

Sir Gilbert turned his light cunning eyes approvingly on his hostess; he was a hearty admirer of handsome women.

"Mr. Trent, like most of his trade, knows how to pick out the plums in more ways than one," he said.

"I wish he were a good boy from the Jack Horner point of view," said Mrs. Trent laughing. "But I fear he is not a sharp enough practitioner; I fancy you have dexterous thumbs yourself, Sir Gilbert!"

"Not I, by George! I don't think I have made many hits in my life. Look at the luck of that young Piers! Why Hugh Piers might have married any day for these twenty years past or to come, and yet he kept single; so my precious brother-in-law steps into five thousand a year; a deuced nice lot of savings," he added with indescribable gusto, as though his mental nostrils sniffed them from afar.

"What an odious little brute he is!" thought Mrs. Trent, smiling pleasantly on him, while she replied sympathetically: "There is something very nice about a large lump of money to take slices off when you want them."

"Better slice very thin," muttered Sir Gilbert, his mouth full of mutton. "But young Piers will make ducks and drakes of it all: 'Set a beggar on horseback,' hey?"

"I don't think so, Sir Gilbert. He seems steady enough, and I am sure has behaved very sensibly and moderately ever since he came into the estate."

"Ah! but he comes of a spendthrift lot. I know 'em. I've got my lady into pretty good training, but I wish you were to see Madam Piers there, trotting off to the Bond Street shops, to rig herself out as the Dowager of Pierslynn! However, it's no affair of mine; Master Reggie will find out that five thousand a year is not Fortunatus's purse by and by!"

Sir Gilbert was a remarkably outspoken man. He was too thick-skinned to feel pricks himself, and consequently never hesitated to inflict them on his neighbors.

"Mrs. Piers has been an excellent mother," said Mrs. Trent gravely, "and she has had rather a hard life of it. I am glad Reginald appears so considerate of her."

"A hard life! Gad that's good!" cried Sir Gilbert, helping himself to deviled whitebait. "Considering she has lived on the fat of the land at Ashley Grange for the last seven or eight years with nothing to do but to bother me for clothes for the poor, and soup kitchens, and the Lord knows what, pauperizing my people and——"

"Is Lord Langford likely to succeed in the representation of your county, Sir Gilbert?" asked Mr. Thurston, interrupting the Baronet's domestic revelations.

"I don't know, Mr. Thurston, and I don't care," he returned. "I have washed my hands of politics. They don't pay in any sense. It is all very well for adventurers, fellows that have to push their way, to make stepping stones of the Conservative interests, or Liberal principles; but I find enough to do to manage matters at home."

"It is well that all country gentlemen are not of your way of thinking," said Reginald. "I confess I should like a seat in Parliament by and by."

"I dare say you would, and to run a horse at Epsom, and keep a yacht at Cowes, and all the rest of it."

"Political influence is a proper object of ambition," said the banker, who had scarcely spoken, "and men of weight and property should not let it slip into the hands of men of straw."

"These things right themselves," said Sir Gilbert, tossing a bumper of Champagne; and a pause ensued, the Baronet's abrupt contemptuous repudiation of politics and politicians acting as an extinguisher on the subject.

"Admiral Desbarres called after you left," resumed Mr. Thurston, addressing his partner. "I met him on the stairs,

and took him into your room. He arrived from Germany, yesterday, and has brought back his ward and her cousins."

"I am afraid the Admiral is taking up a burden that will break his back," returned the host. "Champagne to Mr. Thurston, Peters. Try that wine, Thurston, I had it direct from Af last November. You remember we were obliged to send to Troyes to look up evidence in the Bouverie will case; I took the opportunity to order some of the best brand in that district."

"Who is Admiral Desbarres?" asked Lady Jervois, speaking almost for the first time in a soft timid voice. "I seem to know the name."

"He is one of the famous naval family of Desbarres. He has two brothers in the navy; one, his junior, has only just retired, and is also an admiral; our friend, Admiral George Desbarres, is a man of extraordinary benevolence. He is by no means wealthy, nevertheless, he is always helping some one, and now he is going to adopt his ward, because she has lost her home, and her cousins because—well, I suppose because no one else will."

"The other Admiral Desbarres used to command Archie Bertram's ship, when he was with the Channel fleet—don't you remember?" said Reginald, whose attention was by no means absorbed by his conversation with Miss Trent.

"Yes, I remember now," returned Lady Jervois with a little more animation of tone and look than usual.

"Hum! he will land himself in the workhouse, and I shall be curious to see which of his *protégés* will take him out," said Sir Gilbert, his loud grating voice drowning the aside between brother and sister.

"He is a fine old fellow," cried Reginald, "and desperately religious. I remember Mr. Fielden telling us at Cheddington that at one time he thought the Church of England too slow, and joined the ranters, or the 'latter-day saints,' or some very fast sect."

"My dear Reginald," said his mother, entreatingly, "pray do not speak so flippantly on such subjects."

"I wish Admiral Desbarres would be advised by us," said Mr. Trent. "He really undertakes too much."

"Where has he placed Laura and the children?" asked Reginald, with some interest.

"Somewhere in the Westbourne district. I do not know exactly."

"This ward of Admiral Desbarres is a sort of distant relation of ours," continued Reginald, turning to his right-hand neighbor, Mrs. John Piers. "And I used to know her in our boy and girl days, for I frequently spent my vacations at her uncle's house."

"Dear me, that was very nice!" returned the lady; "is she pretty?"

"No, certainly not pretty, but a deuced clever girl; quite a 'comrade' you understand, though she was not so plucky as her cousin, little Winnie Fielden."

"I think my papa, General Carden, used to know an Admiral Desbarres," said Mrs. John Piers, blushing a little at drawing attention to herself, yet not sorry to parade her father the General.

"It was Admiral Stephen Desbarres," remarked her husband.

"Will Miss—" asked Mrs. John Piers, pausing. "Miss—"

"Piers," supplied Reginald.

"Piers live with him? I dare say she will marry a naval officer."

"Women's heads are always running on marriage," said Sir Gilbert to Mrs. Trent, as he helped himself a second time to cheese *soufflés*.

"Well, considering the wretched position we hold in society, it is not to be wondered at," returned Mrs. Trent laughing; "of no value without an 'O' in broadcloth behind us."



"Whose cash you fling about till you reduce him to naught," growled the Baronet.

"Is it possible you believe us to be extravagant?" exclaimed Mrs. Trent with innocent wonder.

"Possible!" shrieked Sir Gilbert.

Meantime the banker and Mr. Thurston talked finance, and Major Piers laid down the law on Indian affairs to Reginald, who seemed to listen, but was somewhat preoccupied; then Mrs. Trent gave the signal for retiring.

Reginald was the first to join the ladies, who were grouped, some around the best of modern refuges, the photograph album, some looking over Miss Trent's music, while Mrs. Trent and Mrs. Piers were talking together in a friendly way on a remote sofa. Lady Jervois was sitting alone turning over the pages of a gorgeously got up book of Tyrolese scenery, with an expectant look on her sad nervous little face.

Reginald went straight to her.

"I could not manage to call before one, Helen," he said in a low voice as he drew a chair up beside her, "but I have not forgotten my promise. Have you a pocket under all that lace?"

"Yes, dear Reggie," she replied, with a slight quiver in her voice.

"Here then, put this away before he comes up," and he took a large thick envelope from his breast and passed it to her.

"There! I think it was a proof of brotherly love, to spoil the set of my faultless garment with such a package," he said laughing, while he moved his chair between his sister and the rest of the company. A quick, partly-suppressed sob swelled her throat, as she seized the packet with nervous haste, feeling for her pocket so eagerly that she twice failed to find it.

"Keep yourself better in hand, Helen," he went on in a low warning tone. "Will this put you straight?"

"Yes, quite! You have given me life, Reginald!"

"Then for heaven's sake *keep*, straight! I cannot do this again," and Reginald's good-looking face contracted with an expression which it rarely wore.

"Trust me, I can and will keep right. I shall be able to endure now to the end, and if ever in any way I can repay—"

"I am very sure you will," interrupted Reginald pleasantly. "I will give you an opportunity some day, perhaps."

There was a pause, and the packet having been successfully hidden away, Reginald pushed back his chair a little, and resumed.

"What have you been doing since yesterday? What has my mother decided?"

"Oh, she has nearly made up her mind to take that house at South Kensington. Sir Gilbert is anxious she should. He thinks as it is so near the museum it would be very nice for us—Sybil and myself—to come up for a few months every year, for her education, you know."

"I dare say he does," returned Reginald with a scornful smile; "even if he shares expenses, which I shall take care he does, it will be a deuced good arrangement for him."

"And what a charming one for us," returned lady Jervois, her face brightening up at the prospect.

"Poor little Nellie! You have had an awful hard time of it," said Reginald compassionately. "It may be better for you, now that I am able to play the part of your 'big brother,' but whatever you do, keep free of debt. It would give *him* such a pull over you, if he found it out, and remember I shall have heaps of claims—claims you know nothing about, on my spare cash: I cannot help you again."

"Believe me I shall not require help," said Lady Jervois in a low earnest voice. "And oh! if I could convey to you

an idea of the relief you have given me! God bless you, Reggie!"

"There, there," he returned pressing her hand hastily. "Don't lose hold of yourself; perhaps you'll bring me luck. I will come and see you to-morrow."

"Come to luncheon?"

"No, no. The worthy Baronet would expect me to bring my own slice of beef and pint of wine," said Reginald, "as he is in London lodgings, and buying his provisions per ounce. But I will look in after. I want you to come to Pierslynn for a fortnight or three weeks. I hear Sir Gilbert is going to have an economical debauch in Paris among the Palais Royal restaurants, dinners at a franc, seventy-five and fifteen centime excursions on the imperial of the Passy trams; so you and my mother had better come and stay with me while he perpetrates these extravagances."

"It would be very nice; but, Reggie, you need not be so witty at Sir Gilbert's expense; remember you have spent a good many weeks at Ashley Grange, and had many a day's ride."

"Quite true, Helen. If he hadn't spoilt your life I would spare him; but—"

"Reginald," said Mrs. Trent, interrupting them, "you are really a good-for-nothing boy, never to have been to see me since you were at Pierslynn. I wanted to hear all about the place."

"I dare say I have seemed negligent, Mrs. Trent, but you don't know what a heap of business I have had to attend to."

"Business! Why, Mr. Trent says you have not appeared at the office either."

"No, of course I have had a good deal to do with Fairfield and Thwaites, the Pierslynn solicitors."

"Oh! indeed," returned Mrs. Trent, making a mental note of his answer; "well, tell me all about it—your castle, and broad domains."

"You must come and see for yourself, Mrs. Trent. I think you will like the place. There is a rambling old house, not at all grand, but comfortable, and rather picturesque. There is a fine country round. Welsh hills springing up almost from the grounds, and the remnants of an old fortalice where our excellent ancestors used to store up the spoils they took from their neighbors. There is, they say, a good neighborhood, and I must say the stables filled me with a keen delight: I am quite impatient to return to them."

"That is all very nice, and tell me, Reginald, is the house in good order, and what are you going to do about an establishment?"

"Oh! I found a stately old dame in black silk with a huge bunch of keys, and an elderly gentleman of clerical aspect to whom the place seemed to belong much more than to me, both looking very glum; so as everything was in apple-pie order, I made them a speech requesting they would remain, and serve me as well as they appeared to have done my predecessor, since which everything went well."

"How long did you stay there?" asked Mrs. Trent; but the rather thin tremulous tones of Miss Trent's voice, upraised in an air of Schuman's, compelled them to silence.

Mr. Thurston, Sir Gilbert, Mr. Cannon, and Major Piers sat down to whist, and so postponed the hour of departure considerably beyond the usual time of breaking up; when Sir Gilbert rose from the card-table joyous and triumphant, the happy winner of four shillings and sixpence.

Some time previously, however, Reginald had made his excuses and taken leave.

"We are going to have another and more welcome change in the office," said Mr. Trent, accompanying him to the door.

"Indeed, how so?"

"Holden tendered his resignation to-day. He wants, it



seems, to join some relatives in New Zealand or Sidney. I can't say I shall regret him; he was useful in some respects, but latterly he grew very unsteady. I fear *we* should have had to dismiss him, which would have been unpleasant. It is as well he should take the initiative."

"It is," returned Reginald, "and he will be no great loss. Good-night. I shall call on you the day after to-morrow to discuss one or two matters. Good-night."

## CHAPTER V.

MRS. CREWE'S happy and contented mood suffered no diminution during the first week of her new inmates' residence. The girls were quite punctual, and perhaps a little too silent for their hostess's taste. Next to detailing her own affairs, Mrs. Crewe loved to hear the histories of other people. Still she made large allowance for her young guests' depressing circumstances, and did not doubt that after a while they would, to use her own expression, "put every confidence in her."

Meantime the complete change from all they had been accustomed to, though far from agreeable, helped both Winnie and Laura to throw off the first numbness of their grief.

After the Rectory, with its roomy old house and numerous out-buildings, and even the Dresden *étage*, which if more limited had exterior compensations in the shape of studios, galleries, and museums, where they might ramble together unquestioned and unmolested, life seemed curiously crippled and confined in Mrs. Crewe's suburban semi-detached villa.

Moreover, the neat well-kept surroundings, trim gardens and orderly white muslin-curtained windows, bright brass handles, and general uniformity of the neighborhood produced a sense of extreme weariness on the cousins, when, after an elaborate toilet, Mrs. Crewe took them for "a walk abroad." Herbert amused himself better. He rambled as far as the parks, and spent a few stray pence on omnibuses, from the top of which he enjoyed a bird's eye view of the streets.

"I wonder if every day is to be the same, Laura?" exclaimed Winnie, one morning. She had been standing in one of the windows of their room, gazing upon without seeing the street below and spoke abruptly out of her thoughts. "I feel hopelessly idle, as if I never could take to anything again! Even if I could bring myself to bear the sound of music, the piano is so awfully out of tune, it would be impossible to practice; and where in the world could *you* paint: there is no room here; and Mrs. Crewe is so awfully afraid of things being spoiled downstairs, that I do not see how you are to manage it."

"I think I could contrive to paint here," said Laura, looking round.

"Then there are scarcely any books in the house, and the whole thing is so hopelessly commonplace—one cannot mend clothes every day and all day long. I do hope the Admiral will call to-day—perhaps he will take us out. Come in!" exclaimed Winnie, interrupting herself, as a knock at the door made itself heard; whereupon the door opened, and Mrs. Crewe, in a washed-out but scrupulously clean dressing-gown of somewhat elaborate construction, sailed into the room, her favorite cat resting on her shoulder and a letter in her hand.

"Well my dears! I hope you are getting your things straight. I am sure there is nothing so wretched as untidiness. Here, Winnie, here is a letter from the dear Admiral—no mistaking his remarkable writing—so clear and even."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Crewe!" cried Winnie, and catching and opening it eagerly, while Mrs. Crewe continued to talk. "I see you are very orderly, Laura. Would you like

to have that large box put away? I have a nice box-room upstairs."

"Thank you, Mrs. Crewe. It is very useful to keep things in."

"Ah! I see. But I am going to get you another large chest of drawers *and* a table. I am only waiting for a sale which will take place in about ten days, at the corner house in this road. The room *is* bare at present," looking round with an air of dignity and candor; "but the notice was short, and between you and me and my precious Topsy here," stroking the cat with airy jocularly, "cash was *not* plentiful at the moment, or I should have made things nicer and prettier."

"But these are very nice," said Laura quickly, "and we shall be *most* comfortable with another chest of drawers. Won't you sit down, Mrs. Crewe?"

"Thank you, dear," settling herself for a gossip. "I have never brought Topsy to see you since you came," placing the cat in her lap. "Look my sweet! look at Laura's room! look at yourself in the glass." The creature deliberately jumped down and began to inspect the apartment. "It is the dearest, most companionable puss in the world. You will grow quite fond of her by and by. And now, dear," continued Mrs. Crewe, "let me see some of your German fashions. I confess that I am always interested in dress especially for nice young girls like yourselves."

"But we have brought very little with us," returned Laura. "Winnie and I had only one mourning costume each. We made up these," touching her skirt, "out of some black dresses we had; German fashions are only French ones grown old."

"Did you make those yourselves?" asked Mrs. Crewe, eyeing them critically. "Very nicely made indeed; but, as you say, a little old-fashioned. Why do you wear that black frill round your throat, my dear? How much better Miss Fielden looks with a white one." Mrs. Crewe, considering Winnie a possible bird of passage, treated her with a little more ceremony than Laura.

"Oh! because it lasts longer," said Laura, good humoredly, "and there is no use taking too much trouble about *my* looks."

"Not at all; care improves every one," returned Mrs. Crewe impressively, "and you do not do yourself justice; you must let me—"

"The Admiral desires his compliments to you, Mrs. Crewe," interrupted Winnie, who had come to the end of her letters, for there was one inclosed. "He hopes you will allow him to come to tea as he is engaged all to-day. I have a letter too, from my aunt in Liverpool, Mrs. Morgan—and, Laura, she asks me to go and stay with her! It is very kind, and—oh! I do hope that I may not be obliged to go! She is quite a stranger, and then I shall want heaps of things. I could not go as I am!"

"Of course, I shall be charmed to see my esteemed friend, Admiral Desbarres," said Mrs. Crewe in her best tone. Then with a little more eagerness, "Your aunt in Liverpool, who is she?"

"Mamma's sister. I have only seen her once or twice, and did not like her much; but I dare say she is very good, and I believe her husband is very rich."

"Well, she is decidedly friendly," said Mrs. Crewe, with an air of dispassionate consideration, "and you should not be too ready to reject what may prove an advantageous offer, my love! You will excuse my speaking; but I can truly say I feel a mother's interest in you both, not only for the Admiral's sake, but for your own. And Liverpool, if inelegant, is substantial. There is no knowing," with a significant nod, "what good luck you might find there. I would not refuse if I were you; but of course you will be guided by what the



Admiral says. Just look at that dear Topsy, she has settled herself to sleep in the crown of your hat! she will not do it any harm, she is so gentle."

"Oh! never mind," said Winnie, making a slight grimace at Laura, behind the speaker.

"And now let us consult," resumed Mrs. Crewe, returning to her seat, after having stroked and fondled Topsy. "I am, though I say it myself, an excellent manager. Let us see, what would you require to make a good appearance at the table of these wealthy relatives? Another dress, more fashionably made and trimmed with crape—I see you have none on the dresses you brought with you, and crape—you'll excuse my saying it—crape is *indispensable*."

"They do not wear it in Germany, and it is *so* dear there."

"Yes, yes; but here you *must* have it. I dare say I could manage to get you a very pretty costume for four pounds."

"Four pounds!" echoed Winnie, in despairing accents.

"And then," continued Mrs. Crewe, evidently enjoying the prospect of buying and bargaining, "you *might* do without another hat, though you *ought* to have one; and you'll not mind my mentioning it, but you must have a pair of boots. Those you brought with you are really a disgrace to your feet. I never saw such things; why, they are a half a yard square at the toes. Then a mantle and a dinner dress—in such a house as your aunt's you *must* have a dinner dress; fortunately in mourning one does not want a variety."

"Oh! there is nothing fortunate about mourning," said Winnie, shaking her head.

"Then there are gloves and ribbons and things. I am sure for twelve pounds I could supply you well with all necessities," continued Mrs. Crewe, not heeding the interruption. "Just let me see what you have already; you needn't mind me, my dears, my interest in you is sincere, and God knows I have seen ups and downs enough, and known what it is to be almost without a gown to my back." Nothing short of her intense itching to handle the belongings of her young friends and dive into the recesses of the big box, would have drawn this confession from Mrs. Crewe, who piqued herself on "keeping up appearances," but who on emergencies like the present was apt to reveal the secrets of the past in bursts of overflowing confidence. A little unwillingly, yet reluctant to seem unfriendly, Laura and Winnie submitted to a rigorous search—nothing escaped; and amid admiring ejaculations and high pitched queries, she managed to extract the price, history, transformations, and migrations of every article they possessed. "That is a beautiful portrait of your father, Laura," she said, looking at a clever sketch in water color of an officer. "In his uniform too! It would look very nice in the drawing-room, and might be a comfort to you, my dear, to look at. It is a pretty frame too."

"Yes, it is very nice," said Laura, quietly taking it out of her hands and wrapping it up again in its paper. "Uncle Fielden said it was very like. I cannot remember; uncle and aunt Fielden were my real father and mother."

"And I am sure they loved you as if they were," cried Winnie hastily, with a sudden increase of color as if called upon to back up Laura in some way.

"Well, dears, it is nearly one o'clock," said Mrs. Crewe, who had passed the morning entirely to her satisfaction. "I must change my dress before dinner, so I shall leave you. Trust me I shall represent what you require in a proper manner to the Admiral, and he will act—as he always does—handsomely." She picked up Topsy and settled her on her shoulder.

"Indeed, indeed, you must do no such thing!" exclaimed Winnie. "I have no claim whatever on him; I am not even his ward; and I should never dream of asking him for anything."

"Well, we'll see," returned Mrs. Crewe smiling superior as she opened the door. "Laura, my dear, what does the Admiral like with his tea? I did think of pressed beef, but it is scarcely enough; a little pickled salmon would be just the thing, only there is no time. I am giving you a fore quarter of lamb and peas for dinner to-day, to be cold to-morrow, as it is the girl's Sunday out. Some of that with the beef, etc., etc."

"I am sure I do not know what the Admiral likes, Mrs. Crewe. I do not think he cares for anything."

"Oh every one has their likings, only it takes some time to find them out. Dinner will be ready in about twenty minutes;" and with a kindly patronising nod, Mrs. Crewe went out and shut the door.

"I am *so* glad she is gone," cried Winnie, seizing Laura somewhat violently by the shoulders and forcing her into a chair. "I have been just dying to show you this letter. I don't like it, and there is one part," pressing it open against her bosom, "that might offend you as it has offended me; it is so mean. But I must talk to you about it, and you will not mind—will you, my own dear old Laura?"

"No; why should I mind what a stranger says?" cried Laura, a little wondering.

Kneeling at her cousin's feet and spreading the letter on her lap while she took one of her hands in hers, Winnie read as follows:

"My dear Winifrid,—I should have written to you on your father's death had you announced it yourself, but it seemed to me rather negligent of you to employ your cousin to convey the sad intelligence. I was of course greatly shocked and surprised, for though he often talked of his health, we none of us believed there was much the matter with him. However, you are, I am sure, too well trained to repine at the divine will; and, knowing that your dear father has made a good exchange, you must not give way to grief, which will only unfit you for your work here below. Both Mr. Morgan and myself are deeply grieved to hear, through your good friend Admiral Desbarres, that there seems to be no provision for you. It is really too dreadful. If all the money your father expended on your cousin had been invested, you might now have a nice little sum to fall back upon. I never could understand how your mother permitted him to adopt a niece—the child too of a marriage to which he *must* have been opposed for every reason. However, that cannot be helped now, and I am sure you must acknowledge that you really have no claim on Mr. Morgan. As to myself, I had no fortune of my own, and of course I cannot take my husband's money to give to my relatives; but while you are looking about you, I shall be very happy to have you with us for a few months, and I dare say you will get on very well with my girls. I write also to Admiral Desbarres inclosing this, and you will of course be guided by his advice. If you accept my invitation, let me know at once when we shall see you. I shall be happy to pay your fare, second class, and will send some one to meet you at the station. Meantime, with all good wishes and kind regards, in which Mr. Morgan joins, I am your affectionate aunt,  
E. MORGAN."

Winnie ceased, and a pause ensued.

"Isn't it hateful?" said she at last, looking a little anxiously into Laura's face; "but you don't mind?"

"No," returned Laura slowly. "I don't mind, but it is a sort of revelation to me of my uncle's great goodness. He was so much like a father that I scarcely thought of him as a benefactor. Oh! no, Winnie, what Mrs. Morgan says does not hurt me, for we have all been like real brothers and sisters; but if I ever can pay back to you and Herbert what—"



She stopped, for her voice broke.

"Yes, of course. It seems quite extraordinary that any one should think of us as anything *but* sisters. You see I did not want to give you the horrid thing to read while Mrs. Crewe was here. She is awfully curious, Laura, and I really believe can read what you are thinking, through the back of your head, especially if it is about money or dress or anything like that."

"Still, we ought to be very thankful to be with such a good-natured, kind-hearted person."

"Yes, I know, and she is such fun, too. Oh! Laura, I long to sail across the room and imitate her with her 'precious puss,' only it is too unfeeling of me to think of such things. But this letter, Laura. Do you think I ought to go? Oh, I hope and pray not. Fancy staying with such a woman as Mrs. Morgan must be!"

"It would be dreadful. We will hear what the Admiral says to-night. And, Winnie, what *are* we to do? We cannot go on living like this; we must try and help ourselves. Might we not teach? I can paint, and you can play. If we could only live here together and work, it would not be so bad."

"Ah yes! Yet how cruel it is to think that the dear father is lying in Dresden alone; he that we used to take such care of! It seems as if we had nothing to do now."

Laura did not speak, but two big tears welled over and slowly coursed down her cheeks. What is to become of Herbert too?" she resumed. "I know the Admiral is trying to get him into some school, but how can we get him clothes, and railway fares, and oh, all sorts of things? I almost wish the dear Admiral *would* tell us a little what he intends to do. But I don't like to even think so."

"Why not?" said Winnie a little rebelliously, and rising from her lowly position, she walked to the looking-glass. "I know he is an angel of a man, and I love him. What beautiful eyes he has, Laura! still he is not *us*; he can't know exactly what we want."

"He thinks he knows what is good for us a great deal better than we do, but somehow there is something slavish in folding one's hands and letting one's life glide into another's grasp."

"That's just what I think, Laura, only I cannot say it like you. However, we are bound to do what the Admiral desires, at any rate for the present. How much money have you, dear?"

"Four marks, eighty-five pfennige. I suppose we can get them changed into English money; then, Winnie, my quarter will be due in about a fortnight; that will be nine pounds and some shillings."

"And we will have no one to spend it on but ourselves now!" sighed Winnie, with unhesitating appropriation, a retrospective acknowledgment which spoke volumes.

"No one, indeed!" echoed Laura.

A heavy thump at the door. "Please come down to dinner," said Collins, outside. It was the voice of one weeping, and Winnie, who had been gazing at herself in the glass and carefully arranging a bow of black ribbon and an old-fashioned jet brooch which fastened the white frill Mrs. Crewe approved of, turned half round. "Thank you," she said; "we will come directly;" adding, in a subdued tone, with a low sweet laugh, "Collins has been coming through the fire of tribulation, I imagine; I don't think she has a very easy time of it. Are you ready, Laura?"

"In a moment, Winnie; and do shut up your writing things and those letters. You never put anything back in its place."

"Ah! I fear you will never get me into training; but then, Laura, I can put on my clothes and do my hair better than you do."

"I know that," returned Laura, with as light involuntary sigh; "but come, we must not keep Mrs. Crewe waiting."

It was a genuine delight to that lady to place the best of everything within her means before her young guests, to load their plates, to press them to eat; and it was a real disappointment when they failed to consume what she provided.

Her enthusiastic appreciation of Winnie's good looks and pleasant manners knew no bounds. Laura she summed up as a nice good girl, "a little cold and reserved perhaps, but will no doubt improve on acquaintance." Such, at least, was her description of that young lady in a short confidential interview with her next-door neighbor, Miss Brown; for Mrs. Crewe found her time fully occupied, while the speed at which Collins galloped up and down and to and fro, under the energetic spur of her mistress's exhortations, was almost alarming. "How the poor creature escapes a broken neck is a miracle," was Winnie's comment.

"Your brother has not come in yet," said Mrs. Crewe as the two girls entered the little dining-room. "It is really too bad. He will not get his dinner comfortably. A fore quarter of lamb cannot be played tricks with; it must be done to a turn and served at the right moment. I will cut off his dinner. Collins will keep it hot for him; and, Collins, bring me my precious Topsy's plate. Collins!" in a tone of righteous wrath, "how *dare* you appear to wait at table in *such* an apron? It would be intolerable even were I alone, but before these young ladies it is positively insulting! Go, my girl, go, go, go. There, I will pass the plates, but put on a clean apron before you appear in my sight."

"Please 'm," sobbed Collins, retiring overwhelmed, "the laundress, she have lost two of my best, and I hain't got another."

"Now, don't answer me, Collins; it is a thing I cannot and will not endure. I shall speak to you afterward. Ridiculous creature! she begins to cry if I look at her."

"Laura, my love, let me send you this nice little rib. We will keep the shoulder for this evening. Dear, dear, that girl has never left a dish for it! Would you mind passing me that hand-bell, the regular bell is always breaking."

"Let me go and tell her what you want," said Laura good-naturedly, and rising from her seat; "it will save her a journey upstairs."

"No, no, pray do not trouble yourself, my dear; you really will spoil her, and I am sure I do not know what you will think of my *ménage*."

"You need not trouble about that," said Winnie smiling, as Laura left the room. "The kitchen and the dining-room doors were exactly opposite each other, in Dresden, and we often helped to bring in the dinner."

"Dear me! is it possible?" said Mrs. Crewe, who was anxiously struggling to separate the short bones without splashing gravy on the cloth; then, after success attended her efforts, sitting down with a slight sigh, "How many servants did you keep, my love? Thank you, Laura, do sit down and eat something. Is that girl comin'?" Oh, here, Collins!" as the afflicted slavey, still drowned in tears, her offending apron turned back in three-cornered fashion, appeared; "come, come, hold the dish nearer! There put that in the larder, *directly*, Collins! on the left-hand shelf, mind. Take some mint sauce, Winnie. I really *cannot* call you Miss Fielden."

"Pray do not," returned the young lady.

"But you did not tell me"—persisted Mrs. Crewe, when the next break in her hospitable cares permitted—"you did not tell me how many servants you kept?"

"Only one," said Winnie.

"And you were four in family, and saw company, you



say? It must have been a tight fit! But then, no doubt, German servants are very different from the conceited young ladies *we* have to contend with; who think themselves as fine as their mistresses, and do not like to soil their hands!"

"They are troublesome in Germany too," said Laura; "they can work very hard, and would just as soon scrub the floors at seven o'clock in the evening as at any time, but they have no notion of method; you have to direct them perpetually."

"Still, to live in the style you did with only one servant was wonderful management!"

"We did not live in any style," cried Winnie, laughing, and then added with a sigh: "But we were very, very happy!" and for a few minutes silence ensued. Then Mrs. Crewe observed:

"Ah! yes, young people like variety. There!" interrupting herself, as the sound of the door-bell reached them—"there is Herbert!"

"I will let him in," said Winnie, jumping up and hurrying away.

"I declare you are the most obliging young creature I ever met," exclaimed Mrs. Crewe, while she rang the hand-bell vehemently, thereby evoking the presence of Collins, who came in nearly headforemost. "There, there, Collins, bring a hot plate for Master Herbert; I will cut his dinner for him, then you can take away the lamb, and bring the tart.—"Well, Mr. Herbert, where have you been?"

"I am very sorry to be so late, Mrs. Crewe, but I strolled away as far as St. James', and saw the guard mounted; then I fell in with a German nurse, as I came back through Kensington Gardens; she was looking for one of the children who had strayed away, and she could not speak a word of English; so I stopped and helped her. Thanks, Mrs. Crewe, that's a tremendous plateful, but I am awfully hungry."

Then Mrs. Crewe attacked the tart, a delicious lightly browned flaky-looking tart, and distributed large helpings, finally exclaiming in a severe tone, "Collins! bring me a plate, Collins! There," she continued, heaping up a liberal supply—"there, eat that yourself, and never let me see such an apron again!" *Exit* Collins overpowered but consoled.

"They never can say that they are not well fed here," added Mrs. Crewe defiantly: "they" meaning generally the succession of domestics who had toiled in her service. "And now, my dears, what are you going to do this afternoon? would you like to go out?"

"I do not want to go out," said Winnie sadly.

"Nor I," added Laura.

"And it is boiling hot!" said Herbert.

"Then," said Mrs. Crewe cheerfully, "let us have a nice quiet afternoon, working and talking. I suppose you young ladies have some elegant fancy work on hands; I am reduced to darn my stockings—a work I detest."

"If I might bring down my paint-box and things," said Laura with hesitation, "I could finish a note-book I have been doing for my guardian."

"Certainly!" cried Mrs. Crewe with great readiness. "I adore everything artistic."

"And if you like, I will help you to darn your stockings," said Winnie, leaning a little toward her hostess in the half-caressing manner peculiar to her. "For I have no work of my own."

"You are really a darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewe. "We will have dinner cleared away as soon as Herbert has finished, and settle ourselves here, because (I did not mean to tell you, but I cannot keep it), I expect the tuner this afternoon; the instrument is a good one, but terribly neglected."

"Oh, that will be delightful!" cried Winnie. "I long to

play, and yet I dread to hear the sound of the airs—the music my father used to love!"

"Very natural indeed," said Mrs. Crewe. "But you must endeavor, my love, to conquer these vain regrets.—Collins! Come and take away! Collins! She does not hear me"—an hysterical fantasia on the bell.

"I do not think I have shown you my son's photograph," said Mrs. Crewe, after Laura had settled her painting materials and recommenced the half-finished group of wild flowers on pale gray Russian leather which she designed for her guardian; and Winnie, with a basketful of stockings, had established herself on the sofa. Mrs. Crewe had drawn a stocking on one hand and then permitted it to repose on her lap. "I do not think I have shown you my son's photograph."

"Yes. Do you not remember the day before yesterday when you took us into your room?" said Laura.

"Oh! *that* one," in a disparaging tone. "I mean the last, a colored one, cabinet size. He gave it to me just before he went away. I will bring it;" and she left the room for a minute, returning with a morocco case in her hand, which she opened and handed to Winnie.

"Is he not a handsome fellow? He has such fine eyes; and see, what a broad intellectual brow! He is, though I say it, wonderfully clever, and so naturally refined; while his devotion to *me* is something too sweet! Is it not a charming face?"

"Very nice, indeed," said Winnie kindly, looking at it for a moment and passing it on to Laura, while Mrs. Crewe took up her stocking again and stuck her needle into it.

Laura took the portrait and gazed at it with some interest. It represented a man of perhaps thirty, with certainly a broad forehead which seemed low from the mass of black hair that fell over it; dark, well assured, somewhat wistful eyes; and the rest of the features large and strong rather than refined; the embrowned countenance grave, almost stern. "It is a resolute face, yet I should not be afraid of it," said Laura thoughtfully, as she continued to look at the picture.

"Afraid!" echoed Mrs. Crewe. "I should think not! He is the gentlest, quietest creature in a house."

"Let me see," asked Herbert, who was looking for a book among a few volumes of novels, travels, and essays which filled a bookcase between the windows.

"I would not like to vex him," was the boy's comment. "He looks like a fellow that could give you a thrashing if you deserved it. Is he in the navy, Mrs. Crewe?" for something like a button and gold braid adorned his collar.

"No, I am sorry to say he is not," sighed Mrs. Crewe, taking the photograph and looking long and earnestly at it. "It has always been a mortification to me that he could not follow his father's profession. Captain Crewe was in the royal navy, you know. But he died when my dear boy was just old enough to want a great deal more in the way of education than I could give him; and then a kind friend got him a berth on board one of Duncan and Gibbs' ships—which it would have been a clear tempting of Providence to refuse—and so he went into the mercantile marine; but it was a bitter trial; though what the mercantile marine is to the country no words of mine can express, yet the officers do not take the position they ought.—Don't take so much trouble over that stocking, dear; it really is not worth it. The way they destroy things in the wash is abominable. But as I was saying, I could not give Denzil—his name is Arthur Charles Francis Denzil—after my mother's grandfather, Lord Denzil of Coomb, and that is a thing that annoys me; the other officers in Duncan and Gibbs' service are *not* well bred. When they come up here to see my son, it is Denny here and



Denny there, as if he was any low Irishman. Dennis is quite a common name among the Irish."

"Indeed!" said Winnie, examining another stocking.

Herbert took "Ivanhoe" from its place and went away to read in the garden. There was a pause, during which Collins put in her head.

"Pleas'm," she said, "there's a gentleman called as wants to repair the piano."

"A gentleman!" repeated Mrs. Crewe with strong emphasis, as she rose with dignity, clearing her lap of cotton, scissors, etc., etc. "When will you learn to speak correctly? Gentlemen don't go about with bags to tune pianos."

"Anyways, 'm, he has a tail-coat and a top-hat."

"That does not constitute a gentleman," said Mrs. Crewe, sailing out of the room. "There, Collins, do not answer, but go, fetch a duster and a damp rag. Make haste, Collins, make haste!"

"Oh, Laura, is she not fun?" whispered Winnie. "We are *in* for a chapter of Denny. He is very good, I dare say, but he looks like a smuggler, a sort of amiable Dick Hatteraick."

"I like his face," said Laura thoughtfully, leaning back to look sideways at her last touches, "and he must be a good son to be so loved."

Winnie made no reply, and darned in silence for some minutes.

"I do wonder what my fate will be," she said at length. "I long, yet dread, to hear what Admiral Desbarres will say."

"I do not think he will want you to go to Liverpool," returned Laura.

"I am afraid to hope so."

Re-enter Mrs. Crewe. Discordant sounds from the next room.

"Now, my dears, we shall have a little music of an evening," said Mrs. Crewe, resuming her seat. "I delight in music; I used to play myself, but my dear father, who commanded the 5th native regiment for many years, and was a very distinguished officer, always said my ear was *too* correct; and I had not patience to practice. However, I am longing to hear *you* play, Winnie! What were we talking of?—oh! Denzil. Yes, as I was saying, it was not in my power to give him those advantages which he deserved, but he is quite a bookworm. Those are all his books there. He was always fond of improving himself. I remember when he had the measles—he had measles very severely when he was about six years old. My sister and I—she came to help me nurse him, like a kind good creature as she was, and married a naval chaplain afterward, who turned missionary, and after preaching the gospel in many climes, he was killed (and they say *caten*) in the interior of Africa or some such place. Well, I assure you, that dear boy made us read "Little Arthur's History of England" quite through *five* times. I have never forgotten it. I have had a good idea of English history ever since: Alfred burning the cakes, you know, and Canute with the waves, and the citizens of Calais—though that is not *English* history exactly, and Richard the Third, and those poor little princes—horrid greedy wretch! and Ratimer and Lidley—I mean Latimer and Ridley—and all the rest of it. Oh! he was most persevering."

"He must have been rather cruel to have put you five times through that horrid little book," said Winnie smiling; "I should never have had patience to read it over and over."

"Oh! yes, you would," said Mrs. Crewe with unconscious pathos, "if you had such a dear, brave, patient boy—and as little to do with and amuse him as I had. Those were trying times, my loves! such as I trust you will never know; but I hope I never forgot, all through the worst of them,

that I was the daughter and the wife of British officers, and tried to keep the appearance of a gentlewoman."

"I am sure you did," said Laura kindly, "and I know how hard it is to keep up appearances. I am afraid it is rather waste of energy to do so."

"No, that it is not," returned Mrs. Crewe warmly. "It just gives strength and courage to feel that you are holding your place where God put you, in spite of difficulties. I am conservative and aristocratic in my principles, and I have always managed with these principles to keep out of debt."

"I am sure some of the most charming aristocratic English people we meet in Germany were so deeply in debt that they could not return to England," said Winnie laughing.

"Theirs was not true aristocracy," returned Mrs. Crewe loftily; "but with these views, you can imagine how bitterly I felt putting a son of mine into the merchant service; but he seems very happy and is getting on very well. He was promoted to be chief officer the voyage before this one, and I hope he will soon be captain. I rather expect him home in a month or six weeks. He has not had a very long voyage this time, only to the Cape with cargo and passengers. Ah! he will be pleased to find I have two charming girls to keep me company, for he was not at all satisfied when he left, because I had taken a young man to board—a very respectable young man, who is one of Thurston and Trent's clerks, the Admiral's solicitors you know; but he grew unsteady and irregular in his payments; then he wanted to bring in friends to supper! He even took liberties, and tried to call my son 'Denny,' which of course was out of the question—Denzil soon settled that; at last he borrowed small sums and gave notice, but I have never seen him or any money since."

"That is too bad," remarked Laura sympathetically.

"Oh! I fancy he will pay me yet; I do not think he was bad-hearted—only thoughtless and—not a gentleman," etc., etc.; and for a whole afternoon Mrs. Crewe talked and questioned and exclaimed in the largest capitals. She would not have had the talk all to herself, however, had not Winnie been a good deal occupied by conjectures as to what the Admiral would say on the momentous question of accepting her aunt's unattractive invitation. Whatever his decision, she felt she must be guided by it. His benevolence, her own helplessness, forbade her liberty of action; yet she shrank from the plunge into strange waters, and prayed to be delivered from coming into contact with her unknown relatives.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I wish, dear," said Mrs. Crewe to Laura a few hours later, "that you would just look at the table and tell me if it is all right. I never attempted to entertain the Admiral before, and I do not know his tastes."

"Nor do I," returned Laura. "I have never seen much of him till lately, since my dear uncle's death, and then he generally dined at the hotel. I think his tastes are very simple, and everything is very nice, Mrs. Crewe. Admiral Desbarres is a sort of man for whom one would never put on fine things, or make a display; but indeed I hardly know him; he came but rarely to the Rectory, and I wrote to him about three times a year. I do not know how it is, though I love and revere him, I am not quite at ease in his presence."

"I know," said Mrs. Crewe, nodding her head sagaciously; "I feel the same as if I were in church, and had my best bonnet on and must not think profane thoughts. But how kind and generous he is!"

"Still, Laura, though he is so superior," put in Winnie, "I fancy he likes people to look nice, and I wish you would wear one of my white frills; it would be such an improvement."

