seymour taking up such a freak—I can't conceive it!"

"And, mamma," said Maude, with a pretty grimace, as she glanced back with her violet eyes full of disdain, "*did* you see those children? Should you *ever* think they were the pretty 'Seymour children' we've heard so much about till I'm almost tired to death of their names? I expected to find that youngest—what's his name—Putkins?—a perfect little cherub! And such a great, coarse-looking child! Why, I never saw anything like it. I could have laughed aloud."

"Oh, that's one of his hobbies, health, you know," said Mrs. Livingston, carelessly drawing her wrap closer over her showy silk suit. "Mr. Joseph Seymour is terribly particular about some things, Maude; but when he gets a new idea he will carry it out in spite of all reason or custom. He has taken up these children, and the trouble of this immense family upon his hands—always a risky thing for an old bachelor to do—and if I mistake not they will be too many for him. At all events, I don't like the looks of that old maid there. She's got some design, you may depend, other than the care of those children."

"On Mr. Joseph Seymour, do you mean, Frances?" asked her husband, who, together with Livingston, Jr., occupied the seat with the driver of the mountain wagon; and he glanced back with a sly smile.

"There will be trouble there, you may depend," said Mrs. Livingston, decidedly. She was a commanding-looking woman, with an unpleasant frown between her eyebrows, as if having her own way through life had not been altogether the best thing for her. Her husband contented himself with smiling, as he looked at her, while she continued in the same cold tone. "A woman of her age never gets caught in any such undertaking as the care and responsibility that that Miss Elderkin has assumed without some pretty deli-

nite plan in the way of compensation back of it. Mark my words, Mr. Livingston."

The driver of the aforesaid mountain wagon, who was none other than Mr. Moses Higgins' eldest son Jehiel, having heard all about the family in the "Seymour cottage" ever since their entrance into the "Settlement," began to drive a bit slowly just along here, possessing a natural curiosity to see and hear all that went on around him.

"Ridiculous," Mr. Livingston, Jr., condescended to observe, "to entertain the idea of old Joe's ever looking at the ancient maiden! And besides, if he did fancy such a festive beauty, she'd get the worst of the bargain, I think, for he's a dreadfully set old chap, and that's the truth."

"You'll see," was all Mamma Livingston vouchsafed, and then the talk launched on to other things. Mr. Higgins' eldest son having heard all he could, and getting it pretty straight, so that he could tell it nicely now, whipped up his horses till they fairly spun along over the mountain road, making good time to their hotel.

And now the days began to get shorter and shorter, and the evenings cooler, when more shawls were considered necessary for comfort, and a resting-place by the hickory fire was oftener sought than a seat on the porch. The children pretended to be sufficiently warm, and to behave as if they had never heard of cold, for fear that Uncle Joe would follow the birds and seek a warmer clime. For the father was not coming home, so the latest letter said, until the early winter, and Uncle Joe, therefore, was to transplant the whole party down to New York, and induct them into a suitable boarding-place, subject to Mr. Farrington Seymour's further orders, or until he should appear to look after them himself.

Such was the plan. That it should be carried out earlier, on account of any change in the weather, the children were in mortal terror. So they raced and ran in the lovely September air, and made the most of everything while it lasted, dreading each day to hear what they knew must come at last—"Good-by to the mountain home!" But, worst of all, they had lost Dr. Farman and his cheery, gentle, little wife from the close companionship into which their strong friendship had thrown them. For soon after their return from "camp," a telegram arrived from one of the doctor's old patients, who would have no services but his; and, without even the question "Shall we?" being raised, the Farmans turned their backs on their happy summer home and went back to duty.

"I wish I could stay to see the new family arrive," he said to Uncle Joe on parting. "But then I should probably have missed them in any case. Higgins said to-day that the cottage might not be vacated for three weeks."

"I don't think I shall see them myself," said Uncle Joe, in a disappointed way. "Well, Higgins will receive them, and do the right thing by them."

"And they'll have a good home," said Doctor Farman, emphatically. "That's such a snug little valley down there. They don't get half the cold we have in Boston."

"They're all right when once they get here," exclaimed Uncle Joe; "only I'm sorry we can't any of us be here to give them a welcome."

And so the last days were coming! They all felt that without putting it into words; and the eager glances with which they looked lovingly on the dear old mountains, on each nook and haunt where many happy hours had been spent, were all reflected in the sober faces they saw around them. For with true affection and content each and every member of the home circle acknowledged now to an abiding love for their rest in the

Adirondaek wilderness strong and unchanging as the mountains themselves.

"It will always be so, I think," said Aunt Elderkin quietly, but with a little catch in her voice. "We have been in it *once*, and we shall never be quite the same after *that*."

CHAPTER XVI.

NEW HOMES AND WHO MADE THEM.

PUTKINS strayed off up the road one morning a little piece, under the laudable intention of walking to town. But finding his courage or desire waning after a short conflict with the stones and the dust, he gave it all up as an exceedingly bad job, and sat down on a big rock by the wayside.

"I wish there was some little boys to go an' see," he remarked to himself, plaintively swinging his stout little shoes, that were always in a chronic state as regarded holes at the toes, back and forth uneasily. "Oh dear, why ain't girls boys?" he said in a puzzled way; "I'm so tired of Prunty, oh dear!"

Spying a chipmunk racing along merrily over the crags and fallen logs that served as a fence, he stopped his original complaint, and began at once a fusillade of stones and such other missiles as he could lay his hands on, which effectually put a stop to master chipmunk's appearance, who flew for other and more agreeable quarters at once.

"Oh dear!" began Putkins again, and dumping down on his rock once more, "there don't *anything* stay. I wish I had some candy, and a *great* big dish of ice-cream, an' a cat, I do! I wish——"

But the stream of Putkins' wishes, which otherwise would have found no end, was brought suddenly to a close by a buckboard driven rapidly around a curve in the road right down upon him.

In the buckboard, holding the reins, sat Uncle Mose Higgins, and beside him a tall, dark gentleman with keen, eager eyes.

"Halloa!" cried Mr. Higgins at the sight of the little, grimy figure, hatless, and not *altogether* presentable otherwise; "well, I declare!"

"Gimme a ride," cried Putkins, springing up and rushing to the side of the buckboard, where he began to wriggle in with delightful freedom. "I'm a-goin' to drive now—ev'ry single teenty bit, Uncle Pigs——"

"Certain," began Mr. Higgins, with a wink at the stranger; and he leaned over to help the sturdy little figure, who, with one dusty shoe on the wheel, was puffing and straining his best to get up into the vehicle.

But with one thrust Uncle Mose's long arm was pushed aside; Putkins was drawn safely in to the stranger's breast, who with a hungry grasp covered the little face with warm, tender kisses!

"*On!*" roared Putkins, with an awful kick, and pushing off the black beard, "get out!"

"Do tell him," said Uncle Mose, "who you be. 'Tain't likely the little fellow can remember so long back."

"Putkins," said the strange gentleman, lovingly, whereat the big eyes in the childish face grew so *very* big as they looked in amazement into the bronzed countenance above them that Mr. Higgins gave a low whistle, and jerked up his horses for another start up hill.

"I'm papa, dearest, don't you know?" exclaimed the gentleman, now no longer strange; this time covering the little fellow's face with kisses unreprieved, "Oh, *my boy!*"

"Why didn't you come before?" demanded Putkins, at last emerging from the embrace, "an' what you brought me?"

"Here we be," said Uncle Mose, pulling up the horses in front of the cottage with another jerk twice as sudden. "An' they've seen—oh, massy!

look at 'em run! I declar, it's worse'n than the prodigal son—'tis!"

"And now," Mr. Farrington Seymour looked into his brother's face that night when everything had been gone over at least a dozen times, "I suppose, Joe, there's one happy individual in this wilderness will go to his sleep to-night with a load of care dropped from his shoulders. Why, man, I didn't realize when I asked you to look after my little ones what a responsibility and burden I was thrusting upon you, I really didn't; believe that, Joe."

Uncle Joe jumped up and began fidgeting with the fire. "And I didn't," he said, nervously dropping the tongs, which made such a clatter that he had to commence over again. "I didn't think I should ever see the time when I should hate—yes, absolutely *hate*—to think of that responsibility taken away from me. Farrington, I love those children"—here Uncle Joe slammed down a stick of wood savagely into position—"as I never thought I could, and I wish they were mine. I can say no more than that."

"And if ever there has been a kind, noble friend to them in their distress it's *you*—you blessed old boy—you!" cried Mr. Farrington Seymour, springing up to grasp his brother's hand. "Joe, I never *can* thank you."

"Don't try," said Uncle Joe, looking up into the bronzed face that, although ten years younger, was considerably above him. "I only did my duty."

"And your duty is considerably above other people's standard, Joe," cried the younger brother, affectionately. "It always was."

"Ah, no!" cried Uncle Joe, with a shake of the iron-gray head, and a twinkle of the bright eyes. "I don't speak from duty, Farrington—that's a hard word at best. I've enjoyed the whole thing *thoroughly*."

"The reward of duty," still insisted his brother, obstinately. "It's a mercy that I've come home suddenly, so much sooner, or I might never have seen for myself just how things stood. Your self-immolation would have carried you off."

"No fear of that," laughed Uncle Joe. "It's been positive enjoyment, under which I've grown fat and hearty."

"That's the magnificent air," said Mr. Farrington Seymour. "It's no credit to live under such circumstances. Why don't you ask somebody," he exclaimed, abruptly, whirling around to the others, who had all nearly killed themselves to keep quiet while the brothers conversed, "whether it's a bettered fortune I've brought home to you?"

"I don't care," cried Rex, impulsively, and fondly caressing the black locks under his hand, "so long as we've got *you*, father dear."

Mr. Farrington Seymour looked up into the earnest face that he had left pale and somewhat thin. Now, glowing with health and strong purpose, it was a sight for any man to be proud of—a *manly* son.

"*Bless him!*" he thought, glancing over at Uncle Joe's sturdy face. "I left a boy, he's saved for me a *man!*"

"You're well, papa duckie," cried Cicely, tugging at one strong arm with affectionate glee; "so how could we think of anything else to save us?"

"Well, the question seems to be of such slight importance," said their father, coolly, "I suppose I mustn't wait to be asked; so all I'll say is, that we can live exactly *as* we please and exactly *where* we please."

"Then I can begin right away," cried Rex, his whole face in a glow that lighted up the dark eyes, "on my studies for college, can't I, father? *Now* there's no need to wait another year, is there?" he finished, anxiously.

"Not the slightest need," his father answered him, "on the score either of money or health."

"Then *nothing* stands in the way of my being a doctor," cried Rex. "Oh, father!"

"Is that it?" cried Mr. Farrington Seymour, turning suddenly upon him. "Have you decided so early on your future life?" Here was a man, to be sure, in place of the boy whom he expected to see. For a moment the father's heart rebelled; then he said quietly: "Why do you choose the profession of a physician, Rex?"

"Because it's the grandest one in all the world!" cried the boy, with enthusiasm. "And because I've seen, and been with, for two months, the grandest man in it."

"Dr. Farman," explained Uncle Joe, with kindling eyes, who had been scarcely able to contain his pride and satisfaction over his nephew. "And it's true, every word of it, that Rex says. I'm so sorry he had to go so early, and that you've missed him; but never mind, you'll meet him often enough this winter in New York."

"Shall we live in New York?" cried Cicely, in a small transport. "Oh, Aunt Elderkin!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into the kind, good lap, "now we can do something for the poor little children who haven't any home; you and I; can't we?"

Uncle Joe leaned forward instinctively, and shot a swift glance over at the two.

"An' I'm goin' to have *two* 'dopted chiles!" cried Prunty, joyfully. "Oh, goody!"

"For shame, Prunes," they all exclaimed with one voice; "to transplant your affections from Angeline in that way!"

"I *ain't* transplantin' Anj'line!" cried Prunty, perfectly horrified at the charge, of what she didn't know, only that it didn't sound good. "I didn't go for to transplant nobody—I didn't!"

"Prunty is an embryo matron of a flourishing orphan asylum, I expect," said the children's father, laughing.

"Prunty is going to do a great deal of good, I think," said Aunt Elderkin, drawing the little figure toward her kindly, and smiling down into the small, puzzled face.

"May you all do that," said Mr. Farrington Seymour, reverently, and looking around on the children. "That's the best wish I can have for every one."

"Farrington!" A hand came between the eyes and the book below them, summarily extinguishing the letters. "A word with you now."

"All right, Joe." The book was sent spinning, after one look at the face above him. "I'm ready for any kind of talk, long or short."

"A few words will do it," said Uncle Joe, quickly, and sitting down with a determined air he plunged at once into conversation, without any prelude whatsoever.

"I've found, Farrington, what I never supposed at my time of life I *should* find," he said in terse, clear-cut sentences, "a perfect woman—or, at least, as perfect as they make 'em."

"Good gracious!" Mr. Farrington Seymour brought it out in a sort of subdued howl, then sat up and stared helplessly at his brother.

"Fact," said Uncle Joe, calmly. "A woman whom I have learned to respect thoroughly, and *love!*"

There was a moment's pause. Then Mr. Farrington Seymour mildly gasped out the words, "May I inquire her name?"

"Miss Elderkin—Sarah Elderkin," said Uncle Joe, quietly, but with a firm voice.

"Sarah Elderkin!" repeated his brother, vacantly.

"Sarah Elderkin," again said Uncle Joe, coolly; "and I thank the Providence that directed my course to live in the same house with her for three months—three months that have only added to my respect and confidence, as her daily life has ap-

peared through all the varied experience through which this family has passed."

"She is very good," said the younger brother, at this, waking up to truthful praise; "very good, indeed."

"Good!" ejaculated Mr. Joseph Seymour, sharply. "She is one woman of a thousand, and if she will take an old fellow like me, I shall be only too proud and happy to make her my wife."

"Joe, you forget." Mr. Farrington Seymour straightened himself involuntarily. "She is very good—invaluable, in fact—makes a splendid friend, and all that. I'm sure we have cause to trust and love her for Marian's sake if no other;" his voice trembled in spite of all his self-control as he mentioned the gentle little wife who had so thoroughly trusted the faithful, tried friend. "But when it comes to *marrying*, why, that is quite a different thing. Remember, Joe, you are a Seymour."

"And she is an Elderkin," said Uncle Joe, quite as proudly, and certainly with a deal more coolness. "And let me tell you, Mr. Farrington Seymour, that if you go far enough back in the records, you will find as celebrated men, ay, and what is better, as *good* men of the right stuff, as the Seymour blood can boast, with all its pride of name." Uncle Joe started to his feet. "I've said my say, Farrington," holding out his hand, "and that is the end of it."

"And I," exclaimed his brother, with a ring to his voice, as he started to his feet and held out his hand, "will rejoice heart and soul with you, Joe, if your mind's made up."

"My mind is made up," said Uncle Joe, decidedly. "The trouble now will be to see about *her* mind," and he stalked off like a man to whom a great business being given is bound to see it through at once.

Striding out through the kitchen, past Prunty's poor little garden, he went with steady footsteps down a well-worn path that many feet had worn, to a ledge of rocks, a favorite resting-place for all of the family, and a nook in which to enjoy books or work.

As he neared the place he heard voices, and coming suddenly up to the little grove of pines at its base, he was somewhat startled to see rather a strange picture. There sat Aunt Elderkin against a big rock, trying to sew under slightly aggravating circumstances. Her head was completely dressed with dandelions, which Putkins had stuck on in every conceivable way and position, while he, stepping back every now and then to watch the effect, was in the act of sticking in another one over her left ear.

"Bless me!" ejaculated Uncle Joe, tumbling back at the spectacle, "I didn't know I was interrupting a case of hair-dressing."

"Ain't she pretty—ain't she *real* pretty?" chattered Putkins, perfectly delighted to have a spectator of his skill. "Now, *could* you have done it so good?"

"Not if I was to be killed for it!" exclaimed Uncle Joe, critically. "I certainly couldn't, Putkins, upon my word."

Putkins was hopping from one toe to the other, and clasping his small hands in a transport.

"It seems wicked," said Miss Elderkin, quietly, "for me to sit here idling away the time when there is so much to do. But Jane is very busy, and Putkins couldn't be left alone without amusement, which he has had." She put her hand to her head with a smile as she finished.

For answer Uncle Joe sat down on the other end of the rock. "Putkins," he said to that frisky individual, who was prancing around joyfully before them, "there's a splendid place over back of those trees there full of dandelions, just elegant ones."

"Where?" said Putkins, stopping his jig, and coming up to Uncle Joe full of interest at once.

"Right straight off from these rocks." Uncle Joe took hold of the small shoulder emphatically and pointed with the other hand to a clump of trees and shrubs a short distance off. "There, my man, now start; you can get your apron full."

Without a word Putkins got down on all fours, and slid off the face of the rock, his general way of travel.

Uncle Joe groaned to see his progress. "The little rascal won't be any time at that rate," he said within himself.

Aloud—"Miss Elderkin!"

She turned, from looking after the child, a troubled face to him, and lifted the gray eyes inquiringly.

"Something is wrong with the children," she thought instinctively, "and he is going to tell me of it. I hope the children—" she began.

"The *children!*" he repeated, impatiently. "Let the children rest, and breathe for yourself one moment. I've come to speak of myself."

"Oh! what is the matter?" cried Aunt Elderkin, wholly off her guard, and looking up into the perturbed face. "Can I help? I will do anything in the world."

"You can!" said Uncle Joe, beaming on her gratefully. "It's nothing more nor less than—"

"I've got 'em, I have!" cried a small voice gleefully, and two big eyes appeared above the top of the ledge followed by the rest of Putkins' body at an alarming rate.

"You *have!*" snapped out Uncle Joe savagely. "Well, oh," as Putkins sat down and spread out his apron to inspect his treasures. "Hum—yes—oh! those aren't the ones I meant, Putkins. There are some bigger yet, *sp-len-did* ones!" he cried, with intense animation.

"Where are they?" asked Putkins, dropping the apron and scrambling to his feet.

"Why, right near where you got these," said Uncle Joe briskly. "You'll find them if you look smartly. Real big ones."

That started Putkins. Accordingly, down on all fours again he went, and the operation of descending the hill was repeated with all its variations.

"Yes, you can!" reiterated Uncle Joe, with one eye on the retreating figure. "Miss Elderkin, I have found what I never expected nor cared in all my life to find, and that is—a wife! That is," he added humbly, "if she will have me."

The gray eyes were at their widest extent now, looking full at him in sheer astonishment and distress.

"And so I am going to ask her," he continued, in a firmer tone, "this question, will you be my wife? I am going to tell her how I have learned to respect, admire, and love thoroughly one whom I have seen in daily life for the past three months. What will she say?"

It was very still for a moment. They could hear Putkins fretting away to himself; and a lazy bee, who had dallied here and there over their heads too lazy to hum briskly, sent out a faint murmur through the soft September air.

"What will *you* say, Miss Elderkin?" said Uncle Joe, trying to be patient; but clenching his hand in despair on seeing Putkins prepare to return. "If you can give the old fellow a bit of a liking"—he turned his kind, sturdy face into the strong light over against her—"it will be the making of him."

"I don't understand," began Miss Elderkin in a puzzled way.

"But you see I do," he cried. "No one *could* help loving you!" he exclaimed honestly, with the enthusiasm of a boy.

She sat very still, her hands folded in her lap.

He, never removing his keen eyes from her face, simply said, "I love you *thoroughly*."

"There ain't no dand'lines," grunted Putkins, coming frightfully near. Then he caught his toe in some obstruction in the path, and fell over on the soft moss, at which he grumbled more than ever.

"If you could be willing to put up with the ways of one who has lived for himself so long," said Uncle Joe, speaking very quickly. Oh! if the small advancing figure would but stumble again! "If you only had a *little* liking for me."

"If I had?" repeated Miss Elderkin, slowly. Somehow the gray eyes looked a little queerly just then. At any rate, Uncle Joe seemed to catch a gleam of hope, for he cried eagerly, "Could you learn to like me?"

"I have learned already," she answered honestly. Then added quickly, as she saw such a transformation on the face before her that frightened her, "but—it might not be best. I do so want to do what is right."

Puff, puff. Up labored Putkins, manfully intent on vengeance for his long, fruitless search for the prolific patch of dandelions. Uncle Joe turned suddenly over toward Miss Elderkin and held out his hand, that strong right hand, with a smile. "Come," he said.

And she went!

"Mean, bad old things!" cried Putkins, stalking up to them thoroughly out of temper, and tired to death. "Hain't got no others down there. I've been every somewheres off. Oh! you've gone an' spoilt all my pretty ones!" he shouted, casting his angry blue eyes over Aunt Elderkin's head, and making a dive he essayed to repair damages.

"Come along, old fellow!" cried Uncle Joe, radiantly, and swinging him up to his broad shoulder before he had a chance to remonstrate. "I'll take you there myself, you stupid little thing! And if you don't find dandelions, why, we'll find *something!*"

"All right!" declared Putkins, the third time going down the hill; while Aunt Elderkin stole off toward the house unperceived. "Now you stay there, aunty, an' I'll—dress you up—be-*yewtiful*—when—I come—ba-ack—"

"I never *can* live without you, aunty!" cried Cicely that evening when it all came out—and down she went again into the depths of one of her father's big handkerchiefs, "never—never—*never!*"

"Don't try," said Uncle Joe, cheerily. "I don't wonder at it—come over and stay with us in our country home—ah, children! *that* is to be a home!"

"I don't care a bit for that New York house, when it's built," exclaimed Rex, dismally. "Aunt Elderkin, you always *said* you'd look after us," he cried reproachfully.

"She isn't Aunt Elderkin any more," cried Cicely tragically. "It's no use, Rex—everything's changed; and it's all just as bad as it *can* be."

"She's more than ever aunty," said Uncle Joe, affectionately. "Children, *do* forgive me," he cried, looking around on the defrauded little group. "Our house will always be your home, whenever you choose to come. We should neither of us be happy were it otherwise. You can't think how nice a home it's going to be," he added enthusiastically.

"What you goin' to have?" asked Putkins, edging up, almost devoured by curiosity, "any chickens?"

"So many chickens," cried Uncle Joe, looking down at him in solemn earnestness, "that you can have all you want, Putty dear."

Putkins fairly trembled with delight; while

Pruny burst in—"I'd rather have pigs, an' scratch their backs."

"And there shall be pigs' backs by the dozen," cried the accommodating uncle, turning around on her, "for you, Pruny. Oh! you must come; I couldn't get along without *you*."

"I'll come," said Pruny, excessively pleased; and nodding her head frightfully, "jest whenever ye want me."

Putkins drew one long breath, and marched up to Aunt Elderkin, "I'm glad you're goin'!" he said.

Mrs. Harold Martin Livingston, on hearing the news, drew her tall figure up in an imposing manner, while she shot a triumphant glance over at her husband—

"I'm not in the *slightest* surprised," she said, "I seldom err in judgment."

"Well, I am," declared Maude, with a giggle, "just fancy—isn't it horrid—that old country-woman—how *could* he!"

"That old countrywoman has got an eye in her head," observed Livingston, Jr., dryly; "say what you choose about it, she's got the worst of the bargain, for it must be anything but a sweet life to manage a set, obstinate, old bachelor like him!"

THE END.

Lines to ———.

AND thou wilt sing my song,
Though it all broken be;
For I have loved thee long,
And thou art missing me.

I look out on the night,
As thou hast looked with me;
But miss the fairest light,
Thine eyes I do not see.

To touch thy finger-tips,
To drink thy rosy breath,
To sip thy ruby lips,
Methinks would conquer death.

As rainbow in the storm,
So came thy words of praise
To change the rayless form
Of darksome, toiling days.

So pray you, oft and long,
Dull time may swiftly fly;
Return thy voice and song,
So let me hope—or die.

P. H. S.

European Letter.—No. 7.

FROM FLORENCE TO ROME, ITALY, March 1, 1881.

OUR first night in Florence—"the cradle of art"—we slept in sound of the rushing Arno, for beneath our windows is a small cascade in the river that falls with a steady, soothing roar. The sound of a flute and a guitar duet made us rush to the windows, and peer down into the darkness; the dim figures of a band of strolling players were under our balcony—the sweet notes of their music sounding muffled and far off amid the roar of the waters. The river below was black and glassy, with long bars of yellow light from the

street lamps shining into it. These lights formed a long vista on either side, and showed the dim outlines of the black arched bridges; but it was for the morning light to disclose to our waiting eyes the further beauties of this fair city. We rose early, and walked along the river banks. The black shadows of the night before were gone, and the waters were clear and green. Across the river, and beyond the crowded houses of the city, were beautiful houses standing amid the dark foliage of the hills. Admiring this fair prospect, and comparing it with other beautiful cities, we strolled slowly onward till we came to the Uffizi gallery, in whose halls are gathered vast stores of art. The array of pictures and statuary is bewildering, and we wandered for hours, forgetting fatigue in seeing the treasures before us. To describe all, or even those that specially pleased us, would be more than one could lightly undertake; yet there is one small, red, octagon-shaped room that must stand out in one's memory after all else is forgotten, for in it are masterpieces that are the pride of Italy. Standing in the center of it on a raised pedestal—the queen of all the art-treasures in this room, and, indeed, queen of the whole world of art—is the celebrated Venus de Medici. There is an old saying that one should make a journey to Italy to see this statue alone. The figure is slender, graceful, and perfect; it is small, so that if clad in ordinary habiliments of civilized life she would be thought "a little tot of a woman." This smallness and slightness give a natural and womanly appearance, and one can feel in looking upon it that just such a perfectly beautiful woman did once exist, and that to day we gaze upon her marble image. What a pleasing contrast to the colossal, voluptuous images of women that crowd the galleries, who if they were in the flesh and dressed would be coarse giantesses. The Venus de Medici, when found in Hadrian's villa, at Tivoli, was in many pieces; but it has been so cleverly put together that one scarcely notices it. Quite near the Venus, in this room—as if to contrast the rude strength of their limbs with the delicate grace of hers—are the fierce "Wrestlers," a powerful piece of Grecian sculpture. The Dancing Faun of Praxitiles, and many other beautiful statues and paintings are in this gem of rooms. From here on into other rooms were Da Vincis, Dürers, Rubens, Titians, Raphaels, Murillos—a perfect wealth of old masters. In one of these rooms is Canova's beautiful statue of the Venus Vetrix. It is believed that the vain and lovely Pauline Bonaparte sat as a model for this statue. Her vanity led her to forget the finest instincts of womanhood, and nothing pleased her so much as to pose in a semi-nude state for artists. It is said that an acquaintance once asked her if she did not dislike to sit thus in an uncovered state before artists. "Oh, no," she replied, "I am seldom cold, and if I am I order a fire." Wandering on and on through the endless galleries we were soon crossing the river, and still we were walking between rows of pictures. It is a pretty idea thus to connect the Uffizi gallery with that of the Pitti Palace by a covered gallery reaching across the Arno. When we reached the Pitti gallery there were more and more beautiful things to look upon, and our eyes fairly ached with the bewildering numbers; but I must speak of only one picture that to me was so striking, the "Three Fates" of Michael Angelo. This is three grim, wrinkled, old women; one holds a distaff, and one a thread, while the third has a pair of scissors mercilessly clipping the thread, which is the thread of life! We wished to rest our tired eyes by a glimpse of green country after so much gazing upon canvas and marble. So, entering a carriage, we drove out through the sunny streets, and up one of the steep hills that surround Florence. Stopping at its top we had

before us a view of the distant Carrara mountains. Nearer were the well-defined ranges of the Apennines. Florence lay spread out in the valleys and along the hillsides as plain as if we were gazing down upon a map. Outlined in the blue mist upon the top of one of the distant hills was a lofty tower, the same from which Galileo once studied the stars of heaven. In the church of St. Croce we afterward saw his tomb. His bust stands upon a marble crypt, and below are two life-sized statues representing constellations. In this same church is also the tomb of Michael Angelo. Like that of Galileo, a bust of him rests upon a beautifully carved marble crypt, and below are three statues, representing painting, sculpture, and architecture. We also saw the house of this great master. Think of seeing the house of the great Michael Angelo, and the many reminiscences of him that are gathered there—his sword, his cane, his writing-table, and slippers, together with pictures illustrating many scenes of his life. Florence is indeed an interesting spot; its many churches and galleries take long hours and days to see. We interspersed our days of study in its pictures and statues by driving in the afternoons. The fashionable drive of Florence—called the Cascine—is along the banks of the Arno. During the winters many foreigners from “over the seas and far away” come to settle in this fair city, and it is upon this drive that one sees the beautiful and titled strangers; from four until six in the afternoon, the sidewalks along the drive are lined with gay young folks, who stroll along and watch the passing carriages. Handsome gentlemen lift their hats, or stop the carriages to speak with the ladies inside. Fine vehicles keep wheeling past like a panorama. Russian princes muffled in furs to the chin, gay French, dark-eyed Italians, Americans, English, all join the throng in odd and elegant turnouts. One of our fellow-citizens makes the greatest sensation of them all, and recklessly drives so long a line of beautiful horses in tandem, that to turn a corner or to wind in and out among the carriages requires the skill of a circus-driver. It is said that he can find no one who is brave enough to drive with him. He, therefore, is always seen driving alone, and is bound to the seat by straps. We had forerunners of the carnival also; it is celebrated here as well as at Rome; and every now and then in driving through the streets we encountered merry groups, dressed in grotesque costumes, and bearing biers trimmed with pine boughs; upon these biers fair girls, clad in white, with white wreaths on their heads, lay. Then would come another more sombre group: a black bier, carried by black-masked men. All this foretaste of nonsense made us wish to hurry on to Rome, where the tricks of the carnival are merriest. Accordingly, we quitted Florence before we were quite ready, as the days of the carnival had come. People who knew, shook their heads when we told them we had not written for rooms to Rome, and told us it might be impossible for us to find a place to rest our heads, as the city was quite filled with strangers. But no; we knew of a pension where we were quite sure of a place, and so embarked confidently for the eternal city! Alas for human calculations! We found Rome not only full, but *packed!* We went first to the pension where we expected to stop, and where our letters were to await us, but were met by the news that it was impossible to receive us; that “even the sofas in the *salon* were engaged as *couches.*” This was serious news, as our train had been late, and we therefore were without our dinners. Tired out by our journey, we ladies felt quite unequal to the task of going from one hotel to another in search of rooms; and after holding a “council of war,” we decided to rest in the *salon* of this house, and send the gentlemen upon

a voyage of discovery. They were gone one, two, three, four hours. It was growing dark, we half-famished, and still they did not return. Once more we urged the people of the house to harbor us. We would be content with anything, and would pay untold sums for even the poorest rooms they could give us. Impossible; there was not a spot in the house that was not taken. They sent here, there, and everywhere for rooms for us, but always with the same reply. Then we must and would have some dinner. In vain they told us their tables were already overcrowded; we declared they must make room for us, and offered such a sum of money that at last they relented, and we three ladies seated ourselves like hungry wolves. The conversation of the guests at the table was all upon the crowded condition of Rome, the most cheering remark being that “people were often obliged to sleep in the streets or out on the café benches during the carnival.” As it was biting cold this prospect did not add to our happiness. Each one had an experience more horrible than the last one to relate of some friend who had done as we had, come in the carnival’s midst. In the midst of these stories, and the sympathetic glances directed toward us, the two gentlemen returned, looking tired and forlorn. We made room for them at the table, and listened to their experiences. They had gone to fifteen hotels and several pensions in the hopes of apartments, when at last the guide, who had shown them from one to another, remembered a poor woman who sometimes took in people, so they decided to return to us, and we would all go together to this place. It was now almost ten o’clock, and it seemed quite hard that we must search through the dark streets of Rome for a place to lay our heads. We procured a carriage, however, all piled into it, and drove off in gloomy style, traveling-bags and wraps piled up in front. We began to enter into the feelings of the beggars who wander homeless through the streets, only we considered our condition worse than theirs; for they came to their misery gradually and got used to it, while ours came at one cruel blow! Thus half-pitying, half-laughing at our position, we drove through one long, narrow street after another. We looked with the utmost ill-humor at the groups of gayly masked people that were hurrying on to join the procession in the main streets; for was it not this very carnival that had turned us out without a roof to cover us? At last we reached a quiet, dark street with high walls. One of the gentlemen alighted, and disappeared up a gloomy stone stairway in search of the woman who might be able to take us in, but he soon returned to the carriage saying that nobody could be found, and that all around was darkness. What a plight this was, to be sitting in the open streets late at night, the shivering winds blowing about us. We imagined the Roman fever lurking in every dark corner. The gentlemen looked at each other in real anxiety, and at last in a desperate effort they both started again up the dark stairway, taking “cabby” with them, all bawling and knocking loudly enough to awaken the dead. Presently they came back saying that the woman had at long and last stuck her head out of the door, with a very cross husband looking over her shoulder, and learning their errand had utterly refused to “take strangers in so late at night; besides, she had no beds up any way.” They begged us ladies to go up and try our persuasions upon her. We therefore all went once more up the black and narrow way, and found a tall Englishwoman at the door. We smiled at her in such an appealing way, offered to help her bring her beds down from the garret, and so resolutely put down all her arguments against taking us, that finally she consented, and we entered the tiny apartments.

Three small rooms and a small entry-way to dine in was all she could give us, but we were glad of anything, and laughingly went to work, pulling around furniture, making up beds, and planning how we could arrange to sleep. We quite enjoyed this playing at housekeeping, and found it a refreshing change from the large hotels. She proved to be a tidy Englishwoman, and her little home was clean and comfortably furnished. From unknown corners she produced plenty of bed-clothes, mattresses, and bedsteads. That night we slept the sleep of the just and of the tired! She knocked at our door late the next morning, saying that breakfast was spread in the little hallway outside our doors. Our last quill of anxiety was therefore taken away when we all squeezed around the tiny table, and partook of nice rolls, coffee, fresh eggs, and honey. We found that we could get plain but good food, and quite as much attention as if we had succeeded in getting where we wished. We have therefore decided to remain here until the carnival week is ended, when we can return to our first destination. Meantime we are enjoying our novel peep into this cosy little home, and I have declared that I would not mind having to live so all the time. So quiet! so care-free! No society claims to bother one, and no worries over big houses and many servants! To-morrow we can join in the carnival gayeties with as light hearts as any of them.

ROME, ITALY, March 4, 1881.

THE Roman carnival, which means “farewell to the flesh,” is always for a week previous to Lent a time of mad rioting; it is an old festival which has been celebrated for generations, but in the sober light of our nineteenth century it seems rather foolish for right-minded people to indulge in all the tricks that fancy dictates. Yet tourists who are within miles of Rome arrange to be here at this season, and though they come intending to be mere cold onlookers, it is not long till they too are joining in the sport. Our first sight of the carnival was by night. We took a carriage and drove through the streets to see the illuminations. It is scarcely safe, or at least not pleasant, to be on foot when such lawless crowds are jostling each other. The streets were as light as day, and the crowds walking in the middle of them so dense that policemen compelled us to go at snail’s pace to keep from running over them. The *Via Nazionale*, a wide new street, and one of the handsomest in Rome, was in one grand blaze of light. Archways of gas-jets reached from one side of the street to the other the whole length, making, as one looked down it, a dazzling vista: everywhere were fountains, vases, flowers, trees, and stars, all of gas-jets. While houses were literally marked out in flame, doors, windows, pillars, and porticoes outlined in glittering jets of light. In the public squares the trees and bushes were hung with festoons of red and white paper lanterns, which against the dark foliage of the trees shone out with beautiful effect. Ogres, giants, angels, devils came and peered into our carriage, enough to frighten us out of our wits with their ugly black masks. Such capers, too, as they did cut! darting in and out of the crowds, and pinching and pulling people about unmercifully. Indeed, it seemed as though we had wandered into a world among the lost, for the quantities of fire everywhere, and the grotesque and fiendish shapes of the maskers, looking weird and unreal in the colored lights, made us almost believe we had gotten our deserts at last, and were safely caught in the lower regions! The houses along the streets were filled with gayly decorated balconies, and windows hung with pink, blue, and white banners and garlands of flowers; in these sat ladies and gentlemen looking down on the gay scenes below. Prizes are

given on the last day of the festival for the most beautifully decorated balcony, for the prettiest mask, for the ugliest mask, and for the best-lighted house. The next day we searched for a balcony from which we might view the throwing of flowers and *confetti*, but the promise of one on the following day was the best we could do. We therefore concluded to go down on the Corso and mingle with the plebeian throng, taking refuge under a projecting balcony that we might not have our heads knocked off our bodies by the heavy bouquets and stinging *confetti* that were flying through the air. Long lines of carriages moved slowly along, some of them filled with maskers and others in ordinary citizens' dress, but all had arms and laps filled with flowers; these they would throw up to the balconies above, or into other passing carriages, getting from them flowers in return, and making from windows to carriages a perfect rain of flowers. Mingled with these would sometimes be a velvet box or silk bag filled with candies; these, I noticed, generally passed between handsome young girls and gay gentlemen. Every face was laughing and merry, and the sometimes severe blows given by big bouquets were received with the utmost good-nature. Many of the ladies in the procession wore wire screens over their heads to protect them from these blows. Crowds of dirty street urchins were ready to gather up and appropriate the bouquets that missed their aim. We, as onlookers, were not molested until we emerged from our shelter and edged our way back, when we, too, came in for a share of the fun. I was carefully picking my way through the crowd, not daring to look up, and longing for us to reach the quiet street we were to enter, when a tall knight in glittering helmet suddenly leaned forward from the curb-stone, and with a magnificent bow presented me with a large bunch of violets; an officer in one of the passing carriages threw a bouquet at my feet, and from a balcony across the street a large sugar egg was thrown into my hand. Before I could recover from the bewilderment of these attentions a saucy fellow, in the mask of a grinning imp, ran up to me with a bouquet of onion leaves, putting it to my nose to smell, and tickling my cheeks with it, then, giving me a pat under the chin, he scampered laughingly off, and was lost in the crowd. I turned in despair to appeal for the protection of my companions, but found them both choking with laughter and embarrassment at the tricks that had been played upon them; we therefore hurried up the first quiet street we came to, and from there found our way home, to venture out no more that day. The next day, however, we were eager to begin the fun, so providing ourselves with a formidable array of bouquets and a few choice buds and fine flowers for especially nice people, we took our places early in our box on the Corso. We congratulated ourselves that we had succeeded in obtaining one of the prettiest windows along the street, trimmed as it was with gay pink hangings and white ribbons, and our bouquets stuck artistically here and there. The processions of carriages were passing as on the day before, from the ones with princes' coronets upon them to the ordinary shabby livery hacks. Some of the carriages were gotten up grotesquely, with wreaths and banners here and there, and bright-colored covers over the horses, and the occupants disguised by hideous false faces and fanciful costumes. Pretty soon the showers of bouquets, *confetti*, and flowers began to fall around us, keeping us dodging here and there to escape the blows. Paper bags filled with powdered lime were thrown, and bursting would cover us with white dust. Stinging *confetti* fell in shovelfuls around us. This *confetti* is not, as it appears to be, a sweet candy, but is only a cheap imitation composed of lime. The streets, therefore, become sometimes as white as if a snow-

storm had fallen, from the quantities of this stuff that is thrown. At last there was a lull in the gayety; guards came and drove the carriages off the streets as the clock struck four, and people all gathered in crowds on the sidewalks, leaving the middle of the streets clear. This was to view the horse-race which was then to take place. We therefore gathered up our trophies, sugar eggs, gayly wrapped bouquets, silk bags, and flowers, and awaited the next stage of the programme. We were told that horses would be turned loose at one end of the Corso, to run to the other end. These races take place here every year, and it is so old a custom, that this street—the Corso—takes its name from them. Almost immediately we heard the galloping of horses' feet down the street, and five or six bare horses, with all sorts of designs cut from colored tissue-paper stuck over them, flew like a lightning flash past us! Poor things! they wore goads to hurry them forward, and this part of the carnival sports seemed to me very cruel. It was curious to observe how they kept to the pathway made for them through the crowds of hooting people. After this, just as the darkness of night began to fall, was the candle-light parade. Each balcony was illuminated by candles, and each masker carried one. The idea is that each must try to put out the light of the other. Torches are forbidden. This made a great scramble and merrymaking. Mischievous maskers would come along with long-handled fans, and try to fan out the candles in the balconies that were otherwise above their reach. Then followed much screaming, laughing, and fighting to save the lights from extinction. It was a wonder to me that the draperies of the boxes were not set on fire by all this scrambling and waving to and fro of candles. Grease was dripping everywhere. It came in hot drops from the balcony over ours on to our hats, and decidedly checked our curiosity in leaning too far out the window. As soon as this fun began to wane there was a final procession of all sorts of grotesque carriages, and men carrying lanterns in the shapes of wine bottles, hams, sausages, chickens, turkeys, and paper tables laden with all the many good things they must forego during the lenten season. These, together with all of the other carnival emblems, were carried to the Place de Popoli, a large public square, and at midnight a huge bonfire erased all traces of gayety. After that all the Roman Catholics went into sackcloth and ashes, where they will remain in mortification of the flesh until after Easter, and church services and prayers now take the place of the drolleries of the carnival! The next day the faded rubbish was cleaned out of the streets, and the visitors began to go out from Rome on every train. There was no longer any difficulty in obtaining good apartments, so we moved from our temporary quarters to our permanent ones up on the Quirinal Hill. We are now established among quite a nest of fine palaces. We must always drive through the grounds of the Prince Rospligiosi's palace in order to reach our door. Indeed, our house occupies part of one wing of this very palace. Just outside "our" royal gates is the Quirinal, the palace of the King of Italy. Whenever we step outside our door we can see the red-uniformed guards at the gates, and see king, princes, and courtiers coming out for their afternoon's drive. I look at my veins every morning to see if they are not a shade bluer! The truth is, though, that in Italy palaces and pensions jostle each other, and we are in reality as far off from the doings of the king's court as if we were across the seas. That, however, does not prevent our admiring the beautiful gardens as we drive through the grounds attached to our house, or keep us from smelling the sweet odors of the roses and violets. And now we have begun to see the wonders of old Rome,

the small city that once ruled the world with so mighty a sway; in whose streets have walked Horace, Brutus, Pompey; where Cæsar lived and died, and where all the pomp and grandeur of the reign of the emperors and of the church have been celebrated. One feels that not a stick or stone lies in the street but may have had a part in the great history of this city. In the eagerness to see all of the historic spots that are here, it is difficult to choose where to go first. One flies to see the arches and stones of the mighty Coliseum; another to the vast and beautiful St. Peter's; another to wander amid the picture galleries of the Vatican. Each has some favorite historic spot to be first visited. A friend had arranged for us to meet him at "St. Peter's great toe," in the cathedral, on the first day of our wanderings; therefore that wonderful edifice was the first to which we directed our steps. One enters a semicircle of pillars surrounding a vast court-way or plaza, in which two fountains are casting spray high in the air. Between them is a large obelisk towering high. It was brought from Egypt by Caligula, and is thought to be one of the two erected by Pheron on his recovery from blindness. He was so afraid it might be injured in the erection, that he strapped his own son on top of it, that the engineers would be the more careful in raising it. Poor son! I would not want to have been in his elevated position! Broad steps lead up to the door, and on entering there is a long gallery that is quite as large as an ordinary church. Behind the heavy leathern curtain, before the interior of the cathedral, all is vastness and beauty. One could imagine how a small church could be finished in such perfection of detail, but to have accomplished so complete a work as St. Peter's is indeed wonderful. The main altar, over the place where the bones of St. Peter are kept, is of spirals of gilded iron, and the pictures along the aisles are of mosaics. The heights, the breadths, the depths of everything baffle description. Notwithstanding the immense height of the dome, the mosaic pictures on its roof can be plainly seen; an idea of its height may be obtained by the fact that a pen in the hand of a mosaic of St. Peter, in the dome, is nine feet long. Yet from below it looks to be only six inches long. It is only by such actual measurements that one can realize the largeness of everything. The symmetry of the whole is so perfect that the immense size is forgotten. The decoration, also, is very costly and beautiful. Many of the niches for statuary have solid mother-of-pearl backgrounds. The broad expanse of smooth marble pavement, the many fine marble statues, the frescoing and the gilding must be seen over and over before it is fully realized. The famous black bronze figure of St. Peter, whose feet so many have knelt at and embraced, stands out conspicuously from the side of the high altar. It is a sitting figure, of more than life size, its black proportions standing out boldly from the world of white marble around it. One bare foot of this figure is advanced. Poor foot! it is so worn away by the kisses of the millions of people who have pressed their lips upon it that it is now only a shining mass, one toe running into the other. Behind the high altar is St. Peter's chair, or they say it is, which amounts to the same thing. It is so precious that they have it enclosed in another chair, so we only see the covering as it were. This outer chair is something quite gorgeous with its ebony and its gilding. Clouds of gilt surround it, and it is borne up by four saints with looks that became more awe-stricken as we gazed. We wandered from one chapel to another, and then walked out into the sunlight exclaiming that Rome may well be proud of its St. Peter's.