"Very well, Winnie," replied Laura carelessly. The result of which assent was that Winnie took charge of her



cousin's toilet, much to the improvement of her personal appearance.

The Admiral was a little late, for which he made a careful and distinct apology. He had been issuing from his hotel, when a young man—"your relative, Laura, Mr. Reginald Piers—came in, and I could do no more than turn back with him, as his visit was an entirely gratuitous act of civility. I trust therefore, Mrs. Crewe, you will see that my want of punctuality was unavoidable. I told Mr. Piers after a few minutes, I was due here at seven-thirty, and he at once released me."

"Pray do not mention it, Admiral; tea is not like dinner, and we are all well pleased to wait for *you*."

But the Admiral's presence acted in a marvelous way upon the bubbling flow of Mrs. Crewe's talk, and the evening meal was more silent and quickly dispatched than usual.

After the third cup had been universally declined, though the hostess assured them that there was still excellent tea in the teapot, Admiral Desbarres said very deliberately, "Will you permit me to go into the next room with Laura and Winnie? I have some matters to speak about; the result of which I shall communicate to you afterward."

"Certainly, my dear sir! certainly!" replied Mrs. Crewe blandly, although disappointed at not being included in the privy council. "I shall be waiting here whenever you want me."

So Laura rose, and led the way into the drawing-room, which was Mrs. Crewe's most sacred shrine, and though not too abundantly furnished, was cheerful and pretty, and sweet with mignonette and wall-flowers.

The Admiral sat down on the sofa, Laura on a low chair opposite, and Winnie, after a moment's hesitation, said with a smile and a blush, "May I sit by you?" The Admiral immediately held out his hand, and Winnie nestled to his side with her naturally caressing manner. "We have several matters to discuss," said the Admiral after a pause; "your affairs, my dear Winifrid, are the most pressing. You have had a letter from your aunt? and as I have for the present taken the place of your guardian and nearest friend, I feel justified in asking to see it."

"Yes, of course," cried Winnie, rising to go and find it. "I intended to show it to you. I am sure you will think it anything but kind;" and she went quickly away.

"She is a loving gentle child," said the Admiral, looking after her kindly, "but has all the hasty prejudice natural to youth. You, Laura, seem gifted with better and calmer judgment; you must assist me in guiding this impatient spirit."

"Winnie is very bright," said Laura in her usual low but clear refined voice, "and has a good deal of natural insight; the letter *is* rather harsh."

"I must read it myself and judge," he replied, and kept silent till Winnie returned and placed it in his hands, watching him with undisguised anxiety while he slowly perused it.

The Admiral still kept silence, even after he had finished and returned the epistle to its envelope. "It is deficient in kindness of tone," he said at length, "nevertheless, it is kind in reality. Your mother's sister offers you the shelter of her home, and for every reason it would be well to accept it!"

Winnie's eyes filled up and she shook her head.

"Reflect," resumed the Admiral; "she is your nearest of kin; you have a certain claim on her, and she on you; she is disposed to befriend you; if you reject her advance, you perhaps deprive yourself of a natural ally; if you go to her, you are very likely to touch her heart, and convert her into a valuable friend. It is worth while to try your chance with these unknown relatives." Another pause, during which two big tears rolled down Winnie's cheeks.

"It may be painful," continued the general benefactor, "but I am sure you must agree with me. I too have had a letter from Mrs. Morgan, somewhat in the same strain: she suggests what you have yourself thought of—that your education, your familiarity with foreign tongues, ought to be a means of support; she is probably right; but, my child, you are so young, so inexperienced, that I rather shrink from the idea of your going among strangers."

"I am sure I would prefer real strangers," ejaculated Winnie.

"Besides," continued the Admiral, not heeding the interruption, "I have a strong prejudice—I should rather say conviction—against women going forth to battle with the world; it is opposed to the divine will, so far as we can trace it in natural laws. They have plenty of work, most useful work, placed before them; but let it be in private, and under the shelter of sufficient protection."

"Yet it is disgraceful to women, as well as to men, to live on the bounty of others," said Laura.

"Not so much," he returned. "You have rights, which no man of proper feeling can deny."

"At all events, you think I ought to go to Liverpool?" said Winnie ruefully. "I hoped I might stay here, and perhaps Laura and I could get pupils, or she might sell her pictures or copies, and I might translate things: for Mrs. Crewe is so kind, we feel quite at home with her, and both Laura and I are"—hesitation and blushes—"are ashamed of costing you so much."

A tender smile spread over the Admiral's thoughtful face. "You need not think of that; you are two fledglings God has given me to shelter; but Laura is really and legally my charge, while you, Winifrid, are just as welcome to my care and help; but I do not feel justified in withdrawing you from your relatives and natural protectors; they may be able to do more for you than I can. Therefore, while we try to ascertain if anything can be secured for you from the wreck of your poor father's property, or otherwise arrange your future, you had better accept your aunt's invitation."

"It will be terrible to part," urged Laura.

"But we must," added Winnie despairingly.

"It is not forever," said the Admiral with his kindest smile. "I would not be harsh with you, Winifred. If upon trial you find yourself unkindly treated, or that you fail in creating the tender motherly interest which blesses both giver and receiver, tell me frankly, and I will remove you; but you must give your aunt and her family a fair trial."

"Oh! thank you, dear, dear Admiral," cried Winnie, fairly bursting into tears; "that is a gleam of hope, and I will do whatever you wish—whatever you wish!"

"All will be well if you are patient and faithful," said the Admiral, taking her hand in both of his, which was his nearest approach to a caress. He was one of those rare self-sacrificing, self-controlled men who scarce allowed himself to taste the honey of his own beneficence. "And now that we have discussed these letters, which it would have been unfair to display to strange eyes, suppose you ask Mrs. Crewe to join us; I want to ask her if she can keep Herbert for the present. The holidays are at hand, and as his English is somewhat deficient, it would be well if some private lessons could be obtained for him."

Need it be said with what grace and dignity Mrs. Crewe added herself to the "friends in council?" but she was penetrated with regret at the idea of losing Miss Fielden; she had already begun to feel a mother's interest in her charming young friend. As to Herbert, the dear boy should be well looked after, and she thought her friend next door, Miss Brown, knew one of the masters of a large school close by, who often remained during the holidays, and might be glad to give English lessons. Really Miss Fielden's depart-



ure would be quite a blow. When must she leave them? Next week! was not that rather quick? She (Mrs. Crewe) believed there were certain indispensable additions to dear Winifrid's toilet that must be provided.

"Indeed," said the Admiral with sudden attention. "Be so good as to let me know what money is requisite, and I will endeavor to supply it."

"You know, my dear guardian, that there will be a little money of mine coming soon," murmured Laura. "I shall stay here; I shall not want anything."

"My dear, I require that you leave your affairs in my hands for the present," said the Admiral with authority.

And then Mrs. Crewe launched forth in voluble particulars, as to what was necessary for her charming young friend, till the worthy gentleman, bewildered by a torrent of terms he could not understand, mildly demanded a sum total. This, after some contention between the excess of Mrs. Crewe's computation and the more modest estimate of the young ladies, was finally adjusted, and then the Admiral was pressed to partake of wine and biscuit, and even a glass of "grog," as Mrs. Crewe blandly observed *she* understood a sailor's tastes, while Laura and Winnie stood aghast at the sacrilege of offering such a beverage to their exalted "guardian angel."

"Thank you, no," said the Admiral, smiling. "In the early days I enjoyed my glass as heartily as most men, but this quiet sheltered life does not entitle me to such strong stimulants. I rarely taste spirits, and never touch anything after my evening meal. I had almost forgotten to mention, Mrs. Crewe, that my young acquaintance, Mr. Reginald Piers, requests permission to call upon you and his relative Laura, whom he used to know before she went to Germany."

"Oh! of course, Admiral; any friend of yours will be most welcome."

"Reginald Piers!" repeated Laura, the color slowly, faintly coming to her cheek.

"Reginald Piers!" cried Winnie. "I remember he used to be such a tease. Oh! I shall be so glad to see him."

A few words of leave-taking and the Admiral was gone.

"There was never such a charming, well-bred, true Christian," said Mrs. Crewe, as she replaced the bottles she had hospitably set forth, in the sideboard. "But I wish you were not to go away, Winnie; you must try and come back as soon as you can. And who is Mr. Reginald Piers, my dears? Is he a first cousin, Laura?"

"Oh, no! third or fourth—I do not know exactly. He was at school with Dick—Winnie's eldest brother—and used often to spend the holidays with us."

"He is very nice—or he used to be very nice," added Winnie. "He is older than Dick, and very clever, I believe. The last time he was at Cheddington he had just gone into some business or office in London. I wonder how the Admiral met him? But if you do not mind, Mrs. Crewe, I will go to bed; I feel quite heartbroken at the idea of going to this strange aunt. I cannot tell you how I dread it."

"Well; we must only hope it will turn out for the best," said Mrs. Crewe kindly, as she bid her young guests good-night, and as they ascended to their chamber, they heard her calling sonorously, "Collins—Collins! where is Topsy? I have not seen her the whole evening. I cannot go to bed unless that precious cat is safe."

Arrived in their own quarters, poor Winnie quite broke down; she hung round Laura; she conjured up the most painful pictures of her own desolation when banished far from all she loved; she refused to be comforted, and when at last Laura persuaded her to go to bed, sobbed herself to sleep like a weary, disappointed child.

Then Laura drew forth her writing-case, and sat down to

make a few entries in her journal, which was a kind of confidant and companion to her, and though very still and quiet, large tears welled up and dropped upon the page; while she looked long and tenderly at the flushed cheek and parted lips of the sleeper, whose breath even yet quivered with the violence of her past emotion; and then from out her few treasures she took a case of photographs, and gazed at the well-known, well-loved faces of the aunt and uncle who had been as parents to her. Finally, she dwelt long upon the portrait of a young man—a bright bold face, with the suspicion of a mischievous smile—a face that satisfied *her* ideal of of manliness, intelligence, refinement; and while she gazed, she lived over again many a ramble through wood and field, many a joyous game of noisy play, many an eager argument, many a quieter talk when the boy's dawning ambition suggested air castles, to which she listened with delighted interest; and nearer memories still, recalled the last weeks they had spent together, which from some hidden cause had been imbued with such strange sweetness—sweetness her heart ached to remember; and then all was dark and dreary. Reginald Piers passed out of her life into the world of reality beyond her ken; change, and sorrow, and separation came, and she saw him no more. But he was coming!—coming of his own free will and unconstrained kindness! What joy to listen to that pleasant voice, to see those bright laughing eyes once more; if only—only she were not so plain and colorless, so little gifted with grace or loveliness! Oh! for even a shadow of Winnie's beauty—that beauty which her artistic soul loved and admired with a generous appreciative love.

"How weak, and foolish, and contemptible I am," she murmured at last, hastily closing up the case, "to waste my heart in such fruitless longings! Let me grasp what gifts I have, and make the most of them. Friendship is worth something; and at least it rests with myself to be like the king's daughter, 'all glorious within.'"

(To be continued.)

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## Jubilate.

(BY MARGUERITE.)

O SNOW-crown'd hills, draw nigh, draw nigh!  
 Bend down, bend down, oh star-gemm'd sky!  
 That ye may hear my pulses beat,  
 And catch the thrill divinely sweet  
 Which sways my being through.  
 For all the world is changed, to me,  
 Into a shining ecstasy,  
 Since last I looked on you.


There was a time, and not long gone,  
 That you, whene'er I gazed upon,  
 Oh skies and hills, ye made me sad!  
 I thought I never *could* be glad  
 Again, but now I know  
 That, boundless as your depth and height,  
 And glorious as your strength and might,  
 My joy is even so.

And now, whate'er the future bring  
 Of disappointment's cruel sting,  
 Of sorrow's woe, or weight of care,  
 I face them all, and even dare  
 The worst to me annoy!  
 For, so serenely do I rest  
 With this sweet secret in my breast,  
 That naught can mar my joy.



## Martha Dandridge.

BY PAUL COBDEN.

N the County of New Kent, in the Colony of Virginia, there was born, in the spring of 1732, a child with a worthy life behind her, in a long line of respectable ancestors, and an eventful life of her own before her. Her ancestral life was known to many; but what her own life, as it lay, stretched out in the future, was to be, no one could even dimly guess. Nothing of the glitter or distinction of wealth surrounded her birth, or added to the brightness of her infant days. She grew out of her babyhood, and out of her childhood, into womanhood, and still the light of the future had not revealed what she was to be.

Self-respect was a marked trait of her character, but so far as could be seen or known, it had not made her ambitious. She had not dreamed of great things for herself. She was a simple-hearted girl with simple ways, and was not at all inclined to exalt herself above the companions of her girlhood.

But she was young, and she was also fair and attractive beyond all those about her, and the absence of worldly ambition lent a new charm to both body and soul. She went on her way rejoicing in the smiles of her friends and in all the flowers that blossomed in her path.

Many suitors came, but she let them come and go again; until, one day, Col. Custis, a prominent and wealthy planter of Virginia, met her in the way. And he was not bidden to follow the rest. As she charmed him, so he charmed her, and with her simple, true tongue, she spoke the word that soon afterward made their two lives one. The father of Col. Custis—like many another father—did not care so much for beauty and sweetness as for wealth and other distinctions; and it was with great reluctance that he was led to favor the union. But, for all that Col. Custis married Martha Dandridge, and took her to his home, on the shore of the Pamunkey River. This beautiful home was known all over Virginia as the "White House"—a name that has now great significance, though it was then only the name of a Virginian country gentleman's home.

There was wealth there, and all the style and taste so often associated with wealth. Col. Custis was a man of refined and elegant tastes, and knew how to use wealth, and within and without the palatial home, Martha Dandridge found all her fresh, unspoiled tastes fully met. She at once dropped gracefully into her position, and, with the sweetness and simplicity of her nature, received the friends of Col. Custis as if they had long been her own, entering heartily into his love of hospitality, and for his sake welcoming strangers as well as friends. There too came the friends of her girlhood; and to them she was still the merry girl they knew as Martha Dandridge.

The life in that beautiful plantation home was for many years bright and delightful. Children were born to Mrs. Custis, and the home seemed a happy world by itself—a world where sorrow could not enter; but death found the way there. The oldest son, just approaching manhood, died; and not long afterward Col. Custis himself passed on to the other life, leaving the woman, whose home had been a heaven on earth, to bear the sorrows of her mortal life as well as she could—and how well this was, the brave woman lived to show. Though at first beaten down, she soon showed herself equal to all storms and tempests.

Her arms were still about two lovely children. Death had not taken them; and, inspired with a new love for them, and a new purpose to live for them, she rose out of her sorrow, as a brave woman should, and met her changed life submissively if not joyfully. Col. Custis' will had made her, as

she found, the sole executrix, and with a woman's fortitude, she held back her grief with one hand, and worked with the other.

With her sudden and sad experience of life, she had grown subdued and grave; but she thanked God for all her sweet and joyful memories, and often sat in their sunshine, instead of hiding herself continually, after the fashion of many in the shadow of sorrow.

Her sorrows came over her, at times, like waves and billows, as great sorrows always do, to the end of the earthly life; but time brings rest and work brings healing.

Birds sang, and flowers bloomed, and children laughed where tears had been so freely shed; and friends came with warm hands and warmer hearts, to the "White House;" and perhaps angels came there too, to bid the afflicted be of good cheer: for as the years went on, Mrs. Custis became the cheerful, hopeful—if not merry—woman, of former days. Again, her hand of welcome was out to friends and strangers; and she seemed again to rejoice, as those who live in God's bright world should rejoice; ever singing songs in the night.

Her large wealth was a great resource to her. It not only freed her from all anxiety about herself, but gave her the means to care for and educate her children, according to her own wishes. It also allowed her to dispense the most generous hospitality, and to do all things according to the desires and impulses of her own heart. She was not fettered in any way; and her life of ease and freedom was very pleasant to her.

But in her widowhood, she had as little idea of her future, as she had in her infancy. Nothing was farther from her thoughts than a second marriage, until a brave soldier crossed her path—a soldier whose star of fame was already far in the ascendant in his native state—Lieutenant-Col. Washington. By unwearied perseverance he won her heart; and she did what, only a little time before, she had no thoughts of doing. She married the brave soldier.

Soon after the marriage, Col. and Mrs. Washington left the White House for Mount Vernon, taking with them the two beloved children, who had already endeared themselves to Col. Washington.

Mrs. Washington's position and surroundings in Mount Vernon made her life there very similar to that which she lived in the White House. Col. Washington, like Col. Custis, was a Virginia planter. He had occupied his home at Mount Vernon for several years, and Mrs. Washington found it amply supplied with servants and complete in all its arrangements.

After the marriage, Col. Washington was indefatigable in his efforts to embellish and beautify the home. At that time, almost everything that was of much value, was imported; and Col. Washington was continually sending abroad for everything that he thought would contribute to the comfort or pleasure of his beloved wife.

The following amusing memoranda of articles to be ordered from Europe, were found among his papers, and in his own handwriting.

"Directions for the Busts.—One of Alexander the Great; another of Julius Cæsar; another of Charles XII. of Sweden; and a fourth of the King of Prussia.

N. B. These are not to exceed fifteen inches in height nor ten in width.

Two other Busts of Prince Eugene, and the Duke of Marlborough, somewhat smaller.

Two Wild Beasts, not to exceed twelve inches in height nor eighteen in length.

Sundry small ornaments for chimney-piece."

Col. Washington little thought, when he was ordering a bust of the King of Prussia, that a few years later, there would be hanging on his walls, a portrait of the great Frederick, the gift of the monarch himself, and sent with this



striking message: "From the oldest general in Europe to the greatest general in the World."

It is curious to look at another list of things ordered by Washington himself, everything on the list being in his own handwriting.

"A salmon-colored Tabby, of the enclosed pattern, with satin flowers, to be made in a sack and coat. One Cap, Handkerchief, Tucker, and Ruffles to be made of Brussels lace, or point, proper to wear with the above negligee, to cost twenty pounds. Two fine-flowered Lawn Aprons. Two double Handkerchiefs. One pair woman's white Silk Hose. One pair white Satin Shoes, of the smallest 5's. Six lbs perfumed powder. Two lbs best Scotch snuff. One dozen Bell glasses for garden."

To this is added a long list of things, evidently designed for the comfort of the slaves upon the estate. On this list is "one hundred Dutch Blankets;" and all the other orders correspond with this, showing Col. Washington's generous care of all who served him. To supply all the real or fancied wants of all under his roof, or on his estate, seemed to be second nature to him. The illustrious George Washington was not superior to attending to the various necessities of his home. Indeed, he was so superior in all things, that he could enter into the details of food and clothes; and he was, therefore, not only a great man, but a good provider, and consequently a good husband—particularly as all other qualifications were added to that of a good provider. He was also a careful, fond father to the two children, left fatherless by the death of Col. Custis; and when one of these children—the daughter—died, just as she was nearing womanhood, he mourned for her as if she were his own, and poured out his sympathy for the stricken mother, and the sorely bereaved brother, who seemed crushed almost into the grave by the death of his sister.

Mrs. Washington long went bowed with this great grief, but Col. Washington's thoughtful tender care of her, and the Christian hope that reached through the darkness of earth into the brightness of heaven, again restored her cheerfulness; and years of peace and quiet happiness fol-

lowed this bereavement. But another cloud was gathering. A new sorrow was on its way to the beautiful Mount Vernon home, where in spite of great griefs, there had been great joys.

A call that Mrs. Washington dreaded to hear had reached her ears—not the call of death but of patriotism. Great sorrows were wrapped up in that one word *patriotism*. The word had the sorrowful meaning of *good-bye*—of *separation*.

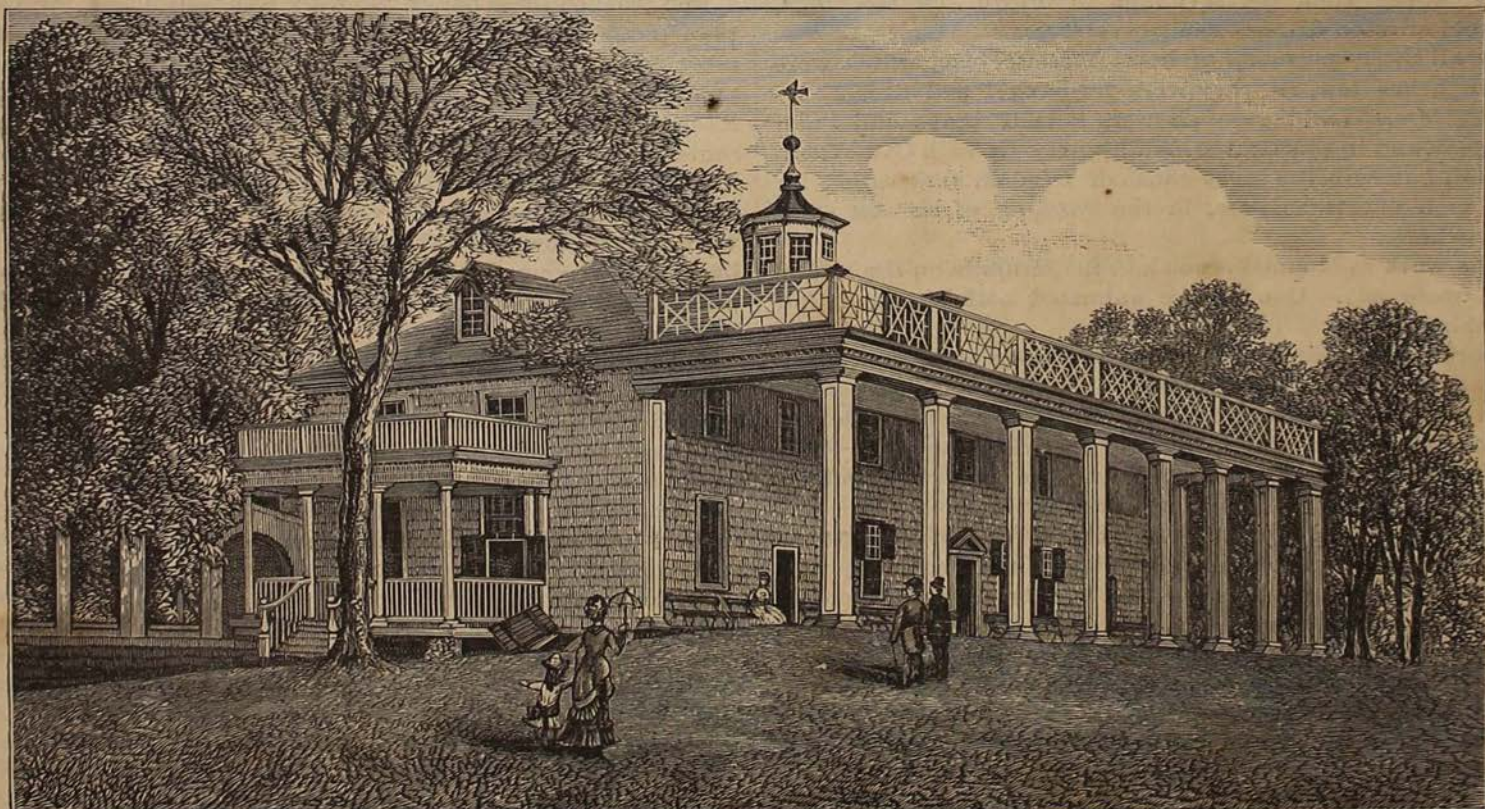
For seventeen years, Col. and Mrs. Washington had been constantly together; but now he was summoned to a great public deliberation—to the first Congress at Philadelphia.

There was, of course, a frequent exchange of letters; but Mrs. Washington had not anticipated a separation of nine months, neither was she prepared for the letter from Col. Washington, telling her that the war had actually begun, and that he had been made commander-in-chief of the army. She could not be insensible to the honor conferred upon her husband, but it was with mingled feelings of pleasure and sadness that she read the letter.

"My Dearest," he said, "I am now set down to write you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress that the whole army, raised for the defense of the American cause, shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston, to take upon me the command of it.

"You may believe, me my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose.

"It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment



MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.



without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself and given pain to my friends. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting that I shall return safe to you in the fall.

"I shall feel no pain from the toil nor danger from the campaign. My unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen. My earnest and ardent desire is that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content and a tolerable degree of tranquillity, as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear that you are dissatisfied, or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

"I assure you I am, my dear Patsy,

"Your affectionate

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

"Dear Patsy" joined her husband, a little later, and spent some time with him in Cambridge; but when the British fleet left the harbor of Boston, she returned to Mount Vernon, and there she at once found herself alone and very solitary. Not even her son was left to her, for he had followed his beloved step-father into the army; but she wasted no time in tears and sighs, neither did she sit down with folded hands and think of her changed life.

While she kept herself well informed of all that was going on in the country, she set herself to work to make that thorough change in her domestic system that the changed times demanded. Her own dress, which had always been plain and simple for one in her position, was, in the great change she wrought, made entirely of home-made materials, as were the clothes of all her numerous domestics. Sixteen spinning-wheels were kept constantly whirling at Mount Vernon during the war times. A dress of positive beauty, worn by Mrs. Washington, was entirely home-made. It was a cotton material, with silk stripes. The silk stripes were woven from the ravelings of brown silk stockings, and old crimson damask chair-covers.

In all these garments of home manufacture, which were by no means few, for they were for herself and all her servants, Mrs. Washington showed herself brave and independent, and in practical sympathy not only with Col. Washington, but with the great cause of freedom that called for just such efforts as hers, in the working of sixteen spinning-wheels.

The work at Mount Vernon and the struggle on the battlefield were one. One motive animated both Mrs. and Col. Washington.

During the year that followed the siege of Boston, there was a constant interchange of thoughts and sympathies between Mrs. Washington and the great commander-in-chief. He poured out his heart to one whom he knew to be more responsive to his feelings, and more appreciative of his position than any one else could possibly be.

"I am wearied to death," he said, in one of his letters, "with the retrograde motion of things! and I solemnly protest, that a pecuniary reward of twenty thousand pounds would not induce me to undergo what I do. In a word, if every nerve is not strained to recruit the new army with all possible expedition, the game is nearly up."

But "the game" was not "nearly up."

The passage of the Delaware showed what a brave army and a braver commander-in-chief could accomplish. Mrs. Washington received the news with indescribable delight—a delight, however, which was followed by great anxiety for her husband and the little Continental army.

But still greater relief soon came to Mrs. Washington. After the ten months of incessant strife that followed the siege of Boston, the weary army went into winter quarters at Morristown, New Jersey, and Mrs. Washington hastened thither to meet her husband and son, and do what she could for their comfort.

From that time onward, during the War of the Revolution, she spent all her winters in the headquarters of the American army; and she used to say, in after years, that she "had heard the first cannon at the opening, and the last at the closing, of all the campaigns of the Revolution." These journeys were long and perilous. They were at the inclement season of the year, and Mrs. Washington always traveled the entire route, in her own carriage, and with her own servants; but General Washington never failed to send an aide-de-camp, to escort her from Mount Vernon to his winter quarters; and sometimes, in his anxiety for her safety, when there seemed to be special danger, he sent a whole band of soldiers for her protection.

Mrs. Washington's fashion of spending all her winters in the winter quarters of the army was soon followed by the wives of the principal officers of the army; and social life in those winter quarters, and under the pressure of the times, was enjoyed with a zest not easily imagined in these days, when everything contributes to continual self-indulgence, and when pleasures so pall, that women, who have reached only the threshold of womanhood, talk, with haggard looks, of the weariness of society. Those women of the Revolution had, in their camp life, what might fairly be called *good times*; but they did not sit up all night to get it.

There were but two frame houses in the winter quarters, and neither of them were finished in the upper story.

This did not disturb General Washington so long as his wife was not with him; but when the plan was made for her to come to him, he sent for a young mechanic, and asked him if he and his apprentices could not fit up a room in the upper story for "Lady Washington," as she was called in the camp.

She reached there before the work was well begun. "The plan pleased her very much," said the mechanic, when, in after years, he told the story. "She said to us: 'Now, young men, I care for nothing but comfort here, and should like you to fit me up a beaufet on one side of the room, and some shelves and places for hanging clothes on the other.' We went to work with all our might, and every day, after Lady Washington and the General had dined, we fellows were called down to eat at their table. We worked very hard, nailing smooth boards over the rough and worm-eaten planks, and stopping up all the crevices in the walls, made by time and hard usage."

The mechanic goes on to say, that he and his workmen were ambitious to make as fine a room as possible for Lady Washington. The floor was a special annoyance to them. They took out some of the large black knots, and made the whole floor as smooth and even as they could make it. It was no small pleasure to them—as the mechanic's story shows—to please Lady Washington. "We studied to do everything," he says, "to please so pleasant a lady, and to make some return, in our humble way, for the kindness of the General. On the fourth day, when Mrs. Washington came up to see how we were getting along, we had finished the work, made the shelves, put up the pegs in the wall, built the beaufet, and converted the rough garret into a comfortable apartment.

"As she stood looking round, I said: 'Madam, we have endeavored to do the best we could. I hope we have suited you.' She replied, smiling: 'I am astonished! Your work would do honor to an old master, and you are mere lads. I



am not only satisfied, but highly gratified by what you have done for my comfort.' "Lady Washington's" cheerful manners, and her appreciation of everything that was done for her, made her a great favorite in the camp. And she did not hold herself up as one who should receive special favors as the wife of the commander-in-chief. While she received graciously everything that could make the plain homely life of the camp more enjoyable, she did all in her power to make Col. Washington's life as pleasant as it could be under the circumstances; and all the ladies associated with her in the camp—the officers' wives—found their life daily more pleasant because of her thoughtful kindnesses. The soldiers too, as well as her husband and the ladies of the camp, found their hard, every-day life brightened by the touch of her hand and the sound of her voice, and the frequent ministrations to which her kind, tender nature prompted her. And whatever of hardship—whether her own or another's—could not be removed, she cheerfully endured, and taught others to endure.

The commander-in-chief, in spite of all his military duties and habits, took time to enjoy the society of the delightfully happy, cheerful woman. She was full of light—a light that was ever shining, not only on him, but on all, and General Washington was not slow to perceive that her presence brightened everything, and that it was a great advantage to the camp to have her there.

It is said that, on one occasion, when the military horizon was suddenly darkened by a new cloud, and fresh dangers were apprehended, it was proposed that the ladies, for their own safety, should be sent away.

"No!" replied General Washington; "the presence of our wives will the better encourage us to a brave defense." And the "wives" stayed—stayed to sing, and talk, and laugh, and charm the tedious and the anxious hours away; and many a brave fellow among the soldiers lived to tell fireside tales of Lady Washington and the other ladies of the camp.

But when winter was over, and the army came out of the winter quarters, this pleasant society, made by these brave and lovely women, was broken up by the active campaign.

Such women, however, could not easily forget each other. The peculiar adversities of war times cemented a friendship unlike ordinary friendships; and Mrs. Washington and her friends continued their delightful acquaintance through letters. But it was far more difficult then than now to exchange letters; and, consequently, there was no small excitement in receiving them. There was no reliable, regular post office arrangements, and the transmission of letters was attended with more or less accidents and difficulties. The commander-in-chief frequently acted as postmaster, and the skill of a commander-in-chief was often needed to guide letters safely on their way, until they had reached their destination. Mrs. Washington never failed to avail herself of this troublesome, irregular mail system, and a line or two in one of her letters shows, in a remarkable way, her patriotic spirit.

To a friend, with whom she was in frequent correspondence, she wrote: "It gives me great pleasure to hear that General Burgoyne and his army are in safe quarters in your State. If a kind Providence would only aim a like blow at General Howe, the measure of my happiness would be complete!"

After another summer in her Mount Vernon home, Mrs. Washington again started on a long and perilous journey, to join General Washington. That was in the winter of 1777-78—a winter memorable for the great sufferings of the army at the headquarters in Valley Forge. There, on the mountain-sides, the poor fellows lived—if it could be called living—in huts of their own building. And Mrs.

Washington found camp life in Valley Forge far more full of hardships than was the preceding winter in Morristown.

In one of her letters, written from there, she said: "The General's apartment is very small. He has had a log cabin built, to dine in, which has made our quarters more tolerable than they were at first."

And yet, with all these hardships, every heart beat high with gladness when, in the spring, the news came that France had recognized the independence of the American Republic.

That recognition made not only Lafayette, but all Frenchmen, dearer to these brave American patriots, and the hospitality of the American camp was most cordially extended to such Frenchmen whose hearts drew them thither.

The Marquis de Chastellux was at one time the guest, at the winter headquarters, of General and Mrs. Washington; and he described his visit, and his accommodations in the camp—not, however, as a critic would write, but to express his delight with the almost limitless possibilities of American hospitality under all circumstances.

"The headquarters," he wrote home, to France, "consist of a single house, built in the Dutch fashion, and neither large nor commodious. The largest room in it, which General Washington has converted into his dining-room, is tolerably spacious, but it has seven doors and only one window. The chimney is against the wall, so that there is, in fact, but one vent for the smoke, and the fire is in the room itself. I found the company assembled in a small room, which served a parlor. At nine o'clock, supper was served, and when bed-time came, I found that the chamber, to which the general conducted me, was the very parlor I had been in, and that he had suddenly turned it into a bedroom by bringing in a camp-bed.

"We assembled at breakfast the next morning at ten, during which interval my bed was folded up; and my chamber became the sitting-room for the whole afternoon. American manners do not admit of a bed in the room; and, therefore, my bed had to be put out of the way before we could use the room as a parlor. The smallness of the house, and the inconvenience to which I saw that General and Mrs. Washington had put themselves to receive me, made me apprehensive lest M. Rochambeau might arrive on the same day. The day I remained at headquarters was passed either at table or in conversation in the parlor."

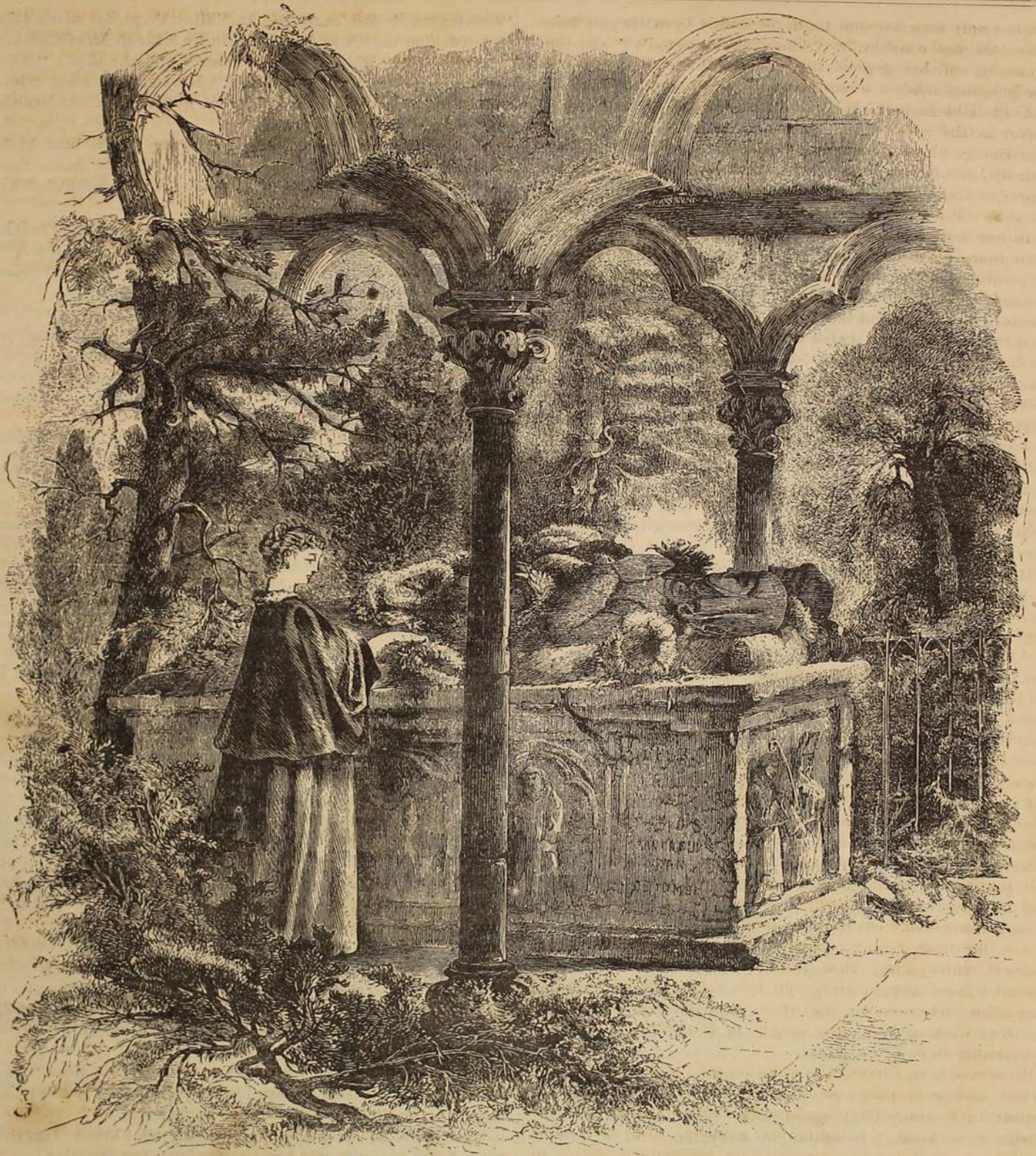
When the war was over, and General and Mrs. Washington were once more settled in their home at Mount Vernon, those who had visited them in their camp life were attracted to Mount Vernon, for they could not lose the friendship formed and enjoyed in the perils and hardships of war times.

Every distinguished foreigner who visited the new "Land of Freedom," thought that his ocean journey would be a failure if he did not visit Mount Vernon.

And all who visited the home of the brave American patriot and his wife left with a new love for America.

To Mount Vernon came Lafayette, the best beloved of all the guests. It was his first visit after the conclusion of the war. As soon as he reached the country, he hastened at once to Mount Vernon, to see his "dearest American friends," as he called General and Mrs. Washington. He spent a fortnight with them before he went on his tour through the North, and another week before he sailed for France. One and all who came to Mount Vernon were received by Mrs. Washington with a cordiality that could never be forgotten. The simplicity and frankness of her manners and the warmth of her greeting made all who saw her the happier for having seen her. It was said of her that, "as wife, and mother, and friend, she was equally admirable, and a happy combination of the best qualities of each and all."





### A Story of Woman's Love and Trust.

**N**OT far away from the entrance to the world-renowned cemetery of Père le Chaise, is a monument which must surely draw all eyes and touch all hearts to the end of time. Never did marble commemorate a more touching instance of womanly love and self-abnegation.

Beneath a Gothic canopy, carved from a fragment of the ancient oratory and subsequent convent of the Paraclete, in a sarcophagus made under Abelard's direction, rest the remains of the monk and philosopher, and his wife, the Abbess Eloise.

Victor Cousin calls Abelard "a hero of romance within the church, a refined spirit in a barbarous age, a founder of a school of philosophy, and almost the martyr to an opinion,"

while by another authority he is styled "the principal founder of mediæval philosophy, who sought to give an account of the only thing which could be studied in his age—theology."

But it is not as philosopher or theologian that Abelard is now remembered. As an insect is preserved in translucent amber, so is our philosopher forever embalmed in the pure and transparent love which it was his honor to possess.

Born at Nantes, Brittany, in the year 1079, in excellent circumstances, at the age of sixteen he relinquished his share of the paternal inheritance in order to escape the cares which wealth brings, went to Paris, and there enrolled himself among the pupils of a distinguished polemic of the day, William de Champeaux.



The pupil soon became more renowned than the master, and established a rival school with great success, whereby the originality of his genius, his eloquence and his striking manly beauty made a wide spread impression, so that he became the Hyacinthe of the period, and took high rank as a master in dialectics.

Of Eloise, whose name and fame is so indissolubly linked with his, one author says: "Her story exhibits some of the most striking circumstances and important lessons to be found in the records of womankind. With every endowment of nature and accomplishment of education, with a deeply sensible and affectionate heart, she fell a victim to the scholastic pedantry of the age, and became a martyr of the noblest of human feelings, the admiration of talent and virtue. The object of her adoration combined the abilities of a sage with the feelings of a barbarian, but her virtues overcame his depravity; instead of her sinking to his level, she raised him to her own."

Brought up as a child by the good sisters in convent at Argentine, her uncle Fulbert, Canon of Notre Dame, Paris, took charge of her when she had reached the years of early womanhood, and with him she acquired the ability not only to read and write Latin, which was then the language of literary and polite society, but also to speak it with ease.

Her beauty and acquirements were the current talk of the city, and our philosopher, having seen her lovely face, determined to make her nearer acquaintance, and offered Fulbert to become her tutor, an offer which the unsuspecting ecclesiastic gladly accepted. Concerning this compliance Abelard afterward wrote: "I cannot cease to be surprised at Fulbert's simplicity. I was as much astonished as if he had placed a lamb in the power of a hungry wolf."

For a while Fulbert remained blind to the drama which was transpiring before him, although songs were sung by the street rabble which had reference to the affair. But the hour came when his eyes must be opened, and then his rage knew no bounds.

A flight into Brittany followed, where Eloise gave birth to a son. To propitiate the enraged ecclesiastic, Abelard proposed marriage, but Eloise, though knowing well how desirable for her was the blessing of the church, refused. She felt that a wife would be a restraint upon his future fame, and at every cost to herself she resolved to keep him free from trammels and embarrassments.

She, however, finally consented to a private marriage, but Fulbert announcing this publicly, the faithful woman denied it, and sought refuge in her old cloistered home at Argentine, where even the nuns were so touched by her youth and beauty that they sought to dissuade her from the irrevocable step.