CURRENT TOPICS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON
EVENTS OF THE DAY.INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE
THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING
THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANEOUS
HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR
POINT OF VIEW.**The Great Crime.**

On the 2d of July Charles J. Guiteau shot James A. Garfield, President of the United States, in the Potomac depot in the city of Washington. Two shots were fired, one inflicting a slight wound in the arm, the other entering the side. Guiteau had been following the President about since the 18th of May, that is, for fully six weeks, intending to shoot and kill him. He had no grievance against the President except that he had not been appointed to high office. His claim for any position under the Government was preposterous, as his life had not only been a useless one, but was in many respects criminal. He did not want to work, but he tried to make a living by his wits, without having any special capacity for any calling. He pretended to be religious, was a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, was attached at one time to Henry Ward Beecher's church. He wrote a work avowing himself an orthodox believer, but his private life was shameful. He married a good woman, whom he abused, and who finally procured a divorce from him on account of his unfaithfulness. He was a swindler of a very mean kind, living at hotels and boarding-houses and never paying his bills; borrowing money and never returning it; and yet, all through this contemptible life, the fellow lived in a world full of egotistical fancies. His self-appreciation was something marvelous. He wanted to be made minister to Austria, and yet he was a common swindler and dead-beat. It was this diseased egotism which finally prompted him to try and kill the President. He wished the world to talk about him, and was willing it should know the details of his shameful career. There is no law to punish him adequately. Special enactments should be passed to preserve the life of the President from notoriety-craving culprits like this dead-beat Guiteau. Such wretches should not have the power to plunge the whole business of the country into confusion. Our chief magistrate should be surrounded when he goes abroad by some sort of retinue. The notoriety these murderous fools crave should not be accorded to them. They should be punished by solitary confinement for life and condemned never to see or speak to a human being. This would be the greatest possible punishment to a restless egotist like this assassin of our chief magistrate.

More Polygamists.

The Mormons are proselyting in all parts of the world. Thirteen Mormon missionaries, who had been laboring in the northern part of Europe, recently arrived in New York bringing with them 785 converts, of whom over 600 were Scandinavians. The zeal of these Mormon missionaries and converts is very remarkable; for burning enthusiasm and downright hard work they are ahead of any proselyting sect now in the missionary field. In common fairness it must be admitted the Mormons are hard-working and well-conducted people, when they keep clear of what they call Gentile influences. There is very little liquor drinking, and no debauchery or riotous living. Polygamy must be a sore trial to women in the Mormon church, but in some other respects Christians might emulate Mormon virtues.

Foolhardiness.

We are apt to laugh at the three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl. But what is to be said of people who deliberately risk their lives in crossing the ocean in vessels so frail that

they are liable to be upset in any ordinary bay when a squall comes up? John Traynor and Ivan Olsen started from Bath, Maine, on a voyage to England in a dory only fourteen feet long, five feet wide, and twenty-one inches deep. They may get across, but what good will it do them or mankind? Acts of heroism that have an object are allowable; but these two foolish fellows will risk their lives, and pass days and nights of agony for no purpose whatever.

From the Starry Heavens.

A meteorite was recently brought to San Francisco from Alaska. It weighed one hundred pounds, and its curious shape suggested a hideous animal. Its composition was principally crystallized iron, and the projecting points were bright as if burnished. It is called the Chilean meteor, from the place where it was found. It seems some Alaska Indians were watching the heavens one night when what seemed a comet dashed into view, and shot into the earth near by them. On reaching the spot this burning mass was found, which contracted upon cooling. These meteoric masses show that the materials of the universe are uniform, that the same minerals which float about in the inter-stellar spaces are also to be found upon this earth. It is now believed that comets, or at least the nuclei of comets, are merely agglomerations of meteoric stones or iron, but so intensely heated that the stars can be seen through them. We live in a very wonderful universe.

Changes among the Jews.

And now a New York Jewish congregation, the one which worships in the synagogue at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Sixty-third Street, have decided to have their religious services on Sunday instead of Saturday. The American Jew is changing very rapidly. He gives his children Christian surnames, he eats shell-fish and pork, he has organs in his church, where the sexes sit together instead of apart as of yore, and his very features are changing and becoming more like his Christian fellow-citizen. The great bulk of the Jews have given up not only the observances, but all that was distinctive in the Jewish creed, and even the Abrahamic rite is falling into desuetude.

Railway Carriages versus Cars.

The murder of Mr. Gold by a man named Lefroy in a railway carriage in England, is leading certain English journals to demand the general introduction of the American car. The English system is a very pleasant and exclusive one, where a few people who know each other can occupy the same coach, but it is awkward when a feeble gentleman with a full purse finds himself alone with a robber on the lookout for his prey. Being alone with a madman is not always pleasant, and women have been in peril of outrage worse than death in these compartment carriages. In this connection may be recalled the infamous conduct of Colonel Baker to Miss Dickinson. Occurrences like these are impossible in American cars, and hence people in England are again agitating the adoption of this American institution, in preference to the orthodox English railway coach.

Divorce Laws.

The venerable Dr. Woolsey, of Yale College, is interested in a movement for making divorce laws all over the country uniform. Undoubtedly great hardships occur from the varying enactments in the several States. Property complications occur, which profit only the lawyer. But the most grievous wrong is done children, who lose the care of both parents. Unhappily there are more divorcees in this country than in any other civilized nation. In 1878, England and Wales, with a population of 24,000,000, permitted 800 divorcees. In Massachusetts, the same year, there were 600 divorcees in a population of 1,783,000. In the same year there were 478 divorcees in Connecticut. This is a matter that the women in the country should take up, as they are the real sufferers by the looseness of the marriage bond. But whatever law is passed should be national in its character, for it is monstrous that a woman who wants to be decent, should be a wife in one State, and a mistress in another, and perhaps a divorced woman in a third; while children who can inherit their father's property in one part of

the country, have to engage in a legal conflict in another to have their rights legalized. By all means let us have divorce laws which are uniform and operative alike everywhere.

An American Navy.

Secretary Hunt has appointed a Naval Board to take into consideration the condition of our navy and the defensive necessities of the country. We do not want huge ships to attack other countries, but we do need torpedoes and small invulnerable crafts carrying large guns, to protect our shores in case of invasion. We have an extended seacoast and cities unprotected, in which are stored vast treasures. We are defenseless. Our navy, commanded by brave men and officered by skilled talent, is worthless for either attack or defense. The country is rich and growing richer every day, and cannot afford to have its seaports at the mercy of any foreign power. It is to be hoped that the result of the deliberations of the new Naval Board will give us a navy which will at least protect our shores.

The Great Volunteer Review.

Ever since the elder Napoleon, the people of England have been apprehensive of foreign invasion. While powerful in ships and armies all over the world, England is not a military nation at home. Her army is composed of volunteers, and a hundred thousand troops would be as much as she could get ready in an emergency to defend London or any other place of importance, in case a foreign army landed on the coast of England. But the armies of France and Germany are counted by the millions, and are better equipped for a fight than those of Great Britain. With this knowledge of its weakness, the imperial government has encouraged the formation of volunteer military organizations. To show their efficiency, 50,000 of them marched past Queen Victoria recently at Windsor Castle. The newspapers expressed themselves gratified by the spectacle, but military judges doubted if these raw militiamen would be of much use in actual service. Armies cannot be improvised; they require time for their creation. In this country it was two years before either the North or South had an army that could be safely handled in large masses in the open field. Readers of this paragraph may live to see the day when a continental army will land upon the coast of England and take possession of the city of London. History is full of successful attempts to invade England, and what has been may be.

Latin Dis-union.

France and Italy are at daggers drawn. There is ill blood between the two nations. Italy thought Tripoli should have been hers. She is incensed that France should have designs also upon Tunis. Then it is thought that France would like to measure swords with Italy, so as to prove the strength of her army, before attacking Germany; while another plausible theory is that Bismarck is sowing dissensions between the two powers, so as to have an ally by the time France gets ready to demand Alsace and Lorraine. All good people will pray that there will be no war between France and Italy. Should one occur, it would inflict cruel suffering upon two peoples who are real kindred in blood and language.

A Picturesque Town Destroyed.

The French, it seems, have poured shot and shell into the town of Sfax, in Northern Africa. This was one of the quaintest old cities in existence. It was the headquarters of the Saracens during the crusades. Its streets are narrow, but it contains the finest specimens of Saracenic domestic architecture that have come down to our times. The tower of the house of Abdel Mulah, near the Djibli Gate, was adorned with fine Italian marbles, rosso-antico and valuable plaques of porcelain from Naples of the sixteenth century, and the little city has quite a number of just such buildings, that is, if the shelling has spared them. It contains 25,000 inhabitants, of whom about a third are Jews. But after all, European domination in Northern Africa will be a good thing for that country.

The Oldest Inhabitant.

A story is told of a party of immigrants who were journeying to a distant territory as yet un-

settled. "What do you expect to do?" was asked of one of the party. "I shall be a farmer," was the reply. Another settler expected to become a carpenter, a third a blacksmith. At length a feeble old man, past the age when he could perform any work, was asked what he intended to do. "Oh," said he, with grim humor, "I expect to start a graveyard." Andre la Chapelle has just died in Oregon, and is believed to be its oldest pioneer. He was born in Montreal in 1781, and settled in Oregon sixty-four years ago. One of our poets speaks of the time when the "Oregon heard no sound save its own dashings," and La Chapelle was the first white man to break the silence.

A Bandit in New York.

In pictures and novels a bandit is a very striking personage. He wears a gay costume, and has a hat which narrows to the top. He is gallant to the ladies, and if he robs the rich he bestows benefactions on the poor. The real bandit, however, is generally a very different sort of personage. He is a dirty, low-browed, murderous ruffian, who takes to the road rather than pursue an honest livelihood. Giuseppe Esposito, alias Randazzo, was arrested in New Orleans lately and taken to New York, charged with being an escaped Italian bandit. He was said to belong to a gang which committed its depredations in Sicily, near Palermo. The Italian government wished him to be extradited upon charges of repeated robbery, extortion and murder. The prisoner is a small, ill-looking fellow, with nothing romantic about him except his reputation as a desperado. He claims to be a fruit and flower dealer of many years' standing in the Crescent City. What with international treaties and the telegraph, it will be difficult to commit a crime in any part of the world without being followed up and brought to justice; and romantic bandits, as well as common swindlers, will find there is no part of the earth in which they will be safe against avenging justice.

What the New Czar Will Do.

While the reigning Emperor of Russia declines to grant liberty of speech and of the press to his people, he proposes, it seems, to make life more tolerable to the laboring classes by various internal reforms. They are embraced in the following programme: Absolute abolition of serfdom; equality for all; a reform in the police department; suppression of middle-men between the State and the peasants; and lastly, a reduction of taxation. It seems that the enormous crownlands belonging to the Czar are let to middle-men, who make three or four profits out of the peasants who actually till the soil. It is proposed to deal directly with the peasant farmer and dispense with the middle-man, thus practically reducing taxation. The Czar seems willing to do anything rather than give his people freedom. The Russian harvest this year is said to be magnificent, and so the lives of the very poor will be rendered more tolerable than during the past years of bad crops and industrial distress.

A Pacific Island Horror.

The London Missionary Society some time since established an agency at Tapitawa, one of the Fiji Islands. The mission was under the charge of a Sandwich Islander named Cabu. The missionaries went to work with a will, and succeeded in proselyting the whole island. As the savages became converted to Christianity, they were induced to give up their weapons of war, but Cabu turned out to be a scoundrel. He made demands on the poor people for money, and his exactions became so intolerable that the natives rose in revolt. Cabu armed his followers, and fell upon the defenseless natives, committing the most horrible atrocities. Over a thousand men, women, and children were butchered, and the miscreant is said to have piled the bodies of the wounded one upon the other, and then burnt them. At last accounts Cabu was on his way to Honolulu to answer for his terrible crime. The painful part of the business is that these horrors were committed in the name of Christianity.

Mind Reading.

The phenomena of mesmerism, clairvoyance, mind reading, and the like, present many puzzling aspects to the scientific investigator. It is now conceded that there is something in these mysterious manifestations which science has not yet

grasped. Drs. Hammond and Beard, of New York, and Dr. Carpenter, of London, have all been investigating this matter recently, and they have come to the conclusion that there is more in it than they before suspected. While they reject the supernatural theory, they are forced to admit that many of the phenomena are inexplicable. There is a certain border-land between physiology and psychology which has as yet not been conquered by science. There is now no question but what minds do act on each other, and that it is possible for some people to read the minds of others, as well as to control them. It is understood that this matter will soon be presented to the world by Drs. Beard and Carpenter in a way to startle conservative people.

Big Elephants.

Three of the largest elephants ever seen, have just been brought from the island of Ceylon to this country. The largest of the three is a fine fellow, ten feet high at the shoulders, and twelve feet over all. They are worth \$15,000 apiece, and as they are very docile and well-trained, will no doubt attract a great deal of curiosity. There is some talk of buying a section of land in the South, for the purpose of raising a breed of American elephants. They do not thrive in captivity, and cannot be bred tame as are other animals. But it must be confessed, with all their strength, size, docility, and sagacity, that elephants, so far, have not been of much use to mankind. In the ancient world they were used in battles, but in modern times their only value is in a circus or a menagerie.

Morgan, the Mason.

Some fifty-five years ago a man named William Morgan published a book exposing the secrets of Masonry. He was denounced by the Freemasons, and he suddenly disappeared. The event created great excitement, as he was supposed to be murdered; but no trace of him was ever discovered, till a few weeks back a skeleton was found eleven miles west of Batavia, New York State, which, there is some reason of believing, is what remains of the body of the once famous William Morgan. The abduction of Morgan created a furious excitement at the time, and the matter was carried into politics. A body was discovered, and it was said to be Morgan's, though it was not, and a phrase of Thurlow Weed's, "it would be a good enough Morgan until after the election," has passed into a proverb. Masonry fell into disrepute, but interest in the organization has since revived. That secret societies should have flourished in despotic countries was to be expected, but their value in these times of free speech and a free press is problematical. Still the mysterious has always a charm for mankind, and the popularity of secret college societies with their grips and passwords, show that young men, even when well educated, have a craving for the mysterious and the obscure.

An Old-time Romance.

Fifty years ago in the city of New York lived two pretty girls named Sallie and Mary Marston. Sallie became engaged to John Matthews, a handsome, fun-loving young fellow, to whom she seemed much attached. In the course of time a revival preacher came along and Sallie became religious, so much so indeed that her lover became disaffected and jilted her. Mary, Sallie's sister, some time after, became engaged to a Boston man; the friends and parents persuaded Sallie that she also should marry a young gentleman named Evans, so as to be able to live with her sister. To this she agreed, and it was decided that the wedding of the two sisters should take place on one day. Two more beautiful brides were never kissed than Sallie and Mary Marston on the night of their wedding. But after the ceremony was over, Robert Evans received a message that he must instantly start for home. He was forced to go, and this second disappointment unseated the reason of Mrs. Sallie Evans. When her husband left, she glided out of the house and plunged into an old well in an adjoining yard. She was found in her perilous position, after a search, rescued and put to bed a temporary maniac. But now for the young husband. On reaching his home, he found his father in a fit, and apparently at the point of death. Upon recovering, the old man said to his son, "Go to the barn,

your brother—." He went as directed and found his only brother hanging by the neck, dead. Horrified beyond measure, he cut down the body, but while doing so, he got a message that his new wife had thrown herself into a well. On reaching his wife's side, a pitiful sight awaited him; his honeymoon was a vigil over a sick and crazy woman. But painful as had been his experience upon wedding his wife, a happier future was before him. She gradually recovered her sanity, and for forty years Mr. and Mrs. Evans lived together happily. The husbands of the two sisters died on one day. A few weeks ago Mary died, aged seventy-seven years, and Sallie followed her seven days afterward. They both were buried in Greenwood. Who would suppose that so much of romance could cluster about the lives of two sober New York women?

A French Fourth of July.

The new French national holiday is the anniversary of the taking and destruction of the Bastille. It has been celebrated with great effusion for the last two years, and the spectacle in Paris this year is described as being very picturesque. The municipality spent 600,000 francs in fireworks, there was a splendid military display, and in the evening the theaters were free to the public. France has proved to be quite successful as a republic. Order is maintained, the nation is respected abroad, and trade is prosperous. The worst symptom in France is an apparent revival of a desire to achieve military distinction. It really seems as if the republic would like to try a passage at arms with Italy. The extension of its empire in Northern Africa is an evidence of the increased ambition of this brilliant people.

Illiterate Voters.

We are in the habit of supposing ourselves the best educated people in the world, but as a matter of fact we are far behind Germany in the extent and thoroughness of the education given to our young people. Professor Gardner at the university convocation in Albany stated that of the 9,250,000 persons who voted at the last presidential election, twenty-one per cent. were illiterate, that is, could neither read nor write. It is not a pleasant fact to contemplate that the balance of power is in the hands of ignorant voters, men who cannot read the ballots they cast. It is not popular to propose any restrictions upon suffrage, but surely if any limitations upon free voting were imposed, they should be in the direction of banishing ignorant people from the vicinity of the ballot box.

The Small-pox Horror.

During the past year there have been epidemics of small-pox, but at last accounts the various local pestilences were abating. Dr. Buchanan, the medical officer of the London Local Board, states that out of every one million persons vaccinated only ninety die of small-pox during the year, while in every one million persons not vaccinated 8,850 die. In other words, there are thirty-seven chances in a million if you are not vaccinated, and one chance in a million if you are vaccinated.

About Cranks

It is difficult to realize the number of half crazy people there are in this world. The shooting of the President has brought to light the fact that lunatics are a special source of annoyance to distinguished people, especially those that occupy a high official station. Their delusions take all manner of fantastic shapes. Some are young women who believe they ought to be wives of the President, and preside at the White House. A handsome young Indiana woman insisted upon ex-President Hayes marrying her, and noted authors, especially poets, could tell many curious stories of the manner in which they have been approached by demented women. Popular ministers and actors seem peculiarly attractive to women lunatics. Nearly every newspaper office in the country is in receipt of communications from crazy men. It is feared that something must be done to guard our chief magistrates from maniacs with murderous tendency. In other countries the sovereign is difficult of access. He is surrounded by guards on public occasions; distinguished people follow in his train, and he can be seen only by those who represent foreign nations, or have some claims by reason of office

or family blood. Heretofore our presidents have aimed to be democratic; they have lived in a popular style, traveled about like common citizens, but the pistol of Guiteau has changed all that. The head of fifty millions of people must not be at the mercy of a stray shot from the bullet of a murderous fool.

Giving the Girls a Chance.

Some four years ago the President of Sorosis made an appeal to Columbia College to do something for the higher education of American young women. But President Barnard, on behalf of the faculty, rather curtly refused to move in the matter. But the action of Cambridge and Oxford seems to have created a reaction on this side of the Atlantic, and now President Barnard announces his intention of permitting young women to share the advantages heretofore monopolized by young men in Columbia College. It is not to the credit of the so-called metropolis of the country that there was no place where its daughters could be trained in the higher branches of education. Columbia is a magnificently endowed institution. Its mining school and its law school are famous throughout the country. With a proper curriculum of study it could give many educational advantages to women. It is to be hoped that there will be no separate classes. When young people live at home there can be no harm in the two sexes attending church or school together. The examinations might be conducted separately.

An Ideal School.

In his report to the Columbia College trustees, President Barnard sketches an ideal school. It is too long to give here, but he believes the time has come when the bodily senses and percepts should be trained as well as the mind, and studies should be more in the open air and less in school rooms. The mysteries of the world about us are the first to be communicated to the student. Books will be a subsequent consideration. This will give prominence to studies like mineralogy, botany, and zoology. Every trained youth will be a scientist, less attention will be paid to the humanities, and very much more to the actualities of the wondrous universe in which we live and move and have our being.

Incineration.

There are two places in Europe where dead bodies can be burned or cremated. One is in Milan, Italy; the other in Gotha, Germany. They call the cremating furnace, cremation hall, in Gotha, but somehow it is not popular. So far, only fifty-two persons have been incinerated: of these, five were women. As a matter of fact, the bodies are not burned by a flame; they are reduced to ashes by air heated to 600°. Two hours complete the work, at the end of which time the ashes are collected, six pounds being usual in the case of a man, and four of a woman. It is not likely that cremation will ever become popular. It is the revival of a pagan custom, and such a disposition of the human body is repulsive to a Christian people. It would be a real reform if bodies were buried directly in the earth, without the use of coffin or case. The corpse would then moulder away naturally, and the corruption and worms incident to a coffin-enclosed body would not make their appearance.

Another Fasting Fool.

John H. Griscom has imitated the feat of Dr. Tanner, and has managed to subsist on water alone for forty-five days. His loss of weight during that time was 49½ pounds. Dr. Tanner lost 36½ pounds in forty days. There was little public interest in this last fast, though it seems to have been undertaken and carried out in good faith. It is hard to tell what good such feats as these accomplish. All they show is that certain human beings can live a long time on water alone, but a knowledge of that fact is of very little value to mankind.

Killed by Lightning.

It is a common saying that such an event is as unusual as being killed by lightning. As a matter of fact, quite a number of persons are annually destroyed by this means. In 1870, the only year in which statistics were kept, there were 202 persons who shuffled off this mortal coil by means of an accidental lightning stroke. In the same

year yellow fever killed 147, gout 43, carbuncle 168, hydrophobia 163, cancer in the mouth 195. So it seems that deaths by lightning are much more frequent than deaths by other well-known diseases.

Electric Lighting in Cities.

In a very few years lamps will be unknown in large cities, which will be illuminated by electric lights on poles 150 feet high. There are two such lights now in New York; one on Madison and one on Union Square. Each pole is to have six illuminators of six-thousand-candle power each. It is expected that the streets will be so light that it will be as easy to read as by gas-light in a private room. The success of the lights in New York will lead to the setting up of similar illuminators in every city on the continent.

The Wonders of the Universe.

Professor Henry Draper has discovered hydrocarbon compounds in the comet, from which he infers that some forms of life have existed on the nucleus. No such compounds are known on this earth, except as the result of organic life. In the spectrum of a comet, the lines indicating hydrogen-carbon were distinctly visible. Dr. Draper is of opinion, that some day we may see a comet as brilliant as the sun itself. The sun and the solar system are moving through space at the rate of forty miles a second, and it is not impossible that we may run across enormous bodies in the interstellar spaces, which will become luminous if acted upon by our sun. Should such a body strike the earth, this planet might itself become a comet; of course at the expense of all life on its surface. We live in a very wonderful and very dangerous universe.

A Pitcairn Islander.

Of course every one has read the strange history of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. They settled on Pitcairn Island, and have lived practically isolated from the world for over fifty years. They intermarried, and there are now about ninety persons, the descendants of the original mutineers. The little community have solved many interesting problems. They are all Christians; no liquor is drunk; the married state is honored, and they get along without money by exchanging the products of their labor at a fixed ratio. The only trouble they have is in procuring suitable clothing for the women. All their supplies come from the few vessels which visit the island. Attention is called to these people now, because Russell McCoy, the first descendant of the mutineers who ever left the island, was lately in England, although by this time he is on his way back. That the domestic virtues are highly regarded, is seen by the fact that McCoy, who wore his wife's wedding ring, would not have it mended after it was accidentally broken, for fear he would lose it. He was astonished at what he saw in Great Britain, especially the locomotives and great steam engines; the telegraph puzzled him greatly. But the history of these mutineers shows that it is possible for people to live without crime, or vice, or money.

Crime in America.

Dr. Russell, the famous correspondent of the *London Times*, has recently been traveling in this country. What struck him was the great amount of shooting and other crimes in our western country. The American press has very generally resented the statements of Dr. Russell; but is it not true that robberies and murders are very frequent on the frontier, in our mining regions and where population is sparse? The very time these stories of American crime were reprinted, a gang of desperadoes boarded the cars of the Rock Island railroad, killed the conductor, wounded another man, and robbed the passengers as well as the express luggage. It was a very daring thing to do, and was completely successful. Such an occurrence could not have taken place in any part of Europe. What makes life and property insecure in the extreme West, is the inadequacy of our usual legal forms to punish crime. We inherited a theory and practice of law which is unsuited to the wild life of the frontier, where summary justice is of more account than legal forms; hence Judge Lynch, who generally does substantially justice in communities which have not patience for the law's delay and the impediments which are put in the way of those who wish to execute swift justice upon evil doers. Fortunately for our country, as

population thickens, there are fewer breaches of the law. The extension of the telegraph has put a stop to any wide-spread system of violence. Whoever becomes a public enemy literally takes his life in his hands, for the telegraph can now be used to hunt and overtake any red-handed criminal.

The Conquest of Great Britain.

The proposal to build a tunnel from Calais to Dover, is again calling the attention of England to the possibility of an invasion of French or German troops. Captain Kirchhammer gives it as his opinion that an army of 50,000 German troops could easily conquer England. He thinks that number of soldiers would take London within fourteen days after leaving Germany. With London would fall Woolwich, the only land arsenal of the army. England has been often and successfully invaded and conquered, from the time of William the Conqueror down to William the Third, and that, too, in an age when sea navigation was difficult, when there were few roads and none of the perfect equipments of a modern army. It would be a wicked thing to submit the fair fields of England to the ravages of war; and yet there are few instances in history where a nation is at once rich and weak, which has not invited attack. Great Britain's really weak side is Ireland. A French army would be received with enthusiasm in that country, and once under a foreign flag, England would find it difficult to restore her authority in the sister isle.

Our Immense Country.

Americans have an excuse for being a little vain-glorious. No one has ever traveled from New Orleans to the Canada line, or from Portland to San Francisco, without in a certain measure realizing the enormous extent of the country he lives in. But there are other trips which would serve to impress the magnitude of the nation far more vividly. One would be a voyage from the westernmost end of Lake Superior to the shores of Lake Ontario. But even in the interior of the continent there are river journeys of apparently interminable length. A flatboat arrived in Omaha recently, which had come down stream 1,900 miles. The boat was commanded by A. S. Laveau, and it had started at the mouth of the Big Horn in Montana. It had floated down the Yellowstone and Missouri nearly 2,000 miles, a distance equal to two-thirds of the way across the Atlantic. The cargo of the flatboat was buffalo hides and dried meat. What a romantic and at times perilous journey it must have been. Young Americans, who can afford it, ought to visit those distant regions. Yellowstone Park is now open to the world; it is probably the most wonderful spot on earth. The most famous scenery of Colorado and New Mexico is within five days of New York. Within a year it may be possible to take the cars at Boston and reach the City of Mexico within a week. All well-to-do Americans should know something of the wonderful country they live in, before spending their money in foreign travel.

The Prejudice Against Jews.

In only one place in the world is any new favor shown to the Jewish race. This, strange to say, is in Spain, which, during the Middle Ages, and down to our modern era, has treated the Hebrews with shocking injustice. Some of the Portuguese and Spanish Jews claim to have settled in those countries before the Christian era; they were very numerous at one time, and were cruelly oppressed by the Christian governments. When the Saracens conquered the greater part of Spain, they entered into an alliance with the Jews, who helped them greatly and did much to increase the wealth of the Arab inhabitants of the peninsula. But both Moors and Jews were finally expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. The present Spanish government, however, is permitting the Jews to return. When it was proposed to repeal the laws against them, King Alfonso gave his ready assent, and said he wished to repair an injustice committed against them by his ancestors. The Jews are a very wonderful race, but may it not be that there is something in themselves which creates such a hatred for them wherever they are best known?

A Man of Sorrows.

The world does go hard with some people. Individuals seem to be singled out by fortune to

suffer loss and anguish of mind above their fellows. John Kelly, the famous democratic "boss" of New York, has, in his time, been sorely dealt with. He was a husband and the father of four grown children. He lost all his family one by one, at an age, too, when he craved their personal help to him. He has since remarried, but has now no family. John G. Saxe, the poet, has recently drank the cup of sorrow to the brim. A kindly amiable man, he lived but to make people happy. His poems are full of kindness and good humor, and his conversation is described as delightful by all who knew him. Mr. Saxe also had a family, but he has seen them one by one smitten with disease, and perish under his eyes. A year ago his wife died; two daughters were recently carried away by consumption, and but two weeks since he was called to the deathbed of one of his two surviving sons. Mr. Saxe's own health is such that he cannot long survive; but his afflictions changed the whole current of his life, and made this once mirthful man sad and sick and melancholy.

Railway Transportation.

There has been cutting of rates, and as a consequence stock values have seriously declined. This calls to mind an argument of Mr. Edward Atkinson, who has given the railway problem a great deal of attention. Much ignorant clamor has been made against the railways for consolidating their lines, but Mr. Atkinson proves conclusively that these various unions of several roads have been an excellent thing for the country. Despite the watering of the stocks, consolidated roads serve the country better and cheaper than the disassociated lines which they replaced. Take a single instance. The traffic of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern from 1870 to 1879, and the New York Central from 1869 to 1879; these forming a consolidated road, they show an increase of tons moved in ten years of 175 per cent.; an increase in freight earnings of 29 per cent., and an average decrease in charges per ton per mile of 62 1-6 per cent. The same authority proves that the short lines which have not consolidated, have not earned as much, and have not reduced their charges so largely. No doubt our railway system has vastly improved within the last ten years, and whether we like it or not, the work of consolidation will still go on. The time is coming when there will be no more than four or five great systems of roads extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The great crime of the railway companies against the public is in the watering of the stocks, thus compelling the public to pay interest charges on purely fictitious capital.

Sensible Schools.

It is an open question whether the long vacations given to our children in summer time are altogether wholesome, mentally and morally. The public schools have a vacation of two months; in the private the holiday extends from early June to October, nearly four months. It is urged that it would be cruel to keep children indoors studying during the very warm weather. But why keep them indoors? Why should not schools be established near the large cities, but in country places where instruction could be imparted out of doors? Is there not too much book studying? Why not have our children learn from the book of nature? They could be taught to draw, to botanize, to collect and distinguish minerals, to observe the habits of birds and insects. They should be trained in the use of their hands, eyes, and senses. This would be amusement and recreation as well as instruction. Three to five hours of this kind of study would benefit any child. The mind needs exercise as well as the body, and it is really unwise and unwholesome, mentally, to suddenly interrupt all studies, and turn a child loose to amuse itself as best it may. On the Continent of Europe well-to-do people keep governesses who are instructed to give some attention to their pupils every day in the year. On Sundays and holidays it is thought best that there should be some instruction given so as to keep up habits of study. It is the testimony of all teachers that four months vacation destroys the habit of fixed attention which study gives, and is a downright injury to the child. There is a school at Croton on the Hudson, in the State of New York, where the experiment has been tested during the past summer of studying in the open air. The boys learn the names of trees and plants, collect min-

erals and insects, and find out the use of their fingers. For several weeks they go out into camp in the Catskills, and later in the season camp on the sea shore in order to study the conditions of the lower forms of life and vegetation, both inland and by the sea. All work and no play may make Jack a dull boy, but all play and no work is very demoralizing to the young and heedless.

A Baritone as a Beggar.

Street minstrels are not ordinarily tuneful. They are noted for their cracked voices and inartistic songs. But there was a novelty in the way of street-singing in New York recently. What seemed to be an old man, was singing vigorously in the street, his rich baritone voice and fine method being in marked contrast with his white hairs and shabby dress. A good strolling singer was such a novelty that quite a crowd collected, but a detective passing by had his suspicions excited, and found on examination that there were black hairs under a gray wig. The man was arrested and taken before a police magistrate, where he told a straightforward story. He had been an English opera singer, and had brought with him letters from well-known people abroad; but his money failing him he did not know what to do, so he put on this disguise and went singing about the streets. After hearing his story the Dogberry before whom he was brought committed him to the workhouse for six months. But next day, when the story became known, members of the Swedenborgian church came forward and testified that he had sung for them, and was a perfectly reputable person, and so he was taken out of the workhouse and a handsome sum of money given him to start life anew. Our modern laws are harsh to the very poor. We do not permit street preaching, yet John Wesley and the Saviour preached in the fields and the byways. If Homer or Ulysses were found singing or begging from town to town, they would be arrested as vagrants and sent to the workhouse. It is a great pity that we have not more good singers in our streets, instead of the hurdy-gurdies and monkeys which are now allowed to perambulate from city to city.

Another Claimant.

Of course everybody has heard or read of Roger Tichborne, who disappeared a great many years ago, and whose name and estates were claimed by a butcher named Orton. The trial was a remarkable one, but it ended in Orton's being sent to jail as an impostor. But now another claimant has made his appearance in the person of Charles O. Ferris, of San Diego, California. He tells a very romantic story, and his claim was partially indorsed by Colonel Barnes, one of the ablest lawyers on the Pacific coast. But his story has been exploded by his own daughter who lives in Brooklyn, who declares him to be an impostor and an untruthful man generally. It is strange what trouble some people will take to try and prove themselves something else than what they are. There are tens of thousands of people who believe that Orton is Sir Roger Tichborne. In all history are records of pretenders who claim to have been princes who were murdered, or kings made away with, and for every impostor of this kind there are thousands of people who are willing to believe them.

William Penn's Bones.

The city of Philadelphia wishes to honor William Penn by giving him a splendid mortuary monument under which his remains should rest. A committee of Philadelphians made formal application to the trustees of the ground in England where Penn's bones are supposed to be laid. But these gentlemen have refused for several excellent reasons. One is that they don't know the exact spot where the bones repose; then, as the great Quaker in the prime of life picked out this particular ground in which to rest after death, they think his wishes ought to be respected. Splendid monuments are very well in their way, but they are not suitable as a covering for the remains of a noted Quaker.

Again the Nihilists.

That is a strange story which comes from St. Petersburg. Nineteen Nihilists are told off to kill the Czar. They draw lots, and a student in the University is thus chosen for the fatal work; but his heart fails him, he cannot make up his

mind to the attempt, and he knows that if he does not do so at a certain time that eighteen daggers will be drawn against his life. So he commits suicide, but before dying betrays his associates, all of whom are arrested. Such is the story that was published in the New York papers.

A Surrender at Last.

So Sitting Bull has voluntarily surrendered himself to the United States Government. The Canadians did not treat him well, his braves deserted him, and hungry and abject the great Indian chief appeals to the United States Government for bread and his life. Sitting Bull will figure in history as the last of the great Indian chiefs. He was really a skilled warrior. It required military genius to entrap General Custer as he did and destroy his entire command. It seems the old man was partially induced to come back to the United States by a desire to know what had become of his daughter. She had left him to live with a young Indian on the American side of the line, and so he followed her and surrendered himself. Although Sitting Bull is a cruel savage, the Government should be merciful to him. His execution would serve no good purpose, and he is not likely to do any more harm to white men. Let him go.

The Dancing Pilgrims.

Every year at Echternach fifteen thousand persons, or more, assemble to execute a religious dance. It seems that during the Middle Ages, a kind of madness seized the people of that neighborhood, and thousands were attacked with the disease, which seemed like St. Vitus dance. But the mania passed away, as the superstitious people said, by miraculous interposition. Since that time, pilgrims have assembled yearly to commemorate the cessation of the madness. This last year an enormous multitude assembled to witness the spectacle. The pilgrims are drawn up in line, the sexes being separated; they hop forward two steps, and backward one step, the band playing a monotonous tune "Abraham had seven sons, seven sons had Abraham." For hour after hour this monotonous hopping is kept up, the lines being headed by the priests, who, however, do not themselves dance. During the hopping, the pilgrims are in a state of the wildest excitement. The weaker in time become exhausted and fall to the ground where they lay for hours. It seems incredible that a silly ceremony like this should continue through the nineteenth century, but every year adds to the number of pilgrim dancers. Echternach is in Luxemburg. It is not, however, all dancing; there are some praying and some singing pilgrims. There were fully one hundred thousand spectators to watch the fifteen thousand dancers this year.

Heirs to Old Estates.

There are literally hundreds of persons who claim to own estates in England or elsewhere, and for which there are no heirs known to the law. There is probably no such unprofitable work on earth as trying to prove oneself a descendant from a certain family. It is a lamentable fact, that few of us know our great-grandfathers. There is a genealogical society in New York which has occasional meetings, but its patrons are a few fussy old men, to whom the world gives no heed. It is distressing to think that after a few years, unless one has held high office or committed a great crime, our memory will pass away forever. It is said there is an estate in England of \$250,000,000, which is to be distributed among the American branch of the Hedges family. The story goes that Sir Charles Hedges, one hundred years ago, left his property to the descendants of his brother Joseph; but they were not to enter into possession for a hundred years. In the meantime, the English Hedges were to have the use of the property, but were not permitted to impair its value. Joseph Hedges emigrated to America, the hundred years are up, and now the search has commenced for his heirs. Already the Hedges of the United States are agitated, and a convention has been held in Paris, Kentucky. It is found that a family of Hedges have settled in Yates county, New York, another in Madison, New Jersey; one in the Passaic valley; and still another branch in East Hampton, Long Island; but there is great doubt as to which of these branches had Joseph Hedges for a progenitor.



WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

How can we remedy this growing evil of "Waste and Waste," writes a subscriber. Only by teaching our daughters the principles and practice of domestic economy. Give them an accomplished education in bread-making, soup-making, care of food and clothes, and all those little things that go to make home comfortable and dear to all the home-loving. How can a lady instruct a servant if she be not first instructed? No husband wants oil painting for his breakfast, Limoges for dinner, or embroidery for tea; yet these things are beautiful in their time and place, and tend to make the home attractive, but first make home neat and tidy. Last, but not least—in fact, I should say first of all—find the way to your husband's heart by well-cooked, dainty dishes—nice home dishes—not things that he can buy at every corner or hotel, but something peculiar to yourself, or done under your directions. Take my word for it, your cook will esteem you higher if she sees you take interest in these things. Have your dining-room well aired and sweet—attractive to look upon; have your table invitingly set, and then see that the food is well cooked and seasoned while they are cooking. I would like to give you a chapter on meat cooking, and will some time. I have said so much to my friends about teaching their daughters the "Art of Domestic Economy," that I feel I have my reward in seeing some of my wealthy neighbors taking more interest in their homes, and thinking less of dress and fashion, although we need both. I will give two or three nice breakfast dishes. Try them, and I think you will like them.

Quick Waffles.—One pint sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda; or, if sweet milk is used, use two spoonfuls of baking powder (Royal); four eggs, beat yolks in the milk, reserve the whites beaten stiff to add with flour; tablespoonful of melted lard or butter; salt, teaspoonful; stir in flour to the consistency of thick cream; beat all together till it is light (it will bubble up when light enough); have your waffle iron nice and hot; rub with lard—butter causes to stick on account of salt; three tablespoonfuls will fill your iron if large, two if small; butter when you take them off, and serve hot.

Another home-made dish is

Scalloped Potatoes.—Take some cold mashed potatoes, left from day before or the meal before, butter your baking dish, put layer of potatoes, some rolled cracker, bits of butter, salt, and pepper (never forget the salt). When your dish or pan is full, pour milk over to cover, bake till brown, serve hot; it is a nice relish, and enjoyed for breakfast.

Bread Croquettes.—Are nice also. Prepare your bread as you would for stuffing, omitting the herbs, make in small balls or cakes, fry in hot butter or lard. I will give, at a future time, some recipes in French and Spanish creams that will be relished by the most fastidious.

General Directions for Freezing Ice-Cream.—Fill the space between the freezer and tub with ice finely broken, mixed with a little coarse salt; when this is tightly packed, put the custard or water-ice into the freezer, and place the cover over it, taking care that the ice does not come above the top. Commence turning, and when the mixture begins to freeze around the sides of the freezer, scrape it down with a spoon; replace the cover, and continue turning until completely frozen. The plug at the bottom of the pail must

be removed occasionally in order to drain off the water; renew the ice if required. When thoroughly frozen, take out the pan and work the cream well down; replace the cover, and renew the ice if needed. Set aside in a cool place until needed.

Vanilla Ice-Cream.—This can be made of all milk, or milk and cream, as thought proper; the less cream used the more corn starch is required. A good receipt is one pint milk, one pint cream, six ounces corn starch, two well-beaten eggs or the yolks of three, one cup sugar, one teaspoon flavoring; bring this as near to a boil as possible without boiling; then freeze it according to the directions.

Corn Starch Bread.—Set a sponge in the usual manner with flour, and let it rise; then add sufficient water to make the amount of dough required, adding a pinch of salt; make the dough the required stiffness by adding equal quantity of flour and corn starch. Proceed in all respects as for ordinary bread.

Omelet.—Six eggs, four tablespoonfuls of flour, twenty-four tablespoonfuls of milk, one small teaspoonful of salt. Bake quick.

Potted Beef.—Take six pounds of the cheaper parts of beef; boil until the meat comes from the bone; skim all out into your chopping-bowl, remove the bone and gristly pieces, chop the meat fine, and add one and a half pints of the gravy; season with salt, pepper, and a small teaspoonful of powdered mace. Pack away in bowls, and when cold is very nice sliced for tea or fried in a batter.

Breakfast Rolls.—Warm a quart of milk, add a quarter of a pound of butter, two beaten eggs, one cup of yeast, and flour to knead. Make them at night if wanted for breakfast, and bake a light brown, having them hot for the meal.

To Boil Fish.—Fill the fish with a plain dressing, seasoned with salt, pepper, and butter; then sew it up. Take out the eyes, bring the head and tail near enough together to admit it in the kettle, and fasten with a cord. Roll it in a cloth, and put in cold water with salt. Some think a little vinegar in the water an improvement. A fish weighing seven or eight pounds boil in half an hour. When it is taken up remove the cords; it will retain the curved form when placed on the platter. Place a napkin under it to absorb the dampness. Serve with drawn butter or egg sauce, and round the edge of the dish garnish with geranium leaves and the scarlet flowers.

Pop-Corn Pudding.—Three pints of milk, two eggs, three pints of popped corn (each kernel must be white, and not in the least scorched), half teaspoonful of salt. Bake half an hour. Served with sweetened cream.

Flaxseed Lemonade.—To three-quarters of a pint of water add two tablespoonfuls of flaxseed; strain, sweeten, and add lemon juice to taste (say one lemon). This is excellent in case of sore throat.

Clam Chowder.—Half a peck of round clams chopped fine, five potatoes, four onions chopped fine before they are cooked, three slices of salt pork put in the bottom of the kettle; let it fry a few minutes; then put in a layer of clams, then potatoes, then oysters, crackers (whole), then pour over the liquor that the clams were boiled in, add butter and pepper; boil three quarters of an hour.

Apple Jelly.—Pare and stew sour, juicy apples (greenings are nicest) in enough water to cover them. Strain as directed for currant jelly. Allow a pound of sugar for each pound of juice; put them together and strain; boil four or five minutes, skimming it thoroughly.

Quince Jelly.—Make the same as apple jelly, but do not pare or core the fruit, as much of the jelly is contained in those parts. Or take such of the parings and cores as are sound and fair, stew

them, and strain the liquor twice. For each pound allow a pound of sugar; boil fifteen minutes. This is equally as nice as that made from the fruit.

Raised Biscuit.—Take a piece of light bread dough sufficient to fill a quart bowl; mix through it half a cup of butter; let it rise; mold the biscuits very small; raise them again, and bake half an hour.

Orange Custard.—Divide and subdivide sweet oranges, place them in the bottom of a dish, pour a rich corn starch custard over it and bake. Serve while hot. Bake slow.

Orange Cake.—Six eggs, one cup of butter, two and a half cups of sugar, one cup of milk, four cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder (Royal); bake on jelly tin. Put the following preparation between the layers: Two oranges, juice and rind, one lemon, one and a quarter pounds of powdered sugar, whites of two eggs.

Chocolate Cake.—Make the cake the same as orange cake, put between the layers one cup of grated chocolate, one cup of powdered sugar, milk enough to moisten; let it come to a boil. Flavor with vanilla. Frost the cake with this.

We think a few bills of fare might be acceptable, and give the meals for one day.

Breakfast.

BUTTERED TOAST,	POTATO BALLS,
	BEEFSTEAK,
VIENNA ROLLS,	EGG OMELET,
	RICE CAKES,
COFFEE,	CHOCOLATE.

Lunch.

SLICED COLD ROAST BEEF,	JELLY,
BAKED POTATOES,	COLD SLAW,
APPLE-PIE,	FRUIT.

Dinner.

RAW OYSTERS,	TOMATO CREAM SOUP,
	BOILED SALMON,
	ROAST BEEF,
	WHITE AND SWEET POTATOES,
STRING BEANS,	CROQUETTES OF RICE,
	CURRANT JELLY,
ORANGE CUSTARD,	FRUIT-PIE,
FRUITS,	NUTS,
	COFFEE.

Tea.

TEA,	COFFEE,	CHOCOLATE,
BUTTERED TOAST,		BISCUITS,
CHICKEN SALAD,		COLD TONGUE,
PEACHES AND CREAM,		FLOATING ISLAND.
		WAFERS, CRACKERS, CAKES.

New Bread Pudding.—Put all scraps of bread into the oven until they become a nice brown, roll them while hot quite fine. For a good-sized pudding take half a pound of crumbs, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of currants or raisins, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of allspice, and one pint of boiling water. Pour the boiling water over the crumbs, stir them well, and let them soak until soft; then take all the ingredients, mix well, rub the pie dish with beef dripping, fill it, put some more dripping or butter on the top of the pudding, and bake half an hour. This pudding is a general favorite with children and those who like a plain dish.

Breakfast Muffins.—Beat one egg lightly, add a quart of warm milk; beat up and add to it one dessert-spoonful of lard and one of butter, with one teaspoonful of salt; stir in flour to the consistency of rather a thick batter; set it to rise, and bake in rings on a griddle to a light brown.

THE COSMOPOLITAN

THE FURSHING

THE BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

THE HORROR OF FASHIONS

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.

Autumn Materials.

WOOL goods, with a fine diagonal twill, are already shown by the importers for autumn wear, fine qualities of cashmere for *demi-saison* costumes, and the heavier serges for later use. These are not novel, but are always deservedly popular; for, while they combine well with almost all other seasonable materials, they make most stylish *costumes complets*. Cashmere, especially in the silky camel's-hair varieties, lends itself readily to graceful drapery, and has been during the summer the most stylish wool fabric, according to Parisian ideas, French *modistes* using it in combination with thin fabrics and cotton materials.

Black is always standard. The newest colors are plum, both on the red and blue shades, *prune*, various shades of olive, bronze shades in variety, Pompeian red, deep, rich wine colors, a medium shade of brown, not so deep as seal nor as golden as chestnut, a lovely shade of dark-blue, lighter than navy, and dark green.

Silks follow the same line of colors, and those with high luster still have the preference, although the standard *gros grain* with medium rep is regaining the allegiance of many of its former devotees who have tried the more showy *satin de Lyons* and found it wanting in many qualities necessary in a material for a serviceable costume.