Separated from Eloise, Abelard's intellectual powers seemed to fail, and he became a monk at St. Denis. Once forced to appear in a controversy against Bernard of Clairveaux, he acted in a most pusillanimous manner, and afterward, brought to trial for his conduct, he seemed incapable of uttering a word in defense of his doctrines. His works were then denounced as heretical, and he was condemned to perpetual silence, a decree which was some time afterward revoked by the pope.

That he might have time and solitude in which to expiate his offenses, Abelard was sent to St. Gildas, in Brittany, a place which is described by one who was lately there as "a conglomeration of forbidding looking granite houses of rectangular shape, interspersed by huge dunghills of mingled farmyard manure and seaweed. Streets there are none. Houses, dunghills and church are huddled together without order or design." It was indeed a refinement of cruelty to send the nervous and sensitive Abelard, the "subtle doctor," to such a place!

The Abbey in which he spent some time is a large uninteresting house, now occupied by nuns, and used in summer as a boarding-house, where Parisian ladies can have for themselves and children, at very moderate cost, that which George Sand calls the "luxury of convents;" regularity and exquisite cleanliness, together with that quiet, aristocratic, religious small talk which is so pleasant for a change after the bustle and whirr of a season in the Faubourg St. Germain.

From St. Gildas, Abelard went to a part of France near Troyes, and founded an oratory, which he called the Paraclete. Afterward he was elected Abbot of a monastery in the See of Vannes, where he came near being assassinated by the indignant monks, because of reforms which he wished to introduce.

About this time the convent of Argentine, of which Eloise had become Abbess, was suppressed, its domain was appropriated by the monks of St. Denis, and the nuns were without a home. Hearing this, Abelard offered the Paraclete as an asylum.

Upon the nuns taking possession of their new quarters, husband and wife met again after a separation of eleven years. But the interview was brief and never renewed. A correspondence, however, followed of most extraordinary nature. His letters are formal and pedantic in the extreme! Hers prove that a nun's vows cannot stifle the voice of woman's heart!

Upon this singular intercourse Pope has constructed one of his most beautiful poetic compositions. He who reads the poem must bear in mind the motto of England's proudest order of knighthood, or he will misjudge the sentiment. Extracts from it are often on our lips in conversation, for "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The poem opens with Eloise as speaker:

"In these deep solitudes and awful cells  
Where heavenly pensive contemplation dwells,  
And ever musing melancholy reigns,  
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?"

Again the life at Paraclete is thus pictured:

"How happy is the blameless vestal's lot  
The world forgetting, by the world forgot,  
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,  
Each prayer accepted and each wish resigned."

Not long after the settlement of Eloise at Paraclete, Abelard died at Chalons, aged sixty-three years, and his wife, hearing of his death, applied for his remains, which she buried in the court of the convent, and over which she daily wept and prayed for twenty-three years, when she followed him into the invisible world.

But this unwearying sorrow did not shake her energy. Rising above the mere routine duties of her position, she sought by every possible means to improve the mind and encourage the heart of all who came within her influence.

She established a college of theology, of Hebrew and Greek, wherein she delivered lectures with such success as to arouse a spirit of study through an extended sphere. Crowds of pupils flocked to her instructions, similar institutions arose around her, and the pope crowned her as head of her order.

When she died her body was laid to rest by the side of her beloved husband, where for six hundred years they remained undisturbed in the quiet convent courtyard. In 1792, the convent grounds having been sold, the remains were transferred to the Church of Nogent sur Saone. Eight years later they were placed in the gardens of the Musée Français in Paris, and in 1817 were deposited where they now rest in the southerly angle of the memorable French graveyard.

"Rest after toil  
Port after stormy seas,  
Death after life doth greatly please."

L. P. L.



## Talks with Women.

### HOW TO EAT AND WHAT TO EAT.

BY JENNY JUNE.

It is rather curious that while women have in their hands very largely the preparation of food for the table, that they do not seem to have been successful in systematizing their own methods of eating and living so as to produce health or real enjoyment. Male detractors point to this fact triumphantly as another evidence of woman's inferiority and inability to rise superior, even upon her own ground and unhampered by disheartening competition.

But there is another fact which is not taken into account, and that is the want of scientific methods heretofore in the whole range of woman's work and education, and the absolute necessity for the order, exactness, and thoroughness of such methods if well-defined and complete results are to be obtained.

Besides, even yet women are not sovereigns even in their own domain. Only in individual instances can they direct or secure the distribution of family resources, or that part of their husband's earnings and income devoted to the continual reinforcement of household supplies. Many men prefer to attend to this matter themselves—probably from some vague idea, obtained they know not how, that women do not know how to spend or how to take care of money; or the more selfish determination to maintain a monopoly over the entire funds of the little community, and deal them out according to their supreme will and pleasure. This has driven many women into earning money by outdoor labor; and the number is now so great who contribute or principally sustain their own households, that the status of women in the home, and, as a whole, among intelligent people, is considerably modified by it. But these considerations, while explaining some of the short-comings, are not to be accepted as an excuse for them. The fact is patent that women do not know how to eat so as to create health or remove causes of physical disability. They do not know how to eat so as to improve and elevate the standard of physical perfection, and make the many hours of existence devoted to eating a source of constantly increasing delight to themselves or others.

The force of women seems to have been wholly expended in the line of repression—what they shall not eat they have learned with a zeal and devotion worthy of a St. Francis d'Assisi—and this is the sum of what most women know in regard to what is suitable nourishment for their own bodies; it is purely negative, and naturally grows less instead of more, until the habitual fare of ninety-nine women out of a hundred is reduced to bread and tea and cake or pastry. Dyspeptic housekeepers provide joints of beef, dishes of pork and beans, heavy relays of mutton, and platters filled with broiled or boiled ham, for stalwart husbands, and moan over their own inability to eat "hearty" food, while they go round "picking a bit" here and there, eating a piece of pie or a doughnut for lunch; "trying" a "cookie;" meandering through bread and pickles, winding up with two cups of hot tea; and then sitting down to sew or read behind closed doors, while the beef-eating man is harnessing his horse for a ride, or facing the elements and the activities of his existence in his own fashion.

Women do not appear to think that it is ever worth while preparing really good and sufficient food for their own consumption. If the man or men of the family are away, anything will do for the women, and, with a sort of instinct for self-sacrifice, they will themselves deliberately decide under such circumstances upon something they do not like, without thinking that it is just as easy to have something that

they do like. It is common and seems perfectly natural to hear a woman say: "Mr. Jones, or Mr. Frank (the eldest son), will not be home to dinner, so we need not get much"—cold meat; a hash; a stew; or a pudding, and no meat at all, will answer for the younger children and the mother of the family. Mr. Jones and Mr. Frank may have gone to a grand public dinner or stopped at "the Club," where they are sure of the finest cooking that a *chef* can produce, who is paid five thousand dollars per year. All the same, the chickens or roast sirloin, the stuffed *filet* or tender lamb must be saved for their delectation, while the family at home heroically make a treat and picnic of the cheap apple or rice pudding.

Probably much of the self-denying spirit with which women approach the food question is due to the absurd idea grafted by the sentimentalists of the last generation, that there is something too gross about hearty, healthful food for the supposed ethereal, imaginative, emotional natures of women. This idea was as pernicious as false, and is responsible for much of the morbid indulgence in unwholesome vagaries that have impaired women physically and mentally, and left them a prey to other deteriorating influences. It is a fact easily susceptible of proof that unwholesome repression in one direction leads to unwholesome excess in another; that want of sufficient good food to nourish and sustain a healthy body, induces a craving for almost anything that will supply the vacuum; and in time, lowers the actual standard of vitality. The Chinese, from the overflow of population, their rooted antipathy to change, which have created the habit of existing upon the most meager articles of diet, have become physically the weakest nation probably on the face of the earth. They cannot hold their own in any community of strong men and women—always choose in-door employments, where they have to come into competition of men of other nations—and are destitute of pioneer spirit, or any genius for colonization. They came to this country because they were sent for; they have mainly settled in California, because it was there labor of a kind they are fitted for was mostly required; but they have been at the mercy of the brute force of other countries, and with few exceptions, return to their own country, if they live, and are able to make a little money. Mental conditions correspond largely to physical conditions, and a sound, strong mind must generally be looked for in a sound, strong body. There are cases where weak bodily conditions are accompanied by mental activity or intellectual-acuteness in some one direction; but it will usually be found more or less abnormal, unreliable, and indicative of disease, like the pearl in the oyster, rather than a thoroughly healthful and wholesome mental state.

The feeding of women is the feeding of the race, and it is of the highest importance that they should understand what is necessary for their own physical well-being, and that of their children. Women permit their emotions to interfere with their bodily functions, with their food, their digestion, and their sleep. They rarely meet without relating circumstances to each other that prevented their eating or sleeping for days or nights previous. Did any one ever know a man so affected by any ordinary circumstance that he could not eat his dinner or sleep? Naturally he slept because he had eaten his dinner and digested it, while the woman adds to the bad effects of her fasting, or unsuitable food, at an irregular or improper time, the wear and tear of her feelings, which are exhausted in a wholly unnecessary and unappreciated way. Was a man ever known to lose his dinner, or his night's sleep, in consequence of any one of the thousand little occurrences which for the time being seem to prostrate women? There is the difference of temperament, of physical and mental characteristics, between women and men, but these differences need not make women silly in their disre-



gard of the laws of health, because men sometimes appear to them brutal in failing to recognize and sympathize with their peculiar states of mind.

If women would eat better, they would be capable of greater self-control. Men lose much of their force when they are subjected to a diet such as inexperienced or narrow-minded women with a hobby in the food direction often impose upon them. The disasters of "Bull-Run" are said to have been largely due to "pie, and doughnuts," the Northern soldiers (some of them), actually cried for them; and had become so accustomed to living on such stuff that they could not relish their hearty rations of soup, beans, meat, and the like. In the country, where there are no clubs or restaurants, and among the poor of the large cities, men are dependent upon the women of their families to provide the food upon which they must renew their strength; and what does it amount to? In the country, a bit of fried meat, or salt beef, or pork, so hard and briny that it can only be used as a "relish" for the potatoes; and "pie." In the city, thin baker's pie, and herring with baker's bread will often form the entire meal. I am writing now of the poor, not of the rich, or even the well-to-do classes, but of the men who have to do the hard, material work of the world, and the women whose business it is to prepare the food which is to perpetually supply their waste, and re-create them. It is perhaps diverging from the main purpose of this article, but the food question for women is so intimately associated with that of men, among the great majority, that the one can hardly be discussed without alluding to its bearings on the other. A gentleman called upon to relieve a starving family in New York city, proposed himself to procure such supplies as would be most advantageous under the circumstances—a bag of meal, some beans, some potatoes, and meat to make soup—but the woman rather hesitatingly begged to be allowed the disposition of the funds, and she applied them to the purchase of tea, sugar, a huge molasses-cake, a loaf of "Vienna" bread (the most costly of made bread, and least for the money), and some butter. This furnished a meal to which the hungry ones sat down with infinite relish, but which could do little to repair the waste and exhaustion of muscular tissue, and left little or nothing for the morrow.

Pie has received the anathema maranatha from many pens, but it is not half so baleful in its influence as "cake," which is the food curse of America. Pie ascends, and becomes less and less harmful in proportion as a fresh fruity interior outweighs the exterior paste. But for cake there is no redemption; it is always the same mixture, under a thousand different aliases, of butter, sugar, eggs, and flour, a concentration of cooked indigestibility aggravated by additions of thickly candied rinds of fruits or nuts that, without help, require the stomach of an ostrich to get rid of. Who was responsible for the original compound it would be hard to say; it probably grew out of an effort to make "manna" cakes more palatable in the desert by mixing honey with them; but the innocent compounder of the first crude effort to sweeten bread could never have foreseen the myriads and mountains of white, black, and mixed cakes for which she was to be held responsible, or the millions of stomachs in ages to come which they were to ruin. Cake would not be half so bad if it did not exhaust culinary strength and resources, and thus stand in the way of doing something better. A good, sound stomach can encounter a piece of cake, or even a piece of well made mince pie occasionally, without being deranged or disordered, but the difficulty is the men and women who do the most of the cake and pie eating have not strong stomachs, have not built upon right foundations, and have therefore no reserve of force to assist them in bearing the consequences of a slight indiscretion. The sin of the eating of women, however, is not indulgence. Cake is a weakness

rather than a crime, and is, in fact, a sort of outcry, a protest against the meagerness, the inadequacy of the average woman's diet. When she is tired of bread and tea, or wants something additional, she resorts to cake. This is really pitiable. What she wants is chicken soup, a bird on toast, a slice of roast beef, a broiled chop or tenderloin, or a dainty fricassee, which is an improved "stew." But these are not so available, they cost more when they are provided for the family; the family eat them, the woman does not, at least not in sufficient quantities, and she supplements all shortcomings with a cup of tea, which stimulates and exercises her nerves at the expense of her vital forces. There is a wide-spread theory among women that their sedentary lives render certain viands, particularly the more solid and hearty kinds, injurious to them, and they imbibe the false idea that whatever takes a shorter time to digest than meat is more suitable for them than meat. But there is nothing more difficult for a weak stomach to digest than sloppy mixtures which the gastric juice cannot get the grip of, or the insidious compounds which are supposed to be adapted to a poor digestion because the strengthening quality has been eliminated from their separate ingredients in the process of putting together and cooking—"cabinet" puddings, for example, which are simply hot cake with melted butter and sugar poured over it, or rice in which eggs have been turned to whey, milk to a thick, leathery coating, butter heated in the milk, and the whole made as little useful and as harmful as it is possible to make these ingredients. If a sedentary life cannot be avoided, and must be taken into consideration, the better way is to reduce the quantity of food, not its quality; and take it at less frequent intervals rather than more often.

The first essential of proper eating is regularity, the second assimilative quality, the third adequacy, the fourth rest until the functions of the stomach have been properly performed. French methods do not offer a solution to the question: doubtless they have worked it out to its ultimatum of elaboration and refinement, but this does not meet the case for the majority of women, who possess little time and less means to expend upon cooking as a fine art, but who need strength, and should know the best means of restoring or retaining it in themselves and others upon an economic basis. Great developments, and an important advancement in regard to food and food supplies, have been made within the past ten or fifteen years. Science has not left this field unexplored or unimproved; what is injurious has been in many instances extracted, and such general principles discovered as greatly aid the diligent searcher after light in reducing the confusion in regard to the whole subject to something like order.

It must not be supposed, because a sound and solid diet is recommended, that delicate women are advised to live wholly on meat, or eat hearty meals three times every day. Only hard-working men and growing boys and girls can stand such a regimen; women who live indoors, take no unusual exercise, and make no unusual exertion, need not eat meat more than once in the day, and the best time is undoubtedly at mid-day, that is, midway between breakfast and tea. This, however, is impossible to those who live in large cities where business is conducted at a considerable distance from the home, and where it is necessary to get through with it before the assembling together of the family for dinner. In this case the most important meal of the day is eaten at six o'clock, and it is excellent evidence of the adaptability of the human organism to various conditions and circumstances, that the arrangement of meals makes very little difference in regard to health, provided regularity and other healthful conditions are observed. Warmth is one of these conditions, particularly in regard to meat and the foods that form the usual breakfast. It is not necessary—it is not even well—to always



eat precisely the same things, but in the morning the bill of fare should be light, comforting, and acceptable to an empty and waiting stomach. Probably there is no dish so thoroughly well suited to perform this mission as oatmeal, granulated, and the husk extracted by the modern process, boiled, and eaten with cream or excellent milk. When the habit has once been formed of making a frequent breakfast of oatmeal thus prepared, no substitute can be found that quite fills its place, and it will be desired more than the greatest delicacy. Of course it may be supplemented with graham muffins, or toast, and tea or coffee, and fruit. The latter is golden in the morning—but it is better stewed, with not too much sugar, than raw—unless an exception is made in regard to the juice of the Florida or Messina orange, which has exceptional value, when obtainable before food has been taken into the stomach at all.

Oysters are a good breakfast dish, stewed with milk, but without butter, which is always more or less injurious when melted or eaten hot. A dish of well-cooked hominy accompanied by tender "French" chops, and a dessert consisting of fruit—say stewed peaches and a roll—will form a palatable and unexceptionable breakfast. In the spring, for breakfast, new laid eggs are naturally accompanied by water-cresses, and then as the warmth of the season that is approaching begins to make itself felt, one should discontinue for a time the heat-creating dish of oatmeal, and substitute the lighter farina or rice-cakes made with buttermilk, a teaspoonful carbonate of soda, one egg, and as little flour may as be.

Stewed prunes are a valuable addition to the morning meal; and the best way to cook them is to wash them, and stew them in a porcelain lined kettle, with just enough cold water to cover them, the juice and grated rind of a large lemon, and a cup of sugar to a pound of fruit. Let them come to a boil very gently, then simmer till swollen enough, and perfectly tender.

Oranges in the morning are invaluable, eaten *before* breakfast, but the tart Messinas are really much more useful than the sweet Havanas; the Floridas are perhaps best of all for those who cannot stand the sourness of the Messina, in the condition in which we get it in this market.

Minced meats, turkey, and chicken hash in the form of croquettes, or rissolles are better as luncheon dishes than for breakfast, though if they are well made, they may be used, and enjoyed upon occasions with boiled hominy, graham muffins, or the like. But fried, greasy potatoes, fried ham, fried sausages, fried liver and bacon, fried mush, and an indigestible compound made of dried beef cut thin and stewed in water, butter, and eggs; should be excluded from all breakfast tables where there is any regard for human life, or desire to perpetuate the enjoyment of healthful existence.

But quite as important as the kind of food is the presence of the mistress of the house, and the harmony, and tranquility, the order and completeness which she diffuses or imparts to everything around her. Hurry, anxiety, bitterness, ill-temper, are as injurious to the stomach as sour, heavy bread, or dried pork, and leathery eggs. Eating is capable of being made a great pleasure and happiness, and women should study it as one of the arts which adds incalculably to the happiness and usefulness of life.

It is from the social point of view, as well as from that of health, that the question deserves consideration, for it is this which constitutes the first step toward civilization, and differentiates our methods from the savages. A missionary once said that it was no use preaching Christ to a man that sat down alone to his meal of raw or cold scorched flesh, his wife waiting humbly upon his bidding, and taking silently what he left. The first sermons he felt called upon to preach were in regard to food. He felt that the first step toward

salvation was the *cooking* of food, the eating of it *warm*, as it is this fact which contains the germ of an equal social and domestic life. A man who realizes that warm food is more digestible and enjoyable than cold, will wish his wife and family to enjoy it warm with him; and hospitality will afford the best evidence of his friendliness with his neighbors. Refinement in regard to the general arrangement of the table is much better than habitual disorder and an occasional outbreak into magnificence. Few are so poor but they can make food attractive by good cooking and neatness in serving, and are thus always prepared for the friend to whom the cheerful welcome if it is a friend worth having, will be infinitely more than the viands.

The old-fashioned invitation to "sit by," is worth more than the crested card which bids a certain few, selected from various motives, to the conventional banquet, for in the one case it was hearty, and often extended because the dinner was needed by the partaker, while in the second instance not one of them but knows that it is his or her position that is addressed, not himself; and that if they had not occupied it, or should suddenly fall out of it, the elegant card would disappear also.

### Art Work in Snow.

FROM heaven a great white sheet has been let down,  
Containing nothing common nor unclean.  
Winds fold it softly round the silent hills,  
And draw white curtains over forest brown.

The flakes as lightly fall upon the shed,  
Where the tired laborer finds sweet rest on straw,  
As on the roof that shields luxurious ease,  
Or palace dome, that hides a monarch's head.

From the exhaustless quarry in the air,  
Purer than whitest marble from the mine,  
Descends all day the immeasurable snow,  
And structures rise, symmetrical and fair.

Columns are raised above the floor in white,  
Carved by the cunning sculptor of the air,  
Corniced and fluted, and adorned with wreaths,  
And graved with images in crystal light.

A fringe of snow is on my darling's grave,  
White lace work woven by the weaver wind,  
In looms of space with hands invisible,  
While winter sails upon the "tidal wave."

Oh wind, build a white stairway to the sky,  
Heap hill on hill, and mount to mountain add,  
That I may climb beyond the clouds, and meet  
My radiant angel in the realms on high.

• GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

### When Love Descended from the Skies.

WHEN love descended from the skies,  
To seek a fairer habitation,  
He found a pair of soft brown eyes,  
And there, delighted, took his station.

And there he ever lies in wait  
For us poor unsuspecting mortals,  
And, as we pass, the shafts of fate  
He launches from those lovely portals.

Ah, Ella, cruel maid, beware!  
Lest Love, who ever was a rover,  
Should, in a strain of justice rare,  
Transfer his arrows to your lover.

J. W. B.



## The Gypsy.

(See Page Engraving, in January.)

**T**HE strange, mysterious race of people, known in Great Britain as the gypsies, are scattered over the world but claim a common origin. In France they are called Bohemians, in Spain gitanos, in Russia zigani, in Germany zigeuner, and in Turkey zingarri. They designate themselves zincali, and sometimes Rommani. In every country their habits and appearance are similar, and their language almost identical. For instance, the word gold is called by the English gypsies *sonnekar*, by the German gypsies *sonnikey*, by the Hungarian *sonkay*, and by the Spanish *sonacai*. The gypsy language resembles the Sanscrit or the Hindoostanee, and is not a mere jargon of words, as some suppose. There is one very peculiar fact about these singular people, they have no religious faith nor traditions. It was not until the sixteenth century that the gypsies appeared in England, and in the reign of Elizabeth there were ten thousand gypsies in that country.

They appeared in Scotland about 1540, under the leadership of John Faa, and at first were protected by the government. Then, very severe laws were enacted against them, and many of the tribe, including John Faa himself, were hanged. His wife and ten other women were drowned. Notwithstanding this severity the gypsies remained in Scotland, and descendants of John Faa acquired considerable celebrity. Their home is in or near the village of Yetholm, in Roxburghshire; and on a recent visit of the Queen of England to the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, in riding out the Queen and her party encountered a gypsy camp, from which the queen of the gypsies, attended by a retinue, emerged to salute the Queen of England, receiving a bow in return. It was among these Yetholm gypsies that Sir Walter Scott found the original of Meg Merrilies, whose name was Jean Gordon, her husband being a Faa.

The gypsy of our beautiful engraving, however, was probably not one of these Scotch gypsies, but rather belonged to Spain. The painter of the original, Mr. Phillip, made these people his study, and there is no doubt that some gypsy mother of Spain sat for this charming picture, which is now in the royal collection at Osborne. It is certainly a

picture of great power and beauty. The fine expressive face peers out from amid the dark masses of hair like a star gleaming through the blackness of night. There is a look of pathetic sadness in the large lustrous eyes as if, even amid a free and careless life, the shadows had sometimes rested on the heart of the young gypsy mother. The complexion, even though the sun may have kissed it rather warmly, is not dark and unattractive, but is clear and rich, glowing with the hues of ruddy health. The simple dress shows all the picturesque beauty of the gypsy attire; the shawl, thrown back, revealing the form of the well-rounded arm, and the neckerchief carelessly folded around the neck, which seems scarcely to need any other covering than the thick, long tresses of raven hair. Beautiful, in the sleep of innocence, is the little child whose head rests in profound security upon its mother's bosom, and around whom she folds her arms with all the fondness of maternal love. A love as strong in the gypsy heart as it is in that of the cultured and refined. The picture, which is one of the most admired of the royal collection, is painted with great richness of color and clearness of tone. The treatment of the subject is highly effective, and the grouping of the figures graceful and expressive.



HANNAH AND CÆSAR.



## Home Art and Home Comfort.

### WALLS AND WALL-PAPERS.



ABOUT as high praise as I ever heard given a good woman came from a workman.

"Her house was torn upside down, and we men were there every day for three months, and she with all her children had to live in it; and in all that time I never heard her speak one cross or impatient word. She was a real Christian," said the man.

A person needs to be a "real Christian" to bear with sweet temper the trials, worries, labors and inconveniences of plastering, kalsomining, painting and papering. My first memory of wall-papers is of the trouble of getting rid of them. I remember we moved into a big old-fashioned house, and the first order my father gave was for the removal of the bedroom wall-papers. The order was much easier given than carried out, for the wall-papers, we found, were four deep. We studied out the designs of one after another. Now, those four wall-papers, all of them, had to come off. Maybe happy it was for us, that there was no workman to report on our amiability or lack of amiability in those days; but the wall-papers did come off, every scrap and smallest portion of them.

I cannot remember perfectly, but I know my father used emphatic language about germs of disease, and the duty of cleanly and healthful bedrooms, and impressed it well upon his children, both by his words and the work he gave them to do, that to put a clean wall-paper over a soiled one was a thing that ought not to be done. I suppose no paper-hanger at the present day would venture to do so shiftless a thing; but it is easy to see that the cleanest thing for a room that comes to much use is a painted wall, which can be easily washed when soiled. A painted wall is good anywhere, but very good, for a kitchen, or for a hall or dining-room dado, when you cannot have wood panels for your wainscot. It is also good for the attic or servant's bedrooms. The paint is more expensive than the kalsomine, but probably cheaper in the end, as the kalsomine must be renewed often, as it cannot be cleaned.

If you are building a house, avoid white, hard-finished walls. They stare at you continually, and take the light out of any picture you hang upon them. Your masons will say you must have them. When you tell them to leave the rough sand finish, they will say, "We cannot; we are ashamed to leave such a piece of work. It is not to our credit." Call up all your obstinacy and resolution, and carry your point. A hard-finished wall will cost you fully as much as a rough wall colored, and then kill about every bit of nice color you put in the room afterward. If you paint your wall, or have it kalsomined, the rough finish in either case is better than the hard. The roughness of the sand finish prevents too smooth and flat a glare of color, and gives you a velvet-like softness instead.

I can give only general directions for the color of the walls of your rooms. Choose always a good background color for the pictures and furniture that must fill the room later.

Dull red, celadon, sage, and olive greens, soft old blues that shade toward yellow or green, yellow browns, and cream yellows are some of the good wall colors. The woodwork and wall color must depend each on the other, and neither of them quarrel with the carpets or furniture. For this reason, an unobtrusive wall color is almost always desirable. But above all things, let walls and furnishings fit together. Hardly anything could be more painful than a dark olive,

gold and black Morris wall-paper; rich and beautiful in itself; but, as I saw it in a parlor not long ago, against shining white doors and woodwork, white ceiling, and thin white Nottingham lace curtains, elaborate gilt cornices, and light, gaily-flowered carpet, its richness and beauty became only black ugliness. If the old-fashioned white and gilt paper that preceded the more modern Morris had remained with the old furnishings, the white woodwork and gay carpet colors would not have been so obtrusive. If a new wall-paper was needed, a pale celadon or dull yellow would have been unobtrusive, and would not have outweighed the other furnishings. Let then the walls, woodwork, and carpets of your rooms not contradict and abuse at each other; but in kindly friendliness, only set off each other's good points, and all of them be sufficiently unobtrusive to form a good background for pictures, furniture, and the figures, faces, and dress of the brave men and fair women who live in them.

Olive colors are delightful in a large, sunny room, but dismal beyond measure in a small dark north room. In a north room, or in a dark hall, use a lighter warm color, as a cream yellow, or a pale celadon. A dining-room, or library, or any room where oil paintings are hung, is better for a dark wall color, as dull red, sage or olive. The colors of your paintings are more beautiful for the dark background of your walls. In a new house it is wise often to wait for your last coat of kalsomine or paint, at least a year or more, till your walls have had time to settle, and adapt themselves to the furnace heat, and to do all their painful cracking before the last filling up and coat of color is put on.

It goes without saying, that there is nothing more beautiful for a hall or dining-room, than a wood wainscoting, reaching some feet from the floor. I have happy knowledge of a pleasant country house, with beautiful oak panels all about the wide hall. The owner of the house, when driving one day, saw men felling a large oak tree. He stopped his horse, bargained for the tree at once, for, as he said, "I knew there was good wood in it." He sent the oak logs to the mill to be sawed, and when his house was built some years later, the oak panels, the choicest portions of the great tree, were all ready, and waiting to make beautiful the entrance hall of his home. But all of us cannot have oak-lined halls or wood wainscotings for our libraries and dining-rooms. In that case, a single strip of wood, nailed on the wall about the room, from three to five feet from the floor, will be a protection. The height of this band of wood may be regulated in a way to guard the walls from the backs of chairs too often placed against them. The picture rod may be dropped some distance from the ceiling, say from eighteen inches to two feet, or even one-third of the height of the room. This lowering of the picture molding is a great convenience to housekeepers, and makes comparatively easy the lifting up and down of pictures in house-cleaning time. The width of the frieze above the picture rod must depend on the height of the room. If a room is very high, a wider space may be left. If the room is very low, like an attic bedroom, there need be no frieze, but, instead, the wall color can run up on to the ceiling for a band of twelve inches, and add apparently to the height of the room. The three wall spaces, dado, middle space, and frieze, give a chance for three tones of color or modes of treatment, so adding to the richness of color in the room. The lower portion should be the darkest, and the colors grow lighter as they ascend, to give a feeling of air and height to the room. Mr. W. J. Loftie, in his sensible and very readable book, "A Plea for Art in the House," gives a description of how these three wall spaces were treated in a "bright and pleasant room." He says, "Round the walls, up to the height of the lock of the door, was a framing of slightly chamfered wooden



panels, painted maroon, and behind it, kept close to the wall by the framing, was some thin Japanese or Indian matting, without pattern, of a dark cream color; by unscrewing the paneling, it was easy at any time to change or turn the hangings. Above the panels, and reaching as high as the top of the door, was a broad band of handsome paper, of full toned color, and pretty modern pattern. This band was finished at the top with a narrow shelf, or cornice, on which were ranged a few china plates and vases, and a jug or two. Above the cornice, the wall was either painted or papered of a pale gray blue, and a few Japanese-looking birds had been cut out in paper, and stuck on here and there, the whole effect being that of air and space above the height of one's head." The management of colors here, and the feeling of air above, seems very delightful; but the stuck-on paper birds would have always distressed me, and reminded me of the dreadful decalcomanie jars that have afflicted the country for some years. If the birds are painted, no matter how flatly or conventionally, so long as they seemed part of the wall, and not paper stuck on, the effect must be good. It is not so serious a matter as one would think to paint a frieze border on your wall above your paper, that will fit your wall better than a paper bordering. I have tried it, and know it can be done. It means trouble and work, but is satisfactory when finished. After the kalsominers have tinted your ceiling and frieze border background, go to your workman with a piece of your wall-paper, and ask him to mix you the given colors you need from your paper. Try to content yourself with not more than three or four colors. While the paper-hanger hangs your paper, and the carpenter puts up the rods, cover some stiff paper with varnish. Out of this, when dry, you cut your stencil designs. Your design you adapt from your wall-paper. If a vine covers the paper, it may be alternate sprays and flowers at regular intervals, with the space above the sprays covered with scattered single flowers and leaves. A separate stencil must be cut for each color, and so carefully cut, that the parts will fit perfectly, after the fashion of the old theorem paintings. When your varnished paper stencils and little pots of color are all ready, climb your step-ladder, take your brush, and, while you hold your design in place, rub on your color. Your stencil is useful to keep distances correct—if you have a set border. If you have skill enough to work cleanly and correctly, wholly free hand, so much the better. A room in which you have put a bit of hand-work, no matter how simple, you will like better than any room in the house. But, whatever you do, do not upset a full pot of color, in the ardor of your work, over your rug, furniture, and good afternoon gown. Be advised, and wear your biggest apron always in this work.

The dado and frieze spaces give an opportunity to introduce special individuality to a room without disturbing the general wall background for your pictures. A botanist may have a flower border; a student of natural history, birds; an Egyptologist the lotus flower border, or a procession of Egyptian figures. Over a part of the chimney-piece, in any room, a motto may be introduced, in old English letters. A panel wall in a room with wood ceiling is very beautiful. The center of the panels may be filled with one of the beautiful colored jutes, which are easily found, and which shed dust from their smooth surface. This is simplest for a temporary thing, and a panel may be replaced at any time by some sample of Japanese leather, or by embroidery or painting. When several colors must be chosen for a room, combine the colors beforehand, and be sure they are satisfactory. A ribbon that fell accidentally across some folds of curtain stuff gave me unexpectedly the two chief colors I wanted for the walls of a room. I took my curtain stuff and my ribbon to my workman, and asked him to match the two

colors. With much doubting on his part, he obeyed orders, and the walls have been a comfort and rest to the eyes ever since. Do not hesitate to use your own individual ideas and tastes. If your neighbor has dado and frieze in her parlors, do not think you must upset your own rooms till you have something like it, and of the same width. "Bide a wee." Think a little, and think out something for yourself that will somehow belong to you, from having your own thought in it. Make your home changes because they are really to be changed for better comfort and greater beauty, and not that you may have fine furnishing, like your neighbors on the avenue.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

## Margery.

In a farmhouse, red and olden,  
Where the morning sunbeams golden,  
Flashed from diamond pane and gable,  
Glanced from weather-cock and stable,—  
There dwelt Margery—form and feature  
Plain, unshapely—but a creature  
With a soul athirst for beauty,  
Hedged in by the path of duty.

(The cream must be churned, and the wool must be spun,  
And the cows must be milked at the set of the sun,  
So Margery toileth.)

Never lark on bright May morning  
Trilled his welcome to the dawning,  
Not a wind-flower 'neath the hedges,  
In the breeze swung pearly edges,  
Ne'er sun-rays from cloud out-peeping,  
Hills in rosy glow are steeping—  
But her loving heart out-reaching  
Grasped the lesson they were teaching.

(But the cream must be churned, and the wool must be spun,  
And the cows must be milked at the set of the sun,  
And Margery toileth.)

Thus the long years slowly drifted,  
Never was the burden lifted;  
Hands grew knotted, shoulders stooping,  
'Neath the weight of care down drooping;  
Drunken father, feeble mother,  
Frail young sisters, thankless brother,  
And the love that might have crowned her,  
Passed her by and never found her.

(Yet the cream must be churned, and the wool must be spun,  
And the cows must be milked at the set of the sun,  
Brave Margery toileth.)

Say ye that her life was wasted,  
All the joys of earth untasted?  
Nay, each nature narrow-seeming  
May with richest grace be teeming.  
Ah! the angels knew her story  
When she donned their robes of glory,  
And beyond the hidden portal  
Margery wears a crown immortal!

(The cream is unchurned, and the wool is unspun,  
The cows all unmilked at the set of the sun,  
Tired Margery resteth.)

RUTH REVERE.



## Marie Calm,

POET, NOVELIST, AND PHILANTHROPIST.

**H**ARLES KINGSLEY, in one of his most beautiful and pathetic ballads, closes each stanza with the piteous refrain,

"For men must work and women weep,"



a proposition which is far from being borne out by facts, as the poet-preacher would have been the first to acknowledge, after the passing off of the "divine afflatus."

That one end of life's burden is carried by women few will, in this age, disallow. Whether as mothers, sisters, wives or teachers, as a rule, they do their share of hu-

man toil, faithfully according to their lights, and if, as is sorrowfully often the case, they prove themselves to be indeed "weaker vessels," it is more by force of education and circumstances, than from any rule or design of the Divine Creator.

One of the foremost workers in Germany in the cause which urges the training of girls into *womanly* women, strong, earnest, helpful, God-fearing and firm in the creed,

"That every creature, female as the male,  
Stands single in responsible act and thought,  
As also in birth and death,"

is Fräulein Marie Calm, born in Arolson, Principality of Waldeck, April 3, 1832. Her father was Burgomeister of the town, and held the view regarding the education, position, and relation of women to the world, which are still prevalent in Germany, with few exceptions—woman is only a supplement to man!

That sons shall be sent to the gymnasium and university, that they may have careful training for that career in life which they may select, and that every path shall be made plain and smooth before them, no matter at what cost of saving and scrimping to the parents and sisters, is a thing of course.

That a daughter shall, after a few years in the school-room and the attainment of a certain proficiency in one or two accomplishments, devote the remainder of her life to cooking and housekeeping, sewing and darning, patching and knitting, or embroidering, perhaps,

"A pair of slippers,  
To put on when you're weary, or a stool  
To tumble over and vex you, 'curse that stool!'  
Or else at best, a cushion, where you lean  
And sleep, and dream of something we are not,  
But would be for your sake,"

is equally a thing of course.

With this quite orthodox idea in mind, Herr Calm sought out a suitable person to whom he could intrust his young daughter, to be instructed in those multifarious details which go to make up an accomplished German housewife.

For in Germany, housekeeping is not taught at home. This important part of a girl's education is given into the hands of strangers, and the year which follows the close of school-

life is usually passed in a country parsonage or large farmhouse, where every trifling detail of housework is practically taught, from the washing of windows to the "getting up" of fine cambrics and laces, and from the cooking of soup maigre to the complicated compounding of a herring salad or a "Kirschen-Torte."

But Fräulein Calm had other views for herself. Fortunately, her teacher had been a sensible, thoughtful woman, who, while winning her pupil's love and confidence, had instilled into her mind the truth that there is a worthier ambition than the accumulation of closets full of linen and china, and knowledge more desirable than the preparation of a different soup for each day in the month.

While Herr Calm had been seeking a lady to take charge of this branch of his daughter's education, she had been occupied in making inquiries concerning French schools, and when he proposed his plan, she was ready with hers. After some delay, and upon certain stipulations, the old gentleman gave way, and consented to a year's residence in a well-known pensionat in Geneva.

Once there, Fräulein Calm lost no time. Besides French, she took up the study of English, beginning with the reading of Sir Walter Scott's *Crusaders*! This she translated into French, making such rapid progress in the acquirement of the language, as to be able to translate Shakespeare, and write English stories and poems before the end of the year. One of the latter, which has been set to music, we give for our readers' pleasure:

"My heart is like the quiet deep,  
Where mirrored clear, thy form I keep.  
My heart is like the shady grove,  
Where echoes oft the name I love.

"My heart is like a ring of gold,  
And thou its gem of worth untold;  
My heart is like the pure spring air,  
Wherein thou art the perfume rare.

"My heart is like a little shell,  
And thou the pearl it guards so well;  
It holds thee fast! Thou'lt ne'er depart  
Till breaks the shell, or breaks my heart!"

At the close of this year, Fräulein Calm went to England as governess, where she spent three happy and profitable years. This was the only time, she laughingly says, that she ever denied her age. Having lost an apparently very eligible position on account of her youth, she reported herself as three years older than she really was—a denial of age pardonable under such circumstances.

Two succeeding years were passed in Russia, after which she took charge of a girls' high school in the Rhine Provinces, which position she retained until forced to give it up by failing health. During these years she had been constantly writing, but only as a sort of safety valve, and not with any purpose of publication.

Now, however, she turned her full attention to writing, making her first public appearance in print, in the widely-known journal, "*Ueber Land und Meer*." Her stories were eagerly read, and so natural were they, that in one instance a lady wrote to inquire the address of a certain heroine, saying she felt it to be quite impossible that such a character should be imaginary.

In 1865, the first Woman's Congress was held in Leipsic, when the *Deutschen Frauen Allgemeinen Verein* was established, and its organ, the *Neuen Bahnen*, brought into life. Fräulein Calm read of this, and, delighted to find something being attempted for the amelioration and elevation of women in her fatherland, she wrote to the ladies chiefly interested to express her sympathy, and received from them a cordial invitation to take part in the next congress.

This occurred in 1867, and then Fräulein Calm met the few earnest, noble women, striving against such heavy



odds to advance themselves and their sisters in moral, social, and civil status.

Immediately after Fräulein Calm's return to Cassel, where she made her home with her widowed mother, she organized an evening school for working-girls, where geography, history, arithmetic, and other practical branches were taught. Begun absolutely without means, except that which she was prepared to give of her own, it is worthy of remark that she was never called upon to use one penny from her private purse, the necessary funds coming in as needed, and that without solicitation.

In October, 1869, she invited Frau Otto Peters, Goldschmidt, and others, to convene a congress in Cassel. Quite single-handed she worked for this convention, both the men and women in Cassel turning the cold shoulder *in prospectu*, on the unwelcome innovation of women as public speakers.

Many of those who went night after night to the theater or opera to hang entranced on the melody which flowed from a woman's lips, or the graceful but not always decorous movements of a ballet-dancer, were horrified at the mere thought of a woman so far forgetting her dignity and modest reticence as to think, or, having thought, to speak of those deep moral and social questions which involve not only her own personal happiness and advancement, but also the prosperity and, mayhap, the eternal life of thousands yet unborn. We labor, not for to-day, but for future ages, should be and really is the legend of workers in the woman's cause!

Despite the protests and discouragements of Miss Nancys in petticoats, and Miss Nancys in pantaloons, the congress was held, and was one of the largest and most successful ever held in Germany. The Frauenbildungs Verein was founded, and a Fach, or Industrial School for girls. To do this a subscription paper was circulated, and in a few days five hundred thalers was subscribed; the city council appropriated a room rent free, and the school was opened with forty pupils and three or four teachers.

The instruction in the school is intended as a complement to that furnished in regular school life. It is meant to be a thorough, practical preparation for everyday duties, whether found at home, in society, or the shop. Bookkeeping, French, English, drawing, German literature and history, the making of bills, writing of commercial letters, keeping of household expense books, the buying of goods, the distinguishing fine from poor materials, form one part of the curriculum.

Another department takes up needlework in all its ramifications, from making of plain aprons to shirtmaking, and the most elaborate and complicated dressmaking. The pupil begins by making samples of various details required in projected work. Frames of wood, across which white cord is stretched, are used to illustrate the different stitches required in sewing; this is done by means of red on the white.