A material which is destined to replace satin to a great extent is a variety of the *satin merveilleux*, but heavier, more closely woven, and with a double twill. This possesses the high luster of satin, but being all silk, and very pliable, will be more durable and less liable to wrinkle than that fabric, and it is sold at a price for which only a linen-back satin

could be procured. It comes in black and all the fashionable colors, an especially heavy quality of extra width being particularly intended for cloaks.

Satin merveilleux retains its popularity; and brocaded silks and satins have acquired a new lease of life. Floral designs of medium size are the first choice, and come in all the fashionable colors, as well as black, for combination with plain silks, satins, and *satins merveilleux* of the same color.

"Brocatelle" silks are heavier in quality, and have the design impressed in the fabric, the ground being sometimes satin-finished and sometimes plain. These are in black, and solid colors, and will constitute some of the richest toilets of the winter, the black being also designed for cloaks.

Striped silks, in solid colors, the stripes alternately satin and *gros grain*, satin and French *moiré*, or *gros grain* and *moiré*, are also shown for combination with plain materials, wool as well as silk. Other striped silks are in contrasting colors, garnet and white, black and white, black and yellow, etc., which are all effective when judiciously used.

Moiré, or watered silk, will be much used during the ensuing season, and it is predicted that for the winter we shall have the veritable *moiré antique*, with its heavy rep and large waves, that shown at present being *moiré Française*, with small waves or ripples which are not in defined stripes, as heretofore, but seem to run one into the other without any decided outline.

While the tendency is certainly toward costumes of a solid color throughout, even though the combination of materials continues, combinations of colors will also be in vogue; and for this purpose striped fabrics in colors, more

or less decided, have almost entirely superseded the *broché* or "novelty" goods, as they were called, which will be seldom used, excepting for *basques* to be worn with various skirts, while even for this purpose the plain velvets and plushes will have the preference. These latter materials will also be much used for trimmings on plain, solid-colored goods.

There are also *bayadère* striped goods, all silk, and silk and wool, to be used for *tabliers*, panels and bands on dresses of solid-colored fabrics, but they should be selected and applied with the utmost care, or the effect will be anything but artistic.

Illustrated Models for the Month.

NATURALLY the first necessity for early autumn is a simple wrap, something larger than the *fichu* or cape that has done service in the cool days of summer, yet not too cumbersome, and withal capable of being easily and quickly removed. Among our illustrations we give three designs, all practical, and susceptible of more or less garniture, according to taste. The "Etelka" mantelet is the most dressy, shirred at the neck and at the lower ends of the tabs, and having a shirred *plaque* on the back which may be omitted, if desired. Made in armure silk, silk *sicilienne*, or brocaded satin, with the *plaque* of plain satin or *satin merveilleux*, and trimmed very fully with black Aurillac lace and jet, this will make a garment elegant enough to wear with the most dressy costume, while it is readily adapted to the simpler camel's hair cashmere with a trimming of fringe and jet. The "Visalia" mantelet and "Plain Mantilla"

are both simpler in style, the former cut in circle shape, with long, pointed tabs, and ornamented with a pointed hood; and the latter with seams on the shoulders, and the back pieces cut wide and giving a dolman effect on the front. Both are adapted to dressy as well as simple materials, and can be simply or elaborately trimmed in accordance with the fabrics selected.

The "Richmond" jacket is an excellent model for a garment for autumn wear, and makes up handsomely in the lighter qualities of cloth for an independent wrap, or it can be used to complete a costume of serge, or any of the heavier qualities of woolen goods that will be so much worn the coming season. It can either be finished in "tailor" style, with rows of machine stitching near the edges, or with narrow galloon bindings like a gentleman's coat, the latter being more suitable on the heavier goods and dark colors; or it can be made more dressy by the addition of a broad velvet collar. For sea-side wear it would be handsome in dark blue or red cloth, trimmed with several rows of fine gold braid.

The "Fernandina" walking-skirt furnishes a model that cannot be too highly commended for its practicability, furnishing, as it does, a method by which the ordinary walking-skirt can be easily and quickly transformed into a train. This is illustrated *en costume* on the full-page engraving, showing its combination with the "Etelka" mantelet to form a walking-costume, and with the "Sylvanie" basque for a dinner or reception toilet. The peculiar arrangement of it is fully described in connection with the separate illustration. Either as a short skirt or train it is very stylish, and in plum-colored *satin merveillex* and brocaded satin of the same color, trimmed, with cashmere *passementerie*, and the "Sylvanie" basque made of the brocade, it constitutes a toilet at once *distingue* and thoroughly practical.

Another walking-skirt that combines nicely with the same basque is the "Zamora," which possesses several distinctive features; the deep shirring around the hips, the pointed side draperies falling beneath, and the shirred box-plaits on the front of the skirt. This is equally well adapted to a costume of camel's hair, or one of rich silk, and offers an opportunity for the combination of materials which will still remain a feature of dresses for the ensuing season. The draperies, both back and front, could be of brocade, or of some other goods different from the rest, or the side draperies only, with good effect.

The "Georgette" polonaise has the shirred back, which will be found so becoming to persons who have what is generally designated as a "flat back;" the shirring at the waist-line causing the figure to appear rounder, and affording the necessary fullness just below. The drapery is especially graceful, and for soft falling goods it is particularly desirable. The "Margot" wrapper will immediately recommend itself for the soft woolen fabrics that are chosen for the comfortable winter *robe de chambre*, and which will lend themselves readily to the "Mother Hubbard" shirring at the neck, and that which fits it at the waist-line; and the full sleeves add not a little to the stylish effect, and comfort as well.

SMALL collars on Spanish lace mantles are now made square, and covered with ruffles of narrow lace.

"MOUTARDE ANGLAISE" and "coachman's" drab hose are most stylishly worn with black toiles.

PEARL BEADED *passementerie* is the most effective trimming to be used in combination with white Spanish lace.

PANSIES, roses, jonquils, and large ox-eyed daisies are the fashionable artificial flowers for corsage bouquets.



LADIES' STREET GARMENTS.

FIG. 1.—This elegant wrap of black satin, brocaded in a large irregular figure, is shirred around the neck in front, ornamented with a shirred *plaque* of plain satin at the back, and richly trimmed with ruffles of black Spanish lace, jetted *passementerie*, and satin ribbon bows. It is worn over a handsome street costume of black satin and brocade. The design illustrated is the "Etelka" mantelet, a back view of which is given on Fig. 3 of the full-page engraving. The bonnet is a variety of the poke shape in dark Panama braid, trimmed with a long crimson ostrich plume, and an Alsacian bow and strings of crimson satin ribbon. Patterns in two sizes,

medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—A stylish walking-dress of plaid serge in shaded brown and gold color, completed by a tight-fitting jacket of the same material. The design employed is the "Richmond" jacket, which is cut away below the waist, and turned back in wide *revers* above, fastening with a single large button at the waist. "Rembrandt" hat of brown rough-and-ready straw, trimmed with soft bows of brown velvet, and brown and gold ostrich plumes and tips. The double illustration of the jacket will be found among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



LACE PINS AND EAR-RINGS.—Actual Sizes.

No. 1.—Finely executed and ornate in design, this lace-pin of "rolled" gold is a cylindrical bar of burnished gold with spatulated ornaments at each end. Curved and straight bars of highly polished gold cross the pin at intervals, and in the center a single pearl is set in a small, square raised medallion of polished gold. All the polished gold seen is solid and the pearl is real. Price, \$2. The same design set with Byzantine mosaic instead of the pearl can be furnished for \$2.75.

No. 2.—A delicate and beautiful design in "rolled" gold. The set comprises lace-pin and ear-rings. The pin is a cylinder of highly polished gold terminating at each end with polished gold trefoils or shamrock leaves. The center of the pin has a radiating ornament of tiny gold *plaques* on long stems on the upper side, and the lower side has scroll-shaped ornaments with a pendant diamond setting displaying a pure white stone set high with a patent foil back, which greatly increases the natural brilliancy of the stone, and gives it all the beauty and showy effect of a genuine diamond. The ear-rings match in design. All the polished gold seen, composing the entire front surface of the pin and ear-rings, is solid. Price, \$5.75 for the set. The set can be separated, if desired, and either the pin or ear-rings furnished for half of the above price.

No. 3.—Lace pin and ear-rings of "rolled" gold set with swinging circular medallions of polished gold with Byzantine mosaics representing birds with gay plumage. Smaller circles at each end inclose a garnet set in a pendant diamond setting. The ear-rings match in design. All the polished gold seen is solid.

Price, \$6 for the set, which can be separated, if desired, and either the pin or ear-rings furnished for half of the price named above.

No. 4.—This unique and stylish set is composed of lace-pin and ear-rings of "rolled" gold. The pin is a cylinder of polished gold, with spherical ornaments in the center and at each end of burnished gold and filigree with deep groove of polished gold through the center. The ear-rings match in design. Price, \$3.75 for the set, which can be separated, if desired, and the ear-rings or pin furnished for half of the above price.

No. 5.—Mosaic and "rolled" gold lace pin, composed of a cylindrical bar of burnished gold, ending in balls of dead gold, with lace-wrought filigree. In the center is a circular raised medallion of polished gold set with a Byzantine mosaic representing a brilliantly plumaged bird. Scrolls in filigree terminating in triple balls of polished gold finish each side of the medallion, and triple balls are set at the top and bottom. All the polished gold seen is solid. Price, \$3.50.

No. 6.—Ball ear-rings in "rolled" gold. The ball is of burnished gold, ornamented with lozenges of highly polished gold within heart-shaped scrolls of filigree work. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, \$2.25 per pair.

No. 7.—An attractive and graceful style of lace-pin of "rolled" gold. The cylinder bar of polished gold is set with leaf-shaped ornaments of copper color and green frosted gold. A square medallion is in the center, set with a Byzantine mosaic in a floral design. Price, \$2.25. The same design without the mosaic can be furnished for \$1.75.

No. 8.—This stylish lace-pin of "rolled" gold is ornamented with a diamond shaped medallion in the center set with a garnet. The ends of the pin represent *fleurs-de-lis*, and tiny *plaques* and *trefoils* of polished gold enrich the center of the design. Price, \$2.25.

No. 9.—Elaborate in design, this lace-pin of "rolled" gold is very stylish and effective. At each end of the bar is a ball of yellow gold ornamented with lace filigree, and scroll-work filigree and bars of polished gold ornament the center of the pin. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, \$2.50.

No. 10.—Lace pin of "rolled" gold. The design represents a strap of satin-finished yellow gold, with buckle of highly polished gold and filigree ornaments. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, \$2.

All of these goods are of first class material and workmanship, and many of the designs are fac similes of those made in solid gold.

Late Summer Novelties.

AMONG the late summer novelties are painted linens, with large flowers on a ground either very light or very dark, which are used in combination with silk of the same color as the ground in the linen. This formerly would have been called heresy—we make *deshabillés* costumes of linen and are *tres habillés* in silk. Another combination is linen with wool goods of light quality, *barège*, nun's veiling, or summer cashmere, the wool being used for the draperies, etc, and the linen for the foundation. Painted linens are also worn over silk, surah, or satin skirts.

Another of the late exclusive novelties is *batiste moirée*. Two toilets made of this material, recently imported, are especially noticeable, one of rose color and the other of pale blue. The rose color has insertions of silk embroidery running lengthwise at intervals in the short skirt; the overskirt is of the *batiste moirée*, very short, very much draped, and falling in a deep point at the back; the corsage is gathered *à la vierge* in the back and square in front, the opening surrounded by a wreath of rosebuds, and a sash of rose-colored *moiré* silk is tied loosely around the waist. The pale blue one has the skirt cut in large *creneaux* or battlements on the bottom and falling over a cluster of cream lace flounces on a foundation of blue silk; the drapery consists only of a scarf of blue surah; the corsage is shirred very full around the neck, and the sleeves are of cream lace, in bishop shape, finished just below the elbows with a fall of lace.



Visiting Toilets

Visiting Toilets.

FIG. 1.—This elegant street costume is a combination of the "Zamora" walking-skirt and the "Sylvanie" basque made up in bronze green camel's hair cashmere with trimmings of *satin merveilleux* and Spanish lace dyed the same color. The skirt is trimmed all around the bottom with a narrow side-plaiting, and upon the front is arranged a short, shirred apron, and curtain draperies at the sides falling over deep box-plaits shirred across at about half their depth; the back has a full, pointed drapery reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt. This drapery and the side draperies are trimmed all around with a flat *revers* of the Spanish lace, and a ruffle of the same edges the shirred apron. The basque is ornamented with an open *plastron* of *satin merveilleux* shirred on the front and plaited on the back edges, sloping to a point, and trimmed all around with a scant *jabot* of lace. The sleeves are trimmed with a shirring and *revers* of *satin merveilleux*, and has a plaiting of white Spanish lace inside the plaited satin ruffle. A turned-down plaited collar of white Spanish lace is worn around the neck, and fastened in front with a large hook and eye of faceted steel. Round hat of bronzed straw faced with bronze green satin over which a *filet* of green and dull silver is placed. The outside of the hat is trimmed with a long bronze ostrich plume, and a cluster of crimson roses. The skirt and basque are also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of basque, twenty-five cents each size.

FIG. 2.—An elegant reception toilet or dinner dress of black brocaded satin and plain satin. The designs illustrated are the "Fernandina" walking-skirt with adjustable train, and the "Sylvanie" basque, the front view of which is given in Fig. 1. The draperies are of black satin brocade trimmed across the front with a rich jetted fringe, and around the train drapery with a ruching of plain black satin which also composes the under part of the skirt and plaitings. The basque is of the brocade with *plastron* and trimmings of plain satin. White Duchesse lace is arranged in the neck and sleeves. The basque and skirt are also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of basque, twenty-five cents each size.

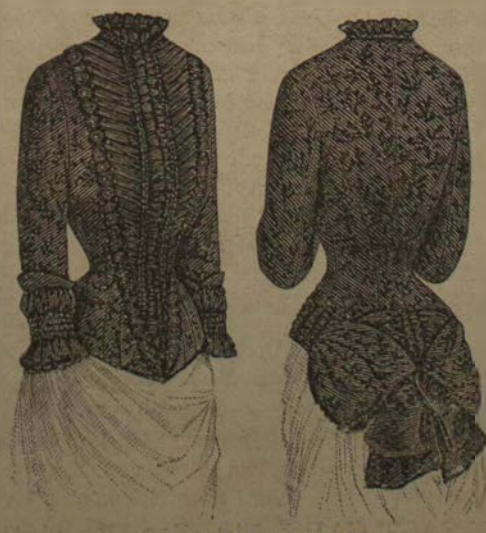
FIG. 3.—A stylish visiting toilet composed of the same costume as Fig. 2 without the adjustable train, and with the addition of a mantelet of black *satin merveilleux* richly trimmed with black Spanish lace, jetted fringe, and satin *passementerie*. The design is the "Etelka" mantelet, which is cut in circle shape with openings at the sides trimmed to simulate sleeves. The back is ornamented with a shirred *plaque*, and the neck of the mantelet is shirred in front in "Mother Hubbard" style. Poke bonnet of Manilla straw trimmed with black ostrich tips and crimson satin serge ribbon. The mantelet is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.



FERNANDINA WALKING-SKIRT, WITH ADJUSTABLE TRAIN.

Fernandina Walking-Skirt, with adjustable train.—A novel and elegant design, ingeniously contrived to be worn either as a short walking-skirt, or as a trained skirt by the addition of the adjustable train, which is attached securely to the short skirt in a very simple manner. The skirt without the train escapes the ground all around, and is arranged with two *tabliers* on the front, the lower one draped in shirrings at the sides, and the upper one short and shirred in the middle of the front. The back drapery is short and very *bouffant*, and is completed by a large bow below the drapery when the train is not worn. The short skirt is trimmed all around with a narrow plaited flounce, and loops of doubled material at each side below the shirring; and a full, double ruching surrounds the edge of the train, and is placed across the back breadth of the skirt just above the plaiting. This design is adapted to all materials that drape gracefully, but is especially desirable for dressy fabrics. This is shown on the full-page engraving both as a train and a walking-skirt. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Sylvanie Basque.—A novel design particularly noticeable for the graceful arrangement of the back, and unique style of the *plastron* and sleeves. The basque is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side-gores under the arms, side-forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, which is shirred and looped below the waist in a very graceful manner. The sleeves are trimmed with a shirring and *revers*, and the front of the basque is ornamented with an open *plastron*, shirred on the front and plaited on the back edges, and sloped to a point at the bottom. The model is suitable for any class of dress goods that look well when shirred, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with a rich *passementerie* galloon if desired. It is also effective made in combination of two colors or materials. Both views of this basque are shown *en costume* on the full-page engraving. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



SYLVANIE BASQUE.

FOR sea-side and country wear are costumes made of blue denim, the material used for overalls and working-blouses, trimmed with Hercules braid, usually white. The favorite design is a hunting-jacket with deep collar, and a skirt, either kilt-plaited all the way up or trimmed with two or three plaited flounces. Other costumes are made of regular awning cloth, also bed-ticking, combined with flannel, bunting, or cashmere, the wool goods forming the polonaise or waist and overskirt, and the awning cloth or ticking the skirt. Wide stripes are chosen, the variety of colors in the awning cloths giving an excellent opportunity for the gratification of any particular fancy, but one of the prominent stripes must match with the color of the wool goods used in combination. The skirt is made plain, the stripes either lengthwise or crosswise, as preferred, and finished with a *balayouse* of bright color.



LADIES' BREAKFAST CAPS, Etc.. See Descriptions, Page 133.

Ladies' Breakfast Caps, Etc.

No. 1.—A lovely cap of cream-colored *satin mercelleux*. The foundation is a band one inch wide and twenty-one inches around, upon which a piece of starched net, nine inches square, is fastened in plaits at the front and back. Over this a piece of the *satin mercelleux*, fifteen inches long and twenty-two inches wide, is arranged in plaits in front, and shirred as illustrated at the back. The edge of the cap is trimmed with cream-colored Languedoc lace, and lilac satin ribbon arranged in a bow at the left side.

No. 2.—An exquisite breakfast cap made of Breton lace arranged upon a *capote* shape of starched net. Lace edging, five inches wide and three-eighths of a yard long, is arranged on the outside in deep plaits; and narrower is gathered around the edge of the cap. A graceful bow of cream-tinted satin ribbon is placed on the front.

No. 3.—A quaint and pretty morning cap in *paysanne* style. To make the cap, a piece of plaited muslin is required, six inches square, to which is joined a straight piece of muslin or mull, five inches wide and twenty inches long, the ends curved from the back edge. The cap is trimmed with Breton lace, plaited across the back and plain on the front, which is turned back on the outside as illustrated. An Alsatian bow of rose-colored satin ribbon ornaments the front.

No. 4.—Cardinal collar of dark red satin of the shade called *vin de Bordeaux*. It is lined with silk of the same color and trimmed with gathered ruffles of *crêpe lisse*, embroidered with a floral design in gay colors. Price, with satin of any desired color, \$3.35.

No. 5.—A dressy cap of white Breton net, arranged in a full *pouf* over the crown and edged with a wide gathered ruffle of Breton lace edging. A band of garnet satin ribbon is arranged around the head of the ruffle, and finished with a bow in front.

No. 6.—"Marquise" bow, composed of a gracefully knotted silk handkerchief with red, old-gold, and bronze plaid border. Price, with handkerchief of any desired color, \$1.25.

No. 7.—This elegant cap is made of wine-colored *satin mercelleux*, a piece twelve inches square, and trimmed with cream-tinted Languedoc lace three inches wide, disposed as shown in the illustration. A slide of oxidized silver completes the garniture.

No. 8.—This dainty breakfast cap is made of white India muslin, trimmed with Smyrna lace edging. A piece of the muslin, nine inches square, is lightly folded, and the edges fastened to a band three-quarters of an inch wide and twenty-one inches around to form the crown. A strip of the muslin, half a yard wide, is laid in plaits around it, and the cap is edged all around with two plaited ruffles of Smyrna lace.

No. 9.—This lovely addition to the *coiffure* may be made very easily with a foundation of starched net two inches and a half wide, and sixteen inches in length on the front edge. Upon this is arranged an airy plaiting of *Mirecourt* lace ornamented in the middle of the front with a spray of flowers, and tied at the back with a bow of violet satin ribbon.

No. 10.—A pretty breakfast cap composed of a piece of figured *point d'esprit*, about six inches square, arranged over a plain piece of the same size. The corners are rounded off and the edges gathered into a band of ribbon wire, about sixteen inches around and shaped according to the illustration. The edge is trimmed with a plaited ruffle of *point d'esprit* edging, and a bias strip of old-gold velvet with satin stripes is draped gracefully around the crown, and fastened at each side with two large gold-headed pins.

No. 11.—A coquettish morning cap, made of Pompadour *foulard* plaited upon a foundation of starched net, and trimmed all around with a gathered ruffle of Italian lace. Bows of blue satin ribbon ornament the front and back, and the bow at the back has a gilt slide.

Unique Ornaments.

SEVERAL years ago a New York lady gave a masquerade ball at her summer residence in Newport. The dancing was on the lawn, and the guests were requested to be there half an hour before dark. The hostess wore the costume of Night, and in the daylight her black dress, covered with ivy leaves, did not attract special attention; but when she appeared in the gay throng after dark, she presented a perfect blaze of light, and was the center of the admiring and wondering company.

Tremulous waves of reddish yellow flame seemed to move over her entire dress, while in a cap on her head gleamed one great fiery star. The cause of this illumination was the phosphorescent light of more than five thousand fire-flies. For weeks previous to the ball the designer of the costume had been storing away fire-flies, and on the day of the *fête* they were rapidly put on the dress. As the light-giving spot is on the ventral surface, each one was placed on its back and held down by a fine silver wire, so skilfully caught that it could not turn over or escape, and was not injured. The star was formed of many beetles.

Recently a lady in St. Augustine created a sensation by appearing in public with a chameleon resting on her head-dress, and held there by a delicate silver chain. The little creature was perfectly tame, and made no attempt to escape; but when touched by other than its owner, its throat puffed up and curious waves of color passed over the whole body, ranging from deep green to a dark brown. Small lizards are used in Egypt by some of the native ladies as ornaments, and lie half concealed in the drapery that overhangs the face. The red-clawed soldier crabs are sometimes used in Mexico as pins. The crab is dislodged from its stolen shell and given a beautiful pearly one, or one that has been plated with gold or silver, and is fastened to the dress by a pin and chain.



COIFFURE.

Fashionable Hair-dressing.

The latest styles of fashionable hair-dressing run to two extremes, low and high coiffures, the weight of preference being for the first mentioned; but this depends on the wearer, low, broad styles being more becoming to long faces, and high coiffures suiting full faces best, as well as short figures.

The newest low coiffure is composed of two small switches coiled together across the back of the head very low, but clearing the nape of the neck and forming a wider curve at the bottom than at the top, reaching from ear to ear, so that it may be seen from the front. The general appearance of these twisted coils of hair is as of a number of small soft puffs at the back of the head. A short, heavy curl placed at each side near the ear gives the finishing touch to this arrangement, which is intended for full-dress, and may be worn with the front hair arranged in the English æsthetic style, that is, with the short hair on the forehead picked out to form a fluffy mass, looking as if each separate hair stood apart, instead of being arranged in curls or rings, which is confined by an invisible hair net that does not, however, flatten the hair against the head.

The front hair may be arranged in the same manner with the high coiffure, which is usually made of two soft, loose curls twisted together across the top of the head, or of soft, waved puffs, or light, large curls pinned flatly to the crown of the head. Flat braids are also used to a considerable extent, crossed back and forth between the ears at the back, with the front hair waved and drawn in soft curves over the temples. This style is adopted for morning and ordinary wear, as well as the low flat coil and figure 8 coil.

The water waves and Montague curls are slightly *passé*, the more fashionable styles of arranging the front hair being excessively simple and confined to the fluffy style described above, the soft natural looking waves of hair parted in the middle, and the still simpler style *à l'Anglaise*, which consists of simply parting the hair and drawing it plainly and smoothly, but not too abruptly, toward the back. This is sometimes varied by drawing the hair down in a soft curve over the temples and then putting it behind the ears; but these arrangements are extremely trying to most faces, and many ladies retain the waved bangs and light forehead curls, and confine their adoption of simplicity to the arrangement of the back hair only.

Children's front hair is no longer cut in bangs from ear to ear, but only across the forehead, and all the rest of the hair is brushed straight back and allowed to hang uncrimped and flowing down the back. Naturally curly hair may be arranged in about five loose curls. The hair may be tied by a ribbon that passes around the head, but is no longer tied together at the back or on top of the head, as it has been discovered that doing so injures the hair.



DRESSY COIFFURE.

Novel Parasols.

The last novelty in parasols is to have them in velvet. One lately seen in ruby velvet had a large gold-embroidered bee on one division. Another novelty was of cream lace in narrow flounces, with different sized Brazilian flies and beetles scattered over it among the folds. Painted parasols have been a *favorite* this season, affording opportunity to maidens fair for the display of their artistic skill, and some of the designs are decidedly unique and altogether lovely. The floral designs are usually chosen with reference to the toilets, either corresponding with the flowers on the hat or dress. Some of the prettiest have a long trail of flowers and leaves beginning about the center and lying carelessly across the parasol, terminating at the edge; a trail of briar with berries; hops, some of them turning brown; Virginia creeper with some of the leaves of the lovely green of summer, and others in the gorgeous autumn tints; roses, poppies, and other flowers with deciduous petals, some of these scattered and falling out, apparently lost from some of the flowers. Bouquets of flowers—marguerites and grasses, cornflowers and corn, or carnations, carelessly tied together and falling in different directions, or apparently flung at random, are frequently seen; but more novel is a spray of convolvulus, or other trumpet-shaped blossom, with a couple of humming-birds hovering near; or a spray of flowers springing from the edge with birds and butterflies above. On one is a single tropical flower with one butterfly of the same region fluttering above it; on another a cloud of brilliant butterflies, and on still another, worn

with a blue costume, a cloud of blue butterflies on an ivory ground with a blossom here and there of the purple blue scabious. A flight of swallows crossing diagonally a dark blue parasol is quaint and effective, and also a single swallow flying *off* from one of a darker blue, as if belated and hurrying to its nest. Floral fringes are seen on many parasols where small flowers are used in the painted design, buttercups and daisies with grasses, and fuchsias and rosebuds being especially adapted to this purpose.

Sleeves.

THERE is a great variety in sleeves. Puffed sleeves are a fixed fact. Some have a large puff reaching from shoulder to elbow, the portion below quite tight and plain; others have a puff at the shoulder and another at the elbow, with the rest of the sleeve quite tight to the arm; others are full all the way down, and are gathered in at the shoulders like the bishop sleeves of old; and finally there are the quite tight sleeves, which are somewhat short, and over which the loose-wristed gloves are worn.

Dressy toilets are almost all made without sleeves, or rather the sleeves are of a transparent material—gauze, *tulle*, muslin, net, lace or bead work. As the whole arm is seen through these it is hardly advisable for those who do not possess beautiful arms to adopt this style. Sometimes these transparent sleeves are made in Elizabethan puffs from shoulder to wrist with bands between the puffs; or they are puffed lengthwise, or they are of the leg-of-mutton or of the bishop-shape, gathered at the shoulders and wrists and finished with frills of lace.

At the Seaside.

THE number of red toilets worn at seaside resorts this season gives to some of the beaches the appearance of a parterre of poppies or peonies. Some ladies have several red toilets of different shades and materials, but they all agree in the one feature of being profusely trimmed with lace, either black, *écaru*, or the same shade as the dress. Black velvet is often effectively used in the combination, forming sashes, collars, cuffs, etc., and the materials are of all prices and qualities, from Turkey calico to richest satin and the handsomest gauzes, and from the sheerest *batiste* to plush and velvet. For children, also, red is a favorite color; and a tiny young maiden, clad in a Greenaway gown of red cashmere, flannel or calico, with a white or black sash, is a frequent sight at the seaside.

Nor are the all red toilets always the most *prononcé*. Color seems to have run riot and to be holding its carnival by "the sad sea-waves." The most striking contrasts are encountered on every side—heliotrope and scarlet, saffron with blue, purple with red facings or *vice versa*, amber and gray, wine-color and *chaudron*, green and lilac, Pompeian red and orange, scarlet and gold, jonquil yellow with crimson, the brightest color, where there is any choice of brilliancy between them, always appearing the most prominent.

With these are worn hats quite as striking, and parasols in keeping with both, and the

wearers in many instances might not only be pronounced color mad, but color blind as well; for the contrasts are in some cases atrocious, to put it in a mild way, while in others, although they are striking, they yet possess the merit of being artistically correct.

Casaquins of red, blue, or maroon velvet, or of fine red, white, or blue cloth, braided with gold, are worn with skirts of changeable surah, light woolen fabrics, light mulls and dark *batistes*, and constitute very effective toilets. These are usually made in simple cuirass shape, high in the neck, but sometimes the fronts are turned back, opening the neck in pointed shape, and finished with an immense collar of Irish *guipure*, or some other showy lace, which frequently reaches to the waist line.

But not all of the dresses are of this showy character. Many of the loveliest toilets are in delicate colors, and the prevalence of dresses made entirely of the same color throughout, even to the lace and bows, especially pale pink and white, has been very noticeable. A charming white toilet is of very fine nun's veiling, with the flounces and plain bands on the overskirt made of open silk embroidery, which was worked near the selvages of the material. Under the flounces are plaitings of white satin surah, and a broad sash of the surah is tied in a huge bow at the back. A bouquet of large white daisies is worn at the left side of the belt. Another is of white *mousseline de soie*, embroidered all over at wide intervals with a small olive-shaped design, which is worked

closer near the selvages, as in the former instance, to form the trimmings. This is combined with satin surah. The flounces are edged with flat Valenciennes, the waist is shirred at the shoulders and belt, the demi-long sleeves are of flat Valenciennes, and a broad sash of the surah is tied loosely around the waist, and forms a large *bébé* bow at the back. A bunch of white peonies is worn at the left side, and a bouquet of the same flowers supports the left side of a sort of panier-drapery, which is very short on the hips, and long behind. A third, and perhaps the most elegant of the three, has a polonaise of white Canton *crêpe* embroidered with butterflies at regular intervals, which is trimmed with Louis XIII. lace, and worn over a skirt of French *moiré* trimmed on the bottom with very full flounces of Canton *crêpe*, over which fall flounces of the lace, producing a very full effect. The polonaise is very much cut away in front, disclosing the skirt to the waist, and is draped high on the sides with clusters of white lilacs, a bouquet of the same flowers ornamenting the corsage.

An all-pink toilet is of French *moiré*, *crêpe de Chine* and Spanish lace, all of the most delicate shade of rose color, ornamented with roses and buds. The skirt is of *moiré* with flounces of the lace placed *en jabot* all around it to the depth of about six inches, forming a very full garniture. The *crêpe de Chine* forms a scarf drapery tied in the back, and a Grecian drapery on the corsage, which is of the *moiré* in cuirass shape, with the neck *en cœur* and very low.



ZAMORA WALKING SKIRT.



VISALIA MANTELET.

Zamora Walking-Skirt.—An elegant and novel design, composed of a gored skirt, short enough to escape the ground all around, upon the front of which is arranged a short, shirred apron, and curtain draperies upon either side falling over deep box-plaits held in place by shirrings, while the back is finished with a slightly *bouffant*, pointed drapery falling nearly to the bottom of the skirt. This model is suitable for almost any dress material that can

be shirred, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with *revers* of lace edging and plaited ruffles, or with fringe or any other appropriate garniture, according to the taste. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Visalia Mantelet.—Extremely simple in design, although very graceful and stylish, this wrap is cut in circle shape at the back, with a seam down the middle, is fitted by gores on the shoulders, and falls in long point-

ed tabs in front. A capuchin hood completes the garment, which is suitably made in any material used for *demi-saison* wraps, such as *sicilienne*, cashmere, silk, *satin duchesse*, etc. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with lace and *passenterie*, and the hood lined with a contrasting color; or in any other style to correspond with the material chosen. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.



PLAIN MANTILLA.

Plain Mantilla.—Always a graceful wrap, and very generally becoming, this design is the simplest style of mantilla worn. The fronts fall perfectly loose in long, square tabs, and the back reaches a little below the waist, has a seam down the middle, and is cut so as to fall over the arms, giving the effect on the front of sleeves inserted in dolman style. This design may be appropriately reproduced in *satin de Lyon*, silk, cashmere, *sicilienne* and many kinds of suit goods, and trimmed either with fringe, *passementerie* and a *plaque* of *passementerie*, as illustrated, or in any other style to correspond with the goods selected. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



GEORGETTE POLONAISE.

Georgette Polonaise.—A somewhat elaborate arrangement of drapery is combined with a tight-fitting cuirass basque to form this polonaise. The basque is fitted with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the

back. The front drapery is arranged *en tablier*, falling deep and round in the middle and draped high at the sides in plaits. The back drapery is very *bouffant*, shirred at the top and carried to the neck, forming a shirred *quille* on the waist. This design is adapted to all classes of dress goods, especially to fabrics that drape gracefully. It may be trimmed, as illustrated, with contrasting materials, or in some other manner, according to the goods selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

NECKLACES are only worn with full dress.

OSTRICH tips and plumes are the favorite feathers this season.

ALLIGATOR-SKIN belts are fashionable with autumn street costumes.

YELLOW and pale blue crape fichus are worn with black or white costumes.

DRESS boots are made of light satin, brocade and kid to match the costume.

GLOVE-BUTTONS of gold, set with precious stones, are a refinement of elegance.

TUCKED or plaited waists are the most becoming for extremely slight figures.

CAMPAGNA red is a bright "royant" color, also called brickdust-red.

LOUIS XV. and Louis XVI. styles have the preference in Paris.

ELEGANT dresses for light mourning are made of jet-embroidered crape.

WITH black lace fichus no white is worn at the throat; this is very becoming to many ladies.

WHITE mull scarfs are worn around the neck with the ends brought down the front and tied in a bow at the waist.

LEMON-COLOR, pale blue, and pink cashmeres, trimmed with white Spanish or Aurillac lace and silk embroidery, are worn at seaside resorts.

SOME of the new long gloves have slits cut in them, either at the top or half-way up, into which colored ribbon or broad gold braid about an inch in width is inserted.



ETELKA MANTELET.

Etelka Mantelet.—A stylish and graceful wrap, especially adapted to summer and *demi-saison* wear. It is cut in circle shape, fitted by gores on the shoulders, and has openings at the sides, trimmed to simulate sleeves, which leave the front to fall in two long tabs shirred at the ends. The back is ornamented with a shirred *plaque*, and the neck of the mantelet is shirred in front, forward of the shoulder gores. The design is suitable for all light qualities of goods usually chosen for *demi-saison* wraps—silk, *satin merveilleux*, *sicilienne* light qualities of cloth, cashmere, camel's hair and many varieties of dress goods. It may be trimmed as illustrated, or in any other style to correspond with the material. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.



RICHMOND JACKET.

Richmond Jacket.—Very much cut-away in front and turned back in wide *revers*, the peculiar novelty of this design consists in the short side forms with extensions on the side gores lapping over them to give the required length. The jacket is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side of the front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A deep, round collar at the back completes the design. Any quality of cloth, and many varieties of suit goods are appropriate for this stylish model. The trimming can be varied to suit the taste and material selected; the "tailor" finish—rows of machine stitching—as illustrated, is the most stylish finish for cloth or woolen goods. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Dressy Lingerie.

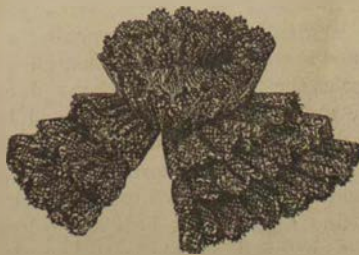


No. 1.—“Dauphin” collar of white India muslin and cream-tinted Mirecourt lace. The collar is formed of a band of muslin edged

on the underside, and is finished around the neck with a fall plaiting of white *crêpe linee*. A bow of gilet satin ribbon is placed on the back of the collar, and the collar is lined with garnet silk. Price, with plush of any desired color, and white or black lace, \$3.25.



No. 4.—Fichu-collar for deep mourning, made of black English *crêpe*. This stylish design is composed of a wide surplice plaiting edged with a side-plaiting of *crêpe* around the neck, and down the inside of the front, and trimmed on the outer edge with a handsome fringe of crimped tape. Price, \$4.50.



No. 5.—A handsome collarette suitable for many occasions, is made of overlapping gathered ruffles of black French lace, arranged upon a foundation of black net to form a double *ruche* around the neck and falling in a deep collar below. Price, \$3.25.

SILK fans sometimes have each panel cut out like a feather, and embroidered at the top to represent a flower; black silk with pansies and white silk with blue convolvuli are pretty in this style.

Autumn Traveling-Costumes.

THE really stylish traveling-dress must be extremely simple, as well as composed of durable materials, for it is expected to retain its neat appearance, no matter what hard service it may be put to. Soft, fine flannels and camel's hair are used, made up over silk as much as ever, but Cheviots are universally preferred. These come in plaids, checks, and stripes of nearly every color, especially yellowish browns and dull reds, gray neutral tints with shades of blue, reddish purple, and dark green. These goods are invariably made up without mixture or combination of other materials, which is scarcely so becoming as in many of the softer and lighter woolen fabrics, and many of the designs in stripes and block plaids are rather loud; but the excessive simplicity and severity in making up, as well as the exclusive use of the same fabric throughout, tones down the effect very much.

Olive and sage green, bronze, *prune*, reddish plum, and a new blue known as canons blue, as well as black, are the plain colors that come in the novelties among the varieties of serge, camel's hair serge, honey-comb cloth, tricot cloth, armures, cashmeres, flannels, heather tweed, and all the lighter and softer woolens that are selected for traveling costumes. A yellowish brick-dust color and snuff color are also seen occasionally in combination with striped flannel, red and yellow, or brown and yellow, but costumes composed of a single color are really newer and in better taste.

The Cheviots, and similar materials, are usually made up with a kilt-plaited skirt, the plaiting either headed with a scarf of the same, or else partially concealed by a pointed and scantily draped overskirt. The “hunting” jacket is still employed, but there is a preference for the tight-fitting, double-breasted jacket with large cuffs and pockets. The only finish to these costumes is the machine-stitching near the edges, or a binding of silk galloon, which is a later style of “tailor” finish.

Fine qualities of flannel and camel's hair compose costumes in combination with silk of the same shade, the silk being used for the underskirt, with the short postilion basque and overskirt of flannel or camel's hair. A round standing collar and plain cuffs of the silk supply the only trimming.

Wraps, ulsters, and traveling-cloaks are made with special reference to the dress with which they are to be worn. They may be of the same or a different material from the costume, but must harmonize with it in the general effect. Some are made in the light-colored and neutral-tinted serges and ladies' cloths, and lined with twilled silk; and others of dark material lined with gray or black and white striped surah, or *satin mervelieur*. There are several shapes, all equally appropriate and susceptible of any amount of individual modification; some are demi-long with large sleeves, then there is the long pelisse, gathered in at the neck and at the waist-line in the back, or with the back seams left open a little below the waist, and a fan-plaiting inserted to give the required fullness. The sleeves are all made very large, and are sometimes shirred around

the hand, plaited, or else left plain and faced up with silk. For the sea-side, these pelisses are sometimes seen made in French bunting or "mountain" bunting, lined with silk to match the costume.

Without one of these wraps, ladies who depend upon a handsome shawl for extra protection have a little pelerrine or fichu reaching scarcely to the waist at the back, and having long ends falling to the knee in front. This is of the same material as the basque or jacket, and lined with silk of the same or a contrasting color.

Imported costumes are accompanied by the low straw turban or *toque*, as the most suitable and comfortable style of hat; it is worn placed well forward on the head, with mask veil of dotted net, and trimmed with breasts and wings of birds, or pheasant, peacock, or lophophore feathers. Many other picturesque and graceful shapes are seen in the new fine straws which are especially appropriate for the seaside, and mountain excursions. The gypsy shapes are also suitable for early autumn, as they shade the eyes more effectually than any other style. A scarf of satin or plaid surah lightly twisted around the crown is all the trimming required, but the more becoming shapes are fairly hidden under a drooping weight of ostrich plumes and tips.

Country Notes.

FOR garden shade, very large Japanese umbrellas are taking the place of the holland ones, though they are not as useful, as they will not stand rain or rough weather. They measure about six feet in diameter, and are fitted into a second stick with a sharp point for fixing in the ground. They are bright and varied in color and pattern, and are a fanciful addition to a lawn on a sunny day. Chair backs for garden chairs are of coarse linen, edged with the fashionable blue and red Russian thread lace, and have a design of large red poppies thrown across, tied in one corner with a simulated bow of navy blue. The work is carried out in red and dark blue, ingrained knitting cotton. Some of the holland umbrella tents are worked and trimmed in the same way, as well as little mats for the feet. Other chair backs are merely edged at the top and bottom with the lace put over the back of the chair, drawn together loosely in the center with a broad ribbon, half red, half dark blue, and finished off in a large bow. The two colors are joined at the back. Carriage dust robes have a design at the four corners of a hunting whip, drawn through a large horseshoe. In dark serge the work is in gold silk, on holland in dark red or blue.

FLOWERS are more used than ever.

THE "Bernhardt" mitt is of dressed kid, laced at the outside seam at the wrist, and very long.



MARGOT WRAPPER.

Margot Wrapper.—A graceful and stylish wrapper, particularly becoming to slender figures. It is a plain sacque shape, shirred all around the neck and shoulders, giving the effect of a circular yoke, and drawn in to the figure by shirrings at the waist line in the middle of the front and back. The sleeves are full at the top and gathered around the wrists, and the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a bias shirred flounce. Almost any of the lighter qualities of dress goods are suitable for this design, which may be trimmed simply, or elaborately, according to taste, and confined at the waist by a sash or *cordelière* as illustrated. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Gloves and Hosiery.

THE "Jersey" glove is the latest novelty. It is of fine silk, as long as the eighteen-button length in kid, has no opening at the wrist, and is worn wrinkled, although not so much so as the "Bernhardt" glove. It comes in slate grays, old-gold, tan-color, and black, is very dressy and decidedly cooler than kid.

Plain hose in solid colors are the highest style, and will continue so through the autumn. In the fine English silk hose the colors are novel—a brilliant purple called *prélat*, or bishop's purple, lovely shades of gray known as carmelite slate and pilgrim's gray, new shades of bronze and olive, coachman's gray, *moutarde*, or mustard color, and a new color called canoness blue. The lovely plums, deep wine colors, creamy white, and pale pinks and blues lose none of their prestige, and are to be found in the *dentelle* and Lisle thread hose which many ladies prefer for summer wear. Sponge silk hose are a mixture of cotton and silk, and come in fast colors, plain and hand-embroidered. Bridal hose are of white silk, either open-work or embroidered, and fashionable hose for mourning wear are striped in black and white, or of solid gray.

NOTWITHSTANDING predictions to the contrary, jet promises to be more than ever *la mode* for the coming season. It is not only employed in all sorts of *passementeries*, and fringes, but is embroidered on *crêpe de Chine* and black grenadine, to be used for trimmings, some of the embroidery so compact as to appear like a tissue of jet. Beads of all colors, all of the same color, or mixed are used in the same manner. On black goods are embroideries of gold and silver beads, and on wine colors and blues embroideries of steel, silver, or cashmere beads.

SHOES with lattice-work straps, displaying the stocking which matches the dress in color, are worn for full dress.

Children's Fashions.

It is always somewhat difficult to select an appropriate, stylish, and becoming dress for a young girl in her early teens, but the little ones under ten years of age are generally far more easily disposed of. For them the "Greenaway" styles are still deservedly popular, and admit of considerable variety. The "Mother Hubbard" styles are also worn by girls from twelve to fifteen to some extent, loose dresses mounted upon a yoke or worn over a shirred *guimpe* being very becoming to their usually slender figures. French buntings, Scotch ginghams, and light flannels make up well in these styles.

Serviceable dresses for early autumn are made of dark blue flannel with box-plaited blouse waist and trimmed skirt. These may be trimmed with gilt braid, which is a novelty, or have a small amount of plaid or striped soft silk introduced in combination.

The "Girton" waist is a practical and stylish blouse-waist, box-plaited back and front and confined snugly to the figure by a belt. This may be worn with any style of skirt, the "Alda" composing a very pretty design to be worn with it; the gored skirt of this model is trimmed with two gathered truffles all around the bottom, and a third ruffle and two wide puffs across the front. Over this is arranged an overskirt with an apron front, and full back drapery draped in gathers at the sides, the portion forward of the gathers forming a ruffle which is turned back like a *revers*. This *revers* and the apron may be of a contrasting material to the rest of the toilet with very good effect. *Algeriennes*, gay striped and twilled silks, etc., combining prettily with dark shades of blue or olive green.

Plain and embroidered pongees compose showy dresses for misses under sixteen, and these costumes are cut *en princesse* and trimmed with light silks in the same manner as those worn by older persons. The Cheviot and thicker woolen dresses for cool autumn days are also very often made up in *princesse* or *Gabrielle* styles instead of the "shooting" jacket and skirt as described above. For girls from six to ten the "Alva" dress is a stylish model to be made up in English check or Cheviot. It is a long *princesse*-shaped jacket with plaited coat tails at the back, and short pointed draperies forming small paniers on the front and sides. This garment is worn over a box-plaited skirt, and is further ornamented by long pointed *revers* in front and a shirred *plastron*, which should be of surah of the same color.

Serges, camel's hair serge, nankeen, Cheviots are the materials employed for the every-day dresses of these young gentlemen very few mothers approving of velvet, corduroy, or velveteen except in special cases where a fair-haired child of unusually delicate beauty is sometimes attired in velvet and lace ruffles for a special occasion.