The blackboard also plays an important part. Each pupil is expected to be able to draw the article to be made on the board, as a whole and in parts, and so to explain the figures, either by writing or *viva voce*, that her co-pupils can cut and finish from her description.

The work done in the embroidery department is exquisite. Not even the school of needlework in South Kensington can rival some specimens shown the writer before the last examinations. This being the only school of the kind in Hessen, twenty-five per cent. of the pupils are from other parts of the province, outside of Cassel; and, as it is the one where the State examinations for needlework are held, more perhaps is required than from Fach Schules in general. It is now in a very prosperous condition, with fourteen teachers (one only being a gentleman!), and over three hundred pupils.

The principal of the school is Fräulein Kauffmann, who

devotes herself with untiring energy to the work, which has developed so finely under her fostering care. Fräulein Calm has classes in history, French and German literature, but her work with her pupils is not confined to the schoolroom, for she frequently gathers her pupils together in her own home, during winter evenings, thus gaining firm hold on their affections, and giving them wide and comprehensive ideas of life as learned through history and literature.

Since 1869, Fräulein Calm has been indefatigable in her labors for the woman's cause, holding herself in readiness to go whenever called upon, to lecture upon education, and to found Vereins and schools. In this way she has visited Hamburg, Stuttgart, Frankfurt Am Main, Heidelberg, etc., etc. In this last city much ill-feeling was exhibited before her visit, she and her sisters in the cause being denominated in the daily papers, "wolves in sheep's clothing." As is often the case, however, those who heard what she had to say for herself and her cause repented their ill-judged and harsh words, and made amends for their opposition by evincing afterward the most cordial and kindly sympathy.

In February, 1879, she was requested by a Hollandische Verein of gentlemen, who were especially interested in the education of girls, to visit Emden, on the North Sea, to deliver a lecture, and, if thought advisable, to establish a school. The weather was extremely severe, the snow being so deep as to greatly impede railway journeying. With one accord Fräulein Calm's friends importuned her to break the engagement. "Would a man stay at home because of the weather?" she asked. "*I cannot!* start I must, and if the train stops before it reaches Emden, it is Providence, not I, who hinders." So the high-spirited woman went, reaching her destination only ten minutes behind time, lectured the following evening to an overflowing audience, and founded, the succeeding day, a Fortbildungs School for girls, under the auspices of the gentleman's Verein.

To this labor for the "Cause," Fräulein Calm joins an intermittent amount of regular brain-work—every day from eight till one being spent in her study. The list of her novelettes is too long to be mentioned here, but some of her larger works are "Blick in das Leben," prepared for girls of sixteen to eighteen; "Bilder und Klänge," a volume of poems printed during the Franco-Prussian War, and sold for the benefit of the "Vaterland's" wounded soldiers; "Weibliches Wirken in Küche, Wohnzimmer und Salon," consisting of practical hints for girls and youthful wives, and "Leo," a three-volume novel, which fastens the reader's attention with the first page, and holds it unwaveringly to the closing paragraph. But it is not only as a romance that Leo is so attractive. There is a hidden meaning, a subtle lesson conveyed in the heroine's life and career, which proves it to have been written with a strong and steady undercurrent of purpose, and not simply to furnish amusement for an idle hour.

Fräulein Calm is now in the full flush of mature powers—the very personification of happy, kindly womanhood. Her home is a home of love, presided over by her mother, a lovely old lady of eighty, with silvery curls and dainty ways. Many may the years be which stretch out before her, peaceful, prosperous, working years, in which to teach

"Life means, be sure  
Both heart and head—both active, both complete,  
And both in earnest. Men and women make  
The world, as head and heart make human life.  
Work man, *work woman*, since there's work to do  
In this beleaguered earth, for head and heart.  
*But work for ends*, I mean, for uses; not  
For such sleek fringes (do you call them ends,  
Still less God's glory) as we sew ourselves  
Upon the velvet of these baldaquins,  
Held 'twixt us and the sun."

LIZZIE P. LEWIS.





### The Shepherdess with a Nest of Loves.

(From the bas-relief by Thorvaldsen.)

**ALBERT** or **BERTEL THORVALDSEN**, the celebrated Danish sculptor, was the son of an Icelander, who resided at Copenhagen, where his son was born in 1770. He early displayed that genius for which he subsequently became so celebrated, and when but seventeen years old gained the prize medal of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen. Two years later he bore off another, and ultimately won the gold medal, which gave him the privilege of studying abroad for three years at the expense of the Academy. Thus encouraged, he went to Rome, and it was twenty-three years before he saw his native country again. When he did return he had earned that fame which set a crown of glory on his brow, and made his name immortal. There were few countries that did not apply to him for statues and bas-reliefs to ornament their churches and palaces. His fame had become world-wide, many giving him the preference to Canova for his breadth of style and truer execution. Proud of the fame that their countryman had achieved abroad, the Danes received him with a perfect

ovation. A grand banquet was given in his honor, and he was received at court and dined with the monarch. His death occurred suddenly in 1844, and the unexpected termination of his brilliant career filled all hearts with sorrow. He was borne by forty artists through the streets of Copenhagen, his coffin covered with wreaths, one of which was woven by the Queen of Denmark, and from the funeral-draped windows the women cast flowers before the coffin. When the remains reached the *Fruer Kirke*, the king and prince royal came forward to meet the cortege. Few have been so honored in life and death as was this Danish sculptor, whose genius gave him a throne more exalted even than that of kings.

While the statues of Thorvaldsen brought him honor and distinction, his great fame was achieved by his bas-reliefs. Here he unquestionably reigned supreme; and in this department of his art he has produced some of the finest works extant, distinguished for great originality, grace of design, truthfulness of execution and infinite variety.

Not the least beautiful of his bas-reliefs is "The Shepherdess with a Nest of Loves," a charming creation, full of grace and poetry. The young shepherdess is seen seated



holding a nest of loves. Here every phase of love finds expression ; faithful love, leaning forth, gently caresses the dog, companion of the shepherdess ; hopeful love lays its head fondly and pleadingly on her arm ; two loves kiss each other affectionately ; one love sleeps profoundly, while fickle love floats off in the distance, not heeding the imploring hand stretched out to stay him. Certainly, beauty in her highest revelations was known to the artist, for anything more exquisitely beautiful, both in design and execution, than this charming work of art, cannot be imagined. Not only the faces, but the attitudes of the little loves are most expressive, especially the one asleep, whose baby form reposes in all the abandonment of profound slumber. The figure of the shepherdess is full of noble simplicity and tender grace. The face replete with the tenderness and beauty of early womanhood, the pose of the graceful head, the arrangement of the hair, the outstretched arm, dimpled at the elbow, the fall of the drapery, partly revealing the exquisitely rounded limbs, give to the marble wonderful expression and truth.

The original of our beautiful engraving is in the Thorvaldsen Museum at Copenhagen. It is executed in marble, and is two feet high and over two feet in width. Here it stands amid six hundred and forty-eight creations of this wonderful sculptor (and these but a small portion of his works), proving him not only one of the greatest geniuses of the age, but one of the world's most industrious workers. Well did his chisel deserve to be wreathed with laurel and palm as it lay on the pall of his coffin.

### St. Valentine's Dream.

“ THE world grows old, and my arts are cold,  
 Nobody cares for aught but gold,  
 I am out of style with my throbbing hearts,  
 My quiver is stuffed with the dullest darts;  
 I have had my day, and may make my bow,  
 No one has time for St. Valentine now !”

So the tricky saint, as he made his plaint,  
 Lay down to sleep in the cup of a rose,  
 And a breeze came by from a southern sky,  
 And soothed him into a sweet repose.

And all in a moment the gate of dreams  
 Swung open wide with its pearly gleams,  
 And Valentine wandered here and there,  
 A presence immortally young and fair.  
 And first he paused in a humming shop,  
 Where the wheels went round without rest or stop.

There were swart mechanics with faces grim,  
 Said one to another, “ It's Valentine's day !”  
 Not one of them noticed or thought of him,  
 As he hid in the cobwebbed roof away.

“ I shall send a picture to bonny Bess,”  
 “ And I,” said another, “ to pretty Jess ;”  
 “ There's a little woman, I'll pledge my life,  
 That none but she shall be my sweet wife !”  
 Said one to his neighbor ; the hammers rung,  
 And love tripped time to each iron tongue.

Away like the wind the good saint flew,  
 And after him cupids, a splendid train,  
 Till he came to a brown-stone palace new,  
 Where a maid was building *châteaux en Espagne*.

“ And, oh !” she sighed in her boudoir dim,  
 “ If only I could be sure of him,

If only I felt that 'twas I he loved,  
 If somehow his faith and his truth were proved,  
 Then, out of the world I would choose him mine,  
 My own, my prince, my Valentine.”

Afar on his feathery pinions spread,  
 The merry god, like a sunbeam flashed,  
 Shaking the curls on his nodding head,  
 Till into a kitchen he gayly dashed.

And there stood Bridget, substantial, stout,  
 A buxom lass who had just come out.  
 She was crying over the rolling-pin,  
 And “ Och !” she muttered, “ it's surely sin  
 For a girl to flirt with another's beau,  
 And that's what Nora has done, I know !”

The cupids fluttered, the quiver full  
 Of darts grew sharp of their own accord,  
 The chilled hearts beat till they broke the lull  
 Of the kind saint's nap, and away they poured.

Hither and yonder like mad they went,  
 Till the postman's courage was nearly spent,  
 For they weighed like lead in his bursting bag,  
 And he did not dare to loiter or flag,  
 Since Valentine's Day is all the rage  
 Once more, in this hurrying, golden age.

And never while human pain and passion,  
 And sorrow and joy and hope abide,  
 Shall love, dear love, ever go out of fashion,  
 While the shores are kissed by the crooning tide.

Whatever else may have had its day,  
 St. Valentine's sceptre is here to stay,  
 For he sheds the light of a glow divine,  
 Wherever his silvery arrows shine,  
 Speeding along with their delicate arts,  
 To thrill with rapture æsthetic hearts.

### Love's Messenger.—(See Oil Picture.)

**T**HOSE of our readers who are lovers of the beautiful, and we know that all are more or less so, will be charmed with the exquisite and poetical embodiment of Love and her messengers, which we present with this month's issue to our subscribers as an appropriate reminder of the month dedicated to the patron saint of Venus, St. Valentine.

The blind goddess is truly and appropriately represented as a beautiful woman, blinded, not blind, and she is in the act of dropping a missive, which is labeled “ heart's-ease,” into a repository carried by the cupids, who are her winged messengers. The grace of form, and delicate coloring, the fine pose of the body, and the perfect harmony of every detail render this one of the loveliest of symbolical pictures, and one well worthy of a handsome setting.

The immortality of love is signified by the presence of the butterfly, and the ivy which crowns and trails over the simple antique vase upon the wall. Every detail is classic in its purity, and freedom from garish and inharmonious suggestion ; and is also true in its adherence to the spirit of mythological art.

*With bandaged eyes the goddess stands,  
 The message dropping from her hands,  
 That is to quiet love's sweet pain,  
 And fill some heart with joy again.*



## Love's Question.

(From the Swedish.)

Dost thou love me for my beauty, say ?  
Then don't love me, don't love me, pray.  
Love the moon, her dazzling beauty view,  
See her gold curls shining in the blue.  
My curls all soon will turn to gray,  
Don't love me for my beauty, pray.

Dost thou love me for my youth, oh say ?  
Then don't love, don't love me, pray.  
Love the spring, she'll give thee roses fine,  
When long have faded all of mine.  
I shall grow old and plain some day,  
Don't love me for my youth then, pray.

Dost thou love me for my wealth, oh say ?  
Then don't love me, don't love me, pray.  
Some sea-nymph love, who pearls will bring,  
And treasures rich, when mine take wing.  
Have all my gold in one bright ray,  
But for my gold, don't take me, pray.

Dost thou love me for my love's sake, say ?  
Then do love me, do love me, pray.  
All my heart's youth, beauty, gold,  
In thy love's lap ever hold ;  
Let me live and love always,  
In thy love's blue heaven, I pray,  
Though I lose all, all I own,  
If I'm queen of thy heart's throne.

LYDIA M. MILLARD.

## The Common Lot.

It is a common tale, a woman's lot,  
To waste on one the wishes of her soul,  
Who takes the wealth she gives him, but can not  
Repay the interest—and much less the whole.

As I look up into your eyes, and wait  
For some response to my fond gaze and touch,  
It seems to me there is no sadder fate  
Than to be doomed to loving over much.

Are you not kind ? ah, yes, so very kind,  
So thoughtful of my comfort, and so true,  
Yes, yes, dear heart, but I, not being blind,  
Know that I am not loved as I love you.

And oftentimes you think me childish, weak,  
When, at some idle word, the tears will start  
You cannot understand how aught you speak,  
Has power to stir the depths of my poor heart.

One tender word, a little longer kiss,  
Will fill my soul with music and with song,  
And if you seem abstracted, or I miss  
The heart-tune from your voice, my world goes wrong.

I cannot help it, dear ; I wish I could,  
Or feign indifference where I now adore,  
For if I seemed to love you less, you would,  
Man like, I have no doubt, love me the more.

'Tis a sad gift—that much applauded thing,  
A constant heart. For fact doth daily prove  
That constancy finds but a cruel sting,  
And fickle natures win the truest love.

ELLA WHEELER.

## Be True!

THE day is fair and fine, my love,  
The sky is azure blue :  
I'm happy in thy presence, love,  
And wilt thou too be true ?

The sunshine lends its splendor, love,  
To all the earth and skies ;  
But a happier light to me, love,  
Is the favor of thine eyes.

The wild bird's song is sweet, my love,  
The rose and lily fair ;  
But what are these to me, my love,  
Without thy smile and care ?

As heaven is ever gracious, love,  
As cloudless skies are blue ;  
So cheerfully remember, love,  
And let thy heart be true.

PEN DENNIS.

## Ballad.

ON earth, for me, there is no woe,  
No burden arduous to bear,  
No subtle grief, no hidden foe,  
No dull allurements to despair,  
When I, oblivious to all care,  
Turning to calm my saddest sighs,  
Can gaze with rapture on the rare,  
The soft evangels of thine eyes.

Fate may retain its direst blow  
For me unblest, and unaware,  
May smite me as I dreaming go  
Thro' life's dark desert, bleak and bare ;  
But I hold joy that can compare  
With that of gods, that never dies.  
When on me shine divinely fair,  
The soft evangels of thine eyes.

Earth has no bounty to bestow  
That I am ever fain to share ;  
Fame, wealth, for me can little show,  
I nothing do, I nothing dare ;  
For thee alone my life I spare,  
For thee alone, oh, perfect prize,  
Guarding as Heaven would guard a prayer,  
The soft evangels of thine eyes.

ENVOI.

So let my youth be lost, and flow  
Heedlessly by, as wind that flies,  
While o'er me with calm rapture glow  
The soft evangels of thine eyes.

F. S. SALTUS.

## A Valentine.

(From the Swedish.)

WHEN so cold and dark thine eye  
Looks around—looks around,  
Darkness like a pall the sky  
Veils around—veils around.

When thine eye so warm and bright  
Looks around—looks around,  
All the earth aglow with light  
Smiles around—smiles around.

L. M.



## "The Guardianship of Children and the Status of the Mothers."

GIVEN AT THE NINTH WOMEN'S CONGRESS, AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK, BY BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

**T**HIS topic, presented to me for consideration and discussion, includes so wide a range of thought, and involves so much in its ramifications, that I am at a loss which branch of the theme to pursue; nor am I instructed whether to take up the social, moral or legal aspect of the case.

*The legal status of the mothers* is as various as the status they represent; for our laws are not uniform, as they should be, on this and kindred subjects. *Their moral and social status* is as various as the grades of society from whence they come; and their influence is modified and colored by the antagonistic or analogous influences that surround the ward.

*Orphans.*—The word appeals to the finest and best feelings of humanity,—to a tender consideration and protection from whatever cause the orphanage has arisen. The Bible denounces in strong terms those who despoil the widow and orphan, and promises blessings to those who cherish them. Under the patriarchal law it became the duty of the nearest male kinsman of the husband and father, not only to nourish and protect the children of his relative, but to marry the widow or give her in marriage.

*The birthright*, or right to inherit the possessions and emoluments of the father, to the child legally born, or born in lawful wedlock, is as old as society itself. Thus it is recorded that Esau sold his birthright to his brother Jacob for a mess of pottage. The illegitimate child was held under the old Roman Law, and the English Common Law, to have no inheritable blood, even on the side of the mother, and was pronounced *nullius filius*. Our own law has declared that the illegitimate child may inherit from the mother. It is now time, in the interest of humanity, morality, and justice, that every child born should inherit his share of the estate where the parentage can be proven. The innocent offspring have long enough suffered for the crimes of a licentious parentage, without being cast out into the world to suffer, with the ignominy of a name, the pangs of hunger and the misery of destitution.

The ancient history of jurisprudence furnishes but meagre data of the laws and customs of the European States prior to the sixteenth century. At Athens, officers were appointed by the law to administer a fund for the rearing and education of indigent orphans, while the errors or misdeeds of guardians were amenable to the courts of law; the right to bring such action being limited to five years. The archon or highest magistrate of the government, after the death of Codrus the king, was considered the natural guardian of the orphan children and of the widows also.

The Roman law preserved in itself the right to appoint a guardian to the orphans of every testator. This authority was vested sometimes in the pretors and tribunes, and sometimes in the consuls. Cicero alludes to the wards falling a certain prey to the pretors. The guardians thus appointed were severely punished for misconduct, or the misappropriation of funds coming into their hands; and sometimes suffered even death on the cross for disloyalty to the sacred trust imposed. The mother's voice during these years does not appear to have been heard in complaint, and her arm was even less powerful than that of the orphan itself.

Under British rule, the guardianship of the orphans of the king's tenants became the prerogative of the Crown, and the lord became, by operation of law, the guardian of the orphans of his retainers. These guardians enjoyed the

profits of the lands of their wards, and the disposal of their bodies until they became of age, and if the ward was a female the guardian had the right to give her in marriage. This manner of guardianship had its origin in the feudal system, and was abolished by Act of Parliament under Charles II. Since this period, the right of appointing guardians to orphans has been vested in a court of chancery. By a custom of London, the guardianship of orphans is vested in the city.

*The Classes of Orphans* needing guardianship and protection here, are those orphaned from the usual causes of disease and death; the immorality and desertion of parents; and those left us by the late civil war. Of this latter class there were in our midst at the cessation of hostilities one million of children of both sexes, and every class, from the children of the martyred President down to the dilapidated hovel of the former slave. I have marshaled these in my mind's eye into one grand mass convention, and while I cursorily run over their condition in regard to the body politic, I can only gather up a single thread of thought and follow it out to its conclusions for the edification of the Congress.

The object of our Association is for the improvement and advancement of women. I shall pursue my subject so far as it pertains to that aspect of the case; or so far as it throws any light upon the legal or social condition of the women of this country in points where they ought to be ameliorated or amended.

*A guardian of a child* is one who has charge of his person, or property, or both, during his minority or some portion of the same. Guardians are of various kinds, but may for our purpose be divided into two general classes, viz.: guardians who become such by operation of law without any specific legal appointment; and guardians who are appointed by parents or by the courts, either in pursuance of some inherent power residing in the tribunal, or in accordance with the provisions of the statutes. A guardian performs the office of a protector of person, of property, of mind, of morals, or even of spiritual interests.

*Guardians at common law*, who belong to the first division, may be subdivided as follows, viz.: *Guardians by nature*, who have charge of the person but not of the property until the ward arrives at the age of twenty-one years. This guardianship is exercised by the father until his death, imbecility, or insanity, and upon the happening of either of these events, devolves upon the mother. As in our country all of the children inherit equally, and are entitled to equal care, this guardianship pertains to them all; and until they arrive at the age of twenty-one years, they are under the parents' authority, owe allegiance, service, and duty; and the parent may collect, control, and use by law, the earnings of the child up to that age, whether male or female.

*Testamentary guardians*, or those appointed under the statutes. These supersede the claims of any other guardians, and their authority extends to the person and to the real and personal estate of the ward, and continues until he arrives at full age, or at the age of twenty-one years. The appointment of testamentary guardians is made by what is termed the Orphan's or Probate Court in the District of Columbia, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, and some of the other States in the Union; by the Circuit, County, or Corporation Court in Virginia and Tennessee; by the Surrogate's Court in New York, and by the Ecclesiastical Court in Great Britain.



In every instance the guardian is required to give bond for the management of his ward's estate. Besides this, every court where an infant is a party, has a special and necessary power to appoint for the infant a *guardian ad litem* for that particular suit; a position in which a general guardian will not be permitted to act. The object of this appointment being to protect the property interests of the ward, courts of equity, or chancery as they are termed in some of the States, exercise a supervisory control over the action of the surrogate or probate officers; and may remove guardians appointed by them for good cause shown.

The guardian may use the interest or income of his ward's estate for the maintenance of the ward; but he cannot exceed it except by order of the court. The Probate or Orphan's Court may for good cause shown, order the sale of the personal estate, but the realty cannot be disposed of except it be absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the ward; and the sale must be ratified and in most cases ordered by the Equity or Chancery Court, as the interests involved are of a nature so important as to call for the most careful consideration.

*These guardianships are created by the last will of a father; and this power over his children, born and unborn, gives to any paterfamilias, if he so choose, the right to place his children after his death, entirely beyond the control of the mother, and to place their property and persons in the hand of a stranger; thus dealing with the child as with a chattel, and rendering the mother a stranger to her own offspring.*

*But men are generally better than the laws, and especially so in our own country; and the love usually existing between husband and wife, and the tender love of offspring nourished by them both, have usually given the control of the person if not of the property to the mother. The growing tendency of statesmen and men of liberal views in the present decade, is to invest the wife and mother, especially if she has arrived at mature years, with the guardianship of both person and property. I mention, because the personages are so well known, the testaments of the late Senators Morton, Chandler, and Carpenter from the respective States of Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin; the millionaire George W. Riggs, of the District of Columbia, and that of our lamented President, James A. Garfield of Ohio, in each of which the wife was made sole legatee of the large estate and guardian of the children; the testator leaving to her discretion the portion which each child should receive; and at the same time paying a noble tribute of confidence and esteem to the wife who had borne with them the labor and heat of the day, and who had nursed and nurtured the children of their love.*

*The rights of a guardian over his ward are, in many respects, like those of a parent. He may direct the education, religious training, and domicile of his ward. The marriage of the ward, male or female, relieves the guardian of the care of both person and property. He may sell the personal estate, but can only collect the rents of the realty. He cannot improve the real estate out of his ward's money, nor out of his own except at his own risk, nor is he chargeable with interest for the surplus of funds in his hands, unless he has speculated with it on his own account, or the court has ordered him to invest it. His position is an important one, for the whole future welfare of the child may depend upon his wisdom and management, and the care he exercises may take the place of both parents. It becomes a moral as well as a pecuniary responsibility, and in view of the large number of guardians who must be appointed in this country, a matter of grave concern to the State.*

*"Whenever land shall descend, or be devised to a male under the age of twenty-one years, or a female under sixteen years, or any such male or female shall be entitled to a distributive share of the personal estate of an intestate, or a*

*legacy, or a bequest under a last will or codicil; and the said male or female shall not have a natural guardian, or a guardian appointed by last will; the orphan's court of the county where the land lies, or in which administration of the personal estate is granted, has power to appoint a guardian to such infant until the age of twenty-one years if a male, and sixteen years if a female, or marriage; and such appointment may be made at any time after the probate of the will or administration granted on the estate of the deceased under whom the infant appears to be so entitled to land; and it may be made in the case of personal estate, either before or after the executor or administrator shall have passed his accounts." This is the law of guardianship governing the District of Columbia to-day. The law of Maryland differs only in that the orphan's court of the county where the infant resides shall appoint the guardian, and the legal age of the female ward is eighteen years in that State. The father has been usually preferred to the mother as guardian, but the law permits both. Both are required to give bond in proportion to the estate coming into his or her hands, and are governed by the same laws, with the exception that when a married woman is made guardian, the consent of the husband is required; and his signature to the bond becomes necessary. It were well if the wife's signature were also required on the other hand, that each might be a check on the other.*

The common custom in our country, so long grown into a habit, of making the man of the family the leading spirit and the prevailing power, has weakened the reasoning faculties of the female portion of the family by never bringing those powers into exercise, so that the mass of American women, so far as law or business is concerned, are helpless. A creditable knowledge of law, and of the rules of business, does not require more time than is bestowed by the average woman on needlework, music, French, or drawing, and would pay in the course of a lifetime a much larger dividend.

*Divorce.*—Guardianship in the case of *divorce*, now becoming so alarmingly frequent in our country, devolves upon the court, and the wisdom of the presiding judge to determine from the evidence adduced, which parent is fittest to rear the offspring of the unhappy union in such a manner as will best conduce to the moral and material interests of the children themselves, and best fit them for responsible citizenship. If the father has been charged with gross immorality, and it has been proven, and if he have an estate sufficient, and the mother is shown to be a proper person to have charge of their education and guardianship—the charge will be committed to her with a monthly allowance out of the estate for the support of the children as well as for her own support. If, on the other hand, the mother, as is sometimes the case, be shown to be immoral, the court will take the children from her, and give them to the custody of the father. If both parents are disqualified by their habits of life to have charge of their offspring, a relative, or even a stranger willing to accept the charge, may be appointed. I recall four instances that have come under my observation, in which the children have been taken from the parents by the court as unfit for their management and control, and they have been given to the care of outside parties. The court will rarely, however, and except for the gravest reasons take an infant of tender years or under the age of seven from the mother; and the wishes and affections of the child itself is usually consulted.

In cases of contested guardianship the next of kin is preferred; but the male in the same degree is preferred to the female; the unmarried woman is preferred to the married woman, and the relatives of the father preferred to the relatives of the mother in the same degree. But the court will always use its discretion, and take into consideration the



moral and mental status of the parties applying, as well as their ability to give a good and sufficient bond for the fiduciary character assumed, and the property confided to their care. Women must to a large extent blame themselves, or the influences which surround them, rather than the law for the discrimination often made against them. It has been considered quite the thing and delicate and womanly as a rule for women to waive these obligations and duties, and to renounce them in favor of some male relative, who, often with more regard for his own interest than those of his ward, has squandered the estate; and the mother too late has awakened to the knowledge of a neglected duty and a lost opportunity. Every woman should know that at the death of her husband without a will, it is her privilege to become the legal guardian of her minor children, and the administratrix of her husband's estate. To waive this duty is to announce her own incapacity and to set aside responsibility, which it is a possible duty to assume.

*The law of Virginia*, with reference to testamentary guardians, says: "Every father may, by his last will and testament, appoint a guardian for his child, born or to be born, and for such time during its infancy as he shall direct. If the minor is under fourteen years, the court may nominate and appoint his guardian; if he is above that age, he may, in the presence of the court or in writing acknowledged before a justice, nominate his own guardian, who, if approved by the court, shall be appointed accordingly; but if for any cause he fail to do this, the court will nominate and appoint the guardian in the same manner as though the minor were under fourteen years."

Every guardian who shall be so appointed, and who shall give bond when required, shall have the custody of his ward, and the possession, care and management of his estate, real and personal, and out of the proceeds of such estate shall provide for his maintenance and education. But the *father* of the minor, if living; and, in case of his death, the *mother* while she remains unmarried, shall, if fit for the trust, be entitled to the custody of the person of the minor, and to the care of his education. And unless the guardian shall sooner die, be removed, or resign his trust, he shall continue in office until the minor, being a male, shall attain the age of twenty-one years; or, being a female, shall attain that age, or marry, or in the case of testamentary guardianship, until the termination of the period limited therefor. At the expiration of his trust he shall deliver and pay all of the estate and money in his hands, or with which he is chargeable, to those entitled thereto." It will be seen that the law is somewhat various, and uncertain about the age at which a woman arrives at her majority, so as to be capable of taking charge of her own estate. And again the office of the woman guardian expires upon her marriage; and if she happen to have a guardian or a trustee for her own estate as was the custom under the common law, such trusteeship becomes transferred to her husband.

*The laws of New York* are liberal and humane with reference to the rights and privileges guaranteed to women and children; but there is room for still greater liberty. The old law reads, "Every father, whether of full age or a minor, of a child likely to be born, or of any living child under the age of twenty-one years and unmarried, may by his deed or last will duly executed, dispose of the custody and tuition of such child during its minority, or for any less time, to any person or persons in possession or remainder."

\* \* \* \* "On the appointment of a guardian for a minor under fourteen years, the surrogate shall give preference, first, to the mother of the minor; second, to the grandfather on the father's side; third, to the grandfather on the mother's side; fourth, to either of the uncles on the father's side; fifth, to either of the uncles on the mother's side; sixth, to

any one of the next of kin to the minor who would be entitled to a distribution of his personal estate in case of his death." The first section of this law seems to be somewhat modified by a law enacted in 1862, which declares that the father of a minor shall not apprentice a child, or part transfer control of him, without the consent of the mother in writing. A law, enacted by the Legislature in 1867, declares "that a married woman may act as an executrix, administratrix or guardian of minors, and her bonds given in those respects bind her as an unmarried woman."

*In Massachusetts* a married woman may be an executrix, administratrix, guardian, or trustee, may make contracts and transfers or conveyances of property, except to her husband, as if a *femme sole*. When the wife is divorced for adultery, the husband holds her real estate as long as they both live; if there be children, he holds it as a tenant by courtesy after her death, and her personal estate forever. This is also the law of Tennessee, and, to my mind, the most unjust and pernicious law that the mind of man ever conceived. Let the tables be turned for once and the wife hold the real estate and the chattels of the husband who has been convicted of adultery, and such a howl would go up as would rend the ears of the lawgivers of the land, until the unjust act was repealed. This unholy law sends the woman who has erred out on the cold charities of the world, without husband, children, property, or friends, and compels her to be what it professes to condemn—an unchaste woman.

*A married woman* in Missouri and in Arkansas cannot be an executrix, administratrix, or guardian by appointment of the court, because in the language of the old common law, she is supposed to be merged in her husband; or, in other words, legally dead. This husband, at common law, has in the District of Columbia and in most of the States, received a decent burial, and one so deep that he will never again be resurrected. Tenancy by courtesy is also slowly dying, and will soon be one of the things of the past. The range of my theme is broader and longer than time or space, and I will close my subject by a few allusions to the laws enacted by the Federal Government with reference to the legal status of the widows and children left by the late war.

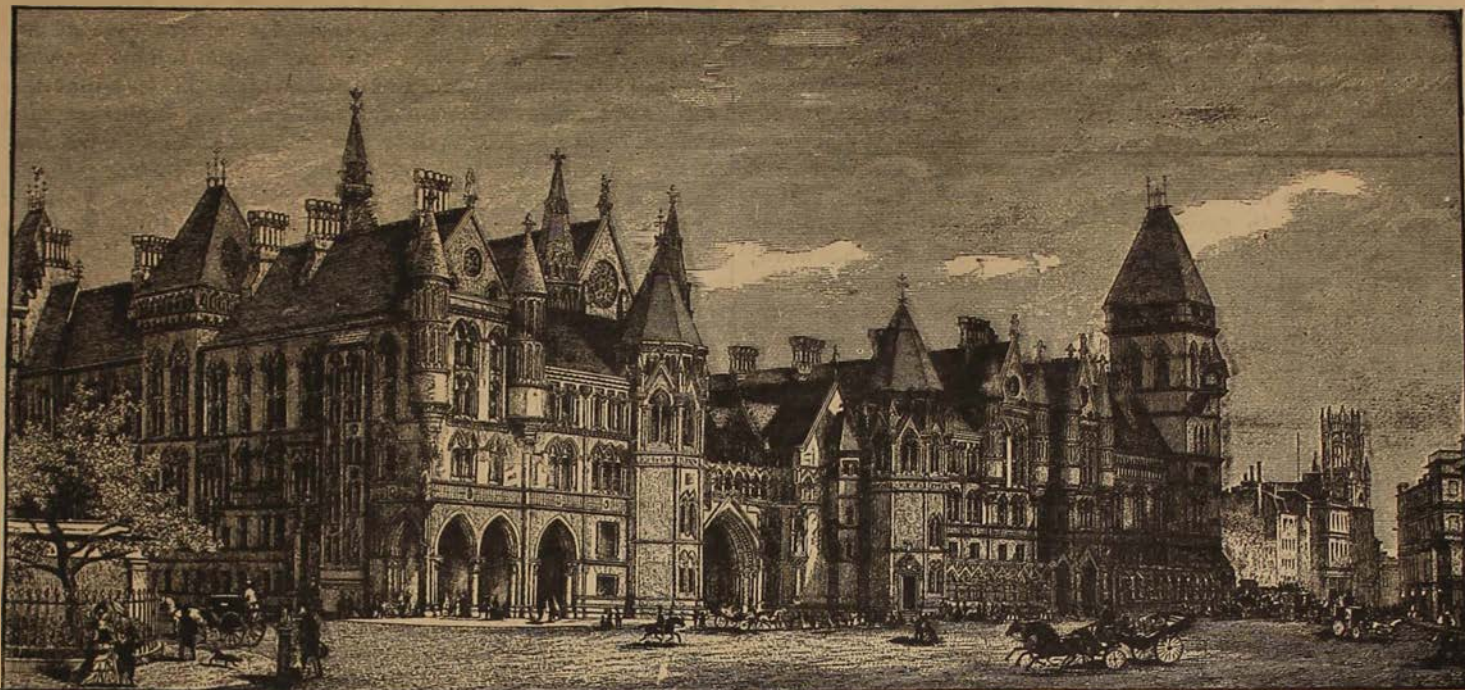
With commendable consideration the law gives *bounty* and *arrears of pay*, first, to the widow; second, to the children; third, to the father; fourth, to the mother; and fifth, to the brothers and sisters of the deceased.

*The pension law* varies in its course by pensioning after the soldier, first, the widow; second the children; third, the mother; fourth, the dependent father, and dependent brothers and sisters under sixteen. It makes the widow, by operation of law, the guardian of the minor children until she shall re-marry, and then demands the appointment of a legal guardian by the court. It fixes the majority of both sexes at sixteen years.

What our country wants, and the intelligence and progressive spirit of the age demands, is, that our women shall be educated in the principles of the law; that women in business shall be considered honorable, and labor desirable; and that all of the barriers that hedge in the way to perfect liberty and to perfect equality in business shall be thrown down. Then shall we have an enlightened civilization without a one-sided development, partaking of slavery and servility on the one side, and of freedom on the other. The children of this generation have a right to be born well, and to be flanked with the natural guardianship of an intelligent mother as well as that of an intelligent father. The mother sees quickest and deepest into the wants and needs of the child, and can best minister to his welfare. No manner of guardianship, legal or charitable, can well supply this want, but any is better than no protection.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.





## THE NEW LAW COURTS, LONDON.

**J**UST opposite the famous Temple, London, and occupying a space of eight acres, in the clearance of which more than thirty squalid courts and alleys were removed, now rises in stately beauty the buildings of the New Law Courts, with a front four hundred and eighty-three feet in length, toward the Strand and Fleet Street. They are built in the decorated style from designs by G. W. Street, R. A., with the purpose of uniting all the principal law courts (hitherto divided between Westminster and Lincoln's Inn), upon one site, and they form one of the handsomest piles of buildings in London.

The entire neighborhood of these buildings may be called classic, from the Church of St. Clement Danes, whose bells chime so merrily as to have given rise to the old nursery rhyme,

"Oranges and lemons,  
Say the bells of St. Clements;"

to Chancery Lane, which Dickens has made famous in "Bleak House" and Lincoln's Inn Fields, which the same author denominates, "the perplexed and troublous valley of the shadow of the law."

It was in St. Clement Danes that Dr. Johnson went regularly to church, "repeating the responses in the Litany with tremulous energy," a brass plate marking the pew in which he sat for so many years. Here also is a monument to the first wife of Dr. John Donne, the poet dean of St. Paul's, who preached in the church soon after her death, on the words, "Lo, I am the man that hath seen affliction." It was this wife whose spirit he saw twice pass through his room in Paris, bearing the dead child to which she was then giving birth.

Just across the street, at the entrance of Wych Street (an excessively narrow and picturesque street, of which Theodore Hook said he "never passed through Wych Street without being blocked up by a hearse and coal wagon in the van, and a mud cart and the Lord Mayor's carriage in the rear") is Clement's Inn, whence through a brick archway we have a pleasant glimpse of trees and flowers, and entering a garden square find a curious kneeling figure of a Moor

supporting a sun dial. This Inn is spoken of by Shakespeare, in Henry IV., as the home of "Master Shallow."

Chancery Lane, which is on the other side of the New Law Courts, is a long winding street where Isaac Walton, "the father of angling," had a linen draper's shop in 1627. It now, and for many years past, has had a peculiar legal traffic of its own, abounding in law stationers and booksellers, wig-makers and strong-box makers.

Down Chancery Lane, on the left going from Fleet Street, is the noble gateway of Lincoln's Inn, bearing date 1518, upon which gateway it is said that Ben Jonson worked with his Horace in one hand and a trowel in the other, seeing which "some gentlemen pitying that his parts should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a calling, did of their bounty manumize him freely to follow his own ingenious inclination."

One of the curious customs, preserved until very lately at Lincoln's Inn, was that a servant went to the outer door hall at twelve o'clock and shouted three times, "Venez manger," when there was nothing on the table. But the dining-hall is really a superb room, though used only for special banquets.

The ancient "Walks of Lincoln's Inn, under the elms," of which Ben Jonson spoke, have almost vanished, but the "Fields" is still the shadiest and largest square in London. It was here that William, Lord Russell, perished on the scaffold, unjustly accused of high treason. "His whole behavior," says Bishop Burnet, who attended him, "was a triumph over death. He parted with his lady with a composed silence: and as soon as she was gone he said to me, 'The bitterness of death is passed,' for he loved her beyond expression, and she deserved it. Some of the crowd that filled the streets wept, while others insulted; he was touched with the tenderness that one gave him, while not provoked by the other. He was singing psalms a great part of the way and said, 'he hoped to sing better very soon.' As he observed the great crowds of people all the way, he said, 'I hope I shall quickly see a much better assembly.' He laid his head on the block without the least change of countenance; and it was cut off at two strokes."





“A Visit to the Kitchen.”

(After a Painting by A. SPIESS.)

THERE is perhaps many a one in the village who would fain be in the place of these guests, and go as regularly to pay their daily visit to the kitchen presided over by the blonde Katrina. But the hens and ducks know how to appreciate, as well as the above mentioned, the elsewhere somewhat perverse village beauty, and they pay great attention to the clatter of her pans and dishes. As soon as the afternoon comes, if Katharine is in a good humor, the

feathered guests stand ready waiting on the threshold, and as soon as the door opens, they hop in to receive their daily entertainment. The hens are quarrelsome and the ducks insolent, the cock thinks more of his dignity than of order, and so Katharine must often interfere to keep the peace and drive out the offender, whichever it may be. This is a village idyl of simplest art, which the painter here sets before us; but its very simplicity of treatment, the composition of the details, and the tranquillity which the picture displays throughout, makes it a *genre* picture full of expression and charm.



## Les Bagages de Croquemitaine.

(See Page Engraving.)



OUR very effective engraving "Les Bagages de Croquemitaine" carries us back to the old legend, as told by l'Epine, and which, doubtless, has made many a French child's "hair stand on end."

We are told that, in the days of the king Charlemagne, many people were in dread of a terrible ogre, whose delight was to steal children and devour them. This cruel being was supposed to reside in a dismal castle, and whenever a child mysteriously disappeared, the peasants said that it had been taken there.

Charlemagne resolved to stop the career of this ogre, to whom he had given the name of Croquemitaine, and summoning his warriors, they marched into Spain to take the head, if possible, off this foe to the children. With them went the young girl Mitaine, a god-child of Charlemagne. Fired with eagerness, and full of courage, this young girl, accompanied by a page, resolved to make an excursion on her own account to find the "Fortress of Fear," and to rescue the little children that might be there. After long wanderings she reached the gloomy abode, and anything more fearful than the exterior could not well be imagined. The steps were slimy and green, and all manner of reptiles and repulsive birds were crawling and flying around. Forcing her way in boldly she entered a gloomy, arched chamber, and found a row of dead men in winding sheets, while from the ceiling hung poor captives, groaning in misery. Even these horrid sights and sounds could not daunt Mitaine, and she continued her explorations. Entering another hall there she found the monster, the "Lord of Fear," and his family. She boldly reproached him for his conduct, and cried out to the captives that they had only to move one step forward to be free. In an instant the shrouds fell from the figures and revealed a group of armed warriors, at the sight of which the "Lord of Fear" and his cowardly family vanished into air, and Mitaine was led back by the warriors in triumph to the camp of her godfather, Charlemagne, justly proud of having, by her display of courage, removed the fears of the people regarding the children's foe. The moral of this legend can be summed up in a few words :

"Half the dangers that we fear,  
We face them, and they're gone."

The artist has selected for his subject a group of little ones, who, having been collected when wandering from home, have been packed in a basket by Croquemitaine, ready for transportation to his dismal castle. They evidently do not enjoy the prospect of being roasted for the ogre's supper, yet the birch overhead warns them not to make too great an outcry, but to contemplate their misfortune with subdued grief. While all the unfortunates evince fear and sorrow, but one, unawed by the birch, gives vent, in loud cries, to her wretchedness. She throws back her head and spreads out her chubby hand with an abandonment of grief that cannot be restrained. The little girl next to her, who had been giving her doll an airing in the pleasant woods, now lets it drop from her grasp as she looks out from the basket with terror in her eyes, while the prisoner at the back of her turns her head, as if afraid of seeing the dreadful ogre. Their young hearts are harrowed up by the remembrance that their dear mothers, whom they will never see again, had told them, if they wandered from home, Croquemitaine would take them. Now the words have come true, and here they are, a basket load of little girls on their way to Croquemitaine's castle. The painter has entered into his subject with great spirit, the result being a very natural and effective picture—just such a representation as we would expect of a parcel of timid little girls in a plight like this.

## Sleep and Health.

HERE is an old adage, and a very absurd one, which affirms that of sleep, "five hours for a man, six hours for a woman, and seven for a fool," are sufficient. The truth is, that it is impossible to lay down any rule that shall prescribe in a dogmatic way the amount of slumber necessary for any individual. The degree or intensity of a person's sleep varies with each case, and nine hours of light, fitful rest may be only equal to six of deep and dreamless repose.

As a general rule, eight hours is ample for a person in health; more produces a dull heavy feeling on arising; less an unsatisfied craving for more. And there is also no room for doubt that the two hours immediately preceding the mid-night hour are the most favorable for enjoying the "beauty sleep" of the night.

Sleep of a deep and dreamless nature is as important as food, but it is often more hard to get. In our waking moments the waste and wear of our tissues is constant; repair can only take place when our mind and our muscles are at perfect rest. This occurs only during sleep; hence, as our sleep is of greater or less duration, so will our bodies be nourished or not. The system that is wasted and broken and drained of its vitality by day must be repaired and invigorated by night or serious results will follow.

Position during sleep is of great importance. People have been known to sleep standing, but it is doubtful if any benefit could result from such a mode of taking rest. The most natural posture is a reclining one, with the *head only* slightly raised. Better sleep can be obtained with a low than with a high pillow. To lessen the work of the arteries that propel the blood to every portion of the organism should be the aim of every one, so that the posture that most nearly places the body in a horizontal position is the most to be desired. Bolstering up the head is always to be condemned, whether in sickness or in health, unless bodily injuries render the perfectly recumbent position impossible.

It is well not to lie always on the back; by this practice the spine and the nerves that there congregate are kept too hot, and a feverish sleep is apt to be the result. The right side is the best one to recline on, for then the heart and the larger arteries are relieved from undue pressure. Generally speaking, however, it is safe to allow the body to assume its own posture.

Where practicable, the bed should lie on a line north and south, with the head in the former direction. This arrangement places the sleeper in harmony with the electrical currents caused by the rotation of the earth on its axis. Often a person in sickness, and sometimes in health, can obtain the much needed rest in no other way. Bedrooms should, where practicable, have a southern exposure, *i. e.* have the windows on the south or sunniest side of the house. The head to the north will keep the lungs and respiratory organs away from any possible drafts, and the room will also obtain that indispensable requisite to health—plenty of sun-light during the day.

Feather beds, though so comfortable, are to many folks positively unhealthy; yet we suppose it is like tilting at a windmill to try and induce any to discard them. Feathers are excellent conductors and retainers of heat—so much so that the body is kept at too high a temperature, and chills and colds ensue on arising. Besides, a feather bed retains all the noxious vapors thrown off by the body, and preserves them to be re-absorbed by the sleeper each night, thus proving a fruitful source of disease. A dry straw mattress, or, better, a hair one, should be used.

Of paramount importance toward securing peaceful slumber is the retiring to bed in a happy frame of mind. Chil-



dren should never be chid or scolded before retiring. Rather have a romp or a game, and send them to dream-land with dimples in their cheeks and laughing eyes. Likewise "children of a larger growth" would do well to banish all carking cares before retiring. The whole system will rise far more invigorated, and far better able to bear the brunt of mental disaster on the morrow if the mind has been unembarrassed during the night. As a writer has well said: "Let us all cherish the thought of our approach to sleep. It is a delicious moment—the feeling that we are safe; that we shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past. The limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one position delightful, and the labor of the day is done. A gentle failing of the perceptions comes slowly creeping over us; the consciousness disengages itself more and more with slow and hushing degrees, like a fond mother detaching her hand from the grasp of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closed—closed altogether—and the mysterious spirit of sleep has come to take its airy rounds."

V. V.

### The Coming Day.

**H**ERE are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio," wrote Shakespeare, a principal element of whose greatness was his grasp of what lies back of the surface of things—his intuitive knowledge of the force behind the result that he saw, which is of itself the essential element of, as well as one of the most decided proofs of genius. This power which moves the material forces, which expresses itself in them, was in ancient times considered supernatural, and woe to the infidel or heretic who was skeptical in regard to the fact. The voice of the thunder was the voice of God; the lightning, the fiery expression of his anger; a storm, his way of pouring out vials of wrath upon the inhabitants of the earth.

It is true that an unseen power possessed by one body, of attracting another, was discovered, and is credited to a natural philosopher, Thales, one of the Seven Wise Men, who flourished before Christ; but its growth, exercise, and development, were still referred to supernatural agency; and it has been reserved for our own time to harness this wonderful power—to chain this erratic force, and call it, like the slave of Aladdin's lamp, to do a boy's bidding.

But of what this latent force really consists, we are as ignorant almost as he who discovered it by rubbing glass and amber together; or later, he who obtained his first conception of galvanic action by the convulsive movements of a frog's legs. We have heretofore known little of its potentiality except through its destructive work in the form of lightning. The first great application of electricity to practical purposes was the achievement of the telegraph, which brought the ends of the earth together, annihilated distance, and sounded the trumpet note of millennial progress. We cannot make any calculations how or where this force began—we cannot tell how or where it will end. It may, for all we know, discover to us other worlds, and put their inhabitants upon our visiting list.

It is said that electricity was discovered by rubbing glass and amber together, thus producing sparks of latent fire, but electric force might have been discovered by the simple motion of rubbing the hands together. Motion becomes heat; heat, light; light and heat together, life, and life is animated force. When this electric force dies, life itself becomes extinct. We can see now the philosophy that lies behind the rubbing of hands to produce warmth; the shaking

of hands as a sign of friendship; the laying on of hands for healing; and we can realize how necessary activity and contact with force in its human, and other organic manifestations, is to growth, development, and continued healthful life.

Everything animate and inanimate contains more or less of this force, because everything comes into existence through its operation, and must decompose and die without it. If we were wise enough we should choose our food, our clothing, our houses, by their capacity to assimilate, absorb, and convey to us the right kind of qualities. Some of us, perhaps, do this in a dim, uncertain, and ignorant way even now, and we know that we feel attracted by qualities to which we can give no name, but which we recognize by touch, by gesture, the lighting up of the eyes, the rush of blood to the cheeks, by any one of a hundred ways in which the correlation of qualities which we call character manifests itself.

Of the marvels to come we can only guess, but it does not take a prophet to announce that we are on the threshold of wonderful things. Chemistry is only a hundred years old; it dates from Dr. Priestley's discovery of oxygen, and up to the present time it has been mainly employed in finding out of what materials the earth is composed. It has taken apart, and analysed, water, air, and the various gases which form our atmosphere, and it has found out to a certainty what they are made of. All this is wonderful, but it is nothing to what may be expected in the next hundred years, during which chemistry will be employed in putting things together, in forming new combinations, in discovering new forces, or rather in obtaining new expressions of latent and concealed force. Already we have an explosive instrument of tremendous power in nitro-glycerine, the result of the union of nitric acid and oil. But a much more important consequence of recent scientific experiments is the production of organic substance—of that which heretofore has been supposed only possible as a product of organized existences. If this great idea should turn out to be a fact, it opens an illimitable vista in which it will not be necessary for the gods to descend to the earth and become as men, for men upon the earth may get rid of all their grosser elements, and become as gods. The dreams of Shelley and other refined souls may be realized in its being no longer necessary to slaughter animals or roast women or men three times each day, in order to sustain human life. Chemistry may give us foods to repair the waste of tissue, drawn from the air as well as from the earth, and from substances which from decomposition have passed through a process of transubstantiation, and come out an extract, an essence, an elixir, which can be at once appropriated and assimilated by the nerve, brain, bone, or flesh tissues; and the human race delivered from the horrors of liver and gastric dyspepsia, and the enormous burden laid upon it by the production and preparation of food in the bulk at present required.

What the next development of electricity, pure and simple, will be, the advent of the white light unfolds to us. The modern apostle of progress, Matthew Arnold, gives us sweetness and light as the result of individual culture. Light is the opposite of darkness, as death of life, and signals the incoming of a new and good time, when the night shall be as the noon-day; when evil shall have no night in which to perform its dark work, but every man and every woman shall live in the light and without concealment. Where the electric light shines there women can walk with safety, and with this lovely illuminator in our houses will come a revolution in color, in taste, in style, and in our coarser habits and ways. Already the white light has received discouragement in theatres—why? Because it revealed instantaneously the roughness of theatrical painting,



the vulgarity of theatrical shams. The same is true of the ball-room and the drawing-room. Where is true beauty it softens it into angelic refinement, where is pretence it exposes it mercilessly. Will not this light which reveals the hidden corners compel us to see that those hidden corners are freed from their putrefactions?

But electricity will not stop here. It will shortly supersede steam, reducing the amount of bulk but increasing the amount of power. Getting rid of waste, and the necessity for the expenditure of a vast amount of strength, and time, and labor, and material, and accelerating speed, and thus lengthening life by still further adding to the amount of experiences—of happiness—of acquirement, we can put into it. Already two railroads are run by electricity, one in Germany, one in Ireland, strange to say, where such rapid advance in practical appliance of modern scientific discovery would hardly be expected. Both are short; both are experimental, but so far the experiments have been satisfactory, and when this much has been accomplished it is easy to foresee that more must come after. What has been is not the sum, it is only the prophet of what will be. It is within the range of possibility that electricity may furnish the motive power to navigate the air, as well as traverse the earth with what seems even now incredible swiftness. It is within the range of possibility that through it the means may be discovered of controlling the weather, of equalizing the air currents, of ordering up storms when they are needed; of saving the calamitous consequences of the drought that burns up one portion of a country while the other suffers from the devastating effects of floods. By perfectly natural methods we are able to foretell what the weather will be; by the same natural method the instrumentalities may be found for so directing the atmospheric forces as to make them the servants of science and skill—a glorious host armed for beneficent purposes, instead of a gigantic scourge.

We know what is, but who can tell what shall be? The coming day is only now dawning. With such promise in the east, and the west, and from afar off, what may not its meridian bring to those who may live to see it?

## The Relation of the Teacher to the Future of Education.

**T**HE popular idea of education is limited; it has grown out of the class-room, and the text-book. Education has been an aggregation of words found in text-books, the teacher, an individual with a rod, or at least a frown, whose function was to see that the words were committed to memory, and could be repeated parrot-like by the pupil. Scholarship in this way became the mere action of a verbal memory; and the strange phenomenon, to the teacher, was constantly witnessed of the dunce at school, becoming the distinguished man of a later date, by the force of a genius undiscovered by the methods of the schools; while the voluble school-boy received words and poured them forth like ashes through a sieve, and left school as barren of any real improvement or intellectual development as when he entered it.

The most that education such as this could do, was to teach children what some one else knew, or supposed they knew; and the authoritative methods employed not only limited knowledge, but forbade the idea that the schools could be

wrong; the teacher was second in authority only to the church, and his word must not be questioned. The world, instead of being considered a partially developed arena full of undiscovered possibilities, was a fixed fact, created and made complete at and within a given time, and in which everything and everybody had an appointed place. What was proper to know was what the minister and school-master could teach; beyond was not wisdom, but foolishness or blasphemy.

Of course there were always those who rebelled against this summary method of disposing of the problems of the universe, but they were not encouraged to investigate causes, or stimulated by popular approval; they were always the infidels of their generation, so that it has become a proverb, that the doubters of one generation are the prophets of the next from Galileo down. Teachers of the old scientific tenets and philosophies were winning honor in the market-place, while the far-seeing men, who should have been the teachers, were languishing or dying in prison. What we have learned now is little more than to doubt everything. We know that what was true yesterday, is not true to-day in science, physics, astronomy, and even the simplest and apparently the plainest facts in the universe; and we do not feel sure that what we are called upon to believe to-day, we may not be obliged to yield to the pressure of opposing evidence to-morrow. Facts, and evidence, too, accumulate with such amazing rapidity, that the short space of time allotted to human life, human inquiry and human work, does not admit of losing one's self in the maze of metaphysical investigation, or of losing time in the acquisition of wrong methods—in narrowing our horizon, instead of broadening and enlarging it. Demands are made upon us whether we are ready to meet them or not; if these notes, of whatever kind, go to protest, we must go to the wall, become failures, no matter how much of some sort of unavailable, or dead and gone acquirement be stored up in our mental granaries.

With the unfortunate consequences of ignorance or failure to comprehend the situation, constantly before us, it becomes a matter of the greatest importance how our children shall be taught, what they shall be taught, so that they may be armed and equipped for the struggles which may lie before them, for the investigations which may be required of them, for the dealings with unknown forces which applied science develops and renders important factors in our social economy. The teacher we know is no longer confined to the schools, education is not limited to the three R's, nor does it even begin with their acquisition. It begins in the family—it is found in the mother's milk—in the tones of her voice; in the general surroundings of the family; in the relations of the parents, in the mutual kindness and forbearance, in the love of brothers and sisters; in an atmosphere of culture and refinement; in the conversation which grows out of the occurrences of daily life. Education does not stop when we leave school; with many it has hardly begun. The pages of dry lore they have committed to memory fall from it like dry leaves, and the education which is turned to account is gained from newspapers, from lectures, from the pages of periodical literature, from intercourse with intelligent persons, and from the independent thought and study which these stimulate in the active modern mind. The teacher is no longer an autocratic wielder of the ferule; he is the lecturer, the reader, the scientific expounder, the thoughtful critic, the courageous doubter, the discoverer of principles, and the practical mechanic capable of applying them. There are no monasteries now for recluse book-worms, who wrapped themselves into abstractions, and counted it wisdom to be in the world and not of it; the wisdom of the world is needed to improve the conditions of the world, and keep it in order; to improve human conditions and rescue



men and women from the misery of ignorance and depravity. Instead of adding darkness to darkness, we create light and thereby remove evil, for evil cannot exist in the light.

It is through the senses, therefore, that the mind is now being reached, and the first great application of this modern method came to us as object-teaching. Did the great German founder of this revolutionary system comprehend all that it would do, all that it would inevitably lead to, when he elaborated what seemed to many his child's play of balls and blocks, of peas and beans, of color and form? the only merit of which seems to be a certain order and exactness. The primitive conception of this idea was only placed before the public a few years ago; yet already it is rapidly transforming our schools. Instead of being required to burden the memory with insignificant details, and a mere waste of words, scholars are taught principles, and to generalize on a broad scale from objects which they see; which are brought to them in pictures, or are traced upon the black-board. In other countries parks and pleasure grounds are made a means of teaching every one who will stop to learn the names and nature of the plants, and trees and flowers that grow about them; and in our own country, "summer" or out-door schools have been instituted, from which the text-book is practically excluded, and the knowledge obtained through direct acquaintance with the thing described. Technical schools which teach the arts and industries, the sciences, and practical work, and duties of life, are beginning to be considered of the first importance, and the teachers in them are the scientific workers, the skillful draughtsman, the mechanical engineer; men who use books as aids—not as masters.

This field of technical or scientific education seems to be the one in which men will find their vocation as teachers, for women are really monopolizing the ordinary education of the day, and will certainly do so still more in the future; women are peculiarly fitted for the work of teaching the young up to the time when the boy requires the supplementary training which will fit him for his special work. Women have more patience, more devotion, more love for the work. What they lack is courage and enterprise in working out new ideas; they are naturally conservative and prefer a beaten track. This is all right. The vocation of the teacher is not that of an iconoclast, but to impart to others that which is accepted as true in the regions of known fact and inferential law. But the quick intelligence and intuitions of women are of immense use to the woman teacher in enabling her to adopt her method to individual necessities and requirements. This is one of the reasons of the great success of women teachers; and the natural fitness of things will, if from no other cause, place this field in their hands.

But what they accomplish in it will depend largely on the way they look at their work, and the instrumentalities they use. The stereopticon, or something equivalent, is an agency capable of being put to grand use in the study of history, geography, astronomy, and many other subjects. The medical schools use it with the best results; and there is no reason why the great facts of past ages should not be marshalled in panoramic order, accompanied by the teachers' explanations; and the time devoted to the acquisition of cumbersome and useless details, spent in learning something that will be practically useful, and for which the outcry is always—want of time.

The author of the "Verbalist," recently published, says, "Education is one of the most misused of words; a man may be well acquainted with the contents of text-books, yet be a person of little education; on the other hand, a man may be a person of good education, and yet know little of text-books—education is a whole, of which instruction and good-breeding are parts."

## Making the Guest-Chamber Comfortable.

"It seems to me," says Miss Nolan, discontentedly, "that living in the country is very stupid business."

"Oh, do you think so?" exclaims Miss Hamilton. "I think the country is charming."

"Not in winter?"

"Yes, in winter, and in all other seasons."

"Well," says Miss Nolan, "you have never really lived in the country, and visiting is a very different thing from living on and on in a doleful, dreary way, with no hope of escape from your miserable fate."

"What a cheerful picture you draw," I say. "So might the prisoner of Chillon have described his sad existence."

"It is just the way I feel about country life," says Miss Nolan, a little sullenly, perhaps, for we are all laughing.

"I am very sorry you feel so," I say, "for you must find it hard to make the most of a manner of life which is distasteful to you. But don't you think you might make yourself more contented if you would take more interest in the pursuits and pleasures that belong to your life? I never was an admirer of the old proverb: 'What can't be cured must be endured.' Passively bearing an evil—allowing for argument's sake, that such a term applies to your case—is not half as praiseworthy as a cheerful persistency in making it as easy to bear as possible."

"But what is it that you find so particularly detestable about country life?" asks Miss Hamilton.

"The monotonous dulness, and the entire absence of all conveniences," replies the other.

"What do you mean by conveniences?" I ask.

"Oh, everything," says Miss Nolan, rather vaguely.

"Do you mean bathrooms and stationary-tubs, for instance?"

"Oh, no; not those particularly, although the want of them is bad enough; but I mean the facilities for living comfortably, that people have in the city. I don't know how to explain myself exactly, but I know there are a great many things I should like to have changed at our house."

"Then, why don't you change them?"

"Why don't I try to lift a mountain and put it into the sea?" asks Miss Nolan, opening her eyes wide. "One would be as easy as the other."

"Have you ever attempted to change or reform, if you like the word better, the things you are discontented with?"

"No, indeed. I have not. If I were to attempt to break down old family customs, I should have to fight with every one in the house."

"I never counsel fighting," I say; "but I think, with the exercise of some tact, you might introduce a few innovations without arousing any active opposition. It is true you might get laughed at a little for your 'new fangled notions;' but if you meet ridicule with patience and good nature, you will disarm the opposers, and carry your point at last."

"I am afraid I am not as patient as I ought to be," admits Miss Nolan, with admirable frankness. "And I believe I am a little out of sorts just now, because I have lately come home from a visit to a friend in New York, and everything was so lovely there, and the house and furniture was so handsome, and life altogether was more like a fairy tale than a reality. It makes me just sick when I think of my Cousin Mabel's coming up here and seeing how differently we live. When I was at her mother's, I slept in a room all fitted up with crimson satin. Now, imagine her in our comfortless spare chamber, with its bare walls and mean furniture."

"But I wouldn't imagine her there, or I wouldn't have her in a comfortless place," I say, "for there is no need of it. I don't know what your guest chamber is like, because I have



never seen it ; but I have seen enough others to form a pretty correct idea of its melancholy condition. My experience of country best bedrooms leads me to set them down as places of torture, apparently fitted up with the intention of making the unhappy temporary occupant so homesick, that she will hasten to give her hostess an opportunity to speed the parting guest."

"You have hit it exactly," says Miss Maltby; "our house, which is not bad otherwise, boasts just such a dreary spare room as you speak of."

Others of the girls who have been giving their attention to my chat with Miss Nolan, confess to the presence of dreary company rooms in their homes, and all are more or less regretful that it is so.

"I applaud the discontent which seeks amendment," I hasten to say "but you must not think me very severe when I say that such rooms are a disgrace to the daughter of a family."

"I do not see that," says Miss Maltby.

"It is because a little of her time and thoughts in the right direction would improve a barren room wonderfully. It might not blossom as the rose, but it would surely be wonderfully changed."

"Not without spending a great deal of money," says Miss Nolan, "and if I suggested such a thing as re-furnishing any of our upstairs rooms, father and grandmother would both tell me there were many more necessary ways of spending money."

"If you are willing to take the trouble," I say "you can make a room habitable without much expenditure. You all look dubious, so I will tell you of a few improvements that can be made. We will suppose, for example, that the windows of the spare room are undraped, and supplied with odious paper shades ; it seems hardly possible, but still I know such shades are sometimes put up in rarely used apartments. If you have them, lose no time in taking them down, and putting in their stead neatly hemmed shades of white glazed cotton, which is but twelve cents a yard, and will make an excellent substitute for Hollands, where it will not have constant use. If the windows have no suitable fixtures for shades, make screens for them of cheese cloth shirred on a tape at the top and bottom. Cover the lower sash with this, tacking it tightly to the woodwork at each corner."

"Then," I continue, "make curtains of cheese cloth, two breadths for each window, edge them with narrow rick rack trimming, and finish them at the top with a double shirr below a two inch wide hem, which will form an upright heading when the curtain is put up. Cover inch wide bands of colored cambric with cheese cloth to loop the curtains back ; and if you do not belong to the army of young ladies who manufacture rick rack lace, you can run a narrow band of the same cambric into the hem of the curtains instead of using that embellishment."

"I think that might be quite a pretty finish," says Miss Maltby.

"Yes, and cheap," I say ; "and the whole drapery is inexpensive, for cheese cloth is only seven cents a yard. You can also make bureau covers and toilet mats to match the curtains. If your furniture is of the cheap painted kind called cottage sets, you can re-paint it if it has grown shabby. I have seen a set of dove-colored furniture colored a dark Pompeian red with black lines, and the effect was very stylish. The owner painted it herself, following the slate-colored lines which were the original decoration. I have seen another set of oak color where the panels, having been less subject to abrasions than tops, corners, etc.—were left as at first, and the other parts painted to imitate cherry wood. Any one who is ordinarily ingenious can make a cover of cretonne for the rocking chair. Even a simple slip cover, for that and the lounge, if there is one, will help to give a cozy, comfortable look to the room. If the floor is covered

with matting, that is all very well for summer, but in winter the very look of it is chilling, unless mats and rugs are freely scattered about. Turkish rugs are probably not to be thought of, but there are many cheap substitutes, and even home made rugs are not to be despised."

"Hodge-podge rugs would do nicely to throw down on matting," suggests Miss Little.

"What are they?"

"They are home-made affairs, made by cutting little strips of all kinds of silk and woolen dress goods, into two inch pieces, and knitting them upon packing twine. The twine makes the back, and the strips are laid in as you knit, and all turned forward upon the right side. You don't have to arrange the colors, but jumble them all up together, and pick up any strip that comes handy as you knit. A border of solid black is a great improvement ; and, as everybody has more black than colored pieces, it is a desirable way of using them up."

"I should fancy that such a mat would be very pretty," I say, "and will be glad if you will write down the directions for making one, so that I may try my hand sometime. But we are not through with the spare room yet. I have a dreadful suspicion that its walls are white and bare, with hopelessly plain woodwork. If so, we must work a change by some means. I should begin by tinting the woodwork, unless, by some occult process, I could denude it of its disguising paint, and show it in its natural state, for even pine wood is far prettier, and more decorative than the most elaborately painted wood trimmings. The ceiling I should cover with a pearl-tinted paper, with a tiny self-colored diaper or star pattern, and upon the walls I should put, especially if there is matting on the floor, a dark paper in Moorish tile pattern. I should carry the paper quite up to the top of the wall, and put the border, a wide, richly colored one, entirely upon the ceiling."

"As color is now rather demanded in bedrooms, you can add touches of it in the way of shelf lambrequins, stand covers, toilet bottles, hair receivers, and other things. You can even, without offending taste, dress the bed in colors, if you please. The pillow-shams will be pretty if made of plain or figured Swiss muslin, with a hem and tucks, if the plain muslin is used, or a hem edged with lace, or a ruffle of the same, if the material is figured. The breadths of a cast off white dress will sometimes be found capable of furnishing the material for a pair of pillow-shams ; and the blue or pink lining, to baste them upon, it may happen, will also be found among the things 'too good to throw away,' which every frugal housekeeper hoards. A white quilt is, to my taste, the most suitable covering for a bed ; but it is quite the fashion to ornament the honeycomb quilts with geometrical looking designs in crewels, crossing the little squares that form the pattern of the quilt with sample stitch. Of course, in taking such long stitches, you get over the ground faster than you could with the coarsest canvas, and can, if you choose, cover the whole quilt in a short time. A very small design in the pattern book will be much magnified in working ; and this is to be considered in the selection. Also, it is well to keep to one color in its various shades, and not introduce variety, especially if the pattern is at all straggling."

"Now, have I not convinced you," I ask, "even by these meager suggestions, that the barren look of a spare chamber can be changed to an appearance of welcoming comfort?"

"Yes, I think you have," Miss Maltby says.


"And I believe I'll institute some reforms," says Miss Nolan.

"But we have given so much time to the subject," I say, "that we have none left for discussing the one we proposed when we parted the other day. So that must stand over till we meet again."

M. C. HUNGERFORD.



## New Decorative Fields.

HERE have been two interesting exhibitions of decorative art works recently in New York city, which are full of suggestion to women all over the country. Particularly are they of interest to women engaged professionally in decorative work, and to those who are looking about for new lines to enter professionally. The first of these was the wall paper competition, instituted by Warren, Fuller & Co. No exhibition in the past year has been more fruitful of interest than this. The conditions of the competition were a dado field and frieze, exhibiting unity of design and coloring and the stimulus four prizes respectively at \$1000, \$500, \$300 and \$200.

The result was fifty-five entries. Almost all were papers that might have been put into immediate use, and now evidently for the most part the work of professional designers. There were Japanese motives, and Renaissance scrolls showing the greatest facility in successful combination, and excellent color. There were a number of new motives, such as the thistle flag, the wild clematis, and the wisteria. But although these were comparatively new forms, the way in which they were used was not uncommon. On the east wall hung these papers. Immediately on entering every one realized that these were different, that here was something original and good.

One of these showed a blue green field over which was a silver net, and underneath the net—strange archaic shapes suggesting fish. The dado was made of sea-weeds, and the frieze of shells and conventional forms. The second had a surface covered with silver honey-combs. In spots appeared gleams of gold, and here and there groups of bees toward the lower edge of the field, sipping at clover blossoms. The dado consisted of the red clover mingled with gold discs, relieving bees, and the frieze, the same elements differently composed. The third had large flowers of the single pink peony over the surface, and a frieze in which the delicate pink of the flower mingled with gold discs. On the opposite wall were two other papers; one remarkable for white lily forms on a pale green ground.

In all these papers the color was exceptionally fine, and each had separated boldly from the prevalent adherence to conventionalized forms. Particularly in the honey-comb paper, was seen the nicest balancing between the extremes of conventionalism and realism. When the awards were finally made, it appeared that the honey-comb design which received the first prize, was by Mrs. T. E. Wheeler; that the second prize for the marine motive belonged to Miss Ida Clark; that the third, the pink peony motive, was due to Miss Dora Wheeler; and the fourth, the white lilies, to Miss Caroline Townsend of Albany. The noteworthy fact in this is that the successful competitors were all women, and women whose decorative experience has not touched this branch. In fact it is the triumph of artistic intelligence, which, united to sound technical instruction, tells in every case, and in this case our facility of handling running in narrower grooves.

A second instance of the success which women may easily secure in decorative work is seen in the Christmas card competition offered by Prang of Boston, which has just closed. Its eight generous prizes inspired a number of people. But the exhibition was as fruitful of instruction in its failures as in its successes; and it is needless to say that these unfortunately far outnumbered the creditable work. It was mournful to see so much patient and often creditable work expended toward wrong ends, and often on designs which resembled more than anything else the picture making of children.

There are three principal considerations which the greater number of competitors failed to understand. The first and

most flagrant was the necessity for good drawing. There could be counted on the fingers the number of cards in which the drawing was conspicuously good. The greater number of the designs inevitably compelled figure drawing; but there were very few that showed any tolerable conception of the human figure, or, at least, the ability to reproduce it. We have long since, for example, departed from the Greek ideal of the human head, our civilization giving it greater prominence; but the greater number of the exhibitors gave it abnormal pretensions.

The second lack was any adequate conception of modern ideas concerning color, or any proper realization of the relations of color. In many instances, the decorative border, which would be tolerably well conceived, would be at variance with the color of the enclosed design. But, for the most part, the color was harsh and crude.

The last and most general want, was the inability of the artist to consider their work as an entity. Given a proper understanding of color, any design would fail if it could not be regarded as a whole. In much of the professional work, and there was much of it, this was painfully felt. There are other things, such as handling, and originality of motion, which also are to be taken into consideration; but the three prominent sources of failure are those alluded to. It is also easy to see in the successful cards, that their success lay in their superiority in these respects. The awards were made by voting by artists and visitors respectively, each for four prizes, known as the "Artist" and "Popular" prizes. The first award was given to Miss Dora Wheeler, who received both prizes.

The design was the vision of the Madonna and Child to a forlorn group, unsheltered by a barren tree, with the globe beneath them. The story told itself admirably in the faces, the strained, wild look of the poor mother being especially good. The color of this work when it is reproduced will be an excellent example of modern demands in this respect. Beginning with the sombre browns of the group, it melts into the purples of the clouds, which outline the radiance in which the vision appears. This is broken by faint pinks and greens in the drapery of the Madonna, and is carried further into the delicate scroll work of the border.

A second example of color is seen in the work of Miss L. B. Humphrey, who received the second and third "Artist Prizes." The first of these represents a golden-haired child in her night-dress, sending a prayer up the chimney to Santa Claus, who is faintly suggested in the border with his hand to his ear. The color here is a greenish gray, in beautiful harmony with the somber interior, and is broken by the introduction of small gold forms. The third "Artist prize" design represented a young girl, whose type is conceived with great refinement, sending forth a dove with a white missive. She wears Grecian drapery, softly white, and her form is relieved against the deep blue of the sky, her foot resting on the crescent moon. Surrounding this is an oval border of dull red, with fine scroll work in black. The last "Artist prize," however, was remarkable for none of the characteristics of the other prizes. It represented a chubby child waking, to find his Christmas toys on the blue coverlet before him, and in every respect was in more robust style.

The three popular prizes were given to Walter Satterlee, for his little singing waifs; to Frederick Dulman for children singing before a Christmas tree; and to Miss Florence Taber, for a lady and two children walking through a snow-storm. In thus detailing these prize cards, some idea can be obtained of the sort of thing, as well as of the artistic qualities which best find acceptance. But it may be said again, in conclusion, that the groundwork of success lies in having mastered first the rudiments of art.

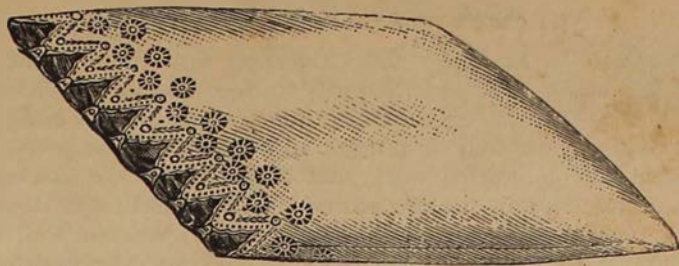




Strips for Sofa Coverlet.

**T**HE pattern given in illustration is worked in a kind of Victoria stitch as follows :

First row of pattern row : take up 1 out of each of the next 4 stitches, 7 chain for a loop, place the loop in front, take up 1 stitch where the last was taken up, and draw it up with the 7th chain stitch, repeat. 2d row : as in ordinary Victoria stitch. 1st row of 2d pattern row : take up 1 from the vertical part of each of the next 3 stitches, take up 3 stitches in the loop, drawing up each separately, then drawing the 3 stitches up together, repeat. 2d row : as in ordinary Victoria stitch. Repeat these 2 rows, letting the raised spots occur in reversed positions.



Pillow-slips.

**N**OVEL idea in pillow-slips, is to make the slip just the size of the pillow, cut the edges in deep points, and finish with embroidery. Button-holes are worked in the ends of half the points, and linen buttons fasten the points together.

The pillow is first covered with a tight slip of silk, putting on a full puff where the points of the white cover come.

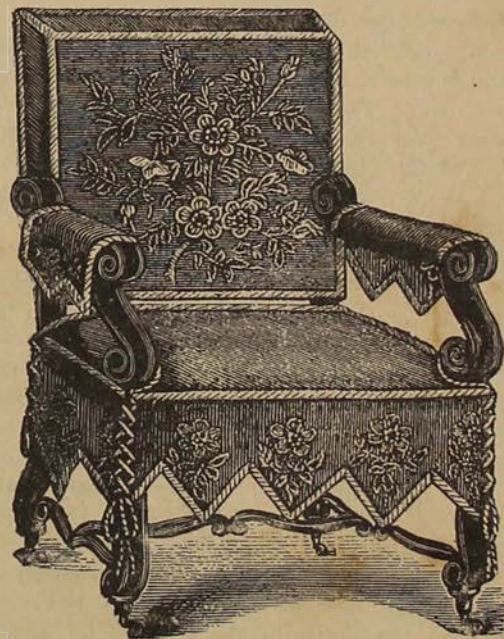
### Etching Upon Door Panels.

**F**IRST give the panels a good sand-papering, then sketch a design in pencil, and treat the subject as boldly as possible. If one color is desired for the leading feature, use sydertype with the brush ; finish the lighter portions with Naples yellow and Chinese white. The subject will not require varnishing afterward, as the sydertype throws off a natural and lasting gloss when dry.



Toilet Bottle Case.

**T**HE case is made on a circular foundation of cardboard, four inches wide, lined with black silk and covered with black cloth vandykes round the edge. The latter is embroidered in satin overcast and feather stitch (see detail of toilet cushions). The flowers are worked alternately in white and blue, the rosebuds with pink, and the wheat ears with maize silk. The branches and sprays are worked with several shades of olive and fawn-colored silk. On this foundation is sewn a cylindrical case of cardboard, 2½ inches high, and lined within and without with black satin. Two box-plaited ruchings of satin are arranged round it, and above these is a vandyke strip of black cloth embroidered in the same designs and colors as above described.



Embroidered Chair Cover.

**E**MBROIDERED slips are much used now instead of chintz covers for chairs. They can be made of thin woolen material, or of linen. When of wool they are embroidered with crewels.

The better way to have the covers fit nicely, is to lay the material on the chair, pin it in places to hold it firmly, and lay the plaits and seams just where they should be, and cut the material then. There are no two chairs exactly alike in shape, and it will be found far more easy to fit them in this way. The seams and edges are bound with braid, and the corners are laced down with cords. The caps for the arms are fastened with buttons and button-holes.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS  
OF THE DAY.

INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS  
WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE  
PAST MONTH. — CONTEMPORANE-  
OUS HISTORY FROM A FA-  
MILIAR POINT OF  
VIEW.

**Mr. and Esq.**

Certain persons who profess to be ardent democrats, object to the use of the prefix "Mr." or the suffix "Esq." to a gentleman's name. Mr., they say, comes from *magister*, a Latin word meaning master, and is applied in England to an inferior rank of gentlemen. Esquire means a shield bearer, and is derived from the French *écuyer*, which meant, originally, a kind of body guard or servant to a knight. We get these titles from England, where they once had a meaning. The "esquire," certainly, ought to be abolished; it has no significance when applied to an American gentleman. The "mister," however, distinguishes the male from the female, and the "Mrs." and "Miss" are of value in showing whether the lady is married or single. If it were possible to still further discriminate between married and unmarried men and between widows and wives, it might help to prevent some mistakes. While "esquire" should not be tolerated, it is quite permissible to add fairly won college honors to one's name, as for instance B.A., A.M., LL.D., and professional initials such as M.D. and D.D.

**Don't Sign Papers.**

People who thoughtlessly sign documents often put their property in peril, and many men have been ruined by indorsing for a friend. How often have good-natured men's fortunes been diminished by obligations incurred carelessly or without thought of consequences. During the rebellion the steamer *Jessie* was seized because it was supposed she was a blockade runner. The case was delayed in the courts for eighteen years, a fact which is very discreditable to our lawyer rulers. In the meantime all the parties defending the ownership of the vessel had disappeared. The only responsible person that could be found was a young girl of seventeen, whose father was on one of the bonds. An obligation of \$70,000 has been rolled up, which this young woman will be forced to pay unless the law somehow interposes to save her. She will be ruined financially, as that sum is greater than her inheritance. Here is a case in which a person is punished who is entirely innocent of any offense. But the moral of this instance is, don't put your name on bonds or notes, for it may injure not only yourself, but your innocent children.

**Americans in Europe.**

In addition to the swarms of Americans who visit Europe every year and spend their money lavishly in foreign stores and watering places, quite a number of our countrymen reside abroad permanently. Mr. Winans, formerly of Baltimore, is one of them. He pays \$50,000 per annum for a deer forest in Scotland, and when in London lives in a palace on Carlton House Terrace. His neighbor is Mr. Russell Sturgis, also an American, and a member of the famous firm of Baring Brothers. Sir Curtis Lambson, the only American who has received hereditary honors from the British crown, lives in splendid style at Eaton Square. He also owns a forest for deer stalking in Scotland. These Americans have, in fact, given up their country. Their sons and daughters go to English schools and marry into English families. In politics they are generally intensely anti-democratic. They are not to be envied.

**A Strange Case.**

The Rev. Marcus Ormond died at Oxford, Ohio, lately. Some years ago he had a fit of sickness which resulted in his losing his memory, so that all the past was obliterated. With apparently restored health the past was a blank to him. He was sensible enough of the present and the future, but he forgot even the names of his children and the faces of his friends. The night before he died he held a family prayer-meeting, when, strange to say, his memory returned, and he prayed for all the members of his household, calling them by name. During the following night he passed away forever. Man is certainly a very mysterious being, and the alterations made by disease constantly present new and startling features.

**Why Diamonds?**

When Madame Patti appeared before New York, Brooklyn, and Boston audiences she wore diamonds valued at \$500,000, gifts made to her by royal potentates in Europe. Madame Janauschek has a \$50,000 necklace presented to her by the late Czar Nicholas. Indeed, it is the fashion among rich people to lavish diamonds and other costly jewels upon opera singers and actresses. There does not seem to be any sense in this preference for operatic and dramatic artists over other women who have done first-class work. If worth was considered, it would be women like Florence Nightingale who would receive the diamonds; if genius, it would be George Elliot; and if heroic self-sacrifice, these costly gifts would be monopolized by poor women in the lower ranks of life.

**Houses of Glass.**

There is an old proverb which says, that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones; but among the marvels of modern mechanical invention is a glass house in which you can throw stones, if you have a *penchant* for that kind of exercise. It seems the cost of making glass has been very greatly reduced of late years, so that it is possible to furnish huge blocks of white or colored glass for about the same price as ordinary granite. Nor would the blocks be in the rough, but would be furnished in pillars, in highly ornamented and beautiful designs. A glass house would be more durable than one of stone, while it could be made as resplendent as the dream of Kubla Khan, whose marvelous mansion is described in Coleridge's poem, where

"Alph, the sacred river ran,  
Down to a sunless sea."

Glass, it now seems, can be made four times stronger than granite, and can be applied in immense blocks, highly ornamented and in different colors, for about the same cost. There is no difficulty in cementing the blocks together, as sand can be fused so as to make the joinings as durable as any part of the structure. Glass can be made ductile, and even elastic, for balls are made of it which will rebound from the floor. Its uses are extending. It is employed in a hundred ways not thought of a century ago. It is replacing wood as ties for railroads. Scientists predict the time will come when the wealthy will live in glass houses, sit on glass chairs, recline on glass couches, and array themselves in glass garments. Who will be the first New Yorker to build a great palace of glass? It would be cheap, strong, and far more durable than any brick or stone now in use.

**About Giants.**

Captain and Mrs. Bates are among the tallest human beings now alive. They measure together seventeen feet. The captain hails from Kentucky, and his wife is an Englishwoman, who, by the way, weighs four hundred pounds. The giants to-day are larger than those of the Middle Ages. Guy of Warwick, whose armor is on exhibition in the British Museum, was the largest man of his generation, but Captain Bates could not wriggle into it. Then history speaks of Richard *Cœur de Lion*, as a great, stalwart man, but his armor would not fit a good sized man of the present generation. The skeleton of the famous Irish giant at the British Museum, is four inches shorter than the living Captain Bates. It is a great misfortune to be quite so large. You are forced to make a show of yourself, and the ordinary amusements of human beings are not for you. Science has not yet solved the problem of why some people are large and others small; but, no doubt, careful intermarriages would in time bring about a race of giants on the one hand, and very small people on the other. The father of Frederick the Great had a passion for tall guardsmen to protect his person. He was also careful to furnish them wives from among the tallest daughters of Prussia. Many of the inhabitants of Pottsdam can trace their descent to these tall guardsmen, and in nearly every case the modern Pottsdamite is larger than the men and women who come from other quarters of the German empire.

**Ghouls.**

It will be remembered that A. T. Stewart's body was stolen by certain thieves, who demanded money for the return of the remains. So far as the public are aware, neither Mrs. Stewart nor Judge Hilton would listen to any proposition which looked like encouraging a new crime. Yet, it is believed, that after Mrs. Stewart passes away, it will be found she knows where the body of her husband is laid, but that she did not wish, during her life, to run the chance of another robbery. And now the news comes from England, that a similar crime has been committed there. The Earl of Crawford died in Italy in December, 1880. His body was embalmed, and brought home to the family mausoleum near Aberdeen. The vault was closed by heavy stone slabs six feet square, covered with earth, and planted with flowers. It must have been a heavy labor to have disinterred the body. It is understood the robbers demand a ransom. If this kind of thing continues, it will furnish a new argument for cremation.