One of the newest and most stylish suits for boys of six and under is the "Roger," which is arranged with a skirt, kilt-plaited at the



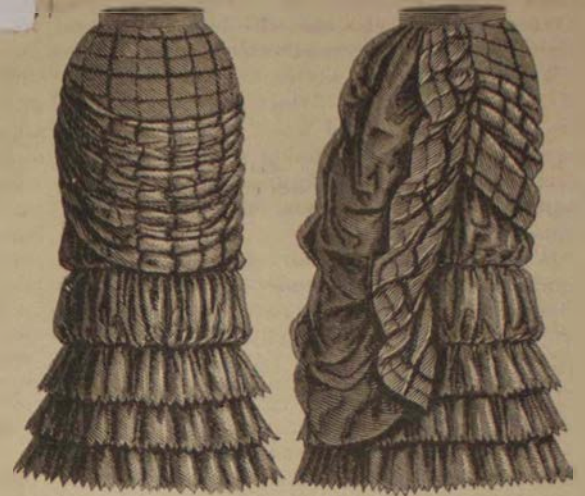
MISS'S COSTUME.

armholes. Almost any kind of dress goods may be employed, the design being especially adapted for a combination of goods and very desirable for dressy materials. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, twenty cents each.



GIRTON WAIST.

Girton Waist.—A practical and stylish design, especially becoming to slender figures. It is a rather deep blouse waist, laid in box-plaits back and front, and fitted quite snugly to the figure by side gores under the arms, and is confined perfectly tight at the waist by a belt. A turned down collar and wide cuffs complete the design, which is desirable for almost any variety of dress goods, and is very well adapted to goods that may be laundered. The belt may be of leather, or of the material, with or without metal mountings. This waist is shown on a figure in combination with the "Alda" skirt. Patterns in sizes for from eight to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.



ALDA SKIRT.

Alda Skirt.—A very pretty design, composed of a gored skirt trimmed all around with two gathered ruffles, and across the front with a third ruffle and two wide puffs, over which is arranged a graceful overskirt, with an apron draped in plaits at the side and a rather *bouffante* back drapery. This design is suitable for almost any class of dress goods, especially those which drape gracefully, and is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Girton" waist. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



POLO CAP.

Polo Cap.—A convenient and stylish model which may be made up in any quality of cloth, flannel or similar goods, and lined with silk, farmer's satin or silesia, with an interlining of wiggan, and wash band of fancy leather. This is illustrated in the figure showing the "Roger" suit. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, ten cents each.



ALVA DRESS.

Alva Dress.—A quaint and dressy design, composed of a box-plaited skirt and a half-fitting polonaise, the latter ornamented with wide *revers* and a pointed, shirred *plastron* on the front, the back cut long in coat shape, and the front and sides lengthened to the required depth by the addition of a sort of panier drapery in separate pieces, three on each side. It has *sacque* fronts, side gores under the arms, and side forms in the back rounding to the

Floral Decorations.

THE decorating of wedding cakes with natural white flowers has become quite a feature. In these floral cake decorations it is advisable to graduate the size of the flowers and foliage to the tiers of the cake; and in the absence of rarer and costlier hothouse flowers, ferns and foliage, the idea can be successfully carried out with simpler garden and greenhouse specimens. The first or lowest tier, a thick border of pure white roses, Guelder roses, large white or lady lilies, tree carnations, white irises, dahlias, hollyhocks, asters, trusses of white phlox, etc., laid in a fringe of ferns, Norwegian moss, lycopodium, etc. The smaller Lilliputian or bouquet variety of white dahlias, white gladioli blossoms picked off the stems, small varieties of lilies, lily of the valley, small white pinks, striped hollyhocks, chrysanthemums, Bouvardias, along with many other white flowers too numerous to

mention here, can be arranged on the next tier or tiers, slightly lightened with maidenhair and other light fern fronds, mosses, etc. Syringa, orange blossom, myrtle, white nosegay pelargoniums are all applicable to the higher and top tiers; a crown of myrtle or orange blossoms, with a slender-stemmed glass, crystal, or silver specimen glass, containing some feathery ferns, finishing the top of the cake. Anemone japonica, white phlox, rocket larkspur, all varieties of asters, pompons, and Liliputian white varieties of tuberous begonias, double white primroses, white varieties of campanulas, stocks, small white ranunculus, small white roses, single and double tuberoses, dwarf varieties of Roman hyacinths, *Hotela* (*Spiraea*) japonica, Smilax or creeping myrtle, can all be pressed into service. If enough blossoms of one kind are procurable, the best effects can be obtained by using them in graduated sizes, mixed with greenery, both for room, table, and cake decorations. Pure white roses, pinks, and lilies are amongst the favorite. Fruit blossoms, as apple, pear, and strawberry, the leaves of the latter being especially decorative, are often used. The earliest runners of a strawberry bank can be potted and forced for this purpose, leaving the latter for fruiting. Large white American bramble blossoms, white wild roses, and cherry blossoms, have been used with good effect.

Rose decorations have been lately adopted in a variety of ways at weddings, etc. In one instance the center of the table was an oblong bank of white roses and mosses, a crystal dish piled with rocks of ice being partly sunk into this. From its center sprang a slender stem, supporting a feathery falling bunch of exquisite grasses and ferns; cordons of roses meandered all over the table, inclosing dishes, plates, etc. At another, chased silver bowls filled with exquisite specimens of pure white varieties were placed in a double row along the table. The center was taken up by three silver epergnes with graduated tiers, the tallest in the middle, filled with the same choice roses, with a shower of drooping ferns falling over them. Another arrangement was of tall lilies, in silver, trumpet-shaped water-stems, standing on a carpet of mosses and fern fronds. The same idea was carried out everywhere in the room and house, against a background of plummy ferns and grasses. The bridesmaids carried lily stems, and the cake was smothered in lilies. For a series of small round tables, chaplet or ring arrangements of white moss roses were adopted; whilst at yet another, red and white roses, of the most perfect and contrasting specimens, were arranged in baskets standing, hanging, fastened to the walls and mirrors, suspended over the entrances, floating over the tables, flanking the side tables in graduated wicker stands. A gigantic gypsy tripod, with the usual hook and basket suspended from it, stood in the middle of the *salon*. The basket was overflowing with red and white roses, a crown of each hanging over the top where the three supports met. Another exquisite arrangement for a *fête* was small goblets scattered all over the tables, containing each some perfect specimens of lovely salmon-pink and yellow roses; a bank of these roses, clustered into moss foundation, in the center of the table. The same was repeated everywhere—a pretty wicker wheelbarrow laden with roses standing in each window. Hanging baskets and pots with white clematis were the only other plant introduced. Another bridal decoration, at a very private wedding, was late-forced strawberry blossoms, relieved with their own graceful leaves. Clusters of fruit, green and red leaves of the same, formed the room decorations, whilst the table and cake bore only the blossom and green leaves. Bank-shaped decorations of roses look well, shaded from the darkest scarlet, dashed with purple-black to the palest salmon-

flesh specimens, or from the deepest cloth of gold and emerald to cream and paper white. Plateaux for dishes are arranged in the same manner.

Carnations have gained great favor amongst decorating flowers, all shades of dark crimson, vivid red, salmon, white, and flesh being mixed or adopted separately. Blue flowers, although by art consent intelligible, have been lately used with great effect. The combination was myosotis of the most perfect growth massed in bowls, baskets, and plateaux of pink Bohemian glass, and silver and silvery pink satin, trimmed with silver lace. At a luncheon, dark blue salvia and myosotis were arranged in ribbon style with excellent effect. The napery was all cream-colored, to avoid a startling effect, and the glass cream ground with white frosting. Dark ruby-colored Bohemian glass bowls looked well at another *fête*, filled with alternate pure white and blush or fawn pink roses on the whitest of damask cloths. Another decoration in a room where brown shades predominated was blossoms of soft citron colors with very dark greens. Pyramids of citrons and lemons were most artistically arranged. For harvest season table decorations, corn in all stages of ripeness can be used with flowers and fruits. Tiny scarlet poppies and the real *Kornblume* of the German Kaiser are excellent mixtures. Barley, in the half-ripe state, is a capital background for color, the soft semi-greens and yellows showing well any other color; wreaths, tiny sheaves as menu-holders, fringes sewn to overlays, which ought to be rich crimson, violet, or purple, are easily carried out. The tiny sheaves are tied with bright ribbon. Wicker cornucopia, wall brackets, and ornaments are specially adapted to this style, filled with fruit, corn ears, etc., the common late blossoming white clematis being used to lighten the effect. An excellent effect of mauve shades can be obtained by banks of the common scabious and the rich purple late stocks. All the gray and silvery foliage plants come in well with vivid reds, blues, and yellows. The glossy changing foliage of the barberries and clusters of mountain-ash berries, sloes, and blackberries, which have fruit and foliage often together, are welcome materials, and the glorious decay of every leaf helps to brighten our rooms and tables.

Paris Fashions.

DEMI-SAISON TOILETS.

DEAR DEMOREST:—Fashionable chroniclers tell us that "all the world leaves Paris after the *Grand Prix*," but a glance into the shops, a peep at the *modiste's*, or a more extended view into the work-rooms of the leading dressmakers, discloses another 'world,' that may, perchance, only dream of glistening sands, dancing waves, and quiet nooks amid the vine-clad hills of France; while all its pulses throb and its active brain reels under the weight of costly fabrics piled high before its surfeited eyes, awaiting form and fashion from its cunning hands.

Fashionable Europeans do not wait until after the round of summer gayeties to replenish their wardrobes; they enjoy life to repletion during the months of August and September, and enjoy it more fully decked out in the latest mode; hence all that army of men, women, and children who cater to the caprices of the well-to-do pleasure-seekers are busy as bees preparing *demi-saison* toilets that rival in richness those of spring and summer.

Velvet forms the leading garniture of a majority of the hats and bonnets shown for early autumn, and is most frequently arranged inside the brim either as a plain facing or in a series of irregular puffs, one or two of the puffs being large, others small, the last puff projecting slightly beyond the edge of the brim, where the puff is arranged as a binding around the edge; it is placed so as to produce the effect of a full, round finish, about one inch of the velvet being placed inside and a like quantity outside the brim.

Derbys appear made of rather coarse English straw, crowns quite large, and either round or flat, the brims are rolled higher, and set out over the head and face in a more protecting manner than the Derbys of seasons past; the wide space between the turned-up brim and the crown is filled up with long, full ostrich plumes, or folds of soft satin or silk. A beautifully shaded gray plume is thus applied to a gray Dunstable straw, the brim of which is covered with dark green velvet, adjusted evenly and smoothly. A dark brown straw has the brim plainly faced with rich brown velvet; an irregular bow of velvet is placed in front, and is succeeded at the right side by an array of broad loops of the same, which terminate in a large, carelessly laid fold at the back, while a parrot's head and gay breast plumage garnish the left side.

A dressy bonnet of black lace and jet has a smooth, flat, broad crown of stiff net, over which at regular intervals are placed jet olives, cut in numerous facets, and these being attached by invisible threads at the upper ends, quiver and flash like black diamonds with every motion of the wearer; a border of jet lace surrounds the brim, which is rather close to the face; a flat rosette of ostrich feathers is placed low at the left side, while a cluster of pale, half-blown red roses amid their half faded foliage is placed above this, and nestles in graceful negligence amid the jet-strewn lace. The strings of bias black velvet are simply hemmed, and fastened in a bow with short ends low on the breast.

A fine black straw has the flared brim lined with yellow Tuscan braids, a *panache* of short, curled ostrich tips cluster over the brim at the left side, folds of black lace reach from these tips and conceal the junction of the broad, flat crown, and, descending in rich profusion at either side, are caught in a single tie low on the breast. The straw forms a cape of about an inch and a half deep at the back, the slight puff of velvet that fills the inside just peeping below the edge.

A very dressy bonnet is of dead white rice straw, which forms the very wide flared brim and cape, and a soft net cap crown is covered with Languedoc lace, wrought in foliated pattern. Pale pink surah silk is covered with this same lace, and shirred in groups on fine reeds in spaces of a quarter of an inch apart, while the spaces between the groups are nearly an inch wide. This forms the lining of the brim, and the effect is exceedingly delicate. A large cluster of pale pink roses, amid delicately shaded foliage, is placed high at the left side, with wide lace strings falling at either side and caught together over the left breast with a small cluster of corresponding roses and leaves; three loose, irregular puffs of silk and lace adorn the cape.

A rather close fitting bonnet of fine black straw has the brim lined with black velvet, arranged in two tiny, close, flat puffs, close to the head, while a third, large, round full puff projects slightly beyond the edge. A large cluster of half-blown, red roses, plentifully interspersed with foliage exhibiting every autumnal hue, is pressed so compactly high at the left side as to produce the effect of a complete crushing; the strings are of wide black lace heavily dotted with chenille in olive shape; and velvet and lace puffs form a shallow cape at the back.

Many of the shade hats intended for the last months at the sea-side have round, broad crowns, with the brims very wide in front and diminishing very perceptibly at the back, where it is difficult to distinguish where the crown ends and the brim begins. The latter is indented so repeatedly that it appears as if fluted, and fits closely over the hair which is worn in a net, either in wide loose braids or large waves quite low on the neck. Instead of the Alsatian bow, very wide folds of silk, satin, Spanish lace or velvet are caught together, with an ornamental clasp or a narrower fold of the material, about half-way between the edge of the brim and the crown; the folds are then allowed to expand for a distance of four or five inches around each side of the hat, and the ends are caught together and tucked away, under, or rather between the straw braids, no other garniture being used except a smooth or plain lining inside the entire brim. Of course these hats are worn far forward over the brow. Another style, in the poke bonnet shape, is profusely decorated with any number of very short tips. If three are used, the tips are turned toward the face; if five or more, the tips are turned alternately toward the face and back, and encircle the hat low on the left side far over to the right, and either beaded French or plain Spanish lace forms a

short cape at the back, and is arranged to droop over the face to the extent of an inch or more. In this case the brims are not lined.

Among the new dress materials *moiré antique* bids fair to take the lead as the choicest novelty; while surah silk, *satin merveilleux* and India cashmeres display an ever new variety of design in the astonishing combination of narrow stripes, plaids and figures. Dark brown, green and grey are combined with all the bright hues of the rainbow, the sombre stripe or tint forming a foundation as it were for an increase in tone, yet mellowing and softening the whole. In figures Japanese and Chinese characters exhibit a variety at once new, pleasing and effective, both as to arrangement and color; while solid colors, in camel's hair, show a marked preference for all grey tints as the choice of fashion for use in connection with the rich, warm colors of the striped and figured materials.

Shirring with thread alone, and on cords in clusters, is still one of the favorite modes of self-trimming, while fine plaiting is still seen in great profusion upon all costumes intended for *demi-saison*; and large box and side plaits are by no means discarded for the heavier classes of silk and woolen garments.

Jets are displayed to excess in all the leading establishments, black being the standard of this radiant garniture; but some of the most elegant specimens of French taste, destined to glitter in American eyes, blend every color of the iris in their brilliancy, reminding one of the gorgeous display of fire-works at Coney Island. *Chenille* enters somewhat into the most novel garnitures, while every variety of silk twist is employed in a diversity of fringes. *Passementeries* of jet and iridescent hues have not lost prestige; on the contrary, they greet one in new, if not strictly original, designs, and will form either independent garnitures or be used in combination with self-trimmings. Hand-crotched fringes and *passementeries*, liberally hand-strewn with jet, are the most select, while most elaborate designs of hand-wrought *appliqué* are so high in price as to be within the reach of comparatively the few exclusive ones.

There is not the slightest indication of abdicating the exceedingly comfortable short skirt for the promenade, church and less ceremonious visiting. Skirts grow no wider, but draperies seem more and more disposed to form decided paniers at the sides, in which case a small *tournure* is indispensable to the perfect symmetry of the contour of this style of costume. Still I have not observed anything particularly new in *tournures*; what I have seen are neither more graceful, prettier, nor are they more desirable in any point of view than those I saw in New York six months ago. I have remarked, however, that the veritable Frenchwoman will drape her dress high over her hips and distend it in the centre of the back so that it clears the ground evenly and exactly, back, front, and sides; then, too, she has it short enough not to interfere with her *easy* gait, although I cannot call it, by any means, *graceful*, the high heels and straight soles of French boots and shoes rendering a firm, graceful carriage as utterly impossible to the wearer of them as do the fashionable foot compressors of the Chinese.

Wraps made of India shawls seem to have taken a new lease of the affections of elegant dressers. One of the leading furriers exhibits several lined with costly furs and finished with a fringe composed of balls of fur alternating with tufts of silk twist in which are seen all the *cache-mire* colors.

Chenille scarfs lined with quilted colored silk, which is, of course, doubled and wadded with a very thin layer of cotton batting, are among autumn novelties. Capes, or rather deep collars, made of the same material as the dress, lined with silk or flannel, are formed simply of a straight bit of material shirred in: half a dozen rows or more to fit it to the neck, about one inch being left above the shirring to form a close *fraise* around the throat, while the part below falls half way toward the waist. A large silver hook and eye clasps it at the throat. Lined with fur and with a muff to correspond, also fur-lined, these little pelerines will constitute the earliest addition to a winter costume. Pompadour gloves, reaching nearly to the elbows, with neither buttons nor other fastenings, are worn over the close-fitting coat-sleeves, no garniture being admissible inside the sleeves. An extra quantity is substituted for the neck, however, and one sees *fraises* of from three to five rows of plaited lace inclosing the throats of some extra fashionable ladies.

M. T. K.

LADIES CLUB

"Mus. L. L."—You are mistaken. England does not discourage the higher education of women, and has opened some of her colleges to them. Oxford, Cambridge, Girton, and others give women the same advantages as men. At the recent examinations of the London University women made a brilliant record. Not very long ago, at a recent meeting held in London for the purpose of raising a fund for the new building of King's College, for the higher education of women, the Marquis of Salisbury said that "the great difficulty was to find arguments against the higher education of women, rather than to find arguments in favor of it. If such education were valuable to those who had to make their way in the world, and to win their bread, it was as valuable to women as to men; if it gave robustness to the character and refinement to the intellect, surely those qualities were as admirable in the female sex as in the male. Those who were interested in the promotion of religious education, whether at home or abroad, must be deeply sensible that in every generation the religious convictions of women were the main-stay of the Christian religion, because it was they who produced the earliest impressions on the minds of those who would be the men and women of the next generation; and therefore it was of no slight importance that the higher education of women should be pervaded by a religious spirit." The Earl of Carnarvon remarked, on the same occasion, that "the questions of the education and the status of women were dealt with by Plato in a very remarkable treatise, which had come down to our own times, and he laid down the proposition that the faculties of men and of women were precisely alike, and from that he drew various inferences which were well worthy of consideration at the present time."

"U. G."—Your peddler-woman was more imaginative than truthful. The lace is machine-made, and is a coarse cotton imitation of Maltese, worth about five cents a yard.—The American holly has dark green, glossy leaves, oval in form, and with "spiny teeth." The berries are scarlet. In some climates the holly attains the height of thirty or forty feet. It is much used for Christmas decorations, especially in churches, the red berries, gleaming amid the green foliage, being very beautiful and appropriate for that season of festivity. The wood is soft and smooth, and is much used for various purposes, such as whip-handles, etc.—The mistletoe is an evergreen plant that grows upon trees, mostly the apple-tree, although it is not confined to this. The flowers are white. It is found in most of the States. The mistletoe was held in great veneration by the ancient Britons, and that which grew upon the oak was regarded with peculiar honor. When it was to be gathered, the Druids or priests went forth with the people, and the chief priest cut it with a golden knife, and, placing it on a white cloth, it was divided among the people, who hung it up in the houses as a charm against evil. In more recent times boughs of mistletoe were hung up in the houses, and any young lady standing under them was liable to be kissed by the gentlemen. It is sometimes used to decorate houses at Christmas.—The name "Una" signifies one, and was chosen by the poet Spenser as the name of the lovely lady who rode unharmed on a lion through the woods. It may refer to a peculiar singleness of heart, that is, a heart without guile, such as the poet's lovely lady had, or it may refer to the unique beauty of her character.—We are glad that you are so well pleased with the magazine. It is encouraging to know that our efforts give pleasure.

"A GIRL OF THE COUNTRY."—Your sister's sample of light silk would make up best with plain satin of the same or a little darker shade. Your dark silk would look well in combination with brocaded satin of the same shade, a good quality of which will cost from \$2.00 per yard upward. The "Nerissa" costume will be a pretty model for the costume, making the underskirt of the plain silk, and the overdress of the brocaded satin. The "Jessica" costume is also a stylish model, in which the overdress may be made of the plain and the underskirt of the figured goods.—Your handwriting is very good, and appears to indicate cultivation and love of approbation as well as considerable executive ability.

"LENORE."—There are a number of preparations advertised to prevent the hair from turning gray, as well as to restore the original color to premature gray hair; but

we cannot recommend any of them, as very few are free from injurious ingredients. Gray hair is caused by a radical change in the system, either ill-health, advancing years, care and anxiety, or grief. A too free use of ammonia will also sometimes injure the natural color of the hair. Borax and water is the best wash for the hair, allowing it to become thoroughly dry before combing.—Either Spanish or Aurillac lace would be a very suitable trimming for a black silk to be worn by a lady of forty-five years. The wrap may be of the same silk, or, if the dress is made in combination of plain and brocaded silk, it can be made either of the figured or plain goods, or, in combination to match the costume.—The "Sylvan" basque and "Zamora" walking-skirt would make a stylish costume either of one goods, or a combination. Three yards and a quarter will be required for the basque, and two yards for the *plastron* on the front, which may be made of the same goods, or, if the basque is brocaded, of the same silk as the skirt, which will require fourteen yards. One yard and a half of *passementerie* for the basque, and ten yards of lace, will trim the dress.—The "Etelka" mantelet with the shirred *plaque* at the back could be made up very prettily of figured goods with the *plaque* of plain. It will take three yards of narrow width goods, four yards of fringe, four yards of *passementerie*, and ten yards of lace to trim it. The lace will cost from seventy-five cents a yard upward.—We can send you a black silk parasol for from six to seven dollars; a plain gold ring for from six to eight dollars, according to width; a pretty white Shetland-wool shawl for about five dollars, and a dark cambric suit, appropriate for country wear, for from eighteen to twenty-five dollars.—We cannot send you Whittier's or Longfellow's poems, instead of Tennyson's, as a premium.—Yes, if paid for at one time, three years' subscription to the magazine will entitle the subscriber to the premium offered for a club of three.

"M. E. P."—Send your address and we will let you know where to apply for information regarding the Kindergarten system.—It would be impossible to say what book would be the best for self-instruction in music, as some teachers prefer one method and some another. The best plan would be to apply to a music teacher for advice on the subject.