**Is the Race Deteriorating?**

Mr. Hyde Clark, in an English scientific publication called *Nature*, declares that the civilized races are becoming stunted, and are losing their vitality, because of the unwise humanity of the age, which insists on preserving the lives of human beings, who, under the ordinary operations of Nature's laws, would be eliminated from the ranks of the living. In other words, the sanitary care and protection to human life keeps alive human organ-



isms, which, in the ordinary struggle for life, would die; and, what is still worse, they become parents of children still less fit to live than themselves. Man kills off the weakly animals, and wisely continues the race of domestic beasts by breeding from the best and strongest, while at the same time he preserves the sick, decrepit, and degenerating human beings, and allows them to add to the numbers of children who never should have been born. To prove his case, Mr. Clark declares, that the average size of the European head is diminishing, and he brings forth the testimony of hatters to prove that such is the fact. It is to be doubted, however, whether Mr. Clark would convince the world that it is best to kill off sickly people in order to improve the race. It is also very certain that the health of Americans has improved within the last two hundred years. Families are not so large as they were in the olden times, but the children that are born have a better hold on life. Our men and women are plumper and larger than their forefathers, due to a greater variety of food, a growing fondness for out-door exercise, and shorter hours of labor; but it is really a question, whether society should not interfere in some way to prevent diseased and sickly people from becoming parents.

#### Are our Habits Improving?

It is quite certain that the American man of to-day does not use as much tobacco as did his forefathers. There was a time when nearly every grown American chewed tobacco. The spittoon was to be seen everywhere, and it was generally patronized. The habit was well nigh universal; yet, to-day, it is doubtful whether more than one man in thirty is an habitual chewer of the "weed." Our ancestors also were great snuff-takers; even women indulged in the nasty habit; but the snuff-box, once in universal use, is now rarely seen. Segars, however, are used very generally, while the consumption of cigarettes is enormous. We probably smoke more than did our ancestors, but pipes are not as popular now as in their time. We drink a fearful amount of liquor in America, but even here there is some improvement. In our forefathers' time rum and whisky were in every man's house, while to-day strong drink is excluded from all reputable homes. The consumption of light beers and wines has, in a great measure, replaced whisky, rum, gin, and brandy; while there are a hundred total abstainers to-day where there was one fifty years ago. But still the dreadful fact remains, that drunkenness is the great vice of our age, that an appalling amount of liquor is consumed, and that there are but few families who have not to mourn the curse of strong drink in some of their members. Still, some progress has been made in limiting the use of tobacco, and the ravages made by strong drink.

#### The Sunderland Library.

They have been selling a famous library in London, England. This collection of books was an heirloom of the Marlborough estate. The first Duke of Marlborough was one of the world's great captains. He had a genius for arms. His services were recognized by Great Britain, which presented him with a magnificent country seat at Blenheim, and large revenues. His wife, the Duchess Sarah, was a very remarkable woman in her way. She had great natural abilities, but was a termagant. Clever as they were, the duke and duchess of Marlborough left very inferior children behind them. Their descendants have been very commonplace people. The present duke is a man of respectable abilities, but his son is a scapegrace. It is the library of this family, the accumulation of two centuries, which has recently been sold, and which brought a large sum of money. Notwithstanding their great possessions, the Marlboroughs have frequently been very poor, and have had to make a living by showing the grounds and wonders of their famous retreat at Blenheim. It is always a pity when libraries are sold. Books once carefully selected should be kept together, and turned into public libraries. A great collection becomes robbed of its value when the books are distributed.

#### About Ears.

Physiologists say that the ears of the modern man have been changed as compared with the ears of his forefathers, and that as a consequence hearing is not as acute as it was. The old portraits show projecting ears with a tendency, as it were, to stretch upward and forward, while the ear of the modern man lies further back, and is retreating and more out of sight. It is believed that the habit of wearing heavy rings by women in the lobe of the ear has affected the delicate convolutions of that organ, and perhaps has tended to deteriorate the modern ear. In this connection one recalls Hawthorne, the hero of whose Italian novel has an ear which suggests the rabbit or ancient satyr. No doubt as men advance in civilization they become less like the lower animals, from whom some philosophers assert they originally sprang.

#### About Breaches of Promise.

Breach of promise suits are very common in England, but American girls when jilted rarely appeal to the courts. No matter what she might suffer, no Yankee girl of proper self-respect would think of trying to get damages from a recreant lover for a disappointment of that kind. A case has recently occupied the courts of New York which attracted a good deal

of attention, but the litigants in this case were Jews. Miss Ida Ullman of New York sued Henry H. Meyer of Richmond, Virginia, for a breach of promise of marriage. The defendant admitted that he had courted the girl, that he had made her presents, and that they were engaged to be married. After the engagement he saw fit to change his mind. He did not think he could live happily with her, and so he broke the engagement. A sister of his helped to break the match by reporting giddy and unladylike conduct on the part of Miss Ullman. The affianced bride went out riding with young men, and allowed them to kiss and caress her. The jury, after hearing both sides, gave Miss Ullman a verdict for \$1,750 instead of the \$10,000 she asked for, but the case has been appealed. It is really a serious question what a young man or a young woman should do who found, after being engaged, that they had made a mistake. No woman should want a man to marry her on compulsion or out of pity, and a union for life is too serious a matter to be entered upon without both persons being satisfied that they love each other. Should there not be tribunals where such matters could be put to arbitration? Breaches of promise, by the way, are very old affairs in English law courts. Records of such cases have been found as far back as the thirteenth century.

#### Land Revolution in Great Britain.

A great social revolution is impending in Great Britain. In ten years only three good harvests have been gathered in the British islands. The climate has so changed that wheat cannot be grown profitably in Great Britain or Ireland. The weather continues wet during most of the summer, and hence there is plenty of grass and good pasturage. Vegetables can also be grown, but not the cereals. Then American competition also has had its effect. Wheat from Dakota or California can be sold in Liverpool cheaper than it can be grown in the British islands. The effect has been to ruin the British farmer, and to deprive the landlord of his revenues. The Irish people were the first to revolt, and two thirds of the farmers of that country have declined to pay any rent. The farmers in Scotland and England are also moving, and they are holding conventions to have the land laws changed, and the rights of tenants recognized as in Ireland. The present century will undoubtedly see the laws of primogeniture, entail, and settlement swept away, thus allowing free trade in land. With the old land laws will disappear the great bulwarks of the aristocracy. We live in revolutionary times, and that which is taking place in England is of the very first importance to the people of that country.

#### A Fight with Rats.

What a pitiful story that is of George Furness, a little nine year old boy in Erie, Pennsylvania! He was locked in a school-room by mistake, where he was attacked by a swarm of rats. The little fellow fought sturdily for a while, but was at last overpowered by the rodents. When discovered, he was senseless, and the rats were gnawing him. The account says his life may be saved, but he will never recover his reason. How cruel is nature to some members of the human family.

#### From Bridal Chamber to Jail.

Miss Benson of Salt Lake City was wooed and won by a man named Randall. She loved her affianced husband devotedly, but learned to her dismay and indignation, after her engagement, that he had a wife living. After thoroughly satisfying herself on that point, she went to a justice of the peace, and, showing her proofs, demanded that the false lover should be arrested. But the justice pointed out to the indignant young woman a defect in the law; as yet the faithless Randall was not a bigamist, having but one wife, hence he could not be punished for having two. But Miss Benson's blood was up, and she determined on punishing her faithless lover. So the wedding day was appointed, and she allowed the husband of another to wed her. After the ceremony was over a dramatic scene occurred. The constable entered with a warrant for the arrest of the groom on a charge of bigamy, and the crestfallen bigamist was marched away from the bridal chamber and off to a dungeon cell. Miss Benson had her revenge if she did lose a husband.

#### Party Nomenclature.

In the United States we give some very queer names to party factions. We have had "Barnburners," "Hunkers," "Silver Grays," "Hard and Soft Shells," and more recently "Stalwarts" and "Half Breeds." In Europe parties divide more on principle. In England there is the Tory, Whig, Conservative, Liberal, Radical. The French Chamber has its Right, Left, and Center, each with half a dozen subdivisions; but the German Parliament is a great puzzle. There are no less than seventeen factions, as follows: Conservatives, Free Conservatives, German Conservatives, German Imperialists, National Liberals, Liberals, Secessionists, Progressists, Popularists, Poles, Clericals, Social Democrats, Christian Socialists, Particularists, Protesters, Autonomists, and Danes. In one matter the Europeans seem wiser than the Americans. We hand over all legislation to lawyers, but in Europe there are but few lawyers in the several legislative bodies. The most distinguished men of the nation in all classes are elected as delegates or deputies. In the French chamber all the brilliant names of France are returned, and the most de-



praved sections of Paris are often represented by the most eminent *litterateurs* of the French nation. Then, our political divisions do not always represent principles; they are very often mere associations of politicians to keep themselves in office, no principle being at stake in the contest they engage in.

#### Is the Earth drying up?

Physicists and scientists say, that the amount of water on the surface of the globe is steadily decreasing, and that the land gains on the sea year by year. It is quite true, that in some portions of the globe the sea is eating up, as it were, the land. This is true of the Atlantic coast, which gives evidence of a steady encroachment of the ocean upon its shores. New York will some day be a city under the sea, and its great bridge and ruins can be examined and disinterred only by means of diving bells. Geographers tell us, that two-thirds of the earth's surface is composed of water, so we can afford to lose a good deal of that element without suffering. If the nebular hypothesis is correct, and the earth was once a vast sea of fire, water was then non-existent, and, when it first appeared, must have come in the form of steam. Life was not possible until the fluid cooled, and it must have been myriads of years before the great salt seas formed. If the earth should gradually lose its moisture, great changes will be effected. There will be more land and a denser population, fewer marine animals, and more room for the races which now inhabit the land. Certain districts will become arid, swamps will dry up, vast waterways will be converted into dry land. What a pity it is we cannot go to sleep for a thousand years, so as to see what kind of a world this will be in the year 3000. There will, we apprehend, be some water left even then.

#### Canonizing.

As the age of miracles has passed away, it is somewhat strange to find that new saints are being made by the Roman Catholic Church. December 8 is the anniversary of the festival of the Immaculate Conception, and it was celebrated at Rome with magnificent papal ceremonies, and the occasion was further signalized by the Pope formally announcing the canonization of four new saints, named Fabre, De Rossi, Laurent, and Claire. The world is entirely ignorant why these men should have been picked out for canonization. It is said the Pope came into the hall in great pomp, borne upon the *sedia gestatoria*. He was preceded by a procession of three hundred dignitaries, including cardinals, patriarchs, and the like. The feast of the Immaculate Conception was observed in all Roman Catholic countries, and was signalized this year by one horrible catastrophe. In Vienna, as is not uncommon in Catholic countries, the people went to church in the daytime, and to the theater at night. The Ring Theater got on fire, and nearly a thousand persons perished in the flames. The architect of that theater would be hardly a fit subject for canonization.

#### The Crown Jewels.

As France is a republic, it has no further need of gorgeous jewelry to decorate kings or emperors. So it has been decided to sell the diamonds and other valuables, to the extent of 12,000,000 francs. The French people have, however, concluded to retain a sword valued at 250,000 francs, because of its artistic value. The famous Regent diamond, a gem of world-wide fame, is to be retained also, as a curiosity. What costly institutions kings and princes are, after all! The mere fact of being born of a royal or princely family is taken advantage of to tax the whole community for the benefit of the new comer. When Great Britain becomes a republic, it will doubtless follow the example of France, and sell the famous crown jewels, including the famous Kohinoor.

#### Perils of the Sea.

Never has the Atlantic been so boisterous within the memory of man as during the past two months. Violent storms prevailed, and all the steamships were overdue from three to six days. A storm at sea is a terrible thing to experience, even in the great staunch vessels which now ply between the American and European ports. It speaks well for the builders of our steamships that, fearful as were the storms, there were but few accidents resulting in loss of life. Sailing vessels would have been far less safe than even the frailest steamers that now cross the ocean. It is exasperating to recall the fact, that not one of the mighty vessels which ply between American and European ports float the flags of our country. They all belong to foreigners. Talking of steamers, by the way, it seems a new scheme is on foot. The vessels now afloat were constructed primarily for freight; the passenger business being merely incidental. Hence the inconvenience of the sleeping cabins. It is now proposed to build steamers after the model of our great Sound and river boats. They are to give ample accommodations for passengers, and the freight taken will be merely for ballast. They are to be very swift as well as comfortable, and will correspond with the Pullman cars on our railroads.

#### About Heredity.

A convention was recently held in New York, to devise ways and means of improving the human race. It consisted of a lot of very queer people; and, while some good ideas were advanced, the proceedings were not of an edifying character. The subject is one which cannot be discussed without reserve in a convention of men and women. No doubt scientific men will some day gather together the facts bearing upon the subject, and give some practicable hints as to how the health, strength and beauty of the race may be gradually improved. We live in a world full of diseased people, and it does seem that some of the wise precautions taken with plants and animals, to perpetuate soundness and eliminate weakness, should be tested on the human race. The plea of insane ancestry, urged so frequently in cases of murder, is constantly fixing the attention of the public on the fact, that our bodily and mental condition is dependent upon our ancestry. The highest interests of a nation are at the mercy of a murderous crank like Guiteau, and in self-protection society should in some way prevent such monsters being born.

#### A Fish-Eating People.

The Japanese eat very little meat. With a population of 30,000,000, the whole country contains less than one million head of cattle. Of these less than 600,000 are fit for food. It follows, there are but two head of cattle for every hundred Japanese, whereas, there are seventy-three head of cattle for every hundred Americans, men, women, and children. About one-half of the cattle slaughtered in Japan is eaten by the foreign population, and the residue is consumed by the Japanese army and navy. Consul-General Van Buren reports, that the people live mainly upon fish, which includes cod, salmon, mackerel, herring, carp, eels, skate, mullet, and catfish, while plaice are plentiful and cheap. The consul also states, that one-half of the people eat fish every day, and the rest two or three times a week. So as to secure a variety, many of the fishes are eaten raw. The Japanese, however, live mainly on vegetable food. They have an acorn which grows on a small bush four feet high, and is plentiful, cheap, and very nutritious. This nut, it is said, should be naturalized in this country, as it has the merit of being free from bitter and astringent qualities. The Japanese, however, are not a strong people. They are a small and feeble race physically, as compared with Europeans. They have, however, a high civilization of their own, and are intelligent and industrious. The meat-eating races are, after all, the most virile and vigorous. It is the beef and mutton-eating Englishman and the American, who consumes so much animal food, which are populating the earth. The rice and fish-eating nations of the East are not distinguished for either bodily or mental vigor.

#### A Hint to Robbers.

The police authorities of the several large cities unite in agreeing that no form of robbery is so safe as the purloining of jewels of high value. Diamonds are easily concealed, and the most cautious women are often very careless in the handling of their jewelry. They go to dinner and leave their diamonds in their dressing cases. The valuables are hastily put aside in a drawer after being worn. It is really wonderful that so little jewelry is stolen by domestics in view of the chances they have with their heedless and careless mistresses. There was a great diamond robbery recently at Hatton Garden, London. The diamonds stolen amounted to \$200,000 in value. The robbery was accomplished while the family was at church. There are no traces of the robbers. It is an easy matter to break up necklaces and diamond bracelets, and to dispose of the gems singly in the various diamond shops. Then, in case of a very large robbery, the losers are less anxious to punish the culprits than to recover their property. Janauschek, the *tragédienne*, lately left \$50,000 worth of diamonds in an ordinary street hack. She fortunately recovered them, however, and nearly every woman who has owned valuable watches and gems will remember that at some time in their lives their highly prized adornments have been left where they might easily have been stolen.

#### Garden Cities.

The railroad is likely in time to make a great change in the construction of cities. Before steam lines penetrated densely populated towns, business people were forced to live near their stores or offices. The omnibus or street car might permit them to live four miles away from their place of business. But in cities where elevated steam cars or underground roads have depots in the business quarters, it follows that a person may live ten or fifteen miles away from where he does his work or makes his living. This will lead in time to the growth of rural neighborhoods where one can live in the midst of gardens, surrounded by all the pleasures of country life, and yet within reach of a station by which any business locality can be reached within the hour. New York has the most complete system of elevated roads in the world, and it is believed that within the coming ten years an entire change will take place in the construction of houses in the newer districts. These will be built, not on the street as now, but back from the avenue, and will be surrounded by grounds and walks connecting several houses within one block.



or square. The city steam railway ought, in time, to abolish the crowded tenement house. The poor ought to be better off in their own homes, in cottages which accommodate only one family, rather than in great caravansaries, where the air is vitiated, and all the associations are unhomelike. The city of the future, instead of being a small surface densely built upon, will cover large areas of ground with a very much thinner population.

#### A Theatrical Holocaust.

What a fearful disaster was that at the Ring Theater in Vienna. Nearly 1,000 persons killed, suffocated, and missing. It seems that nearly all the great theaters of Europe are mere man traps, and that similar catastrophes are likely to occur at any time. Since the burning of the Brooklyn Theater, by which 284 persons lost their lives, more attention has been given to providing outlets to theaters in this country in case of fire. The following list gives the number of those who perished in theaters for the last 110 years:

	Number perished.
1772—Amsterdam.....	800
1772—Saragossa.....	1,000
1781—Paris, Palais Royal.....	500
1794—Pisino, Istria.....	1,000
1807—London, Sadler's Wells (false alarm).....	18
1811—Richmond, Va.....	61
1846—Quebec, Royal Theater.....	46
1858—London, Coburg Theater (false alarm).....	16
1865—Edinburgh, Theater Royal.....	28
1867—Philadelphia, American Varieties.....	15
1876—Brooklyn Theater.....	284
1876—Ronen, Theatre des Arts.....	10
1876—San Francisco, Chinese Theatre (false alarm).....	17
1878—Calais, France.....	10
1878—Ahmednugger, India.....	40
1881—Cronstadt, Russia.....	8
1881—Nice, France.....	61
1881—Vienna.....	917

And this disaster occurred during the religious festivities held in honor of the Virgin Mary, "the mother of God."

#### The Æsthetic Poet.

A musical comedy entitled "Patience" is now being played throughout the country. It is intended as a satire upon a certain class of people in London who are termed "æsthetics." They are poets, artists, and refined people who seek in their lives, manners, and attire to reproduce artistic and æsthetic forms and aspirations. They read poetry, practice art, dress quaintly after well-known historical models. In other ages, when religious feeling abounded, these artistic people would have become devotees, and their artistic inspirations and instincts would have clustered about new ideals and the marvels of the heavenly kingdom. But this is a skeptical age. Art has become dissassociated from religious worship, and when it is not human becomes fantastical. The poet of the æsthetes is Oscar Wilde. A volume of verses recently published really show great ability, but if half what is said about him is true, he must cut a rather queer appearance in society. A person who saw him lately said he was attired in a bottle green redingote and a pair of light gray pantaloons, tender æsthetic gaiters in yellow cloth with patent leather toes, a wide open collar, and a striking necktie. In his hands he carried a spray of delicate fern. His hair is long and light, his eyes blue, and complexion very blonde. He is said to carry lilies in his hands when he walks the streets. These æsthetes have a language of their own, and speak of things that are "utterly utter," and "too too." But in all probability these people are malign. The cultivation of art is ennobling. The poet, painter, sculptor, actor add to the value of life by multiplying beautiful objects, and inspiring higher resolves. Let the artist, if he will, be fantastic; by so doing he puts color and music into our life and conversation.

#### A Romance of the Mountains.

He was a brigand, and his name was Neposkinos. For many years he has kept the inhabitants of Albania and Macedonia in a state of terror. His enterprise in robbing travelers, together with his natural frugality, enabled him in time to amass quite a fortune, which he hid away in the mountains. Being well advanced in years, he thought he would marry and retire; so he chose a beautiful mountain siren, named Serpa, to be his bride. During the honeymoon, the uxorious Neposkinos revealed to his young bride the hiding-place of his money. Since the days of Samson and Delilah, never was confidence so sadly betrayed. He might, as the foreigner who tells the story says, have better put the 17,000 ducats in an American savings bank, for the fickle Serpa became enamored of one of the younger brigands, to whom she revealed the hiding-place, and after stealing the ducats they eloped together. Instead of retiring, the grim old robber is obliged to commence life anew, and the people of northern Greece have abundant reason to deplore the weakness and frailty of woman.

#### A Monster of the Past Ages.

The marl beds of New Jersey are rich in the remains of extinct animals which must have lived millions of years ago, for there is nothing like them now on this earth. At Marlboro, in that State, a huge sea serpent was recently discovered by Mr. O. C. Herbert.

Shortly after another monster was discovered of a very remarkable character. It was of huge bulk, and seemed to be a mixture of a crocodile, a sea serpent, and an elephant. It had two paddles forward and two behind, and must have had extraordinary propelling powers. The tail also must have been used as a skull to help the propelling motion. One of the peculiarities of this formidable beast was a kind of elbow in the lower jaw, which could double up as it were when some unusually large fish had to be devoured. This strange creature was much larger than a rhinoceros.

#### Honoring Science.

We are beginning to honor men of learning before they die. The world's greatest benefactors are not properly recognized until long after they have passed away. Professor Virchow has recently received an "ovation," as the reporters say, at Berlin. His is a distinguished name in the scientific world, and he is moreover an ardent politician. He is a liberal member of the German parliament, and has no hesitancy of antagonizing Bismarck when he thinks the latter wrong. All the learned men of Germany were present or sent regrets that they were not able to honor the great scientist and radical. The royal family were conspicuous by their absence. To commemorate the occasion a fund was established in aid of scientific research, to which it is expected contributions will be given from all parts of the world.

#### Express Steamers.

Within two years' time, it is believed that steamers will be running between Europe and America within five days' time. The two points of departure will be Milford Haven and Montauk, on the east end of Long Island. Milford Haven is one of the finest harbors in the world, while that at Montauk point will do very well for passengers and light packages. These projected steamers are intended for passengers almost entirely. The appointments will be sumptuous and the machinery of the steamers of immense power. Of course in winter time the passage may be delayed sometimes to six or seven days, but in ordinary weather five days will be amply sufficient to complete the passage.

#### Air Navigation.

At length a serious effort is to be made to construct a vessel which will navigate the air. A Buffalo inventor thinks he has made a design which will certainly solve this very great problem of passing from point to point above the surface of the ground. He tried to raise \$1,000 to commence the work; but the people of Buffalo are incredulous, so he went to New York and \$10,000 were subscribed, with a pledge of \$90,000 more if it was needed. So the feat will be attempted in dead earnest. To be successful an air vessel must discard gas to begin with. Birds and insects have twelve different ways of getting through the air, but in no case do they use gas. Several animals fly without wings, as for instance the flying monkey, which gets through the air by means of a membrane between his hind legs and one between the fore legs and the body. When these are extended so as to catch the air, this little animal can swoop down from a tall tree, and with the impetus gained by his descent, can soar up to another tree not so high. Aeronautics has become a real science, and many valuable inventions and ideas have been put forth. E. C. Stedman, the poet and banker, has written a very interesting brochure on air navigation, and nothing is more certain than that the problem will be solved before the close of this century. Inventors, unfortunately, are generally poor, and it is exceedingly difficult to get capitalists to put money in an enterprise which seems so chimerical. Then railroad people, who are the great capitalists of the age, do not care to help an enterprise which would deprive them of passengers, and revolutionize transportation. It is not unlikely that stored electricity may yet supply motive power in the air ship of the future. What has long been needed is a very light engine, capable of developing a great degree of power. The steam engine has always been too heavy, but the electric engine may perhaps do the work.

#### Found at Last.

The *Jeannette* has been heard from. She was crushed in the ice last June, and her crew took to the boats, and the majority of the explorers were saved after much exposure and great hardship. The story is a thrilling one, for the poor fellows were over seventy days in reaching the mouth of the river Lena in Siberia. The Russian Government has acted kindly in the matter, and once more the attempt to reach the pole has been baffled. This should be the last expedition of the kind, as only hardship and anxiety result from these wild attempts to discover the secret of the pole. There are now only two ways that promise any success. One is from the colony already established, which expects to advance slowly, establishing depots and perhaps reaching the pole in four or five years. This is slow but sure. Another is to wait until such time as air navigation is an accomplished fact, when, of course not only the North but the South pole can be reached. But Governments should prohibit instead of aiding any further explorations such as that of the *Jeannette*.



## What Women are Doing Abroad and at Home.

Fourteen female clerks were recently appointed at the General Post Office in London.

Mrs. H. F. Durant, at a recent meeting of the trustees of Wellesley College, was elected treasurer to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her husband.

Mrs. Burton, the widow of John Hill Burton, is about to issue an *édition de luxe* of "The Book Hunter," which has been many years out of print, and brings a high price.

There are nine women farmers in England who announce themselves as willing to receive pupils and teach them the arts of the dairy, gardening, bee and poultry keeping, etc.

Four women carried off the prizes offered by Messrs. Warren, Fuller & Co., for designs for artistic wall paper. A mother and daughter, Mrs. and Miss Wheeler, took the first and third.

Messrs. Allen, Waterloo street, Pall Mall, are about to publish a tale for young girls called "A Home Ruler." It is the joint work of Miss Minnie Young and Miss Rachel Trent; the illustrations are by Mr. Colnaghi.

A free course of commercial instruction has been opened for men and women at 10 Rue de Lancey, Paris. The course comprises book-keeping and commercial law, stenography, German, English, Spanish and Italian.

Madame Favre, widow of the late M. Jules Favre, has been appointed directress of the Normal School of secondary instruction for young girls, lately established at Sévres, near Paris, and just opened with special ceremony.

The once famous singer in England, Germany, and Italy, Mme. Schonberger Marconi, celebrated her ninety-sixth birthday at Darmstadt, on the 22d ult. She commenced her operatic career in 1797, and is still in excellent health.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor is having a monument erected at Longwood, Pa., in memory of her husband. It is in the shape of a circular Greek altar, and bears on the top a lamp with a flame: on the round is a bronze bas-relief portrait.

Nelly Mackay Hutchinson has written some charming poems, which have been put into a dainty binding, and thus given to the public in a permanent form. Her "Cry from the Shore," published years ago, had the ring of true genius.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will shortly issue a work in a single volume entitled "A Christian Woman," being the life of Mme. Jules Mallet, born Oberkampf, by Mme. Guizot de Witt, translated by Mrs. H. N. Goodhart, with a preface by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, whose *nom de plume*, Carmen Sylva, is hardly a disguise, has published a volume of original poetry. It contains four romances in verse, and is called *Stürme*. A translation of her poem on the tenth century poetess, Nun Hroswitha, into Hungarian, is now appearing in *Egyetertes*.

A Boston firm proposes to receive a limited number of girls from the public schools who may desire to become saleswomen, and educate them as boys are educated in business, giving them one hundred dollars the first year, and increasing their pay according to their proficiency.

A new journal for girls between twelve and twenty is to appear at Florence every week, published by Le Monnier, and the best writers in the country are to contribute. Each number is to contain an article on popular science, one on contemporary history, a story, etc.

**Women and Census Work.**—The government has employed women in the census work for Ireland. There are twenty-two men and twenty-two women (selected by examination) now occupied in Dublin in calculating and arranging the enormous mass of statistics of the census. The work is done at home, and is paid for by the number of sheets done.

Mrs. Severance, the first President of the Boston Woman's Club, was the honored guest at a "Club Tea" recently, on the occasion of a visit to her old home, and made a speech in which

she acknowledged that clubs are mutual admiration societies, but quoted the "Autocrat's" famous opinion, that "such a society is the crown of a literary metropolis, and that if there is not the material for it, it is a mere caravansary—fit to lodge in, not to live in."

**Women are coming to the front as bankers.** Mrs. John Burson of Muncie, is a director and virtually president of the First National Bank of Muncie, Ind.; Mrs. N. C. Williams is president of the State National Bank, Raleigh, N. C.; Miss Jennie Coombs is cashier of Brown & Coombs' Bank at Middleville, Mich.; Miss Sarah Dick is cashier of the First National Bank of Huntington, Ind.; Miss A. M. King is cashier of the banking house of Springer & Noyes, White Cloud, Kan.; and Mrs. M. H. Cowden carries on a banking business in her own name at Forest Hill, Cal.

**The Nottingham (England) Ladies' Sanitary Association** has set on foot four courses of Health Lectures to poor women this autumn. Mrs. Cowen lectures in the Baptist school-room, George street; Miss Sunter in the Temperance Mission Room, Narrow Marsh; Miss Richards in the Congregational school-room, Queen's Walk; and the fourth course is in the Derby Road Mission Room. The audience greatly appreciate the lectures and the diagrams by which they are illustrated, and, by their answers to the questions, show that they understand what is taught.

Lady Duffus Hardy says that in order "to thoroughly enjoy traveling in perfect comfort and freedom from anxiety in the United States, one must be an unprotected female. To her the manly heart yields his interest; gives her the best seat while he broils in the sun; for her he fights his way to the front ranks of refreshment saloons, and bears triumphant ices aloft; for her he battles with baggage masters, and not being her legitimate owner he carries her handbox—he even carries her baby." She might have added—he will even neglect his own wife and baby to do it.

**The Bengal (India) Ladies' Association** held its annual meeting a few weeks ago. A large number of the lady members were present, including a few European ladies, and many native and European gentlemen, who were invited as visitors. Mrs. A. M. Bose, the president for the year, explained the objects of the association in a short and suitable speech, and stated the progress that had been made. Her address was in Bengali, but the substance of it was communicated by Mr. A. M. Bose in English, for the benefit of those who did not understand Bengali. Miss Kadambini Bose read a paper on the association, and verses were recited by some of the members. The association seems to be very useful as a center for mutual counsel and discussion, as well as for organized charitable work.

**Women in Literature.**—It is generally known, says the *Rock*, that the ladies have come and do come "well to the fore" in periodical literature and fiction; but it is not equally known how much we are indebted to them for the general diffusion of a taste for English classical authors, and especially for English poetry. I will give one instance—one out of many—which has just come to my knowledge. The series of reprints known as the "Chandos Classics," which a single publishing house has been bringing out, with great approval and great success during the past ten years, has been almost wholly edited, from beginning to end, by the pen of one accomplished lady, Mrs. Valentine, the "Aunt Laura" so familiar to our little ones as the author of innumerable "toy books."

**The Edinburgh School of Cookery and Domestic Economy** promises to be very busy this winter session of 1881-2. Under the head of cookery, we find demonstration lessons and practice lessons. Teachers are trained for the school and elsewhere, and nicely-cooked dishes are sold daily at moderate prices. Starching, ironing, and doing up fine lace—the latter according to the French method—also enter into their programme. The cutting out and fitting of dresses is taught three times a week; and with a view to assisting the sick and wounded, bandaging is taught; and a course of sick nursing lectures is to be arranged in the early part of the year. Homely talks are to be given on health subjects to mothers' meetings and meetings of working women. A library has been started for lending out books on food, cookery, and physiology, at one penny a night; and a ladies' club has been started in connection with the school.





THE following receipts for fish, eggs, and the like will be useful for the lenten season which is approaching; fish is a most valuable food, and the good house-wife will take pains to create variety in this direction; particularly as it can be made as palatable as it is healthy and economical.

**Fish Soup.**—Take four haddocks, skin and bone them, and pull them into flakes with two forks; then put the heads, skins and bones, after being well washed, into four quarts of good beef stock. Strain the water also in which the beef was boiled into the stock, with three onions chopped small, and let boil for one hour; then strain into another saucepan with two onions chopped small; let it boil thirty minutes with the pieces of fish in it, and add a very little chopped parsley, pepper and salt, and add one tablespoonful of catsup, and two teacupfuls of cream previously boiled. All milk or cream added to stock for sauce or soup should be boiled first, as to do so greatly improves the flavor.

**To Boil Fish.**—Excepting salmon; place in an iron kettle with salted cold water. Add a little vinegar or lemon juice. Boil gently, not to break. Remove from water as soon as thoroughly done, and drain before the fire. A little onion, parsley, carrots or cloves, with other seasoning, adds to flavor and appearance. *Sauce.*—Drawn butter, with hard boiled egg sliced.

**To Bake Fish.**—Do not remove head or tail. Stuff. Sew or wind a string around the fish. Lay pieces of sliced fish across the top. Sprinkle with water, salt, pepper and bread crumbs. Pour hot water into pan. Baste often while baking. Serve with drawn butter sauce. If not frequently basted the fish will be too dry.

**What are called "pan"-fish are used for frying.**—Wash and wipe them perfectly dry, rub them over lightly with a little flour, and cover them with bread-crumbs and the yolk of an egg; then place them in a pan of boiling drippings, or lard, sufficient to completely cover them; and when done place on a dish before the fire. The most inexperienced will thus be able to send them to table crisp and brown; but if the fat be insufficient, or not quite hot when the fish are put in the pan, they will be flabby and greasy. Too small a quantity of fat in frying fish is a common error.

**Pickled Salt Cod.**—Fish with eggs for breakfast may be prepared as follows:—Pick some fine salt fish, and freshen with cold water once or twice; then put it in a spider and add two tablespoonfuls of hot water and a piece of butter about the size of an egg, and a little pepper; then take about a pint of milk, and two teaspoonfuls of corn starch (already braided smooth in half a teaspoonful of milk) and stir constantly until the butter melts and the corn starch is well braided in; break in two eggs, and stir until cooked. Serve very hot.

**For genuine Nantucket Codfish.**—Cut the thick part out of a firm, white dried, codfish, and soak it overnight, then cut it into very small pieces and parboil for a few minutes, changing the water until the fish remains but slightly salted. Drain off the water, leaving the fish in the saucepan. Pour over it a little more milk than will cover it; when it becomes heated, add a little butter and pepper, thicken with flour stirred smooth in milk. Stir constantly for a few minutes.

**To make a good Codfish and Potato Stew.**—Soak, boil, and pick the fish to bits; add an equal quantity of mashed potatoes, a large tablespoonful of butter, and same of milk, so as to make the mixture soft. Put into a skillet, and add a little boiling water to keep it from burning. Turn and toss until it is smoking hot, but not dry. Season with pepper and parsley to taste.

**Rolled Fish.**—Almost every kind of cold fish may be made available in this way, but those fish which are the firmest and most free from bones, are the best adapted to the purpose. Any parts may be used that are free from bones, and the pickings about the head and fins of a ling or codfish, the skin and sound chipped up small, all are good for this purpose. Pull the solid parts of the

fish to pieces with a fork, pick out the other parts by the same means; mix up the whole in a basin with a little melted butter. Season with cayenne, common pepper, salt, and a little bruised mace, and, placing the mixture in pots, pour clarified butter over it.

**For Roasted Codfish.**—Take a small fresh cod. Clean well. Cut off the head and tail. Split the fish, clean it and spread it open. Sprinkle with cayenne and a very little fine salt. Have ready a thick oaken plank, large enough, or a little larger than will hold the fish spread open. Stand up the board before a clean hot fire, till the whole plank is well heated, almost charred; but do not allow it to catch fire. Then spread out the fish evenly and tack it to the board with four spike nails, driven in so as to be easily drawn out again. Place the inside of the cod next the fire, and the back next the board, which, if it has been previously well-heated, will cook it through. Stand up the plank before the fire, setting a dish at the bottom of it to catch the drippings; and when you see that it is thoroughly well-done, take it up, but do not move it from the board. Send it to the table on the board, which must be daintily concealed as much as possible by a large napkin. Eat it with any sort of fish sauce, or with a little butter and cayenne only. This is an approved manner of cooking a fresh shad in the spring, and nothing can be better.

**To bake a Shad,** cut the fish down the gills about six inches, wash and scrape clean, take off all the scales, wipe it dry; make a dressing of bread crumbs, a little chopped parsley and pork, pepper, salt and butter; fill your fish with the stuffing, sew it up and lay it on a baking pan; dredge on a little flour; lay on some thin slices of salt pork, or bits of butter; bake about forty minutes (for a moderate sized fish); when done dish the shad; then add to the gravy a piece of butter, pepper and salt, and a little hot water; give it one boil and turn it over the fish; garnish with parsley.

**Baked eels are not bad.**—Cut the eels in pieces about six inches long; sprinkle them with flour and small bits of butter, put in a pan and bake half an hour; take them out, and in the same pan make a gravy of flour, water, butter, a little mustard and walnut catsup; let it boil up, and turn over the eels.

**Crab and Lobster Cutlets** are a very useful side-dish for a luncheon or small dinner party. Take out the meat of either a large lobster, or crab; mince it up, and add two ounces of butter, browned with two spoonfuls of flour, and seasoned with a little pepper, salt and cayenne. Add again about half a pint of strong stock; stir the mixture over the fire until quite hot, lay it in separate tablespoonfuls on a large dish. When they are cold form them into the shape of cutlets, brush them over with the yolk of egg (beaten); dip them into grated bread crumbs, fry them of a light brown color in clarified beef drippings, and place them round a dish with a little fried parsley in the center.

**Fish Cakes** are easily made from cold boiled fish, either fresh or salt. Remove the bones, mince the meat; take two thirds as much mashed potatoes, add a little butter, and sufficient beaten eggs or milk to make the whole into a smooth paste, season with pepper; make into cakes about an inch thick, sprinkle them with flour, and fry brown in plenty of boiling butter.

**To make Fish Croquettes.**—Take any cold fish, boiled, baked, or fried, from which all fat, bones, and skin have been removed, chopped fine. One third as much mashed potato, rub to a cream, with a little melted butter, roll in small balls, dip in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

**To Cook Soft Crabs.**—Scald the crabs, take off the claws and spongy part and sand, wipe them dry, broil or fry them, add a little pepper, salt, and butter when you serve.

**Deviled Lobster** is a favorite dish with some. Procure a live, heavy lobster; put it in a pot of boiling water with a handful of salt to it. When done and cold take out all the meat carefully, putting the fat and coral on separate plates; cut the meat in small pieces, rub the coral to a paste; stir the fat in it, with a little salt, cayenne, chopped parsley, essence of anchovies, and salad oil, or melted butter, and lemon juice; cut the back of the lobster shell in two, lengthwise, wash clean; stir the lobster and sauce well together; fill the shells; sprinkle bread crumbs and a few bits of butter over the top, set in the oven until the crumb is brown.

**Webster's Fish Chowder.**—Take a cod weighing ten or twelve



pounds (cod is better than haddock), have it well cleaned, leaving the skin on; cut it into slices an inch and a half thick, preserving the head, which is the best part for chowder. Take a pound and a half of clean, fat salt pork, and cut it into thin slices. Take a very large pot; put the pork into the bottom of it, and fry out all the fat. Take out the pork, leaving the fat in the pot. Add to it three pints of water. Then put in a layer of fish so as to cover as much of the surface of the pot as possible. Then a layer of potatoes, sifting over it two tablespoonfuls of salt and a teaspoonful of pepper, and a little flour; then the pork cut in strips; then another layer of fish, and what potatoes there may be left, and fill up the pot with water until it covers the whole. Put the pot over a good fire, and let the chowder boil twenty-five minutes. Then have ready a quart of boiling milk and twelve or fourteen hard crackers split. Put these all in, and let boil five minutes longer. Your chowder will then be ready for the table; and if the above directions are strictly followed, it will be an excellent one. If liked, a couple of onions may be added to the above. Clam chowder is best made in a deep dish, into which put a layer of bread crumbs or cracker crumbs; sprinkle in pepper and bits of butter; then put in a double layer of clams, and season with pepper and butter, another layer of crumbs, then of clams, and finish with bread crumbs or a layer of soaked cracker; add a cup of milk or water, turn a plate over the basin, and bake three fourths of an hour. To fifty clams one half pound of soda biscuit, and one fourth pound of butter is the right proportion.

**A Fine Fish Pie** is made by boiling two pounds of small eels; then, having cut the fins quite close, pick the flesh off and throw the bones into the liquor with a little mace, pepper, salt, and a slice of onion; boil till quite rich, and strain it. Make forcemeat of the flesh, an anchovy, parsley, a lemon peel, salt, pepper, and crumbs, and four ounces of butter warmed, and lay it at the bottom of the dish. Take the flesh of soles, small cod, or dressed turbot, and lay on the forcemeat, having rubbed it with salt and pepper. Pour the gravy over, cover with paste, and bake. Be particular to take off the skin and fins if cod or soles are used.

**Shrimp Salad** is the dish of the season, but here is a shrimp pie. Pick a quart of shrimps; if they are very salt, season them only with mace and a clove or two. Mince two or three anchovies; mix them with the spice, and then season the shrimps. Put some butter at the bottom of the dish, and cover the shrimps with a glass of sharp white wine. The paste must be light and thin. They bake quickly.

**For a Hash of Clams**, chop some fine; stew them in very little water, add their own juice; boil fifteen minutes, and season with butter and pepper. After taking up the hash, thicken the gravy with a yolk or two of eggs.

**Stuffed Eggs** are an Easter dish. Boil them hard; cut them in two lengthwise, and remove the yolks, which chop, adding to them some cooked chicken, lamb, or veal, or pickled tongue chopped fine; season the mixture, and add enough gravy or yolks of eggs to bind them; stuff the cavities, smooth them, and press the halves together; roll them in beaten egg and bread crumbs twice. When just ready to serve, dip them in a wire basket into boiling lard, and when they have taken a delicate color, drain. Serve for lunch on a napkin, and garnish with parsley or any kind of leaves, or serve with tomato sauce.