"YOUNG STUDENT."—Ceramic not *Keramic* is the proper pronunciation.—Disraeli should be pronounced to rhyme with "Bailey." On one occasion, when Mr. Disraeli quoted from one of his documents in which his own name occurred, he pronounced his name very distinctly with the accent on the second syllable, the whole rhyming with "Bailey."—It was Burke who first called the mob "the great unwashed."—The first geography ever printed on the American continent was Morse's, printed in 1784. Dr. Morse was born in Woodstock, Conn., and graduated at Yale College.—The manufacture of glass was first introduced into America by Robert Hewes, of Boston, in 1790. The experiment failed, but it was tried again in 1800 and succeeded.

"CLARA."—Yes. Vanderbilt University at Nashville conferred upon Miss Lupton the degree of Master of Arts. Madame Litvinow, a Russian lady, received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Berne. So brilliantly did she acquit herself in mathematics that the highest mark was attached to her diploma. Miss Berger, a young German lady, received from the same university the title of Doctor for a dissertation on "Thomas Morus and Plato." Many French women have received academic degrees, and are bachelors of science, letters, and medicine. There is no doubt that women everywhere are mounting a higher platform, and while grasping at the stars of knowledge they have not relaxed their hold on the sweet flowers of domestic life.

"N. K. S."—The pickles, such as you describe, are sometimes called "mixed pickles" and sometimes "piccalilli." Place gherkins, sliced cucumbers, small onions, and cauliflowers broken into pieces in a large hair sieve in the sun to dry for three days. Scald them then in vinegar for a few moments, and when cold put in a large stone jar. Prepare the following, and pour over them: Two gallons of white wine vinegar (boiled); two pounds of garlic (laid in salt and water for one night and dried); half a pound of mustard seed; two ounces of black pepper; one ounce of cayenne; one of mace; two ounces of tumeric; and one ounce of the following: Allspice, whole black pepper, powdered ginger, and coriander seed; four ounces of curry powder and a quarter of an ounce of cummin seed; one dozen cloves, one dozen shallots, two nutmegs grated, half a teacup of mustard rubbed up, half a teacup of horseradish (scraped, sliced, dried, and cut in strips), one

quart of tarragon vinegar added. Keep the jar well secured from the air by first tying over a bladder and then leather.—Chow-chow is made as follows: Four quarts of chopped tomatoes, one quart of chopped onions, one pint of chopped peppers, half a teacup of mustard seed, the same of salt; mix and cover with cold vinegar, then add sugar and curry powder to taste.—Your parasol can be recovered by any umbrella maker, and the price will be according to the quality of the silk used, say from three dollars up.—We are glad, as you say, that you find the magazine so "great a help."

"MAUD."—Goods similar to your sample of black and white plaid silk are still worn made up in combination with plain black silk, and can be trimmed with black silk fringe and black French lace, or narrow plaited ruffles of plain black silk. The "Ninon" waist and "Amalia" overskirt of goods like your sample over a short skirt of plain black silk trimmed with plaited ruffles of the same depth as the ruffle upon the overskirt would make a pretty dress. If this is too youthful for you, the "Theo" costume with plain silk underskirt and plaid silk overdress would look very stylish.—An amber necklace would cost you from six to ten dollars in New York, and amber bracelets about five dollars per pair.—Low styles of hair dressing are generally favored. Two braids arranged in horse-shoe shape, low and broad at the back of the head, extending close to the ears upon either side so that they will show from the front, and the ends brought around and concealed in the middle of the back, is a stylish way of arranging dark hair. The front hair can be arranged in waves and soft flat curls overlapping each other, and held in place by an invisible hair net.

"Mrs. B. A. M."—Black *gros grain* silk will be worn in combination with black velvet, either plain or brocaded, this fall. A baby girl of eight months would be too young, we should think, for a distinctive traveling-suit, as little ones of that age are still wearing white short clothes. The "Infant's Short Cloak" or "Little Milkmaid" cloak, made up in gray or olive, opera flannel or cashmere, lined with white or pink surah, would be suitable for an autumn traveling-wrap for the infant. The mother's traveling-dress might be of dark blue or olive-green serge made up after the "Sutherland" costume, with the "Dagmar" pelisse of coachman's drab camel's hair cloth or vigogne.

"Mrs. G. W. MARTIN."—Perhaps you will find that sapollo will answer the purpose. It brightens brass admirably. Rub it on flannel, and apply it to the knob, wash off with water, and rub with a cloth.—We can suggest nothing for your oil cloth. There must be something radically wrong about it, for even poor oil cloth never sticks, although the colors wear off.

"Mrs. LUCILE W."—There is certainly no "impropriety" in a woman studying medicine if she is so inclined. The first woman who graduated as a physician in the United States was Elizabeth Blackwell, who was born in England. In 1845 she went from Cincinnati to Asheville, N. C., and while engaged in teaching read medicine with Dr. John Dickson. She then removed to Charleston, S. C., and studied medicine under the late Dr. Samuel Henry Dickson, Professor in the Jefferson medical college, of Philadelphia. In 1847 she removed to Philadelphia, where she continued her medical studies. She then entered Geneva College, N. Y., where she received her diploma. Had there been any "impropriety" in her studying medicine, her efforts would not have been encouraged by Dr. Samuel Henry Dickson, a gentleman of remarkable refinement, and who greatly admired the same in women. Dr. Dickson, both in his writings and conversation, gave his testimony in favor of women physicians. Women are now studying and practicing medicine in various parts of the world. The first woman who graduated in Paris was Miss Garrett, of England, in 1870, and the next was Mrs. Jacobi, of New York. In Russia, the medical schools are open to women, and in Italy, Denmark, and Great Britain. It is a mistake to suppose that women doctors are a "new innovation." In the reign of Alfred women were skilled in physic. In ancient Athens there was one woman physician certainly, Agnodice. In London, Lady Anna Halket, who was born in 1622, practiced surgery, and so great was her skill that persons came even from Holland to consult her. So, you see, that the study and practice of the healing art by woman is only the old revived.

"JOHN."—"A carpet knight" is one who has "seen no service." In England, in the sixteenth century, a green cloth was spread before the royal throne, and, at coronations, etc., knights were dubbed upon it. These

were called "carpet knights" to distinguish them from those made in the field.

"MINETTE."—Certainly, your jet beads can be employed for beading dress ornaments or fringe if you have sufficient, and also black Spanish lace. A beaded collar and cuffs would look very well on your cashmere dress. Velvet, both plain and brocaded, will be very much worn during the coming autumn and winter in combination with silk, satin, and *satin de Lyons*, and alone. A stylish traveling-costume for early fall would be an olive-green serge trimmed with green and gold *bayadère* surah. The "Toinetta" overskirt and "Ascot" basque would be suitable models arranged over a kilt-plaited serge walking-skirt. Long-wristed, gold-tinted, undressed kid gloves, and an olive-green hat of a modified "Gainsborough" shape, trimmed with dark green surah scarf and face lining green and gold ostrich tips drooping over the brim, and several *crevette* pink crushed roses under the brim low at the left side back of the ear. This costume will be at once handsome and serviceable for traveling, short excursions, etc.

"MUSICIAN."—It certainly was not "etiquette" for the lady of the house to converse with her guests while you were singing by her request. It was a breach of politeness as well as a breach of etiquette. When music is going on it is expected that all present should listen, whether they are lovers of music or not. This is a simple courtesy due the performer who is supposed to perform for the pleasure of the company, and not for her own. The only rebuke you could give under such circumstances is to retire from the piano, not angrily, but in a pleasant, dignified manner. We once saw this done by one of "the first ladies in the land." She turned around, bowed gracefully, and arose, in the midst of her singing, from the piano; while a silence, most expressive, fell suddenly on the talking audience.

"CLARISSA."—Your friend used the word "taboo" in a wrong sense. In Oceania especial objects are said to be "tabooed;" that is, set apart for particular use, or certain persons. The head of a human being is "taboo;" no one dares to place his hand upon it. Doilies were named after the man who invented their use.—A silhouette is a black profile, and received its name from the following circumstance: Silhouette was Minister of State in France in 1759. Finding that the country was on the eve of bankruptcy, he advised general economy in living and dress. The young men, to throw ridicule upon this advice, cut their coats shorter, used wooden snuff boxes, and had their likenesses taken in profile on white paper traced with a pencil, and to these meager pictures the name of the minister was given. In Germany the silhouette style of painting is much used for homely decoration of porcelain. Single figures and groups, as well as sequences of incidents illustrative of some poem or tale, are painted on tea or breakfast sets. The method of transferring the original silhouettes to plates, cups and saucers, teapots, sugar basins, etc., is easy enough. First, the part of the glazed surface which is to contain the sketch is covered in the usual way with an even layer of black color, and dried over a spirit lamp. Then the principal outlines of the figure or group are traced on the black patch, and afterward all outside color removed with a sharply pointed knife, and the minor details of foliage, scroll-work, etc., added with a fine brush. The silhouette is then ready for being burned in. Of course, a clever designer can transfer the outlines of the original sketch direct to the porcelain, and fill them in with the brush; but the method described above will be found more expeditious and less troublesome for beginners. The fore and back ground can be made to appear in a grayish tint by shading them off on a thinner layer of color. The figures ought to be kept perfectly black in their principal parts, and shading be only sparsely resorted to. Indicating the eyes or ears, for instance, is a mistake, marring the peculiar effect of a silhouette, but appendages like hat and dress trimmings, shaded gray, sometimes produce a good effect. We hardly need observe that profiles of faces and side views of groups are best adapted for silhouetting, although a clever manipulator will be able to impart even to partial front views a characteristic expression.

"Mrs. C. H."—The "Regia" costume would be very stylish made up in black satin, and trimmed with Spanish lace instead of embroidery. This is a model that can not fail to be becoming to almost any figure.—A black Spanish lace scarf arranged in graceful folds upon a capote shape, with a large bow of satin ribbon of any desired color placed upon the top of the bonnet, will be

very suitable for many occasions.—The simpler styles of hair dressing are in vogue at present. An arrangement of waved puffs upon the crown of the head will add considerably to the apparent height, which is something to be desired when one is scarcely five feet high. The disposition of the front hair depends upon the color and complexion. If the hair is light, waved hair parted in the middle and carried back in a soft curve over the temples is usually most becoming to a rather long face; but dark hair is much prettier arranged in a thick fringe of overlapping flat curls or fine scallops.—There is no particular fashion about the color that the outside of a house should be painted. The surroundings, etc., must determine that.

"Mrs. E. H."—Yes, there are a variety of pretty picture frames that you can make yourself. Some of the following may suit you. Take a frame of pine wood and paint it black. Select even-sized kernels of corn, make rosettes of these for the corners, placing in the center of each a small acorn. Fill up the remaining space with white beans split in two, arranged in the form of diamonds, with an acorn after each diamond. After these are glued on, paint black and varnish. You can arrange any pattern to suit yourself. East India frames are made as follows: Take strips of white pasteboard, cut them of any size you wish to fit the painting. Spread over on one side of the frame Spaulding's prepared glue, and arrange grains of rice so as to form an ornamental edge, outer and inner. Place the grains one over the other, in imitation of shell-work, dropping the glue so as to cause each grain to adhere, and arranging them in any manner you like. From each edge proceed to the center, then take the lightest-colored and prettiest-shaped grains of coffee and arrange to your taste. Fill up every interstice with the rice, gluing both coffee and rice plentifully, and pressing each grain firmly to make it adhere. When one side of the frame is completed, proceed to do another, until the frame is finished. Lay it away until perfectly dry, then take a small camel's-hair brush, and varnish the whole with white copal or mastic varnish. Cone-work frames are pretty, and, when properly made, are lasting. Select good cones, and brush them clean; lay white putty smoothly on the frame, which can be made of bookbinder's pasteboard, cut oval. Set into the putty whole cones, large and small, in patterns to suit the taste; fill up the entire groundwork with the scales, lapping one neatly over the other. When dry, remove those cones which are not firm, and replace with others. Acorns are a pretty addition. Varnish the whole once or twice; be careful not to let the varnish stand in drops.

"LITTLE FIDGET."—A good poison for house-flies may be made by boiling quassia chips in water, making a very strong decoction, and then sweetening the liquid with treacle or sugar. This fly-poison may be used with safety, as it is not injurious to human beings.—Brushing over with the following preparation will in some cases revive the appearance of diagonal cloth which has become glossy from constant wear: Extract of logwood, one ounce; sulphate of iron, three-quarters of an ounce; hot water, one pint. Where the nap is worn off there is no remedy.

"MAUDE WILDE."—A bride has no duties to perform at a reception, given by her parents at their home, beyond the very apparent one of remaining in one place with her bridegroom to receive the congratulations of the invited guests. At a wedding-reception or breakfast of unusual elegance, the bride-cake is sometimes placed at the head of the table, and the bride before leaving takes the knife, the handle of which is tied with white ribbon, and which is offered to her by a waiter, and sticks it in the center of the cake, leaving the waiter to cut it up and make the distribution among those of the guests who desire it. It is also customary at wedding entertainments to have a side-table, filled with small boxes of wedding-cake tied with satin ribbon, which are at the disposal of the guests to take with them upon leaving the dining-room; and in this case there is no wedding-cake to cut, as it is, of course, prepared by the caterer beforehand. There is no formal leave-taking by a bride: she retires from the parlors unperceived, if possible, to don her traveling-dress, and she is not required to give any further thought to the assembled company. The bride and groom bid good-by only to their immediate family and the bridesmaids and ushers; and it is considered in very bad taste for any one else to insist upon a farewell.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—Wash the Shetland shawl in a lather of soap-suds and hot water, rinse in hot water, and squeeze dry. To bleach it procure a barrel, and across the top fasten some strong string on which to suspend the shawl, at the bottom place a tin plate of

live coals, put sulphur on this, and hang the shawl on the string so that the fumes may reach it. Cover all for one or two hours. When this has been done lay the shawl out (on the grass if possible), and fasten it with small wooden pegs to keep it in shape.—To prevent black stockings from turning brown when washed, pour a little gin or ammonia into the lukewarm lather in which they are washed.

"AGNOSTIC."—What is "Agnostic"? It is a word of late coinage. The definition given by those who use it most is that it is composed of two Greek words signifying "I don't know," or "I have not sufficient evidence on the subject to enable me to decide." An Agnostic is a kind of know-nothing in religion; he neither affirms nor denies. One author defines such a person thus:—"An Agnostic is a man who doesn't know whether there is a God or not; doesn't know whether he has a soul or not; doesn't know whether there is a future life or not; doesn't believe that any one else knows any more about these matters than he does, and thinks it impossible and a waste of time to try to find out."

"CHROMO."—The best way to clean your chromo is first to remove the dust with a feather duster, then wipe with a soft chamois skin or fine linen cloth, slightly dampened. If it looks a little dull a drop of oil rubbed on will improve the colors. Crystal varnish for chromos is prepared as follows: Genuine pale Canada balsam and rectified oil of turpentine, equal parts; mix, place the bottle in warm water, shake well, set it aside in a moderately warm place, and in a week pour off the clear.

"HENRY L."—The employment of carrier pigeons is very ancient. The Greeks understood the art of training them. A dove flew from Pisa to the isle of Ægina to announce to the father of Taurosthenus the victory gained by that wrestler in the Olympic games.

"ECONOMICAL."—To renovate your black chip hat add to one pint of cold water a teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia; use with a soft tooth or nail brush; when clean rinse with cold water, and place in the sun to dry. The hat should not be made too wet or it will injure the shape.—Mother-of-pearl can be cleaned by washing in whitening and water. Never use soap, as it destroys its brilliancy.—"The aim of Demorest is," as you say, "to refine home to elevate woman, and to show her how she can be both useful and happy!" That you find the magazine "perfectly invaluable," is pleasant for us to know, and we thank you for the words of good cheer sent by you and your "neighbors."

"J. W. G."—"Woman's School of Decorative Art" is now located at 28 East Twenty-first Street.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—Your first question was replied to in the August number.—We know of nothing that will remove the hair.

"DEAR DEMOREST: My subscription was out with the January number. I tried to do without you, made a fair trial, but no, I could not. So my mind is fully made up never to be without my magazine if in any honest way (no matter how hard it is) I can obtain the subscription price. No other magazine fills its place. I would not exchange it for any six I know of. I mean just what I am saying. I neither flatter with my tongue or pen, and I know I am saying truth when I tell you no woman can read DEMOREST carefully for one year without being a better Christian, a better wife and mother, in short, a better woman. I want to thank Jennie June for all she has done. Many a woman has been strengthened, and who knows but many have been saved by her cheering, brave words. All praise to DEMOREST and its noble editors!" "A PLAIN METHODIST LADY."

Woman's National Relief Association.

THE association bearing the above name is of recent organization. Its object is to provide necessaries, in the way of clothing, beds, and blankets for the United States Life-Saving Stations, of which there are one hundred and ninety-six established by Government.

Cots and blankets are at the stations, but not in sufficient quantity. There is no clothing at all, and when the rescued are brought to shore they are frequently found denuded of clothing by the fierce action of the waves. The surfmen, who are paid but ten dollars a week by Government for their perilous work, are compelled to give some of their own clothing to cover the naked they have rescued from the waves.

While beds and clothing are especially desirable, there are other things also needed greatly. The tempest-tossed land, sick, and weary, and require something more to resuscitate and strengthen them than the very limited amount of brandy furnished by Government. Cordials, tea, coffee, canned beef for soup, and articles of a similar nature, are desired. The special articles asked for by the association are "blankets, flannel goods of all kinds, shoes, boots, stockings, men's clothing, men's caps, felt skirts, shawls, or pieces of waterproof to make cloaks for women; coffee, tea, sugar, cereals, and canned meat or beef extract to make soup or gruel." Persons who send clothing should see that it is neat and in good condition for wearing.

The head-quarters of the association are in Washington, D. C., the president being Mrs. Garfield. Several auxiliary societies have been formed; and, in order to render the work more national and more effective, it is suggested that every State should have its association—and county associations tributary to those of the State.

There is no benevolent design inaugurated by women, and carried on by women, that appeals more to the sympathies of women generally than this. Ladies have a great deal of cast-off clothing that they can easily spare; and if they have not, they have, certainly, one dollar that can be applied to this purpose. If every lady who reads this will forward one dollar, the funds of the association will be greatly augmented, and the facilities for doing good increased.

Persons desirous of aiding in any way, can do so by applying to Mrs. Hannah McLaren Shepard, Corresponding Secretary of the Women's National Relief Association, 2326 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Those desirous of aiding in this city, can do so by applying to Miss Alice Sandford, at the armory of the Twenty-second Regiment, West Fourteenth Street.

It may be also mentioned that the association has a wider scope than this object. In case of any calamity, such as an epidemic, flood, or other disaster, it will hold itself in readiness to give all possible aid. Several lady physicians and trained nurses are members of the association, and will give their services when needed. This association is admirably designed for a concerted movement, systematic and thorough, of the benevolence of the women of America, and as such commends itself to their thoughtful consideration and earnest co-operation.

LITERATURE

"The Magazine of Art."—Among the noteworthy articles in the July number of *The Magazine of Art* is an interesting sketch of Alphonse de Neville, the artist, who, having served as a soldier, took most delight in painting scenes relating to war. "The Career and Works of Flaxman" is a good article, finely illustrated. The article by T. A. Trollope on "The Cenci Portrait" throws some doubt on the commonly received story of Beatrice Cenci, and expresses the opinion that the portrait supposed to be hers is that of some one else. "The New Natural History Museum at South Kensington," "English Birds and their Haunts," and "The Salon of 1801," are all interesting papers. The frontispiece is from L. Alma-Tadema's "Sappho." The illustrations are numerous and of high merit, as they always are.

"Lorimer and Wife."—An excellent novel, written by Margaret Lee, and published by George W. Harlan, New York. Pure in thought, flowing and vivacious in style, this book has not a dull chapter. The characters are well conceived, the interest admirably sustained, and the moral excellent. Margaret Lee is one of our favorite contributors, and we congratulate her on her truthful, earnest, and interesting book.

Automatic Floors for Elevator Shafts.

A WOMAN'S marvelously simple and important invention has just been patented that promises to obviate all the accidents and spread of fires that are occasioned by elevator shafts. The arrangement consists of a series of floors or covers that are automatically and noiselessly placed in position in conjunction with the movement of the elevator, so that all the floors both above and below

the elevator are kept constantly closed without coming in contact or being impeded by their motion. The arrangement is a very simple one. The whole weight of the floors for an ordinary 5 or 6 story house will be less than 100 pounds, and the whole cost a mere trifle compared with its advantages. The invention has the indorsement of all the best architects, and will doubtless soon come into general use, when we shall cease to hear of the horrible accidents from falling through elevator shafts that have been so frequent of late, besides saving the spread of fires that occur through these former long wooden chimneys. The name of the inventor is Mrs. H. R. Tracy.

Sewing-Machines Without Oil.

OPERATORS will be delighted to know that the sewing-machines can now be run easier, cheaper, better, and faster, and are more durable, without oil than with it, saving all the annoyances, damages and delays that the use of oil occasions. The application of Metaline to sewing-machines has now become a fixed fact, and is certainly one of the most important improvements that has been developed since the sewing-machine was introduced into general use; and while this is true in regard to the sewing-machine for family use, it is no less true of the sewing-machine in factories where the tests and strain of rapid motion and the damage to made-up garments makes the application as indispensable as the cost is trifling. We learn that the company, located at No. 204 Greene Street, in this city, is now prepared to receive orders for the application of Metaline to the "New Home" and the "Wilson" sewing-machines, and will soon include all the popular machines; and from what we have seen of the satisfactory and marvelous results already achieved, we predict that the time is not far distant when no sewing-machine, either in the family or factory, will be tolerated that has not this most invaluable improvement as part of its composition, and the wonder will be that we so long were obliged to submit to such unnecessary trouble, expense, and loss of time, as the use of oil on sewing-machines occasions.

A Great Advance in Dentistry.

Since the manufacture of porcelain teeth by the French, and the subsequent improvement obtained by a few American dentists in 1833, in which the porcelain were made to more perfectly resemble the natural teeth, no marked change has taken place in the adaptation of artificial teeth to the mouth. By a new process called the "Richmond Crown Setting," it is now possible to affix artificial teeth without the aid of a plate upon any root firm in its socket. The new process marks a radical advance in the art, for, by its use, no tooth need ever be extracted. The "Richmond Crown Setting," when attached to the root, has all the characteristics of a natural tooth in solidity, beauty and cleanliness; and cannot be detected as artificial by the most expert. During the past six years there have been three thousand of these crowns set, all giving the greatest satisfaction. The new method is patented both in the United States and Europe, and is the property of Drs. Richmond and Sheffield, 26 W. 32d street, New York. Every case is guaranteed a perfect success, and the best references given.

Garfield.

So fit to die! With courage calm,
Armed to confront the threatening dart,
Better than skill is such high heart
And helpfuller than healing balm.

So fit to live! With power cool,
Equipped to fill his function great,
To crush the knaves who shame the State,
Place-seeking pests of honest rule.

Equal to either fate he'll prove,
May Heaven's high will incline the scale
The way our prayers would fain avail
To weigh it—to long life and love!

—London Punch.