**For a very nice Omelette** take six eggs, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, a pinch of salt. Beat the whites and yolks separately. Mix the flour, milk, and salt, add the yolks, then add the beaten whites. Have a buttered saucepan very hot; pour in. Bake in a quick oven five minutes. This is a Richfield Springs receipt, and is unrivalled.

**Pickled Oysters.**—To a two-quart can of oysters, add about one pint of water; bring them to a boil; then pour off one half of the liquid, and add one half pint of vinegar, a few blades of mace, a few whole pepper-corns, a few corns of allspice. Boil all together a few moments, and pour over the oysters.

**For Egg Croquettes.**—Boil eighteen eggs, separate the yolks and whites, and cut them in dice; pour over them a sauce à-la-creme (see sauce à-la-creme); add a little grated bread, mix all well together, and let it get cold. Put in some salt and pepper, make them into cakes, cover them well on both sides with grated

bread, let them stand an hour, and fry them a nice brown. Dry them a little before the fire, serve them very hot.

**Here is a Cheese Relish** for breakfast or lunch. Take a quarter of a pound of good fresh cheese; cut it up in thin slices, and put it in a spider, turning over it a large cupful of sweet milk; add a quarter of a teaspoonful of dry mustard, a dash of pepper, a little salt, and a piece of butter as large as a butternut; stir the mixture all the time. Roll fine three Boston crackers; sprinkle them in gradually; as soon as they are stirred in turn the contents into a warm dish, and serve.

**Cheese Stirabout** is a hearty dish, but some like it. Put two gallons of water in a stew pan, and boil; take some Indian meal (the quantity depends on the quality), and add it gradually to the water, stirring it all the time, so that it should be quite smooth and thick, and three ounces of salt; simmer on the side of the fire for two hours, taking care that it does not burn; add half a pound of strong cheese broken small or grated with a little mustard; give it a boil, and serve.

**Potted Cheese** is a useful luncheon dish, and being served in glass, it looks light and pretty on the table. One pound of cheese must be well beaten in a mortar, and to it must be added two ounces of liquid butter, one glass of sherry, and a very small quantity of cayenne pepper, mace, and salt. All should be well beaten together, and put into a pretty shaped glass potting jar, with a layer of butter at the top. It makes a delicious relish for butter on toast.

**Macaroni Cheese.**—One half pound of macaroni, broken into inch pieces; wash; put on the stove to soak till soft, then drain; grate one half pound of old cheese with bits of butter, pepper, and salt, and three tablespoonfuls of milk; let the last layer be cheese. Bake for three-quarters of an hour.

**Buckwheat Cakes.**—Science has even revolutionized the method of making buckwheat cakes. The old way, setting to raise over night, souring, fermenting, decomposing, and destroying the nutrient part of the flour, carbonic acid gas was produced and the cakes made light. But a well-founded suspicion has always existed that buckwheat cakes made in this manner are unwholesome and indigestible, because the chemical action that takes place so alters the flour from its original character that the souring or decomposing process continues in the stomach and gives rise to dyspepsia and kindred troubles.

The new way does away with all decomposing, all fermenting or souring, and places upon our tables smoking hot buckwheats in less than 15 minutes. The leavening element of the new process, which is the "Royal Baking Powder," being mixed with the flour and moisture added, evolves the leavening gas, and in no way changes the dough from its original sweet and nutritious condition.

In point of healthfulness it is a positive fact that buckwheat and griddle cakes made in this way with the "Royal" powder are very healthy, and can be eaten with impunity by dyspeptics and invalids without discomfort.

Various preparations and mixtures have been put on the market from time to time to take the place of the "Royal Baking Powder," such as "self-raising" or "griddle cake" flours; but analysis shows many of them to be made from unwholesome substitutes and strong acids, which have a corroding effect on the membranes of the stomach. It is much safer for all consumers to purchase flour themselves that they know to be good and reliable, and add the baking powder at a considerable saving, than to purchase any of the so-called "self-raising" flours, which are usually compounds of the vilest nature, containing alum or phosphates. It is stated that three-fourths of the "self-raising buckwheat" sold in the market is nothing more than "middlings," or the dark-colored siftings and impurities which form the refuse in the manufacture of the higher grades of flour.

The following is a good recipe and most economical:

**Quick Buckwheat Cakes.**—To one pint of buckwheat flour, while dry, add two teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder, a teaspoonful salt, one scant tablespoonful brown sugar or New Orleans molasses to make them brown, mix well together, and when ready to bake add one pint cold water or sufficient to form a batter; stir but little, and bake immediately on a hot griddle.

The Baking Powder should never be put into the batter, but always mixed with flour in a dry state.



## Scientific.

**Troubles with the eye and ear** are often traceable to defective teeth. A distinguished physician regards irritation of the maxillary limbs of the fifth pair as among the principal causes of the progressive near-sightedness of school-children.

**If to a strong solution of gum arabic**, measuring eight and a half fluid ounces, a solution of thirty grains of sulphate of alumina dissolved in two-thirds of an ounce of water be added, a very strong mucilage is formed, capable of fastening wood together, or of mending porcelain or glass.

**No housewife** should omit to have her carpets taken up as often as may be, and curtains and such-like upholstery should not be left untended until they emit a cloud of dust. Dust is as great an enemy to the human race as sewer-gas, and should be as zealously guarded against.

**To prepare gold for gilding china or glass** that has to be burnt, triturate gold-leaf in a mortar with a little honey until reduced very fine; then dissolve out the honey with hot water, and mix the gold-dust with a little gum-water for use; or dissolve the gold in hot aqua regia, evaporate to dryness in a porcelain dish over a hot-water bath, and dissolve in ether for use.

**If it is desired to keep cider perfectly sweet**, it should be filtered on coming from the press, and then sulphured by the addition of about one-quarter ounce of calcium hydrated sulphite (bisulphite of lime) per gallon of cider, and should be kept in small, tight, full barrels. The addition of a quarter of a pound of sugar per gallon improves the keeping qualities of tart cider.

**The deodorizing punkah**, or chemical lung, has not come a moment too soon. It is cheap, effective, universally wanted, and of universal application. It is simply a rough towel, stretched, and kept saturated with carbolic acid or caustic soda in solution. This, waved punkah-fashion in a sick room, purifies the air in a very short time. At a trifling cost, work-rooms full of old and young people craving for oxygen, can be made sweet and wholesome.

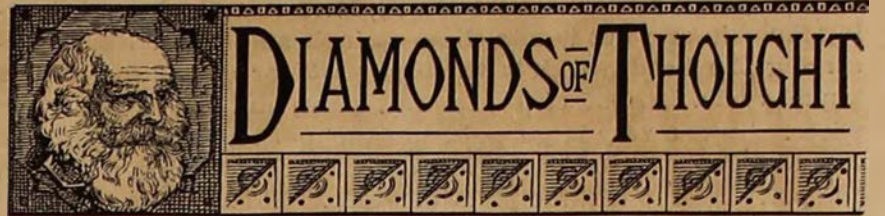
**The Trunks of Trees.**—Recent botanical research has shown that the trunks of trees undergo daily changes in diameter. From early morning to early afternoon there is a regular diminution till the minimum is reached, when the process is reversed, and the maximum diameter is attained at the time of twilight; then again comes a diminution, to be succeeded by an increase about dawn—an increase more marked than that in the evening.

**Intellectual Work and the Heart.**—M. Gley, a French biologist, has been engaged recently in studying the connection between the action of the heart, and intellectual work involving strain on the attention. The experiments have thus far been made upon himself. The most important result which he has arrived at is that, when the attention is engaged by intellectual exertion, there is a decided increase of cerebral circulation, or, in homelier words, an increased flow of blood to the brain, accompanied by an acceleration of the rhythm of the heart. The rhythm, in fact, seems to quicken in direct ratio to the intensity with which the attention is engaged.

**Improved Tin Cans for Fruit and Meat.**—The liability of evil effects from the chemical action of acids and salts in the substances packed in tin cans, has for a long time been a serious drawback to the canning and packing industry, and much study has been devoted to the subject of an improved material. A firm, it is stated, has invented a method of coating tin-plates with a material which interposes a film resembling glass between the surface of the metal and the fruit, or other contents. The insoluble portion of the composition is silicate of lime.

**Potato-Growing.**—Potato-growing has been the subject, it is stated, of a curious experiment. A pound of early potatoes were taken and allowed to sprout freely. From each potato a sprout was broken, and potatoes and sprouts were then planted in separate rows. Both grew well; and the following is the result of the experiment—From the sprout, which weighed in all half an ounce, five pounds five ounces of potatoes have been obtained, and from the pound of potatoes five pounds four ounces, showing a slight balance in favor of the sprouts. The sprout potatoes were more regular in shape, earlier in growth, and firmer in substance.

**A Life-Saving Lesson in Physics.**—It is a well-known fact, that any person of average structure and lung capacity will float securely in water, if care is taken to keep the hands and arms submerged and the lungs full of air. Yet in most cases, people who are not swimmers immediately raise their hands above their heads and scream the moment they find themselves in deep water. The folly of such action can be impressively illustrated by means of a half-empty bottle, and a couple of nails fastened round the neck with an india-rubber band, so as to represent the arms; and the experiment should be repeated in every household until all the members—particularly the women and children—realize that the only chance for safety in deep water lies in keeping the hands under and the mouth shut.



**Commonplace People?** Commonplace things? Nothing is commonplace if you have its secret.

**We can** hardly make a greater mistake than to imagine those have most joy who have least sorrow.

**Know** what you want; know it for a certainty, and without misgivings or doubts; then possess yourself of the patience for biding your time to secure it.

**Real Genius** is not only modest in behavior, but humble in spirit. It looks upward in reverence, not downward in scorn.

**When** you see an old man amiable, mild, equable, content, and good-humored, be sure that in his youth he has been just, generous, and forbearing.

**If the true wealth** of a nation consists in human force, skill, wisdom, and rectitude, so does the true wealth of an individual.

**Do not** consider any virtue trivial, and so neglect it, or any vice trivial, and so practice it.

**Perhaps** there are few less happy than those who are ambitious without industry, who pant for the prize, but will not run the race, who thirst for truth, but are too slothful to draw it up from the well.

**There is no** diviner work than that which takes little ones out of the atmosphere of degradation and crime, and places them under good and wholesome influences.

**Restlessness** and discontent mark too many lives. They may in some cases lead to progress, but it is where the desire is for improvement, and not for change.

**The Envious Man** is tormented not only by all the ills that befall himself, but by all the good that happens to another. He is made gloomy not only by his own cloud, but by another man's sunshine.

**A patient** and humble temper gathers blessings that are marred by the peevish, and overlooked by the aspiring.—*Chapin.*



**Never** trust to appearances; it is the prosperous dentist who looks most down in the mouth.

**Glass Eyes** are made so cleverly now-a-days, that even the wearer can't see through the deception.

**Candor.**—"Tommy," said a mother to her seven year old boy, "you must not interrupt me when I'm talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop, and then you can talk." "But you never stop!" retorted the boy.

**Scene.**—Newport *table-d'hôte*—*personæ*; a young swell and an elderly *distingué*-looking man. Young swell: "I feel sure I must have met you somewhere." Elderly man: "Very likely; I am a pawnbroker."

**Quality, not Quantity.**—German Professor in the "high daughter-school"—"I have to you, my young ladies, in the last hour communicated that the brain of the man larger is than that of the woman. What conclude you thereout, *Fräulein Bertha*?" *Bertha*: "That it with the brain not upon the quantity, but upon the quality depends!"

**A tailor** whose bill had remained unpaid for some months, called upon X., and found him in bed at noon. "Why don't you work instead of sleeping?" asked the tailor. "Time is money." "Ah, well, if time is money, I will pay you in time. I have plenty of it on my hands, but no money," replied X.

**Daughter, Home from School:** "Now, papa, are you satisfied? Just look at my testimonial—'Political economy satisfactory; fine arts and music very good; logic excellent—'" Father: "Very much so, my dear—especially as regards your future. If your husband should understand anything of housekeeping, cooking, mending, and the use of a sewing machine, your married life will indeed be happy."

**A Young Commercial Traveler** called on a Boston dealer, and by mistake handed him a photograph of his betrothed instead of his business card, saying that he represented that establishment. The merchant examined it carefully, remarked that it was a fine establishment, and returned it to the astonished man, with a hope that he would soon be admitted into partnership.



# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE  
THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE  
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

## Review of Fashions.

**T**HE world moves, even in the direction of the dress of women, and it is beginning to be understood that fashion, sovereign as it may be and doubtless is, only exists with and by the consent of the governed. For example, no amount of hue and cry has succeeded in again imposing upon the majority the obnoxious and disfiguring bustle—and even “low necks,” so especially urged, so authoritatively declared to be the distinctive sign manual of “evening” dress, are restricted to a few rather pronounced persons, in a small circle, and would not count ten to a hundred in the aggregate number of toilets made for evening and ceremonious occasions. Out of an average of a thousand ladies, representing the best society, who were the guests upon five or six recent and very fashionable occasions, not more than five wore dresses that were cut low, and several of these were filled in with lace. Some were cut square, some heart-shaped, and many were enriched with exquisite embroidery and lace; but very few left the neck bare, and those few had an effect of coarseness, bordering upon vulgarity, which was far from attractive. Youth and beauty can stand almost anything, but the charm is greatly strengthened by the presence of refinement and the reserve which is inseparable from it; while for women of portly presence to expose their amplitude of person is simply to provoke ribald jests.

White toilets retain their vogue, but they are not so universal this season; they are more restricted, that is to say, more reserved for special uses. They are indispensable for debutantes, as for brides, but married ladies wear combinations and rich wine color and old gold with much beaded embroidery, and even young girls who are “out,” blush pink, Nile green, and clear light blue trimmed with white lace. The soft silks and satins are still preferred to the stiff gros-grains and failles, probably because they lend themselves with so much ease and grace to the shirring, plaiting, and draping, which are distinguishing features of the present fashions. It is these soft silks which have brought the secondary class of laces into requisition. Imitations they can hardly be called, for though not made with the needle or by hand, yet they are genuine of their kind, and do not pretend to be other than they are. To wear so costly and frail a fabric as old needle-point lace, with the freedom and frequency that modern life demands, would be wicked; but there is no reason why the pretty and inexpensive laces, many

of them the work of poor women, whose few comforts are procured in this way, should not be used with graceful profusion in conjunction with the soft silk and woolen fabrics, whose beauty is increased by them.

A very large number of beautiful young women have been presented to society this season, and one of the pretty customs is to endow them plentifully with blush roses upon the occasion which introduces them to the gay world. This is all of color that is permitted—a debutante is like a bride, in her robes of silk and tulle or satin and lace, and the baskets of fresh pink roses which she suspends in triumph from her girdle, and the huge bouquets she carries in her hand, are all that tell that she is just entering upon her career of conquest, instead of leaving it. There is one style of making that is almost universal for the evening dresses of young girls; it is the draped panier over the hips, the pointed bodice, and the trimmed front of the skirt, which may be short or demi-trained. The effect is eminently youthful, which is doubtless the reason why it has been received with so much favor. Married ladies utilize their lace flounces and overskirts by making hip paniers of them; but for young ladies draperies are more suitably arranged of delicate gold or silver tissues.

Early in the season, the inquiry was often made as to the possible disposition of the rich brocades, whose novel and striking designs seemed to preclude their employment for the purposes of dress. But it has been fully answered in the number of magnificent trains which now appear in every fashionable assemblage, composed of these superb fabrics, and combined with the satin fronts covered with embroidery of silk and pearls, or silk and iridescent beads, which are so conspicuous a feature of the season. A train of white satin brocade worn recently was covered with a pattern of curled ostrich feathers, so real one could almost lift them from the tinted surface. The satin front was covered with a drapery of point lace, caught at the side with real ostrich feathers, and a clasp of diamonds. A pale cream-colored brocade, less showy than some others, is sprinkled with a pattern of purple asters shaded in natural colors, and arranged with a heliotrope satin front, exquisitely embroidered in different shades of purple, with an admixture of gold thread in outline and finish. The bodice was purple velvet, pale shade, and small paniers of velvet were draped over the hips, forming an effective relief to the artistically flowered train.

The large hats are receiving a great deal of abuse for ob-



structing the view at the theater and opera—places where they certainly ought not to be worn. No woman has a right to place a wall between any other person, and that which he has an equal right with herself to see and enjoy, and the disregard of this plain rule of right would justify managers in compelling them to come to places of amusement bonnetless, as they are obliged to do in London. Large hats are very handsome and picturesque—at least they can be made so—and they possess more character than small ones; but men do pay to go to the theater or the opera to look at the back of rows of Rembrandt or Duchess of Devonshire hats; they pay to see the performance, and have a right to complain seriously of whatever may prevent them. Women who can only afford one hat or bonnet should be content with a small one, or should exercise their ingenuity in the construction of a specially dainty bit of head-gear for theater use. Women in this country prize highly the freedom with which they can attend the most fashionable public performances in street dress; and they should be careful not to do anything which looks like an infringement of the laws of courtesy and equal right. A big promenade hat is out of place in an evening assemblage, whether public or private.

Short velvet suits trimmed with narrow bands of fur, and accompanied by velvet toques, and small muffs matching the fur upon the dress, are very fashionably worn as visiting costumes. They are short, and well cut in to the figure. A band of fur encircles the hips, as well as the neck.

### Illustrated Designs.

It is not at this season that novelties in design are looked for; styles are pretty well settled for the winter months before the beginning of the new year; and thereafter it is the variations only from original models that afford opportunities for the artist. One thing may be said for 1881 and 1882, that never have efforts to meet the wants of the public in regard to clothing been more uniformly successful. The majority of ladies have delightedly accepted the new ideas furnished them, and express their great sense of the comfort and gratification in the freedom and variety which, within the limits of propriety and good taste, permit a woman to follow her own inclination, and choose her style of dress in accordance with her own wishes and convenience.

The long dolman and visite-shaped cloaks have been received with great favor, and their warmth, appropriateness, and adaptability will probably give them a lengthened lease of life. They are more elegant for married women than the short jacket and loose paletot, and are expensive enough to render it a necessity with most persons that they should last more than one season; it may therefore be considered certain that they will reappear with little modification another winter.

The "Saphir" is a good example of the *sacque-visite*, arranged as a convenient wrap for opera and theater wear, yet close fitting enough for visiting and church purposes. It is very stylishly made in black Rhadames or satin *merveilleux*, and lined with quilted satin or striped plush. The border may be of deep seal plush or fur. Six yards and a half of silk, and six and a half of lining, are required for it; and if trimmed with plush, three yards of a rich quality will be necessary for the border.

Long outside garments preclude the use of bustles or tournures of a size to distort the symmetry of the figure, so that the question in regard to the revival of these instruments of torture is settled so long as the long cloaks last. A long cloak, shaped to the form, over a winged or paniered extension, is grotesque, not to say a nuisance; for this last argu-

ment has no influence with the bustle wearer; she is a self-elected victim, and her martyrdom would be praiseworthy if it had an honorable motive. But with the lengthened cloaks has revived the *polonaise*, a useful constituent of in or outdoor costume, and one that ought never to be quite abandoned. One example is given this month, the "Clarina," which gives the effect of a draped princess design in front, and plaited postilion basque with overskirt at the back. It is a good model for light woolen fabrics or spring gingham, and with a skirt trimmed with a single gathered flounce would form a serviceable suit for school or house wear. The plaiting is not needed for wool—stitching is sufficient—and a band or border put on flat and leaving a margin may be used instead of the ruffle for cotton.

The "Florentia" costume combines the *polonaise* with the walking skirt. The former is a princess design cut away from the front, and draped at the back, a Roman scarf forming hip paniers, and a large bow with side panels, which face, and unite the front of the *polonaise* with the back. The skirt is narrow, and gored. A pretty walking dress, consisting of trimmed skirt and basque, will be found in the "Chryssa" skirt and the "Zanita" basque. The models are new, and may be used with certainty of being found permanently good. They are also adapted to a great variety of materials, softly draping wool and satin, two shades of plain silk, plain and brocaded silk, satin, and grenadine; in fact, any of the fashionable fabrics may be used, for they all drape well, and that is the only essential qualification.

The basque (Zanita) has plaited side paniers, outlined with a *passementerie* trimming, for which folds or any other heading may be substituted, and which are joined to a plaited postilion at the back.

The overskirt is too useful ever to be given up, and a very simple and graceful model, requiring but a small amount of material, will be found in the "Adelina." It is draped high on the side, and gives the effect of a double apron with the expenditure of the smallest amount of material.

The "Aricia" is a stylish basque adapted to dressy toilets or pretty combination costumes. The leaf-shaped edge is lined with satin, and shows a ruffle or plaiting of lace or satin beneath. The back is full, and forms a bow over the *coquille* of lace; and the neck is open with a round collar turned over, and plaited kerchief inserted.

The "Candace" hood is an excellent and convenient shape for winter wear in the country, and indispensable for school, sleigh riding, party going, and the like. It should be made of cashmere or merino, lined with quilted satin, and faced with plush, the bows corresponding in color to the facing. It is a welcome gift. One yard of medium width material is required for the outside, one yard for the lining, one eighth for the facing, and three yards of ribbon for clustered bows and strings.

### Cloaks and Furs.

THE fur collars universally attached to the cloaks preclude the necessity for fur sets, and they have not, therefore, been very much in demand. Fancy muffs made to match suits, reticule, or "satchel" muffs, the color of which must always correspond to that of the bonnets and muffs of beaver, or plush with beaver hats, constitute the exterior features of winter attire, in addition to the long silk or cloth cloak, with its deep plush or fur cuffs and collar.

There are difficulties in regard to the silk cloak, which will doubtless in time restore the cloth cloak to favor. Indeed, it is already finding its way into very good society. The "Newmarket" coat in light beaver, with beaver collar



and cuffs, is extremely good, not only lady-like, but distinguished; though not adapted to short, stout figures. It is a London production, and particularly well adapted to walking and driving. The long dolman cloak, in soft, light French beaver, in dark shades of color, is well adapted to this climate, and to the requirements of ladies who can only afford one warm winter garment for general wear. It requires no lining, it receives a rich finish from an interior facing of twilled silk, it trims handsomely with the thick plush, which is made to simulate fur, and it is as warm as fur, but more porous and healthful.

Silk is a non-conductor of warmth, requires fur, plush, or wadded lining, is therefore very expensive, and is easily defaced and impaired by frequent wear. A common silk and common fur or plush lining, such as must be used for low-priced silk cloaks, can never be desirable. The silk looks poor to begin with, and grows meaner looking every day. The fur comes off, the plush "crawls," and the garment has a generally disreputable appearance before one season is over. Silk cloaks should only be purchased by those who can afford handsome ones, and other cloaks to wear on occasions.

Sealskin has received a decided impetus in the demand created by the new styles, cut longer and better shaped to the figure, and the Russian dolman shapes. They are very expensive at first, but very durable, a handsome seal-skin cloak lasting four or five years without retrimming.



**Florentia Costume.**—Simple and graceful in effect, this stylish costume is composed of a short, gored skirt, trimmed with a narrow side plaiting and shell plaiting around the bottom, and a polonaise with plaited side paniers, rather bouffant drapery at the back, and the fronts cut away and extending nearly to the bottom of the skirt at the sides, where a separate breadth is added, which is turned up in a reversed manner and fastened to the back of the polonaise in plaits under a large *bébé* bow formed by the looped ends of the side paniers. The polonaise 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. This design is appropriate for almost any dress material, and is especially adapted to a combination of goods. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



**Chryssa Walking Skirt.**—An extremely novel design, somewhat elaborate in effect, but not difficult to arrange. Upon the short gored skirt, trimmed with a gathered flounce headed by a full puff, is draped a very graceful overskirt consisting of an apron draped in plaits high in the middle of the front and at the sides, and a narrow, slightly bouffant back drapery. A looped bow is arranged like a panel on the right, with one long end falling loose over the side seam. This model is suitable for almost any class of dress goods, especially those that drape gracefully, and is very well adapted to a combination of materials. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

COPPER COLOR and terra-cotta red are fashionable shades this winter, the copper having more red than yellow in it, and the terra-cotta being the exact shade of the red earth.

### A California Lady's Jewels.

ONE of the most magnificent sets of jewels ever made in Paris has been manufactured for the wife of ex-Governor Stamford, of California, and consists of a necklace of large colored diamonds, intermixed with small white diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, all of the purest water. A band of large yellow diamonds encircles the throat, each set in smaller white stones. Below this band is placed a floriated design in small white diamonds and colored stones, extending in deep points. Between each of these points is suspended an immense yellow diamond, set in white diamonds, and attached to the upper part of the necklace by a ruby, emerald, or sapphire. There are five of these pendants the central one being the largest, and having once figured in the collection of the Duke of Brunswick. This ornament is accompanied by a comb, a brooch, and a pair of ear-rings to match, and the necklace itself takes to pieces and can be converted into pins, hair ornaments, etc., while the upper row of diamonds can be worn as a necklace without the pendants and the pointed floriated band. The cost of the set has been estimated at four hundred thousand francs. Besides this truly royal parure, Mrs. Stamford has recently become the possessor of three brown diamonds, one set in a ring, and the other two as ear-rings, which are said to be perfectly unique in the world of jewels.





### Jabots and Neck Bows.

No. 1.—This pretty bow, suitable either for the neck or belt, is composed of a cluster of loops and long ends of bright blue and cardinal satin ribbon about an inch wide, knotted gracefully together. Price, in any two shades of ribbon, 85 cents.

No. 2.—This dainty cravat-bow of *ombré* rose-pink satin Surah ribbon, about six inches wide, is shirred across at the back of the neck, and the ends are gathered together in front, and should be fastened with a lace pin. One of the ends is trimmed with a plaiting of very wide Louis XIII. lace, arranged in a *jabot*, and the other fringed out. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$2.75.

No. 3.—Shaded or striped ribbon, about three inches wide, composes this pretty bow with long loops and ends, which is intended for a belt bow, but can be used for a variety of purposes according to the ribbon in which it is made up. The design illustrates a handsome satin ribbon in shaded stripes. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, plain, striped or shaded, \$1.50.

No. 4.—This pretty design illustrates a lace-trimmed handkerchief folded diagonally near the center, and laid in a double box-plait on the folded edge, the hollow of the plaits being on the outside and fastened with an enormous hook-and-eye of cut steel or colored metal set in riveted points, for which a lace pin may be substituted if preferred. Any lady with a little ingenuity can make a very effective bow for the neck out of any pretty handkerchief by attentively observing the illustration.

No. 5.—Cravat bow of blonde net and Louis XIII. lace, about four inches wide. The net is of a faint yellowish tint, very becoming to the complexion, and is folded in a loop at one side, while the lace is arranged to fall carelessly in overlapping ruffles. Price, \$2.75. In Italian lace, \$1.85.

TAN-COLORED gloves (undressed kid), of the Sarah Bernhardt style, are fashionably worn with white satin and satin brocade evening dresses. They extend over the elbow.

### Large Bonnets at the Theaters.

HERE is a strong and deserved outcry against the wearing of large hats and bonnets at the theaters and other places of public amusement. The complaint is particularly bitter against the round, full-moon hats, with wide border of straight brim, which leave no loophole by which the unfortunate man or woman who is seated behind them can see a glimmer of that which passes in front of them. To wear such a screen in a place where every one present has an equal right, and ought to have an equal chance, is an outrage upon courtesy and good taste. The "Niniche" bonnets, or the scoop-shapes, which project over the front, are not so objectionable, but, like the large hats, they are more suitable for the promenade. The small feather, flower, or beaded bonnet, is the only one suited to the theater or opera.

PLUSH and *moire* are the season's favorites.

THE MILDNESS OF THE SEASON extended so far into the winter as to greatly curtail the sale of heavy cloaks and furs. Up to Christmas the temperature in New York city required only the use of spring wraps, and all the evidences were in favor of an "open" winter. Last winter was somewhat severe, but the four preceding winters were mild; and if these continue, the general ideas in regard to the proper clothing for the months which have heretofore represented winter and early spring, will have to be reconstructed. For next summer we are threatened with torrid heat, and it is said that by 1890 our conditions at the North will be those of a tropical climate. Whether we are really undergoing such a change, or whether recent fluctuations are due to the astronomical disturbances threatened several years ago by English and German scientists, we are not competent to decide. At any rate it will do no harm to keep the air of our houses pure, and our clothing somewhat lighter than the Arctic temperature at this season generally requires



## Weddings and Wedding Dresses.

**W**EDDINGS this season have been particularly numerous, and some of them very brilliant, but they have not largely departed from the conventional idea, and have displayed the usual concomitants of white satin, and orange blossoms, a gay assemblage, and many costly gifts. Perhaps the finest one of the season was that of the youngest daughter of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, the railroad king, to Dr. William Seward Webb. All the horses which drew the carriages of the bridal party had satin rosettes. The drivers and footmen wore white satin favors and bouquets of white hyacinths and lilies-of-the-valley.

The interior of the church was prettily decorated. The upright chandelier standards were wound with smilax. The altar was flanked by dense green masses of date palms, African and striped palms, fan-shaped palms, magnolias, ferns, and exotics, in which gleamed here and there the golden fruit of orange trees. The groom, with his best man, waited for the bride near the altar. The ushers were in morning dress and wore button-hole bouquets of lilies-of-the-valley. The groom and best man were similarly attired. The bride is a brunette of clear complexion and rich color. Her dress was made of white satin, brocaded with threads of silver in a coral design. The front of the skirt was of cream white satin veiled by flounces of rarely fine point lace. The train of silvered brocade was of great length, 128 inches, and the pointed waist was of the same costly fabric, with a great deal of lace around the neck and on the half-long sleeves. Her veil of point lace, of the same design as that of the flounces, was fastened by crescents of diamonds and white ostrich feathers. The corsage bouquet was of natural orange blossoms. The bouquet carried in her hand was of white roses. Her jewels were pearls and diamonds. Her gloves were white kid, in loose-wristed, mousquetaire style. The bridesmaids were dressed in white watered silk, trimmed with pearl lace caught up with white ostrich feathers. They wore white ostrich feathers in their hair. Their bouquets were pansies. In the parlor the bride and groom received congratulations under a marriage bell of roses which hung from an arch of smilax, with pedestals of ferns and palms. The arch was also surmounted by a vase of ferns. The five large windows were curtained with smilax and adorned with tassels and loops of roses and rose festooning. A bank of ferns was placed on each window sill. Two large vases were filled with Jacqueminot and Perle de Jardin roses and draped with Japanese ferns. Two large vases of yellow roses and ferns were placed in the rear parlor. The chandeliers and stairways were made green with smilax, and great vases, baskets, and bouquets of roses, azaleas, carnations, and lilies-of-the-valley, were placed in every available spot. The present from the bride's father was the house now occupied by him, in which the reception was held. The groom's gift to his bride was a very fine brougham and horses. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt a diamond necklace which the bride wore at the wedding. Madame Vanderbilt, widow of Commodore Vanderbilt, gave some magnificent diamonds. Among other gifts were a dinner set of repousse silver, a silver dessert service, a silver tea set, a silver kettle, a pearl necklace and diamond pin, a tea set of royal Worcester china, with gold spoons, a curious illumination on parchment, bracelets, rings, screens, clocks, vases of Worcester, a silver toilet set, and a white satin pillow embroidered with pearls for the bride to kneel upon during the ceremony.

At a recent church wedding, following four ushers in the procession, and preceding the bride on her father's arm,

were six little maids of honor from five to ten years old, who were dressed in nuns' veiling and Valenciennes lace, and were almost lost in immense white Gainsborough hats. Two more ushers brought up the rear.

The bride's dress was of white satin, with front of brocade, the waist and upper skirt being edged with pearl fringe.

The wedding dress of Miss Bessie Hamilton Morgan, whose marriage has also been one of the social events, was of white brocade and satin, the front being of plain satin laid in square folds, over which was a tablier of the brocade. The corsage was cut in a wide, deep square, and trimmed with point lace. A boutonniere of orange blossoms was worn on the left side. Her tulle veil was secured with diamonds. She wore a necklace of diamonds, to which was attached a brooch in the center of which was a diamond said to be the largest and most valuable in America. The diamonds were presented to the bride by Baron von Rothschild. Her bouquet was of lilies-of-the-valley. The bridesmaids' dresses were of heavy corded white silk with square corsages, and they had boutonnieres of lilies-of-the-valley and autumn leaves. The front of the skirts showed in two large revers simulated petticoats of white satin in upright plaits.

At a pretty home wedding, the four bridesmaids wore dresses of white French muslin with the front of silk, with trimmings of point de Venice lace. The bride's dress was of white corded silk with an embossed velvet front with bead trimming. Her veil was of tulle and fastened with orange blossoms; she also wore an epaulette of orange blossoms.

## Candace Hood.

LADY'S MEDIUM SIZE.



**T**HIS becoming and convenient hood—a pattern of which will be found in this number—is adapted to almost any light, warm material for winter wear, plush, cashmere, merino, opera flannel, etc., and may be lined with silk or satin of some suitable color, or not, as desired, or according to the material used. Ribbon bows upon the crown and

in the back of the neck are all the trimming required.

The pattern is in a single piece—one half of the hood.

The front part of the hood is to be laid in three box-plaits according to the holes. Only one-half of the middle box-plait is given in the pattern. The front edge of the hood is to be turned back on the outside and faced to form a *revers*, in a line with the lowest hole of those that indicate the box-plaits, and the notch in the front edge. After the seam is closed down the middle of the back a plait is to be laid, according to the holes near the crown, turned downward on the outside, and the pointed end of the middle box-plait tacked down over it, a bow concealing the whole when finished. The back of the neck is to be gathered back of the single hole and drawn in to fit the neck of the person.

Cut the hood with the upper edge, which forms the middle of the box-plait on the top of the head, placed on a lengthwise fold of the goods, to avoid a seam. One yard of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required to make the outside of the hood, and the same quantity for lining. One eighth of a yard of contrasting material, of the same width, will suffice to face the *revers*.



## A Royal Table-Cloth.



**TABLE-CLOTH** presented to the Prince and Princess of Baden, by "the women and maidens of Carlsruhe." is made of plain white linen, three yards long. The fringe, half a yard deep, is knotted four times. The principal border, half a yard deep, is worked in cross-stitch in blue cotton, all of the same shade, not indigo blue, but a middle shade of china blue. This cross-stitch, as well as that of the screen last mentioned, is worked on rather coarse canvas tacked on the material, the threads of the canvas being afterward drawn out. At intervals in the border, of half a yard or so, the Baden and Swedish arms appear alternately, surmounted by a crown, the pattern in this case being formed by the white linen left unworked, while the ground is filled up with the blue cross-stitch. Four squares placed diamond-wise, with different designs in each square, fill up the space left between each group of the royal arms. These squares are worked in the blue cotton, the ground being left white. A narrower border, an inch and a half wide, is worked between the wide border and the fringe. Dinner napkins to match, of a very large size, with the combined arms of Sweden and Baden worked in the corners, and a handsome border.

A **PARISIAN WALKING-DRESS** is of myrtle green cloth, made with kilted skirt, and a large Directoire redingote, with small shoulder cape. The coat, which was long and close-fitting, was bordered with rich black fur; a dark green bonnet, with a plume of shaded green feathers, and wide watered strings tied in a large bow under the chin.



**Saphir Visite.**—A stylish and graceful wrap, cut in sacque shape, with perfectly loose fronts, a slightly curved seam down the middle of the back, which has extensions cut on the sides to form the outer parts of the hanging, open sleeves. A fan-plaiting is inserted in the back seam below the waist, the back opening over it with *revers* which are faced on the outside. A deep, round collar completes the model, which is suitable for any class of materials employed for winter wraps, especially heavy or thick materials to be lined and trimmed with fur or plush, and it is also a design well adapted to be made up in plush throughout, as well as in light qualities of cloth and goods suitable for *demi-saison* wear. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price thirty cents each.



**Aricia Basque.**—Novel and unique in design, this stylish 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. The front and side gores are cut out in leaf points around the bottom, and the side forms and back pieces are much longer and draped to form a bow at the back, just below the waist. The sleeves are a modified leg-of-mutton shape, tight below the elbows, wider above, and slightly gathered at the top, giving a high effect to the shoulders. A wide, turned-down collar and folded *guimpe* complete the design. This basque is a suitable model for almost any class of dress goods, especially dressy fabrics, and it may be trimmed, as illustrated, with ruffles of lace, or in some other appropriate manner, according to taste and the material selected. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



**Zanita Basque.**—The especial novelty of this stylish and graceful basque consists in the plaited side paniers which are added to the short pointed basque on the front and sides. 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 forms a plaited postilion. A plaited *guimpe* and straight collar finish the neck, and the demi-long sleeves have the outer parts arranged in fine plaits at the bottom forming a bow. This design is adapted to all dress materials excepting the heaviest, and is especially adapted to rich fabrics. It may be trimmed, as illustrated, with *appliqué passementerie*, or in any other style, according to the material selected. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



### Handsome Indoor Dresses.

(See Full-page Engraving.)

FIG. 1.—This charming costume is composed of dark blue French cashmere and satin, trimmed with embossed bands. The designs employed are the “Zanita” basque and “Chryssa” walking skirt, the latter of the cashmere trimmed with a gathered flounce and deep puff over a narrow plaiting of satin around the bottom. The drapery consists of an apron draped in plaits high in the middle of the front, and a narrow, rather *bouffant* back drapery, and a long looped bow of satin forming a panel at the right. The basque is of cashmere with plaited side paniers and *guimpe* of satin, and the demi-long sleeves are faced with satin, and the outer parts arranged in a plaited bow at the bottom. The draperies, flounce and panier are trimmed on the edge with satin bands having *appliqué* designs in plush embossed or stitched on the satin; and the same garniture outlines the *guimpe* and basque. A bow of wide satin ribbon is tied at the point of the basque, and the neck and sleeves are finished with a plaiting of doubled *crêpe lisse*. The basque and skirt are illustrated separately elsewhere. Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—A combination of the “Margetta” basque and “Nora” skirt is illustrated in this stylish and pretty dress for a girl of twelve or fourteen years. The skirt is of silver gray camel’s hair, arranged in festooned plaits over a plain facing of Neptune green “Nonpareil” velveteen, over which is a curtain drapery, and a back drapery composed of two scarf ends, each caught in with a loop of the velveteen. The basque of the gray camel’s hair is plaited and draped away in front in short paniers over a tight-fitting vest of green velveteen fastened with clouded pearl buttons. The back is arranged in a plaited postilion, and the side form basques are draped in plaits underneath. The rolling collar and *mousquetaire* cuffs are of velveteen, and the costume is completed with plain linen collar and cuffs, and a plaid silk cravat of red and gold Surah, tied in a large bow with fringed out ends. The basque and skirt are also illustrated separately elsewhere. Patterns of basque in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each. Skirt patterns in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 3.—This figure illustrates a back view of the same walking skirt represented on Fig. 1, the “Chryssa,” in combination with the “Aricia” basque. The costume is composed of Burgundy red *moire antique* and satin, and trimmed with black Chantilly lace. The basque is cut out in leaf points in front and at the sides, and arranged to form a bow just below the waist at the back, a double collarette of lace, and a folded satin *guimpe* ornament at the neck, and the sleeves are a modified *gigot* shape set-in full at the top, giving a high effect to the shoulders, tight below the elbows and finished with a fall of lace around the wrists. The under part of the skirt and the panel bow at the right side are of satin, the rest of the costume of *moire*, and a *moiré* ribbon bow ornaments the front of the skirt. The “Aricia” basque will also be found among

the separate fashions elsewhere. Price of patterns twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern thirty cents.



**Pepita Hood.**—This pretty little hood is very comfortable for winter wear, and may be very appropriately made in plush, silk, satin, opera flannel, cashmere, merino, or any light quality of cloth, and lined or not, according to the material selected. Patterns in sizes for from four to ten years. Price, fifteen cents each.

SOME of the novelties in fans are ostrich tips mounted upon smoked pearl or tortoise-shell sticks, with an owl’s head or small parrot on the outer panel.



MISSES' COSTUMES.

(SEE PAGE 264.)



## Misses' Costumes.

FIG. 1.—This graceful figure is an illustration of the "Louise" princess dress made up in silver gray cashmere. The skirt is trimmed all around with a shirred flounce and deep puff. A scarf or sash of garnet Surah, shirred at the side, is fastened around the figure and tied negligently at the left side, and is trimmed with a fringe of garnet silk and colored beads. The waist is ornamented with a shirred *guimpe* of gray satin, and collar and cuffs of garnet silk plush. The neck and sleeves are finished with a ruching of white Polanza lace. The "Louise" princess dress is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—The "Margetta" basque and "Nora" skirt combined compose this stylish costume of myrtle green camel's hair and "Nonpareil" velveteen. The vest, collar, cuffs, and facing of the skirt are of the velveteen, and the rest of the costume of camel's hair. Velvet bows are placed upon each shoulder, and the hair is tied with a crimson satin ribbon. The double illustration of both the basque and skirt are given among the separate fashions. Patterns of basque in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each. Skirt patterns in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

MASQUERADE PARTIES are not at all a favorite form of entertainment in New York, so many people object to the fancy dress. Some of the fancy balls are well attended, notably the "Elks," and "Arion," but the first of these is specially attended by the theatrical profession, the second by the German residents and foreigners, who take more kindly to this form of entertainment than we do. A great many semi-masquerade effects, however, are produced by the imitation of "Mother Hubbard" and "Kate Greenaway" effects in the costumes worn at sociables and at homes. There are blue, old gold, and terra-cotta red dresses, with gathered waists, puffed sleeves, broad belted waists, and straight skirts trimmed with two narrow flounces; or a flounce and a puff. There are Vandyke and Rembrandt effects produced merely by large red, or black hats, feathers, and deep velvet or Russian lace collars, tied with cord and tassels at the throat, the velvet trimmed with antique lace.

There are Marguerite effects produced by looping up a *princesse polonaise* of white, or grey cashmere over a black, or ruby velvet skirt, with heavy cord and tassels, or a velvet *polonaise*, over a pleated satin skirt, the pleating forming a side panel, the cord and tassels over velvet drapery, enriching the other.

A NEW MATERIAL has been manufactured for costly dinner toilettes; it is French, resembles grenadine woven with exceedingly small multi-colored beads, that form arabesques and flowers. The fabric is mounted on light silk, with small paniers and draperies of pink or cream satin mixed with bows of multi-colored ribbons to match. Separate square-cut bodices, made with paniers and elbow sleeves, all lavishly trimmed with lace, are made of this rich material, and can be worn with almost any dressy skirt. These novelties cost a thousand francs for a single bodice, so the style is not likely to become common. Shrimp pink and white, and a combination of pale pink satin, with ruby red *moire*, are used for evening and ball-dresses. *Débutantes* are wearing white tulle with *moire* trimmings, or white gauze studded with silver spangles. Contrasts of color are shown in the floral trimmings, and two kinds of roses are now worn instead of one, as last season.

## Artistic Head-Gear.

MUCH of the distinction given to the dress of the period is derived from the picturesque style of the hats which have obtained so great a vogue. The diversity in them is great as their general appearance is striking, and it is long indeed since the differences in design and material could be so satisfactorily adjusted to individual requirements. All that is really needed now is that each woman shall understand her own needs, and adapt her choice to them, but of course this is seldom done. An instance in point occurred recently of a lady who has worn for several years the large hat turned up at the side, and of a more or less showy character. She is a woman of a pronounced type, and her thoughtless, or perhaps ignorant friends, had encouraged in her a somewhat pronounced style of dress. She had worn the large hat until she felt that she could wear no other, and yet it was not in reality what she should have worn at all; it emphasized her peculiarities which required subduing; and vulgarised rather than beautified her, as a well selected hat or bonnet should. When she tried on a poke, a modified and very handsome poke, at the instance of a judicious friend, she exclaimed at once, "Oh! I cannot wear a bonnet like that; it is not my style, it is not becoming to me at all." "But it is becoming," remarked the friend, "it is particularly becoming; it is refining, which is what you want; and the soft tint in the interior of the brim, which shades your face, throws a softened light upon it which is wonderfully becoming to your complexion."

The bonnet was black velvet, lined with very pale pink satin, and a plume of pale pink feathers was fastened at the side. To her surprise this lady was greeted everywhere thereafter, with remarks upon her wonderfully becoming bonnet, and now she will probably never again look at one that does not more or less shade her face. Velvet bonnets are of course always well-worn, but the beavers are the popular novelty of the season. Fawn or drab, with rough, long pile, trimmed with Alsatian bow, and strings of plaid plush or satin ribbon. Black beaver, lined with old gold satin, and ornamented with ostrich feathers only, and gold braid upon the interior edge of the brim.

White beaver, trimmed with white feathers, and the red Neapolitan hat, in felt and puffed velvet or satin, trimmed with dark red feathers.

Many felt hats and bonnets with furry borders in bronze, olive, gray, fawn and wood shades, are trimmed with shaded feathers and rich shaded ribbons, in olive and old gold, and garnet, the ribbon being used for strings, and a bow placed well up on the side of the sugar loaf crown and brim; the feathers mingling with it, and falling on the other side over the edge of the brim, towards the face.

The success of the large hats ensures their return next summer which will be good news to many ladies.

## New "German" Fancies.

AT a recent German the cream was frozen in horse-shoes, with the nails of a different color to the shoe itself. For the first time there was introduced the latest Parisian thing in dinner favors—large imitation roses in different colors, with stems, leaves and all, filled with frozen ices and other sweets. The flower opens so that its contents can be eaten with a spoon. There were ever so many other favors—miniature muffs, candy babies, frogs, toy helmets, and a museum of other things—from which the ladies extracted the sweetness and then carried off as trophies strung to their girdles. The cards containing the guests' names were worked



in silk with raised figures of various domestic animals. No two bouquets were alike, and each was of two colors; one lady, for instance, having her bouquet made one-half of pure white and the other half of pale pink roses, with two bows and streamers of ribbons of the same colors. The ladies and gentlemen who were partners had similar cards and bouquets and boutonnieres to match.

### Children's Fashions.

HERE must always be croakers, and it would be amusing, if it were not mischievous, to see and hear the same old complaints repeated, even in lectures, in regard to the "follies" of children's dress, of fashion in general, and of the difference between the common sense of girls' and boys' dress in particular, by persons who have not the shadow of an idea as to what the fashionable dress of the boys and girls of to-day really is; and if they come down to details, particularize that which existed twenty-five or thirty years ago—not the dress of to-day.

We talk about the average health and the average strength of boys and girls, and men and women, as if boys and men had it all on their side. The contrary of this will be found to be the case by any one who makes a study of the subject. Take one hundred men and women, and one hundred boys and girls, anywhere in New York City, and the average of health will be found on the side of the "weaker" and more "delicate" sex. Take one hundred employees out of any establishment where men and women, boys and girls, are about equally divided, and the absence from sickness will be less on the part of the girls than the boys, and very much less among women than men. No dress can be conceived more conducive to comfort and health than the one worn by the girl of the present time. The boy has the drawback of stiff little shirt and collar, and until he grows old enough for long pants, is dependent upon leggings, which may not be provided; but the girl has her several layers of clothing, which warm her whole body without compressing it in the least, and keep it at an equal temperature.

The Union under-garments, the cotton combinations, the corded waists, the flannel skirt, the overskirt with waist, and the Gabrielle dress—this is the usual outfit for everyday wear, with the addition of a cloak or long sacque and muff for the street, and beaver hat. In this costume girls grow up as strong, as hearty, as healthy as boys. If they cannot perform the same feats in rowing, throwing, and the like, it is because they are not practiced in athletic exercises; those who are, hold their own with boys anywhere.

As for the hardiness engendered by the thoroughly protective style of dress which is at present worn by children, there is something to be said on both sides. Englishwomen, who have relied upon an "English" constitution through thirty years of working life, without ever having had a long illness, tell how they shivered as girls, in low-necked and short-sleeved cotton frocks; slept, rose, washed, and dressed in a cold room, and never heard of such things as "leggings" for little bare legs. During a recent autumn voyage across the Atlantic, a large family of acrobats—aged mother, married sons, their wives, children, and servants—formed part of the passengers. There were five little children, between the ages of four and twelve, and their dress was the cause of the severest criticism, and even expostulation with the mothers, on the part of several of the other lady passengers. On the coldest days they ran about the deck wearing thin, low-necked, short-sleeved frocks, low shoes, short socks; and their legs, arms, and necks, were often blue with the keen, penetrating wind and bitter air, which kept every one else rolled up in thick ulsters, rugs, and blanket shawls,

The mothers said it was to make them "hardy"—and it is certain they were rosy and healthy—but they could hardly have been comfortable, and must have had a good stock of strength to start upon. This long preamble leaves little space to speak of the illustrations of boys' and girls' dress, which will be found in this issue; but, fortunately, they tell their own story. The most important is the "Louise" princess dress, a pretty design, and one very suitable for spring as well as winter fabrics. It is close-fitting, with hip drapery, which is shirred upon one side, and forms a knotted scarf upon the other. The skirt is trimmed with a shirred ruffle, headed with a puff. The design is adapted to plain woolen materials, such as camel's hair, cashmere, and plain or checked silk. It is dressy without being too much elaborated, and in cream color, pale pink, or fawn, with crimson chemisette and drapery, makes a very graceful and inexpensive party dress.

The "Nora" skirt, and "Margetta" basque combine with very good effect where a stylish little costume is required, and do not require a large amount of material, for the outside of the skirt is made upon a lining.

The little "Pet" sacque, and "Pepita" hood, are both useful and seasonable, and cannot be improved upon for house and school wear. A flannel sacque is very desirable for chilly mornings, especially in the country; and when it is made of bright crimson, or scarlet wool, it makes a warm bit of color in the house that is good to look at. The "Pepita" hood is for a school hood. There is no covering for the head so suitable for this purpose as a hood, close and snug, with cape which lies close to the neck, and shuts out all cold, if lined with garnet canton flannel. Dark green is a good color lined with red, dark blue with garnet, and crimson may be lined with old gold for a pretty little brunette girl.



**Nora Skirt.**—A unique and graceful model, adapted to any class of dress goods, but especially effective in combination as illustrated. This skirt is composed of an under-skirt arranged in festooned plaits in front, and plain in the back, over which is a curtain drapery on the front and sides, and a rather *bouffant* back drapery formed of two scarf ends, each caught in with a loop of contrasting material. Patterns in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

HONEYCOMB shirrings are sometimes seen on satin toiles.

RÉSÉDA is the favorite color for the newest Cheviot costumes.

BEADED plush, forming a wide band, is a novel trimming for brocaded mantles with plush linings.





### Children's Fancy Costumes.

FIG. 1.—A picturesque dress for a boy from eight to twelve years of age. The design, after a painting by R. Cosway, is a slightly modified costume of a cavalier of Charles II.'s time. The doublet and knee-breeches are of plum-colored satin, the latter embroidered on the outer seams with gold thread and tied at the knees with gold-colored silk bows. A falling collar of antique lace, and lace ruffles at the wrists ornament the doublet, and a broad scarf of old-gold silk serge is crossed over the left shoulder and tied in a large bow at the back. Silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes with plum-colored satin bows are worn, and the hair is arranged in loose, flowing curls. A Rubens hat, with a long white ostrich plume, completes the costume.

FIG. 2.—“Five-o clock-tea” fancy dress. The short, plain underskirt is of pale pink silk or cashmere, with Dolly Varden overdress of light blue chintz or satin. The elbow sleeves are tied with black velvet ribbon; the striped silk apron is trimmed all around with a white lace ruffle, and the white mull kerchief is fastened in front with a pale pink rose. White muslin mob-cap with broad fluted ruffles. Pink and white striped silk stockings, and low black shoes with large silver buckles.

FIG. 3.—*Pierrot*, or clown's dress, of white muslin, with long, loose jacket and trousers. Enormous *Pierrot* collar of fluted white linen, and white skull-cap. The stockings are striped red and white, and the low shoes may be either red or white, with large white ribbon rosettes.

FIG. 4.—May Queen of fifty years ago. This

quaint costume is in “Greenaway” style, with very scant skirt, short-waisted bodice with narrow sash-ribbon tied almost under the arms, and short, puffed sleeves. The dress is made of white India mull, and trimmed around the bottom with a puff of mull, and above this with a drapery running all around the skirt, and caught up at regular intervals with large pink cabbage-roses. A blue ribbon is tied around the waist, and a single string of pearls is worn around the neck. The hair is tied in a “top-knot,” with blue ribbon, and a full wreath of roses can be added, if desired. The low sandal slippers are laced with blue satin ribbons crossed on the ankles over white silk stockings.

FIG. 5.—Fancy dress in the style of the last century. The short, kilt-plaited skirt is of lilac satin, and the overdress of white silk ruffled all around and looped up with a cluster of pink roses. The sleeves are short, and the bodice is cut low, with a white mull *fichu* knotted on the bust in front with two or three pink roses. The enormously wide-brimmed hat is set well back on the head, the *retroussé* brim surrounding the wearer's face like a frame. The brim is faced with lilac satin laid in drawn plaits, and trimmed with white ostrich tips and





pink roses. Reticule of white satin, lined with pink silk. Pink silk stockings, and high-heeled white satin slippers.

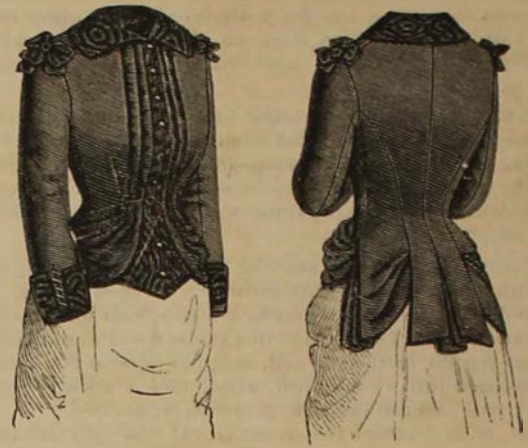
FIG. 6.—Tyrolese mountaineer's dress, composed of a brown corduroy jacket, open over a white cambric shirt, and scarlet cloth knee breeches. Buckskin leggings embroidered in gay colors, and low black leather shoes. Alpine hat of black felt, trimmed with a cluster of white Edelweiss flowers and black cock's-tail feathers.

FIG. 7.—Costume of the time of George III., composed of a very low, short-waisted gown of Indian *tussore* silk, trimmed with an embroidered ruffle of the same, and looped in front with a large green satin rosette over a black velvet petticoat cut out in points. Long, tan-colored kid mitts; gold chain around the throat; high-heeled, green satin slippers with white bows. The hair is frizzed at the sides, and the enormous black velvet hat, faced with pink silk is trimmed with a band of pink satin ribbon, and three long ostrich plumes arranged in a "Prince of Wales" cluster on the top of the hat. Green satin fan, mounted on ivory and painted with pink roses.



**Louise Princess Dress.**—A graceful and practical model, consisting of a tight-fitting princess dress, with a single dart in the usual place in each side of the front, a dart in the middle, and a deep dart taken out under each arm; side forms rounding to the armholes, and fastening in the back, with extensions laid in a box-plait on the inside in the middle of the back, to impart additional fullness to the skirt. A sash drapery shirred at the *right* side, a deep, round collar, pointed in front, with a shirred *guimpe*, and sleeves trimmed to correspond, complete the design. This costume is appropriate for any class of dress materials, and is especially well adapted to goods that may be laundried, as the collar, *guimpe* and sash drapery can very well be omitted if desired, and any other trimming substituted for the shirred ruffle and puff, as shown in the illustration. This design is also very effective in a combination of materials, as represented. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

LITTLE GIRLS are perfect miniature copies of the Kate Greenaway pictures, with their large hats, or poke bonnets, their quaint Mother Hubbard cloaks, and gathered frocks. Six of them were bridesmaids at a wedding the other day, and the mites, nearly of a height, stood in a row, attired in white cashmere gowns, red hose, red plush bonnets, and carried red plush bags.



**Margetta Basque.**—Although not difficult to reproduce, this design is very dressy and stylish in appearance. The front is plaited and draped away in short basque *paniers* over a tight-fitting lining, giving the effect of a vest front; the side forms are cut rounding to the armholes, and the back has a seam down the middle, and is laid in a plaited postilion below the waist, while the side form basques are draped in plaits underneath. The long coat sleeves are cut open and laced on the outside of the arm, and have deep *mousquetaire* cuffs, and the neck is finished with a round, rolling collar. This design is adapted to any class of dress goods, except the very heaviest, and the under or vest front can be made of a contrasting material with very good effect. Patterns in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each.



"ART AMATEUR."—Four ladies took the prizes, in the recent wall paper competition for which \$2000 was divided up into sums of \$1000, \$500, \$300, and \$200. The first and third were taken by mother and daughter, Mrs. T. E. Wheeler, and Miss Dora Wheeler; the second by Miss Clark, the fourth by Miss Caroline Townsend, of Albany, N. Y. You will find the facts in detail, with description of the motive of each design, under the head of "New Decorative Fields."

"YOUNG WIFE."—Perhaps your codfish is boiled too hard or not soaked long enough. The desiccated is best for fish-balls. Let it soak in cold water for an hour; rinse it in another water; let it cook slowly for twenty-five minutes; season with milk, butter, and one egg; mix with this about double the quantity of boiled potatoes; add milk or cream to give the desired amount of moisture; shape in round cakes, roll in flour, and fry until brown in very hot butter, or lard. If these directions are followed, your husband will not complain of his favorite dish.

"PATIENCE."—The best way to clean your brushes is to dip them rapidly, bristles downward, in and out of tepid water into which a teaspoonful of ammonia, or a little soda, has been put. Rinse with clear water poured through the bristles, and dry by standing them upright in the air, after drying the backs with a soft cloth.

"ROSE-BUD."—Few of the imported dresses are made with puffed, or "leg of mutton" sleeves; the latter is a revival of an old fashion, but it is not at all so exaggerated as formerly. A sleeve that has some character of its own gives distinction to a dress, and it is really surprising that the sleeve plainly shaped to the arm has remained in vogue so long.

"RAGOUT."—There are several ways of making a "potato pie." The following is a favorite: Take any cold meat that you have, cut it up thin and small. Cover with it the bottom of a deep pie dish, and season with pepper, salt, and a little fine minced onion. Between this, and a second layer of meat, slice cooked potatoes—put enough to separate them. Season the top layer of meat, pour over what cold gravy you have, and then add the half of a can of good tomatoes; season these, and grate over them a very little cracker. Cover the whole with a thick crust of mashed potato, and bake until the latter turns a light brown. You can make a very good potato pie of cold fish in the same way.



"MISS E. M. K."—Wash your head with tepid water in which a teaspoon of soda to a quart has been dissolved.—Use glycerine, and rose-water as a dressing; exercise, fresh air, daily bathing, and avoidance of pork, pastry and greasy fried food, constitutes the best recipe for the complexion.

"MARIAN."—The silver serpentine bracelets which cling closely to the arm are the most fashionable, and wind around in from five to ten, or a dozen coils. To the smaller ones are often added silver bangles, one, two, or three, the lower arm being sometimes more than half filled with silver links; the fashionable evening dresses having sleeves to the elbow, or no sleeves at all.

"NEW LIGHT."—Otto Von Guericke invented an air pump, and an electrical machine in the seventeenth century. He died in 1686.

"CLYTIE."—The preference may have arisen from some ideal connection with the sun-flower. The myth is that Clytie was a water-nymph who fell in love with Apollo, or the sun-god, and, her passion not being returned, she was changed into a sun-flower, whose face is always turned towards the sun. Clytie and the sun-flower, therefore, are one.

"MRS. M. H. B."—Place the accent on the first syllable—Su-rah.

"L. S."—You wear your hair too plain; it would be more becoming to you if it were waved, and dressed low at the back. You should also sit more upright, wear a corset that would shape your figure, and sleeves full at the top. Cut your dresses higher upon the shoulders, and not so flat. We should say, on general principles, that dull materials would be more becoming to you than glossy ones. Rich dark garnet, and wine-color, fawn-color, and plum ought to be becoming to you, but you should always wear a white fichu, and a cluster of narrow ribbon loops, garnet, and mastic, or tea-roses, to brighten your costume. You do not belong to any particular type; races in you must have been mixed.

"OUT OF THE WORLD."—Tall epergnes are not now used; all decorative dishes are now set in low relief, so that they do not hinder the glance, or chat across the table. Even the castor has disappeared, and instead are small, individual decanters of glass containing the vinegar, or oil, and set upon a little mirror of plate glass, which forms the tray, while salt and pepper are obtained from tiny holders of sterling silver, or Minton china, with perforated tops, supplied to each guest. A crowd at a dinner-table is not possible, for not only are the receptacles for the condiments laid by each plate, but a plain, or engraved glass carafe filled with clear water, which each one can utilize for himself in replenishing the tumbler which stands beside it filled with cracked ice. The table-cloth is not white, it is écreu, and has an embroidered border. Small Dresden flower-holders, boats, or a miniature chariot pushed along by a Cupid, are filled with roses and carnations, with a few geranium leaves, and trailing smilax; and where there is a competent butler the carving is done at the side-table, and the center down the entire length occupied with low bouquets of fruits, nuts and confections. This is the dinner, "A la Russe."

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," is the title of one of Thomas Hardy's novels, the one indeed which won him his high reputation. It is taken from "Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard,"—the verse reading—

*"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."*

—Taken, for all in all, the most perfect poem, perhaps, ever written.

"YELLOW CAP."—The poem is called "Vagrant Pansies," and is by Nellie M. Hutchinson. It is one of the sweetest things in the language. It may be found in the little volume of her poems recently published, or in "Poetry for Home, and School," published by Geo. Putnam's Sons.

"YOSEMITE."—Your cloth is a very pretty shade, but rather too light. The only suitable trimming is plush, or velvet, put on as collar and cuffs. Cloth dresses require but little trimming—they are best finished with stitching. No trimmings are used, and no bindings. Edges are faced with satin, or twilled silk, or farmer's satin, and the stitching executed in rows which form a narrow border upon the material. The edge of the skirt of a short dress is sometimes bound with braid, but more frequently turned up, and hemmed, an interior facing of water-proof cloth or narrow pleating of stiff muslin being always added.

"R. H. B."—There are schools in this city where artisans may acquire the elements of their trade. In 1880 Mr. Richard Auchmuty erected and presented a building to be used as a school for the education of artisans in the elements of mechanics and design. Instruction is given in designing, drawing, modeling, and carving, decoration in distemper, carriage draughting, and plumbing. Instructors in shop work are furnished by different manufactories, and lectures on special branches of trade form an important feature. Recently a workshop has been added where instruction is given in the manual branches of the trades, and attached to this is a collection of the materials used in plumbing. A gentleman of this city has presented \$50,000 to the Metropolitan Museum of Art for the purpose of advancing art industrial education. The original school was under a joint arrangement between Mr. Auchmuty and the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; therefore the students of the New York Trade School will be withdrawn and form another school, which will be for the decorative arts. Highly instructive and entertaining lectures will be given before the classes by Professor Chandler, President of the Board

of Health, Professor Egleston, of the School of Mines of Columbia College, and other eminent gentlemen. While these trade schools are not free of cost, the charges are very moderate, and thus far the school has been very successful, 143 pupils being in attendance last winter. The school is open in the day as well as at night.

"COUNTRY READER."—A good cement for attaching shells, coral-stones, etc., to wood, is prepared as follows: Dissolve three and a half pounds of the best glue in three and a half pints of water. In another vessel boil two pounds of white resin in one quart of raw linseed oil. When the above has been well boiled separately they may be mixed together and allowed to simmer for a quarter of an hour, stirring the mixture constantly. The whole must then be turned into a box of finely sifted whitening, and mixed until it is of the consistency of dough. The best way to fasten on cones is with common glue, and then give a coat of copal varnish, applied with a camel's hair brush of moderate size, being careful to insert the brush into every crevice. A very pretty addition to the cones are acorns, all kinds of nuts, small twigs, and even delicate pieces of bark.

"STUDENT."—There is no reason why young women should consider it a grievance that they cannot board in New York as cheaply as in the country. New York is a dear place to live—houses, food, service, and whatever is used, costs a great deal of money. Girls, generally, are not considerate; if board is provided for them at five dollars per week—which could only be done under certain restrictions, or at a loss to the provider—they would not be likely to exhibit satisfaction, much less gratitude. The number of young women who desire to come to the large cities is constantly increasing. As a rule they want to come in the winter when everybody else is in town, and they want to pay nothing, or a very small sum, for the privilege of attending art schools, concerts, and the like. This, in most cases, is achieved only as a matter of friendship or charity. It is difficult in large cities for the majority to be able to pay for the amount of space they need for comfortable living; it is difficult to provide lessons, amusements, and luxuries for their own immediate families; and it is only done in very small part by incessant labor and sacrifice. The lives of most city residents are not rose-hued, as it is pictured in society papers, but largely made up of toil and sacrifice, often isolated, often bound by hard conditions, but preferable principally because of friction and contact with the human life about us. You must not think it a discourteous thing that the friend who visited you and staid a week in the country does not ask you to come and spend a month with her in the city; perhaps she is so cramped for space, and money and time, that it is impossible. The Young Women's Christian Association have a "Home," for which from four and a half to five dollars and a half per week is charged for board, but it is the result of devoted work on the part of ladies who have it in charge, and its restrictions, necessary though they are, are often misunderstood and considered grievances. Better pursue your opportunities where you are, unless you are prepared to "row your own boat," and endure some hardships.

"DOUBLE X."—Macrame lace is made of twine, knotted and netted in fringed designs, with an open lace-like heading. It is used for furniture decoration. There is not much demand for it, and it is very difficult to get a price for it that pays for the trouble of making.—The Ladies' Decorative Art Society, of New York City, was established some years ago as a medium for bringing the art work of women before the public, and creating a demand for it; also for educating to a true standard of art decorative work. Its office is in East Twenty-first Street. The Woman's Exchange is an effort in very much the same direction, only its work is more diversified, not so good in some respects, but not so limited. It takes good work of any kind, and sells it on commission, from embroidered portières to beef-tea and pound-cake.—We do not know that cancelled postage stamps have any value whatever. Write to the Secretary of the Woman's Exchange, East Twentieth Street, New York City, and offer a specimen of your work.

"A CONSTANT READER."—It is not customary to have the wedding ceremony performed on anniversary occasions. Sometimes it is done as a joke. Refreshments are usually elaborate on such occasions, and often take the form of a grand supper. A table is always set, decorated with flowers, and supplied with salads, oysters, sandwiches, cakes, jelly, fruits, ice-creams, and the like; cold turkey, chicken, tongue, prettily garnished, look well; and there should be plenty of German favor mot-toes for distribution.

"CLARA M."—It is admissible, but not customary.

"MRS. F. D."—There are several ways of arranging a pocket; one is, that of putting it in the side seam, and covering it with scarf-like folds which are laid across the front. A dressmaker usually manages to conceal the appearance of a pocket in a polonaise by making it part of the trimming, or arranging the trimming over it. If it is a Princesse dress, the loops to hang it up by may be placed upon the armholes, on opposite sides, so that both sides will be lifted. If it is a skirt and basque, the straps would naturally be placed upon the belt, each side of the opening, and inside the back of the neck. The seams should be laid flat and stayed with casings their entire length, the raw edges neatly over-casted. Whale-bones are long and very slender; they extend over the hips, and help to shape and keep a deep bodice in place.



"PENELOPE."—Your writing is very poor, your punctuation bad, but this is easily remedied. We admire your frankness about yourself. Wear your hair in simple fashion, rather loosely twisted or braided, and put up with a comb, low at the back, naturally waved or fringed in front. Wear black, or invisible green, a good deal—in cashmere or camel's-hair—made plainly and trimmed with velvet to match. Lace ties, or tulle, at the throat, but not much trimming or ornament. Black or white would be becoming to you, and also seal-brown, navy blue, and the darker olive shades. You may wear garnet or wine color as a relief, but not bright red. Try and write a larger and more decided hand, and study punctuation. Thanks for very kind words.

"ELLA C."—There is no doubt of Lady Theresa Yelverton's death. We do not know where her home was.—The names and titles of Queen Victoria's children were given in the January number of this magazine.—We do not remember, in regard to the great St. Louis Bridge built by Captain Eads—perhaps some of our readers can tell—whether it has been destroyed or not.—Daniel Webster was indisputably the greater orator—one of the greatest that ever lived—but Henry Clay was probably the greater man.—Thanks for your flattering opinion.

"I. I. C."—Not in a city. We do not know how far the neighborly feeling might render it proper to do so in the country. A lady who has guests, usually invites friends to meet them; after that, they are open to attentions and invitations. If she does not do this, and friends understand that civility would be acceptable, calls may be made without this preliminary formality.



"Hand-book of Light Gymnastics" is a useful little manual, from the press of Lee & Shepard, Boston, by a teacher of much experience, Lucy B. Hunt, who embodies in this little work the best results of her knowledge and practice of the modern system of gymnastic exercises for girls' schools and colleges; and also for use at home. In addition to very clear and complete directions, which any person of intelligence can follow, there are full instructions for the making of a thoroughly good gymnastic suit—paper patterns of which are readily obtainable, so that such a suit can be made at home at little expense, and a dress secured which is excellent for botanizing, boating, and mountain-climbing, as well as exercising with the wand and the rings.

"The Unseen Hand" is the third volume of the "Good Old Times" series, by Elijah Kellogg, who has written so many books for boys, and who still displays a spirit and vigor which promise more in the future. The "Unseen Hand" is the story of a "redemptioneer," and its lesson is that no inheritance serves a boy in such good stead as that of truth, honesty, and industry; and that while knocks, brutality, poor food, and hard work repress all growth; kindness, encouragement, good and plentiful food and hard work stimulate development, and bring out the best that is in boys and men. "The Unseen Hand" is interesting from the "old times" point of view, as giving a graphic idea of what first settlers had to encounter, and of their lives of courage, devotion, and self-denial. It is interesting as a story also, and all the better because it teaches that the good things come through patient and persistent labor and sacrifice, not by sudden windfalls or doubtful experiments. But we doubt the truth or wisdom of the title: the influences in the life of James Renfrew, as portrayed by Mr. Kellogg, are very plainly seen, and should receive due acknowledgment.

**Common Sense About Women.**—There are times when women wonder why they were invented, and if they are to blame for existing and possessing the qualities and functions which characterize them as women. For men and newspapers have a habit of talking about women as if they did not belong to the human race, did not possess the same feelings, the same general attributes, but were a sort of living curiosity which had sprung up without any natural right to the earth of which man was, is, and must always be the sole, natural, and rightful possessor. When women feel this way it will do them good to read T. W. Higginson's *Common-sense, very un-common sense it is, About Women*. Mr. Higginson does not write as a champion; he accepts the woman as a human fact, just as he accepts man, and, being a scholar and a gentleman, he is neither afraid nor ashamed to acknowledge the use she is to the world, nor willing to stand by and see injustice done. The book is composed of a series of short talks, or chapters, most of which have been printed before, upon such subjects as the following: "The Noble Six," "Women as Economists," "Wanted Homes," "Society," "The Safe-guard of the Family," "Literary Aspirants," and the like. There is a very good chapter on the "Limitations of Sex," which men ought to read as well as women, for he discovers that both sexes have their limitations, whereas the limitations have heretofore been supposed to be confined to women alone. This faculty of seeing both sides of the case

is Mr. Higginson's strong point—his convictions in regard to women seem to be the calm, dispassionate result of his judgment, freed from all suspicion of partiality. Like most men, there are times when he seems as if he might "get out of patience" with women; but it does not make him unjust to them. He knows that men sometimes get out of patience with each other, and he does not put faults or virtues on the ground of sex, but to the score of the weakness and the strength of a common humanity; and he cites the case of a New York teacher, who once required her pupils to make out a list of manly virtues; and sometime afterwards, when they had forgotten it, a list of womanly virtues; and on comparing them were astonished to find them almost precisely alike. Mr. Higginson is one of the clearest and most polished, as well as most interesting of writers, and this collection of thoughts, opinions, facts, figures and reminiscences, will be found as pleasant as it is valuable to the majority of those for whom it is written. We hope every one of our readers will add it to their possessions, and that men, as well as women, will learn from one of their own sex, able as he is unprejudiced, what common sense about women really is. Lee & Shepard, Boston, are the publishers. Charles T. Dillingham, New York.

"Purple and Gold."—One of the choicest of the dainty holiday productions is a cluster of illuminated leaves tied in an illustrated cover with the above caption. The illustrations are by Rosina Emmett; the motive and letter-press selected and arranged by Miss Kate Sauborn, Professor of English Literature at Smith College, Northampton. Asters and golden rod are the floral beauties it celebrates, and it does this with a high literary sense and refined taste, that is in charming contrast to the majority of the showy daubs that appear as specially decorative and artistic amid holiday publications. James R. Osgood is the publisher, Boston and New York.

"Kith and Kin."—This latest novel by Miss Jessie Fothergill, which has appeared during the past year simultaneously in the pages of this Magazine and those of *Temple Bar*, London, is now completed, and has been published in book form by Mr. Henry Holt & Co., of this city, as the latest addition to the "Leisure Hour Series," which already contains three previous novels by Miss Fothergill, "Probation," "The First Violin," and the "Wellsteads." It is not necessary for us to praise the author's vigorous style, her admirable use of language, her descriptive power, her strong and clear characterisation. Of all these qualities our readers have had an opportunity to judge for themselves, and undoubtedly many of them will be delighted to obtain her graphic delineation of places and people; her vivid portrayal of character under the influence of the strongest human emotions in book form.

"Genevieve Ward."—The handsome volume which comes to us, with the above title, and bearing the imprint of James R. Osgood & Co., is the latest in their series of lives of distinguished members of the dramatic profession, and is by Mrs. Zadel Barnes Gustafson, a name which of itself is guarantee for the brightness and appreciative warmth with which it is written. There is something peculiarly appropriate in the recognition thus accorded to the daughter of one of the oldest and most distinguished American families, who through the severe and exceptional circumstances of a brilliant and romantic yet difficult career has borne herself with such heroism and fortitude, such courage and perseverance, such honor and dignity, as reflects the highest credit upon the country that gave her birth. Miss Ward is yet comparatively a young woman, and her life therefore could hardly be expected to furnish such material as her biographer found "ready made to her hand," in endeavoring to place it before the public. It is perhaps almost unfortunate that she was a beautiful woman, and commanded admiration and high social position, for the glamor rather obscures than strengthens the deeper feeling awakened by her gifts, her faithfulness, her devotion, her bravery, her splendid persistency where truth and honor require it. Miss Ward's "life" is more exciting than any novel, and has the merit of being every word of it true. For the first time the exact details are put into print of that singular episode which compelled her to risk existence itself to maintain her good name. Aspirants for musical or dramatic fame will find some useful lessons, as well as much interesting reading, in the details of her training and the steps of her career, which at one time promised to be of exceptional brightness in the musical instead of the dramatic world. The names of the women who have made successes are not few, but the list of men and women who have wrung success from failure must always be small; and it is one of Genevieve Ward's high merits that hers is found among them. Her "life" should be read by all girls who wish to have their ambition stimulated by strong, and noble example. The work is accompanied by a fine portrait of Miss Ward.

**The "Verbalist."**—The author of the "Orthoëpist," published some time ago by D. Appleton & Company, has completed another and equally valuable work, which has been issued from the same press, in equally dainty style under the title of the "Verbalist." The first manual taught the correct pronunciation of about three thousand five hundred words that are not very commonly used, and that are often mispronounced; while the *Verbalist* discusses the right and wrong use of words from the stand-point of a scholar, who is well-known behind the modest pseudonym of "Alfred Ayres." In what is called a "Manual" of something over two hundred pages, are many valuable ideas which we would gladly re-



produce did space permit, as, for example, in reference to "Education" on page 55, "Lady" page 110, and the difference between propose and purpose, page 151. Upon page 117 is a suggestive paragraph in regard to the difference between "vulgar" bad grammar, and "genteel" bad grammar, and many others might be cited which contain such plain and excellent good sense in regard to mooted points and the use of words as will clear up doubts in many minds, and raise the standard of language to a higher and purer level. The famous table of excepts, which Mr. William Cullen Bryant kept in a conspicuous position in the office of the *Evening Post*, is reproduced; and very proper exception taken to the exclusion of some of the tattooed epithets. There is also a summary of Latin phrases in common use, with their English equivalents, and in fact for the student, or the writer, a condensation of what it is most necessary to know in order to speak and write good English, or express thought clearly and tersely, without circumlocution, or waste of time and space. In this country we have been accustomed to fine rather than good writing, and splurge in place of strength. We are beginning to measure the value of words more accurately, and from a better standard by which to judge of excellence in speaking or writing; and whatever assists this slow and difficult process is worthy of careful consideration and thoughtful study.

"**Down the Bayou, and other Poems.**"—The author of the poems contained in this little volume is already known to the reading world under the pseudonym of "Xariffa," which covers the personality of Mary Ashley Townsend. Those who remember the exquisite sweetness and tenderness of many of her shorter poems, and the musical flow of that charming descriptive poem "Down the Bayou," will be glad to find they have been collected and issued in a neat and tasteful form by James R. Osgood & Co., and can be kept for individual gratification, or used as a gift to a friend. As a souvenir of a tender friendship, or ineffaceable love, it is impossible to imagine anything more appropriate. Mary Ashley Townsend has all a poet's fancy, all a woman's sympathy, and much of the gift of expression that belongs to genius. She discovers also an honest inspiration that is free from morbid and unwholesome taint, and which creates a sweet and healthy atmosphere in which to enjoy her poetic surprises. "My Lady" is as dainty a piece of writing as can be found, and "Asunder" a love plaint of exceeding beauty, without a tinge of coarseness. The quality of the verse throughout is indeed strong, true, tender, yet marked by refinement and elevation of thought and expression. "In Dubia," is a woman's conscience, a "Woman's Wish," one that does not interfere in the least with the inexorable fulfillment of its function. "Down the Bayou," etc., is a little book that women will like to own, for they will find in it more than words and mechanism, genuine companionship. C. T. Dillingham is the New York publisher.

"**Winter, and its Dangers.**"—A small neat paper-covered edition of Dr. Hamilton Osgood's valuable work with the above title has been published by Blakiston of Philadelphia, and will repay many times the trifling sum required for its purchase. It is a handy little volume of not more than 160 pages, but it goes through the entire gamut of the subject, heat, cold, dry, and moist air, exercise, breathing, dress, food, amusements, and sunshine. It is full of useful hints and suggestions, which parents, teachers, and school commissioners should take in consideration.

"**The Fortunate Island,**" and other stories, by the Philadelphia humorist, Max Adeler, will find a ready sale wherever Mr. Adeler is known, for his fun is genuine, his humor sympathetic and mirth provoking, and his apt fancy as ready to touch tears as smiles. Mr. Adeler has been called the American Dickens; but while, probably, he himself would disclaim setting up any claim to rank with the great novelist, and is by no means an imitator, he certainly has one quality in common with him, and that is humanity, and to this may be added insight, perception, and a faculty for making material for drollest as well as most pathetic stories out of common objects and incidents. "The Fortunate Island" is a satire which every one must laugh at, even though among the wounded. It is killingly funny and will laugh away many long winter evenings.

"**In Memoriam.**"—A memorial volume to President Garfield, written by B. A. Hinsdale, President of Hiram College, is entitled "President Garfield and Education," and comes as the memorial of Hiram College to its most distinguished student. President Garfield went to Hiram when he was twenty years of age, as pupil, and janitor, the latter position paying his expenses. It was here that he fell under the influence of a teacher, a graduate of Oberlin, Miss Almeda Booth, whom, in an address before the Williams College fraternity, as late as 1881, he speaks of as one to whom he owes intellectually a deeper debt of gratitude than to ought else on earth; Williams College itself being placed second. This was strong testimony to the noble character and high acquirements of a woman, after so many years had passed, and President Garfield, had he lived, would hardly have signalised his first year of administration by depriving the sex to which Miss Booth belonged of the few official crumbs which have fallen to their share. The volume contains a picture of Hiram College, portraits of General Garfield, Mrs. Garfield, and Miss Booth, and the most important speeches delivered by the late President in regard to the general and special subject of education at different

periods of his life. It claims that General Garfield, who began his career as a district-school teacher, was, above everything else, an educator, and one who thoroughly appreciated and acknowledged all the influences which broaden the lives, and enlarge the spheres of usefulness for men and women. James R. Osgood & Co. are the publishers.

"**Nuna, the Brahmin Girl.**" is a bit of livid description, by Harry W. French, which is ghastly and unnatural, notwithstanding the author's efforts to weave into it oriental coloring. There is nothing real about it, and no motive for uncovering the supposititious horrors. It is a book that belongs in the rank of the "superfluous," of which there are even more than there are women; still there is a lurid light about some parts of it, which may please a certain class of readers. Boston, Lee & Shepard. C. T. Dillingham, New York.

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## Good Words.

A YOUNG friend writes us the following letter, which is so sincere and kindly, that we reproduce it.

"DEAR DEMOREST:—The greater part of the time since I can remember my mother has taken DEMOREST'S MONTHLY. When quite a little girl we lived in the far West, where dressmakers and resources of all kinds were limited, and your hints and illustrations made it indispensable. Several times since, in changing our place of residence, we have for a short time been without it, and we missed it as we would the society of a valued friend.

"Now, since I'm grown, I cherish a deep-rooted and abiding affection for it, as it gives me so much valuable and interesting information that I'd be able to find nowhere else. May you enjoy an endless term of prosperity, and may I always enjoy your visit, and profit by your counsel.

Your very warm friend,

"ROXIE."

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## Orders for Cards.

ORDERS for "Marguerite," and other chromo cards received from "Tioga Center," Camden, and also from "St. Catharines," were unaccompanied with the address. No State, and in several instances, no county was given, and the cards therefore could not be sent. Will correspondents be careful to head their letters with their addresses *in full*, particularly when writing an order of any kind? When several hundred or perhaps thousands of orders are received at one time, it is impossible to stop to hunt up the state in which a particular town or village may happen to be located, even if there were only one of the name in the United States; but when, as nearly always happens, there are a dozen of the same name in every State, the difficulty becomes an insurmountable obstacle.

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## —Premiums.—

THE unexpected demand for some of our premiums has been the cause of delay; the demands of trade are very urgent at present, and our orders to manufacturers could not be filled immediately. This will be an answer for those to whom we may have omitted to reply.

We cannot fill any more orders for Stereoscopes and Graphoscopes for four names, the manufacture of them having been stopped.

We cannot give the scale to a single subscriber as before, as no more are manufactured.

POETRY OF FLOWERS.—SHELLEY.—SIGOURNEY.—Premiums for two names are out of print.—Inkstands for two and three names can not be furnished.

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## Kith and Kin.

*To be continued,* on page 166 for January, was an error. It should have been THE END.

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## "Road to Ruin."

OUR March number will contain a charming new picture, one of a series by an English artist—oil-painted from photographs, and which have at once achieved enormous popularity. It consists of a lovely winter scene, in which two birds, a robin and a wren, are seated upon the bare twigs of a tree, looking across a rivulet, ice-bound to a death trap laid in the snow, on the other side, and which tempts them with its promise of food and shelter. The picture is a lovely *genre* composition, and has been most carefully executed from the original. It is worth much more than the year's subscription to the MAGAZINE, and will form an admirable companion to "Who Are You?" published in the December number of the Monthly for 1880.